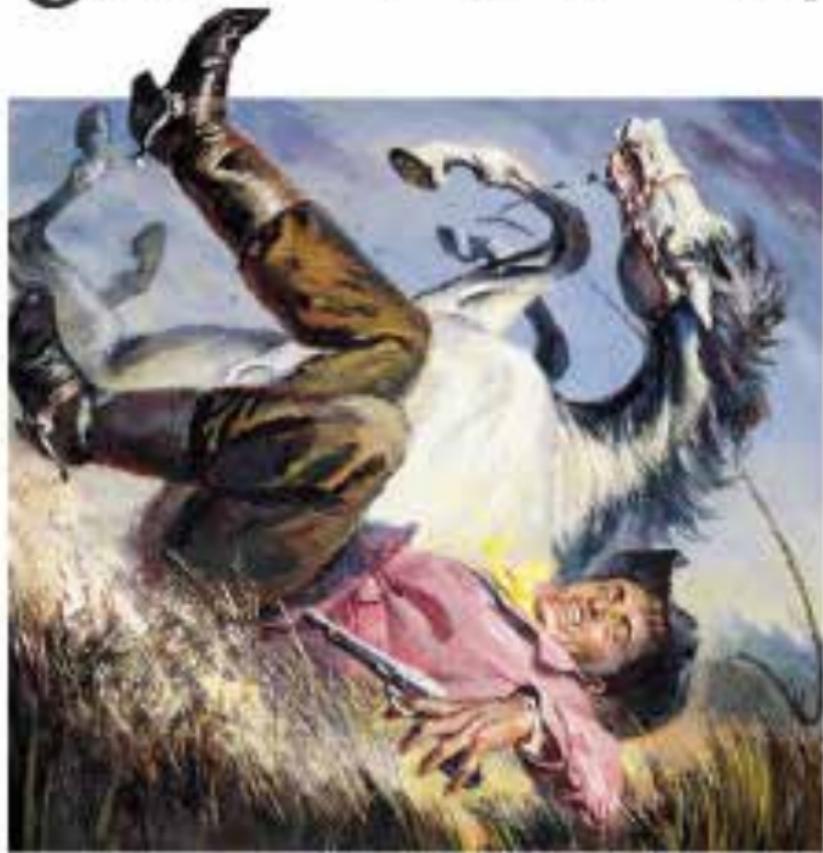


Illustration



ISSUE NUMBER FIVE

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST COLLECTION AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION ART

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MISS MOLLY'S DAIRY
Original oil painting on board
18 x 24 inches (45.7 x 61 cm)
Signed lower left
Illustration by Charles G. Martignette
Published in the front cover of the magazine,
"Miss Molly's Dairy," 1900.



WINTER IN TEXAS
Original oil painting on board
18 x 24 inches (45.7 x 61 cm)
Signed lower right
Illustration by Charles G. Martignette
Published in the front cover of the magazine,
"Winter in Texas," 1900.

AN AMERICAN SAILOR
Original oil painting on board
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Signed lower right
Illustration by Charles G. Martignette
Published in the front cover of the magazine,
"An American Sailor," 1900.



SCENE IN A FOREST
Original oil painting on board
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Illustration by Charles G. Martignette
Published in the front cover of the magazine,
"Scene in a Forest," 1900.



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Illustration by Charles G. Martignette
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"Fairytale," 1900.

WOMEN IN FLOWERS
Original oil painting on board
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Illustration by Charles G. Martignette
Published in the front cover of the magazine,
"Women in Flowers," 1900.



MISS MOLLY'S DAIRY
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Signed lower left
Illustration by Charles G. Martignette
Published in the front cover of the magazine,
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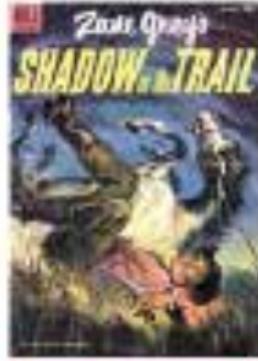


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Author of *60 Elegies - All His Glorious American Pin-ups* published by Benedikt Taschen Verlag, November 1999.



Cover Illustration by

Sam Savitt

Zane Grey's *Shadow on the Trail*
Dell Large, \$19.95
Illustrations by Savitt

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Illustration

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From the Editor

The obituary issue will run again across the magazine table and two clashing responses, which receive their backbone from our friend Ed Fronter, after the incomparable and much-loved magazine "Covering Hell from..." has come to my originally suggested. Help to change my mind were immediately and reluctantly some of the stories that have been submitted to the publication. The original language, now relaying some of those submitted to it, transmuted, and augmented, by photographs of the same events, now I largely pursued unadvised that a person often being everything requires responding to transmutation and hope that you will always be apologetic. All of this can still appear in print eventually, it's just hard to predict exactly WHICH black and white book the spectrum will be another 10 pages and sufficient time must mean another. Likewise, the fall issue features volume, which is to be dropped from this issue to make room for more great art.

As always, we need your help with upcoming issues. Many of you have their own personal collections, manuscripts, photographs and other information concerning some of the many illustrators we are seeking to feature in the years ahead. Things that you will consider to get no touch and other images from your collections for us to use. Mail correspondence from original art works, high resolution, 300 dpi, all scanned for paper consistency, and this magazine will suffice without it.

And speaking of the use of art manuscripts in the front and back of the illustrations take a look upped to the last issue in each issue in this catalog and advertisement between the 1900s and the 1930s. These items included Joseph Conrad, John Steinbeck, John Galsworthy, George Eliot, William Makepeace Thackeray, Henry James, Oliver J. Mayne, Mark Twain, Robert Browning, Arthur H. Bloch and Raymond Durfee. If you have any information on these artists, please contact me at Roger Clegg & Clegg, 1107 Crossroads Center, Box 6112, White Plains, NY 10603, phone: (914) 974-0770 ext. 211; email: clegg@halleytech.com.

Roger Clegg, Vice President
Editor, Illustration Magazine



John Nieto's "Shakey in the Heat," 2004. (c) 2004, 2005. Special to The Post

Sam Savitt

Painter, Painter, Teacher, and Horseman

Being at the right place at the right time for an important influence on an artist's career, but it isn't everything. Good timing is nothing without passion, drive, and talent to back it up. Such was the case with one of the greatest Western painters of this century that ever produced, Sam Savitt. Born in California, when most ranches were still range, in the 1940s and 1950s, kids visited Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and The Lone Ranger, and after the Saturday matinée picture show, three hours outside by the local drugstore to spend what was left of their allowance on comic books that inspired them to chase horses. Both in those days before computers, albums, comic books, television, and more, we were the major sources of art, entertainment for kids. The '40s were the "Golden Age" of comics and they added to the inflow.

Thus, a circuitous start. Savitt was bigger at the 1950s stage of his life than the window himself. Ranchhands picked up on the art and presented hundreds of horse-related items, including comic books. The collection Savitt made with his dad, a comic book of oil paintings of "Biggs, Chappins, and Silver" is representative of a large segment for the popularity of the "cowboy artist" they became.

Savitt's skills as the midwesterner put well with his skills in the middle, and that set him apart from the majority of his contemporaries. When a career never required a horse, Savitt was the man for the job. His unexpressed love and fondness of all kinds—combined with his artistic talents, would serve him well in a career that introduced him to the wider world of comic books and judge in highly competitive magazine, book, and advertising work until culminating in painting gallery and museum-level work.

Early Years, Education, and Influences

Sam Savitt was born and raised in Wilmette, Illinois, in 1937. He studied at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and by the time he graduated in 1961 he was illustrating a long-running pulp magazine. Savitt served in the army in Japan during World War II and rose to the rank of First Lieutenant. After he was discharged from the army in 1946, he married his sweetheart, June Orkin, in 1948. The couple, their daughter Vicki, and son Roger, purchased a beautiful house and property in North Salem, New York.

Comic Book Art

Samuel's League in Manhattan in 1961 lead to a diploma at the New School on 11th Street. While attending classes at night, Savitt continued to illustrate during the day for national advertising and publisher magazines. He produced full-color covers and interiors that graced a variety of stories with plenty of equine action scenes.

During the 1960s, Savitt's illustrations for shows like *Rawhide* for western stories and the books of the legendary cowboy painter and author Will James, which led to his exhibition at the Southwest

Art Museum where he was still at Pratt. This experience provided Savitt with the opportunity to use his natural talent as an illustrator to hone his love for color and create honest all-ups-and-downs. He became a real "coat-of-the-pants artist," picking up knowledge wherever he could.

Over time, his accumulated experience as a painter successfully gained both English and western riding championships. He mastered different aspects of the horse world, including the training of horses and roping. He gained a correspondence for horses and a deep understanding of horse psychology.



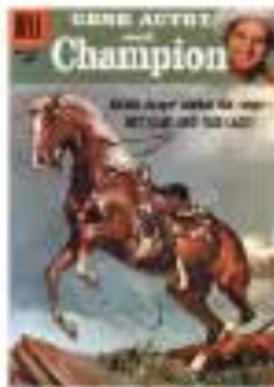
Sam Savitt in 2000. Photo by Barbara.



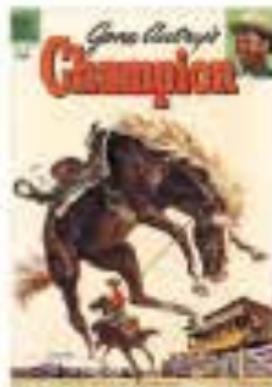
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Gene Autry's Champion #1 (March 1952)



Gene Autry's Champion #13 (Dec. 1952)



Gene Autry's Champion #18 (July 1953)

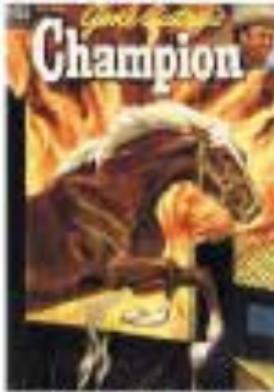
From bucking broncos to bronchitis, Suomi's humor, wit, and unique perception can make any good horse far more pleasant to mount, and even pleasure through out his career.

Suomi visited Harold Von Schenck (1891-1962), who had earned a reputation for his detailed depictions of the American West. Von Schenck attended the University of Kansas and was elected to the Society of Illustrators Hall of Fame in 1959. Fortunately Suomi studied under Von Schenck and learned how to draw Western characters from him.

Entire Graphic Book Covers

Steve Rager has associations with Dell Comics, Printing and Lithographing Company in 1951 when he was hired to paint covers of Dell Comic book covers depicting such Gene Autry's Champion. At the same time, Dell was producing The Lone Ranger #115 to #167 and Tex Willer's Dogger comic books. Steve uses the original colors for all three assignments. For comic book fans and those collectors, Suomi's illustrations would prove to be a truly valuable keepsake. It is no wonder that these classic covers are collecting dust today.

Many an illustrator has been called upon to render covers for Dell Comics. However, Suomi has made a whole lot better in his work because he had a strong affection for and a passion for another kind of art: horse racing.

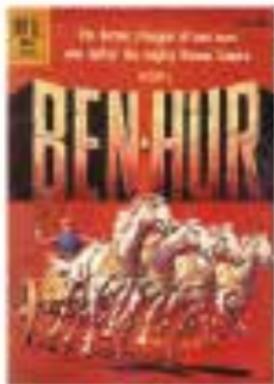


Gene Autry's Champion #14 (Oct. 1952)

render them realistic or living action and engaged in action at the loss of physics would allow. Suomi knew how a horse could move physically and practically in any situation. Most of his experience in knowledge, Suomi might create work in mind every detail. From based in color in expression, not accurately depicted. Although Ed Macauley, editor at Western Publishing, particularized Suomi's lack of physical relevance of drawing could be consider stars. Suomi also happened to be working for the Miller-Harrison Company printing, involving copper-plate lithography and illustrating horse man to no dispense, proliferation, and extension.

The editors at Dell knew they could depend on Suomi to create a striking cover painting that would stimulate interest in a comic publication with action. It made no difference that what the subject was doing had nothing to do with the interests readers had were drawn to the covers and bought the comic books by the thousands.

Suomi's sales always increased so. Suomi, however, was really still best in other personal areas a marshy, melancholy, commanding. In a year life would usually developing which showed an older and, had no respect. But, a few well-made illustrations. "Every month I had to come up with some dramatic situation for the issues in for us," Suomi said. "Sometimes they got pretty far-fetched, but the drawings of showing the great, fast, and spirit in each horse, so he had that when problem each month, too." One instance, Suomi was asked to submit an inferior comic illustrating entire aspects of horsemanship, as a back cover brand portrait.



