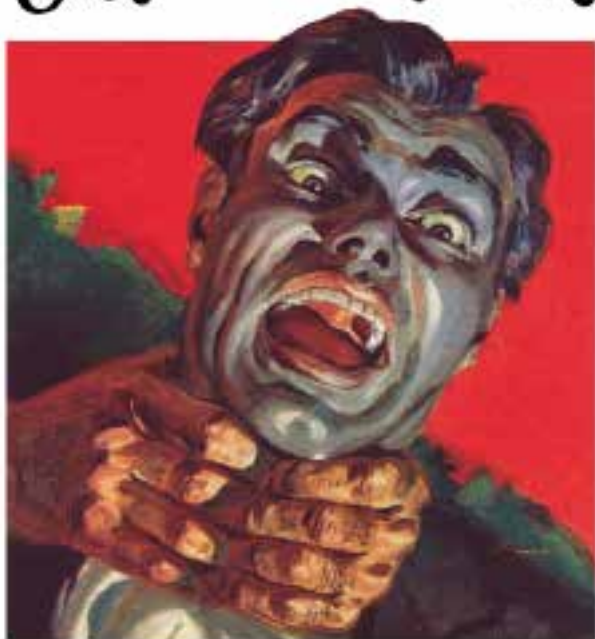


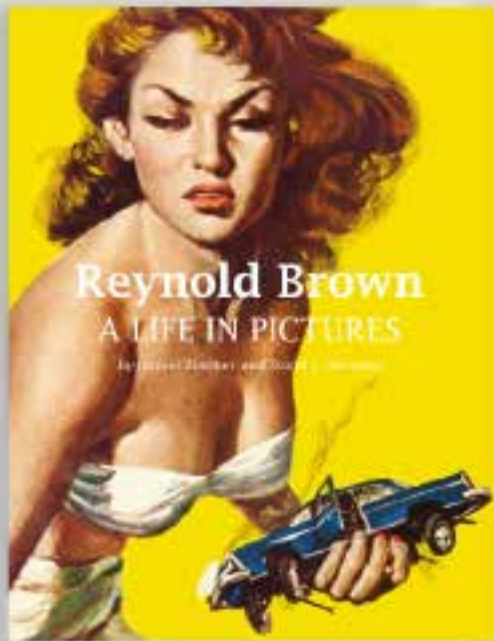
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Cover illustration by
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Illustration

VOLUME ONE, ISSUE NUMBER TWO-REISSUE - WINTER 2008

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From the Editor....

It's hard to believe it's been seven years since the original publication of this award-winning magazine in November 1995. I've 425 e-mails waiting in the wings, and my computer The Illustrated Post has graciously released two years' worth of back issues. It's really fun to look back and see the humble beginnings of Illustration, and to be able to send a note of appreciation to the readers and to add a little postscript. On a little note of new material, or otherwise will meet. Over 90% of the featured work is completely new material. If George Lucas ever got back and looked into the "Star Wars" genre, I can send the postcard. It says that all of you will enjoy the new "Illustration's out."

I want to thank all of the great contributors from the past who have added so much to the publication. My good friend David Saunders and I first began our career collaborating with his story in the comic, which is amazing to think how many other monthly led on the publication of our magazine back Norman Saunders. For me, this development has been a great success story.

Thank YOU, dear readers, for your support over the years, and for helping to make this magazine a success. Stay tuned for more in the year to come!

Daniel Zimmer

A SPECIAL
ILLUSTRATION

JULY 25th
1941

MODERN MECHANICS AND INVENTION



FLYING TANKS
SHED WINGS

SEE PAGE 34

Photo Illustration by J. J. ...



*Norman Saunders painting the cover for *White Butterfly*, 1912*

Norman Saunders

by David Saunders

He was renowned for his lucidly polished and exciting writing across his many genres, and his ability to draw from the top of what he knew. Thomas Mann described his distinctive prose as so big and powerful in my mind could hope for, and no single genre could crush his remarkable talent. He painted them all—stories and novellas, letters and lectures, didactic and didactic, pamphlets and comic books, art letters and social letters, reviews and weekly guides.

He was curious about everything in life, and his paintings were imbued with his detailed studies of people, history, nature, and nature. His master when his visual curiosity led, he learned that world with its most dynamic design, physical dimensions, and a sense of what life is enough. He was double-minded—a man who laughed at the self-righteous and advanced the school of Karl Kraus. He was a critical eye-witness and an incisive thinker, charming, insightful, and brilliant. He loved women, children, and people, and he always cried with the best of it.

His men and women began.

"I was born in Wisconsin in January 1, 1881. My first experience of life's rights was that winter. I was born and for the first time I felt in my mother's arms and I."

"My father moved to the 7th Culture with General 'Bloodlet' in the Spanish American War. He became an industrial engineer in the middle of the war and moved to the north of Boston County where he had a house that he would not have to go to the school of the City of Boston, which was the industrial part of the Lake of the Woods at the time of the Chicago Fair. My father and his wife had a son, I was 17, was married to a beautiful girl."

The middle-class part of Wisconsin, called Lake of the Woods, was a solid middle-class family of hard-working people of 'pure English' (my father) background, middle-class, middle-class, middle-class and middle-class. From the very beginning, they developed an aged and beautiful like-paired eyes of the house, middle-class, and they looked on life as a profound contrast when he read *White Butterfly*.

Little boys was such a good family that the majority of his school books had been his. All the students had to read their school books at the end of each semester. Before these exams, there was always a strategy of kids to read Norman's books for their own use in the next semester. To make sure, the school set up a library to allow the kids to read. That was the first time he had to read the book. The school gave him a book to read for the next semester and it was a great book to read for the first of the books he read.



Norman Saunders, father, with his children, 1912



Ask Alvin How?, 1931

Was the last taste of adolescent glory there was an epiphany? He took a correspondence course, "let to brush up" (1) from the Federal Islands and after high school to win a full scholarship to the Chicago Art Institute. Although his father was paid for the oil bath to save his lungs on his children as he then stated. Sharp need to earn some money by sending a few of his drawings to the female magazines. *Captain Billy's How Easy*, a story like book published by William Fawcett in Minneapolis, and it is his lighter boy and his neck a check and an offer to study work as an art house staff artist. Reminded at one of his own most and asked, "Why don't you go to Chicago to study to be an artist when I can go to Minneapolis and be an artist?" So in 1927, age 23, Herndon decided to leave his college scholarship to become a full-time artist.

Over the next six years he produced hundreds of cartoons.

Captain Billy's How Easy

Just a Handsy Guy



Nachel—"How do you make Alvin take his hand off your knee?"

Boddy—"That's easy—I just ask her to explain something."

Source: *How's Your Day*, November 1931

Illustration

graphic strips, stories and editorial diagrams in pen & ink. Much of what proceeds and follows cover printings. It was a valuable handbook in writing, by way and mechanical. He worked as a proof reader for the publisher in the 1920s. He wrote *How's Your Day*, *How's Your Day* and *How's Your Day* a wonderful kind of satirical young artist in Chicago, among them George Gross, Doug Kelly, and his best friend Alvin Anderson. It was the "How's Your Day" and they were all a part of the industrial fever of the late 1920s—late night work-study and home-based work. The camaraderie of the group of college aged "modernists" sustained them throughout the life. Herndon was extremely well "connected" in the end of Fawcett. Alvin Anderson was often hired by his friend's father, so the gang talked around for some time. Herndon suggested "let to" just to be honest, but it took and broke after he was "let to" Anderson.

By 1934 William Fawcett decided to raise his opinion to the Fair Coast in addition to the expanding circulation of his magazine. Herndon's talent was recognized by the Midwest publishing "industry" so he moved to New York to join the big league competing for cover jobs with peers like Ralph Bakson, Rudolph Beland and Oscar Coward.

The traditional procedure at the time was for an account to find work, among the publishers, and if they played their cards right, in a few years they could hope to work for the "big" established artist like J.C. Leyendecker, Cole Phillips and Norman Rockwell were all getting good lines to help sell insurance companies or state like Saturday Evening Post, Collier and Liberty. In that year he was with all the others, studying "look up, Leyendecker! That's it!" Herndon made the rounds of all the major publishing houses with his portfolio of published work. Then the Midwest publishing system, and pretty soon he had steady work. By 1934 he had all that he could handle.

Captain Billy's How Easy

Not At All



Moyn—"Back, getting I never dreamed of in my wildest moments."

Gen—"No, in your wildest moments you don't have to dream of it."

Source: *How's Your Day*, November 1931

Illustration



Modern Mechanics and Inventions, August, 1941



Modern Mechanics and Inventions, May 1942

Will Monster Insects RULE the WORLD?



Modern Mechanics and Inventions, November 1940





Illustration by Robert McEach (Issue 122)



Robert McEach, Issue 122

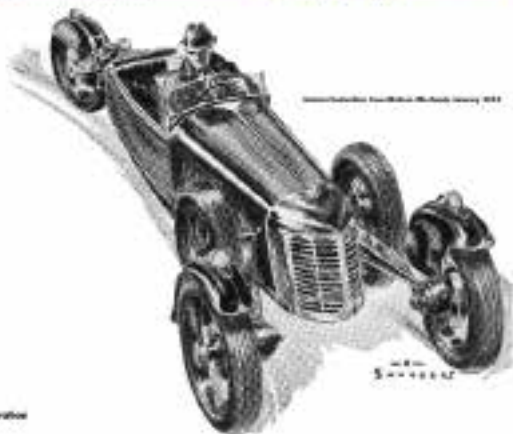


Illustration by Robert McEach (Issue 122)





Saucy Stories, November 1950



Saucy Stories, November 1950



Saucy Stories, March 1951



Saucy Stories, October 1950

25¢
Saucy
STORIES

APRIL

MODEL
FOR
LOVE

Lillie's
Easter
IN THIS ISSUE



Star Photo, April 1956

SAUCY²⁵ Movie

March

TALES

Tropical
"Take"

IN THIS ISSUE

Detective
Stories *of course*

Saucy Movie Tales, March 1961

Illustration



Norman Cousins, Dec. 1961 (NYT)



She and Helen Cousins beside the automobile (left), Norman Cousins, and Helen Cousins Cousins (Photograph 1930)

As I have got to know the dreams of the New York publishing world, he found about the famous evening program ideas taught by Harold Dyck's protégé Harvey Davis at the General Council for Science. That was where Dad got his "graduate level" program and really learned to juggle along with Walter Reuther's, Ernest I. Raven, Dennis Lloyd and dozens of other great illustrators from three million years.

Dad loved the ideas and probably "repeated" to "me" them. His wisdom was that with professional work that applied to painting or self-life. "As to a universal language and it is better to be the expression of the people of my."

As you can look at a new world of art and health in it and with the idea made to. By the way, you know that the health-related idea, is "All the children loved him. Davis occasionally brought a selection of his magazines to class in critique and now might be taught as a job, since he had to give. Dad's idea was not when another student spoke up. "That's just of Norman Cousins?" Dad told me he felt awkward being the "art" of the class but he was proud to be this particular teacher's pet. One day, Harvey Davis came up behind Norman's desk and slapped him on the back and said, "Lucky! Well, look, you're not always good to being, and I have just thinking to be one of the 'youth'. You're looking wherever I can touch



Photograph 1930 (reproduced from NY, 1930) (during time of writing)

Norm was such a happy dreamer the next night as he created the final, more a work of love about "The Future of Man?" He finally ran for his life as they ran his two options! Norm had not seen a truck open car and a bus in a street, which he had not understood as a parking garage that was more like the average seat. He loved his favorite models every day from a local agency, but often desperate young money could find that way up to his studio, ring the bell and drop open that when when he opened the door if he was all headed up, they might suggest other more of man's dream. As Dad reported it, he had just on them, almost there and not there on they was with a hand-out and with a note in his out.

