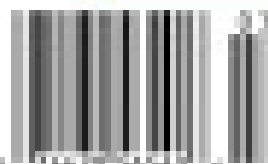


Illustration



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Dover Illustration by
J. Frederick Smith
(1917–2000)

Original interior illustration for
Cosmopolitan, circa 1950s

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ILLUSTRATION BY J. FREDERICK SMITH
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Illustration

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From the Editor...

One of the things you'll notice in this new issue is that many of the features include significant portions of our writers in the artist's own words. We are very fortunate this time to be able to provide such a unique insight into the lives, minds, and methods of the great illustrators presented in this issue. These words give us a window into their world in a way that nothing else can. I must thank the families of all of the artists profiled who generously provided the memories, notes, tapes, and letters used in creating this issue.

Recently, some of you may have received a promotional mailing from me concerning the new book *P.J. Rader's David Saunders*. This book will be shipping in November 2013, and should in fact be available as you read this. If you thought that your CD was really something, wait'll you get a load of this incredible new book! It really is a lot of pulp art, this will be a revelation. I hope you will check out the page preview on The Best and Best website (www.thebestandbest.com), and understand that your support of our books is greatly appreciated and will help us produce many more in the future.

In other news, work continues on the forthcoming book *Master of American Illustration: H. Thurston and Mervyn Peck* by Fred Tinker. It's getting very close to being finished, so stay tuned for more information soon! This book is roughly 400 or around 440 pages in fact, and is packed with hundreds of beautiful illustrations, so we're very excited about it. Previews will be available online very soon.

With this issue, I would also like to formally announce another success, something called The Illustration Gallery. You can find us on page 17. I think there are certainly plenty of art dealers and auction houses around these days, my unique position as the publisher of this magazine gives me a kind of an edge in being able to connect directly to an audience of very serious collectors—my readers. As I am also in contact with many of the families of the illustrators profiled in each issue, it makes sense for me to offer those folks an easy way to connect to my community of collectors. If any of you have works you would like to offer, please take a look at the Gallery site or give me a call so we can discuss your commitment. Check it out at www.IllustrationMagazine.com.

Letters to the Editor:

Dear Mr. Zeman,

Enclosed is my renewal check, along with my thanks for all of your work, and the time and professional standards it represents. I was a designer, art director and production manager for years, and I love both the career and the quality of your books.

Can I make a minor subject suggestion? Not even a great name in Illustration, Eddy Mordkin was the "Tweedy Bird" artist, among other things, and might make a good short article along with some major names in a future issue. Just a thought! Thanks again.

John V.
Woodstock, NY

Dear John

Thanks for your kind words, and for writing to let me know your suggestion. Hopefully we'll be covering *Study Mordkin* in a future issue! Suppose our then interest in taking up the challenge? Please get in touch if you have *Study*, or would like to contribute an article on his work.

Hills,

I have been very impressed with your spectacular new art book on Norman Saunders. I am the editor of a literary magazine here in local literary scene of *Arts & Letters*. I'd like to invite our artist to have their work featured in our magazine. It would be an honor to have the illustrations of Norman Saunders appear in our magazine. The illustrations do not have to have any narrative connection with the specific text. Our intention is to show our readers our amazing illustration as independent works of art. Is this possible to arrange with *The Illustrated Press*?

Regards
Thayne Tison
Editor, *Arts & Letters*

Dear Thayne

Thank you! I will forward your exciting request to Norman Saunders' son, David, who is in charge of the Saunders' estate.

Dear David Saunders, *via Illustration Magazine*

I read and very much enjoyed your article on H. J. Ward in *Illustration Magazine*. I'm an editor at DC Comics and I've included Ward's Superman painting in a couple of books that I edited, including *Superman: The Complete History* (Chronicle Books). At the DC Comics office we have a giant framed reproduction of the painting (I think it's the actual size of the original) that we photographed in order to include in the book.

It's passing from your name and the web site listed at the end of your article (www.norman-saunders.com) that you are relat-

ed to Norm Saunders. I'm also a big fan of his work, and have focused his Batman trading cards in a few books (Chronicle's *The Complete History* and *Batman Collected*, to name two). And since I enjoyed your third article so much, if the right project comes along and if you are interested, I would also welcome the opportunity to discuss having you write something for us.

I just came from a meeting at Abrams Books where I saw a copy of the *Norman Saunders* book. It is gorgeous. Miss, thank you so much for making such a beautiful book. You also win the prize for one of the most securely packed books I have ever seen. This copy of the book arrived in mint condition. You did a spectacular job on this book, and it is both a labor of love and a thoroughly professional presentation. Congratulations!

Best wishes,
Steve Korte, Editor
DC Comics

Dear David Saunders, *via Illustration Magazine*

I have just found your article about Hugh L. Wood's illustrations. It is so nice and enjoyable. Thank you.

I have enjoyed your informative articles in *Illustration Magazine*. First of all, I am very impressed by your long and fruitful research about golden age artists of pulp magazine covers.

I know there are a few such researchers in the USA, like Jack Kugler, who is working on *Book Collector*'s bibliography, but I think you are most likely the greatest.

I have also been a fan of your father, Mr. Norman Saunders, so this is a great pleasure. If I can help you in anything, I will be so happy.

Best regards,
Hirotaka Aramaki
Tokyo, Japan

Dear Illustrated Press,

Best news I've had in a while is hearing that you have a book on H. J. Ward arranged for sale! I just got ordered a copy and anxiously await its arrival. terrific. I've been a big fan of Ward's art for years. I even made a trip up to Lebanon College recently to see the Superman painting, and saw a sort of hobby have been taking the images of his original paintings, and had, listing them on my hard drive. Up is 15 now. Do you know of any plans for an exhibition of his work? 🍷

Thanks again,
GustFR.

Dear Gust

I'm not sure about any exhibition of Ward's work (possibly that he goes), but I do know that the book is available NOW.

Got a comment or suggestion? Write to: illustr@penn.com, visit our blog at <http://illustrationmagazine.wordpress.com>



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Norman Rockwell, courtesy Old and New, 8 1/2 x 10 1/2, signed lower right.



Artista scarp, 1950. Scultura in bronzo



J. Frederick Smith, 1946

J. Frederick Smith

Illustrator & Photographer

by Daniel Zimmer and J. Frederick Smith

In the mid-1930s, when the illustration field was strongly changed by the advent of television, many illustrators migrated out of the commercial art field and into fine art—or simply retired. One illustrator, J. Frederick Smith, turned his ability for creating imaginative scenes as an illustrator into a successful new career as a fashion and glamour photographer.

Born in Pasadena, California, in 1917, J. Frederick Smith made his first drawings at the age of three. From then on, drawing and art became his way of life. He attended the Chouinard School of Art in Los Angeles as a Walt Disney scholarship, where he studied painting and design. He studied fine art with Diego Rivera, Siqueiros, Ivan Chouffet, and others, and became an apprentice costume designer for Adrian, a man best known for his costume designs for over 150 films—possibly *The Wizard of Oz* and other MGM films of the 1930s and '40s. But Smith's dream was to become an illustrator. As he wrote in his unpublished memoirs, "At that time it was the equivalent of becoming a rock star."

In 1933, at the age of 16, Smith moved from California to New York City to become a freelance writer working in the field of fashion and design. In 1939 he joined the ranks of the Cooper Studio, legendary organization which already included many of the top illustrators in the country—names like Joe Blomberg, Coley Whitman, Herman Dubois, Alex Ross, and a few dozen others. It was there he met his future wife, Sheila Rivkin, a fellow illustrator and the first female illus-

trator employed by the studio. During this period Smith illustrated for many of the most important magazines of the day such as the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Compassion*, *Redbook*, and others. Some of his best known work at this time came during World War II, when he contracted with David Siever at *Esquire* to do a weekly illustration featuring sex girls in lingerie—the kind of art that ended up repainted inside the noses of many American bomber planes.

Around 1936, however, the world changed. Television took over magazine fiction, war was on, and the soap opera was in. Looking to the future, Alex Liberman, *Vogue's* editor-in-chief, suggested Smith switch to photography. It wasn't that big of a stretch for Smith, who'd long used photos as the basis for his illustrations, and he was a very successful transition. From that point on, photography became his way of life, and in this new field he maintained the same drive and desire he had as an illustrator.

Smith went on to shoot for *Compassion*, *Esquire*, *Jack*, and *Time to Country*, as well as commercial clients like Ford, Corvair, Chevrolet, Volvo, and DeSoto. He shot the first Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue in 1941. And it didn't matter if photographs, of course, for magazines like *Playboy*, *Out*, and *The Look* during the 1970s that will probably be best remembered. He also published several books, including *Supper: The Art of Luring Women*, *Wager a Woman*, and *J. Frederick Smith: Photographing Sexuality*.



Artistic setup, 1918. Rehearsal on board

While his photography was commercial, Smith maintained an artist's instincts and his work always reflected a personal quality. His joy was in making the pictures, and while the money was great, it was always a secondary concern. Despite his commercial success, his studio remained small. He detested the notion of the photographic studio as a "factory."

Throughout his career, Smith's work was centered around beauty and fashion, yet he maintained that style was his primary focus.

"It's great to illustrate and document the style and fashions of the times, but in the long run style runs not far over. Style exists in all life and art forms, and is generally based on three primary formulas: A cut of a coat, the hang of a dress, the shape of a woman's face, the construction of a painting, the making of a movie, the setting of a novel—day all withstand the change of time. Fashion is trendy and fickle. Style is timeless."

The following text is drawn from J. Frederick Smith's unpublished memoirs. It is a first-hand account of his transition from the illustrations field into the world of commercial photography.

THE EARLY YEARS

At age 14, while in high school, I saw a picture of the illustrator Russell Patterson in his studio surrounded by models, and I decided that that was the life for me. In my art class I made a drawing of myself as the artist I wanted to be, surrounded by my models.



In school I was the proverbial 90-pound-walking—my friends were football and track stars. To compete and have girlfriends, I drew portraits of them and designed very dresses for them to presumably wear to the prom. For the jocks, I got their girlfriends to pose nude for me, and the girls gave the sketches to their boyfriends. My P.O. football friend and I were voted big boys on the campus. My high school girlfriend Margaret and I would take my father's boat at night and drive out to rock—but, sometimes I would set up a flashlight and draw bits and pieces of her nude. Later on I designed a dress for another girl to wear to an art school ball—we were not admitted—"Aprons" was not an "it."

After high school, I went to Chouinard School of Art in Los Angeles, and for the first time learned about art as well as the old and contemporary masters. I took costume design, painting, design classes, and life drawing. The second year I received a Disney scholarship and had a chance to study with Diego Rivera, Siqueiros, Joan Charles, and others. Disney believed in a fine arts background for everyone. I met and became a friend of Froot Carter, the great illustrator and artist in residence at Chouinard.

About that same time, I read Duke Ellington's record "Cocktails for Two." It was then I realized I had to live in New York City and experience that life and be some kind of musician. Shortly afterwards, in 1938, I took a bus to New York with my friend Harold Johnson.

I spent a lot of time listening to jazz, visiting Harlem and Clubtown. Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong lived in our neighborhood, and every night I'd go "uptown" and stay out late into the morning listening to those great and so-far jazz stars. When Donald and I arrived in New York, we took a room on the top floor of an old tenement. There was an inkbarter and restaurant called Maria's on the ground floor, which was supposed to be a real eye-opener for both of us. Henry was going to be a painter and never marry; but, of course, the first thing he did was marry Eric, the owner of the restaurant, and take a job at Young & Rubicam as an art director.



Portrait study, 1938. Scheraga on bed



Illustration, circa 1930s

We had many wonderful nights at Maria's, and I learned about good Italian food, and my education in art, music and Maria was a magnet for many of the French exiles—Eugène Ionesco and his wife Kay Sage are there. (How they each had their own studio, and then a bottle of red wine with their meal. You smoked a small clay pipe and spoke in English, he just smiled and held hands with his wife.) André Malraux and André Breton, celebrated artists and writers, were often there with their wives and children. Janet Flanner, a writer for the *New Yorker* and a friend of Picasso and Gertrude Stein, ate there and had wonderful stories to tell. Maria was also headquarters for the G. R. (Quiet Restaurant)—Charles Lindbergh and Admiral Byrd stopped by when they were in town.

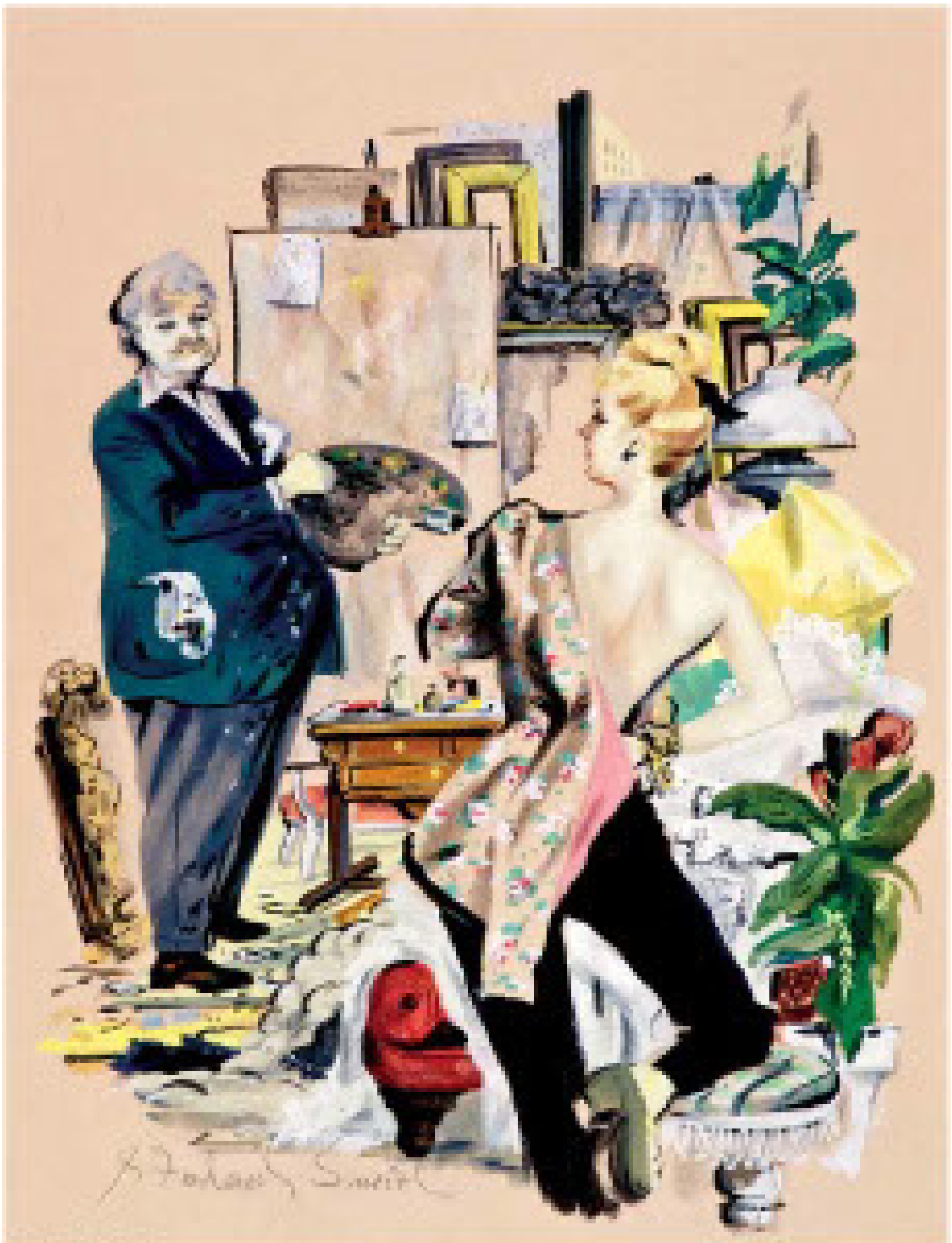
Maria's had an 'air' about it—something I have wanted, but had never experienced until then. There were many nights when I can recall back the great dinner and we would sit at the bar and talk to the artists. This was what dreams were made of! I was a young man in Greenwich Village meeting these fascinating people! WHAT! How could anyone want to be a banker or a stock broker?

I spent days drawing and wandering around the city. I was putting together a portfolio and being absolutely thrilled with

my new life. My first paying assignment in New York was a painting of a house surrounded by 300 (you're there!) artists. A friend of mine kindly showed the house, and she wanted to know how many she'd want to live, pretty things, etc. (She offered me \$1000 with huge benefits towards the painting—which did—but upon delivery I took the money and ran. I wasn't ready to become a 'kept man'.



Portrait (with wife) in the cafe where Robert was born, 1938



Artists' Studio, John F. Kelly
1932, oil on canvas



Original illustration for *Time*, December 7, 1946. (The sailor's with Shirley Washburn posed for the young lady in this picture)

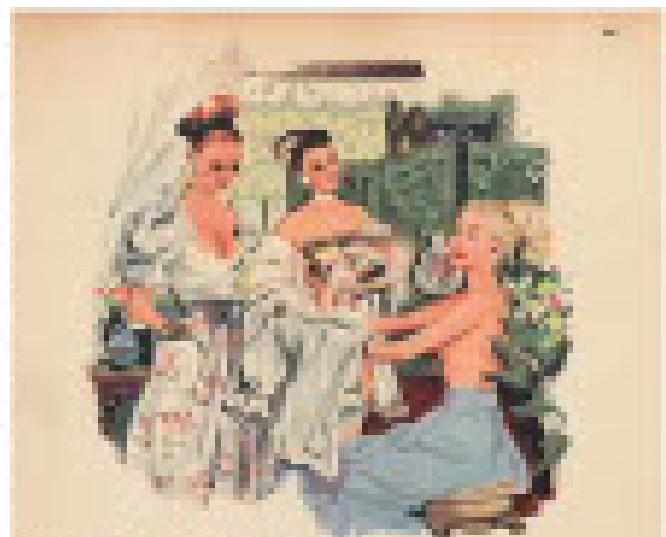
I immediately went to a tailor and ordered two suits. One was flannel and the other checkered. As was beginning to pay off. Soon after that, I acquired a frock, a pin-stripe suit, necktie, chambray gloves, stiff boated shoes, and custom-made shoes, along with a Chesterfield coat (which masculine parents). I now felt I was dressed for the part of an illustrator and a young man about town. I gave my California clothes to a dressman on 54th Street and established a sartorial status which was to be part of my dream. Fashion would always be a part of my art. I then began to hunt down fancy restaurants, fancy ladies, and French wines.

At this time in my life, illustrations were to me what rock stars are to the youth of today. It wasn't long before I began meeting my heroes. In the meantime, I did some men's fashion and some heavy sketches, and almost became a theater cashier at the Strand. I was short on funds, and John Stone was playing on stage. The next day, however, I got my first freelance job for Elizabeth Arden and turned in my white uniforms—never to be worn.

Shortly afterwards, I joined Cooper Studio, which became an affair beyond my wildest dreams. I still dream about it today. I was now in a New York newspaper and ready to join the big leagues. This was 1948, and from that on I began to live the dream and fantasy I had as a young boy. I was meeting my idols, and my experiences with the girls were turning into experiences with big girls. The art galleries and night clubs, the music and the restaurants, the fashionable men and their ladies, they were all a turn-on and I wanted to get all those feelings into my drawings. Art school was wonderful, but here was the real thing. I could draw all day and play and investigate all night. The new sounds, smells, and tastes had combined to become the best of nature. I met interesting people that had wonderful stories to tell—particularly about that wonderful world of women. I met a woman that had known Modigliani, Picasso, Degas, Gertrude Stein, and Josephine Baker. I met ministers of famous men and I was comfortable with these women. I wanted to know all about them. I wanted to draw and paint them as part of my life—as inspiration for my illustrations. I found most of them giving and glad to contribute to their time. Their talk and their shared secrets were to be used and copied or later. Making pictures and making love were all intertwined. The inspiration was there—part hot, part hotter.

MY CAREER AS AN ILLUSTRATOR

I moved to New York City in 1949 and for a year and a half had a gig as a live-in aide with the city, music, food, new friends, art, social, making samples for my portfolio, showing my work, and enjoying a cultural education. An art director at Young & Rubicam liked my work and suggested I show it to Charles E. Cooper, head of Cooper Studio, a manufacturing house for commercial artists. Under his roof I was 30 of the most talented illustrators, designers, and lettering men in the country. It was like a men's club with new members being voted in by the old guard. I was accepted with a special recommendation by George Hughes, a man famous for his Saturday Evening Post covers and many illustrations. He became my mentor



Mr. Saint Comes to Dinner . . .

Illustration by Charles E. Cooper, 1948. The artist depicts three women in elegant, light-colored dresses sitting together in a garden setting. One woman is holding a book or portfolio.

Illustration by Charles E. Cooper, 1948. The artist depicts three women in elegant, light-colored dresses sitting together in a garden setting. One woman is holding a book or portfolio.

