

**PEE WEE RUSSELL
AND
GEORGE WETTLING**



THE ART OF
PEE WEE RUSSELL
AND
GEORGE WETTLING

Sordoni Art Gallery, Wilkes College
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

April 27 through June 1, 1986

Essays by Hank O'Neal and Dan Morgenstern
Exhibition Organized by the Sordoni Art Gallery

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Left to right: Max Kiminsky, trumpet; Eddie Condon, guitar; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Frank Orchard, trombone; George Wettling, paintbrush and palette.

Lenders to the Exhibition

Jon Aaronsohn

Maggie Condon

Phyllis Condon

Kenny Davern

Earl George Davis

Richard Hadlock

Marian McPartland

Hank O'Neal

The Institute of Jazz Studies
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers

INTRODUCTION AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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painter was the American abstractionist, Stuart Davis, with whom he traded drum lessons for tips on painting. Wettling's images are bold, geometric abstractions based on familiar subjects like Eddie Condon's night club. Like Davis' paintings, they reflect a deep love for jazz.

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Judith H. O'Toole, *Director*

CHARLES ELLSWORTH "PEE WEE" RUSSELL

Within a music that stresses individualism, Pee Wee Russell stood out. He was a maverick whose approach to the clarinet — and to jazz — was wholly his own. And he was fearless, venturing into what musicians now call "space" long before being far out had become fashionable, but always landing safely on his feet. Pianist Dick Wellstood has described "the miracle of Pee Wee's playing" as "that crabbed, choked, knotted tangle of squawks with which he could create such woodsy freedom, such an enormously roomy private universe." But while that unique vocabulary of tonal effects was one side of Pee Wee's musical persona, he could also coax contrastingly lovely, gentle sounds from his horn.

Pee Wee spent most of his career playing with small groups of a rather freewheeling kind, and has been apprehended by some as an intuitive musician. But he was far from unschooled and knew every rule he decided to break. In the late 1920's, in fact, he was accepted into the charmed circle of New York's first-string recording and dance-band musicians, doubling on soprano, alto and tenor saxophones and bass clarinet. Born in Maple Wood, Missouri and reared in Muskogee, Oklahoma, he took lessons on piano, violin and drums before the clarinet became his chosen instrument (when he heard the famous New Orleans clarinetist Alcide "Yellow" Nunez) and later pursued his studies with the first-chair clarinetist of the St. Louis Symphony. He was unorthodox but certainly not untutored.

Though he was enrolled for a year at Western Military Academy and later briefly attended the University of Missouri, Pee Wee was not yet out of his teens when he became a professional musician. Early on, he encountered a fellow maverick, trombonist Jack Teagarden, with whom he struck up a lifelong friendship, and by the time he was 18, he had roamed the southwest and played in Mexico and California. Back in St. Louis in late 1925, he hooked up with the legendary cornetist Bix Beiderbecke and his sidekick, saxophonist Frank Trumbauer, and during a resort job

the following summer, Pee Wee and Bix roomed together in a ramshackle cottage, sustaining themselves on a diet of canned pork and beans, corn liquor and Louis Armstrong records.

Thus Pee Wee's jazz credentials were in good order when he arrived in New York in 1927. On his first record date in town, with the prestigious Red Nichols Five Pennies, he cut a solo on **Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider** that startled his sophisticated colleagues and still sounds fresh. His recording career, which spans more than 40 years, contains many such gems.

Early in 1935, Pee Wee was a key member of the band that put 52nd Street on the map as "Swing Street." This was the quintet led by the exuberant New Orleans-born trumpeter and singer Louis Prima, which also recorded prolifically. Because of Prima's emphasis on showmanship, these records, and Pee Wee's two years with Prima in general, have been underestimated by collectors and jazz historians, but Pee Wee told me that they were among the happiest in his life. He went to California with Prima, making his movie debut in a short film, and staying with the trumpeter when he expanded to a big-band format. Pee Wee's next steady association was with Bobby Hackett, with whom he'd first worked in New England in 1933, and this also included big-band work — Pee Wee's last fling in this type of musical setting. When Hackett's band broke up, Pee Wee joined Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude Band. By then (1939) interest in small-group jazz of the freewheeling type identified with guitarist-entrepreneur Eddie Condon had become sufficiently popular to provide a musical home for Pee Wee for the next decade. Condon, Freeman and many of the other musicians associated with this style of jazz were known as "the Chicagoans," and Pee Wee was often included in this short-hand definition, which irked him. He did not care for stylistic pigeonholing, and besides, as he firmly pointed out, he had never worked in Chicago in the '20s.

