



Author



vs



Artist



EXHIBIT & SALE

September 8 to October 23, 2022

Society of Illustrators • 128 East 63 Street

New York City

beta catalogue v 0.9



ARTIST vs AUTHOR

Why “versus” ? Aren’t the artist and author on the same creative team? For every case like F. Scott Fitzgerald gushing that Henry Raleigh’s drawings are “the best I’ve ever seen”, we have also seen the author’s cherished visual concepts complicated by the illustrator, who may alter a story’s point of view, elevate a character, or provide missing settings and costumes.

The illustrator is drawing upon a different vocabulary, a different history, a different culture. Any synergy is missed when an image-less edition is published. Then again, is the clarity that illustration brings even wanted? J. D. Salinger famously resisted all attempts to illustrate him.

This relationship between the co-creators of magazine and book entertainment is rarely explored in exhibitions, as often the art and literature worlds ignore each other. In this exhibit and sale, we see dozens of these relationships, from William Shakespeare as seen by Arthur Keller, to Toni Morrison as seen by Thomas Blackshear II, to Arthur Conan Doyle as seen by Sergio Martinez — and from comedy to fantasy to westerns to mystery. Artists and authors alike range from the famous to the obscure.

As the curator of “Artist vs Author” I am looking to bring the viewer back to the original marriage, for better or worse, of image and text.

The selection was a complex process, with a dozen criteria, and was narrowed down from almost 400 candidates at hand. A different group with other criteria might make a good sequel exhibit. I felt a need to explain some cultural background to the works, much of which has faded from mainstream awareness. It is a personal viewpoint; **all opinions are mine alone**. I tried to be factually correct, and eschewed devil’s advocacy, but if I take on the role of a supercilious docent gone off-trail, hopefully that will only have some infotainment value. The commentary is less scholarship than salesmanship. I welcome feedback.

Be **forewarned** if you are adversely **triggered**: there are several works of art in this show depicting corpses, victims of violence, apocalyptic war, adultery, slavery, and naked homosexuals. Since these works appeared in mainstream publications, however, don’t expect graphic gore or sex either.

This is a **beta catalogue**. There are some missing captions, dates, and commentary. Updates will be posted. This version is best viewed on a screen, not printed. The price list, which includes mention of condition, and what is included in the sale, is a separate document. As items sell, that will be updated too.

I want to give **thanks** to Anelle Miller and the rest of the staff at the Society of Illustrators, Zaddick Longenbach, and all the consignors for helping to make this exhibit happen.

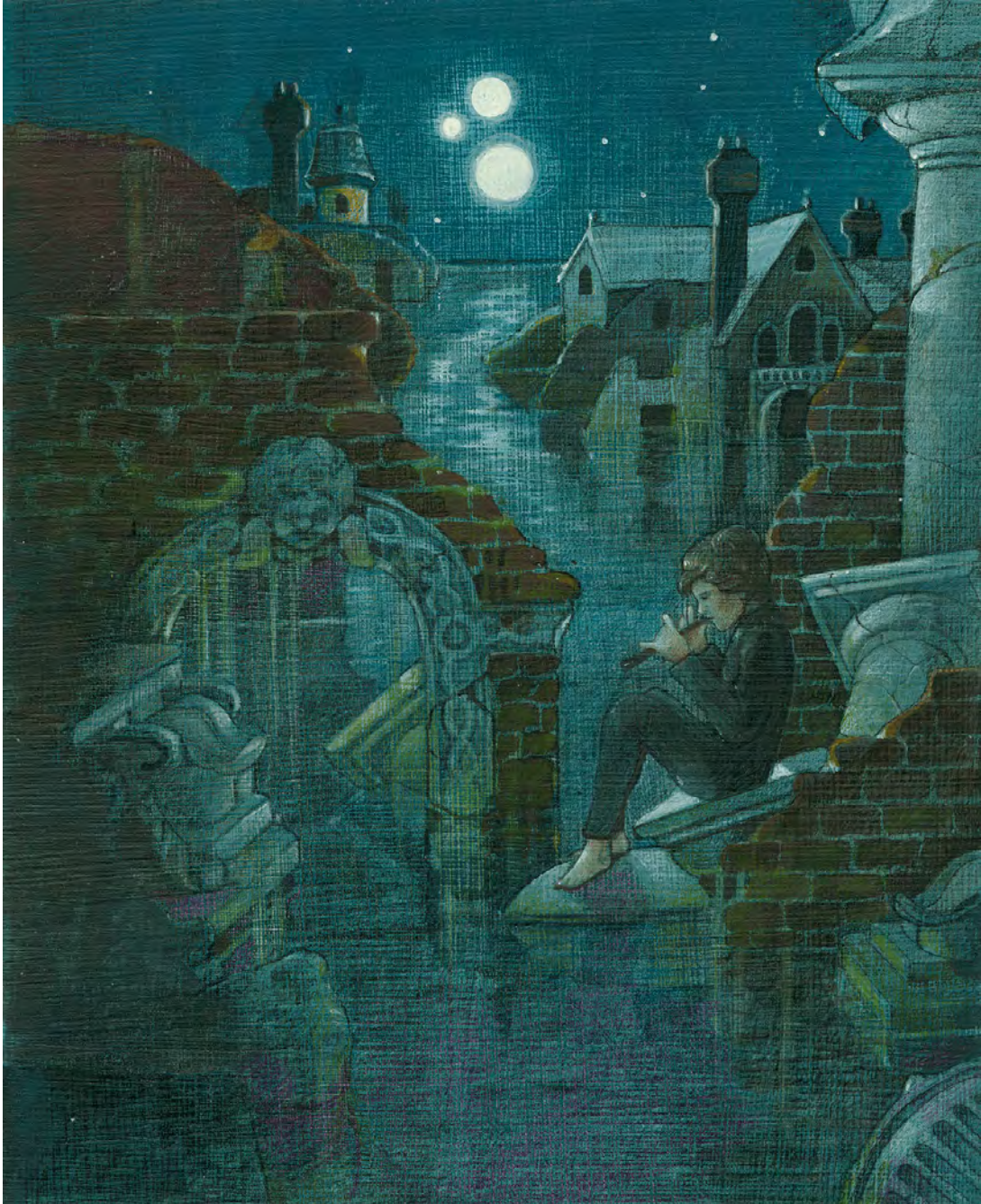
— Roger T. Reed

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LAURENCE YEP



1. Julia Noonan

Boy plays flute while world drowns.

Book cover: *Sweetwater*, by Laurence Yep, 1972.

Oil on board, 9.3 x 7.5" not signed (the artist is credited on the book jacket).

I. A. R. WYLIE

I. A. R. Wylie is a powerful mood-caster, and in “Ancient Fires”, she collects them around two opposing characters: the risk-taking yet astutely confident John Smith, and the world-weary yet caringly decent Ewan Fitzroy. The rare woman of the story, Lisbeth, is practically engaged to Ewan, but instantly falls for Smith and goes off adventuring to “Quetzelango” off of Nicaragua. There are acres of subtext: she is turning away from the 19th century toward the 20th, from reflection to action. Wylie has stores of intelligence about human beings, and is willing to share her female perspective. The overarching sense of the grand responsibilities of custodianship of estate and country, versus the heroic autonomy of the individual, struck me as identical to that of *Brideshead Revisited* by Evelyn Waugh, not to mention the ruminative mood, attendant on the legacy of nobility. But Wylie precedes Waugh. I had to pinch myself to stop reading.

Besides illustrating a ghost story once (by leaving spaces between hatchlines) this must be one of Raleigh’s unfortunately few fantasy pictures. Ewan, as our narrator, in some wonderment over Smith’s charisma and power over Lisbeth, sees him towering in the storm clouds, and Raleigh confidently walks that vague boundary between cloud and man. I see him identifying with Smith.

Ewan is worried and catches up to them in Quetzelango unannounced. She is irritable that he’s meddling; he’s afraid she’s been hoodwinked. Both are too classy to blurt these out. Wylie suggests great achievement or tragedy looming, but Raleigh is stuck for visual cues and retreats to something he’s very good at forming: a handsome couple, though the night setting helps with the foreboding. Here, his sympathy is with Ewan.



2. Henry Raleigh 1880-1944

Man seeing swordsman in cloudscape.
“I almost fancied I saw him, gazing from its battlements into the distance”

Magazine story illustration: “Ancient Fires”, by I. A. R. Wylie, *Saturday Evening Post*, January 26, 1924, page 18; Carbon pencil and wash, 19.2 x 10” not signed.

3. Henry Raleigh 1880-1944

Couple having coffee on patio in moonlight. “You’ve come at a dangerous time. And then — I don’t understand why you should have come in this way — without telling us”

Magazine story illustration: “Ancient Fires”, by I. A. R. Wylie, *Saturday Evening Post*, February 2, 1924, page 30; Carbon pencil and wash, 11.5 x 17” signed & dated.

P. G. WODEHOUSE



4. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953
Man peeking around newell-post.
“On oath, before a notary, the efficient Baxter would have declared that J. Preston Peters was about to try to purloin the scarab”
Magazine story illustration:
“Something New”,
by P. G. Wodehouse, *Saturday Evening Post*,
July 10, 1915, pg. 19;
Carbon pencil and watercolor wash, 9.25 x 11.25” signed.

5. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953
Man’s eyes bug out on overhearing club members.
“Bless my soul! This is extremely interesting, Baxter. One has heard so much of the princely hospitality of the Americans.”
Magazine story illustration: “Something New”, by P. G. Wodehouse, *Saturday Evening Post*, July 3, 1915, page 15, lower;
Carbon pencil and wash, 12.75 x 9.5” signed lower right.

Mockery of upper class English twits never gets old, even while we would miss the dressing for dinner and the bouts of neurasthenia. There are few clues impinging from outside P. G. Wodehouse’s (1881–1975) world that would show that the decline of the aristocracy was even happening. Even the socialist Psmith bows for the ladies. Wodehouse thereby holds a grip on the nostalgist and the iconoclast alike.

Despite his output ranging only from the absurd to the farcical, Wodehouse is sometimes described as one of the greatest writers in the English language, even from pundits who are enemies of each other. Word choice is wildly improbable (when Bertie is indulging in slang), or sometimes the perfect thing (when Jeeves is resetting the world’s axis upright).

Look at what he does in this passage from *Leave it to Psmith*, in which he makes words do a cinematic slo-mo action sequence (for context, you only need to know that someone is sneaking downstairs in the middle of the night):
“One uses the verb ‘descend’ advisedly, for what is required is some word suggesting instantaneous activity. About Baxter’s progress from the second floor to the first there was nothing halting or hesitating. He, so to speak, did it now. Planting his foot firmly on a golf ball which the Hon. Freddie Threepwood, who had been practicing putting in the corridor before retiring to bed, had left in his casual fashion just where the steps began, he took the entire staircase in one majestic, volplaning sweep. There



P. G. WODEHOUSE



P. G. WODEHOUSE

were eleven stairs in all separating his landing from the landing below, and the only ones he hit were the third and the tenth. He came to rest with a squattering thud on the lower landing, and for a moment or two the fever of the chase left him." [I hadn't known 'volplaning' was a word; it's worth looking up. "Squattering" seems to have even less precedent, but it describes itself.]

Wodehouse hardly needed to be illustrated at all, and our experience of him today — and I don't mean the splendid performances by Hugh Laurie and Stephen Fry — generally leave him happily alone on the page. He nevertheless *was* always illustrated in his day, by dozens of artists, over seven decades, for a variety of publications, with every tint of effectiveness. We have four different artistic interpreters of the great word-bender in this show.

Some artists spoiled the jokes by literally depicting the punchline, and that's not cricket. The ones who tried to upstage Wodehouse by making the illustrations goofy also failed epically. The third least-successful were those who retreated into crowds of Art Deco cartoon heads. But F. R. Gruger had a splendid idea, with his mastery of scene-setting, by furnishing Blanding's castle with a witless architectural interior (the meandering stairs, half-timbering run amok, and giant newel-posts in item 4.) in "Something New"[aka "Something Fresh"] . For his next Wodehouse job, "Sam in the Suburbs", Gruger took a different tack: he plays the straight man to the writer. A sound gambit, but a paradox remains: no one likes the straight man.

7. Frederic R. Gruger 1871-1953

Workman questioned, floor boards pried up.
"You can't do anything," he said. 'It wasn't breaking and entering.'" Magazine story illustration: "Sam in the Suburbs", by P. G. Wodehouse, *Saturday Evening Post*, July 18, 1925, p. 32; Carbon pencil and watercolor, 12 x 18.25" signed lower right.

6. Oscar Liebman 1919-2002

Man's hat knocked off by stone.
 Book cover: *Cocktail Time*, by P. G. Wodehouse; (Avon Books), 1958. Ink and watercolor, 11 x 7" signed lower left.

8. Henry Raleigh 1880-1944

Man cowers under covers from visitor. *"Is that my tea Jeeves?" "No, it is Mrs. Travers."* Magazine story illustration: "Right-Ho, Jeeves", by P. G. Wodehouse, *Saturday Evening Post*, December 23, 1933, page 6; Carbon pencil and watercolor, 12.5 x 17" signed lr (reversed).



[This last drawing in this cycle shows a hapless criminal being caught digging up the wrong part of Sam's floor for hidden treasure. He confesses, but suggests that he can't be convicted of *not* stealing anything. Even here, Gruger plays it straight, but the character is inherently ridiculous; of all the Sam illustrations, this one best works on its own.]

[The art director for *Cocktail Time* should be shot: he or she managed to make Oscar Liebman's lump of coal knocking off the top hat disappear into the lettering!]

A few artists hit the sweet spot that enhanced the writing. Raleigh gets the juiciest caption: *"Ah Jeeves, is that my tea?" "No, it is Mrs. Travers."* — which wouldn't make a pinch of sense except that it all too horribly does: his aunt is the last person Bertie wants to see. Raleigh's sense of Bertie's hungover blariness and Aunt Agatha's bulldog bearing alone links arms with PGW.]



P. G. WODEHOUSE



And finally, Wallace Morgan, who gets away with showing no setting or props, but finds the physical comedy lurking under all those lovely words. This could have backfired loudly, but somehow doesn't. Did PGW have a favorite illustrator?

I knew Jimmy Heineman, the publishing scion and devoted collector of original Wodehouse illustrations, a bit. I recall him to have been charming and urbane, appreciative of everything we found, and above chiseling the price. He published the magnificent and definitive bibliography on the subject, and I thought "that's the end of *that* collectible niche" when he died, assuming wrongly that nobody else was interested. Then when his collection came up in auction (why didn't it go to the Morgan Library?) at Sotheby's, I thought: "that's the end of *that* collectible niche", assuming wrongly that prices would collapse. I ignored my

own hunch and tried to buy, but prices were solid. I should have realized that *The Drones*, *Blandings Castle*, and *Jeeves* would continue to appeal to all the generations to come.

9. Wallace Morgan 1873-1948

Three men: one conciliatory, one threatening, one scared. Magazine story illustration: "Code of the Woosters", by P. G. Wodehouse, *Saturday Evening Post*, 1938; Charcoal, pencil and wash, 12 x 16.25" signed lower right. Inscribed: "To John Holmgren from W. Morgan".

GEORGE WESTON



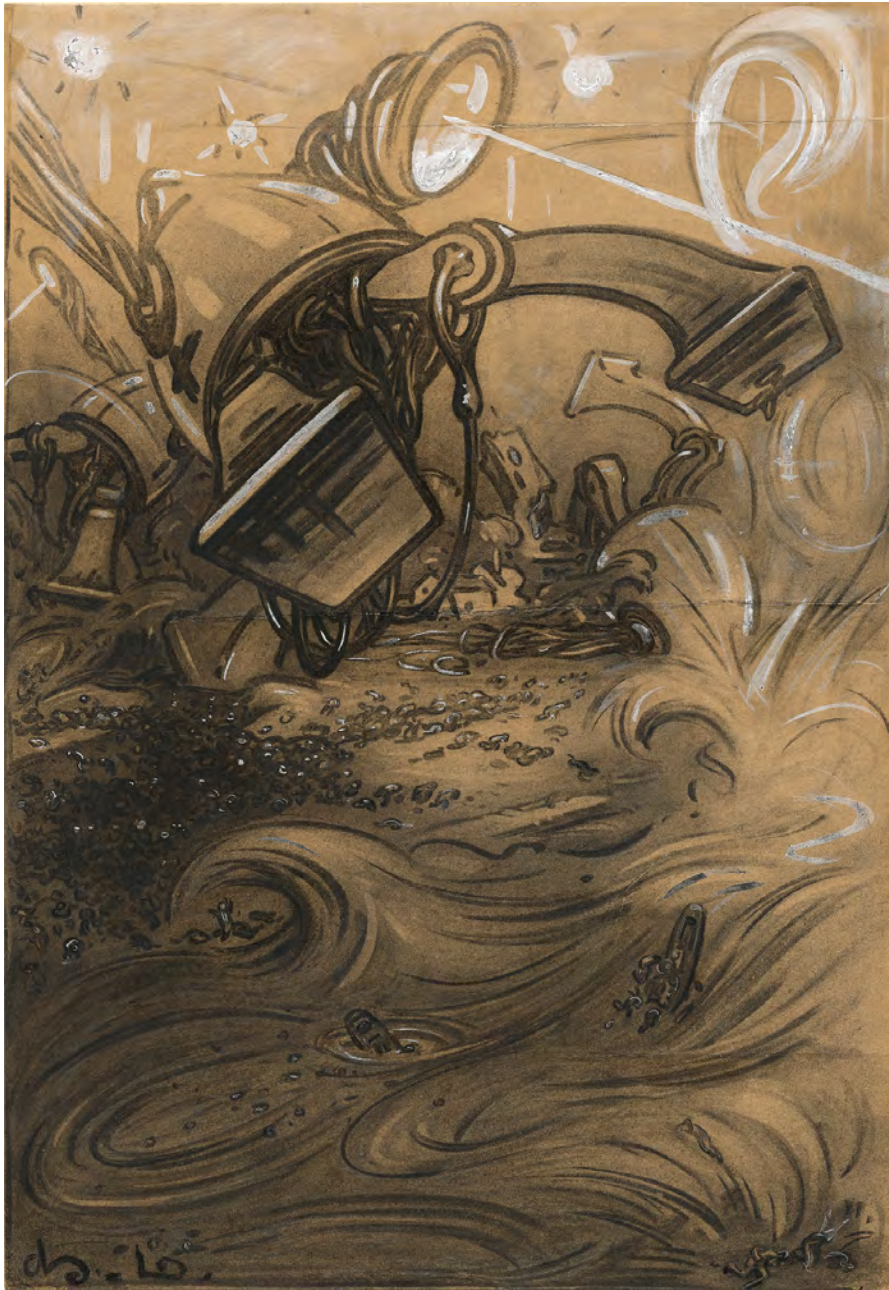
10. **Arthur I. Keller** 1866-1924

Crowd at the reading of a will.

