Illustration

Norman Saunders

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Illustration

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Contents

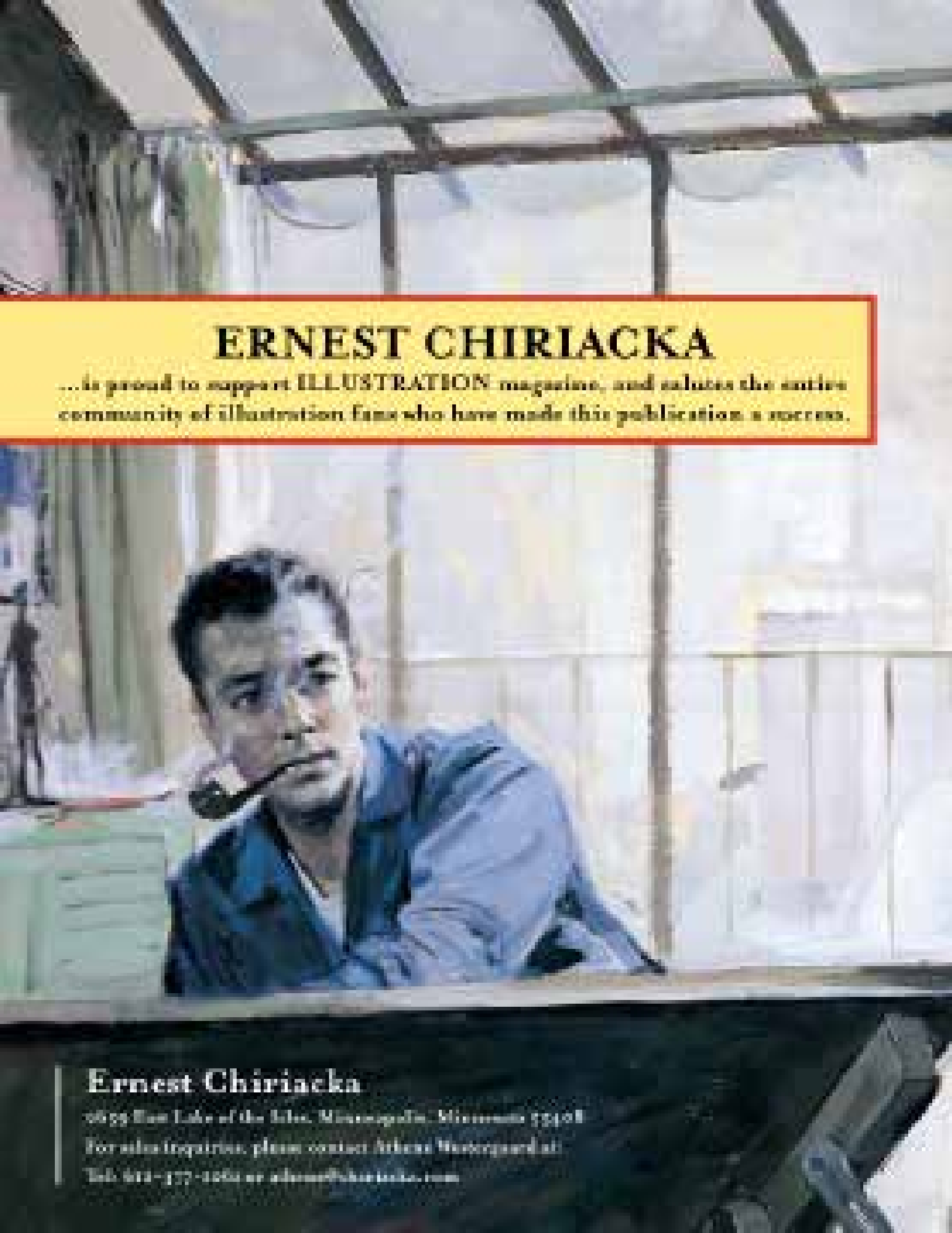
From the Editor...

This issue has something for everyone. From pin-ups and model kit box art to pulp magazines and slicks, to paperbacks, historic subjects, and film art—all in appreciation to our readers requests for more helpings. I think this issue is impossible to top and I hope you agree! The many advertisers and contributors who have continued to support this magazine have our sincere thanks and gratitude, and as I've said before, without all of you this magazine could not exist. Special thanks to David Saunders, who once again assisted me with his diligence, scholarship, and enthusiasm; to Thomas Graham for his wonderful second installment of the model kit series; and to Ernest Chiriacka and William George, two outstanding gentlemen who have done so much to cultivate the field of commercial illustration. There will be an explanation to this, and I hope you will take delight in discovering more about these both.

Please help to support this magazine by subscribing today. Ask for the magazine at your local bookstore or newsstand, and tell your local library to subscribe. If you are an art student, by all means tell the school librarian about the magazine and encourage them to sign up. I want to continue improving and making the magazine better, and your help in this is essential and greatly appreciated.

For those of you who have been waiting on the Reynolds Woodcock book, never fear... work is progressing daily! Stay tuned for more soon-soon!

Dan Zimmer, Publisher



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Ernest Chiriacka

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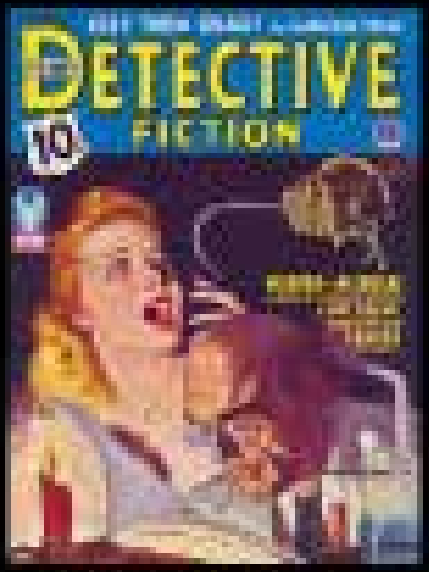
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FICTION
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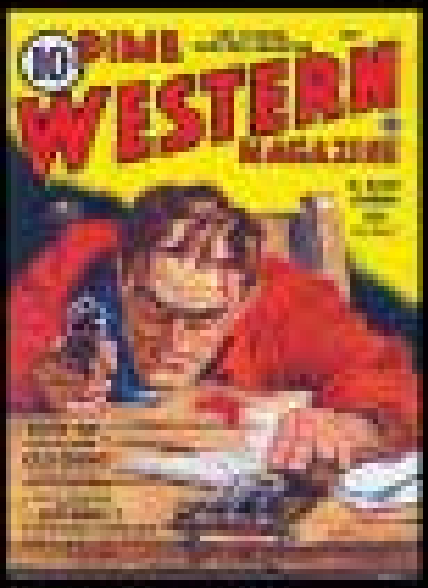
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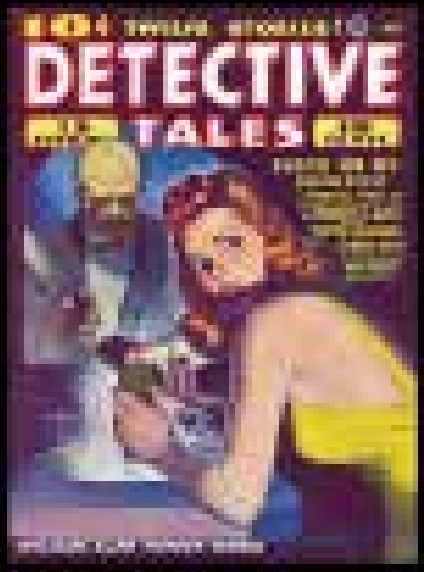
DIME
WESTERN
MAGAZINE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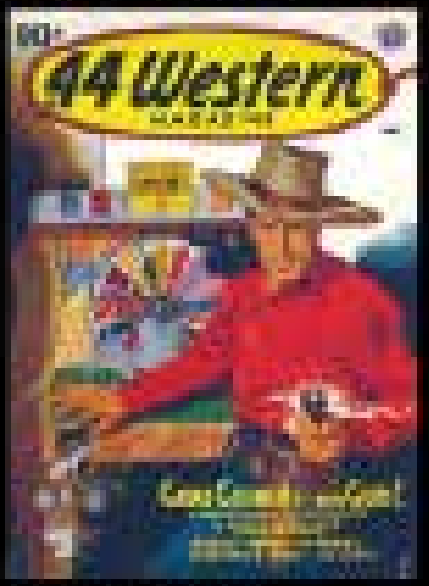
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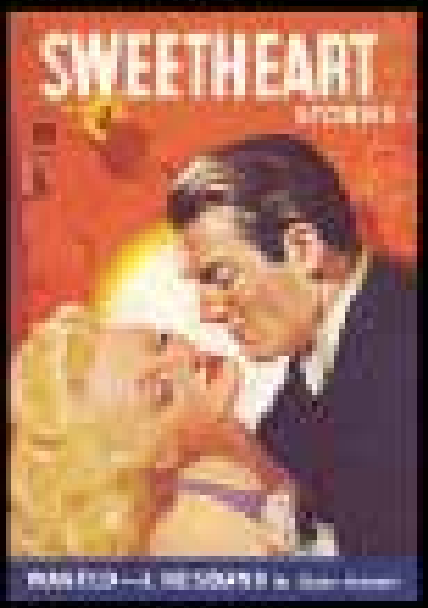
MAGAZINE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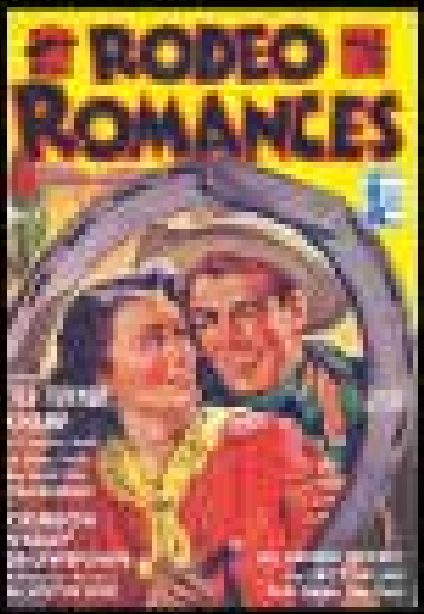
STORIES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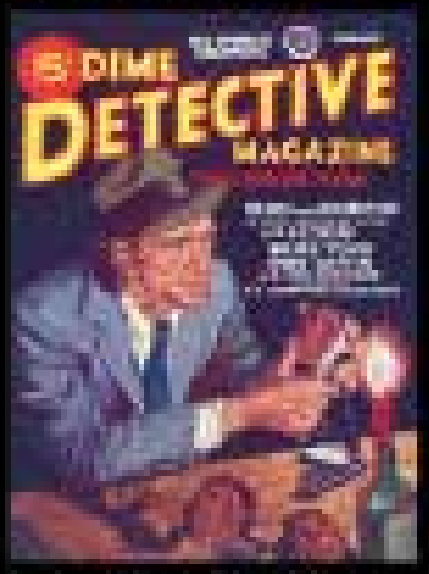
ROMANCES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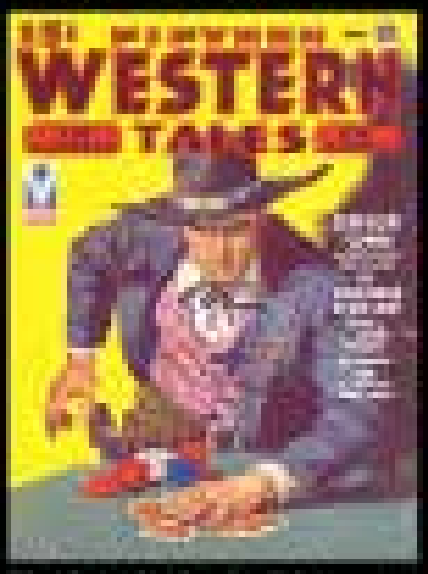
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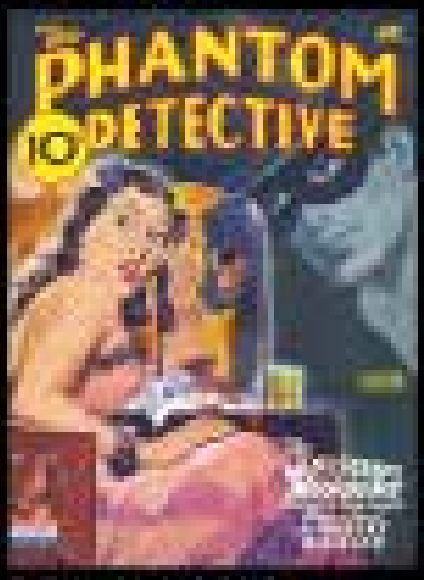
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10
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The Art of
Ernest "Darcy" Chiriacka

by David Saunders

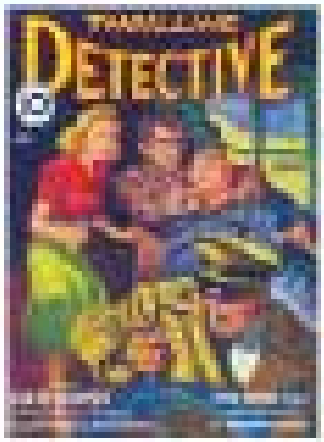
INTRODUCTION IS AN ANONYMOUS PULP ARTIST

A screaming semi-clothed nymph, a leering grey-haired, and a small-headed handsome cowboy gunslinger staring at a dark tunnel as he spins to fire once and reveals at a shadowy bad-hombre's face. Each time is painted with a powerful, economical touch that shows how the hands of a distinctive draftsman. The composition has a dramatic sweep and the resulting colors are carefully arranged. The cast of characters in the painted scene are brimming with the stage-presence of Hollywood stars. The artist's temperament is intelligent, open-going, and dignified. The style is recognizable, but—the pulp is not signed. The artist's skills are so accomplished as a photo-illustrator specializing, exclusively in the pulps, but who is this guy? Out of admiration, I began to collect his covers five years ago, and I soon found so many examples from the 1940s that I suspect he was among the most prolific pulp artists of that era. So who is he? I had found over 500 sensational pulp covers painted by this same confident hand, and few of them the same style as each other — there is no signature. There just seem to be such a talented and successful artist to be unrecognized in the history of this 20th century American illustration!

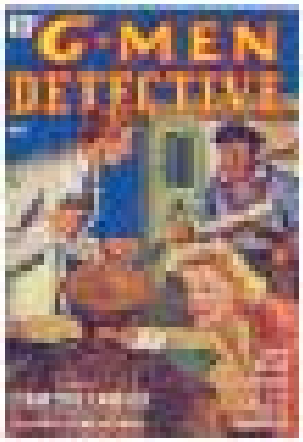
It's difficult to research an unknown artist, but it isn't done, and I'd never get any credit. "Who is this guy?" I had to find out.

Ernest "Darcy" Chiriacka, c. 1950s

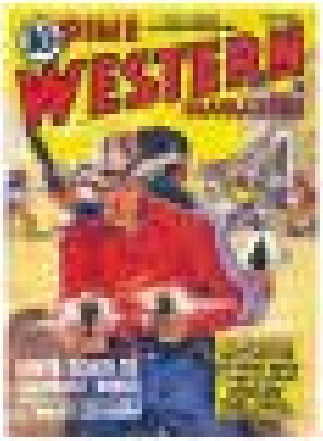
My father was the illustrator Norman Saunders, so I was lucky to grow up within a circle of his artist/illustrator friends and competitors. They all seemed like artists to me, so I was curious to analyze the field to see how they worked. It's also a environment that I've learned about their world of the pulps, to learn more about their lives and to discuss their individual styles and presentations. Pulp covers were low paying freelance jobs (\$600-\$1,000) so to keep afloat most artists worked for several competing publishers and their monthly deadlines to work alongside. That said, a client master focuses "All the professionals in the business already know each other's style. Our work is our signature." Like these old pros, I can recognize all of my "brothers" from a mile away. Along with these handy manuals, I was also visually literate in most of the pulp illustrators from the 1940s, but my knowledge of this proved to be incomplete as I came across this artist. I believe "the cream" does rise to the top in the world of art, so this guy should be up with the best of the best pulp artists. His finished skills are top quality and his drawing is masterful. He painted so many covers he must have been the shelter's top. So how can he seem to be completely unknown? The mark is we go out to shop all and have in the trash bags of attendees, where all pulp magazines were originally intended to be found.



Thrilling Detective, April 1942



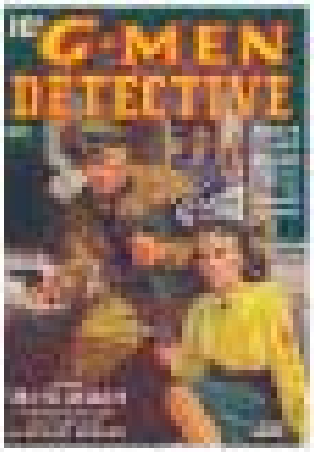
G-Men Detective, May 1942



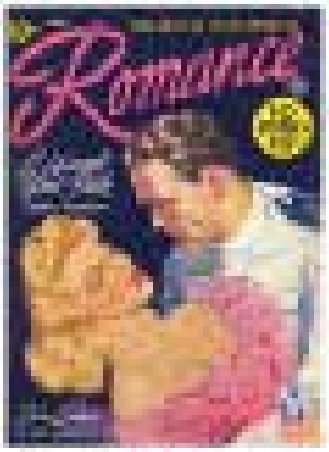
Star Western, September 1942

Romances, September 1942

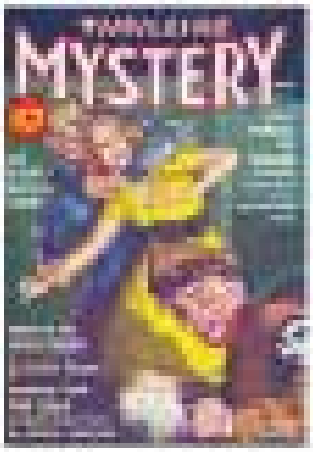
Sweetheart Stories, November 1942



G-Men Detective, November 1942



Romances, November 1942



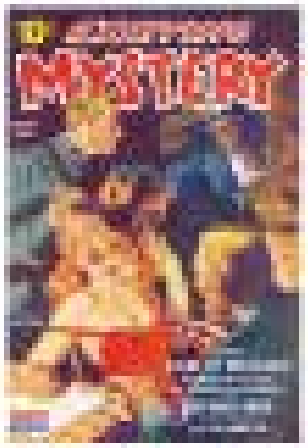
Thrilling Mystery, November 1942

I made a list in excess of 150 pulp covers by this accomplished artist, and kept them in a folder alongside other pulp illustrators, but no one could name the guy. The art world is silent. The publishers have all folded, along with their records of artists, and that means additional examples of vandalism. Time took his shade down the books on more of the old pulp covers, which often passed many in obscurity, neglect and poverty. So the fascinating personality behind these covers was just "Jack" for recognition, but sadly there was very little else remaining to discover his identity.

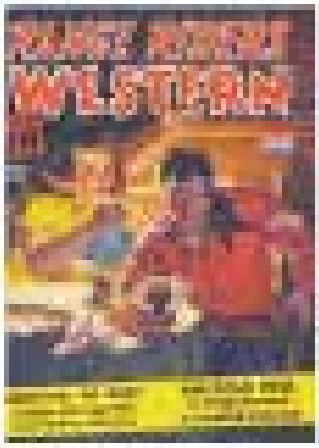
Although it was a hopeless project, I continued to collect his pulps, looking for the exceptional signed one, and studying every reference example to deduce some clues to his identity. The search became even more complex when I found a few stylistically identical pulp covers with a variety of partially legible signatures for different names. Some had a signature composed of the initials "A. D.," and others were signed "Jackel" and "A. E. Jackel." Most of his work appeared on Popular, Thrilling, and Dell, and these publishers usually gave no printed credit to their cover artists. A. A. Wyn, owner of Ace Magazines, published his Detective Ace, Mystery Book, and Western Ace, and he usually did give a printed credit to his cover artist on the contents page. This awareness could have been a big one, as even unable to find a first name for an artist of these Ace titles, all standard fiction magazines from the 1940s, I found a Western Ace from May 1941 that was stylistically identical. The contents page credited the cover artist as "Robert Clarkson Wright."

In fact I had a full name. Clarkson was a big-time illustrator from the 1930s. He must have worked anonymously in the pulps to "serve his good name" for a career in slick fiction and pin-ups. Clarkson is best known for his original pin-up from Esquire magazine. How could a top pin-up artist also paint Jack, as in Jackel, a top cheesecake artist? No Clarkson for Town & Country, pretty ladies to a dandy lady's man by day while spending his nights traveling to regions in search of Western desperadoes? Lots of Dick Briefer's pulp start in the pulps, so I concentrated on learning more about Robert Clarkson. Oddly enough, each had ties to another artist he'd first met while enrolled in Chicago's Academy of Fine Arts, Frank Godwin, who was also a pin-up artist and illustrator for Esquire magazine. Godwin's daughter Joan Godwin Kramer, a well-known author of children's books, was also a student at the Academy of Fine Arts. Joan remembers Clarkson as a "very handsome man" who was "very much a ladies' man." Clarkson was married to Godwin's sister Ruth, and Godwin was the best man at their wedding. Godwin and Clarkson were also neighbors in Connecticut, and Joan remembers Clarkson as a "very talented artist" who "painted beautiful portraits of women." Joan also remembers Clarkson's wife Ruth as a "very beautiful woman" who "was a model for many artists." Ruth was also a model for Godwin's pin-up art, and Joan remembers Clarkson as a "very talented artist" who "painted beautiful portraits of women." Joan also remembers Clarkson's wife Ruth as a "very beautiful woman" who "was a model for many artists."

Clarkson's pulp career began in the early 1930s and ended in the early 1940s. He painted covers for Dell, Popular, Thrilling, and Ace. He also painted covers for Fiction House, Standard, and Columbia. He painted covers for Detective Tales, Mystery Book, Western Ace, and Detective Ace. He painted covers for Mystery Book, Western Ace, and Detective Ace. He painted covers for Mystery Book, Western Ace, and Detective Ace.

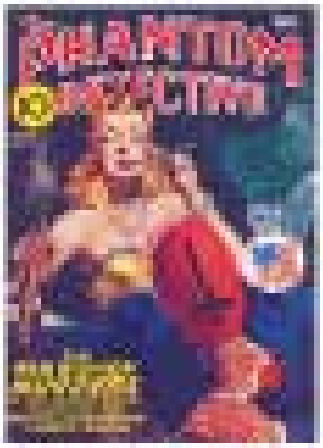


Exciting Mystery, February 1948

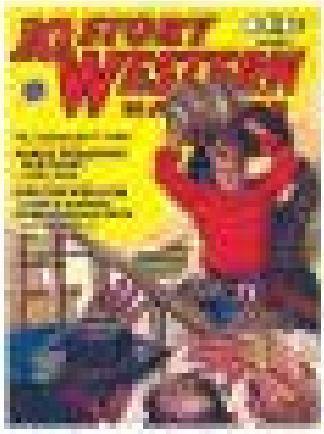


Ranger Action Western, April 1948

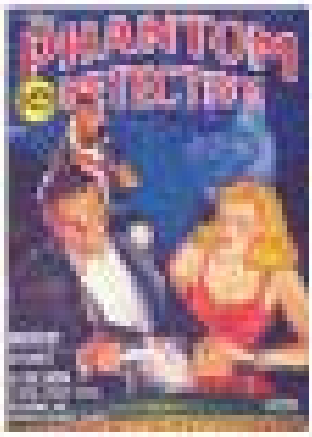
Exciting Detective, July 1948



The Phantom Detective, August 1948

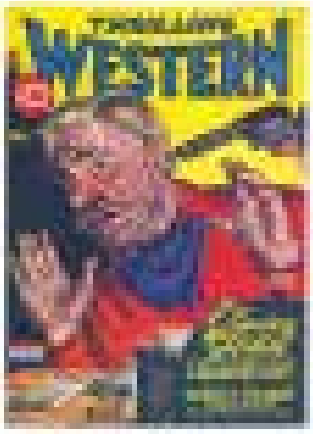


All Story Western, October 1948



The Phantom Detective, Dec. 1948

New Western, July 1949



Thrilling Western, July 1948

than professional grade of scholarship that is determined as "B.S."—Salisbury and Easter-ola.

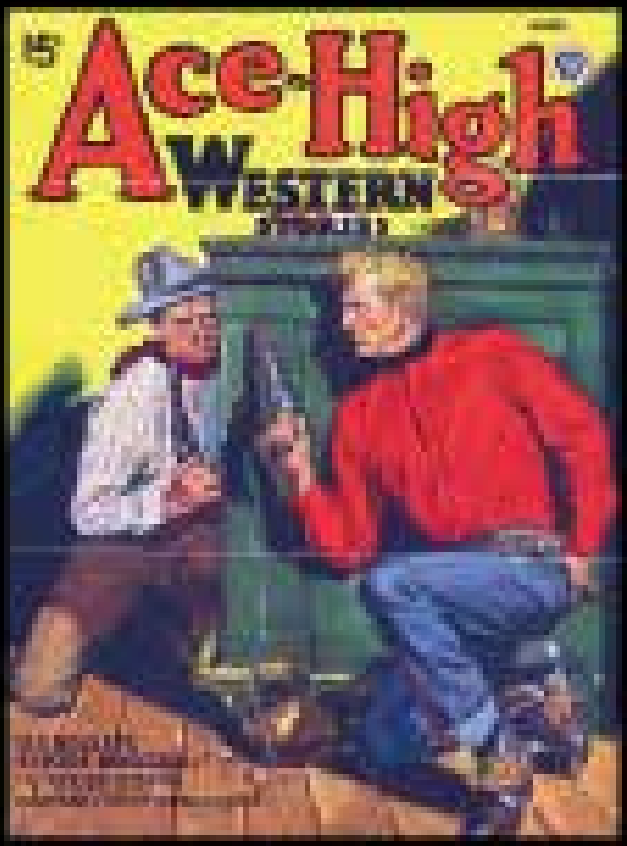
I decided to find a reliable authority on this article, such as a family member. Where had this priest actually lived and where are his relatives? I searched for various names for my great-uncle of Chickasha, Oklahoma to find a trail in anything relatives. I had seen a new Chickasha Express on the Saturday Evening Post (August 19th, 1950) for sale in 2009, so I asked that each issue of the catalogue name Isaiah Saunders. I was told the priest's daughter lived in Minneapolis. When I wrote to ask her about her father's actual biography, she called me and said, "You can not have my dad. He lives with me Long Island." Double Bingo!