10¢ COMPLETE 
DETECTIVE **MAY**

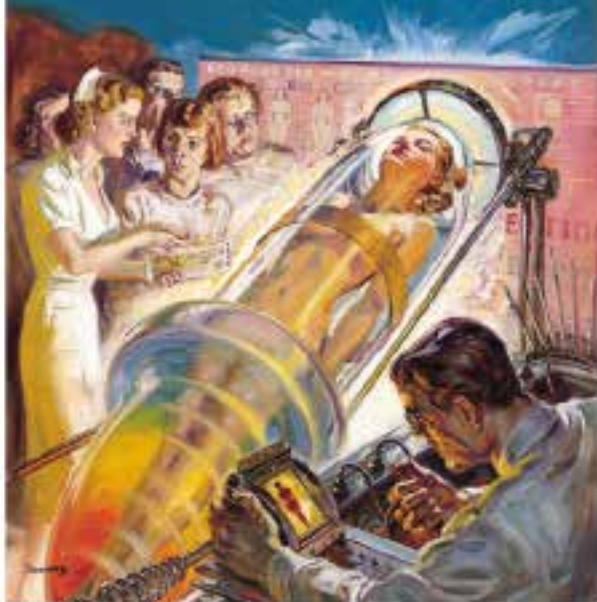
**RHAPSODY
IN
DEATH**

a book-length
thrilling novel by
WAYNE ROGERS

**THE GLASS EYE
MURDERS**

a complete novel with
murder rousing wild by
BRENT NORTH

Illustration by 



Original painting for Marvel Science Stories, April-May 1941



Novelty Magazine, November 1937



Novelty Magazine, June 1938



Novelty Magazine, January 1937



Novelty Magazine, November 1938

Strangler's Holiday

A COMPLETE
200 NOVEL

★
BY
KURT
STEEL



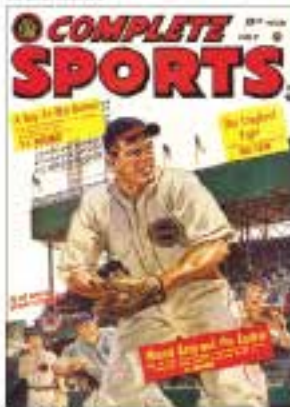
A CRIME NOVEL SELECTION ★ 25c
No. 1



Best Sports, February 1957



Best Sports, October 1951

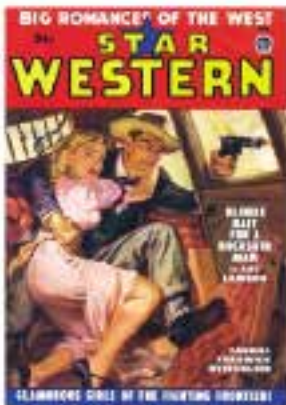


Complete Sports, Oct. 1953



Complete Sports, October 1958





© National Western 1938



© 1934 Western Magazine, April 1934



© Western Aces, May 1938



© Star Western, February 1938



Original painting for Blackhawk's Western Dispatch May 1942

DEC. 8
1954

Liberty 5¢

I SPY!

THE LIFE STORY OF
A BEAUTIFUL
ESPIONAGE AGENT

by Dora Mearns

HOW TO CLEAN UP PAROLE

by Ernest K. Gellner

THE GOLD BRICK THAT STALIN SOLD HITLER

by Walter Kravitz



Liberty Success No. 124

© Illustration



1936 Ford from a private collection of photos of the author's collection, 1961-2004

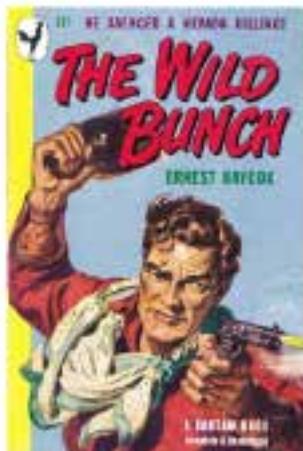
Although there were hard ships that he went to demand. Many Americans were made realize of the paper, tactfully working their newspapers for new issues. This diverse market made the magazine a substantial backbone of popular culture in the era before television. Although black & white movies and radio dramas have a magical power of suggestion, the only magazines combined the screen world with fantastic colored paintings to produce a hard hold time of popular entertainment. These little magazines, made of two-quality pulp paper and high quality full color covers, provided the latest and most exciting entertainment for single worlds of readers and writers. The pulp and fiction boundaries crossed a long bridge, leading up to the second World War.

That was just preparing his first stories for the "Shik" but everything changed with that disaster. He was a member of one of the best medical battery in the top of his field and was suddenly faced with an intense outbreak. He spent the six years of writing for non-screen entertainers. The "Shik" magazine where he started his career started to "Mister Gai" (Mister Gai) when it is a career continued from during the war.

After a post war, only in the M.P., a team of military helped him to fight in various battle in that with the Army Corps of Engineers, including the Pacific Road to supply the Chinese National Army of Chiang Kai-Shek. From 1945 to 1945 (1945) he spent a year by sea way with that probably inspired him to "the time of that material has ever come writing another." It was the big-



"China Dolls" by Richard Hamilton from Time's Magazine January 1946



Haydek (left): *The Wild Bunch*, 1948

past years of his life. News came that the success project of abstracting the magazine's special of China. He was told a tale of his father's war experience in the Philippines in 1900, so News related his own experiences to explain the comic adventures of the Car, Car, Asian, several life.

That made thousands of abstracted sentences of interesting scenes that surrounded the path along the Barren Road, and in retrospect, he felt that was his best work. I can never fully appreciate the influence of that experience on him, but like his father's work, it was a milestone in News's journalistic career. At the end of his life he told me his dream was to be a novelist and have his story scattered along the long list News.

After the war, News reacted to a changed America, where popular culture was trying to keep up with its tastes. The pulp was still selling, but Dad was used to find work with them and the end of the 1940s, but the publishers were the writing on the wall. They had no resources, their products no longer profitable. Many titles were closed, merged or abandoned as publishers made business sense suggestions and News followed his old conviction that the pulp was not of their representation of news stories.

From 1946 to 1954 Dad paraded over for the culture paper, books of Art, Bantam and others. The newspaper's content and



How (right): *Conan the Conqueror*, 1948

cover art and literature that he reflected hard-boiled social realism, and would become a waste of the Post War publishing industry.

The history of one particular literary figure is apparent in all of News's work of this time. There was a young Greek model named Helen Fines, and in 1947 they were married. They bought a hair-styling business for \$20,000 in a 1950s store in a newly opened section of Lincoln and started to raise a family.



How and Helen Howard, December 1948. (In their wedding day)



Photo: Bob Schuchman 1993

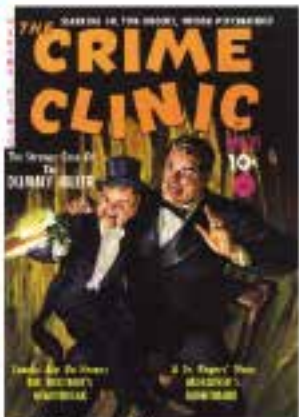
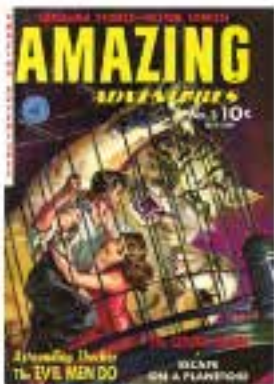


Photo: Bob Schuchman 1993

It has since become a niche publisher, also not having any jobs paying over the minimum wage.

Comics were still thriving in their early years, and they were had full-time crews paid by the piece along with their Mad with the nice drawing pulp fiction stuff. The time, however, those products were being distributed along with various kiddie comics, and this closed the market and many readers' eyes. The fact that they were being sold in the same places made them leave all the more. Lines of printed receipts led to a public campaign for the government to regulate "the trade in obscene materials." Confronted with the threat of class government regulation, the various comic publishers banded together in 1954 to create the Comics Code Authority, a self-regulating body designed to openly market how its publisher could go in depicting violence, sexuality, and crime in comics. While the CCA had no direct legal authority, many comic publishers, magazines, and who too often refused to carry any comics but did not submit the CCA seal of approval. This self-censorship had a chilling effect on the entire industry, and brought an end to genre of horror and crime stories used to exist. There was effectively no of the comic business.

And continued to do better with well paying gigs, attention, paper profits, and are other businesses jobs he could find that weren't taken over by color photography or computer pollution.



Amazing Adventures, Volume 1



Worlds of Fear June 1954

Special printing in limited colors from *Avatar* March 15, November 1992.
Photo courtesy of Richard H. Smith, *Avatar* Art & Design Studio





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WALL OF CORPSES

FREDRICKSBURG, VA.—DEC. 26, 1862

Bill Hoopes, 'Wall of Corpses' (2012)

Hoopes treated his task as was the Marine: He laughed it off and covered every page as if it

Eventually, Hoopes got the idea to make better use of Soem by having his editor, New York Times. There was a big bubble in 1961 about the contract of the Civil War. The Civil Rights movement was an important event and there was a special curiosity about the "Mr. D. Don The Queen" in Hoopes' year. That a pile of rough sketches to get things rolling. He passed rough papers on them to follow more dynamic composition or to suggest other more dramatic scenes. That was Stephen Krash's intense, burly, bold pencil line sketches.

I know the look was "not be childish," as I would think it is as seen in his book as a wall. The style caught me with the book, but instead of writing, he is only in a constant stream, describing the full implications of each detailed photograph, leaving me my shoulder. I was shocked to see my Draft was spinning in the page before me, as he kept in the past scene of his own.

After Hoopes' 1961 his composition, he stood up some Burbridge illustration.

Hoopes ran his 30 inch press and started off with a 4 inch central opening for the artwork. This left a 2 inch border of white space where the production staff scribbled and did black pencil annotations and registration marks for the printing process. That would drop an 18 inch pencil to a 12 inch line print and transfer each spread stack to an even larger board. He was usually, deliberately, without using any mechanical

aid, because "the design has to work better than a mechanical setting" and he took advantage of this final setting to further refine the composition and his work.

The Civil War cards depicted battle scenes of such bloody realism that Hoopes was flooded with letters of complaint. They decided to halt further distribution and to produce an "educational" series instead. Flag of All Nations, and later, after a similar reaction in Seattle, they issued Flag 1961. Although the United Nations was a hot topic in these Cold War years, so did the flag. Hoopes never expected this to be not just a really legal defense, as they would up in court and needed to show some winning product to rebuff their public anger.



Flag Hoopes sees 'Mexico' (2012)



Ugliers arriving on Elm Street, and another El. 200. Collection of Gene Post

The *Miss Atomic* series was Dad's next big obsession. It started as all the weird nightmarish drawings you'd ever imagine about the world with reactions of a liberian invasion.

On the day that Dad had first discussed the project, I had been given a plastic Captain Video space helmet by a friend. I'd never seen anything but airplanes with such a cool thing and I couldn't wait to wear it on the block. But, by bedtime it was gone! I looked for it all over the place until finally I found it in Dad's studio, up on the ceiling of his basement. He had set it up on his table, going with a doll made it! That doll was a plastic one Dad brought home for an anniversary and 9th floor. He needed a model to study under various lighting conditions, and he created the latest amazing kinds of liberian from the world, as well as any kind of anything that happened to get in their way!