"Mistress Paisley was now openly frowning, as though she were thinking of those seven Indians, and Gabrielle was looking at a ring on her finger as though she didn't like it."

Magazine story illustration: "His Name Was Jonah",
author: George Weston, *Ladies' Home Journal*, April 1924;
Oil on canvasboard, 24 x 30" not signed (credited in magazine)

H. G. WELLS



The legs on this giant killing machine for a 1915 French edition of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds* don't look right, but that's because we are used to the original Warwick Goble illustrations (with telescoping legs) and his imitators. Dudouyt's machines are massively horrific and perfectly true to the text; Wells had specified that the Martians did not have the technology of the universal joint, but they could have used the hinge, as the artist suggests. Dudouyt employs a hallucinatory merging of cartoon and Expressionism that I would say was ahead of its time, except that no one took it up. It seems he might have been inspired by the work of the french caricaturist Emmanuel Poiré a.k.a. 'Caran d'Ache'. Those little bean-things on the beach are people, but don't imagine this was a spoof; the First World War nightmare had just started for the French with never-before-seen tanks (predicted by Wells) and poison gas. Dudouyt later improbably became a furniture designer.

ii. Charles Dudouyt 1885–1946

Martian war machines wreaking havoc.
"Avec un Fracas Formidable"

Book illustration:

Le Guerre des Mondes, by H. G. Wells;

Publisher: (Calmann-Lévy), 1915, page 43.

Charcoal and ink wash, 15.75 x 10.75" initialed lower left.

Literature: In the entry on Dudouyt in Osterwalder's *Dictionnaire des Illustrateurs 1905-1965* (Ides et Calendes, 2001, p. 518), another plate from this same book is featured.

Provenance: This work was purchased at the Paris Flea Market in the early 1980s.

Exhibition: Magicon: "Looking Back at Looking Beyond" Summer 1992.

H. G. WELLS

Most of us, familiar with H. G. Wells only as the author of science fiction like *The Time Machine*, and *The Invisible Man*, don't think of him as a writer of comedy. "Bealby" has his own Wikipedia page, which can tell you the story is funny, but the humor is, for example, in knowing which newspapers the Lord Chancellor wouldn't be caught dead reading; more wry than ham, which is how I like it.

Wells takes us on the semi-autobiographical adventures of a 13-year-old lad in revolt from his destiny as a servant, leaving a trail of unintentional havoc. There are splendid caricatures of toffs gathered at a weekend party and holding each other in mutual contempt. There is a ghastly contretemps we hear about once from the guests' point-of-view, and a second time from downstairs, where Bealby is starting out as a steward's room boy and is blamed. He escapes, falls in with some ladies of the stage who live in a caravan, and then with Billy Bridget, a tramp who schools Bealby in some harsh realities. In the end, the wrung-out boy might give service another go.

Raleigh captures the earnestness of the parents, the squirminess of the boy, the modest home. But this is still early Raleigh, shortly before he discovered what he wielded as an icon maker (via powerful First World War posters) and that he should take himself more seriously. He gets a handle on the grotesque face of the tramp, but gives paltry space for the character reveal we want.

12. Henry Raleigh 1880-1944

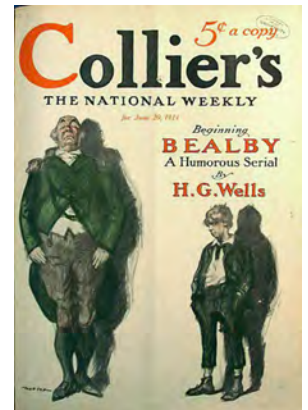
Man, woman and reluctant boy. "I ain't going to be a servant" Magazine story illustration: "Bealby: A Holiday" by H. G. Wells, *Collier's*; (P.F. Collier and Son), June 20, 1914, page 5. Carbon pencil and watercolor, 13.5 x 10.7" signed and inscribed "to my friend Casey 1917".

13. Henry Raleigh 1880-1944

Tramp and boy at campfire. "Sometimes Bealby felt as though a ferocious beast lurked in the tramp and might leap out upon him and sometimes he felt the tramp was large and fine and gay and amusing more particularly when he lifted his voice." Magazine story illustration: "Bealby: A Holiday" by H. G. Wells, *Collier's*; (P.F. Collier and Son), August 22, 1914, page 21; Carbon pencil and wash, 8.5 x 11.25" signed lower right.



An image of the printed magazine, from the opening installment



EVELYN WAUGH



Bottled up John Verney hates his wife among other things: “a tiny grenade of hate exploded, and the fragments rang and ricocheted around the steel walls of his mind.” Later, “So Elizabeth grew in John Verney’s despairing mind to more than human malevolence as the archpriestess and maenad of the century of the common man.” That’s a sicko.

He plots a perfect murder, involving sleeping pills they are now both taking, and a vacation villa with a perilous balcony, as yet unrepaired after the war. Then it appears, she was plotting the same end for him, and she might actually have more of a motive.

I’m less intrigued over how Waugh worked this out than how Parker did: the way he leads the eye around he could be our guide dog. First, he stops us in our tracks: the pattern of the iron balustrade with its prickliness magnified by its own shadow, dominates everything, and looks more dangerous than protective. Never asked is what could have rent that perfectly regular pattern so violently, but

it’s unspeakable, the answer just out of range. John is standing well back, holding the wall, and the glimpses of rocks and boat heighten the height of a would-be fall. Last, we perceive that even the horizon is sloping us down and out. His furrowed brow hangs a mystery in the air, but it’s not like there is a missing clue for us to seek. The story needs and gets a punchline; the picture is complete.

14. Al Parker 1906-1985

Man surveying broken iron railing at high balcony.

“There it was exactly as he had seen it, now it was all easy.”

Magazine story illustration: “The Wish”, by Evelyn Waugh, *Good Housekeeping*, March 1947;

Casein, 19.5 x 28” signed lower right.

JULES VERNE



Throughout the 28 illustrations of *20,000 Leagues*, Henry Pitz nails down Jules Verne’s science — giving specificity to oxygen tanks, undersea creatures, submarine tech — which was mostly speculative at first publication in 1866. He also has to carry the drama — battling cephalopods, salvaging shipwrecks, political vengeance — that gives the novel its pulse. Pitz balances these; there is neither too much tech nor too much pulp. Sadly missing is a portrait of the submarine “The Nautilus” and there is a gap in the regularity of the illustrations around page 100, hmmm.

Like most of the line drawings, this one employs that 1950s brittle searching line; the spaces between them are open from shading, which makes the drawing look a bit like an uncolored coloring book for the very advanced child. It’s an interesting way to move beyond the crosshatch, but need we?

15. **Henry C. Pitz** 1895-1976

Deep sea divers plundering shipwreck. “...from these barrels escaped ingots of gold and silver, cascades of piastres and jewels.” Book illustration: *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, by Jules Verne; (Doubleday Junior Classics), 1956; p. 277. Pen & ink, 13.75 x 8.75” signed lower right.

WM. HAZLETT UPSON



William Hazlett Upson’s (1891–1975) very popular character Alexander Botts was a company man to the last breath and his obsessive application of salesmanship (of Earthworm Tractors) made him a “hard-boiled bozo, in a very softhearted way.” (from the blurb of a collection of Botts stories). This gets him into endless trouble, over the course of dozens of stories over dozens of years.

The way Albert Dorne drew is the very incarnation of Botts’s overzealousness to attend to ludicrous detail amid chaos, so the pairing of artist to author, once made, wouldn’t be second-guessed. Dorne was replaced eventually, however, when he retired from freelance to run the Famous Artists Schools.

16. **Albert Dorne** 1906–1965

Mayhem with a mop.
“I therefore reversed the mop, placed the soft end of it gently against the colonel’s face, and pushed him politely backward”
 Magazine story illustration: “Botts Cleans Out the Parts Dept.”, by William Hazlett Upson, *Saturday Evening Post*, November 29, 1947, pp. 20-21; India and colored inks, 15.75 x 19” signed lower right.
 Literature: David Apatoff, *Albert Dorne, Master Illustrator*, (Aquad Publishing, 2012), page 95.

BOOTH TARKINGTON



17. **Gordon H. Grant** 1875-1962
Mustachioed boy taking admissions to attic.
"Maurice Levy appeared, escorting Marjorie Jones and paid two admissions by coin"
Book illustration: *Penrod*, by Booth Tarkington; (Doubleday, Page & Co., 1914), page 155
Pen & ink, 13.25 x 8.25" signed and dated '13 lower left. A note from the author appears in the margin: "This is splendid. But Marjorie must have her [unreadable] curls! To do my part I'll put a [plain?] hat on Sam in the text." — a lovely bit of collaboration.

The sparkling Tarkington dialogue, which captures 1920s youthful slang wonderfully, makes good company with Morgan's rapier brushstrokes rendering the salt spray, scudding clouds, and sunlight off the waves.

18. **Wallace Morgan** 1873-1948
Boat towed by sailboat.
"Usually they'd have to get towed in by a fisherman or somebody"
Magazine story illustration: "In a Silver Frame", by Booth Tarkington, *American Magazine*, August 1930, pages 60-61; Brush & ink, 9 x 23.3" signed lower right.

Tarkington had a keen recollection of childhood dialogue, or else did impressive field-work; he reports the tedious imbecilities of boyhood behavior with an ethnologist's devotion for accuracy. George Brehm is another artist who seems to have crawled into the mind of his author, so flawlessly has he visualized it. The artist also knows the actions and appearances of boys (girls, too) without a hiccup.

There is a shift however, between boys of Tarkington's day, and our own times: he seems to be a full two years off in development. I was struck by this first with *Penrod* who turns 12 during his time strutting the stage, but isn't behaving older than 10. Likewise, *Little Orvie* acts like five or six but is reportedly eight. Would it not be as funny to report the behavior of sophisticates? Has the modern television-computer-video-game environment grown us up faster? I can't decide; probably both. Let's allow that children make this sort of dialogue at *any* age; it's so insanely repetitive that I might pass up the chance to read the short story a second time.

I prefer what he does for teenagers: "Can't you take him on as a mate, or something, of the Shooting Star?" "Who? Mushmelon?" Eddie said, staring at me. "Why, I wouldn't any more let Mushmelon Turpie touch those little hummers than I would some camel." [from "In a Silver Frame"]



19. **George Brehm** 1878-1966
Little Orvie and other boy with goat.
"Shoo! Orvie cried, pedaling fiercely. 'Shoo, you bad ole goat you!' He chased Pansy even more loudly than Roderick."
Magazine story illustration: "Love's Almost Very First Dawn", author: Booth Tarkington, *Saturday Evening Post*; July 28, 1934, page 18; Charcoal, 34 x 10.5" initialed lower right.



JULIAN STREET



Julian Street was a popular chronicler of American culture (American Adventures was the title of his travels across its breadth in 1917) so of course you'd think he must be English but it is not so. His writing may not have literary polish but it certainly has cultural punctuality. He must have written "Bull Market" a few days after the Crash in October 1929. It appears in a January 1930 issue, and Raleigh's illustrations are dated '29; the story must have been in the can by Christmas. It looks with disdain all the way back to some flighty people in 1928 who were buying stocks on margin based on 'tips' they heard from the tipsy, and leading self-satisfied yet

unfulfilled lives. In selecting the scene, Raleigh epitomizes the fads by focusing on the leading man's decorator, whose pretentiousness and pandering is nauseating, but he has marvelously fatuous bystanders as well. The pose is always telling in a Raleigh drawing, and they are rarely straight or static.

20. Henry Raleigh 1880-1944

Man kissing young woman's hand at gathering.

"Most of all he disliked Ackley's flattering arts with Mildred — his kissing her hand and calling her 'princess'. It made him sick."

Magazine story illustration: "Bull Market", by Julian Street, *Saturday Evening Post*, January 18, 1930, page 4;

Conté, ink and watercolor, 13 x 18.5" signed, dated '29

21. Wallace Morgan 1873-1948

Old man walking in front of house.

"Handsome old homesteads within and through a lovely though battered old doorway sadly reminiscent of earlier elegance."

Book illustration: *American Adventures*, by Julian Street;

Publisher: (Century Co.), 1917, pt. 2

Charcoal, 18 x 12.75" signed lower right.

First published in magazine serialization in September 1916.



R. L. STEVENSON



N. C. Wyeth's beloved illustrations for Stevenson's *Treasure Island* are a tough act to follow. Edmund Dulac's delicate watercolors, for instance, failed to capture the heart-pumping drama. When John Falter was commissioned for a new edition in 1963, the huge Wyeth paintings were still fresh in memory and still in print. How could Falter hope to compete? His response marked a departure from previous interpretations, but also, from his own meticulous, well-observed slices of American life, such as graced the covers of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

I think he wanted to turn away from the romanticized idea of pirates and instead address the brutality of the text. He deploys a spare, jagged, Expressionist line reminiscent of George Grosz, Stuart Davis, or Ben Shahn, all of whom were seeing renewed popularity in the early 60s. It's unusual for an artist of Falter's achievements to travel so far out of his comfort zone, especially that this new direction should look crude, unpolished, even amateurish by comparison. But he knew exact how to deploy it; this image gets way under the skin.

22. John P. Falter 1910–1982

One-legged man standing over victim with knife.

"... the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood-stained knife the while upon a wisp of grass"

Book illustration: *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; Publisher: (Macmillan), 1963, page 107.

Gouache, 19 x 13.7" not signed.

EMMA STERNE



23. Robert Lawson 1892–1957

Marching colonial carrying rifle.

"It takes a lot of men to make a country"

Book illustration: *Drums of Monmouth*, by Emma Gelders Sterne; Publisher: (Dodd, Mead & Co.), 1935, page 77

Pen & ink, 5.5 x 5" initialed lower right.

JERRY SOHL



The titular contraption is, according to @SFRuminations (who I respect), “preposterous,” and indeed its plot purpose seems only to be in transporting a few hundred people into a parallel universe so that the author can allow them to create something like Chicago all over again, from scratch, complete with technologies like steel and lipstick, because... those things are culturally inevitable? Pfuui.

In Crowley’s vision, the scene inside the needle’s eye is intense and fearful; there are orbs and red, dystopian storm clouds. It’s perfect advertising; you are peering closely into this small crowded space until... you get sucked inside! Crowley’s solution is superior to an edition with a more literal basis — that is to say, his graphical device works better than the physical Costigan’s Needle ever could have.

Sohl’s bonafides include his contributions to scripts for “The Outer Limits”, “Star Trek”, and “The Twilight Zone”. Because Crowley didn’t specialize in science fiction, however, he’s a non-entity in the SF community and that’s just silly. If members would apply their eyeballs patiently in his direction, I’m sure they would see for themselves his ingenuity and what a dramatic composer and colorist he was.

24. Donald Crowley 1926–2019

Couple trapped in a parallel universe within eye of a very weird needle. *“Together they sought invisibility and discovered a whole new order of existence!”*

Paperback book cover: *Costigan’s Needle*, by Jerry Sohl; Publisher: (Avon Books), 1968

Gouache, 30 x 20” not signed.

ROBERT SILVERBERG



Robert Silverberg hatched an ingenious plot idea for this novel: two alien races, mutual enemies, come to Earth to destroy each other using the same plan: they shape-shift into humans and try to take over Earth while going about unnoticed. The hero of the story is an Earthman who was fooled by the fake female, but eventually (of course) turns the tables and defeats both alien races.

But you could have told *me* all that simply by looking at Don Punchatz's cover art, which has conveyed the entire premise with slamming clarity and brevity. The matinée-idol beauty of the symbolic masks combined with the reptilian flea creatures in their true forms (designated as aliens by their weapons), shows that Punchatz is a fine draftsman and colorist. His concept makes a repulsive/attractive paradox. The moon provides the right graphic panhandle. Oh yes, there is also a high-tech phallus lurking.

There is only one problem: the writing is not good, especially the creaky wooden dialogue, to the point of detracting from the novel. Then I went back to it, thinking, maybe it just sounds bad because the author *deliberately* wanted the aliens to *not* pass a Turing Test. But no, that doesn't hold up. I'm sorry to say, it's just bad. The author is still alive, however, so why not do a rewrite? Or, let Hollywood do it.

25. Don Ivan Punchatz 1936–2009

Two aliens with human masks.

Paperback book cover: *The Silent Invaders*, by Robert Silverberg;

Publisher: (Ace Books), 1973

Acrylic, 14.8 x 8.9" Support size: 18.9 x 13"

monogrammed lower center.

The *Silent Invaders* was first published as a paperback Ace Double in 1963, which reissued it as a stand-alone volume in 1973; a Tor paperback appeared in 1985. The novel was expanded from a novelette which first appeared in *Infinity Science Fiction* in 1958.

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN



In this farce by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), Lady Sneerwell and Sir Backbite are schooling us in some serious love-match-engineering which requires an act of reputation-murder via unsavory gossip made to order. I like this bit by critic William Hazlitt: “[The play] professes a faith in the natural goodness as well as the habitual depravity of human nature.” You can tell by the silly names it’s a 250-year-old comedy of manners, but Sheridan lived as wickedly as he wrote.

