

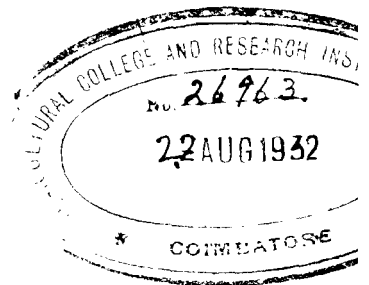
MORE ABOUT HOW TO DRAW IN PEN AND INK

BY

HARRY FURNISS

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO DRAW IN PEN AND INK"

With Numerous Illustrations



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MORE ABOUT HOW TO
DRAW IN PEN AND INK



DESIGN FOR THE FRONTISPIECE OF A BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION CATALOGUE—THE BANNER LEFT FOR TITLE, DATE, ETC.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., S.E.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

INTRODUCTION

BEING advised that the time has arrived for me to supplement that modest effort of mine, *How to Draw in Pen and Ink*, with another work for students somewhat more advanced than those I addressed ten years ago, I have here "compiled"—I think that is the word—some practical suggestions for those following art, with a little "a"—otherwise Drawing in Black and White.

My first practical suggestion is—let not the art-critic worry you, or put you off your set purpose in whatever line you may have adopted. Many a genius has been either so disheartened as to abandon art altogether whilst others have been ruined by being lured into an art which is commercially useless. This book is written with the hope that something practical, and not critical, may help the reader, as, I believe, by its steady sale, my first little work has achieved.

There is more nonsense talked and written about Art, with a big "A," than any other subject under the sun. Ruskin's superfine English was often wasted upon superfine silliness. He once gave an address on "A square inch of Turner" to students standing round one

of Turner's masterpieces in the National Gallery. He extolled the wonders and subtlety of the work of England's greatest genius in landscape painting. In that particular square inch could be discovered the condensation of knowledge, dexterity, tone and brush work. Never before had any great master painted *multum in parvo* in such a way as this! Turner, hearing of this tribute to his genius, had the curiosity to visit the National Gallery to see this wonderful square inch. "Oh, I remember now," said he, "how that happened. My wet brushes fell out of my hand on to the canvas just there, and it struck me that as this accident had made such an effective smudge, I would leave it."

That, to my mind, sums up the whole criticism of art. I once knew an art-critic well. He was a man of gentle birth—the son of a Peer—a man of high art tastes who had spent more than he could well afford purchasing works of art, the world over. He travelled much, talked much, and wrote much as an expert in high art. He had studied painting, too, in the ateliers of the most famous continental artists; eventually he became, among other things, an art-critic. He had spent so much in art towards the end of his life he was absolutely poor, but he was still the expert—which, in other words, means the dealer—and he, therefore, entertained in grand style. But, alas! the time came when he had to dispose of many of the works of art he had collected and considered worth anything. After his death "everything" had to be sold

to pay his debts, for he had borrowed much so as to entertain, and at other times had barely the necessaries of life. At the sale a small picture hanging in his drawing-room—a picture this “expert” must have gazed at once or twice every day of his troubled life at home—fetched £8,000!

So now we get to business.

Before doing so, however, I have to thank Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for their kindness in allowing me to reproduce in this volume some of my illustrations in *The Harry Furniss Centenary Edition of Thackeray*, and also a few extracts from the Artist's prefaces to that Edition. I also thank the proprietors of *Pearson's Magazine* for permission to make extracts from my article on Caricature; the *Strand Magazine* for reproducing some of my remarks with reference to Lewis Carroll, and Drawing for the Cinematograph; the proprietors of *Punch* for their kindness in allowing me to reproduce two of Frederick Walker's designs; and the *Daily Mirror* for reproducing my design *à propos* of the Ankle Skirt.

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MORE ABOUT HOW TO DRAW IN PEN AND INK

CHAPTER I

ITS COMMERCIAL USE

WHEN making any design for commercial purposes it is first of all absolutely necessary to find out the exact size the reproduction is to be and to work to scale. Many a good design has either to be spoilt or "turned down" for the simple reason that it has been drawn the wrong shape for the purpose required. It seems incredible, but is nevertheless true, that some artists are slaves to a particular size in their black-and-white design or in their picture; for them to work in any other is uncongenial, and therefore unsuccessful.

It is well, therefore, for the student to avoid getting into any such groove, which may possibly master him in time and limit his resources. So as to illustrate this particular point, that is, the value of correct sizes, I may mention a fact concerning a very popular, if not a very great painter, still in the ranks of our Royal Academicians.

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He, as a young man endowed with commercial and mathematical instincts, determined to set to work in a business-like way to get his pictures accepted and hung on the walls. For after all the walls of the Academy are much like the posters on the hoardings—there must be some predominating size favoured by the Hanging Committee—to account for poor pictures appearing “on the line,” and good ones rejected altogether. So, armed with a tape measure, this young artist measured the pictures on the “line,” and discovered the exact size which proved most useful, and he never varied that size, and always found himself upon “the line.” When he became famous and rich and a member of the Royal Academy, size was no object, so he tried to enlarge his canvas, but his pictures were not successful, and he fell back once more into his own particular limitation of size. Another reason was that the size he selected was just suitable for reproduction in photogravure and other processes, and it is just as well to bear in mind that it is important now-a-days to keep in view the size of such reproductions in view of the great profits accruing to the artist from them.

Versatility among artists is, I venture to assert, much rarer than one supposes. Either in the style of their work or in the sizes they select, so many draw or paint as a means of living merely, and not because they are like Hokusai, mad about it.

Hokusai's—whose name signifies “the North Studio,”

in honour of his first studio being in the north part of the city—first commission was to design a large banner, the size of which was so enormous that it necessitated using pailfuls of paint. The fame of this unique undertaking spread abroad until people clustered on the roofs to watch Hokusai.

The very day after the banner was finished, the artist, to display his versatility, painted a landscape on a rice leaf. On his deathbed he requested that the following epitaph should be inscribed—

“Here lies the man who was mad about painting.”

The student who works for the publisher or printer must not emulate Hokusai's eccentricity. He must be, above all things, sane—in other words, amenable to the requirements of those employing him. Nothing upsets the business man more than eccentricity—originality means the same thing; even genius fits the crime, indeed I have always impressed one guiding fact upon the student—that to succeed as an illustrator there is nothing so certain as creditable commonplace work. Editors look upon such as “safe.” To be “clever” is to them a worry; to be eccentric is fatal. Of course, any drawing out of the common may attract attention and find favour for a short time, but for a steady flow of work it is what the editor or publisher wants, and not what the inconvenient artist wishes those who pay the piper to like—that is remunerative and commercially safe. Such work

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is not paid so well as the common drawings, but there is more in it in the end. To have a marked individuality, a sort of "Here we are again!" appearance, however entertaining your work may be, is, in illustrating at least, too evident. The orthodox draughtsman, having nothing original or particularly strong, never perhaps becomes famous, but he becomes rich. If one prefers money to notoriety, then work steadily in a groove and let the public have just as commonplace work as its commonplace mind can grasp.

To try to get the public to see your way, to improve, educate or lecture those you expect to place their money on you, may sometimes pay in a play, but never in any other art.

Should the amateur merely wish to enjoy the pleasure of producing, he is quite free to try to improve upon the standard of art in relation to commerce, but he will have to pay for his pleasure. The commercial man cannot for the simple reason the public does not want it, and therefore really good, artistic work is merely the expensive whim of the ambitious and conscientious producer.

A few years ago a very interesting article appeared in *The Times* headed "Artistic *v.* Commercial." It sums up the subject thus:—

"If we forgot the distinction between commercial and artistic in furniture and other things, if we took a pride in their good workmanship and perfect fitness for their

purpose, and if we were ready to pay for these qualities, as in the case of motor-cars, we should soon have them as good as they were in the eighteenth century, and as full of character. But so long as good workmanship and design are only attempted by amateurs, because the public will not pay for them, those amateurs, for all their devotion, will not be able to compete with the professionals of the past. There will be no public demand to preserve them from personal caprice. Their works will remain consciously artistic, making a protest against commercial vulgarity, and they will be artificially preserved from the necessary benefits as well as the unnecessary evils of competition."

This truism is equally applicable to other arts beside the art of furniture. The day of beautifully drawn designs—say fifty years ago, when all the great English artists produced their best work in magazine and book illustration, the publishers and public paid and appreciated their purchase. Such work is now occasionally produced by the amateur publisher for the few, but commercially the motor-car is far more beautiful than any pictorial art. The one other "artist" now commercially appreciated is the fashionable tailor's cutter or dressmaker. The writer in *The Times* emphasizes this fact clearly as follows:—

"It is well, of course, that there should be cheap books for those who could not buy them if they were not cheap: but that is no reason why all books should be cheap. The demand for finely printed books is not large enough to pay the producers of them, merely because the well-to-do

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public does not care enough for fine printing to pay for it. It prefers to spend its money on other things, and has been so long indifferent to the quality of printing that now it does not know good from bad, and has a vague notion that there is only a mysterious and arbitrary distinction between 'artistic' printing and 'commercial.' The amateur produces the one for himself and a few faddists. The man of business produces the other for every one else."

Since I finished this little work there has been, to quote *The Times*, "a new body with aims"—I almost wrote arms—formed mainly to aid co-operation between art and trade; by which the artist will cease "to be a tiresome crank to the manufacturer, or the manufacturer a dull Philistine to the artist." So to those about to design for manufacturers, I can give this advice: "Sharpen your wits and your pencil and up, Students, and at 'em!"

Thanks to the French, conventionality in designing artistic exhibition diplomas, award certificates and all such things has largely disappeared, and the artist is allowed a free hand to make a picture in place of labouring detail. Still, both in England and America, Penmanship in imitation of the mechanical flourishing steel engraving of our fathers' and forefathers' time is still thought necessary in such designs, and the nearer one gets to the appearance of an enlarged bank-note the more those who give the commission—generally the printers—are pleased. Occasionally in big events the Committee of exhibitions

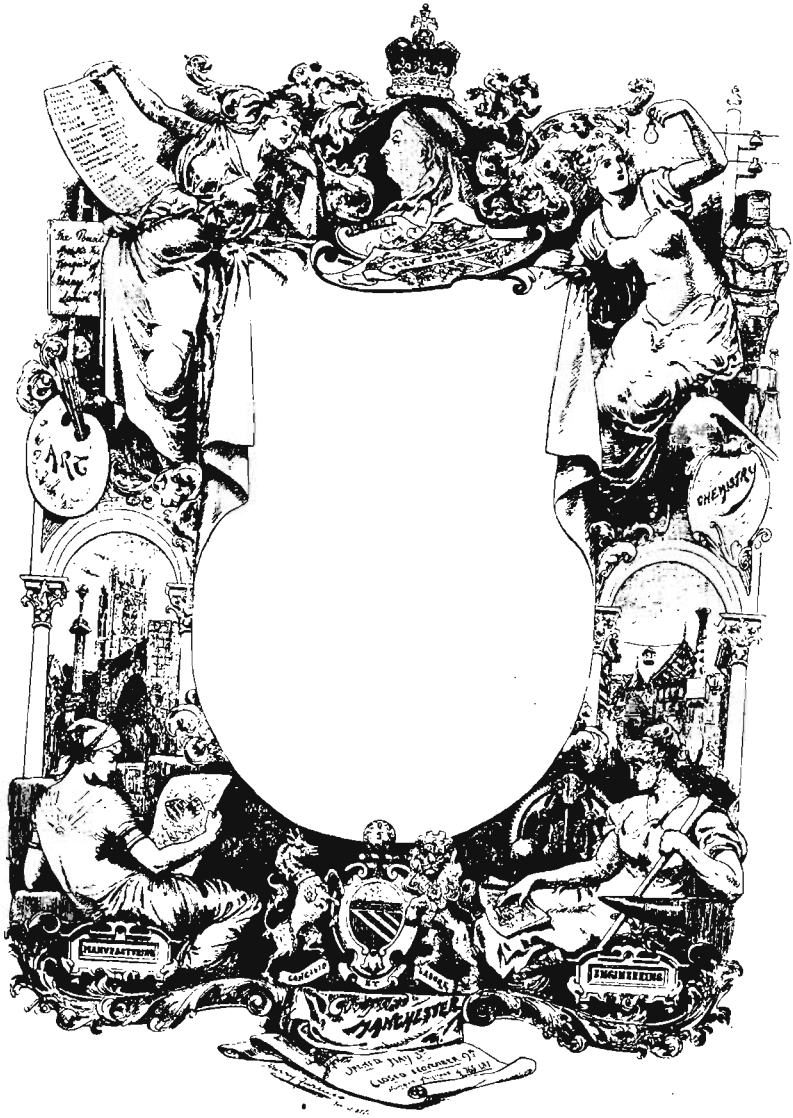
and other things may contain artistic members, and then the artist has a look in.