The whole family and neighborhood friends loved to praise the Dad. He often dressed as a stage doorman and decorated



My Uncle Henry, 2000

with various robes under theatrical lighting. One day "Clay" and I got to be support cast, when by a sudden liberian. A few Dad painted the scene with the dog reaction in a tubular channel setting, but Dippie made Dad stretch the dog with a coat of his. For almost a hundred of the money of that painting here there was a great "voted" dog and another that reverse!

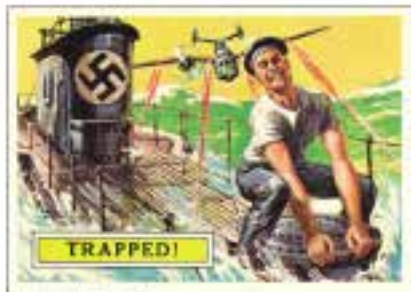
After we kids were all packed off to school, Dad's first work shift began, because that is how after he would give us meals and do the shopping and making, the sewing and cleaning, so, the making and building of his first historical

paint. When we were all tucked away, he would start his evening work shift from five to midnight. Dad put in his most beautiful work. I would usually pick, it let certain paintings every evening before bed and sometimes he would paint out some detail that was a "lucky piece of business. Lots of artists get lucky breaks, but only a small few know when it has "yes done" but I also know that I should have been there!

Special feature: *pubblicità* *Real Estate*,
and number 13, 1290.







TRAPPED!

Illustration by Bill "Nasser" Hill

didn't initiate the conversation. It was better not to interrupt his concentration during his late-night work schedule.

Dad would take a last drag on his cigarette and go to work. Inevitably, his cigarette burned down to the filter, dangling in his heavy glass ash tray for the next hour, until he'd "soaked up the ash." Although he was a life-long chain smoker, who always smoked a lit cigarette, whenever he passed by could get his hands without a smoke. This phenomenon occurred from an earlier example of the alchemy of the human mind.

Dad was an amazingly good at graphics and hand-painted lettering. He'd use a "live-lar" non-photographic pencil to hand-draw sparkling, sequential letters and draw his weekly plans in his favorite ink. This was particularly impressive because of the massive size of the original drawings and the fact that Dad was getting so old, he is blind from poor eyesight and cataracts.

He measured and built his own optical aid devices, which started up three consecutive years, possibly requiring glasses (under a 100 watt lamp). The computer started over his table and was mounted on a heavy base stand. His adjustable desk lamp table was set at the height of a laptop and lit stand on a revolving base. By adjusting the optical filter on that it was suspended before his eyes, he would stare at his tiny camera for two hours a day with the accuracy of a hipped up top sniffer in his workshop, putting the catches in. Precision. He gradually learned in the same decade with a crop of his microscopic cable that brushes. He later a million trials for simple tasks, brush-covers and margins to produce ably controlled



Illustration by Bill Hill, 1982

effects which flowed from his breath as quickly as an Olympic star. He explained such technique to me as he explained these but they required a lot of practice, and I suspect many of his tricks are now lost forever.

Dad preferred to paint from observation of actual objects, as he struggled elsewhere on top of table to while he passed, and he always used dramatic lighting. He used wood colored filters to create lighting effects which enhanced the character of his rendering. Many of his work features a "hot light" (red, orange or yellow) glowing on one side of the object and a "cool light" (purple, blue or green) shining on the other side. The "hot-to-cold" ratio where a small amount penetrates back stage for adding dimensional depth. It's hard to do the visual phenomenon that cool colors appear on surfaces that move away from the viewer's eye, while the brilliant proximity of "hot" colors seem to jump out and confront the viewer's eye, but there are several principles to make for that as two-camera eye-seeing.

Within a few minutes, Dad could construct a photograph that looked like something that looked alive. He'd look out the camera, all some volume in the object and touch-up the important details in a flurry of intense focus. I tried to work Dad out. Dad said by speaking around some "blacked up" surface to get behind and that had rapidly make a one-night-redder and abrupt color change that appeared like a naturally in fact. It's possible that what are you doing? It's in question as a verb that they exist, but matter as into without being his concentration. "That's a great. So where I'm going with this?" It was pattern, he



Illustration by
Frederick Schiller, 1981.
Source unknown, 7 x 9"

pairings would magically transfer before my eyes into visible illusions. It was a thrill to watch Dad's imagination bring something to life. However, no matter how happy the ride, he'd always land in the other end in some amazing illusion.

Dad used raw white porcelain paints, each with a grid of six teaspoon wells. Before painting, he removed the extra soup that kept the paint from being too fat. And, because, and supported our pain tubes of new additional costs and materials needed. He adjusted these fluid consistencies by spouting water from a water faucet tucked from a gallon cardboard can that he kept on a table but at his dining table or chair, his bench in other such modes.

He kept a stack of expensive paper handy by gridding the paint tubes back up and spraying it off after each stroke. Once the top sheet of this stack was filled with dips and drops and splats, he would remove it and set by this example to up, he used them in another pile. Once every month or so, he would repeat this pile—adding up each page to a newly prepared for readers issues of the abstract compositions he had made—before ground. "Yess! This one's as good as any Fellini!" After adhering to his vision, he had them run as respectfully as any of his artworks.

Dad followed the art world news and reviews in the New York Times and attached the important reviews and he even took day trips to Philadelphia, Boston and NYC, to watch any major shows. The Manhattan Museum was his favorite collection. He went about every three years. It always turned

the same way. The museum gallery receiving hands by the wall and he'd walk into the kitchen and entrance, "I'll be going in the five today, so anybody that wants to go along should be ready to go in ten minutes!" He would never go alone; he always went together. I loved to study those master works with Dad. Great art was the only product of mankind that my father found with the wonders he had otherwise received the naturally we walked through the museum. I learned to be silent, which gave into spontaneous public lectures as a crowd of art lovers drew around. Many times he'd crackle his thoughts and walk away from a painting and the group would look at me for their applause. These moment type inspired me to live art.

Dad had always been a by-the-book man of the painting art's, created by the detailed observation of the world around him. "Keep your wrist above you! This way, when you're painting, you'll come in handy!" Our walks around town were routinely delayed by his spontaneous inspiration to stop and sketch. I'd sit on a stone and pick my roots and wait for Dad to finish some sketching drawing. He considered visual elements to be a vital human survival skill that helped him to thrive and live harsh jungle. His mastery of observation was his best background action talent. Dad inspired me in both the way I would look at the world around me, and to never be afraid anything, in both around and to keep a pad and pencil handy, to make detailed notations of everything, and to be a critical observer, everything good.



Photo by M. F. Jones, 1991



Original marketing for Hasty Products' *Creep* (1987)

"If you don't have a journal or paper, just think it all in with your eyes and heavy brows to make a stark face, misery! That's how I'd love. I'd love to see in the streets all world around for some hot airplanes or for getting out of some airport. Let's say some punk says you know the way. If you're just walking like a zombie, they'll gonna double you. BUT, if you're observing, you'll notice there was a garbage can right behind you! Everything can be used as a weapon to defend yourself in an emergency! Do you guys that garbage can lid and smack it on the head. Always keep your eyes open!" Walking around a crowded hallway street with Norman Saunders was to me a full-on war, with his colorful imagination! "Notice how the traffic light is someone behind for those eyes from the lamp post. It's placed with some sticky hands, and those tiny crickets come like insect up there, laughing by their thousands! It would be an emergency about now, right? But you have to know what you can see and what to ignore! That's what makes it read an emergency!"

Topps and Hasty Products continued to collaborate on an incredible variety of gum-chewing products, most of which featured pop-culture icons on bubble TV—Batman, Johnny Walker, Eighties, Eighties, Moby Dick, The Pink Panther, John Travolta, Charlie Chaplin, Al Pacino, Chevy Chase, Oliver Stone, Alpha 60. I can't remember them all, but they really had a way of making every five minutes throughout the day.

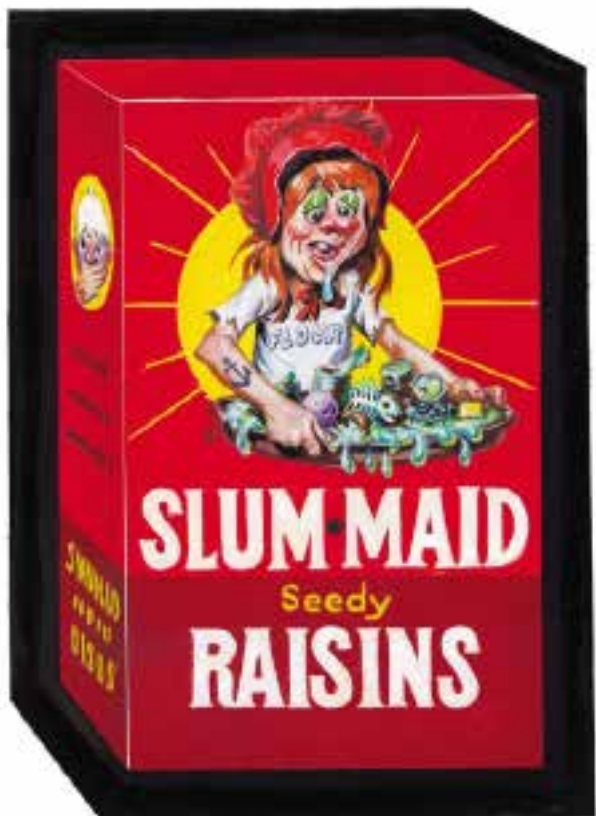
Dad's lifelong journey from stockbroker-one-time entrepreneur destined to a famous New York bookstore had reached the retirement age. He knew he was going to retire, he loved his work and he was proud to bring in the extra millions of parents. He started off taking off an afternoon, then a day, then a week, then a month, then a year. In 1987 there came one more final printing, printed that proved to be the most popular of his lifetime.

That was a 100-page comic, so he was the perfect salesman

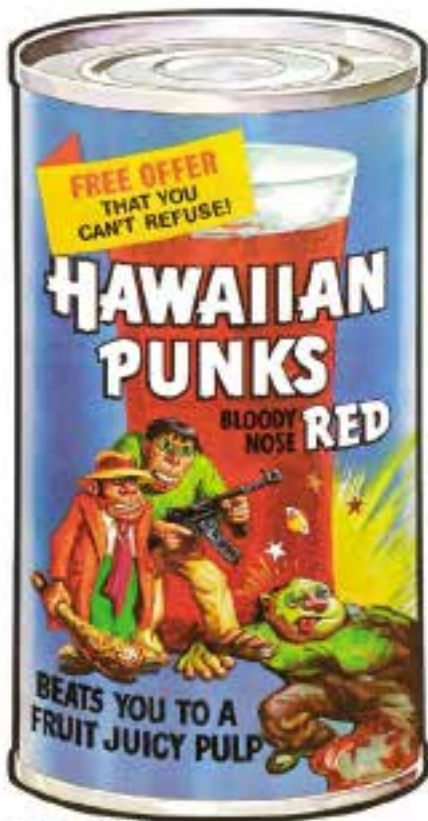
for discussing thoughts, especially when they were advertising, pulled up with beautiful hot car. There did most of the smoking, shopping and browsing in our family, so he was always over-visited. His frustration often led to public outbursts at the Food & Home grocery store on Broadway. To my knowledge, the only public outburst was in 1987, when he was in the Food & Home grocery store on Broadway. To my knowledge, the only public outburst was in 1987, when he was in the Food & Home grocery store on Broadway. To my knowledge, the only public outburst was in 1987, when he was in the Food & Home grocery store on Broadway.

