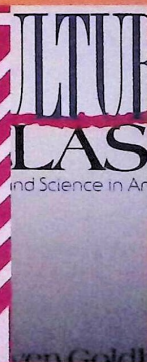
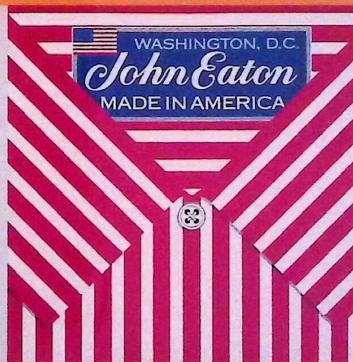
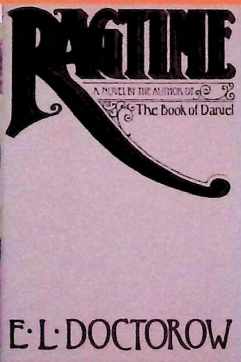


THE GRAPHIC ART OF PAUL BACON



BACON

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Exhibition Curated by
Stanley I Grand

Essays by
Hank O'Neal
Stanley I Grand

Introduction by
Bob Greene

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WILKES-BARRE, PA

May 8 through June 6, 1999 • Sordani Art Gallery, Wilkes University • Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

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INTRODUCTION

Bob Greene

IT SEEMS I've known him through many lives, both his own. We met through my good friend Billy Grauer. Billy has skiffle sessions on Friday nights, way back in 1944. Jane had just been married, and they were living at 425 R Drive, near Columbia. Bacon appeared and leaned over with his comb and cellophane, joining me. Grauer, Bob Lee on jug, sometimes Connie Janis on trombone, Bob Orrin Keepnews in what now sounds to me like controlled r. But at the time we thought it sounded pretty good.

Bacon was an ex-marine, tall and lanky—smoking cigars, lighting them with a heavy Parker butane lighter. Later he began to wonder why he went. "First it was curiosity," he said, "then I began to enjoy it."

I think it was the companionship. Grauer—he died the month as Kennedy—had a talent for bringing people together. He divined who we were I don't know. We were so young and in-sionable, in our early twenties, and there was little to distinguish us. Yet each of us, in his way, made a mark, and we all remain friends long after Billy died.

Bacon was already established as an artist. His early *Re-Changer* covers and Blue Note covers are collectors' items. He went on to become the most distinguished book jacket designer in America. But don't take my word for it. This exhibit is all about you. He's terribly knowledgeable about everything: sport, personnel on old 78s, books, the arts. Clearly he should

INTRODUCTION

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IT SEEMS I've known him through many lives, both his and my own. We met through my good friend Billy Grauer. Bill used to have skiffle sessions on Friday nights, way back in 1949. He and Jane had just been married, and they were living at 425 Riverside Drive, near Columbia. Bacon appeared and leaned over the piano with his comb and cellophane, joining me, Grauer, Bob Thompson, Bob Lee on jug, sometimes Connie Janis on trombone, Bob Sann, and Orrin Keepnews in what now sounds to me like controlled mayhem. But at the time we thought it sounded pretty good.

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too much sense to be a musician. And yet it nibbled at him. He and his brothers had always been singers. The voice held a fascination for him. But, largely, he kept it hidden behind the cellophane and the comb. The Marine was shy.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Paul Bacon (kazoo), Conrad Janis (trombone), Bob Lee (jug), Bob Thompson (washboard), Bob Greene (piano), Bob Sann (banjo), c. 1950

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In 1946 I had the opportunity to bring my "World of Jelly Roll Morton" show into Carnegie Hall. I had seen Benny Goodman's concert there in 1938. It seemed unbelievable that I would be performing on the same stage. The band, however, deserved it. Tommy Benford, Jelly's old drummer, was on drums. Herbie Hall the clarinet. Milt Hinton played bass. Ernie Carson was on cornet. We had scored well with a RCA Victor record and at concerts in Lincoln Center. Now we were in the shrine.

And so I thought of two people: Bill Russell in New Orleans and Bacon here in New York. Both were sentimental thoughts. Bill Russell had been so instrumental in reviving early jazz, rediscovering Jelly, finding Bunk and recording him. And he played good violin and would add the right flavor to "Someday Sweetheart." I wanted Bill to set foot on the stage of Carnegie Hall and play there.

I felt the same way about Bacon. By this time we had become close friends, but even that was not the point. I wanted to pay homage to an older time, to those Friday night skiffle sessions, to Grauer and his gang, to our younger selves and our dreams. From 425 Riverside Drive to Carnegie Hall. A salute to our ghosts. And maybe send a message to Grauer, wherever he was, that we had made it. Bacon symbolized those days, and so I invited him to join.