Students must not be surprised if they are asked to design the impossible. I was present at a dinner of advertisers at which Mr. John Hassall, the well-known designer of posters, spoke as follows :—

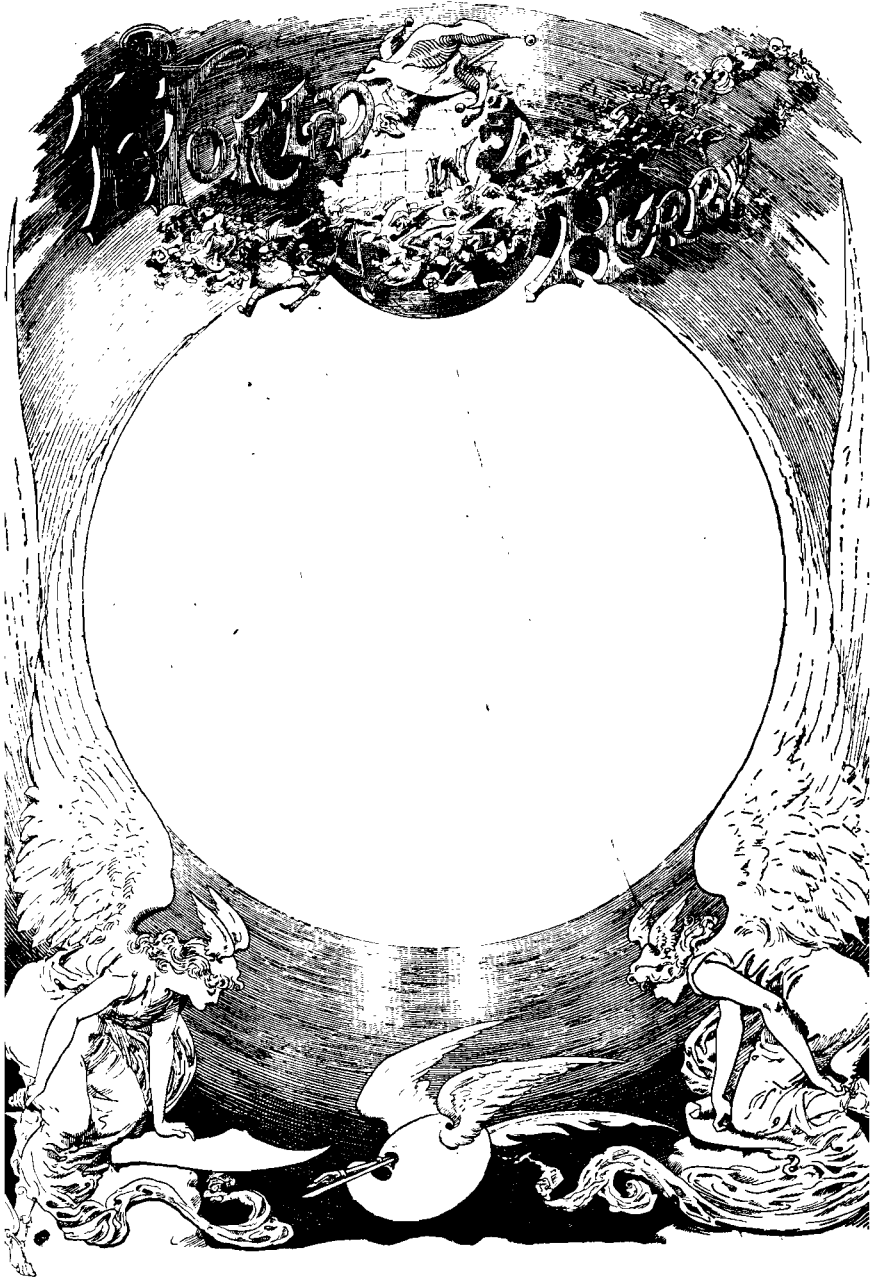
“Now from the advertiser's point of view: People don't understand there are things you cannot draw. A man came and asked me for a little inset (for a magazine) for a glass eye. But if you draw a glass eye it looks as if a man has not one, and if you make it look like a glass eye it would not be sold. You might certainly have a round blob with a pupil in the middle and say ‘this is an eye’ in the hope that it may look all right.

“Another man had a Newmarket coat. He wanted it to be buttoned all the way down, but he insisted on showing the watch-chain! I tried to explain. Afterwards I pulled it sideways, and then it was all right.

“Another wanted a picture that might have been good if it could have been done. He wanted a lady talking through a door, saying she could not get in, and a child on the other side, saying, ‘That is mother's voice.’ They wanted the child with her ear to the keyhole, and the mother talking on the other side of the door. People should look at ideas from the pictorial point of view and see if they can be done. That is the main thing. I do not know that I can say more about it. Being in this business, where you have to draw, people come and ask you all sorts of things you cannot do, and that is where you fail.”



DESIGN FOR DIPLOMA. THE SPACE LEFT
FOR THE INSCRIPTION.



DESIGNED TO LEAVE SPACE FOR LETTERPRESS.

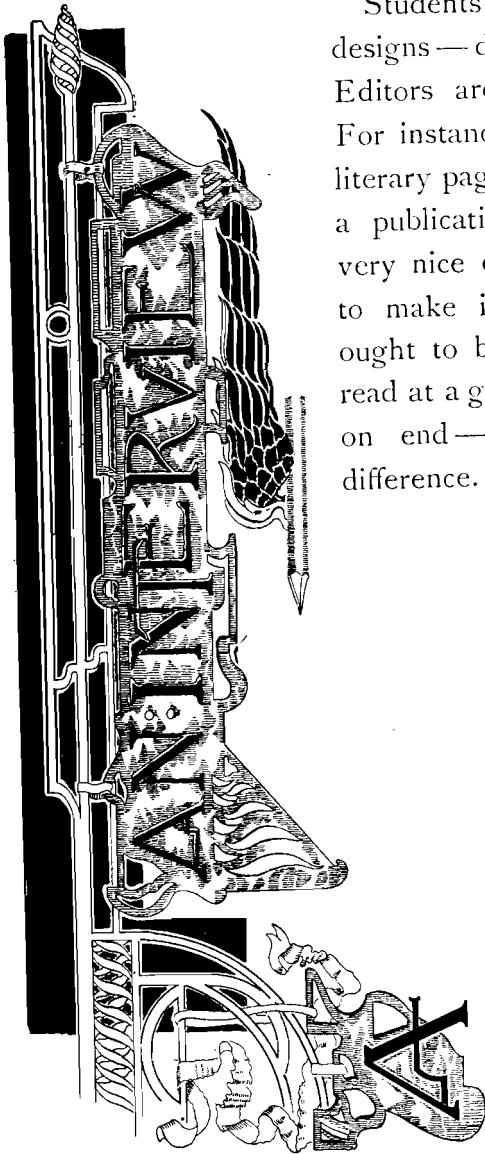
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I have never had a free hand yet—having always had it made clear to me that the certificate itself, the space for the name of the recipient of the award, and, above all, the name of the official awarding it, must not be obscure. So that the problem the student has to solve is how to carry out an artistic design overladen with letterpress. To draw attention from the various inscriptions is fatal. They will have the fact that the value of the award lies in the various signatures and not the presentation of a specimen of a work of art.

I was commissioned by the most important man in the art world to design the diploma for a great art exhibition—not an award strictly speaking—but a vote of thanks to those who had lent valuable pictures. Here, thought I, with a sympathetic employer, was a chance to do something artistic. Not a bit of it! I had to be conventional. Rigid attention to inartistic details was enforced, and as we discussed the matter over the dinner table of this man of art, he pointed to my shirt front and said: “Take the cut of your waistcoat as the centre of the design and stick to it. Get what you can in around it.” And my shirt front, as shown on page 8, can be seen in the art gallery of the town in which the exhibition took place.

It is the letterpress or engraver's writing of the inscription one has to fight against. Obtain permission to combine the inscription with the drawing and then one can attempt something artistic.

Students should avoid “puzzle” designs—designs so ingenious Editors are unable to unravel. For instance, this design for the literary page was sent to me for a publication I was editing—a very nice drawing—but I failed to make it out. The heading ought to be something one can read at a glance. This is printed on end—but that makes no difference.





CHAPTER II

FASHION DRAWING

THE use of the pencil in designing fashions for the newspapers has of late years grown into a profitable industry. I said designing advisedly—and not drawing—though the drawing of a fashionable costume should be as well done—and generally is—as any other effort of the student. But one must not lose sight of the fact that to be commercially valuable the drawing must be a design, so that when one hears of large sums being paid for drawing fashions, it is as well to know that the artist is the designer of the costume. Therefore—although the great leader of

fashion for many years was a man, M. Worth of Paris (who, by the way, was an Englishman)—ninety-nine per cent. of costume designers and artists are women.¹

I made one excursion into the realm of dress—and that a Quixotic one—but sufficient to show me that the power of fashion is far and away the most burning of all questions in which the pencil is used in commerce.

The Pen began it. A few years ago there was an attempt to introduce a “rational dress,” “divided skirt,” or whatever one chooses to call it. Eventually it became known as the “Harem skirt.” I wrote a letter to *The Times* protesting against this, and headed my letter *The Ankle Skirt*. I pointed out that when dear Mrs. Stirling, the veteran actress, paid her first visit to the Ladies’ Gallery in the House of Commons, she remarked to her neighbour: “This is the first time in my life, my dear, I have ever been in a harem,” and ever afterwards referred to this notorious “grille” in our highly proper House of Commons as “the harem.” Had that name caught on it would have ended, or mended, this cage for ladies in our Parliament. To the average Englishwoman there is something shocking in the word “harem,” and the opponents of the rational and picturesque new skirt—such as Lord Rosebery—still stick to the fatal word, which word has to be attacked and obliterated from the vocabulary of Fashion before the ankle skirt gets a chance.

Had Lord Rosebery referred to the ankle skirt he

¹ The heading to this chapter contains a portrait of M. Worth.

suits, and if ladies want to see what freedom of attire really is, let them, in purchasing Harris tweeds of the poor crofters, take stock of Lord Rosebery's own country-folk, leave the "hobble skirts" north of the Tweed, and return to the centre of fashion attired as sensible beings.

To my surprise this modest protest of mine caused a tremendous sensation. Leaders in *The Times* and other papers, foreign as well as English (all favourable to my suggestion), letters in the papers, skits, pictorial and in verse, attacks, letters of thanks, and a hullabaloo such as I had never before been guilty of, though I had gone for things from time to time of much greater importance in the press. One paper, *The Daily Mirror*, secured from me my pictorial ideas on the subject in a page drawing, here reproduced, and my Ankle skirt was adopted by some ladies of society, who sent me photographs or called at my studio to show them.

I followed up my letter to *The Times* with another, in which I expressed the following opinion:—

Fashion wants muzzling. It rushes on in its mad career to extremes. After the "hobble skirt" we were promised the return of the crinoline: probably after that the *quasi-Greek*. Now that we have the ankle dress let us stick to it. It can be varied every season and so satisfy the Parisian *couturière* and the American visitors; but in the name of commonsense, comfort and hygiene, let us adopt the ankle dress as a permanent muzzle to the silly, changing, uncomfortable and microbe-gathering costumes the ever-designing dressmaker invents.



FASHION DRAWING. THE "SUIT OF ARMOUR"
STYLE TO AVOID.

[See page 1



NOW-A-DAYS THIS STYLE IS PREFERRED.

[See page 18.]

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My reason for introducing this subject here is to warn those who wish to design costumes. The reason my idea failed is contained in the last paragraph quoted above. "A permanent muzzle" is the very thing the trade will not have. They want change and more change and cost and more cost. So whatever the artist drawing clothes does, he or she must above all things avoid suggesting permanency. Design novelties. The prude does not buy clothes—at least not clothes that pay advertisers, or those in the trade who have to pay you for your work.

In drawing clothes for men the case is different. The tradesman first catches his fashion and then serves it up to the public—drawn by an artist. The only hint I can give in this direction is to avoid representing a coat that has never been worn in that suit-of-armor style so common in the past.

On pages 16 and 17 are two drawings from the same coat which show what I mean better than my written instructions.

In drawing advertisements, or indeed anything else, the student should remember that "honesty is the best policy." To *parody* a picture (with permission) is allowable, but to *copy* another artist's work, without permission or acknowledgement, should be avoided. I have suffered much in this way. The large sketch is my sketch for an advertisement. The smaller one is the "crib" without acknowledgement. Cribbing, besides being injurious to one's reputation, is a dangerous practice where business advertisements



CARTOONS FASHION, AND PEN AND INK DRAWINGS,
1815-1915.



MY SKETCH FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT—AND THE "CRIB."



FASHION DRAWING—MODERN STYLE.

are concerned, as there is such a thing as copyright, and as a rule business people, unlike artists—protect their property by its means, and are not slow to come down on the wrongdoer.

