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Cover: *Comprehensive study* by  
**Frank Frazetta**  
for "Encounter" (above)  
Watercolor on Paper  
Artwork © by Frank Frazetta

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**DAN ZIMMER**  
Editor • Publisher • Designer  
illustrationmag@aol.com

**MATT ZIMMER**  
Editor  
mattzmmr@aol.com

**WRITERS**

DAVID BURTON  
RUSS COCHRAN  
J. BARRY DWYER  
RICHARD GARRISON  
A. E. MENDEZ  
TRINA ROBBINS  
DR. DONALD STOLTZ  
DR. DAVID WINIEWICZ  
MATT ZIMMER

**Illustration** masthead designed by  
Gerard Huerta

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# Illustration

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## FUN IN THE SUN

Dear Dan,

Just a quick note: **Illustration** issues #1 through 3 arrived yesterday, and they are absolutely wonderful!! Thousands of thanks, also, for publishing this high quality mag! They inspired me to draw this postcard for you. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Jukka Murtosaari, Portugal

— Thank you for the wonderful postcard!

## THE QUAKER OATS MAN

Dear Dan,

I am a little concerned about the lack of comment on the fact that I am the artist that did the version of the Quaker Oats man currently used on all Quaker Oats products. Honest injun! It's my copy they are using, not the original that was painted by Sundblom.

Sundblom worked exclusively in oils on a special linen canvas. I worked only in gouache, casein, and acrylics on illustration board made by Crescent Paper Co. Also, I did the whole painting in that medium. I did no touching up on the original by Haddon. (I couldn't anyway because I didn't have oil paints, and you can't work over oil with water based paint.)

There are only two things that could have happened otherwise:

They dumped my art (\$600-\$800 bucks worth) and had another artist do it in oil (which is unlikely because my art was a perfect replica) or they kept Haddon's original somewhere and sent my painting to the printer who keeps it and uses it for new plates.

There have to be two paintings floating around somewhere, the old oil on canvas and the new water paint on illustration board that I created. They may not know the difference unless you tell them to look at the back of the painting. Have them check with the printer also. And that's it!

Sincerely,

Robert Bonfils

— Thank you for this very interesting bit of information. At press time, I could not verify this information, but I will publish an update in the next issue once I get to the bottom of the mystery.

## MUCH APPRECIATED

Dear Dan Zimmer,

I dropped into a little neighborhood book store the other day, and did a double take. There, along with the artist magazines, was something new called **Illustration**.

I grew up looking at magazine illustrations: *The Saturday Evening Post*, *McCall's*, *The Journal*. I dreamed of becoming an illustrator. But, by the time I was an adult, these great publications were a thing of the past.

How great to see them again, in full color. Robert Maguire was a genius! It's hard to believe he created so many covers, he must have chained himself to his easel.

Thanks, again, for your much appreciated publication.

Sincerely,

William John Welch

## SAM SAVITT AND MORRIS GOLLUB

Dear Mr. Zimmer:

I just wanted to drop you a line to say how much I enjoyed Leo Pando's essay on Sam Savitt. It was Savitt's paperback art for horse novels that first brought him to my attention. Before Dad introduced me to the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, I was avid in my admiration for the horse and my favorite horse artist was Paul Brown. And, even though my fascination with Burroughs was growing, I continued to read horse stories and buy comic books that featured horses. As a result I was buying the very same horse comics that Mr. Pando was buying—but with one small difference! While I certainly enjoyed Sam Savitt's paintings, it was another artist whose work induced me to purchase these comic books—Morris Gollub.

It is a shame that Western Lithographing and Printing Co. did not allow their artists to sign their work or, in most cases, to receive credit for it. However this was not always the situation. In some of the titles Western packaged for Dell they seemed adamant to make the reader aware of who was writing and illustrating the interior features (although the cover artists were hardly ever given credit or allowed to sign their work). It was because of these interior credits that I became familiar with Morris "Mo" Gollub's work. He not only painted many, many covers for Western/Dell's comic books, but illustrated numerous interior features as

well. And as much as I admire Savitt's work, I am much more drawn to that of Gollub.

Gollub painted covers for, or illustrated interior stories for, many of the same titles that Savitt worked on: *Gene Autry's Champion* (2 covers, 21 interior stories), *Indian Chief* (8 covers, 8 interior stories), *The Lone Ranger* (31 covers), *Max Brand's Silvertip* (1 cover), *Roy Roger's Trigger* (1 back cover, 3 interior stories), *Black Beauty* (cover and interior art), *Son of Black Beauty* (interior art for both issues), *Tonto* (1 cover), several of the Zane Grey comic adaptations (7 covers, 5 back covers, 3 interior stories). Gollub, besides painting covers for numerous other titles, also executed 65 covers for Western/Dell's various *Tarzan* comics.

I've always wanted to do an article on Morris Gollub but the details of his life are just too sketchy. I corresponded with him for a while but he was always reticent to discuss himself and viewed his art as merely what he did to put food on his family's table and a roof over their heads. He didn't seem to see it as anything special and seemed amazed that anyone would go out of their way to collect it. I once spent two weeks with Frazetta and his family in 1970 and one afternoon waxed ecstatic on Gollub's work. Frazetta was familiar with Gollub's work (although not his name) and asked me, if I ever was able to acquire an extra set, to please pick up Gollub's three issue adaptation of *Rudyard Kipling's Mowgli* for him, which I was happy to do.

Gollub eventually left the comic book field and entered television animation (he worked for the Disney studios prior to entering the comic book field). Sadly his passing went virtually unnoticed and unsung!

Thanks again for the Savitt piece...

With warm regards,

Robert R. Barrett

— Thanks so much for the information on Morris Gollub's work. I would love to run an article on his career. Should you have any luck in gathering together enough material for such a piece, I would be delighted to publish the story!

Speaking of Sam Savitt, additional information has surfaced since the article was published in issue four of **Illustration**:

One additional Savitt Dell cover has been found since publication of the article, *Boys' and Girls' March of Comics #94* (Indian Chief), bringing the total to 148.

Also, Sam Savitt sometimes used the pseudonym "Vic Dara" to identify his illustrations. When Savitt was hired by magazines such

as *Real* they did not want two stories in one issue by the same illustrator; they wanted it to appear that there were more illustrators working for them.

The name "Vic Dara" was derived from Savitt's daughter Vicki, actually Darah Vickery. She was named after John Vickery, an illustrator known for helping returning soldiers get established after World War II. Vickery and Savitt hit it off and they became good friends. Vickery had a studio on Lexington Avenue and arranged for Savitt to rent one on the floor below him.

Lawyer Joseph Savitz drafted an affidavit on Savitt's behalf claiming authorship of his work including certain Dell comic covers ("Gene Autry's Champion," "Roy Rogers' Trigger" and "The Lone Ranger's Hi-Yo Silver"). Leo Pando was named as the party who helped Savitt research, catalog and identify his Dell covers. The affidavit is on public record, notarized and filed September 20, 1995 in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

## ILLUSTRATION TO THE RESCUE

Dear Mr Zimmer

My warmest congratulations for **Illustration** magazine. It was great to know Sam Savitt life and works in issue 4. As a suggestion, maybe a good research on other Dell Comics cover illustrators is worth a trying. They were all great, either those wonderful *Tarzans* and *Lone Rangers* cover artists, or, why not, all those who created eye-catching painted covers to the so-called 'funny animals' line in the 50s, *Bugs Bunny*, *Disney*, the *Dell Giants*, and so forth. Unfairly less valued as children stuff, they were great as well. Their art was lively and charming, not by any means so easy as one may think.

I think that **Illustration** magazine should rescue those artists from their unfair anonymity once and for all.

Best wishes,

Marcio Costa

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

## A LINK IN THE CHAIN

Dear Dan,

I am a professional freelance illustrator, and have only recently discovered your wonderful magazine. I've discovered it backwards actually; having first found issue three, then two, and finally found issue one at the last San Diego Comicbook Con. After reading them, I felt compelled to write.

While all the issues have been informative and fun, I found issue 2 to be, to me, the perfect combination—an article on world-famous Frazetta, (sure to increase sales), pretty-famous Norm Saunders, and

obscure (to me, at least) Perry Peterson. I found Peterson's work extraordinary, and I thank **Illustration** magazine for helping me discover a (sort-of) new artist whose work I admire. In addition, I found out about the Jack Davis retrospective at the SOI thanks to your "Exhibitions and Events" page, and I was so happy I got the chance to see it before it was gone.

I feel most artists become such professionally because they desire a certain level of isolation—being alone with their work. I have that desire, too, but I've always felt a small sense of vague kinship with all those commercial artists who have come before me—like I'm a very, very tiny link of a long chain of people who use their art to express themselves (whether it be commercial art or not). I credit your magazine for helping reinforce that feeling, by showing me those who have come before.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Rob Kelly

## CONGRATULATIONS

Dear Dan,

I've just read your latest issue of **Illustration** [#4] and I wanted to take a minute to pass along my congratulations for a job well done.

Having designed and published a magazine myself (in my dim past), I can fully appreciate the Herculean tasks you face and overcome with each edition. The Stanley Meltzoff autobiographical feature was especially thoughtful and well done; I'm left anxiously anticipating similar features in future issues.

May you have continued success, not only with **Illustration**, but with your forthcoming **Comic Art** as well!

Best,

Arnie Fenner

— Thank you! I have many of the books you have published sitting on my shelf, and they have been a source of inspiration to me. I can't wait to see your next book!

## WELL WORTH IT

Mr. Zimmer,

As a Graphic designer and illustrator, I want to tell you how delighted I am with your wonderful magazine, **Illustration**. I love the clean, bright design, the wonderful abundance of beautiful art reproductions, and the care and love put in to each issue. I picked up #3 at a newsstand around

Lincoln Center, and even though it's a little pricier than I what am used to paying, the high quality of the publication made the purchase well worth it.

I have already sent a payment for issue #2, and I have downloaded the provided PDF of #1. I love the articles, too because they do more than merely sketch out a given artists' resume. They deal with the artists personality and motivations. Many of the artists profiled would never get such respect and recognition if not for your fine work.

Sorry for the rave, but in what looks like a one man show, I'm sure this is a labor of love. I just want to encourage you to continue on, because the results of your efforts are well appreciated!

Thanks,

Keith Henry Brown

Senior Art Director,

Jazz at Lincoln Center

## MOVIE CRAZY

Dear Dan Zimmer,

I don't know where I've been the past year, but I've just caught up with your wonderful magazine. What a beautiful publication, and what a great deal of care and thought has gone into every issue!

I have just launched a newsletter for old-movie buffs, not nearly in the same league as your handsome publication, but I thought you might enjoy seeing the first issue because of a centerfold section on James Montgomery Flagg. In future issues I plan to devote similar space to movie caricatures.

Continued success with **Illustration**. I can't wait for the next issue.

Cordially,

Leonard Maltin

— Thank you for sending *Movie Crazy*. I love it! My subscription check is in the mail. Any readers out there who are interested in old movies should check out Leonard's excellent new newsletter. Find out more at [www.leonardmaltin.com](http://www.leonardmaltin.com).

Reader **Scott Hill** from Park City, IL sent us this amusing drawing:







# The Fantastic Worlds of Roy G. Krenkel

by David Burton, Richard Garrison and Russ Cochran

## Introduction

I owe the start of my love for Roy Krenkel's work to Michael Kaluta, for which I shall forever be grateful.

Over the years, I've met and corresponded with people who knew Roy and I've never heard one person say anything bad about him. They all loved the man. That makes him a rare individual. They all have their "Krenkel stories" to tell, all of which I am gathering for a future book. If you've got some, please get in touch with me, I'd like to hear them. I'm also trying to put together a list of work that people have, whether it's a doodle or a finished painting. This list is for the above mentioned book, nothing more.

Roy had troubles with deadlines, and some folks would have you believe that he would be crippled by them and had to turn to others for their help to complete a piece. This is true to a point. When this would take place, the people to whom Roy would turn would simply tell him that this or that would need a little work, or that it was finished and to send it in. Roy did a lot of layouts that ended up being finished paintings for some big names, not because he couldn't finish them, but

because he'd find something else far more interesting. All of this was done between friends; they worked together because they liked each other and they had fun. It breaks my heart to now hear a few people say the opposite.

Roy would paint and draw for himself—for art's sake alone—yet he turned out masterpieces. He was a nonconformist and didn't believe that one should paint or draw for someone else, for that was selling out one's art. He would do so only to pay a bill here and there, or to buy crumb cake. This is why there's so much of his work that the public has not seen. In most cases, these works are his best. Roy's biggest problem was that he wasn't a businessman.

I would like to extend my grateful thanks to Russ Cochran, Richard Garrison—who came through no matter what—Barry Klugerman of the Roy Krenkel estate for all of his help, and to James Warhola for the use of the photos.

Aside from the above mentioned book on Roy Krenkel, I am also starting work on actor/model Steve Holland. If you worked with Steve and have any information, stories, or photos that you'd like to share, please contact me.

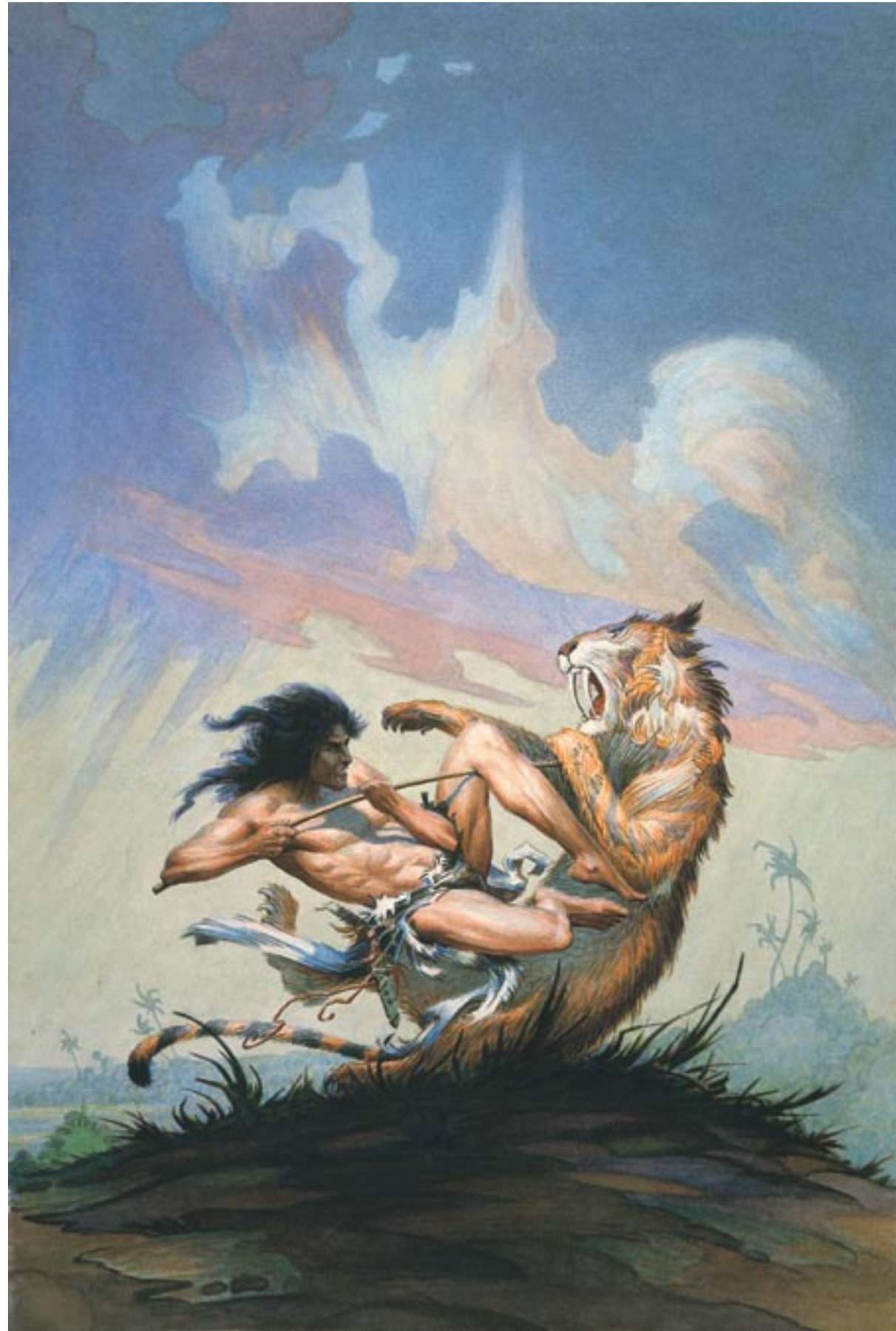
— David Burton



Roy G. Krenkel. Photo courtesy James Warhola.

Cover for *The Land of Hidden Men* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. 10 x 14 1/2 inches. Watercolor.





Cover for *The Eternal Savage* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Watercolor on paper.

### Chasing the Dream

Snarling saber-toothed tigers, ancient cities, Mongol hordes, monsters and well-endowed women seemed to flow effortlessly from Roy Krenkel's pencil or pen whenever his hand neared an odd scrap of paper. He caught a lean Tarzan in mid action and dinosaurs browsing on an ancient plain.

Roy spent his entire life resisting the lure of "trying to do someone else's dream" and pursued his own. Some might say he triumphed. His early brilliant work – intricate backgrounds for comics – were admired, but seldom recognized. He never really achieved the recognition that others did, but remained quietly influential on contemporary comic and fantasy artists.

You would think that illustration would be ideal for a person of his talent. But, it wasn't. As he often said, he was an artist and not a businessman.

Roy knew how to do two things very well -- draw and collect. Whether using pencil, ink, marker, watercolor or oil, he could bring the world of fantasy and bygone times to life on paper. He was a master at conveying action in an illustration. This talent -- and a lifetime interest in J. Allen St. John, illustrator of many of the Tarzan novels -- made Roy a natural for illustrating the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, for which he is most famous.

Roy was the only one who didn't recognize his artistic talent. Roy would constantly lament his failings as an artist, even as fans "oohed and ahhed" over some piece. He'd examine work by a then up-and-coming artist -- such as Berni Wrightson -- shake his head and say, "Now, he can draw." He'd then launch into an esoteric discourse on why Berni's pieces always worked, whereas his never did.

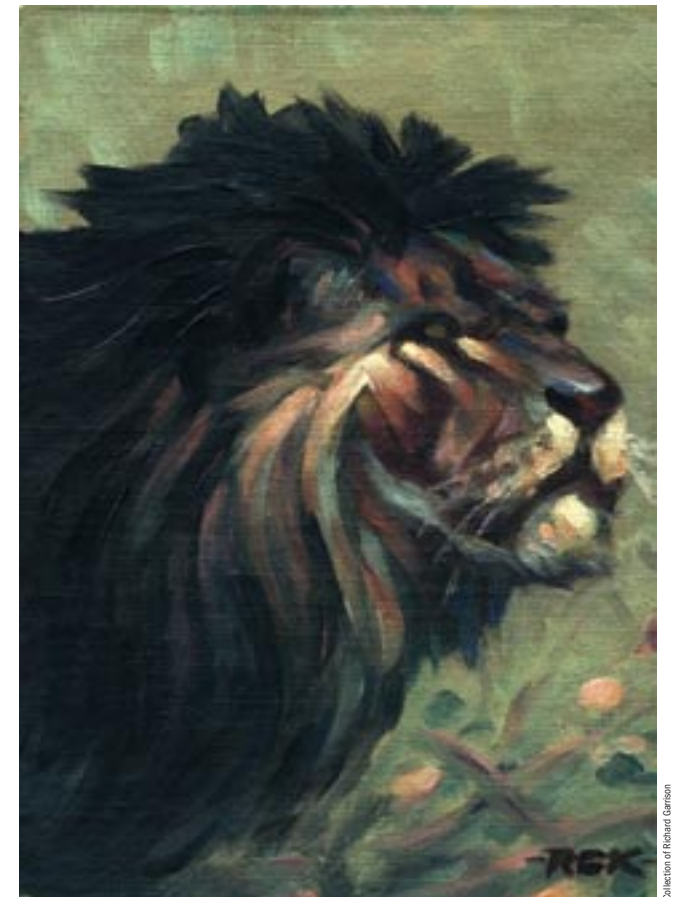
His other talent -- researching and tracking down obscure and not-so-obscure artists and their work -- was legendary. He would write letters all over the world to track down Norman Lindsay prints, illustrations or books by Czech artist Zdenek Burian's, works by Joseph Clement Coll or others who had caught his eye. Living in New York -- one of the world's great cities for collectors -- he was constantly taking the subway and walking to little and big shops for books or works by artists he admired or to check reference material for a project he had in mind.