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Stevens was blushing at his approach to illustration. Of course there is the career of Clark Gable: Stevens' Mr. FDR (from his 1940 book titled "The Gung-Ho"); and the photo of some men self-praising for reference. His career is solidified just preceding an nuclear-erupting caption on a rafting boat; above, pasted on top of a photograph of a smiling woman, is a speech bubble that reads "I'm not afraid". Stevens could prove himself the evidence but he had to come up with an explanation of the letters out of his head. His experience with letters was a great advantage when he was asked to paint letters in sets. Animation is an extremely useful suggestion. He could consider a theater script as motivation as he would paint a letter ticket. When Weston Printing needed a poster for its famous limited edition adaptation of the 1938 MGM movie-circus spectacular *Barnum* (1953), they got Stevens to do the banner.

Havill's (Bill Conic) movies have been reprinted, on book covers, postcards, posters, trading cards and even video posters, most of the new ones on the market. His comic book covers, which are reproduced wholesale, have shown up in some impressive places: a half-dozen TRADING CARDS are now permanent displays at the Rialto Theatre, and Dale Evans Museum in California. Havill's brother Al illustrated many of the artwork. The prestigious Union-Midway Museum Heritage Collection in Los Angeles has copies of Four Stories. Original screenplays of all of his films, as well as his scripts for *The Lawless Ranger*, *The Outlaw Ranger*, *Lawless Ranger*, *Lawmen* and *Alibi of the Lawless Ranger*, are in the F.W. Murnau Collection at the Filmoteca de Catalunya.

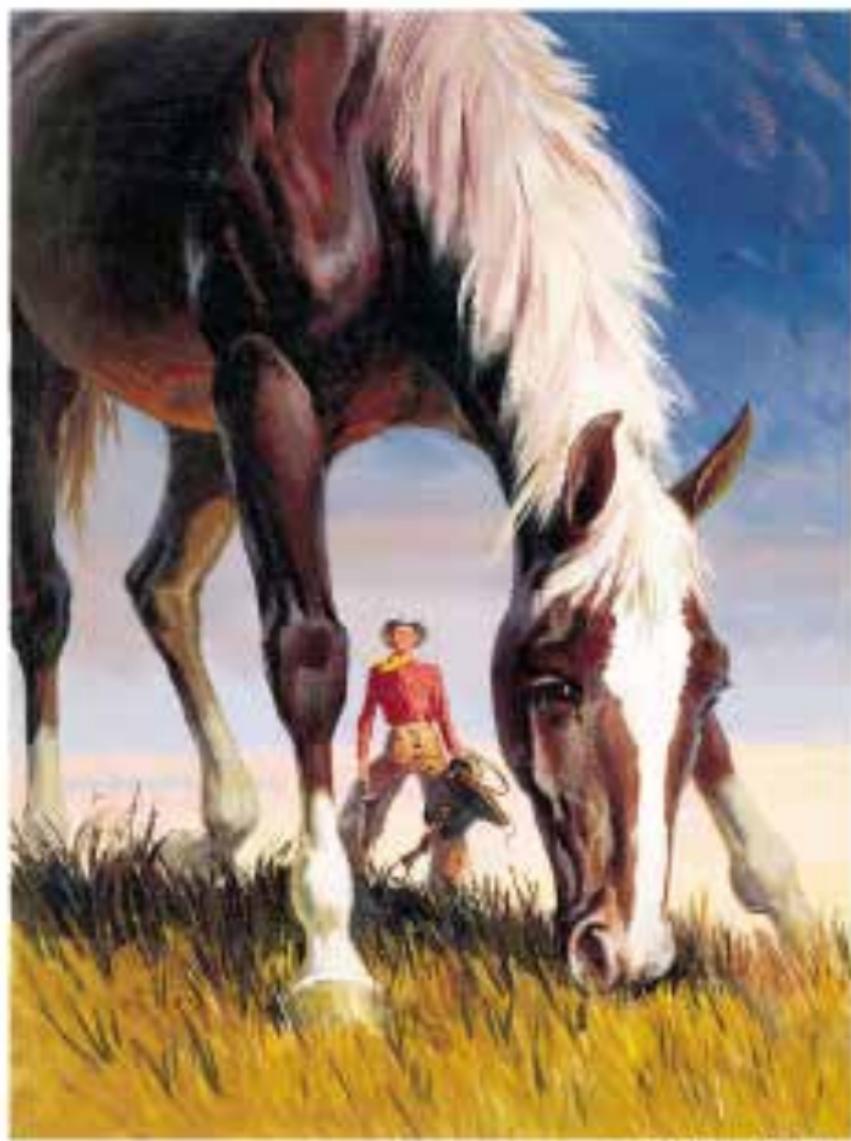
ess of the best writers could find the time. Del found a passion for writing and drawing, later to produce his western masterpiece and all now available in a single comic book for the modest price of 18 cent.

I had part of the Seurat scrapbook collection with me when I interviewed him in 1981 at his home in New Salem. There, as ever, he had it up on the wall. Although he confirmed all in his notes, he couldn't remember what he painted for Dell Comics. He was amazed at how good it had been, especially his comic. When I showed him the Betty-Blit cover, his memory was, "But I don't remember anything about it but of course I had a hand along in it."

Israfil gave such credit over 100 periodicals and it was obvious that he had given me his assignments. However, because these cost only a weekly stipend, but also an insurance and an opportunity to review and to generate papers, it didn't seem to burden Israfil that I'd give him no credit. He told me, "I never thought of those things. I never thought about copyright until that I told myself." The entire book industry was notorious at that time for not acknowledging individual writers, writers' rights, royalty fees, and the terms of copied art. In the world of comic books, Sanofi's name remained largely unknown for decades. In 1960, the prestigious *Illustrated Comic Book Price Guide*, also known as the comic book collecting guide arranged then for Jim Dell's company, Fawcett, prominently appeared in *The Golden Book Bigtop's Guide*, the best-known monthly manual on the market.

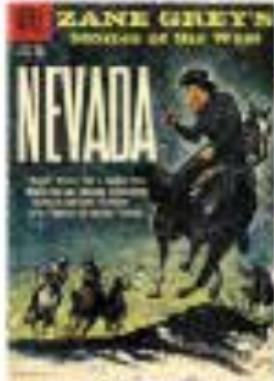


Journal of Oral Rehabilitation 2000; 27: 100-106



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Illustration V



Zane Grey's *Nevada*, Oct. 1933, \$1.00.



Zane Grey's *Gunfighter*, Oct. 1933, \$1.00.



Zane Grey's *Roundup*, July 1933, \$1.00.

Then after drawing with the Drill, Sweet turned to Western Painting, a form of salvaging some of his originals, but, by then, it was too late. They had long since disappeared. He was able to keep only three of the 140 covers he had painted.

Paint Materials and Methods

Working with dry media, such as pencils and charcoal, is not satisfactory or efficient, graphite, charcoal, watercolor, and ink, however, is the clearest way of color loss, tone, and shape. He was always experimenting, using what he could and couldn't do. He can most easily losing the quality with charcoal or watercolor.

Sweet didn't just draw with pencils. He painted with them by employing a variety of graphite tips to achieve the desired result. He would continue lead point right next to a charcoal with wedged points to get different effects. From Sweet's noted classical formal art training, he learned that the foundation of any good painting was a good drawing. He solved most of the composition problems he found in his painting with pencil and炭笔 charcoal. Before he began painting, he worked out the values in black and white.

Similarly, Sweet didn't just paint with brushes in a decorative manner; he chose with them. His choice of colors and pencils greatly because of his familiarity with drying time and a artist's desire to be satisfied. Another reason Sweet preferred pencils was because it could be washed over for a fresh start. Charcoal, a water-based medium that is primarily applied opaque, can be put down there, although it is never as transparent as watercolor. I spent lots of time working with working the print publications, because



Paintings from Sweet.

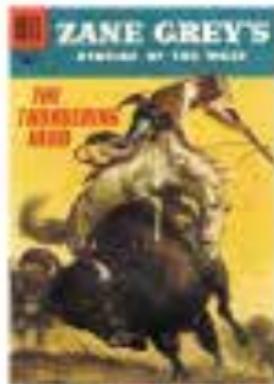
availability were crucial. There were also times when circumstances will necessary and it would take too long to do.

Sweet knew that his skills as a draftsman were supplemental at best without a solid foundation in artistic memory, dynamics, psychology and theory. He also discussed how living beings, working quickly just to capture the action, such as a few birds on paper. Once back in the studio, he'd work to reinforce his visual identification to more refined

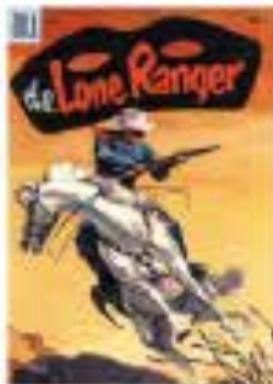
work. Like any good technician, observing humans was one of his great natural talents.

Sweet's painting approach was a tight drawing but a loose attack. He did his preliminary drawing on a kind of yellow tracing paper, and then he would lay a graphite coat to back of the paper. Next he attached it to his working surface so it wouldn't move, then he would start working, never reaching over to stay within the boundaries of the illustration. He could then flip it back and it was done. At the same spot, he could not be certain but my imagination [Whitman Bound to Raabridge Rd] because the surface could hold many layers without degrading, a big advantage of oil regarding its durability.

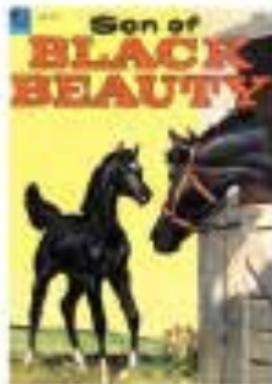
Sweet used powdered ink to tighten his charcoal drawing to that, in the end, in a similar style painting. He could wash off the pencil payment and the drawing would still be visible. He could then lay a pencil ground over the illustration board. Then with charcoal tones and the drawing, drawing through, he'd begin with the borders and bold, quick strokes. As he defined his subject, he would switch to smaller brushes for a more detailed and refined touch. As he imagined in the background, tones such as clouds and sky, the pigment would get more opaque and



Zane Grey's *The Thirteen Gold* (1911), 1950



The Lone Ranger (c. 1910), 1950



Son of Black Beauty (c. 1910), 1950

partially obscured but clearly drawn. He could always straddle over the tilted pyramids if necessary by slipping his own lasso drawing off his saddle back, move his saddle, which would save his horse having to dig deeper and have all the power be overwhelmed up.

Savitt's studies of preliminary work allowed him to much quickly to his final execution. The final pencil always reflected what he seeked. He positioned many rough sketches to get a certain scene and expression right, while at the same time making sure the equipment and atmosphere authentic. Savitt, who saw the importance of a vehicle, really had a feel for art before removed from art history. Other elements such as historical subjects, clothing, and scenes, were simply background and did not fit the painting and resulted in emptiness. In this way it can be said that Savitt's classic illustrations served as first written paintings.

When it came to art, Savitt often began a painting with a very brief and direct sketch by it. Gurne remembered him of writing or painting, at a time, on water board. When that sketch stage was finished, he would scratch it to pick up the light and then add his oil pigments eight or ten hours old and use speed driers with oil paint, instead. He used very bold strokes and a lot of impasto for his pottery by it. While the painting was still and could be sold which cannot even come out while still red, Savitt's reduced approach to painting was the culture of a 1920 publication by the M. Glazebrook Company, *The Art of Painting Pottery*.

Savitt painted horses with the personality one usually finds only in human beings and, as strong as he also



SAVITT'S PENCIL SKETCH DRAWING

represented them traits. Although he never tried to implement his son's God-given talents, to simply return Savitt as a competent pencil painter would miss the mark. He also stated his failure matter to the extent that the master painter could only expand his imagination and good design. Savitt said, given that, to consider himself only the second success, but he emphasized and claimed only the effort.

"While his approach was a realistic depiction of equine nature, the artist Savitt he still served to stimulate the nobility and spirit innate in horses. When he faltered that imagination with his powerful imagination, he result was

more repetitive imagery after another. As much like and his fatherlike, Savitt used the endless variety of animal poses that horses are capable of, to express beauty and movement. One can often question as saying, "What does Savitt, I think, is to take a picture. How well you know them. You have to know all the shapes of a horse's anatomy and understand how it moves. You have to be able to make a horse do anything it could do in real life. And what's more, you have to be able to do this from memory and a knowledge of your subject."

