

THE

Artists

MONTHLY



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•
Illustrating
**A
Mystery
Story**



HOGARTH

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Selecting
**The
Right
Art School**

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Selecting The Right Art School

The Cartoonist's and Illustrator's Center

By Burne Hogarth

This is the first series of articles on various types of Art Schools and Art Courses. "Which is the best Art School for me?" is the question that every artist is asked many times by all types of potential Artists.

Hair slicked back . . . shoes are shined . . . tie . . . straighten your tie . . . that's better. Let's see . . . samples are all here. Look sharp now . . . ready . . . knock on the door. THIS IS IT!

And so you're ushered into the editor's office—your first contact—your first try for the job you've always dreamed about. Now, after three years of study at Art School, you're going to knock 'em dead. Your stuff looks good, and you know it. This is going to be a lead pipe cinch!

"Hm-m—" the editor says, "your art looks good . . ."

(I knew it—I'm in, you think.)

"—But—" he continues, "I'm afraid your work doesn't quite meet our requirements. It

doesn't have the professional approach. Sorry."

Your hopes drop to absolute zero. The big freeze is on. Between the editor's sympathetic dismissal and your deep chagrin lies a gulf of confusion.

Why? What's wrong with your stuff? At school you were *good*. Everybody, including the instructor, conceded you better than an even chance to succeed. And now—this! In your years of study you learned a lot—EXCEPT the one thing that makes you a PROFESSIONAL! How could your Art School have missed up on that?

* * * * *

What is the answer to that question? Too often an art school endeavors—with the best of intentions—to equip the student with a useful, workable knowledge of his craft. Yet, the student, emerging from school, is suddenly brought up short by the close scrutiny of a critical editorial mind. Between the *study of art as a profession* and the *acceptance of his art as a professional*, lies the contradic-

The Editor asked Mr. Hogarth to tell our readers something about himself.

Dear Mr. Murray:

Something about myself? O.K.

I have all the standard chrome-plated, brass-fitted dreams, Sunday supplement style. Someday I'll take a rocket trip to the moon, circumnavigate the globe, make history in the Congress of the United States, write the great American Novel, climb the highest mountain, swim the deepest ocean . . . and stand up to my boss and say, "Listen big-shot—it's a raise, OR ELSE!" But I'll settle for a quiet place on a hill, where there's peace inside and outside, and paint my fool head off. And because that, too, is like Charlie Chaplin playing Hamlet, here's what my particular THUD sounds like: I've sold shoes, hawked newspapers, jerked sodas, gazed rapturously at the tinsel dream at the end of a runway from my usher's aisle in a burley-cue, drove a truck—then because I didn't like being pushed around, started pushing a pencil around. Here's how my results read in print:—*Ivy Hemmenhaw*, for Bonnet-Brown Syndicate; *Strange Accidents, Odd Occupations*, for Leeds Features; *Pieces of Eight*, for McNaught Syndicate; *Tarzan*, for United Features; *Drago*, for New York Post Syndicate—It's not a very long list, but then, I'm only thirty-four, and paint on Sundays.



Mr. Hogarth guides the creative expression and inventiveness of his students.



tion of the student's inadequate training. Shocked and disappointed, he realizes the instruction he has sought has not been realistic enough to enable him to SELL his work. He finds that his classroom assignments have not been tough enough to buck the rigid requirements and high standards that are routine in the newspaper, magazine and syndicate field. Immediately after leaving school he must unlearn the pink and lavender notions that gloss over the bright, hard facts of the working art world. Now, after hours and days and years of work, primed with precious dollars, he finds himself equipped only to handle a beginners job—and finally learn *on the outside* through bitter experience, what he failed to learn in school. In short,—if, on leaving the classroom, the student had to toe the line with the fellow already at work, could he make the grade? Bluntly, what is his goal?

These questions are not mere rhetoric. The fault is certainly not the editor's—or the student's, in most cases—but the source of the error—namely, the art school, the instruction.

The CARTOONIST'S AND ILLUSTRATOR'S CENTER is a school which proposes to deal with just this problem. Newly organized, its basic in-

tention is teaching the actual, working, two-fisted facts about cartooning and illustration from the point of view of the *editor*—the fellow who will do the buying. Every illusion will be stripped and laid bare, every step in training will deal with every phase of the cartoon field, geared on a personal, individual plane, and taught by instructors, who themselves are working professionals—men who daily come in intimate contact with editors and publishers. One special phase of this instruction is the teaching of IDEAS—the analysis of wit, humor, and broad slapstick, and the development of gags and humorous situations. Another phase is story analysis and story construction for the adventure type comic strip. This is a subject which is considered so lightly in most art schools, that many students necessarily fail to make the grade as professionals. It is clear, therefore, in this brief account, that the aim of the CARTOONIST'S AND ILLUSTRATOR'S CENTER is to build working cartoonists—not simply beginners. This is what

the students want, and this is what we propose they get. The editor sets the standard—the school sets the requirements—the student sets the pace. When these are set in motion—the goal is in sight.



Accuracy and dramatic interest are constantly stressed.