"Paul Bacon plays Kazoo at Carnegie Hall!" wasn't on the marquee, but it was on a poster I think both of us drew in our hearts. And he did play, too—well and beautifully. That Swiss comb with the cellophane as a reed. We stomped on that stage where Goodman had held forth, and played for Jelly, for Grauer, for all of us. Bill Russell was magnificent. But I still didn't know what a singer Bacon was.

I want to do that whole evening over again. Have him sing "Bolden" and "Whinin' Boy." Let him shuffle along with "Alabama Bound." Give him a big spotlight and play colors at him. And when he hits "Dr. Jazz" let him bring the house down. He's that good. I wish I had known it then, but I know it now.

The beauty of it is that we all know now. Listen to his CDs, take a good look at his book jackets, go up and say hello and meet one of the finest talents that ever graced the New York scene. And then, if you can, find a piano and summon those of us still able to get around, and get him to show you what a Friday night is supposed to sound like.

New York
March 12, 1999

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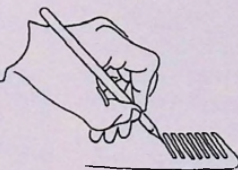
Hank O'Neal

MUSIC MADE the difference. It did for Paul Bacon, me, and I pity the person for whom it didn't. A difference for both of us early, as teenagers. Well, it is even younger—it has to if it's going to shape your life, something you've never heard before, and somehow, everything connects, something stirs within you and you're the same. Those first sounds, exciting, visceral, heart-pounding, begin a process that never stops—that stays with you for the rest of your life. For some, the music is the dominant force in their lives, the professionals, music is their life. For others, it becomes a hobby, an avocation—for most as listeners, for others as producers. For a lucky few like Paul—as semi-pro performers who play for the joy of it.

For me, the sound I'd never heard burst forth from a Shaw Bluebird 78-rpm record, one my mother bought in 1939. I heard it years later, in 1953. Paul Bacon got his start years earlier, in 1938, when he heard a Chick Webb Duesenberg band played an old operetta classic, "Indian Love Call," that astounded my thirteen year old ears; Webb's band was hotter, playing a new Benny Carter arrangement of "I Got It from the Gershwins" standard, by then nearly ten years old. And it was never the same. Paul once wrote: "Jazz is powerful! It seizes you at the same time as sex, and it is deeply affe

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MUSIC MADE the difference. It did for Paul Bacon, it did for me, and I pity the person for whom it didn't. And it made a difference for both of us early, as teenagers. With some people it is even younger—it has to if it's going to shape your life. You hear something you've never heard before, and somehow, unexplainably, everything connects, something stirs within you and you're never the same. Those first sounds, exciting, visceral, heart-pounding sounds begin a process that never stops—that stays with you forever. For some, the music is the dominant force in their lives, they become professionals, music is their life. For others, it becomes a driving avocation—for most as listeners, for others as producers, or—for a lucky few like Paul—as semi-pro performers who play for the sheer joy of it.

For me, the sound I'd never heard burst forth from an old Artie Shaw Bluebird 78-rpm record, one my mother bought by mistake in 1939. I heard it years later, in 1953. Paul Bacon got his first taste a few years earlier, in 1938, when he heard a Chick Webb Decca. Shaw's band played an old operetta classic, "Indian Love Call," in a way that astounded my thirteen year old ears; Webb's band was even hotter, playing a new Benny Carter arrangement of "Liza," the Gershwin standard, by then nearly ten years old. And neither of us was ever the same. Paul once wrote: "Jazz is powerful stuff; it usually seizes you at the same time as sex, and it is deeply affecting to many

of its converts throughout their lives—enough so to make bearable a slight alienation. . . . [But] whatever the emotional responses to jazz are, wherever they come from, they are unifying in their strength."

You meet people along the way because of the music, people with whom you might not otherwise associate, people who can and do shape your entire life. I know it happened to me and I know it happened to Paul Bacon. I don't know about today, but once upon a time, in the 1930s and 1940s, being a serious jazz fan was almost like being in a secret society, with its own passwords, language, and code of conduct. People who passionately liked what then was called "hot" music congregated in "hot clubs"; and these clubs were all over the world, from New York to Paris to Bangkok. Jazz enthusiasts would come together, listen to records, sponsor concerts by their favorite artists, or whoever was available, and sometimes even issue records.