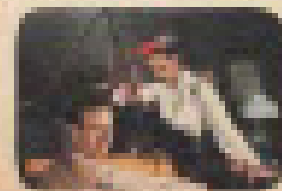
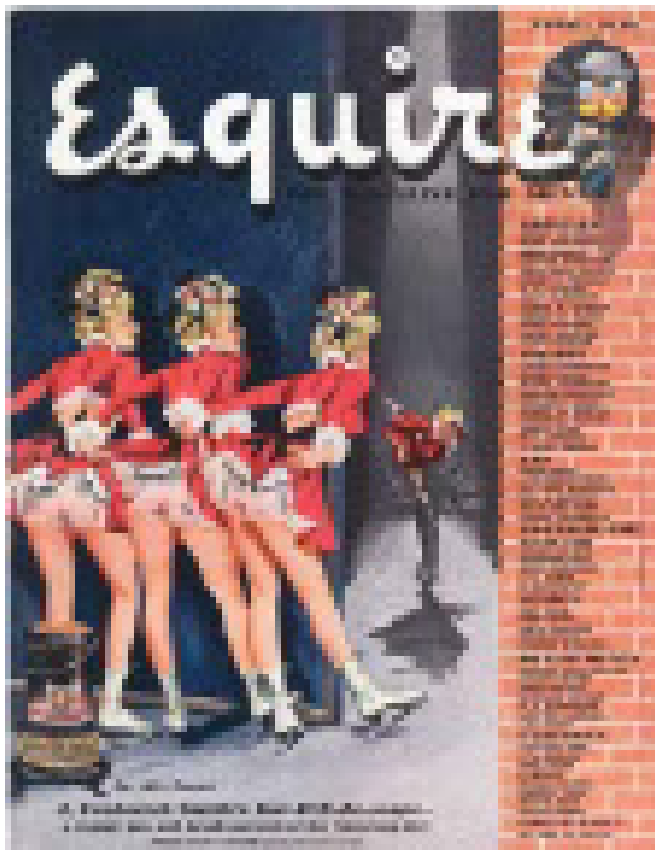


Illustration by Charles E. Cooper, 1948. The artist depicts a woman in a dark dress sitting on a bench, looking towards a man in a suit who is standing near a tall, dark structure. The background shows a cityscape with a church spire.

Illustration by Charles E. Cooper, 1948. The artist depicts a woman in a dark dress sitting on a bench, looking towards a man in a suit who is standing near a tall, dark structure. The background shows a cityscape with a church spire.

ABOVE: *Piquette Sign*, December 1948



Esquire, April 1949

and my image of what an elegant man should be—an illustrator should be (since I was thinking playing and working with all the top dogs)—for Whitcomb, Alex Ross, for Bennett, Coby Whitman, Simon-Dobson, for Bowles and many more.

The studio operated in a manner that is rare—almost today. Charles Cooper was president, and a whole lot of great editors who represented the studio in large. Each artist had his own studio in a large office building in which Cooper had several floors. We had all the physical facilities necessary for producing our work: a photo studio where we took pictures of dress lines, a supply store for art supplies, a reference library, and secretaries that handled our billing and other needs. Our large street filled with cars of Drivers South used as Paris



A Frederic Schick in his office with Cooper Studio, New York, 1940s

Illustration



Esquire, December 1949

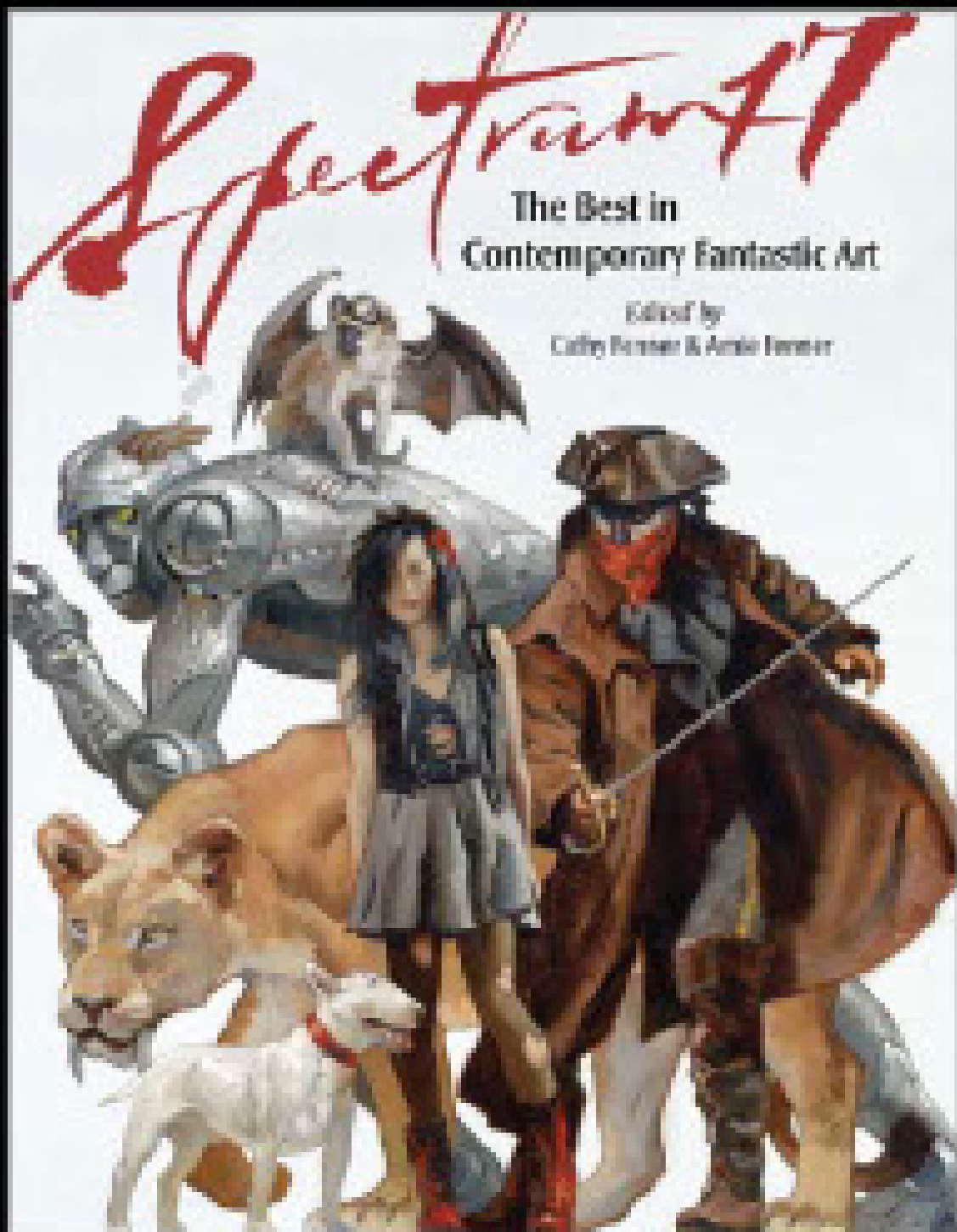
having to send out to the liquor stores. Some artists chose to work at home, but generally men were in evidence.

A wonderful atmosphere prevailed, and for a young artist it was thrilling to be able to work with these men, to discuss art and learn the business from all sides. Art school was fine, but more was learned by eating and drinking with these guys and by being part of the Friday night crap game. I soon realized that advertising was not my cup of tea. I wanted to illustrate fiction for the magazines. In the '30s, '40s, and '50s, each magazine had 10-12 pieces of fiction that had to be illustrated. I started making sketches of scenes and characters in stylish surroundings. Luckily all of my high-end hangings and current New York experiences came down on me, and I was painting my fantasies in the style of my new-found life.

Three Uncle Sam's showed up, and I was drafted into the army where I spent over four years. I was in the Army Corp of Engineers, camouflageing airports and learning to blow up bridges. I was shipped up and down the East Coast many times, and it let me get up close of living a war-zone. I was sent to New York to work for *The Book*, the army newspaper. I was stationed on East 124th Street and did illustrations for the paper and ate around the corner at the Palms Restaurant.

Not being overly bothered with work, I made a contact at *Esquire* magazine, and before I was out of uniform I was a monthly contributor, doing vehicle design around my career in historical pieces and contemporary life—anything to glamorize the female with racy cops. I did calendars, maps, and developed the J.I.S. Girl—a more worldly and

The book of magic.



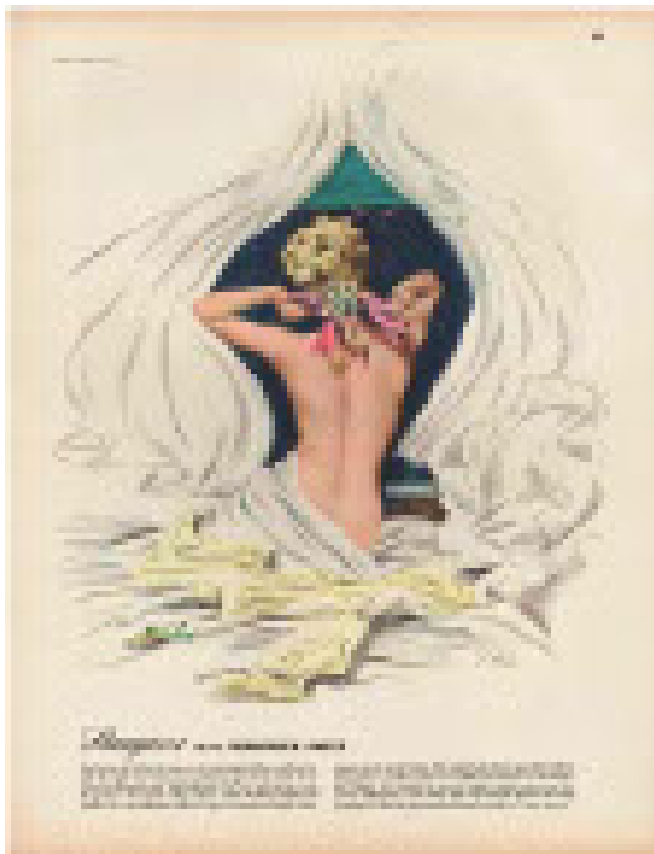
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Esquire, August 1947



Esquire, September 1947



Esquire, September 1947

11. Illustration

upbeat and more casual than, say, the *Little* or the *Tempt* Girl. The editor at the time was Dave Smart, (his counterpart today might be Hugh Hefner). Smart's first advice to me was to get a good tailor and shirtmaker, and drink at the 21 Club. I remember he once invited the poet Hilde Derman to my studio to discuss Benson's poems that I was to illustrate for *Esquire*. I was impressed with the sensitivity of the man's work, and was looking forward to producing equally sensitive paintings. I mentioned this to Smart after the meeting, and I will never forget his reply—"Take the poet," he said, "You know what we want for the magazine." I learned then that when the editor speaks, you listened, but you tried to maintain your style and integrity within the framework of the magazine as dictated by the editor and advertisers.

My work for *Esquire* was great fun, and it gave me a chance to be recognized and establish a name in the business. At that time *Esquire* was considered a bit risqué and when my contract came up, I decided to branch out and go with other magazines. *Conspiration* was the first magazine to commission me after leaving *Esquire*, that was in 1947, and I continued illustrating from then until 1953. My last job for them was a cover. (As a photographer, however, I stepped in, not moving a foot, and I contributed to the magazine under the editing of Helen Gurley Brown.)

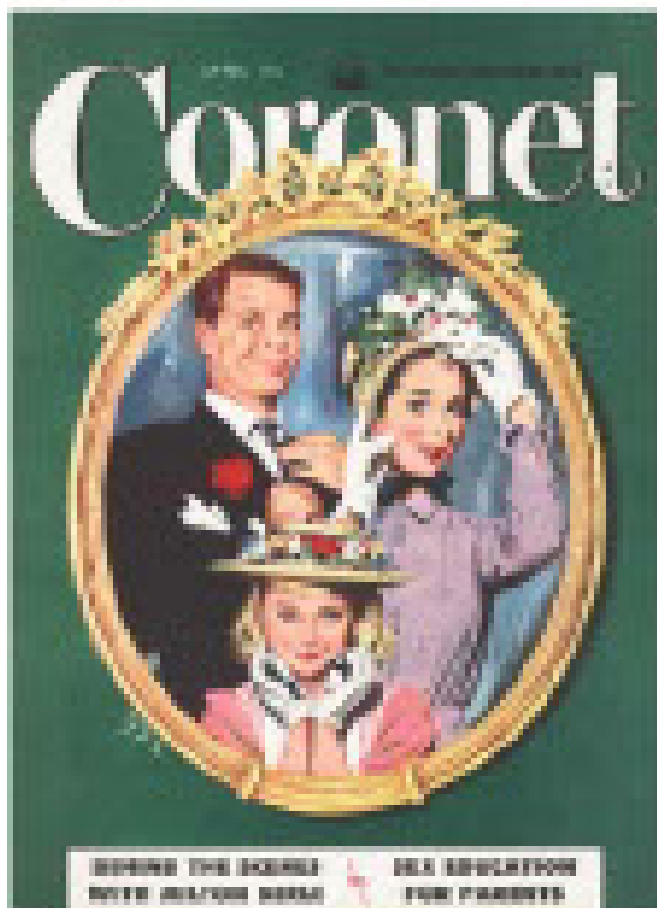
When I worked for *Esquire*, my work was more decorative and classic in style. The work for the general magazines—*Good Housekeeping*, *American*, *Woman's Home Companion*,



Coronet, February 1949



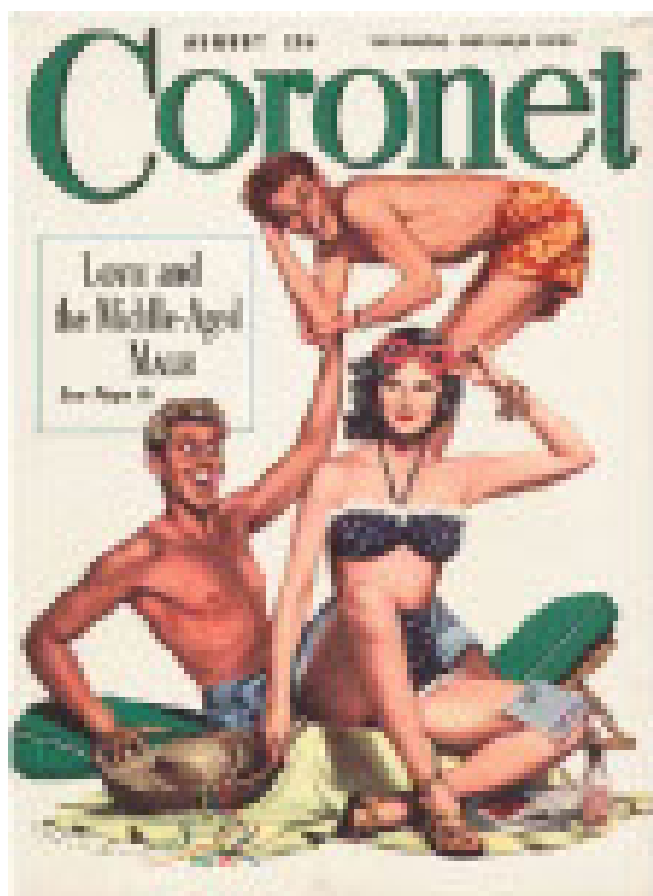
Coronet, March 1949



Coronet, April 1949



Coronet, May 1949



Cover, August 1941

McCally, Redback, Callin's, and Latta's show interest—was more realistic in feeling, and rather than draw them the model as illustration did in the '20s and '30s, we photographed models in the desired pose and painted from the plates. Models in the 1940s were getting \$5 an hour, and then later \$7, which was considered steep. In the 1950s they were getting \$25 and \$30 an hour—a substantial. Little did we realize what they'd be getting in the '60s!

By the end of the '40s, I was well on my way and my wife and I had moved to the country (Channing). In 1941 I married Sheila Baker, a fine artist, sculptress, and book illustrator. We moved to Coby Whitman's suggestion. Herb found the perfect house for us with two studios on beautiful grounds. He owned it, and it was like "Cooper in the country." The Whitmans, the DeMoss, the Barkers, and other artists lived in the neighborhood. We all had contracts with the magazine, and the days were spent painting and collaborating with our fellow artists. In the evenings it was cocktails and dinner parties. Once a week we would go in to Cooper's to deliver our jobs, have long wet lunches with our pals and in discussion, and prepare photo stories for upcoming jobs.



© Franklin Ballin with son Joe, 1947

1 | Illustration



Cover, August 1941

Every artist had his own way of working—but most of us used the Rolodex as a way of laying out a job. Our photos were projected on illustration board, and we jiggled them around to keep them from being too hard-lined. We generally used low-contrast models that were good actors and posed them in appetizing or naive, and developed these into whatever style was called for in the manuscript. Some artists depended on photos more than others, and their work was more laborious, more highly polished renderings. Others drew more freely and had more spirit and emotion suggested by the manuscript.

From rather basic sketches of the models, we would improvise and redesign them into the mode of the day. I soon discovered I was being more selective in the models I hired, and I would rent rather elaborate props, furniture, and costumes. My feeling was that the models would react better to a Dior gown and stylish hat—if that was the situation—and that they would react more cooperatively in a grand saloon or an elegant creek rather than over a apple tree. I studied old Ballin's and would often take my models to Fred's home or apartments and shoot them against existing backgrounds. My work did not have a photographic look, but I

THE *Illustration* GALLERY



The Illustration Gallery is a new place to buy and sell works of original illustration art. As a part of the Illustration magazine website, we are in a unique position to reach an audience of the most serious collectors of original illustration art in the world.

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Capital Stone Sculpture, American Register, May 1938

was approaching my work more like a photographer. Since I had always been interested in fashion, my work became more fashion-oriented than others. All of this came about eventually and helped develop my style. Life was rosy. A beautiful country home, a talented wife, two young sons, and the company of successful artists.

However, in 1936, changes were being made. TV was making its entrance, and within a short time people were watching soap operas and sitcoms, and the magazines were printing less and less fiction. The hand-writing was on the wall, TV was here to stay. Also, I was changing. I realized that, after taking my preliminary photos, doing the illustrations was somewhat anti-dramatic. I was enjoying the new medium of the camera. Rex Liberman, editor-in-chief of *Esquire*, suggested that I try a "short story" for them.

I was getting restless in the country and felt I'd left the city too soon. I was offered a studio in the city and decided to give it a whirl. As I was not interested in advertising art and I saw fiction illustration disappearing, I felt now was the time to move on. The idea felt good and I was excited. I was back in my favorite city and surroundings. Probably the happiest days of my life were spent at Camp's. We were all free agents with a great camaraderie. But I was moving on. My last job as an illustrator was a cover for *Cosmopolitan*. They wanted a heavy cover—a model with her shoulders wearing a towel as a turban on her head—with a makeup man applying lipstick. I submitted a rough sketch and to my delight they sent me with it as the finished cover. It had a spontaneity and flourish that would not have been achieved in a more-labored painting.

COSMOPOLITAN

June, 1956 - 23¢

Special Beautiful Women Issue

- ✓ The Most Beautiful Women in America - and the World
- ✓ A Miracle of Ugly Duckling into Swan
- ✓ Sexual Problems of Beautiful Women
- ✓ The Tragedy of Young-Girl Suicides
- ✓ Preview of the 1956 Baking Beauties
- ✓ Intimate Profile of Elizabeth Arden, the World's Leading Beauty Authority

Best Fiction Ever - Seven Stories plus a Novel

Cosmopolitan, June 1956. L. Harold Lloyd's Red Hotlips on cover of 1956



Original artwork illustrated for *Rolling Stone*, December 20, 1968

PRODUCING AN ILLUSTRATION

I was given a manuscript of the story to be illustrated and the art director might have some ideas, but usually he'd say "read it and get back to me with a sketch." I might spend a couple of days absorbing the story, getting to know the characters and the mood. Thinking about models and backgrounds and how to design the page or pages. It was like staging a play in a film. I'd do the casting—think about lighting and comic design and everything. I'd be the director, putting all the pieces together to get the most excitement and drama. I would consider the magazine and their editorial policy and what the editor's likes and dislikes were. Then I'd make several rough sketches and decide on one, then send it to the A.D. for his approval. With his O.K., I'd get my models and props together, discuss the situation with my models, and then photograph them in various attitudes. I'd have contact prints made—trial them out and decide on the route to go. I'd have blowups made and get to the drawing board.

I usually needed to temper on Rauschenberg Board. Sometimes I spent several days planning the picture in my mind and then rendered it in half a day. Other times, I could spend several days painting, covering each brush stroke. It all depended on the quality and spirit I was trying to achieve. I became involved in my characters and sometimes hated to see them go. Painting is a sensitive process, and each painting demands a different emotional output—based on the artist's experience and fantasy. The days in my studio were a great experience: or hard, telling stories of guys and gals that the writers had dreamed up. If a job did not go well, it was because I'd rushed my homework, not giving time for proper research and mental planning. I tried to avoid those times and preparation, because of artistic importance.