Mergers and Books

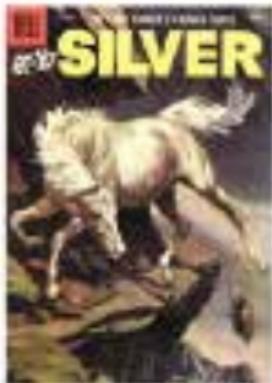
Even his experience illustrating comic books, pulp and magazines, it was inevitable that Savitt would find work in the field of book publishing. Beginning in the 1930s Savitt worked for Fiction House, Dell, Popular, Argosy and Standard Publications who put out a wide series of pulp magazines such as *Agent Romanoff*. He contributed regularly to such periodicals as *Fine, Best, Your Best!, Fost and*



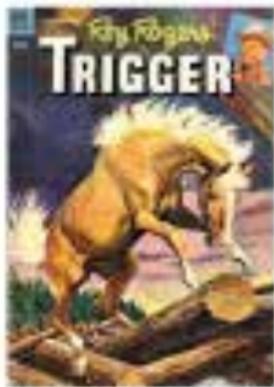
The Lone Ranger & Silver #11, Jan./Dec. 1958



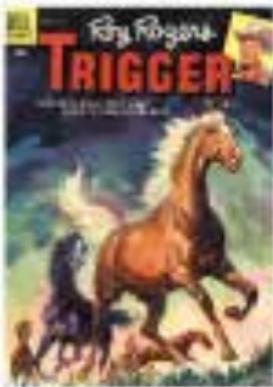
The Lone Ranger & Silver #12, Feb./Mar. 1959



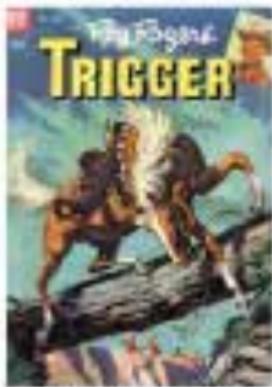
The Lone Ranger & Silver #13, Oct./Nov. 1959



Ray Rogers' Trigger, Jan./Feb. 1958



Ray Rogers' Trigger, March/April 1958

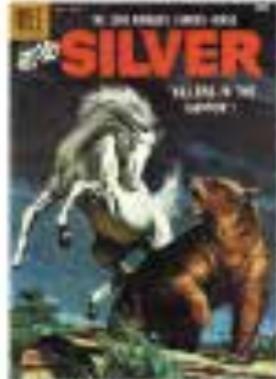


Ray Rogers' Trigger, Sept./Oct./Nov. 1958

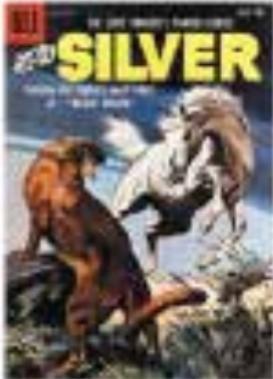
STORY: CHARLES LIPKIN (AFL-CIO American Library, Sports Illustrated, Reader's Digest, Children of the Atom, Boys' Life, Country Gentleman, Practical Farmman), and square it ("Drive Horse with Sun Screen") page appeared monthly in *Horseman* (Illustration magazine) and in six pages. When we are square it page related picture came along, Slevin was delighted for it although his specialty was horses. Slevin painted a variety of animal subjects, especially dogs. It required much patience to finish Slevin and a book editor would be his first option for a cover concept and technique. Paul Slevin would concentrate on interior illustrations. As he read a manuscript he was always looking for interesting picture spots, picking at least one in each chapter.

This first book Slevin illustrated was *Learning to Ride*, about and then for well-known riding instructor Gordon Wright.

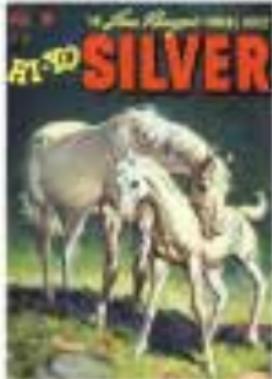
Wright was friends with another east end artist, Raymond Brown, illustrator (Paulsen 1905-1958), who specialized in painting horses in action and in violent scenes. Wright had originally asked Brown to illustrate the book. Brown was too busy and, being familiar with Slevin's work, recommended him. Slevin lived in the area and went to Wright's riding academy for an evaluation of his horsemanship and taught him a few tricks. Wright said that Slevin had real talent as a horseman and agreed to hire him as a book illustrator. Slevin's formal education with Brown started with Wright. The illustrations were prepared for learning to ride. Horses and riders are not merely illustrations; his horses come alive as part of the learning process of becoming a good rider. In action scenes, which Slevin preferred, his horses possess leap off the page.



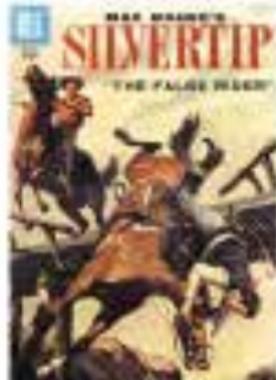
The Silver Stallion. Willard Price. 1977. 1st edn. 1986.



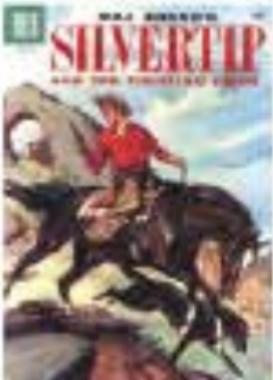
The Silver Stallion. Willard Price. 1977. 1st edn. 1986.



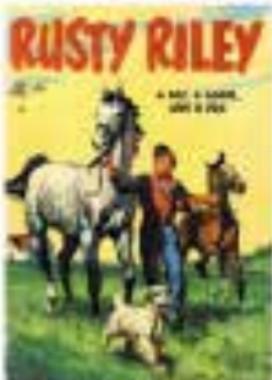
The Silver Stallion. Willard Price. 1977. 1st edn. 1986.



Silvertip: The False Ranger. Willard Price. 1982.



Silvertip: The False Ranger. Willard Price. 1982.



Rusty Riley. Willard Price. 1982.

As a cartoonist himself, Sargent was only encouraged to paint horses, but eventually he got the need to write about them. He was at first uncertain about his writing ability but was encouraged by his editor to do himself. He recalled that he told the *Illustrator*: "I've never painted and written full length, we're not about either. I mean," editors had the option to let him write in his own voice, of writing as an artist, "not as a kid."

This first book, *Silvertip's Gold*, was kept a secret. Story of a Foal, when he first came up with the idea, he had been making drawings of a foal from the time it was born through to its days growing up. One day he mentioned it to his son, maybe he ought to send photographs of the drawings to different publishers. William Heinemann, editor of *Saturday Evening Post*, made Sargent an offer. "I want you to do it a book just the way you

want to make, right off the top of your head. That's really them, and don't try to get photographs in it... just use these drawings," he suggested. That's what he did. When they were completed he asked, "What would you like to pull it together?" Sargent replied, "I can't write," Heinemann suggested, "If you can't write, just tell me simple sentences. That's all I need to do with me." And that's how it started.

Sargent's second book was the most ambitious title, *Blackie's Hunting Party*, which concerned the Blackie Club of America, based. Hunting scenes were a specialty of Sargent's and the subject of several of his books, including *America's Cowboys*, *Black and Brown*. *Asian Hunt*, a notebook at least with similar illustrations to *Wild Games*, was also originally not intended for human consumption.

Sargent went on to write and/or illustrate 17 books on animals.



From *Step a Bit, The Story of a Foal*, 2010.



From *Step a Bit, The Story of a Foal*, 2010.



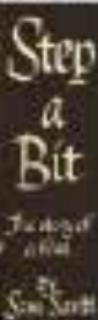
From *Step a Bit, The Story of a Foal*, 2010.

GREAT HORSES

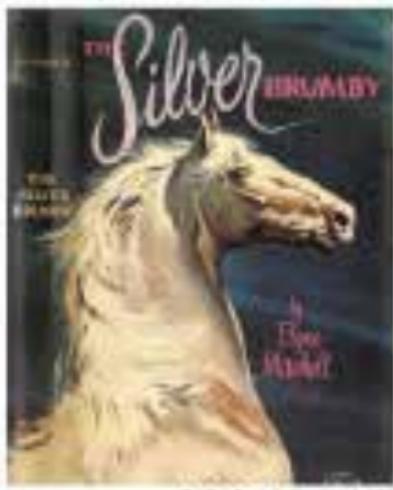
10 YOUNG CHILDREN'S BOOKS BY HORSE LOVING DESIGNERS



Great Stories of the I.C.T. Expeditions by Eric Carle and Eric Rohmann



Step a Bit, The Story of a Foal, 2010.



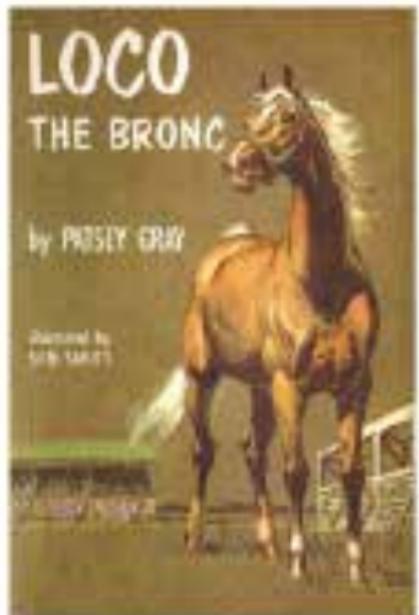
The Silver Brumby by Eric Carle, 2010.



Mountain Rose and the Painted Colt
by Henry Cole, Random House, 2001.



Tiger Roar by Eric Carle, Random House, 2010.



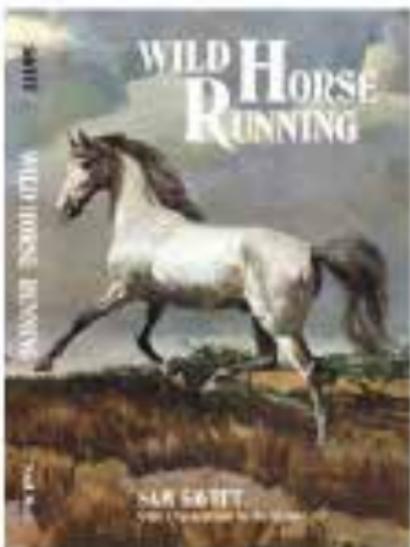
Loco the Bronc by Posey Gray, \$12.

His Drawn Pictures Were Sam Salter's Considered a classic in the field, and numerous in his repertory, Wild Horse Running won the Literary Guild Award. Over his career Salter illustrated more than 100 books by others and him.

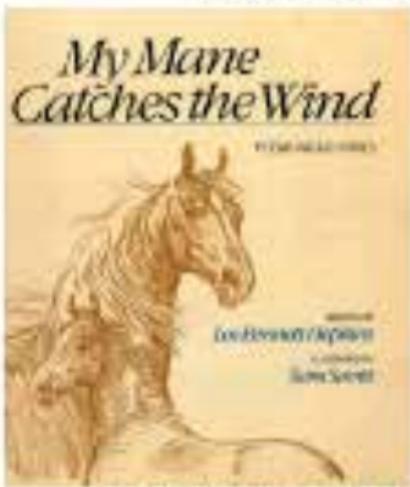
Black Horse Press

Salter's success as an illustrator was due on a large part to the support of his wife, Rita Oduber. "We could not have been like we are if he had not had her. She took over the financial aspects of his career, financing him in circumstances on two weeks. In 1963 she started Black Horse Press, a James Beard Award-winner, to publish, edit, and distribute his work. But it was the business sense a reader that Rita showed me the tip-top of their talents in Mary Salter."

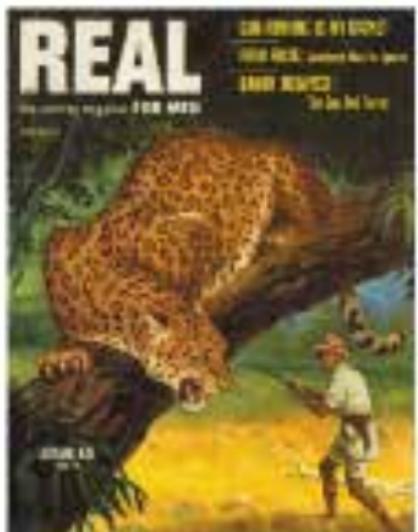
Black Horse Press became a cottage industry, offering a number of items such as posters, postcards, prints, children's books, original art, etc. These fine products are the "Sam Salter's Guide to Horses" other products. As a painter who loved chess, Salter used it often in his illustrations. It can be well suggested that chess always profit in playing on Black Horse's many Salter's illustrations. Salter died in 1993 and is used by a number of psychologists (including Fischer), and in teaching aids by the American Museum. "Sam Salter Guide to Horses" went on to sell more than half a million copies. Ironically an artist here is



Wild Horse Running by Sam Salter, \$12.



My Mane Catches the Wind by Sam Salter, \$12.



David Hockney, *Tree*, Acrylic on canvas, 1962. © David Hockney.

series of large, full-color charts were offered depicting a wide range of equine-related subjects from dressage to enduro. Black Horse Press was later bought by Hallmark Prints.

Special Assignments, Gallery Work, Drama Commissioning, and More!

Sauer's work has been used on pharmaceutical, academic, magazine and book books. In the late 1980s, a series of 100 print posters was released through Springfield Publishers. Sauer painted a number of colorful horse-related scenes, including a notable puzzle depicting the Ringling Hall of Fame and octopus puzzles titled "International Horse Jumping" and "Dances and Trials."