By the time I received my response, I was already set in the suburbs, driving past all the garish pre-fab palaces New York executives are like cable TV. All windows and nothing worth looking at. I finally drove up a high hill, behind an ivy-framed stone gateway and a splendid observatory designed for home-dreamers or rogues. This was the grand—shabby mansion of these ads, a grander estate than the era of the Great Gatsby. The surrounding acreage had overgrown into a bittersweet swamp thing that appeared to have killed and composted the gardener several seasons ago. The white columns on the front entrance were stained by signs of rot in many locations. There was no car parked in sight. Although it was a cold, dark, wintery day, there were no lights on inside the house. I triple-checked the daughter Isaiah considered that were correct into a greater mess, which had random letters ground level and re-printed with Wordfile. Finally, nowhere served into guests have a double sense of permanence, but as I looked the door swings wide, they seemed to cling like the hands of fate to the artist's character. How could I hope to clarify the mysteries of my research—and find valid answers to befuddling questions—in a place that looked like a stage set for a haunted Hawthorne tale?

I stepped up to the massive imposing front door and found no bell. There was no knocker, no knocker, and not even any notice to salesmen itself to the reasonable possibility of an unemployed visitor. Only crickets, dead leaves and wind-blown debris. There was no outward sign that anyone had entered this "door" in years. I raised my hand and tapped my knuckles against the flaking white paint, and I realized I'd be silly as Linus waiting all night in a garden patch for the Great Pumpkin—because only a child's mind could seriously expect entry into a mansion of this size without response.


ON
EL

Chic who poses for the cover of *Ace-High Western*, April 1944



Ace-High Western, April 1944

44 Rocket Magazine, July 1941

Charles's pose for the cover of *44 Rocket Magazine*, July 1941

Ernest Chiriacka in his studio, 2004

INTERVIEW WITH A PULP ARTIST

"Ed Paine wants us. Says stand by for the rest of Ernest Chiriacka." I'm glad to meet you. My daughter said you'd be coming over. Well, as you can see, we've been making quite a mess inside."

Bingo! Bingo! Bingo!

With my first impression of Ernest Chiriacka, I instantly knew that I was in the right place. His elegant manner and dashing good looks, his intelligent and witty demeanor are perfect mirrors of the essential temperament of the unsung pulp artist I have studied for years in diversity. The rugged, handsome features of the man himself are the physical embodiment of his own pulp heroes. The lively artist graciously escorted me into a spectacular banquet room, appointed with the sumptuous settings for a diplomatic reception from the past. But instead of ambassadors in model Universal tuxedos and their fashionable wives in splendid evening gowns, every available space on the brocaded chairs, the velvet dining tables, and the marble mantles is occupied with old and tired stacks of Chiriacka's paintings from his remarkable career.

My head was spinning as we sat down at a mahogany dining room. I clutched my box of pulps and looked around for any place to upload them, but for his inspection.

Ernest Chiriacka: What've you got there?

David Saunders: I've brought some research materials.

EC: That's great! That's marvelous! You can't start too early. (laughter)

DS: They're pulps! We've been studying to find out the answers. (Hands an example to the artist.)

EC: Oh, isn't one of mine.

DS: And it has a printed credit for the cover artist on the contents page. (Pointing to the printed credit.)

EC: (Reading printed credit ... "CHIRIACKA!" I can't remember them all. I didn't do a lot of this! Yeah, actually, what we did, illustrators, we did this and that before we could get into other lines about movies for magazines. It was a stepping stone. It also brought in some money. (laughter) That appears to be one of mine. Yep. The "red skin room." (laughter) This could have been mine.

DS: Well, I have a million questions I want to ask you.

EC: Shoot!

DS: That Zen Gunsmoke Apartment Blonde I PI showcase logo was my buying for radio transmitter. It says on the bottom "1958–61 USA," which seems to be a very accurate assessment. This other issue of the same title also gives a printed credit on the contents page to the cover artist "Chiriacka."

EC: Would ya know! I did a lot of these things. I have some photos of me work for the Associated Sunday Post from the 1940s. (Hands over black-and-white photographs.)

DS: There are a number of folks we want to ask some questions about your pulp art before we get into your work for the Post, Esquire, and Collier's.

EC: Sure.

DS: Your drawing ability is fantastic. It's a beautiful distinctive style that's outstanding among the pulps. Have you always enjoyed drawing?

EC: I think I had the gene to begin with, and if you have the gene, that's what you're going to be. There was no doubt about it for me. Drawing came natural to me. My agent used to say, "Nobody can draw your chest when it comes to drawing!"

DS: It's funny that the pulp magazines were so prone to "scantily clothed" female characters and men in heroic efforts, and yet many people did very good jobs.

EC: Yeah.

DS: ... The pulps had a limited format, because the time was rushed, and the subject matter was formulated ...

EC: Yeah.

DS: ... But your drawing skill is outstanding in the middle of a thriller.

EC: Yeah.

DS: I've been studying your work for the pulp magazines, and your distinctive drawing style is easy to recognize, but you don't sign them very often.

EC: Yeah. No signature.

DS: Was that just by because of the scampering period and?

EC: I didn't particularly worry about it one way or another, whether I signed or didn't sign. My attitude is get in the door! So, when I was doing these pulps, I didn't sign them, but, in fact, they did help a great deal to get ahead. As a matter of fact, a number of artists had used the pulps as a stepping-stone for getting into the slicks. Not all, but a number of them, like Rockwell.

DS: What year were you born?

EC: 1915.

DS: What year did you sell your first pulp cover?

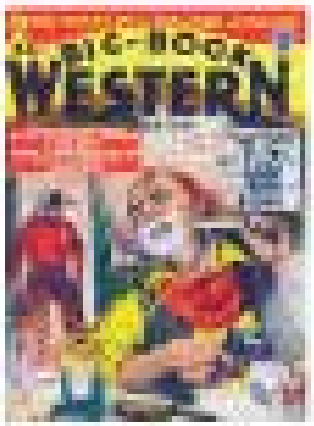
EC: I can't recall.

DS: Was it a Western? Was it a mystery or detective?

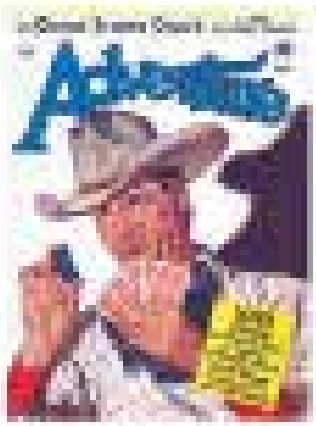
EC: It had to be a Western. Not because, of course it was no Western! I knew I came to one. He was first one was a bruiser. A girl's head. A pretty girl's head.

DS: That sounds like a cover for Love Story, maybe?

EC: Love Story magazine for Street & Smith. They were the first to buy my work and they were the biggest magazine



Hitchcock poses for the cover of *Big Book Western*, February 1948



Hitchcock poses for the cover of *Adventures*, March 1949

pal Walter and they bought it.

DK: That title was very successful. No one thought Love Story was going to make it, but they made big money and lasted for 25 years.

BG: Yeah. I remember going to the publisher's office, and there was this man working away at a tall ladder up on the ceiling. I don't know why he was up there, but he was doing something and he looks down at me and says, "What do you want?" And I said, "I'd like to see the art director." He said, "Well, you've been a while, and I'll be down pretty soon." It turns out he was the art director, doing something up there on the ceiling! (laughter)

DK: Gotta keep busy! (laughter) Was that William "Pop" Hamel?

BG: I don't know his name. But I sold my first pulp cover to Street & Smith and that put me in good. From there I went to the Westerns. I was a natural with the cowboys. I had no problems there at all.

DK: For Street & Smith's Western publications, or that same would be *Wild West Weekly* and *Western Story*.

BG: They had them. They were the original. They had a Love Story thing, they had a *Wild West*, and the publishers spoke about "style" or "level." "We had to work at a "level." I agreed completely, but I couldn't understand how anyone can't do this or that. You could follow this through there, otherwise you'd lose that!" And I'd say, "I'm sorry! What ever you want!" And I had no idea what he was talking about! (laughter)

DK: Was that unusual, then?

BG: I was only there a few months when I got a call from Scholastic. We moved in 1941 when I got a wonderful job at a movie poster company. They folded about three years later and I went right into painting for the pulps. It was absolutely the greatest thing in the world! I could do three things every day in about the time it took to set up for anything else. It was a snap! (laughter)

DK: Did you ask your wife on a date?

BG: I asked her once or twice, but she didn't like the idea, so we stopped that. (laughter) Well, I couldn't imagine how my wife felt when I did the pin-ups!

DK: Yeah, it's better to get a professional model for that. It's much less complex emotionally. So the first cover you did for Street & Smith *Love Story* magazine was probably around 1940?

BG: It was my very first cover.

DK: Did the jobs for the pulps come immediately after your first cover?

BG: I was the rage! (laughter) They wouldn't let me do any more for one publisher and I was doing the same amount for another! The jobs took me one day or a couple of hours. With very little effort I painted those things in—without having to do sketches or anything else. It was a cinch!

DK: Did you work for Popular?

BG: Popular! Popular Publications. That was my first major work after Street & Smith. I couldn't get to Street & Smith after that first year, but there wasn't any reason for it anymore! I didn't have to do six cover a week. I was not overwhelmed by covers!

Hitchcock with his wife Katherine, c. 1940s

DK: Did you work for Ace at that time also?

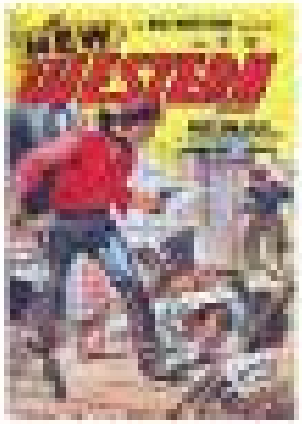
BG: Yes.

DK: You did Six Famous Aces. Can you remember some of the other titles of the magazines you routinely worked for?

BG: No.

DK: Did you do any book illustration?

BG: No. I did a few covers for Hartford Seven. I didn't do too much illustration after that first cover. That was just one of my examples. That was before I hit it big or anything at all. Street &



Nicholas poses for the cover of Adventure, March 1950

Nicholas brought this Love Story painting I brought around and from there on in, I did cowboys. They were a lot easier for me to do than [girls]. (laughter)

DK: When you were starting out in the pulps, did you go around for a while looking for work with a portfolio?

NC: No. I would've painting that you hoped they'd like. You brought it to them and they'd say, "Hey, yeah, yeah! That's good! And here's that other one. We can use that one, too!"

DK: What was the office like? Would there be a couple of other guys waiting around to show their own assigned finished paintings to the art director?

NC: They would be sitting there waiting, but I didn't have to do that after I sold my first and second covers. After that, the art directors contacted me to get their first or old paintings during the months or whatever. Actually, I would go from one publisher to the other if I wanted to. At first, I remained with Standard Publications because we got along well and he became a good friend.

DK: So was he the art director at Popular?

NC: Yeah, and from there I went into the pulps.

DK: Did you show your work to Harry Shorten at Popular?

NC: I may have. I believe Rosenbaum used to do pulp covers at Popular and he got into the slicks and I followed him from there into the slicks.

DK: I have him what I was told through my father. He was a wonderful guy and a very good artist.

NC: Yeah. Sig. Very good.

DK: There's a pile of 150 photocopies of pulp covers. (She unrolls the pile and begins flipping through them.) Don't you need your glasses to look at these?

NC: I don't need any glasses to look at those things! (laughter) I can tell you this, those came a little short. I didn't need the model to paint it all! No, I used to do those things in front of the model, and that's how I started in the illustration business for pulp magazines.

DK: You could only afford to hire a model for the slicks, because they paid better.

NC: Yeah. If you're working for the slick magazines, you've got to have a model. That's true. A model can't do anything, because in the slicks there's a story. This is a high-class magazine. It's not

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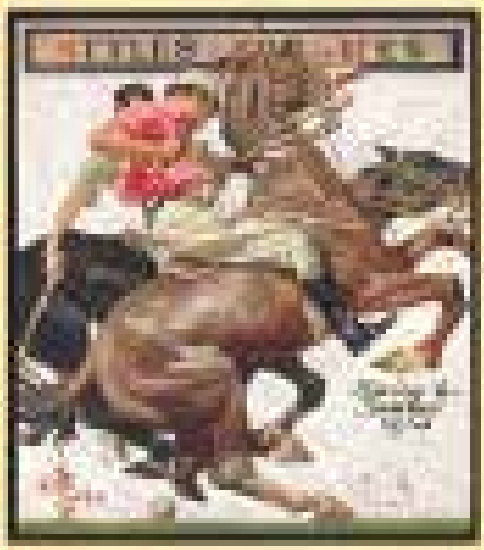

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Texas Rangers, December 1941

pulp cover in that sort of vault. (laughter)

DK: You know, it's funny. I've never heard a dick illustrator call them the "dicks." My father was a pulp illustrator who never made it to the dicks, and he always referred to them as the "dicks." But I've always presumed he said that term because he was a pulp artist. Like some guy from the pulp side of town who says, "There has been more than have all the luck!" But if that fellow makes it big and moves uptown, he's not going to call his mail a "fan-dan" or why would a dick illustrator still call himself a "dick" illustrator after he made it to the dicks? Did all the dick illustrators refer to themselves that way after they'd made it to the dicks?

BG: They still said that term because the pulps used pulp paper and the term used dick papers to describe the name of the profession. But also, the word "dick" is like the word "ass" in the theater world. I laughed, and that made an unbelievable scene. I remember that one! My brother-in-law was posing for me.

DK: You're going to help me identify them all.

BG: Yeah. I had a brother-in-law and I made a lot of photos of him for reference. He was an actor. He had acting. He had a good head. A strong head. I used his head at the time for this skull. There. (Pointing to a pulp cover.) That's him there. It's a good character, but you have to be on the scale! That angel! You've gotta have them up there, no matter what else you do. And you've got to exaggerate them. (laughter) He, they're wonderful!

DK: They really are.

BG: The publisher of Thrilling Mystery said to Hector (an ape artist because I painted the girls too realistic. "You always make a screaming girl look beautiful. Her mouth looks like she's almost laughing!"

DK: Some of your characters resemble Hollywood stereotypes. Like Gary Cooper. That's the guy we had in all our Western pulps.

BG: You often have the strongest, toughest villains. You were the only pulp artist to introduce tattooed guys to the cast of WWI West characters! He looks a bit like Peter Lorre or Sam Jaffe.

BG: (laughter) That was another incident in life, Tommy Dickson. I couldn't do the pulps equally. I couldn't have the same characters. It always had to be a little different, but a bald head is far more interesting than a head of hair. Bald is always more interesting!

DK: (laughter) You can say that because you're 80 years old with a big, thick head of hair! One strange trait that I noticed in your pulps is that whenever you have a pistol sitting down on the counter you always show the bullet ejector visible in the next chamber to fire.

BG: Yep!

DK: Always.

BG: Yeah!

DK: Did you ever shoot a pistol in your life? Or was it just a prop?

BG: I did have one of those guns.

DK: I ask because I was hoping to tell other collectors that when they see an unsigned Western pulp that has a pistol with that distinct bone or red fiber from the muzzle and a bullet ejector visible in the next chamber, it may be assumed to be Edgar Chrisholm. Was that some kind of discrete signature on your part?

BG: No. (laughter) I finally did have a revolver by mistake, the actress Rhonda Leigh got one when she was filming somewhere on location out in the West. (laughter) She said my brother-in-law, Jim Hicks, must look for planets in Hollywood.

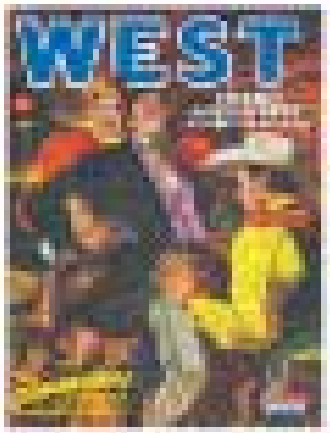
DK: You really do draw various breasts differently. Dad used to say, "Most illustrators can either paint men or women convincingly women, but rarely both! You really got it made if you can paint 'em both!" (laughter) I guess Chrisholm really got it made!

BG: (laughter) It was no problem whatsoever!

DK: So who were your pals? Were the pulp artists friendly with each other, or did they all compete for the same jobs and hate each other's guts?

BG: No, no. It wasn't that. We all got along fine, but we were too busy to socialize. Some of them were characters, but I just wasn't a person that wanted to belong to a group. Yeah. (silence) Pierre Barton. He was the only one.

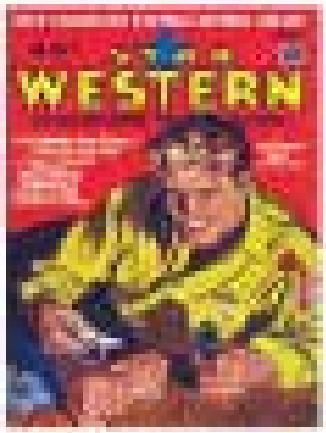
DK: Harry Barton did paperback covers in the 1960s. What about the other pulp artists from the 1930s? There's another



West, January 1949

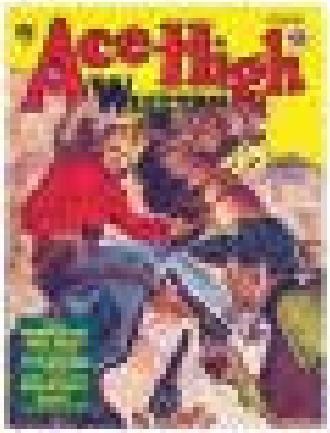
Popular Detective, February 1949

New Detective, March 1949



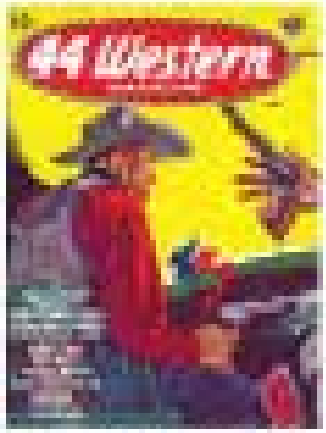
Star Western, March 1949

G-Men Detective, April 1949



Ace High Western, September 1949

New Detective, January 1950



#4 Western, January 1950

guy I'm curious about, who was a signatory with the initials "A.D." Who is that?

BG: ... (silence)

DK: He was most active around 1942. What did you do during the war?

BG: I was only fourteen years old, but the pulps during that whole time

DK: Did you stop doing new work for the pulps after the war?

BG: I started the shows up around the early 1950s. After that, I didn't have time to do those anymore, because I had the shows.

DK: The pulps were fading out of fashion by the 1950s, but you were already doing the shows, so you weren't thinking about retirement. When did you still work for pulps like Fantagraphics Popular?

BG: That's really an excellent question... I left there in the 1950s, because we were already living in the house after 1950, and I was still doing pulps, because I was writing to the Fantagraphics house. Yeah. No, it's great the weekend there.

DK: All of the shows seem to be on you are left at one during, let's. Did you ever actually move out West?

BG: No. They just said that for publicity. Unless you were a person that was a cowboy, or was born to a cowboy, or had actually ridden horses with a cowboy, you just didn't exist. (laughter)

DK: In the 1970s, when my Dad was showing at the Kennedy Gallery, they asked him to play up his Western background. So when he said he was born on a farm, they wrote it: "Raised on a Cattle Ranch." And I'd said, "Well, yeah, sort of. We had a cow. You could see that." (laughter)

BG: "Ace wasn't a bad, right? You were a Cowboy! Never! I met!" (laughter) Kennedy Gallery. Yeah. I had some stuff there too. Back in those days, they had to make up stories that sounded good to the public. Today they want to know the truth. It's so much more important today. I was gone from the shows somewhere. Time ago they wanted later tale stories.

DK: Whenever there's big money at stake in some industry, they can only make a profit when a million people show up. That's when the truth becomes less important than the lure of losing any fraction of your salaries.

BG: ... and that's why they changed people's names all the time. I also planned under the name "Darcy."

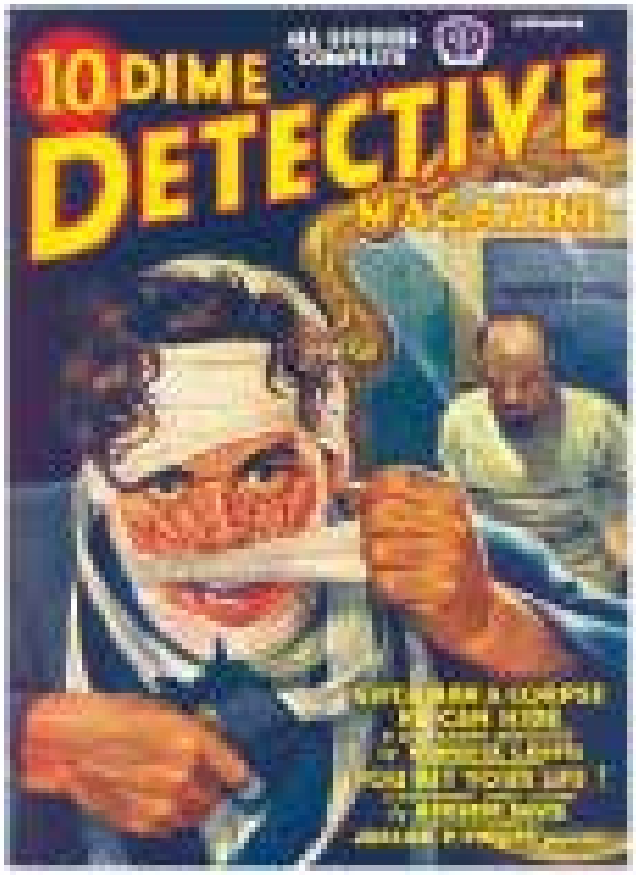
DK: What was that full name?

BG: "Anastasios Darcy."

DK: Where did you get that name from?

BG: Well, we're Greek and my name, "Kanas," is actually Anastasios, and that was shortened for my nickname, "Tasos," which is pronounced "Dah-sos" as they say. "Darcy." That's how we got "Anastasios Darcy."

DK: Did you see this signature, "A.D." like that? (Pointing.)



10 Dime Detective Magazine, September 1936

BG: I mirror.

DS: Because there's a series of paintings I've brought which all have an "A.H." signature, and the style is similar to your work.

BG: (Examines image.) I see. Perhaps it could be—And I also painted under "Asha."

DS: I brought a selection of those now.

BG: Did you know they were mine?

DS: I brought them because I wanted you to tell me who they were painted by. I hoped you could explain why they all look like your work.

BG: Well... (laughter) At one point I didn't mind models. (Looks at stack of pulps.) This one's mine. This one, I remember this one. That's not mine. It's too soft. This is mine. This guy's mine. I remember that... (laughter) Wait a minute. I can think of something to show you. (Laughing. Gonzalez gets up and walks out of the room to retrieve something from his studio. After a few minutes, he returns and hands over three sheets of paper.)

DS: What did you find?

BG: Now I remember!

DS: (Opens first folder, which contains facsimiles of cover-sized color proofs of pulp magazine covers. Several are signed "A.H.".)

BG: Thrilling Publications! I was doing illustrations for them at the time and they wanted me to do a painting for a cover for one of them. Then came up with the idea for a magazine covering themselves, for the pulp thing, so I said, "Okay! I'll do your idea, but I'll have to sign it Asha!" ... so no one would know who it was! (laughter)

DS: That's what they thought! (laughter) How did pulp artists wind up with these collections of proof sheets? I know my father and Gervais and Belarski all had a similar stack of cover sheets in their files. Can you describe the actual transaction of the exchange of a freelance cover with a pulp publisher? Were you dropped off the original job, did they give you three pounds from your previous salary?

BG: No. I think the art director would probably have the proofs. They always had proofs. The art director would use the printer's proofs to "pass" the colors and so forth...

DS: Would they ask the artist about the colors?

BG: Yes.

DS: So why did the pulp artists wind up with these proofs? When each job was over and you received your payment for the freelance sale, was the proof sheet attached to the receipt as a commemoration of the sale?

BG: I don't remember that, but we did have them.

DS: Your work for the pulps is currently collected because they look good, but people don't know the context of the artist, or the qualities that distinguish you from other contemporaneous illustrators of that era. The collector's task is even more difficult because of your various pseudonyms, but after making, we can now assemble a reasonable checklist of your covers for pulp magazines, and you may turn out to be the most prolific artist of that era.

BG: Well, they certainly kept me busy! (sighs) The pulps did well for a while. And even the authors. They graduated from the pulps to writing their own books. We were all going through a lot of hard work and the existence had nothing to do but wait there!

DS: That's almost heartening!

BG: (laughter) Are you keeping a history on the pulp covers?

DS: Just on certain artists. It started because some people would call pulps saying, "This is by Norman Saunders," when it wasn't. I realized as soon as these misattributions before someone accepted them as truth.

BG: Wait, wait. With all the years gone by...

DS: Your collection of proof sheets is a priceless history document because of the difficulty in authenticity. If not until those in the years we've identified from my pulp collection, they all add up to over 500 Chesselas pulp covers, and those must be known. This comprehensive checklist will help future historians identify the rest of your pulps.

BG: You can do all your homework. You have the hard job.

DS: That was just the pulps. I'll need to come back to document your full career and biography. Illustration is only a small part of Jon Gnagy's painting, but at this pace he, it'll be impossible to discover the real historian and I'm sure you realize that's when people will want to know.

BG: Yeah. Right.

DS: It has to be done while we can.

BG: Okay, if you say so! (laughter) End of interview.)

A CHECKLIST OF ERNEST CHIRIACKA PULP MAGAZINE COVERS

[illegible] magazine covers [illegible] Ernest Chiriacka between the years 1930 to 1950. Although the list is not complete it does identify [illegible] that he created for each cover with the name of the publication.

THE HISTORY OF ERNEST "DARCY" CHIRIACKA

I had started out to identify an anonymous and pseudonymous cover artist from the pulp magazines, but stumbled instead through a "secret door" into the glamorous mansion of a 90-year-old artist, where I heard the [illegible] epic of his colossal art career—12 years in the pulps, 15 years in the slicks, and another 30 years as a gallery artist exhibiting throughout the world.

The artist graciously answered all of my questions over six visits for 12 hours of taped interviews for the historical record of 20th Century American illustration art.

Ernest Chiriacka was born Anastasios Kyriakakos in New York City on May 11, 1913, and lived at 42 Madison Street on the Lower East Side. To imagine the living conditions of this ghetto at the turn of the century, look at the heart-breaking photos used by Jacob Riis, "How the Other Half Lives," which revealed the astonishing hardships of children growing up in these dismally squalid tenement buildings. His parents, [illegible] and [illegible] Kyriakakos, had emigrated from the mountain village of [illegible] in the Sparta region of Greece in 1907. [illegible] was an educated young man who had studied to be a Greek Orthodox priest, but could not adjust to the harsh reality of the bustling slums of New York, where the only jobs for a non-lingual immigrant were unskilled manual labor. Although [illegible] labor, [illegible] refused to lower himself to work as a dishwasher, shoeshiner, or pushcart laborer. He changed his name to "Harry Chiriacka," but made no further effort to become an American or learn English, and he fell into the languid despair of drink. Fortunately his wife [illegible] was an industrious person who raised six children, supervising their public school educations as well as their attendance at Greek school to learn their native culture and language. Anastasios was their third child. He was called "Tasso" for short, which is pronounced "dah-soo," and is transliterated as "Darcy."