Certainly Roy's values were at odds with those of most Americans. He lived only to draw and collect. Nothing else mattered, except perhaps for the crumb cake he picked up around the corner on the way home. When I first met him, he had lived in the same house for 40 years with his mother, not counting some time in the Army during World War II. His mother took care of all the mundane chores, while he doodled and collected. After she died, he tried to cope, but sometimes the gas bill was just too much trouble to deal with and the gas would be turned off.

A native New Yorker, Roy Gerald Krenkel was born April 11, 1918. He studied art under George Bridgman prior to World War II, and these studies gave him a solid base in basic drawing and drafting skills. After a stint in the U.S. Army, including some time in the Philippines, he returned to New York and



Big Cat. Pencil on tracing paper.



Male Lion. Oil on canvas.





"The Camp of the Crusaders" from *The Road of Azrael* by Robert E. Howard.



"The Conquerors" from *The Road of Azrael* by Robert E. Howard.



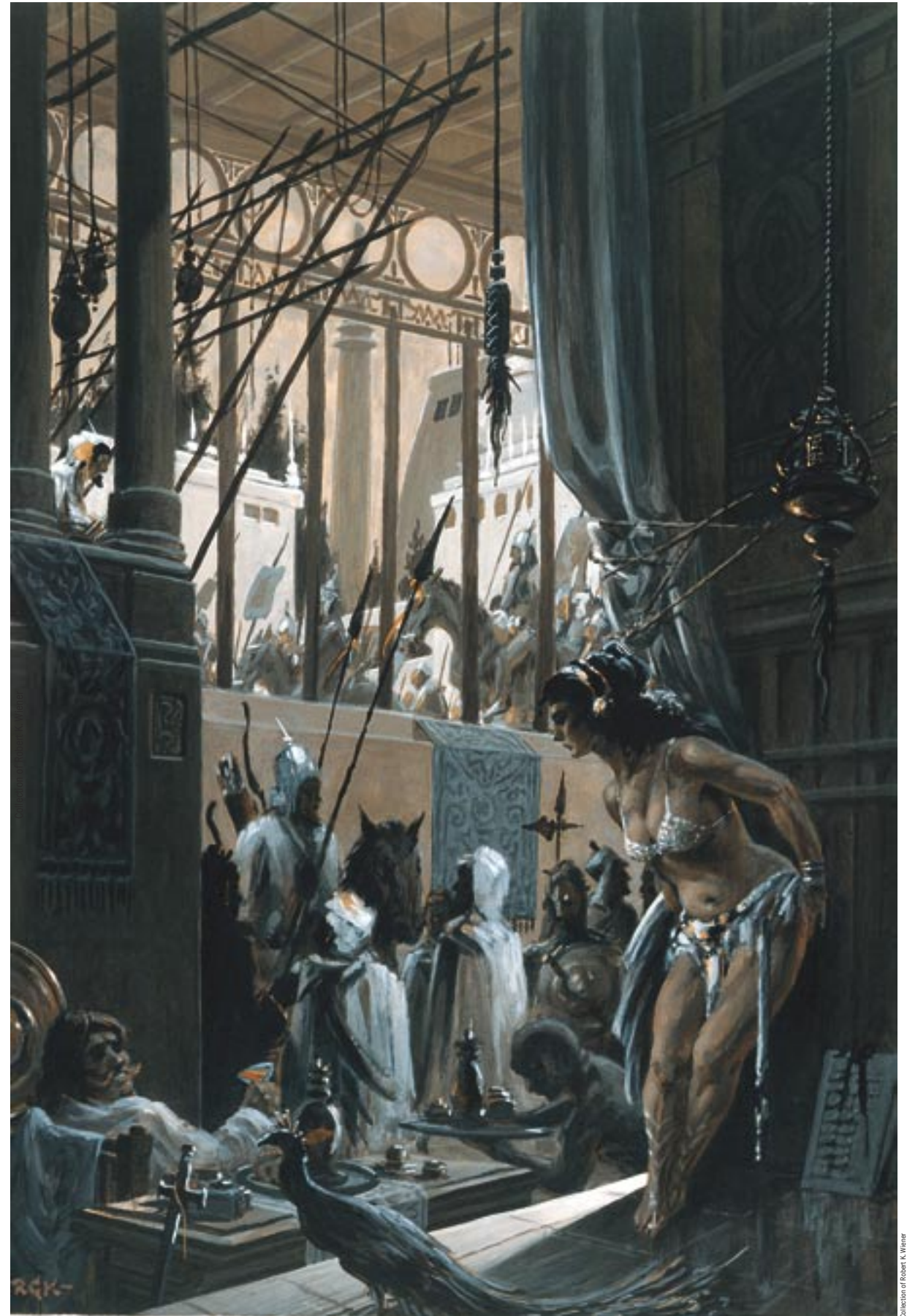
"The Lake of Ghosts." Gouache on paper.

studied at the Cartoonists' and Illustrator's School. There he met Al Williamson and formed a life-long friendship.

In the early 1950s, Roy worked with the other early masters of comic work. He mostly did backgrounds and his work was largely uncredited. It was during this time that he had his first sales, illustrations for *Marvel Science Fiction*, *Science Fiction Adventures*, *Sea Stories* and other magazines. He also did "adult" illustrations for magazines and for *American Aphrodite*, a hardback quarterly mainly known today for being unsuccessfully prosecuted under obscenity laws of the late 1950's. By today's standards, they are pretty tame, but they provided Roy an outlet for some of his more creative work for which he is well known for – "women with a bit of meat around their calves."

The early 1960s were filled with great publishing opportunities and emerging markets. George Scithers, publisher of *Amra* --the amateur magazine revolving around the then "undiscovered" works of Robert E. Howard -- found Roy and began a long-time relationship of publishing his "doodles." Roy also continued to illustrate magazines sporadically in the science fiction field.

Interest in the stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs mushroomed in the 1960s. Don Wolheim, editor at Ace, sought Roy out for the Burroughs' books' paperback covers and frontispieces. The Burroughs phenomenal continued with Canaveral Press' hardcover line. Roy illustrated *Cave Girl*, *Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins*, *Land*



"Giles and the Courtesan" from *The Road of Azrael* by Robert E. Howard.





Cover for *King Kull* by Robert E. Howard. Oil on canvas.

of Terror, and Tales of Three Planets.

The first half of the 1960s was, perhaps, the period for which he had the most commercial and public success. He won the 1963 Science Fiction Achievement Award™, also known as the Hugo Award®, given annually by the World Science Fiction Society®, for Best Professional Artist. A Heroic Fantasy Art award and a Bronze Hammer award followed this.

Roy's success led to more work that he wished to handle, so he recommended his friend, Frank Frazetta, for the Burroughs covers. Frazetta did the paperback covers and soon acquired cult status.

James Warren, who was just starting Creepy and Eerie magazines with black and white interior comics, contacted Roy. Roy ended up doing relatively little credited work for Warren – Loathsome Lore, for example. However, it was his contributions in the background that affected the fantasy art field significantly. Frank Frazetta, who had stepped in and done some of the ACE paperbacks, was now cut in on this new publishing venture by Warren. Roy did many of the original conceptual drawings and Frank rendered them as covers. They became classics.

When the 1970s arrived, the seeds planted in Amra bore fruit. Roy illustrated Don Grant's publishing tour de force, Sowers of Thunder by Robert E. Howard. Later Grant publications, Cities and Scenes from the Ancient World, The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World and The Road of Azrael, are considered the highlights of Roy's later career.

Roy's career was hampered by his lack of business sense and by how easily he could be distracted from meeting deadlines. A promise of a new bookstore or germ of a visual or historical idea would lure him away from completing a cover or illustration. And from this diversion, uncountable sketches, doodles and roughs would spring forth.

Roy died at age 65 on February 24, 1983, after a long battle with cancer, but his sense of wonder and fantasy is still very much alive. His drawings are as much alive today as they were when he drew them.

— Richard Garrison

#### An Interview with Krenkel by Russ Cochran

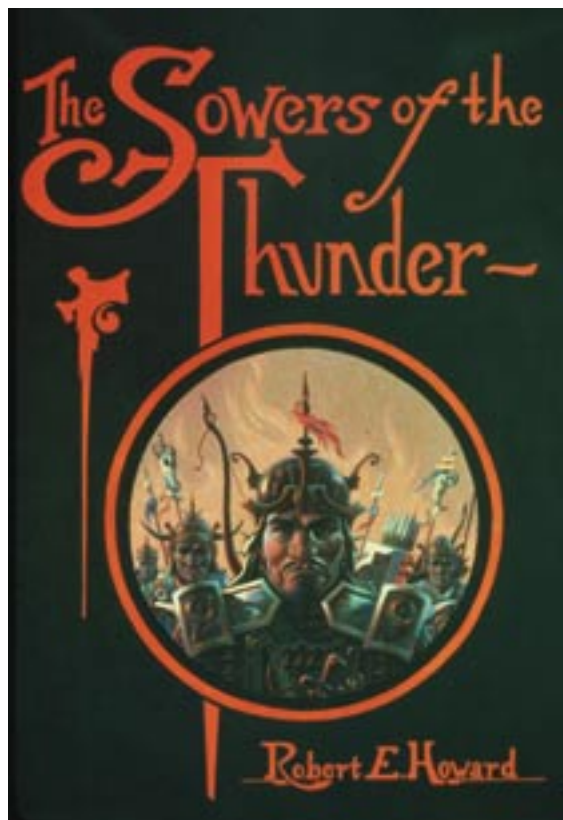
Roy Gerald Krenkel was born in the Bronx in 1918, and lived in the New York area his entire life, except for a short stay in the Philippines during World War II. He grew up reading the stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Talbut Mundy, and Robert E. Howard.

He attended Hogarth's School of Visual Arts, the New York Artist's League, and Cooper Union. While doing this, he drew and doodled constantly. Krenkel never had a regular job. He lived with his parents in their home in Queens—he evidently had enough income from them to meet his spartan needs—and he continued drawing and working around the fringes of the professional art world. Al Williamson eventually asked Roy for assistance in creating backgrounds for some of the *E.C.* science fiction stories that Al was illustrating. His works were published in the fanzine *Amra* where



Rough for *The Hot Country*. Colored pencil on paper.





Cover design for *The Sowers of the Thunder* by Robert E. Howard. Oil.



Cover design for *Tales of Three Planets* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Ink on paper.

Donald Wollheim, editor at Ace, saw them. When Wollheim started publishing the Burroughs series in 1962, he naturally thought of Roy Krenkel for the illustrations, in the St. John tradition.

I first met Roy at a comic convention in New York in the mid-1960s. My first impression was that he was somewhat eccentric, although nowadays he would not seem so at all. He wore white tennis shoes with slacks and a sport coat, had wild white hair, and was always ready to engage you in one of his famously animated conversations. Watching him wave his arms and gesticulate magnificently, I immediately took a liking to him, and we talked many times over the years as we would see each other annually at Phil Seuling's Comic Art Convention.

I visited him in his home in September 1978, where I recorded this interview. Following Roy's directions, I drove to his home and pulled up in front of an older house in a middle-class Long Island neighborhood. All the yards were neatly kept, except one—Roy's. It had a Graham Ingles atmosphere: the house did not look lived in, tall grass and weeds in the front yard were knee-high. I knocked on the front door... no answer... and then noticed that the front door was nailed shut from the inside. I went around to the side door through the knee-deep weeds and tried again. Soon, Roy appeared at the door and greeted me.

The inside of Roy's house was just what you would expect to find in the house of a bachelor collector: books everywhere, stacks covering the floor and chairs, and a few narrow pathways open to walk through the room. It was the type of clutter that most of us who are true collectors can identify with.

We sat down in the middle of it all in Roy's living room and I recorded the following interview.

**Q:** When did you first encounter the writing of Edgar Rice Burroughs?

**Krenkel:** I think I was about nine or 10 years old, something like that, and I had a friend, Earl Krindlen. Through him and his brother, Ed, I read my first Tarzan book, *Tarzan and the Golden Lion*... I remember that it was the old yellow-covered first edition. It was the first time I saw St. John, and while I kinda liked Burroughs, I just flipped over St. John. It was some of the first actual reading that I did. More than any other single factor, seeing this book and this St. John artwork led me into fantasy and later into science fiction. Then I started to read *Amazing Stories* and gradually discovered all the rest. The thing that stuck in my mind about the book, though, were those pictures. I didn't know a thing about "art" at the time, but God, the sense of wonder! The pictures led me into reading the books more avidly, and I recall being highly disappointed that there were no pictures in some of the Burroughs novels. The stories were pretty damn good, but secondary to the pictures.

**Q:** How did you meet Frank Frazetta?

**Krenkel:** Al Williamson introduced me to him. I'm not sure when the exact first time was... I either met Frank in Al's company, or perhaps Al and I went over to Frank's house in Brooklyn. This would have been during the early 1950s, when Al was working at E.C. And we would occasionally help him out with a job. So, we became acquainted and started to discuss nonsense of one kind or another. He wasn't called The Great Frazetta in those days, but we were all awed by his talent. He could do anything! And we knew him for a

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OF DIAMOND COMIC  
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by Al Feldstein

Original Watercolor Illustration  
by Milo Manara



"The Ravishers"  
by  
Sebastia  
Boada

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*The Baths of Khandahar. Mixed media.*

couple of years before we knew about his background, and of little things like the “Snowman” and the funny little animals that he did in comic books. We knew that he was doing *Dan Brand*, but at the time we met, he was just starting to futz around with *Dan Brand*. Of course, he was influenced by Foster then, and at times he was the equal of Foster. We were impressed. In fact, in those days, the only thing Frank wanted to do was quit drawing and go out and play baseball. Then, after I knew him for four of five years, the only thing he wanted to do was to quit and go out and play baseball. Later on, he got married, and about the only thing he really wanted to do was to quit the drawing and go out and play

baseball! At the age 35, all he wanted to do was to quit and go out and play baseball! (laughs) And that’s Frank!  
**Q:** Do you think that he just has such a gift that he can only turn it on at certain times, and if he tried to work 24 hours a day, it wouldn’t come?  
**Krenkel:** That’s what he always said. I leaned on him for years, and it got to be a running gag between us. “Goddamn it, Frank, don’t you want to kill them all? Don’t you want to make them all break their pencils?” And Frank would say, innocently, “I don’t want to kill anybody. Why should I want them to break their pencils?” Typical.  
 To give a more serious answer to that question, he is prob-



*Girl . Pen and ink.*



*Girl and Saber Tooth Cub . Pen and ink and watercolor.*

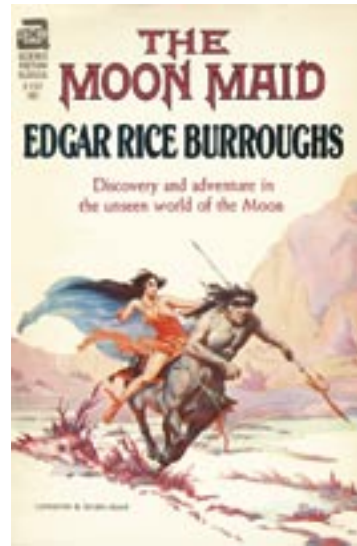


*Girl . Pen and ink and colored pencils.*

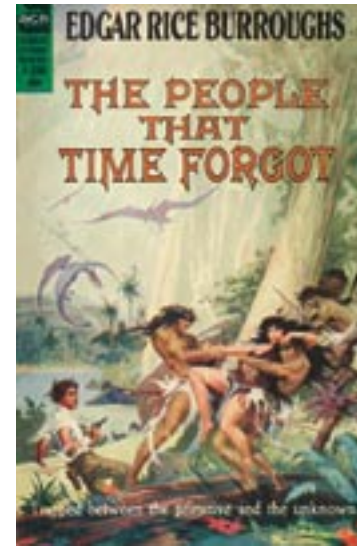


*Interior illustration from Sea Stories, early 1950s. Pen and ink.*

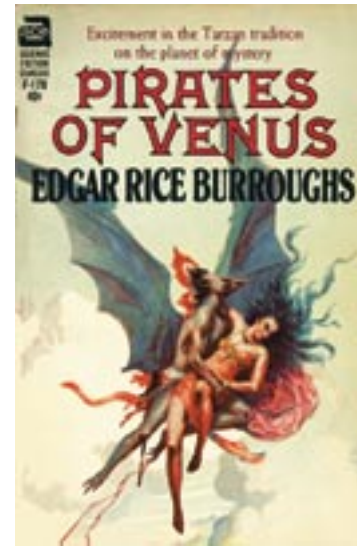




Ace F157



Ace F220



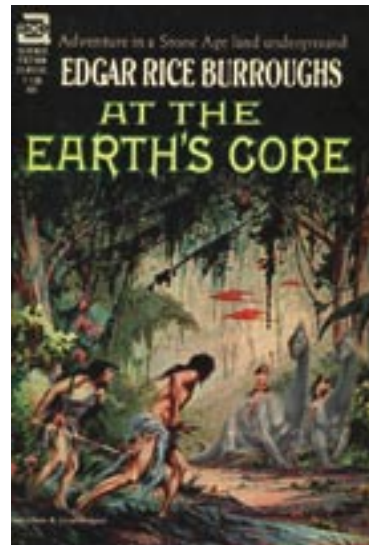
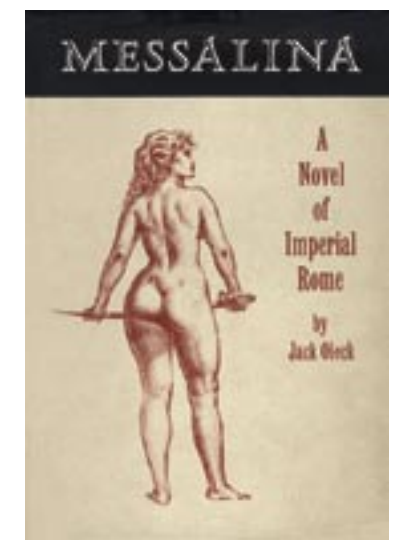
Ace F179



Ace F294



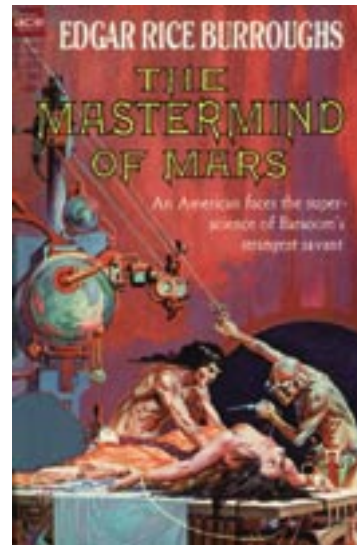
Ace F259



Ace F156



Ace F258



Ace F181



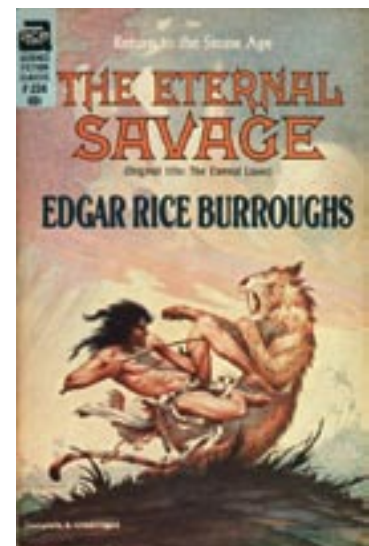
Eclipse, 1994



Lancer, 1968



Airmont, 1965



Ace F234



Ace F190



Ace F232



Lancer, 1967



Ace F194



Lancer





Interior plate for *The Sowers of the Thunder*. Pencil and ink on paper.



*Mountain Men*. Ink on paper.



Untitled. Blue pencil on paper.

ably right. Looking at it as an older person now, I think he's right. Doing his kind of thing at his own pace when

he damn well felt like doing it is probably a very big part of Frank's success. He wouldn't be him if he tried to force it or just be clever. When it's clever time, you be clever, and when it's knock-it-out time, you knock it out.

