

# MiKe Cockrill



Anthony Haden-Guest

When my family moved into our new house in the suburbs outside of Washington D.C., my mother hung an oil painting over the mantel piece in the living room — a landscape with a red barn nestled in a grove of restless trees beyond a pond grown wild with reeds. My aunt from Fairfield, Connecticut had painted it and given it to my mother as a present. (A red Christmas card hangs on it in the blurry family photo from 1961.) My Aunt Anne, my grandmother's older sister, was an accomplished amateur painter who had taken art classes as a young woman. This would have been viewed as an acceptable pursuit for a girl of her social class and privilege, a status that came with the expectation that she would never work for wages a day in her life.

Her cheerful paintings on canvas board mounted in unpretentious hobby-shop frames adorned the upstairs family quarters of her mother's large Gothic Revival cottage in Fairfield, where my aunt now made her home. The downstairs was another thing altogether.

My aunt's grandfather (my great-great grandfather) was Jonathan Sturges, a 19th century merchant and patron of the Hudson River School. Sturges built the Cottage, as it was always called, as a summer home. In the library at the far end of the house on one of the few walls large enough to accommodate it hung Frederic Edwin Church's "Rainy Season in the Tropics," a towering masterpiece of 19th Century American art. My aunts and uncles called it The Rainbow. There were other paintings in different rooms by artists like Asher B. Durand, Thomas Cole and Emmanuel Leutze. But the Church was different.

"That's The Rainbow!" my mother said on an early visit when I was six or seven. The painting was incomprehensible to my young eyes: an enormous shimmering rectangle in a dark Victorian era room cluttered with books, maps and stamp collections. A century of coal burning furnaces, cigarettes and fireplace smoke veiled the image in grime. At some point The Rainbow acquired a tear in the middle from slipping in its frame and tumbling forward.

The Rainbow? I peered at it in passing on various summer visits and then it was gone.

In the mid-sixties a dealer knocked on the door of the Cottage, bought the painting off the wall for a song, had it restored and sold it to the San Francisco Museum. And that was that.

I only saw it again a few years ago, four decades after I first gazed at it in Fairfield, when the painting arrived in Washington D.C. for a Frederic Church retrospective. With its subtle silver light and vivid double rainbow forming a radiant semi-circle across the composition, it was to me the most arresting and beautiful painting in the show.

It resonated like a lost memory. It was familiar. There it was again, the magnificent Rainbow, but transformed and far more beautiful than I could have imagined. I looked around the museum gallery. People were passing through, gawking at this and that, standing here and there. Some students lingered taking notes. Strangers. They did not know I was there with my painting.



**Blue Christmas, 2009**  
Oil on canvas, 68 x 44 in.





*Christmas in the Cockrill House*

MIKE COCKRILL

*The Awakening*

*essay by*

Anthony Haden-Guest

KENT FINE ART LLC

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Growing up, people first meeting me would often say, “And you must be Mike, the artist in the family.”

But I wasn't really an artist. I just drew all the time. I really wanted to be Carl Yastrzemski or Jack Nicklaus, taking a page from my father's devotion to sports. At some point the sports dreams faded away and I began exhibiting paintings in New York. In the end I had become an artist. Of course, I had made the push, went to art school and walked away from every other distraction in my life. It takes total focus. When I was putting this book together with Doug Walla I said, “Seeing this work all together makes me realize I have not wasted my life after all.”

This could not have happened without the support of my family and the art dealers along the way who gave me solo shows even at points when few would buy my work. My early dealers Barry Blinderman and Kim Foster didn't mind taking the risk. They thought my paintings needed to be seen. Later, Heather Stevens and Megan Bush of 31 Grand in Williamsburg encouraged me to push my work deeper and it showed. My work became more narrative and personal. Doug Walla brought me back to Chelsea and has operated with complete faith in what I'm doing as an artist.

Through all of this has been the encouragement and support of my family: my brothers, sisters and mother and especially my wife Ellen Lubell, who also happens to edit everything I write, and my daughter Rachel, who is my most trusted studio critic. When Ellen interviewed me in 1984 for an arts-related news story in *The Village Voice*, neither of us could know that our chance encounter would lead to an unlikely friendship that grew into marriage, a daughter and a life together.

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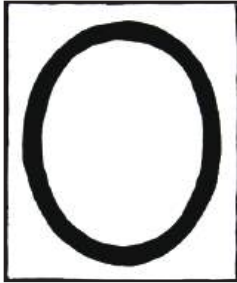




The Math Lesson, 2007, Gouache on paper, 25 1/2 x 19 1/2 in.



The Embrace, 2003, Oil on canvas, 40 x 30 in.