The Greek language uses an ancient alphabet, whose letters have no exact equivalents in English, so translations must resort to phonetic translations. This basic dependence on substitute sounds compels Greeks to accept the cavalier [illegible] of American versions of their names. So, "Anastasios Kyriakakos" was changed to "Ernest Chiriacka," and his childhood nickname "Tasso" remains today as "Darcy." Thus began this [illegible] artist's lifelong mantle of dual identities.

Darcy started out life on the lowest rung of America's social ladder. He was small, frightened, and hungry. His surroundings were crowded, hectic, and desperate; so, like a million other city kids, he scratched together a rough childhood from the unbelievable world of street vendors, newsstands, and [illegible]. Madison Street was just a block away from Henry Street, where all family and fellow Greeks attended services at the St. James Church and drew their single [illegible] the political patronage machine of Tammany Hall. But more importantly, Henry Street was also the site of [illegible] Picture Palace, where Darcy first encountered the thrilling fantasy of the Wild West. "I guess everybody loved movies, but I wanted to be a cowboy. When it was Halloween time and the kids all got their costumes, I made my own Western get-up! I got a heavy shiny black plastic shopping bag and cut it up into a nice pair of chaps. I stripped some fringe tails from the newsstand and stitched them all around the edges for trim. A child can really dream about the impossible. I dreamed about it and I had my old [illegible] Rider's hat, the chaps, and everything else I was ready to go out West to 'Texas.'"

Children at that time were expected to pull their own weight, so Darcy went to work. "My mother would send me out to shine shoes. Then I would also hang around the elevated train and collect newspapers from people coming off, and I'd sell 'em back to people getting on. Every kid had to work. There was no question about it, but right from age three I knew I wanted to be an artist. That was the work for me. At first I was a novice. I didn't know what to work, so I just drew on everything. I did chalk drawings on the street with chunks of broken wall plaster. I used to draw on scraps of paper with the charcoal end of burnt match sticks. Not everything was electric, you know, so there were matches all over town. But I saved my money, as much as I could save and [illegible], and I bought a pencil of my own when I was about five years old. When I first got that pencil, I decided to become an artist. You know, it was scarce to get a pencil, but drawing was [illegible] and it was great, I guess."

The artist's most formative experience occurred when he was twelve years old, away at

[illegible]

"The Diamond," *American Magazine*, fashion (1947). Gouache on board, 23" x 17".

Original story illustration, c. 1950s. Gouache on board, 24" x 20".

sleep...one memorable night in 1931. He awoke after midnight to a door slammed in earnest and left the apartment to examine the street like a sleep-walker. He followed the trolley line to Times Square and rode the BMT all the way out to the end of the line—Coney Island. There he explored the interior of amusement and arcade under fascinating lights, where Nancy became lost in the jaggy dog. "I think he was looking for a friend, but like that. Well, eventually two detectives found us and asked me where I lived and drove me back home. We stood out on the landing at three in the morning and they asked me again, 'Do you live here?' And I said 'Yes, Sir,' and then said, 'Wait here,' and they went up to my door. After awhile my mother comes and then says, 'Whereas, How many children do you have?' And she says, 'Six,' and then says, 'How many children do you have?' I don't think she was ever upset, but I was thoughtful why I did such a thing. 'Why I did try to make?' It was the strangest thing because I was a mostly-well-kept kid, and here I had this great adventure and everything turned out just fine. But the State was always a safety net down there waiting to catch me if I fell."

In 1927 the city passed an ordinance to control the black market in the alleys, and shops were required to paint the names of the owners and the hours on their store windows. The sign companies were swamped with the demand for the new law. To avoid delays and to maximize the cost for the mandated task, shop owners were happy to hire local talent, so a young neighborhood artist had his first commercial art employment. "I was right there. I could paint lettered signs, so I just threw [my name] out. I was 13 years old, but I was the man!"

On weekends the young artist walked five miles up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where the admission was free and everything looked great. One day he noticed a young woman studiously painting a copy of an Old Master and he asked her how he might also qualify for that privilege. She kindly led him to the director of the Copyist Program and without presenting a portfolio or any proof of an art student, Ernest Chimacki was given work material with an easel, paints, and canvas and set before a masterwork of his own choice. "The only stipulation was that the canvas had to be small enough to keep the size down." He told me not to move. I had to remain there and I learned to mask anything. It was great. A city kid like me painting at the Metropolitan Museum! I was a commercial artist then."

While attending high school, an art instructor suggested that Nancy continue his art education after graduation in 1931 at the Mechanics Institute on 20 West 44th Street. This institution is the city's oldest trade-technical evening school for students who cannot afford a traditional college education. Situated in the landmark building, which overflows with a treasure trove of memorabilia, Nancy must have felt great pride to attend his first real session in industrial design and illustration. After graduation in 1933 the artist then enrolled in the free night classes at the National Academy of Design on

◄ Original story illustration, c. 1950s. Gouache on board, 24" x 20".

"Love at Home" cheesy Magazine, September 23, 1950. Gouache on board, 20" x 30".

Original story illustration c. 1950s. Gouache on board, 20" x 30".

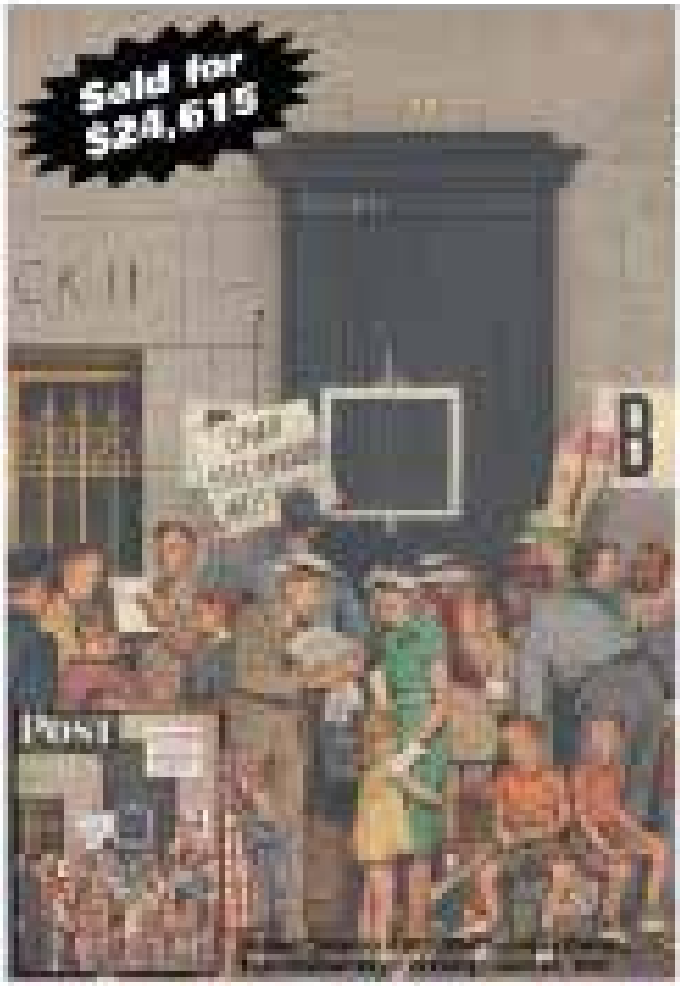
Fifth Avenue and 49th Street, where he studied the basics of painting and drawing from the nude model in the class.

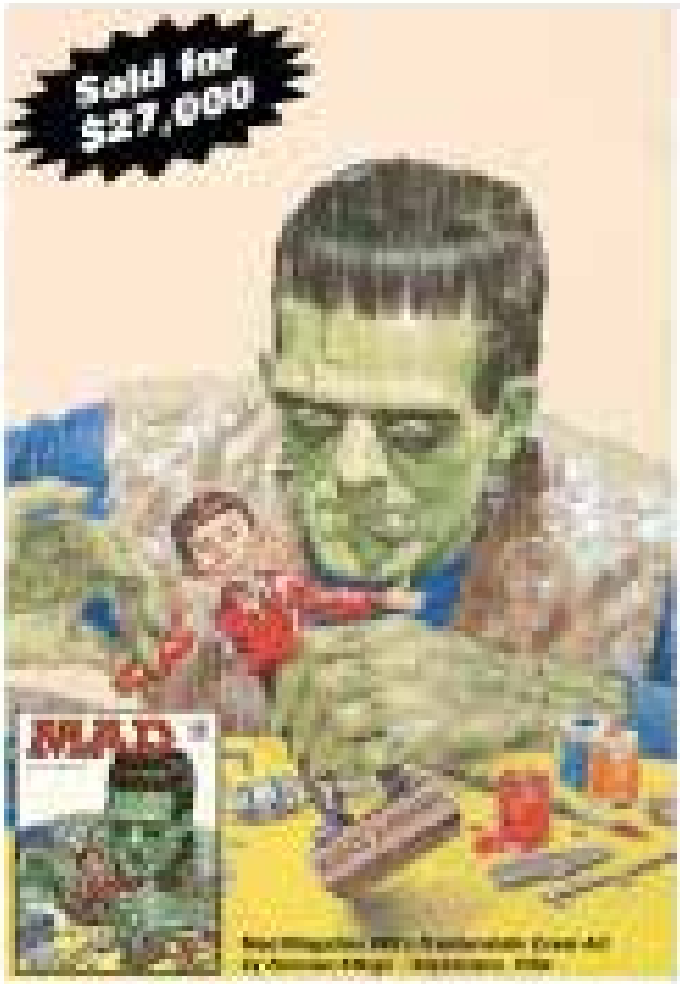
Darcy's first interior work, painting decorative window signs, arrived on the doorstep of a big investment company called "Advertisers Sign & Display." "Of Scottish descent, Parker Bass operated with their motto plain-spoken, the company offered Darcy a steady paying but menial job to get him off the streets. This company also produced illustrated posters to announce upcoming features at movie houses throughout the city. That line of work looked more interesting to Darcy, but as a novice sheep, the young artist had to wait his turn for a shot to open in that department.

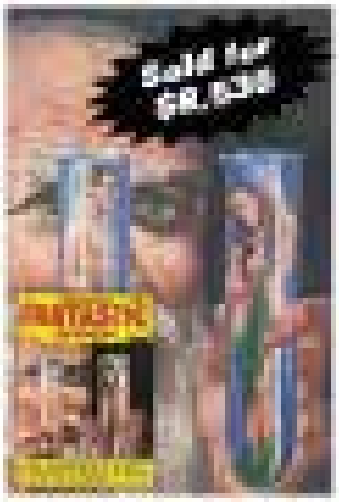
By 1954, Orlando was 21 years old and working full-time as an apprentice art technician, doing paste-up and mechanicals. Like most Depression-era high school graduates, Darcy was determined to make it to the top. With a steady income he was able to attend the night school classes at the Art Student's League on 215 West 57th Street, where he met a wide range of dedicated artists and innovative teachers. While there he heard about the painting classes taught by Harvey Dunn, the famous protégé of Howard Pyle, at the Grand Central School of Art. This was the most prominent art school in America at the time. They held day and evening classes in five different art disciplines, taught by 19 distinguished artists. Darcy prepared a painting to show the master for admittance to the class. He was accepted and fulfilled a dream to study Dunn's classes from 1956 until 1960. There were held in a large dark penthouse studio on the seventh floor of Grand Central Terminal, placed by under the famous limestone statue of Mercury. This was the vital heart of the metropolis, and on that grand progress, it was a special thrill for Orlando to enter Grand Central Terminal and see the marvelous travelers that epitomized the exuberant pace of those modern times.

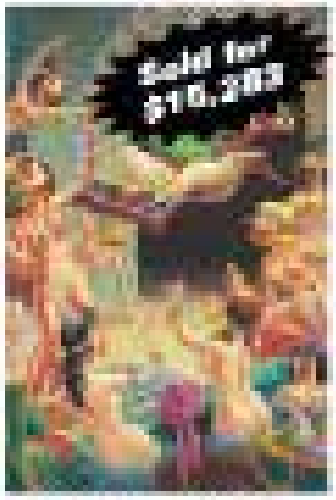
After two years at Advertisers Sign & Display, doing paste-up work and waiting for the promised job as an art designer, Orlando was hired by a new vendor with the Variety Display Company at 10 West 47th Street to create his own designs for silkscreened editions of movie posters. "It was just another stepping stone for me, but it was an important one at the time. They needed posters to put in movie houses to show what was playing. It all had to do with the start of each new film. We would look through storyboards [drawings of all the cuts and I would paint the poster that I would be silkscreened to make three or four dozen, which would be sold to all the different theaters across the country. I was making $37 a week, and that was good money. I had been keeping company with Roberta for about a year, and with my new salary there was no reason why we shouldn't get married, so we did. But I kept right on going to Dunn's night classes, and that must have been pretty hard for a young wife."

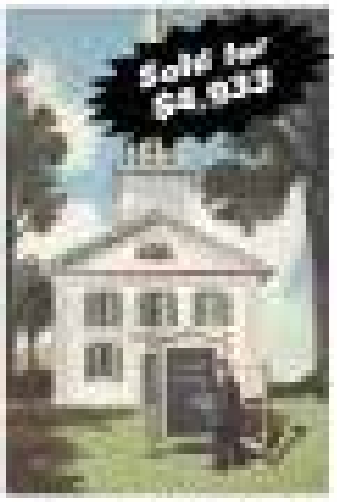
They married in 1957 and found an apartment in Brooklyn's Prospect Park, where Darcy planned about designing movie posters and taking Dunn's night school











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Original Art: Illustration, c. 1950s. Gouache on board, 23" x 30"

classes for another three years. Changing tastes in the movie theaters favored the Victoria Display Company over at Fashion Park as Dance realized he had learned all he could from Harvey Dunn. "Dunn was a great painter. He was a big, tough man. He would come in at night, and he had his pet students. One was Orson Gowdy. Mr. Dunn loved the adventurous of people, but he did not encourage them to imitate him. He wanted each student to be their own person. 'To think differently than others. To look positively at life,' he said, but not to imitate him or anyone. 'Learn appreciation by doing your own thing.' I approached him once because I was confused about values. I knew I had to control my values, otherwise I'd have nothing, but I didn't know how. Dunn was abrupt. He said, 'It still either comes to you or it never is.' 'There's no method?' He was someone that you didn't push or go up to ask things. He was a tough one. 'If you can continue to paint, you must study your subject with attention to the final value of the score. Always look at the big picture! Decide on the general color range of the whole scene and then each to it and you'll never go wrong . . . provided that you put them in the right places.' After each class the paintings were stacked along the wall, and the whole group would gather around. 'Then Dunn would sit there with his cane and he would point it at a painting. And one time he said, 'This one is interesting.' Whose is that?' And I said, 'It's mine, Mr. Dunn.' And he said 'Oh. Well, you've got it, my boy.' That was it! I'd reached a point where I understood what he would teach me, and it was all in my own canvas."

Finally, in 1946, Dance took his portfolio up to Street & Smith, the publishers of the pulp magazines, and sold the art director a sample painting of a pretty girl's head for $60, which they ran on the cover of *Love Story*. "In those days, each publishing house had a style. The artists would paint a picture 'in open' which followed that style, and you'd bring it up to show them and they'd buy it. They'd buy it and then you'd go out dancing." After a few more covers for the prestigious Street & Smith, Dance Chronicles was able to find steady work at Popular and Thrilling Publications. "I could walk right into the art director's office. They counted on me to get them a few paintings each month. I would go from one publisher to another. If I wanted to, but I became close friends with Alexander Kostrapil, the art director at Popular."

One day as Dance was leaving an art director's office, he passed two workers from the defunct Victory Display Company who were waiting in vain to apply for low-paying paste-up jobs. They were astounded to see their old co-worker had become a professional freelance illustrator. "After eight long years of night school art classes, I was finally getting ahead in life!"

With his improving status, Dance and Katherine moved to a new apartment on 53rd Drive in Jackson Heights, near Roosevelt Boulevard. "It was a magnificent place. Everything was all elevated! The kitchen was all shiny! It was a dream at the time! I didn't have a formal artist's studio. I just painted at the open bedroom. It wasn't a fantastic, but it was where I painted. In fact, I've always painted in some kind

◀ "Hispanic Boy" cover illustration for *Argosy* magazine, September 1946. Oil on canvas, 30" x 40"

"No Man's Land," original story illustration, September 28, 1958. Gouache on board, 20" x 16".

and bookcases. My wife wouldn't put up with a fancy artist's studio in our house."

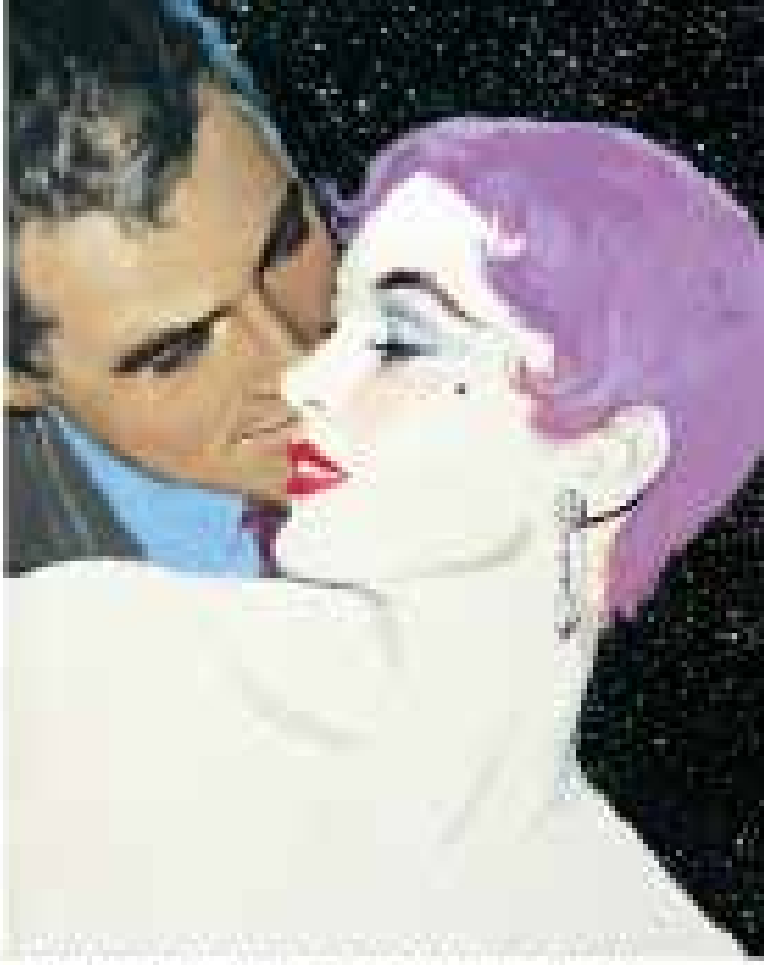
Albert Pinal Chateau, Robert Chatauka reported for the Draft Board physical in 1942 at the Child Reception Center for Induction in Governor's Island, where he went through a battery of tests. They determined that he was pre-diabetic. He was assigned the Army Base Hospital for four weeks of additional testing, and was finally confirmed 4F for military service. His civilian clothes were returned and he was let out back into circulation on Manhattan Island where the artist met a whole new world of publishing, phenomenally changed by the mobilization. The established luminaries of the American workforce were thrown into turmoil by the new talent drain, and Robert Chatauka, like Bernie the Rivet, was one of those new recruits who were eager to prove their worth.

From 1942 until 1951, Chatauka painted over 400 pulp magazine covers for Popular, Thrilling, Ace, and Dell publications. It was the craziest thing in the world. The magazines were begging for work. I was the hero. They needed good artists. I worked for them all! Where ever they displayed pulps on a newsstand, you'd see Chatauka all along the line!"

Like most young artists of his generation, Chatauka's sole motivation was to be as big as Leyendecker or Rockwell. Haddon Sundblom and Gil Elvgren had also grown from working-class dead-end jobs into "stars" of the popular culture and Darcy was determined to follow. He perceived his good name for his anticipated career in the slicks, the artist studied his work for the pulps behind drawn, fictitious signatures and assigned work. This strategy allowed him to earn good money from the otherwise pulp jobs, while he looked for the next stepping stone to the slicks. Artists' model agents to get into the slicks, but agents would not represent artists who only did low paying pulp jobs. So Chatauka began a charade to advance his pulp art career. He openly signed his covers for Popular publications. For Thrilling he created the initials "R.C." The full name was never actually spelled out, but this allowed the fictitious "Americanized Italian" to moonlight for the opposition. He signed his covers for Woodhurst Stories "E.C. Ackly," and he left work for other Dell publications unsigned or even masked his style and even the inherent flair of his distinctive strokes behind these masquerades.

An artist's "signature style" is connected to the visual handling of the brush, like handwriting analysis, a painting is composed of myriad individual brushstrokes. When Chatauka paints he sets down a stroke with the tip of the brush, then lifts it off the canvas and sets down another stroke. Repeating this process over and over again, he builds up the image. Hands are one of nature's most complex and beautiful creations, and their articulation has stumped many fine painters into creating their caricature, but Chatauka uses simple strokes to clearly define their natural planes and forms. He completes their intricate expressiveness with clear outlines to convey the subject's anger, surrender, or pure exhilaration. A hero's hand is heavily flexing a pistol, while the graceful, pale fingers of a damsel in distress reach out to receive

Vogue: Sun Protection, c. 1990s. Gouache on board, 11" x 16"



"The Married Killer" Manhunt Magazine, c. 1950s. Gouache on board, 22" x 18"

his own hooded poise as he turns a corner of his head. Like a skilled portrait artist, the artist paints hands with emphatic personalities that are the co-stars of the hero's face-and-body language in Chiriacks "theater" of short pictures.

Although his featured characters are based on live models, his settings are generated from his imagination. His backgrounds have a realistic architectural quality of stage design—pale and reserved—to set the scene without distracting attention from the theatrical actor on stage-center. The colorful wardrobe in Chiriacks "productions" is chosen with the elegance of a European couturier. His delicate brushwork describes the folds, patterns and textures of fabrics with a tactile confidence. Chiriacks paints clothes as if each stroke were a pleasure to behold, flowing down the shapes of the colorful textures. Every crease of clothing tells new secrets as it subtly describes the anatomy it serves. Value changes are simplified and display no reverses above the optical exhibitions of Baroque-era painting. Although he starts with a photo of a live model to supply the basic structure, the artist soon abandons that reference to focus spontaneously on the paper. He is in complete control and the viewer is treated to the delight of his compelling vision. Chiriacks success in his tapping back into his childhood memories of dressing in homemade drapes to lead our hero in reality plays. When kinds of costumes about Texas these were and whose half-garments were thoroughly the result of a tiny Greek kid on the Lower East Side? Chiriacks pulp covers bring his viewers back to the fantastic innocence of their imagined childhood play.

During the heyday of the pulp covers, the artist would often work nights without sleep, and he developed a technique of painting as quickly as necessary. Illustrations that was invented by Old Masters and the American Impressionists for its intuitive and automatic suggestions. But Chiriacks used his extreme concentration to unleash the flow of creativity that feeds his narrative illustrations. "I thought a lot about the abstract artists who worked from their imaginations. But they were way off. With me, when I'm working from my imagination, I am actually working with people and places and things."

Chiriacks brought the theatrical flair of a casting director to his work. His pulp covers are populated with eccentric characters chosen to fit his own dramatic vision and his life-long love of the cinema. "I think actors like to learn some dramatic directing skills because the job does involve setting people up into situations. Telling them, 'Do this! Do that!' and what-not. You are shooting behind the scenes. I guess that's all a part of the art." Lucille, the artist's sister, Alberta Lord, and her husband, Joe Belyo, were the models for players in Hollywood, who were also available as models for Diane's pulp covers. The talents of these professional actors contributed to the theatrical magic present in all those Chiriacks illustrations.

The pulps are the result of a devil-may-care attitude on every level—the stories, the covers, the actors, as well as the

Digital Art Illustration, c. 1930s, Gouache on board, 24" x 36"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Original pin-up illustration c. 1950s. Gouache on board, 30" x 20".

Original pin-up illustration c. 1950s. Gouache on board, 30" x 20".

and was "available at newsstands in both width and depth." Esquire produced the luxurious upscale adult men's publication only for one decade (the New York's newsstand featured it in their January issue to announce its release). Chiriaka's "nudes" were apparently the most beautiful because the following year, he was commissioned to paint all "12 lovely ladies" for the 1951 Esquire Calendar Girls, and again in 1954, he painted all of the "13 lovely ladies—plus two fair pinup lads—for the 1954 Esquire Calendar. These pin-ups were boldly signed "E. Chiriaka" (attesting to his control of how he wanted his name to be seen by everyone).

Chiriaka is best known today for his famous Esquire pin-ups. His subjects were the objects and proportions of a classic notion of splendor. He worked with the complete perfection of any single model—the artist would hire as many as six different women to assemble his vision of an ideal beauty. They are as exotic and tastefully exhibited as a popular strip tease in Gypsy Rose Lee. Their flesh is sculpted in the artist's creative manner, so his women have a rough-hewn quality to them. But for reader interest, Chiriaka's accomplishment for his pin-ups is simple because they are the most wistful the artist signed as "E. Chiriaka."

There was always a fair picture, but every illustrations for the Nude required a composition with a cast of specific characters, and that doesn't just happen as often as we'd like. The pin-up appeal had to be just right to sell a magazine. The idea of the "Nude" was to be a beautiful woman who was not only beautiful but also had a personality that was appealing to the reader. Chiriaka's pin-ups were the perfect example of this. He was a master of the art of the pin-up, and his work was so popular that it was often copied by other artists. His pin-ups were so popular that they were often used in magazines and newspapers. His pin-ups were so popular that they were often used in magazines and newspapers.