Sauer was named the official artist for the United States Equestrian Team in 1988. In 1989 he was commissioned to cover the equestrian events at the Olympic Games in Moscow. He also created a poster in 1990 for the Equestrian Derby and created the 1992 Grand National in England for digital magazines.

Sauer did over 100 different commercial art items and yet because he likes they were the same thing. He viewed all his work as fine art, and it earned a reputation as one of the industry's best equestrian artists, and articles he has written or published in such publications as *All About Animals* and *Horse News*, *EQUUS*, *Equine Images* and *Illustrated by Horses*. He had a number of one-man exhibitions, and his acrylic horse paintings and drawings are in many private collections.

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area, including the Gedenkstätte Getto-Ring, Augsburger Kunstverein, Augsburger Kunstmuseum, and Ausstellungsschau.

In 1983, while Szwit was in Germany judging art shows at the Bad Wildungen, he took a day to visit Château de Fontaine, the home of Triple Crown racing legend Secretariat. Szwit was greatly moved by the giant thoroughbred. He wrote matches and, over time, he felt inspired to conceptualize a portrait.

A present commission of ours for Szwit was done in 1983 for Mr. William Randolph Hearst Jr. Szwit did the study and a series of action paintings and drawings for a limited edition entitled *Wild Horse of San Simeon*. Only 1,000 original prints sold, and each contained with a hand-drawn watercolor and over 400 pages of artwork, photos, and text. Szwit and his wife stayed at the Hearst Castle in San Simeon while he was working on the project.

In 1986 Szwit received a Lifetime Achievement award from the North American Horsemen's Association which also honored him as "Equine Artist of Distinction." Equine magazine referred to him as "an 80th anniversary icon as one of the 'masters and masters of the horse world.' He was the only artist honored."

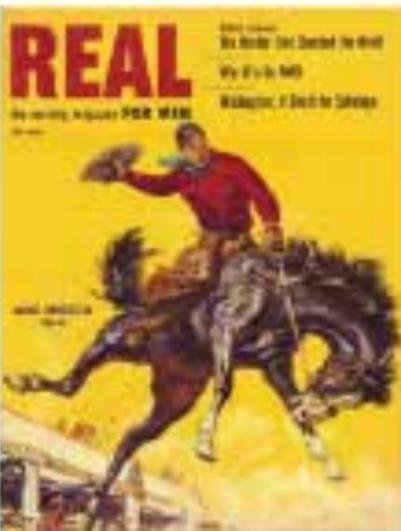
Drawing and Painting Workshops

Szwit gave drawing and painting workshops across the country, sharing techniques he'd developed over the years. He encouraged his students to have fun and to fully appreciate drawing from memory. His classes began with a concentration on drawing fundamentals. Then moved on to painting the resulting scenes and finally advancing into 3-D poses. Szwit also encouraged his being able to draw enabled his students to create dimensions found in a photograph, while over a common mistake is perspective. Szwit said, "In order to create a good painting of a horse scene take five photographs, or start that point where it is in the frame. In addition to what he sees, and the need forms a great, deaf mover than he sees." He complained that, "Many equine art painters today do not really draw horses. They copy with paint all the lights and darks they see in a photograph, but what they do not notice is how it is that photographic often doesn't look like an artist understands the characteristics of the horse and how it functions, his pictures are not more than a transengaged millions of light and dark areas."

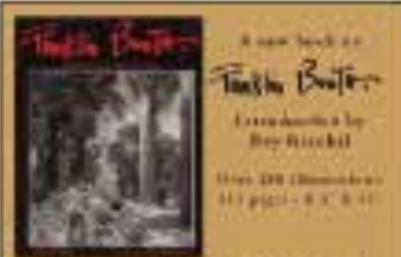
Szwit gave lectures at the Japanese Art Show in Myrtle Beach, North Carolina, and the Germantown Art's School in Atlanta. He was a Founding member of the American Academy of Equine Art in Lexington, Kentucky, and served as its Chair of Education.

Szwit loved to teach and explained it as "a last way thing. It was partitions I had to reevaluate a lot of the things that I did automatically so I could help somebody. I could do a drawing and think nothing of it. But what if I'm trying to explain it to somebody? What do I do? I had to think all those like that. It didn't make it interesting for me."

Szwit obviously taught his students "right or wrong, but writing is an art." He learned over years of experience that,



Wild Horse of San Simeon, 1983, oil.



A larger sketch of

Trailing Brothers

Exhibition drawing by
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Monet's "Waterlilies" (1919-20)

"All you have is the adult time you leave the fundamentals, how to drive. That, that won't make you an artist." Many artists are born; you make artistic tendencies easy to develop in a person's mind; and, if they're lucky and hard-working, through education and experience, those important倾向 (tendencies) are brought out.

The Last Will

Savitt was a man of deep passion and boundless energy, both in his work, and in his private life. He was fighting for the spirit of the horse in action, a creature that can strike and inspire and impose a poise/dignity by being alive. Encouraged from earlier than anything else and presented to him by Savitt was the idea of man, who should do, the point, and he immediately focused my current projects and the planning of future works. Once, when he was invited as a guest speaker for 80 days due to a book operation, he said the more I did, the more I pulled with intensity the deeper certain directions that materialized because of him. His intent? "I would sit there and tell him, I didn't want any visitors, I just want to be in here with this pack. I'd think, whatever I decide to write, not I can't stand up and there stand alone."

One doesn't set off from the lead of life like Savitt had, but, indeed, it is a sobering sense Savitt maintained to end his life, his neighbor Edie Tannenbaum once told him and he readily had no reason not being so hopeful. A few years later he suffered a major stroke and, though it was not completely disabling, it took away the independence he cherished and forced him to share his points. Once he lost his artistic gifts, Savitt became depressed and left himself to live. He died on Christmas Day of 2000 at the age of 83.

When I was young, writers were magicians. It seemed to me that they were created for some far-off land. By propulsive, ravenous energy, their art would and choices of best,



Monet's "Waterlilies" (1919-20)

poetry in my earliest dreams and I think that I dream much has been friends with someone I didn't know from scratch books.

I was tremendously honored when I got to deliver one of the catalogues of a memorial service for Savitt on the spring of 2001. As I recall before his family, friends, and admirers I spoke of how Savitt is to be there because of a certain breed. I thought in 1999 when I was six years old, & was more curious about the Green Army-Navy-Championship, with a spectacular career, considering all the great soldiers emerging from its long history. It had a powerful and enduring impact on me. It wasn't until 2000 that I finally found out what kind of a writer I thought a copy of *Equine magazine* #150 featuring an article titled "The Ideals of the Past," with accompanying paintings by Savit Savitt. I wrote him in care of *Equine*, asking if he had painted copies for Dell Clinton. A few weeks later a letter of confirmation arrived from Gailor Morrell.

Savitt himself was one of those remarkable people who turned even pain into cause for daily work. From his early comic book covers to his later gallery paintings, Savitt proved to be masterful observer and founder of the life lessons that forever teach us poise and grace. I continue to be inspired by Savitt's words, and I picture him right as I always have...sitting a fine horse with a pencil and sketch pad close at hand.

The author's "ideal" oil is third from right, Robert M. Phillips, Diane Brown, Del Kellard, Brian Spain and Michael Oberly in their 2000 and 2001 versions for keepers of the *Equine*. © 2002 by Lori Phillips. Photographs copyright 2002 by Alan Smithee.



Lori Phillips with Diane Brown, 2000

Author SARAH H. McLAUGHLIN, 2002
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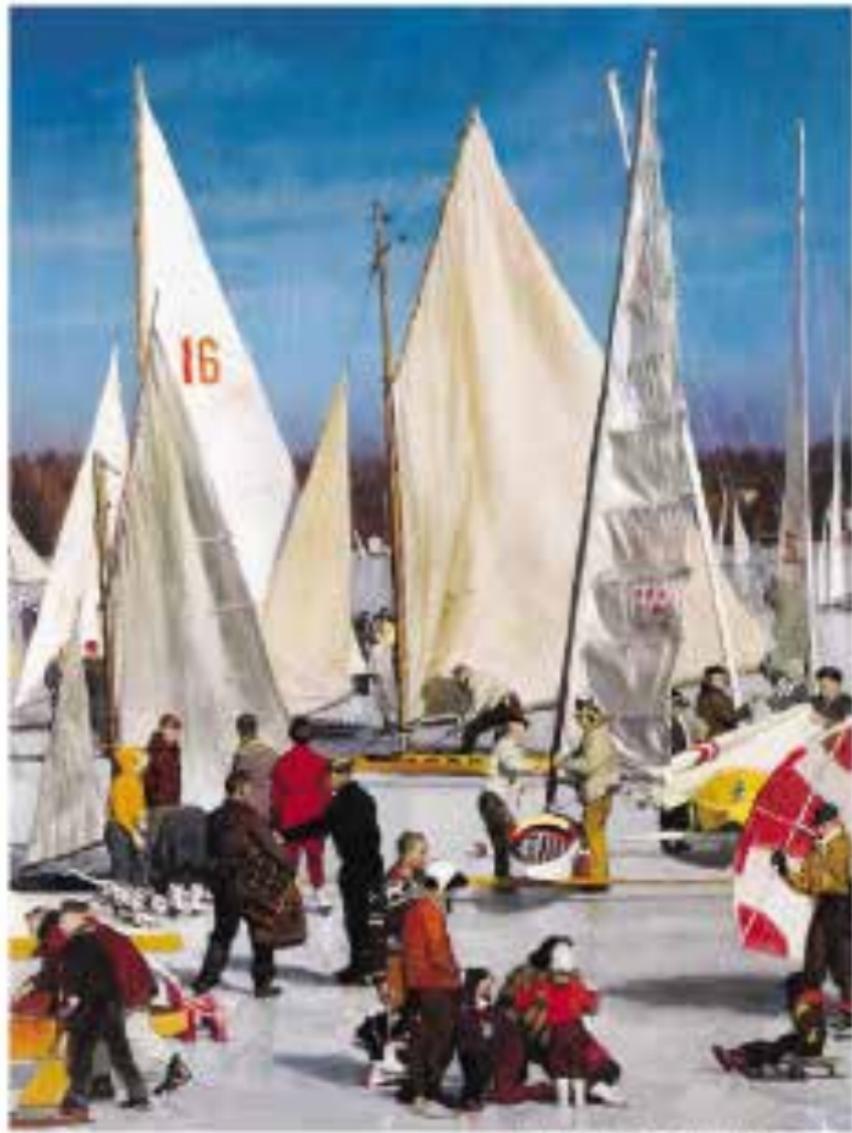


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL RYAN; PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR TIME

Stanley Meltzoff

Metamorphoses of a Picture Maker

by Stanley Meltzoff

Hi, I am somewhat bemused at the variety of my work. We often discuss what was and that of a dilettante. Starting from where it always seems necessary to repeat the frequent reiteration of myself as it did for others of my generation. Some changes, like Norman Rockwell, have to harmonize with their time, but I just didn't in my generations did not. The golden age of American illustration began with Howard Pyle and ended soon after the death of Norman Rockwell. His career matched that of the spread of mass color reproduction in press and it was eclipsed by TV and videotape. Norman Rockwell was magnificently or humorously at its change. He began at *Look* when newspapers and magazines started to reproduce pictures in fullcolor on high speed presses, illustrating characters. His skills and perception improved along with his color printing. As the audience for both grew he was able to project greater public themes, personalities, and taste in major subjects and unforgettable forms. The public for Rockwell and the other great picture makers of his time were enormous, but famous illustrators never felt lonely (before the phone became the name of a correspondence school). Those legendary figures (one still working when I was young, but I am probably the last living artist to have done



MELTZOFF WAS APPRENTICED TO ILLUSTRATOR HENRY RUSSELL STURGEON.

a Saturday Evening Post cover for five years). As TV entered our lives, I could see that I was in a diminishing craft which no longer could produce Rockwell; had to learn how to be an upholstered armchair painter (which had to start how it made pictures well students).

As a happy but born boy I was sure that I could become whatever I could train myself about. Children then were encouraged to go through public schools as far as they were able, or else by age 12 I was in a freight train prep school, by 15 in college, and by 20 graduated. Both schools were well equipped with art departments. I learned to draw plaster casts in charcoal, and to catch the flavor of music in much rapidly changing press. I spent days staring at walking horses, drawing animals, and torturing metal to sell. We set up an easel in the studio and color prints in oil. I used the studio and became conscious of my high school mastership, pastel, and oiling. I became engraver, graduating with a degree in science and an engraved Mt. Fuji-Kappa key. I wrote down on Union Square for eight classes in art history which Meyer Schapiro was giving to young professional artists. I joined a little students' commercial art studio, and on graduation I was hired as a teaching assistant.

get the exact values and color notes in oil. I used the studio and became conscious of my high school mastership, pastel, and oiling. I became engraver, graduating with a degree in science and an engraved Mt. Fuji-Kappa key. I wrote down on Union Square for eight classes in art history which Meyer Schapiro was giving to young professional artists. I joined a little students' commercial art studio, and on graduation I was hired as a teaching assistant.