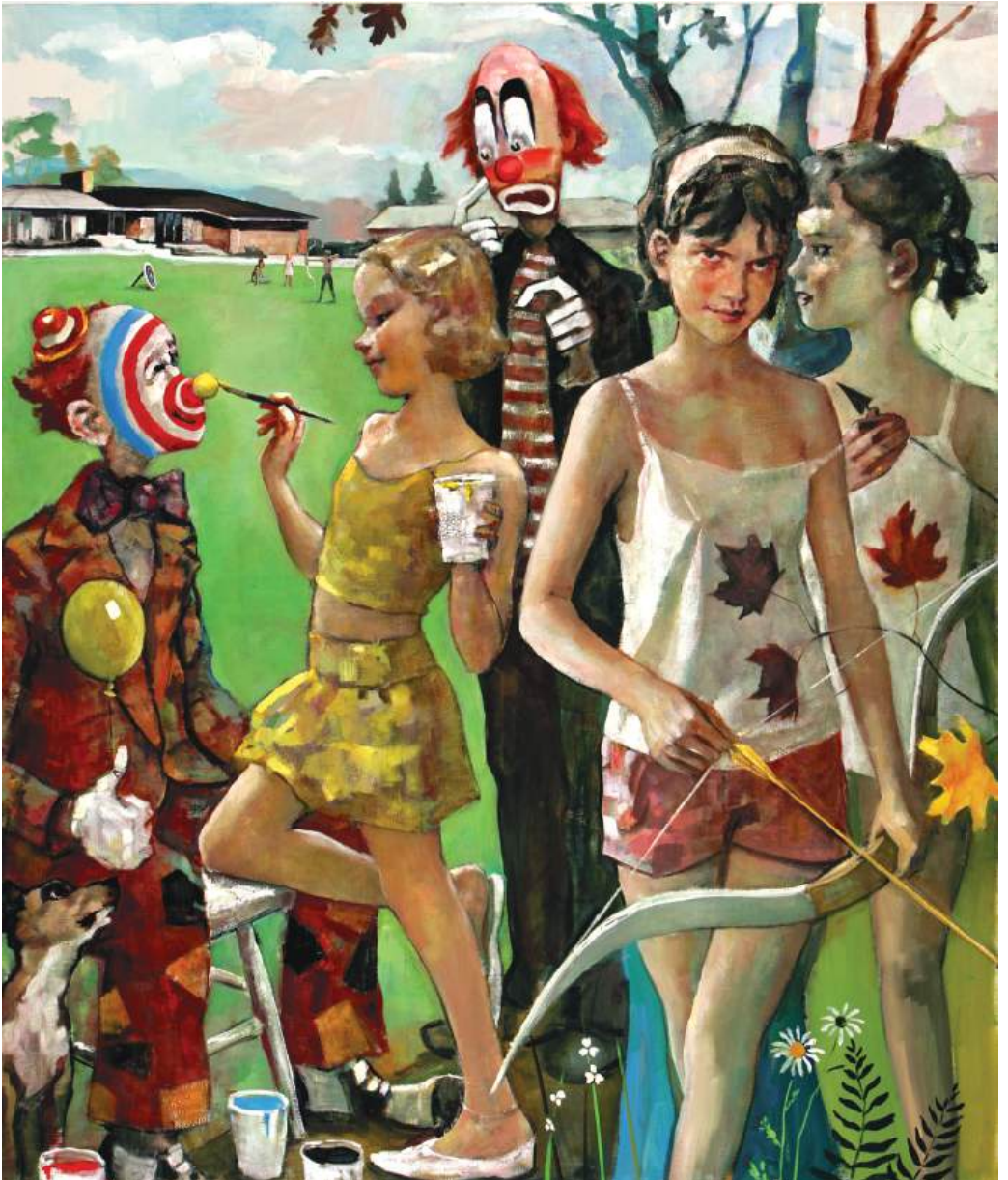
IN THE face of it what Mike Cockrill is doing here is upright and straightforward, Boy Scoutish even, which is not a bad metaphor, considering that he was himself a Boy Scout during those years when he was unknowingly accumulating the material that would be the core of much of his mature work. You could say that his recent work is simply about borrowing. But it's not that simple. Artists do generally feel free to rifle the image banks of art and popular culture for usable stuff but if their takings have been fairly obscure and/or they have very much made an image their own, they seldom feel it necessary to bring the originals to our attention. Yet here is Cockrill pointing out -- as pain-stakingly as the teacher in one of his cherished school primers -- these are my sources and this is what I have done with them.

The jaw drops. It's like a conjuror showing just how he does his tricks and expecting you to enjoy them anyway. But it seems less odd when you come to sense the

nature of Cockrill's relationship with his pictorial arsenals, because artists take the work of other hands for very different reasons. Some do so with magnificent shamelessness, like Michelangelo boasting "When I steal, I kill," or Picasso jousting with Velasquez and being banned from Giacometti's studio as an idea thief. Others dig into the oeuvres of others for formal invention, as Degas studied Japanese prints and Bacon learned from Muybridge. Warhol's borrowings are deadpan. They fastidiously shun the depths and turn the images into signs – When did you last actually see a Marilyn Monroe movie? – and Richard Prince's Marlboro Men conduct us into a commercial dreamscape.

The pictures that turn Mike Cockrill on are neither plunder nor cultural markers though. They are his ways and means of at once re-experiencing a seemingly enchanted childhood world and decoding it. They are time machines, so buckle up for his unsentimental journey home.

\* \* \*



Target, 2009, Oil on canvas, 58 x 50 in.



IKE COCKRILL has worked in the same building on Third and Third in Brooklyn since he moved to New York from Philadelphia, where he attended art school. It's a huge funky/industrial slab of a building, part Hopper part di Chirico, that saw service as a can factory when it was first built in the mid 1880's. Cockrill was one of perhaps half a dozen tenants when he moved in, mostly young artists and fresh to the city, such as himself.

Cockrill grew up in McLean, Virginia and began to draw and paint in early childhood. At nineteen he left George Mason University and headed to Philadelphia to attend the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the oldest art school in the United States. He found the student body divided into two camps: an avant-garde, which was submerged in such issues of the moment as the Death of Painting, and an old-timey Beaux Arts group. Cockrill had no problem of choice here.



Ascension, 2004, Oil on canvas, 66 x 50 in.

“I went through a very rigorous academic training,” he says. “It was all about paint. It’s a traditional painting school, where you draw from plaster casts and life-models. Most kids get burned out. The faculty really leaned on you, especially in the first year. Whatever your conception of art was before you arrived, it would be







**Hatari**, 2008/09, Oil on canvas, 72 x 66 in.

crushed – like being fond of Norman Rockwell, which I was. Real artists were painters like Titian or Pollock or, at that moment, Diebenkorn. Rockwell just wasn't part of the equation on any level, so I buried him away in a drawer and forgot about him. But there's a lot of truth to Rockwell's people. They are very credible to me. And I find those little scenarios painful sometimes. They are quite heartbreaking.