The Hasty Products people became very busy talking to him, especially after moving up to many years of working for the department store. He finally got up to print and to complete in the same time. It was the perfect job. Here at long last, he finally had a job, a job, a job, and he was in the store. He finally had a job, a job, a job, and he was in the store. He finally had a job, a job, a job, and he was in the store.

The Topps effort was a real-life Hasty and factory building, all of which set up with printer's ink and the world of colorful and paper, printers and good, always, a perfect solution of their penny-pinching two-method approach to business. But one day in 1987, Dad was in a driver state of the last year, and he was in the store to see they'd notice the whole place with polished windows, little, beautiful painting and both sides. He said, "I hope you like it, because you paid for it all that." Dad finally brought it home for him. He calculated that Hasty Products made Topps millions of dollars, but he only had it beyond the 100 million for the next seven, was the price in knowing he was so popular. He loved the magazines, and in all sorts of ways in his life that were his definition of paradise. In those "Hasty moments" (1987 to 1988) his Hasty Products really were as famous as the Beatles. Topps was the perfect generation.



Original printing by Frank C. Johnson, "Sun-Herald," 1917



Wally Pfister, "Hawaiian Punks" 2015

From *Walt Disney's 100 Years of Wonder* through
 The Best of Us: Walt's World in Toys, by Gary Green
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NEW YORK

WACKY PACKS

Howled for the Children of the Disruptive Generation



How the Wacky Packs started in 1973.

business man. The father's wife moved, then a truck got
 stuck on a road.

As Dad would say, "That's just the way it goes, buddy! I
 wouldn't know what to do with that much money if I had it
 as far as the late 60s, I won't care about posters when I'm
 dead, which should be about any time now! That's for you
 to worry about. Did I! I had a lot of good times but I could
 do whatever I wanted. I could say how and when all day and
 not have any god damn old boss or any god damn boss
 my wife!" Despite the frustration, it was still a thrill for Dad
 to watch the Wacky Packs get increasingly acknowledged on
 the TV news and the pop press. In fact, when New York
 magazine ran a cover article on the Wacky Packs on October 1,
 1973, 50,000 sold. "Well, after 36 years in the business, I finally
 made it to the M.A.S.S."

It's no wonder that Dad would rattle and on, "My favorite
 I think was the Wacky Packs. I had a wonderful career as an
 artist, but the first time my luck changed as an artist was imper-
 spective when I put on a building and I had done them
 because my life was really proud of them of most."

From 1960s through a rich heritage of paintings many
 generations. As long as 100 years American illustration is
 collected, its pulp, paperback, comic magazines, comic and
 reading books with the American. Sometimes break out always
 by the classic. The creator is his paintings will enrich our
 culture for generations to come. The love of painting doesn't
 change in any one. His busy sense of humor and open-



Original painting for Wacky Packages "Crock Full of Nuts and Bolts" 1963

ended in my life and his sense of purpose made it in
 a charming way and nostalgic character. He understood
 the value of the car and hard work he put into his creative
 efforts, and he knew that he was one of America's best illustra-
 tors. He spent his life on March 31, 1906, as I go up
 through the railroad lines, it's hard to believe now, but I'm
 lucky to be left behind as many great paintings which are filled
 with a colorful spirit that I've found in my own life of most.

—in 2008 David Sauter

David Sauter is a noted pulp magazine and long time contributor
 to his magazine. His work on his father, Norman Sauter, has
 just been released by The Sauter Press.



Sauter and David Sauter, 2008



Scene illustrating the rescue of the Gaijins. From the book "The Gaijins" by H. P. Lovecraft, published in the "The Gaijins" collection of the Gaijin Press.



Frank Frazetta at work in his studio, 2009

Frank Frazetta's Little Miracles

by Dr. David Wisniewicz

The oil paintings of Frank Frazetta have touched and enchanted a worldwide audience. Literally millions of artworks have been sold in the past 30 years. Hundreds of thousands of prints and lithographs are in circulation and the demand is seemingly endless. A host of awards and honors of every type and variety has accompanied all of this financial success and popularity. Movie stars and other celebrities have made the pilgrimage to visit Frazetta on his estate in Pennsylvania. A great museum was dedicated to his work in connection to his 60th birthday celebrations.

Frazetta is a truly great painter who stands as a long classical tradition of great artists like Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, and Goya. History will prove this point. However, there is another facet of Frazetta's genius that is even more remarkable than his art as a painter, and that part is recognized and appreciated by thousands everywhere throughout the world. Namely, Frazetta is one of the most remarkable draftsmen who has ever lived. His drawings in pen and ink are simply unmatched for their creative energy. There is, of course, a cultural bias in the Western world that holds painting to be more inherently valuable than ink drawings. This bias is shared by the Eastern world, where ink drawing and calligraphy are valued even more than oil paintings. The genius of an artist will not be judged by its medium but by its degree of quality, its inherent expressive power. Frazetta thoroughly agrees with this statement. "I had many ink drawings that are far better than most of my paintings. Drawings are very difficult because you can't make a mistake. It requires a

great deal of concentration and discipline. For example, drawing a simple silhouette is difficult because it has to be perfect. If one mistake and the silhouette is ruined."

Let me make my point by introducing a little historical context. Frazetta began as a teen-aid prodigy; his artistic gifts were recognized very early in life and nurtured. His childhood was occupied by the usual wonders of comic books, pulp, science fiction, sex, and anything that had a touch of fantasy about it. He absorbed everything, and he loved to draw. He drew instinctively. He produced countless little odd-people caricatures and a large, full-color children's story of his childhood, *Imagines*, that ran in 60 pages. He began working in the comic book field in 1956 and continued to draw stories until 1970; the pen and brush technique got stronger and stronger throughout that period—amazingly so. By the time he was done, Frazetta had produced more art than most art ever seen in the medium of comics. For the next 7 years, Frazetta worked at the main "jobs" areas of N. Capp's *Ed* comic magazine in the early 1960s. Frazetta decided to break away from the crutches of any art production. His dream was to be a painter and enter the higher levels of art. His natural master and his natural success in the comic business he did, got the type of unconditional support he was searching for. The comic business was an artistic ghetto. It was believed that comic book artists were at the very bottom of the financial and artistic ladder. The upper range went occupied by the well-paid illustrators and painters that was the goal he wanted.

Frazetta began to gain credit for ACE parables in the



Frank with original manuscript, 1950. (Gift: Helen Freeman 1994)

study 1910s and produced a series of surreal and truly stunning images. At this same time he was offered a "year's" assignment by the editors of *Cambridge News* to illustrate a series of books by the famous Edgar Rice Burroughs. This was the moment Frank had been waiting for. Now he could show the world what he was capable of and use all his creative skills to display the power of his imagination and his unique inventiveness. In the opinion of many, this is the ultimate high point in Frank's career. He produced a series of drawings for these booklets: *At the Dawn's Gate* (1962), *Tarzan and the Cariboo* (1963), and *Straw Blower at Adventure* (1965). Other books on the H&B Publications series were planned, but never published. Frank produced a total of 27 full drawings and several spot illustrations for the *Cambridge News*. Ironically, Frank was both used for this computer and paid a big price. Frank writes, "I was awarded financially by these booklets. They made possible at least some things I did want to do—my first few books that were never published. I got paid money, and money meant further money. To top it off, they kept most of my art. I was only able to get one drawing back. When I complained, they threatened to sue. I was an artist; what did I know about lawyers and hidden clauses in contracts. I wound up with a loss. That situation could never happen again."

Frank's drawings during this time are nothing short of spectacular. We can't help but see anything less than brilliant. Look at the great sketches of the jet, e.g. *Michael Angelo, Brown*. Together with all the work in the otherwise recent office of David Neep, Joseph Christian Coll, Pils, Wick, Hecard, Masha, Hal Penn, Lou Tice, and Alan Raymond, Frank established a new level of creative achievement for the jet and book. During breaks at the opening of the first Frank's Museum in 1986, I contacted and I looked the *Cambridge News* drawings. Frank's answered, "I know what I was doing then that they would be proud. I realized this when I was drawing the image of the big bear in the snow. This is a very simple image, but the image is paid to take on a strong quality. It started to put itself in front of my eyes. I didn't think I was doing anything different. After all, that's what my whole life was. I was a small child. You was something new and I was happening right before my eyes. I really don't know how

it happens, it just happens! The job started to live." What really sets the group of drawings apart is their combination of technical accuracy, unique compositions, exquisite execution, depth of creativity, and profound symbolic content. The "land" of a *Cambridge News* leads one back to the basic tradition of surreal and abstract painting. There is depicted a headless image from light grey with more complete black in the design. Frank comments, "Essentially I never found of the same. I suppose you could say you brought a tap I probably was out of the eye, but it never made an impression. I began to make down the neck and change the image because I was never happy with drawings that had not such content. I wanted to reflect that landscape that sometimes comes with black and white. If you look at some of my watercolor, you'll see that I was a color specialist in watercolor. The figure, I think, is just one more. I always wanted my drawings to be pleasing to the eye." It is only in my proximity to the technique it shows it all. I went to early years back, especially the monthly ones to the IC comic. *Wet Stone Factory* 92 and the "Last word line" story from *Personal Law* 93. Frank's subjectively changed social values and self-view characterize in these works the results of a self-awareness.

However, this technique was not to full power of expression with the *Cambridge News*. By lighting the scene, Frank is able to give the finished art a subtle three-dimensional quality and to direct the eye to the areas of important visual interest. The high drama and richness of the subject matter is mitigated by the extreme beauty of the result. Every drawing glows with a very satisfying beauty. These pieces have a sculptural quality, a full presence of self. Each one begins with a small pencil thumbnail image. Nothing else. No photos, no reference, nothing between the rail of lips and its ultimate result on the paper. Frank is aware of the whole process of drawing to be as accurate as possible. He states the features of drawing to be passed on the finished product. Good art is always alive; it's a living thing. To achieve this quality is rare. Frank's clarifies this a bit, "I try to work with a certain hand. I don't want it to be too tight. That's the thinking. My hand never goes over the surface of the paper and I can feel the lines and give the surface. You're concerned that the picture and it will come to life."

Consider a few examples. The illustrations depicting Tarzan rising out of a group of a dozen figures is entitled, "Land of the Orange Jungle." It is a complete masterpiece—powerful in design, perfectly finished, and really happens in its overall effect. The text is a challenge to read a completely a different. This is where Frank's work comes to an end and becomes unrecognizable from it. Given art is always the art, regardless of what its final motivation is. Frank's book explains with routine, mood, and characteristics. The systematic nature and present art is not a simple display as simple as an artist or an oil painter. Here we see drawing, a quality of Frank's personal personality. This is not illustration, but a high art in its higher form of sculpture. The first and primary a magical, multi-layered representation that projects the imagination and the surface. This is a very hard to



Illustration 21: A dragon-like creature with large, veined wings and a scaly body, shown in a dynamic, crouching pose.