The modern style is simplicity of drawing and simplicity



A "TIGHT DRAWING."

of design. There is not much of either in this, but it is evidently the sort of thing advertisers and newspapers prefer at the moment.

However, it is well to remember that fashions and fashion drawings are ever changing. It is just possible there will be a return to the "tight" drawing—that is, detail and

CHAPTER III

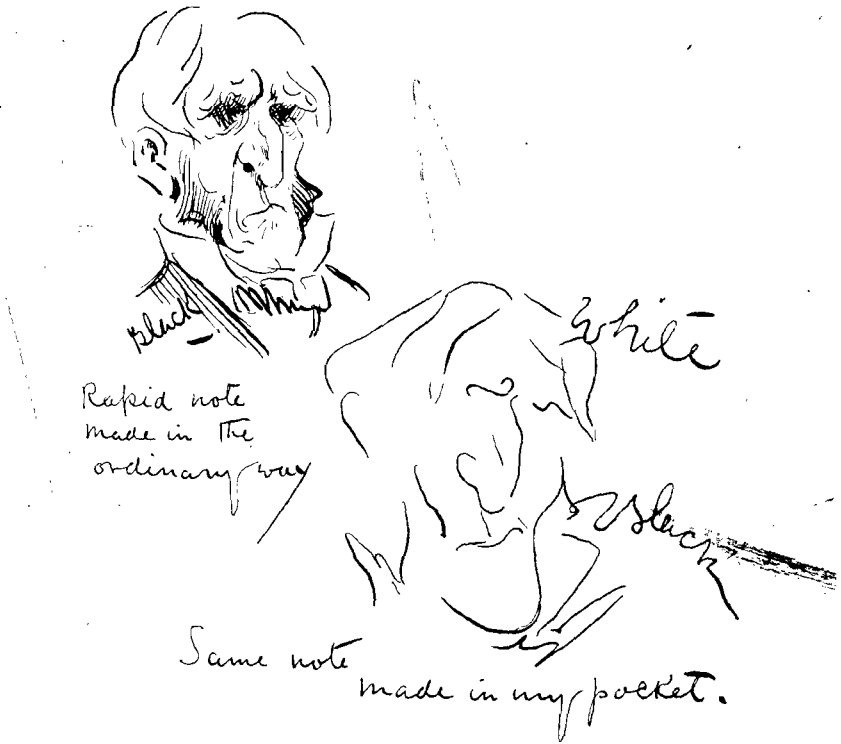
METHOD AND MUDDLE

JOURNALISTIC artists are quite capable of taking "memory" portraits when a pencil is inadmissible. Indeed, unless circumstances are favourable, most draughtsmen content themselves with drawing the salient lines which make the likeness, and fill in the details from memory. The eye can be trained as well as the hand. I made the confession some years ago that in the House of Lords, where a pencil is not allowed except in the Press Gallery (a position of no use to the artist), I practised drawing in my pocket. In fact, outside Parliament I have often, and do still, whilst conversing with my "subject," draw his face with pencil and paper in my pocket.

Drawing in one's pocket is no joke, and I must confess that it cannot be accomplished at once. It requires practice.

First of all, it is necessary to provide oneself with the shortest pencil, not a "stump," but a pencil of not more than three inches in length. Even in drawing in one's pocket, crampedness is to be avoided.

The pencil should have a medium point, and be rounded at the other end to prevent catching against the lining of the pocket. A rough envelope or card, about the size of a



square ordinary envelope, is the best thing to draw upon. Sketch books are useless, and thin paper impossible.

Now, when the hand is holding the pencil, in the side pocket of the coat, against the card, the small finger should be touching the side of the card. This guides the movement of the hand, and after a time one can

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easily take up an unfinished line and continue it pretty accurately.

Nearly all jugglers begin with practising the three or more balls feat. It is not difficult to become expert in keeping three or more balls in flight, from one hand to the other—if you watch them. But that is of no use. The professional is not perfect till he keeps them going



without looking at them. He, therefore, pins a sheet of newspaper on the wall in front of him, and reads it aloud all the time he is at work. Until he can do this, without dropping a ball, he is not proficient. Well, so it ought to be with the artist. He should be able to make a rough sketch in his pocket: it is only practice. Instead of reading the paper, he is reading the character of the person, or the still life object in front of him.

See what an advantage it is to be able to make a sketch

when talking to the person sketched. You get a natural expression, and a closer view of the face: and you are under no obligation!

It is not only in the House of Lords, and other places where sketching is absolutely prohibited (in the Royal Academy, for instance, I have, more than once, made a note of a picture for caricaturing purposes, while talking to the painter in front of his own canvas) that this method is useful. Landscapes and buildings can be thus drawn also. I have never been employed to take notes of fortifications, but no doubt others have--and where a pencil is prohibited and the sight of a camera means arrest and imprisonment, drawings in the pocket can be made with impunity; and, as conjurors are fond of saying, "That's how it's done!"

To sketch openly, yet unobserved, is also quite possible. Here the artist must take a hint from the conjuror. He—I need hardly remind my readers—works his tricks when he is drawing your attention away from his hands.

He may stop suddenly, fix his eye upon some particular person, and say firmly, "When that gentleman over there has ceased trying to emulate me by producing his supper out of his hat, etc.," every eye in the room is upon that offending member of the audience, who, of course, is doing nothing of the sort. But if you still keep your eye, unmoved, upon the conjuror's hands—well nigh an impossibility unless you are forewarned—you will notice that the conjuror has put into the hat in his hand many things,

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including ingredients for a meal. In like manner, if you come across some one you want to sketch, draw his attention, and the attention of others, to some object or another; and when they are interested in that, you can make your notes.

Of course the application, in particular cases, of all I am saying about various methods depends entirely upon the circumstances in which one finds one's self. I call to mind an incident that happened to me a few years ago. I was lecturing near Manchester, and Sir Robert Ball was lecturing the same evening near Manchester, before another society. We both stayed at the Queen's Hotel, and when I entered the dining-room, about five o'clock, I found Sir Robert dining with his son.

Now, strange to say, I had never before seen the popular astronomer, and, what is still more strange, I had a magazine article to illustrate, in which Sir Robert Ball appeared. Here was my chance. He did not know me; he was engaged in conversation: no one else was dining at that unearthly hour but us poor platform performers. Nothing easier, one might think, than to take a seat at the next table, *facing* Sir Robert, and sketch away.

One has, however, to consider the peculiarities of one's subject as well as the surroundings. Sir Robert, like all observant men, would have spotted me at once, and my game would have been upset. I noted that there was a table in front of each window, and between each window a looking-glass. Therefore the place I chose, whence to

sketch Sir Robert unobserved, was in the chair directly *behind* him, with my back to his. By simply turning my head at right angles, I found his profile looking away from me, reflected in the looking-glass, and made the sketch in peace.

I have drawn more than one celebrity when travelling in the same railway carriage, and made my sketch while looking *away* from the traveller, and apparently making notes of things we were passing, while in reality I was catching the portrait reflected in the window-pane.

If it be impossible to find some dodge of this kind when you have to sketch a person, then the best plan is to have nerve and stand up to the subject. Do not hesitate, or dodge round, or act in any way out of keeping with the conduct of others: stand close to the celebrity: take out your note-book (let it *never* be a sketch-book made in the ordinary way) and begin *writing*. Then look up as if *thinking*, and begin sketching; but in looking up, do not direct your eyes straight at the person you are sketching, but at some other object, and, as you draw your eyes away, "take in" a bit of the person you are at work upon. You will be surprised to find that you can sketch in public in this way for hours unnoticed.

What is worse, is when there is absolutely no chance whatever of making the slightest memorandum: then one has to trust entirely to memory, as every caricaturist, of course, does.

In drawing portraits for caricature, with the knowledge

of the sitter, it is well, in the first instance, to make a flattering sketch. The sitter is certain to think that the most complimentary portrait is a caricature. Therefore, it is evident that a caricature, however mildly drawn, would be looked upon as an outrage. The best thing to do is to make a study of the man, in pencil, and mentally note where caricature would be possible. Indeed, I think that even when it is a private sketch, and safe from the view of the sitter—a sketch that no one but the artist will see—it is better not to make the caricature right away, but to draw the facts as they are, and distort them afterwards.

Apart from the prominent facial features of the man, it is absolutely necessary to find out his peculiarities of habit or manner. All men have mannerisms. Were you to be asked, suddenly, the particular peculiarity of any one public man, you probably could not name it. Yet when you see the sketch or caricature in which that peculiarity has been caught, you say, "How like Balfour," or "How like Ranji," as the case may be. Ranjitsinhji invariably, while fielding at cricket, keeps his hands in his pockets: and Mr. Balfour, when speaking, holds on to the lapels of his coat with his hands. In serious portraiture, Ranjitsinhji would be represented standing at the wicket, ready to give one of his wonderful leg glances, and Mr. Balfour would be represented with hand uplifted in the usual oratorical style. In caricature, however, the artist must be more true to life in his treatment of such details, and

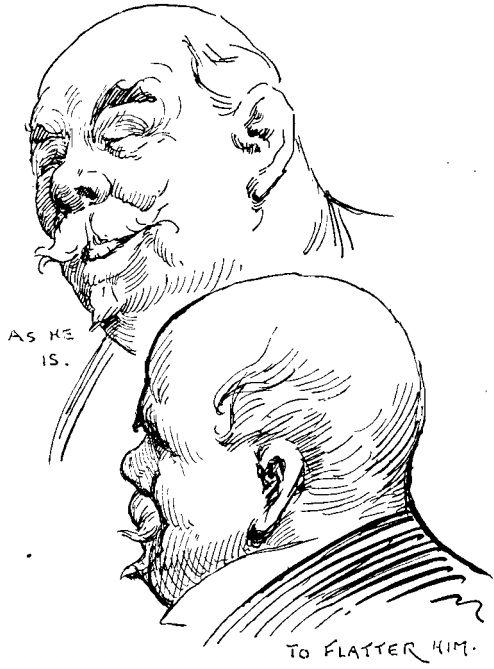
the hands will appear on the coat lapels or disappear in the pockets.

But the easier way, by far, is to invent a type for a public man and stick to it. The man then grows, in the public eye, to look like his own caricature.

To caricature, take a man like this: A pleasant, clever man of the world, prosperous and popular—popular because he is prosperous. He gives excellent dinners, and enjoys them thoroughly himself—a gourmand. With the fine wine his coarse wit flows: the man is neither intellectual nor refined. To flatter him: hide his bad features by turning his head round, develop the forehead, hide the mouth, teeth and chin. To caricature him: select the profile, as he is, telling one of his stories after dinner—you have him at his worst, the mere animal. Take away part of his head and add it to the chin. Mark his shut, fat-hidden eye: the nose just a little more snub, the mouth only a little more open: the hair brushed up into ear-like shape—presto, a caricature!

À propos of the principle “practice makes perfect,” the following story may, perhaps, be of interest to my readers.

Some of our Royal Academicians (I think Lord Leighton was one) were visiting Rome, and they saw in the window of a picture-shop a wonderful work representing a shepherd minding his sheep, with a sunset effect behind the Ancient City. “This,” they said, “is the most wonderful atmospheric effect we have seen in our lives: we must take our hats off to it.” They were introduced to



HOW TO CARICATURE

that the highest award students in painting could look forward to in their career in our schools should have been withheld. But he added, "I most certainly hope, however, that you will not let your disappointment discourage you for further efforts, and you need not fear discouragement, for there is to my mind in these paintings ample evidence, in spite of this present failure, that more than one will achieve success in the future, and take a high place in the history of art in our country."

In other words, he means, "We will not give you the medal because you have not followed the lines upon which we told you to work: but you have ingenuity, you are clever, you have art, and you will make a sensation: but the Royal Academy will not sanction you because you are not following the simple rules laid down a few hundred years ago."

It is interesting that the first medal given by the Academy was for the subject "Time discovering Truth." Well, it had taken the Royal Academy 100 years to discover the truth that their style of work is inimical to the advancement of art, and there were only one or two Royal Academicians who have ever taken a medal in the schools. If this system of withholding medals because the technical work was not achieved on the old lines laid down in the schools prevailed, how would it be if medals were withheld for the same reason in the other walks of life? Suppose we had a report from the War Office that Lieut. the Hon. Adolphus Bolder showed great bravery in rushing

out under fire and saving two or three brother officers of superior rank who were left in the hands of the enemy, but "we regret to say that we must withhold the medal because that officer, in saving his fellow-officers, did not salute them in accordance with the position and rank which they held." Suppose some one jumped into the water and brought a drowning man to land and also to life, and the Royal Humane Society wrote to him to say that unfortunately they could not give him a medal because in saving that life he did not swim with the overhand stroke? Or supposing that a student won a gold medal playing golf, by going round in 71, but that the Committee wrote to say that they could not give him the medal because when he got in the bunker at the last hole he did not use a great big D, and that was against the principles of golf? That is what it means: "You must follow our own lines and none other."