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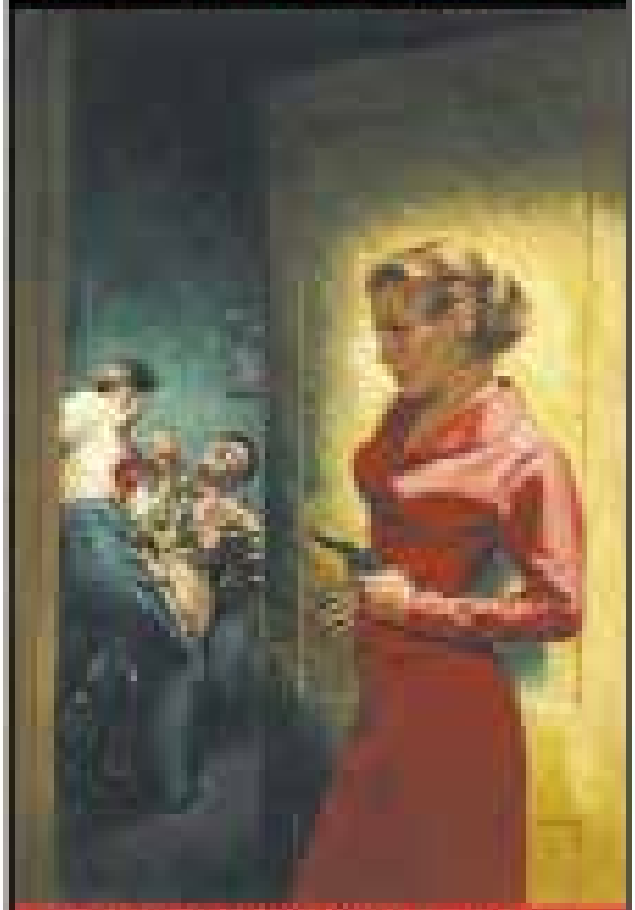

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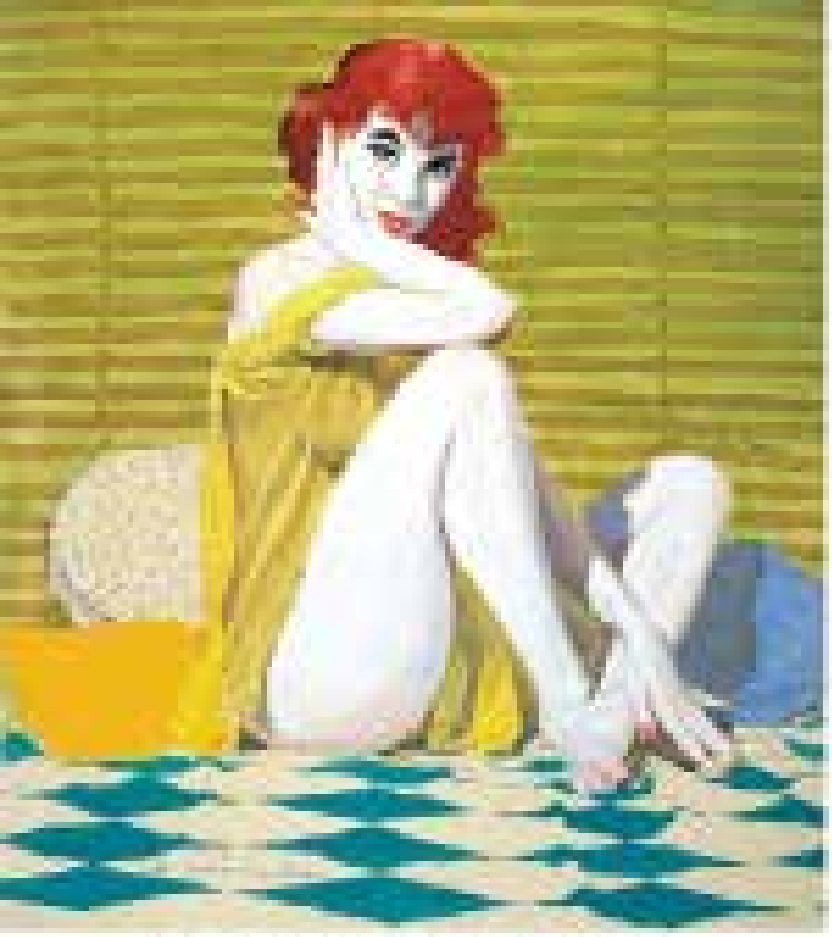
the agency. Chiriaka was able to secure many clients as there were clients. The Mendelsohns were the only ones to actually have a genuine restaurant and each had real Greek Chiriaka, however, they did not want the gallery gone to wander off with their hit or percent fee. If their business records still exist, the artist's career in the digits from 1936 to 1961 may certainly be reconstructed. The artist was happy to do all the slick work the Mendelsohns could find, as long as he got nice fees and they didn't fall from their overwork. They were not fussy as to a six-month advanced schedule of daily deadlines. Any good ad during that time would expand like falling dominoes and delay a half-year of work. Their presents were unselfish, and they later found a balanced equilibrium with only weekly work-loads of scheduled deadlines.

Over the next 15 years, the artist illustrated among the slick magazines under contract and freelance, by the names Barry, d'Arcy & Chiriaka, and James Bannister Barry Jr., continuing his chameleon habit of switching his name for freelance employment with a variety of competing publishers. After a lifetime of chores, Barry had succeeded in becoming wealthy by working like a dog for every available publisher, but never daring for the most any editors knew that "Chiriaka" would become a household name, along with Leo Brenton, in the history of American illustration.

Almost Chiriaka's first slick illustrations for the Mendelsohns' evening slot are elaborate narrative scenes, carefully designed with structured figures within a balanced composition. He started in a handsome style of determined realism to create convincing illusions of forms existing within a three-dimensional space. This work was performed by the great American Impressionist John Singer Sargent, who pre-mixed each tonal hue on his palette and applied colors of oil paints with Chiriaka's bright and flat colors from pre-of tempera paints. But for today, these pieces were suggested signals by the boss as to his drawing strength. His later work of slick illustrations reflects the glamorous air-brushed look of Paramount spectacles of the time, like Arsenic Gems, Honey Rose, and Willow Tale. Unfailingly artful and dramatically composed with Chiriaka's gifted realism, his graphic flair pushes the compositional idea beyond color games with the charm and stylishness of accidental models for the cheesy modernistic, decorative Cubism. Playful placement of brilliant fields of color served as a sophisticated and powerful balance for Chiriaka's inherent narrativism.

In reviewing these female-seeking slick illustrations, the artist modestly calls them, "Commercial art. We call it 'classic' Chiriaka as an outside cover work... that's what Tibbs's other Harvey Dunn said to his students. 'Use clever brush strokes as artists. You have to get rid of the commercialism and get some art behind it.' And here the hell do you do that thing? Can you put those things in words? No. But work slick illustrations, you have to be able to make sound what you're doing, rather than to be going at something blindly, that is something else."



Original cover illustration c. 1950s, Gouache on board, 30" x 30"

Original cover illustration c. 1950s, Gouache on board, 30" x 30"

Charlotte's agent showed his work to 20th Century Fox studio chief Spyros Skouras, who hired the artist to paint the movie poster for the first major CinemaScope film, *The Robe*. Not knowing how to approach this kind of assignment, Charlotte made a color sketch to suggest a possible design concept, but instead of being commissioned to paint a full-sized finished version, Skouras said, "That's great! I'll buy it. I'll take it just like that. Wrap it up." And Charlotte's preliminary sketch became the final poster for this historic widescreen spectacle starring Jean Simmons and Richard Burton. The finished film told 20th Century Fox and were four Oscar nominations, and set the 1950s trend in Hollywood for sweeping and colorful. The innovative technology of CinemaScope was copied by all the major studios, and it temporarily revived the American custom to turn off their televisions and go out to see the movies.

The invention of "hip" design was the fashion craze of the 1964 New York World's Fair, and the major studios' stands were all on board. While Americans marveled at the space Age novelty of Pop Art, Charlotte's long career in illustration abruptly ended. "The slick magazines just decided to cut out all realistic illustrations. They turned to color photographs and graphic fashion design. All the artists were dumped. Up until then, if you were in the clicks, you made money! But if you had spent all your money, then you were in trouble, because there was no work. Absolutely nothing you could do. The studio stopped, it could! Nothing! Empty! Finished! What does an artist do?"

Two years after marriage in 1947, Katherine had recovered the Charlotte household and their two children, Leonard and Alberta. She had also been the artist's valued career partner and business coordinator. "When the economic crisis hit the studio dropped realistic illustration in favor of "Hi Fashion" graphic design, it was Katherine who devised a survival strategy. Harry painted landscapes and still-lifes, which she sold for work to New York galleries for resale. Soon Katherine was successful enough to open her own showroom in New York's E.C. Gallery. After two years, she had introduced Charlotte's paintings to several prestigious galleries and by 1970 she was showing and selling his art paintings at the Kennedy and Grand Central Galleries in New York City and at art galleries around the world.

As his children grew up, departed, and raised their own families, Harry and Katherine traveled the world to visit their grandchildren. In 1986, while visiting with his daughter's family in Belgium, the artist came across the wildflowers of Monet and even painted in the Impressionists garden in Giverny. Harry's third series of his grandchildren at play recalled his own childhood haircuts, "Most kids are scared stiff, but they have their own dreams, shoulder dreams. Kids can choose anything! Nothing is impossible to them. Nothing!" The artist looked back on his own youthful dreams of the Wild West, which were whipped up every weekend by the Saturday morning matinee serials of William S. Hart and Tom Mix. Memories of these primal 'pulp' fantasies had richly fueled his Western pulp covers, but a deeper

Hunt's Pool, Portland, c. 1998. Oil on canvas, 30" x 40".

Hunt's Meeting, Summit, c. 1998. Oil on canvas, 30" x 40".

expressive, is still apparent in his vast paintings of the West. He read the historical accounts of red men's encounters with and battles with the backdrops of his own impoverished childhood. Chiriaka became particularly drawn to the plight of the Native Americans after the Sioux Indian uprising at Wounded Knee in 1973. His paintings and bronze sculptures of the Native American people have a dignity that radiates with a genuine nobleness.

To create these visionary scenes, Chiriaka developed an innovative approach to painting. He sits before his canvas and deliberately rakes his mind of all thoughts. He paints without plan or intention—with no conscious thought at all. "I don't know what I'm painting, but I start a painting and I work with that thing for two hours or so. No stopping. No contriving. No sitting back. I don't do anything, except continually painting, and then I can see other areas that are weak, painting the picture, while I feel as if I were floating, way up above the painting. Just like I was the one floating in the sky. I feel like other areas come and help a little bit, rather than my consciously doing it. I'm lost. I'm absolutely lost. And when I am done, I scratch my self and I take my painting and I look at it, and I'm so surprised at myself. I'll look at it for the first time, 'Hey, that looks pretty good.' But I do that. I didn't think of it. It simply happened. If anyone else were in front of that they would see I was looking, but it's the absolute truth."

The fascination with mirrored paintings is reminiscent of the artist's childhood adventure of walking in a trance after midnight under the bright lights of Coney Island. Mirroring the parallel terrain between that vastly mysterious experience of 1938 and the labyrinth of contemporary New York, Chiriaka's consciousness floats easily in a beautiful and exciting place with crowds of expressive, benevolent people silently "waving back, going in happy."

As a child, Chiriaka was protected by a trance or vision as he ran to the unknown of the midnight city streets, and today he slips back into that same benevolent trance to face the unknown of his relationships everywhere he lets his hands re-make the art. "I look forward to every new empty canvas I always feel that I'm painting for the floating also. I'm in space while I'm doing these things, and everything is working out fine. No problems at all." A revival of interest in artists who explore inner terrain—how to record that the artist, who is working in a trance is also a supremely talented and disciplined craftsman. The two qualities of free-associative creativity and masterful draftsmanship make colorful dancing partners in these evocative art paintings. Not unlike the last paintings by Degas, where dozens of intimate interpretations of women bathing almost flow over into abstract distortion, except for the fact that Degas was limited by Parkinson's greatest disfigurement, fingers.

As a young man studying art and visiting the Metropolitan Museum, all the Old Masters looked great to Chiriaka. He spent his whole life applying his focus and technical discipline to each new opportunity that came along. He followed a long string of inspiring events from sidewalk portraits to dust-weather signs, to movie posters, to art classes, to copy magazines, to store signs, to the stage, and to fine art paintings and sculptures. These stepping stones have led him from poverty and anonymity to wealth and celebrity, but through it all, he was never confused about who he was. "I was an artist first." Today Harvey Chiriaka teaches honesty

of recognition in the art world for his fine art paintings and sculptures, but he has always been an artist and one of the inspiring visions produced in every art. His earlier career as pulp illustrator can now be appreciated as one of the most brilliant steps in that long path.

"Each one was right, back in their own time. It's only in the context of the steps we take to get to a certain point. Now I feel comfortable with landscape painting. I want to go out there with another palette to find interesting scenery. Now I think I can do it a lot better, even as without going out to paint. I paint from my imagination! That's just what's right for me now!"

At 86, Harry is thinking about retirement but his collectors pray he never does. We can always see more of his work. "But how much is there?" Harry contemplates presumably recorded in his eye for our viewing pleasure—as is experience is unusual. "Nothing feels going to happen. Never want to know where a painting is going and paint it! It all work out okay in the end. Like there's a big safety net down there waiting to catch you." That vision of creative freedom is Harry's inspiring gift to all art lovers.

— ©2003 by Daniel Tamulevich

Art from about Daniel Tamulevich, visit his website: **www.[illegible].com**

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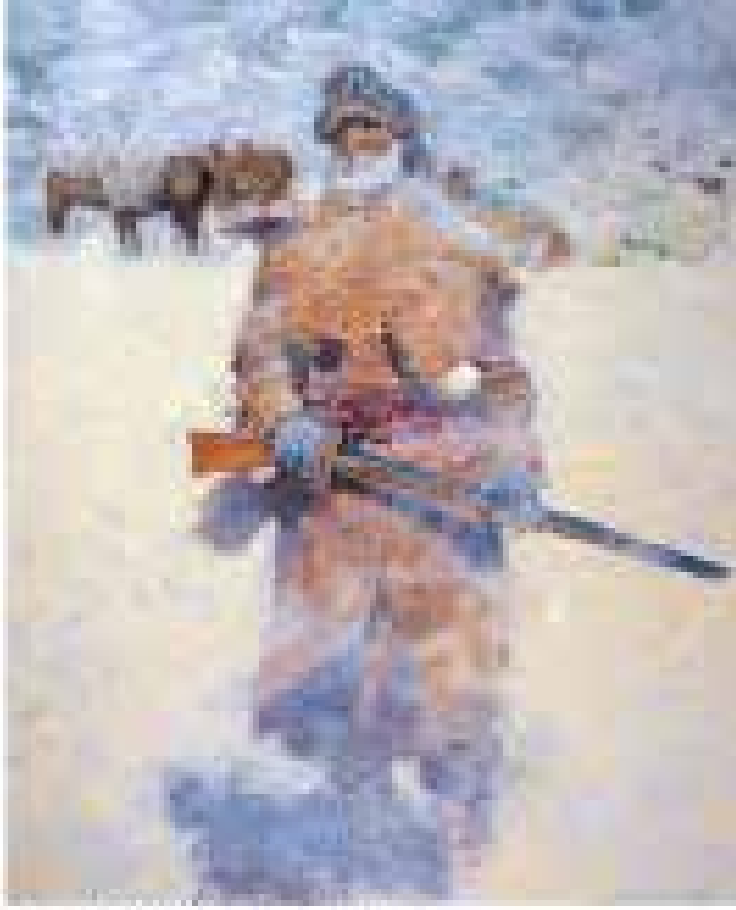
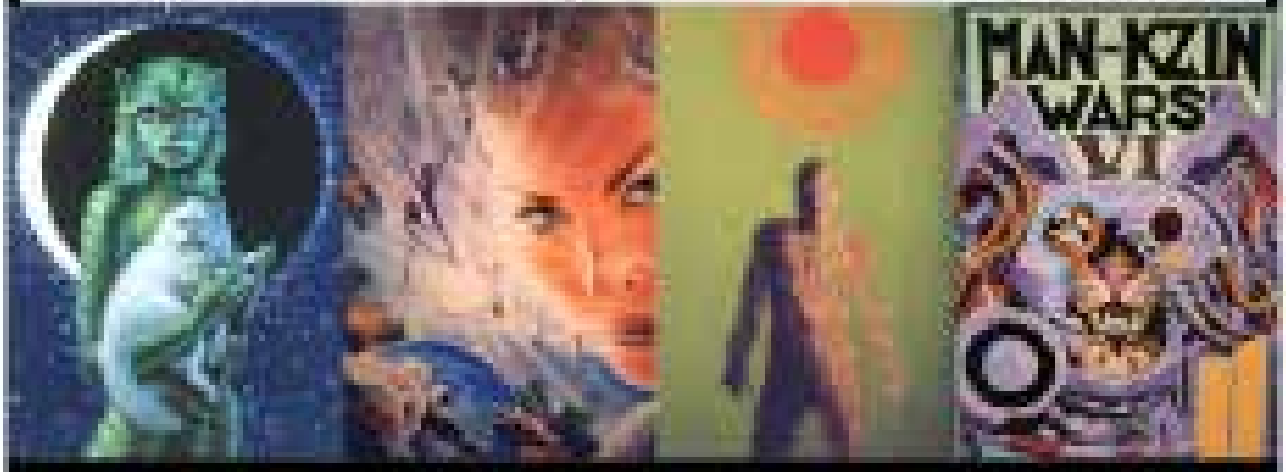


Illustration Gallery, c. 1940, oil on canvas, 24" x 36"

Worlds of Wonder Art



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The Artists of AURORA

by Thomas Graham

The Aurora Fokker D-7 by James Bama was the longest-lived kit of any movie monster set—1964 to 1979. It may be the most famous model box illustration of all time.

Aurora Plastics Corporation of West Hempstead, New York occupies a singular place in American hobby history. During the time Aurora was in business, it offered the widest variety of plastic model kits of any company and, while its models were not the most accurate or complex, they were the most fun. Aurora's major competitor, Revell Inc. of California, usually drew on real subjects, but the men at Aurora just wanted to give kids something they would enjoy building, displaying, and—no—playing with.

However, Aurora did share one important characteristic with Revell: superb illustrations on its model packaging. Because Aurora was located within the environs of New York City, it had easy access to some of the top commercial illustrators in the country. A remarkable number of artists who are well known in their work in other fields of illustration and fine art contributed to Aurora's gallery of high-voltage paintings.

Aurora's founder was entrepreneur Abe Mortin and engineer Joe Ganz[illegible]. Aurora began operations in a garage in Brooklyn before moving to a spacious new plant in West Hempstead. "Their genius and an inherent development for company's history from 1952 to the company's demise in 1977 was George Burt, who began his promising career as a weather forecast chalkboard painter in Yonkers near the northern tip of New Jersey. Described by friends as an "understated genius," Burt invented ways to squeeze top quality results out of the lithography process. He painted Aurora boxes art on dark colored paper, resulting in a very sharp image. The paper would then be wrapped around a cardboard box and glued in place. The printed art was often referred to as a "wrap."

Here's what Andrew has illustrated to explain the big idea behind the quality enhancement program.

JAMES PETER COX

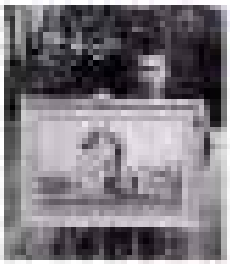
The staff artist with Burt's company was Jim Cox, a multi-skilled craftsman who handled both illustration and design concerns for the company. Cox was born in 1930 in the nearby town of Bridgeton. His mother, Emma Peter Cox, had graduated at the School of Design for Women in Philadelphia and had an office in the Philadelphia Museum School of Industrial Art during a time when Howard Pyle and N. C. Wyeth served as inspiration for its faculty. Cox began his career as a commercial illustrator in the 1950s, working in black-and-white doing quick line drawing and wash art for department store and retail outlet agency advertisements in the Philadelphia area. He even designed labels for canned and frozen foods.

When Burt began doing interiors needed his art. Cox assumed responsibility for the color box art, as well as the black-and-white instruction sheets. Although color-box art was Jim's specialty, he produced almost all the aircraft, ships, and car paintings that went on boxes while doing the company's first four years. Cox worked in a complete assembly line fashion. Andrew did not allow him to sign his work—although a rabid partisan of his hands claiming that to reduce details were not all the instruction sheets! Cox's meticulously crafted instruction sheets became his calling card to the hobby industry. "As I did more interiors," he later explained, "I imagined a kid and his dad building the model on the floor." Cox would continue doing instruction sheets for Aurora and other hobby companies down through 1972.

Aurora's difficult instruction sheets commanded a high quality that set the standard for the model industry.

Throughout his career Cox was a prolific illustrator for many companies. In 1991 he passed away in his home town.

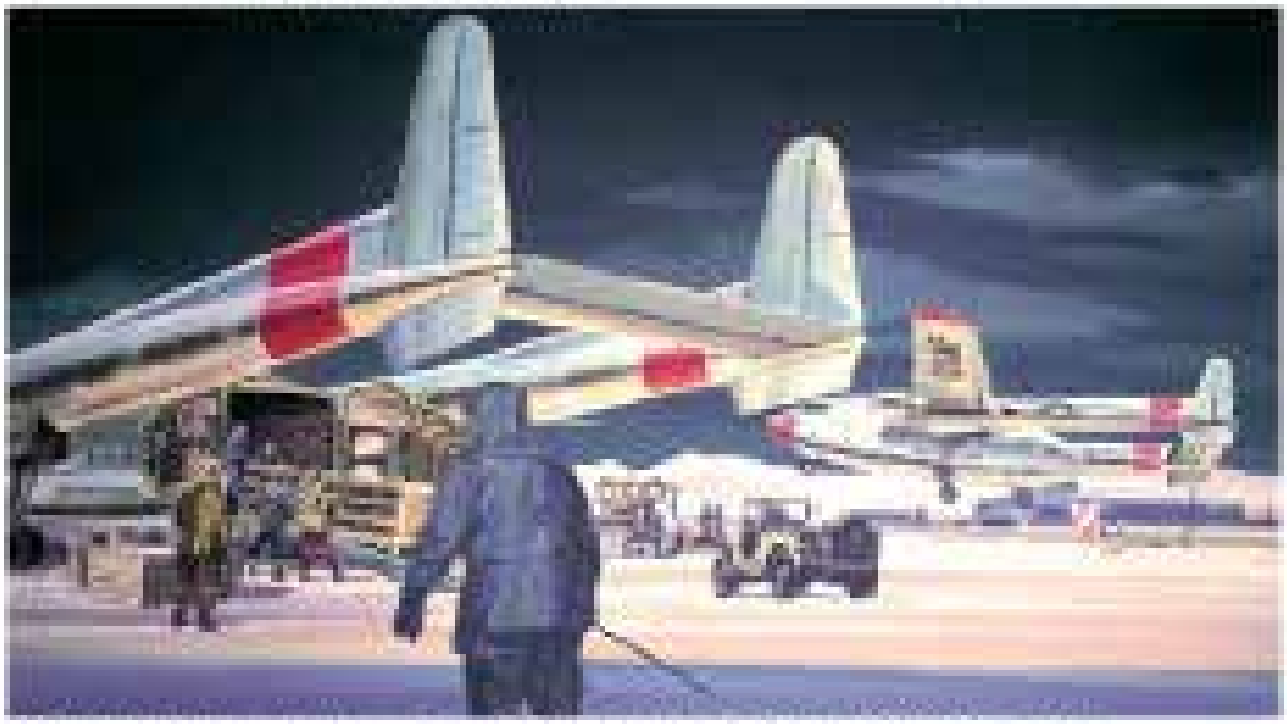
The Japanese cargo battleship Hanaro Go Kimaru.



JD KOTULA

The executives at Aurora did some of their planning at informal lunch meetings in one of the plant's conference rooms. While munching on delicacies, washed down with Cokes, they would toss around ideas for future projects. Al Dietz often ate in the dayliner dressed completely in Aurora clothes with a hard cover from Model Airplane News magazine wrapped around it. How would this do for box art, he asked? The real box artist was "fired" then hastened to telephone the magazine cover artist, Jo Kotula, and asked him: "How would you like to do a painting a week for Aurora for the rest of your life?"

Jozef (Jo) Kotula was born in 1918 in Silesia, which was then a part of Germany. He immigrated to the United States as a youngster and became enthralled by the romance of flying in the "Golden Age of Aviation." Soon he was a pilot himself but he also sketched pictures of airplanes. Kot-



Artists liked to put human figures into the paintings. The unidentified officer (far right) looks suspiciously like Aurora's CEO Alpheus Beebe.

ing inspiration in the blazing combat art of World War I pilot Clarence Knight. In 1976 the would-be Kotula landed the position as cover illustrator for *Model Airplane News*. The magazine's editor asked Sam for pictures with what Kotula called "that brilliant sunset quality. ... I tried to make spitting color comments on the edges because that was our game—to catch the eye as the newsstands."

Around Cincinnati, Kotula drew out his model Kotula in his hometown. Now [illegible] studio. He explained that he wanted lots of action on the model for packaging. "When I see the box," Quatermaine exclaimed, "I want to get the feeling that I should duck!" Kotula joined some of the local meetings at the West Hempstead plant, where he received general instructions regarding box layout and dimensions. When Aurora had a new model in the works, sometimes they could supply Kotula with photos of the model prototype, but often he had to use his own reference library to locate pictures of the subject. Other than that, Aurora left him free to create and never touched a single one of the illustrations he submitted. For example, subjects he received [illegible], but his complex compositions [illegible] 11,200.

Kotula, like most illustrators, worked with opaque water colors—gouache, because of its white base color, gouache reflects light well and is easily reproduced by lithography.

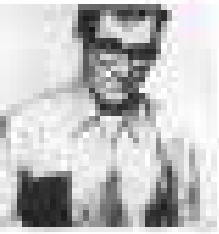
Studio flaws on art board can be "erased" with a damp cloth and clean liquids. Those qualities suited Kotula's erratic procedures. He [illegible] remember the mile-

Aurora experimented without Kotula "to conform with an exhibition" that is the painting of the P-80A for which

race of French impressionists and aimed to avoid anything [illegible] detailed. He felt that an artist should not [illegible] to compete with the camera lens—and should not [illegible] with accuracy made for a static composition. He would launch a painting by applying a thin color wash over the whole board, then, using a [illegible] reference, he would work in the outline of his subject. To achieve a "beauty paint quality," he favored on the gouache, "being a little free with my brush strokes." When a painting was completed, Kotula would rest an airplane and the box [illegible] to Aurora's printing plant in South Jersey for personal delivery.

The P-61 Black Widow was one of the last paintings Kotula completed for Aurora.

Lockheed's magnificent prototype of the Boeing KC-135.



JACK LEYNWOOD

In late of 1961 Bill Silverstein, Aurora's advertising manager and all-purpose knight-about-town, received a letter from two California free-lance illustrators: Jack Leynwood and John Steel. The letter explained that they had been redoing the packaging for the Revell and offered their services to Aurora as well. Silverstein felt that Aurora's conservative box design and art were modern in its "retrorival," while Leynwood's added that he was familiar with the ship paintings Steel had created for Revell and knew them much better than the newcomer Revell had done for Aurora. Steel traveled to New York to meet Silverstein, but other than Aurora and the new team of artists did business by air mail.