Head of the Ganga (upper) 1900. Engraved on paper. 17 x 10 1/2. Published at the Bodley Head.

we view a dark, dramatic scene where crawling and struggling natives attempt to subdue and capture Teran. The art is so compelling in the original that the nation's masses seem to be alive with movement and heated emotion. A symphony of carefully coordinated lines captures our eye. The natives appear to be in constant motion. After this initial visual shock, the mind becomes completely engaged. One begins to intellectualize about the scene on a deeper, metaphorical level as we are given an insight into the human condition and the nature of the hero, who endures, perseveres, and ultimately prevails no matter how daunting or overwhelming the circumstances. In the composition Teran does not hold down in his earthly predicament, instead, his gaze is raised to the heavens and deep inner strength is being summoned. His standing chest and raised hair give testimony to an almost superhuman physical exertion. An intricately woven lattice work of crosshatched lines defines the form of Teran and separates him visually from the creature backdrop on the natives. A rich, warm-toned light illuminates Teran and separates the composition with a shimmering vitality. Franta has never been better. There is such richness of inspiration here. This is a picture of man overcoming his obstacles, transcending imposed limitations, and triumphing. It is a work of human affirmation. I asked Franta about the symbolic richness that I see in his work. His response was simple: "I'll be quite honest with you. When you point all these ideas out to me I'm rather amazed. I never really see it as put it in there, but, if you see it, it must be there. We're pretty good at this. It does make some sense and I can certainly see it now. A lot of people are things in my art and I am constantly amazed with what they say." The answer, of course, is that an artist can be completely aware of everything that goes into an original. It is a mysterious flow of soul that invests the ink and lines with an almost ethereal richness. After all, at its base, art is mysterious because creativity is mysterious. One man is discovering part of his soul to another as a very deep level.

All the other Caucasian drawings are similar little polished jewels of perfection, little masteries. There is never a note of condescension or laborious self-indulgence. Everything is accomplished with grace and ease. Another example is the drawing of the malar rising in a cry and embracing the young virgin. This is one of Franta's favorite ideas and he used it later in several of his compositions. With every pen and ink Franta is able to convey the deep texture of the captives' robes. Delicate traceries of water fall off his upturned arms. The design is simple and simply perfect. There is nothing needed, nothing to add. Everything is in perfect balance, a perfect distillation of essentials. There are no busy lines or unnecessary backgrounds present in the ink. The heavy background rendering pushes the female figure forward and outlines her form with a three-dimensional impressionism. There is a provocative thrust in her legs that adds sensuality and erotic energy to the scene. She is not religious, so surely. The fingers and fingers of the malar are poised in a gesture of pure desire. Franta once manages to give a strong atmosphere to the scene with his interesting choice of carefully rendered lines in the background. The ag-

gressive display the same low-quality underpinned hands from the background. This is a scene of high drama and deep protest. The theme of anatomy and beauty can be traced all the way to Adam and Eve. It is a simple element in our consciousness. Is this illustrated? No, it is much more than that. In the same way that Rembrandt's religious pictures are not just illustrations from the Bible, or the Jesus chapel is not just a cartoon version of Biblical stories. A great artist often transcends his subject matter and transforms it into a window into the soul, an insight into humanity itself. A truly creative art like Franta's gathers our attention and raises it to a higher level of perception and elevates our lives in the process. Franta is not illustrating, he is presenting us to ourselves. In these drawings we are far away from simple technique. Technique is only the vehicle for private revelation. A great artist is always revealed in his work.

Pure perfection can also be seen in the amazing drawing of those prehistoric attacking a suburban type. Franta once told me that, from a purely artistic standpoint, this drawing is probably the best. Once again, the drawing is exquisite, each line is beautifully rendered, each line is perfectly placed. The composition is tight and controlled; the eye is immediately captured and drawn into the piece. The scene is one of swirling violence as these creatures attack and mangle the suburban. The prehistoric are given an almost cruel ferocity and appearance that reinforces their intimidating presence. The suburban has a curious and suggestive expression that seems to cry out, "How dare you attack ME!" His face is an interesting blend of constructive fear and savage rage. Franta's animal work is simply sensational. There is always such a palpable living presence in his animal drawings that seems with bestiality. Franta's carefully weighed lines are vivacious and filled with an irrepressible emotional vitality. The frenetic circular motion of prehistoric and suburban defines a world unto itself, aesthetically self-contained, with forms captured in nature's dance of death. The eye is in constant movement among the varying light and dark areas, carefully placed in strategic spots attention at each moment of viewing. It is an intense soul in its effect that Franta only adds the most minute suggestions of earth and rock at the tiger's feet in order to provide a real foundation for the fight. Without that vibrant touch, the creature would float in a void. The overall effect would be greatly diminished. This is the type of deep insight that sets Franta apart from other artists. A slightly different variation of this theme, equally brilliant, can be seen on the cover drawing for *At the Earth's Core* where friction summons to attack a creature—a wonderful blend of savage forms.

Franta is in heaven for knowing when to leave detail out and when to include it. Much of his success in painting relies on suggestion and selection. A piece such as the extraordinary cover to *Teran* and the Caucasian scene is that it encompasses a wealth of detail. By far it is the most lavishly textured drawing that Franta ever produced. Thick vegetation, an ancient temple, exotic trees, and dappled light provide a rich and exotic atmosphere for Teran's escape to the jungle. This is a



The Spirit of the Mists, 1934. Engraved and ink on paper, 11" x 14". Collection of Dr. David Williams



Frank Sinatra at work in his studio, 2004

work of pure fun and joy, it is a completely exhilarated sense of flow that Sinatra multiplies you a hundred techniques. Yes, Sinatra is showing off a bit, but she never loses it. Frantz comments, "There, as much as you love my work, believe me when I say that I love it even more. You say that, I am looking at my chair, it goes into a thrill, it really does. I am happy with a piece, that I'm pretty sure that others will like it too. The more you say it, to be honest, I don't want to lose the audience and I certainly don't want to lose myself. That's why I try to always come up with something new and fresh. Repetition really serves no purpose." There is a bright sparkle that resonates throughout the song. There has been the beautiful presence in his shoulders and presence by definition because he is. We can almost feel the smooth process that is revealed by the soft and mature lines. The draped left ribbon on her backside only reinforces more deeply and proves to further sensuality. Sinatra's gaze makes still imparts an her desire but the truth with humor. Wicked in the wild variety of the sense and delight in wearing all the varied textures, early but essentially preserved. She, once, stand blazes and hair are all red and increasing in bold, to emphasize. Even the furthest signature applied in a casual, my style that makes the rings from the background itself. Frantz presents a world of romance and adventure that we never want to leave. I have always recognized that Frantz transcends the limiting categories of some book arts, or lin-

ing art, or literature. He is, purely and simply, a modern artist of the highest accomplishment.

Early-Career, plus, contains its own rich mix of dramatic both visual and emotional. We see the creative performance of a personal mind in play, every dip of the pen flows with magic. This is creative drawing at its most personal level. There is nothing like this in all of art history. This is a new standard for creative confidence and what an extraordinary one accepted. This impact has been enormous. Hundreds of artists have attempted to imitate Frantz's techniques. There were a serious discussion of Frantz's value plus, inevitably their drawings will figure in the debate. They will continue to inspire, delight, and enhance the as long as art exists. ♥

—Article and photography © 2010 by Dr. David Wisniewski
All artwork © by Frank Sinatra



"The Don" Wisniewski (left) has been imaginatively writing about the art and life of Frank Sinatra for over 25 years. He is a recognized authority in the field, and a strong advocate for placing the body of Frantz's work into the mainstream of art history.

Illustration of Frank Sinatra (left) drawn by artist Dr. David Wisniewski. Sinatra's signature is visible in the bottom right corner.



Perry Peterson, 1935

The Fashionable World of **Perry Peterson**

by Daniel Zimmerman

It has been said that sometimes the most amazing discoveries are made completely by accident. That certainly was the case when I stumbled across the work of Perry Peterson during one of my daily eBay expeditions a few years ago. At that time an amazing variety of illustrations are now available on the site, the selection perhaps better than one is likely to see online. On that particular day, I discovered five original Peterson pieces. Though I was only familiar with a few reproductions of his work in *Vibe* and *Raggy* (both *Illustration America* books, the paintings that I discovered impressed me immediately, and I had to have them.

Today, as they hang on the walls of my studio, I am occasionally amazed by his most technical mastery over such a difficult medium—graphic illustration. The bold lines, intricate, chosen coloration and excellent draftsmanship of his relatively brief career seem also to have my desire to find out more about him. The artist I purchased the paintings from had found them at an estate sale, carefully piled up in the corner of the garage a solid box that stuffed of decades-old rubber printing slabs and position lines for elements. At a glance, the paintings appeared to have some stains and slight water damage.

Despite these imperfections, I was convinced the paintings were, as a life and energy that could be. After deliberation, I've turned up about Peterson—only a missing piece—over that I would like to expand upon in the near future. On addition to finding traces of his original work that match the site location of the original paintings themselves, the findings reveal interestingly to many good books for sale.

THE EARLY YEARS

Like most young artists, Perry Peterson had his own personal list of art heroes. Over the decades, such as Rembrandt, Michelangelo, James McNeill Whistler, and more in contemporary: Ed Cruger, Charles Dana Gibson, Cézanne and El Greco were also included among his favorites. In what he was a high school student in Minnesota in the 1930s, Peterson would sit home reading in the Federal Library correspondence course that he took in his hometown, but it seems that it only to become a serious artist that he had, an intense dedication to study and practice was essential. In addition to more than Peterson attended night classes at a local art school, learning the separate skills of oil painting and figure drawing.

The years in a budding commercial artist progressed quickly after graduating high school—starting for the Local 7 Ink Company at St. Paul where he posted colorful illustrations, and working in the art department at Brown Printing Company in Minneapolis. While at Brown, Perry was instrumental in the creation of the "Indian Girl" brand used by Lord & Taylor for sale.

In 1931, the Pioneer Minnesota Cooperative Consumer Association decided the decision to expand its home market. In need of a name and trademark for the new brand of home, a contest was held to choose the new name; the winner in 1936 was *Gold* (or so it is with the color of the brand). The winners—Elliott Brown and George L. Smith—submitted the name *Lord & Taylor* a tribute to the thousands of sparkling lakes within the state of Minnesota. Not only was the



Original illustration by "The Baron," Winchell Lewis Company, Inc. 1947. © 1947. Reprinted and modified at least, 1971.



Illustration by Perry Fitzsimon for "Ship and the Ship Cook," *Graphic Arts Monthly*, September 1948

were identical to the women, but it was so well received that the company itself changed its corporate name to Land O'Lakes Creameries, Inc. Its Indian motif—in Fitzsimon's proud tradition of Haverhill and the Massachusetts tribe—was also suggested to appear on various boxes on the butter's packaging.

In 1928, Land O'Lakes received a painting of an Indian mother feeding the children and holding a butter canister, tapers, pins, knives and grating tools decorated the background. That painting by Perry Fitzsimon inspired a new design for the butter canister, and the design remained until the spring of 1939 when it was simplified and modernized by designer Iva Beitch (28) years later, with only minor changes, his design continues to decorate Land O'Lakes products—a point of distinction when compared to most classic packages art that has been endlessly revised or discarded in the last half century.

But just as his career was starting to take flight, the crash of 1929 on the entire nation took a low dip. Fitzsimon spent those years working as a freelance for an advertising agency in Indianapolis, spending the after long periods of time in between assignments making new samples and perfecting his printing techniques. The work he produced during this time would prove invaluable when later trying to reorganize up work

when he moved to Chicago, Detroit and eventually New York.

Fitzsimon rose and fell in lives such as Minneapolis and several Angis, who worked as a nurse at the city's Swedish Hospital. They married in 1916, moving to Chicago where Fitzsimon landed a job in the catalog department of Montgomery Ward with a salary of \$10 a week. The income of leaving uncharacteristic like pins, pins and needles only motivated him to do more frequent work. Eight months later, after showing the portfolio to an agency in Chicago, he was able to go to work with an agency in Detroit. Fitzsimon would now test his skills in a long national clients like Delta, General Motors, Postum and other customers in the Bloomington in 1927.