But what did Ruskin, the great writer on art, say on this point:—

"The last characteristic of great art is that it must be inventive, that is, be produced by the imagination. In this respect, it must precisely fulfil the definition given of poetry: and not only present grounds for noble emotion, but furnish these grounds by *imaginative power*. Hence there is a great bar fixed between the two schools of Lower and Higher Art. The Lower merely copies what is set before it, whether in portrait, landscape or still-life: the Higher either entirely imagines its object, or arranges the

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materials presented to it so as to manifest the imaginative power.”

I would prefer to take the opinion of Ruskin to that of Sir E. Poynter, for Poynter belongs to the School of the Academy which refused the great Flaxman a medal. It will be said that a greater man, Millais, was an exception to the rule of artists, inasmuch that, at an early age, he took the gold medal of the Royal Academy, and that he was, *facile princeps*, the popular artist of England. But to what did he owe this popularity? Certainly not to the Royal Academy, but to his temerity in throwing over their traditions. Now, as Ruskin wrote of Millais:—

“Another popular element in Mr. Millais’ art lies in the non-academical style of his work. His merits and his shortcomings are all his own. His art is thoroughly unconventional, and though often influenced by other strong individualities, he follows no code of laws, and is restrained by no trammels of precedent. In painting, his eye is his best teacher, his instinct his safest law. The English popular taste, guided by its innate love of freedom, resents the formal restraints of academical teaching in all lines of culture, and willingly sacrifices the laws of established rules for the charms of individuality and originality either in literature or art. There is much to be said as to the value of academical standards, but assuredly in England popularity is in a measure gained by resisting the formal restrictions necessitated by following academical rules and standards. Certainly the freshness and charm of

Mr. Millais' genius could have gained nothing and might perhaps have lost much, had it been subjected to the influence of a more theoretic and academical training."

This is certainly encouragement to those who have not taken medals in art from the Royal Academy. Sir Thomas Lawrence was not a student of the Academy: the great Turner owed his training to Dr. Monro: Sir Alma Tadema was 36th in the List at Antwerp among the students gaining prizes in Art. I should very much like to know what became of the other 35—probably not one of them was ever heard of.

I must not, however, drift into discussing the Royal Academy—or even painters. In the present case I shall confine myself to a few brief remarks concerning what I know of black-and-white work—by that I mean drawing for periodicals. To begin with, I would point out to the beginner that in the hurry of the publishing world artists have a tremendous advantage over literary contributors, inasmuch as editors can see and judge artistic work at a glance, while they have to wade through columns of writing before they can properly judge the author.

There is a dividing line between an illustrator and a caricaturist. An illustrator is one who supplies drawings to embellish, and, if possible, add to the interest of a story. A caricaturist invents his own story, which he tells in his design, and which should be independent of letterpress.

To supply comic pictures to a humorous or a serious

book is not therefore the work of an illustrator. For instance, John Leech was not, strictly speaking, an illustrator. He supplied characteristic sketches to the books of various authors, but the characters were John Leech's types, and not the author's. The same may be said of the majority of humorists employed to illustrate books, but at the same time it must be remembered that Sir John Tenniel illustrated Lewis Carroll's first books, and Randolph Caldicott revived the interest in Washington Irving's works.

The illustrator of a story sees it through very different spectacles to the ordinary reader or even to the literary critic. He has to focus his mind on the characters and situations. The literary critic concerns himself on the way they are introduced and described, whilst the illustrator has to accept all as it comes. The motif does not concern him. His business is to advance the story and make it, if possible, more acceptable to the reader. The critic is the reader's guide and philosopher, and not always the friend of the author.

I would advise students to make their sketches from nature in pen and ink, and not in pencil to be subsequently copied by the student in pen and ink. One can never quite repeat a sketch from nature, and furthermore a pencil sketch and a pen sketch are never the same.

It would be difficult to handle anything—certainly impossible to play the violin or the piano—were our fingers cut off at the second joint. Yet, nowadays, when school-boys—I mean the better-class boys—are not taught to

hold their pens or write properly, the pen or pencil is used with a cramped, rigid forefinger, as if single-jointed.



A SKETCH FROM NATURE IN PEN AND INK.

The only way to write, or draw properly, is to hold the pen or pencil between the tops of the thumb and first and second fingers. The third finger should be close to the second, as if both these fingers were one, thus giving

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support to the second finger upon which the pen or pencil is upheld. The little finger is the spring, touching the surface on which one writes or draws; it is the pivot upon which the hand moves in making circles, and the guide for straightness. It is the simple, natural, and easy way of holding a pencil or pen, the way that does not tire or cramp; and until that way is acquired one cannot draw correctly on an open surface, or in one's pocket, or elsewhere.

showed an extraordinary lack of perception: "I want you to draw the man creeping up the winding stairs to the belfry: he must have no lamp—there must not be light of any kind, and no moon: the man must have the face of——"

"But," interrupted the artist, "without any light whatever how can I show a face?"

Dickens laughingly replied: "Oh, I never thought of that."

Dickens died before the *Mystery* was completed. Books have been written, pamphlets and articles galore, discussing what this mystery could be. It still remains a mystery.

Had Charles Dickens confided to his illustrator what he was illustrating, all this controversy, past, present and to come, might have been avoided.

I think that Dickens made a mistake in having his friend and adviser Forster as a buffer between himself and his artists, as he did in many cases. For instance, that genius John Leech, a personal friend of Dickens, had to deal with Forster and not with the author, which was decidedly a mistake. When he and Maclise were illustrating *The Battle of Life*, Leech wrote to "My dear Forster," in agony at having to make the drawings.

"I am so embarrassed," he says, "by the conditions under which I am to make my share of the drawings that I hardly know what to do at all. . . . Of course I may be wrong in my conception of what Dickens intended. . . . I cannot tell you how loath I should be to cause any delay

or difficulty in the production of the book, or what pain it would give me to cause either Dickens or yourself any annoyance. I confess I am a little out of heart."

As a result of this rushing process, even the facile and inimitable John Leech made some dreadful blunders. In this very story, so muddled are the characters in the elopement, that Dickens writes to Forster describing his "horror and agony" when he saw Leech's blunder, too late to rectify. Considerate Charles Dickens smothered his feelings rather than give pain "to our kind-hearted Leech." Though, he added, Leech's enormity was wonderful to him. What was, in reality, more wonderful, was that serious blunders were not more frequent.

At some periods in Dickens's career it would seem by this that he was not in touch with his artists at all. Now artists are, as a rule, unconventional men, slow, retiring and nervous; but those working for Dickens—Dickens the man of irrepressible energy—seemed to be working seated on an ants' nest, with the big wasp Forster buzzing round.

It is, therefore, abundantly evident that all through the great, triumphal career of Charles Dickens his artists were but slaves tied to his chariot; and in justice to them, pleading as I am as a brother artist, I must ask all Dickensians who admire and treasure the illustrations to Dickens, not to lose sight of the fact that those illustrations were generally accomplished under conditions of the greatest disadvantage to the artist, and I furthermore beg of all illustrators to be bold enough to appeal to the author of the work they are

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illustrating. They may get some rebuffs, but it will pay in
the long run.
There is, in connection with acting, a term, "getting



MOVEMENT—A STUDY.

er the footlights," which simply means genius. Irving,
ss Terry, and Mrs. Kendal—to say nothing of Sarah
nhardt, Duse, the Signor Salvini (the greatest of all).

and the inimitable Robson—are, or were, examples of those who “get over the footlights.” Clever acting, or perfect



MOVEMENT.

elocution, without that individuality and genius which for a better word I shall call histrionic hypnotism, is never the



"SKETCH IN ALL THE OUTLINE."

[See page 50.]

highest art, that art which conceals art. The actor who brings the flavour of the dressing-room on to the stage, or the illustrator who shows you the studio in his pictures, never deceives. It is as a work of art, and not the real thing, that one regards the performance.

The illustrator must, therefore, never allow the study of a model, however beautifully and carefully drawn, to appear in place of the character described by the author—as if taken from life. The illustrator's mission is to make the characters as real to life as he can and as the author he illustrates has done—and not merely to pose models and make careful studies smattering of the studio.

Movement in the drawing of figures is essentially observation. One must study figures in every-day life under different conditions, for the art school is in every sense stationary (the Ablet system excepted). Of course, you are taught in orthodox schools that the highest art is repose, but you have not always to illustrate Greek gods and goddesses, there are others, and it is in drawing these others one makes a living.

Personally, I have rather overdone movement, all my figures are "on the go," but that is perhaps due to the subjects I have to draw. However, if you want to know what overdoing movement is, you could not get better examples than I offer in my own work. Yet I must plead that it is better to have too much life and movement in figure drawing than too little.

A fatal mistake illustrators are liable to make when



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AFTER WALTER CRANE.



W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER V

DIFFICULTY OF ILLUSTRATING ARTIST-AUTHORS

PERHAPS of all the trials an illustrator of fiction has to suffer, including the egotistical author, the captious editor, the exacting publisher and the careless engraver, the greatest of all these is the egoism of the author who fancies himself an artist. That great novelist Thackeray,

some sidelights of illustrating with perhaps more interest than I can supply in a dry treatise on illustrating.

I shall take Thackeray as my bad example to illustrate to you the subject of this chapter. He was the artist-author—in that capacity no one has yet approached him, and apart from this fact more modern writers if they do take any interest in the illustrations to their stories, keep their opinions to themselves.

So as to confine myself to a typical concrete case, I select the illustrating of Thackeray's famous and delightful ballad, "The Cane-bottomed Chair," which so many artists have illustrated and painted—and not one correctly!

I must first refer the student to the well-known ballad, and he—to understand the difficulties of illustrating—must imagine the task is his own.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

"In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure :
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure :
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.



FANNY—DRAWN BY ME FOR THACKERAY'S BALLADS.

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And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince :
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room :
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom,
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

Although Thackeray studied as an artist, and in a way practised art as a profession, and wrote of art and lived it, he never thought or wrote as an artist. An artist sees his picture, whether it be a single figure in black-and-white for an illustration or a grand historical picture in oils. The pictures must actually be alive in his brain before they can come out of his finger-tips, quite as much as a composer has a theme in his head before he can play a new composition.

An artist with an illustration already in his mind's eye, describing it in writing, could not possibly make the mistakes Thackeray is guilty of. He frequently describes details in pictures different to the one he draws, as the drawing is made after the writing. The writer could not have had the picture in his mind, or it would have tallied with his description.

This carelessness on Thackeray's part, so common with

all authors, has often been dealt seriously with by his oft-quoted biographer Trollope, with reference to this ever-popular ballad, "The Cane-bottomed Chair." "I have now before me," writes Trollope, "a picture of Fanny in the chair to which I cannot but take exception. I am quite sure that when Fanny graced the room and seated herself in the chair of her old bachelor friend she had not on a low dress and loosely-flowing drawing-room shawl, nor was there a footstool ready for her feet. I doubt also the head-gear. Fanny on that occasion was dressed in her morning apparel, and had walked through the streets, carried no fan, and wore no brooch but one that might be necessary for pinning her shawl." Trollope, in this criticism, falls into a stupid error: Fanny did not walk through the streets, she only walked into the "Fat Contributor's apartment," accompanied by her mother, from their own rooms in their own house: the owner of the cane-bottomed chair being at that time their lodger. This shows again an author's carelessness about an author!

The "Contributor" had received a present of shrimps, and asked his landlady and her daughter to breakfast, "when the young lady not only sate in the cane-bottomed chair but broke it."

By the time these famous lines are written the "Contributor" has long quitted these apartments: Fanny is a married woman with a large family, and it is her spirit that revisits the "Contributor's" armchair, and is thus described in verse. As Thackeray points out in his introductory

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remarks, people don't sit on "The cane-bottomed chair," because of the breakage, but a spirit, of course, might do so with impunity. So here the unfortunate illustrator of Thackeray is face to face with a hopeless complication.

Thackeray, in his ballad emphatically writes,

"But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there"—

that is, in the cane-bottomed chair and broke it—

"She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!

A smile on her face and a rose in her hair."

A rose in her hair, in a lodging-house, at breakfast-time! Then Thackeray provides his own illustration, which so upset his critic Trollope, and depicts Fanny in evening dress, with bare shoulders and arms, a brooch, bracelets, and a sash, but no shawl on her neck! "Of course it is her spirit!" I hear the reader exclaim; "no third-rate lodging-housekeeper's daughter had a dress and jewels like that anyway, and Thackeray means she has, as the wife of Lieutenant Bong of the Bombay Artillery, become a lady, and it is an evening visit of her spirit."