There is also Lady Teazle, the young wife to Sir Peter, spending lavishly to her older husband’s dismay. This scene has him remembering his first meeting with her way back a few months ago when she was a ‘country mouse’, but instead of a simple portrait, Thomson does a clever thing of showing Peter in the mirror about to enter, which makes us see him as ourselves, and puts us on our best behavior as a player, that is, as an eyewitness snoop.

Such comedies always require people with fortunes made in the Indies somewhere, and people closer to hand in desperate straits, trying to keep up appearances. There is also much posing as someone else, and much hiding in closets and overhearing secrets. Perfectly aristocratic behavior, and if you want to find yourself on that rarified plane, you should know that The Queen collected Hugh Thomson. [In the 1930s, so this would be George VI’s wife, I think.] His drawings are the well-mannered siblings to those of Arthur Rackham, minus the weird edginess.

26. Hugh Thomson 1860-1920

Woman embroidering, people reflected in mirror.

“*Sir Peter: ‘When I saw you first’*”

Book illustration: *The School for Scandal*,

by Richard B. Sheridan, 1911, Act 2, Scene 1

Watercolor & ink, 11.25 x 8.5” signed lower left.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



27. **Arthur I. Keller** 1866-1924
Titania and Oberon in their bower.
'Midsummer Night's Dream'
Magazine advertisement: **RCA Victor:**
"Talking Machine" phonograph ca. 1925
Watercolor, 24 x 20" signed lower right.

There are different schools of thought on how to stage *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: there is the maximum botanical approach, turning the stage into a forest, adding magic with a fog machine. I saw a production which held the set to a single aluminum palm tree. You can get away with a lot of abstraction as long as the dappled light is there to provide bewitching confusion.

Arthur Keller would seem to agree with me, but his dapples are his brushstrokes deployed as a flurry of multicolored splotches sometimes referred to as pointillism. I wish he had gone full out and given the same treatment to the heads and hands of Oberon, Titania, and their fairy entourage as he did the peacock. Or is it two peacocks? If you've ever tried painting this way you'll find it takes a long time to build up anything coherent, which is probably why the pointillist art movement never saw wide adoption. Why did Keller bother with it?

Keller isn't truly illustrating the play, except indirectly. Despite being named the Victor Talking Machine Company, they did not produce audiobooks, but rather recordings of music; this would have been the celebration of a recording of Mendelsohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, memorable for its burblings and murmurings in the strings: the perfect audio equivalent to pointillism, which I believe is what Keller was shooting for. But he might not have lived to see it in print.

The date of this piece has been given in numerous exhibitions as circa 1921, but I think it might have corresponded to the advent of electrical audio recordings in 1925, which Victor Talking Machines made a big splash about. [Yes, before microphones, you would sing into a big mechanical horn attached to a needle!] I'm uncertain as to whether this is a magazine advert for the Victrola record-playing machine, or the cover image to *The Victrola*, their publication. Or if there was too much pagan nudity for publication altogether.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Those in the half-know might scoff: “Coll never illustrated any Shakespeare edition in his life. This isn’t signed and looks more like Edwin Abbey than Coll!”. And they’d be half-right: this is not done for Shakespeare directly but for an article by David Belasco about the history of women in theatre. It starts off marveling that there was ever a time when there were no actresses, uses up numerous paragraphs about the men who portrayed female roles, and then goes back in time to 17th century performers, including Nell Gwyn, the “antithesis to Puritanism”. There are also reports of performances in which all the male roles were played by women.

Eventually we come to the passage for this illustration, which apparently depicts an imagining of the first performance of Shakespeare’s *Merchant of Venice* in the American colonies, in 1732, in which a Mrs. Hallam (Miss Tuke) played Portia. I’m sorry, but that’s pretty feeble data: we’re ignorant of the sets, costumes, her voice, and what she looked like. So, Coll is essentially making it all up, exactly as if he were simply illustrating Shakespeare directly.

It’s an intricate drawing of the casket scene, wherein young Portia is screening her suitors. Abbey was only nine years deceased when this appeared, and as the definitive illustrator of Shakespeare, Abbey was given his due by Coll, who performs a startlingly sedulous homage. He gives himself away only in the rendering of the brazier and perhaps the stance of the suitor. Like the rest of the drawing, the signature is a featherweight rendering, so much as to barely be visible, lower right.

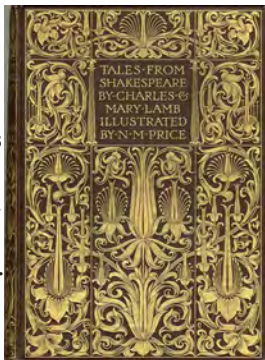
28. Joseph Clement Coll 1881-1921

The casket scene from the *Merchant of Venice*. “When ‘*The Merchant of Venice*’ was first performed in America, as related by Dunlap, Mrs. Hallam (Miss Tuke) was the player of Portia...” Magazine article illustration: “Women and the Stage”, by David Belasco, *Ladies’ Home Journal*, November 1920. Pen & ink, 6.75 x 10.5” signed lower right. Exhibition: 1994: Brandywine River Museum: “Joseph Clement Coll” item #42

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

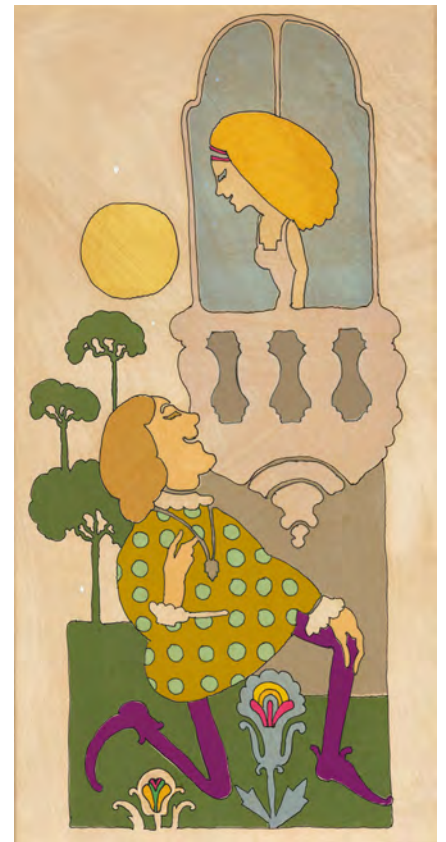


One might think that the Lambs's *Tales from Shakespeare* would be redundant to the plays themselves, but I find it helpful to have the plot untangled, before I have to untangle the language. There were several illustrated editions of it, and Price's is far the best. He worked diligently on it and had a lot to say to the engravers who were messing up the plates. Shakespeare is not especially identified as a fantasy author because he was good at so much else too. Price was of the same mould: he excelled in making everything look feasible, which in my view is the first requirement for fantasy, and come to think of it, everything else. Price's interpretation of the sorcerer in "The Tempest" seems to have been going well, but I think he decided there was too much going on for the reader to digest (look closely for goblins and such) and started it over with less ambition. [On the upper right is the plate from the book. To the immediate right, the book cover.]



29. **Norman M. Price** 1877-1951
Magician conjuring.
"The Feaste Vanished Away"
Variation of book illustration: *Tales from Shakespeare*, by Charles and Mary Lamb; (Charles Scribner's Sons), 1912 Chapter: "The Tempest" Watercolor, pen & ink, 10.5 x 7.75" not signed.

30. **Seymour Chwast** b. 1931
Kneeling man speaking to woman in balcony. "Educational TV"
Magazine editorial illustration: "Romeo and Juliet", by William Shakespeare, *TV Guide*, September 9, 1967; Ink and Bourges screens on glass-line, 12.25 x 5.75" not signed.



RAFAEL SABATINI

There being no honor among thieves, one pirate has taken out another; isn't that a good thing? Well, but this was an ally of Captain Blood's, and the murderer a much nastier fellow, so no; the 'good' captain must seek revenge. What about the artist — does he take a side? No, and that's one of the image's strengths: Dean Cornwell treats it like reportage. To avoid grisliness, the artist must prove that Pike is dead without showing his face, nor any blood; the neglected stocking provides the right touch. The hanging is a shocking fact; it doesn't need exaggeration, or spin, and so we are drawn in. Being set in the 18th century provides just enough "aesthetic distancing".

Plot-wise, it's important that Pike's crew wakes up to this calamity and Cornwell's note of rosiness in the sky effectively sets the clock. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* magazine routinely botched the color schemes in Cornwell's Sabatini stories; here they reduced this huge masterwork to a two-color job, in pale blue and black inks. Filtering out the rose tones takes emotional markers with it.

Cornwell has two abstract motifs going on: the harmony of the gulls' and sails' white curves against the dark straight grid of the rigging. He then plays another visual trick: he implies a horizon at Pike's feet and we can see under them, but the perspective lines converge at the yard arm. We can see the top of his shoulder yet beneath the crow's nest just next to it. I think he's deliberately setting up competing *local* vanishing points, enhancing an illusion of immersion and monumentality.

But people don't always buy art for art's sake. Maybe the reddish sky, white seagulls, and blue coat matches your decor in some way. Or, this picture could be placed in the background for a press conference about your political opponent. Ah well, never mind, that wouldn't fall under protected Free Speech... would it?



31. Dean Cornwell 1892-1960

Hanged man. "A long drawn cry went up when the crew of Pike's ship perceived the limp body of their captain swinging from the yardarm of the Avenger."

Magazine story illustration: "Gallow's Key", by Rafael Sabatini, Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan, August 1930, page 69;

Oil on canvas, 47.5 x 31" initialed & dated lower left.

RAFAEL SABATINI



32. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953
Courtier beseeching queen in jail.
Magazine story illustration: "The King's Minion",
author: Rafael Sabatini, *American*, October 1930, page 67;
Carbon pencil & wash, 15.2 x 11.5" signed lower left.



33. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953
Pair waking disheveled man in bed.
Magazine story illustration: "The King's Minion",
author: Rafael Sabatini, *American*, September 1930, p. 51;
Carbon pencil & wash, 13 x 13.5" signed lower left.

ROBERT RIMMER



This was an unpublished painting; the published cover for Avon N149 was a photograph of two women draped on a man, which is entirely different from Baxter's more sophisticated concept of a man pivoting between two women: he has two sets of arms to hold them with, so there is a temporal and spatial shift. But this book came out at a time (1967) when illustration was crowding over to photographers and the average illustrator was facing hard times. Baxter probably only received a "kill fee" for joining this competition. The published photo was by Morgan Kane, an illustrator!

Baxter is a fine painter, always good with the subtle modulation of cool and warm tones to render flesh. His ambiguity between the two male poses is effective, and I like that lime green snaking through the relationships. Does it signify envy, or a poison?

The author was, by the example of his characters, a champion of non-monogamy. He followed up *Yale Marriot* with the infamous *Harrad Experiment*. The 1960s Free-Love mania was fueled by the Existentialist idea that morals were artificial constructs; the availability of oral contraception; male envy of Hugh Hefner; and rampant pop psychology that treated monogamy as a neurosis. And some garden-variety rebellion, too. But the idea that monogamy was a Victorian holdover, and only Freudian hangups prevented all of us from seizing a beautiful life based on freely having sexual relationships willy-nilly is clearly just a male fantasy, and that's why the 'movement' couldn't sustain itself. I'm not saying it's impossible; I'm sure there are cases of successful polyamorous relationships. Meanwhile, how many women really wanted non-monogamous lives? With children, too? I think it's no accident that the flavor of feminism that burst forth in the late 1960s was a direct refutation of the Free-Love trend. Not to oversimplify, but most women wanted freedom *from* the unilateral male definition of a relationship according to their own preference to philander.

This left many men blinking stupidly, and thinking these women were crazy or uptight and not truly liberated. They mistook the center for the fringe and looked at fringe phenomena like groupies and porn actresses as if they were the ideal norm.

I admit I only got a short way through the novel but Cynthia and Anne didn't strike me as real people.

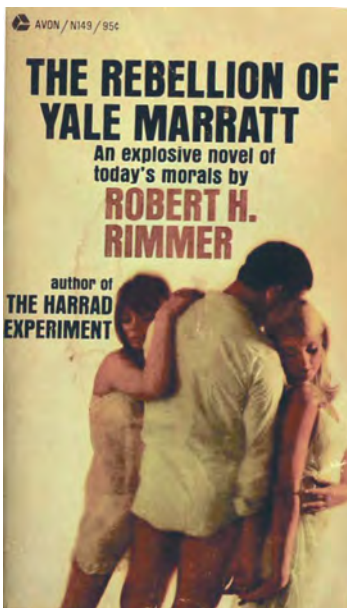
34. **Robert Baxter** born 1930

Man shifting between two undressed women.

Unpublished book cover: *The Rebellion of Yale Marratt*, by Robert H. Rimmer;

Publisher: (Avon Books), 1967.

Oil on canvas, 28 x 17" signed center right.



HELEN REED



Brenda is new to Boston, and she is a seamstress, impulsive, uninterested in music, not responsible with money, the leader of her high school set. I'm not sure why we should care about these privileged yet average girls who populate several Brenda books, and it was the portrait of emergent Boston of 1900, including the poor North End immigrants that held my interest more than the girls' petty dramas. Even so, Helen Reed won't add a cute sugar-coating. That's

not Brenda in this picture but her cousin Julia, who has an excuse to visit the wealthy, mysterious, and haughty Madame du Launy, who becomes an ally. Reed doesn't shy away from the harsh realities of city life of the day, as Alcott might have, but she cannot evoke our

35. **Jessie Willcox Smith** 1863-1935
Two women at tea. "Now as Julia sat there drinking tea from the quaintest of old-fashioned china cups..."
Book illustration: *Brenda, her School and her Club*, by Helen Leah Reed; (Little Brown & Co.), 1900. Charcoal, 14.3 x 10.5" signed lower right.

sympathy for her cast of characters as Alcott might, either. This is early in Jessie Willcox Smith's extraordinary career and she yet hadn't settled into her mother-and-child niche. Rather than the sparing fluid lines that mark young motherhood, Smith knows that Madame's brittle resting face and odd turban hat (which might have required research in order to render correctly) call for a different linear vocabulary, and she goes there instead.

CHARLES READE



36. **Lynd K. Ward** 1905–1985

Man holding fainted woman.

Book illustration: : *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by Charles Reade; Publisher: (Limited Editions Club), 1932, frontispiece
Lithopencil and watercolor, 19.25 x 11" each second subject signed lower right.

37. **Lynd K. Ward** 1905–1985

Three men plotting.

Book illustration: : *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by Charles Reade; Publisher: (Limited Editions Club), 1932, p. 377[?]
Lithopencil and watercolor, 19.25 x 11" each second subject signed lower right.

OPIE REED



38. Dean Cornwell 1892-1960

Two men threaten to murder a third in a cane field.

“Ha! My fine carpet bagger, you keep my knife from the General. Who will now keep my knife from you?”

Magazine story illustration: “The Periwinkle House”, author: Opie Read, *Red Book Magazine*, September 1920, page 75; Oil on canvas, 34 x 23.75” signed and dated 1919 upper left.

[Cornwell must have wanted to complete the series before he went off to London to study with Frank Brangwyn. The story began its serialization in July 1920.]

Emblematic of Opie Read’s (1852–1939) story of honor, revenge, and obsession set in the misty bayou of Mississippi, our hero comes across a seashell-studded stucco hideaway in a glade of sugarcane. This is the titular Periwinkle House, but Cornwell is never tempted to swing at such a low, slow pitch throughout this serial, which also has floating ballrooms on the Mississippi, and riots against carpetbaggers. Offered all of Read’s “cinematography”, Dean Cornwell doesn’t accept a single frame: throughout the story his visions are his own and unsubservient to the text.

In this period, the height of Cornwell’s oeuvre, he generally cooks up an abstract motif to organize his pictures around; this time, it’s the pattern of cane stalks. Unlike a Harvey Dunn picture in which figures get lost within the wheat fields, Cornwell uses it more like wallpaper to set off his colorful evildoers. Then, he makes his job more difficult by setting the scene in twilight, which confused the engravers, but sets off the knife nicely.

The decorative man holding the oar has just plonked the collapsed hero with it, and the villain Stepho with the dirk only threatens to finish him off. So, this is not the climactic murder scene after all. Another surprise happens next, whereby the fascinating Nadine, who is also “daughter” of the villain, saves the hero by threatening to kill herself, using the same dirk! Neither of them die, as tables are twice turned on the reader!

Detracting from the fun, one could warn against a dozen routine stereotypes: boosting the South over the North (even though the hero is a Yankee), the White man over the Black (mostly errors of omission), Americans over foreigners (bad people can’t seem to speak ‘right’), and women are puppets of men’s action (with the exception mentioned above). The author excuses excesses of gambling, drinking, and mayhemming, as just so much Southern Charm. Love at first sight stands in for the real thing. But we knew this going into a romantic historical adventure published in the US in 1920 which leans heavily on the Count of Monte Cristo as a literary prototype.

DICK PEARCE



39. **Harold von Schmidt** 1893-1982

Cavalry charge.

“The Commanche families were strung out in disorderly flight behind their horse herd.”

Magazine story illustration: : “Comanche Attack” by Dick Pearce, Saturday Evening Post; November 8, 1952, page 42;

Oil on canvas, 30 x 50” signed and dated lower right.

Literature: Walt Reed, *Harold von Schmidt Draws and Paints the Old West* (Northland Press, 1972), page 118.

Formerly collection of Case Nymeyer.

TONI MORRISON



40. **Thomas Blackshear II** born 1955
Young girl seated by window.
Paperback book cover: *The Bluest Eye*, by Toni Morrison;
Publisher: (Plume), 1994
Gouache, colored pencil, and acrylic, 14 x 9.5”
monogrammed lower right.