“I liked American genre, like Winslow Homer. I wanted to paint like that. But I didn't have a story. I didn't *know* I had a story.”

Cockrill moved to New York as a twenty-six-year old at the end of '79 and didn't make an easy landing. “My wife left me. My first love. That was shattering,” he says. “John Lennon got shot. And I was stuck here with no heat on my side of the building. It was like everything crashed. And I was just available. I was a brain that was available. It was then that I started talking to this guy.”

The guy was Mark Oberg, a neighbor, not an artist but a carpenter. And he had heat on his side of the building.

“He said, ‘Well, you can hang out over here. But what can you do?’ I said ‘I know how to draw.’ He said ‘Fine! I’ll tell you what to draw. And I will make you famous in five years’.”

Thus the genesis both of the luridly compelling comic book, *The White Papers*, and of an exemplary art world collaboration. Perhaps it has always been the case that a creative sensibility that has just been coasting along unmemorably, at least in formal terms, can be transformed by some internal or external event. It’s certainly a phenomenon of our own times and whatever it was that unleashed Philip K. Dick, Hunter S. Thompson and Helmut Newton, it was Mark Oberg who unleashed Mike Cockrill, who reciprocated by renaming him for the justice who swore in Lyndon Baines Johnson: Judge Hughes.

“It was really about my life at nine years old, seeing Kennedy killed,” says Cockrill, who realized he had landed that singular thing, the Perfect Project. “I was twenty-seven. And I wanted to get out of the box of my academic training. And I wanted to tell the story. I went to church where Robert Kennedy went to church. Our neighborhood was very much tied in with the Kennedys. And I needed to do something about Kennedy. His death was the first time I saw adults cry. It was a game-change situation. The bliss of childhood was shattered by this incredible event. Kennedy’s assassination was the 9/11 of our childhood.”

The Cockrill/Judge Hughes collaboration endured for eight ribald, aggressively in-everybody’s-face years and by the time it had run its course, Cockrill was fully primed for action. He jettisoned the cartoon style and began to paint again.

\* \* \*



Saint Sebastian, 2007, Oil on canvas, 66 1/4 x 66 1/4 in.



COCKRILL'S first paintings were of girls. Not young women. Girls. Young girls. "That ended up being more provocative than the whole Kennedy thing," Cockrill says. "As problematic as the cartoon paintings had been, they were clearly cartoons. They offended people's sensibilities but nothing offended them like my paintings of little girls ... larger than life size, looking at the viewer ... sometimes naked ... they are defiant. I think they are defiant.

"Some mothers came up to me and said: 'You have painted my daughter! That is my daughter – all the way. She is exactly like that.' And other women would scream at me and say 'That is the most outrageously disgusting thing I have ever seen!'

"I think I did it for a little bit of shock value at first, then they became sincere." From girls Cockrill segued to clowns, another provocative choice but for different reasons. Clowns used to be figures of pagan poetry, like the



Armful, 2003/2004, Oil on canvas, 62 x 42 in.

harlequins and pierrots used in courtly masques, painted by Antoine Watteau, dragged into modern times by Picasso, Rouault, Fellini, Marcel Marceau and Jean-Louis Barrault, sentimentalized by Chaplin, drowned in pools of unearned emotion by Bernard Buffet and – ‘Tears of a Clown!’ -- have become key indicators of kitsch.

So. Why the clowns?

“My mother had these two playful watercolors of clowns by a local artist. They were very charming. My mother hung them in my bedroom when I was growing up. I was fascinated by the way they were drawn. You could see the short cuts the artist took. How she painted floppy shoes, a little dog and a checkered overcoat, with just the line of her brush.

“Around 1994 I was searching around for a new direction. I was thinking, ‘what do I like to look at?’ Well, I liked looking at those clowns. People are suckers for clowns. After the Kennedy cartoons and the big paintings of girls, I wanted to paint something banal.”





**Big Sister, 1994, Oil on canvas, 68 x 54 in.**

He was drawing clowns on the subway when he found he had an audience. “A little boy was watching me and he said you have to have something happening to the clown. Like water falling on his head or something!

“I thought something has to be happening to the clown? That’s interesting! This kid’s right!”

Thank heaven for little girls! Cockrill drew a young girl shooting the clown. What persuaded him to turn the subway drawing into the *Baby Doll Clown Killers* series?

“By chance I picked up a copy of the *Daily News* from the subway seat next to me. There was a story on the Holocaust Museum in Israel and there was a horrific photograph of an SS trooper just coldly aiming his rifle at this man clutching a child. And it was so shocking to me. So it was really a response to the Holocaust. And Goya -- any situation where the evil person with a gun is the State.

“We’re immune to it because we’ve seen it so much. But if we make the killer someone we cherish, a child, a cute little girl in a party dress, and she’s shooting a ridiculous clown who we don’t really care about, we suddenly



The Mirror Game, 1995-97, Oil on canvas, 68 x 64 in.

find ourselves sympathizing with the little girls. They must have reasons!

“I was trying to create a dilemma where we don’t know which side to choose. Obviously the clowns are harmless, but the girls are going to kill the clowns. Don’t you feel for them? No! They *should* kill the clowns! That is what a lot of people think. So it’s like everybody is being dragged into genocide!”