Quite so, fair reader, and her old admirer at once got the footstool for his fair spirit visitor. That disposes of Anthony Trollope's captious criticism: but as the artist who has to draw this, will you tell me, does this Mrs. Captain Bong that Thackeray has drawn look like the happy mother of a very large family? I have known mothers of a dozen children look young, and so settle the question. At the same time there are only two ways

artists to-day not so modest as was Carroll, who wrote to me, when I acknowledged his first sketch—an idea for an illustration—as follows:—

“I fear your words (‘I had no idea you were an artist’) were, to a certain extent, ‘rote sarkastic,’ which is a shame! I never made any profession of being able to draw, and have only had, as yet, four hours’ teaching (from a young friend who is herself an artist, and who insisted on making me try, in black chalk, a foot of a Laocoon! The result was truly ghastly): but I have just sufficient of correct eye to see that every drawing I made, —even from life—is altogether wrong anatomically: so that nearly all my attempts go into the fire as soon as they are finished.”

When I told Tenniel I had been approached by Dodgson to illustrate his books, he said, “I’ll give you a week, old chap; *you* will never put up with that fellow a day longer.”

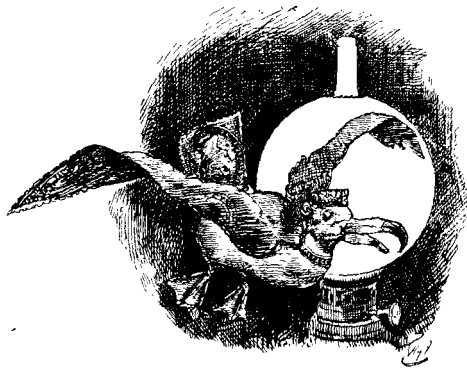
“You will see,” I said. “If I like the work I shall manage the author.”

“Not a bit of it: Lewis Carroll is impossible,” replied Tenniel. “You will see that my prophecy will come true.”

It was therefore, in a way, the acceptance of a challenge; I undertook the work. Carroll and I worked together for seven years, and a kindlier man never lived. I was always hearing of his kindness to others. He was a generous employer, and his gratitude was altogether out of proportion to my efforts.

sible," truly. One I had to carry out was "an albatross fluttering round a lamp and turning into a postage stamp"! Here is a facsimile of his instructions to me:—

"Now for subjects for the other 11 pictures:—(1) For Chap. XII, I suggest "Albatross fluttering round lamp, and turning into postage stamp."



"THE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE"—RESULT.

Now let students take to heart the famous Lewis Carroll's remark to his illustrator—

"I'm aware it's an almost *impossible* subject! But don't you think there is a certain zest in trying impossibilities?"

Yes. I agree with Lewis Carroll—there is, or should be, for the illustrator, a great zest in trying impossibilities. I have had experience of others besides Carroll, and one particular case brings to my mind the importance to the student of my remark on another page: that the illustrator should not be afraid to consult the author.

A certain magazine of art sent me a poem by the late

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self-sacrificing, good man, a lovable husband and ideal father.

The little tableaux in the background is what the wise illustrator will confine himself to. The unwise and more thoughtful and original illustrator will go further—he shows the artist prominently and the family scene merely as a vision.

Let him, then, prepare for this from the “art editor.” “Sir. We must ask you to reconsider your treatment of his subject. The artist is shown twice in the same picture, which, of course is an impossibility—and as our readers are largely a religious body, the suggestion of a halo over the artist’s head, presumably formed out of tobacco smoke, might give offence to our fastidious subscribers.”

Verb sap—be commonplace.

CHAPTER VI

CARICATURE

I HAVE been asked, more than once, to explain my "system" in making caricatures. Such a request is too absurd for serious consideration. One might as well ask a humorous writer to give a recipe for making jokes, or a comic actor to explain his system of raising a laugh: it depends upon intuition. In this country we are not taught to look at the comic side of things. Such humorous element as exists among us grows, like Topsy, unaided; and, as I shall show, much of it grows crooked. Nor is the power given to many to explain their inventions to others. I am reminded of the story of Bessemer, the inventor of the celebrated steel which bears his name. When he first discovered it, he was asked to read a paper before a large meeting of experts, explaining his process. He had his carefully prepared notes in front of him, but they weighed heavily upon his mind, and were useless to him. In vain he struggled to speak: the words would not come; but he had a lump of his metal in his coat-tail pocket, and the weight of it kept him from collapse. Suddenly he dived his hand into the pocket of his coat



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and produced the piece of steel, which he knocked against the table. "Bother the paper!" he exclaimed. "Here is my steel, and I'll tell you how I made it."

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It would be very much the same with the caricaturist, under like circumstances: after a vain struggle at explanation, he would say, "Bother words! Give me a pencil and paper, and I'll show you how it's done."

Now, the question is, am I to address the reader born with the sense of humour, and wishing to apply it, or those who only see the humour in others and want to imitate it? I think it is wiser to address both, and let any hints I may give in the following pages take their chance of supplying the requirement of either or both classes.

That any one who can learn to write can learn to draw, is a well-known maxim; and I may add that any one who can learn to draw can learn to caricature.

The art of caricature is not easy. It requires more training to make a caricaturist than a serious artist; for no one can turn the sublime into the ridiculous without first understanding the sublime. Those who have no eye for beauty will find it impossible to select the ridiculous. In the same way, an artist imbued with the conventional in art cannot see that there is a beauty in ugliness. It is the failures in the latter class who supply the unconsciously funny pictures in our galleries: although it must be admitted that the same remark applies to more than one deservedly popular caricaturist. Given an idea equally funny, in the hands of a trained artist and in those of an amateur—in caricature, the latter will produce the funnier result of the two: for he will, by his bad draughtsmanship, be unconsciously funny as well as funny by desire.

Some people look upon caricature as cruel. It is thought by many that the root of all comedy is cruelty: and there is undoubtedly considerable justification for the belief. Pain will generally produce laughter among savages and children. The sight of a clown burning the pantaloons with a red-hot poker is irresistible: a policeman pulled in two sets the house in a roar, and a baby being chucked out of a window, or sat upon, or flung up to the gallery, "would make even a cat laugh."

In ordinary life, a heavy man coming to grief on the ice—or, perhaps, breaking his leg on a street slide—offers genuine amusement. To run after one's hat on a windy day, or have one's umbrella turned inside out, is to suggest, to the most ordinary mind, a caricature of unsurpassing excellence. To sit down on a chair that collapses, or burn one's mouth with soup that is too hot, or to jam the door on one's finger, is sure to produce laughter in the callous and uncultured, and even occasionally in people of higher mental and moral status, when the impulse to laughter is not counteracted by simultaneously aroused feelings of kindly sympathy or disgust. But all this is cruel laughter—savage, childish laughter—which clearly shows that proper healthy laughter requires education.

Well, if one can only see fun in the cruelty so popular in American caricatures—a man blown up by dynamite—or a workman falling off a ladder, or with a horse kicking his front teeth out, and other objects of pity so familiar to the readers of American "comic" papers—I would say,

Do not do it. But it is quite possible to be, in caricature—what W. S. Gilbert said a popular actor was in Hamlet, “funny without being vulgar.” Still, the popular instinct seems in favour of cruelty, and that fact shows the need for training in the art of seeing the really funny.

Another answer to the query, “Why do it?” is because it enables one to see himself as others see him. It is an antidote to the flattery of photographers and painters—it makes one think—and, as that wit, Mark Twain, has said, “The mission of humour is to make one reflect.”

It is also a legitimate use of drawing, for painted caricatures lose all their spontaneity and directness.

I imagine the name of Hogarth will rise to the mind of the reader. Indeed, art-critics invariably refer to Hogarth as the greatest of all caricaturists. Yet he himself always protested against being dubbed a caricaturist, and Hazlitt, in writing of Hogarth as a painter holding the mirror up to nature, also protests: “There is a perpetual error (in Hogarth’s work) of eccentricities, a tilt and tournament of absurdities, pampered with all sorts of affectation, airy, extravagant and ostentatious! Yet he is as little a caricaturist as he is a painter of still life. Criticism has not done him justice, though public opinion has.”

Alas! criticism never does justice to the artist-critic, and although Hogarth, in the strict sense of the word, was not a caricaturist, the critic trampled upon him for that very reason. Hogarth was the immortal master of delineating character—which is quite apart from caricature.

Hogarth's pictures are finished sermons in paint. A caricature is never more than a text.

There is no doubt that many a sermon has been preached on Hogarth's work. *À propos* of this, I tell a story on the platform, of a clerical gentleman appealing to a rather stingy audience in behalf of a charity. He was a stranger, and thus addressed them: "Since I came into this pulpit I have overheard a conversation between two great big spiders. One great big spider said to another great big spider: 'I say, I must leave this spot, where I have lived so long in peace: for since this stranger has arrived he has hammered and hammered on the pulpit till my nerves won't stand it any longer.' Then the other great big spider said: 'Why, I have lived here longer than you, and have never once been disturbed, and this congregation will never disturb me where *I* live, either.' 'And how's that?' asked the other spider. 'Oh, I know this congregation well: I know where they never go: I always spin my web across the slit of the collecting-box.'"

To show how old this story is, you will see it in one of Hogarth's pictures of a church scene—the spider's web across the collecting-box. Yet it has been used by more than one of the clerics of our day who object to Hogarth for his "caricatures."

Abraham Hayward, who wrote an appreciation of Thackeray, when Thackeray was thirty-seven, had to admit that Thackeray's efforts, even if he had worked as an artist, would not have enabled him to excel in money-

making branches of art, but he adds, "His (Thackeray's) talent was altogether of the Hogarth kind, and was principally remarkable in the pen-and-ink sketches of character and situation which he dashed off for the amusement of his friends." The Hogarth kind! What utter rubbish! This merely shows how ignorant writers can be. Had Hayward referred to Thackeray as the Hogarth of the pen, there would be some sense in his "appreciation." Hogarth wrote, too, just about as badly as Thackeray drew.

Caricature is contagious. People are, in the Darwinian theory, after all, only imitative. You can satisfy yourself on this point any night at a theatre. Instinctively, the faces of the attentive audience change with that of the actor. Now, to caricature, settle your attention on the face of some one that has, say, a merry rotund face. Wait for the tragic moment on the stage, and watch that face assume a longitudinal, lugubrious expression, and when it is on the point of weeping, if you do not laugh, well, then you have no sense of humour. I have seen a row of faces, from the austere, hard-headed judge, to the innocent, pretty young lady, make wry faces and grimaces that not one of them could repeat alone, if you paid them, when a low comedian was supposed to be swallowing vinegar or some concoction.

The great actor will make his audience act. But his greatest art is to hide that he is acting, and see his audience's facial performance. They cannot hide their

have left a lofty ideal for posterity. Posterity, however, will not always own them: they are either ignored or laughed at. On the other hand, some celebrities who have been unmercifully caricatured in their lifetime posterity decrees shall be treated with respect: they become heroes, and the caricatures of them are looked upon with the same curiosity and surprise as are the records of flattery of those treated as geniuses in their own day. Disraeli, the most abused and certainly the most unmercifully caricatured man of the Victorian era, is to-day and will, I venture to think, be for ever regarded as the greatest statesman of that period. The reverse, perhaps, applies to his reputation as an author. No one reads his novels to-day, but his life, now being published, interests all thinking people. In him we have, therefore, an illustration of what I am endeavouring to explain—something, no doubt, already and better dealt with by others—that Time is the most uncompromising caricaturist.

A writer on the subject of caricature (J. P. Malcolm 1813), gave it as his opinion that parents have much to answer for: "We are certain," he says, "that children who are not born into the world a complete caricature may be preserved in a great degree from becoming the ridicule or abhorrence of the rest of mankind. The author was once in a mixed company of Quakers and members of the Established Church: two of the party, each of different religions, had sons present nearly of the same age. The Quaker child, habited in the fashion of his sect, sat with

the gravity of a preacher : he smiled only when the conversation excited risibility, and, when he spoke, his sentences were correct and applicable to the subject. The other little fellow was full of life and spirit : he laughed till he cried, and leaped about till he was exhausted.

“So striking a contrast attracted universal attention : and the issue was a trifling wager, that every effort of a gentleman of great eccentricity and pleasantry (one of the company) would prove ineffectual to produce a smile in the face of the young Friend. He tried the experiment and every person laughed but the object of the wager. Can there be a more convincing proof that parents and guardians are too frequently caricaturists?”