In 1950, Pee Wee moved to San Francisco. Years of hard drinking had wreaked havoc on his liver, and late

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that year he collapsed and nearly died. But his many friends in the jazz world rallied to his aid (a touching photograph of Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden at his bedside appeared in LIFE Magazine) and staged benefit concerts on his behalf. Miraculously, he pulled through, and by October 1951 resumed work at the helm of his own group — a rare instance in his career. Soon he was playing as well as ever, and just as soon had given up leading bands. The then-new genre of jazz festivals provided considerable work for him, and he became a member of George Wein's Newport All Stars, with whom he visited Europe for the first time in 1961. In the following year, he formed a quartet with trombonist-arranger Marshall Brown as co-leader. Though shortlived, this group attracted considerable attention, not least because its repertoire included compositions by Thelonious Monk (with whom Pee Wee had appeared at a Newport Festival), John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. Pee Wee had not changed his style, but the material and setting were different, and thus brought him attention and recognition from a new generation of listeners. He won the **Down Beat** International Critics Poll in 1962 through 1968, and in 1969 was voted into the magazine's Hall of Fame.

Pee Wee's final years were busy and productive ones. In 1964, he toured Australia, New Zealand and Japan and paid two visits to Europe. But he was now in a position to select the jobs he wanted, and his devoted wife, Mary, felt that he should no longer commit himself to exhausting traveling schedules. Like most jazz musicians, who spend much of their life "on the road," Pee Wee had not acquired any hobbies,

and Mary was concerned that he should find something with which to occupy his newfound leisure time. One day, she came across a paint set in a department store, bought it and some pre-stretched canvases, and dumped all this in her surprised husband's lap. "Here," she said. "Do something with yourself. Paint!"

To her astonishment, Pee Wee proceeded to do just that. Though he had never shown any interest in drawing or painting, or even in looking at works of art (though he'd known many painters during his many years of work and residence in Greenwich Village), he took to his new task with zest. While his approach was unconventional — he disdained easels and kept the canvas on his lap — his touch was sure. He had an innate sense of form and color, and his work in the new medium displayed the same unclassified originality that marked his playing. In a burst of creativity, he made a series of striking paintings. It pleased him immensely when they were praised by knowledgeable viewers, and even more when he sold some of his works at what he considered handsome prices.

But when Mary Russell died of cancer in 1968, the painting ceased, and the drinking, which he and Mary had been able to control — an after-dinner cognac had been the extent of it for many years — began again. There were still some nice playing jobs; the last was at the Presidential inaugural ball on January 21, 1969. After that, Pee Wee felt very tired, and stayed with friends in the Washington, D.C. area. On his own volition, he entered a private hospital in Alexandria where, after less than a week, he died in his sleep — some six weeks short of his 63rd birthday.

Dan Morgenstern
March 1986



10. Pee Wee Russell, *The Twins from Mars*, 1966



Photograph of Pee Wee Russell



29. George Wetfling, Pee Wee



8. Pee Wee Russell, Ditto, 1966



22. George Wetling, Jazz Is In

GEORGE WETTLING

August 6, 1954. Celebrity Service's **Celebrity Bulletin** picks its celebrity of the day. George Wettling. Listed along with William Holden, Louis Lamour (sic), Fred Allen, Ella Fitzgerald, Yvonne DeCarlo and Portland Hoffa. George Wettling, the multi-talented painter, writer, photographer and highly-skilled jazz musician. He died in Roosevelt Hospital thirteen years and ten months later, remembered by a few, but not many. It was a bad time for a jazz musician of his kind to die, sort of an in-between time in terms of the historians and scholarly types. It's a pity how quickly he's been forgotten; I don't mean by young jazz fans or even jazz fans who emerged in the 1970's who have had little or no opportunity to hear his music, let alone know about him but by the current batch of writers, critics and educators who should be somewhat better informed. Wettling's oblivion is, however, much more complicated than simple sloppy scholarship and the ill-informed listeners who really believe Spyro Gyra plays jazz.