Cockrill followed the *Baby Doll Clown Killers* with a sequence of single figure paintings of his daughter and her friends, before launching himself upon what he calls the “more complicated stuff” that occupies him today. With *The White Papers*, the paintings of young girls and the *Baby Doll Clown Killers*, Cockrill was in part dealing with emotions engendered by his past. With the “more complicated stuff” he is deciphering that past. Indeed he is re-constructing it as if to be experienced by a child, but seen through adult eyes. Showing us the makings of that work is a central part of the project that occupies him here.

\* \* \*



The Red Guard, 1997, Oil on canvas, 66 x 56 in.



COCKRILL'S studio on Third and Third is choc-a-bloc with the leavings of past time. A giant sculpted plaster head of JFK nods to Cockrill/Judge Hughes, but one is more struck by the ocean of memory that spills out in print, ranging from *Life* magazines – the June 14, 1954 issue celebrates *The Bold California Look* and *Teenagers Going Steady* while a 1956 Grace Kelly cover headlines *Afghanistan, Wild Frontier in the Cold War* – through *New York Times* supplements featuring children's wear to shelves and heaps of illustrated children's books from Childcraft and Golden Books. Cockrill finds them in thrift stores and rifles them for stuff he can use, perhaps just for details, but sometimes to channel whole scenarios from his own past. "Because they were the kind of books I had when I was a kid, he says. "And I wanted to put the paintings in that era."

Cockrill began his borrowings in 2004. "But my style at first was more cut and paste. A year later I start-



Gossip Girls, 2010, Oil on canvas, 62 x 50 in.

ed integrating the sources into more of a scene. It's not a collage." Cockrill, who likes to access the art history he acquired growing up, made two paintings in 2005, *Naughty* and *American Venus*. The original source for *Naughty*, the first, was a page in a 1950s How To Read primer. "Part of my interest was to create an art history painting, but to use little children," he says. "The dog has just taken the cupcake. The boy is pointing at the dog. The hand of the boy in front of the girl reminded me of Manet's *Le Dejeuner sur l'Herbe*. In the Manet, a man points with his finger towards a nude sitting across the picnic feast. It looked very phallic. The French critics picked up on everything. They made a big fuss. Of course it was intentional!

"In *Naughty*, the girl knows the joke. Is the dog naughty? Is she naughty? There're a lot of very Freudian overtones. When Mike Bidlo walked up to it he said 'this is Manet!' He knew perfectly well that it was an art history painting. Which is interesting. Who's your audi-



ence? Who are you really playing to?”

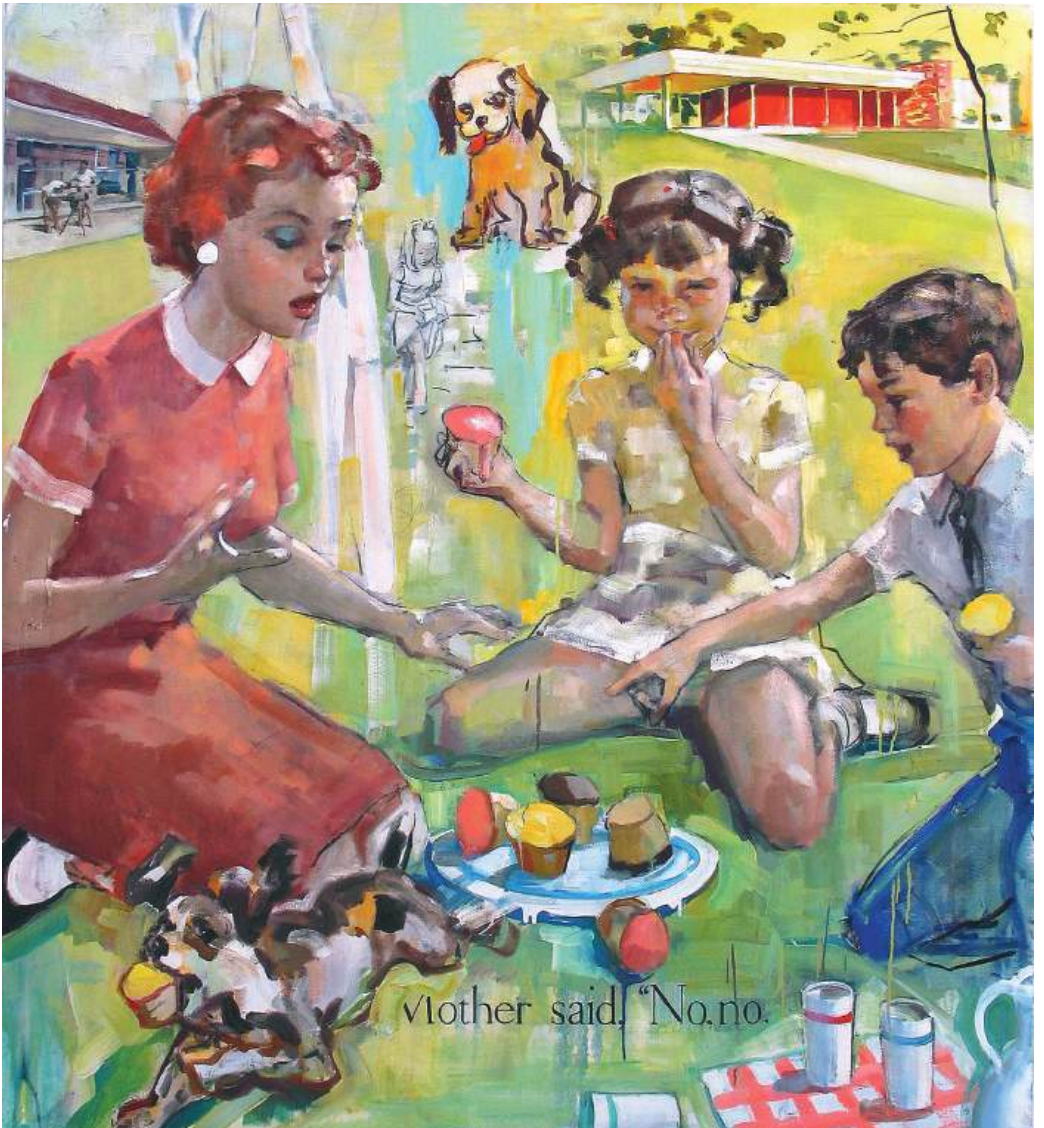
*American Venus* draws on Botticelli’s *Birth of Venus*. And *The Broken Pitcher At The Well*? This was used as a pictorial symbol of lost virginity by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, an 18th century French artist of tooth-grittingly-high sugar content, but Cockrill borrowed the image from a 1940s illustration. “Which is earlier than sources I usually reference,” he says.