Generally, the A.D.s asked for what they contacted my style, but sometimes they'd say, "Fred, why don't you go another route? Experiment, here, but." It was marvelous what that happened. When an A. D. gave you that chance you'd





Michael Sauter illustrated for *Real Menstruating Men*, 1997



Illustration created for Good Housekeeping Beauty 1997



Digital illustration for "Honor's Home Campaign, November 1993"

<https://www.dailymail.com/arts/illustration/article-3811117>



Digital artwork illustration for 'Manus' from 'Sappho' April 2011



head over backwards to please. One of the great things about illustration in those times was the one-on-one relationship we had with the A.D.s. You felt wanted and had a great desire to be inventive and creative, and when you were called or got a telegram, straight stating you on a job well done, you felt well rewarded. Today, with so much work done by committee, it becomes very impersonal and painful when there's creative talent as an artist. Some artists work only for money, but most of those I have known worked for the personal pleasure and competitive spirit between each other. I would never touch the financial rewards, as they were excellent, but the treatment of illustration is a very lonely thing.

THE MODELS

The models in the 1930's and '40s were a different breed from those to come when photography took over. Model agencies (John Robert Powers, Corcoran, and a few others) had not become big business, and the model was more or less an honor for you. In the early days, there were two outstanding ones—Hank White and Helen Haines. They did nearly 75 percent of the business, getting \$5 to \$10 an hour including good food. It was paid only to the firm and taxes were not paid then. Hank and Helen could solve all problems for all artists. They were

handsome and beautiful in the every body sense, and could interpret any mood. They looked good in the clothes of the time or in period costumes. Helen had a rubber face that could express any emotion, and Hank could handle all of the mechanical assignments. Together they made great lovers. And then there were the character actors—Samuel Chinn, Good Old Moon, The Teenager, and The Longshoreman. Most stories, however, called for down-out romantic types.

There were some accidents, though. One I remember in particular—the first time I met her, she came into Cooper's carrying a fat cat, hair piled high and wheeling a baby carriage. She said one of the artists wanted her to see me—and so we did. She introduced herself—took off her coat—underneath she had no marks, opera hose, a garter belt, and high heeled shoes. That was all I tried to be cool and intrigued about her baby. She walked into the buggy and brought out a hot pot noodle. So this is the big time, I thought. She'd appear in the studio most every week with the same act. No one started to-tit of the act, but I never knew anyone to back her—as a model, that is.

They had great names at that time: Katy Nail, Sandy Hill, Chelly Williams (the police det. gal), and Candy Jones, who later ran her own agency. One girl, however, in 1947,

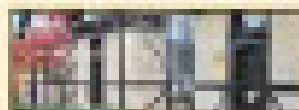


Moon Over Mt. St. Helens
Frank E. Schoonover
 1877 - 1972

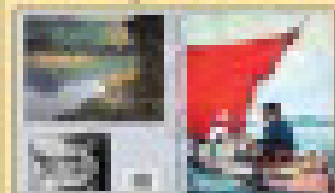
Oil on canvas; 20" x 24"; 1934
 # 1246 in the Catalogue Raisonné
 Appeared in *The Valley of the Volcanos*
Red Book Magazine, August, 1934
 Price on request

Schoonover Studios is very pleased to be exhibiting at the 47th annual Delaware Antiques Show presented by Whitman. This prestigious event is planned for Friday thru Sunday, November 5th to the 7th at the Chase Center on Wilmington's waterfront. The Studios will display work by American Illustrators and local and regional artists from the mid 1800's to 1940.

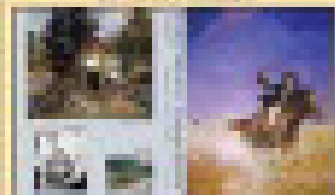
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Frank E. Schoonover Catalogue Raisonné



Pages of Volume I



Pages of Volume II

The work in the making, the Frank E. Schoonover Catalogue Raisonné is a scholarly and comprehensive publication containing 100 pages and featuring over 2,000 images that celebrate Schoonover's extraordinary artistic and illustrative career. Volume I includes 1,000 images, and Volume II includes 1,000 images. Volume I is available for \$199.95 and Volume II for \$199.95. The two-volume set is available for \$399.95. The set includes a hardcover book, a CD-ROM, and a DVD-ROM. The set is available for purchase at www.schoonover.com.



Original show illustration by George Petty, circa 1930s

was on her way to becoming a star. Her name was Carmen Dell'Orefice, and at 11, Carol Barnes had done a Vogue cover of her like was long and lean with broad shoulders and hair to her waist. In her prime she was a food model—a wild and wonderful, rustic animal in demand by artists and photographers. Carmen typifies the chic, elegant woman of the world. She has a look and style all her own. She has no clones. [Carmen Dell'Orefice is still modeling today, after more than 60 years in the business. She recently made headlines when it was reported that she had lost most of her left leg up to Beverly Hills.]

In the '50s, the fashions took over the field and made it big business. Once a Primrose model with her father, she the symbol of nature, now a Fred model was top of the line and a whole new group of beauties was sprung upon the world. They were



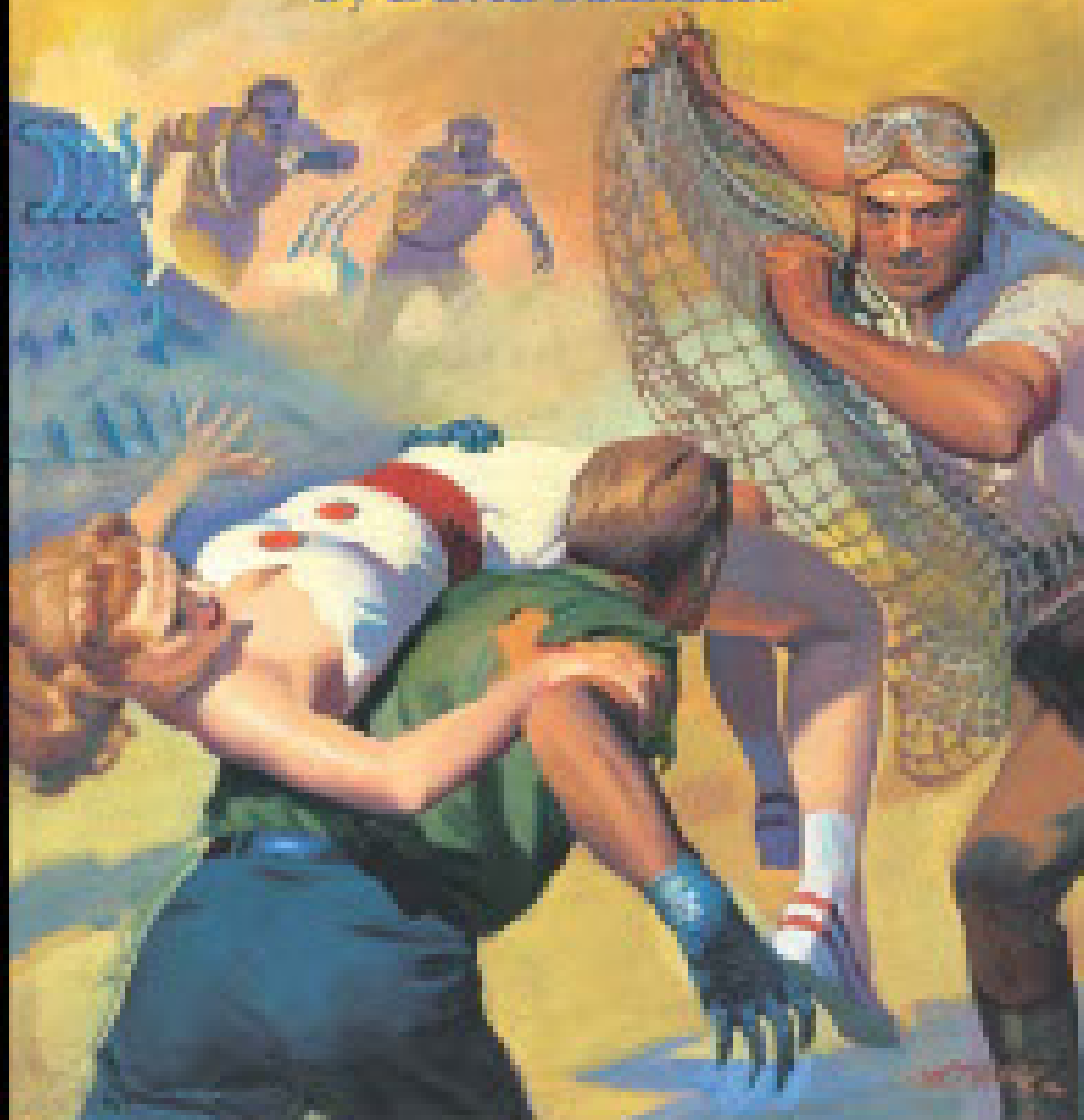
Carmen Dell'Orefice at the moment today

great for photographers, but illustrators alike, chose a model less distinctive. A mannequin was great for Dior or Balenciaga, but the artist needed more of an actor—more Kelly and Hound Florence, my direction in illustration was changing and I was enjoying the new breed, so by the time I relinquished brushes for camera, I was ready for the Mary Jane Beach, Carmen Dell'Orefice, Devin Leigh, Wilhelmina, Sunny Harlow, etc. Each model served her purpose and her year and even every-leggy teenage model to be modeled. Misses' systems were out, models were in. I do remember, though, the great illustrative Primrose Carter. He had two models, a guy and a girl. They went with him every day for several years. He painted directly from them, using them in all of his illustrations. He was a grand tradition and he was a great gentleman, an era in history ended when he died.



H.J. Ward

by David Saunders



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Illustration by Robert R. Taylor, 1960s



Maybe you'll want to try the look for
yourself. The look is simple,
but it's a classic. You'll love it.

Marie Perle (Illustration 2006)



Grandly I swept onstage
knowing the \$100-dollar feather hat
I'd bought with the real money.

64



Seymour Chwast, 1950s



Illustrator's camera



Illustration by
Lillian
Harris
for
the
Illustrator's
camera

Artist: "Illustrator's camera" illustrates about 1. How to use the camera's settings

MY CAREER AS A PHOTOGRAPHER

In 1936, I did my last job as an illustrator and my first as a photographer. Before I took a studio in New York city, I did a job for Lady Rowington in my home in the country. An A.D. at Young and Rubicam gave me this job when he heard I was considering photography. It was a beauty shot of a girl in her bathrobe. It was to be done with an 8 x 10 camera—which I knew nothing about. I built a set, in one living room using a Minkentwende wall of crystal cutlery. My wife designed and made a beautiful piece of lingerie, showing lots of leg. I hired the local picture photographer to bring over his 8 x 10 view camera, load film, and show me how to use the weird set of gears. All I knew how to use was the Argolite.

I hired Kathy Wallace, a Ford model. She took the girls to my home in Ossining. My wife got her dressed and ready to go. I was making adjustments to the set, and Kathy sat down in a chair off the set and went ahead of glass, completely covering the backside of the lingerie. In an aside to me, my wife said, "I bet this is the business you want to go into!" Kathy was a model, being married by Eileen Ford (to maintain proper model connections), and she was not in a good mood. I mentioned this later to Eileen, that she was given a bad review. Eileen said, "Talk to her about her cream and she'll come to life." Kathy, despite all, did a fine job, and when we finished I wanted to rush to New York and get the film processed. I offered Kathy

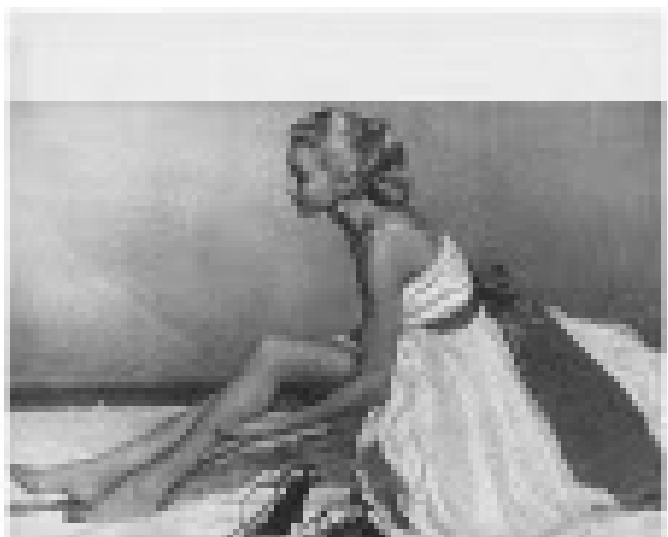


Illustration by Lillian Harris for the camera's settings to help her with her camera and painting—read for more on the camera's settings



Illustration by Lillian Harris for the camera's settings to help her with her camera and painting—read for more on the camera's settings

A woman in a white dress sitting on a bed, looking towards the camera. The image is a small inset photograph within the main article's text.

A woman in a white dress sitting on a bed, looking towards the camera. The image is a small inset photograph within the main article's text.

a ride back to town (I wanted to show off my new red Austin Healy. I'd become a sports car nut). So with the excitement of completing my first photo assignment and driving Kathy with her flowing red hair and the roar of my new toy, a top-picked me up and gave me a speeding ticket. Slowly, I went over New York, deposited Kathy, and waited for the film to be developed. I stayed overnight and delivered the pictures to Young & Rubicam the next day. They were delighted, and that got me on about nine.

Shortly thereafter, I had a chance to buy a studio on East 57th Street. I decided to share it with its previous owner (a well-known photographer) on a partnership arrangement. I had hardly moved in when Young & Rubicam gave me another assignment—another Rowington ad to be shot in Florida. The contact: a guy and gal in a sports car race—he's using his portable camera while she drives him. In the background of these were to be race cars and all the things. Overhead there was to be a helicopter, and in the pull, a yacht. I was to leave the next day, find models in Palm Beach, set up the shot and shoot it there—day done me, an 8 x 10.

My new partner (and more to be my partner) said, "No race, Fred." I assumed he would go along on the shoot and assist me. When I arrived the next morning ready to leave, he told me he wasn't going but he had loaded the film for me to make five feet tall. His advice was "take a picture, you'll find





Original photo illustration for American Magazine, 1960s

models somewhere and get a local portrait photographer to get you his 16 1/2 and meet you." "Great!" I thought. Now what about the sports cars, the helicopters, the yacht, and the location?

I called home to tell my wife I was on my way and took the night flight to Miami. I rented a car and headed for Palm Beach. As I drove, I thought, one race car back. I'll look up the local sports car club and ask for help finding the race cars. I checked into a hotel and was up early the next morning to see reproduction on my first 'opic.' The sports car club was very excited. They said they would get their members to cooperate with five cars. I visited a good-looking cop on the street and asked him to model for me. I also asked him if he knew good-looking girls who would want to model as well. He answered yes to both questions. He also arranged for a location permit and had one of his buddies handle traffic control. I walked into the first portrait studio that I saw (Goldblum, passport photos, and hair extended) and explained my situation. The owner was willing and eager to assist, as his business was slow at the time. I found a location, a yacht, and talked to a helicopter owner; they got the O.K.s and ran back to the cop. He had limo-up girls for me. I came out. Then I went back to the hotel and called everyone to coordinate the next day's shooting. I called my wife and told her what was happening, that I was still alive...and then I collapsed.

TEMPEST in TELEVISION

It was a great experience...
 The...
 ...

The...
 ...
 ...

By...
 ...

The next morning I picked up my mechanical photo assistant and we went to the location, a road along a canal. There was the yacht, medical flag up, and the helicopter pilot to greet me. The sports cars began to arrive. The models were there along with the car I had rented for the driver. I couldn't believe all had happened so smoothly. I instructed the pilot to hover over the yacht while I got my models in place and the race cars in position. All looked good in the ground glass when all of a sudden a huge white Rolls Royce drove up and nearly ran over us. That staggered a guy, took the worst for us, who said, "Good damn it, get off my property before I have you arrested!" Lots of four-letter phrases filled the air. I thought, "Oh shit!" I knew things were going too well. They looked at the back of the Rolls and there was a blonde hairdressed...an ex-street model TV brown and worked with as an artist. She recognized me and laughed. She said, "Forget it, Harvey is involved in casual." In the meantime, the security cops were coloring him down and putting him in the back of his car and his chauffeur drove him off. Harvey turned out to be Harvey Dodge of Dodge Auto firm. My friend was one of his many wives. The shoot continued smoothly until all the film was spent and I was exhausted. Eventually I was back on the plane headed for New York, but the experience was a great lesson learned.

In many ways I was not prepared for photography, but in



Digital color illustration by American Illustration June 1944



Digital image illustration, 1939. (Illustration/rockwell.com used by the artist)

other ways I was way ahead. I'd had 15 years of experience as an illustrator, I'd been making pictures and developing as an artist, I'd made friends in the magazine and advertising business, and they had all welcomed me to the club and felt I would make a contribution to this new medium, and that in many ways it was a better situation for my career. I'd started years of experimentation on my own in this new world.

As an illustrator I had dealt with color, design, human emotion, and everything. I was more in charge of my picture making than generally occurs in photography. I was creating my own layouts and compositions and dealing with fiction rather than product—my product was romance and fantasy—as ingredients that became very important in my photography. The aesthetics I had established gave me a head start and helped me to establish a definite style that might have taken years to develop as a beginning photographer. I also had the advantage of being my own art and costume designer and stylist. I was in charge of all the elements of picture making and it was several years before I began to bring in specialists to assist me.

Bert Green once told me, "You're death to try and do it all yourself." I wasn't ready to give up my hands-on approach, so I became lazier. I realized Bert was quite right—there wasn't time to do it all, but in the beginning, I believed I did it the right way. That way you will be able to better maintain the free-

lance services that are available for production and research.

So began my first year in my new studio. It had been set up for a full life man dining in foods, so there was a lot of camera equipment. This could be great for snap, ice cream, pizza, and steamed chickens, but I'd be dealing with human beings and would need different equipment. I used all tungsten lights in the beginning as they were great for establishing records, and for several years I omitted studio lighting, though I eventually realized the benefits.

The first thing I did was hire Blake Wilber as assistant. He'd been in charge of the dark room at Cooper, and he was going to join me. We went like babes in the woods, but it was exciting and every experiment was fun and instructive. I was still thinking like an illustrator and being frustrated by certain limitations of the camera. From I learned to diffract, change, soften, and diffuse. I began to think I was making pictures—not just putting images on film. In that year's time we put together a pretty good portfolio, and it became time to have an agent to get the work circulating.

Dick Mendelsohn was just out of the navy and ready to see the world on his (his father and aunt had been artists' eye and the business was in his blood) and that held for the next several years. He worked night and day, doing every job that came down the pipe. I worked weekends and holidays and he

was a stranger at home. When I was home, I suffered from various fatigue. I stayed out on the sofa. I was really beating physically. My life as an artist had been spent as a drawing board and my muscles had atrophied. As a photographer I was like a haphazard—filming, clanking, squinting, running, and building. There was no time to rest. It was stimulating and I was in my element. After a while, the above and pain left.

I was doing national ads for Claret, Fortes, General Motors, Pepsi Cola, Cuban Cigarettes, and everything and anything. About this time, I had the wonderful experience of doing the first ever photographic fiction illustration for the Saturday Evening Post. Photo Illustration at that time had been successful only for images on the Detective, True Romance, and Crime Story. Photos were not expected and didn't have the magic and mystery that a painting had. The artists picture me, though, were well-suited to my style and my experimenting had shown me how to remove the scars of the hard-fisted photographs.

The first was entitled "The Sea Witch" by Robert Nisbet. It was a fantasy of a mermaid-like creature coming out of the sea. My wife made a beautiful headpiece for her, made all bubbles, seaweed, and sea shells, a fantasy in itself. I photographed her coming up out of the Hudson River near my house. I used an 8 x 10 with an Empire lens to diffuse and soften the image and create a fairy tale quality. It was a beautiful picture, and I was asked immediately to do another story. This one was called "The Swamp Girl." I created a creature

...the first of a new kind of photography...
 ...the first of a new kind of photography...
 ...the first of a new kind of photography...

The first of a new kind of photography...
 ...the first of a new kind of photography...
 ...the first of a new kind of photography...

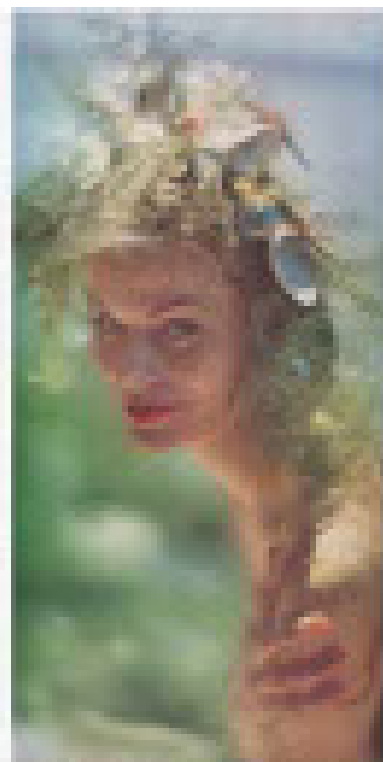


Photo fiction photo illustration for The Saturday Evening Post, 1956.