Maybe only the determination and sensitivity of Thomas Blackshear II could stand up to meet Toni Morrison’s haunting text of her first novel, in this portrait of the damaged, powerless, guarded child of *The Bluest Eye*. He has Pecola hiding in the shadows, yes, but also staring out in accusation. The artist deliberately puts her face in just enough dimness that we cannot make out the color of her eyes, nor whether she’s manifestly ‘ugly’ if that’s what we’re inclined to do. He’s protecting her, and I think he sought an unexceptional model for the purpose of representation; she could be any little Black girl. But he also steps back from trying to sum up the whole book: what does it matter to look in her eyes, when Morrison forces us to see through them?

“She would see only what there was to see: the eyes of other people.” Unable to accept how she looks, Pecola prays that she would be given blue eyes; this vibrates between two meanings of ‘looking’, like the mind of an incipient schizophrenic. Either way, what she sees is hideous. Morrison presents a catalogue of all the ways poor, ignorant, and desperate people destroy each other, and the insane coping mechanisms children cook up. Each chapter unspools the whole long history of a different disastrous moment in Pecola’s life.

Morrison’s experiments in language are bracing, but less important than her revelation of the damage that feeling despised brings and the resulting fury that an abused racial minority stockpiles. There are rivers of polemic that run through *The Bluest Eye*. Among other evil-doers, she puts the stink-eye on the large population of complacent, obedient, and humble brown women when those traits are used for her own subjugation and even then she won’t stand up. This book finally asks the question: why *should* the Black kowtow to the White? And there you have the real reason this book has been banned anew, fifty years onward from publication — proof its power hasn’t diminished.

Not being black nor female, and not culturally despised for my background and appearance, myself, I’m limited in how thoroughly I can connect with the novel. For many years, I dismissed the idea that it even made a difference what one’s elders and role models looked like compared to oneself. The reading of Morrison is a vital antidote to racial complacency, strong medication for a pervasive societal illness.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS

At first glance, this picture seems *Arisqué* for 1922: an unchaperoned man visiting a woman in her bedroom, in her underwear! But little is what it seems. The immortal caption “Are you and I married?” must have occurred to Gouverneur Morris as a barely plausible premise to build a story on top of, as if it were a normal plot zoned for such habitation. It turns out (this is a Hearst magazine, after all) they are married, though for one day only so far, and he was so drunk, he doesn’t remember doing it. (Either it.) This picture is the moment he realizes his (second, better) wife is a kind of tramp. But it works out: she’s not as hard as she looks, and he does the opposite of taking advantage.

The writer was a specialist in somehow making absurdities convincing, and this would be essential for a farce. Instead it becomes a ponderous homily about the importance of honor and obedience in a marriage and what that means to him versus her, and what it didn’t mean to the first wife. There is some merciful sticking up for the difficulties of being a woman-taken-advantage-of (the past she’s trying to escape). I’ll admit I tired of its sad, predictable direction, and didn’t finish the story. But, what a moment!

I have to rank Raleigh’s picture higher than Morris’s writing here – the artist has found in those characters the credible and familiar — her hairstyle alone speaks so aptly (though how has she just gotten out of bed thoroughly coiffed and painted?) — yet generously given the scene a life of ambiguous meaning, as pictures can so often hold, and does it with tenderness, all the while he’s attacking the cardboard with hammer and tongs.



41. **Henry Raleigh** 1880-1944
 Man visiting half-dressed woman.
 “Are you and I married?”
 Magazine story illustration: “Better Wife”
 by Gouverneur Morris, *Hearst’s International*,
 June 1922, page 11; Ink & watercolor,
 14.5 x 15.5” signed & dated ‘22.

42. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953
 Angel digging with floating shovel.
 Magazine story illustration: “Derrick’s
 Return”, by Gouverneur Morris,
Cosmopolitan, August 1923, p. 69;
 Carbon pencil & wash, 9.5 x 14.8” signed lr



MICHAEL MOORCOCK



Psychedelic literature, even from Pynchon the maestro, makes me itch, in a way that psychedelic art does not. In order to understand Santore's unpublished cover for *A Cure for Cancer*, I read the first two volumes of the "Cornelius Quartet" — Avon combined them into one paperback volume (as *The Final Programme*), making this cover art unnecessary.

Egad! Are these brilliant thoughts deliberately disguised as twaddle? Or the reverse: he's just spewing the odd imagery, and brilliant people find meaning in it? I was ready to write Moorcock off either way until I read John Clute's introduction "The Repossession of Jerry Cornelius" reprinted in the Titan books edition of 2016. It is such an insightful and admiring tribute that my mind is freed open to the possibility of more richly layered metaphor. Here's a typically wack phrase: "The whimpering roar of the falls". I couldn't blame

those who find this self-indulgently self-contradictory, rather than ironic — I did. But if 'the falls' was just a drain-spout, then we start to penetrate the Moorcock headspace. Due to drugs, everything is unrecognizably attenuated: in these first two volumes, the prozaic attains a tweaked majesty; at the end of the quartet we see all through a lens of dreary squalor. Sadly, MM never pries JC off his cardboard surface, even though he appears on every page, with his music, his weapons, his look — the trappings never accumulate to make a character. Even his insouciance is mindlessly stillborn.

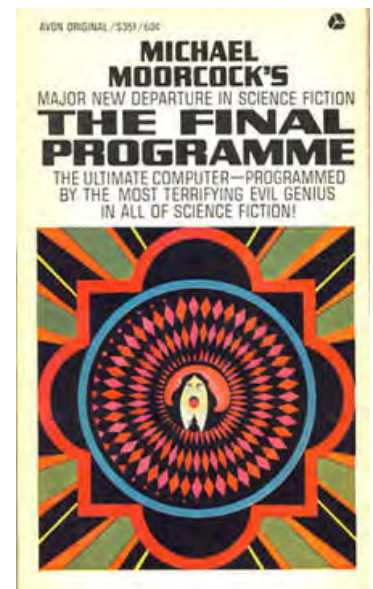
Santore must have located this sentence (p. 307, Titan) "Jerry saw himself 16 times — black, white, male, female — and he was dead" as his point of departure, but then to treat Jerry and his inverse Beesley chasing each other around the wheel of time, as a *mandala*, is to provide a crystalline structure I would not be sure Moorcock deserves... except earlier he says: "All art, thought Jerry, aspired to the condition of Muzak [ubiquitous commercial background music]. What would William Morris [designer of wallpaper, etc.] have thought?" (p. 265, Titan) It's a clue that Clute is right, and Moorcock thinks in terms of embellishment on hidden patterns, probably in paisley. And Morris? I think he would have swum forward in time to hire Santore, immediately.

43. Charles Santore 1935–2019

Figure chasing his inverse around the wheel of time.

Unpublished book cover: *A Cure for Cancer*, by Michael Moorcock; (Avon Books) Watercolor and ink, 15.3 x 14.5" signed lower right.

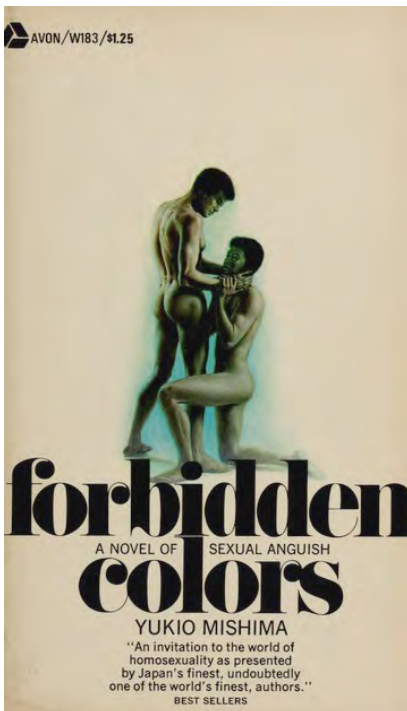
This is the second of the "Cornelius Quartet" of novels featuring the character Jerry Cornelius. Originally intended as a companion to the artwork for *The Final Programme* by Moorcock (Avon), the novels were issued in a single volume, and this artwork was just dropped from publication. To the right is the published cover.



YUKIO MISHIMA

I believe this was the first time male nudity was featured on a mass-market paperback book cover, but by the time it appeared, that was no longer a provocation to book banning, despite its frankly homosexual content. The publisher may actually have been hoping! It is apparently not a favorite gay book in the West, possibly because the story is distinctly misogynist, or more likely, that the translation from the Japanese fails to provide empathy for the characters. I'm just guessing; I haven't yet read the book. The same kanji character is used for erotic love as well as for color, so the translated title becomes a pun.

The cover image also fails to provide empathy for the characters, who are blunt, unsmiling, and seem interchangeable. Which is incorrect; the main lovers are very different in age and looks. Caras makes a visual pun to match the title, which must be intentional: artists avoid greenish pigments when rendering flesh, unless they are distinguishing an evil, bilious character; green is unappealing for skin and connotes illness. I have no doubt Caras was intentionally provocative in using a "forbidden color", but I can't conclude that his use of green meant that he harbored antipathy to Asians, or homosexuality. It was arresting, therefore effective, and other illustrators, like James Avati and James Bama, had already initiated the use of a single hue for all the values in a picture.



44. **Peter G. Caras** 1941–2022

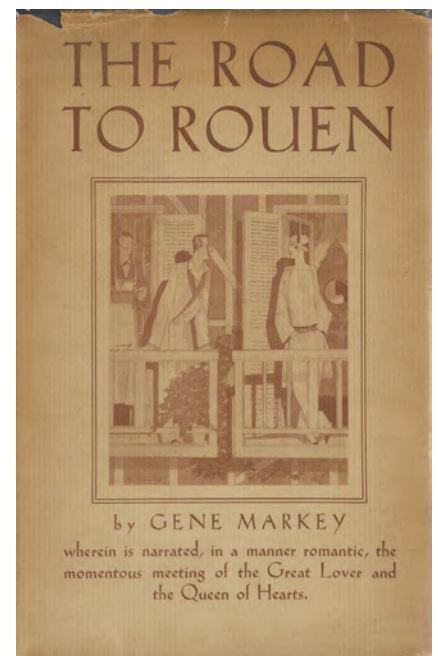
Two naked men touching.

Paperback book cover: *Forbidden Colors*, by Yukio Mishima; Publisher: (Avon Books), 1970.

Oil on board, 24 x 16" signed indistinctly lower center.

The image was flopped left to right for reproduction.

GENE MARKEY



Eugene Markey 1895-1980 was himself a skilled sketch artist, but he was legendary as a raconteur and ladies' man in Hollywood. This slight and slim volume must have been his calling card: "Wherein is narrated, in a manner romantic, the momentous meeting of the Great Lover and the Queen of Hearts. Which deserves the victor's laurels the reader will discover... if he can." By page 17, I was ready to declare him the loser — what a weasel! But then again he was married to Hedy Lamar (if only briefly) and I wasn't.

There is clever repartée from the punning title onward, though these two have no business flirting with each other, seeing as she is engaged to his best friend. So, besotted, they try to insult each other to stay at arm's length. Which works, as long as it needs to. "He and Candace Crewe were, *au fond*, the same sort; they played by the same rules, and when rules interfered they disregarded them. According to their code, all was fair — and love and war meant the same thing." Actually, blood is only

scented, not drawn, in this mock battle of the sexes.

Brunner is not even famous as an illustrator, but he's a flawless practitioner (there's not a single correction nor false step), and I've rarely seen such harmony among Deco angularities of bars and stripes and folds. The repetitions of shadows and the faux-bilateral symmetry make rich graphic counterpoint. As you begin to read the story you might protest "but this is not how they meet" and yet the scene is an exact match to the text later on. And it's fresh: a half-timbered beam leads from his eyes to her hips. Even by itself, the picture does everything to fulfill its purpose — to promise a lovely day.

45. **Zygmunt Brunner** 1878-1961

Man greeting woman from neighboring balcony.

"The Great Lover meets the Queen of Hearts"

Book illustration: *The Road to Rouen*, by Gene Markey (John Day Company), 1930, dustjacket.

Watercolor en grisaille, 8.5 x 7" signed lower left.

First published in *Harper's Bazaar*.

EDWARD LEAR



Anyone can string together a bunch of absurd phrases and write “nonsense” poetry, but you know you’re onto something when people start to ask: how did you *think* of that? The great nonsense-maker Edward Lear (1812–1888) persists in delighting children because he retains the sense of drama — Oh no, the sieve is taking on water – while any fearful consequences are negligible.

Sendak is someone about whom we’re always asking “how did he think of that?” and his take on Lear is to double down on the absurdity while keeping it matter-of-fact. Who but Sendak would have thought that the sieve could take on *more* water than the surrounding ocean?

46. **Maurice Sendak** 1928–2012

Jumblies in sieve at sea.

*“The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in,
So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat,
And they fastened it down with a pin.”*

Book illustration: *Sing a Song of Popcorn*, by Edward Lear; (Scholastic Inc.), 1988, page 53. Chapter: “The Jumblies” Pen & ink, watercolor, 5.25 x 6” signed and dated lower right. [Sendak’s book illustrations are rarely on the market.]

RING LARDNER



Lardner, along with Dorothy Parker and Robert Benchley, let al, strutted humor out in new satiric directions over the nation's shallow industrial turn of culture in the 1920s. This very short story is a stream-of-mutterings by an old pal who can pile on the sarcastic delivery. He's complaining about The FixIts — those people who know how to run your life better than you can. I'm sure you've met them... if not, you are them. The story has been anthologized more than once; I found it in *The Best American Humorous Short Stories* (Linscott, ed., Modern Library, 1945).

Instead of breezing past it as Lardner does, Wright hits pause when Mrs. FixIt knows better than our wife Ada what clothes she should buy. Wright invents the scene, a dress shop's back room where you could try on clothes with personal attention from the shopkeeper and your friends.

In the story, the FixIts have dim and stodgy taste, but Wright sharpens the humor, I find, by revealing the Mrs. as *too* up-to-the-minute chic, just killing it with the latest "Parisian" numbers out of Buffalo. Ada finds herself in an overly complicated Deco top that contradicts the silvery pattern of the skirt which sports one of those zigzag hemlines that never came

back into fashion because it looks shredded (unless you're spinning solo on the dance floor). A meek jut of lower lip tell us she's dubious about when she'll wear this and whether she can wear it twice, and these outfits are "\$100 a smash". Mrs. FixIt, meanwhile, is commanding attention from her temporary throne, her fingers saying 'turn around turn around' while the saleslady can't hide a titter. Of course, Mrs. FixIt is large-boned, loud-voiced, and interrupts her husband constantly in self-defense. OK, now I'm projecting beyond the written word. But we're allowed, because Wright asks those visual questions: what must she look and act like?

This is how well the marriage of image and text could work in the 1920s; the artist is entirely free to be entirely faithful to the author.

47. George H. Wright 1873-1951

Young woman tries on gown as friend and saleswoman chat. Magazine story illustration: "Mr. and Mrs. Fixit", author: Ring Lardner, *Liberty Magazine*; publisher: (Liberty Weekly, Inc.), Vol. 2, n° 1, May 9, 1925.

Charcoal, red and yellow watercolor, 16 x 21" signed lower right.

CLARISSA KNEELAND



Clarissa Kneeland's *Smuggler's Island* was criticized at publication in 1915 for its improbable situations in this modernized 'Swiss Family Robinson' story. But Kneeland and her young-adult audience didn't much care about probability, as her point was to show what was possible in an ideal (if artificial) society. The lost-on-an-island setup gave her the platform. Rather than going feral and eating the birds to extinction, the children fashion a utopian colony in harmony with nature. It is painted by a sympathetic F. C. Yohn in his last years, in a cheerfully saturated palette with nary a gloomy shadow. Need I mention that the author grew up in a cooperative village and was an avowed Socialist?

48. **Frederick C. Yohn** 1875-1933

Children finding bird's eggs on a tropical island.
"Gathering Eggs"

Book illustration: *Smuggler's Island*, by Clarissa A. Kneeland;
Publisher: (Houghton Mifflin Co.), 1928, opp. page 126.

Oil on canvas, 30.5 x 19.75" signed lower right.

The first edition appeared in 1915, but the color plates by Yohn only came with the 1928 edition.

RUDYARD KIPLING



Everyone read Kipling 120 years ago, but now his cultural footprint has dwindled as his “white man’s burden” attitude comes under reappraisal. I like his relivings of ancient empires done for *Century* magazine, and his children’s stories have been republished for six generations. Are they his though? I had assumed he picked them up as a child in India and merely adapted, but the rhythmic and folkloric poesy is native to him alone.

Tim Raglin instinctively knows the secret to children’s literature: there has to be something for adults to enjoy since they’re the ones reading it over and over. *The Elephant Child* was both book and video, so the individual tableaux could be flexed through animation, and the reading by Jack Nicholson, not everyone’s first choice of a babysitter, adds just the right doses of zest and menace.



Pay close attention to the mouths and eyebrows of his animals: he extracts the maximum of human expression from those whiplash curves, without them seeming tacked-on. While mild-mannered himself, the Rabbit Ears video productions gave Raglin a vicarious outlet to be the most physical of comedians. One bit: notice how much the multicolored python rock snake is actually helping the Elephant Child.

49. Tim Raglin

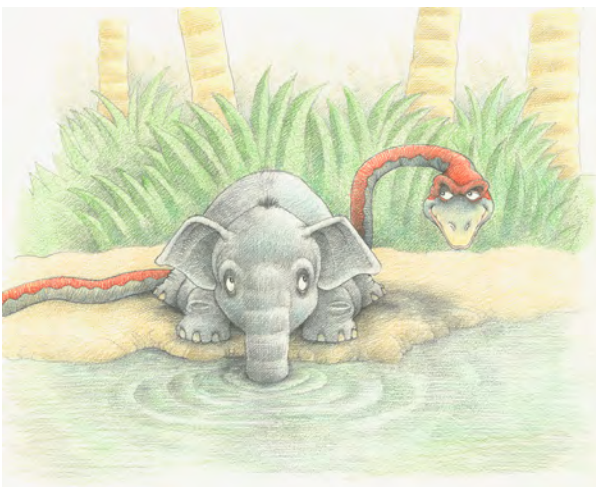
Trunkless baby elephant with scowling baboon.
Video animation drawing: “The Elephant’s Child”
by Rudyard Kipling, (Rabbit Ears Productions), 1986;
Colored pencil, 13.75 x 17.5” not signed.