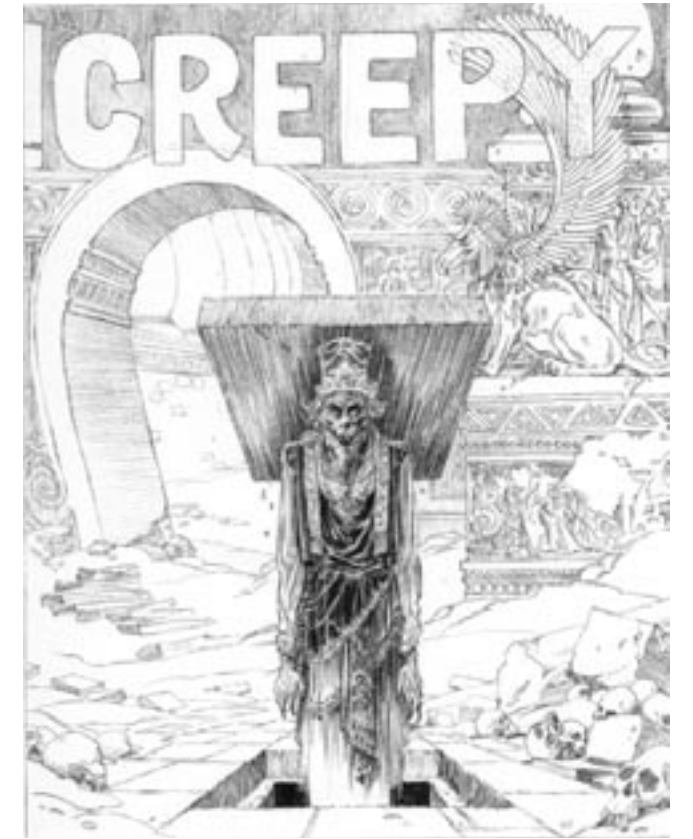
**Q:** How would you compare Frazetta and St. John?

**Krenkel:** To me, St. John was the great Burroughs illustrator. When Frank does an illustration it is basically an illustration, whereas St. John hovered in the "picture" area. St. John's actions were not realistic in the sense that Frank's are realistic. Frank's are carried to the height of action, whereas St. John would do impossible things. One that comes to mind is of Tarzan hurling an arrow in the mouth of a lion. The lion is about four inches away from the arrow. If Tarzan ever got into that position, both he and the lion would fall down in a heap, but it made a beautiful "clump." It made a nice picture. Frazetta and Foster had a style that was strictly real, with a photographic stop-action correctness of action. Frank and I have argued this point endlessly. Frank didn't always approve of St. John's actions because there was not enough tension, and St. John didn't play the muscles up when

he would strain. Frank would say, "Now, the entire body would surge this way and that way as he did this or that." Well, true, but St. John was doing it from a different point of view. Personally, since I grew up on St. John, it is natural for me to think of St. John as "The Man." Also, there was an atmosphere of innocent mystery and wonder in St. John's work which is not in Frank's... and, it wasn't in Foster's. Foster had no mystery... Foster was just there. But, St. John's interpretations fit Burroughs' writing. For instance, in Burroughs' jungles, and in St. John's depictions, there were no bugs. If a snake bites you, it's either completely venomous and you drop dead, or you recuperate. There's no in between—you never suffer and die a lingering death. This is sort of a clean jungle, there are good guys and there are bad guys. With Frazetta, there are overtones of the reality of the world. His world is more brutal, more sensual. You can get hurt in Frank's world. You get bopped, and you're in trouble; whereas with St. John, Tarzan would just tap you on the head and you'd gently fall asleep, then recuperate and wonder what happened.

**Q:** Is this because St. John was raised as a well-to-do boy in a very genteel society, and Frank was raised in Brooklyn and had to be tougher?

**Krenkel:** I don't think so. St. John was doing his level best to do a jungle man... pretty much like I would, not so much a real man in a real jungle, but a chance to do a graceful, beautiful figure and light it properly and then hang a label



Untitled cover comp for *Creepy* magazine, early 1960s.

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on it. Something like, “Tarzan leaped to the left,” or whatever. Frank is interested in capturing a character and the event and doing it beautifully, but from a different point of view. Foster was trying to cinematize the whole thing, and he had plenty of imagination, but it was straight stuff... you could believe Foster’s Tarzan. Frank and I often argued about who was better in depicting Tarzan—St. John or Foster. He’d pull for Foster, and I’d pull for St. John, only on the basis of personal preference because it was more romantic. I had to admit that Foster really captured Tarzan and made him real. In that sense, Foster did the definitive Tarzan... he had everything! But St. John was a damn fine picture-maker.

**Q:** Where do you place Roy Krenkel in this continuum?

**Krenkel:** I just had fun with it, when I could. When it wasn’t a chore, I had fun with it. I enjoyed doing it when it worked, and when it didn’t work, I screamed and ranted.

**Q:** In the middle 1950s you did some work for E.C., mostly helping Al Williamson. Then in the early 1960s you started doing the Ace paperback covers for the Burroughs novels. What did you do in between these times?

**Krenkel:** I have been asked that before, and frankly I don’t know. I was probably just putzing around, doing whatever I felt like doing, learning this and that, and—as always—collecting.

**Q:** When you got your first assignments on the Ace covers, how did

Don Wollheim first contact you, and how did he know about you and your work?

**Krenkel:** I think he saw my stuff in the fanzine *Amra*, and he liked it. He called me and one or two others. He didn’t know about Frazetta at that time. Frank was doing *Li'l Abner* then. Anyhow, I had done lots of pen and ink work but never anything at all in color, and not knowing what I was up against, I thought, “Oh, sure... if you can do it in black and white, you can do it in color”—the idiot statement of the year! So I did one or two covers which Don thought were acceptable. The very first one I did was for *Planet of Peril* by Otis A. Kline. It was pretty bad. I did the first few covers by myself, then somewhere down the line, maybe the fourth one, if memory serves, I dragged Frank in to help me with difficult areas. Not so much with the idea, but the painting, which Frank could do and I couldn’t. When he would help me, Frank’s problem was to try and make it look like mine. It was very difficult for him to attempt to confine himself to my rigid, dull style at that time. Frank would paint the hair, and work out how lighting would go across a face, or a hand, he picked up the color... little details, highlights. He knew just how to “pop it.” When I would get to an area that I was unsure of, and didn’t want to kill the thing at that point, I’d say, “You’d better take it, Frank.” And, he would dutifully try to keep it as rigid



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**J. C. Leyendecker.** Styles For Men - Spring & Summer 1914.  
House of Kuppenheimer catalogue. 20pp, full color, wraps. Fine.





In the Air. Colored pencil on paper.



Smilodon Californicus. Oil on canvas. 9 X 6 inches.

as the rest of the damn stuff.

I didn't know, for instance, how an eye would go when the head was tipped down. I couldn't figure out where it would be dark and where it would be light. Frank knew all this, and he had great control, which I didn't have. I was pretty sloppy in those days, and am getting sloppier now. He did all that stuff with great sighing and moaning, naturally. He'd say, "Oh, God, you can do that. Surely you can do that!" And I'd say, "No Frank, I'm afraid of it."

**Q:** When you would deliver a painting to Ace, would you give credit to both yourself and Frazetta, and is this how Frazetta got a crack at doing some covers of his own?

**Krenkel:** After the first few, I kept saying to Wollheim, "You gotta get this guy Frazetta!" They were reluctant at first because his background was with comic books; but as soon as they heard he was a comic book man they'd look at him ten times more critically. It was an uphill battle to convince them that comic men are artists, but they wouldn't believe it. Finally they gave him some work, and after that it was clear sailing for him.

**Q:** Do you consider yourself more of a pen and ink man than a paint man?

**Krenkel:** Yes, especially at that time. Now I'm trying to push out in other directions, but at that time I was really good with pen and ink. I was afraid of the whole idea of paint. Paint baffled me. I was scared of the damn stuff. Oddly enough, I wasn't afraid of it when I first started; it was only after two or three that I got more chicken as I got to realize what the problems really were. Frank was helping me and doing paintings on his own by that time, and Frank always would go bang, bang, bang—no sweat for him. He just sat down and did it. I finally got to the point where I was really inhibited. I hated to do the paintings, mostly on account of I was afraid of them.

**Q:** Do you and Frank always do preliminary roughs for your paintings? Did the editors require roughs?

**Krenkel:** At first we did roughs on everything and got them approved. Often the roughs were superior to the finished art. The roughs had more charm, more color, more everything. Then, finally, I gave up doing roughs altogether. Frank would say, "the hell with roughing this thing, that's doing it twice!

You know I can do it. They'll take the final painting and like it—the hell with the rough!" And it worked.

**Q:** So, you don't do roughs anymore?

**Krenkel:** Not unless I want one for my own use, but not as a procedure, because they always lose out anyhow. If you do a really good rough, the final is never as good. That's a letdown, at least to the guy who did it, if not to the editor. There really isn't any need for it: Frank's been proving it now for years and years. So much for roughs.

**Q:** How would you like to be remembered by Burroughs fans?

**Krenkel:** Certainly nothing to do with the quality, the amount, or the enthusiasm I put into the work of doing Burroughs stuff. To this day I remain as much as ever a Burroughs fan, and a fan of Burroughs illustration. My happiest thought is getting away from doing it myself and enjoying all the goodies the other guys have done. I love to see what the other guy has done, but I hate like hell to try to beat them at their own game.

**Q:** Judging from all the doodles and sketches that you do, you must really like the material in Burroughs' stories.

**Krenkel:** I like the material, not so much in terms of the Burroughs myths; it's a setting for nice little figure drawings and nice little compositions. In that sense, it's glorious. I view the whole scene as an opportunity to wander around doing what amounts to still-lives, using little figures and backgrounds that are appropriate. When they're more or less Burroughsian, I push them in that direction. And sometimes, out comes a nice little picture.

**Q:** How do you work? Here in the living room?

**Krenkel:** Sitting, with a drawing board in my lap, and I'm watching *The Doctors*, or *All Our Dead Children*, or whatever the title of the stupid soap opera is. I'm off in pixieland somewhere, drawing people riding dinosaurs, watching television all the while.

**Q:** Do you watch television a lot?

**Krenkel:** Yeah, I'm hooked on the damn stuff. It breaks the monotony; there's nothing else going on in this place. I watch it from morning to night, and work around it, with one eye cocked on the television and the other eye on whatever I'm doing.



Fight with Numa. Ink on paper.

**Q:** Do you have any plans to do any Burroughs artwork in the future?

**Krenkel:** Not unless I'm shotgunned into it in some fashion. I want to get out of doing illustration completely. What I call illustration, what most people call illustration... I never did like it!

**Q:** What would you like to do?

**Krenkel:** Pictures. Pictures. Whatever I feel like, which might be fantasy and might involve a Burroughs-type character. But, it's not an illustration, it's a picture. I can think picture, but I'll be damned if I can think illustration.

**Q:** What is the difference between a picture and an illustration?

**Krenkel:** This is the sort of thing that drove me out of illustration. Get this: "Seven gorillas, dressed in tuxedos, burst through the door, machine guns blazing. In the corner: the princess crouched, trembling, clutching the Amulet of Thoth to her bosom." That illustrator must: show Amulet of Thoth; show girl cringing; show bosom; show all seven gorillas as

they burst through the door; show that they are wearing tuxedos and that their machine guns are blazing! Well, screw that! I mean, there are guys who can do this, but I ain't one of them fellows. Good luck!

But a picture is an entirely different thing. You sit down with an idea for a figure action. If it works and you're lucky, you draw this great figure and put a sword in his hand. You see the background as a mist-shrouded land going off in the gloomy distance with a single light glowing in some evil castle. An invisible moon is casting dim light in the foreground. Well, I can do that. But who the hell can do the seven gorillas? ●

— Russ Cochran

Special thanks to Russ Cochran for permission to reprint the interview above, originally published in Volume 3 of the *Edgar Rice Burroughs Library of Illustration* in 1984. Thanks also to D. Peter Ogden, Richard Garrison, Barry Klugerman, Robert Weiner and Sidney Friedfertig for the use of images from their collections. All artwork © The Estate of Roy G. Krenkel.





*Gifts for Ceasar.* Colored ink and watercolor on paper.

### BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY ROY G. KRENKEL

Roy G. Krenkel began his career in numerous pulps doing interior illustrations. His ink work for these would shock those familiar with the loose style that he developed later in his career. His line work was very tight and detailed.

He also did some work for *E.C. Comics* assisting Al Williamson and Wally Wood.

Krenkel donated hundreds of drawings, sketches, and paintings to numerous fanzines feeling that they were a perfect way to reach his fans. Williamson, Frazetta, Wood, and many others also followed Roy's example, though couldn't match his contributions. Being a big fan of the works of Robert E. Howard and Edgar Rice Burroughs, it was in fanzines that featured these two writers in which Roy would contribute the most. Fanzines, such as *Amra*, *Howard Review*, *Cross Plains*, *ERBania*, *ERB-Dom*, *Tarzine*, and many others would often see issues with five, 10, or more works by Roy.

#### L. FRANK BAUM

*The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* (pb., Airmont) 1963

#### EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

*At The Earth's Core* (pb., Ace) 1962  
*Back To The Stone Age* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*The Cave Girl* (hb., Canaveral) 1962  
*The Cave Girl* (pb., Ace) 1964  
*The Chessmen Of Mars* (pb., Ace) 1962  
*Escape On Venus* (pb., Ace) 1964  
*The Eternal Savage* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*A Fighting Man Of Mars* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*The Land Of Hidden Men* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*The Land Of Terror* (hb., Canaveral) 1964  
*The Land That Time Forgot* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*The Mastermind of Mars* (pb., Ace) 1963

*The Moon Maid* (pb., Ace) 1962  
*The Outlaw Of Torn* (pb., Ace) 1968  
*Out Of Time's Abyss* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*Pellucidar* (pb., Ace) 1962  
*The People That Time Forgot* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*Pirates of Venus* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*Tale Of Three Planets* (hb., Canaveral) 1964  
*Tanar Of Pellucidar* (pb., Ace) 1962  
*Tarzan And The Tarzan Twins* (pb., Canaveral) 1963  
*Tarzan Triumphant* (pb., Ace) 1963  
*Thuvia, Maid Of Mars* (pb., Ace) 1962  
*The Wizard Of Venus* (pb., Ace) 1970

#### LIN CARTER

*As The Green Star Rises* (pb., Daw) 1975  
*By The Light Of The Green Star* (pb., Daw) 1974

#### L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

*The Conan Reader* (hb., Mirage) 1968  
*The Conan Swordbook* (hb., Mirage) 1969  
*The Conan Grimoire* (hb., Mirage) 1972  
*The Dragon Of The Ishtar Gate* (pb., Lancer) 1968  
*The Miscast Barbarian* (pb., de la Ree) 1975

#### PHILIP JOSE FARMER

*Hadon Of Ancient Opar* (pb., Daw) 1974

#### ROBERT E. HOWARD

*King Kull* (pb., Lancer) 1967  
*The Sowers Of The Thunder* (hb., Grant) 1973  
*The Sowers Of The Thunder* (pb., Zebra) 1975

#### OTIS ADELBERT KLINE

*Planet Of Peril* (pb., Ace) 1961  
*The Port Of Peril* (pb., Ace) 1962  
*Prince Of Peril* (pb., Ace) 1962

#### ROY G. KRENKEL

*Cities And Scenes From The Ancient World*  
 Owlswick Press, 1974

#### IRVING PORGES

*Edgar Rice Burroughs: The Man Who Created Tarzan*  
 Brigham Young University Press, 1975

#### GEORGE O. SMITH

*Highways In Hiding*, Lancer, 1967

#### ROBERT WEINBERG

*WT 50*, Weinberg, 1974

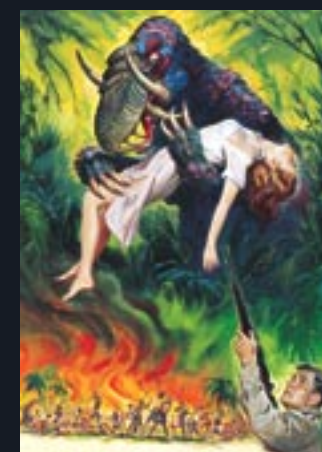


*Pellucidar* concept painting. Oil on canvas.



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by Dan Zimmer



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*Kathleen and the Great Secret*  
By Nell Brinkley

American Weekly  
Section of the San Francisco Examiner, Sunday, December 24, 1920  
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**No. 8—In Which the Lovers Are Left Alone on a Dismal Sea of Sand.**

**K**ATHLEEN and Jim never knew what the merchant chief had meant to do—for the great goal of the desert lands strayed in. In the great waste, the third day of the march, the yellow "Jim" rose out of the far horizon, spread over the sun, and the sound of his strange, rattling, tin-tying, monotonous voice swayed and moved, and filled the world around the whirling caravan with a shivering, straight-flying, shrieking, roaring pandemonium—a hell of tearing, flying, hissing wind—the terrible sand storm of the sand-see.

The caravan crunched and rattled, covered every hand and body and lay like a little herd of motionless humpbacks through terrible hours filled with the horrible, shrieking sound of driving, biting sand that cut and beat, and penetrated to hidden mouths and eyes and filled them with dry, choking fire. Yet in those endless hours of roaring sand and fiendish blowing, when rags blew away and whistled like horn blasts, there was not of loud and man never a sound. Jim and Kathleen lay huddled, wrapped close to one another, in each other's arms—in the lee of their camel, whose head Jim had humanly wrapped when the blind monster first crunched down.

After some and straggled, when it seemed to Kathleen, with her throat airtight and her nerves in straits, that she had always lived in this open air and pain, and always would, came a pink dawn and a dying out of the terrible noise, and at last deep silence. Out the two poor lovers crawled to find their usual ally had the rest of the caravan quiet, sand-dusted lumps in the yellow world around them. Some jaws they saw—dead faces. And then Kathleen quietly faltered in Jim's two arms.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

From "Kathleen and the Great Secret", *The American Weekly*, December 26, 1920.

# Nell Brinkley

## and The Brinkley Girls

by Trina Robbins

From 1907 to 1937, Nell Brinkley's glamorous creations, known as The Brinkley Girls, were household names across America. The artist herself was the subject of at least three popular songs, and her name was used to sell products from corsets to hair curlers. The Ziegfeld Follies regularly featured "Brinkley Girls" as part of their show: showgirls dressed to look like Brinkley's newspaper drawings, all in white with black outlines.

Born on September 5, 1886, Nell grew up in the tiny unincorporated town of Edgewater, Colorado, right outside of Denver. Edgewater finally incorporated in 1901, and Nell's father, Robert Serrett Brinkley, was its second mayor. The mayor's daughter had been drawing since her first scribbled attempts at art in the pages of her mother's cookbook, and on her father's starched shirt fronts. By the age of 17 she announced her intent to leave Edgewater High School and earn her living as an artist.