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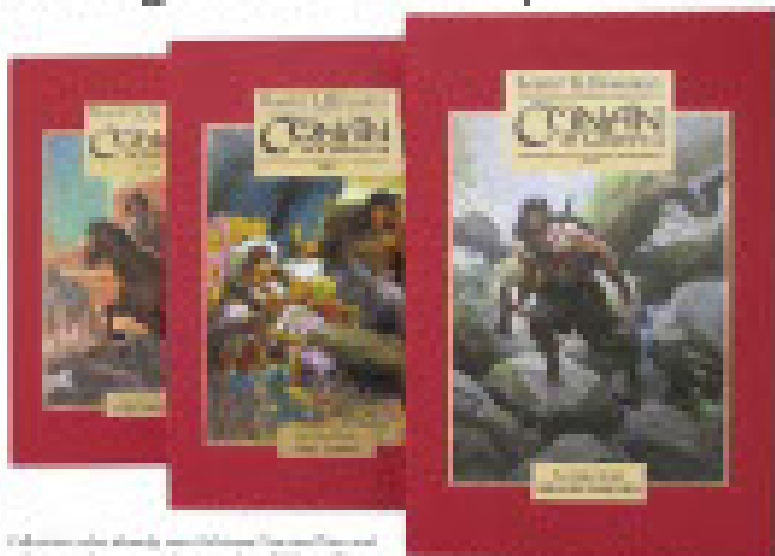
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Original vintage illustration for *Goodwillies*, September 1941 (Illustrator Joe Heiter wanted for his picture)



Original vintage illustration, 1930s



Digital Media Illustration, 1990s



Bill Board, 1950s

room in my studio and loaded it with Spanish roses, rose trucks, exotic flowers, and stuffed birds. The story was about a backwoods girl, her lover, a black rose, and a young child. This time my wife made a Calico dress, properly labeled with a wedding table linen. Once again I used the 8 x 10 camera with the images lens, and a dramatic flourish was created by looping all but the girl's left shoulder. One could actually feel and smell the rosemary.

This job was followed by another called "The Hunt," a newspaper story about a girl married in her for many years who had been recently discovered by an old farmer in his ice house. I could have easily produced the effect of the girl in ice by photographing her behind a piece of frosted glass, but the *N. Y. Times* wanted me to really assault the model in a huge cube of ice so they could write about it in the editor's column to explain how the picture was made, etc. I had Knickerbocker Ice Company deliver a 400-pound cube of ice to the studio. From underneath, we chipped chunks for her head and shoulders. We covered the ice with straw and a wild man. The model crouched inside holding her breath so as not to fog the ice. It was hard work, but everyone loved doing the job—except the model. It was cold and claustrophobic in there. My ice pictures created a demand for more ice pictures, and it seemed as though the ice must come to my studio every week. I soon did a job for *Illustration & News*—a girl in an ice flow with the



Personal photograph, 1950s

Lenna Ferraris behind her. I was having fun and becoming less intimidated with my new medium. I was able to use it and not have it use me.

Some of my first work was for *Condé Nast*, but I soon realized that editorial fashion was not too lucrative. I had a family and country home to maintain and *Vogue* was not going to help me do so. I wasn't easy about the social game that had to be played in that world and so I concentrated on advertising—a switch from my distant illustration. I had traveled a lot and had established contacts that were satisfying and inspiring, but I didn't want to take on every job that came along only to prove I could do it. My assistant was happy, my agent was happy, my secretary was happy, and the money was there—no there were no complaints. But I felt it was time to consider my options. I knew I was a photographer, but I wanted to show more in quantity and improve the quality. I decided to take time off to rethink my work and do some new samples. I told my assistant, Elaine, that I needed to work alone for a while. Perhaps this was the time for him, too, to start his own business.

All the time I was doing my commercial work, I could find time to do my personal work. I would take models that I was attracted to and produce portraits of them, the pictures that they inspired, and pictures that I'd create were in-depth studies of women and their ever-evolving imagination for me.

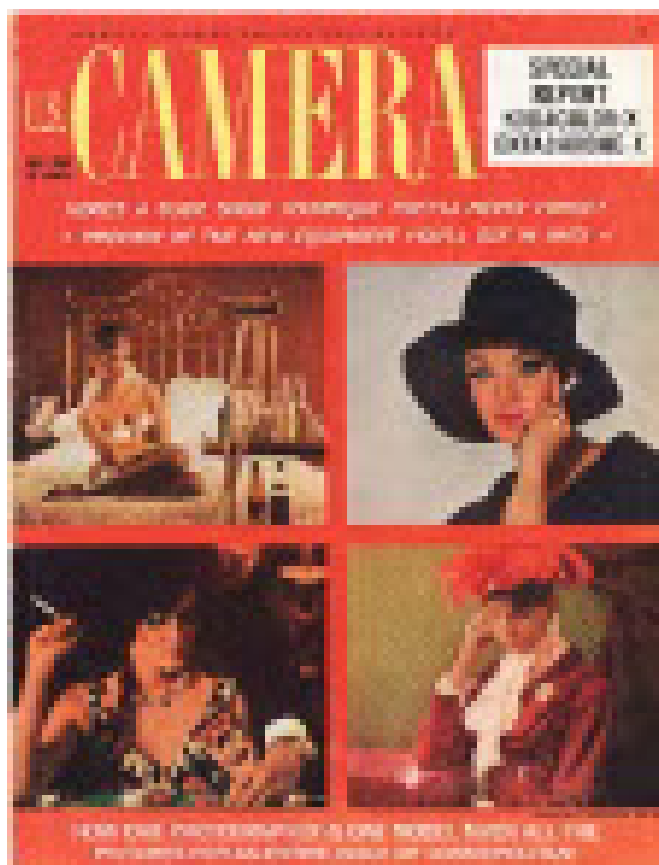


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Cover photo by E.J. Eisen, May 1984

In 1983, I did a portfolio of model Pat Smith over a six-month period. We worked together as often as possible. She was a born model and actor with a natural humor and a sense of the ridiculous. She had a great body and no inhibitions. I did these pictures solely for my own pleasure and no completion post for a complete copy of the portfolio. Along the way, Jack Warner met her and saw the pictures and did a screen test of her. I showed my portfolio to Bob Adelman, the distributor of *Cosmopolitan* (1983), and he suggested I do a complete issue of *Camera* using Pat for all the pictures. I agreed and said, "What do we need?" They had an issue coming up based on women and their problems and it was given to me. Pat was to be "all women"—unless it turned out otherwise. The issue dealt with women and alcohol, the large woman, prostitution, gambling, Tennessee Williams' heroines, and famous women in history (Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, Carrie Nation, etc.). There was an article on a male homosexual, and there were eight pieces of fiction, articles cover—a real issue de force. Pat spent two weeks at our home in the country where I'd lined up most of the locations. I had not a day in day schedule and we did the job with no A.D.s and no inhibitors. I was an assistant working with a talented model who had no doubts equal to mine, and we turned out a first-of-its-kind of assignment. Pat got another screen test, and I got the best kind of P.R.—you can get.



Cover photo by E.J. Eisen, January 23, 1984, the first "beach issue"

MY STUDIO

When they first visit my studio, many clients and models remark, "Can this look like a photographer's studio?" At first I didn't understand, until I found out that many studios were like lecture or operating rooms. I guess I carried over from my painting studio. I read things surrounding me, and not only camera gear. I had paintings and photographs (mostly personal) on the walls and on the tables. Lots of art books, good jazz, and classical records—odds and ends of interesting literature, cases of wine, and a well-stocked bar.

The studio grew with me, special requests and gifts that were given to me. I had lots of old fabrics, tapestries, and a wardrobe of classic clothes—things that never went out of style that were always usable and exciting. Tacky and glibby dress stuff didn't say long. It was used over and then thrown out. John Ford's agent once told me that he had an antique fabric-rug jacket, and whenever a model came in an impulse he put it to her to put on, and she came to life again. I had quality I would never see plastic flowers or fruit in a job. Can you imagine a woman being turned on by a plastic rose or a plant of paper or instead of champagne? I've been offered a great deal of money for some of the old fabrics—no way. I'd rather lose a camera. I try to keep a feeling of warmth and pleasure, because I want people to relax and enjoy being with me.

Closets or rooms from old apartments generally layed up and jerry, and I try to relax them and get them out from under



Original gothic couple, 1986



Original public scene, 1970s

their presence makes." This is not to suggest I wasn't prepared. Preparation and organization are my key words. I always make it appear easy and under control. I've told my assistants never to open technical "weather journals." The shooting had been planned in advance and on the day of the shoot we went off the schedule, delays, and making people to be at ease and concentrate on the mood and adventure of picture making. It was an adventure. I had a laptop to follow, but we were dealing with human beings, an ill-lit, and I wanted them to be free to contribute, improvise, and forget that we were in a studio.

I had dedicated assistants and studio girls, and when I had freelance makeup artists, hairdressers, and stylists. I tried to use people I knew and people that would add magic to the setting. People often remarked that it was a nice place to come to and how easy it all seemed. It's necessary for me to work under these conditions. I'm not a yellor or a screamer. As an actor, I was a liner and created what was right for me, and I had my days and nights to do it in. As a photographer, my time is limited by the hours the models and my clients keep. But, I still want it peaceful. Obviously there were times when things went wrong—model tantrums or equipment failure, costume girls who didn't show up with the necessary—but over the years my staffs had the abilities I wanted, a place to enjoy and a place to make my pictures.

DEALING WITH CLIENTS

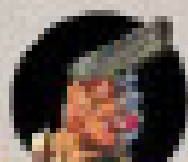
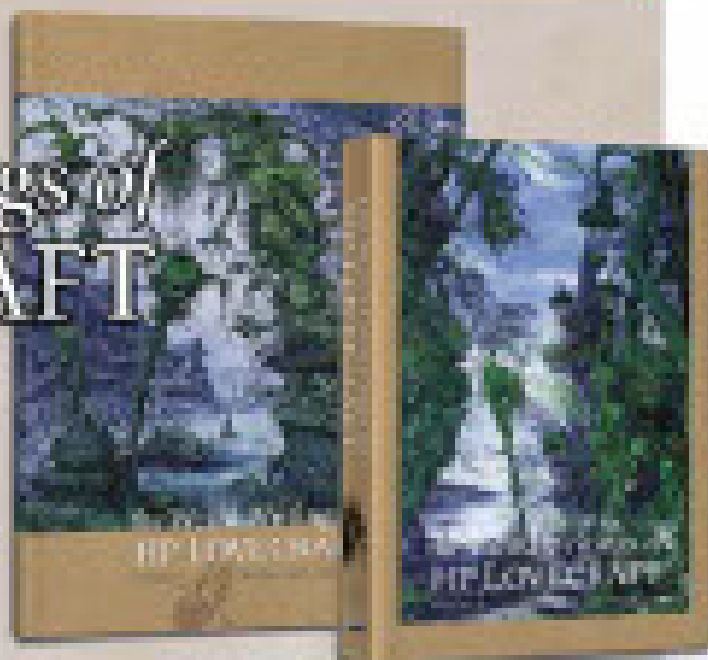
I was traveling a lot in the '80s. There were not too many places that my camera had not led me to. I discovered I could work rather well as a working photographer than as a right-seeing tourist. With an assignment, there was always a mission to accomplish. Dick Gangel of Sports Illustrated would give me an assignment and say "go have an adventure" I like the unknown in location shooting. If it rains, I try to take advantage of it. The same for all the other elements. You have to solve problems that sometimes improve on the original idea.

Models want to do different environments—hot, cold, wet, dry, windy, etc., and they give new life to a picture. In Paris, I used a little Left Bank hotel for my studio, the coverage became friendly with me and every day a couple of wild cats were sent to my room, along with wild mice/terris when it rained. Not a bad way to work. The models loved it and reacted accordingly. I learned about and visited Denmark and Sweden with my Danish assistant. I traveled about Japan, Hong Kong, Bangkok, and India with my close friend, Helen Davis, and her husband, Herb, who is an authority on Asian countries. I was able to have doors opened for me and shoot in places otherwise inaccessible. Sports Illustrated introduced me to David Levin taking in Miami Cuba, and in recent years I have traveled all over Europe and the far west India doing a feature

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Advertisement for Schlitz with, *ENR*, April 1, 1971

creating. I also spent a wonderful Robinson-Canoan weekend in the South Pacific on a cruise, on a more island, in the typical grass shack in complete solitude, with only my companion whom I photographed lying in transparent waters, shooting her against several sunset and sunsets. I love the island and by every year to go to them to sleep alone.

The business, though, is becoming more and more computerized and done via computer. A/Ds are now called producers; reports in marketing and research. It's all very important and there is very little one-on-one contact.

One exception was working with Bob Elliott, a brilliant creative director in the trust sense. He asked me to work with him on a project for Seagram's vodka. He said we would do it together with no other agency personnel. The idea was to get a group of about 100 young people, take them places and have them enjoy life—good food, good fun, good company—with vodka as part of their lifestyle and not a hint of the bottle in the picture—but no big sell. I got together a bunch of fun-loving kids and we had a picnic with fun and games in the country. The girls dressed in soft antique clothes and the guys relaxed informally. The day was beautiful and I documented their joy and fun with vodka. Bob and I edited the shots and were excited with the results. We had prints made and layouts were submitted to the client. I asked Bob how they were received. "Terrible," he said. "They don't think they look like liquor ads. No big bottles—no hard sell. They won't show them

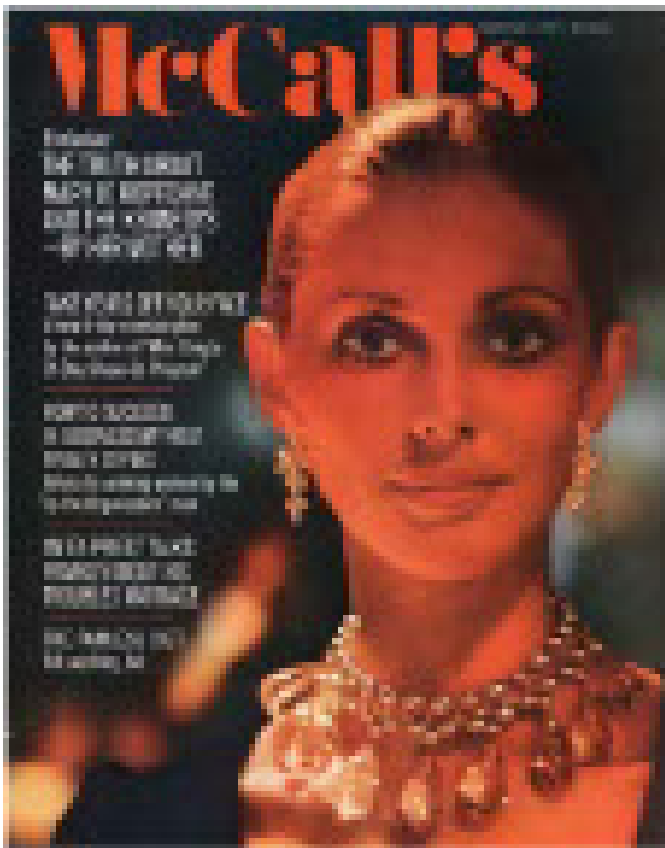


Original Schlitz ad for Schlitz, *ENR*, April 1, 1971

to my management, so forget the whole idea and don't forget 'we told you so!'

A year later, Bob had a meeting with the president of Seagram and was asked what because of three years would still he had done for them. Bob told him the reaction of the junior executives. He blew up. He said, "See that the work you sent to me." It was sent to him and he loved it. It became a long-running campaign, with too many of the underlings running scared. The client assumed that things were on the light of day.

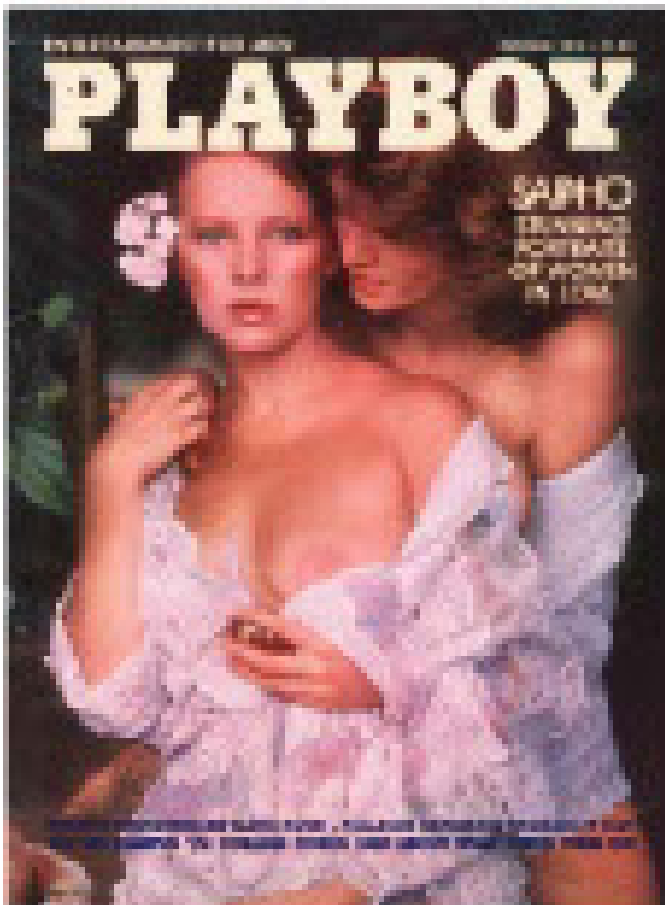
With Christ, I deal directly with the computerized domain. I had a long run. It's much easier when you deal directly with the client. Over the years, I have attended creative meetings and listened to many people expound on the psychology, etc., of the conception of the ad. I had to sort of 'tune out.' There were so many do-and-don'ts to inhibit you that you could hardly make a picture. Today so many people get into the art of producing an ad—the handovers, makeup artists, manicurists, stylists, art designers, location hunters, and even parapsychologists. Things become overly produced and it becomes too much of a good thing. Compare American Sign and its desire for super perfection with Italian Sign which has a more fun, relaxing approach. Christ becomes sterile, while there has more fun and excitement. Today's preoccupation with statistics, hi-tech, and computers is doing away with the human element and it seems rather sad. It takes some of the romance out of life, but I think there is still a place for the



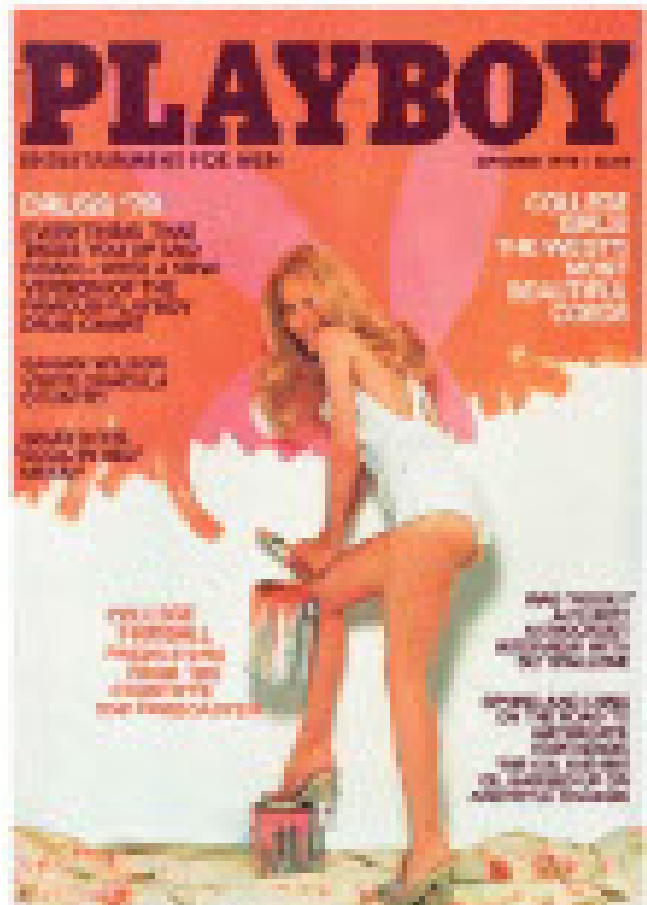
Cover photo for McCalls, December 1978



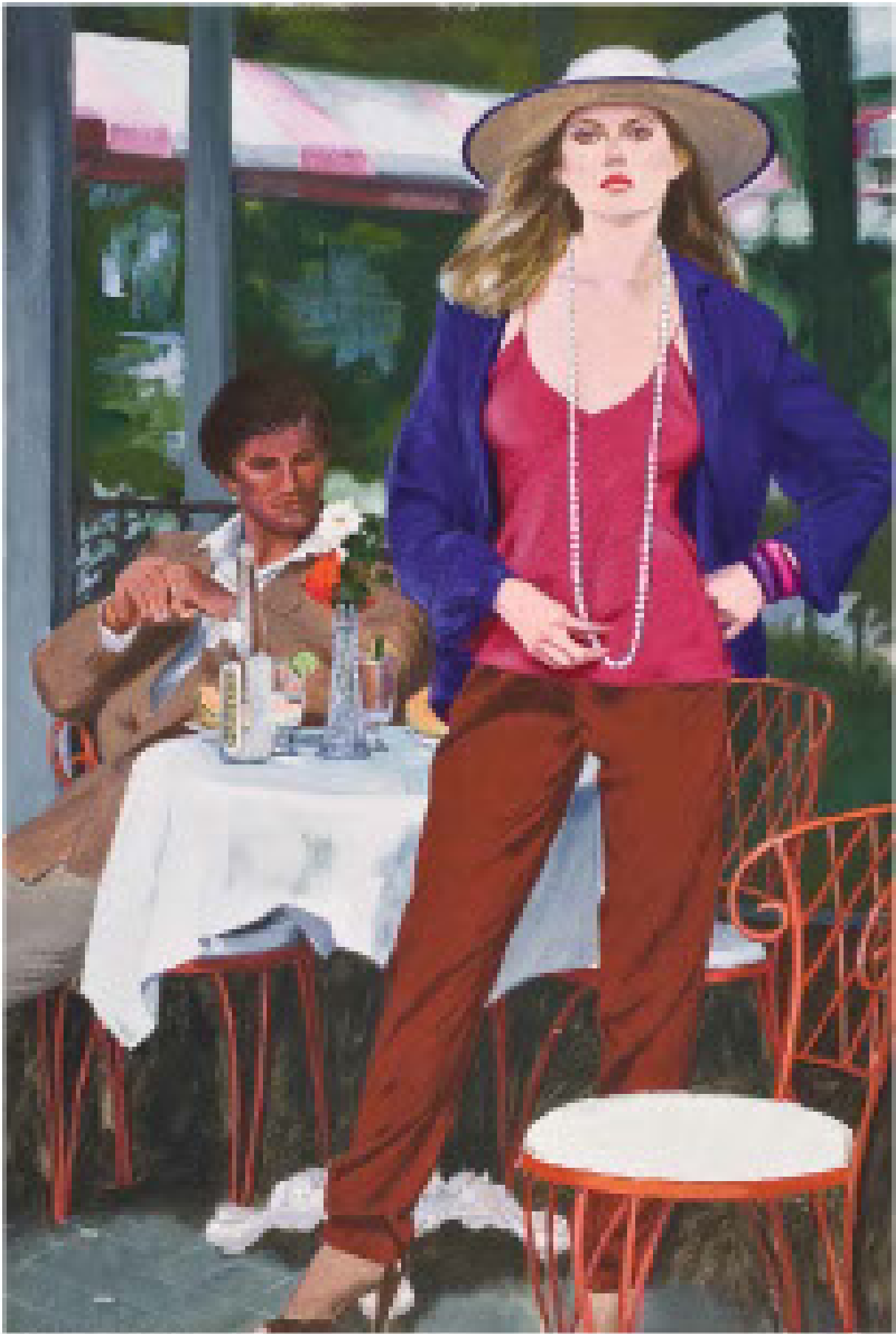
Cover photo for OUI, August 1978



Cover photo for Playboy, October 1978



Cover photo for Playboy, September 1978



Magnum/Artista single, 1986.