George Wettling was born in Topeka, Kansas in 1907, the same year as Dave Tough and two years before Gene Krupa, the others in the triumverate of exceptional white drummers from the midwest. He was in Chicago by 1921, the right place at the right time, able to be influenced by the influx of great musicians from New Orleans and some equally great young musicians growing up in Chicago. By the time he was twenty he had already formed life-long friendships and recorded with Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschmacher, Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon and a host of others. He was not only an exceptional drummer with small jazz ensembles but was also sufficiently versatile to handle big band chores with Paul Whiteman, Chico Marx and Bunny Berigan in the 1930's and the ABC staff in the 1940's and 1950's. Jobs like these paid the rent but the musical friendships he made in the 1920's always led to his finest performances and the best working conditions. But the good jobs were never sufficient to provide a steady income, even during the 1940's and 1950's when the

music that flowed from Eddie Condon's Greenwich Village club was moderately commercial.

As the 1950's became the 1960's there were fewer and fewer jobs for a drummer like Wettling, with his old friends, who were less and less active, or anyone else. There were the reunions at festivals, a special gathering or perhaps a private party but by and large he was lucky to get a job with the Dukes of Dixieland or a piano trio date. His last steady job was in Clarence Hutchenrider's Trio at Bill Gay Nineties, a place that still operates on East 54th Street in New York City, serving hamburgers to harried businessmen for lunch and martinis to the same crowd after work. The trio played in a room on the second floor; it was a long climb up the stairs. In the spring of 1968 Wettling found he could no longer climb the stairs. He gave up and died in June. A few weeks later I became aware of his paintings. I never met him.

Marian McPartland telephoned me sometime in mid-June 1968; told me Wettling had died, that his drums were at Bill's Gay Nineties and the owners would be cheered if they were quickly removed. She added that it was my duty to help her; I loved the music, had a strong back PLUS an automobile in Manhattan. I agreed with her on all points and we did the job on a sunny Saturday afternoon.

When Marian and I arrived at Jean Wettling's apartment I was not surprised to see everything in a state of disrepair; Marian had warned me beforehand that housekeeping was not Jean Wettling's strong suit but she had not warned me about the paintings. I knew that Wettling painted; Eddie Condon had some at his house but I was unprepared to see all that were lying about the apartment; they looked remarkably like copies of Stuart Davis' work, which, I later learned, was not surprising.

We placed the drums and assorted hardware in a small room and then spent some time consoling the widow Wettling. She was not having a good day. In fact, it appeared she hadn't had a good one in years but one thing registered very quickly: she said she was

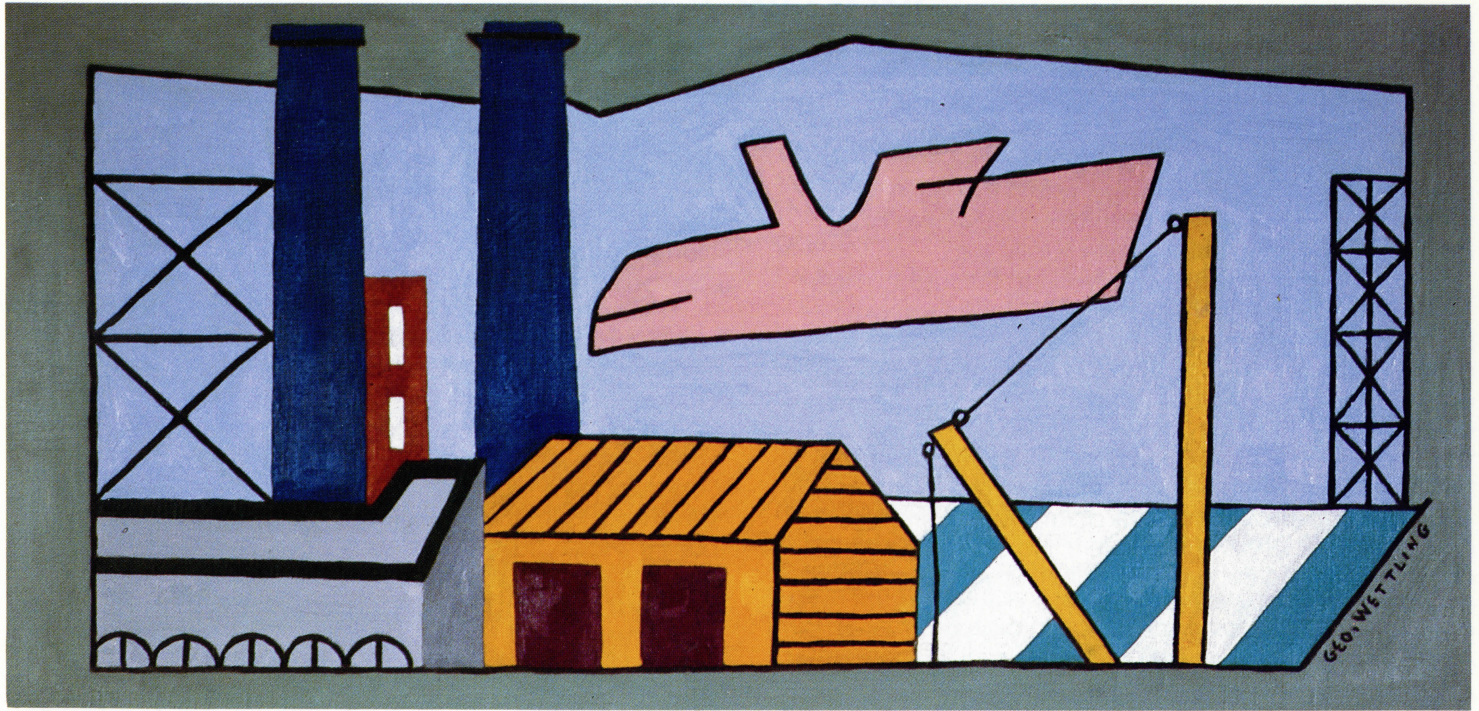
going to give all the paintings to the guy who owned a saloon in the neighborhood for a couple of month's credit. I urged that she not do anything so foolish and Marian quickly agreed. It was likely the paintings could be sold to jazz fans and she could realize something better than a few months of free drinks. The paintings were photographed within the week, transparencies were shown to various people and most of the paintings were eventually sold.