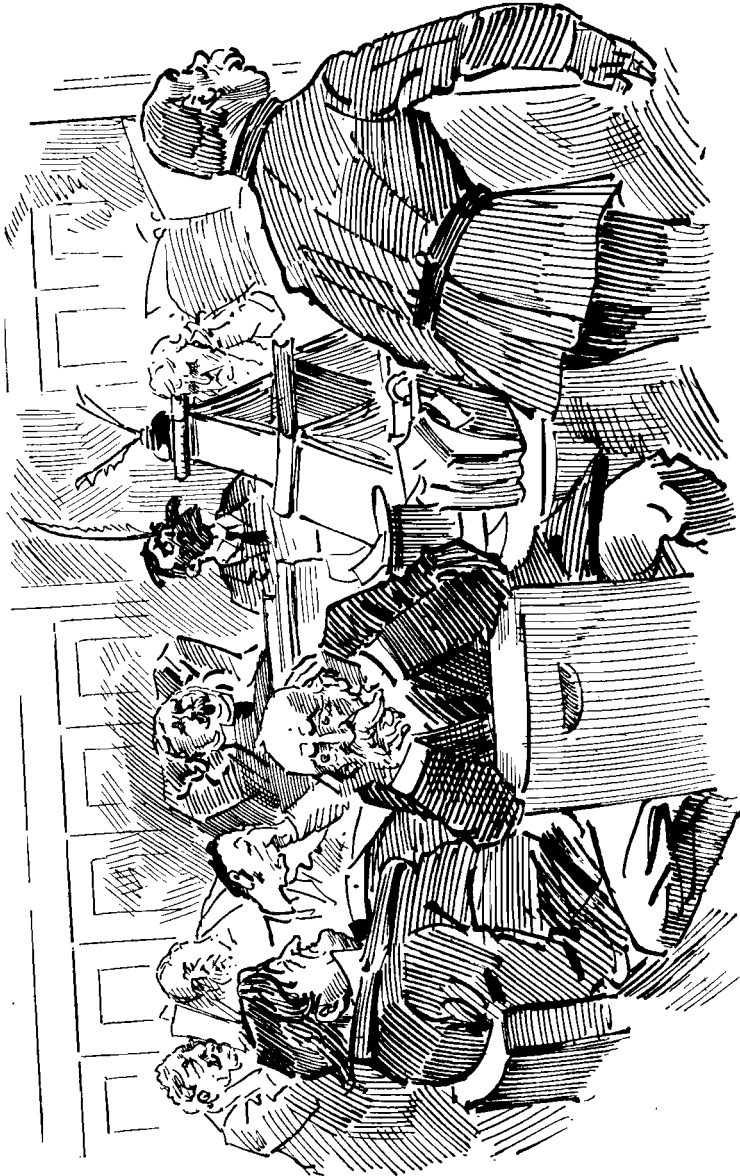
Before you can become a caricaturist, it is necessary to be an observer. You must study human nature, not picture books. I have always noticed that the budding caricaturist generally confines his first impressions, not to the study of nature, but to the impressions of other caricaturists. No doubt his elders have advised him in that, and placed before him the caricatures of Gillray, Rowlandson and other old masters of the art : so that the juvenile's nose is always flattened against the window-panes of old print shops, and the juvenile imagination becomes flattened at the same time. A course of caricatures thus taken through window-panes, is, if taken too long, mental poison. One's artistic system becomes in due course saturated with the ugly, the repulsive and the grotesque : and this ends with a fever for raging

monstrosities, which may take such a hold on the system as to make its eradication impossible. The budding caricaturist has to unlearn what he has taught himself in this way. The people he sees in these old plates are not real people—at least not the people he will find in the life of to-day—and the style of work, or process, by which such drawings were made, which he has painfully (no pun intended) gazed at in the windows, is not the system now in use. The elaborate etching on copper is now out of date. Impossible persons, portrayed with the greatest possible number of lines, are not what one requires now. To draw real people, with the fewest lines, is what one must aim at. The old caricaturists were coarse, because the period in which they worked was coarse. They observed for themselves or their work would have been refined copies of the Greeks. They drew in a way to suit the processes of reproduction of their day, but one might just as well dress according to the fashion of a couple of centuries ago, as draw in the style then in vogue. Yet eighty per cent. of the public believe that a caricature should be the nearest approach one can get to the old prints.

The best thing for a beginner to do is to turn his back on the grand old prints and study the people of to-day.

The drawing on the page facing this illustrates the mistake in allowing the penwork to assert itself, and thus rob the portraits of their value.

In caricature or character drawing, the face, figure and



PENMANSHIP 77. CARICATURE.

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characteristic attitude are absolutely essential. The draughtsman who allows his mind to dwell on the facility of his penmanship defeats his own object—which is, after all, the caricature, and as in this case, of well-known public men. For another example see pages 92, 93.

CHAPTER VII

CHARACTER DRAWING

THE pleasantest use of figure drawing is not in portraiture or caricature, but in character drawing. A good photograph suffices for the portrait. Caricature is satire, and satire, however clever, is never pleasing, but character drawing is the happy medium, for a photograph as a rule is devoid of all character and a caricature is simply a distortion of the truth. The photograph, being mechanical, fails in the one touch that in the character sketch gives the keynote to the subject.

Let us take the example on the next page—a character sketch of a village innkeeper, a man who looks after his own pigs, and races a bit, and is low and cunning, and is domestically a brute. Such is the man the artist has to demonstrate with his pen.

The thick neck and heavy jowl—long upper and protruding lower lip, heavy knit brow and sunken little eye, are drawn as a matter of course, but it is the sow-like ear supplies the interesting study to the student. The whole character of the man is in that ear, in fact it is well for the student of character to analyse the form

of ear with the greatest care, not only its form, but its position. Experts in criminology assert that the ears of a criminal—an assassin or murderer—are placed much lower than those of a respectable person. I do not



wish to go into that question or the subjects of phrenology or palmistry in this book, but it is well that the student should study everything of the kind if only to discover where experts differ, and how nature upsets the dictums of the professors.

I am writing this book while a man is being tried for murdering his various brides in their baths. Here is a sketch I made from life as he sat in the dock. One would never have taken him for a murderer—one of the most cold-blooded that ever existed. It may be interesting



CRIMINAL, SKETCHED BY ME IN COURT.

Note that his ear is not very much lower than the ear of the best of men, but it is certainly placed very far back.

À propos of ears, I must recall an incident which happened to myself in studying character—as a warning against being too cocksure of one's own deductions.

I once found myself in a hostelry kept by a famous epeleCHASE jockey. I had no idea he was a jockey, but

“I want to put one more question to you. Tell me, were you ever a billiard marker?”

The man who had posed as a highly respectable member of society had to admit that he had been.

Butt, with a shrug of the shoulders, said to the jury, “Gentlemen, you know what that man’s evidence is worth.”

Afterwards Butt was asked how he had discovered that fact about the witness, and he explained that after the witness had left the box he noticed that he swung the right arm outwards, his elbow raised at right angles to his body. “That suggested the swing of the cue, so I risked the question.”

The artist must not accept the commonplace ideas of character—he must study human nature. Jews need not necessarily have big noses. You can unmistakably discern a Jew by the walk, the flat foot, and the turning out of the palm of the hand: and if doubt still exists, see him ride on horseback. No Jew can sit a horse well. You can tell an artist by the way in which he uses a thumb in place of the forefinger in describing a scene or a picture. You can detect a convict by his clasped hands: a detective by his boots: but in no case let the caricaturist be too cocksure, for the most experienced men may make mistakes.

CHAPTER VIII

A WORD TO THE AMATEUR

DRAWING should never be discouraged. One may fail as an artist—or even as a passable amateur, but to be able to sketch—however crudely—is a tremendous advantage all through one's life. It is much more useful than Greek or the rudiments of music. For the uses of sketching are ever before one. It is, to use the hackneyed, "the pencil speaks the tongue of every land"—the crudest sketch is often worth hours of blundering with a language one does not know. Even at home, a lady can sketch her own idea for her dressmaker, or *vice versa*, or the master of the house give instructions to his builder.

Draw at all times, anywhere, anything—whatever you sketch will some day prove useful. If nothing more than recalling to your mind your environment when you made the sketch, it will (unless the event was not altogether an agreeable one) repay you.

One great use of drawing is that you need never be bored. My menus and "plan of the tables" of public dinners are covered with sketches of the bores I had to listen to. Here, for instance, is a certain charming

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Englishman in the United States during a presidential campaign. He was taken by his American host to a huge political meeting as a great treat to hear one of the candidates for the presidency orate. This particular politician, however, was late in coming and another had to fill up time—nearly forty minutes of weary talk.

The Englishman became restless and asked his American friend why so much of this speaker.

“Oh, sir, he is one of the greatest after-dinner speakers in America!”

“Ah,” replied the Englishman, “then why did he not dine before coming here?”

I repeated this to a friend of mine at the Garrick Club in London, and he seriously informed me that it was a political meeting and not a banquet, so he could not see the relevancy of the Englishman’s remark.

I merely introduce this story to apply it to sketching. You must never be surprised or dejected if the stupid few fail to appreciate your point. If you are not proof against criticism you must label everything, or, better still, keep your jokes and drawings to yourself.

Amateur draughtsmen have one style of drawing, and one only. Why this should be, I cannot say: but so it is. In place of drawing in a simple manner the amateur strives after detail, and comes to grief, hopelessly, in his endeavours to represent shading before he has mastered line. The unconscious theory would seem to be that out of a mass of lines some form must result. It would be

better, and much easier, to begin modelling in clay. Every one can form something out of a soft substance. Your cook is not an artist, probably could not draw a goose—with a pencil—yet she can model a pie-crust and will probably arrive at decorating the top with a model, in paste, of a rose or some other ornament. A girl will twist and turn a flabby, shapeless mass of straw plait into a really artistic hat, of beautiful curves and well-balanced design: yet it is hopeless for her to attempt, with pen or pencil, to show you what that same hat looks like. Watch children with their parents on the sands: castles grow up as if by magic; but give these same children a piece of wood or any sharp instrument, and ask any one of them to draw the castle on the sand, and the result will be a sorry one. Most people have an idea of form, but very few, indeed, have the power to outline that form. This fact the amateur fully recognizes, for I have heard endless praise given to the caricaturist who “expresses such a lot with one line.” That, to the amateur, seems the height of perfection, whereas it is only the beginning! We artists all draw in line: and if we laid down the pen, or pencil, when we had outlined the subject, we should all be considered marvellous. But the majority go further: they represent texture, and light and shade. In neither of these is it possible for the amateur to succeed: for both require training and years of practice: and as he also cannot draw the simple line, his work is generally an elaborate confession of ignorance,

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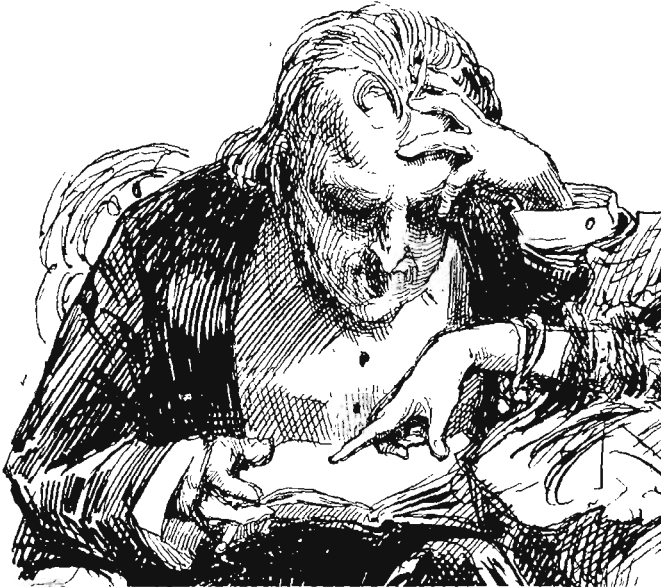
instead of being a modest and intelligent attempt to express something in the most simple manner.

By all means, shade, but shade with a series of straight lines. This the amateur will not do. Cross-hatching is the method he invariably adopts. All cross-hatching is alike, therefore all amateur drawings are precisely of one family. I have had shoals sent to me, year after year, from all parts of the world, and so much alike are they that one would imagine they came from the same hand.

Shading resembling cut grass is to be avoided. Every line drawn should express something. Now there is not much expression in a field of stubble, but there is in a cabbage garden. Every head of cabbage has an individuality, and speaks for itself: every leaf of every cabbage is a variable form, of more or less beauty. Yet, I venture to say, the amateur's first attempt at drawing a cabbage would resemble a bird's nest, a lot of straw and grass represented by lines round and round.

The great difference between the amateur and the professional, in drawing, writing, orating, or any other difficult art, is that the professional knows what to leave out and the amateur does not. For instance, the hand is the most difficult thing to draw. One must have a thorough knowledge of its anatomy, and then, as simply but as correctly as possible, suggest the hand in a sketch. This does not satisfy the amateur. He must show the nail on each finger. These nails are as precious to the

amateur as the shirt studs and the watch-chain. If he is drawing the British workman the nails of the boots must be shown the size of cricket stumps : and the pipe in the mouth, with a bowl the size of a tea-cup. Boots are



HANDS IN PROPORTION.

laced : so the laces must be shown. An eye-glass has a string, so a good-sized rope is at once attached. They are always the same finger-nails, the same boot-nails, the same laces and the same pipe. That is what strikes me as so curious.

I would advise students to draw the hands first, particularly if they are in very difficult positions, otherwise one is apt in careful elaboration of the hands to unconsciously

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draw them on too large a scale, while the completion of the hands first enables the student to arrange the proportions of his figure correctly.