A legendary hot club congregated regularly on Monday nights in Newark, New Jersey, and in 1940 one of its hottest new members was Paul Bacon. Another member was a friend who lived not far away, Phil Stein; and yet another hot jazz fan was Phil's striking teenage sister, Lorraine. Paul recently referred to her as the "glamour puss of the Newark Hot Club," but that was long ago, and the same Lorraine is now the glamour puss of the Village Vanguard. Someone else for whom music made the difference, forever.

It was always the music, a shared, not so secret passion, that brought these three people together, not the Newark Bears, even though they were a pretty good baseball team in the early 1940s, with the likes of Tommy Byrne and Hank Sauer. Hot jazz, the hotter the better, was the common denominator. An old Jabbo Smith record, "Sweet and Low Blues" or maybe "Decatur Street Tutti," scavenged for a dime in a junk shop, could and did forge a common bond among impressionable teenage listeners, a bond that could and did last a lifetime. Even with Jabbo. Jazz, at least a certain kind of jazz, could bring people together, and keep them together forever.

If you speak with those who know Paul well, they all will tell you he could always draw. By his own admission he had skills, just no particular vocation, no way to translate his skill into a decent meal. He was just another teenager without direction; but within a few years, he found a vocation and got better as the years went by. Yet according to those in the know, he started off pretty well. His situation reminds me of something one of Joe Venuti's cousins once said to me, when I asked him if it was true Joe was born on a ship coming from Italy to America. "Yeah," he replied, "and he was playing pretty good when he got off the boat."

Paul's first drawings were made for The Newark Hot Club's *Jazz Notes*, Bob Thiele's *Jazz* and other small magazines, but his search for a life's work was rudely interrupted; he was just the right age for the Marines and the Corps proved it for the next three years. Paul traveled extensively during his stint with the Marines, kept his pencil in his pocket, but with little opportunity to use it, except to hand-letter various items for officers and, after the War, create some stands for a service band while he was stuck on the island of Peleliu. His experiences overseas were undoubtedly broadening; but unlike Peggy Sawyer, he didn't come back a star. He left as a youngster, passionate about music and art and came back the same thing.

It was now April 1946. Things were relatively peaceful in the world, and Paul Bacon, along with a million other CIs, came home



Paul Bacon, Tsing-Tao, China, 1945

looking for work. He had a fantasy of working at a doing superfine hand lettering, when suddenly He with his brother, had a Bauhaus-influenced design town Manhattan, took him in. Almost overnight, it a reality. Zamboni encouraged his young apprentice classes with Lewis Daniel, gave him varied assignments him \$30 a week for his time. And it could have been basic design work, illustrating magazines, creating But it didn't, because of the music.

The Newark Hot Club was pretty much a thing war chewed up millions and millions of old 78-rpm dreaded shellac drives, more records were being rere were just around the corner. But by 1947, there was the faithful, a wonderful monthly publication, *The This* inexpensively produced magazine featured a and (best of all) sales of rare records. There was a many independent jazz label. Although not exactly doing well enough to regularly issue 78-rpm singles which needed designs. The label was Blue Note, and onetime model Lorraine Stein was now Lorraine to Alfred Lion, who had founded the company in Wolff.

His life began to fall into place, a Paul Bacon appeared on Sidney Bechet's Blue Note Jazzmen many more were to follow (Figures 47, 48). But that happened, primarily because even though Paul and Jabbo, he wasn't what was known in those years. He also liked Fats, Dizzy, and Miles; and the attention of Alfred Lion, who suggested to the two *Record Changer*, Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepney, designer friend might make a fine modern jazz cover could relate to the old and the new. Bill and Orrin enough to pay attention to their elders (they were



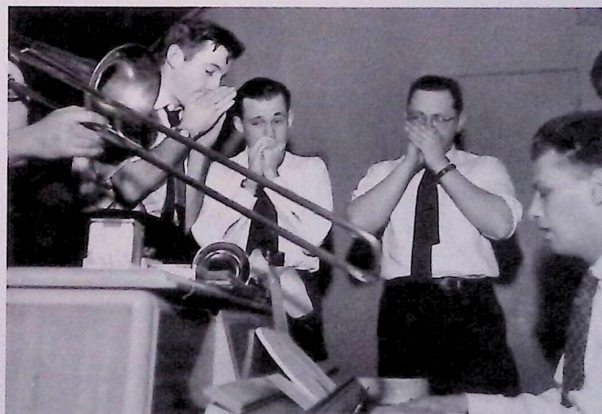
looking for work. He had a fantasy of working at a drawing board, doing superfine hand lettering, when suddenly Hal Zamboni, who, with his brother, had a Bauhaus-influenced design studio in midtown Manhattan, took him in. Almost overnight, the fantasy became a reality. Zamboni encouraged his young apprentice, sent him to classes with Lewis Daniel, gave him varied assignments, and paid him \$30 a week for his time. And it could have ended there, doing basic design work, illustrating magazines, creating advertisements. But it didn't, because of the music.