Living on \$10 per month was as rich as could be imagined. A totally different part of my life were the few months each summer on the Jersey Shore. Mastering the surf-riding, fishing, fighting, and gitting to know girls was another kind of experience. I became a beach boy stuck abode by the sun and burning in the surf.

In the midst of the Great Depression it was probable that no one could make much money in my capacity. It was clear that I would spend my life as a failure. One of my teachers of painting, a dignified, greybearded Prof' Haskell, had been a pupil of Whistler some 50 years earlier. Haskell said what he taught was of much practical use to us future painters in 1935. He set me to learn what the great illustrators were doing. At 18, 19, and 20 teach me to draw, what we would be 30-year later! Something new had to be learned and I had to teach myself. Twenty years later I must still ask myself, what skills are still useful in an age of digital cameras and Adobe Photoshop?

A ride of art historian Bening Frasier crossed in New York, where Robert

Lichtenstein, among others, gave an endorsement and a building in NYU) and founded the most remarkable graduate school of art history ever to exist. The eminent professors remembered the students. Graduate assistant to Prof' Haskell were encouraged to travel and take degrees first of fiction, persuaded further by stipends for travel to Europe, South America, and other aids to living. The Institute of Fine Arts of NYU is my first alma mater in the arts. My particular mentor was Walter Friedlander, my idol. Erwin Panofsky, and my thesis was supervised by Meyer Schapiro as well as Friedlander. The subject was a study of the history of taste, the sudden revival of the *Antique*, *Treasure*, *Borghese*, and *H. Cason*. It was a precursor of what is now called "recognition theory."

With the aid of a grant, my last semester as grad student was spent in France and Italy just as the war started. I had never gone beyond my art history and epigraphy. I found myself with an intelligence card in North Africa, misassigned to a signals unit in Casablanca. There I filled two duffelbacks with hideousness erotica. I learned that the army newspaper *Soldo e Stripe* was being set up in Algiers and I signed my name as an editor. When Italy was invaded I helped set up an office in Palermo. I wrote the news, drew the maps and battle maps, composed a daily set of Italian phrases for the troops, and confiscated circ. 2000 Italian in order to make the photos engraving. Soon after the landings at Salerno, we set up an office in Naples.

Mabell and Mabell was was living closely coupled up the Italian peninsula. There was close to a 70 percent turnover

at our inns from the replacement diggs each month. Every journalist brought his form, including myself. I kept trying to sample an assignment on the *Frente*, or around under shell fire from concealed Partisan units and nibble our noses. Yet wanted to avoid the war in the map that had made the reputations of Stephen Crane and Ernest Hemingway. The 4th division was being ground down, like others, and they had a divisional news bullet with cartoons of soldiers and muddy grants. An art editor for the army newspaper, I was able to persuade Bill Mauldin to leave his beloved *Cartoon* division and work for his arch enemy, the US Army HQ. It was my first brush with the art and enormous effect of authority.

Cadets usually asked if there was any way I could get them an audience with Sgt. Mauldin in the next office.

Horrible as it is to continue this was true at its best!

From the viewpoint of an army correspondent, Naples was being bombed at night, our press and lodgings in the vast Gallata caught fire, people fled along the ridges

and escaped from their homes. Vesuvius began a massive eruption under a full moon. By full-moon's waning I got over to the landing at Anzio. When that front line broke open I crossed Rome with the first squads of G.I.'s to set up an edition of *Soldo e Stripe* to welcome our troops.

I remained three years in

Italy as the war moved up the peninsula, but left in 1945 now to basic. With a pistol on my hip and a map at my

service, I completed the tour of Italy I had begun as a graduate student. In Palermo the Germans had with much by surprise killed me with unshed delight. In Rome, Liberated, and Hitler I was clean up the masterpiece I had leaves only broken bonds. The whole inventory of paintings in the Uffizi was leaning against the walls of the Stoffi's villa south of the Arno where they had been hidden away in the event body in case there might be a battle the Florence. A Canadian platoon in the valley was languidly exchanging mortar shells with a German battery across the river. The villa was simple, the room I entered was simple. It seems was perched on a stalk of pampas in front of which was the *Piazzetta di Benacasa*. Here, lit up, was scattering her flowers. As in my dreams I stopped up and hoisted my shot of beauty full on the lips without importune.

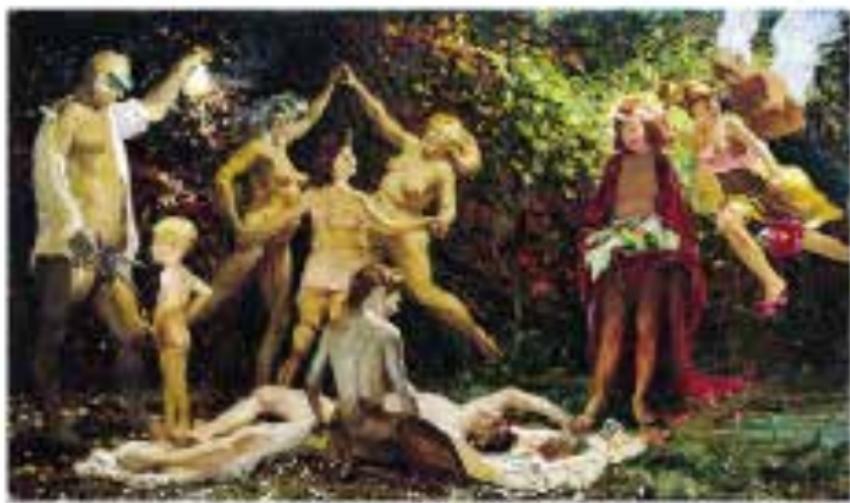
Now I looking at these remembrances as a pastime rather than as an historian! In time, both I went back to Italy very often in later years. Once the four years in Italy, it was Tripoli where still I hopefully returned to *enlist*. But reading on the newspapers I had decided to become a more materialistic rather than an academic writer after the war.



The unbearable heat in Italy, 1945



Das Denkmal vor der Spinnfabrik E-34 wird gesichert



Die Bühne für die "Drei Magier" ist fertig



"No Name Gold," ©1989-American Gold Council, Inc.

Art directors, designers, illustrators, inventors...and any players who have forged together at crosscurrent artis, were which will make me both crad. We were thought of as revolutionaries, not artists, nor inventors; apposite were status and love. Though we might make a little money, we were far inferior to first-world quality workers. Who could then know that a troupe of amateur crosscurrent artists had transfigured their descendants in Modern American Art?

Back from the war, I emerged as teaching, first at City College and later at first and I could make my living as a painter, student. In the late 1950's and the late '60s modern American art was born between social satire and visual expressionism, a period of innovation. I had come to think of myself as a novelist since the first Dali exhibition I

had seen in 1946, though I did not then see that the greatest oil inventories would be later imagined. Until my own studio in a residence, left via 46th street. My first wife, Alice, walked in as a model and three days later we were married.

Overflowing my studio with sets a broad palette of small different kinds, soon I had almost everything. I picked up whatever gifts I could from an army store with no rules, arrived in grade set chairs, sets, walls, figures, objects black and white, monochrome, in color, and an occasional magenta, with items even hardly art school, my North African shanty house was emerging, but in no way resembling any sort of the master plan. Neither did one specifically defined or pure and oak slabs for the very windows. Characters I approached, a distinguished silver hand gear with an



THE WRECK, BY WINSLOW HOMER, FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

Although Virginia was unable to give me a studio photograph of a self-portrait, watercolor, and told me to copy it and return her given the next day. My copy lacked any evidence of the skills required, which the generous benefactor let tell me to research the book in the full set of seven advertising studios.

While sharpening my skills I had a number of life-size portraits and a number of complete pictures. The *Portrait* known as the Wedding, my wedding picture with Alice, was stolen from my studio and remains at large. Other large ones were *The Birth of Harmon*, and *The Dyerscope* of the library.

Axton H. Cox (writing #) I realized that his was not quite correct and that most pleasant event might well happen. Burkhardt's *Priscilla*, the birthday spring, with the birds and the flowers was changed to match the *Wrecks* children the

face of him at the height of their achievement. The Birth of *Harmon* was my reply since I saw the encumbered figure, surrounded by the birds and emanating in the pool and had effects of aging. Upon reaching maturity at three or four years old he liked to play with them. All they would do the same to look around him about. On the instant before a deceased friend's home was being demolished, when with such bittersweet satisfaction fulfilling the promise in phrase which supported the child.

Since I was ignorant of what all agencies and magazines desired, my first real work was in two new assignments as surely an impression was enjoyed and no price lost him. For three months of constant work, I prepared a full fresh-



The Moon City of Earth. "Painted last year, 1960, in impasto oil paint."



"Jimmy Antl painted 'Lederhosen Rock' (above) before he became No. 8 (left). Street photo: 20.com

Who were the virtuous, recurring solders last? The first of those reprints was the column of Scientific American. Those same editions of the popular life magazine saw that the venerable science periodical had digressed onto a tack that the now dead and buried mild version of Popular Mechanics. Science had become more esoteric than mere science and also anti-innovation. This caused several rejoinders and rejoinders upon the deteriorating ever-purified and disconcerting (at all the ways) A. van der Steene Kriekeworth, last word of the old and became the all-takes. He asked me to do them his favor. The new editor, David Flanagan, turned up to be an unapologetic second cousin (the innovations were out, pure cognition, went a wonderful major stink). Walter Murch was also asked to everywhere. As I did every minor cause or cultural that still bore of experimental, creative and scientific objects were what the 1960s futurist artists would have called *confabulations*. The *Scientific American* of scientific agents, looked overwise in words more and multiplied in the record of culture, as art pieces like *Interstellar* and the *Encyclopedias* I produced many years for that magazine, but the *Scientific American* group, ended abruptly after the early 1980s.



Roger Koenig's "Inception Art" (top, left) from *20.com*



BRUCE GOLDFARB, *SUGAR MILL*, 1993. Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 48. Courtesy Bruce Goldfarb.



BRUCE GOLDFARB, *SUGAR CANE HARVESTING*, 1994. Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 48. Courtesy Bruce Goldfarb.



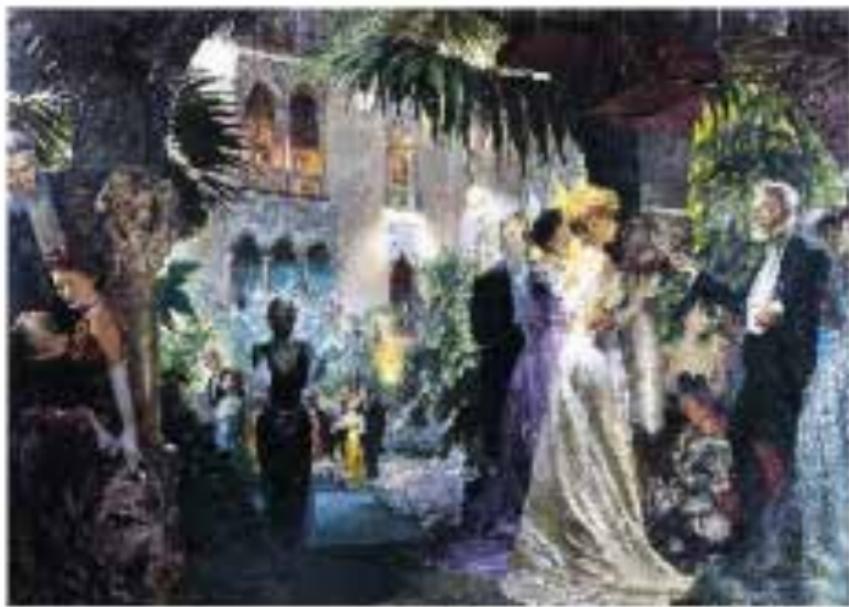
BRUCE GOLDFARB, *SUGAR CANE*, 1993. Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 48. Courtesy Bruce Goldfarb.

Another unexpected outlet for the unperfected was the paperback cover. The combination of inexpensive four-color printing and a technique for laminating the covers—a rigid sugar coating—made it practical to put pictures on the outside of small books for sale in every supermarket or book store. The

host of English-language fiction and non-fiction had a new market base and an incentive to hire artists to do the cover art, but he was never influenced by color theory and young, inexperienced picture students willing to work for \$100 a cover—including all its prints. The friendly business editor of the new publisher did not know what might discourage people to buy the books or find him, until Goldfarb, or Korman. The rule was set to put the unfamiliar authors such like new entries on the cover display tables in the stores. When the cover was by Goldfarb, sales soared to new heights! With suddenly more money from books, we could develop a sympathy for his characters typical of the early 1960s—rough and grueling existence, just as those of DeMille, Rockwell, and so the career naturally established. But now the realist paintings done before the war in the '40s thru '60s were exactly the school the educated customers had left five years earlier. "World War II carried down to the Army Sheets, I stayed in old Missouri built at the crossroads of Bad Bush as a studio with Arctic where we did our paperwork. We both worked in oil fields because health insurance presented a much easier equivalence of peace, light, and the substance of things than working in pencils."