50. Tim Raglin

Elephant’s trunk in river with smirking snake.
Book illustration: *The Elephant’s Child*; by Rudyard Kipling,
(Random House), 1986; Colored pencil, 14 x 17.5” not signed.

51. Tim Raglin

Elephant’s nose pulled by crocodile, python helping.
Video production drawing: “The Elephant’s Child” by Rudyard
Kipling; (Rabbit Ears Productions), 1985;
Colored pencil, 16 x 22.25” not signed.



SHEILA KAYE-SMITH



ed exactly, but hasn't given up deconstructing either. The boy Ernley she is still stuck on has been seeing a new fancy girl and Belle "walked quickly across the yard, splashing recklessly into the pools that lay between the cobblestones. She wanted to kill Ernley – she wanted to kill that dim mocking figure of the girl her mind had dressed up." Later, she plans to kill herself instead, but a search-party sent to drag the pond doesn't find her body.

Hatherell's gift for incidental detail puts one in the scene and through the mind's eye seemingly of the author; actually of the artist performing a mind-meld. The rendering of that scene is, again, old-school, using the academic watercolor technique of building everything up from a myriad of micro-strokes.

52. William Hatherell 1855-1928

Woman in great coat. "Belle wanted to kill Ernley — she could not bear it" Magazine story illustration: "The George and the Crown", by Sheila Kaye-Smith, *Harper's Monthly*, December 1924; Gouache, 13,5 x 9,5" signed lower left.

53. William Hatherell 1855-1928

Dragging the river by lantern.

"That night they dragged the pond and the Cuckmere"

Magazine story illustration: "The George and the Crown", by Sheila Kaye-Smith, *Harper's Monthly*, January 1925, page 231; Gouache, 14 x 10" signed lower right.

Ex-collection Dean Cornwell



When modern writers of English literature were sipping marc at the Dome in Paris and hoping to be published in *The Dial*, stodgy old *Harper's* — for it was stodgy by 1925, if still hitting high standards — declared: "Miss Kaye-Smith has been ranked by critics on both sides of the water as the ablest woman novelist in England... she is unquestionably one of the very few living novelists in England or America whose work is likely to endure." Who knew any better? Only the most intrepid American readers had ever heard of modernists, even Joyce, since the stuff was either banned or inaccessible. Whereas *Harper's*, with its huge circulation, unspooled Sheila Kaye-Smith's flawless and engaging prose in the prevailing taste, which turned to barmaids instead of duchesses. I was only familiar with her story "The George and Crown" through these flawless and engaging drawings by William Hatherell for it.

Oftentimes lovely things like craft and taste and discretion (a sex scene is known to have occurred only due to a baby on the way) are eclipsed by powerful things like shock and iconoclasy and revelation, and then poor Sheila Kaye-Smith and William Hatherell die and are forgotten. But just as one can always be moved by iconoclasy, one can always be moved by craftsmanship. I find these creators well worth going the distance.

Belle is alone with her thoughts (and Kaye-Smith certainly gets into the complexities of a woman's mind), which are entirely focused on the romantic triangle she hasn't herself construct-

WASHINGTON IRVING



A mysterious astrologer gains knowledge of arcane magical spells and devises a scheme to protect a Moorish king from invading enemies. After 20 pages of twists and turns, this astrologer disappears into an imaginary castle garden having stolen the king's princess and riches. Arabian yarns may not be Irving's usual milieu, but this is a very tall tale along his lines, and he traveled to Grenada Spain to gather it all at the source. He refers you to their historians to vouch for it!

Just as the tall tale more greatly impresses an audience as details pile up, a fantasy painting engrosses the viewer the more so with tip-of-the-brush verisimilitude. This was the effective tradition from Hieronymus Bosch to Maxfield Parrish, whose work George Hood's closely resembles, using high-chroma blues, golds, and reds, and very patient execution.

54. **George Washington Hood** 1869-1949
Astrologer creating palace out of smoke. "On the summit of the hill stands one of the most delectable palaces"
Book illustration: *Legends of the Alhambra*, by Washington Irving; (J.B. Lippincott), 1909, frontispiece. Oil on paper, mounted, 17.5 x 12.5" signed and dated lower right.



An ingenious aspect of Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is that we don't know who to root for, since Ichabod Crane is such a mess. This illustration is from the early scene-setting; Crane is the music master if you remember; here he is leading the church choir (which gave him considerable access to the young ladies).

Keller was a musician himself – adept on the piano and cello, and he was descended from German composer Ludwig Spohr on his mother's side. He knows how to let us hear this scene. Ichabod's slender frame cannot resonate the lower register, and you can see he's doing the thing singers are told not to: tensing his muscles and trying to out-sing the throng, so he must have been fairly screeching.

Nice, deft rendering, in a couple colors of conté pencil, of a whole crew of background characters; Keller never shirks.

55. **Arthur I. Keller** 1866-1924
Ichabod and others singing in church choir.
Book illustration: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, by Washington Irving, 1906
Conté and charcoal, 22 x 15" signed lower left.

ALDOUS HUXLEY



Aldous Huxley wrote a wide variety of work apart from *Brave New World*, and “Giaconda Smile” was a short story published in magazines in 1921 and ’22 before he turned it into a play. “La Giaconda” is another name for the Mona Lisa, and it is Miss Spence who has the Giaconda smile here: faint, supercilious, and maddening to our anti-hero, a handsome man who unfortunately knows it. It has rotted him into becoming a serial philanderer who is bored by all the passion he elicits and cannot find in himself. But she still loves him. In Gruger’s spread, he’s looking dyspeptic over his perfectly splendid life, and indeed it is about to go squash. Rather, he precipitates its squashedness.

Gruger has chosen the pivotal moment in the plot and does a thousand-words job of it — here are the key characters, a rendition of the setting (don’t miss the mansion on the hill), the mood of suffocating boredom, and a certain portentous stance to the maid. It really couldn’t be better, and the picture is more pleasant independent of the text. Just as we think the story is a bit heavy with the moral decrepitude of the idle rich, Huxley abruptly shifts it into a murder mystery at the end, when, with its solution, I suddenly started to like it a lot.

56. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953
Maid serves trio on estate lawn.
Magazine story illustration: : “Giaconda Smile”,
author: Aldous Huxley, *Hearst’s International*,
September 1922, pages 26-27;
Carbon pencil and wash on two boards,
11.7 x 23.5” signed lower right.

RUPERT HUGHES



Is it an endlessly triangular love story? Is it the Croton Reservoir origin story? A cautionary tale about fire insurance, perhaps? A morality tale of a judge with a weight on his conscience? A paean to New York, New York? It's all these and more!

We've happily emerged from that dry period when descriptive passages were frowned on in literature, especially when we're in the hands of a polished craftsman like Rupert Hughes. He fashions the entire first chapter by describing a panicked flight of newlyweds from New York City during a cholera epidemic in the 1830s, in the course of which both the city and the disease become full-fledged characters. Of course, when the description involves bodies piling up, it's not hard to be gripping.

There are four illustrations that made it from the numerous ones in the magazine serial to the book. Three of them are for especially dramatic or poignant moments, but not this one, from an entirely forgettable passage, wherein a pastor is sermonizing about the depravity of women's dress while riding through New York City streets. It's barely germane to the story but crucial in the telling of the city's historic

emergence at the head of fashion, innovation, commerce, and attitude of superiority.

Arthur Keller's fairly straightforward rendering of the caption nevertheless holds some magic: by depicting the companion of the pastor poking his head out of the coach to look at the young woman, it brings us to identify with that man. And the visualizing of this scene required many hours of research into clothes, coach styles, actual buildings on Broadway at that time; the twist is to make it look *un-researched* by 'throwing away' most of the facts he acquired and instead posing everything in motion.

57. **Arthur I. Keller** 1866-1924

Chance encounter in street with coach.

"As the stage swung down into the city, he pointed out a girl strolling along with a greyhound on a leash of a blue silk ribbon"

Magazine story illustration: "Within These Walls" by Rupert Hughes, *Red Book*, September 1922;

Oil on canvasboard, 21.5 x 30" signed lower right.

Also reproduced in the book.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER



58. **Henry Raleigh** 1880-1944

Two couples at dinner.

"Men are getting more useless every year. They are such helpless creatures. Yes, and sentimental!"

Magazine story illustration: : "Gammon", author: Joseph Hergesheimer, Saturday Evening Post, January 17, 1931, page 3; Carbon pencil and wash on board, 12 x 20.3" signed lower right.

ERNEST HAYCOX



Haycox writes with precision [“The sheriff stacked his empty dishes, took time to light a cigar, and rose to stand in the doorway, his back toward the room. ‘How long did he spend here?’ ‘An hour’ said Taggart, giving an exact answer to an exact question.”] and this story proceeds like a chess endgame, every player’s step having a calculable consequence. Whereas, the setup is vague; we are never told why Buff Cort killed a man (or more), but he had the sheriff after him, and he had “voted himself out of the human race”. By this point, the Western was beginning its own endgame; in the same magazine issue, one of the first “flying saucer” reports is found, and American culture right there shifts gears.

Ludekens matches the prose with his hard-edged painting — actually a colored drawing, being all edges and lines. This gives a scene the credibility of a snapshot. But then, the flash from the muzzle is seen in the same moment the loser is already crumpled over — Ludekens is hyper-accurate to the details of the events, yet imprecise as to timing and identity. Even though we are given all the signals about who’s good and bad, and we know the good guy will probably win, I couldn’t tell until the written moment what the outcome of the shootout would be.

The picture is documentary in flavor (the artist has certainly witnessed horses, a mail stagecoach and a log cabin or three) but that doesn’t supply us the answer because we can’t see who is who. After the shootout, there spans an unexpectedly long and interesting maneuvering to the romantic checkmate.

60. James E. McConnell

Cattle rustlers, with guns drawn, riding towards herd.

“The made the range a blazing hell...”

Paperback book cover: *The Wild Bunch*, by Ernest Haycox;

Publisher: (Corgi Books), 1956

Watercolor, 14 x 13” signed lower left.

The novel was made into the 1969 Sam Peckinpah movie.

59. Fred Ludekens 1900-1982

Western shootout at night.

“He brought the gun up and fired twice, aiming low”

Magazine story illustration: : “Outlaw’s Reckoning”, author: Ernest Haycox, *Saturday Evening Post*, April 30, 1949, pp. 22–23

Watercolor, 8.25 x 27” signed lower right.

“Toll Bridge” was the name given this story before publication. That title, and the caption are written in the margin.

Ex-collection Albert Dorne.

The British artist McConnell takes the opposite approach: other than a fire-and-brimstone palette matching the “blazing hell” of the text — and it being a Western — we have no facts, but hardly need them.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE



This is a book I haven't actually read, though I think I know the story. Rather than an anecdotal moment, Keller paints the forbidden lovers in a pose that conveys the story arc in body-language. Hester and Arthur are locked together yet turned away from each other's gaze, to imagine their bleak future of ostracism and worry about their future child, not to mention eternal damnation. Not even a beam of sunlight cheers the forest glade, and his hopeless hands look cold. The picture was felt so successful that it won recognition at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition (St. Louis) in 1904, and it was not-for-sale there, as publisher Theodore De Vinne had already acquired it.

It was printed in gravure which captured great subtlety in the values but none of the hues, a shame considering how

harmonious his palate here is: everything is non-red, except for her badge. Keller is still fairly tight at this stage, each brush-stroke separate, but blended with the next. He was very good at breaking up colors later on as can be seen elsewhere in this exhibition.

60. **Arthur I. Keller** 1866-1924

Somber colonial couple seated in woods.

"Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale"

Book illustration: *Complete Writings of Hawthorne* (vol. 14 of 22), by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Publisher: (Houghton Mifflin, The Riverside Press), 1900, frontispiece.

Gouache, 13 x 9.5" signed lower left.

Exhibition: Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis; 1904.

BROOKE HANLON



65. **Austin Briggs** 1909-1973

Police car at night, man sitting on curb.

"The policeman tried to be gentle when he told them the children had been in an accident, but no matter what he said it was a shock. They didn't notice Mr. Knowles sink to the curb."

Magazine story illustration: "The Crushed Orchid",
author: Brooke Hanlon, *Saturday Evening Post*, May 27, 1950, page 23;
Oil on canvas, 27.75 x 21.5" signed lower right.

The original story title was "Besemer Street, U.S.A."

Norman Rockwell Museum: "The Illustrators Hall of Fame", Winter-Spring 1996.

CORRA MAE HARRIS

Harris was an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife, castigated in her day as a feminist for independent thinking, but her first appearance in print was a justification of lynching. "My Book and Heart" is her second, not "disgracefully truthful" autobiography. I found her unconventional Christian morality interesting:

"Those who wish to believe in damnation, or who feel it is their duty to do so, do their duty. As for me, I know we shall all arrive at last and be taught the ABC's of eternal life somewhere, somehow, else we are at the mercy of an almighty malignant power. The evidence is to the contrary."

Amid such ruminations, there's barely anything illustrable, and Frederic Gruger's drawings for the serial focus on character. We are impressed anew that he had the training (or gift) of being able to mentally picture a consistent character even a different ages without actually posing a model! For someone who wasn't church-going (though he married a preacher's daughter), Gruger performs with seriousness.

At the end, Harris reveals her peace with the world and cosmos. Gruger obliges with this stirring unscientific zoom-out shot appropriate for one who is setting down her pen for the last time. [But she didn't. Harris continued to write for another decade!] "I should be wishing to see the stars from this distance, because they are smaller and appear younger, happier." Why Gruger chose this passage is a mystery; it's one of her less coherent, and its winged planets and sun god are reminiscent of Gustave Doré — more fanciful than Methodical. I think it would better apply to this passage in the same episode: "... we take our virtues for granted, as we never praise the heavens for the stars that shine there, having been so long accustomed to the loveliness of these stars. This is wrong. We are cheating ourselves of the best truth."

Magazine story illustrations, from "My Book and Heart", by Corra Mae Harris, *Saturday Evening Post*, drawn by **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953



62. Three people sitting under a tree.

"Lundy was a great physician who could not heal himself, but he could be trusted with the most delicate spiritual disorder of other people."

October 6, 1923, page 29;

Carbon pencil & watercolor, 11 x 16" signed ul.

63. Woman having photograph taken. *"This master photographer could not change the eyes, but he made them count. Scorn and wisdom looked from them."*

October 13, 1923, page 28;

Carbon pencil & watercolor, 12.5 x 16.5" signed ur.

64. Winged planets flying around sun god.

"I should be wishing to see the stars from this distance, because they are smaller and appear younger, happier"

October 27, 1923, page 22;

Carbon pencil & watercolor, 11.25 x 17" signed ul.



SARAH GRAND



66. **Arthur I. Keller** 1866-1924

Man dancing before astonished woman.

"She sat staring at him, horribly fascinated"

Book illustration: : Babs the Impossible, by Sarah Grand;

Publisher: (Harper & Brothers), 1900, opp. page 286.

Gouache, xx x xx" signed lower left.

ELLEN GLASGOW



67. **Charles E. Chambers** 1883-1941
Man and dog coming back from hunting trip.
"The old world charm of the scene held me captive"
Magazine story illustration: "Dare's Gift", author: Ellen Glasgow, *Harper's Monthly*, February 1917, frontispiece;
Oil on canvas, 33 x 24" signed lower right
Literature: "Practical Illustration" by John D. Whiting, published by Harper's, 1920.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD



I was intrigued by the premise of this very short story “Diagnosis”. Like *Gatsby*, it’s populated by characters obsessed by perceptions of class and money, now further warped through the prism of Freudian neurosis, but this is no longer a privileged Princeton-boy problem but a glimpse, as the Depression digs in, of a national mental illness.

Nobody wants to admit that the economic collapse has any effect on them, so there is a furtive scramble for both money and the appearance of financial stability. [Sound familiar?] Fitzgerald does a good job of sizing up the illness and capturing the pop-psychological lingo of the day. “He’s acting as if he’s planning a nervous breakdown. People take things hard these days.” Or at least, when you think the story is going in that direction, demonstrating that the political is personal, this scene happens, where the main character Charlie and his half-brother meet in an abandoned family house and admit each has been hiding something from the other.

Fitzgerald had previously written a fan letter to Raleigh, pleased that the artist had captured one of his characters so well. So it

may be that the writer had the clout to request a particular illustrator, and get his wish, which was not the usual arrangement. In any event, Raleigh outdoes himself in this drawing. His entire oeuvre is based on the sketchy line, but lines are very spare here. Raleigh proves he can do without them, and the riot of color — that one candle floods the room with saturated light — boosts the sense of Charlie’s mania and the flaring up of guilt and suspicion inherent in the money chase. Charlie is portrayed as an ingenuite — pretty and rather blank — as he hasn’t yet wrestled his demons to the mat.

68. Henry Raleigh 1880-1944

Two men talking by candlelight.

“Charlie, did it ever strike you the old man left mighty little money for what we guessed he had?”

Magazine story illustration: “Diagnosis”, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Saturday Evening Post*, February 20, 1932, page 19;

Watercolor, 16.25 x 15.25” not signed (credited in the magazine).

EDNA FERBER

69. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953
Woman and child embrace on beach lane.
Magazine story illustration: : "Show Boat",
author: Edna Ferber, Woman's Home
Companion, June 1926;
Carbon pencil and wash, 10.4 x 14.5"
signed upper right.



70. **Henry Raleigh** 1880-1944
Dandy smoking cigar, woman at trunk.
*"The fantastic procedure appealed to her love
of the unexpected. Out tumbled the contents
of bureau drawers and trunks."*
Magazine story illustration: : "Show Boat",
author: Edna Ferber, Woman's Home
Companion, Part V; Carbon pencil and
watercolor, 13 x 19.75" signed.



WILLIAM FAULKNER



71. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953

Slaves digging up a chest of silver at night.