The Newark Hot Club was pretty much a thing of the past, the war chewed up millions and millions of old 78-rpm discs during the dreaded shellac drives, more records were being reissued, and LPs were just around the corner. But by 1947, there was a new focus for the faithful, a wonderful monthly publication, *The Record Changer*. This inexpensively produced magazine featured articles, reviews, and (best of all) sales of rare records. There was also one extraordinary independent jazz label. Although not exactly thriving, it was doing well enough to regularly issue 78-rpm singles and albums, which needed designs. The label was Blue Note, and Paul's jazzpal and onetime model Lorraine Stein was now Lorraine Lion, married to Alfred Lion, who had founded the company in 1939 with Francis Wolff.

His life began to fall into place, a Paul Bacon design suddenly appeared on Sidney Bechet's Blue Note Jazzmen, and more, many, many more were to follow (Figures 47, 48). But then something else happened, primarily because even though Paul loved Louie, Bix, and Jabbo, he wasn't what was known in those years as a mouldie fygge. He also liked Fats, Dizzy, and Miles; and this caught the attention of Alfred Lion, who suggested to the two proprietors of *The Record Changer*, Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepnews, that his young designer friend might make a fine modern jazz critic, one who could relate to the old and the new. Bill and Orrin were wise enough to pay attention to their elders (they were in the twenties,

but Alfred was at least thirty-five), and took on the kid, as he suggested. Since Paul was gainfully, though modestly employed elsewhere, he was expected to provide reviews for a very modest fee (often just being allowed to keep the record he was called upon to review).

Bill and Orrin ran *The Record Changer* on a shoestring, but they were destined for bigger things—and dragged Paul along with them without so much as a whimper. By the time the little magazine ceased publication, Bill and Orrin had begun producing reissues for RCA's new label "X" and launched their own Riverside label. Almost all the initial releases for "X" and Riverside featured cover designs by Paul Bacon (Figures 45, 46). In fact, Paul eventually became chief designer for Riverside in its early and middle years.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Conrad Janis (trombone), Paul Bacon (comb), Orrin Keepnews (comb), Bill Grauer (comb), Bob Greene (piano), c. 1950

It was fun to design jackets for jazz LPs, and it undoubtedly provided a much needed creative outlet, but it was not possible to pay many bills with the meager proceeds derived from a few jackets a month. Yet the jazz connection ultimately led Paul to the design field where the demand for his work soon allowed him to open his own studio, raise a family, pay the mortgage, and do all the other mundane things to which most people, even the finest creative artists, aspire—at least when they are honest with themselves.

In 1950, Bill Westley asked Paul to provide some illustrations for a book about chimpanzees he was writing (Figures 1–3). The art director of E. P. Dutton, the publisher, asked if the artist could possibly do a dust jacket to complement the drawings (Figure 4). The artist could and did, thus producing the first of thousands of dust jackets that grace many of the most notable books of the second half of this century. *Chimp on My Shoulder* was a modest success, and in 1999 it is best remembered by Paul Bacon and on the Internet. Bibliofind.com currently lists seven copies in varying condition, with prices ranging from \$12.00 to \$45.00. In the description of one of the copies can be found the following unsolicited testimonial: “The text is clean, Paul Bacon’s illustrations are wonderful, bright and clean.”

Muggsy Spanier once sang, “You’re bound to look like a monkey when you grown old,” but Paul didn’t have to worry. He started with the monkeys, so there was no problem winding up that way—the chimps had, after all provided a beginning. Still, there were no other immediate freelance jacket designs on the horizon and Zamboni was still his home base.

A year or so later, however, prior to Riverside or label “X,” Bill and Orrin, who paid his bills by being an editor at Simon and Schuster, had the idea to package a record with holiday literature. They needed some action on the cuff and asked Paul to produce a dummy for the overall package. It must have been a good one; the art director at Simon and Schuster, Tom Bevans, asked, “Who is this guy?” and the work

started to come in. There were enough clients to open his own studio in 1955, and he worked for anyone who would call. He confessed, “If they had a dime, I’d draw.” But it’s not that simple.