I stayed in touch with Jean Wettling throughout the 1970's. I tried to give her advice on how to sort out her life. She ignored almost everything I said but she'd occasionally "find" a painting in the back of a closet and as often as not I'd wind up buying it from her; better me than the guy at the saloon. Then one day the telephone rang; it was a woman who lived in Jean's building. Jean had died in Roosevelt Hospital and when the super went into the apartment there was an address book with my name in it. No one knew what to do; there was no known next of kin. Phyllis Condon and I went up to that sad little apartment on West 57th street the next day. In the same address book I found the name of a brother in New Mexico or Arizona. I placed a call and the conversation was very brief. Upon learning of his sister's death he strongly suggested he didn't want to be bothered and would I please arrange to have everything thrown into the street. I had never experienced anything quite like that but I noticed there were a number of people in the hall who were eyeing the furniture. Phyllis and I searched the apartment and packed all the letters, photographs, clippings and scrapbooks that related to George Wettling into a small box. We also found two small paintings, **My First Piece** and **Left-Handed Study**. We left the apartment to the bargain hunters and headed south to Greenwich Village, much saddened by the day's events. I recall that unhappy day very vividly but despite the unpleasant aspects I'm glad I made the trip. There were not then, nor are there now, many people who can shed any light on Wettling. Other than the comments of a few people and jazz books, all I know about him comes from that small box of letters, photographs, scrapbooks and ephemera that Phyllis and I collected.

George Wettling began to paint in 1943-44. The portrait of Maggie Condon as an infant dates the beginning; this was his second painting. In 1970 Eddie Condon recalled: "George Wettling learned to paint at our apartment in 1943. We were moving out and to get back at a pesty super we decided to have a wall-painting party. George was our most enthusiastic painter. When he ran out of walls at our apartment he left immediately for Stuart Davis' where he found lessons and encouragement."

Wettling's relationship with Stuart Davis was critical in his development as a painter; within a few years his paintings began to resemble his teacher's and from the correspondence that has survived, as well as photographs and assorted memories, it is clear the two men were very good friends who admired the other's accomplishments. Painting became important to Wettling; jazz was equally important to Davis, who once wrote: "Recently I had occasion to inquire of a little boy what he wanted to be when he grew up. Without breaking the Chicago-style beat of his bubble gum he replied, 'Eddie Condon.' Conference had been fogging my vision a bit of late. It was clear that the little boy had hip boots well clasped up to his navel. This was the jolt I needed. I played an old Punch Miller record with a George Wettling backing I had recently dubbed in, added a configuration to my current painting, **The Mellow Pad**, and forgot all about Sir Alexander Cadogan and Gromyko. For a brief moment I thought I was Eddie Condon too, but that passed." Add to this that Wettling was intellectually on Davis' wavelength. One only had to look at the books on Wettling's shelves; no useless books, no pulp, nothing trendy. He had everything Henry Miller, John Steinbeck and Kenneth Patchen had ever written and many others as well.