"He and Loosh dug up the trunk where we buried it last summer"

Magazine story illustration: "Retreat", by William Faulkner,
Saturday Evening Post, October 13, 1934, page 16;

Carbon pencil & wash, 11.9 x 17" signed lower right..

WILLIAM FAULKNER



72. **George Howe** 1896-1941

Woman staring from rocking chair.

Magazine story illustration: "Go Down, Moses",
by William Faulkner, *Collier's*, January 25, 1941, page 19;
Watercolor, 16.5 x 13.5" not signed (identified verso).

Exhibition: 1984: Society of Illustrators, New York: "The Illustration in America 1880-1980"

JEFFERY FARNOL



Jeffery Farnol (1878–1952) is one writer whose characters inhabit a world in which untended children play over fields and woods and if they happen to meet a strange man, so much the merrier! Little Georgy shares his yearning for finding a fortune (obviously the single mom has money trouble) and our mysterious gentleman may just be what he’s looking for, rather than the Money Moon he asks for help in finding.

“Georgy Porgy,” said he, “you can just bet your small life, I will, — and there’s my hand in it, old chap”

Keller’s image of the above shares the author’s friendly optimism; he was probably chosen because he’s so good at depicting warm family gatherings, and lo, it comes to pass, that the man enters their family, very charmingly indeed. Sorry, I gave it away, but you knew he couldn’t turn out to be a creeper! I wasn’t wowed by its literary qualities, but all three characters are very likable and the story is like a nice bowl of chicken soup.

73. **Arthur I. Keller** 1866-1924

Man and boy having picnic on hillock.

“*Georgy Porgy’ said he, ‘You can just bet your small life, I will — And there’s my hand on it, old chap’*”

Magazine cover: : “The Money Moon”, author: Jeffery Farnol, *Sunday Magazine*; publisher: (Associated Sunday Magazines), October 1, 1911; Gouache, 21.8 x 15.3” signed lower left.

LOUISE DUTTON

Everything takes place in a sketchy building, in a sketchy neighborhood, East of Third Avenue, New York City. The story turns around "T. A.," an artist of sensitivity so great he blunders into presumptions and misinterpretations on a grand scale, yet commits no harm and remains beloved. Louise Dutton employs a rich, deadpan humor, with unexplained turns of phrase as peculiar as those of Philip K. Dick, e.g. "but you look to me more like a prohibition cocktail than a poison."

Raleigh isn't going to merely mirror the author's descriptions; in this case, he side-steps the scene-setting that artists like Gruger, Fawcett, or Price were so reliably versed, and instead spreads the mood on thick. Someone else would have grabbed this passage for a depiction ("T.A.'s tiny crowded kitchen was immaculate, cooking pots and rare cloisonné side by side on the network of shelves, the blue priest's robe over the bath-room window, a priceless pedigreed rug on the fireless cooker."), but Raleigh won't compete with his author; he draws us in with nearly empty shadows instead. Thinking he recognizes his neighbor in the dark stairwell, it is only 8 paragraphs later that he finds she is a stranger.

Such concise dramedy is a natural fit for Henry Raleigh's deft ink line and in these illustrations, he saunters from delineator of the Ash Can on the waterfront to the swells in the salon. Just as easily, Dutton moves between such motley settings and characters: ("on a balcony halfway up a family wash, drying there in defiance of office rules, flapped limp like an imperfectly-sheeted ghost.") versus ("The picture was finished too, a lovely haunted dream of strange greens and blues, a seated woman's figure called Romance. But there was something wrong with the woman's eyes...")

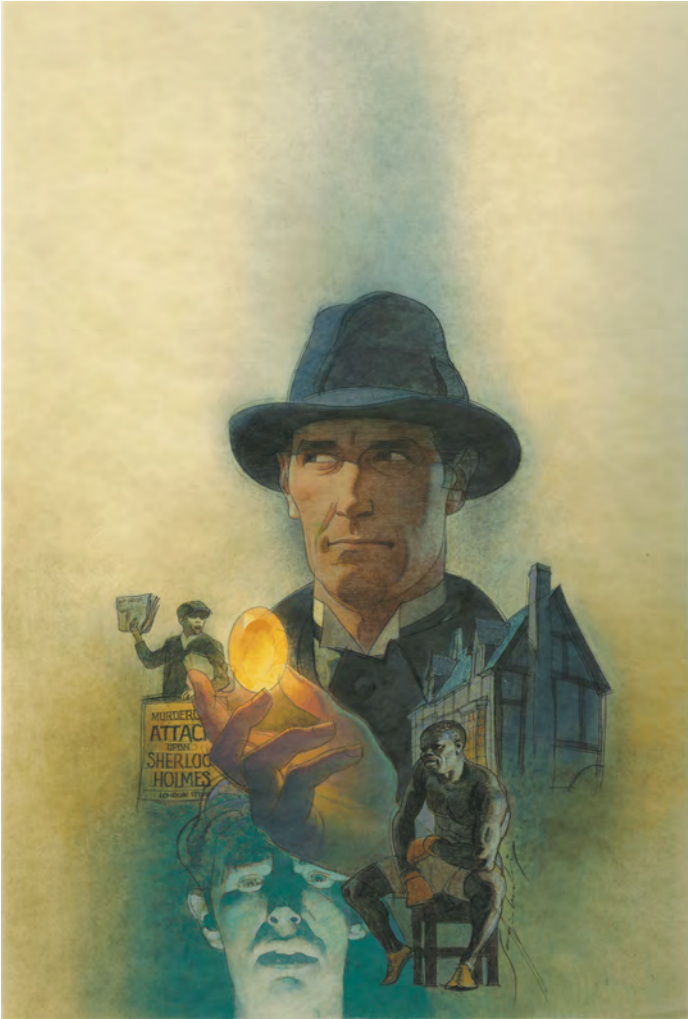
Dutton seems to have been largely forgotten since her numerous magazine appearances from 1907 to 1928; it's a special pleasure for me to have (re)discovered her. I can't say she entirely pulls off every stunt she attempts, but that's part of her Bohemian charm.



74. **Henry Raleigh** 1880-1944

Man in smock speaking to woman in stairwell. "You don't want to cry there," said T. A. "Cry here." The heap on the stairs grew more quiet." Magazine story illustration: "East of Third", by Louise Dutton, *Good Housekeeping*, February 1924, page 31; Pen & ink, charcoal, wash, 20 x 15" not signed. (artist credited in magazine).

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

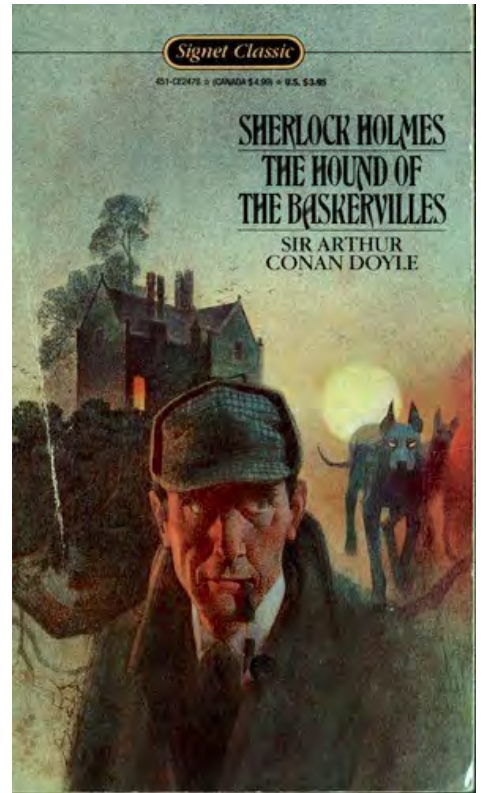


75. **Sergio Martinez**
Sherlock Holmes, yellow jewel, seated boxer, etc.
Audiotape cover: “The Illustrious Client”, “The Blanched Soldier”, “The Mazarin Stone”, “The Three Gables”, author: Arthur Conan Doyle, *Casebook of Sherlock Holmes* vol. 1; (BBC/Bantam Doubleday Dell), February 1998; Conté pencil and oil stick, 16.5 x 11” signed lower right.



76. **Sergio Martinez**
Holmes with pipe, street scene, figure bent over candle.
Audiotape cover: “The Greek Interpreter”, “The Naval Treaty”, “The Final Problem”, author: Arthur Conan Doyle, *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, vol. 3; (BBC/Bantam Doubleday Dell), October 1994; Conté pencil and colored pencils, 16 x 10” signed lower left.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



(book cover artwork is not for sale)

Four book illustrations for Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Publisher: (Signet Classic), July 1986. Art by **Sergio Martinez**:

77. Woman pointing out site to Holmes and Watson.
Watercolor and colored pencil, 10 x 7.2"
signed lower right.

78. Watson spots figure on promontory.
"I saw the figure of a man upon the tor"
Watercolor and colored pencil, 10 x 7.2"
signed lower right.

79. Woman running away in moonlight.
Watercolor and colored pencil, 10 x 7"
signed lower right.

80. Huge glowing dog writhing on floor.
"My own fingers smoldered and gleamed
in the darkness"
Watercolor and colored pencil, 10 x 7.2"
not signed.
On the pencil sketch for this illustration,
the artist wrote, "For the phosphorus
effect, the dog will reflect a blue shine
limited by an orange zone"

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



81. **Joseph Clement Coll** 1881-1921

Sir Nigel mounted with squire.

Poster illustration: "Sir Nigel",
author: Arthur Conan Doyle, 1905;

Gouache, 14.5 x 21" not signed.

This poster advertised the upcoming serializa-
tion of the novel in the ASM. Noted in margin:
"reproduced to 18 inches" wide. A postcard
version has also been reported.

Exhibition: 1994: "J. C. Coll" Brandywine River
Museum (item #19).

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

82. **Joseph Clement Coll** 1881-1921
Archer aiming at Nigel with sword.
Advertisement for magazine, 1905
Watercolor, 11.25 x 21.25" not signed.
Calligraphy by J. Thomson Willing.
This was probably published as a street-
car card advertisement for the magazine
with type for the publication date.



ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE



In our flinty-eyed era, we could probably catch numerous anachronisms and errors in the Historical Romance, but that kills all the fun, so I will only point out a tiny flaw. In this chapter, young Nigel, wishing to rise in knighthood's ranks while still remaining alive, goads a powerful adversary to a joust, but not before devising a trick suit with his armorer. Coll skillfully delineates the tale in these two parts: first Nigel's helmet is ripped right off his body from the powerful lance-thrust. Second, we see him headless, still standing, peering out of two eye-holes drilled in his chestplate. I know this legend is apocryphal because I made a Halloween costume with tiny eyeholes once, and it's bloody impossible to keep them aligned with your face in order to see out.



83 + 84. **Joseph Clement Coll** 1881-1921
 Knight's helmet knocked off in jousting.
"Again with a clash of metal the two riders meet"

Magazine story illustration: "Sir Nigel",
 author: Arthur Conan Doyle, *Associated Sunday Magazine*, January 7, 1906, page 3;
 Pen & ink, 13.25 x 13" Support size: 16.75 x 14.5" signed lower center.

[Nose to hoof, the rearing horse is 8.5" tall.]

and

Knights marvelling at 'headless' knight.

"I pray you to unlace him and let him out"

Magazine story illustration: "Sir Nigel",
 author: Arthur Conan Doyle, *Associated Sunday Magazine*, January 7, 1906, page 4;
 Pen & ink, 14.25 x 13.25" signed lower left.

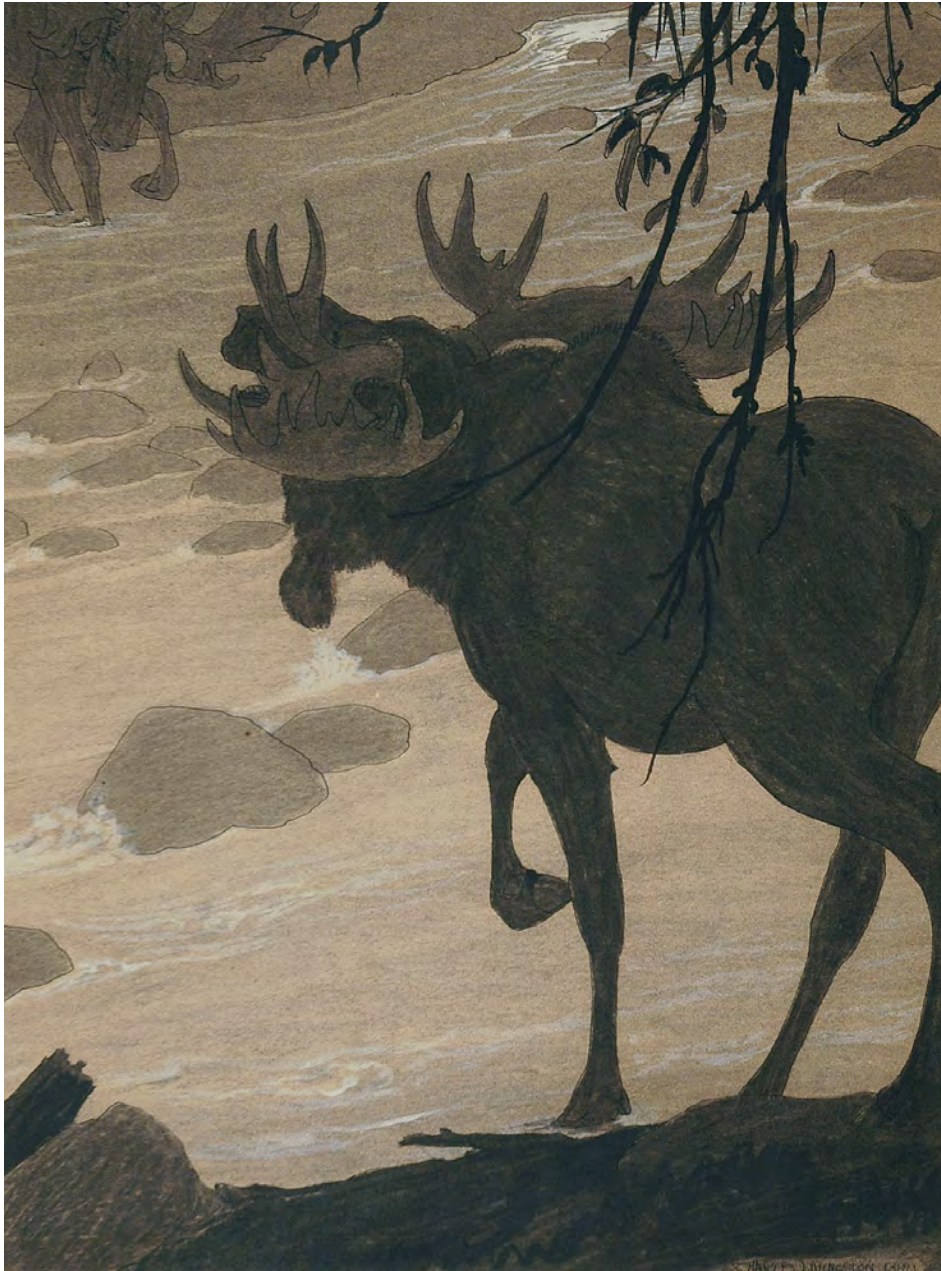
Lettering by J. Thomson Willing

Literature: *The Magic Pen of Joseph Clement Coll* p. 25

Exhibition: "Joseph Clement Coll" Brandywine River Museum 1994.

[The blank areas in the images are not missing nor damaged, just blank, so were not stitched into the scan.]

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



85. **Charles Livingston Bull** 1974-1932

Bull moose about to ford stream as another approaches.

“There was no longer the scent of man in all the wilderness. The moose went openly into the cool water of the lakes.”

Magazine story illustration: “The Long Sleep”, author: James Oliver Curwood, *Red Book*, September 1918, p. 57;

Charcoal, ink and gouache, 23.5 x 17.25” signed lower right.

EDMUND COOPER



If your taste runs to “The Big Bang Theory”, this is its spiritual predecessor, with special effects! We have the sit-com cocky hubris of the superiority of the male robot engineer (the boy’s dad ‘built a brain’ yet insults it: “you ampere-sucking incubus” — the best bit in the story), and there is everybody’s only idea about artificial intelligence in the 1950s: beating a human in chess was the first step in world domination. Of course, the man who made this can’t get his son to do math homework. After two hours under deep robot hypnosis, however — the artificial brain babysits! and oops — the boy Tim constructs some apparati hidden from us in his off-limits room. The very thin science of *The Invisible Man* (Wells’s, not Ellison’s) is invoked: that you might chemically alter the refractive index of skin, like paper soaked in oil becomes translucent. But this story is no place for science!

Dick Stone’s image cuts right to the (penultimate) punch line. He comes straight out of the Al Parker school — startling images rendered in saturated gouache without much shadow or discernible light source. [Here, there

are two, that contradict.] Distinctions are made with hue, not value. The laugh here is that this is the lazy artist’s dream job — just pose the figure and then not render it. The audience is led to believe that the subject is the invisible boy, but the parents’ reactions are what matters. They just want him to grow up to be normal, and now he’s gone and broken the laws of physics — what will the neighbors say? I’m sure you’ve caught Stone’s grievous error: instead of the “thready” shadow cast by H. G. Wells’s invisible man, Stone has the missing body (and head!) cast the same non-thready shadow as his very visible shorts. Hah!

86. **Richard F. Stone** born 1925

Invisible boy frightening his parents. “*Timothy, you’ve got to change back’ he pleaded. ‘You’ve got to. It’s not decent.’*”

Magazine story illustration: “The Invisible Boy”, by Edmund Cooper, *Saturday Evening Post*, June 23, 1956, page 26; Gouache, 16 x 21” signed lower left. The story was made into a movie in the UK, in 1957. The date on the work, 3/17/1956, is the date the art work was received at the magazine.