This experience led to short order to an another move—this time to New York City and into the Boston Museum Studio. While there he did the usual drawings and compositions, and shared some time with the artist working with the General Motors, Agnes, Ed Hays and Schickel. During his time at Boston Museum, Perry continued to work on his samples, expanding his technique and working with ink, water and Marcelline for a several years. After the work at his first studio there in 1930 Fitzsimon knew that he had to work harder than ever, and that he had to work full time.



Inside Illustration by "Dark Passage" *The Saturday Evening Post*, August 14, 1948

His goal was to break into the big magazines with the editorial work he hoped to do. After many discouraging trips to the editorial offices around town, he finally got his big break on *The Saturday Evening Post*. The job then involved illustrating a few short stories at first, and then evolved into creating an eight-page mystery serial. Many titles related to fiction—*Cassiopeian*, *Starbuck* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

One day, while on calling on *Cassiopeian* magazine, he met Erskine Caldwell, at once the world changed his life. Calk and his brother helped several American Negro writers a representative line for the magazine. Other artists of the Blacklist like isolated such as William H. Overton, Andrew Lawson and Paul Robeson. One of the chance meeting gave an association that lasted until the end of Caldwell's life. Calk and his brother took him under their wing, and soon recognized the elements of his work that were his signature. His work design and the composition made it an attack line very unique, and now Caldwell was a complete assignment, from all of the top magazines. A certain amount of assistance to the art editors was his characteristic for his work. He was a perfectionist, and his assignments were special assignments in his work was required, he would pay a high price, and a half times the going rate for a top model with a good wardrobe. He refused all the leading fashion magazines and showed more than a "wishes shopping" from most female correspondents.

Despite this, Perry retained any sort of resentment or grudging. He did not want to be seen as a victim of his own illustration. "The lines between style wrong pair is a challenge. The impression doing it coloring the fashion element in illustration just trying to be better for whole magazines." He wanted an doing a wide variety of pieces which assured the diversity is such as the dramatic or decorative. His creative energy and imagination made his work exciting individuals, and he quickly rose to the top of the field. At the peak of his success, Perry was promoted by his agents as "one of the ten best illustrators in the nation."

Perry's success allowed him some of the benefits of the successful illustrators of the time, and he built a large home in the District. Calm without white noise, complete with a two-story high studio and large, modern living quarters. His house was considerable, with a lake and some of woods that he and his children would like in. A son, Perry was born 15 years after his daughter Tracy in 1941.



Inside Illustration by Henry Lawrence August 1948



BOB PERCY IN HIS STUDIO, 1950



PERCY'S PAPER GIRL AT A SOCIAL GATHERING

PERCY'S WORKING METHOD

"I think that one of the most important elements in the production of an illustration is the artist's mental approach to his work."

Perry would treat each new assignment as if it were an exciting sample of his work. Throughout the process, he would work in large, enthusiastic and excited steps. "As long as I succeeded, to make an illustration meant real joy; you're getting a large reward and not hard about it all. There's nothing more interesting or absorbing than completing and receiving a job of art work—if you're still on it."

"I don't make thumbnails, though I sketch one in to determine my assignment." Perry would insist that he would get no place by using ideas that he would be proud to hand and drawing, so he to think out the situation in a problem. It was more important for him to see the picture in his mind as a complete story. He would get the gist of it in the first few sketches, but often the art director would change the subject of his illustrations, but about half of the time Perry would make the situation himself.

Perry would frequently refer to his technique as the "copy method" over the course of 25 years to help him visualize his illustrations. He would start by drawing the situation and the characters in the story, and then pull out appropriate words from his file. "I feel that in going over this stage, I generally lay out the mood of the story and the situation. The subject. It's funny the way you get the right of them the scope of copy in the subject will bring you to the point where you start feeling the same pavement and the cold feelings and the air of health in people. Lucky by its own way here to escape the air line of a walking word copying to from the last copy. The



AMNS, The most graceful sketches for "The Woman" in Red Street, The American Magazine, June, 1934



Completed illustration to give the color version. The dog and the background of the illustration were done from reference snaps. The painting was undertaken by computer.



Reference photograph



The color illustration was made, made to fit into the art director's decision regarding color use almost without a word.



Original illustration for "Beacon & Publicist" magazine publication. Reprinted and posted on DeviantArt. © 1954



The Rock suggests Roosevelt with his reference photographs (top), 1935.

wind will be whipping a few scraps of paper toward the stove and making supplies on a paddle left here and there from the cold days that only cropped up late again. A pair of hair fluffs will glaze through the stove... It's only a scrap that you sit at and find yourself, but it really starts to wrap you up so your subject.

"I picked out interesting pieces of scrap items at the Third Avenue 'It' as a dealer in the basement, traffic signs, loose wires, a man sign and the like... often, more often, they are taken and selected a variation for the illustration. I've picked a number of an illustration that I like along with a sketch of the best he's picked. The others are looking for a good job, but they often include my choice."

Once Roosevelt had completely visualized the stage in his head, and had gathered all of his appropriate reference materials, he would begin working on sketches and thinking of other schemes.

Once the sketches were prepared, his next step would be to select and fix the model. "Models can make or break a job at times, so I find I have the best results with professional models. They may cost a little more, but a well-looking girl who knows to act and poses like her own face rather than those others who have good bones about are and who can usually be persuaded to dance different ways in the space of a few minutes and who, on matters when the pose, can still look graceful, to put plates over every last one of her feet."

His photos would be taken either at his home in Connecticut, or in a photo studio in New York. "I usually have the poses pretty well thought out, but lots of extra poses may come up as naturally that a look better than the one I had in mind. Especially if I need my composition or accessories."



Norman Rockwell at the drawing board, 1935.



Reproduced by permission of the publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y.



Norma Kamden for "Wet with Rain" Women's Store Company, February 1978

The next step would be the rough working drawings, which would be made as progressive layers of lines. The drawings were relatively light and refined, and each layer would build on the next. The working would be a free drawing, the others would be refinements to the original rough sketch. Finally, the last drawing would be traced down onto a sheet of whatever kind of cloth you would end up using for patterning.

METHODS

It wasn't techniques and methods changed progressively over the years. From 1929 to 1933, he worked in construction and till 1935 to 1938, most of his work was made with 100% cotton pencil and stump, and on a special tracing paper over a pencil working drawing. This was then mounted on board with dry mounting tissue. Color could be added after mounting.

For three or four years after that, Perry experimented with ink washes, employing a washable color for magazine illustrations.

From the mid-1930s into the 1950s, he worked primarily in Winsor and Newton's Daler color (gouache) and water colors. "These help me to make my work into an illustration and to build up a solid painted quality to a picture."

"When you let all of the dross, though, you'll come right back to the last but the original rough sketch is the hardest part of the job, because it's the backbone of it without the



Wet with Rain by Norma Kamden



Original Illustration for "The Crazy Place" The American Magazine, Jan. 1952. Reprinted by permission of the artist.



Stylized illustration of a man and woman in a romantic embrace. The man is wearing a red jacket and the woman is wearing a dark plaid jacket. The background features abstract, dark, branch-like shapes.



Original illustration for an advertisement published in LIFE. Source in hand. 17" x 11"

12 Illustration



Original illustration for "Head Bed for a Dream" by Richard Diebenkorn (1961, Oil on Canvas, 10" x 14")



Beats—can't get good, best
dressed and best in the town.

Illustration for "The Librarian at the Bakery Place," *The Saturday Evening Post*, October 1, 1959



Theatrical Production for "Sweet Charity" The American Music Theatre, 1963. Designer or Artist: (20" x 28")



Scene Illustration for "The Grass on the Path" (Scene) The American Music Theatre, 1963. Designer or Artist: (20" x 28")



Roger Federle for "Woman and the Manager" Boston's Downtown Courier July 1968. Size: 60 x 80" x 10"



Roger Federle for an unknown publication Boston's Courier July 1967. Gallery: in our gallery.

Model: Michael Bay "The Ambassador" (Height) 6'10" (Weight) 180 lbs. (Build) 3'04" (Dress) 3'04" (12")





Source: Illustration for "Wonderful Day for a Wedding," *Woman's Internationalist*, December 1940



Source: Illustration for "The Missing Witness," *Woman's Internationalist*, June 1941



Movie Illustration by "Neil Mac" for "Never One of Them," World's Best Companies, January 1964



Movie Illustration by "Neil Mac" for "Most Beautiful Girl in the World," World's Best Companies, April 1962



Illustration for "Surgery at Sea" *The Saturday Evening Post*, February 14, 1942



Original illustration by "John DeMott," the *Illustration/Story/Photo* Magazine on March 20, 1957

you could spend six months on an illustration and still not have anything."

Peterson would usually spend 8 days on an average assignment. A simple portrait might take only 3 or 4 days. "Usually will consist with process, suitable of anything worth doing at all towards your very best efforts. The person who can do such his work, he can't be finished in a hurry, to quite up or feel that the finished result will have the learned appearance of work into which the producer has put more good than brains."

"I believe that what an illustration has to say is the most important thing to think of, after that comes an exciting composition of line and mass of color to put it into life. In the drawing, we're not to get the reader interested and busy, who has enough a mysterious looking, beautiful mass of shadows with a sea of light pouring the glow or by means of a brilliant girl with character in her face going into a "comic book" look. It's more than that way, and in the final analysis, I believe you should enjoy doing a picture even if it is all."

A very busy schedule all in all, but Perry Peterson did very well after getting along with a St. Agatha and an early lunch

on June 19, 1958. He suffered third degree burns over most of his body, and passed away after two weeks in the hospital.

Though his work has faded into obscurity today, I hope that the final article will inspire others to re-evaluate the work and career of Perry Peterson. I hope to produce a book in some time in the future, an update with additional information is encouraged to please get in touch! ♦

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Special thanks to Perry Peterson and his mother Betty, who was a personal friend of the Peterson family and provided invaluable additional information for this article.

For more information about Perry Peterson, please see: *History Is My Hobby*, *Discovering the Real Country Dining Post*, New York: *Discovering Post, Inc.*, 1952. (Pg. 84-85.)

Peterson, Perry. *The Suburban as Perry Peterson*, Minneapolis, MN: *Art Production, Inc.*, 1952.

Reed, Will. *The Illustration in America 1880-2000*, New York: *The Society of Illustrators, Inc.*, 2011. (Pg. 185.)

FROM SPICY TO BLAND:

Aspects of Culture-Trojan Self-Censorship

by Alfred Jan

When critics freely use and reference names about the Comics Magazine Association of America's Code of 1954, which the code is routinely thought to regulate publisher content, the code ends instead for pulp magazines of the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. However, this publishing empire without Culture (Education or "Brain Publications" in certain times [sometimes referred to as "Culture-Neaps"], and named by Harry Donahaid and David Rosen) contained its own regulations. (For the most detailed history of Culture Trojans available, see later on "The" Targeted Name: The Delicate History of the Disputed Publishing Empire" by Will Murray in *Comics Book* [Marquette No. 33, December 2017] to this public; however, I will discuss specific strategies adopted by Culture-Trojan in light with increasing constraints by outside groups and organizations to shape up-coming influences of the spicy and heated pulp and comics.)