Original portfolio cover, 1976.



Digital illustration by *Illustration by [unreadable]*, 1988

St. Illustration



Original Movie Illustration for *Equus*, 1984



Original Sin (1996)



Untitled (Woman Illustration for Playboy, February 1994)

artist, that human eye and the brain must still not outpace the robot. Everyone wants an auto-focus camera and anyone can put an image on film, but in many ways, the parallel camera is as natural to you now as producing a film picture than the camera-driven Nikon.

SUMMING UP/LIFESTYLE

In many ways my life hasn't changed. My work has branched out, but I am really doing what I have always wanted to do—make pictures. I think, maybe, I'd like to paint again, though mostly for my own pleasure. Recently I have done some illustration for the magazine after a 35-year hiatus. I was a bit rusty, not quite as facile, but better in many ways. Life's experiences are what art is about and I've kept growing and keeping your eyes and mind open, your work should improve. I've been successful in the commercial business and have maintained my integrity as an artist. I have never been bored and always feel that single when I start a new project. I have done several books that have become classics in their own way—books quite different in content, but still dealing with women. Some are pure fantasy and one is rather biographical. One project started as a one-shot assignment developed into an 11-year series of fashion catalogs shot in all parts of the world—some 50 catalogs in all. One ongoing project is my photo diaries. People and places, lovers and friends that have crossed my path since

arriving in New York.

Sometimes I go in my dark room and drag out old film and develop pictures from the past, all very exciting, forgotten places and moments. My models have not generally become lovers. It takes away a bit of the mystery and adds impersonalities and commercialism to picture making. When jobs have been blown and location trips given away by the photographer and his lover at odds with each other, business and passion, you do not contribute to a healthy atmosphere. That is my belief. Some, though, there are triangles and romances—different strokes for different folks. The times I have been involved with a special person have been very rewarding. Passions that might not normally take place in my general work are revealed in what have become my diaries. Moments shared and spent, travel and adventures, moments of private days. I do not think the camera has intruded or removed the soul in these relationships.

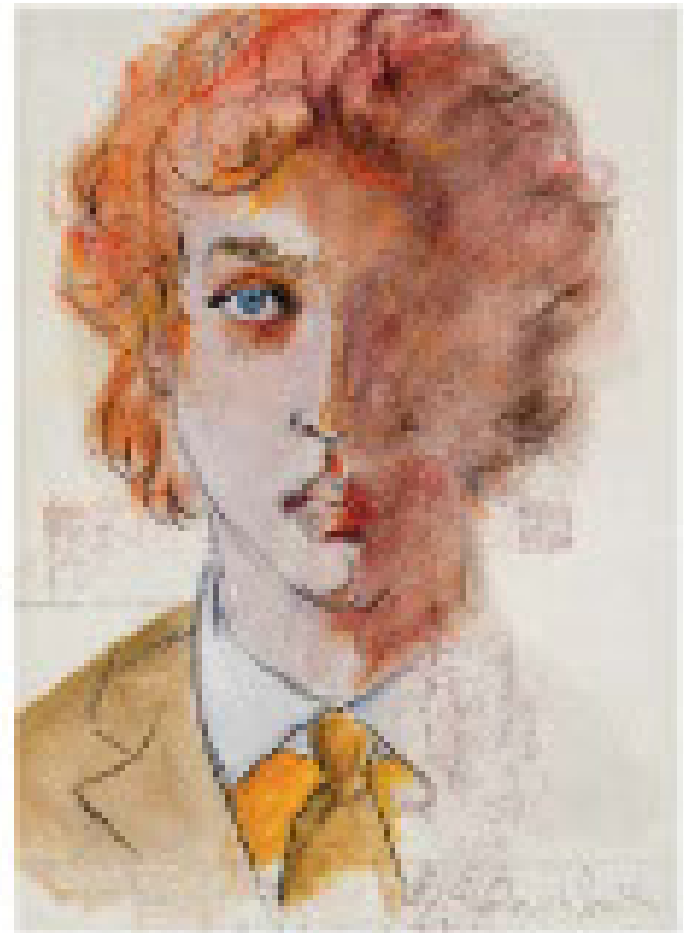
In some projects, I have been able to help guide or instruct young photographers, models, actors, and artists. It is rewarding to be able to pass on information and ideas to others in the same way that the learning process was given to me. Every photographer does his best thing. Some like to go into outer space, some to the bottom of oceans, some walk wild game, others celebrities. There's enough to go around. Commercially I have had my thrills and spills, but what truly satisfies me is what I



Foto: [unreadable], 1980s



Frederick Smith, 1996



Frederick Smith, 2006

set out to do—take a look at the universe being around me, ever-changing, always new, on the streets and in my studio, in my dreams—wherever my eyes and heart take me.

I listen to people complaining of boredom in their lives as doctors, lawyers, bankers, brokers, and even one man from N.A.S.A.—all looking forward to retirement. I almost feel guilty for still being excited about my life and being able to totally myself here on earth.

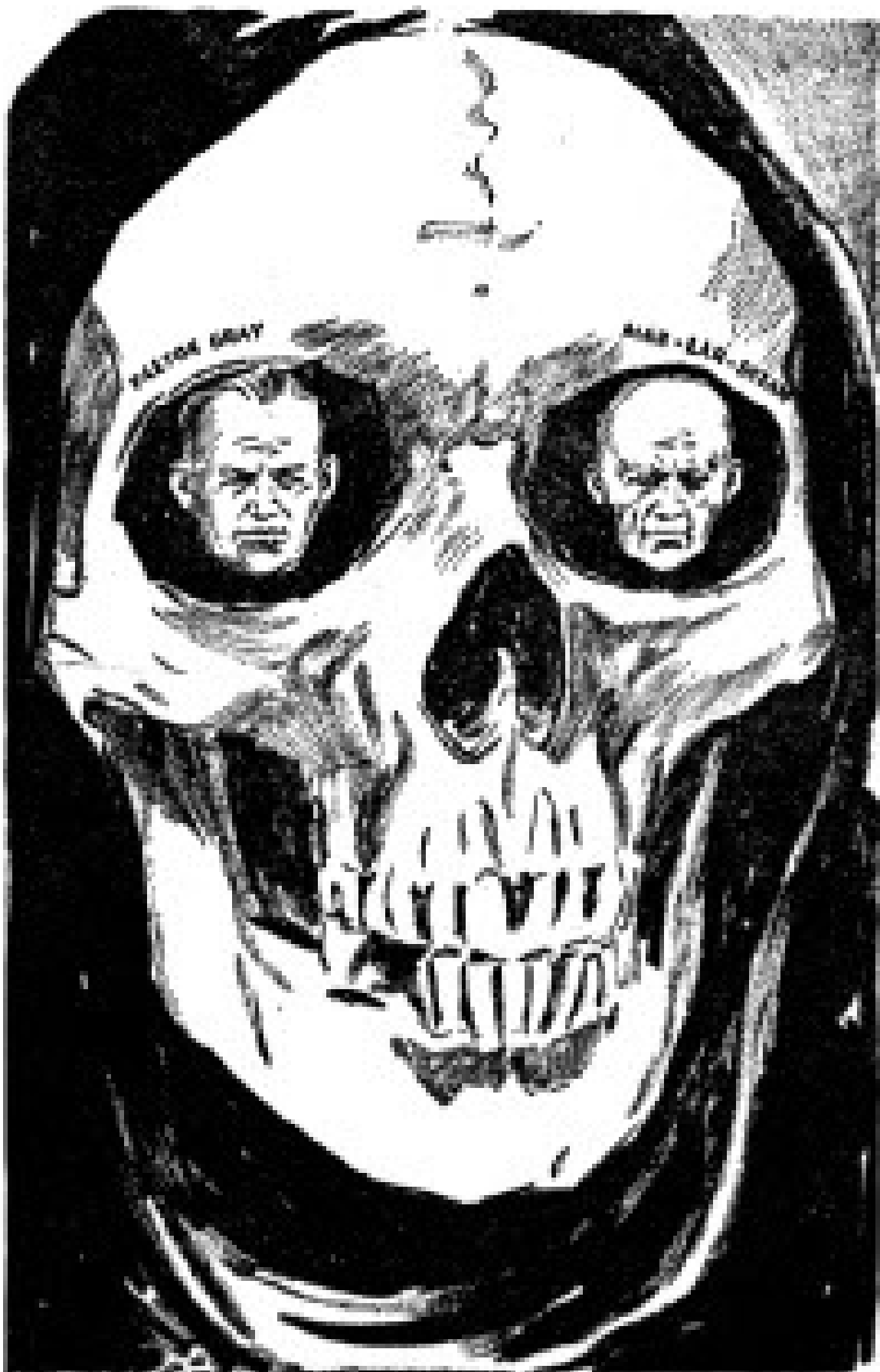
... [Frederick Smith died on October 22, 2006, at the age of 66. His ex-wife Sheila Beckert is now 67 years old, and is still working as an illustrator—usually on the computer. Sheila will be the subject of an upcoming article in this magazine. There are two sons: one a fine arts painter, and the other son Sean—who for many years ran Smith's studio and followed him into the world of fashion & beauty—continued to work on projects with him up until his death, and now does commercial photography for his work at www.fredsmith.com 🍷

...by David Nisener and F. Frederick Smith, 2007

Most of the work in this article is done from the previously unpublished version of a business letter, from one to the other, both for getting the fit in my mind and for the... a special thank you to Sean Smith, who photographed most of the original artwork used in the article.



J. Frederick Smith, 66 yrs



Movie illustration for *The Queen*, January 1936



John Fleming Gould, 1908

In his own words— John Fleming Gould

Introduction by Will Murray

For most of the 1930s, the heads of two distinct pulp artists syndicates—the Popular Publications house headed—were painter John Norton Howard and interior illustrator John Fleming Gould (1898–1996). A 1926 graduate of Pratt Art Institute, John Gould proved incredibly prolific—filling entire issues of *Dime Detective*, *The Spidee*, *Operator 88*, *G-I* and *His Battle Ace*, and other long-running titles with his exemplary work done in pen-and-ink and dry brush, usually drawn on scratchboard or oyster shell board.

John Gould was born February 14, 1898 in Winchendon, Massachusetts, the son of John E. Gould and George M. Gould. At first there was two boys in the family, John and his older brother George, but George died tragically of a childhood illness in 1911 at the age of six.

In 1911 the family moved to Illinois, where first son Robert was born, and in 1915 they moved to Brooklyn, where they welcomed a daughter, Marian. The father worked as a plumber throughout the neighborhood, and the mother of a neighboring building, whose name was Henry Baumholtz, often lived here. That plumber's thirteen-year-old son was Viktor Baumholtz, who became John's best friend. They went to school together, and after completing high school they both attended the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, where they studied under Dean Curren and H. Winfield Hunt.

After graduating from Pratt in 1926, Gould and Baumholtz, along with seven other artists, rented a Manhattan art studio on the top floor of 164 West 134th Street. The monthly rent was \$98. They soon met their new neighbors, George and Jerome Rosen, twin brothers who rented their studio next door.

In 1927, John Gould began illustrating amateur stories for pulp magazines such as *Avon*, *Air Stories*, *Adventure Stories*, *Her Book*, *Class Detective*, *Cowboy Stories*, *Danger Trails*, *War Birds*, and *Wings*. He signed most of these illustrations "John Fleming Gould," adding an artistic flourish with his mother's maiden name, "Fleming."

In 1928 he was hired to teach art at Pratt Institute, where he continued to work for Fleming two years.

In 1930 he began a long and fruitful freelance relationship with Popular Publications, drawing intricate story illustrations for their line of pulp magazines, titles such as *Detective Action Series*, *Dime Detective*, *G-I* and *His Battle Ace*, *Operator 88*, *Excelsior*, *The Spidee*, and *10-Story Fiction*.

John married his wife Mary in 1940. They had three sons, Robert, William, and Paul. During WWII he was exempt from military service as he was the sole support of his wife and three children. By 1941 his career had blossomed, and he was selling freelance illustrations to slick magazines such as *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Country Gentleman*, *Railroad*, *Collier*, and *Popular Science*.

During the 1950s, as the pulps began to decline, Gould produced illustrations for men's adventure magazines such as *Argo*, *Outdoor Life*, and *True*. In 1951, he began to teach art at the Brooklyn School of Fine and Industrial Art.

In 1957 he retired from illustration and opened the Bahamian Art Gallery in Cornwell-on-Hudson, New York, which is maintained by his family to this day.

John Fleming Gould died at age 98 in New Windsor, New York, on May 28, 1996.



Original source illustration, 1918. Digitized by [industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/1918](https://www.industrydocuments.ucsf.edu/docs/1918). Photo courtesy of Heritage Society, MA, USA

On July 28, 1998, John Gould appeared at the 19th annual Fulpeur (an annual event for pulp magazine collectors) and gave a lively and memorable talk, during which he regaled his audience with stories of his days illustrating pulp magazines, while drawing characters he had immortalized back in his boyhood. I recorded this event, and it proved brilliant that I did, since Gould passed away only six years later. This was the only talk he ever gave about his illustration days.

So here is J. Herring Gould in his own words—telling whatever, in staccato speaking-style mixing his Worcester Massachusetts birthplace with his Brooklyn upbringing.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

I've been in this business 43 years. I worked the pulps from 1923—I mean, I illustrated, mailed them, yes—until 1946 or '47 when I got married. I drew in that period, 23 years I believe, I made 15,000 illustrations. That's a big number. And you want to know how I could do all that? Well, I did four a day, and I worked seven days a week. I was trying to make a lot of money, trying to get rich. See, that was the Depression. Most of you were not born, but this was a very bad time. And we made very good money as illustrators. I think I started out with Claxton Publications, at 110 an illustration. People say to me, "You did them at 100?" They figured you'd get a lot of money. But if you did four a day, you'd get fat. So then that keeps piling up. Really, you're taking home a big paycheck—more than most people. In that era, too.

I'm a good craftsman. The boys specially and first

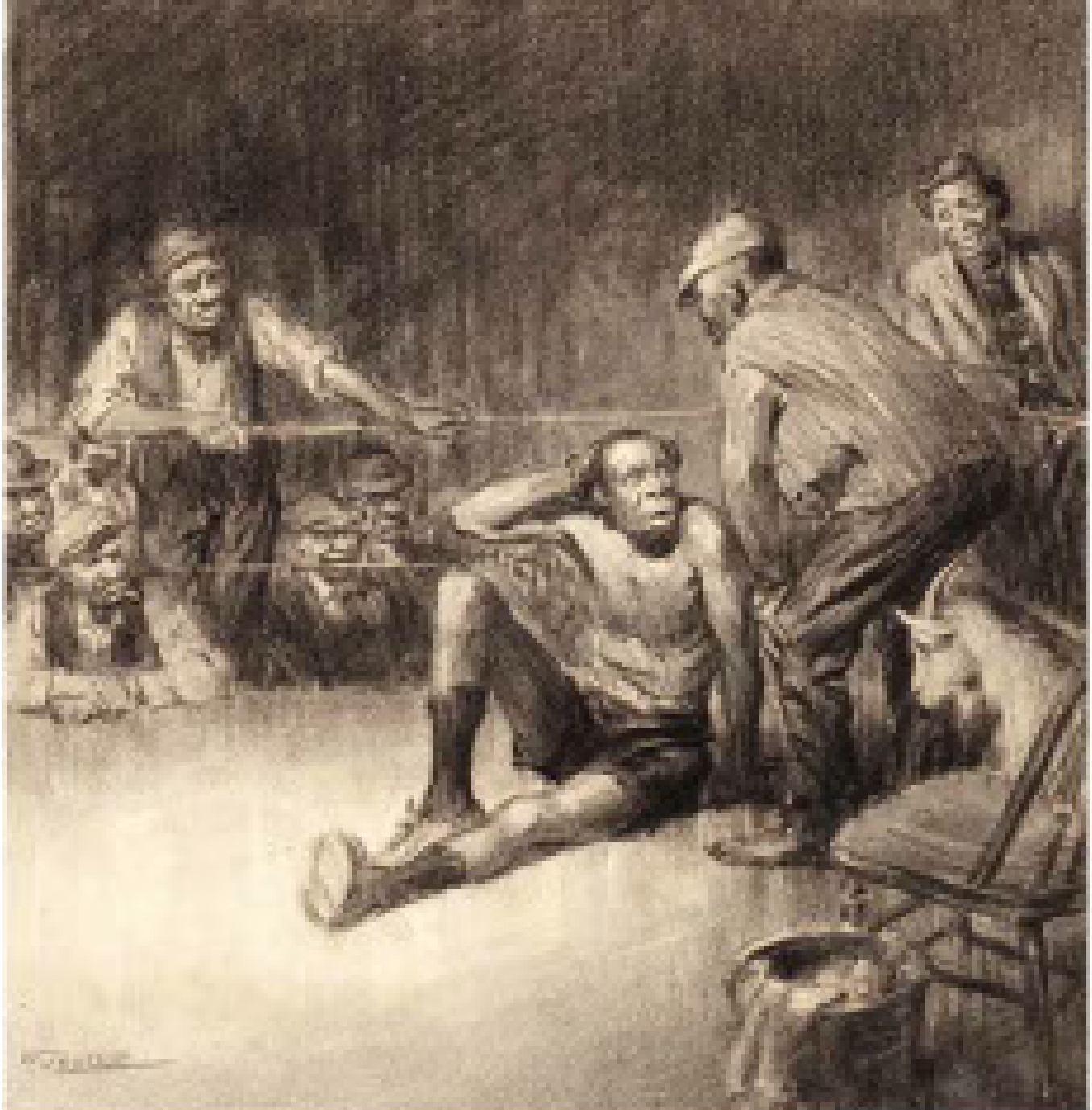
deliberately situated in life because—just didn't—I've never worked for anyone as an employed character. I've always been self-employed. I've never been out of work—and I've never had a bad check. Isn't that good?

Right, my mother told me, when I was a year old she knew I was going to be an artist. She said, "You draw that."

I want to tell you that Walter Hamacher and I lived next door to each other in Bedwick Avenue in Brooklyn. In the year 1917, he was playing with a bullet from World War I. Picking at it, it blew up, taking some fingers off his left hand—three or four of 'em. Good thing I was associated with him. He had to take up art. He couldn't be bothered with physical training. He wouldn't work. I was the artist. Work with it, but I didn't want to be an artist. It was too easy. I wanted to build things. And Walter knew he had to be an artist. He was a year older than me. He went to Pratt. I liked Science but not into a lot of big schools, but I didn't have mathematics.