Paul’s career in jacket design started slowly but built steadily, never stopped, and is now in its forty-ninth year. He hit the big time in 1956 with Meyer Levin’s *Compulsion* (Figure 5). He’d done important books before, but this was the first he’d been given that



LEFT TO RIGHT: Unidentified woman, Seymour Berg, Alfred Lion, unidentified woman, Paul Bacon, Lorraine Lion (on floor), 1947

everyone knew was going to be a best seller before it was issued. Paul’s design made its way to the movie titles, but unfortunately without proper credit.

There are some legends about Paul. One is that he is able to read three conversations simultaneously while hand lettering a jacket. Another is that he is in such control of his mind, eye, and hand that he can not only recall obscure type faces from memory but can improve on them in the process. The most noteworthy is that he can read all the thousands of books for which he’s designed dust jackets and know if it’s true. In his words: “I’ve read them all. Even the junk. If they give me the key to a book, something that could be considered a graphic key, I was going to find it myself. I knew it was buried somewhere in the manuscript. The publisher would send me a manuscript to look at. I’d do. It was much more carefree at the beginning, there were no restraints, but there was also a sense of freedom.”

His friend and long-time associate, Harris Lewine, recent comment: “Paul could read a manuscript and no matter how good or bad it was, could find a kernel of honesty and would try to replicate it with a jacket. The graphic key often revolved around Paul’s personal identification with something. This might be completely bogus, but the quality of a so-so novel, but would mesh with the quality of better writing in it.”

Paul once commented, “It was all very informal in those days. I’d read the manuscript, think about it, and make some sketches. I’d go to a place with a sketch under my arm. The publisher would be very honorable, and it was a relaxed way to make a living, even though the life of a freelancer is never carefree. They usually kept me away from the authors, they didn’t want me to get too close to them. The publisher didn’t want the author to influence the design.”

This is borne out by Joseph Heller, who recently said of Paul: “He’s done all my jackets, other than that I don’t really know him. We’d meet occasionally at a book party, say hello and shake

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liked him because the publisher liked him. With *Catch-22* there were several things that came in before Paul's (Figure 7). I'm never shown a design until the publisher finds something exciting; and Paul has always been original, surprising, and wonderful." *Catch-22* was in 1961, and thirty-five years later Paul designed the dust jacket for the sequel, *Closing Time*. This is what he said about that, in the liner notes for an album featuring Nat Adderley, for which he also designed the booklet cover:

"One of the perks of living long enough is, if you're around and don't quit, you get to do things like create a Nat Adderley cover in 1958 and 1996, or create the original design for Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* and then thirty-three years later design the jacket for the sequel, *Closing Time*. You don't get to do that very often but when the opportunity comes it's very gratifying, to have the opportunity of being involved with a Nat Adderley or Joseph Heller after thirty years is kind of great. Everyone is getting a little thin on top, but that's part of the deal."

Neither Heller nor Bacon mentions that it took a good deal of work on Paul's behalf to get to the final *Catch-22* jacket. The first sketch, featuring a hand and finger proffering a universal gesture, scandalized all concerned. The dangling red hubba-hubba man that appears on the dust jacket was in the next sketch, and many subsequent sketches, but it was a long road. With each sketch, Heller's name and *Catch-22* grew and the little red man shrank, until the final version emerged. Harris Lewine: "Paul never gave up. Most illustrators would have given up, but he would never say 'go away.'"

Paul Bacon's "big book look" emerged about the same time. It is unclear if he developed the concept on his own, but Paul popularized it and became famous as a result. The "big book look" was the antithesis of dust jackets up to that time, with type laid on bleed illustrations and a wrap-around spine. Paul's dust jackets featured the name and title in large typeface at the top of the jacket and a centered spot illustration on a field of white, black, or a solid color.