He flipped back to his own *Broken Pitcher* recreation. “Now this is fun,” he said. “The girl looks very ashamed in the original illustration. I wanted my little girl to not be so distressed by it. So the children in the neighborhood and the town are looking at the evidence of the broken pitcher. And they are scandalized. Meanwhile, my Molly looks at us and smiles.”

Not all the canvases channel art historical images. In one a boy is aglow as he shows off his drawing of a red rocket to a teacher. “Who looks kind of like your mom but a little younger than your mom, a little hotter,”



Mother said, "No, no.  
Go away, Ginger."  
Pete said, "Oh, look!  
Ginger has cakes.  
Ginger has cakes now."



Naughty, 2005, Oil on canvas, 64 x 58 in.



Remington-Morse New Mother Goose Book, 1943  
Illustrated by Fridolf Johnson



Alas for Poor Nell  
Her shining pitcher they broke at the well  
It sounded as sad as the toll of a bell  
And just why they did it nobody can tell

Broken Pitcher, 2006, Oil on canvas, 60 x 60 in.

Cockrill says. “You could dismiss this tableau as a joke of mine. It’s such a typical Freudian idea that a boy comes and shows his red rocket to his teacher that you’d think I just made it up. But it’s really in a 1948 textbook. That made it so delicious that I had to resurrect it, show it to the world and say this stuff is actually what we were looking at when we were kids. And it’s completely loaded.”

And unmistakably so, now that Cockrill has improved upon the rocket’s angle.

You don’t need to be tremendously astute to note that (a) Cockrill has a penchant for secrets, most especially for those of a sexual nature and that (b) his preferred images are those that he might have seen when he was of an age to look at such books. Nor to guess that from time to time a particular boy may be a stand-in for Cockrill himself. So the originals are his Proustian madeleines. But, to borrow the great phrase Burt Lancaster’s character used in *The Sweet Smell of Success*, they are cookies filled with arsenic.



Six Shooter, 2004, Oil on canvas, 46 x 36 in.



The Tiegs-Adams Social Studies Series  
Your Town and Mine  
copyright 1960 Ginn and Company  
Drawing by Polly Bolian and Kenneth Mackellan





Red Rocket, 2009/2010, Oil on canvas, 46 x 46 in.

**\* We're looking  
for people who  
like to draw**



An Artist with Flair, 2008, Oil on canvas, 54 x 46 in.



BEAKING JOBE  
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Annunciation, 2003, Oil on canvas, 66 x 66 in.

Mike Cockrill did not merely grow up in Northern Virginia, Kennedy country. His father worked as a civilian in the Pentagon for 17 years and held top-level security clearance while working for people like General William Westmoreland, so young Mike grew up in that world. “Everyone around me was federal government,” he says. “High level! CIA, FBI, Pentagon. They were aware of how many nuclear weapons we had, what the other guys had ... where ours were ... what we were doing ... and yet at the barbecues they’re just drinking beer, laughing and telling jokes about women.

“I had no idea what they were really talking about. But you would ask them a question like: What’s in that shoebox? And the answer would be, A time bomb! No one would ever give you a straight answer. Everything was a mystery. Everything hidden.

“One afternoon a boy walked up to me when we were playing football in the backyard. He said come over to my house, I want to show you something. He took



First Love, 2008, Oil on canvas, 66 x 66 in.

me into a little storage room and showed me his father's Japanese erotica. Great, great drawings! The best stuff I'd ever seen. But he had more to confide – he pointed to a stack of record albums and said, 'My mom takes off her clothes. They put on that music and my mom does striptease shows for my dad's friends.'

"And it was just perfect. To me it was like Toto pulling back the curtain."

So when Cockrill returned to making narrative paintings, he finally knew exactly what to paint. "I realized I had a story," he said. "Norman Rockwell's America has all this other stuff going on underneath. And that's what I wanted to tell."

In his attempt to tell stories as effectively as possible he launched on a journey of pictorial discovery that sometimes took him and us in unexpected directions. As he picked through the books and magazines in his studio, he was choosey.

"My sources include *Life* magazine but only from





Schoolyard Paradise, 2004, Oil on canvas, 62 x 54 in.