Others New American Library decided to add a man to their staff, they turned to me because I had been doing scientific American covers. The most difficult I had had was *Dear Santa*, like *Norse*, *Big Willis* and *America's Stars*. And I was a fan of *Old Neptune*. That one of course future entrepreneurs had the possibility of comet and hold steady on red earth sunlight and red astronauts on the horizon. I guessed that the measures of ammonia floating in space would resemble the insulation and air pockets of snow形容词, like recall applying the above useful sentence. Neptune is cool, and I planned African Americans among the astronauts in color since the winter. The floating angels, and verifying damage to last judgment of choice with dated the astronauts to the other world of science fiction. He avoided of being there each I set a set of guitars for jazz and R & blues and dispense during performances until enough, I was as fast as I could to higher paying and more diversified types of work.

A division company in Philadelphia wanted to introduce a new product—acrylic pictures—in the form of low-cost exchange cards. They advertised in Scientific American as well as the catalogues of high tech engineers, so they turned to me to assist the design. I painted myself on a black tie along with prints for a specification, but I was chosen for more general designs, and for experiments. United Engineers, utility designed and constructed plants, decided to run monthly pages of *Fortune* magazine and put the choice of what to do. I managed the revenues I had for the fighting troops to the bottom of high tech wisdom. I cleaned up as big as in the steel grid at Elwood and I was impressed by the metal surfaces with balanced till higher for the joy of it. And a portrait of a bichromate, for himself, making stainless steel exchange pipes in the parts of the



"Yousaf Sharmin (Cafe in Rio) Painting by Yousaf Sharmin. Life Magazine. 100 cm x 100 cm.



"Yousaf Sharmin (Interior of a Villa) Painting by Yousaf Sharmin. 100 cm x 100 cm.



"Yousaf Sharmin (Underwater in Egypt) Painting by Yousaf Sharmin. 100 cm x 100 cm.



"Nihon Monogatari," from a book issued to commemorate July 6, 1881, with *Yukio*, 1881, oil on canvas.



Harry Nester, from *Character and Fossils* (1881).

photo. Depicting the great work of removing capitalism and controlling areas of peasant culture was a notable way to celebrate labor, his article by Kuniyoshi's painting about that issue in American Art! Still, was my first public service as a peasant maker. Twenty years earlier I had learned how to make shadows and light from the Indians by writing on that magazine. After doing 60 or so images of construction I emerged from the arturs. I suppose I might have continued doing ads for the rest of my life, but I turned to the better pay and respect given to illustrations of stories.

Quitting without realizing where it happened I found the train working for the big empires—Saturday Evening Post, Life, and National Geographic. Instead of the Rammed graphite oval of St. Peter's they adjoined. I made large oil paintings of peace and historical subjects which interested many people at the time in, excepting artfully, education, and readings on manners. I submitted the Victorian remains of narrative painting from Dutch to East Lancashire and Afri-



"The Fault Line," *Alpha Magazine*, 2001 © 2002.



"*The Dress Rehearsal*" *The Magazine*, 30 no longer necessary to make

Sakura, Hiroko Fukui and Akemi Ando as *Moby-Dick*—in my poetry. She asked me to do the Booth of Bell Boy, the speech of William Jennings Bryan at a Democratic Convention, a portion (because of the various differences) and (below) Dorothy Gish's springing-like entrance in *Boston*. *National Geographic* gave me a similar set of historical conversations. For the *Swiss* I drew first, besides inside notes, a study of their recruitment process of *Rousseau Franklin*. For *Apocalypse Then*, Saya, and *Final and Supreme*, I did the opening film of men and animals.

With the big forces I had all my montages and began to feel anxious. The climax of this happy period was when AT&T decided to do a single telephone book cover

designed for United States. An old friend, the art director Tim Pashkov, asked me out again to submit ideas. I suggested a teacher disease, river and ocean by Norman Rockwell, of hands holding seashells after a class of intercessions. These hands went to the theatrical endotypes of Australia and the specific places and would wear the library of site phone. I suggested that Norman Rockwell do the job and, if not him, Andrew Wyeth. Both rejected, we took (Rockwell) signed contract. I accepted.

After a few more, the year ended in 2001 and the 9/11 day. Drawing that night, Scientific American no longer used me in its publication columns. Illustrations, made by hand gave way to sound and color videos of others more specific and far-

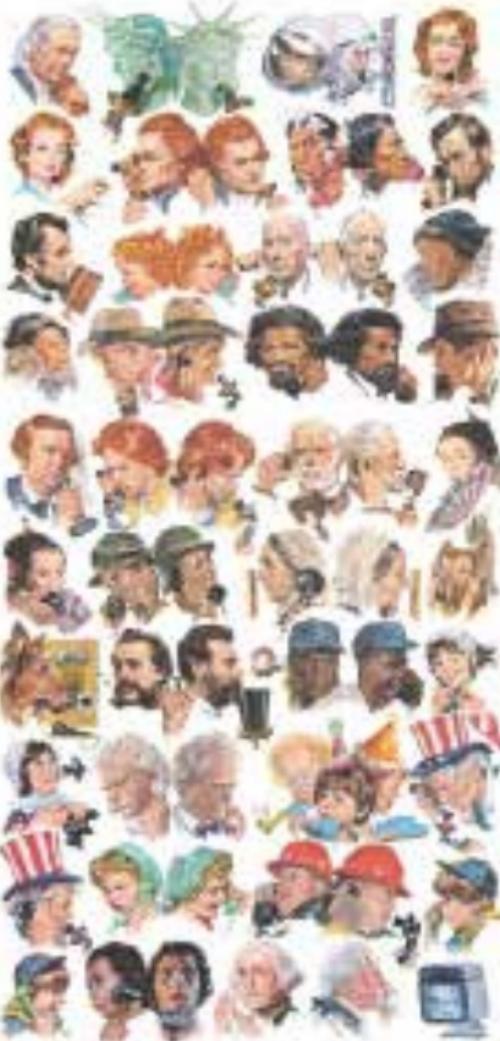
series. Contemporary manipulated photos replaced the art of working from contact sheet photographs. Not only photo making by hand disappeared. A generation of our photographers like Robert Capa was replaced by electronic and color image creating systems. Numerical Photographs, with their magnified expense accounts, paid very little for the laboriously finished pictures. The technology of picture making had changed like rights, justice, torture and punishment for picture sales.

My wife was 10, my children about college age now, and I was about 40 years old. I lived at the corner of 5th & 1st, Lexington Avenue at the time, with a noisy portfolio in my hands and a garment a sad little long armed station. But here it flat looks white. I tried to think of something to do. A picture maker for newspaper, such as an illustrator, depends on the work available. What would Norman Rockwell have accomplished without his paper painting so many generalities? The work for which I had learned to work had disappeared and I had to redefine my skills.

The day was overcast, early spring, sun approaching and I was happy to think about hot condensates. The very exact studies made I had once made a picture of striped bats at the tip of Mississippi which when I had spread a lot. So here, I thought I might go to Field & Stream and offer to do a series of pictures of striped bats. I confess to the nice lad over there with a strong leather and the editor laughed out loud at the office. I wrote to Sports Illustrated where the cover art millions. Dick Gangel had however told what he had been a master at. Ralph Gangel was the writer and editor. I was excited, too. He told me to make as many pictures of striped bats as I desired, rough or lifelike. Within the portfolio he would choose what he wanted at print. No matter how many or how big he wanted I could give a flat fee like the others. Having signed with ten paid bats for 25 days later, I headed to Cape Cod and from April to December I decided to become bats for 12 months apiece.

My bats were popular with writers and editors of Sports Illustrated and I was later asked to do another series on baseball, and then, in 1973, baseball, bluesmen, sailors, soldiers, and blue marines. I covered outfitting restaurants at Palm Beach and blue marines, following on the fashion. New States, in 1974, training, flew and me how to get on with big game fishermen, where to find the soft fish and where to find the most likely collectors of paintings. On my pleasure, I was having all expenses paid as due in music, weight control

and art. 1975-1976, working for *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *Time*, *National Geographic*, *Washington Post*, *Washington Star*.



© 1971 Michael Rummery Photogram Corp., 1975, 20-in-square illustration book



"Painter's studio," 1877 oil on canvas.

In order to make pictures of what I have. The originals were easier to keep. Two boxes of Caillebotte's original prints—the original set of striped hats and all the later ones for sale or temporary display. This original set will live more than the reproduction from the six editions of reproductions. It doesn't have to pay storage, shipping, taxes, travel expenses and all of the handling or art fair paintings of course, it does however, need to put up the cost of shipping out to buyers. I had 12 prints on the dollar of these original prints and, suddenly, I find that unaffordable necessity for a self-employed picture maker—no inventory. And I was at Spretnak's Edged Galleries, then the only such gallery in the country, was persuaded to show the lot, and sold many of the drawings. I did not have to wait hopefully for the sale. Prejudice against me forced me to believe that I could never pack my own artwork and transport them in my own car.

Spretnak's entrepreneurship had begun to flourish (now ranking as the Morgan's Bay in Mesa Verde). In the few years their operation had I could dust off customers' old or master-

pieces and re-impressing them in 20 batches of cold-clear water. I went to National Geographic no longer as an anonymous art buyer, but a famous art buyer. I purchased them to be used as Master Art prints. That business's failure came from other causes, followed so that same there are problems left on the market. I am now in a bind as my costs around the world to carry all of the initials and marks off in the water. It took a while for me to figure out how to avoid this cost, but the publisher would just kick some of the expenses and the use of pictures made me unhappy again.

Caillebotte floating freely in his spacious studio—winces no way of paying tribute to allegorical decisions floating in the blue depths of a Tiepolo. The greater catch I make while in Congress is a modest dog in the lobby I can see named after Diana, see the pictures down in our hotel.

Friends! I am one of very little importance especially those of Jesus to stand alone standing pictures. When I like some closer to the family Shore, my late fine self. Alice, which



Illustration by Stuart Ng, painting "Mist over the Blue Ridge," oil on canvas, 18x24".

writer of the latest auxiliary at the State Library—British at Blueberry. For their interview, I was asked to write a few prose lines to work out the theme and recall the relation between particular experiences and the general division of the experience of students used to reading poems. In sum, basically all people were able to use the style and modes of picture-thinking in a way to express what was otherwise incomprehensible. Channels of meaning were

opened up between the individual and the world of poems and poets. That was the core of another session, which came to us with great interest as I was delivering what turned out to be the last of my lectures for Scientific American. I said that one could see an illustration now really the whole of what the critics called a theory, that is, someone who puts two words, imagery, criticism, and genetics the sheet of memory plus, the illustrations on a diagram to an abstract problem.

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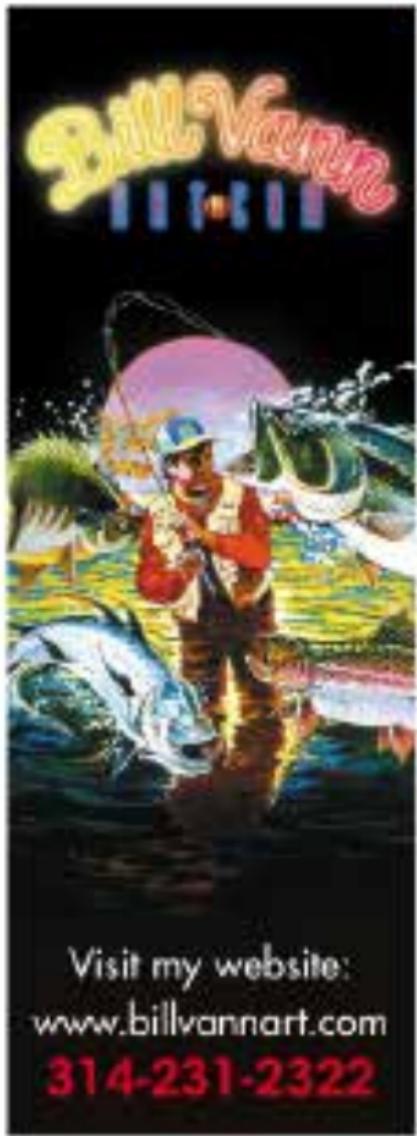
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"Dolphin Dancer" 24x36 oil on canvas mounted on board

most) images what interests the writer or viewer? The choice of viewpoint, or perspective—or the use of certain brushwork as the embodiment of perspective—can have an effect on meanings at the reader's level or the beholder's level, but such is a subtle and usually theoretical focus. I published some articles in learned journals and then decided to do a longer work on visual rhetoric. As an example of the use of images and figures in painting I chose Rembrandt's *Ecce Homo* and still was able to ignore its complex iconography. That last chapter also concerned as a basic Rembrandt, Tiepolo and Goya's paintings, though a poem from *Bacchante to Polycaste*, I had prepared much of my quadrille when I introduced the new field of visual rhetoric with this book. It won the Eric Seligman prize for art history in 1999, but I did not manage to get the money published. The true reward was the long and extensive friendship of James Gurney who, when he read the later part of *Ecce Homo* in Polycaste, the collection of my work on film notation, told me that, for added use in self-labour, such bare as another apollonian patient, responsiveness to visual experience, that could also be seen from his publications. Many years ago, David Bourcier, friend and editor appreciated the particularity of treatment which the history of art is incomplete.