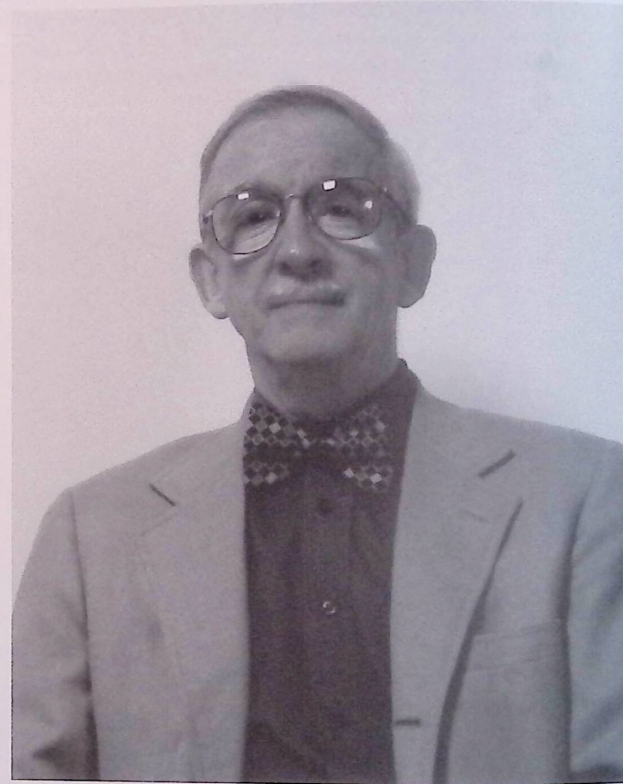
This was the form often used for a noted author. For an author's first book the concept might be reversed—a larger illustration might be required to catch a bookstore browser's attention.

The range of his work is remarkable. The forty-four selections highlighted at this exhibition, from *Chimp on My Shoulder* (Figures 1-4) to *Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings: An American Controversy* (Figure 44) have something for any taste. Blockbusters, cult favorites, literary classics, scandalous titles, and more. I'm amazed at the prominent authors and books listed in this catalogue. One could list these books and pose this question: What do the following forty-one noted writers have in common? And then you could make a longer list, many hundreds, and ask the same thing. The easy answer is that most of these books might be found in a good public library, but the right answer is they all have dust jackets created by Paul Bacon—in common with thousands of other books.

Other questions to ask: Apart from the "big book look," what is unique about a Paul Bacon design? What sets him apart? Joseph Heller used the words "original, surprising, and wonderful." True enough—but his designs also show a quiet but elegant simplicity, a clean, focused utility. In the language of the bopster, words that Paul would understand and appreciate, *The Scene Is Clean*. Yet, one must remember, Paul may appreciate bop, but he doesn't play it. Lots of notes, played very fast, funny harmonies, insider music. That's not the kind of music or art he creates. The line of the New Orleans-tinged music featured in a Paul Bacon performance is much like that of his dust jackets—sparse, accessible, to the point, and completely lacking in gratuitous ornamentation. Just as there are no heaving bosoms on Paul's dust jackets, his music-making is not embellished with nonmusical effects—each note counts.

Just before I wrote these words, I went to a shelf and removed six books by E. L. Doctorow. In chronological order, *Ragtime* (Figure 30), *Loon Lake*, *Lives of the Poets*, *World's Fair*, *Billy Bathgate*, and *The Waterworks*. Paul designed the jackets for the first five and the

cover illustration for the sixth. I've read the books; he found the graphic key to each and translated it into a succinct design. He also found a marvelous graphic key in *The Waterworks*, maybe the best of



Paul Bacon, 1998

the six, but the publisher used only the illustration (which he'd like to redraw).

The wish to redraw the horse-drawn trolley is indicative of Bacon's consummate professionalism—he wants the work correct and he will fight for it. Quietly, Harris Lewine calls him a "self-effacing fighter," an artist who was not schooled in an institutional manner, but who emerged from the fine arts background of the times.

Take a look at Jack Kerouac's *Visions of Cody* (Figure 23) and see how it sets the design apart, what makes it a Paul Bacon design. In his understanding of the book, his presentation of Jack Duluoz as a young man in Pomeray in a seamless linear landscape that begins with the sky and continues across the front of the book. Lester and Billie, a dirt-biker and a mobile, the two main characters, all "Groovin' High." Or a leaning trumpet player on the cover of Ross Russell's *The Long Walk*. Someone once said, "You can't judge a book by its cover" and clearly hadn't seen Paul Bacon's dust jacket for *Visions of Cody*.

What about his other primary design activity, covers for books, albums and LPs, as well as CD booklets? Paul's other artistic activity was in full bloom for a dozen years, roughly 1947 to 1959, and then he took a few years off, and then took off again in the mid-1980s. It would be possible to ask the same question about jazz music: What do the following two hundred noted jazz musicians have in common? It would be a laundry list of the great jazz musicians of the pioneers in New Orleans and Chicago to young artists of today. Or maybe the number is three hundred, but it doesn't matter. Paul made the work, remarkable work, creating designs that are some of his finest dust jackets. There is, however, one important caveat: Paul knew—and still knows—many of the musicians. With the dust jackets it was them and us, but with the musical projects it was us and us.