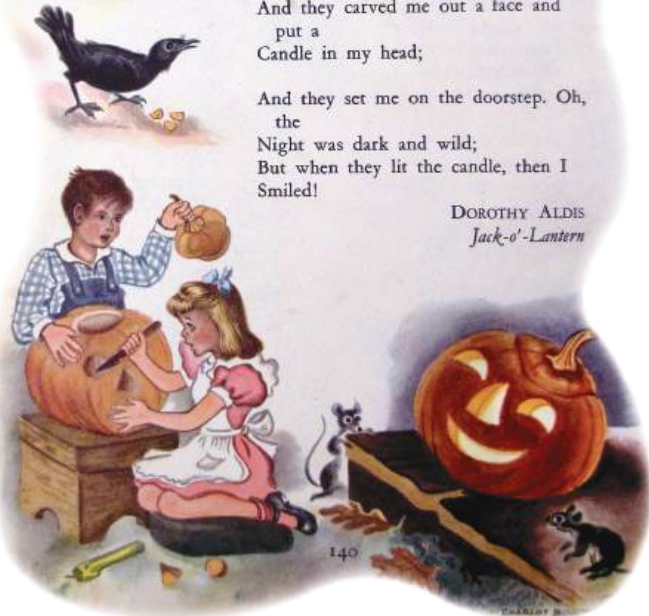


#### WHAT AM I?

THEY chose me from my brothers:  
"That's the  
Nicest one," they said,  
And they carved me out a face and  
put a  
Candle in my head;

And they set me on the doorstep. Oh,  
the  
Night was dark and wild;  
But when they lit the candle, then I  
Smiled!

DOROTHY ALDIS  
*Jack-o'-Lantern*





The Best Pumpkin, 2006, Oil on canvas, 56 x 44 1/4 in.

1953 until just about the time of the Kennedy assassination,” he said. And books. He picked up a volume called *Single-Level Home Plans*. “Rich in Modern Beauty and Livability,” he intoned. I observed that the houses were illustrations, not photographs.

“I like the houses when they are hand drawn. It’s less earnest when the houses look like real estate ads. On the other hand, the houses in *Gossip Girls* are taken from photos in real estate ads on the Internet.”

He began sorting through the books. What looked right?

“This is Too Late, and this is Too Early,” he said, leafing through *Thornton Burgess Animal Stories*. “Here’s the problem with Too Early. Too Early is like Krazy Kat or something. Just like the ‘20s. Then it hits what I like.” He pointed out a 1953 volume, *Airplanes*. “They are done in a sort of deadpan way. They are not artistic really. They are just sort of flat.

“But then they get kind of personalized later.



Flag Day, 2008, Oil on canvas, 64 x 50 in.

By the '60s it starts getting too cartoony, too self-aware.” Cockrill has illustrator heroes, such as Leonard Weisgard, Gustaf Tenggren – “Disney hired him to develop the look for Snow White” – and Tibor Gergely, but although his conceptual focus has been the re-creation of his own growing up in suburban Virginia, he does not submerge himself in Americana in the classic Pop Art fashion and he has often borrowed from Russian and Scandinavian artists.

“I love the way the Russians draw,” he said, opening a book. “An American would never draw a tree like this. It’s very Asian in a way. It’s not sentimental. It’s not cutesy-pie like so much American work. I used a cat from a Russian book that’s leering and smoking a pipe. You wouldn’t want that cat in *your* house.

“Why am I drawn to particular illustrations? There’re different reasons. Sometimes I like the drawing and I’ll just use it in a completely unrelated way. I borrow a choochoo train here, a house there, and put them in the background. Other times I like the loaded situation go-



*American Venus*, 2005, Oil on canvas, 66 x 66 in.

ing on, like the boy showing the teacher a rocket. And I'll completely repaint it my way. So it's a combination. They come from art history. And cheesecake. Well, art history *is* cheesecake, like Botticelli.

“I think one of the challenges for an artist is to create a fresh and viable art despite everything you've learned, everything you know and respect about art. It can freeze you. That's why I painted cartoon paintings with Judge Hughes. I needed to shake free of my academic training. I've used children's books and kitsch sources for the same reason. First of all they are free of the weight of art history. Second, I'm a sucker for them. I'm disarmed by the fact that people will always love and paint kitty-cats and sailboats. Of course in my own work I'm loading in layers of innuendo and sub-meanings. But truthfully, that's because they were always there to begin with.”

Hence this project.

“I am showing my sources because I want people to understand that I didn't make this up,” he says.

\* \* \*





Cross my Heart, 2006, Oil on canvas, 44 x 36 in.