So I knew I could fall back on being an artist any time. So I ran it and got into Pratt, but then a year after Walter, isn't that a nice interesting association for you people?

Then we had a studio together. As a matter of fact, we had a den together in the basement where his father was painter. He cleared out a locker. We didn't worry about asbestos dust. Never heard of it. And that's where I learned to smoke. I think I was 13 or 14. Anyway, I came upstairs to the apartment where we lived and my mother said, "Let me smell your mouth!" Her nose at once, she knew! "You smoking?" I don't get punished, because I could have just held her hand. But I never smoked more. Wonderful! Wonderful story.



Original shown illustrated for the *Atlanta Evening Post*, 1946. Owned in part by the *Photodisc Corp.* of College Park, Md.

When we moved from where Baumhofer's father was the painter, we moved to a cleaner place. Baumhofer's place had cockroaches. The new place had a splash bag, which we'd never seen, known as a water bag. They had no cockroaches. But these were big bags. Black. Black. You know what a water bag of Baumhofer's. So we had them. And as an art student I decided—my father was in on this—he would pick them off the distributor, about ten of them. And I would proceed to paint numbers on them, in opaque water paint. That's number one. I could only get up to nine, because the width was not enough for the nine numbers I was making. Do you know that?

Now this is only the beginning. My father was having a fit laughing, you know. Was getting the bags off the distributor. I'm painting them. He's putting them back on! Because there were two elderly retired schoolteachers who lived on the floor below.

And they reported to the janitor that these water bags were coming through, and they're not only marking the place, but they're numbered!

In any way the janitor was suspicious. He comes to me one time on the street and says, "John, the ladies down below you have water bags with numbers on them. Do you know anything about it?" He knows damn well that I did. And I said, "No, I can't imagine..."

Now here's something that will interest you. Walter Baumhofer and Fred Mahonko—Fred did the airplane covers for Dupain and you know Walter and all his work—then when I was doing all these illustrations I always admitted one man as the greatest. His name is Frank Eggenboller. I thought he was tops. He was a true artist. Baumhofer, Eggenboller, so what? These were big names. And he was exclusively Street & Smith. And I couldn't get on Street & Smith. What's that tell's



The Spider's gaze fixed at the figure of Donald

artist illustration for The Spider January 1934



The New Yorker, 1936. Inside or back of a 1937 Buick courtesy of the Hagerty Collection. © Alan

name "Harv" [W. Hightower] found he had a venereal. He wouldn't take me on because I married us, and he said that Fisher Baumgardner was the doctor. And I was having a walkie with Walter. So he wouldn't take me on. And I was married. I was a good girl.

So anyway, I went over to Clarion and I got right away on Danger Deal. That got me started. All that business of Danger Deal. So I did I got upset with James. I fought it first for 21 years. He got a job teaching. He met me there. And now Jim much higher than him. I'm the chief of one of the divisions. So I took care of him by giving him the inside look, and all that stuff. He wouldn't hire me, but I didn't have to hire him.

Fleming. That's my mother's maiden name. I adopted it because I thought it was classy. You know, all these great artists have these double-barreled names. I figured instead of John Gould-Gould—reputation—I'd be John Fleming Gould, or J. Fleming Gould is even smarter. So that went along fine. By now I'm just John Gould. In fact, I just sign some things "Gould." This is interesting: There was a girl that I went out

with, and Harv. I threw her over because she got to calling me "Flem." [Laughs]

The Danger Deal was my first magazine. Then *Cosmopolitan*. There was some interest fiction that I did. And I can't remember the title. Because I was thinking of how to rob a bank. They had a fellow, the "Whip." He started so fast he became invisible, and he went right into the till and took the money. The girl just let a breeze blowing. I'd love to know how I did it, but I illustrated it. Armand Starnis was it. That was real. I sort of lost that in my memories. I'd let I worked for a fellow named Jack Edwards, who was editor down there. In the period of Chrysler, we had a man named Harry Egan. A fellow named [David] Bodinco. A fellow named [Jimmy] McCannan. "By the doors of Glendon Cannon, stand the signmen of McCannan." I worked with them for about five years.

My address was 181 W. 116th, near 86th Avenue. We had the whole top floor, Fisher Baumgardner and I, about two of us.

Ninety dollars for the whole top floor. It was a town house



Illustration illustration, 1941. Released on issue 207 (1947). Photo courtesy of Heritage Books, 2015

years ago, then it became a loft building. Can you imagine how much each for rent? About eight or ten dollars a piece. So we did fine.

There was Rita Leach, Water's girl, and others. Oh, I could go on with a lot of these. They don't mean anything to you. They were just doing other kinds of work. Not pulp. We're concerned with pulp.

And next door at 141 West 11th, where John Norton Hirsch had his studio. You know that name. And you know the Kamen Brothers. They had their studio there. And they were rich, because this was a dance building. Our building was a dump! What do you expect for money dollars! But we crested, we got along. I saved money.

Now there was another, Tom Lovell, the pulp artist. And one more: Bob Harris. They all became big slick-paper artists. He was all independent. Highly jealous of one another.

Then I went over to Dell. Dell had a lot of business. I forget the title because I did so many. It was there that Harry Sargent was an editor. And he used to feed me a lot of work. It used to be over the telephone. I'd describe the situation, and I'd always ask the question, "Was it a Lager or a Cat? Was the guy was a thing in this story?" And I'd put them together over

the telephone. It was like the days when they'd run Operator 41. [Frederick C. Davis] could never get his manuscript in on time. He was always late. Many times, he called in an illustration situation. He would meet it in the manuscript as it came along. He said, "I'll get them written up as close as I can do it." That's an o.k. You know that's done all the time. Guys were posted and they always exceeded the deadline. And they'd tell it to. [John was [Dell] art director and we did well with him.

And after that, the book moved into the city about 1941, meaning the magazine *Star Trek*. And they gave me 13 dollars a picture. Well, that was great. I did a lot of work for the book.

Did you ever hear of Donald Kendrick, the editor? He was a great man. He liked me and I liked him—because he gave me a lot of work. There was a fellow that took his place when Donald Kendrick was taken ill on a fairly long leave of absence, Clifford Dewey.

And Clifford Dewey became a very well-known author of several big bestseller books.

Then Harry Sargent, whom you all know, started Popular Publications. And he gave me a job after that I could have all the work I wanted until—eventually if he was in business—all



Original cover of *Illustration*, 1936. On the cover: L-R: "The Boy" (H. P. Lovecraft), the car

I wanted, at a man's lowest rate—eight dollars a picture. I grabbed it. And I worked with him, as I said, until 1941.

The big shock was when I went into Popular Publications.

Harold Goldsmith was the co-owner Rogers Terrill was the head of all the magazines, the governing editor. And here are our titles now: *Time*—Jimmye Ken White was the editor. Great man. Then came *G-1* and *His Death*—with Bob Hogan. Bill Fay was the editor of *G-1*. He became a good writer on the side when he left Popular Publications. How these people grow! And *Money Today*. He wound up at *Country*—business. He was always trying to get me on *Country*—business, but I was busy with *Saturday Evening Post*. So you could see I was growing up. Howard Bloomfield. I think he was with *Adventure*. He gave me one picture in his career there. Because it was one of the snazzy high-class Popular publications. And he thought I was a cheap line with *The Spies* and all that crap.

...and *The Spies*. I knew him as Herrell Page. And other people know him as—what's that other name? Macbridge? I don't know him so much as that as Herrell Page. I may get a chance to draw the *Spies*. Because he looked like Herrell Page. Richard Westcott. He used to put makeup on to become the *Spies*. He always had this big black hat, and cape. I don't know if he had the necessary cape over it like the detectives in English literature. It's the same person.



Richard Westcott in *G-1* and *His Death*, February 1934



Original illustration, 1946. All in black, 11.5 x 15. Photo courtesy of Heritage Auctions, 2016



RICHARD WENTWORTH

Wentworth illustration for 'The Spider', October 1944

All Illustration

He molded Richard Wentworth into Marvel Page.
 I saw him once on 42nd Street outside the Bathelme Building, where Siegel was. My memory of him...a polite writer, yes. And fascinating in his theories. He gave me great material for illustrating, you know. Everything was wonderful. Always got his pencils in on time and no problems. I don't think he ever complimented me on my work. I don't think he was that sensitive!
 That's *Viva the Stars*. You wouldn't think a face as sweet as this could have gone through all that—trench and no-man's-land and lost recess. But she was never killed. Neither was Richard. Otherwise I would never have a story to illustrate that month, but that's real!
 General von Grubbe. I love him. Double chin, maybe a triple. I know how Bob Hogan would describe him: lips that looked like a pug. He had a nice little mustache, like Hitler. If you had a mustache like Hitler, you could get into better places. I love the "von" character. The same goes with the funny characters. That's from G-8 and *The Dark Age*.
 Just Doctor Krueger. Oh, that is the villain that poor



World Illustration for the Ladies, January 1941

“You could never catch on. He [Hitler] said the story would be all over. Rather a nasty grin, and eyebrows that never went up on his eyes. His eyes were up here. Nasty looking. I’d say I gave him lip curls. Most of these Germans were Goldbraided—according to Bob Hogan. I don’t think Krueger had a mustache, no. He had a smooth-shaven face, beside the two fish eyes. Hogan loved having his Germans have fish eyes. Poor old Krueger was forever saying, “Darschden! oder altes!” And he was always saying to the book, “Finkelstein!” Because in those days you couldn’t print “Darsch it” You could not do it in German! “Finkelstein & Meier!”

I made up the looks of the guy, wherever he is, in national character terms. You know that I drew from the mirror—the pose—because I wanted them good. I didn’t want to make up stuff. They’d be stick men, stuff. I wanted them good. I had a conception of a huge mirror. And a second mirror for the ear view. Then I had a strong Kling conception. We could leave it. It never fell on me. You could look up at yourself, and you could look down on yourself. And I would pose for drawing with the left hand, because it became my right hand, in the mirror, too!

There’s got to make faces. I think I made a lot of faces for every one of these to go with it. When you do lotsa pictures a day, I had to draw them. No, it’s just that they flow fast. And I don’t develop them much because that would take a lot of time. There were nothing more than quick cartoon-like sketches. This was I used to do. I could get away with this.

You all wanted to know if I did these little spot illustrations in the magazine. Yes, I did them for nothing. I think I threw them in for nothing.

Later on, I decided to photograph myself, which I didn’t do during the pup period. I was trying to stretch, and go into the studio. It worked out good, but my first set of pictures were all out of focus. It meant that they replied to the mirror, my three feet.

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Digital House Illustration, 1940s. Reprinted on board, 8 1/2" x 11". Photo courtesy of The Top Gun Collection Museum

turned out you had to do six feet! so if you're doing any minor photography, add another twice!

Archie Levell worked for Popular. And I was an admirer of him because he got ahead of me, and got on the Post. I was darn glad at myself.

I was always saving three days a week to make samples for the dicks. I made over a hundred samples. These were with models there. Professional models. I didn't bother with that posing in the mirror. No more. I was trying to get up the ladder, but this was the Depression. You couldn't get your name in any slick magazine. They had too many names they were going to use. Then came 1934, and the first. Then they were depicted with a lot of their illustrations. The other artists were drafted. I had a family, so I was exempted from service. So when I walked in, boy, they greeted me. I was with the Post—that top illustration—for six-seven years. And then koolhaed.

Here are two names: Archie Whitthorne and Richard Sale.

They were both authors for Popular Publications. Then they went over to the Saturday Evening Post. They called and said, "I want John Gould to do the illustrations." Want that goat? All in the family.

I got to know Life Stanley Gardner through Harry Morgan.

He talked me into it. He had come back from the Coast. And he brought in a beautiful case. Black sheep. I guess

Canadian dates give me the case. But Harry Morgan did not didn't know what to do with it, so he gave me the case. I don't know if I still have it or not. From 1946 on, I entered the lucrative field of advertising.

I did the Detective Story series for six years—the Saturday Evening Post and Life magazine. Oh, for companies I worked for.

Metropolitan Life. Of course, my big deal was with General Electric. I was making these illustrations for what they called the School of College Power—the great students.

I worked with General Electric for thirty years. Top illustration and lobbying for rapid transit in cities all over the United States. This is an interesting thing. Russ Swenson, the head advertising man, told me that he related to the Air Force, joined the paratroopers, because he read G-I and Air Force. You see, this man was 15 years younger than me. He thought that G-I was the greatest person in the world. Not me personally, but G-I. Russ was a quite well recognized hero. He got a bunch of medals. And then I mentioned and told him I drew G-I, and he couldn't get over it, the coincidence.

So when you get to Atlanta, doing more rapid transit project, Bob Hogan, author of G-I, was living there in Hollywood, Florida. I knew Bob very well. And we made arrangements to visit him. Bob was delighted to have me bring down me

On the job



FIRST AID
Emergency Training
One of 10 Red Cross Service Programs

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© 2004 Red Cross Emergency Training, emergency services (Illustration) for the American Red Cross, 1200 N. Lincoln St., Suite 100, Chicago, IL 60610. Photo: Courtesy of Red Cross/American Red Cross

On the job



**DISASTER
RELIEF**

One of 10 Red Cross Service Programs

JOIN AND SERVE

In the top, Eleanor J. Hill's original poster illustration for the American Red Cross, 1918. Source: www.1918.com; 80's 20's Photo courtesy of Heritage Auctions, SA.com

of these poems. We never believed anyone read these things! But Steve read *G-d and His Jacobson*. He was impressed by it. And Mike Hagan was just one of our world!

But this is not the only one. There are so many younger men that I have met, and I mention the fact that I illustrated in the pulps, they said, "I read them." And they'll name the names. This was so interesting to find that now they're coming back at me. And to think that this group of people is still interested in the pulps. I didn't think that there was this much solid interest. Springwood so enthusiastic enough took for my autograph. I just can't get over it. It's wonderful!

Whenever I go I like to create gaps of delayed action because for instance, we once visited a Holiday Inn in Mystic Connecticut, where I'll take my children to the museum museum. Our hotel room had a framed print of a Urillo painting—you know, the Friends impressionist—it was a nice street scene. An antique store, window here, and my children liked the painting, but I said, "It's not finished!" Michael hasn't been able at the time, so I said, "I'm going to drive a board board across the street." So I did. I drove a very handsome board with his long arms and his tail held high. That's funny. The kids laughed their heads off. Now I put some people in the window, looking out at the dog. So that's what I call delayed action because you just do it and you have it done. Now what's the name of people who will ever see that means what's called Urillo? But there's always the possibility of some guy who'll know about Urillo, and that's what you can laugh about. He'll see the painting and



Steve Hagan's art for the *Spider* feature 2001

argue with his wife. "This board has a piece of an Urillo, but there's a board board in it. There are these people looking out the window." Now that's where I would laugh myself to sleep with that. It's so funny! That's not the end.

I would draw—now, there were big men who would ask me to do this—it's great for doing a spider. I suppose it came from the magazine. It's similar to the water bug, only we don't number those. What we would do is give it a nice black. The two—now that if you're going to do this, by the way, I'm giving this instructions too. If you're going to draw spiders in public places or any place you want, you put gayness under it, and it gets a kind of discussion. That will solve it. Now that's what I did. I put it on the ceiling over my bed in the Holiday Inn in Mystic, Connecticut, and I just figured out what was going

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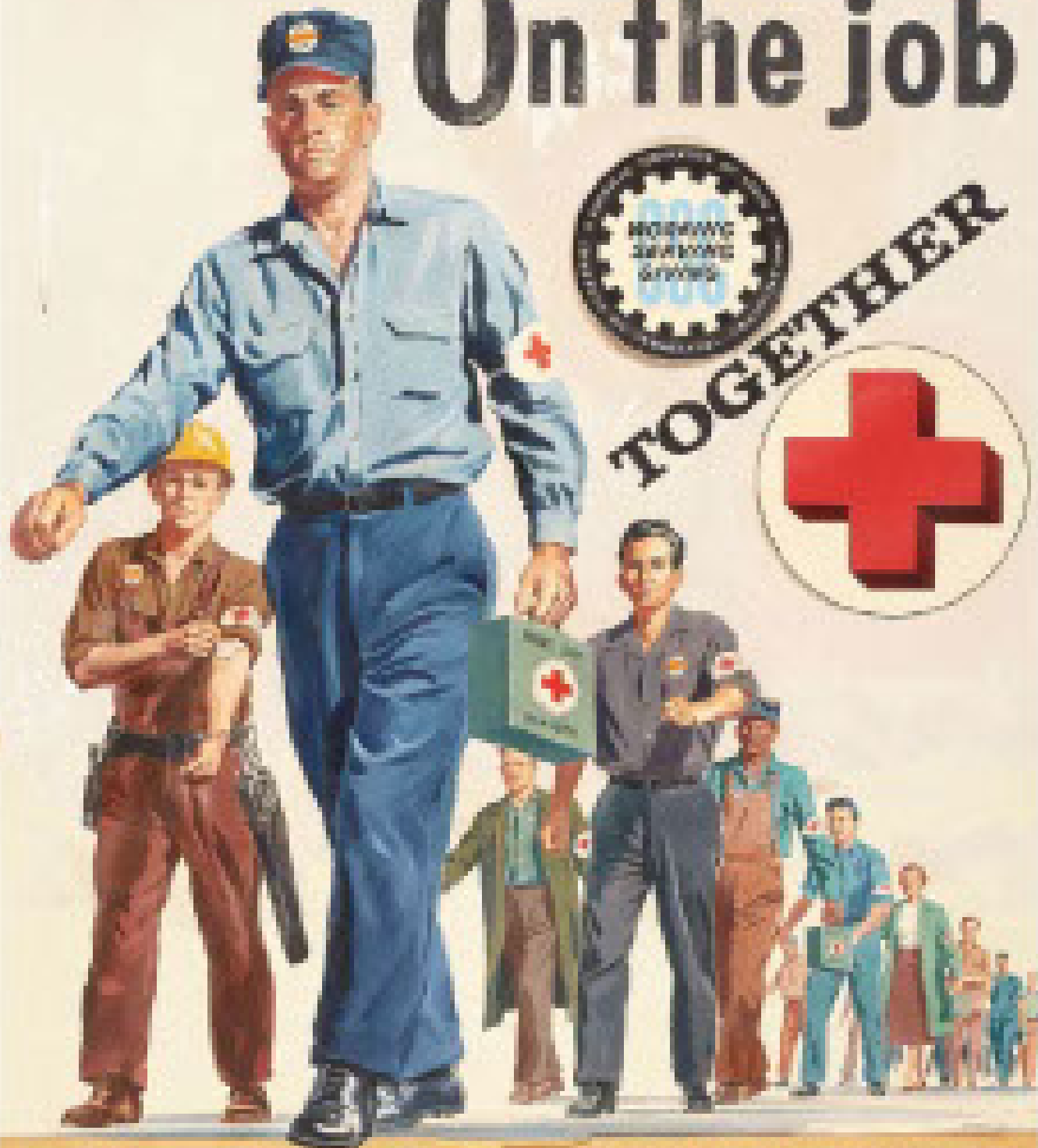
On the job with 10 service programs

Illustration by the artist, signed "The American Red Cross, 1916-1917" on the back. Photo courtesy of the Red Cross, Boston.

On the job



TOGETHER



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On the job Register, original poster illustration for the American Red Cross, 1946. Reprinted on issue 201, 2017. Photo courtesy of Heritage Auctions, Houston



Brooklyn from the East River, 1946. Oil on canvas, 17 x 25". Photographed by Heritage Auctions, USA.com

to happen after that, and? The next night, the next customer will start going to sleep. He looks up. There's the spider. What are you going to do? You're going to go into the toilet and get a towel and try to take it off. It won't come off. You get frustrated. You do other of one thing. You get up with it. He's not going to bother you, this big spider. Oh, you're going to go out, and ask the desk clerk to give you another room. Oh, he would have tried to get it done, because this falls coming away with the towel. He's up on the bed. He's about to go to sleep, and the bottoms of his pajamas fall off! And that makes every funny picture. This is the delayed humor.

One other thing. The dining woman would come in and she would go through the same routine of trying to see that insect off. You get the idea! You can laugh your head off at your friends.

The final one was: At my son's Thanksgiving dinner party—they were young boys and sisters—so we decided that the best thing to do was for me to dine on the tablecloth. We don't mind doing that. They don't buy them, they rent them. So there's a spider and you put the plate back down again. Then the boys would wait for the dinner to be served, and they were very patient, and quiet, you see. They figured this headwater would come in and help jump! and that's a horrible thing in a cheap restaurant... a big spider on the table. And the serving waiting come in, lifted the plate, and didn't pay any attention

to it. Didn't even eat it. They were used to that!