Orrin Keepnews tells the story of signing the legendary Miles Davis from Onyx to Riverside. He and Bill Grauer made cert

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the six, but the publisher used only the illustration (which Paul says he'd like to redraw).

The wish to redraw the horse-drawn trolley is indicative of Paul Bacon's consummate professionalism—he wants the work to be correct and he will fight for it. Quietly. Harris Lewine calls him a “self-effacing fighter,” an artist who was not schooled in any traditional manner, but who emerged from the fine arts background of the times.

Take a look at Jack Kerouac's *Visions of Cody* (Figure 23). What sets the design apart, what makes it a Paul Bacon design, is his understanding of the book, his presentation of Jack Duluoz and Cody Pomeray in a seamless linear landscape that begins with the spine and continues across the front of the book. Lester and Billie, a diner, automobiles, the two main characters, all “Groovin’ High.” Or look at the leaning trumpet player on the cover of Ross Russell's *The Sound*. Someone once said, “You can't judge a book by its cover” but they clearly hadn't seen Paul Bacon's dust jacket for *Visions of Cody*.

What about his other primary design activity, covers for 78-rpm albums and LPs, as well as CD booklets? Paul's other artistic life was in full bloom for a dozen years, roughly 1947 to 1959, hibernated for a few years, and then took off again in the mid-1980s. It would, of course, be possible to ask the same question about jazz musicians as about writers: What do the following two hundred noted jazz artists have in common? It would be a laundry list of the great ones, from the pioneers in New Orleans and Chicago to young artists of today. Or maybe the number is three hundred, but it doesn't matter. He did the work, remarkable work, creating designs that are the equal of his finest dust jackets. There is, however, one important difference: Paul knew—and still knows—many of the musicians. With the dust jackets it was them and us, but with the musical projects and musicians it was us and us.

Orrin Keepnews tells the story of signing the legendary Thelonious Monk to Riverside. He and Bill Grauer made certain they

took Paul along to the meeting. They knew (and they knew Monk knew) that back in the 1940s when some of New York's alleged finest suggested that Monk should go downtown, against his wishes, Paul was one of the people who put up the money to gain his release. This is not to suggest that Monk signed with Riverside because of Paul's presence, but there's nothing wrong with insurance—and Monk signed the contract.

Paul set standards for LP jacket design. He was, after all, there at the very beginning, and his work for Blue Note, Riverside, and RCA's label “X” has become as legendary as those companies and the music they released. And what made this early work so remarkable was that he had a different signature style, for three different companies—simultaneously.

A Paul Bacon Blue Note design was instantly recognizable in the early 1950s, as was one for Riverside or “X”. Even a casual glance at a jacket in a bin at Sam Goody's, or even Big Joe's on 46th Street, would say Paul Bacon, but it would also identify the company. Which was the idea, because even though the product issued by each company was jazz, it was often very different. And the same rules applied to the album covers as the books, he listened to them all. The main difference was that Thelonious Monk's *Mysterioso* LP required about forty minutes of listening, with repeated playing a distinct bonus, while 398 pages of convoluted Kerouacian prose, set in tiny type on the pages of *Visions of Cody*, took a little longer to digest. Paul claims he reads quickly. Not that quickly.

Then there's Paul's purely musical life, the life of a jazz musician playing the most lowly of instruments, a comb, amplified by a sheet of cellophane. A certifiable genius like Thelonious Monk had a hard time finding gainful employment. What if you are an enthusiastic art director with a comb? It would, of course, be possible to make another list of musicians, equally long, though perhaps not quite as diverse, with whom Paul made music for half a century. In the dog-eat-dog world of live jazz, he managed to survive with a hot comb

and mostly sentimental vocals—just the right combination of sweet and hot. But his musical work paid few bills and was not particularly gainful. Thank goodness he had a day job and owned the studio. If there was a session and it had been a particularly good night, Paul could be grateful that as he pulled himself off the bandstand just in time to make it to the office, the only person who could fire him was himself.

Paul was a tentative performer, and it all began with the same gang that revolved around The Newark Hot Club, *The Record Changer*, and the assorted record labels for whom he produced album designs. Bill Grauer was the primary culprit. He organized regular Friday night musicales at the home of his wife's parents on Riverside Drive (yes, that's where the name came from). Grauer was an unabashed champion of the comb as a hot jazz instrument. A small comb, a bit of cellophane, the ability to hum a tune and a sense of rhythm and timing were all that was required.