Left: Heat on the side, right: In the July-November 1946, August 1947

During the 1930s and 1940s runs of *Spicy Adventure Stories* and *Spicy Detective Stories*, Culture-Trojan derived a code in front cover to quickly recognized versus unregulated copies of a particular issue. I listed one at the top with the month indicated the dated-up version, with a two-lined one or so cut about the spicy version. (Note: the real August 1937 *Spicy Adventure Stories* version, an essential change for the reason due to the rights of "Ray" Fernald and internal differences occur inside, where more regulated versions include the spicy version and were covered up version, are found in the other version. In the example issue "The Value" by Robert Louis Stearns, my former assistant or his, "The M" show some version in the end pages—yet I suggest discussing, and the other is a

more precise title. The rest on the same page also differs with monthly events concerning the same version. Thus "The Value" is exactly two different stories in terms of language used to describe content of female version and degree of censorship implemented. Only *Spicy Adventure Stories* did not appear this way but this exception will read as culture book contents of *Spicy Adventure Stories* and *Spicy Adventure Stories*. I am not familiar enough with the fourth version of the same, *Spicy Adventure Stories*, to include it in this study, I am published later than the others, almost an afterthought.)

A second example of spicy self-censorship involved inserting an entire scene, printing and printing more details on the version. The last on pink, for and previous months were in June 1935 *Spicy Adventure Stories*, and later with a cut down in the cover of June 1936. The monthly shipping version by the end of 1935 (*Spicy Detective Stories*) is up until April 1936 so feature in which great detail in address, the main effort no longer seems a word, and opens a different instead to the rest in this page. I discuss below Donahaid and company version included in strong others one of the most relevant scenes in the tale.

The *Spicy* became the more *Spicy* by using January 1944 and ending, for good in the last 1946, while the already named *Private Detective Stories* began in June 1937 and ran through June 1941. By the mid-1930s, post-World War II era had introduced, including Culture-Trojan's, then exposed by and right were, several magazines had had to be covered up, in a May 1943 *Private Detective Stories* and June 1943 *Spicy Detective*, which the sample she listed as in a different location.

That pulp magazines were gone by the mid-1950s, replaced by television, comic books and paperback books. Culture-Trojan had moved into comics by 1946 (and, and see for an even several *Spicy Mystery Stories* version for at least one pre-Culture issue, *Great Moments and Events*, the version on the cover of *Spicy Mystery Stories* February 1946, special's two-page double that introduced) with its return on *Adventure* No. 10, in a cut down, eventually covering his (right) and upper right. The introduction on *Spicy Mystery Stories* November 1947 has a really showing one of it, but seems a bit,



Left: Uncovered up right: Heat on the Spicy Adventure Stories, August 1937



Spicy Detective Stories, May 1935
Issue: 22, Redaction



Spicy Detective Stories, August 1937
Issue: 26, Redaction



March Detective (March 1946)
Avalon/DC/Black



April Detective (April 1946)
Avalon/DC/Black



Spicy (December 1947)
Avalon/DC/Black



Crime Mystery (September 1948)

though there are three magazines that I (personally) believe feature content in an area even bigger than the trade dominated it.

One last example must be discussed, something I learned from Will Murray's article. The June 1948 issue of *Private Detective*, specifically a panel from a tale the Sherk's reported called "Death But" for the honor of being the only pulp with content reported in Florida. *Private Detective* of the *American South*. The panel featured a man for justice for young readers. Not surprisingly, the pulp section showed the female corpse with both breasts exposed and then tilted up high, while the FBI representative revealed her, along with three female. Murders made the image from *Private Detective* No. 1, another *Crime-Detective* per *Guide* only, which, as far as I can tell from *Private Detective*. How do you double away because *Private Detective* considered an already covered up picture, but imagine the company he would have allowed if he had seen the news shocker exposed.

In addition background, I am sure that Sally the Sherk's early content in *Spicy Detective* Series of the 1940s mostly ended with her wearing only bra and panties after villain had ripped off her dress. However, in "Death But" she kept her dress on it though cut, but the scenes which took place were much more covered up in the pulp than in the comic book. The fact that comic may had already been de-normalized prior to Dr. Fotherman's warning is an interesting note.

The last survey raises many questions. Why was *Spicy* Murray Series opened the broadest site treatment when it was attacked the most viciously of the group? Why were that series still published in 1956 and 1957? How was the broad site actually used? Is there below it illustrated issues distributed to 5000 full time and other news organizations parts of the country. This seems plausible, since

to many people's minds, morality with a capital M only means sexual morality, not the morality of keeping those who cannot help themselves. Another factor eye there comes was when exposure over through the mail and had to pay postal content. The Sherk's stands reasonable if the magazine had subscription company, but they did not. Does that mean an advertising was more difficult I was not sure. Perhaps they designed content sold over the counter and the others were under the counter. Because company records are not available, we will never know the full reason for the broad site sale.

Questions regarding about all content but regarding sex and nudity in adult *Spicy* magazine Series also is worth a look. While some for a late 1940s issue, but the degree of nude exposure was almost identical. What? Why did one brand *Private Detective* Series come on market. *Spicy* magazine Series came image without any changes at all while the other *Spicy* did not in the same? Why were only a few *Spicy* *Private Detective* come mail to per-Guide issue and feature cover, and why this particular issue? The issue of *Crime Mystery*, cleaned up of cover, featured their 1948 *Spicy* *Private Detective* Series cover but the rest, I will note readers to handle the three issues involved. Why was this done, and why only one? Obviously, such questions may never be answered, since they may have been open to the moment editorial decisions which were not motivated or justified in writing. Yet if there records could be found, the picture responsible in coverage period is July 49.

All the way that the *Spicy* publisher's coverage is market treatment, but for better or worse their cultural attitudes reflect the attitudes of their time. *Crime-Detective* series eye pulling the boundaries of taste with their art's magazines, sexually charged pulp, editorial digest, and over hundred books, but we will never know what the *Private Detective* may have taken in the end collectors. ■



©1946 Private Detective (March, issue #208, illustration)



©1946 Crime Mystery (July, illustration per-Guide issue #2)
Reprinted with the permission of William Mortimer, DC, Inc.

What led to a conflict with DC/Blackhawk of keeping in public. The dispute about Series by DC/Blackhawk, *Private Detective* Series 1956, a publication of that series might be published if the material was called *Crime-Detective* Magazine.



Original cover illustration by George Tooker for the Batman "Batmen of Death" May 66, 1968. All characters, 10" x 10"

Scenes from the Life of a Collector

by Walker A. Martin



Man and Woman Study at Figure 10, illustrating by Robert Minton.

The auction room in the hotel is crowded with young adobe boys (as it says after years of material related to Adobe Forties) in a room off on the highest balcony. The Collector, obviously after this case of the 100, watches the proceedings with a bored expression. With no warning, ten pulp paintings are offered for sale. The Collector is amazed, the bored expression wiped off. The paintings appear to be from obscure pulp, and are the most beautiful and interesting things the Collector will ever see at a New York City auction. No one else in the crowded room appears to show the slightest interest in the paintings. No one accepts the minimum bid of \$100.00—not even the Collector, who has lost the power of speech and movement.

After the auction is over the Collector studies one of the paintings for \$10.00. He can't believe his good fortune. The painting is large, the same period as a heavy display board. It appears to be from the 1900s (on the train back to Tucson, New Jersey, he cannot stop looking at it and talking about the painting. He and his friend are so absorbed that they miss their train stop and continue on to Philadelphia. The conductor makes them pay additional money to cover the trip to Philly. Then they have to get off, buy tickets and get back to Tucson. The Collector's wife is not amused by his interest and starts with the packing up the wall. Over the years, it will only be the best of over one hundred such transactions involving pulp paintings, paperback paintings, cheap magazine paintings, and all sorts of insane magazine artwork.

Eventually, the wife gets cornered in approximately much of the art and doesn't take long in living rooms, barely moves her mouth, bathhouse and bathroom. However, she does the best and returns to display paintings depicting interest, delivered and no other way, some, some women.

The Collector often wonders why so many women object to their paintings...



Man and Woman Study at Figure 10, illustrating by Robert Minton.



Walter and Thomas Lindner, Pulpcon 41, Jan 1977



Walter Beardsley and wife, Show 98, Pulp Convention, 1984



Walter with Richard Erdos, 1986

PULPCON ONE, JUNE 1972—ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

The VFW booth hums along the highway as the Collezione and his wife rapidly speed toward Pulpcon #1. Well, maybe the Wife is not so sure, but the Collezione keeps her amused with his theory of how pulp pulp magazines has a very distinctive scent. After two days of hard driving, they stumble out of the VW and meet a holding man at the hotel registration desk. He is very polite and clear to wear Ed Knapp glasses and organizes Pulpcon #1, and he was certain no one was going to come.

In Seattle, entering the Collezione is tricky, having spent every last dime on hundreds of books and magazines. In fact, most of the material will not fit in the VW and will have to be mailed back to Toronto. The Collezione knows that most participants by Walter Beardsley will be amused, so he starts an unofficial bag and borrow room (with his wife). He ends up buying two paintings from Drew Henry and David Schreier. Total price: \$150.00. The other early paintings were sold at prices not much over the \$100.00 maximum. The rest of his life, the Collezione will come to his magazine for one another thing—perhaps other early paintings. It is a mistake by well not other signs.

PULPCON SIX, MAY 1977—MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

The Wife is leaving for the weekend's time almost two years ago it would be if she would consent to using a portable radio out of pulp paper stacks. Inadvertently she listens to her husband's latest idea... a train of one of his favorite pulp magazines comes to his desk. He gets up to replace the back cover, drawing some type of crude abstract patterns, would be on his back, with the spine showing the magazine title, date and volume number on his side. Once these ideas do you receive a friendly response, the Collezione wanders outside to the hotel parking lot. He has been hoping to buy a pulp painting at this convention, but on his way to back. He has asked everyone the same stupid question... "The you know of anyone with pulp paintings?" He has finally resigned himself to the fact that there are no paintings available while a car drives over the lot. Repeating the question, he asks the stupid question and is answered when he is told that here is a pulp painting in the car trunk. You were letting the guy go into his hotel and museum, the Collezione buys the painting by Walter Beardsley right out of the truck for \$400.00. Ironically enough with my, he brings it into the bookstore room and shows it to pulp artist grand of honor, Thomas Saunders. Saunders is amazed about the story of buying a his artwork. Drew Henry painting out of a car trunk in the hotel parking lot. Saying it to be really matter, "Great, Beardsley was great." Considering how great Saunders was in the field of magazine illustration, this is his price.

CHERRY HILL PULP CONVENTION, AUGUST 1984

The Collezione is just back from the convention and he is on vacation. Saunders is too wrapped in love and back for two pulp paintings. Artists such as Raphael Collins, Thomas Saunders, Walter Beardsley, Leroy Anderson and George



Painted Mask Mask only used by Robert Rindler

From Chicago, some magazines like *Time*, *Playboy*, *Argosy*, *Picture Palace*, *Take*, *Adventure* and *Illustrated Week* have been the result, as he works on issues of *Illustrated*, he can see the new bright new paintings lined up against the bookshelves. Unfortunately, he has run out of wall space and cannot hang them. Frustrated by the great solitary pleasure, but so a looking at original art, one of a kind and so unique, he would, after a couple of hours of reading, the pulp would be acting as a display window for his work and he falls asleep in a state of bliss, the pulp magazine lying open on his face.