AGATHA CHRISTIE



“**M**urder in Mesopotamia” is the first of Agatha Christie’s several mysteries featuring numerous deaths in an exotic locale, a large cast of busybodies speculating and gossiping and having motives and opportunities, and... Hercule Poirot, the most irritating detective in the genre. One feels that Christie set out to discover the perfect formula for a movie vehicle and succeeded, with a Miss Marple-esque deniability that that was her aim.

If the word illustration means “to clarify,” then what Gruger is doing is not illustrating. But it’s a *mystery* story, so the illustrations act as deliberate obfuscations — they can’t be spoilers! In the conventions of the day, this picture would appear earlier in the magazine than the event in the text. Gruger is showing off his abilities to dramatize as murkily as the author does, that is, with style. And he fashions a tableau every bit as inspired as *The Last Supper*. The caption tells us that the nurse and the others “worked her over... but” the poisoning victim dies.

Now notice how Gruger pulls off his sleight-of-pencil: lots of dramatic shadows, stances, lamps, gestures, and... nothing else! We don’t even see the patient! Mainly Gruger doesn’t

want to give away who this victim is, so he’s hiding her behind the ‘action’, but it’s also rather convenient; does he even know what “working her over” would entail? Does the author? [Inducing vomiting? Drinking water, or an antidote? Nothing is specified.] We actually see no evidence of any kind of intervention, or for that matter, interaction. I doubt that author or artist knew or cared, and it’s unlikely the audience caught on either – it’s all pure stagecraft, and we may as well enjoy getting hoodwinked.

87. Frederic R. Gruger 1871-1953

People crowded over dimly lit bed.

“We worked her over for all we were worth, but all the time, I had an awful feeling it was no good.”

Magazine story illustration: “Murder In Mesopotamia”, by Agatha Christie, *Saturday Evening Post*, December 7, 1935, p. 29; Carbon pencil and watercolor, 12.5 x 19” signed upper right.

AGATHA CHRISTIE



88. **Robert Stanley** 1918–1996

Poirot in bowler peering through bushes.

“A beautiful heroine appears guilty of murder, until Hercule Poirot uncovers a secret in the shrubbery”

Paperback book cover: *Sad Cypress*,

by Agatha Christie; Publisher: (Dell #529), 1951.

Gouache, 12.5 x 8.5” not signed.

Was Poirot the *most* obnoxious of detectives? That fussiness, that faux-equivocation, that mania for an audience? He even seems faux-French. Give me Simenon’s workaday Maigret any day of the week.

To be fair, Christie was at the cutting edge when she created this disciple of psychology, who seemingly *only* used psychology, to solve crimes. To be sure, there were others, like Maigret, who also got inside people’s heads. I guess the idea was in the air. But Poirot was nevertheless an abrupt departure from the Sherlock Holmes’ school of sifting of physical evidence for detection of clues, which had, by the 1920s, become hopelessly overworked, and instead went straight for motive, which happened to be emotive too, happily for the reader.

Robert Stanley can always be counted on to get to the visual point. He never overthinks a picture. He’s got the opposite temperament from Poirot and yet here we have his definitive portrait of Poirot, complete with clipped hedge (I mean his mustache), and a green-screen backdrop, so you can supply your own surroundings — perhaps that beautiful heroine we heard about and wish Stanley had painted instead.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Robert W. Chambers's fame today rests on his early set of short stories *The King in Yellow*; each story of the book fleshes out the conceit that there exists a book, *The King in Yellow*, which invariably corrupts the reader into becoming evil or insane or suicidal. Satanic. He quotes only one brief excerpt from this imaginary title, which sounds dreary, like Chambers is mocking the prose of George MacDonald, author of *Phantastes*. But the concept stands as something of an ultimate challenge to the artist as well: could an image have this same corrupting power? I will leave that as a rhetorical question (the answer is 'of course'), but it seems to me that any illustration for *The King in Yellow* would be inadvisable.

Chambers's later historical romances are often dismissed, but are mostly engrossing cinematic adventures with gruesome amoral villains and plucky and beautiful heroines cross-dressing or spying, or stowing-away — some daring role — and the whole lot illustrated by Norman Price. It comes dangerously close to a formula, though never routine, and you get a side order of history with that.

Price's vast visual knowledge of carriages, ships, hats, and flintlock pistols, makes him the perfect agent to 'stick the landing', making these historical fantasies seem possible. He uses an entirely un-adventurous drawing manner (which I find the best option for this genre), while still leaving infinite room for interpretation.

I haven't been able to read all these stories through yet, but there is much we can glean just having Chambers's evocative captions; he makes each one a gift to the illustrator.

89. William Russell Flint 1880-1969

Man shooting lounging woman with arrow.

"His Bowe he bent, and set therin a flo; And in his ire hath his wif y slain; This is the effect, there is no more to sain."

Book illustration: *The Canterbury Tales*, by Geoffrey Chaucer, 1913;

Chapter: "The Manciples Tale"

Watercolor and gouache, 10.75 x 9" not signed.

Provenance: Robertson & Bruce Ltd., Fine Art Dealers, Dundee.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



90. **Norman M. Price** 1877-1951
Pitched battle at river's edge. "Here under the high banks of the Great River of the North, the spectacle already had become terrible."
Magazine story illustration: "Silver Knees", by R. W. Chambers, *Liberty*; January 31, 1931, pages 58-59; Gouache, 9.5 x 18.8" signed.

91. **Norman M. Price** 1877-1951
Vendor of incense draws a crowd. "Priests, passing, regarded me with curiosity or aversion..." Magazine story illustration: "Silver Knees", by R. W. Chambers, *Liberty*, 1931, part 5; Gouache, 13.5 x 25.5" signed ll.



We are given an opportunity to peek into the artist's studio since there are two versions of the skirmish painting. It is one thing for an illustrator to be true to the text and another to be able to make a readable picture. The text runs "In the gloom of the wildly tossing lanterns..." Gitana (aka Silver Knees) grabs one of the hero's guns and shoots a pursuing bad guy. In the first unpublished version we can't really see what's going on (as we *wouldn't*) but the editor and artist both knew this was simply going to be mud when printed. Price paints it over again, but this time, he has those lanterns limning the figures so we don't have to squint. Everything is roughly where it was, but now looks entirely different with the change in lighting; now we can actually see Gitana proving what a badass she is with a pistola. In this same gloom, Price also shows off his heroine's legs: I think this is the only time we see her silver knee bracers. And paired with her bare feet – it's like an expensively staged fashion photoshoot.



92 + 93. **Norman M. Price** 1877-1951
Skirmish at night, couple on horseback. "In the gloom of the wildly tossing lanterns..."
Published & unpublished magazine story illustrations: "Silver Knees", Robert W. Chambers, *Liberty*, 1931;
Each: Gouache, 12.75 x 26.5" signed, and not signed.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

It's not very hard to read the historical novel *The Happy Parrot* as an apology for racism – every character thinks slavery is OK and the word “nigger” is normalized by repetition. I'm sure its author Chambers would have protested that he was exposing the disgusting and deplorable nature of the slave trade to the American reader who would've had little access to it from whitewashed history books. Well, it does both.

Through the dialogue of unenlightened people, Chambers regurgitates the old justifications: that a slave ship captain's best interests lie in his keeping the slaves from disease and starvation; that Africans were often better off as American slaves than exposed to the baneful societies rampant in Africa; and that the necessary industries of cotton, indigo, and sugar, would grind to a halt without slave labor. We have heard it all before and if any of it mattered, then why is the desire for freedom timeless and universal? The contradiction that jams us up is the depiction of heroic characters who *treat their slaves decently*, or who actively run slave ships due to social conditions that are *not their fault*, and who, by the end of the story, participate in the death or *ruination of nasty slavers*, and who themselves *refuse to participate further* in it. Believing (or just hoping) that Chambers meant well doesn't make it any less weaksauce.

It's therefore exciting and disheartening both to see Norman Price give such a gung-ho performance as the illustrator, following the same flawed logic as the author, and I could argue, following the same logic as the hero of the story Eric, who does his work because the broken economy of 1808 forces him to take on illegal and immoral trades. For Price it's 1931, the bottom of the Depression, when he, too, was lucky to get work. Everything about this project is a dismal compromise.

This is adventure, not comedy, but there are moments that are darkly funny. In this drawing, our hapless couple, technically on their honeymoon, are wounded and stranded without weapons, and “three armed men, stripped to their belts...” are coming to get them. But in Price's hands, they are inconsequential dots in the distance, whereas we can't keep our eyes off of Chitra, who is also stripped to the waist and covered in whiplashes. OK, ‘funny’ is not the right word, but... ‘ironic juxtaposition’ doesn't explain the guffaw from my gut.

[ABOUT LOVE AND LIEUTENANT]



94. **Norman M. Price** 1877-1951
Man and topless woman on riverbank. “Already three agile fellows, stripped to their belts, were in the water and wading across.” Magazine story illustration: “The Happy Parrot”, by Robert W. Chambers, *Liberty*, 1928, opp. p. 162 in book; Pen & ink, 9 x 10” signed lower right.

95. **Norman M. Price** 1877-1951
Officer and young woman with needlework. Magazine story illustration: “Love and the Lieutenant”, by R. W. Chambers, *Woman's Home Companion*, 1934; Watercolor and gouache, 18 x 15” signed.



WILLA CATHER



100. **Harold von Schmidt** 1893-1982
Rattlesnake.

Book illustration: *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, by Willa Cather, 1928, tail-piece, book 4, chap. 1. Black & white gouache, 4.7 x 25.7" not signed.



99. **Harold von Schmidt** 1893-1982
Two men on horseback outside Buck Scales's house at night.

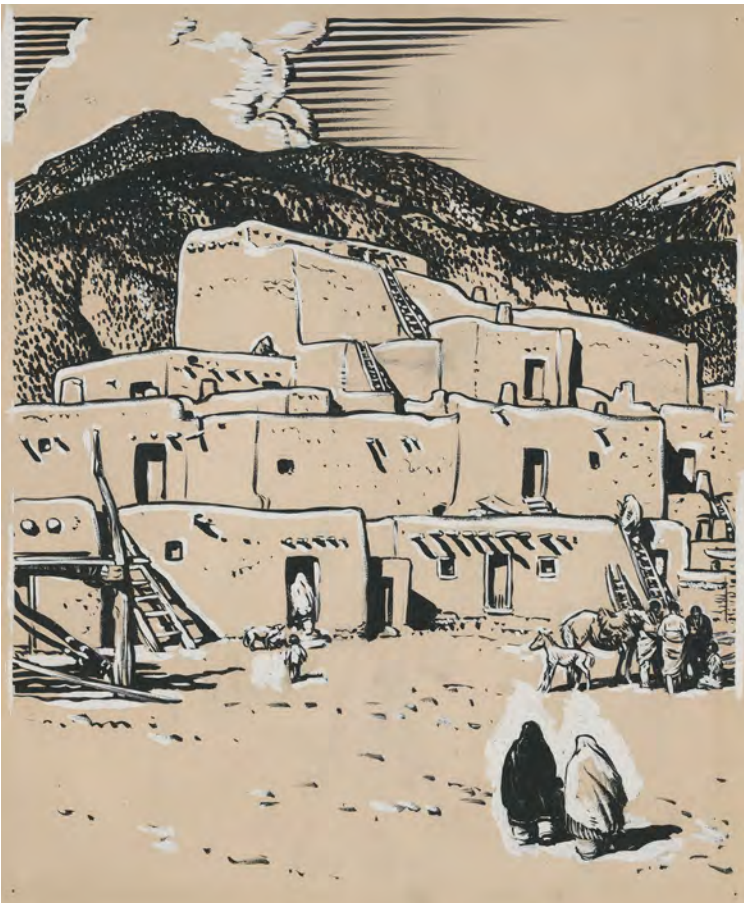
Book illustration: *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, by Willa Cather, 1928, heading, book 2, chap. 2

Black & white gouache, 10 x 25.5" not signed.

96. **Harold von Schmidt** 1893-1982
Two women walking toward Taos Pueblo.

Book illustration: *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, by Willa Cather, 1928

Black & white gouache, 16.6 x 13.5" not signed.



Despite the portentous title, the archbishop's death was not untoward. It was a model death: gentle, reverent, without regret. His heart eventually gave out. He had been accomplished, and was a positive force: he built a cathedral in Santa Fe, and more important, he was sympathetic to the restoration of the Navajo to their own native countryside.

While it is hard for the reader to discern whether this is history, legend, fiction, or some mix, the Bishop (eventually Archbishop) Father Latour was a real person and Willa Cather (1873-1947) goes to pains to put his life and legends on a factual footing. The reportage is stylistically unremarkable, but important for the light she chose to shine on an unfamiliar corner of American culture. Assigned to a frontier diocese, the Frenchman finds a devout Christian community already forged in the collision of native peoples, Mexicans, cowboys, and the American military, nurtured by persecution, natural hardship, and thick with superstitious rituals.

"I worked for two years on these 60-odd drawings for Willa Cather's beautifully written story of old New Mexico. She had insisted with her publisher that I do the illustrations, and my dealings were all with her directly. I made pencil roughs, and we talked over the approach to take. We disagreed on some things, but I felt that her characters were so well realized in words

WILLA CATHER

101. **Harold von Schmidt** 1893-1982
Pecos girl running to hide her baby until
after the snake festival.
Book illustration: *Death Comes for the
Archbishop*, by Willa Cather, 1928, tail-
piece, book 4, chap. 2.
Black & white gouache, 4.7 x 25.1”
not signed.



98. **Harold von Schmidt** 1893-1982
Native man watching horses from grassy
mound.
Book illustration: *Death Comes for the
Archbishop*, by Willa Cather, 1928, tailpiece
book 7, chapter 3; Black & white gouache,
12.7 x 25.5” not signed.



97. **Harold von Schmidt** 1893-1982
Mass at Acoma.
Book illustration: *Death Comes for the
Archbishop*, by Willa Cather, 1928
Black & white gouache, ca. 16 x 13”
not signed.

that it would be a mistake for me to depict them too and possibly confuse the reader whose interpretation of her words might be different than mine. So I did the pictures as decorations that would set the background for the story and help the audience get to know the old New Mexico as she knew it and as I knew it. About six years later, I got a letter from her thanking me for insisting on doing it the way I wanted.” [quoted from: Walt Reed, *Harold Von Schmidt Draws and Paints the Old West* (Northland Press, 1972) pages 206-207.]

Curiously, von Schmidt’s small decorative illustrations were drawn at a scale some ten times larger than that printed. He worked them in the very bold manner of his first mentor Maynard Dixon, but using near-black tempera rather than ink, then cutting into the black with white gouache, sometimes correcting, sometimes altering textures, sometimes to work an entire figure with high-lights. “My approach is to... try to get the most from the least. If I can do without a line, I eliminate it.”

The drawings were meant to look like wood-cuts but the textures are less the tracings of the burin than the furrow of a plow (for sky), a splatter of mud (for a tree), or the dings from a shotgun (for earth) that all emanate out — somehow — from his brush.



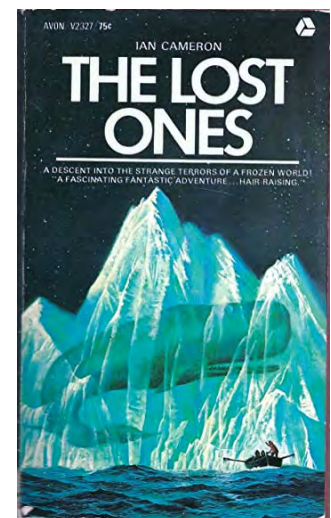
IAN CAMERON



This novel by Ian Cameron (actually Donald Gordon Payne, born 1924) is another in the Lost-Race / Lost-World mould. It always helps to park the Lost World way up north in an oddly warm and inaccessible valley, or uncharted Canadian island, because we pretty much know what's going on in Ohio (except when a new desert is found there thanks to David Foster Wallace). This time, it's a Norse-adjacent civilization in the "fabled island where whales go to die". Reliant on the genre as it is, it was smart of Disney when they made this into a movie in 1974 to reset its time frame to 1907 from 1960, when even kids would be skeptical of Allan Quartermain-types finding anything we couldn't otherwise map from space.

Illustration is forever being sneered at for being at the rear guard of artistic development. It's nonsense. How else are you going to depict something that no longer does, or cannot ever, exist? You use the reportorial, or documentary, tool of the trade: the sharp-focused photograph. Who cares if it's tricking the audience into believing they're an eye-witness? So is 99% of all art; that's what makes it *artifice*.

It's true that rendering a photograph is easier than thinking up a new reason for each new brushstroke, but that misses the point. The hard part is thinking up a whale trapped inside a transparent glacier when nothing like that happens in the novel, and then making sure your audience finds meaning in that by portraying said whale as an emblem of a perfectly preserved lost civilization. Thank you, Dean Ellis. My hat is off my head.



102. **Dean Ellis** born 1922

Great whale frozen in glacier, men in rowboat.

"A descent into the strange terrors of a frozen world!"

Paperback book cover: *The Lost Ones*, by Ian Cameron;

Publisher: (Avon Books), 1970

Acrylic on board, 30 x 17" not signed.

THORNTON BURGESS

When Beatrix Potter made her very popular books of animal life, she was really finally democratizing what governesses had done for decades in the privacy of estates — infotaining children. Well, she was exceptionally good at it, artistically, narratively, and scientifically, even so, the lives of her animals reflected an ideal of safe and privileged English country life. Thornton Burgess must have been fired up to reproduce this successful phenomenon for the American child and he surely did so, minus a portion of her charm. His bunny hero, like hers, wore proper human clothing, but Burgess-Cady-world is rather more tidy, and though it takes place in brambles and swamps, diseases carried by germs never sully it.

There was always a faction who were horrified at these complete misconceptions of animal behavior, but it was widely felt that city children were learning something about nature. In fact the animal society was always standing in for human society, and Burgess's version seemed fair. Sure, animals attacked and ate each other, but this was the natural consequence of risky behavior and no bloody details were ever shown. One lesson was that each animal kept up its guard, while keeping their equanimity intact. In Burgess, the law of the jungle is endlessly conflated with the (loose) morality of the animals, but this is to teach children moral behavior using... the animals' code, though he's really imposing a human code on them! It's a massive muddle, but it has a wishful logic.