Nell was hired by the Denver Post for the then-princely sum of seven dollars a week. Assigned to draw editorial cartoons, which were hardly her forte, the hapless young artist earned the nickname of "Little Smearo," and was fired



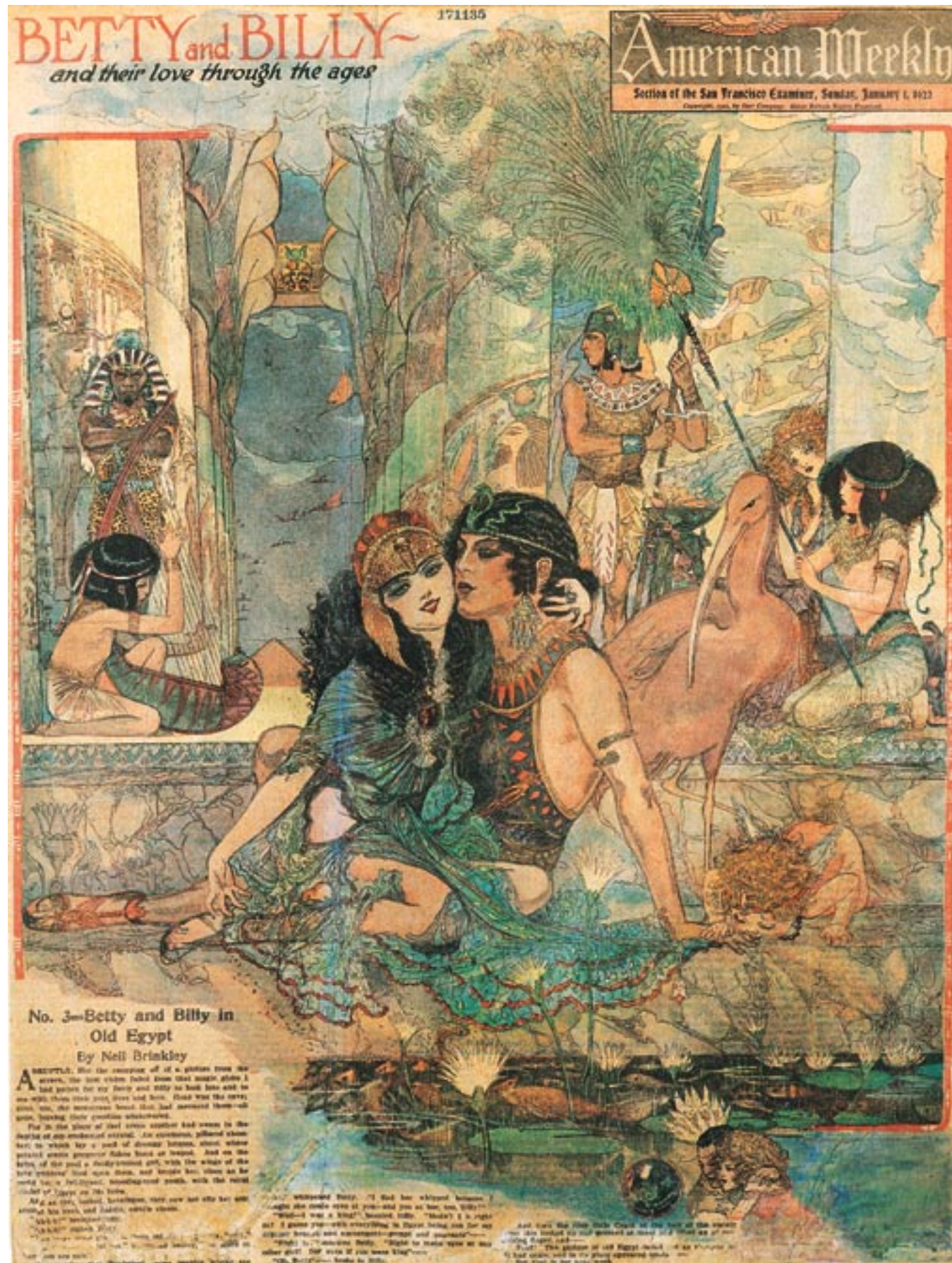
Nell Brinkley, circa 1920.

after six months. Her father had enough faith in his daughter to pay for two years of art school, after which she went to the Denver Times, where the same editor who had fired her from the Post, now working for the Times, finally had her doing what she did best—drawing pretty girls. She had been drawing for the Times for two years when she was discovered by newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst. He saw the potential in her delicate art nouveau renderings, and brought her to New York to work for his newspaper, the *New York Evening Journal*.

At first, Journal editor Arthur Brisbane wasn't sure what to do with the pretty little 21-year old newcomer who closely resembled the girls she drew. He suggested putting her on the comics page, but Nell answered him with a line

that sounds like it came from a blues song of the period: "I won't make comics. I've got a good daddy back in Denver and I'll go back there to him." Brisbane must have been charmed by her spunk. He told her, "You needn't go back to your daddy, little girl. You just stay here and draw any kind of pictures you want to make."





"Betty and Billy and Their Love Through the Ages", *The American Weekly*, January 1, 1922.

Despite Brisbane's promise, Nell's art did run, at first, on the comics page. But instead of drawing comics she illustrated her own columns about famous actresses like Ethel Barrymore, and covered the latest fashionable soirees, describing and illustrating the outfits worn by the ladies. She even illustrated sheet music that was bound in with copies of the newspaper as giveaways.

Nell's big break came within two months of her arrival at the *Journal*, when she was assigned to cover the Harry K. Thaw trial. In what was then thought of as the Trial of the Century, eccentric millionaire Thaw stood accused of the murder of Stanford White, the famous architect. The real star of the trial, however, was Thaw's beautiful wife, model and ex-Floradora girl Evelyn Nesbitt, who had been White's lover before marrying Thaw. Ironically, Nesbitt had been a model for Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the immortal Gibson Girls, whom Nell was to supplant. She was a natural subject for Brinkley's pen, and the artist attended the trial every day, drawing Nesbitt over and over, even interviewing her. Thaw himself was almost completely ignored, by Nell and by most of the other reporters.

By the end of the trial (Thaw was declared insane), Nell's reputation was made. A 1909 song, "The Brinkley Bathing Girl," echoes the public's general feeling that Nell's creations had eclipsed the Gibson Girls in popularity:

You know the Gibson bathing girl, so haughty and so tall;  
 She rules just like a queen upon the beach.  
 She captures every fellow's heart, she wins them one and all;  
 The artists say that she's a perfect peach.  
 Of late we've seen a bathing girl of rather dif'rent sort;  
 Her cleverness and grace we can't ignore.  
 And ev'ry chap who sees her thinks that swimming is a sport,  
 And hails her as a Venus of the shore.  
 Oh, the Brinkley bathing girl, of the ocean she's a pearl.  
 She shows good form, her heart she'll storm  
 And set your brain aw-hirl.

By 1911, Nell's art crossed the Atlantic. The British newspaper *The Sketch* reprinted her American art under the heading, "Nell Brinkley Girls: The Rage of America." By this time, the artist, nationally syndicated in all the Hearst papers, had become successful enough to afford a house in chic New Rochelle, New York. New Rochelle was something of an artist's colony at the time, and was home to the likes of Norman Rockwell and J. C. Leyendecker. For Nell, it meant she had truly arrived.

Nell's house came with lots of land on which she kept horses, and a carriage house, which she turned into her studio. From there she managed to churn out a new drawing each day, and still somehow found the time to attend openings of Broadway shows and movies, which she reviewed for the Hearst syndicate. Her mother, who had moved east with her, managed the household while Nell bent over her drawing table.



Ad for Nell Brinkley Bob Curlers, 1924.



"The Adventures of Prudence Prim", *The American Weekly*, February 14, 1926.





"The Fortunes of Flossie", *The American Weekly*, February 13, 1927.



"The Fortunes of Flossie", *The American Weekly*, June 12, 1927.



"Sunny Sue", *The Call Bulletin*, September 14, 1929.

Nell devised a unique method of meeting her daily deadlines. After finishing her page, she would roll it up in a tube, which she gave to her chauffeur. He drove to the train station in time to meet the one o'clock train to Grand Central Station. He passed the page through the train window to the brakeman, who was expecting it. At Grand Central, a newspaper courier waited to receive the page and delivered it to the Journal by deadline.

It's hard to define Nell. Certainly she was a cartoonist and an illustrator. But what she illustrated, with her trademark hair-thin double lines, was her own column of daily commentary. So the names "columnist" and "commentator" must be added to her description. Her commentary usually was about women—what they were wearing; what they were thinking, saying, reading, and dancing; whether they had the vote; whether they could have careers. Most of the women she drew were her Brinkley Girls, bright-eyed and laughing with cupid's bow lips and innocent sexuality, their fashionable clothing swirling revealingly around their bodies.

But she also drew real women. Evelyn Nesbitt was not the only beautiful woman to be associated with Nell. She drew famous actresses like Lilian Gish and Mary Pickford, and entertainers like Irene Castle and the Dolly Sisters. She especially drew Hearst's young mistress, Marion Davies. Davies was dancing in the chorus of a 1915 Broadway musical *Stop! Look! Listen!* when Hearst discovered her. Thereafter he attended every performance, buying two seats: one for himself



"Betty and Billy and Their Love Through the Ages", *The American Weekly*, January 22, 1922.





"Betty and Billy and Their Love Through the Ages", *The American Weekly*, February 26, 1922.



"We're the weaker sex, are we? I'll show you!", July 11, 1937.



"Heroines of Today", *Courier Express*, October 3, 1937.

and one for his hat. A year later, Nell included Davies when she drew the cast of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1916. Soon Hearst created a film company, Cosmopolitan Films, just to star Davies, and Nell was devoting entire newspaper pages to glamorous drawings of her and exuberant reviews of her latest films. (She didn't have to glamorize her much; Davies was lovely and an accomplished comedienne who never made the transition to talkies because she lisped.) As a result of Nell's raves, she was often a guest at Hearst's 146-room castle in San Simeon, California, and the tycoon even included Nell in his 1924 film, *The Great White Way*, along with some of his other star cartoonists: George McManus, Billy deBeck, and Winsor McKay.

In 1920 Nell married Bruce McRae, son of a then-famous stage actor by the same name. In 1923 she gave birth to a baby boy, Bruce Robert McRae. Marriage and motherhood, however, did nothing to slow her down. Her mother was still living with them, managing the household and dealing with the many bothersome intrusions of reality

in Nell's world. Nannies, chauffeurs, and riding instructors took care of little Bruce.

All Nell had to do was draw, and that she did, with a vengeance. In 1918 she started producing full-page color serials for the covers of the Hearst newspapers' Sunday sections. Her first effort, *Golden Eyes* and *Her Hero, Bill*, *Over There*, ran from April 1918, to February, 1919, and read like the Pearl White silent movie serials so beloved by the American public. In 15 chapters Nell's heroine, *Golden Eyes*, joins up with the Red Cross to be with her soldier boyfriend,

Bill, in France; plays Mata Hari and steals secrets from a German officer; nearly gets shot for her efforts, opens an abandoned chateau to 100 war orphans, and finally, with the help of her faithful collie, finds Bill wounded on the battlefield and rescues him.

Nell's next serial, *Kathleen and the Great Secret*, ran from November, 1920 until March, 1921. In this one, the heroine rescues her kidnapped scientist fiancé, who has discovered something that sounds very much like



A still from the 1924 Cosmopolitan film, "The Great White Way." From left to right: George McManus, Nell Brinkley, Harry Hirschfeld, editor Arthur Brisbane, and Billy DeBeck.





"The Fortunes of Flossie", *The American Weekly*, April 24, 1927.

atomic power. The lovers then travel all over the globe in an attempt to retrieve the stolen formula, finally returning to America with the formula, which Kathleen's boyfriend gives to the government. The series that followed *The Great Secret* was by far Nell's lushest, most romantic, and most collected by the small group of fans who know about her—*Betty and Billy and Their Love Through the Ages*. In a simple plot that is really just an excuse for exquisite costume and period drawings, modern-day lovers Betty and Billy see all their past incarnations, from ancient Egypt and Rome to medieval Venice and renaissance Scotland, in a crystal ball. The story in this series is minimal, but the art is Nell at her most over-the-top fluffy, ruffled, and frilled.

After the extremes of Billy and Betty, Nell's art subtly changed. In keeping with the styles of the times, it segued from art nouveau into a more simplified art deco, although in every way it was still recognizably Nell, and possibly better than ever. Throughout the rest of the '20s, her Sunday color pages underwent another change. Nell stopped writing them; instead most of them were written by Carolyn Wells, an all-too prolific writer who also wrote Sunday pages for other artists like Russell Patterson, and produced a number of potboiler novels. The form changed too: instead of consisting of one large picture with serialized text beneath it, these new Sunday pages featured a series of pictures, usually one big drawing and a series of smaller ones, with captions beneath them, telling a story that was complete on the page.

In fact, the woman who had once threatened to go home to her "good daddy in Denver" rather than draw comics, was now drawing comics!

The stories changed, too. By today's standards, Nell, though obviously earnest, had been no great shakes as a writer, but Wells was worse. While Nell's serials had been filled with enthusiastic blood and thunder and penny-dreadful romance, Wells' writing was pure doggerel, and each page must have taken her all of five minutes to write. The stories, with titles like *The Adventures of Prudence Prim*, *The Fortunes of Flossie*, *Romances of Gloriette*, *Dimples' Day Dreams*, *Pretty Polly*, and *Sunny Sue*, all were variations on the theme of the airheaded flapper, told in verse. On the other hand, Nell's art was at its peak as she filled each decorative page after page with leggy flappers in cutely provocative poses.

Towards the end of the 1930s, Nell's style began to fall out of favor. Perhaps the mood of the country was changing, or newspapers were using more photographs and less art; or, as had happened to so many artists—like her contemporaries Norman Rockwell and J.C. Leyendecker—she was suddenly considered old fashioned or passé. At any rate, her columns were reduced from dailies to twice a week, and some of the Hearst newspapers stopped carrying them altogether. Nell knew when to call it quits, and she resigned in 1937, devoting the remainder of her life to painting for her own enjoyment and illustrating an occasional book. Some of the

Philippian 4:8

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Edward Dando Christy 1919





"Showing UP the American Girl", August 8, 1937.

last Sunday pages she produced in 1937 are among her best. By this time her style had again changed—though always recognizably Nell—and now resembled illustrations from pulp magazines of the period. Some of her subject matter also seemed to come from the pulps: she tackled a series called *Heroines of Today*, in which she gave the glamorous Brinkley treatment to real life women. Among her subjects was Violet McTurk, a "forest wardeness" and "jungle queen" who lived with natives of British Guiana; as well as Marjorie Murray, a 19-year old woman who swam for an hour and a half to rescue her shipwrecked fiancé and two friends. Emerging from the waves at Far Rockaway beach at 2 a.m., Murray appeared as a "naked, blonde mermaid."

Nell died of cancer in 1944, the same year that saw the deaths of her contemporaries, Kewpie artist Rose O'Neill, and Charles Dana Gibson, whose Gibson Girls she had eclipsed. Nell had divorced Bruce in 1936, and she left her entire estate of \$56,305—a huge sum of money in those days—to her mother, who survived her for four years.

The January 1945 issue of *American Artist* magazine wrote: "The late Nell Brinkley, who died in November, attracted more amateur copyists than did Charles Dana Gibson. Like Rose Cecil O'Neill, who came before her, she was quite an eye-ful herself and was past master as a cheesecake artist." ●

Trina Robbins is a writer and women's comics herstorian. She has written a biography of Nell Brinkley, *Nell Brinkley and the New Woman in the Early 20th Century*, (McFarland, 2001) and her most recent book is *The Great Women Cartoonists* (Watson-Guptill, 2001).

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# JAMES DWYER:

FINE ILLUSTRATOR AND FAVORITE UNCLE

by Barry Dwyer

The face is that of a 70 year old man, a lined and wrinkled map of a long and interesting life beneath a balding dome. But the eyes still shine with humor and youth. They are the artist's eyes of my Uncle Jim Dwyer, peering at me with typical bemusement. I had probably just finished explaining the world situation to him, courtesy of my first semester in college. He is sitting in his favorite chair, morning paper spread in his lap, pipe in hand, dressed nicely as always in slacks, white shirt, and cardigan sweater.

The old color photograph reminds me of the last five years of his life that he spent with us at the home of his brother Kevin—my father. He never really talked very much about his career as a nationally known illustrator, working for Charles E. Cooper Studio in New York City. It reminds me that he was a favorite uncle of this writer, his two sisters, and three brothers—especially the male siblings.

I'll never forget that Christmas when he visited and presented us all with replica Colt "Peacemaker" cap pistols. He brought us the beautifully written and illustrated books of Holling Clancy Holling. Reading *Seabird*, our imaginations set sail around the world; reading the *Book of Cowboys* or *Book of Indians*, we roamed the mountains and



James Dwyer, circa 1950s.

plains of the American West. And nobody could tell a story like Uncle Jim, who recounted numerous anecdotes about our family's history that became even more important when some of us got the genealogy bug.

Uncle Jim never had an automobile license and never owned a car, so it was my job to drive him to the store whenever he ran low on his lifelong companions—cigars and tobacco for his pipes. At the time I was smoking what I'm sure he considered pygmy cigars and he would sometimes buy me some full-sized Dutch Masters, hoping I would convert.

I can still see him pattering around the garden he loved to tend, or out behind the garage stirring the smoky remains of trash like an ancient priest with burnt offerings for the gods.

But that old photograph also reminded me of what I could not see and did not know about—Uncle Jim's professional career. So for the past year or so I've made it my job to learn all I could about it, and now, with the invaluable help of many individuals, including several former Cooper colleagues, I can present perhaps an unfinished portrait of a favorite uncle, James Dwyer, illustrator.

◀  
"A Lick for Brother Ed" by William Fuller. *Collier's* magazine, December 1, 1950. Gouache/casein on board. 13.5 x 17.5 inches.





"Death on the Beaverkill" by Cliff Farrell. *Collier's* magazine, December 10, 1954. Gouache on board. 15 x 16 inches.



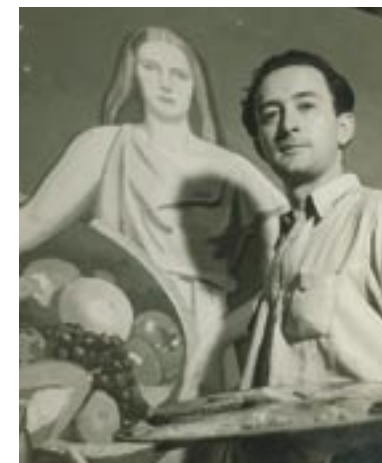
"Rawhide River" by Cliff Farrell, *Collier's* magazine, February, 1954

### THE EARLY YEARS

He was born into a large Dayton, Ohio Irish Catholic family of modest means in 1898. His mother had offered up many heartfelt prayers that her children be talented, and those prayers were answered. All nine were gifted to one degree or another, especially in the arts. Young Jim, along with older sister Mary and younger brother Kevin, nurtured their drawing, sketching, and painting talents together. Some of their motivation may have come from the prints their parents had purchased of works by American and European masters that had been on display during the 1893 World Columbian Exposition in Chicago. So far as can be determined, they had no formal lessons; they learned and improved by doing, copying, and helping each other along the way. Kev and Jim tramped around the neighborhood and beyond, sketching outdoor scenes. An old, treasured letter written by Grandpa Dwyer is headed, top left, "Dwyer Studios?" At age 18, Mary completed a large watercolor that still hangs in the main office of the Knights of Columbus here in Dayton. Kevin's skilled pen and ink work fills the pages of his high school yearbooks. Aunt

Mary went on to become an advertising artist in her own right. My father became advertising director for Rike's, the major department store in Dayton.

Jim attended the high school of St. Mary's College (later the University of Dayton), graduating in 1916 with honors in German and Latin languages. An athletic six-footer, he was also a member of the football team. His first jobs were with the *Dayton Journal & Herald* newspaper and the premier local photoengraving firm of Shaw & Marchand.



At work on a WPA mural project, 1930s.

Of his work for the newspaper, he would later quip: "They should have fired me the first day." Though by nature a self-effacing man, he had a convivial nature and an Irish soul, not to mention a mellow baritone voice and handsome face. Audiences appreciated these features when he trod the boards as a member of a local acting troupe. Later, as a well-known artist, he would return to Dayton and stress the importance of drama in art. And when Jim wasn't otherwise occupied, he could be found on the banks of the Miami or Stillwater or Mad Rivers engaged in his favorite outdoor pursuit—fishing.





“Mad River” by Donald Hamilton, *Collier’s* magazine, January 6, 1956. Gouache on board, 29 x 11 inches.

Circa 1922 Jim traveled to New York City with his sister Mary, hoping like so many young artists of the day to establish himself as an illustrator. The pair took an apartment on 40 Bank Street. Jim got a job with an unknown firm and enrolled for his first formal training with the Art Students League located in the American Fine Arts Building on 215 West 57<sup>th</sup> Street. Founded in 1875 by a group of student artists who found the strictures of the old Academy too stifling, the League grew into a prestigious instructional institution that continues to teach artists to this day.

When Jim was taking classes, League instructors included such noted artists as Harvey Dunn, Joseph Pennell, Frederick Dorr Steele, George Bridgman (one of Rockwell’s teachers), Kenneth H. Miller (life drawing and painting), and Edwin Dickinson (still life). My hunch is that Jim was probably influenced more by former Howard Pyle master class student Harvey Dunn than any of his other instructors. Dean Cornwell, one of Dunn’s early students, said of his

mentor: “Harvey Dunn taught art and illustration as one. He taught it as a religion.”

On his membership application for the Salmagundi Club, which he joined in 1951, Jim only mentions two other League teachers, Kenneth H. Miller and Edwin Dickinson. The latter may have influenced Jim about a career move he would soon make. Even as he improved his native talents and abilities, Jim managed to have five pen & ink portrait sketches placed in the first edition of *TIME* magazine, March 3, 1923.

It must have been a heady time for a young, aspiring artist to be in New York City in proximity with legendary illustrators such as James Montgomery Flagg, Charles Dana Gibson, and F.R. Gruger; during the heyday of N.C. Wyeth, J.C. Leyendecker, and Maxfield Parrish—all of them sources of admiration, inspiration, and emulation.