Wettling was sufficiently accomplished by 1947 to have produced a body of work that was of interest to a New York City gallery. A one man show was mounted at the Norlyst Gallery and the advertising flyer contained a special tribute by Stuart Davis. Two of his paintings from that show, **Stuart Davis On Oil Cloth** and **My First Piece** are included in the present



30. George Wetling, *The Queen Mary*

exhibition at the Sordoni Art Gallery and it is likely a third is also present. Age and stylistic similarities point to **The City No. 2** or **The City No. 3** being **Untitled No. One** in the current show.

Wetfling's paintings fall into four distinct stylistic periods; examples of each are presented in this exhibition. The first period is characterized by limited technique and lack of direction, as may be observed in **Maggie Condon** and **My First Piece**. These paintings are charming but very primitive. He entered his second phase well before the 1947 show, exhibiting a much better technique and the beginnings of a strong dependence on Stuart Davis, shown in **Stuart Davis On Oil Cloth** and **Untitled No. One**. His third phase, perhaps his best, began in the late 1940's and lasted into the early 1950's where the complete dominance of Davis is apparent, as is a secure technique. **Jazz Is In**, a painting that tells about a recording session and was the focal point of a 1951 article about Wetfling in Collier's magazine is a prime example of his work at this time and is perhaps his finest painting. **Roadgraders** and **High As A Kite**, both exhibited at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1952 are also from this period. The final phase, which lasted into the late 1950's shows the influence of Davis but here Wetfling also presented a more personal vision, as may be seen in **Self Portrait**, and **McSorley's**.

It is likely Wetfling did not continue to paint after 1960, even though his sketch books continue to 1967. It may well be the sketch books took the place of larger works for, beginning in the early sixties he began to date and locate many of his tiny drawings; **Albany 62**, **Toronto 63** and **Gay Nineties 67**. It also appears he stopped taking photographs about the same time he gave up painting. There is nothing in his scrapbooks after 1960 and his album of clippings ends in 1955. It is unclear why he stopped and probably no one can supply a definitive answer. It may have been he was no longer interested but this seems unlikely. The death of Stuart Davis in 1964 was probably demoralizing but he had stopped well before his friend's death. It is apparent he never had any particular commercial success with his paintings; he rarely sold them and for

the most part they were given to friends. I don't think lack of commerciality would have stopped Wetfling; he doesn't seem to be the kind of person who was only concerned with that aspect of his art. A more likely reason is that he stopped because of personal disasters and serious health problems. Wetfling's health deteriorated in the early 1960's. His personal life, which was never particularly stable became intolerable about the same time. Both these factors mitigated against his painting but as gloomy as these circumstances might have been, it might have been possible to overcome them on some level. I think the real answer lies elsewhere; at some point Wetfling seems to have suffered a severe case of lack of confidence and this condition was exacerbated by some very poor guidance.

Hidden away in the back of Wetfling's large scrapbook of clippings I found three sheets of "critiques" and a letter from the Famous Artists School, one of those dreary organizations that advertise on matchbooks and in cheap magazines, snaring the unwary with promises of untold success. They snared George Wetfling; he sent in a dime to be turned into Michaelangelo in a minute and it is tragic to see an employee of this "school" offering all sorts of manufactured suggestions on how Wetfling might improve. Apparently Wetfling would submit a painting and then the "instructor" assigned to him would repaint the picture, showing him how it might appear if properly executed. Perhaps it would have been best had someone executed the instructor; one of the criticism sheets deals with a painting of Eddie Condon's and the suggestions are so pretentious and overtly scholarly it is sickening. Here is an academic hack, who probably exhibited at county fairs and events like the presently dreary Washington Square Art Show and has been reduced to working for the matchbook school of art. He's telling Wetfling how to paint. There is even a letter, dated 1960, from these bandits advising Wetfling one of his paintings has been selected from 3,200 entries to tour the United States. In addition, the letter announces a prize for the lucky artist; \$25 worth of art supplies from the Famous

Art School store plus a \$10 bonus for a "professional" photographer to take a picture to travel along with the painting. How sad, a man who was one of the finest jazz drummers, a student and close friend of one of the finest painters this country ever produced. And \$10 for a photograph? George Wettling had been photographed by Weegee, Ghon Mill, Lisette Model and goodness knows how many other photographers of note. Wettling started painting the walls of the apartment from which Eddie Condon was being evicted and ended fumbling about with the Famous Artists School; both events equally ridiculous, but in between he produced some good work.