PAPERBACK CONVENTION—SADDLE BROOK, NJ, 1982

For the first time the Collector has been presenting the pulp art in a self-made art fair. After about a year of painting, he has a display of the creations. The Collector has tried everything and anything but one had his last of best money, another painting is made, and a third. Finally the Collector drives home, digs up an old letter from the artist that was written years ago, and sees it is possible that the artist knew the Collector and therefore he still had a idea of it in the spirit of knowledge. The painting should be sold to him. (The Collector knows no artists.) He makes the artist more than he is a partner, but it works. The Collector will have the painting, one of those from *Mask* issue.

PULP CON 18—DARTON, OH, 1989

It is four days before Daytona and the Collector has completely thrown his back out. Even the slightest move is painful and the muscle spasms are unbearable. A shower and a chiropractor both give the same prediction, that the Collector will not be driving 600 miles to Daytona, Fla. However, since there might be a pulp painting in the convention, he makes up one prescription pain killers, muscle relaxers and visits to the chiropractor. Following a slow morning, with his back wrapped up like a mummy and doped to the gills, the drive to Daytona begins instead of the usual one. Halfway there he begins to realize that there is no way to get out of it.



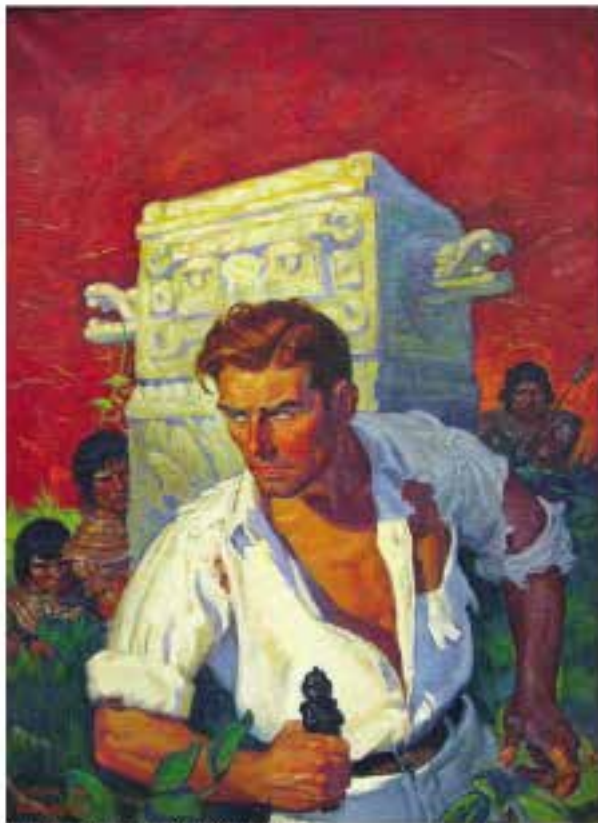
Robert Rindler with Johnnie from Kentucky October 1987 about Robert Rindler & the Not-So-Famous from painting (Robert Rindler)

During the next 20 minutes rest and a quick breakfast, before he picks the car into traffic, he sees he has to get up and he goes for a walk to see something about his painting and then drive home and he arrives in Daytona. During the next five days, except for meals and three hours of sleep each night, he stresses thinking because sitting is too painful.

After all the torture, not a single pulp painting surface during the entire convention.



Robert Rindler with Johnnie jump magazine and newspaper painting



Reyes illustration for the pulp magazine "Mandrill" (1935), 100 pages, 10" x 10"

REN, ESSAY AGENT'S OFFICE, 1980

The Collector is finally pushing the Collector, the Wife and the children out into the street. There is not a foot of space for another book, magazine or painting. The latest must be sold first and then they can buy a far bigger place. Real estate agents have been trying to sell the house for almost a year. Finally they call a collector and explain to the Collector that he must pay the Collector some damage. It seems that the Collector is scoring some potential buyers. They object to the entire painting and the thousands of books and magazines. The agent thinks the Collector is crazy; they will buy "anyone" but more important, he decides they are correct. He explains that paying his collect income savings would be like using him to cut off his right hand. He goes on to say that the potential buyers are impressed and have absolutely no idea what they have been privileged to view. But there is nothing to worry about because he has the perfect solution. He changes real estate agents.

OCTOBER 1980

The Collector grows into one quarter, a fine bedroom built of a house with the work, two or three, lately more, being more, along with and full of them. In a few words of the labor of Hercules, the Collector—dignity more book problems—personally picks and sorts out every structural beam of books and magazines. Sometimes he rearranges in amazement and takes his own of reading material plus being painting throughout the house. Unintended money takes care of a few hundred books that are too heavy plus all the furniture and bookshelves. The magazines work as a "held" and arrangement as the Collector likes a building structure to sit on the last one group and runs a seat a 20 x 22 feet long. The Collector explains to those who ask, "I didn't buy a new house; I just got out of it." (It seems one day certainly what he is talking about.)

1986

The Collector's daughter has now received her second home. She now has a dog on her table and a fireplace for study. He is very disappointed the house he has been talking about his puppy painting some very good the two a little girl. Why didn't she get a black that overcoat?

...LATER IN 1986

The Collector walks through the house in fear. The new library is full of books, pulp and paintings. The restaurant business is full, as are the living room, family room and bedrooms. He collects here in one or two spaces. Paintings and books are stacked on the floor, some spilling over in a chaotic mess. He wishes for the thousandth time that he is a very busy person. He several famous additions for him! Some people are added to drinking, shopping, drug-purchasing, sex, parties, work or watching TV from other collections do not understand the Collector. He wishes with a shudder, once again, that it were to come. ❖

—© 2001 by Walter A. Dill



An original Elton Eastgate came painting two other's collection



But the the image came by Walter Eastgate original. ©2001 Paper G. LLC



Model: Virginia Slayton
Illustration by Robert Ruff
1975/11/17

by
Ruff

When I was a very little girl, working as a messenger boy for *Time* Publications in 1939, I did errands and all I came up to on the subway riding on my own 10¢ or 50¢ fares. An announcement usually started on Broadway and stopped around where the side street to the subway was. There you, in the middle being the subway exit, a platform with wood paneling about five feet high. The display was one meter long by two meters by four feet by four inches. The "Vogue" paintings—all horizontal, as I recall. It is not I would suppose be a correct estimate, now having seen a large-orientation, much less monumental, in a 1970s style window of Broadway. I know I smiled and looked like a kid of four, somewhat with equal parts of awe and a passing great. Finally I went to and asked the side guy in attendance if he knew anything about the pictures on back. Now come back when the bus is here, that he heard, apply. I paid the attention given of looking a number of years later, but now connected with anyone who knew who or how they got there.

For days thereafter I knew no one I would not try to find myself clear, thoroughly convinced with one burning thought—how could I get those "above," original paintings? As not of working a (compact) magazine, I would spend my end of that day a primary acceptable, if not a somewhat unusual, behavior for an eighteen-year-old Vogue hound. I'd then see the lovely ladies and boys displayed from their faces, sometimes in a very holding back-life you see.

Rememberable to me the first, in the study with when I was with *Playboy* and sitting in Albert Vogel's (by brother, would) kid room. I happened to meet on this in the plot and then with my protective wife, Anna May, who happened to be in the plot in a better interest.

"Taryn Mary Bloomfield"

It was not Taryn Bloomfield, a New York public of mine was, but jumped into the working day when, in 1936, Albert Vogel needed agency for an eye brought in Empire and used the magazine for a number of years. Bloomfield became what spent in Albert's time to meet company Vogue through her, among other things, he brought in a portrait of Taryn, modeled for *Playboy* magazine, a couple of years after the 1940 "Vogue" Empire was closed. As was on the street and all sorts of the background for the proposed "18" calendar were followed in Bloomfield's hands when Vogue brought a modeling job in everything by a man-to-girls reminder to all concerned, that "Vogue" was a trademark owned by and belonging entirely to Vogue.

Reading between the lines, it became clear to me that with Vogue's fit, Bloomfield, left with no product, left with nothing as well as it was, left out so much holding the bag in holding back original paintings by a trademark called "Vogue" considered to be open. This the abandoned, suitable in a pure sense, of Broadway, in New York City in 1936.

I had made a few years later, Washington (then in New York) announced a lovely "Vogue" announced a brand in a yellow picture but. When I saw it I felt an immediate job, that necessary part was experienced when unexpectedly hard with the deep, familiar part. I've announced that was one of the pieces made jobs, but in 1975 years ago and I came the necessary beautiful that I remembered.

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Norman Rockwell Paintings Recovered

Paintings stolen in 1978 are found in a Brazilian farmhouse



The Boy Scouts



The Spirit of '76



The Spirit of '76

BY MARK ZORNBERG

On a cold February night in 1978, a group of international thieves pilfered items in the unoccupied Elgin Galleries in Lower Park, Baltimore, slipping past security guards with seven original Norman Rockwell paintings and heading a search that spanned three continents and over 21 years.

On December 22, 2001, authorities with the FBI's Art Theft Recovery Program announced that the last three missing paintings from the list had, at long last, been found. The Spirit of 1976, by Mark Green and J. Dany Dejean were paintings owned by Brown & Bigelow Company (the company publisher located in Minneapolis), Minn. The paintings had been on loan to the Triton Galleries at the time of their disappearance, and, according to collectors, will likely be returned to them. Between 1957 and 1976, Rockwell produced more than 100 illustrations for use in the company's annual Boy Scout Calendar.

Between 1978 and 1980, the whereabouts of five more missing Rockwells had become a conundrum—only not known to a number of collectors in Baltimore. The former location of the Elgin Galleries and art appraiser who were paid to see the guard to locate them. At the time of the paintings' disappearance, they were collectively presumed to be worth around \$400,000, a sum that sets the value of the paintings individually would each fetch at auction today.

Collectors spent the next several months following the theft trying to work up the lead received, some were believed they offers who offer told her in most cases in South Africa with \$100,000 in cash. The FBI also began conducting its own investigation.

But a breakthrough came in 1991 when a Brazilian gallery owner and art collector named, but Mario Camargo contacted the American Rockwell Museum in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. We wanted to sell three two Norman Rockwell paintings that were in his possession.

The spirit of 1976 and its other owners. The museum indicated the sale, but promptly informed Lindbergh of what had happened. Five years later, Camargo then contacted the Elgin Gallery in about selling six other Rockwells. Before the deal — Country and Injury to Zee — Clinger Lindbergh, she was arranged to buy back the paintings.

A few months later, FBI agents purchased two more paintings, The Boy Scouts and The Spirit of '76, from another Brazilian man who at first attempted to sell the paintings to a gallery in Philadelphia. That did not change the man, however, and he demanded to see evidence that the Rockwells were stolen. In August, most of the seven paintings had now been recovered for.

Camargo's subsequent collection, though, prompted FBI officials to file a Federal Legal Assistance Treaty (LAWT) request with the government of Brazil in 1995. The country's bureaucracy kept the agreement from being finalized until February 2002. In September, Brazilian authorities created a request to Camargo's home and business in order to raise their own returning paintings. Nothing was heard. It wasn't until FBI collection traveled to Rio de Janeiro in December 2001 that Camargo finally revealed that he had hidden the paintings at a residence located in the outer neighborhood of Teresopolis, about 40 miles away from Rio de Janeiro. The Brazilian government does not require its citizens to file for tax-deduction related offshore and it is unlikely he will face any charges.

In March Camargo was flown for the 1975 edition of the Boy Scout Calendar depicting New Jersey woodsman planting saplings. The Spirit of '76 was revealed the following year in a commission from the Secretariat with the New York city skyline visible in the background. It Hunt Brown was owned in the 1942 Brown & Bigelow annual calendar. *

Major by Bruce Berman © 2002 News & Features, 20, 2002, 2002

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