For the next five years Jim was able to earn enough money with his illustrations to continue living in the city. Then, around 1928, he made a career move. Perhaps as a result of

conversations with his League teacher, Edwin Dickinson, a Provincetown painter, or reading promotional material—or maybe both—he decided to further his studies and attend the Cape Cod School of Art. His sister Mary moved back to Dayton.

#### HAWTHORNE AND HENSCHKE ON THE CAPE

Charles W. Hawthorne had been a student of William Merritt Chase when young Hawthorne attended the Art Student’s League. The talented pupil soon became his mentor’s assistant, helping Chase establish what became the New York School of Art. He then became a teacher in his own right. Hawthorne’s style was influenced by Chase’s impressionism and by the Munich School, which advocated direct painting on canvas with heavily-laden brushes. In 1899 Hawthorne founded the Cape Cod School of Art at the little fishing village of Provincetown, located inside the hook of Provincetown Harbor at the sandy terminus of the Cape’s north-reaching arm.

Jim found studio lodgings in Day’s Lumber Yard, sharing

the spartan accommodations with aspiring Hoosier artists, George Yater and Bruce McKain; spartan as in no water at night, zero amenities, shared bathroom, and walls insulated with old canvases. In those days they lived chiefly on whiting, an inexpensive fish that could be purchased in bulk.

Hawthorne taught his classes outside, en plein air. With his tall, imposing figure decked out in white flannels, the model already posed, his assistant would walk over and present the master with his palette on which mounds of paint were arranged in precise sequence. The model was posed so that his or her face was obscured. Then Hawthorne would wield his long brushes and produce a portrait as if by artistic legerdemain. He required his students to paint “into the sun,” forcing them to see and appreciate the entire figure so they wouldn’t get bogged down with details. Initially, they could use only their palette knives, producing works that became forever nicknamed “mudheads” or simply “muds.” Hawthorne taught them to place one spot of color next to another in a beautiful way, as he put it, to paint in





Unknown title. 19 x 12.5 inches. Gouache on board.

unsentimental, down to earth terms; telling his students that “anything under the sun is beautiful if you have the vision to see it.”

His objective was to enhance the student painter’s visual acumen and appreciation of color differences even as he studied the interplay and relationships of color and light in Monet’s works. After his demonstrations and the student painting sessions there came the Saturday critiques. From 9 a.m. until noon the master told his pupils exactly what he thought of their individual efforts with criticisms that were constructive, honest, and sometimes devastating.

Charles W. Hawthorne died in 1930. His gifted assistant, Henry Hensche, replaced him as master instructor. Jim and most of his fellow students stayed on at the renamed Cape School of Art. Like Hawthorne, Hensche taught all classes outdoors in the summer, the only season when that could be done. He carried on Hawthorne’s teaching precepts about light and color, having his students practice and paint in sunlight, cloudy day, and north light keys, followed by afternoon and morning light keys, then enlarging the light and color context to times of day and seasons.

Again, following his mentor, Hensche believed that Monet had mastered the correct use of color. As he wrote

in his book *The Art of Seeing and Painting*, “Monet was the first to use color to tell us not only the correct forms of nature, but also the kind of day it was on which these forms were observed... the precise hour of the day and weather conditions prevailing at that particular hour.”

Classes were held on the beach. A copy of an old photo from the Provincetown Art Association shows Jim with fellow students, about half of them women, easels stuck into the sand, their smiling faces looking back at the camera. The weathered shingles of narrow, two-story frame houses were visible in the background. A wooden pier, waiting to be painted, jutted into the harbor. Jim had his own studio by that time. He enjoyed the company of classmates as a member of the Beachcomber’s Club, no doubt lending his acting talents to their various festivities. But it was the company of Beatrice Bradshaw Brown, daughter of two Provincetown artists, that he enjoyed the most. She was the love of his life that he never married, yet they remained close friends until her untimely death.

Opaque watercolors had become Jim’s medium of choice. From 1932 to 1934 he had a number of paintings exhibited at the Provincetown Art Museum, including “Side Street, Low Tide, Sunday A.M.,” and “Red Building.” These and

other of his works were also shown in Boston and New York. (Anyone wishing further information on this section should read *Hawthorne on Painting, Provincetown Painters*, Ronald A. Kuchta, editor, *Figures in a Landscape* by Josephine del Deo, and Hensche’s book, cited above.)

#### THE COOPER STUDIO ILLUSTRATOR

Those Depression years were tough on everybody, including artists, and Jim decided it was time to return to the old homestead in Dayton, staying busy as best he could. He managed to get himself, his brother Kev, and Provincetown student friend Bruce McKain, hired to work on a local WPA mural project.

The Works Progress Administration, realizing the plight of artists during the Depression, commissioned thousands of paintings (murals) and sculptures to decorate the interiors of newly constructed Federal buildings, post offices, and courthouses. The largest of the three programs was the WPA’s Federal Art Project, which ran from 1935-1943.

I believe it was under its auspices that Uncle Jim worked with Dad, McKain, and an unknown, older artist, who was probably the project’s boss. Despite intensive research I was unable to locate the multi-panel mural those men completed. It is possible that instead of being displayed, the panels were just stashed in a basement somewhere to moulder. They depicted the standard mural subject matter of the era, including: the worker, the bountiful harvest figure, an education scene, and a stylized rendition of the Heavens.

Not long after completion of that project, Jim landed a job with the big Dayton advertising agency of Kircher, Helton & Collett. His ads helped sell Dayton Rubber Company products and appeared in magazines such as *Fortune*.

In about 1940, Mary, having already returned there, Jim decided to go back to the Big Apple and seek employment. Brother and sister artists found a place in Long Island City, one that would be their home for over two decades. In middle age, Jim’s incomplete, rather episodic career stabilized and he would enjoy his measure of success as an editorial and commercial illustrator with Charles E. Cooper Studio Inc.

In 1935, artist-entrepreneurs Chuck Cooper and Jon Whitcomb established a new studio in New York City and several years later moved it into its permanent location on the 9<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>, and 11<sup>th</sup> floors of 136 East 57<sup>th</sup> Street. They both brought keen business acumen and a comprehensive vision to their endeavor which resulted in Chuck Cooper operating the premier illustration studio of that era. It was a one-stop shopping situation for clients.

The Studio handled everything from models to photography to shipping and all the minor details that would otherwise burden both client and artist. Cooper had 40 of the top illustrators of the day on his payroll. He hired them and kept them happy and busy. One of the ways he kept them happy was to pay for all their art materials and associated expenses. Another was to let them keep



“Love and Die.” *Collier's* magazine, June, 1954.





100 percent of all money they earned for editorial (story) illustrations, while he took commissions only for their advertising art. The Studio provided extensive research resources, models, and photographers.

Those models included Tippi Hedrin, Tuesday Weld, Suzy Parker, Carol Lynley, and the young, beautiful Grace Kelly. But the one remembered by many Cooper veterans, as recorded in Neil Shapiro's excellent history of the Studio, *Illustrating an Era*, was Olga Nichols. She was chameleon-like in her ability to portray anyone from a blushing debutante to a prune-faced spinster. Depending on illustration assignment requirements, Cooper artists sometimes used one another, including Jim Dwyer, as models. For their own reference, they kept morgue files of pages clipped from magazines and other publications indexed by subject matter: animals, western scenes, ships and boats, interiors, etc. Jim augmented his morgue files with photos taken with the camera he took with him everywhere he went.

Each artist had his own studio work space and a window that provided natural light. They all used Windsor & Newton Designer Colors gouache which they mixed with either Rich Art or PermaWhite.

For editorial illustrations Cooper artists were either sent explicit instructions or they worked directly with art directors from magazines such as *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, and other top periodicals of the day. The artist was sent a copy of the story to read so he could identify the segments he believed were the best subjects for visual

dramatization. He then returned the story, his suggestions, and color sketches to the art director, who then agreed or asked for further consultation. Once the illustrations were set, the artist would get together with the model or models he needed, pose them, then have the Cooper photographer shoot a series of pictures. After selecting the 4x5 positive he wanted, the artist slipped it into his Bausch & Lomb Balopticon projector, aimed the machine at his illustration board, traced the images onto it, and started painting.

Jim's studio was on the 10<sup>th</sup> floor. An ever-present cigar cradled in his left hand, he usually began his work with an underpainting in the umber or sienna range. As Cooper veteran Bob Levering told me, Jim mixed his colors with PermaWhite vigorously, achieving an oil paint consistency of medium that he applied in a painterly style that produced marvelous results. There was a collegial atmosphere at Cooper, and Jim often painted while carrying on a conversation with a fellow artist. Younger ones sometimes sought the advice of the senior man on the staff, and Jim, like the other experienced illustrators there, was always glad to give that advice and guidance. Cooper veteran Bob McCall told me that Jim was always friendly and helpful.

Jim had a favorite sandwich that he often ate at work. It consisted of a big slice of bermuda onion and a thick layer of odiferous Limburger cheese. The story goes that on those rare occasions when he was being pestered by an unwanted visitor, he would haul out his sandwich fixings and rely on the malodorous cheese to drive them away.

Bob Jones was probably Jim's closest friend at the Studio. "He was a great guy, well liked by everyone. We used to





Limited edition lithograph created for Western Winchester.



Limited edition lithograph created for Western Winchester.

go up to Rye and go out fishing in Long Island Sound. Sometimes other guys from Cooper would join us and Jim would just sit there in the boat, knowing at least one of us was going to get seasick. He never did. We wondered to ourselves, who would be first? Of course the smoke from his cigar only made the situation worse.”

Fishing and hunting were some of Jim’s favorite subjects, as can be seen in the paintings he did for Western-Winchester. And when *Collier’s* needed a western illustration for a story by, say, Luke Short, art director William Chessman often turned to Jim Dwyer for the work. He did a lot of editorial illustrations for *Collier’s* through the 1950s, enhancing the stories of such famous authors as Erich Marie Remarque and John D. MacDonald; increasing sales with cover art for several issues.

Though Jim lunched at Schraff’s regularly and enjoyed New York and his Astoria neighborhood, he never forgot his roots. Besides visiting us at Christmastime, he came back to town at least once to give a talk at Art Center Dayton. Founded in 1944 to promote the interests and welfare of artists and improve the fields of editorial and commercial illustration, the Center could boast of having Famous Artists School founder Albert Dorne as an important supporter and guest speaker. It was already “plugged into” Cooper Studio by virtue of having two Daytonians, Jim Dwyer and Coby Whitmore, working there. Jim, who was introduced by Chuck Cooper, gave his talk and demonstration in

November 1954. The yellowed, creased article from the *Journal Herald* describing it is still legible. “Become one of the actors in a scene that is to be painted. Cast people for parts like a stage director,” he told his audience. “Go to places where the atmosphere exists. Use imagination. The (resulting) painting will then be either emotional or it will be nothing.” The article makes a brief mention of an illustration Jim did during the war. “I needed a German submarine and a Landing Craft Tank (LCT) carrying a Sherman tank. That painting required the cooperation of the Army and Navy, in addition to a lot of research to reproduce the submarine.”

As noted elsewhere in this article, Jim joined the Salmagundi Club in 1951. Its odd name derived from a word coined by Washington Irving meaning a stew or salad of many ingredients. The Club was founded in 1880. As its brochure says: “This seemed an appropriate name, since artists are a varied breed with diverse views and ideals.” Over the years its members included William Merritt Chase, Louis Tiffany, Howard Pyle, N.C. Wyeth, and Dean Cornwell. Since he never talked about his career, nothing is known about who he met or knew at the Club, only that he had a showing of some of his illustration art in the 1950s. I am sure, however, that some of Jim’s conversations were about his favorite artists: John Singer Sargent, Joaquim Sorolla y Bastida, and Anders Zorn.

Jim’s advertising art helped sell products for such

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Unknown story, *Collier's*, circa 1950s.



"The Late Lou Reardon" by James Robbins Miller, *Collier's*, May, 1949.

companies as the Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation, Zippo Lighters, Gilbert Quality Papers, the Fairchild Engine and Airplane Company, Pennzoil, U.S. Royal Tires, and Union Carbide.

He illustrated several young adult books such as *The Mystery of the Flooded Mine* and *Blitz: The Story of a Horse*. The Literary Guild selected Jim to do the artwork for its publication *Wings* that announced its monthly reading selections. In 1960 the Hartford Fire Insurance Company hired him to paint six original historical works for their 125<sup>th</sup> anniversary wall calendar that was produced by Brown & Bigelow. Unfortunately, I was only able to find the promotional brochure for this calendar, which reads in part: "...featuring six original paintings by the celebrated artist, James Dwyer depicting the Lincoln policy, the San Francisco quake, the great Chicago fire, and other scenes."

After *Collier's* went under, most of Jim's editorial illustrations appeared in *Outdoor Life*, 1959 through 1967. Cooper Studio had also ceased to exist, a victim of television's mortal impact on magazines and, as Jim Bama states in Shapiro's *Illustrating an Era*, "Tri-X film." He believed that this super-fast film allowed a good photographer to produce what an illustrator could do. "They would submit 20 photographs for one sketch. Photography really clobbered a lot of illustrators."

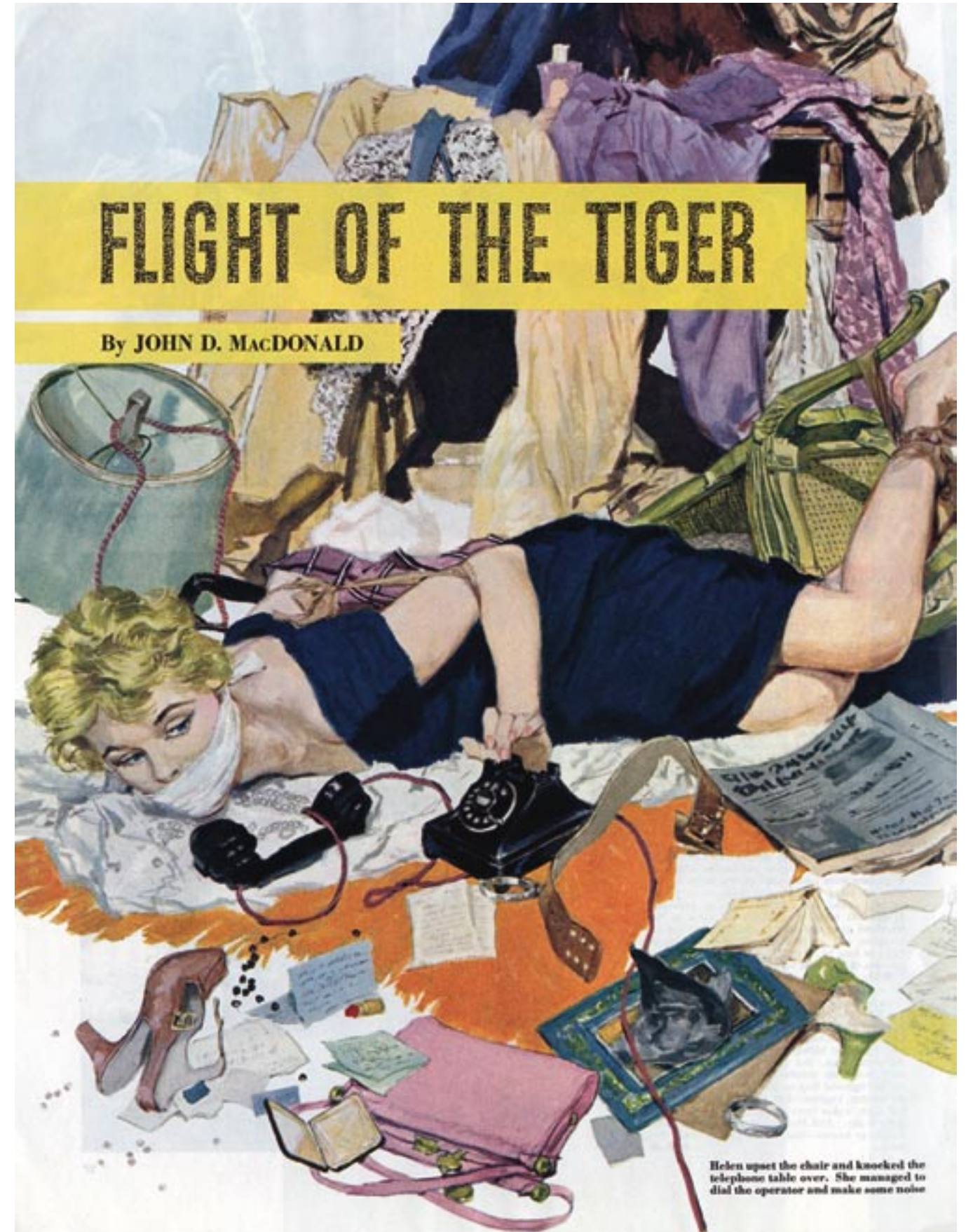
Jim's sister Mary died in 1966. He remained in New York for another year, then packed up his books and artwork

and returned to Dayton. Though his health was okay for a man his age, the joints of his hands had become arthritic enough so that he could no longer wield a brush properly. He never painted another stroke for the rest of his life. Perhaps that is one the reasons he never discussed his days as a top illustrator. We loved having him in the house. He was a good and kind and genial man. The books he brought us in our youth were replaced by huge volumes on Degas and Goya, 18<sup>th</sup> century Italian painting, and the western art of Remington and Alfred Jacob Miller, plus books on U.S. naval history that I have used as source material for some of my own works.

My father died in 1972. Jim hung on for another year before passing at the age of 75, much loved and still fondly remembered. ●

The author would like to express his gratitude to Neil Shapiro for permission to use portions of *Illustrating an Era*, his master's thesis on the Cooper Studio; Jim Zimmerman, *Provincetown Art Association*; Walt Reed and Ann Marshall at Illustration House, and to Phil Malicoat for the mural painting photos. And I would like to thank the Cooper Studio artists Bob Jones, Bob Levering, Joe Bowler, Bob McCall and Jim Bama especially for sharing their memories of Uncle Jim.

John B. Dwyer is a professional military historian and author of four books and numerous articles who is trying to learn how to paint.



"Flight of the Tiger" by John D. MacDonald, *Collier's*, March, 1954.





*The Encounter*, 1985, 7 x 9 inches. Pencil, ink, and watercolor on paper.

# FRANK FRAZETTA: THE CREATIVE MOMENT

by Dr. David Winiewicz

Creativity is one of the great mysteries of the human condition. It is impossible to explain where great creative geniuses like Aristotle, Beethoven, or Rembrandt got their ideas. I do not want to solve that mystery. I cannot. However, all creative efforts begin with an idea; an idea that is given some type of form. I want to explore that area a little. Most visual artists begin with some type of rough or preliminary design before actually painting or drawing a finished piece for sale or publication. The history of art is filled with biographies and autobiographies wherein artists continually worry about getting quality models and paying for them. For hundreds of years, an oil painting resulted only after countless "sittings" by a model or long outdoor "plein-air" viewings of a landscape. Every school of art can fit in these categories.

Later, when photography came in vogue, artists and illustrators spent huge amounts of time photographing everything imaginable in order to have an extensive reference file. Norman Rockwell was famous for the

incredible efforts he made to get everything just right. He photographed friends, buildings, and props so he could integrate them into one of his magnificent oils. He wanted complete authenticity and photorealism. It would not be uncommon to see 30 or more photos used as reference for a major Rockwell oil, as well as countless pencil studies. Clipped pages of favorite images from popular magazines became an artist's "swipe file," an easy crutch used to get ideas and solve artistic problems. Of course, all these shortcuts and techniques strain the entire meaning of creativity. Pure creativity means an artist having an idea and giving it life, a direct flow of soul from mind to hand and brush. In this arena, the work of Frank Frazetta is very special—almost unprecedented.



Frazetta creates *The Encounter* in his sketchbook, 1985.

Frazetta's approach to creating art, whether it is oil, ink, or watercolor, is classical and traditional. There are no secret potions, paints, or exotic instruments responsible for Frazetta's magic. For many years Frank would start the creative process by taking a hot cup of coffee, a pencil, and





Darkness Weaves, 1978, 5 x 7 inches. Oil and watercolor on paper.