Leynwood and Steel mailed mock comprehensive color sketches to Silverstein for his comments. Silverstein's reply would be "Great . . . Nothing to change, everything just fine." Other times Silverstein would have quite specific recommendations. On the comp for Leynwood's Thunderbird: "Suggest we use contrast road with white and gray lanes to bring the car out more." On the Boeing 707: "Suggest we get a ¾ front view with the emphasis on the three engines . . . the most exciting visual points." Leynwood and Steel would incorporate the desired changes in their finished paintings then overnight express them to Aurora. By the fall of 1961 Silverstein was writing: "I think every piece of art work we have seen to date is outstanding and will certainly enhance the appearance of our company's line."

Leynwood was a California native by birth, a child prodigy musician, and a natural artist. During World War II he flew in the Army Air Corps and did some posters for the military. After the war he attended the Art Institute for Design in Los Angeles and became a staff illustrator for Northrop Corporation, the aerospace company. Once he had established a reputation Leynwood went freelance and did illustrations for all sorts of clients—even pin-up art for the sort of calendars that hang in auto repair garages. Aurora felt that Leynwood's "tight" style suited subjects like dark sports cars and jet aircraft.

Leynwood had long admired Revell's work. He considered him a pioneer in aviation art and painted him as "a veteran with no instructions." For his part, Revell had no regrets about being displaced from Aurora and expressed admiration for John Steel's ship paintings. Revell continued doing covers for Model Airplane News (which in 1976, as well as here, are for other model companies) and a wide variety of other commissions. Revell later remarked that he always had kept his hand in with portraits and landscapes, but everyone wanted to know him pegged as a painter of airplanes. In 1984 he passed away, having commissioned painting up to the end.

The Ford Thunderbird box art continues a black car against a light gray concrete road.

Alan Lennard's copy for the F-47 (above) didn't exhibit much 'pop' on exhibit to steer on the final art (from package design, right).

Avenco art director asked him to reproduce the engine pods of the Boeing 727, so Lennard re-drew a slight crown and threw a spotlight on the engines.

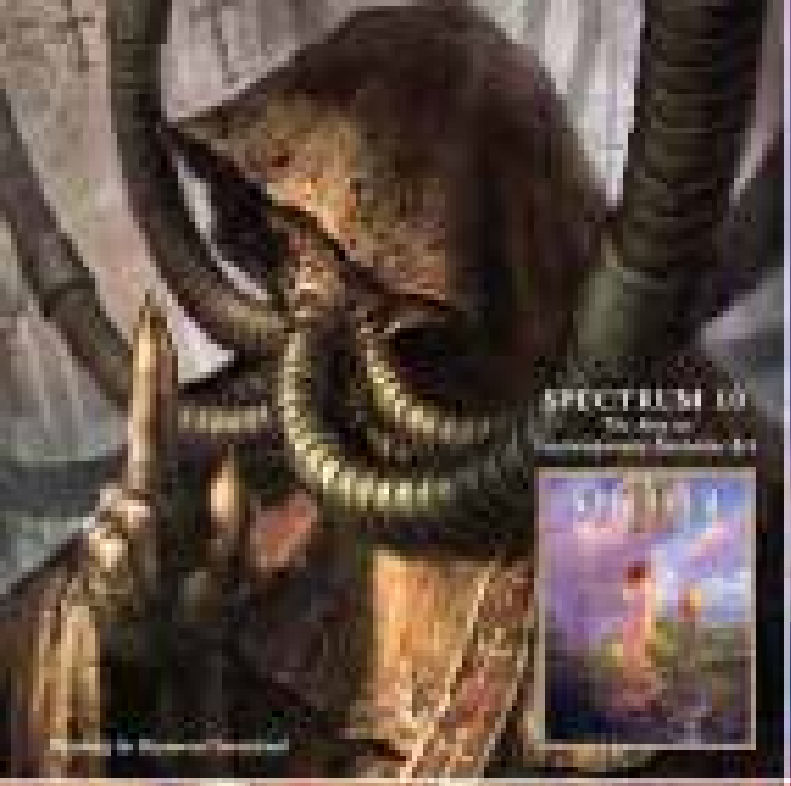
Steel's German tank illustration was originally created for Hi-x Andersen's "long box" format. It was reworked later to fit a new square box shape in the 1970s.

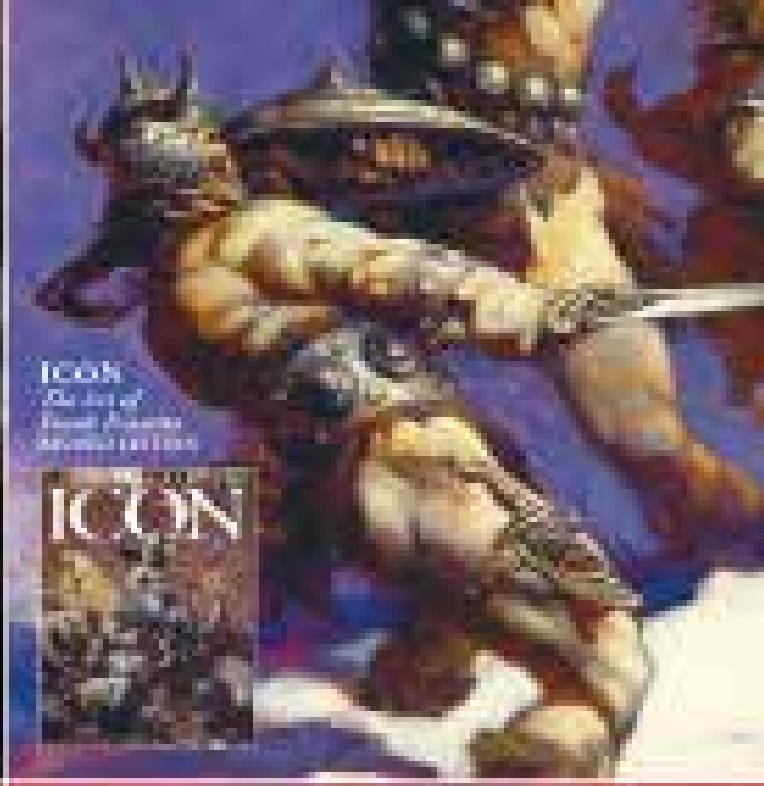
JOHN STEEL

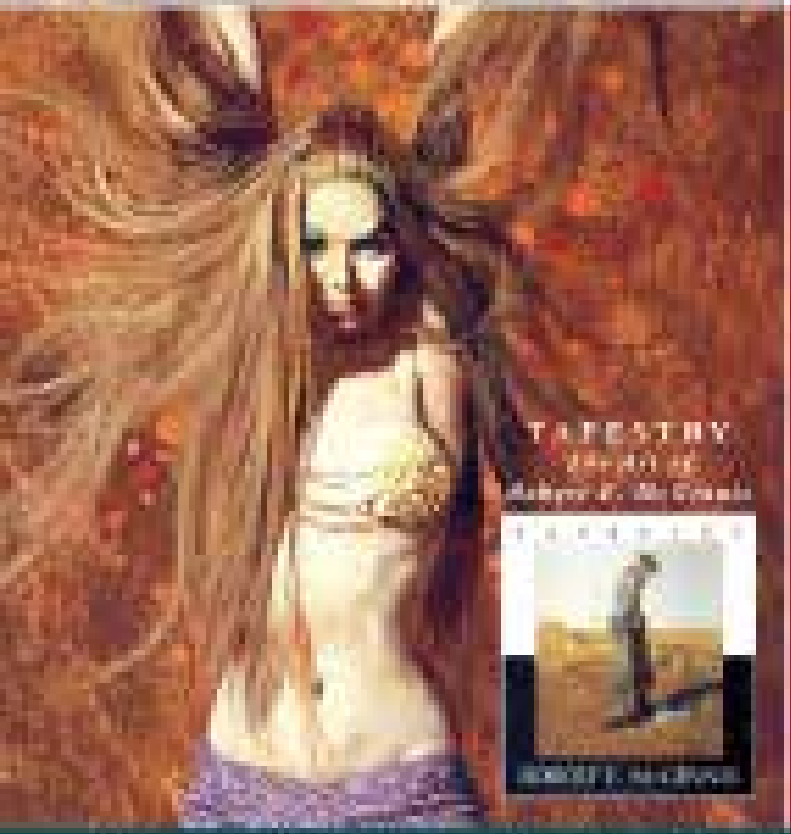
John Steel came to Ammo project in a big way. Although he was competent in many genres of illustration, he was perhaps best known at the time for his work on the Don Garris magazine. Ammo paid Steel to work on the cover of issue #1, but also used his talent to create the aircraft, army tanks, figure kits, and exhibit murals. Silverstein considered Steel "very professional and an excellent artist—sometimes easy." Steel delivered every time on his assignments and Ammo paid him more than its other artists, but that said came in only about $1,000 per piece.

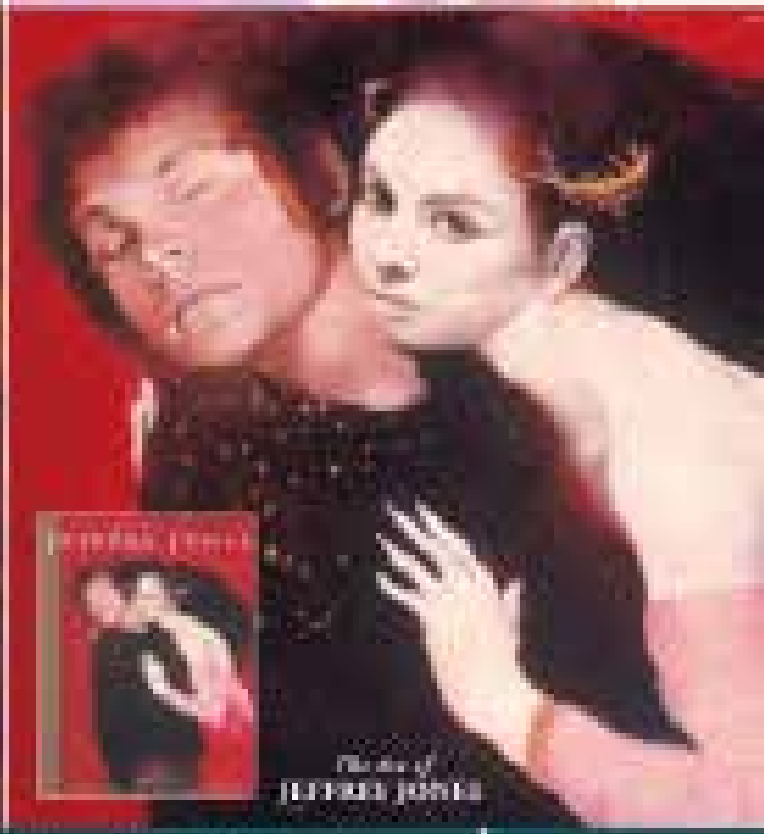
Although Steel, who had been born in New York City in 1921, was an accomplished musician and linguist, he studied the martial life of the Marine Corps. After fighting in the South Pacific in World War II, he returned for duty during the Korean Conflict—always finding himself in the midst of the bloodiest combat. In the mid-1960s the Vietnam War beckoned, and he returned to the comfort of battle as a photographer and artist. This ended his career as an illustrator of model kits and when he returned to California in the 1970s, he settled down to life as a middle school art and math teacher. He passed away in 1996, just a year before Jack Leyendecker.

Steel's "glory" style called Ammo's comic title very well.









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Kunstler with James Dunn

MORE SENSITIVE

Another artist brought into the Aurora realm at the early 1960s was Mort Künstler. He had been born in Brooklyn in 1931, and spent a lot of his early years sickened with childhood illnesses. This gave him plenty of time to draw and both his father and mother encouraged his natural talents with a pencil. He grew up to be a whiz-kid basketball player at Brooklyn College and even transferred to UCLA on a scholarship. But when his father suffered a heart attack, Künstler returned home and enrolled in Pratt Institute to study art. From there he entered the world of commercial art in the New York City area, doing art for covers for a wide variety of magazines.

George Aloi spotted a dramatic picture of an airplane on a men's adventure magazine cover, produced out Bramley, and carried him to the Aurora plant to meet Bill Silverstein. His first assignment was to recreate six new covers for some of Aurora's early-1960s World War II fighter kits. Künstler liked Aurora's practice of giving him several paintings to do in one batch, and this allowing him the time to produce them at his own pace.

The first problem was finding good reference material on the planes. He drew a lot. Used James Dunn, a neighborhood hero to aviators named Harmon Gaston, who owned an extensive file of aircraft photos. That proved very helpful, but Künstler did not want to work directly from photographs. He knew that many artists simply used a photo of an airplane parked on the ground as the starting point for their paintings, but he felt that even when the aircraft was pictured in the sky it still had the feel of a plane parked on three wheels. "It looked that certain look. If you are looking at a real plane, it looms at you when you are close on it. There are no planes that give you that dramatic angle."

So Künstler built, each of the Aurora plane models and used them as his artist's models. "I'd take the model and hold it close and shine one eye. I would hold the model at dramatic angles. Once I got a camera that could take close-up pictures—so close that it would blow out. But I would get the general idea, and then I knew the details to fill in." At this point he would make sketches (or perhaps use a photograph), project it on to his art board, and pencil in the outlines. "But I take advantage of modern technology but not to a certain in."

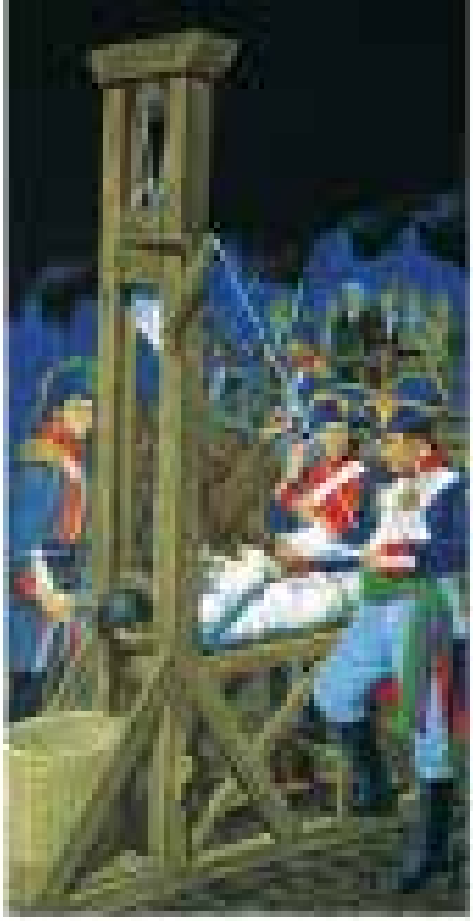
The next step would be to prepare the illustration board. "The first thing I did was to rub the whole board down. That's on to the colors, and you would get this nice flow of

Kunstler's Hillman Minx displays his knack with multi-color schemes.

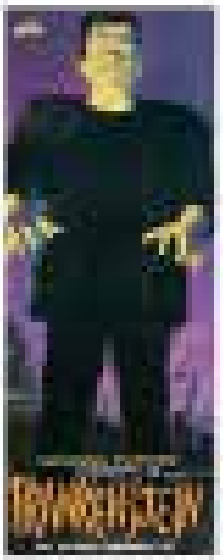
This B-25B was Kunstler's most expensive piece of art for Aurora: $700.

Kunstler used photos of a model with removables. Her boy-saving is his own; the girls are his daughters; the woman in pink is his wife; and the cop is the artist himself.

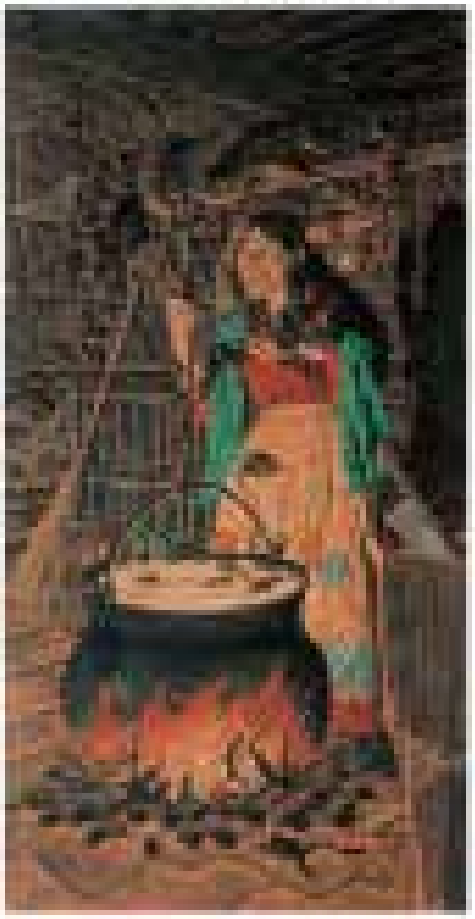
The '39 Le Sabre shows bell-out.



Basso made a painterly piece from the classic movie "Orphans of the Storm" as reference for his distinctive line art.



Basso Frankenstein tribute off a comic-8 classic monster-portraits set. Artwork 80s.



Basso's wife Lynne got a little out of posing as the famous Witch model.

Her Civil War—something which he continues to do with great success today.

JAMES BAMA

In 1965 James saved a figure model of Frankenstein's monster from the classic 1935 Universal Pictures horror movie. At the time this was considered a risky venture testing the limits of suitability for a product aimed at youngsters. Striving to illustrate a more powerful of the monster for the kit box, James's art director N. Friedman went to Charles B. Cooper Studios. The assignment was given to Jim Bama an artist with a flair and reputation for handling scary and bizarre.

A native son of Manhattan, Bama grew up reading comic strips with pal-ons that told tales of mad scientists—action-filled adventures like Tarzan and Flash Gordon. As a teenager he aspired to become an artist with the technical skills of Norman Rockwell, and make dramatic portraits of interesting people. He also became a sports fanatic; so baseball and football heroes ranked high on his sketch of print-worthy subjects. After service in the Army Air Corps in the war, he studied under Frank J. Reilly at the Art Students League, and then went into commercial illustration. One of his closest friends was fellow illustrator and sports enthusiast, Mort Künstler.

Bama relished the task of doing Frankenstein for Aurora because it reminded him of exciting memories from the past. "I tried to recapture the excitement I remembered as a child when I saw the movies." After Aurora's Frankenstein model kit turned into a top-selling monster, kits of Dracula, the Wolf Man, and the other movie-studio-movie monsters followed. Bama went to Universal Pictures and accessed old movie still photos as reference material for his box illustrations. When some kids were puzzled that the pictures on the kit boxes did not match the models inside, Aurora started giving Bama photos of the model prototypes to work from.

At the same time that Bama supplied Aurora with riveting covers for its kit box builds, he also furnished Bantam Books with equally vigorous covers for its paperback books in the *Star Trek* and *Star Trek* series. The model box art and book covers each sold in the millions for Aurora and Bantam, but earned Bama only $300 per piece from Aurora, and Bantam's pay topped out at $750. When Aurora began turning to monsters and—as Bama put it—"away from the real cars, Bama perceived that his original work was treated as much 'scrap' garbage." He did a few of the monster-monsters "trailer-queens," but then called it quits. One day Friedman suggested to Cooper Studios during lunch break with two more monsters proposals and left them on Bama's desk in the hope that he would take the assignments—but Bama had enough.

In 1969 James moved to Wyoming—an astounding move because for a New York City boy—but the transformation proved a remarkable success. He gradually shifted his efforts into the field of fine art, with

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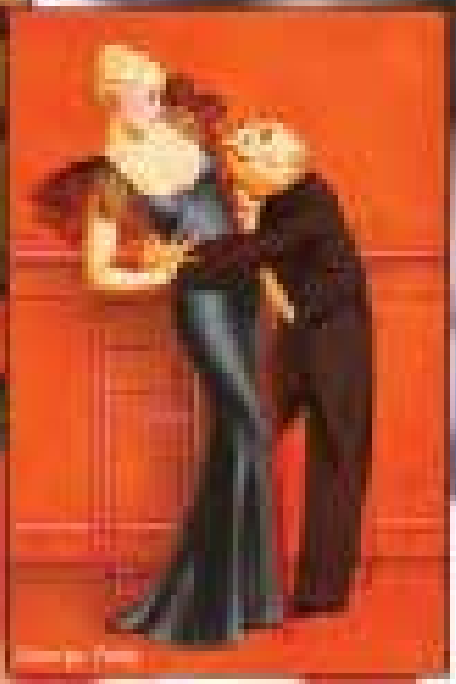

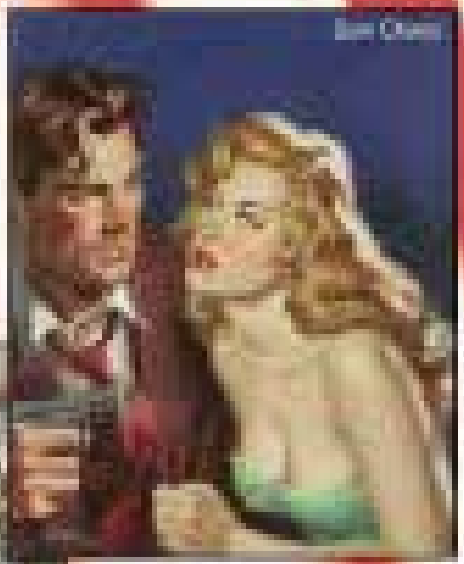

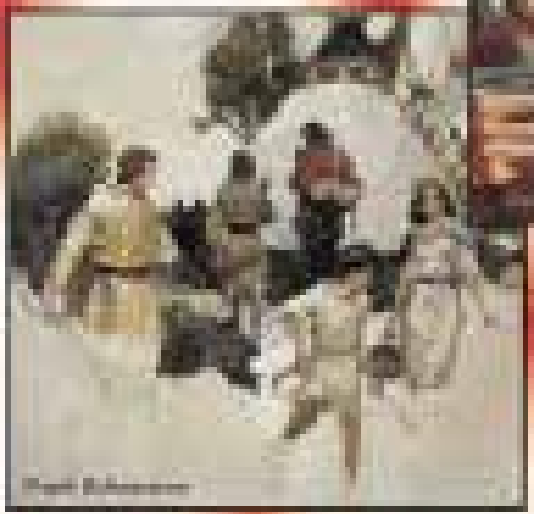

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Photorealistic color sketch of the Bell UH-1D by Roy

an emphasis on Western subjects. Today he is recognized as a leader in American portraiture.

ROY GERRELL

Roy Cornwell is currently a noted artist in both the business game and aviation fields. In the mid-1960s he was making a living as a commercial illustrator in New York City, working for the Frank Goss Company on Madison Avenue. Whenever a request for aviation art came in to the office, the assignment usually went to Cornwell. In those days he often received commissions from a variety of hobby companies, including Aurora. For a New Yorker and aviation enthusiast, such tasks were a pleasure. "It was fun," he later recalled.

Cornwell had been born in California and trained at the Art Center School for Design in Los Angeles. His first job in moving to New York he had been on the technical art staff of the Martin Company of Florida, an air and space corporation. While on-site he made assignments with Martin for model kit boxes. Artists would furnish the artist with the box dimensions, indicating where the lettering and other graphics would be placed. Cornwell would then do a quick "color sketch" to submit for approval before going on to the

Robert Gray art for the Aurora Bell UH-1D by helicopter

finished work. He did only about a half-dozen box art jobs for Aurora, but they are among the best remembered.

JOHN AMENDOLA

Aurora had built its reputation by selling simple, inexpensive model kits to younger kids, but by the late 1960s the industry was moving toward more accurate, authentic models. That trend certainly suited the model enthusiasts who worked in Aurora's research and development department. They wanted Aurora to upgrade the quality of both its models and the illustrations that went on the kit boxes. One of the R&D team (employment letter downplay) and asked for help with the box art.

Artwork for a Batplane "sneak peek" approach to the art for the Batplane

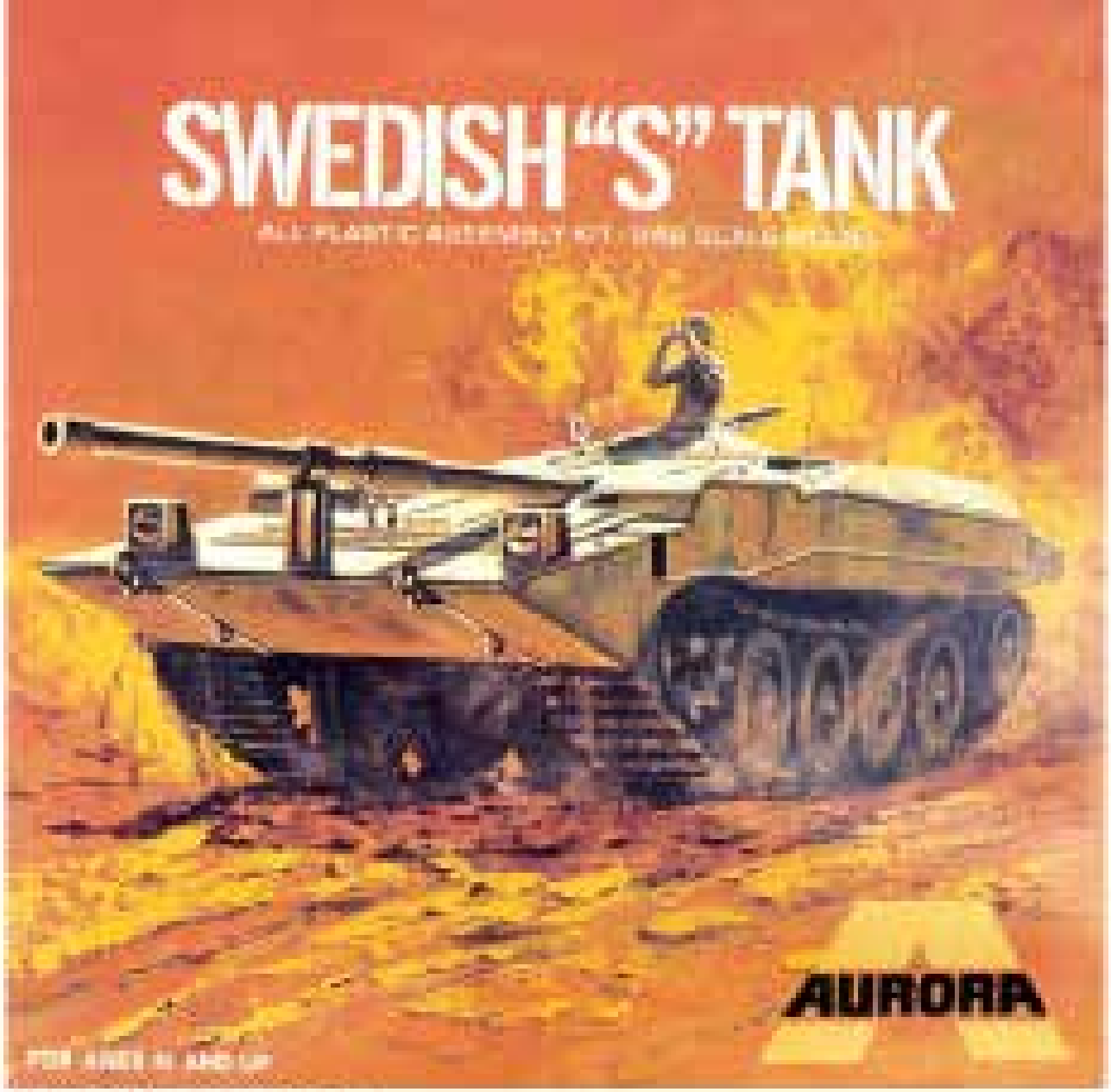
By the 1970s Jones had settled in a rectangular format and got Amanda's son to do his lettering.