When you're  
weary with

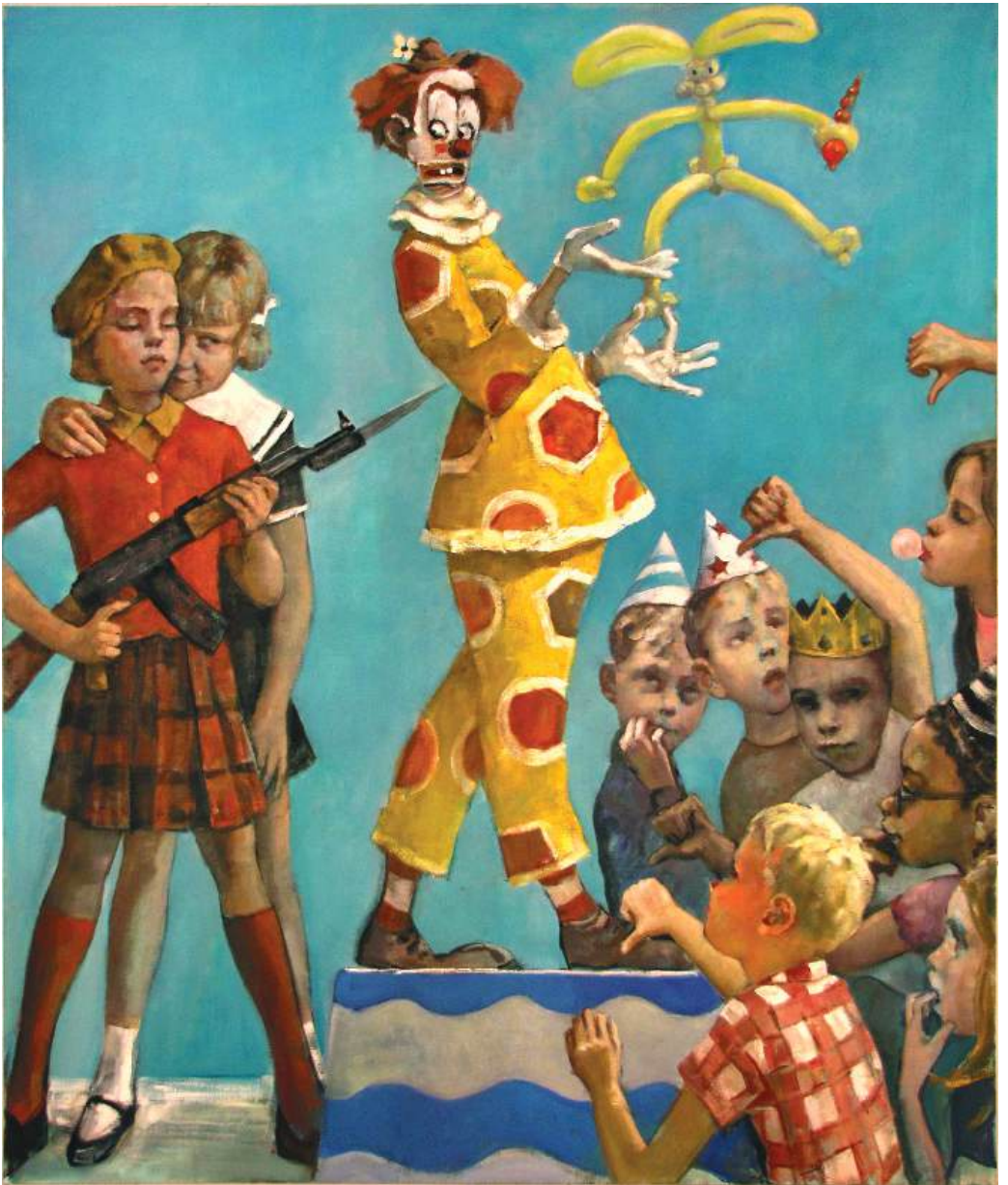
# DAY-TIME FATIGUE





The Red Baron, 2003, Oil on canvas, 54 x 39 in.





Thumbs Down, 2009, Oil on canvas, 64 x 54 in.





*Ob, Little Shepherd Boy, 2008, Oil on canvas, 60 x 50 in.*







Madonna of the White Jet, 2006-2007, Oil on canvas, 66 1/8 x 48 1/4 in.





**The Bride**, 2005/2011, Oil on canvas, 48 x 30 in.



But the Little Bear was Just Right, 2007, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 17 x 15 in.

# Drawings





**The Insomniac**, 2000, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 14 1/2 x 11in.



Hobo and Hot Dog, 1997, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 14 1/2 x 11in.

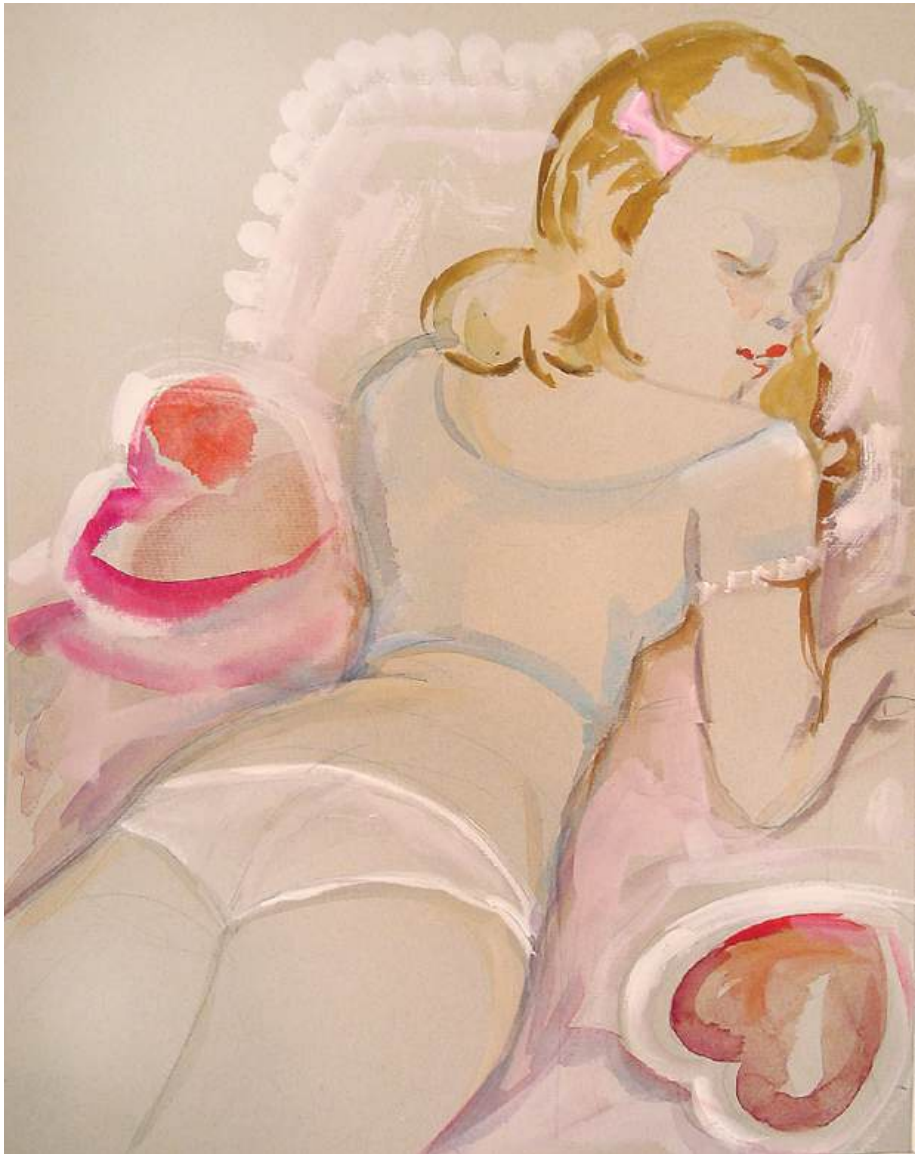




Modernist, 2006, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 14 1/2 x 11in.