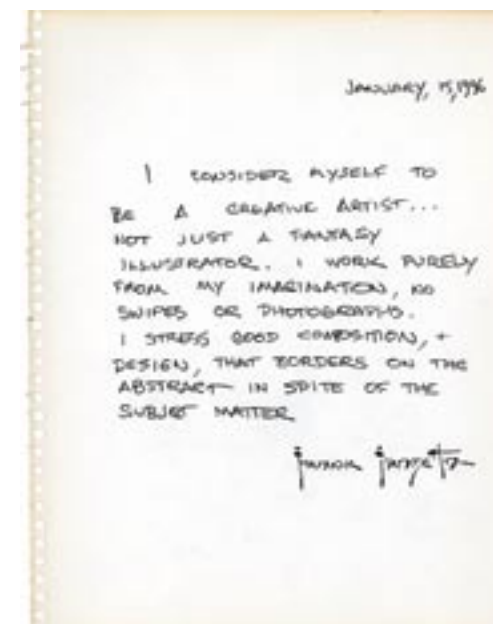
Dreamflight, 1983, 10 x 16 inches. Pencil on sketchbook paper.

a sketchbook, and sit down on a faux zebra skin sofa next to a small light. He uses a simple #2 pencil that has been sharpened with a knife. The crude sharpening provides Frank with an abundance of angles on the pencil top. Each area provides Frazetta with a different visual effect.

He prefers to work late in the night with a little classical music providing a pleasant background. After a bit of thought and a few sips of coffee, a small pencil drawing is completed in the modest sketchbook. Frazetta has a powerful visual imagination. He is able to see his idea and transform it in his mind's eye until he sees the correct result. After mentally twisting it and turning it and considering all the possible angles of action and impact, he then puts it down on paper. The idea is drawn quickly and decisively; the essence is all there. If appropriate, Frazetta adds a bit of watercolor to this sketch to give it full form and to observe the effects of light. Often, even this coloring process is unnecessary and Frazetta moves directly to the easel, relying on his intuitive sense of color accuracy. This is really the sacred moment of

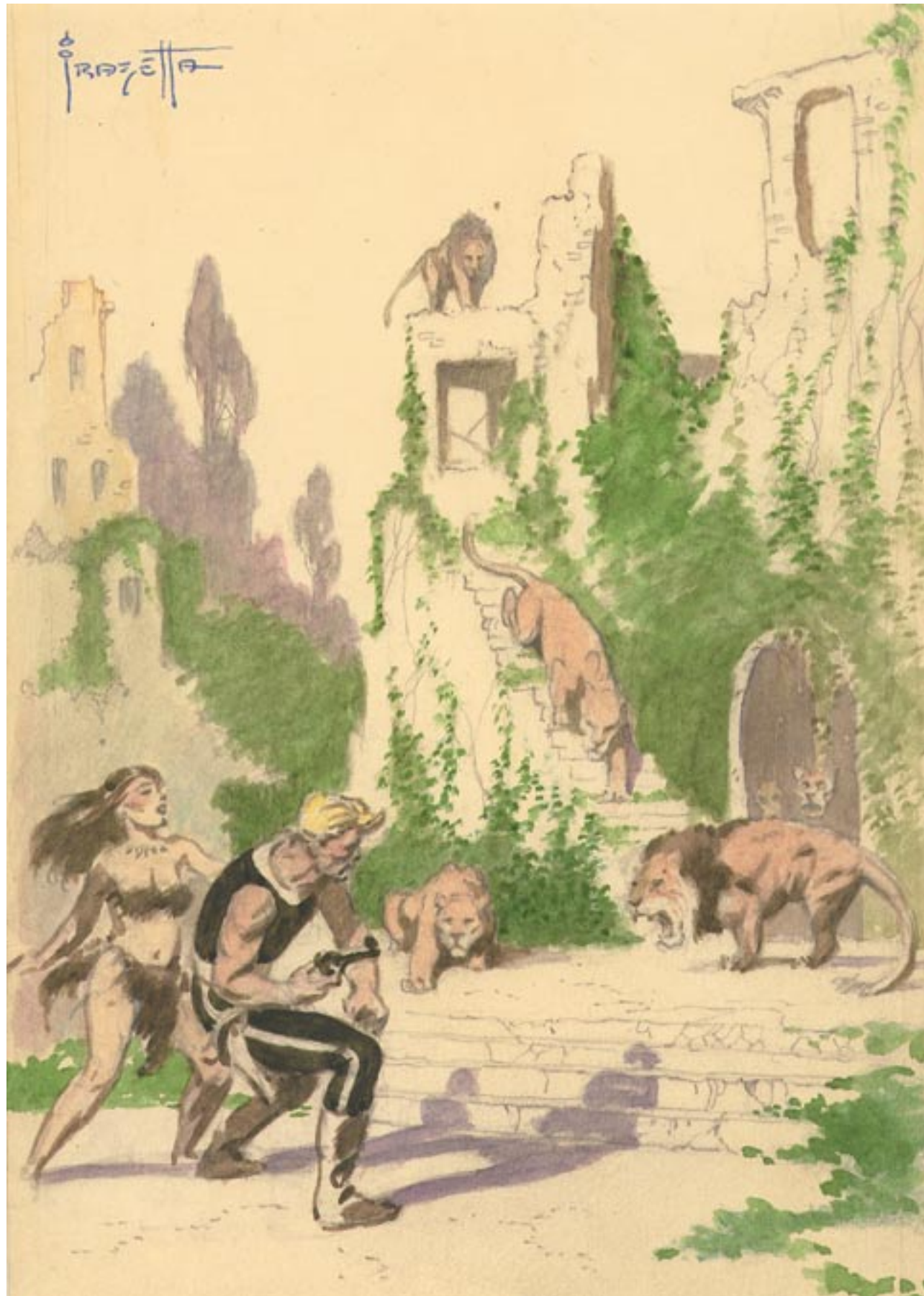
inspiration and execution, the essence of creative intuition. Frazetta holds before him, in miniature, the first fruit of creative imagination—a direct flow from the inner soul of a great artist.

In a recent conversation I asked Frazetta to comment on these studies (or “comps” as he likes to call them) and explain why some of his watercolor roughs are highly polished, and why some are very loosely finished and seemingly incomplete. Frank replied: “That’s a tough question to answer. Sometimes I would sit down and just draw for the joy of drawing. I love the pencil; it’s easy to use and mistakes are easily erased. Everything starts off as a pencil. If I like it, then I add a little color just to show where the basic lighting should be. Sometimes I get carried away and just have fun with the drawing. I try not to put everything into the rough. I want to leave something for the actual painting. My original study for the first *Conan* oil was a very simple pencil thumbnail, no color at all. Once I have the idea, I can sit down at the easel and bring it to life. A lot



Frank Frazetta's statement of purpose. January, 1996. Pen on sketchbook paper.





Lost Continent, 1963, 6 x 8 inches. Pencil and watercolor on paper.



Death Dealer, 4 1/2 x 6 inches, watercolor on paper.



Masai Warrior, 1982, 4 x 6 inches. Pencil and watercolor on paper.

of guys like to use the camera and shoot reference shots. It takes days to get a project going. That's just too much work. Why bother?

"My friend Roy Krenkel was amazed at my speed. Roy would spend days and days doing studies from every angle, trying to find the right concept. He studied everybody and he copied everybody. He was constantly sketching. He just didn't have enough confidence. He wasted all his energy on the studies and had nothing left for the paintings. That's when he came to me to help him finish many pieces. Getting back to your question again, the comps never meant that much to me, although there are several that I treasured. There are some comps that are as good as the paintings. Ellie sold some really great ones to fans over the years. I didn't care; I had the oil. I was much more concerned with the final result. Often I left the rough in a very loose state simply because I was out of time and a deadline was near. I didn't have any time to spend polishing the comp. The job had to get done."

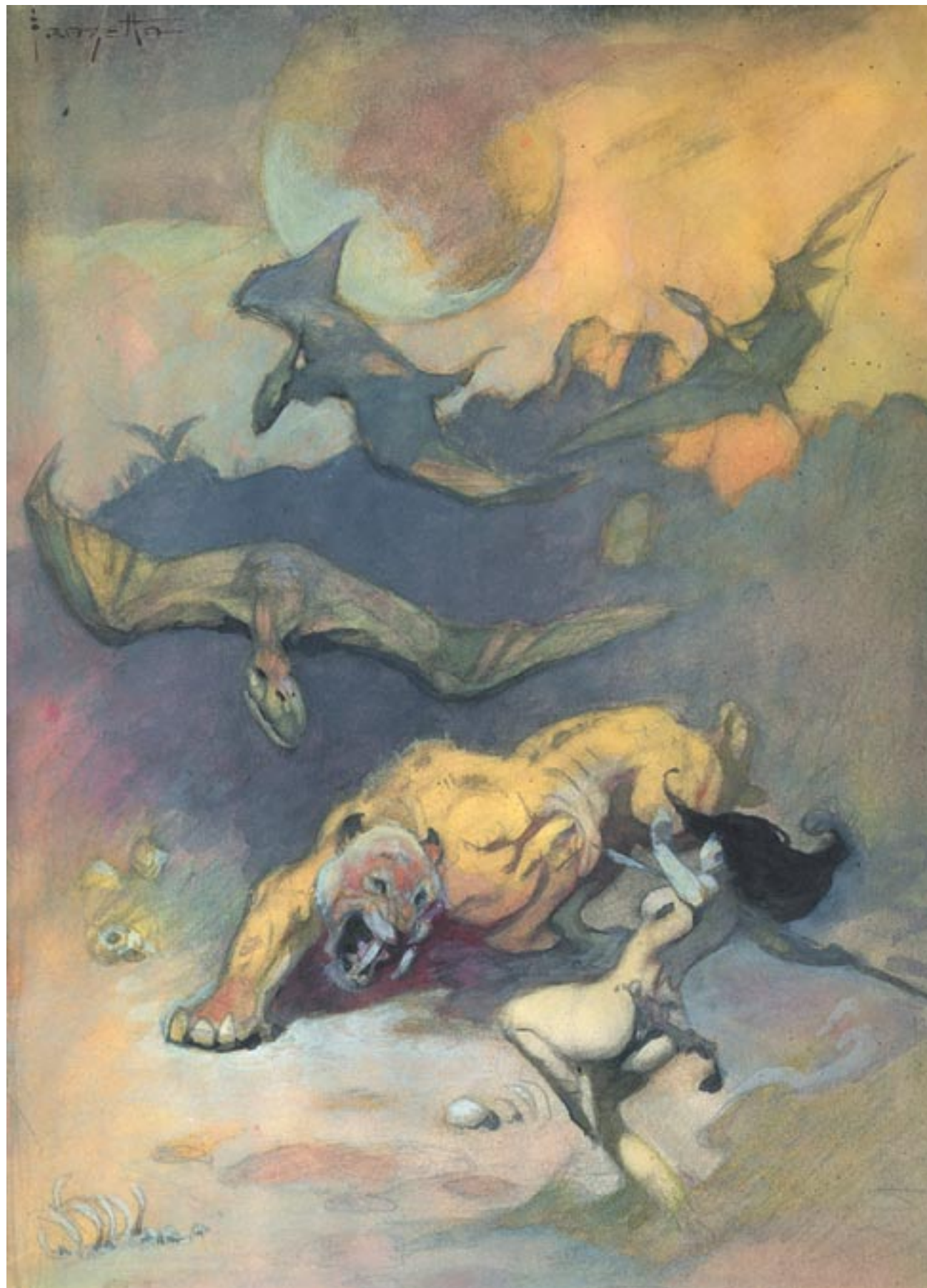
Frank fulfills the definition of what a creative artist should be. He simply reaches within and magically transforms what he finds there into a work of art. Nothing intervenes in this process. No models, no photos, and no swipe files. He just makes it all up. Frazetta comments: "People are

always asking me what my secret is. How would I know? There is no secret—I just do it. And I've been doing it since I was a small boy. Copying someone is not art. Copying a photograph is no accomplishment in my book. Is that what art is? I don't think so. When I was very young, I would copy Caniff and Foster. I loved Foster! I still do. His *Tarzan* pages are incredible; they'll never be matched. However, I went on to do my own thing, to do it my way. I'm a dreamer and always have been. I just make it up."

Frazetta goes from contemplation to inspiration to execution in a single flow. This goes a long way in explaining the life and intense power that Frazetta infuses into his best works. His personal energy and visual vitality brings the art to life; not the false vitality of models or the phony help of lifeless photos and swiped images. How many artists can claim that their best works are pure expressions of the imagination? Not many. And it all begins with that first moment of genius, that first little rough.

Everything flows from the initial rough. The finished drawing or painting is simply the technical elaboration of that initial idea. Frazetta's great Canaverall brush drawings from the 1960's began as simple thumbnail pencil studies—nothing more. His later portfolio work for *Lord of the Rings*, *Kubla Khan*, and *Women of the Ages* began as simple pencil





*Pellucidar*, 1973, 6 x 8 inches. Pencil and watercolor on paper.

studies and a few pen studies. His Doubleday illustrations from the early 1970's began as mostly thumbnail pen sketches.

Frazetta's watercolor studies are little jewels and worthy of appreciation and contemplation. The rough for *Darkness Weaves* is very elaborately colored with rich tints abounding. Notice that Frank has the cape and the ship's sail moving in opposite directions. He was studying the dynamics of the scene. The final oil is simplified; the cape is removed and the intense colorations are removed. The final oil is almost monochromatic compared to the study. Frank was obviously having a lot of fun in this study. The study for the Ace paperback *Lost Continent* is a gem. Little bits of color delicately define an exotic landscape. The scene is open and airy, and every detail is perfectly arranged. The balance of the elements is visual perfection. It is a work of subtle gesture and dramatic suggestiveness. Frank decided to change nothing. The final version is almost identical to the study, and not much larger.

The watercolor comp for the Ace edition of *Tarzan and the Lost Empire* is noteworthy because it is Frank's first published color image of Tarzan. It was his first rough for the editor Donald Wollheim, who demanded to see studies before agreeing to the cover. Frank decided to pay homage to Hal Foster by borrowing the figure from one of the early *Tarzan* dailies. The study is colorful and vibrant and features the type of blended colors that became famous for. Most people prefer the energy and color of the study over the finished work.

The watercolor study for *Pellucidar* is a masterpiece. It is a comprehensive miniature version of the finished oil complete with fully realized forms and subtle colorations throughout. All the compositional rhythms are there and the lighting is pure Frazetta magic. The *Encounter* is a study executed in the 1980's. It began as a pencil which Frank meticulously inked. I noticed it in his sketchbook and asked Frank if he would sell it to me. Frank agreed and said: "How would you like a little color on it?" Of course, I said "yes." I then watched for about 45 minutes as Frank carefully wet the paper and applied thin layers of watercolor. He very gradually and carefully built-up the tones. The result is almost a miniature finished painting. By the way, the subject-matter depicts the symbolic meeting of fantasy (the fairy-girl) and science-fiction (the crashed spaceship and spaceman). Frazetta placed his zip code on the ship's tail section. A special delivery from the mind of Frazetta!

Another richly-colored rough is the *Death Dealer* study executed in the mid-1980's. Frazetta focuses his attention on the central action of the Death Dealer lancing an oncoming attacker. The magic of this original is not only in the dynamic design of the combatants but also in the background tints that create a mood of total bloodlust. The oozing splash of red in the upper left mirrors the bloodletting that is occurring in the siege of the fortress wall. The entire scene seems to be taking place on the rim of a boiling volcano. This is an expressionist use of color at



*Tarzan and the Lost Empire*, 1962, 4 x 6 inches. Pencil and watercolor on paper.

its best as pure color energizes the composition with savage emotion.

The rough for the *Masai Warrior* oil was executed in the early 1980's. Frank decided to repaint his earlier 1961 version of the *Masai Warrior* (an oil he sold years ago). The earlier oil was a masterpiece, but Frank thought he could do better. He decided to do a new study. This study contains all the major elements of the original oil except that the body of the warrior is more sculpted and prominent. Even in this magnificent little study one can see the qualities emerge that bind man and earth and sky. The MASAI stands proudly as the noble crown of nature. This is a study of human nobility by Frazetta and he succeeds in capturing that elusive quality. This is an example of an idea that Frazetta had 40 years ago, yet he continued to play with it until he got it right.

Another example of this is the concept for the *Catgirl* oil, which originally was published as a Warren magazine cover. All the elements are there in the initial study—a jungle nude with an explosive body and erotic posture, swarming cats enlivening the background, and a lush jungle setting resplendent with mood and mystery and highly evocative





*Cat Girl*, 1967, 3x5 inches. Watercolor on paper.

vegetation. The huge twisting limbs draw the eye into the composition until the jungle temptress captures all of our visual attention. At this point our mind begins to play with all the suggestive elements in the composition. Enticing forms and expressive color are in perfect balance and presentation.

Of course, this little study was to become one of Frazetta's most famous and revered efforts in oil. Through the years Frank went back five or six times to change and fine tune the visual elements. He changed the hair color of the jungle girl and added/subtracted cats many times. The final version is one that is ruthlessly purged of any extraneous elements. However, everything flowed from that initial study—that initial moment of creative inspiration.

Frazetta is the definition of the creative artist. His magic is in his mind and in his hand. I think that Frazetta's watercolor studies are wildly under-appreciated and undervalued. They will always be an ongoing delight to the genuine connoisseur who appreciates contemplating the magic of the creative process. ●

Article and photographs © 2002 by Dr. Dave Winiewicz.  
All artwork © by Frank Frazetta.



"Doc Dave" Winiewicz (left) has been energetically writing about the art and life of Frank Frazetta for over 25 years. He is the recognized authority in the field and a strong advocate for placing the body of Frazetta's work into the mainstream of art history.

# The Frank Frazetta Museum



See great oils, watercolors, pencils, and ink drawings from all phases of Frazetta's career.

*Some of the highlights include:*

All the **CONAN** oils, **DEATH DEALER** oils, and **TARZAN** paintings.

The Museum is open every Saturday from 11 – 4 P.M.

The Museum is closed during the winter months.

A \$10 donation is appreciated to cover the preservation and presentation of Frazetta's legacy to the world.

For directions, visit the official web site:

[www.frazettaartgallery.com](http://www.frazettaartgallery.com)

or call 570-424-5833





# The Art of Albert Staehle

by Dr. Donald Stoltz

1899 was a wonderful time in Munich, Bavaria. The city was a playground for the rich and famous, a mecca for art, science, music and literature. The wealthy came to be enlightened and entertained and students came to study and revel in old world splendor and excitement. It was here that Albert Franklin Staehle, a young artist from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania came to Germany to take art courses and while studying met and fell in love with Anna Marie Völkl, the daughter of a court painter to the king of Bavaria.

Albert Franklin, who was already a budding illustrator, was working for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. A friend and associate of the noted artist Winslow Homer, he was also painting for Currier and Ives. After a short courtship, the couple married and on August 19, 1899 their first child was born—a son named Albert, followed by three daughters.

Surrounded by art and artists and blessed with inherited talent, young Albert began to draw as soon as he could hold a pencil and his favorite subjects were the several animal pets that resided in the Staehle home.

Childhood in Bavaria was a happy time for Albert, and his artistic ability flourished along with his worldliness. His father was painting backdrops for operas and had several other commissions, but Albert Senior always had a dream

of returning to America. In 1914, after much discussion and planning he “applied for and got a job as a newspaper illustrator and the family set sail across the ocean. The trip was an exciting adventure for 14-year-old Albert Junior, because during the journey the steamship was closely followed by a German U-boat. Unbeknownst to the Staehle family, only

days before Arch Duke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria and Hungary, was assassinated and World War I had begun.

After a safe arrival in the United States, the family settled in New York City where Albert was enrolled in school in the first grade. He was registered with the American Consul and was considered a native born American. Shortly thereafter, he entered The Art Students League, a prestigious art school in New York City. His teacher was the famed George Bridgman who was responsible for guiding the career of many noteworthy artists including

Norman Rockwell. He also studied under Hans Hoffman in New York and at the Wicker School of Art in Detroit. By age sixteen he was already working as a commercial artist, but his childhood love for animals always seemed to be the guide for his subject matter. He always carried dog treats and bones in his jacket pocket in the event he happened to meet a pup in his travels.



Albert Staehle with his two Butch models and friends, mid-1950s.  
Photo by Marjory Houston Staehle.

◀ The Saturday Evening Post, September 20, 1947. Watercolor on board.





The first Smokey poster printed in 1944 for the 1945 fire prevention campaign.



Illustration used for two Swan Soap ads that appeared in magazines in 1946.