A model railroad was born in Glendale, part of the encyclopedias New York area, and grew up during the Great Depression reading books illustrated by Howard Pyle and N.C. Wyeth. Sketching had the advantage of being a hobby that didn't cost anything. He loved airplanes and built lots of flying models. So it was a natural step to enroll in the Academy of Aeronautics in New York and then in the Air Force. Although he had flying aspirations, he lacked the college degree to become an Air Force pilot and transferred to the Army. Following his discharge in 1950, he studied at the Pratt Institute, then moved to California and trained some more at the Art Center School for Design. He found his niche in aviation art.

In a short time, he took great care in his paintings of airplanes and pilots. Research on the accuracy of his depictions. When sources gave him two versions, he would then thoroughly research the subject to get the details right. Then he would begin by making a series of small pencil sketches to see what layout had the most appeal, after that he progressed to a larger sketch that resolved any problems with perspective. Once he was satisfied with the composition, he preserved the image of the sketch on illustration board with a camera lucida, penciled in the outlines, and moved on to the color phase of the painting. He worked in gouache and acrylics.

Aeronautical Illustrations, Inc. Aeronautics centers and to paint models for businesses through the 1990s, although

Aeronautical Illustrations, Inc. Aeronautics centers and to paint models for businesses through the 1990s, although



Schauer's Swedish Strv tank kit box art and marketing

by this time his primary employment was with Boeing Corporation in Seattle, Washington, where he now lives.

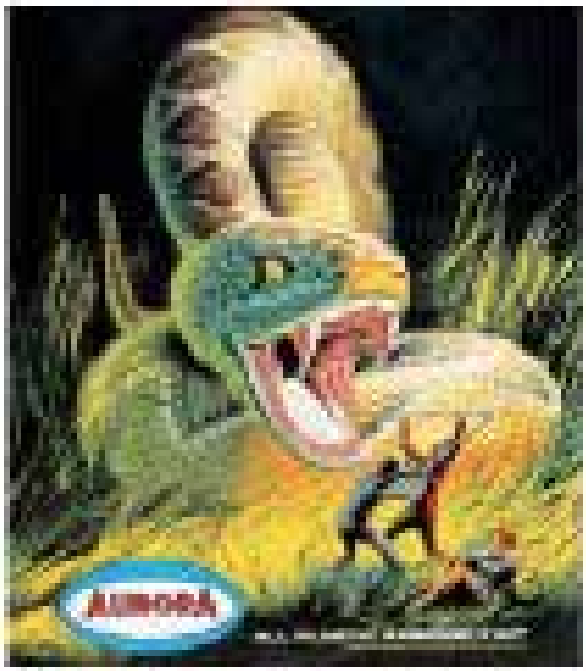
HARRY SCHAUER

Harry Schauer was born in Jamaica, New York on 1931. As a youngster he was an enthusiastic and meticulous builder of stock-and-frame flying model aeroplanes. When World War II came to an end, he graduated to flying the real thing, C-47 Dakotas, both on the home front and in Europe. When the war concluded, he returned to his interrupted studies at Ohio State University, and there went closely into commercial art. His earliest commissions were covers for pulp Western paperbacks, but his work soon came to the notice of Bill Hamilton, the Associated Booklet Group art director who was responsible for many of the hobby-themed comic magazines that were popular in the 1950s.

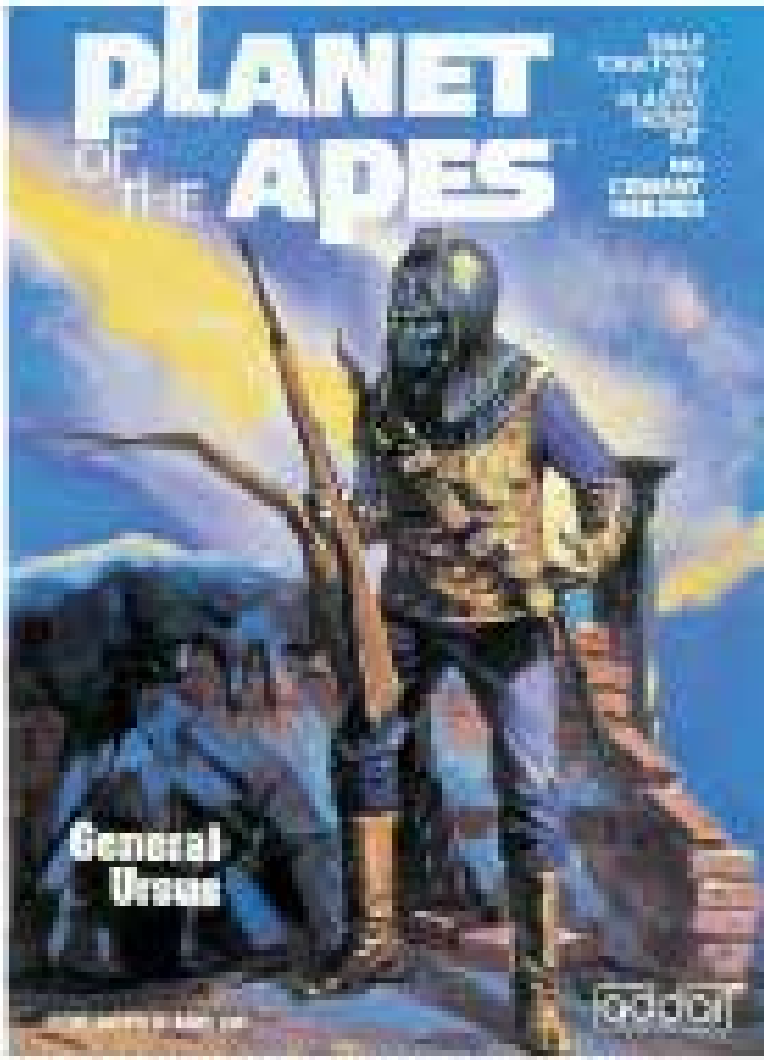
As an agent working for Hamilton, Schauer in 1961 was asked to paint a publicity image for a new set of Aurora kits and update the art on others. Details of these early assignments are sketchy, but Schauer was soon working exclusively for Aurora. Long hair, bell-bottom trousers, flower-power hippies and psychedelic colors subverted the button-down conservatism of the 1950s, and Aurora's kits needed to become more realistic and busier, to look more dramatic than ever. Schauer eventually gained the reputation for possessing the flexibility to alter his style to suit the requirements of the moment. Aurora's great artistic joy, he wasn't going to linger over long-cover, framed assignments. His favorite paint medium, however, remained traditional oils, hand-mixed custom hue flowed on quickly and dried rapidly.

In 1972, Schauer received a call from Addax, a new model company organized by former Aurora president Alex Nicholas and some others ex-Aurora workers. They asked him to produce packaging artwork for new conversions based on Aurora's recently-acquired set of figure models based on the hit movie *Planet of the Apes*. That proved to be the last work Schauer did for Aurora, and a few years later Schauer went West, following the

By the 1970s Aurora needed a more impressionistic look, and Kirkpatrick obliged with his dynamic U.S.S. Enterprise.



Kirkpatrick's Giant Snake creates chaos as expected from the box top.



The Aurora boxes who can blame us for not forgetting the great work Kirkpatrick had done for them.

heir of a known as the popularity of Neanderthal, Snake Jr. resides in the atomic tranquil city of Roberta, Arizona.

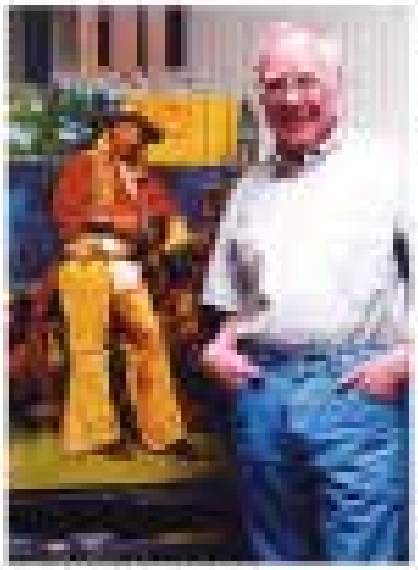
THE AURORA LEGACY

Photography replaced painted illustration on most plastic model kit boxes in the 1970s as competition increased and cheap, contemporary kits flooded the 1990s, illustration art made a comeback. A new generation of artists, many armed with airbrushes, gave a new flair to this specialized field of graphic art. For any veteran model maker crossing the aisle of a hobby shop today can, more than likely, spot a new model box with art work done years ago by people like John Steel and Bob Lindenwood. A recently formed company Polar Lights even specializes in reproducing the box and box art of the classic 1960s monster models. Casual art inside the box of many

An Interview with

William George

by Daniel Zimmer



William George in his studio, 2001

AN INTERVIEW WITH WILLIAM GEORGE

Dan: Let's start at the beginning. Tell me about your early days and your education in art.

Bill: Drawing and painting was something I enjoyed from the time I was seven years old. I had no particular creative urge, at the age of 16, my high school art teacher confronted me and said, "Bill, you're going to art school!" I didn't have a clue as to what she was talking about. I didn't even know what art school was.

I was born and raised in Torrance, California, and went to Torrance High School. My teacher told me to get home and get the money and she would make all the arrangements. Because of that teacher, I spent a wonderful summer at Chouinard Art School here in Los Angeles. It had given up its small town, so this was my introduction to the sophistication of the art world. My father was an electrician and my mother did not work outside the home. However, my mother subscribed to all the great magazines—Ladies Home Journal, McCall's, Collier's and, of course, The Saturday Evening Post. It was the illustrators in these magazines that so inspired me.

I was able to spend a second summer at Chouinard's and, upon graduation from high school, left Chouinard after I was scholarshiped. I stayed at this school because it was there that I knew I wanted to be an artist—that I was also scared. I spent probably a year and a half at Chouinard and then transferred to Otis Art Institute. Otis had taught

at Chouinard Art School where, incidentally, Peggy Carter taught for 15 years from the late 1920s until 1941 or '42. Jepson, of course, knew Carter quite well. He brought in quite a few of this important group of illustrators, the main star was Nicolai Fechin. Jepson was the finest figure draftsman in the country at that time... he was a dazzling artist, but interestingly, he never went on to become a professional illustrator. When I asked him about this, he said, "Bill, I was afraid. Mrs. Chouinard offered me a teaching position and here I've remained."

At Jepson's I met a young man named John Hunt and we became good friends. John told me he knew Norman Rockwell and Dean Cornwell, and that he had posed for Rockwell as a boy scout. Well, I just about fell off of my art school bench when he told me that! Up to that point, I had never had any contact with anyone who knew such great illustrators. So, John took me over to Clyde Forsythe's studio in Alhambra just east of Pasadena. Clyde and Norman Rockwell were close friends in New York City and, as illustrators, they shared space together in New Rochelle. It was Clyde Forsythe who pushed Norman Rockwell to go down to the *Saturday Evening Post* and show his work and, as you know, the rest is history. Shortly after that, Clyde Forsythe and Frank Tenney Johnson (who was also an illustrator in New York and went on to become a famous Western painter) came out to California together where they set up their respective studios in Alhambra. When they came West, Norman Rockwell and Dean Cornwell would stay and paint at Clyde Forsythe's studio. When John Hunt took me over to see the studio it was like a religious experience. On the wall were original drawings and small paintings and one large painting by Norman Rockwell—a painting of a horse and buggy. It was a long, horizontal painting of a grandmother and a little girl seated in the buggy with a big white horse. I was awestruck.

Over in the corner was a large original painting by Dean Cornwell, a portrait of Admiral Nimitz, one of the Pacific Commanders of the Navy during WWII. The painting was done for Timken Roller Bearings (1944) and the reproduction appeared in all the major magazines—*Life*, the *Post*, *Collier's*, you name it. As I was looking at the painting, my friend John said, "This isn't the painting you remembered. This was Cornwell's first attempt." The painting was similar to the reproduction but he told me that Cornwell was so dissatisfied with it because he felt like he was painting with little finicky brush strokes and he wanted to be bolder. He abandoned it and started another one. As a young, 18-year old artist, seeing that original art just blew me away.

One day, John announced he was going to Boston and wanted me to have two original pieces of art by Rockwell—one was a full toned charcoal drawing 19" x 28" signed "Norman P. Rockwell," dated 1912 (when Rockwell was 18), and an oil sketch of *Uncle Sam*. I protested that he shouldn't give me the art, that they were valuable. He hesitated and then said, "O.K... give me a buck." (A few years ago, I sold the painting at auction for $40,000.)

Peggy Carter had a wonderful sketch of his own illustrations and he gave a magnificent talk at Jepson Art School. Carter was a delightful man, a true gentleman. I took a summer class with him at Chouinard a few years later. He had just come back for that summer, so apparently they had persuaded him to come in for a couple of months.

Another of Jepson Art School's incredible faculty members was Rico Lebrun. Lebrun was an interesting artist, but he was truly an avant garde artist at the time in the manner of Pablo Picasso. Both his artwork and his teaching were incredibly dynamic. However, his influence at the art school literally destroyed the traditional approach to art. The result was a whole new faculty. Lebrun's free style teaching was less inhibiting in many respects. But you know, it became an easy method for me, and I finally said to him, "What do I do with this art? Where do I go?" Lebrun said, "Bill, you've got to make it harder for yourself." When I heard that, I thought, "Uh oh!" I wanted art to become easier, not harder.

At home, I started working on samples. One of my instructors, Ross Harris, who directed his own commercial art studio, taught an evening advertising class. When I showed my samples to Ross, he offered me a job. I was paid $100 a month. That was the most thrilling moment of my life, to believe I could actually make a living as an artist. I spent three years at Ross Harris's studio.

I was working in my little cubbyhole when one of my co-workers stuck his head in the room and said, "Bill, Norman Rockwell is out in the hallway." We all rushed to the door and there he was, the great illustrator, talking to the building superintendent about studio space. Oh, my God! I couldn't believe that Norman Rockwell would be in the studio right next to me. It was so exciting!

Well, as it turned out, Rockwell was offered space at Otis Art Institute over Black Cat Cafe on Wilshire Boulevard—a beautiful attic studio with a huge skylight. Rockwell had hired Jean Gallen, an artist friend who went into photography.

One day, Sam called me and said, "Norman wants to see that *Uncle Sam* painting you have of his." So, the next day, Sam and I took the painting to the Art Institute, up three flights, opened the door, and there sat the great artist at his easel. An agent from Brown & Bigelow and Joe Maniaci, the head painting instructor at Otis Art Institute, were also in the room. Norman was working on three small paintings for the Brown & Bigelow calendar—four boys playing sports: golf, baseball, football, and basketball. Sam and I walked in the room with my Rockwell painting and showed it to Norman, who was very pleased at seeing it again. The painting instructor said, "Norman, you should do more work like this. This is beautiful." Norman then turns to me and says, "Would you sell me the painting?" I must have stammered around and finally said, "Gee this is the only painting of yours I have. To which he replied, "Well, this is unique. I'll be doing some sketches for some clients and how about I trade one of my oil sketches for this one." I said absolutely ... as long as I had an original Rockwell, that's all that mattered.

to me. But at the end of the summer, he said all of the oil sketches he had done had been rejected by the art directors. So, Rockwell stayed with me for 10 more years.

That summer Norman taught an illustration class and, of course, I was in attendance. He recognized that I was pretty far along with my professional training. The first assignment he gave us was Ernest Hemingway's story, "The Killers." I thought what a strange assignment for Norman Rockwell to give the class. As much as I loved Rockwell and his art, as everybody did, I knew that I could never do that kind of art.

My hero at the time was Robert Fawcett and people like Stan Galli and Fred Ludekens. So I told my assignment to a Fawcett counterpart. Rockwell noted this and said, "I'll tell you what, I'll give you the Robert Fawcett Famous Artists book for the semester and let you study that." (This was the year the famous Artists School was launched.) The book was fabulous and was my introduction to how an illustrator actually produced a piece of art, and that whole series was wonderful. I bought all 12 of them in 1979 from an artist who took the course here in Los Angeles. I got Harold von Schmidt, Jon Whitcomb, and Steven Dohanos to sign my books—I had sent loose pages from the binders back to Milt Fred—he knows the artists, so he had them autographed for me. Rockwell and I became friends that summer. We met frequently for lunch in the park that separated the building where I worked and his studio. We'd sit down on the grass and eat sandwiches and talk about art. He was that open and gentlemanly and easy to talk to.

Dian: This was around 1948–49?

Bill: It was 1949. During that summer, Rockwell produced two *Post* covers. One was the cover of the moving van in the alley being blocked by a little bulldog. A group of people was surrounding the dog and others were looking out their second-story windows. Sam Calder then photographed the scene in the alley.

That summer I was able to follow Rockwell—I was never in the studio to watch him paint but, Sam would call and say, "Norman's coming over with a sketch or a drawing." He would arrive with a large preliminary charcoal sketch and Sam would photograph it. What's interesting about the bulldog painting is that I've seen quite a few Rockwell exhibits, but this painting has never been in any of them. Rockwell had Sam enlarge the photograph to the size that he wanted to paint the cover which was probably 36" x 38". He mounted the photograph of the charcoal drawing on a masonite panel and did the finished painting on that photograph. Rockwell said later when he brought it over that it was the worst experience he ever had painting a cover because it was like painting with butter on potatoes. It just drove him crazy. But, of course, the painting would be drying in stages as he worked, but painting it must've been a real pain in the beginning.

Rockwell was always experimenting in some way, thinking this would possibly speed up his deadline with the *Post*. My feeling is that somewhere along the way that painting self-destructed. I can just imagine the photograph coming free of the board that it was mounted on and the painting cracking. I suspect that many less artwork has not survived.

Everyone in that painting was either a student at Otis Art Institute or personnel. Joe Magnani, artist and painting instructor at Otis, is leaning out the window with his brush pointing at the dog. So, he selected people he knew that were all around him at that time. The other painting he produced that summer was the TV man balanced atop a steeply pitched roof of a Victorian house installing the TV antenna. That original painting is here in the L.A. County Art Museum. Just beautiful! When I was in New York I had gone down to Philadelphia to show my work to the *Post*, and in the lobby they always displayed the two current *Post* covers. One of my favorites was the old rancher sitting on the running board of a car seeing his young boy off to college. That was so full of color and inspirational, really painted, though when you see the reproductions, it looks very detailed.

When Norman and I talked during our brown-bagging lunches in the park, he said, "If you want to be an illustrator, you have to go to New York. There's just no magazine work here on the coast, and that's where most opportunities are." So after three years, I took off for New York City. I sold my car and had $600 in my pocket. God, what a courageous kid. I was!

Dian: It must have been scary.

Bill: I had a friend, Ralph Ball, who had worked with Haddon Sundblom, the great Coca-Cola artist, as a mechanical paste-up designer. He said that he had a huge ad all pasted up for delivery the next morning and in walked Sundblom, who was quite drunk that morning. He picked up Ralph's waste bowl and threw it all over his artwork. What could be sort? Sundblom was the boss. I always thought that was fascinating.

But Ralph gave me some good advice. He said, "When you get to New York, stay at the YMCA on 34th Street. It's cheap, it's central, and it will give you the chance to determine the area where you want to live." This was in January 1952 and it was COLD! Being a California boy, I didn't know what that kind of cold was like! My dad gave me his 1950 overcoat to take with me.

The first person I called in New York was Rockwell to see if I could come up and show him my samples. He agreed. He was living in Arlington, Vermont at the time. I jumped on the train at Grand Central the next morning and took it up to Troy, New York, and transferred to the Rutland Vermont Railway, which was a little narrow gauge train. It was morning in Arlington and the countryside was just beautiful. Norman's son Tommy met me at the train station and took me directly to Rockwell's studio. Norman was waiting at the door for us. What a wonderful greeting.

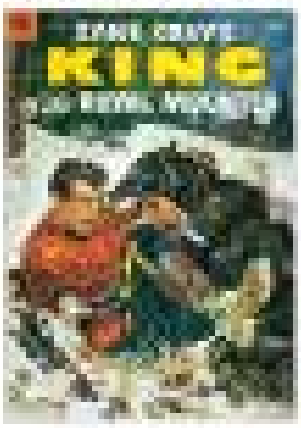
He was working on a *Post* cover which depicted the interior of a veterinarian's office with dogs and their owners. Norman asked me what I thought about the coffee table in the picture. I said, "Oh, it looks great." Everything he did looked great to me. He said, "You know, I have some doubts about it." In the final picture he took it out.

Kit, Portrait of the Artist, 1993. Gouache on board, 20" x 13".

King of the Royal Mounted, 1993. Gouache on board, 13" x 14.75".

Rockwell looked through my portfolio. I had flown 3,000 miles to show him my work and I can't remember what he said. I do remember that he gave me the names of about a half dozen people to see in New York City. That was June 1971. As it turned out, June 1971 and the artistic style Rockwell recommended all ran out the door. I was disappointed but not discouraged. I had spent about a half hour with the great man who the *Post* called Rich's pushing Sam on double-line. Long in bed that night, I realized I had just received advice from America's greatest illustrator.

The next morning I went back to New York and found a room on 86th Street near Riverside Drive. The building, designed by the team of the eminent architect Stanford White, had been converted to a rooming house which had an odd assortment of tenants. Each apartment had 10 rooms and 10 interesting people, and I had an instant family.



The first thing I did was to buy a drawing board, get some light in, and pick up the yellow pages. For some reason I decided that I would continue instead of working in a studio because that's what all the famous artists did. I looked up all the publishers starting with Collier's and Pride Newsstand, and went up to see the director who was very knowledgeable and pleasant. He did give me seven names of people to see and told me to keep in touch.

What was amazing about that time in the '70s was that you could see every art director in town. Twenty years ago, and at every bridge, you weren't able to see anybody. You'd walk in, leave your portfolio and pick it up at the end of the day. It's frustrating and time consuming.

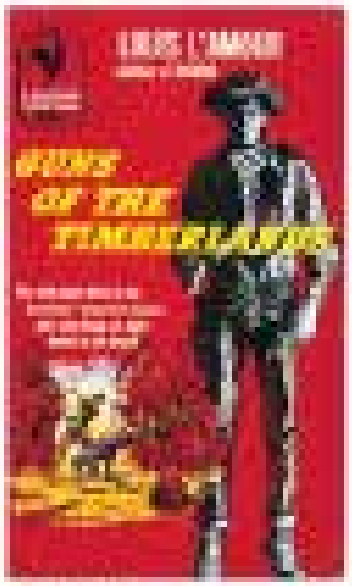
For two months I literally stood talking to art directors and not getting any work. I wasn't discouraged because I was learning the business first hand. If they didn't have anything for me they would suggest someone else. Later, I walked into Printers Hall on lower Fifth Avenue and the art director said, "I know the artists we've been looking for." He razed up the name to talk to some editors and returned with a book cover assignment for me. It paid $200—my first paycheck in New York.

Later that afternoon, I received two phone calls: one from the comic art director at Dell Publishing with a 32-90 comic cover assignment, and the other from Argosy magazine with a 5,000-black-and-white story illustration.

Dan: So when you first came to New York you didn't have a lot of freelance work?

Bill: I didn't have a thing until Printers Hall. I just kept plugging away and motivated by some short-term jobs. From that point on, I always had work in New York. I did the comic covers for about a year and a half, *King of the Royal Mounted*, *Jace Pearson of the Texas Rangers* and all kinds of comics for Dell. Suddenly, I realized I had to make more money

Agony, c. 1957. Gouache on board, 24.8" x 41.75".



Bantam, 1959

I decided to take a couple of months off and do some more samples to try to get into paperback covers. Ed Valigursky said he would always have work for me and was very supportive. I had already met the Gold paperback art director, Walter Brooks. The next day I got a call from Brooks, who knew that I had stopped working for Ed and asked if I'd like to do some work for him. He told me that as long as I was working for the Gold Medal line, there he wasn't going to take any of Ed's artists away from him. That taught me that you have to take risks in life. If you sit around and wait for something to happen, it doesn't happen. Doors opened and I decided my income overnight.

That I started working for Bantam Books and Pocket Books, Inc. One of my first Bantam assignments was *The Guns of the Timberland*. I always loved that painting. I still have it.

Does Ed let the publishers usually let you keep your original artwork?

Bill: Ed would let you keep your work if you wanted it. It never occurred to me to get the art back. I only went back there that I thought would make good samples. How publishers simply bought "reproduction rights" and returned the art to the artist. Bantam, however, retained the art and paid the "sales fee." Bantam would let me borrow any art for use as samples. I kept all the art that was given back to me, but I wish I had the foresight to have had all the art returned.

The painting I thought was one of my best covers was *The Doctor on Horseback*, with

the woman standing in front of an old London brownstone house. Everything came together for that one. I swear I had the original painting, but it's disappeared.

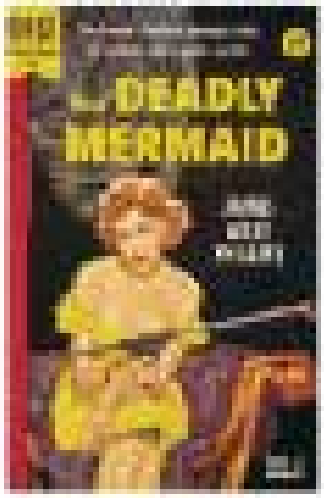
A friend, Gil Gussoni, at Dell Paperbacks started working at art director for Cosmopolitan, and he wanted me to do this full-color spread. I did the intended piece and then continued to do more work for them. At that time I had an agent who got me my first assignment at Argosy magazine, and that was all the ever-growing action, the classic "situations the paintings would flow, but at other times it would be like trying to find my way through a maze.

In 1976, I shared space with three other illustrators so I could work around other artists. While I was there, I was working on the Gay Liberation cover for Ballantine Books. Ellen Asher, the person that was where she was a receptionist at Robert Louis Pharos Books. It's a figurative painting on a white background. I fought with that painting and was close to giving up on it, but my friend Stan Mack came up down and started sketching. He said, "Bill, don't close in deliberately and precisely at first, just let the pen flow." Pretty soon, I began to relax and it started to come together.

"Babylon" Cosmo, c. 1966. Gouache on board, 20" x 13.75"

"The Deep Dive," Argosy, c. 1961. Illustration board, 22" x 28".