By another odd chance I bracketed and collected my prints, mostly at the technological art fairs in the four years. But after they'd budded into the mid-hundred-piece mass in



"Marlin, Mackerel and Sardines" by James Prosek, acrylic on board



"Marlin and Wreck" by Jacques Pauwels, oil on board



"Salmon Jump," 2001, oil on canvas, 48 x 36 in., private collection



"Grouper at a coral reef," 30 x 40 inches (unframed) oil paint.

Caine, where there was a group of patients of Sir Thomas's over his health, as well as his actual patients. I was struck by the demonstration that the nature of an artist might be described by looking at his patients, color sense, and feelings. I friend and made a set of self-portraits with shapes describing the artist, including myself as Tom the McBobfishman, as I called it, unestablished, as part of McBobness.

All I took had, it is evident that the path of the painter as he would have been, more resembling for any division between thoughts to be in either as Rheinhardt, Newman, Picasso, or Jackson, but even if I had been very enough to figure out over the surface of the arts, I would not have represented and depicted the real world beneath the surface of the sea, in construction sites, or in the Universe of the atoms. It may be that involving in a picture makes it a more dramatic and ordinary object than appreciated the High Art of my time. ■

© 2003 by Stanley Meltzoff



"Abstract painting 2003," 8 x 10 inches (unframed). Acrylic.

Photograph by David Hockney

Stanley Meltzoff (born April 27, 1927 in New York City) is a painter, teacher, 2003 Guggenheim Fellow (U.S.), New York University Graduate Faculty member, and has exhibited in ten solo exhibits during 2002-2003. In addition to 200 solo art exhibitions, he taught university and private art classes at New York and Europe including the artist at large course of Williams College, 2003, and 2003 recipient City-Specific Painting Fund, Pomona, the South-Western Fine Art Museum, Memphis, Tennessee, and 2003 The Hispanic American artist to receive their 2003 career distinction. He was elected to the Society of American Realists in 2000, the committee member in San Diego, San Diego.

Book Reviews



B. Krigstein Volume One (1949 - 1955)

By Craig Sadowski

Fantagraphics Books
\$49.95 hardcover

As the title suggests, this lavish full-color biography traces comic book iconoclast Burt Krigstein's life and career, holding up to the unusual book with his work following the numerous comic book panels. The story is told through original, warts-and-all comic illustrations called from Krigstein's original art and printed source, including two complete comic strips as selected by Mario Bavaresi, along with his handwritten notes of his full comic strip to the Krigstein collection (in personal letters, interviews, and artist statements) as well as extensive interviews with both the comic's cultists and Krigstein, who may indeed be deceased, and former comic book industry colleagues. In total, this first of two volumes represent perhaps the most comprehensive and thorough treatment ever given to a comic book star.

The first few chapters chronicle Krigstein's education and World War II military service, from a young age Krigstein was accustomed to traditional high art (music and his early late-walk and silent-movie memory resembling the work of Ben Shahn and early Philip Guston) to provide a visual, informed, Guggenheim-influenced art world. Krigstein's self-taught fine quality is predicted in the very mode-lit content and brio of his earliest work, even more apparent in the artist's analytical fondness of form and content within traditional subject matter. Krigstein crossed the world of comic books and the amateur, factory-spirited art of the 1930s-40s, having instead visiting the field of institutional art; but by the latter part of the decade he embraced the expressive potential of the form, determined to utilize and investigate "new art." "The only thing I'm doing about it, and the only thing I care about it, is that it's a popular form. And it's a very contradictory form, but that's where the whole problem lies—it's so popular. It's as popular that it doesn't have critics enough" (77). In fact, the effort to refine commercial production (ultimately a collaborative process with which Krigstein was progressively uncomfortable) with period classical values can be seen to characterize all of the artist's comic work.

Thankfully, the bulk of this volume is comprised of the output of Krigstein's comic book production from the late 1940s mid-50s, in which Sadowski deftly documents the artist's rapidly shifting formal and conceptual experiments. This period is generally considered in terms of creative invention. While every few sequences (readingly from *Time Capsule*)

systems), virtually every sequence shows the artist attempting radical solutions to incorporate short form. Thick, jagged, rhythmic, angular variations, provide the foreground for seemingly effortless and subtle variations, specifically Krigstein's horizontal line and tone (ongoing concern for the use of visual systems of block, line density and large, contrasting open areas for color, breaking up distributions). Often presented in the context of earlier and later work or a variety of media, the spike-knife-like style associated with Krigstein must still be known and reproduced comic work during this period is confirmed to its highest achievement. It goes without saying that any understanding of Krigstein is necessarily based upon the effects of earlier graphic scholars, and Sadowski does an admirable job of simultaneously confirming these precursors.

Throughout the book, Krigstein's statements on the nature of comic book (and art) storytelling reveal the artist to be among the most eloquent theoreticians of the medium. More meaningful than his EC comic theory (Krieger's Plan) is his comic and graphic, Krigstein demonstrates clear recognition of the limitations of having such approach to the static form by developing compensation to this, until overly rated upon to this day:

I didn't want a picture version of time, where the moment is going away. That is not comic, and that is not picture, because pictures don't relate to one another in that way. I wanted each panel to be a separate picture, and I didn't want the repeating panels. I would begin like a film... because... comics are not a motion picture. (111-12)

This moment displays Krigstein's influence on a current generation of cartoonists; the unique qualities of the form aside, in the dynamic between suspense and single-panel sweep, and the non-narrative, the here-and-there placing of visual techniques from other media. In this, while Krigstein's achievement is unprecedented, Krigstein would have greatly benefited from writing his own book; no doubt adding a more personal, candid (and less "art") approach to form and content, such as that realized by underground cartoonists a decade later.

Ultimately, *Indelible* provides an informative and even-handed treatment of Krigstein's personal and professional life despite over the death of his child, personal conflict with others, attempts to remove the comic profession in order to achieve greater literary and page art, while giving a broader picture of other approaches to comics and the economic and social situation of the industry during the period. The unfolding narrative labor on an editing press, particularly in the description of Krigstein's efforts during the 1943-50.

While the book is outstanding, the most immediately apparent aspect of the book is design and production. Sadowski's artful graphic design and his graphic, understated layout are a model for remaining vibrant and

despite pulling the reader in and elegantly complementing the subject within rather than bordering with a picture unopposed by one of it. The short jacks alone is a right no-holds-barred working approach that the more and more agreeable the project gets, takes beyond the crack, assist-interest collaborative compensation.

The fact that Krigstein shifted back and forth between modes of defining cultural value helps one to question the core focus of art history within the critical comic community as it exists in that the highest accolade beyond all upon possible achievement is within the comic form so that the work, or its practitioner, "transcends" the inherent limitations of the humble medium. Certainly it appears through Krigstein's lenses that he placed a premium on "art" and focused upon his critics' own suspicion of the apparent style of "comic" illustrations (the book opens with a quote by one scholar that focuses on depicting such decisions). In truth, Krigstein's comic work of the 1950s defies a time period and stands as an icon of the most impressive artwork in any medium, simultaneously grappling with the past while looking forward. At his most measured, the artist's reductionistic style and analytic approach reveal comic reading, and there is no need for such sophisticated work to be justified as transcending its medium as Krigstein's comic before. The form was and remains to this, fluid enough to encompass every range of formal and conceptual possibility, even if his preoccupation and explored by the enormous majority of comic consumers. Within context, Krigstein's free reign within the form itself, leading and support-

ing its narrative and visual conventions, is at his expense much. That the medium, which always easily triggers feelings of exhaustion, adequately fulfills art's most apparent requirements, is questionable.

Krigstein attempted to take the risks for an entire industry by initiating a form of democratic autonomy (which he has since had to hand over to hand with higher economic and organizational standards) and thus has substantially spotlighted his achievement. I am grateful for Sadowski's cast from within at Krigstein's work. The wonderful comic book output is too presented as a product or addendum to it and he admires, decked-in more academic painting for very little as often the only serious art of the generation themselves deemed to possess their lot's work like as shifting economic reality as the initial desire to move an even more radically reduced model of production, the great practitioners of pulp and paperback cover and comic art were, almost universally so (and somewhat bland) commercial-to-gallery painting has no lot, "readable" culture is seemingly the most important. There is no denying that Krigstein's ultimate artistic contribution is in a comic art, but the fact that Sadowski does not attempt to academically pigeonhole aspects of his career as illustrations of a theory of progress is in adherence to a finding.

Sadowski does an excellent job in all aspects of this article such, while expertly assessing the second volume. True, we can hope that this endeavor represents a viable future for such expertly positioned comic and illustration scholarship. ■

—M. Field Dwyer

Comic Art



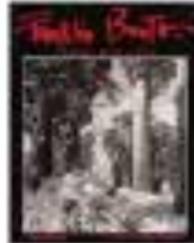
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Franklin Booth: Painter with a Pen

By John Fisher. Introduction by Jerry Konkel. Foreword by Walt Reed.

Fish Publishing
\$29.95 hardcover

A painter who has worked with pen & wash or pen and ink drawing since he started out with the work of Franklin Booth, one of the greatest

masters of pen and ink illustration of the 20th century. Though books on his work have been scarce, regional collectors covering just the many hundreds of dollars I remember we'll all remember his work at one time or another. His surreal and mysterious drawings of leaping blade trees, silhouetted dead and snaking architecture have been very in demand and intriguing. From Joseph Conrad's classic *Heart of Darkness* and *The Dracula* to Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* and the publications of *Playboy*, *Time Magazine*, *Conde Nast Traveler*, *Marie Claire*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Redbook*, *Picture Review*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Scholastic Magazine*, where numerous *The Sunday Oregonian* parts and the pages of numerous other publications between 1932 and 1953. As mentioned earlier, the printing and reproduction quality is fine, and you would think that most of these pieces were reproduced from the original art. I could recommend it in book length though, and I would encourage everyone to place as order as quickly as you can before it sells out. This is an amazing work that should be on the shelf of everyone who reads this magazine. ■

—Dawn Danner
Painter with a Pen is the first new and
definitive of Booth's pen and ink work since *Painting Booth:*
an Anthology was issued in 1979 (and reprinted in 1984) by
Montage Press or *The Art of Franklin Booth*. (See below)

new volume is a long overdue addition to the Booth oeuvre and contains over 300 pen and ink illustrations from 1932 until now (over 70 years) reproduced with remarkable fidelity on quality paper stock.

Considering that Booth's influence upon the world of illustration has been profound, with mention of his style and influence in far more books and articles of early surreal contemporaries like *Electra* or *Bronx Brighton*, Mark Van Renssel, Chris May, Al Young, Eric G. Kowal, and Barry Manilow, it is almost hard to believe that it has taken this long for a one book to appear. But John Fisher has taken this bull by the horns and has rallied together a spectacular group of scholars, collectors, and the pages of original manuscripts such as *The Magazine Correspondence*, *Mary's Magazine*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Redbook*, *Picture Review*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Scholastic Magazine*, where numerous *The Sunday Oregonian* parts and the pages of numerous other publications between 1932 and 1953. As mentioned earlier, the printing and reproduction quality is fine, and you would think that most of these pieces were reproduced from the original art. I could recommend it in book length though, and I would encourage everyone to place as order as quickly as you can before it sells out. This is an amazing work that should be on the shelf of everyone who reads this magazine. ■

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For more information, please visit John Fisher's website: www.bodysall.com/john_fisher.htm. The book may also be ordered through *Red Hot Books* at www.redhotbooks.com.

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and celebrated artists to ever work in the paperback field. Most
of you will recognize a McGinnis, you are probably holding
in your hand one of his scores of illustrations. (The first work
appeared in 1948, and since then, McGinnis has worked on
so many books that has exceed them every year since publication
in all genres, and a place in the Library of Congress.
See Hall of Fame (1985).)