In 1932, at the height of The Depression he met Albert Dorne, a noted American illustrator, who later founded the Famous Artist's School of Westport, Connecticut and joined with him to create one of the most successful art studios in New York City. They called it Kent Studios, which acquired its name when the two partners were out walking and saw a sign over the Kent Garage around the corner.

In 1937 the Borden Milk Company sponsored a contest, to be judged by the public in an effort to increase their recognition and sales. Artists from across the nation sent their paintings, drawings and sketches for the General Outdoor Advertising Poster Competition. Borden's packaging artist Francesco A. Glanninoto had created Elsie the Cow, but it was Albert's creation that came closest to their ideals. The picture of a cow feeding her calf a bottle of Borden's milk with the caption "nothing's too good for my baby", caught the imagination of the American public and Albert's fame and fortune began to grow. The Borden Company bought Staehle's painting to avoid any conflict with their upcoming campaign, and Borden's has since made Elsie and her family a household name. And the name of Albert Staehle, as an animal illustrator, also began to be more recognized. More and more commissions were obtained and the quality of his work heightened. Three years in a row he won the coveted Kerwin Fulton Award for "The Advancement of Art in Outdoor Advertising". His advertisements for oil, beer, soap, food and

milk graced the billboards of America's highways from coast to coast, and when drivers encountered a friendly dog, cat, frog, bee, penguin, swan, deer or any other animal on their travels, it frequently was one of Albert Staehle's.

In 1939 at the age of forty, a youthful and energetic Albert met an interior decorator by the name of Thea Tyler and married her. The marriage was shaky and short-lived and toward the end Albert fell wildly in love with a young and beautiful chorus girl named Carol. But before he could get a divorce from Thea, Carol contacted tuberculosis and died. Unhappy and lonely he later met Hilda Moreno, an ex-Zigfield Follies Girl, and she became what he considered his third wife. But unfortunately that marriage also was unsuccessful and finally ended in divorce.

In 1941 the United States entered World War II and like most other artists of the time much of Al's work was directed toward the war effort. Posters, billboards and magazine ads were used to promote patriotism, sell war bonds and help America win the war.

In 1942 just north of Santa Barbara, California the Goleta Oil Field was shelled by a Japanese submarine in one of the few and lesser known events of World War II involving our shores. This was followed by a series of forest fires that raged out of control along the southern California coastline. Large quantities of heavy machinery such as bulldozers and fire fighting equipment were being shipped to the war zones and were not available for forest fire fighting.



Albert Staehle with his first Smokey poster, 1970s.  
Photo by Marjory Houston Staehle.





This caused great concern among forestry officials. The government's response was immediate and reaction was strong. The National Association of State Foresters and the United States Forest Service set plans in motion to prevent saboteurs or anyone else from invading our boundaries and possibly igniting our Pacific coast forests. They went to the public with a plea for help using posters, radio publicity and newspaper ads contributed by the Advertising Council to send a message.

Artists and slogan creators from across the nation, drawing pictures and writing text came up with promotional ads such as "careless matches aid the axis" or "our carelessness is their secret weapon". The project was so big that Walt Disney offered Bambi as a mascot for the campaign since the scene from the Bambi movie showing the famous deer fleeing a forest fire with his friend Thumper, the furry little rabbit behind him, seemed a natural to impress the public as to the danger and destruction of woodland fires.

But to many ad men, Bambi seemed too timid and Thumper too small, so other animals were considered.

Forest rangers suggested a woodchuck or a raccoon, but it was felt that a woodchuck was defenseless and a raccoon looked too much like a burglar. At this time Albert Staehle, the animal illustrator, was contacted and four paintings were submitted of a friendly brown bear, fitted with a rangers hat, blue jeans and a bucket of water to douse the campfires or careless cigarettes.

Then came the next question! What do we call this impressive but lovable fellow who was destined to be the protector of our forests?

After many suggestions the decision was made to name him after a legendary New York City fire chief "Smokey Joe Martin" who had become well known in the annals of the nation's fire service as a fearless and colorful fire fighter. And so "Smokey the Bear" was born and became a national treasure. He appeared on posters, billboards, magazine ads, comic books, calendars, stamps and on radio and TV ads (where he actually spoke). Shortly after a Junior Forest Ranger Program was formed to help Smokey protect the forests and four million boys and girls enlisted. They all got



◀ The Saturday Evening Post, October 7, 1944.

Imperial Whiskey advertisement. LIFE, September 20, 1943.





Illustration for a Gunther Beer advertisement, possibly a billboard illustration.



Illustration for the Brown and Bigelow calendar "Dog Days." This image was for January and is titled "Bug-Eyed."

Winter..Ba-a-ah!..Spring's Here!

**GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START**

Here's how to give your car a FRESH START from bumper-to-bumper...

**YOUR MOTOR OIL CHANGES** - Every 3,000 miles or 3 months, whichever comes first, your motor oil should be changed. This is the best way to keep your engine running smoothly and to prevent wear and tear. Mobil Oil is the best motor oil for your car.

**YOUR BATTERY CHARGES** - Your battery should be checked every 3 months. If it's not fully charged, it should be recharged. Mobil Oil has a special battery conditioner that will keep your battery in top condition.

**YOUR CARBURETOR** - Your carburetor should be cleaned every 3 months. Mobil Oil has a special carburetor cleaner that will keep your carburetor running smoothly.

**YOUR AIR FILTER** - Your air filter should be changed every 3 months. Mobil Oil has a special air filter that will keep your engine running smoothly.

**YOUR TIRE PRESSURE** - Your tire pressure should be checked every 3 months. Mobil Oil has a special tire pressure gauge that will keep your tires in top condition.

**YOUR BRAKES** - Your brakes should be checked every 3 months. Mobil Oil has a special brake fluid that will keep your brakes running smoothly.

**YOUR LUBRICANTS** - Your car should be lubricated every 3 months. Mobil Oil has a special lubricant that will keep your car running smoothly.

Advertisement for Mobiloil. LIFE, April 12, 1941.

badges, membership cards, bookmarks, a Smokey song and a letter from Smokey. This entire project was a donation to the war effort and Albert received only expenses for his work.

Early in 1943 the prestigious *Saturday Evening Post* was looking for new and refreshing subjects for the covers of their famous weekly magazine. The warm homespun and nostalgic art of Norman Rockwell, J. C. Leyendecker, Eugene Iverd, J. F. Kernan, Frances Tipton Hunter and many others were still selling four million magazines a week, but a new image was being explored and the editors thought that a cute dog on the cover might help.

Albert Staehle was contacted and although the idea didn't really excite him, a cover on the famous magazine did, and he was on the lookout for the perfect subject. He chose a cocker spaniel.

On February 19, 1944 the first painting of a cocker appeared on the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It showed the handsome pup mangling a book filled with war ration stamps. Shortly after the picture was published Al received a book of stamps from the rationing board so he wouldn't be too hard on the little dog. The picture was an instant huge success and readers from all over the country began sending

in pictures to *The Post* of their dogs relating antics similar to the new canine celebrity.

The original cocker puppy used on those first *Post* covers was owned by a relative, and the success of the images prompted him to think about procuring his own permanent model. One day a short time later, while walking through Greenwich Village in New York he spied a six-week-old black and white cocker spaniel in a pet store window and walked in to inquire about him. Inside the shop the puppy leaped into his arms, licked his face and a friendship was born that was to become legendary.

The dog was called "Butch" because at the time Butch was a popular name for active, mischievous boys and Albert felt that the name seemed appropriate. Over the next five years Butch appeared on twenty-five covers for *The Post* and Butch covers became number one in newsstand sales.

Because the *Saturday Evening Post* was a showcase for artists, Brown and Bigelow, the world's largest calendar company, soon requested a Butch drawing for a calendar. They offered five thousand dollars per painting or royalties on calendar sales. Mr. Staehle chose the royalty agreement in order to evaluate how Butch was appreciated by the public.





The American Weekly, August 25, 1957.



The American Legion Magazine, August, 1952.

The royalties amounted to twelve thousand dollars during the first year and this increased in subsequent years. But, more than the money Al loved his little friend like a child and this stimulated his creativity and reached the hearts of animal lovers everywhere.

Butch appeared in coloring books, on jigsaw puzzles and playing cards, and as stuffed animal toys and Hagen-Renaker figurines. In the late 1950's Albert flew to Germany to work with a sculptor at the Goebel factory, makers of the famous Hummell porcelain figurines. 22 figures were created based on Al's design, and they are now valuable collector's items.

Butch and Al never refused a request to help raise funds for charity. Some of these were The Cancer Society, Crippled Children's Society, Boys Club, Lighthouse for the Blind, Tuberculosis Drive, and many other charitable organizations. As a result of their many public appearances, Al was convinced that Butch had a sense of his own importance.

If an art director simply asked for a dog and left the breed to Al, he invariably received a cocker spaniel illustration. Schaefer beer had a very successful campaign with a brown and white cocker. The *American Legion* magazine ran four Staehle covers showing variously colored cockers and numerous magazine advertisements featured cocker illustrations including a blonde and white dog in a Western Electric Telephone Company ad. Ballantine beer sponsored a Butch look-alike contest as did the Kasco dog food company. There were stuffed Butch animal toys and Al wanted every child to own one like they owned and loved their Teddy bears.

In addition to the *Saturday Evening Post*, Butch appeared on thirty covers of *American Weekly* magazine (the supplement to the Sunday newspapers in the 1950's.) Some of the illustrations that appeared on *American Weekly* covers were sold for a one-time use by Staehle to the *Canadian Star Weekly* magazine and a Dutch magazine (name unknown.) As America laughed at his antics, like racing around the house trailing a nylon stocking from his mouth, or getting caught in a mouse trap or messing up the Sunday paper or getting wet paint on his face, the Staehle's and *The Post* received hundreds of letters from delighted fans praising the artist or from worried fans asking for forgiveness for the escapades of the adventurous pup.

In June of 1956, Butch was chosen as the mascot for United States Navy and appeared on a Navy recruitment poster with a white sailor hat and a ditty bag.

As Butch aged, he inherited a medical problem which appeared to be common among his line of cocker spaniels and at the age of twelve he began to lose his vision. As his sight decreased his personal appearances and modelling was taken over by his son, Butch Junior. The younger Butch also acted as his father's seeing eye dog and when Al walked the two dogs in the park, he could release the leashes and Butch Junior would lead his father carefully along the paths and over the lawns. This scene was used by an advertising agency for a TV program which raised thousands of dollars for blind charities.

In 1947 at the height of his fame and popularity Al, like

many other artists and illustrators, began using photography to take pictures of his models which made it easier than painting from live models. A friend recommended a young woman, Marjory Houston, as an excellent photographer who had a studio in New York City and was among the first to use strobe lights. This light was much faster and brighter than conventional flash bulbs and much less upsetting to his animal models.

Marjory had been married twice before and had two children, a son and a daughter. Her first marriage was annulled and the second ended in divorce. Shortly after the first meeting with Albert she moved to Miami, Florida, where she had a photography concession in the new and very fashionable Fontainebleau Hotel. But her success in Florida didn't compare with New York City and she returned after a six year absence. Shortly thereafter Albert and Marjory chanced to meet again and this time fell in love and married. He was almost fifty-six, she was thirty-five.

Within a year Albert at the age of fifty-six and in his fourth marriage became a father for the first time. Anna Maria was followed in the next nine years by Linda, Marjory and Selene. During this period he began to suffer from severe sciatic neuralgia that appeared to begin during his trip to Goebel factory in Germany during a particularly harsh winter. The pain was extremely intense and began to affect his health and his work. At Marjory's suggestion he decided to spend one winter in Florida and within a few weeks, the hot sun and warm balmy weather seemed to reduce his pain

and increase his mobility. Shortly after Anna Maria's birth the Staehle's purchased a home in North Miami, Florida, but he was able to stay in his sister's apartment in New York City when he had to fly north for an important illustration commission.

The Staehle family was a happy one in Florida. The girls were crowing and proud of their famous father and he was proud of the fact that he produced four beautiful daughters so late in his life. They were socially accepted, artistically admired, and financially stable. But, the art world was changing and the Staehle family was unaware of the storm clouds that were brewing. Illustration was being replaced by photography and even the *Saturday Evening Post* began using photographs on their covers.

In addition, the magazine industry was being challenged by television and sales began to drop. The *Saturday Evening Post* ran into financial problems in the late 1960's and moved out of the Curtis Building across from Independence Hall in Philadelphia to begin again as a monthly magazine published in Indianapolis, Indiana. The *American Weekly* magazine collapsed and phone calls from New York City for illustrations slowly ceased to exist. The final blow came when Charlie Ward, the president of Brown and Bigelow died and Al's contract was terminated after twenty years.

"The Golden Age of Illustration" was over and the wondrous talent of Albert Staehle was no longer needed. Butch and Elsie and Smokey took their place in history, although Smokey continues to protect our woods and forests. Al did







Cropped artwork for *The American Weekly*, December 14, 1958.

receive portrait commissions from time to time and did some work for a Miami Beach advertising firm, but financial stresses became greater and his health deteriorated.

On April 4, 1974 while shopping at a local market he suddenly collapsed and died at the age of seventy-four. ●

Dr. Donald R. Stoltz was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and was educated in that city. He has been a practicing physician in Family Medicine in Philadelphia since 1963. Since his boyhood, Dr. Stoltz has admired the art of Norman Rockwell and together with his brother Marshall, acquired an extensive collection of Rockwell art. In 1970 the brothers met Norman Rockwell and shortly thereafter co-authored the very successful three-volume set of books entitled "Norman Rockwell and the Saturday Evening Post" and later, "The Advertising World of Norman Rockwell." In 1976, the Stoltz brothers founded the Curtis Center Museum of Norman Rockwell Art in Philadelphia, and Don became Chairman of the Board.

Special thanks to Sharon Damkaer for assisting with additional information used in this article. Sharon will be self-publishing the book "Albert Staehle and Cover Boy Butch: A Biography and Collectibles Guide" in 2003. The book will show and describe Staehle and Butch collectibles from the author's extensive collection and research, and also includes a comprehensive listing of Staehle's advertising illustrations, an annotated bibliography and index. Biographical and anecdotal information and photographs have been provided by Mrs. Marjory Houston Staehle. For more information, please write to Sharon Damkaer, P. O. Box 814, Monroe WA 98272-0814 or e-mail: cockercrek@aol.com.

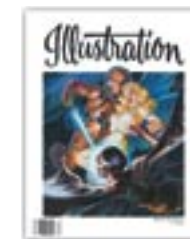
◀ Preliminary artwork for *The American Weekly* cover, September 14, 1958.



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# Book Reviews



## The Art and Politics of Arthur Szyk

by Steven Luckert

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum  
\$35.00

Of few illustrators can it be said that the motivation of their work was as much political as it was artistic. But for Arthur Szyk, a Jewish artist living through the dark specter of World War II, his art—in the ironic form of cartoons—lambasted the evil of Nazi tyranny and undercut its gross hypocrisy. Appearing in wide circulation through such mainstream publications as *Esquire*, *Collier's*, and *Time*, the searing wit and intellectual sharpness of Szyk's illustrations became inexorably linked with the American psyche for the duration of the war.

A contemporary art critic of the time, Thomas Craven, praised Szyk as follows: "A patriot and a man of intense conviction, Arthur Szyk has used his artistry on behalf of humanity and in the interest of the great war effort. For several years, in fact, since the beginning of Hitler's death march through the smaller nations, he has relentlessly depicted in line and color the evils and horrors of Fascism and Nazism, and the sinister operations of butchers and traitors everywhere.... I know

of no other instance in which the decorative apparatus of miniature painting has been combined with the onslaught of direct cartooning to produce an instrument of such deadly effectiveness."

But until recently, Szyk's broader artistic legacy had gone largely unrecognized and unappreciated. That was, until this past year when the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. showcased an exhibit appropriately entitled, "The Art & Politics of Arthur Szyk," which ran from April 10 to October 14, 2002. The exhibit was

made possible by the generous donation on the part of Szyk's daughter, Alexandra Braciejowski, of 79 original drawings. At long last, the assembled works of one of the most influential political cartoonists of the 20th Century were available for public view.

The companion printed volume of the exhibit—*The Art & Politics of Arthur Szyk*—by author Steven Luckert stands alone as a singular work of historical scholarship. In the book, we learn about the life, career, and convictions of a man who fervently asserted the dignity of the Jewish people, yet in many ways connected with all people through the power and poignancy of his illustrations. Luckert writes: "In all his work, Szyk affirmed the universal cause of democracy even as he upheld—often militantly proclaimed—a distinctive Jewish history, culture, and identity."

Trained in the classical style of medieval manuscript illumination and Persian miniature painting, Szyk's interest in cartoon illustration was sparked by a need to speak out against the fascist atrocities being committed all across Europe. In 1939, while Szyk was living in England, the Nazis invaded Poland. Szyk at that point abandoned his other projects and became a propagandist for the Allies.

The book is intelligently divided into three different sections, each reflecting a key component of Szyk's artistic and political life. The first chapter, "Jewish Artist," catalogs his early influences and a desire to honor his heritage through manuscript illumination. Contained therein are exquisite reproductions of Szyk's work as a chronicler of Jewish history. Among Szyk's most notable contributions in this area were his illustrations for the *Livre d'Esther* (Book of Esther); the novel *The Last Days of Shylock*, by the German-born American Zionist writer Ludwig Lewisohn; the *Statute of Kalisz*, which glorifies scenes of Jewish heroism from Polish history; and his illustrated version of the *Haggadah*, the prominent Jewish text which at one point was the most expensive book in print.

Szyk wrote: "The Jewish artist belongs to the Jewish people, and it is his mission to enhance the prestige of the Jews in the world. He is the international ambassador of the the international people, scattered all over the globe. His task is to reveal to the world our great treasures, to acquaint it with our glorious past as well as with our tragic present." The text also details Szyk's tumultuous political affiliation with Vladimir Jabotinsky, the charismatic and controversial leader of Revisionist Zionism.

But it was Szyk's work as a cartoonist that cemented his place in the history of modern illustration. From an early age, he expressed a deep interest in current events and portraying them in his art. In the years prior to World War I, Szyk created illustrations for the Polish humor journal *Smiech*, in which he satirized local political leaders. As a harbinger for his later brutal portrayals of the Nazis, Szyk teamed with the Polish Jewish poet Julian Tuwim to create *Revolution in Germany*, a work that lampooned the country's militaristic philosophies and intellectual movements.

For all of his justifications, however, Szyk's shifting political views often sparked controversy within the circles he moved in, as duly noted by Luckert in the book. Szyk was not only an early supporter of the creation of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, but he also advocated the raising of a standing Israeli army drawn from the local population. Put in the context of today's current world climate, the volatility of Szyk's philosophies seem more poignant than ever.

As a propagandist, albeit for the Allied cause, Szyk still managed to draw criticism from the broader art community. By the time of his death in 1951 at the relatively young age of 57, Szyk's illustration was not held in the same esteem as it had during the war. In the years following his passing, Szyk became a marginalized figure; cartoons and comics were considered, by all accounts, as nothing more than "low art." Thanks to a change in perceptions, however, appreciation for Szyk has grown exponentially. In the year 2000 alone, five galleries in the U.S. had devoted shows to his work.

The 136-page volume also contains an expansive section of endnotes and a glossary, and a foreword written by Rabbi Irving Greenberg, chairman of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. ●

— Matt Zimmer



Mein Kampf, 1943. Watercolor, gouache, pastel, and graphite on paper.



Self Portrait, 1941. Ink on paper.