Randall was patient with me on that painting, and I stayed up all night repainting and making adjustments, and it finally worked. When you struggle through the issues and find those solutions that push you along, it's very rewarding. I finished at 5 a.m., and I was so stimulated that I started another painting which I did in a looser style. Bob Peak dropped in. I finished that painting and took the two to Leo Lionni at Fortune. He chose the first one.



Now it seems like many of my paintings are another view—they just flow. With They may look that way, but they don't always flow. Another painting that I unpacked over was the one that's coming off the rack. The same thing happened there. I went up to see Dave Lance again at his apartment, and he told me that I should try for more a circle for. I had painted it as a perfect profile coming off the rack. So once again I said that, I made a quick pencil sketch. That was the answer! I couldn't get home quick enough to finish the illustration.

Some of the paintings I struggled with turned out to be my favorites. Another one I agonized over was an Argosy painting depicting the death of the unknown woman and the diver. The title of the story was "The Deep Dive." The art director, Bernie Schultz, had approved a sketch with the diver at the bottom of the illustration, turning and pointing to Lawrence at the top of the painting was the woman. I hated what it was doing. "This is too terrible," I thought. The composition looked like a triad sign with three figures circling around it. That became the focal point.

I took it down to Dave. The artwork was due the next morning, and I was going crazy. He said to me, "Are you crazy? You've got a 20-inch guy with an erection in sight. I told Dave I'd better leave and handle it on my own when Dave suggested turning the painting upside down. When I did that, suddenly, the body of the woman began to look like she was actually floating in the water. I instantly got the idea of having the diver come toward the viewer and this gave the painting dimension.

I put in some about 11:00 p.m. and worked all night to the next. The next morning when I took the painting in, Bernie

looked at it and told me to tighten it up a little. "Just a little too symbolic." The figure of the diver wasn't quite finished, but it only took about two hours to clean it up. He sent the painting to the Illustrators Show. Again, this is another example of almost killing yourself on a job that comes out a winner.

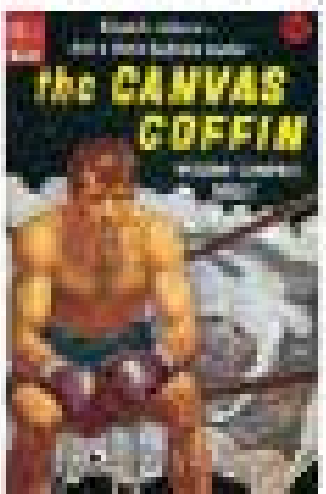
In around 1956 I felt the need to contribute a figurative work—a piece of my own. I wanted people to be able to identify a William George painting. I thought if I could talk to some successful illustrators, they could give me a place to focus.

One of the guys I worked with, Vince Mancini, had an agent who also represented Robert Fawcett. He lived in Westport, Connecticut, where several significant illustrators resided. He made arrangements for me to meet with Austin Briggs at the Westport Illustrators Club, where I had a couple of Rockwell covers on exhibit. I met Briggs, who was in the bar with Norm Rockwell. They both gave me positive feedback, but it was difficult for me to get my thoughts together in that setting. Briggs was charming and full of fun, but I remember that Rockwell seemed rather cynical about the business.

About a month later I was doing some research on Old Bridewell in Boston for an illustration in Charles Singleton's book called *Austin Briggs*, and I was driving through Connecticut and asked if I could stop and visit him at his studio. Briggs said he was very busy and hung up. I thought he was angry with me, but the next morning he called and apologized and said he was trying to finish a painting and didn't want to talk to anyone, which was something I certainly understood.

I talked to him about how I struggled with using color and that I was searching for ways to be stronger. He was most generous and offered to send me the book on color from the Famous Artists School.

The next well-known artist I met was Al Parker, whose son had arranged a meeting. Parker lived in a penthouse atop a 13-story apartment building on 57th Street. I walked



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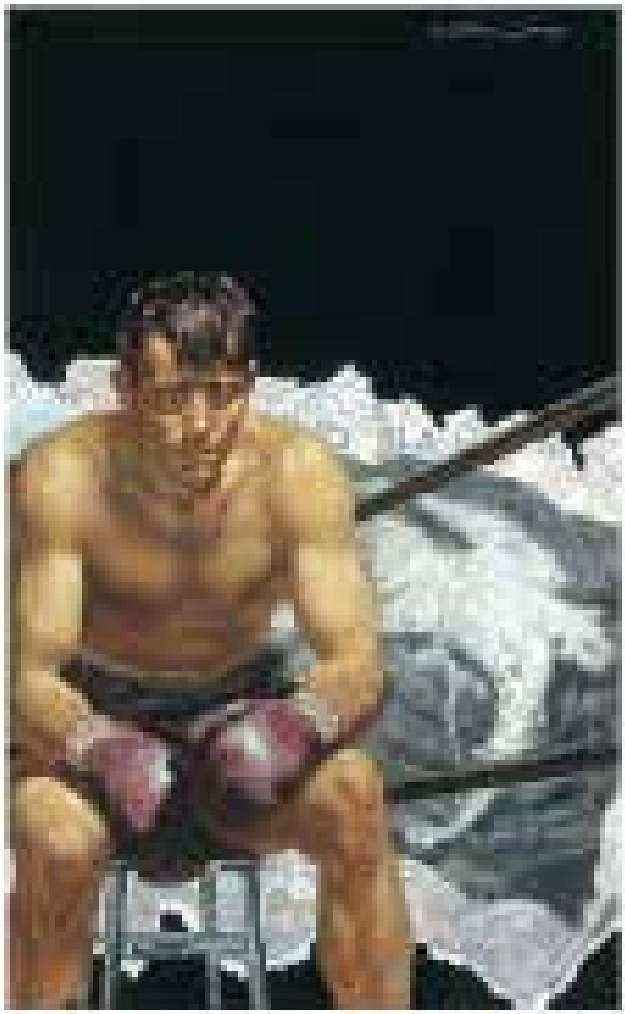

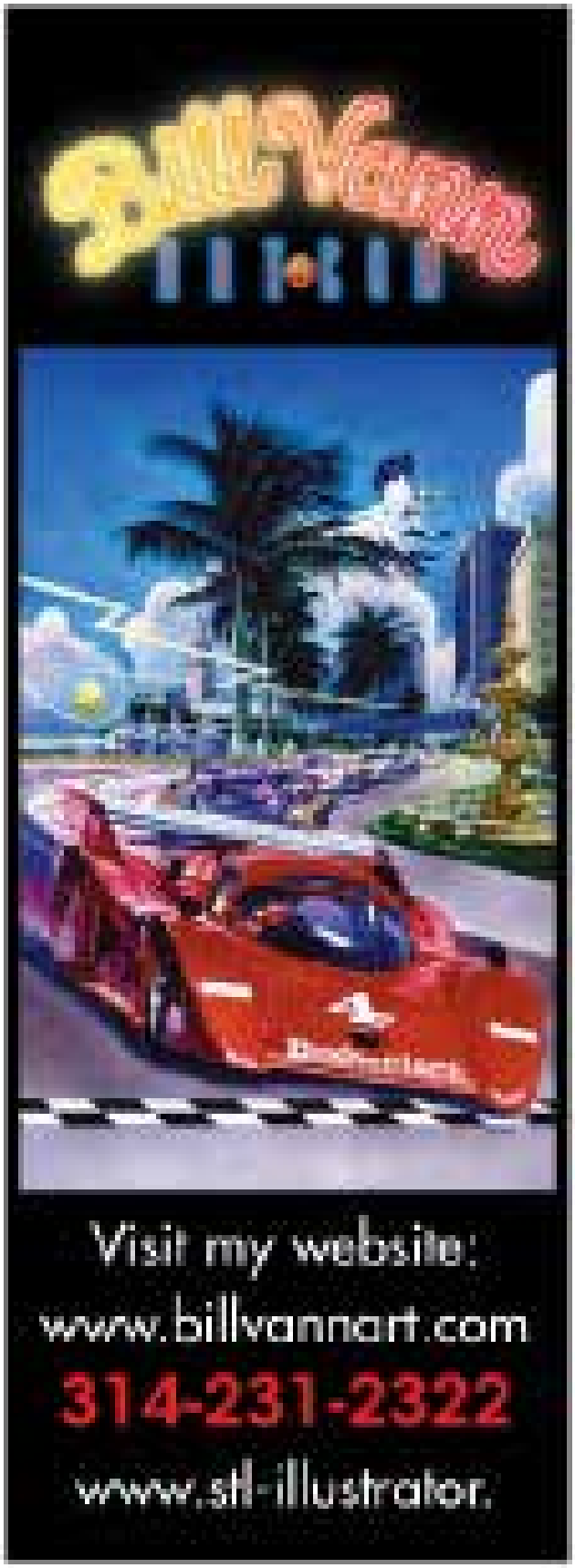
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Aglow, c. 1898. Watercolor on board, 20" × 15 1/2".

large metal files in that room all alphabetized. He liked my *Lions in the Timberlands* outdoor painting that I had done for Bantam. Later that day he took me to the Oak Room at the Plaza Hotel where I enjoyed a delicious lunch with his assistant and lunch illustrators.

Bernie McCarthy and Bob Peak worked at Chuck Stadler, which was just around the corner from me, so I went over to see Frank and other friends. He had a room to himself on the fourth floor of that building. He allowed me everything for my working use, and I loved connecting with him. I used to run into him frequently in New York because we were always working for the same publishers.

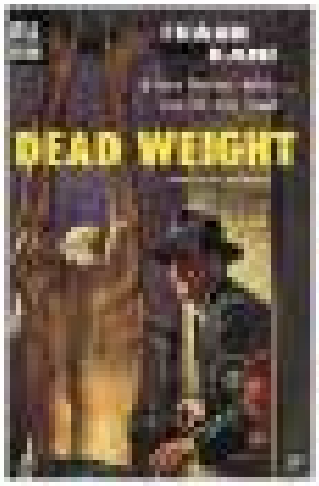
Around that time, I decided to take a trip across the country. I thought a change of scene and was determined to camp wherever I could. I went to Chicago and headed west to the Black Hills and Badlands, Wyoming, the Grand Tetons, and Yellowstone Park. I had seen the western shows, which inspired me to see this country. That movie was always in the back of my mind because I couldn't believe that mountains like that existed in America. I went on up to Glacier National Park, then went to Seattle and down the Washington, Oregon, and California coast to San Francisco. I visited friends there and then went south to Tarzana where I persuaded my brother Ralph to travel with me to Mexico City.

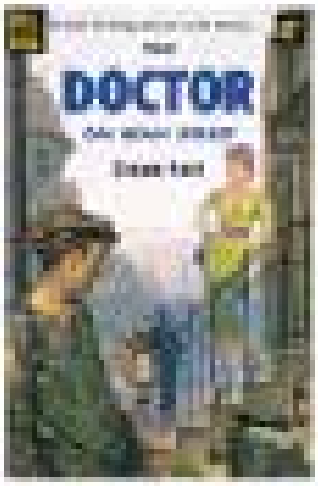
Norman J. Hughes
American Paintings

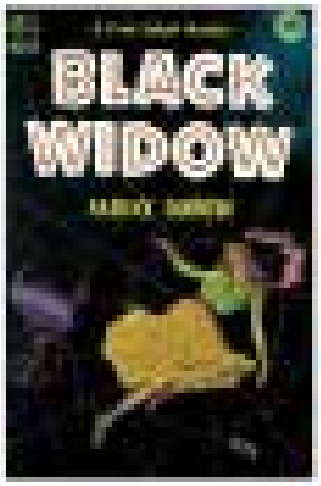
ORIGINAL ARTWORK AND PAINTINGS BY: NORMAN ROCKWELL, N.C. WYETH,
ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN, J.C. LEYENDECKER, FRANK LEYENDECKER, HOWARD PYLE,
DEAN CORNWELL, VIOLET OAKLEY, F.C. YOHN, HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, AND HENRY RALEIGH

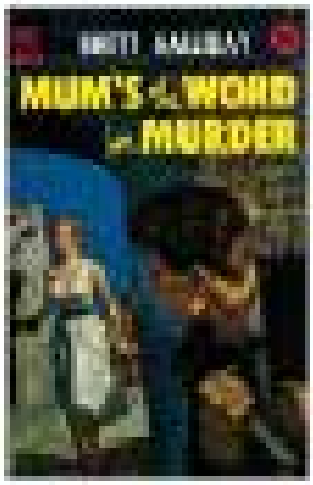
NORMAN J. HUGHES AMERICAN PAINTINGS
[illegible] MADISON AVENUE, BOARDMAN, OHIO 44512
TEL: [illegible] FAX: [illegible]

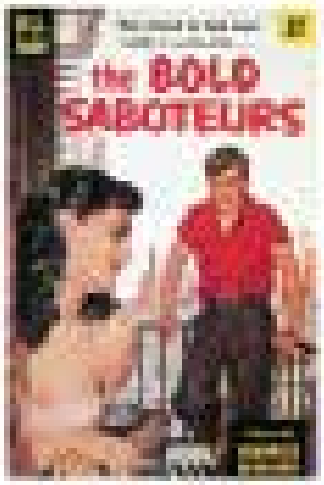

MARY ROBERTS
RINEHART
HAUNTED
LADY











Dan: How were you able to get away for so long?

Bill: I took two months off. I told my clients that this was something I had to do, and they were willing to accommodate me.

Dan: You had saved up some money!

Bill: The whole trip cost around $1,600. I had about $5,000 saved, which was enough for me to live comfortably.

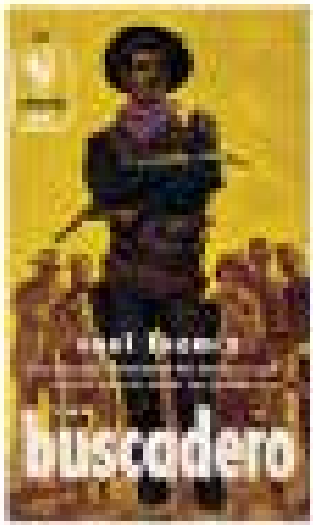
During the trip through Indiana, Montana, an interesting idea occurred to me. I realized I was passing ranches but I wasn't really seeing the country. I drove down a dirt lane off the main highway toward a deep ranch and followed the signs that warned "NO TRESPASSING." I drove until I saw a house where a man and his wife were working on a wall. I told them I was an artist from New York and I had come across the country further. I wanted to talk to someone about what it was like living on the land. He invited me to dinner and offered to put me up. Amazing. Montana hospitality! I stayed with them for two days. He loaned 1,000 acres from the Blackfeet Indian Nation. He said he was going to bring down a deep ranch in the hills of the Rockies. He had four or five deep feeders working for him. At first the most interesting we were up in the hills moving the sheep feeders in their trailer like homes and we started bringing down sheep that were supposed to go to market. That was quite an experience. He and his wife had four kids, the oldest boy was 17 and they could do everything on the ranch from working cows to driving tractors. His wife was pregnant and she cooked and baked great all day for the family and the sheepherders. What a remarkable saga of life out West.

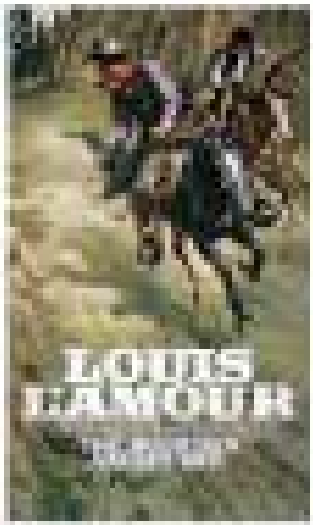
Dan: So a lot of the trip was over by yourself?

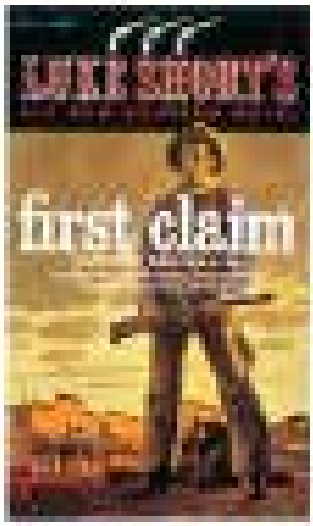
Bill: Yes. I tried to get a friend to quit his job and go with me, but he couldn't. He would miss his vacation. I would've enjoyed the company, but it was a great trip anyway. My brother and I had a lot of fun on the way to Mexico City and back. I dropped him off in San Antonio and I continued through the South on the way home to New York.

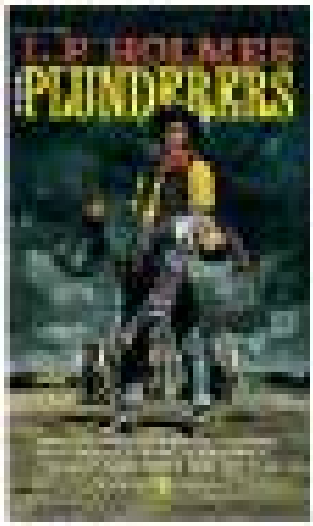
Dan: Did you do a lot of drawing and painting while you were on the trip?

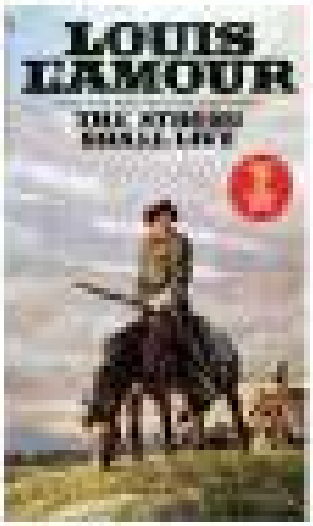
Bill: Because I loved Barnard's work so much, I had taken some reproductions of his with me and had been doing copies of them on the trip just to get a feel of his composition and methods of drawing. In the long run, I realized you











couldn't be somebody else. I had to keep pushing to find out what I wanted to do on my own. I wish I had copied those illustrators' paintings when I was young. I feel I could have learned a great deal. Years later I would go to our local museum and copy paintings by William Merritt Chase and John Singer Sargent. We all need mentors.

When I went back to New York I moved out to Long Island. All the prominent illustrators lived away from the City, so I rented a converted barn in the country. I soon realized how awfully lonely it was out there. My only social thing was playing baseball with the neighborhood kids and playing golf and tennis. In retrospect I realized that if you were a painter, wonderful artistic opportunities existed right there. But I was an illustrator and a painter. There are now a million miles from where my studio was. After eight months later I had to get back to the City where there was more activity and where the jobs were.

I'm telling you all my frustrations here. William A. Smith was one of my favorite artists and he was only 20 when he left the Saturday Evening Post. I really wanted to get in the Post. The Saturday Evening Post represented the pinnacle of success for illustrators. In 1960 I moved to Philadelphia again to see if I could break in. I'd call the Post. We promised to would send me work soon, but I never heard from him. Little did I realize those fantastic magazines were in their death throes. I continued working on paperback covers for Avon, Gosaday and advertising art around. Well I was depressed about my illustration future in New York. I decided to get back to Torrance, California for a month and play golf with my brother and escape emotionally from the pressure and competitiveness I had been living in New York.

While I was in California I was offered a job to work as a stylist in Los Angeles. I thought perhaps this was what I needed just to do work that takes people brought to me. I notified my clients in New York that I had moved to Los Angeles and they agreed to send me work.

Portrait of Ursula Andress, as seen in the movie Dear Heart, 1964. Oil on canvas, 30" x 40".

I was due meeting there and the gallery in the studio started showing me more and I decided to leave. The financial terms weren't there either as compared to what I was getting as a freelancer. So I decided to freelance again. That was one of the best moves I ever made. The work began to roll in and I was even making more money in California.

The world as we at the 6th was viewed a lower and lower painting style. Artists' Week told me when I did the last one for Argosy to loosen up the painting more than I had done in the old days. So I took that direction and really let it rip! I was very happy with the finished painting and thought my direction was the best in that issue.

In 1963 I received a call late in the week from the producer-director, Robert Aldrich, who said he needed an oil portrait painted over the weekend. On Friday I received the photos and necessary canvas size. On Monday I delivered the painting. When Aldrich looked at the painting, he said, "This is wonderful! Where were you when we were shooting *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*" Bette Davis and Joan Crawford. My painting was to hang on the set of the movie *Four for Texas* with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Ursula Andress, filmed at Warner Bros.

A week later I bumped into the assistant producer, Sidney Biddle, and he asked me if I could paint nudes. This was their problem: they had commissioned the divorcee Jean Negulesco, who painted in a watercolor French impressionist style, to paint a nude of Ursula Andress, which was similar to Manet's *Olympia*. Although the result was not suitable for their vampire movie about Mexico, and they contacted me for a classic style painting which was to hang over the bar in one of the scenes.

1963 portrait of Ursula Andress is meticulously rendered by Bob Wolfe in this spread from Playboy, July 1964.

They had flown Judd and his wife from Honolulu for a big publicity show opening at Pioneer Inn, and paid him $5,000. I was to receive $2,500. Meanwhile, they set me up in a large room at the studio for the nudes. Their concern was whether or not Ursula would agree to pose for another photo shoot in the Bahamas. They suggested I use another model and her thighs, which I did.

Walter said I was waiting in the room for Ursula to show. The magazine had built a set with a floor penny for Ray to pose on, and I was nervous as hell. Meanwhile, Walter was telling me fascinating stories about actresses and actors he had worked with. He was about 50 years old, a small version of Ronald Colman, an elegant, sophisticated guy. He told me there were only two actors he thought were perfect to work with: Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis. They knew their lines, were never temperamental, and were always on time. They were always professional.

Finally, Ursula walked in and my knees trembled. I had never seen a woman with so much dazzling beauty—and I had known many beautiful women. Walter and Ursula dressed left and Ursula immediately shouted, "Just like that!" She was very cooperative and professional in every way. She just insisted that I give her the negatives and the prints. A reproduction of the finished painting in its gaudy wood-gold frame appeared in a book entitled *Kinsey*, which is now here in "Bad Art on Purpose." So much for nonpayment.

Walter Keane contacted me again to discuss an additional painting that would be used as special effects on the screen. Meanwhile, I had negotiated with Emil Kosa, a noted painter who had received an Academy Award for his special-effect paintings for the movie *Cleopatra* with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Apparently they were uncertain as to whether Keane understood what they needed, so I was to accompany one of the assistants. Reluctantly I showed up to view the film daily's. I'm introduced simply as a photographer. The finished, finished painting of Ursula is leaning against the wall and Walter explains to Keane its purpose in the film. Keane said, "Isn't that awful!" I wanted to leave. Walter always just winks at me. Keane and I adjourn to the viewing room and I'm waiting. I'm determined to paint my entire room the color.

Back in my studio I lay out my picture plan. It's a vibrant scene, involving eleven figures, a kaleidoscope of people in 1870's costumes strolling about. Indians, trappers, cows, packing mules and carts, and prostitutes hanging out of windows. For painting on the surface of Steel Scribe is colored illustration board 30" x 40" illustration board.

After two weeks, Walter called and invited me over to bring the painting down to the studio. I was absolutely overwhelmed, though it wasn't quite finished. When I got there, "Big Bob" knew the art looks at the painting and screams, "Great Damn! That is absolutely sensational!" I think I levitated about two feet.

Somewhere overhead, I asked Walter "What happened with Keane?" "Don't ask," he says. But I managed to share the fee offscreen, which turned out to look like the work of a first-year art student. Screw revenge!

Another incident occurred with the Ursula nude painting. Hefner did a spread of Ursula and her husband, John Derek, who was an actor and professional photographer. In the article, they reproduced my painting but gave credit to Bert Stern. I wrote *Playboy* pointing out their error, in which I was trying to be diplomatic, forwarded the picture along with an absolutely caustic letter from Ben Stahl's attorney saying how insulting it was for his client's name to be attached to such an ugly painting. Correction!

Later I did paintings for the set of *Mork & Mindy*, *Laverne & Shirley* with Penny Marshall and Cindy Williams, *Three's Company* with Suzanne Somers, John Ritter, and Joyce DeWitt, and *Taxi* with Judd Hirsch, Danny DeVito, Marilu Henner, Tony Danza, and Christopher Lloyd. I told Gloria de Haviland that I had been in love with her as a kid. I had several other possible movie projects that would have been lucrative, but they eventually fell through. That was the end of my movie painting career.

I did a lot of Mattel toy art in the '60s and '70s in addition to calendar art for The Brown Corporation. Then in 1974, I picked up cover art for Ballantine Books again. I hadn't worked for them since 1965. I had been relieved not to be doing the paperback covers at that time because I had been so busy with other work.

Diane Arbus being a photographer, was probably good for a lot more. Bill Ward, in 1974, I spent with Lee Lorenz, A.D. at Esquire

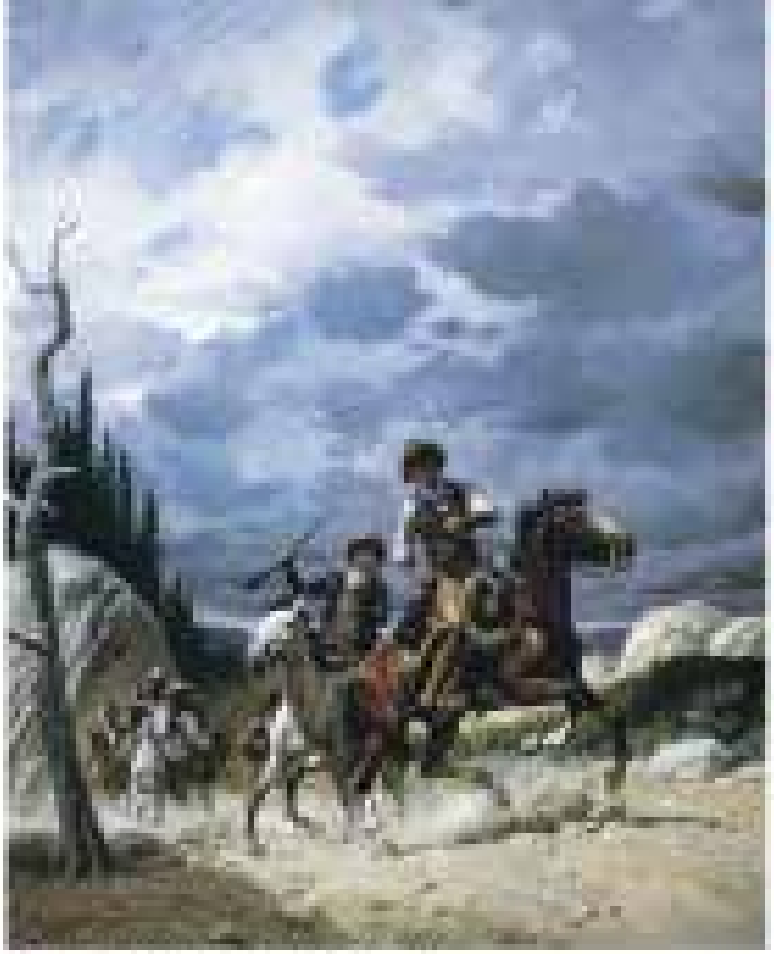
BLUE Abortion c. 1971. Gouache on board. 20.5" x 13". Entitled by actress Barbara Hershey.