W. Harrison Cady was an excellent choice of artistic co-conspirator, and his work was a clear departure from Potter's: he came from the cartooning tradition; his lines were sparing, clean, and simple. Each animal wore a smile and appropriate uniforms to their stations — somewhere there is an eel wearing a sailor's cap. And he was prolific: in Michael Dowling's bibliography of Burgess, Cady's illustrations account for the great majority. Despite the mountain of work produced for all manner of publications, watercolors are rare, as they were quickly supplanted by Ben-Day tones tagged by pigment-numbers.

This cover picture occurs at the climax of the tale when Peter reassures the Mrs. that he is friends with the dreaded Old Man Coyote who returned a favor Peter had done him. "You dear old stupid" she replies, explaining that that means Coyote no longer owes him, and can come and eat them with impunity. All the while she's sweeping her dirt house of... dirt, which casts some doubt on her judgment.

103. W. Harrison Cady 1877-1970

Rabbit couple outside of burrow, she sweeping up. "Oh, you dear stupid!"
Book illustration: *Mrs. Peter Rabbit*, by Thornton Burgess; (Little, Brown), 1919, cover. Watercolor and ink, 13.75 x 9" signed lower left.

104. W. Harrison Cady 1877-1970

Raccoon washing corn at stream's edge. "He was washing his breakfast"
Book illustration: *Mother West Wind's Children*, by Thornton W. Burgess; (Little, Brown), 1962, opp. page 117.
Ink and watercolor, 10 x 7.75" signed lower left.



EARL DERR BIGGERS



Don't be surprised: that hulking cloaked figure that dominates every illustration of this serial appears nowhere in the story. It is the artist's motif that serves as an embodiment for the element of mystery, a cloak for the characters that disappear, and the visual equivalent to Charlie Chan's enigmatic epigrams that pepper Biggers's stories. Like, "The fool questions others, the wise man questions himself." Or, this one: "Muddy water, unwisely stirred, grows darker still. Left alone, it clears itself."

For this penultimate illustration, the curtain is thrown wide and all the characters take the stage, yet nothing that has been revealed makes any sense, and the caption is an evident lie.

There is much illusion to the weakness and incompetence of Woman in the story, yet it is all spoken by doofuses, obfuscators, or people-proven-wrong later. Besides Chan and the usual comically incompetent police inspector, and a famous dude from Scotland Yard, the investigation is led by a young female district attorney who admits her inexperience but who proves capable enough. Overall, prejudice

is laid on thick with irony. With one exception: Biggers makes clear that, while Chan is of Chinese extraction, he is Hawaiian, one of 'us', and goes out of his way to contrast Chan's cleanliness and manners with the milieu of filthy Peshawar, gateway to Afghanistan, where the background of the mystery occurs. Well, it's not *supposed* to be ironic. The real mystery is that the author somehow perpetuates stereotypes while deliberately busting them.

105. **Frederic R. Gruger** 1871-1953

Man with fist on desk, large cloaked figure behind.

"The secret of that old scandal is safe. By the Lord, Harry, who'd want a better motive than that?"

Magazine story illustration: "Behind That Curtain", by Earl Derr Biggers, *Saturday Evening Post*, April 28, 1928, page 32; Carbon pencil and black watercolor, 11 x 16" signed upper left.

H. BEDFORD-JONES



Three magazine story illustrations for “Trumpets From Oblivion 3: Wrath of the Thunderbird”, by H. Bedford-Jones, *Blue Book Magazine* (McCall Corporation), January 1939, drawn by

Herbert Morton Stoops 1888-1948

The art is credited to “Jeremy Cannon” a well-known pseudonym of Stoops.

106. Native at ceremonial tepee. p. 9; Brush and ink, 9 x 7” signed lower right.

107. Pterodactyl flying by natives. “Red Stone swung around, caught a glimpse of the dread Thing” p. 16-17; Brush & ink, white gouache, 10.5 x 15” not signed.

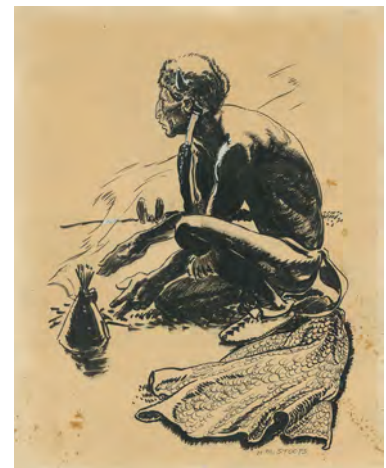
108. Giant pterodactyl confronting natives. “Into the very flame of the torch that Red Stone flung aloft, came that incredible beak” p. 6-7; Brush & ink with white gouache, 9.2 x 14.2” not signed.

That old scene at the Explorers Inventors club at which a new techno-discoverology is claimed, scoffed at, and wagered upon — in belligerent British accents — is just too juicy to be let go. Bedford-Jones offers his third-generation version in which his Norman Fletcher character has unearthed some kind of 3-D movie of the ancient world, made during the Holocene (because there are humans in North America) or perhaps the late Cretaceous (because there are living pterodactyls by the sea of Kansas), but hey, that’s only a few tens of millions of years difference. He’s got a playback device that he won’t show, but the recorder is neither mentioned nor missed. Anyway, the ‘real’ science in the premise is that humans’ “racial consciousness” retains the memory of battles with gigantic Pteranodons, now thankfully extinct, which then persist in mythology as ‘dragons’.

It’s known that the dude is a movie special effects expert (the Club moved to LA) and the scoffers scoff that he’s pulling their chain. There is a pulp narrative of Native Americans that involves luring the Winged Death to predation, but the drawings are knockouts: big sweeps of black for melodrama, yet not over-the-top, and with anatomical correctness, and by that I mean Stoops contrived a *Pteranodon ingens* reconstruction with komodo tail and a head tucked back like a pelican; you can practically tell the wing flap speed.



It would be possible for an audio recording to have been made mechanically and then fossilized: the scream of the dragon causing a plectrum (pine needle?) to vibrate while being pulled through clay which would later get petrified. Why not? the only problem would be to determine the correct speed of playback. Did the Pterodon go ‘cheep’ or roar? But I can’t see my way to some kind of natural video camera, which would’ve had to be mobile too. Fletcher sets out to prove his story by projecting the prehistoric movie, and his friends see no zippers.

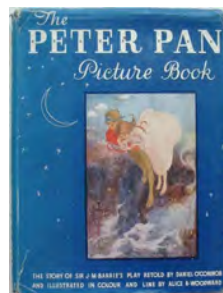


JAMES M. BARRIE



It took 10 years of adulthood before it occurred to me: Peter Pan is Pan. The great god Pan, the embodiment of Pantheism, all about godliness being everywhere in all animals and things. Though it advances a totally different origin story, it's not so much anti-Christian as pre-Christian nature worship, the paganism that even preceded, then filtered through Egyptian and Greek mythologies. Around 1900, there was an upwelling of pagan revival, that crept into all manner of artistic expression. Across Europe, new periodicals were going back to nature: *Ver Sacrum* ("Sacred Spring") in Vienna, *Jugend* ("Youth") in Munich, and a Berlin magazine called *Pan*. There was Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, with a whole chapter on Pan's piping waking up the world each morning, which children reliably fall asleep to. And the play by James Barrie (1860-1937) "Peter Pan", (first performed in 1904, novelized in 1911, illustrated, and special-effected, and animated, and whatnot), which was an instant success. All of this and much more had a subtext urging people to embrace the natural in the face of rampant industrialization.

There were all manner of Peter Pan spin-offs, including this retelling by Daniel O'Connor, illustrated by Alice Woodward, whose small but touching frontispiece only appeared in the second edition. She channels this original understanding of Pan as the eternal child, living in the trees, corralling and coordinating all the creatures and forces of nature: "but the sweetest sound of all is the fluting of Peter Pan's pipes as he sits outside the little house and calls to the Spring to make haste.."



109. **Alice B. Woodward** 1862-1951

Peter Pan playing pipes, sitting in tree.
Book illustration: *The Peter Pan Picture Book*, by Daniel O'Connor.

(G. Bell & Sons), 1923, frontispiece.
Watercolor and ink on board, 10 x 7"
initialed lower center, disguised on trunk.

HONORÉ de BALZAC



110. **Jacques-Clément Wagrez** 1846-1908

Cavalry officer having his portrait painted.

"Agathe fut obligée..."

Book illustration: *La Comédie Humaine*, by Honoré de Balzac, 1899, Vol. XI; page 109

Chapter: "Un Menage de Garçon"

Ink and gouache on board, 10.5 x 7.25" signed lower left.

111. **Adrien Moreau** 1843-1906

Wedding scene.

"The midnight wedding of Louise and Felipe"

Book illustration: *La Comédie Humaine*, by Honoré de Balzac, 1896, page 168

Chapter: "Memoirs of Two Young Wives"

Watercolor en grisaille, 10 x 7" signed lower right.



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT



112. **Harriet Roosevelt Richards** d. 1932
Woman bringing glass of water to girl in bed.
"The little black head lay still upon the pillow"
Book illustration: *Jack and Jill: A Village Story*,
by Louisa May Alcott; (Little, Brown and Co.), 1905, page 14
Charcoal, 18.25 x 11.25" signed lower right.

113. **Harriet Roosevelt Richards** d. 1932
Bringing decorations to a convalescent.
"All brought such contributions as they could muster"
Book illustration: *Jack and Jill: A Village Story*,
by Louisa May Alcott; (Little, Brown and Co.), 1905, page 118
Charcoal, 21.75 x 13" signed lower left.



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

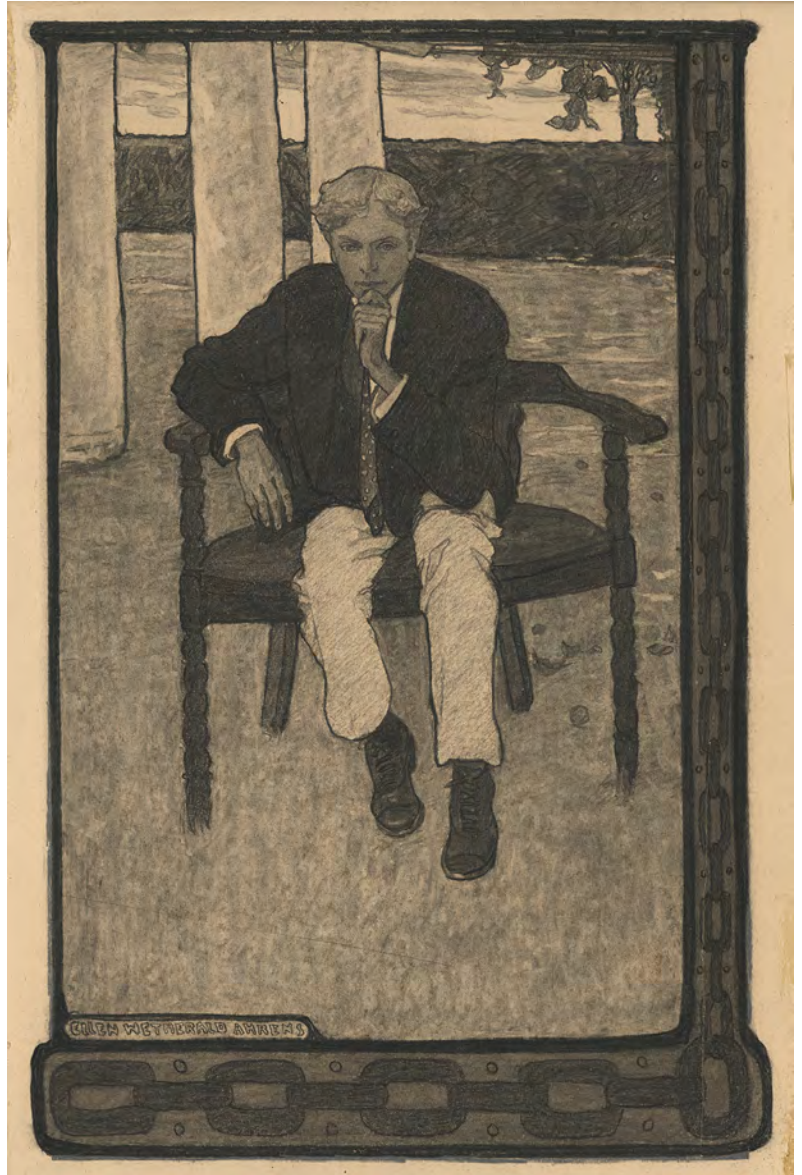


114. Sergio Martinez

Boys playing in front of old mansion.

Book cover: *Little Men*, by Louisa May Alcott, 1980s.

Colored pencil & oil stick on vellum, 11.5 x 7.8”
signed lower right.



To the right is a portrait of ‘scapegrace’ Tommy Bangs, who we first saw in *Little Men*, so he emerges as a test of the Jo March school of raising children. For years, he was devoted to Nan, so it was expected they would marry. Then, he rescues Dora from drowning, or at least falling out of a rowboat (but she can swim!), and she falls in love with him, and so he reciprocates. Nan wasn’t even devastated! Despite obstacles, the boys always straighten out forever after, in an Alcott novel. Is that a good thing to be teaching girls?

Ahrens is another female Pyle student given a chance to illustrate Alcott by Little, Brown. She is somewhat obscure but worked alongside the Red Rose Girls at the Love Building in Philadelphia in 1900, and hung out at the Sketch Club too.

Ahrens makes uniquely decorative pictures, eliminating detail and paying more attention to the composition of light and dark shapes. Sometimes her figures are as stiff as a box hedge in a formal garden, but not in this case. I think she must like Tommy, and what girl wouldn’t?

115. Ellen Wetherald Ahrens 1859-1935

Thoughtful boy seated in garden.

“Tom burst forth as a full-blown hero who had rescued the maiden from a watery grave...”

Book illustration: *Jo’s Boys, and How They Turned Out*, by Louisa May Alcott;

Publisher: (Little, Brown and Co.), 1903, opp. page 176
Charcoal, 20 x 12.3” signed lower left.

INDICES

artists

<i>(name)</i>	<i>(item n°)</i>		
Ellen W. Ahrens	115	Frederic R. Gruger	4, 5, 7, 32, 33, 42, 56, 62, 63, 64, 69, 71, 87, 105
Robert Baxter	34	William Hatherell	52, 53
Thomas Blackshear II	40	George W. Hood	54
George Brehm	19	George Howe	72
Austin Briggs	65	Arthur I. Keller	10, 27, 55, 57, 61, 66, 73
Zyg Brunner	45	Robert Lawson	23
Charles L. Bull	85	Oscar Liebman	6
Harrison Cady	103, 104	Fred Ludekens	59
Peter Caras	44	Sergio Martinez	75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 114
Charles E. Chambers	67	James E. McConnell	60
Seymour Chwast	30	Adrien Moreau	111
Joseph C. Coll	28, 81, 82, 83, 84	Wallace Morgan	9, 18, 21
Dean Cornwell	31, 38	Julia Noonan	1
Donald Crowley	24	Al Parker	14
Albert Dorne	16	Henry C. Pitz	15
Charles Dudouyt	11	Norman M. Price	29, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95
Dean Ellis	102	Don I. Punchatz	25
John Falter	22	Tim Raglin	49, 50, 51
Wm. Russell Flint	89	Henry Raleigh	2, 3, 8, 12, 13, 20, 41, 58, 68, 70, 74
Gordon H. Grant	17	Harriet R. Richards	112, 113
		Charles Santore	43
		Maurice Sendak	46
		Jessie Willcox Smith	35
		Robert Stanley	88
		Richard F. Stone	86
		Herbert M. Stoops	106, 107, 108
		Hugh Thomson	26
		Harold von Schmidt	39, 96–101,
		Jacques-Clément Wagrez	110
		Lynd K. Ward	36, 37
		Alice B. Woodward	109
		George H. Wright	47
		Frederick C. Yohn	48

authors

<i>(name)</i>	<i>(item n°)</i>		
Louisa May Alcott	112–115	Brooke Hanlon	65
Honoré de Balzac	110–111	Corra Mae Harris	62–64
James M. Barrie	109	Nathaniel Hawthorne	61
H. Bedford-Jones	106–108	Ernest Haycox	59–60
Earl Derr Biggers	105	Joseph Hergesheimer	58
Thornton Burgess	103–104	Rupert Hughes	57
Ian Cameron	102	Aldous Huxley	56
Willa Cather	96–101	Washington Irving	54–55
Robert W. Chambers	90–95	Sheila Kaye-Smith	52–53
Geoffrey Chaucer	89	Rudyard Kipling	49–51
Agatha Christie	87–88	Clarissa Kneeland	48
Edmund Cooper	86	Ring Lardner	47
James Oliver Curwood	85	Edward Lear	46
Arthur Conan Doyle	75–84	Gene Markey	45
Louise Dutton	74	Yukuo Mishima	44
Jeffery Farnol	73	Michael Moorcock	43
William Faulkner	71–72	Gouverneur Morris	41–42
Edna Ferber	69–70	Toni Morrison	40
F. Scott Fitzgerald	68	Dick Pearce	39
Ellen Glasgow	67	Opie Read	38
Sarah Grand	66	Charles Reade	36–37
		Helen Reed	35
		Robert Rimmer	34
		Rafael Sabatini	31–33
		Wm. Shakespeare	27–30
		Richard Sheridan	26
		Robert Silverberg	25
		Jerry Sohl	24
		Emma G. Sterne	23
		R. L. Stevenson	22
		Julian Street	20–21
		Booth Tarkington	17–19
		Wm. Hazlett Upson	16
		Jules Verne	15
		Evelyn Waugh	14
		H. G. Wells	11–13
		George Weston	10
		P. G. Wodehouse	4–9
		I. A. R. Wylie	2–4
		Laurence Yep	1