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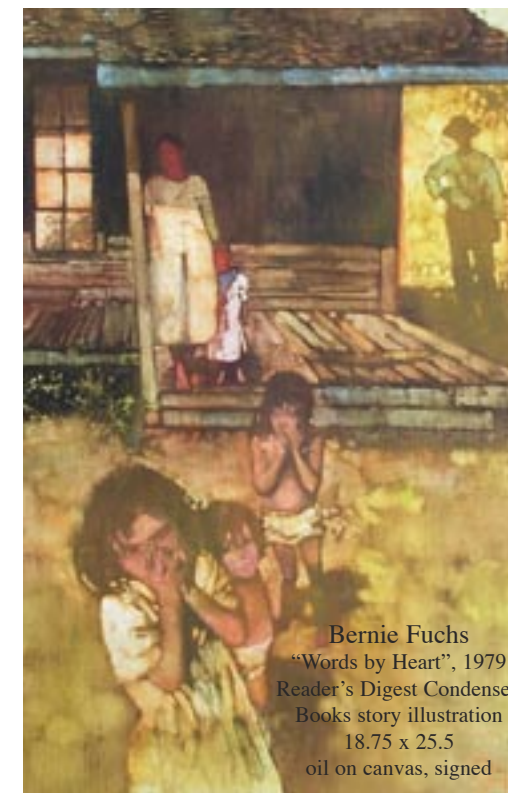
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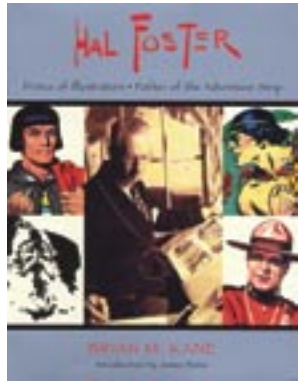
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Bernie Fuchs  
"Words by Heart", 1979  
Reader's Digest Condensed Books story illustration  
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- Bernie Fuchs
- David Grove
- Mitchell Hooks
- Joel Iskowitz
- Birney Lettich
- Robert Risko
- John Solie
- Daniel Schwartz
- ...And Others





## Hal Foster, Prince of Illustrators—Father of the American Strip

by Brian M. Kane  
Vanguard Productions, \$19.95

As the first complete biography of the legendary career of Hal Foster, Brian M. Kane successfully demonstrates the artist's sizeable influence over many of the greatest practitioners of the field—notably Wally Wood, Lou Fine, Al Williamson, John Buscema, Alex Raymond, Frank Frazetta, and many, many others. One of Foster's biggest fans, famed illustrator James Bama, writes in the introduction to *Hal Foster, Prince of Illustrators—Father of the American Strip*: "Hal Foster was not just a cartoonist. He was a great pen-and-ink illustrator... I've been a professional artist for 42 years, 22 of them as an illustrator in New York. I had all sorts of research and costumes and props available and yet couldn't begin to do what Hal Foster did."

It is against this backdrop that Kane takes us through all the stages of Foster's illustrious and illustrative art career, from his early interests as an adventure-seeking child in Halifax, Nova Scotia to his eventual employment for William Randolph Hearst's King Features Syndicate, where he would eventually work on his most famed comic series, *Prince Valiant*. Throughout the book, Kane skillfully blends factual and anecdotal information to tell a wonderfully rich and sometimes funny story about the man who gave form to some of the country's most beloved characters.

"To learn anatomy," Kane writes, "Hal would go to his room and sketch himself nude in front of an old cracked mirror." Thanks to this practice—not to mention the cold climates of Nova Scotia—Foster became quite efficient in his renderings. "You learn to be a quick sketch," Foster is quoted as saying in the book, "Because it's 20 to 30 degrees below zero."

Foster's father died when he was only four years old, and his mother remarried eight years later. When he was 13, Foster's stepfather—due to the failing family business—was forced to relocate them from their home in Nova Scotia to Winnipeg, Manitoba. As it turned out, Kane writes, the move was an act of divine providence. In 1917 the French munitions ship SS Mont Blanc—loaded with over 200 tons of TNT—caught fire and careened into a pier in Halifax.

The resulting explosion, known as the "Halifax Explosion," killed over 2,000 people and left 6,000 others homeless. It was this kind of luck that would follow Foster throughout his career, Kane asserts.

Foster listed among his artistic influences the likes of Edwin Austin Abbey, Howard Pyle, Arthur Rackham, Maxfield Parrish, J.C. Leyendecker, James Montgomery Flagg, and N.C. Wyeth. Like many budding illustrators at the time, Foster became a staff artist with the Hudson Bay Company, where he illustrated their mail order catalogue; more specifically, the section for women's underwear. It was not until the age of 28, however, after he had a wife and two young children to support, that Foster decided to seriously hone his skills as an artist. The act of getting from Winnipeg to Chicago was itself an adventure befitting one of Foster's later illustrated strips:

"Hal talked a friend into joining him on a 1,000-mile bicycle trek from Winnipeg to Chicago," Kane writes. "It took the two men 14 days across dirt and gravel roads, but on August 28, 1919, they reached Chicago."

Thus began, in earnest, one of the greatest illustration careers in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Foster simultaneously took a position with the Jahn & Ollier Engraving Company while enrolled in evening classes at the Chicago Art Institute. He used this training as a springboard to eventually land freelance assignments for the prestigious Palenske-Young Studio doing ads and magazine covers. This body of work alone included pieces for *Northwest Paper*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Jelke Margarine*, Southern Pacific Railroad, and Illinois Pacific Railroad.

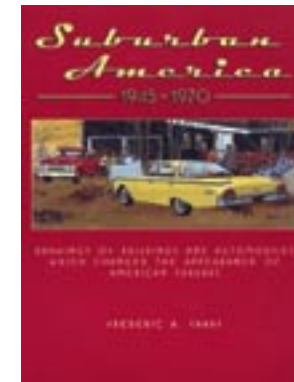
At the age of 36, Foster was finally offered the unique opportunity to illustrate a comic strip adapted from one of Edgar Rice Burroughs' novels. *Tarzan of the Apes*—though originally serialized in 1912—appeared in its new form on January 7, 1929. Though the job was originally offered to Tarzan cover artist J. Allen St. John, it was Foster's "sense of realism, composition, draftsmanship, and his fluid anatomy that would forever mark him as 'The Father of the American Strip,'" the book asserts. A prominent feature of the *Tarzan* strips, in contrast to other comics of the time, was the use of captions instead of word balloons. This allowed Foster more room within the panel to illustrate wonderfully detailed, unobstructed backgrounds. After a short break in which he returned to doing advertising work, Foster was asked by Burroughs to take the pen once again for *Tarzan*.

In 1937, however, after Foster was hired by Hearst's King Features Syndicate, he began working on the strip that would end up bringing him the most fame—*Prince Valiant*. Now 44, Foster would spend 50 to 60 hours per week producing the comic's Sunday strip. Winning numerous awards over the duration of his career, Foster would eventually seek a permanent replacement as the illustrator of *Prince Valiant* in 1971. By the time he died in 1982 just three weeks before his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, Foster had produced 1,764 pages for the strip.

*Hal Foster, Prince of Illustrators* includes a special section

at the rear of the book containing assorted tributes from various illustrators recounting the ways they were influenced by Foster's work. A section of the text that should interest *Prince Valiant* fans are the biographies of the other artists that assisted Foster over the years, including artists Wayne Boring, Philip "Tex" Blaisdell, Wally Wood, and Gray Morrow. Brian Kane truly makes the case for Hal Foster being the father of the adventure strip. ●

— Matt Zimmer



## Suburban America 1945-1970: Drawings of Buildings and Automobiles Which Changed the Appearance of American Suburbs

by Frederic A. Sharf  
Available for \$20.00 (postage paid) from:  
Brigham and Women's Hospital Gift Shop  
75 Francis Street  
Boston, Massachusetts 02115  
617-732-7445

When Jean and Frederic Sharf decided in 2002 to lend their philanthropic support toward redesign of the admitting center at Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston, MA, it was with the express idea that a rotating schedule of art exhibits would be on display to the patients, their families, and staff there. As devoted collectors of art themselves, the new Sharf Admitting Center would combine their passion for classic illustration art with their desire to enrich their surrounding community. The inaugural exhibit would feature a collection of the Sharfs' assembled drawings of buildings and automobiles that helped shape the look of post-war America.



"ABCD Service Station" by Alexis V. Lapteff, 1949. Gouache.

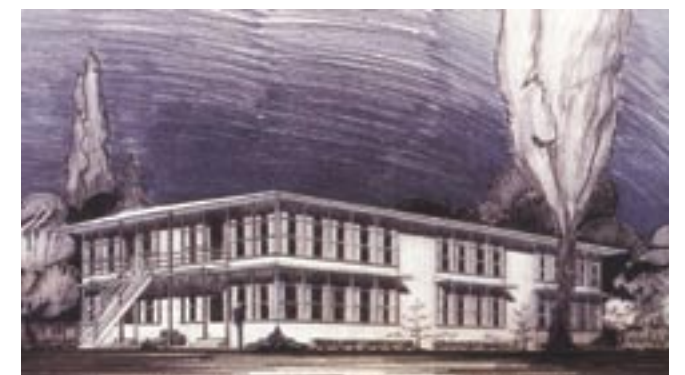
*Suburban America 1945-1970: Drawings of Buildings and Automobiles Which Changed the Appearance of American Suburbs* by Frederic A. Sharf is the accompanying volume to this unique exhibit. The softbound, 64-page book spotlights two unheralded architects as the creators of many of the looks that became standard in mid-20<sup>th</sup> Century American society. Following the descriptions of the architects themselves is a modest collection of reproduced drawings showcasing everything from modern church designs to a concept sketch for the Ford Fairlane 500.

Vincent G. Raney, one of the architects mentioned in the book, made a name for himself in California as the designer of the new gas stations for the Associated Oil Company in San Francisco. Thanks to the rising cultural influence of the automobile in the 1950's, Associated Oil defined their marketing with the famous "Flying A" logo and by building stations that were easily visible at night. To that end, Raney employed a heavy use of ceramic tiles – reflective of night-time lighting – and thought in terms of what was attractive and easy for customers. Among Raney's other accomplishments were his contributions to the development and design of the "tract home" – affordable, mass produced housing that became essential for returning G.I.'s following the war.

A Russian-born architect, Alexis V. Lapteff, born within two years of Raney, incorporated his passion for sculpture into his designs that would later determine the looks of Lincoln V12 Zephyr and a variation of the English Austin automobile. It was until the age of 45 that Lapteff would become heavily involved in the design of work and recreation spaces. For 20 years, Lapteff worked for the Otis Elevator Company where he designed entranceways and portals that were used in proximity to the apparatus. Sharf mentions in the text that Lapteff, despite his influence, was not nearly as successful as Raney was in the business world.

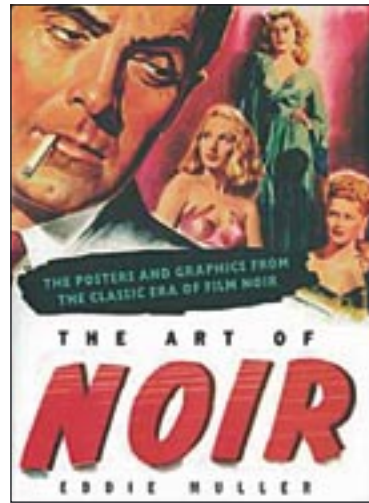
The section of drawings, which dominate the book, however, provide an interesting glimpse into the early design ideas that soon developed into pervasive motifs that defined the time. Not often seen by the general public, the industrial design side of illustration is finally given its due time in this book. While not a complete treatment of the topic, *Suburban America* serves as an appropriate starting point for further research in the area. ●

— Matt Zimmer



"Unit System War Apartments" by Vincent Raney, 1942. Gouache.





### The Art of Noir: The Posters and Graphics from the Classic Era of Film Noir

by Eddie Muller  
Overlook Press, \$50.00

Journalist and designer Eddie Muller has assembled an essential collection of Film Noir related graphics, posters of all sizes, window and lobby cards in the just-released *Art of Noir*. This massive coffee table book is notable for the quality and size of its presentation, the variety of films included, the sparkling coverage of all things Noir, all bound together with a very entertaining and informative text that is unusual for this type of book as the images are stunning.

Noir had been done before and well, as far as the pictures go. Only a few years ago Laurence Basoff published his large, oblong *Crime Scenes: Movie Poster Art of the Film Noir* and concentrated on 50 stars of the genre and 100 titles. Every reproduction was photographed to look exactly like the sacred, aged paper a dedicated collector like Basoff believes and tells us it is, with folds, stamps, nicks, tears, lovingly reproduced. The book contains items that are just as rare as the posters and just as unlikely, in the current collector's market, to be affordable—pressbook pages and lobby card sets for *Laura*, *This Gun for Hire*, *The Blue Dahlia*, *Leave Her to Heaven* and *Double Indemnity*.

But Muller has a different plan and it's a good one, enabling both books to complement each other. Placing the *Art of Noir* next to *Crime Scenes* immediately shows you why *Noir* is as tall as *Scenes* is wide. It's meant for vertical formats to shine. It has over 330 posters, with over 75 full-page, reproduced so clear and clean you can sometimes read the lithograph company's indicia. This roll call of movies would be familiar to any knowledgeable fan of these graphics and are *Big*, filling the page with menace and desire and inevitability cubed,



besides the ones listed above, *The Street With No Name*, *The Killing*, *Kiss Me Deadly*, *I Love Trouble*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Macao*, *Niagara*, and *Sorry, Wrong Number*.

But that isn't all. Muller didn't choose what posters made the cut based on value to the well-heeled collector, but instead "Taken together, [the chosen posters] capture the spirit of noir, offer an overview of its development, and emphasize why the iconography is emblazoned on cultures worldwide." To that end, *The Art of Noir* offers posters from the major American studios all the way down to far end of Poverty Row and jumps across to England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Japan, Mexico, and Australia, with many examples from Belgium, terrific small movie love letters that often don't get their due because of their tiny size and ready availability. There are no less than four versions from different countries of *Angel Face* and three for *The Big Heat* and *Touch of Evil*.

So Mueller includes just about every notable film in the genre and then some in additional chapters covering "Thematic and Iconographic Elements," Noir's Most Familiar Faces," Writers, and "Most Acclaimed and (and Some Neglected) Directors". He throws in all the films Basoff crammed in, yet duplicates less than twenty posters. The only drawback may be the double-page spreads *Noir* uses for window and lobby cards, as you can never be satisfied where the binding cleaves the card in two--Betty Davis in *The Letter* is chopped across her left collarbone, barely able to sling her withering glance across the page--although the image size is immense and many times larger than the original paper. And the layout is so well done, you lament when a particular favorite isn't here so it can get the first class treatment the book bestows.

He sure knows these mean streets. The graphics are of course what this book is about but the text is a crisp refreshing look at the genre without pandering, cynicism or dry analysis. Muller is the author of two well-regarded surveys within the past five years, *Dark City: The Lost World of Film Noir* and *Dark City Dames*, a couple of novels, and programs a popular Noir film festival in Los Angeles. A storyteller and designer himself who remembers what fun these films were when he was a kid, he is alive to every signal, every look, mumbled phrase, squashed hope, the emphasis and conventions of the graphics, the pace of crucial scenes, and the hard, clean prose of the masters. He tells you what was happening outside Hollywood when a film was hammered out, which actor got struck across the face by Fate as hard as any slap on screen, what piece of dialogue was most telling, and why a particular movie, book, or poster stinks. That's rare.

The book's only flaw is one of omission. Despite the jacket copy that promises "rare biographical detail," the book doesn't really

add much to what little we know (mostly from Stephen Rebello and Richard Allen's *Reel Images*) about the illustrators who made these posters and so another chance is lost to give them their due. The only American poster artist prominently named is RKO's best hired gun, William Rose, the Philly illustrator responsible for *Citizen Kane*, *Out of the Past*, *Born to Kill*, *Nocturne*, *Suspicion*, and many others outside the genre like *Cat People* and *Journey Into Fear*. And his name appears only four times in *Noir*, once in the RKO house style section and on three posters. Rebello says Rose did "dozens" of RKO titles. Too bad *Reel Images* didn't list more so Rose could be seen as the important image maker he was, how his work still has juice today if only we knew the whole story. Perhaps it is too late for anyone, Muller included, to bring that back.

Buy this book and you'll spend the next few days scouring the Net and local stores for DVDs and videos for black and white movies you only half remember. You'll curse brain dead cable executives who program endless repeats of dreck from the 90s and not one convenient showing again in your lifetime of *The Asphalt Jungle*.

You'll head out on dark streets and damp air, looking for something, not knowing why you feel so restless, so unsettled.

That's a good thing. ●

— A. E. Mendez



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PHILLIP R. GOODWIN  
*Hunting the Moose*  
Oil on canvas; 25" x 17"  
1907

".....I think if he carries forward his education....he may be able to produce a set of pictures that shall attract a great deal of attention..."

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# EXHIBITIONS & EVENTS

## **Anne Ophelia Todd Dowden: A Blossom on the Bough**

September 19 - February 28, 2003  
Closed: November 28, 29; December 22 - January 1 and 5th.  
Hunt Library, Carnegie Mellon University

The exhibition, celebrating the artist's 95th birthday, presents an overview of Mrs. Dowden's career as it progressed from textiles to botanical art and illustration, and it includes finished watercolors, layouts, and research paintings, along with books and magazines in which her paintings have been reproduced.

Flower pollination always has fascinated the artist, and several of her books deal with this subject: *Look at a Flower* (1963), *The Secret Life of the Flowers* (1964), *From Flower to Fruit* (1984) and *The Clover and the Bee* (1990). Other themes in her books, published from the early 1960s until 1994, include roses, city weeds, state flowers, Shakespeare's flowers, plants of the Bible and of Christmas, and poisonous plants.

A full-color, illustrated catalogue with autobiography by the artist, biographical data and portraits of the artist is on sale at the Institute. The exhibition is on display on the fifth floor of the Hunt Library building at Carnegie Mellon University. The exhibition is open to the public free of charge.

For further information, call: 1-412-268-2434.

## **Jim Spanfeller**

December 11 - January 4, 2003  
Closed for holiday: December 23, 24, 25, 30, 31  
The Society of Illustrators (Gallery 2)

An exhibition of works representing an award winning career of 46 years, in interpretive illustration, including drawings from his original stories for Herb Lubalin's *U&LC*, to cover art for Fred Exley's "A Fan's Notes". His first edition novels include Jack Kerouac to May Sarton, and his magazine art includes work from *Seventeen* to *Esquire* to *Playboy*. Spanfeller's works give a unique insight into the many moral dilemmas that our civilization has faced over the last half century. At The Society of Illustrators, 128 East 63rd Street, New York, NY 10021.

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

## **Arnold Roth**

January 8 - February 1, 2003  
The Society of Illustrators (Gallery 2)

The works of this well-known cartoonists will be featured. His illustrations have been published by a long, list of magazines including: *TV Guide*, *Esquire*, *The New Yorker*, *Newsweek*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Rolling Stone*, *People*, *Mother Jones* and *New Woman*. He is a past president of the National Cartoonists Society and was awarded the Ruben (named for Rube Goldberg) in 1984. The exhibition is co-organized by the University of the Arts and Ohio State University. The exhibit will travel to Europe in 2003. At The Society of Illustrators, 128 East 63rd Street, New York, NY 10021.

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

## **Norman Rockwell's Art for the Book Willie Was Different**

On view through January 20, 2003  
The Norman Rockwell Museum at Stockbridge

*Willie Was Different* is a children's story written and illustrated by Norman Rockwell. The story focuses on a wood thrush with a magical gift for music and tells of the trials of genius and the satisfactions of true friendship. This exhibition presents original artwork and sketches from the children's book and explores the evolution of the tale from its first publication as a magazine story to the final publication as a full-length children's book. At The Norman Rockwell Museum at Stockbridge, Route 183, Stockbridge MA 01262.

For more information, call: 1-413-298-4100

## **Monsters, Mickey and Mozart: The Drawings of Maurice Sendak**

March 15th - May 18th, 2003  
The Brandywine River Museum

In collaborative exhibitions, the Brandywine River Museum and The Rosenbach Museum and Library will jointly celebrate the 40th anniversary of Maurice Sendak's landmark book *Where the Wild Things Are* (1963). The Rosenbach will exhibit nearly all of the original drawings and watercolors featuring the book's internationally famous Max and his tamable Wild Things. The Brandywine River Museum's exhibition will present over 50 drawings created for two other highly acclaimed Sendak books, *In the Night Kitchen* (1970) and *Outside Over There* (1981), in addition to other works. Together, these books form a trilogy devoted to themes that have long been central to the artist's career. At the Brandywine River Museum, U.S. Route 1 and PA Route 100, Chadds Ford, PA 19317.

For more information, call: 1-610-388-2700

Do you know of any Exhibitions or Events that we should include in this section? If you do, please contact us so that we may include the listing. ●

## **In The Next Special Issue...**



### **A BOOK-LENGTH LOOK AT THE LIFE AND ART OF BOB PEAK**

Robert Peak's work transformed the field of illustration as much as Al Parker and J.C. Leyendecker had before him, and he is considered by many to be the father of the modern movie poster. This issue celebrates the life and work of legendary and influential illustrator Robert Peak in a special 100-page, book length volume. Written by the artist's son Tom Peak, and heavily illustrated with rarely seen images from his long career, this issue will reveal a uniquely personal and comprehensive look at the artist.