Apache Band, c. 1888. Oil on canvas, 24" x 36". Originally created as a paperback cover illustration for Zane Grey's *The Vanishing American*.

Books, and he told me they were looking for someone who could paint Frederic Remington/Charlie Russell-style art for historical fiction by Louis L'Amour book covers for classic Western writers. The California I went to New York. When they informed me that all they needed was an 8" x 10" reproduction color transparency of the art, that made it cost a lot less. Western covers for them. They only paid $400 a cover back in the '60s, and they told me it was one of their highest paid illustrators. So now eight years later, I'm told by Bantam that all they will pay is $400. I agreed because I could keep the original art and sell it in art galleries for four or five times that figure. I finally got Bantam Books up to $1,000.

I remember doing a cover for Bantam, and the first news they mailed me with a deadline, which was a couple score of cowboys coming up a draw. I decided that I was going to paint a real Remington, given the fact that unavailable night pictures. The painting started out well, but I began to have problems with it. I couldn't make it look like, because I had a lot of Remington examples in front of me, but I couldn't get it off. Bantam produced the painting, but it was one of my weaker covers and I wouldn't consider it a gallery piece. After two months, I looked at it again, believing that with a fresh eye I could resolve my dilemma, but it didn't happen. So the first cover I painted was a rejection cover. Besides, I hate painting because most of my work is done in Ballantine books and the original is interesting.

The Western market had really taken off at that time in the '70s. I had a gallery in Scottsdale, Arizona and Jackson, Wyoming. I was overjoyed when I realized I could sell my paintings in galleries. I placed one of my Western Remington covers in the gallery in La Jolla and the dealer, Doug Jones, told me the painting sold to a young couple who didn't have the money to purchase it, but wanted it so badly they went out and got a loan in order to buy it. That truly touched me. That is an obligation when working with corporate America.



Cimarron Thunder c. 1970. Oil on canvas. 24" x 30".

The Bronco Buster c. 1970. Oil on canvas. 20" x 30".

I couldn't paint anything I ever wanted to commercially, so I had always enjoyed the use of the new styles and techniques that came along, but I used the hell with that old stuff. I had done a lot of illustrations for Mattel and Hasbro Toys in the '60s and early '70s.

In 1969, Mattel asked me to paint a cowboy hero subject on canvas. That was the beginning of a long series of paintings for the Masters of the Universe toy box art in addition to the art posters. The assignment was very extensive and the Masters line became the world's most popular toy action-adventure toy complete to the last detail, including the action figures. Now it's totally gone to photography and computer art.

I think of Stan Zuckerberg, an outstanding oil painter and a major star in the paperback world of the 1950s. I saw an awful lot of his work at Bantam Books and was always impressed with his paintings. What a giant. He and Joe Awatt, Mitchell was also a great paperback artist and illustrator. Later I heard that Zuckerberg died in New Jersey prematurely starving to death. I remember an incident when I was doing all those paintings for Bantam Westerns covers and Zuckerberg had brought in a painting in the '70s and was struggling with a Western assignment. So they asked him to paint like Bill George. Recently Zuckerberg was painting a lot of wheat scenes and subways up in New England in the late '60s. But something was missing that marvelous quality of art.

Dan: However, like a lot of artists, time is a consideration.

Bill: I know what you mean. Some artists never learn it, they continually get better. To see someone like Terry Lenzel take hold in the Western art market and go off like gangbusters and John Clymer, also, became an important artist. He produced some amazing paintings up into his 80s. But Terry, before he died, I could see he was starting to have some difficulties.

When you think of someone like Mitchell Parrish, 90 years old, still creating art as skillful as he was when he was 50. Amazing!

Dan: What I had to change mediums!

Bill: It took a while to get accustomed to painting in oil, but I took several painting classes starting in 1964. I had a wonderful instructor who started us out by doing still life paintings. I warned her to think of me as a student and not as a professional. I asked her to compose a still life so that the size of the objects would not have to paint visually instead of drawing and still stay flat without reminds me a painting to see something right there in front of you was such a difficult thing for me. I persevered and began to get comfortable.

In 1974, when Lee Lorenz asked me to do that first Lemmon cover, I was feeling at ease with painting as a canvas and I had a wonderful feeling of being able to paint fine art and also commercial art. I realized then that the commercial art world was just a transition. I think that depressed a lot of talented artists in New York as they saw their careers winding down. They could see themselves as illustrators and not as ongoing artists. Some even took their own lives. When you

"The Black Hole of Calcutta" (oil on canvas, 1,000 x 1,500 mm). Accurate as to detail, Bill Sienkiewicz and Mel Rubin found the scene of Blue Bgium to be his painting.

...de a painting, you're leaving something—even footprints saying I was here.

Dan: Tell me about *The Black Hole of Calcutta*.

Bill: The "Black Hole of Calcutta" was a hot, low-ventilated dungeon known as the Black Hole prison in the British East India Company's Fort William, intended to hold only a couple of prisoners, but on the terrible night of June 20, 1756, at the end of a three-day battle, 146 men and one woman were herded into the Black Hole. My cover depicts the remaining woman in the center of the painting with the crowd of people around her. I got the inspiration of the woman when I saw a picture of Elizabeth Taylor in Life magazine from a movie called *Academy Last Summer*, and the picture was a full-page shot of her screaming. I thought it was perfect for the illustration. Of course, the editors removed letters recognizing Elizabeth. Norman Rockwell once said, "No matter what you do, never copy anything from any source. Somebody out there is going to know it. I'm not a fine educator." Sure enough, they caught me!

Dan: I wanted to ask you about your use of flame covers.

Bill: I began doing covers for Capitol Records back at Ross Harris Studios. I did a lot of covers for Capitol, some by William Stout, and portraits of Frank Sinatra and a lot of musicians in the '50s and '60s. Everything was from photos. I never saw any of those people except for Chairman Thomas, who wanted a large charcoal portrait of himself and his two children. He lives about two miles from me here in the Hollywood Hills. This was in 1963. His agent had called another art director that I had done some work for and he recommended me. The agent said Chairman Thomas would come to the studio to pose. Wow!

I set Thomas on a high wooden stool and put his little girl, who was four or five, on his lap and his boy, who was six or 7, standing and leaning against him. They made a nice grouping. I took 24 shots of them. I couldn't get over it at first. Here is this of Mexico walking through the door. He was very charming and got down on the floor, even on the white hair of my cat, to look at my work. He was delighted with the finished charcoal portrait and requested he wanted me to do some other work for him. I thought that would be great because he has a very distinctive face that would be easy to work with.

Hector later called me about doing the gouache paintings which would be premiums of famous scenes of the American West, but at the time I was swamped with calendar paintings for The Hunt Corporation. After I told him I would charge him $400 each, the same as I charged Bantam book covers for, he said, "Hell, Gates," and I never heard from him again.

Recently I came across the photos and sent them to Jim along with a letter and a copy of his magnificent painting.

I received a letter back from him saying that he and his wife were thrilled to receive the photos. I'm going to get that letter framed.

Here's a probable for-sale artist I worked with directly other than Ursula Vaillant and Peggy Lee.

Dan: Let me ask you about other illustrators you may have known or worked with over the years.

Bill: Oh, sure. Sandy Kossin and I were in art school together. Sandy did a lot of paperback book covers. He created a remarkable spread in *LIFE* magazine on the Bay of Pigs invasion. He did the cover and a series of illustrations on the inside of the magazine. Strong, powerful stuff. He also did some work for the *Post*, *Argosy*, and *Reader's Digest*.

In 1956, Sandy, David Stone Martin, Vince Musacco, and I shared space on 15th Street just west of Sixth Avenue, centrally located in Manhattan. That area was a Mecca for clothing stores and restaurants.

David Stone was focused on advertising art, working somewhat like Bob Peak. After we were crowded in our working apartment, I was amazed at David's talent—his draftsmanship was superb. Of the four of us, Dave made the most money.

There was a fine illustrator in a more stylized fashion I remember was Joe Velez had suggested into our studio unannounced one day. He had been walking down Madison Avenue when a body slammed on the sidewalk 19 feet in front of him. What an incredible scenario. That finished his day. He left for home and didn't return for a week.

Most of the illustrators I knew were just acquaintances: Jacque Boggs, Al Brown, Bob Peak, Frank McCarthy, John Falter, Warren Baumgartner, Bart Tilden, James Avati, and Harold von Schmidt. I'd have met more were it not I served the Society of Illustrators, but I attended many of their meetings to hear notable illustrators and see the exhibits.

Dan: How about James Bama?

Bill: No, I never met Bama. I did briefly meet R. G. Harris, the great illustrator for romance magazines at Robert Scott Photo studio on Madison Avenue. He lived in Westport, Connecticut. Harris, a wonderful illustrator, painted high fashion women. Everything I learned about painting beautiful women came from studying R.G. Harris illustrations. He and Al Parker moved to Phoenix in the late '50s because those men knew the magazines were in trouble. They were going to make life changes. Earlier than most to Carmel. Harris moved to Santa Fe. Arizona just north of Scottsdale, the capital of Western painting. Recently when I was in Arizona, I called an art dealer of his know RG Harris, and he gave me his number. I called and introduced myself as having met him at Robert Scott studios years before and he said, "You know, you're right. I don't remember that." I told him I would love to talk to him if he had the time.

I drove up through the rugged desert terrain to his ranch-style home that was filled with geometric hand-sculpted, mesa-depicting art which he and he had painted himself. The view for city from his magazine cover. We had a great discussion about illustration and illustrators. He had

The Poker Game, c. 2003. Oil on canvas, 20" x 30"

a wonderful studio and said he was currently painting movie portraits. When I asked what had happened to the original illustrations, he said he only had one, which was hanging in the family room. He had no knowledge as to what had happened to the rest of them. He said with publishers his only concern was where's the next commission and when will I get the check.

My next visit was to Tom Lovell was very interesting also. He had a beautiful home in Santa Fe. When I asked him what motivated him to move out West from Connecticut, he said, "There is where the action is."

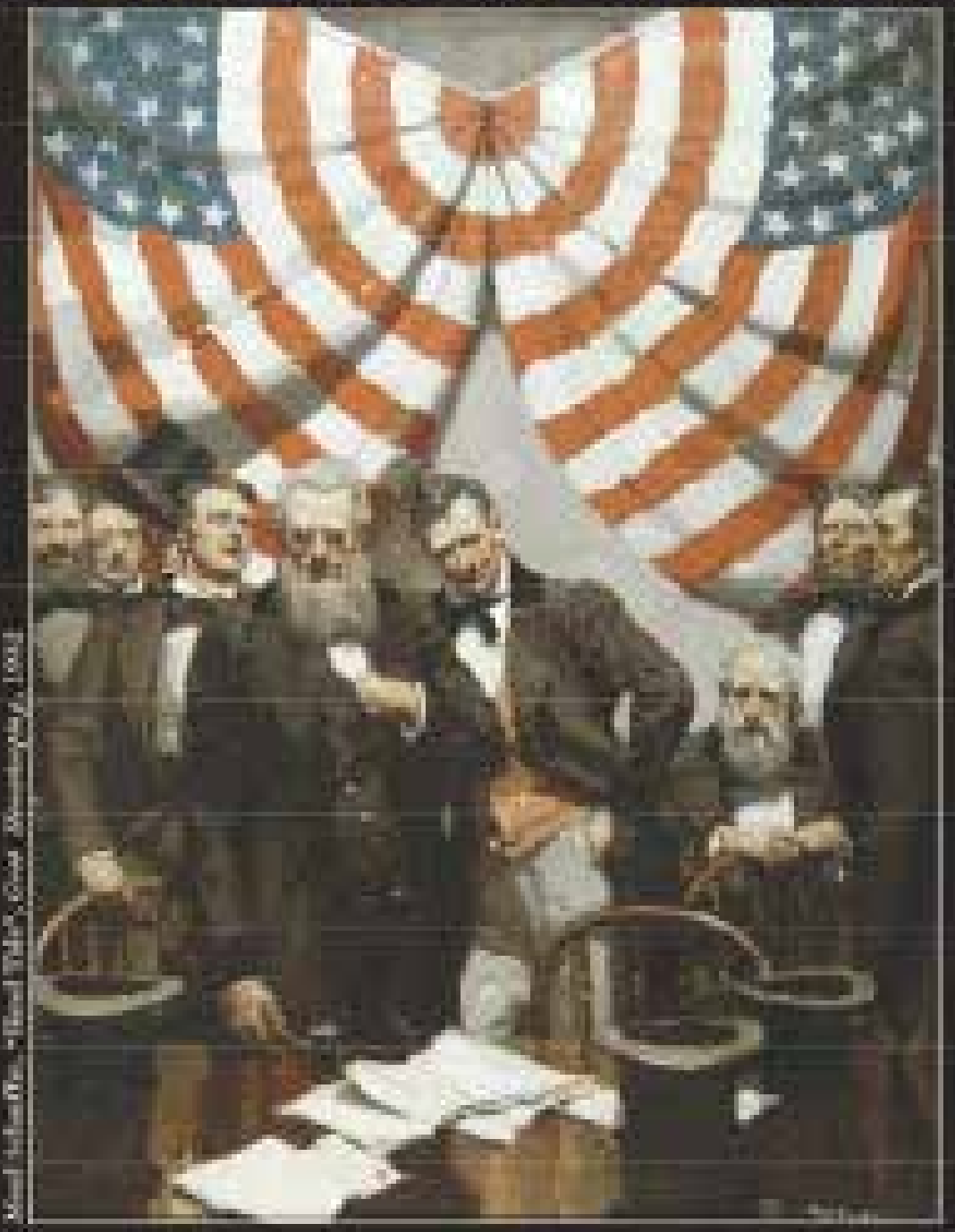
I began buying original illustrations in 1977. Those I owned, Tom Lovell, Harold von Schmidt, Frank Carter—all my heroes and artist painters. Those men were inspirational to me. I wrote to Lovell and told him coming it was to have his originals, and he said he was happy they had found a home. I commissioned two of Lovell and I had other items on the same occasion at the Forum Publishing building on 44th Street. He going to Cavalier and Lovell going to True Magazine.

When I think back on the agonies I went through in trying to find myself as an artist, I am not sure that I produced many great paintings.

—© 2002 by Jon Eastman

Blood Brothers, c. 1994. Gouache on board, 11 ½" x 22". The Artists Dan Jenni and Jerry Pinnell posed as the cowboy and Native American.

The Fine Art of Illustration



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Book Reviews

THE RED ROSE GIRLS: AN UNCOMMON STORY OF ART AND LOVE

BY WILLIAM H. GERDTS
UNIVERSITY PRESS OF KENTUCKY, $40.00, HARDCOVER
WWW.KENTUCKYPRESS.COM

The three artists who attended the prestigious women's art school in Philadelphia known as the Red Rose Girls during the early years of the 20th Century—Lucy Wilcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Violet Oakley—shared a unique personal and creative alliance that helped each of them to achieve success in the otherwise male-dominated world of professional illustration. In *The Red Rose Girls: An Uncommon Story of Art and Love*, noted art historian and author William H. Gerdts begins to reveal the inner workings of a decades-long friendship that withstood questions, illness and early mortality to reach a level of accomplishment that may not have fully flourished without their circle of mutual support.

Hailing from different backgrounds yet united in their shared passion for art, the women came together at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts to study under the tutelage of the legendary illustrator Howard Pyle. At a time when art instruction for women was often found to be lacking, Smith, Green, and Oakley became some of the first female artists to achieve wealth and notoriety in the Victorian era. Set in spite of these common interests and purpose, Gerdts shows that it was the women's separate inspirations that made their shared friendship in the Red Rose Inn so dynamic—a blend of real creative energy, new collaboration of ideas and inspiration.

Jessie Wilcox Smith was born on September 6, 1863 in Philadelphia. Her and her sibling's were raised in the middle-class proprietor of Victorian society as Jessie grew into a "healthy, athletic, long-limbed, graceful" young woman. Though romanticized as a passion of children, she said her first job as a kindergarten teacher, finding her charges too boisterous and frustrating. And yet, as she later wrote, "I knew I wanted to do something with children, but never thought of painting them." After a brief stint at sculptures from Logan Law art education at Philadelphia School of Design For Women in 1884, her art career took a drastic hold the moment of the passionate teaching at first, and Jessie soon convinced her parents to enroll her at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts a year later to study portraiture direction. Thomas Eakins, whom Jessie described as a "real genius," did inspire her work through teaching anatomy, perspective, and photography. Yet, as the author tells us, "Her interests never would never involved with Eakins' insistence on rigorous examination with nature." Jessie stayed on after his dismissal for what was then deemed scandalous behavior, studying with Thomas Anshutz and James B. Kelly until her graduation in 1888.

Elizabeth Shippen Green was born September 1, 1871 into an old Philadelphia family with strong upper class connections. Elizabeth was sent to all the proper finishing schools and, encouraged by her father, who had been a Harper's artist-correspondent during the Civil War, began illustrating her notebooks when she was eight years old. Ten years later, having already placed illustrations in the Philadelphia Times, her parents enrolled her in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts just before it's close to men. Elizabeth was determined to become an illustrator, but when not attending her Academy classes, she continued producing a series of weekly drawings for the Times. After her 1893 graduation, she established herself as a regular contributor of fashion illustrations for the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Violet Oakley was born in New York on June 10, 1874. Just as Jessie, in her fifties, Violet was a child prodigy and she was encouraged to draw and paint at an early age. A somewhat sickly child, her parents kept her at home till she was 10, when they believed her strong enough to begin attending Art Student's League classes. In 1895, Violet and her sister were admitted to the Academie Montparnasse where their aunt owned family in France. She then enrolled at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts but, after having moved the family to Philadelphia in a failed shelter that could not hold him, Emmanuel, Violet, and grandfather artistic heritage. Violet's sister described her as having a "perfect chaos of a studio" at the bottom of the yard.

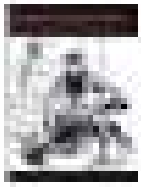
By 1902 the trio had moved into Wilcox, Pennsylvania's Red Rose Inn, a spacious English-style country estate on 100 acres. Here, their number was increased by one—the indomitable Scandinavian illustrator Jessie Gerdts. As the trio became the women matured, they began to refer to each other by pet names. Jessie, for it became Teddy, Elizabeth Green, Lady, and Henrietta Lawton, Hobby. They used to call Violet the Violet—she preferred "Violet, Duchess of Duke." Their teacher and mentor, Howard Pyle, called them the "Red Rose Girls." The artists appreciated the longer more for its aesthetic value than anything else, and one year later when the cost was lowered into November, they walked in the garden to photograph the last blooms. Moments, on the other hand, would remind them that such beauty was fleeting. For was the one who did the gardening, who kept their household neat and orderly. The Red Rose Girls, while paying great attention to their appearance, did not count vanity among their vices. Because they were often in the public eye, recognized by strangers, and photographed by the press, they were mindful of their attire and mannered in fashion. Four years of idyllic, productive existence later, the artists relocated to the busier and pleasure of "Graylock" at Mt. Kisco, Pennsylvania, the name an acronym of its inhabitants.

Their harmonious working relationship ended in 1911 when Lucy married Hugo Wood. Violet then began her 10 year task of completing murals begun by G.A. Abbey for the Senate Chamber and Supreme Court Room in Harrisburg, and a new friendship with Edith Emerson. She thought to merge the Red Rose Girls, but productivity never began. Among the best known members of the school of illustration, Violet Oakley was the first woman to receive a mural commission

to paint the covers and fill the pages of *Collier's*, *McClure's*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Ladies Home Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, and to illustrate books like Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*. Their skill would make it the Golden Age of Illustration, complete for epic novels.

Carefully guarded of their privacy during their lifetimes, author Carter is thus unable to comment fully on the possible romantic nature of the friendships at the Red Rose Inn. It is likely, however, that the best science is made centered on two couples—Cowles and Oakley, and Smith and Carter. Commonly referred to as "Bachelor marriages" during the early years of the 20th Century, the nature of their lives would seem little unusual in today's age. Carter wisely chooses to focus on the cumulative importance of the women's artistic output, and, most importantly, the way in which the three artists opened the doors for women to work and gain acceptance in the world of commercial illustration. ●

— *J. Barry Dwyer*



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY: THE ART OF ADVENTURE

BY JOHN KUHNES
ARA PRESS, N/A
A FULL-COLOR HARDCOVER, 2004 BY ARA PRESS
ARAPRESS@HOTMAIL.COM

"I'm a sad ink slinger for the rambler or the snoker; the tournament reveals all."

Henry C. Pitz,
200 Years of American Illustration

Such are the words of Henry C. Pitz, illustrator and renowned scholar of Howard Pyle and the Brandywine traditions. After working as a comic book artist for several years and after teaching black-and-white illustration at a college for seven more years, all I can add is that I fully concur with the statement Mr. Pitz. Black-and-white art, as I tell my students, "takes no prisoners." For much of the 20th Century "fine artists" looked down on their black-and-white commercial counterparts—not because it was a lesser art form, but because the fine artists couldn't do it. Black-and-white art is a 180-degree reversing, mind-numbing reversal from color—dark contours come to life and lighter areas take the background. Every misplaced or stray line, whether it's anatomy or sense of design, or perspective or lack of camera control skills, is blatantly exposed to the viewer. Weaknesses cannot be hidden by a splash of color that distracts the eye. Therefore, what cannot be mastered must be dismissed because the most fascinating, frustrating, and enlightening matter to viewers and professionals alike is that "black-and-white illustration ain't as easy as it looks."

Then there's Gall.

Joseph Clement Gall, with his razor pen and "sparkling" blacks, made it look easy. Every time I see Gall's art it elicits the same response: "Damn him!" I'll whip out with awe and admiration. "Now you go create a moment to pick me back up off the floor!" It was what I said when I got *The Magic Pen of Joseph Clement Gall* by Vladi Baird Long, out of print and hard to find, and it was the exact same reaction I had when I opened John Pitman Kuhn's offering, *Joseph Clement Gall: The Art of Adventure*. Awe and affection are a learned skill, all over again.

Pitman Kuhn's book was on the classic and elegant Franklin Booth, and now by following it up with the varied and dynamic J.C. Gall, it's shown the equivalent of having Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly in the same movie. The volume contains 200 beautiful illustrations with only a small (10 percent) overlap with the Baird book. Included are images from the *Night*, *The Lost World*, *The Shadow of Time*, and many more from the *Associated Sunday* magazines. As of this writing, Book Production only has 80 copies of the hardcover and 1500 of the softcover left in stock, which attests to the demand for Gall's work. For those who haven't purchased it, get it now, and for those of you who already have... *Joseph Clement Gall, Volume II* is due out in spring of 2004.

Those who can appreciate it and know real fine hard black-and-white illustration are to be pitied. I know that the makers of Gall's art is due to its documenting and mentoring but, always, always, always delighting, and I, for one, am glad that he "takes no prisoners." ●

— *Bruce M. Kane*

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October 20, 2005 through November 25, 2005
Rhode Island School of Design, RI, Library

This exhibition will include 30 works of art from the archives of Rhode Island's prestigious art school over the 20th Century (1903-1990) and showcases the changing role of the illustrator. Featured artists: Harry Anderson, Frederick Richard, David Bowers, Arthur William Brown, Alan E. Cober, Elsie Crowell, Robert Cowgill, Ellen Day Gilliam, Charles Vincent Di Spigna, Patricia Dobereiner, Albert Dorne, Dugald Stermer, Edmund Eldon, James Montgomery Flagg, Rose Freyberg, Bryan Fuchs, John Gannam, Charles Dana Gibson, Alan Hamburg, Mary Grandpre, Andrew Gurenbaugh, Frederic Hedges, Gregory Heinz, Reid Hoffman, Winslow Homer, Jeremiah Hurd, Jean Jacques Sempe, Ralph Del Lowry, Joseph Christian Leyendecker, Orson Byron Lowell, Gerald McCarthy, Robert McGinnis, Wallace Morgan, Edward Charles Nevins, Christopher Pan Pantos, Robert Peak, Howard Pyle, Dan Rowan, Nancy Stahl, Alex Steinweiss, Madeleine Matthews Sundblom, Saul Tepper, Cathleen Toelke, Robert Weaver, Albert Rusk Wenzell, Jon Wozencroft, and Coby Whitmore.

For more information, call 1-401-454-6500.

The Red Rose Girls: An Uncommon Story of Art and Love

November 8, 2005 through May 21, 2006
The National Museum of Women in the Arts

It is time to let women artists come out of the shadows of their famous husbands, lovers, and fathers and be recognized for their own talents and individuality. Such is the case with Elizabeth Shippen Green and Violet Oakley—artists who studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and met as Cecelia Beaux's students at the Drexel Institute—were encouraged as their parents and cultivated for their talents. Both Green and Oakley illustrated, collaborating on duplicate books and painting historic murals in Philadelphia's City Hall. Oakley was a political and steadfast suffragist organizer. This collaborative explores the art, lives, and stories of these women, who were dubbed the "Red Rose Girls" by Harvard Arts because of the home and studio they established on a wedding present called the Red Rose Inn.

For more information, call 1-202-783-5000 ext. 220.

Thomas B. Allen: The Journey of an American Illustrator

October 8, 2005 – October 25, 2005
The Society of Illustrators

Thomas B. Allen has created an illustrative history for magazines including *Esquire*, *The New Yorker*, *Life*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Fortune*, and *Time*. He illustrated 17 books from the East to Europe, where stories having the early heyday of creative events in the 1950s and 60s. His collaborative work with Red and Leonie Scruggs led to a unique mix of fine art and creative events that has continued to influence both worlds. He has held teaching positions at the School of Visual Arts, Syracuse University, University of Kansas, and the Ringling School of Art and Design.

For more information, call 1-212-838-2560.

The Art of Patrick McDonnell and MUTTS

November 5, 2005 through January 5, 2006
The Society of Illustrators

This is an exhibit of the work of King Features Syndicate artist Patrick McDonnell, the creator of the comic strip "Mutts." McDonnell has been the recipient of numerous awards including the Harvey Awards, the National Cartoonists Society's Reuben for Cartoonist of the Year 1998, and others. The exhibit coincides with the release of Mutts: The Comic Art of Patrick McDonnell by Harry N. Abrams Publishers.

For more information, call 1-212-838-2560.

In The Next Issue...

The Art of Mark Ryden by Lisa A. Kurtz

The Art of Robert Crumb by Chuck Rozanski

Shepard Fairey and the Obey Movement by Paul Schmelzer

The Art of Neil Waldo by Lynn Breedon

...and much more!