George Wettling was not a great painter but he was a more than adequate disciple of Stuart Davis. He certainly painted better than Davis drummed. He was also a fine photographer; it is obvious he used his camera as a sketchbook in the same manner as did Ben Shahn and Reginald Marsh. His writing was inventive and witty. Every artistic endeavor he approached, music, painting, photography, writing, showed a genuine creative flair. There was, however, a flaw somewhere in Wettling's personality; his personal life was a shambles and he was unable to cope with the way in which our society often treats some of its more creative, though distinctly uncommercial, citizens. Had his personal affairs been better organized he could have perhaps overcome the difficulties caused by his lack of commercial success, but each of his problems fed on the other and had it not been for Phyllis Condon, Marian McPartland and myself all the non-musical aspects of his very creative life would long ago have been scattered along West 57th Street or gracing the walls of a dingy saloon somewhere. Most of Wettling's paintings are dispersed, destroyed or abandoned in long forgotten attics. A pity. He was a good painter and his work deserves better treatment.

Hank O'Neal
3 February 1986



24. George Wettling, **Self Portrait**



Photograph of George Wetling

CHECKLIST OF PAINTINGS BY PEE WEE RUSSELL

(All dimension in inches; height precedes width.)

1. **Beauty and the Beast**
Oil on canvas, 17³/₄ x 24
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
2. **The Inner Man**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 18 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
3. **Downtown**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 18 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
4. **Dance Around the Fire**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 18 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
5. **Little Fooler**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 35 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
6. **Anything Goes No. 2**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 24 x 30
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
7. **Untitled No. 3**
Oil on canvas, 24 x 35
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
8. **Ditto**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 24 x 35
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
9. **The Turtle**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 24 x 36
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
10. **The Twins from Mars**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 24 x 36
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
11. **Parisian Sewers**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 24 x 36
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
12. **Self-Portrait**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 30 x 40
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
13. **Friends**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 24 x 36
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
14. **Subconscious**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 22 x 28
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
15. **Improvisation**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 45 x 36
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
16. **The Garden Party**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 24 x 36
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
17. **Untitled No. 10**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 18 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
18. **Explosion**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 18 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers

19. **Untitled No. 11**, 1966
Oil on canvas, 36 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
20. **The Prisoners**
Oil on canvas, 36 x 24
Institute of Jazz Studies,
The State University of New Jersey, Rutgers
21. **Faces in the Crowd**, 1967
Oil on canvas, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 30 $\frac{1}{2}$
Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Davern

CHECKLIST OF PAINTINGS BY GEORGE WETTLING

(All dimension in inches; height precedes width.)

22. **Jazz Is In**
Oil on canvas, 22 x 30 $\frac{1}{4}$
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
23. **Roadgraders**
Oil on canvas, 24 x 36
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
24. **Self Portrait**
Oil on canvas, 20 x 16
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
25. **Untitled No. 1**
Oil on canvas, 16 x 12
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
26. **Left Hand**
Oil on canvas, 13 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 9 $\frac{7}{8}$
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
27. **First Sketch**
Oil on canvas, 7 x 5
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
28. **Baby Dodds**
Ink on Paper, 10 x 7 $\frac{3}{8}$
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
29. **Pee Wee**
Ink on Paper, 5 x 4
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
30. **The Queen Mary**
Oil on canvas, 14 x 29 $\frac{1}{2}$
Courtesy of Phyllis Condon
31. **Maggie No Neck**
Oil on canvas
Courtesy of Maggie Condon
32. **McSorley's Old Ale House**, 1958
Oil on canvas board, 16 x 20
Courtesy of Jon Aaronsohn
33. **High as a Kite**
Oil on canvas
Courtesy of Marian McPartland
34. **Jimmy McPartland**
Pencil sketch, 9 x 11
Courtesy of Marian McPartland
35. **Stuart Davis**, Oil on cloth
Oil on canvas wallpaper, 16 x 24
Courtesy of Earl George Davis
- 36-40. **Sketchbooks**
Pencil on paper
Courtesy of Hank O'Neal
41. **Gin Mill**, c. 1950-53
Oil on canvas, 14 x 10
Courtesy of Richard Hadlock
42. **Stuart Davis**
Rhythm, (George Wetting), 1947
Oil on canvas, 9 x 11
Courtesy of Earl George Davis

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