While the artist draws what he sees, or remembers



HANDS FIRST.

seeing, reproducing the lines only that made him perceive and recognize it, the amateur draws what he thinks he ought to see, and represents it, by lines that he has seen, not in the object itself but in connectional portrayals of it,

without thinking whether they would be visible to him or not.

This failure of the amateur to carry his work to completion is dealt with in Thackeray's case by his biographer, Sir F. T. Marzials. He says: "The intention, the impression, he, Thackeray, wished to render were admirable. He knew what he meant thoroughly: and so long as it remained an indication it was most effective. But for all elaboration he wanted the technical skill. The amateur's hand failed to carry to completion the artist's thought. Thus, in the more complex designs, the defective drawing is, if not glaring, at least apparent."

Beginners in all arts must necessarily copy. Unconsciously, if not of set purpose, they form the facility that makes growth of individual style possible by the close and frequent observation or careful study of those models they most admire. That their attention should be directed to essentials rather than to accidental characteristics, as well as that they should be encouraged to follow the more helpful guides, is a chief object of this book. For, since the novice in pen-and-ink drawing invariably studies the illustrated books and periodicals and published engravings as a guide to his own work, a few pages may be profitably devoted to the consideration of this practice, exemplifying its results and advising on its further conduct. Since, however, some of our favourite books and illustrators are not of recent date the field to be covered is a large one.



UNSYMPATHETIC PEN-WORK.

[See page 76.]

Too mechanical pen-work kills portraiture. A pen and ink portrait should as far as possible suggest flesh and

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Just as the best speeches are not always the most effective, so the best art is not always the most attractive. When Charles Keene and George du Maurier were reckoned among humorous artists, the comic papers were as good a school for beginners as the most finished magazine drawings. Now the "art" found in "Scratchy Bits" and "Tiddlewinks" which falls into the hands of would-be drawers in pen and ink, is poor in drawing, vulgar in treatment, and should be studiously avoided. The more decorative designs appeal to beginners, as such hieroglyphic art, however good, is easier than the realistic, and allegory covers a multitude of sins in the matter of bad draughtmanship. The current weekly papers are too full of hurried, careless work to be taken as examples to copy from.

who take prizes, and congratulate those who have not been successful, for I honestly do not believe in the narrow academic system of teaching which saps all the good and original art of the student, leaving the budding artist's style cramped, stereotyped and profitless, through going over the same old subjects with this precept as the only principle: "Practice makes perfect."

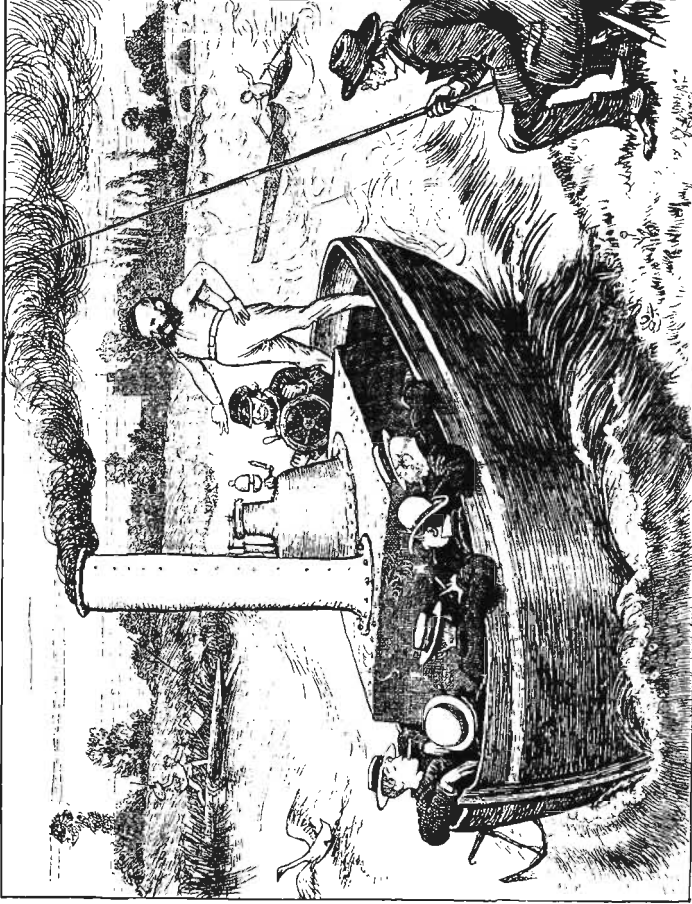
Now one essential thing is to be up-to-date, to supply the style of drawing suitable to the taste of the period. I have lived through half-a-dozen changes in styles, but I have not altered mine, for the simple reason the class of work I do does not depend on the fashion in art of the moment, as book illustrating and newspaper drawings demand. But to one who is an illustrator it is necessary to draw in the style peculiar to the hour. Happily the present hour is of all the easiest, as one can draw or anyway produce something and call it a drawing—and provided a friendly editor handles the work, all is well. But only for the hour—poor stuff can have but a butterfly existence, and when better is demanded the lethal bottle of one's hopes is the unavoidable fate of the flattered one. Taste is a fickle damsel. What one generation considers the ideal art another denounces as execrable. When I was a boy, the pretty conventional art was uppermost. It was bad art, but it was not poor stuff—it was what the mid-Victorian era demanded. The art of the day is moulded by its environment.

To pilot one's art between the dangerous rock, con-



By Walker, J.C.

NEW BATHING COMPANY (LIMITED).—SPECIMENS OF COSTUME TO BE WORN BY THE SHAREHOLDERS.
DRAWING IN PUNCH BY FREDERICK WALKER.



CAPTAIN JINKS (OF THE "SELFISH") AND HIS FRIENDS ENJOYING THEMSELVES ON THE RIVER.

DRAWING IN *PUNCH* BY FREDERICK WALKER.

Frederick Walker founded three distinct schools in art in England—a new school in Oil Painting, a new school in Water Colour, and a new school in Black and White. It was, of course, this last school that influenced the artists I, as a boy, mostly admired.

I am speaking now of his method of drawing, and the influence of his careful, studied style, which rather sapped up the caricature in the early efforts of du Maurier and others, who began to think more of the method and correct drawing than they did of the humour, for although Walker made a few drawings for *Punch*, he was not a caricaturist. As Walker only contributed two drawings to the pages of *Punch*—both reproduced in this chapter—one can hardly bracket him with *Punch* artists. Yet he was on the staff of *Once a Week*, a periodical published by the proprietors of *Punch*. His art patron was Agnew, one of the proprietors of *Punch*, and furthermore, he influenced the *Punch* artists, du Maurier in particular, who subsequently introduced Walker into *Trilby* as “Little Billee.”

But, strange to say, Walker only made two drawings for *Punch*, which I here reproduce as specimens of what that class of work should be. The first appeared in the Almanack for 1865, and represented a charming company of nymphs and their friends in the sea. The text describes the scene as a “New Bathing Company, Limited. Specimens of Costumes to be worn by the Shareholders.” A lighter has been converted into a floating bathing

youth cried over. Walker was drawing and painting when Tom Robertson was writing. The pen of the one and the pencil of the other touched the public of that day in a way that could not be appreciated or understood by the present generation.

Walker endowed the workman, the gipsy, the tramp, and every common object of the highway, with artistic grace—in that lay his charm to a certain extent, this and other revolutionary methods of his made him famous, and his work intensely interesting for all time.

The late Joseph Swain, who engraved all *Punch* work before the days of "process," has recorded the fact that in working out the minutest detail, Walker was painfully conscientious, and was always very anxious over the engravings of his drawings. A writer signing himself "S.C." in the *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1875, says of Walker: "He was poignantly sensitive of all kinds of impressions. . . . One felt towards him almost as towards a woman or child, because of his small stature, his delicate hands and feet, and quick emotions, as well as a look there was in his eyes like the wistful and liquid looks of children."

Tom Taylor, editor of *Punch*, describes him as a "nervous, timid, sensitive young fellow, frail and small of body, and feverish of temperament," and adds, "there is hardly a trace of gaiety in his work, but an infinity of sad, sweet suggestions. His pictures are poems. . . . He influenced all his contemporaries not

already established in their styles." Again, in the catalogue of the exhibition of Walker's works, exhibited a year after his death, Tom Taylor wrote the preface in which he refers to Walker's introduction to *Once a Week*. "A nervous, timid, boyish aspirant for employment as a draughtsman on wood"—Walker was then in his nineteenth year—"called on the editor of *Once a Week*, with specimens of his work." And so through all the references to Walker I find this sympathetic note. Yet I have been told by du Maurier and others who knew him that he was if anything self-willed and reticent. He carried his taciturnity to a ridiculous extent, he was jealous of his ideas and work, and absolutely lived like a hermit when at work. So careful was he that no one should see his work in progress, he was in the habit of covering it up with newspaper, and tearing off just sufficient of the covering for the particular portion he was working on. This may have been caused by his timidity and procrastination in conception. The *Cornhill* writer I have just referred to says: "His (Walker's) conceptions would grow gradually from small beginnings: not one of his large designs, but there exists for it a number of sketches, attempts, commencements, improved ideas. He was in the habit of altering, effacing, repainting as he went along, often almost despairing and giving up. In the street, in the country, on the river, among the antiques, everywhere, he was always stopping, watching, receiving and combining impressions: and in the studio

his chief work lay in giving shape to the images that had formed themselves in that ever-active laboratory of his brain."

From the foregoing it is evident that this long period of brain incubation made it impossible for Walker to ever turn his studio into Liberty Hall, and those not understanding this trait conceived a wrong impression of the man. Walker was hardly a man at all, he was a genius, and if that old dictum that genius is the capacity for taking pains is correct, Walker was one indeed.

He was strong in his art and weak in his character. His devotion to his mother was the pleasant side of his life—a life not altogether fair to men so frail as he. It was the age of rampant Bohemianism, of success and affluence, the great age for illustrators. The clever artists Swain engraved are the finest artists in black-and-white we have ever had, and their pet, their leader, teacher and genius was Walker. Can we wonder, then, that the convivialities of that time proved too much for him. This was in the early '70's, just following the days when men drank, smoked, swore and made money; when great geniuses sapped up their brains and when the greatest of all in the art world walked about his club with a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a syphon of soda in the other, and danced on the table over and around the glass and plates to show off his pretty feet. Yes, this idol of the artist, immortalized by du Maurier as "Little Billee," was a great genius. He might have been a greater man in the eyes of the great

world had he lived twenty years later instead of in the mid-Victorian era of Bohemianism.

William Allingham, the poet and intimate friend of Lord Tennyson and other literary giants of his time, makes the following note of Walker :—

“ Frederick Walker, the artist, small, compact, jockey-like figure, large bluish eyes, short but thick brown hair, combed down over his forehead ; his small hand gives you a sinewy grip.” Tennyson condescended to make a pun *à propos* of Walker. He met him at Mrs. Cameron’s—the photographer of geniuses, of whom Lord Tennyson said to Allingham, “ Mrs. C— is so gushing !” “ She presently justified this,” writes Allingham in his diary, “ by saying fervently to T. (Tennyson) while he spoke of F. Walker :—

“ ‘ His soul is at your feet !’

“ Says T. : ‘ I hope his soles are on his own feet.’ ”

A few years ago, in a magazine article, I made some reference to Walker’s work and the pity that so little is known of his too brief life. This brought to me a very interesting letter signed T. F. Cowlrick, who in his early days was Walker’s chum at school, and whose reminiscences of the boy Walker he has kindly supplied to me. He says :—

“ We were of about the same age, and from the age of about eight to fourteen were close companions. From fourteen to nineteen, when we both had our business occupations, I saw much less of him, and subsequently I lost sight of him entirely. He was then soaring rapidly away

from all his old and humble associations. He and I both went to the same school (1848 to 1850 or thereabouts), the 'Cleveland Academy.'

"Here he was already showing extraordinary powers in drawing, though surreptitiously, for drawing played a very unimportant part in the curriculum of that school.

"I recollect in particular one subject, 'The Crucifixion,' and on showing it to my parents I remember their surprise that a boy of about eight could have done such a drawing, and in a few minutes. Many such sketches were made in exchange for sums done. These sketches were often as quickly destroyed as produced, and sometimes after due mastication served as pellets, which were projected at the heads of other pupils, for Walker, though an ardent worker, at his own particular fancy, was immensely addicted to practical jokings, the discomfort and inconvenience of the jokes amusing him very much. One of his tricks at this school was to mix up all the hats and cloaks, so that at breaking-up time there was a scene of utter confusion and dispute. This fondness for jokes was carried on to a later period. One summer's morning we were walking down Regent Street; we were then thirteen or fourteen years of age and should have known better. Fred espied a man stooping very low, and in the act of removing the brass nameplate which runs round the outside of the shop window. The man's position, with both his hands occupied, was too tempting; a sign was made to me; a ringing smack, and the next

moment we were out of sight. I occasionally suffered for these pranks. If Fred were caught his childlike appearance and large blue eyes generally cleared him. Fred lived in Great Tichfield Street till 1850 or 1851. At the rear of the house was his mother's workroom, a glass-covered building, and fronting the street was the jeweller's shop where his father worked. In or about 1851 I was sent to the North London Collegiate school. Fred soon induced his mother to let him follow, and I was appointed guide and protector to the 'new boy.' This was one of the first schools to adopt the square university cap, then called mortar-boards' and 'cups-and-saucers,' and they earned us many a street quarrel, other schools holding them in great contempt. The school was a large one and stood in the Hampstead Road, at the corner almost of Crowndale Road, and there was a large playground, since built over.