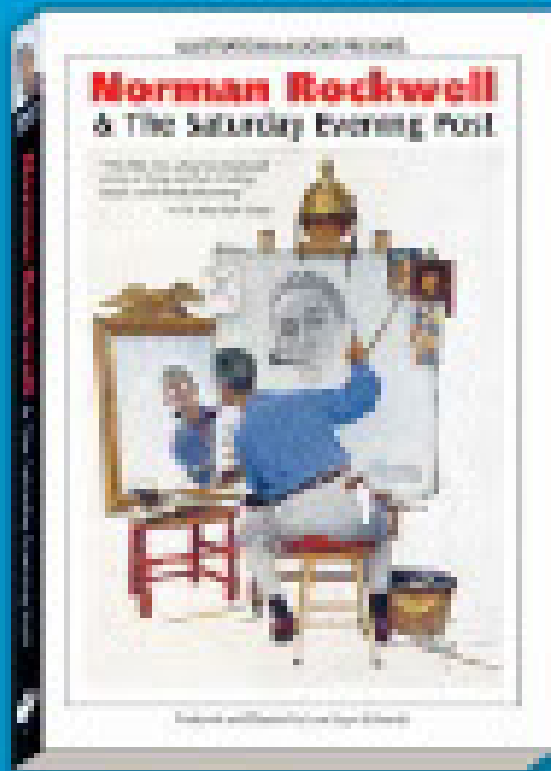
I never worked for anybody as a job, but freelancing all the time from the day I got through with art school. In the judge, over those 13 years, I accumulated \$1,11,000 worth of work. That's a lot of work in those days, you know. I was a rich man. No pulp covers. I didn't have the time or liking for them.

One very last thing: When I saw the price of things today, I have to realize what I did. I said I had 15,000 illustrations. And they gave them all back. They didn't want them. And I forgot to save them! If I only knew. The same with the magazines.

I did have pattern proofs in a lot of cases. They're not too short on me of the magazine. I only have one illustration from Popular Publications, a *Dime Detective*. And I have one illustration from *Adventures*. And I have my first illustration for *Clayton*. That's all I have out of \$1,000, and all of them were either burned, or thrown away or lost. And this goes for the magazines. So I started counting it up to today's prices. It sums over a million dollars worth lost that way! Well, that's that. Never again! Now I have to start collecting. 🍀

—by Bill Harvey

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The Art of Clark Hulings

by Nicholas Diamond and Clark Hulings

INTRODUCTION

While best known for his realist fine art paintings, Clark Hulings first made a name for himself as an illustrator in the paperback market of the 1950s.

Born in Florida and raised in Northfield New Jersey, Clark Hulings lived in Spain, New York, Louisiana, and throughout Europe before settling in Santa Fe, New Mexico, in the early 1970s. His art training began as a teenager with Seymour Chwast, Frank Ruda, and George Engelmann, and continued at The Art Students League with Frank Kelly.

With a degree in physics from Harvard College, Pennsylvania, Hulings complemented his intellectual knowledge with practical observations made during painting trips throughout the world after initial careers in portraiture and illustrations. He devoted himself to wood painting, and for the past forty years his work has been eagerly sought after by collectors, museums and corporations.

Clark's paintings have been awarded well-deserved awards by organizations such as the Allied Artists of America, The Hudson Valley Art Association and the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum. His work has been the subject of countless articles, reviews, and two books: *Hulings...A Collection of His Paintings* (Lanell Press, 1976), and *A Gallery of Paintings by Clark Hulings* (White Horse Publishing, reprinted 1988).

Today Clark continues to work and paint from his home in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The following text has been culled from numerous biographical essays, and excerpts from a lecture given by the artist at The Art Students League in New York.

EARLY YEARS

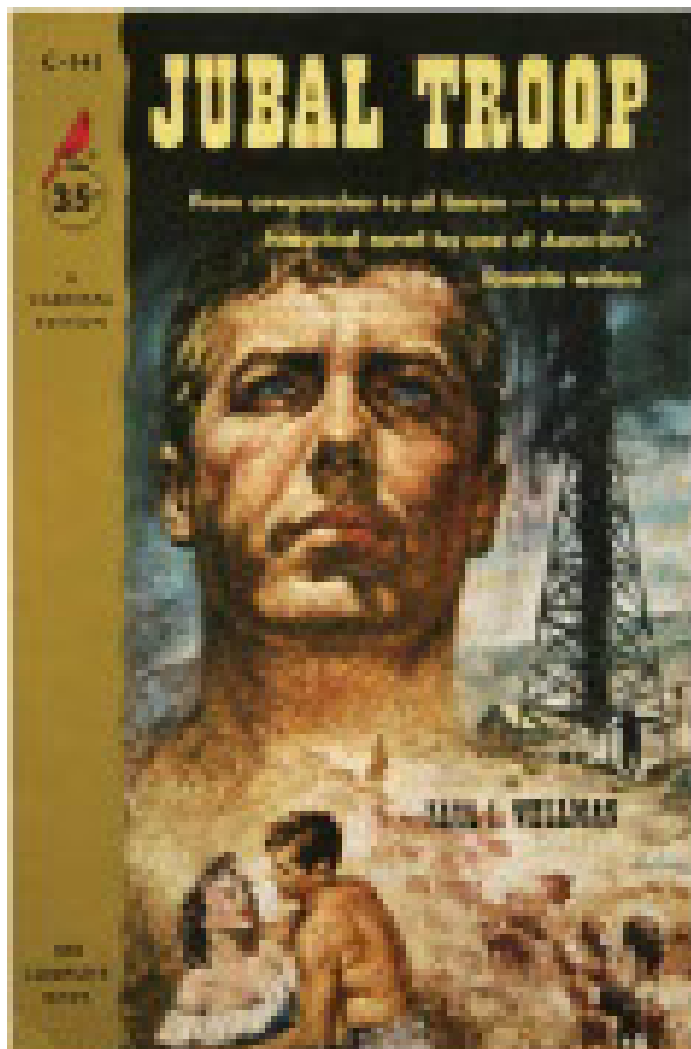
Clark's interest in art derived at least in part from his father's own love of art. Together they started galleries, museums, and even artists from whom Cleveland Hulings bought paintings for their home. As Hulings recalls:

"People always ask artists how they first got interested in art... Well in my case, when I was about 14 years old my father's aunt, who lived in New York City, fell ill, and my father had the habit of going into the city to see her every Sunday afternoon. He took me along for company and because he knew I didn't want to sit with my aunt for hours every week, he deposited me at the Metropolitan Museum. So every Sunday afternoon for weeks after work I went to the museum and studied what was because my favorite paintings.

One day I bought a postcard of a picture called *The Gypsy Children* by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and I brought it home. I happened to have a small paint set, so I copied the postcard. Everyone thought my copy was just wonderful, so my father decided that this—what he perceived to be artistic talent—should be encouraged, so he found me a teacher."

That teacher was Seymour Chwast, a well-known and highly skilled Russian parietal painter trained at the turn of the century in the realist style of the Saint Petersburg Academy.

"I studied with Chwast every Saturday and Sunday morning for the last three years of high school. At the end of high school I fell sick with tuberculosis, so I was unable to go on to college. Instead, I continued to study with Chwast, and

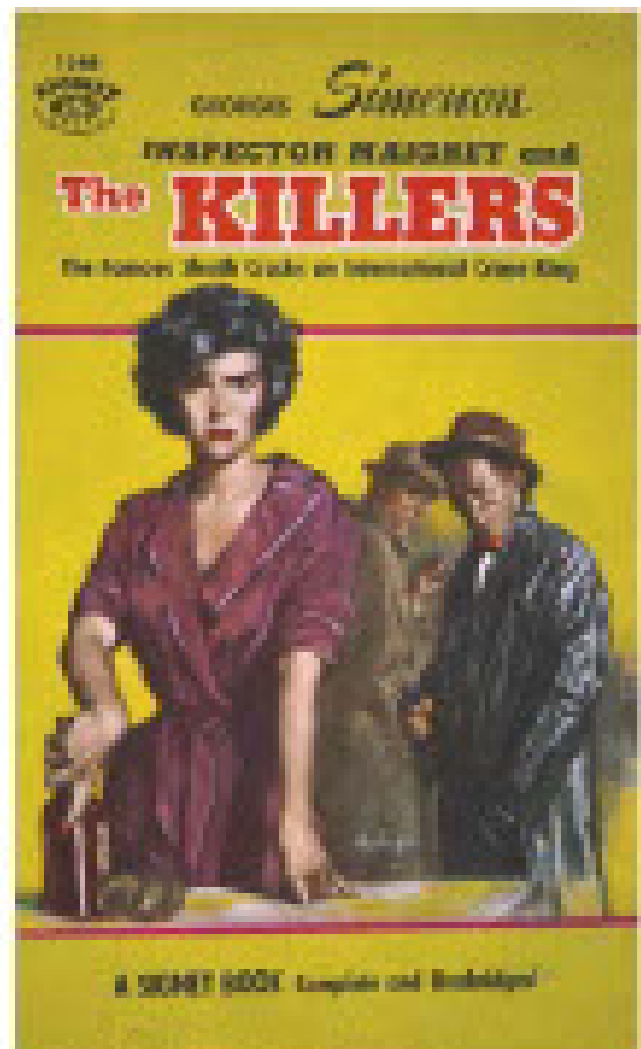


John Updike, *Jubal Troop*, 1988. Image courtesy of Elizabeth Shilling

in the afternoon I would go into New York to study at the Art Students League with George Bridgman. As most people know, Bridgman was a celebrated drawing teacher. He would concentrate on shapes and show how the body turned, and how the different muscles would look into each other. He really gave us an artistic insight into the human figure. The class was interesting because everybody drew with charcoal on large sheets, making these beautiful detailed paintings on full-page charcoal paper. Bridgman's routine was to come in and sit next to us one by one, and the first thing he would do was to grab a charcoal stick and everything we had done! So it became the custom to do two drawings—one during the week for us to save, and then one for Thursday mornings in preparation for his master!

"When she was called I went to Grace Temple, where my parents had moved in the meantime. Well, my sister was about to be married, and the society editor of the local newspaper came to the house to interview her. There they saw a portrait of my father that I had done, and were very impressed with it. To my sister's distress, the editor wrote most of the article about my portrait—ignoring her and her upcoming wedding!

© Illustration



George S. Kaufman and Mordecai Richman, *The Killers*, 1944

"This led to a portrait painting career that lasted three or four years until I became tired of it. Portrait painting requires a very special talent—not only do you have to capture a likeness easily, but you have to entertain the people while they're sitting for you. Then you're being judged by people who aren't trained to judge you, so it becomes sort of a drag after a while. Consequently I decided to become an illustrator. I made some samples and I went to New York. I took them to some art directors and most had a rude awakening—I'd never studied illustration, and I didn't know what I was doing! One very kind art director knew a man named Frank Kelly, who taught at the Art Students League, and he suggested that I go and study with him. So I went back to the League and studied with Kelly."

ILLUSTRATION

Legendary teacher Frank Kelly helped Clark integrate and refine his skills. It was not easy. He spent many tedious hours doing exercises, which are the foundation of his work today. "My teacher made me copy Vermeer to learn subtlety of color," he recalls. "Kelly taught values. I had to match those quant



Digital work/illustration for 'The Artist', Signal Books, 1956. Image courtesy of Robert Scott



Digital art illustration for County Press, Nigel Smith, 2003. Image courtesy of Robert Reed

© Illustration



Boys in snow (Illustration, The Radio City Book, 1951, image courtesy of Blackwell Publishing)



More boys for boys (Radio City Book of Christmas, 1950, image courtesy of Blackwell Publishing)

colors exactly. You learn how to grey everything, and water colors come into being and there, and you end up with a very strong effect of realism that is not harsh or cheap. He would say that he taught picture making, but it was really illustration. He taught us to be professional, and he taught us the things that a professional had to know. He made us do thumbnails for his approval, and color sketches, and order drawings. He taught us how to use the camera, how to hire models, and how to do research."

The late forties and fifties were a golden time for commercial illustration, as magazines and books were filled with illustrations of all kinds. Clark worked hard, but the road to making a living as an artist was a long one.

After two years and 10 months I left the League and started taking my portfolio to art directors. And again, no work! The standards were so high that as a beginner the only opportunities available to me were to do line drawings. I started basically doing little pen-and-ink drawings for a newspaper ad agency and I got \$15 a piece for them. I did pictures of hams and turkeys for use in newspaper ads for Sunday supermarket sales. And I kept this up for a while and finally I did a drawing of Santa Claus reading a letter at his desk with Mrs. Santa Claus looking over his shoulder. At that point, the art director walked by and put his finger on Mrs. Claus's chin and said "Raise her head." After telling him to raise a hand, I left that place and I got a job in an art studio.

Gradually Clark moved up to making wash drawings and

watercolors for trade journals—things like girls sitting themselves on a running conveyor belt for a shampoo, laser ovens. At the same time, he painted full-color oil illustrations as samples, which he used to solicit work from adventure magazines, paperback books, and record albums.

"I did one picture of a little girl eating an apple for the owner of this little studio to take to an advertising agency. They liked it so much that they said, why don't you see if he can also do one of a grown-up girl eating an apple. So I did. And he sold those two paintings to the agency. Well, he paid me \$500 apiece for those—and here they were full-color paintings that were to be used in a national ad, so I thought that this wasn't right. And as luck would have it, I met a girl at a party who worked for that agency and I chatted her for their live property, she said that wasn't true, and the next day she found out what those two paintings had actually sold for—\$800 a piece!

"That of course made me very angry, and I, in the meantime, had been doing samples all of paintings to get work doing covers for paperback books. Well, I had been afraid of taking them around because I was so afraid of failure, but this made me so angry that I went out on my lunch hour with all those of them, and I sold all those of them and got enough commissions to last me for three or four months! So then, of course I went back to the office and resigned. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Clark was finally an illustrator. It was exciting work and demanded that he capture the essence of an entire story in one picture. Today Clark has samplebooks filled with the covers he

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RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP

The great WAR NOVEL of
submarine warfare



Run Silent, Run Deep, Paul Polansky, 1959

did for politicians like *The United States and Rise of the Great Saline*. They practically breathe with passion. Like his paintings, they have a feeling of barely arrested action—as though they will spring into motion as soon as your back is turned.

"I have to mention that to be successful in this business, I was lucky because I had studied in pencil and watercolor, as well as oil painting, and the subject matter often required one or the other of those things.

"One time I made a picture of Einstein in watercolor. When I got the original back, I saw it in *TIME* magazine because they were using this sort of thing on their covers in those days, portraits of famous people. A short time later I got a very nice specimen letter from them thanking me for submitting my portrait of Dr. Schweitzer!

"The paperback covers really illustrate the importance of research. How do you know what the coming cover of a submarine book like that is? Who knows what a magazine publisher like *TIME* thinks Frank Kelly had taught me about research came in very handy. I would spend hours and days in the New York Public Library poring over collections."

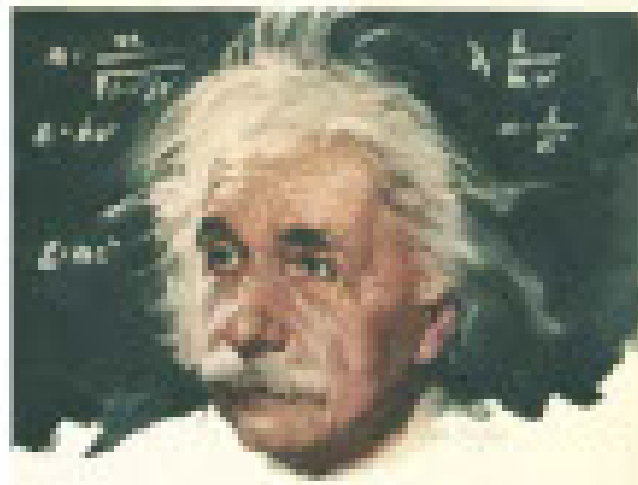
Illustration was fun, but it was confusing. It was based on subject matter and interpretation by the decision of an art di-

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The Universe and Dr. Einstein, New American Library, 1948. Image courtesy of Elizabeth Kellogg.

rector and a world of editors not trained to judge art.

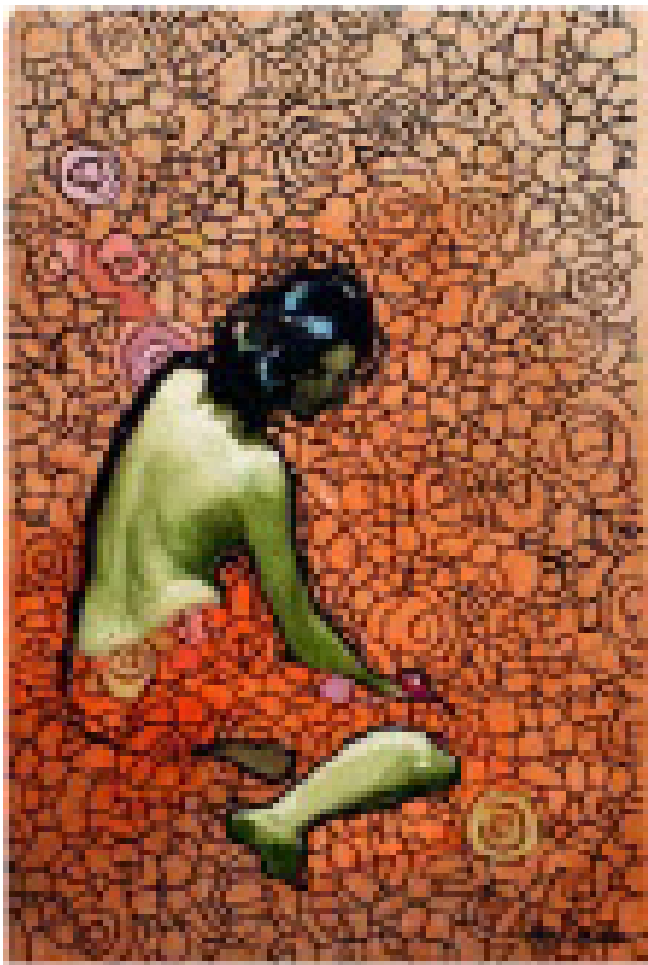
"One of the art directors for Signet Books was very, very popular, and all of the artists loved him. But the company hired this woman to be the assistant to the president, and she wanted to control everybody, so she edged him out and treated an artist badly—result in the distress of all of us. Well, one of the artists got all 11 of us together and suggested we all go on strike—which we did. We told Signet Books that if they didn't get rid of her, we were doing no more covers for them. She was gone the next day. So I've always been very appreciative of the effect result of unionization."

TRAVEL

"Now, I got tired of illustration just as I had gotten tired of portraits. And I guess it goes back to my childhood and my visits to the Metropolitan. I really loved easel paintings, and that was what I wanted to do with my life. And I thought, I've just got to practice pure painting. Artists paint illustrations but how good to me and I had made enough money, so I bought myself a ticket or two and took off for Europe, to stay until the money ran out. For three years I wandered everywhere from Scotland's Hebrides to southern Egypt visiting art museums and



Original work illustration for Star Wars: The Force Awakens. © 2015 Lucasfilm Ltd. All rights reserved. Illustration by Greg Miller.



Shreeve 401 01, 1944. Watercolor on paper, 7" x 10". Image courtesy of Elizabeth Shreeve

galleries and painting constantly. I stopped in Florence and Düsseldorf for formal study.

"I traveled out in Florence, Italy, and in Florence I stayed in a boarding house filled mostly with old retired school teachers. I studied Italian with them. If the house caught fire and I yelled out, they would first convert my Italian and then they would run out of the house.

"I made a drawing of one of the boarders, a woman who during the war had been confined to the attic, just like Anne Frank. She was lonely, lonely person.

"I rented a studio and I continued drawing and painting on my own. I hired a male and a female model, and the male model would flex his muscles and show me everything that was in the brickman book. The other one was very graceful and knew how to hold still. In the weekend and on other days I would go out in Florence and wander around and do drawings to practice quick sketching.

"I wanted to learn in other areas, so shortly I went to study with a man named Hans Georg Lersner in Germany. He taught me to think of texture and background, to think of ways of painting that didn't copy natural nature, but which were painted with verve and imagination. He taught me to think in terms of abstract patterns, and to add patterns to my pictures.



Shreeve 401 01, 1944. Watercolor on paper, 7" x 10". Image courtesy of Elizabeth Shreeve

"While I was there, I met two young German boys who were studying art as well. They were going to go to Northern Norway on a camping trip, and they had knapsacks and tents and other gear—but they didn't have a car. I had a car. So the three of us got together and we went all the way up to Harstad, the most northern town in the whole world, making watercolor on our way up.

"My ambition was just to paint different things, different subjects, to go to all of the different museums that we passed by in different cities, and try to really observe and do interesting and paintings.