The Art Class, 2011, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 14 1/2 x 11in.



Girl and Double Hearts, 2004, Gouache on paper, 11 x 14 in.





Eating Flowers, 2007, Gouache on paper, 25 1/2 x 19 1/2 in.

Jesus is condemned to death



1

Station I: Condemned to Death, 2007, Gouache on paper, 30 x 22 in.



Station II: Receives the Cross, 2007, Gouache on paper, 30 x 22 in.



Station VIII: Meets the Women of Jerusalem, 2006, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 14 1/2 x 11in.





Station X: Stripped of His Garments, 2007, Gouache on paper, 30 x 22 in.



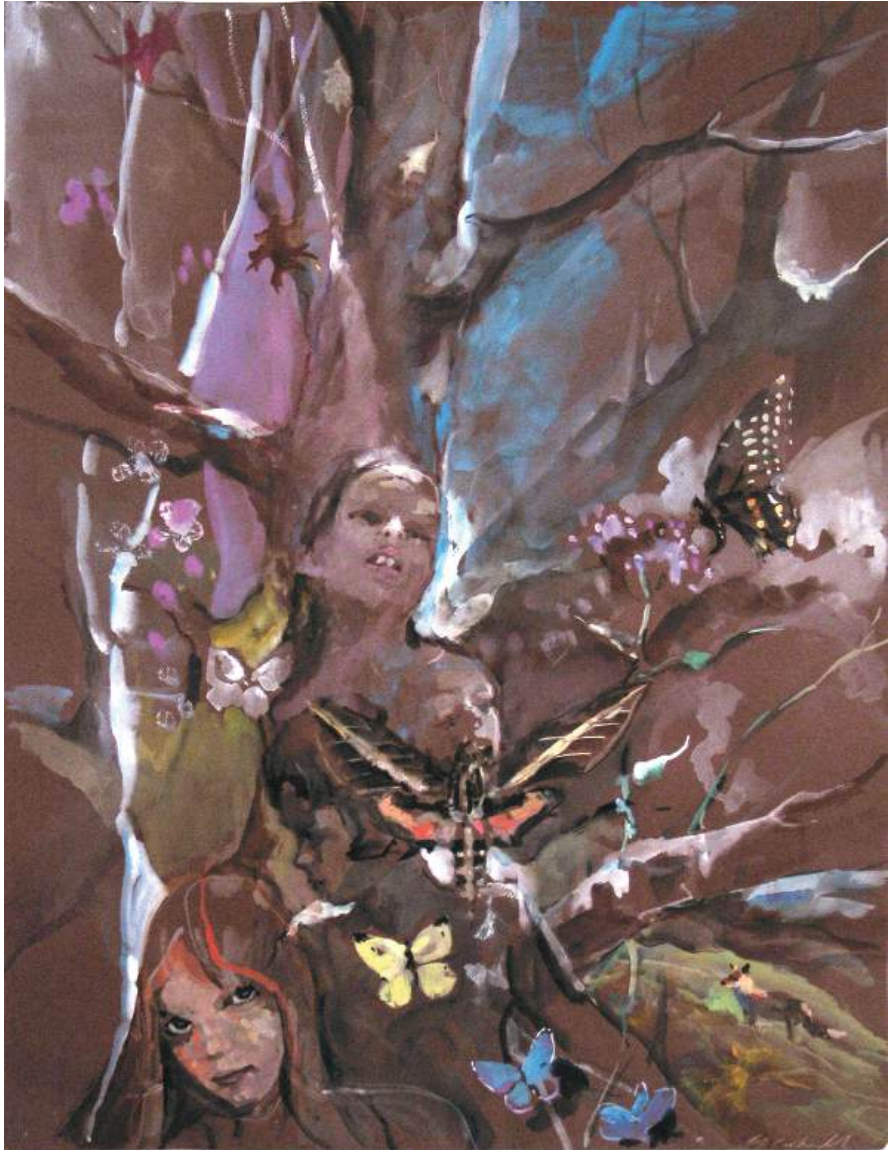
All The Good Children, 2006, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 14 1/2 x 11in.



Butterfly Forest, 2007, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 19 1/2 x 12 3/4 in.



The Broken Fence, 2007, Gouache on paper, 19 1/2 x 25 1/2 in.



Sphinx, 2007, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 25 1/2 x 19 1/2 in.





Sunburst, 2007, Watercolor and pencil on paper, 25 1/2 x 19 1/2 in.

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## THE AUTHOR

ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST is a writer, reporter and cartoonist. He was born in Paris and lives in London and New York. He has just published *IN THE MEAN TIME: THE OTHER ENDS OF THE WORLD*, a book of Cartoons and Light Dark Verse, published by Freight & Volume. He has covered war, crime and various social functions and dysfunctions but now largely writes about the art world in newspapers, magazines and online.

He still thinks he'll get married some day.

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