"I was a big, strong chap, and he, though tough and lucky, very small, and I could race round the playground with him on my shoulders without the least effort. Although small and light in weight, he was very wiry, and in gymnastic exercise excelled. He would roll up his shirt-sleeves and display his muscles and say, 'There's biceps for you.'"

To engrave the work of such a sensitive and successful genius as Walker was no small task. Every touch of his was considered, re-considered and jealously watched. In such delicate conceptions as Walker's, whoever engraved

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him had to be endowed with the same artistic feeling, and therefore it was fortunate for Walker that Swain existed. The care both men bestowed on getting a truly artistic result is fully shown by the letters here reproduced. Such letters must be a revelation to the younger school of illustrators, who rub in something in wash and charcoal mixed or smudged with a brush, or use any medium that may be handy at the moment—photography and process production covers a multitude of bad work.

CHAPTER X

CARTOONING

No matter how clever a draughtsman may be, he will never be, strictly speaking, a cartoonist if he loses sight of two things—that a cartoon should have concentration of effect, good strong black-and-white, and good drawing.

Secondly, he must, as regards figure-drawing, perspective and penmanship, be a master of drawing and still be a caricaturist—by that I mean capable of getting more into the faces than merely photographic resemblances. He must get into the facial expression not merely his mask, but the essence of the man. Why cartooning is almost lost to us is that those draughtsmen who can caricature the faces of public men are mere amateurs in drawing, and those who are excellent professional artists are lacking in caricature.

What is a cartoon?

I would suggest that the best definition of the word in newspaper phraseology is—the cartoon is the *leading article* in the periodical; though, perhaps, such articles are frequently misleading, still the leader aims at being a clear and distinct, formally correct editorial statement on the principal topic of the hour, conventional in style and



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

articles—in other words, any little pictorial skit is referred to as “our cartoon.” There never was a time like the present for the use, or rather misuse, of the word “cartoon,”



JOHN BULL SENTIMENTAL.

I hardly see the use of the word "cartoon" clearly in that sense, but I do see that a cartoon in the sense we understand it to-day has to be more thought out before setting down to draw it than any other work in illustrating. The little girl who when asked what drawing was said: "Well, you think, and then you draw round your think," obviously meant mental cartooning.

For periodical work—and it is to that cartooning I devote myself in this brief chapter—the large design is called the cartoon, and when it is proportionately large and devoted to the subject of the hour rightly termed so.

Some editors maintain that a good idea badly drawn is preferable to a poor idea well drawn. When one considers that in the seventy odd years of *Punch* not half-a-dozen cartoons stand out as immortal masterpieces, one must, if they agree with these editors, mourn over the waste of good draughtsmanship.

I have touched on the fact that simplicity of drawing is essential to the cartoon, but perhaps I ought to add that simplicity of idea is equally essential. Yet we find in elaborate works on our profession the absurd contention that cartoons mean a crowded design, whereas cartoons could be strong in their simplicity and directness.

Should the student want to know what I mean by this, I would refer him to the cartoons of Sir John Tenniel. I collect telling Tenniel that what I admired in his work was that he never put in a line that was not essential or a line out that was required.

Sir John Tenniel must always be regarded as the originator of the "cartoon" as we to-day understand it, and without doubt he was the finest cartoonist of our time. *Punch*, when it started in the early Victorian era, had, as the centre attraction in the paper, "Punch Pencillings" provided by John Leech and others. These pencil sketches were followed by Tenniel's carefully-drawn semi-classic designs. At that time huge allegorical cartoons were to the fore—Haydon's being exhibited in the Egyptian Hall. (This ambitious artist committed suicide because the public crowded in to see "General Tom Thumb" on exhibition in the same building in preference to inspecting his cartoons.) Others were to be seen in the Houses of Parliament, one being the work of Tenniel. Tenniel was, in fact, following that line of art when he was sought out and asked to draw for engraving; and it was his training as a cartoonist that served him in his work on *Punch*, and lifted the principal picture in that paper from a mere "pencilling" to the dignity of an elaborate cartoon—thus clearly showing that the student to become a successful cartoonist must study art of the best kind seriously, and subsequently introduce his fancy and a touch of caricature.

The student may say, "But how can I be a cartoonist? I have no ideas."

Sir John Tenniel was a wonderful man, a supreme artist, the greatest cartoonist and the most delightful illustrator of mock heroic comedies we have ever had: a fine specimen of a gentleman, and as pleasant a companion as one could

wish for ; but, if I judge by the time I was on *Punch*, he had no ideas, not a very extensive knowledge of current politics, and absolutely no initiative. In all those years I do not recall one instance in which he suggested an idea for a cartoon. I do not believe he ever troubled to think of it from one week to the other. The same may be said of his successor, Sambourne, and others. So that settles the point. Personally I prefer to work out my own ideas to those which have been very occasionally forced upon me.

The question whether one is qualified to be a cartoonist is settled by his power to grasp a good idea, and his ability as a draughtsman to carry it out. No man can be a true humorist either with the pencil or with the pen, or as an actor, unless he be endowed by nature with feelings, sentiment and true pathos. Robson, the greatest comic actor England ever produced, at times made his audiences weep with his pathos and feeling. Tom Hood, a supreme humorist, made the nation weep over his pathetic poems---“ The Bridge of Sighs ” and “ The Song of the Shirt.” The latter effort was, strange to say, published in a comic paper, *Punch*, and appealed to the public more, and is longer remembered, than any of the comic verse which has appeared in the pages of that journal during the seventy years of its existence. And so are the sentimental cartoons longer remembered than those merely funny.

John Leech was not a good enough draughtsman to be

ccess as a sentimentalist, for serious subjects require ous treatment; yet through sheer force of idea Leech's toon in 1854 (it may not have been his idea—most bably it was not) is still quoted as a masterpiece—Russia's Ally, Death, as King Frost." It was a grim bject, a great idea, but a poor drawing. What would enniel have made of it? Just turn to *Punch's* cartoons uring another great war—the Civil War in America—ow fine they are, and, better still, the Franco-German War, when Tenniel was in his prime, then judge for yourself.

A sentimental cartoon drawn by a mere comic draughts- man is funny, frequently vulgar, and always a mistake.

A sentimental cartoon properly drawn is the most effec- tive of all cartoons—a fact history has conclusively proved.

The cartoon as we know it is purely a product of the nineteenth century, it followed the etched caricatures of Rowlandson, Gillray and Cruikshank. A work on carica- ture by Everitt, published about thirty years ago, contains the following opinion: "That so completely was the style of comic art changed under the auspices of three clever men—Richard Doyle, John Leech and John Tenniel, that the very name of 'caricature' disappeared, and the modern word 'cartoon' assumed its place." I refer to this merely to show how modern the term "cartoon" is. Of course the writer could not be an art-critic, if he knew anything about his subject, and to say that the name "caricature" ha disappeared or ever could disappear, is but another illu- tration of his ignorance of his craft. Caricatures about

to-day, but cartoons are disappearing. As I have pointed out before, the first-page designs in *Punch* were not even called cartoons, they were published under the title of "Pencilings," and very good caricatures they were, albeit unpleasant and ugly, for the influence of Gillray and Rowlandson died hard. Their series ran through the first half-dozen volumes.

In former days cartooning was treated in the true spirit of satire. To quote Mark Twain once more, "The mission of Humour is to make one reflect." One might say, the mission of the cartoonist is to make people reflect. To-day we are too lazy to think or reflect; we want a cartoon to record our own everyday commonplace thoughts, and we then say, "Clever cartoon, that—just what was in my own mind," whereas the cartoonist should use his brain as a ferret to unearth the fox, and thus give you all a run for your money. So that, should the student wish to succeed, he must keep this fact before him.

CHAPTER XI

DRAWING FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH

THERE is one more use drawing can be applied to and the last—that is, drawing for the cinematograph.

Frequenters of cinematograph theatres are familiar with the follow-my-leader crowds rushing like lightning after some Puck of the farce, up and down steps, across public thoroughfares, over bridges, and through tunnels almost quicker than the eye can follow them. In reality these performers run much slower than if they were chased by a bull in real life, or were trying to catch the last motor omnibus. The trick is very simple and purely mechanical. The operator in taking the picture turns the handle of the camera very slowly, taking six to eight pictures in a second in place of the usual sixteen, the operator turning the handle in the picture show—or if turned by electric power, the motor—sixteen or more pictures in the second, thus the increased rapidity of action.

The “mystic hand,” the hand of the caricaturist which appears on the screen and with marvellous quickness reels off humorous sketches and add legends with superhuman rapidity, is, to a certain extent, worked in the same way.

Of course no artist could possibly work anything like the speed of these film productions. The writer is perhaps as rapid a worker as any man who ever held a pencil, yet his speed is about one half the rate of work, and that in mere outline. In a word this cinematograph dexterity in draughtsmanship is a "fake." But as this feature in the programme is as a rule limited to two or three hundred feet—taking about five or six minutes to run on the screen, including titling, etc.—one minute to one minute and a half is the average time given to each drawing. Yet one hour, or a day, or even a week may have occupied the artist in the work shown in one minute. These trick films merely mean stopping the camera. For instance, those ingenious animated toys or drawings in which the hand is not seen at work, and are thus supposed to change and act as if living things, are purely a matter of patience.

To explain this, let me point out that cinematograph film is not one unbroken stream of photography, but a series of separate and complete pictures which are projected on to the screen so rapidly that the eye is deceived and thinks the picture is a continuous one. It is therefore easy to stop the camera at any point, change whatever is in front of it, at leisure if one likes, and start again.

In this way, a man is seen running up to a wall—the camera is stopped just as he gets to it—the man walks away, the camera is put in motion: thus, when shown, apparently the man has walked through the wall.

So it is an easy matter to arrange a box of matches

into forms and change the position of a match or two *between* each turn of the camera. When shown at the rate of sixteen to a second, the matches so arranged between each sixteenth, thus quickened, suggest animation, and apparently actually move.

Animate subjects, such as a flower blossoming, are produced in this stopping manner, but then the stops are longer, perhaps only one sixteenth of a second—or, say, one second—being taken every hour while Nature develops the flower. Under artificial light ingenious mechanical contrivances which automatically expose the lens at certain intervals during the days occupied in the growth of the flower are used in such cases. A well-known film—the bloom of an onion—occupied about three weeks.

In other matters it is a case of extraordinary patience to carry out an ingenious design. The “lightning” artist’s hand at work, however, is the reverse. One must not make a false line, but one need not—and, in fact, one cannot—hurry at anything like the rate of drawing as shown on the screen.

Any one taking an intelligent interest in draughtsmanship should watch an artist at work in a cinematograph picture when other figures besides the artist are in it—his hand then cannot be shown working quicker than it really does. Otherwise all the figures would move as if electrified. The hand working alone can do what it likes, in conjunction with the turning of the handle controlling the

rate or time of exposure of the film, but not so when in a scene with other figures in motion.

I could not, however, recommend any student to attempt drawing for the cinema. With the mass of hissing, rattling arc lights in full force round one's head, the tremendous heat and the terrible light in one's eyes, the rapid click-click-click of the camera, the Director's voice: "thirty seconds," "forty-five seconds," "one minute," "only forty-five seconds now to finish," etc., it is no easy performance to "make good" when drawing in picture acting. In fact, very few could even attempt it.

No less a distinguished artist than the late Professor Sir Hubert von Herkomer—that Crichton of Art, who had attempted almost everything and failed in few—had to acknowledge defeat when faced by the cinema camera. He had prepared a scene "to bring out his drawing"—as he told me—and demonstrate his method of portrait painting to the public by the aid of the cinema. He had Mr. Bouchier as Henry VIII as his model. There was a little scene acted between artist and actor, then the portrait. There stood the camera ready primed; so was the artist primed for his great effort—he swept up to his task with a light heart and began, pleasantly chatting the while to King Henry. That was rehearsal.

Now for the performance. "Lights up! Stand by. Now, Mr. Bouchier. Now, Sir Hubert. . . . Very good—very—action too quick—a little slower, gentlemen, please. Now, Sir Hubert, quick, for the sketching,