"Soon I headed north, and I went through Yagadana. While I was in a little town called Marne, somebody ran out next to the road and flagged me down. Soon I was driving an injured man and his friend to the local hospital. When we arrived at the hospital, the friend ran inside for help and while he was gone the injured man in my front seat proceeded to die. He gasped and looked over and he was dead. Well, this crowd that had gathered around the car assumed that I had run over him. My car had German plates on it, and they assumed I was German. Well, the people in this town hated Germans, and had been very badly abused by them during the war, so they attacked my car! Fortunately, the man who had run in to get





Original cover illustration for *The Star in the Night*, 1940. Illustrated on paper 18" x 18". Image courtesy of Elizabeth Hedges



How magazine cover image, Bernard Stroh, 1996, Watercolor on paper, 8 1/2 x 11", Image courtesy of David Hoggins



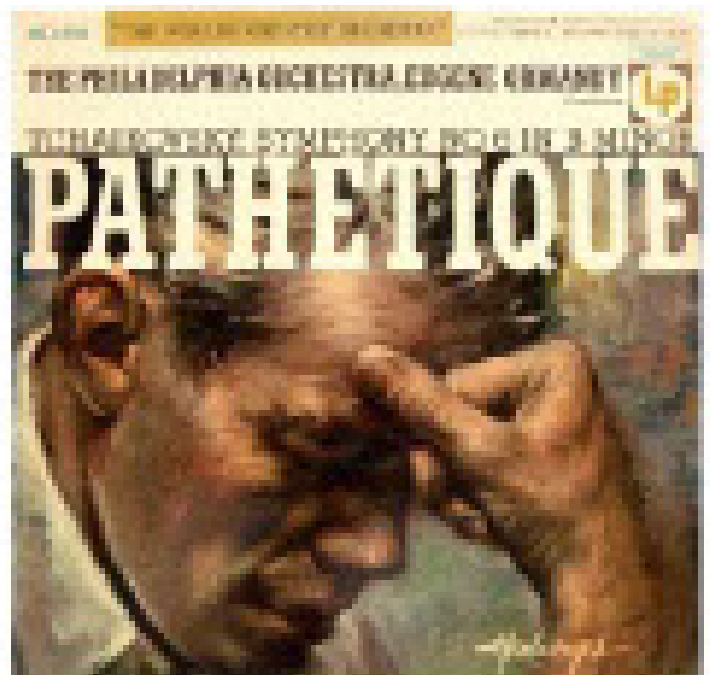
How magazine cover image, Henry Kissinger, 1996, Watercolor on paper, 8 1/2 x 11", Image courtesy of David Hoggins

help me out and send me from that crowd?

After that I went further south to Delmarva, where I made some more watercolors. While I was painting a chapel, an old lady came up to me and she was beautifully dressed in 1950s clothes and she was so dignified. She went through me in three languages before she hit me that we could use to communicate, and she asked me if I did paintings in miniature. She had a photograph that she wanted to paint in miniature on ivory. I said, no, I'm afraid I don't know how to do that. She then sighed and said, "Nobody can do THAT" and pointed to my painting.

Across the mountains, I came to the town of Stopp, where I painted two watercolors from the marketplace. These people at that time were all wearing interesting costumes. NOW when I go back to such a city in Europe, the men are all wearing warm-up suits! So I value this period when I was there. I have a particular feeling about this city, as a year or so after I painted it there was a terrible earthquake, and the whole town was leveled.

From there I went down into Greece, and of course lived at the Acropolis. From there I went on to Turkey. The owner to



How cover for Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, 1996, Image courtesy of David Hoggins



The Blackboard Jungle, Cardinal Books, 1955. Image courtesy of Elizabeth Hedges.





Old Market, 1918. Oil on canvas, 50" x 40", Image courtesy of Chaim Soutine



April, 1918. Oil on canvas, 50" x 40", Image courtesy of Elizabeth Soutine

© Illustration

the same area there just try to be painted. I like to go to places where I can see people either farming with an ox or using animals, and architecture that refers to the past — instead of the modernist and modern buildings that we have. I still appreciate the aged things.

Then down into Egypt... I went from Isfah through Syria and down to Lebanon, and I put my car on a boat and went over to Alexandria. I would have liked to continue going by car from Israel down into Egypt, but in those days if you had an Israeli stamp in your passport you couldn't get into the United Arab Emirates, which was Syria and Egypt at that time. So I had to decide what her it was going to be. Palestine or the Pyrenees, so I went to Alexandria to my car and I drove to Cairo, then I took a train down to Luxor.

I couldn't get a hotel there, and I thought I would have to drive back to Cairo that same night, but I heard about an Arab rest house that was four kilometers on the other side of the river in a place called the Valley of the Kings. I spent four weeks there drawing and painting and wandering around, living in this Arab rest house. It had no running water and no electricity but it was a wonderful place to stay. They had wonderful food, and I met a French engineer who was there to help with the road construction, and he knew Arabic and I knew a little French, and he taught me some of the salience of the Arabic language.

My next stop was Calcutta, so I put my car on another boat again and I decided to head through Syria. I drove and painted constantly. My goal always was to try to train myself to do road paintings for galleries.

EXCEL PAINTING

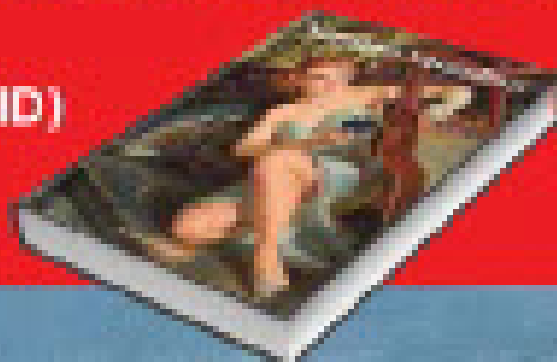
Finally, nearing the end of his writings, Chaim returned to New York and to illustration, but only temporarily. He longed for his fine art work to be accepted at Grand Con-

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An output without, 1970s. At least, 1970s. Image courtesy of Clark Gilling

tral Galleries, and after many months of trying he was finally accepted.

"I took my drawings and paintings, mostly watercolors, around to galleries hoping to contact with somebody. I went to Grand Central Galleries, where I had gone frequently with my father after my time at the Metropolitan, and I had in my mind that that was the gallery I would like to be in someday if I were able to do acceptable paintings. Well, at those days they didn't want European paintings and they didn't want watercolors, so I began doing oil paintings interspersed with my illustration work to support myself. I kept taking things to Grand Central Gallery but they kept saying "You're not ready, you're not ready." They told me I shouldn't paint cathedrals, because only Catholics bought cathedral paintings. And I shouldn't paint donkeys, because no one wanted donkeys in their living rooms. Suddenly I did this painting, and I took it in. While I was showing it to Mr. Barry, the head of the Gallery, the receptionist came over and whispered, "There's a lady over there who would like to buy your painting."

Told Mr. Barry's desire for money overcame his rejection of me, and that's how I got into their gallery. Isn't it interest-

ing that the art world, even in those days, was ruled by something as trivialish as whether or not it was socially acceptable to hang a particular subject on your wall?"

Soon after returning from Europe, a friend took Mary Bell to a dinner party at Clark's apartment. They were married in 1960 and two years later daughter Elizabeth was born. Clark has continued to travel ever since, with family in tow. "The greater part of my time is spent searching for subjects that I enjoy painting and that will produce an interesting result. I can't just decide to do a painting and expect the right material to appear from nowhere." Mary has become an accomplished detective, digging through maps and guidebooks to find the back roads where there are still stone bridges, old farms and farmers who work the land with animals. She also looks for paintings more intensely than anyone and Clark relies on her judgment. "She's an absolute, very good critic," he says.

Clark Gilling is lauded for his ability to convey light and the texture of wall-to-day life. His depictions of everything from complicated street scenes to simple noon and delivery bring a fascination with and compassion for everyday people. Perhaps this stems from his childhood years in Spain. Clark

ividly remembers exploring the countryside on weekend drives with his parents. On weekday afternoons, a maid often took him and his sister to play in the busy market where his boyfriend worked, or to her parents' simple one-bedroom with its backyard full of ferns and citrus trees.

"Markets have always been an interest of mine. When I was a child I lived in Spain, and the maid was supposed to take us to play with the little English children in the park, but she instead would take us to her home where there was this little patio full of animals, and a couple of chickens. This was where my interest in painting landscapes began. Her boyfriend worked over in the market, so we would go in the modernist mall, and my sister and I would play there and we became the mascots for all of the chicks. This was certainly more exciting for little children than playing in the park."

Clark has had a long and illustrious career as an artist, and has been honored repeatedly for his work over the past forty-five years. His most recent one-man show was in New York City and Hilton Head, South Carolina in 2007. Despite Clark's success, his own rewards are simple. "Sometimes I have a painting against the wall in my studio and happen to glance at it suddenly and see that the effect I was trying for has been achieved. That gives me great satisfaction." 🍷

—by Victoria Johnson and Clark Hulings

Special thanks to the donors and Michael Donohue for helping the images used in this article. A portion of the net proceeds from sales of *Clark Hulings: A Gallery of Paintings* will benefit the National Library of Medicine. To discover how you can help, please visit www.clarkhulings.com.



The Street Walking Out, 12 1/2" x 16" canvas, 1977. Image courtesy Clark Hulings

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An illustrated talk by Clark Hulings delivered at The Art Students League of New York

New and Notable:



TELLING STORIES: NORMAN ROCKWELL FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF GEORGE LUCAS AND STEVEN SPIELBERG

BY VIRGINIA BRIDLEMAN, AND FRED MCCANN
216 PAGES, FULL COLOR
\$40.00 HARDCOVER
MAY 2011

Telling Stories, based on the Rockwell collections of George Lucas and Steven Spielberg, is the first book to draw the connections between Rockwell's iconic depictions of American life and the movies. Rockwell, the quintessential American storyteller of the 20th century, was a street observer a par with the great Hollywood directors of his time, and touched the lives of the two most successful directors of our day. Within Rockwell's art, the fantasies and fables of ordinary people are given life, created among, from the themes of love of country, the sanctity of family, and the value of personal honor. Telling Stories, which accompanies an exhibition at the Smithsonian American Art Museum (see the Exhibitions and Events page), is richly illustrated with Rockwell images, photographs, and film stills.



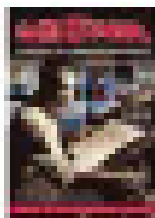
HARVEY DUNN: ILLUSTRATOR AND PAINTER OF THE PIONEER WEST

BY TONY HERR
INTRODUCTION BY JOHN VANDEGRIFT, DIRECTOR,
SMITHSONIAN ART MUSEUM
204 PAGES, FULL COLOR
\$40.00 HARDCOVER WITH JACKET
FEBRUARY 2011

Harvey Dunn was one of twentieth century America's most powerful illustrators, painters and teachers. This comprehensive volume covers a major portion of his illustrations and paintings for the first time. Content includes illustrations, art, plates and writers' works, and his powerful World War I posters inspired by his battlefield sketches. Also included are the nearly 500 sketches, portraits, and murals. Paintings from museum and private collections document the full scope of this talented American artist.

For this book, many original paintings were tracked down and/or photographed in order to recreate the work of this important artist. Until now, most of Dunn's paintings and illustrations have been unavailable to the public without original fees.

Locations of portraits in public collections are listed, as are the original publication dates and places. Additionally, a section is devoted to the artist's writing and teaching methods. Also included is a reprinting of Dunn's "An Evening in the Classroom," compiled from notes made during workshops, painting and his inspirational teaching philosophy. A comprehensive list of Dunn's students with sample art is included as well.



WILL EISNER: PORTRAIT OF A SEQUENTIAL ARTIST DVD

DIRECTED BY JEREMY EDGEM
COHEN AND BLAKE PROFFERS, BY NANCY
HOFMEIER
80 MINUTES
MAY 2011

Arguably the most influential person in American comics, Will Eisner—as artist, entrepreneur, inventor, and visual storyteller—opened a career that encompassed comic books from their early beginnings in the 1930s to their development as graphic novels in the 1990s. During his early years-plus career, Eisner introduced the now-traditional mode of comic book production, championed realism, sophisticated storytelling, was an early advocate for using the medium as a tool for education, pioneered the now-popular graphic novel, and served as inspiration for generations of artists. Without a doubt, Will Eisner was the profather of the American comic book.

This award-winning full-length feature film documentary includes interviews with Eisner and many of the featured creative talents in the U.S., including Kurt Vonnegut, Michael Chabon, John DeLano, Jack Kirby, Neil Gaiman, Christopher Yost, Frank Miller, Stan Lee, Gil Kane, and others.



THE GOLDEN AGE OF BIG LITTLE BOOKS

BY LAWRENCE LARRY
216 PAGES, FULL COLOR
\$40.00 HARDCOVER
OCTOBER 2010, REISSUE IN APRIL 2011, 2011

Though this book has been around for a few years now, I only recently discovered it on Brad Plant's blog at Bookish Books.com. I couldn't resist writing about it here now.

Everything you could possibly want to know about vintage Big Little Books is collected between the covers of this beautiful book by Big Little Book authority Lawrence Larry. Spanning the halcyon days from 1933 to 1966, every issue is reprinted full-size and in full-color, complete with back cover and spine images and collectors' info, including blurbets and peripherals. Special sections on BLB related items like puzzles, cards, board sets and foreign translations make this the definitive word on Big Little Books and the Whitman Publishing Company. While this is not a price guide, source information is as clearly identified.

Amazingly enough, this book only covers what Larry calls the Golden Age of BLBs which ends in 1966. Even if you are only modestly interested in Big Little Books, this is an incredible reference and a revealing examination of page culture of the 1930s, with all the associated trinket and uncodex.



**FOR US THE LIVING:
THE CIVIL WAR IN PAINTINGS AND
EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS**

BY ROBERT KUPPERMAN, JAMES L. ROBERTSON, JR.,
FOREWORD BY URSULA HOLDEN
224 PAGES, FULL-COLOR
\$34.00 HARDCOVER
JULY 2011

Most Americans America's premier historical artist, is renowned for his historically authentic and moving Civil War scenes, marking the commencement of the Civil War, which began in 1861, for 65 the Civil War scenes paintings by the acclaimed artist, painted with a strong text by Pulitzer Prize-winning author James L. Robertson, Jr.

In this book, Robertson insightfully describes key events in each year of the conflict, weaving his words together with those of the people who lived through it—while Robert Kupperman's masterful paintings illustrate the war.



**THE ART OF AMERICAN BOOK COVERS:
1875-1930**

BY RICHARD LINSKY
128 PAGES, FULL-COLOR
\$24.95 HARDCOVER, NEW EDITION
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 2011

For those with an interest in book design, decorative bookbindings, American Gilded Age literature, or the Arts and Crafts movement in general, this book will be a treasure trove of national visual images.

The author covers the Golden Age of book cover art, a period that lasted from the 1870s until the Great Depression. During this time, publishers commissioned artists and designers to create beautiful stamped and embossed book covers. The art was neither Victorian nor modern, and it had many influences, including Arts and Crafts, Orientalism, and Art Nouveau. The work, gold stamping patterns, and artists' names given to designs on the cover are some of the key elements of this Golden Age. This book showcases some of the most beautiful cover designs, and provides background information on many of the major artists of that day, many of whom are largely forgotten now. The book also includes an illustrated list of artists' names and bibliographies.



THE LEGENDARY ART OF R.C. WYETH

BY L. SANDE WYETH, NEW EDITION
ARTWORK BY R.C. WYETH
120 PAGES, FULL-COLOR
\$24.95 HARDCOVER WITH DUSTJACKET
ALPHABETICALLY, 2011

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EXHIBITIONS & EVENTS

Telling Stories: Norman Rockwell from the Collections of George Lucas and Steven Spielberg

July 2 through January 2, 2010

Smithsonian American Art Museum, Washington, DC

Telling Stories is the first major exhibition to explore in depth the connections between Norman Rockwell's iconic images of American life and the movies. Two of America's best-known filmmakers—George Lucas and Steven Spielberg—recognized a kindred spirit in Rockwell and loaned significant collections of his work. Rockwell's paintings and the films of Lucas and Spielberg evoke love of country, small town values, children growing up, military heroes, acts of ingenuity, and life's joys.

The exhibition educates on new research into Rockwell, his work and the relationships between the artist and the movies. It displays 37 major Rockwell paintings and drawings from these private collections. The museum is the only venue for the exhibition. Telling Stories is organized by Virginia M. Mathison, senior curator.

A 12-minute film, co-produced by the museum and filmmaker Laurent Bouffier, will be shown continuously in the exhibition gallery.

For more information, visit www.siamuseum.si.edu

For Us the Living: The Civil War in Paintings by Mort Künstler

September 20 through January 12, 2011

Stamper County Museum of Art, NY

For Us the Living portrays the sights, feelings and drama of the Civil War. Considered by many to be the leading contemporary painter of Civil War scenes, Mort Künstler's work is renowned for its dramatic intensity and for an extraordinary level of authenticity that results from intensive research. The exhibition consists of approximately 60 paintings and a selection of documentary objects including a first-hand account book from Künstler's creative process through sketches, drawings, preliminary studies, photographs and props.

For more information, visit www.stampermuseum.com

Managers—The Art of Animals

August 20 through January 2, 2011

Forest Lane Cristate Museum, CA

This exhibit features artwork from an eclectic group of talented artists, both human and non-human, including paintings and drawings, as well as bronze, synthetic, and paper sculptures. Among the artists represented are

the exhibit are painter William Saut, the exhibit's guest on various metal sculpture and painter Charles Marvin Daniel, whose unusual body of work helped define the American West. Steven R. Kurland, an "artist-wrestler" for modern painters who will exhibit his collection of recent figurative art, and Boris, a Russian Chugatai and long time resident of the Los Angeles Zoo. Additional artists include Drew Struzan, Andrew Dey, Paul Stanton, Charles Livingston Bulfinch, Stuart Cox, and more.

For more information, visit www.bonhams.com

LANDMARK WEST! The Committee to Preserve the Upper West Side

December 14, 2010

Stanley H. Kaplan Performance, Lincoln Center, NY

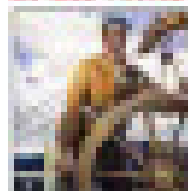
LANDMARK WEST!'s growing celebration of its 25th Anniversary culminates with a festive cocktail party to benefit the organization's ongoing efforts to protect the past and shape the future of Manhattan's Upper West Side. LANDMARK WEST! and Master of Ceremonies Tom Rolston will pay tribute to three couples who have long championed the cause of preserving the Upper West Side's architectural heritage: Mirinda & R.D. Kleiman, Ira & Robert A. Caro and Sheila & Tom Wolfe.

The evening's program will feature a special performance in the style and spirit of THE TRILLA FOLLIES, Symphony Space's political cabaret led by Artistic Director Jack Sheller.

Tickets begin at \$100 each. Tickets to the Host Committee include special "thank yous," such as a signed first edition of one of our featured books or artistic works. Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres begin at 5:00PM and the full program, including a performance by Symphony Space, begins at 6:00PM. The event concludes at 8PM.

For more information, visit www.landmarkwest.org

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THE WORLD OF THE PAST



THE PAST OF THE FUTURE

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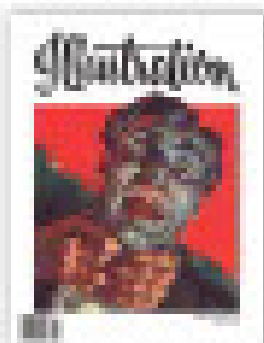
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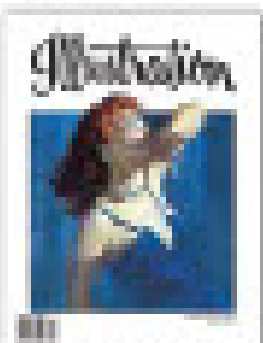
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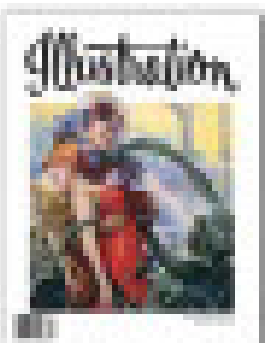
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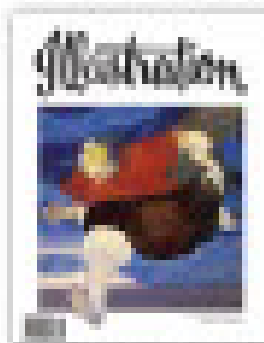
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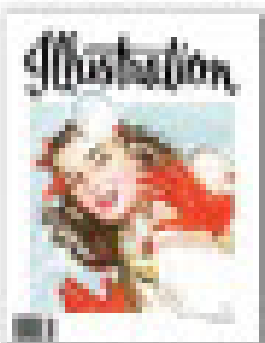
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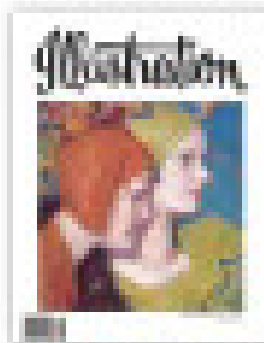
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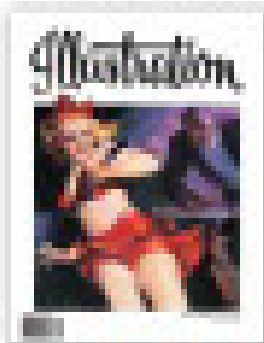
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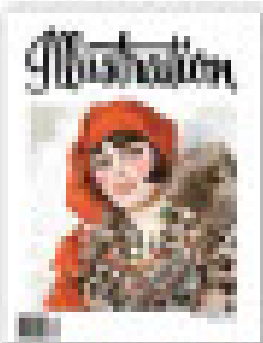
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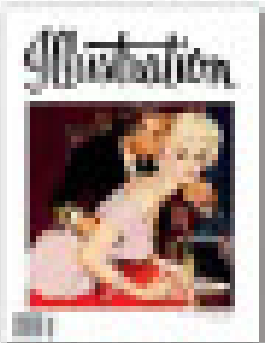
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