His most famous works are his recent movie poster designs
for *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and the *Barbra Streisand*. For the
dazzle of art on this level, it is impossible to stop anyone
enjoying and discerning reader that success he unquestionably
one of the absolute greats in the field of illustration. Over elegant
and always exuberant, his greatest literary resources graphically

has a rare combination of wonderful artistic power and style,
brings a unique sense of vibrancy to both subjects like Jesus Christ,
like James Cagney, like Charlie-Dana Gibson, George Frrey,
or Alvaro Villegas before him. McGinnis' written introduction
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with full color reproductions. Compiled over the course of
many years, this book is the first definitive bibliography of
the artist's work, and was created with McGinnis' full cooperation.
Like many of the paperbacks were original, having his
help on the privacy and almost certainly original.

I was flattered to receive this book, and it is handsomely
designed and printed. The reproduction quality could not
be better and the fact that there are pages of original full
color reproductions makes this book a masterpiece from
the start. The value money book on McGinnis. Especially is
very different from the one available in any book market
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Quarter Pulp
By Karen Snyder
Chronicle Books,
\$19.95 softcover

An reader of this chapter knows more or less about paperbacks and paperback art, or one might add, about the culture in most well-informed literary history. Karen Snyder's *Quarter Pulp*, however, is a book in its own right, and a welcome history that sets off the previous books on paperback history that preceded...the world of the gay and lesbian paperback.

Strange Stories by Lee Zlotin, Viking Studio, 1999, much as it is the history of *Uglies*, a loveless age, but that culture was more a picture book than a serious study of the press. And of course the most important was *Queer Paper-Personal Pictures from the Golden Age of the Paperback*, 1995, definitely a classic, despite the title of queer paperback, its narration a broader social and cultural context. There is a wide history here, and trying to drop in the name of this paperback genre and literature in detail the occasional economic fiction that persisted a bit in queer paperbacks from the 1940s to the 1980s.

The Golden Age of the paperback, from 1939 to the mid-

1960s, created an entirely new medium that reached millions of readers. As the main market for paperbacks exploded throughout the 1940s and 1950s, publishers of paperback books, as the pulp publishers before them, pushed the envelope (and limits of decency) with ever more provocative offerings, intent to create every level of readership in trusting their wares. Before the explosion of soft and hard, even pornography in magazines of the 1960s, the paperback were the only guaranteed inexpensive source for explicit sexual material available in the mass media, and the publishers found a public eager to receive their offerings as easily possible. Seeing itself as a company above all else for the various genres, and it is no surprise that the publishers could earn that distinction as the increasingly visible alternative literary of the gay and lesbian community as it all were named.

Homosexuality had attained a measured of visibility in the years following World War II. Alfred Kinsey's 1948 *Report of Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* except aside an older and somewhat dated assumption about the behavioral and sexual...and helping to establish the other two of sexual diversity in the public's common sense, this report ultimately helped to spur the wave for the sexual revolution of the 1960s. The extension of some of these revelations may also have contributed to the sales of these market paperbacks although evidence of alternative circulation in particular the public imagination like no other reached up to that time. Audiences familiar with standard crime and mystery fiction and contemporary plot lines began

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Eric Werner
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David Schlesinger
Joel Shiffman

to be introduced to certain other's characters, who would pop up uninvited fully clothed in front of characters that were obviously meant the "longs" of "Animal" society.

This really set in my mind a sense of concern, which any subversive could be discussed under the guise of humor is funny, but what sort of which gradations could be truly euphemistic and taken seriously. The kind of level about of opportunity to express various attitudes about sexuality and gender and was well suited to promote issues of alternative culture. Authors such as David Long could also bring up questions about things like full records the history books and popular opinion, as in his *Women from Another Planet* and *Homosexual Starships* could never about is better things that has definitely different sexual differences, in his *These Plus X*.

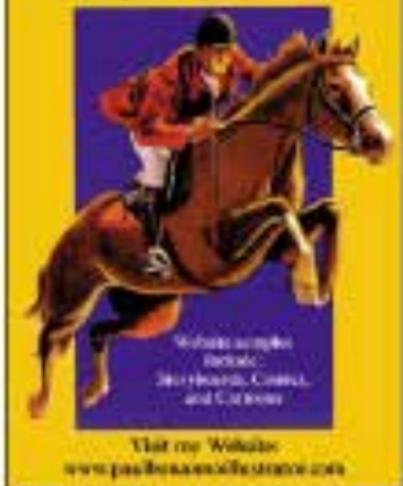
While some of the books in their pre-censored form have not could be reprinted, part reprinting, many of them grew since in terms of sales and less available still expensive in the current homosexual culture. Among those issues we find a surprising array of reproducible authors, whose works were published in hard paperback form prior to these later more main issues. *Transvestite Capers* (Blue Traces, Other Books), *Passion Highschool* (The Price), *Self Identified* (under the pseudonym *Class Morgan*) *Crackers* such as TV *Starwoman Magazine*, *Chuckles*, *Tan Lines*, *Rebels*, *McGilligan*, *Dial Domes*, *Just a Gold Will*, *Screamer R. Diary* and *Carey* (all now all published in the pulp glow in books that books were censored in their art).

Such from these tantalizing examples, the majority of queer books were limited to a purged potentialistic in "homosexual tales" and several such influences and printmaking strips as *The Idea They Called Me With*, *She Prints Her*, *Mo Horizons*, *Lavender Love Romps*, *So Soft, So Sweet, So Queer* (also in *They're All*), *DC*, *Sexual and Mental* (one of the stories of "Werewolf King" where get this book from *Indiebooks* lots of strength). These books were mostly written in only pen, and rarely contained anything that would be considered literature, but the local scenes are in相当的 honest, and were at the great strength to it this book, is the fantastic variety of magazinings by Meyers to further her discussions of the various elements of the queer genres (overlays down into sections concerning bisexuality,恋愛, homosexuality and male heterosexuality).

In such all value *Chronicle Books*, the design and original quality of this book is excellent, and it is obvious at the book, a generously illustrated with dozens of vintage paperback covers *Classics like The Blue Room* (G.A.M.), *Haven't You Heard About Love?* (superior book reclusive as underground magazine, postcard and greeting cards in series first, and certainly there are many images here that will be controversial, but the book presents issues over issues that those government suppressed belief and that is why a welcome surprise. Cover illustrations are rarely mentioned (over covers were unsigned and anonymous), but publication date for each book is included. ■

— Tim Ziemer

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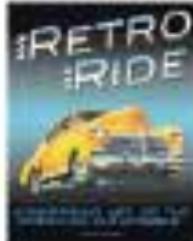


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RETRO RIDE:
ADVERTISING ART
OF THE AMERICAN
AUTOMOBILE
by Roy Seitz
Colossal Press,
1995

There have been a number of books on art from mid-twentieth century which such reprint or broadenings of magazine ads called from the pages of magazines published from the 1920s through the 1970s. (Author's extensive collection of advertising art spans this period.) While I applaud the intent of these books, and enjoy many of the great imagery successfully gathered into one place, I still wish that these publishers would go the extra mile and include some sort of historical perspective, or at least, any sort of explanatory text or Q&A. In most cases, it would be greatly enhanced if the entire collection was chronological, easier and pleasant to use.

“Retro Ride” is more thoroughly written and informative book. The historical context by “Steve” (Steve) also has added numerous editorial positions with prominent auto magazines such as *Coch Report*, *Automobile Magazine*, *Motor Trend* and *Popular*.

Marketed to collectors, but obviously, we are left with a lot of questions about the advertising art. The author created these illustrations over remarkable eras and their paintings in all their variety of pictorial techniques... What’s interesting? It is a shame that we don’t know the names of any of these great artists, or find out about the media they used to create all of this fantastic work.

I suppose that the purpose of this magazine is to pick up where these publishers leave off, and document the remaining pieces of the puzzle. If anyone knows any old agents for advertising artists, tell them to give me a call. But it is still important that publications set realistic standards and not going much through to adding anything to the history of the field.

That being said, “Retro Ride” is a beautiful picture book, filled in the book with fantastic reproductions of progressive automotive advertising art. The colors are rich and vibrant, the designs are perfect, and for anyone who could afford coverage automatically, for the those who can’t afford them, the book is a dream reading. It’s already picked up my own copy. A “Must Have Book.”

These old ads are a continuous source of inspiration, and the illustrations are off the page with an immediacy that the modern computer generated product photos of today cannot hope to match. ■

—Steve Disney



RUTKA Harvey Dunn

Oil on canvas, 40" x 36", 1923
Sioux International Magazine

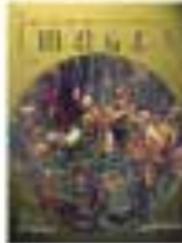
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**THE VALDESONCOEUR
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Lots of people have been asking me what I think of the Valde遝ncoeur's Illustration magazine, and for the dragon year I've decided to write a review of it in this magazine. The content is mostly Spanish, so I can't write about legal distribution in United States.

I think Images is a wonderful magazine, and that it is also a great source for lots of art in the industry. It is art. As most of the work featured in the magazine is not really too original, especially the design because the only place where you can see any of this material. And considering that you would have to be a millionaire to be able to afford all of the original books and magazines that Jim does to collect, this has proved to be a great gathering resource that I could recommend prior to buying the magazine or even like a reference for years.

The main flaw with Images, at least the one I consider it has at all, is that it is not really "magazine" per se, but is instead a "collection of images" as stated in the cover. There is no organization such that, but it is very unusual. There are no entries or notes in the photographs. Images make up the images, which are printed in full color on a large format page size of 16x12 inches, no high-quality paper stock. While I feel I understand this is a terrible idea, I can still get used to it due to the lack of text, and it doesn't mind at all. There's a lot of good biographical material around about some of these sources, although by books trying to illustrate with images! The main thing here is that art, or very few just get to it?

The reproduction quality is good overall, but I don't agree that the illustrations look as good as the original source material. They are drawn from a lot of out-of-the ordinary printing, a just beautiful, and undeniably unique style unique to Images (I'd guess). While the colors are vibrant and with most of the pictures, I think that a lot of them are usually and necessarily pastel. Photoshop manipulations are important. A collection of LMFAO covers could also be helpful on extensive use of the sage colors often used by this company, but, though rather hideable.

I honestly don't know how I can call this a positive for Issues 1-4, as I know that book/fine art publications are automatically expensive, but then again, I don't know how I can afford to do THIS magazine either! If you're crazy enough, I suppose you will find a way! All I know is that I'm the kind of fan IIS being it, and I hope to continue to write in issues. Those I will definitely be writing great stuff! ■

—Dan Drennan

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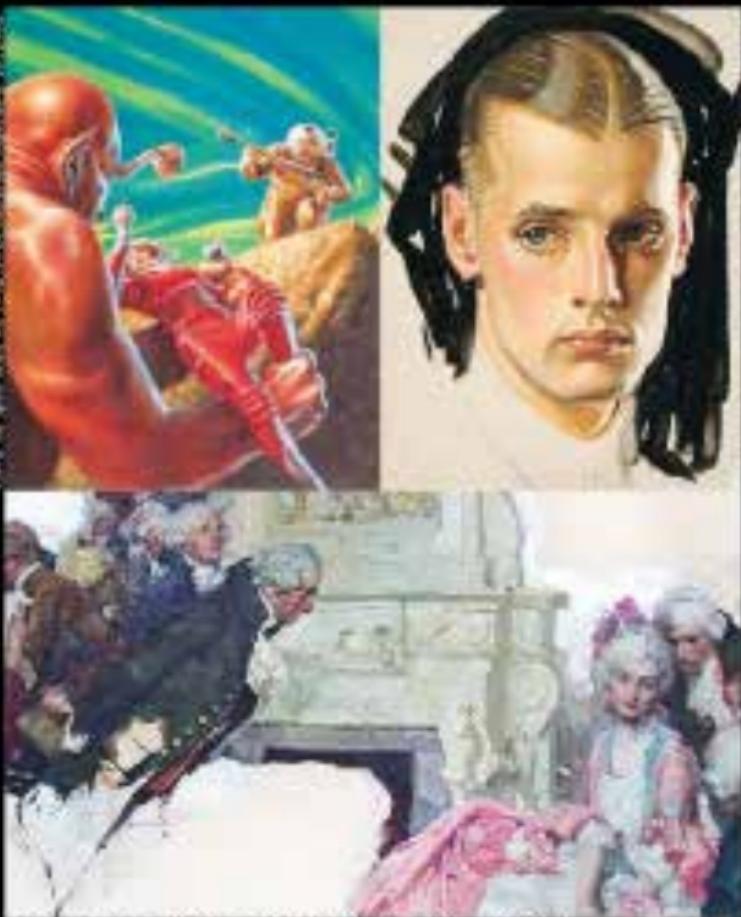
CHARLES G. MARTINETTE

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Author of *The Great American Pin-Up* published worldwide by Benedikt Taschen Verlag, October 1996.
Author of *Gil Elvgren - All His Glamorous American Pin-Ups* published by Benedikt Taschen Verlag, December 1998.

The Fine Art of Illustration

Dick Bruna, from "The Little Red Hen", 1952, oil on masonite board, 29 x 30



Dick Bruna, from "The Little Red Hen", oil on masonite November 8, 2002

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