Some people don't approve of the comb as an instrument; and before he began his career, Paul Bacon was solidly in the anti-comb camp. He went to a musicale and "put up with this old-fashioned stuff, sneering inwardly all the while, unwilling to do anything but observe." Then a funny thing happened. Grauer suggested he try it. He did, and he found he was a natural if ever there was one. He went every Friday night, creating musical mayhem with Grauer, Conrad Janis, and four guys named Bob: Greene on piano, Thompson on washboard, Sann on banjo, and Lee on jug. The Hot Club of Riverside Drive was often overloaded with combs, but all the participants had a little more hair in those days. On at least one occasion Orrin joined Paul and Bill for a comb trio, and complaints were heard from as far away as the Jersey shore.

Paul kept making music and got a little serious about it. He even appeared on a record in 1951, four selections with cornet player Carl Halen, which were eventually released on Riverside. In his own words, "I sang on 'Heebie Jeebies' and 'Dr. Jazz.' They didn't let me

sing on 'Willie the Weeper' or 'Cake Walking Babies from Home.' I got paid \$5.00 for bullfroggin' it. There was only one microphone at the little Columbia University studio and I had to stand on a wastebasket to get close enough to it to be heard."

There was The Washboard Five, and the Hot Damn Jug Band of New York, and much traveling in search of musical activity (in and out of New York City, but rarely much further than New Jersey or Connecticut). By the late 1950s, however, the Paul Bacon Studio was much expanded, there were seven employees, and with the added responsibility, Paul cut back on his musical activity. But he always kept his comb in his pocket, ready for action, either improvised or loosely scheduled.

A most pleasant bit of musical action occurred in the 1960s, when he found himself at the justifiably legendary Earthquake McGoon's in San Francisco. "Turk Murphy was playing 'Shake That Thing' and somehow I got the courage to let him know I had a comb and he asked me to sit in. When we finished he said, 'Don't go way' and then Clancy [Hayes] came over and said, 'I thought everybody in the [Mound City] Blue Bowers was dead.' We played for the rest of a great night."

Bob Greene rekindled Paul's interest in live performance in 1976 and explains the circumstances in remarks that can be found elsewhere in this catalogue. In 1980, another friend, Charlie Sonnanstine, told him about a band that was being organized to play straight New Orleans jazz for fun. A bit later came the chance to play at The Cajun, a New Orleans-style restaurant in New York City. The job was to last eight weeks, but in one form or another, it has lasted nearly two decades. Tuesday nights at The Cajun, with Stanley's Washboard Kings, often is musical magic. The small bandstand comfortably holds about seven guys, but I've seen as many as fourteen crowded into the space. On the right night, it's as good as anything in town—and there's some pretty good stuff in this town.

Paul is a modest guy. He doesn't say much about himself. I guess there are two main reasons he doesn't. One is there's much to remember, and if you focus excessively on your past achievements, there probably won't be many in the future. Important, he learned long ago that while you're talking it to do anything else. And in an ever-lengthening career, which has merrily combined literature and music for six decades, there's still much to do. His pen and comb are still poised, ready. If you live long enough, are creative enough, and keep your order, you can accomplish a great deal. Paul isn't inclined to do so, but once, he once wrote the barest of biographic details about himself on two scraps of paper purloined from an unsuspecting West Inkeeper. A barely adequate Aubrey entry.

The foregoing offers a few more details, but the following, for those who are concerned, a few biographical specifics, from the two scraps of paper:

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The foregoing offers a few more details, but the following outlines,
for those who are concerned, a few biographical specifics, taken
from the two scraps of paper:

Paul Bacon was born on Christmas day in 1923. The Bacon family is very old and
dates back to 1640, with Michael Bacon in Dedham, Massachusetts. The family
grew, parts of it prospered, and others didn't. A few members achieved some
success in fields as diverse as civil service, architecture, growing roses or even
acclaim, in book jacket design. Paul was educated at various schools, finally graduating
from Newark New Jersey's Arts High School in 1940. After a couple of years of
seasoning, he joined the Marine Corps in April 1943 and remained with that august
organization, visiting assorted Pacific and Far Eastern locations, until April 1946.
He returned to New York City and got busy with his pencil and a comb.

Paul's career can, of course, come crashing down in a moment, if
the Internet makes books redundant, CDs become microchips that
don't need booklets, lawsuits force cigarette manufacturers to cease
using cellophane, and Speert stops making nifty combs. All very
unlikely, at least for the time being. It's been a good ride, Heller and
Hellman in the morning, Morton and Monk at night. And even if
the Testarossa didn't make it out of the garage, the clunks that did
are still chugging along just fine.

“JACKET DESIGN BY PAUL BACON”

Stanley I Grand

ASIDEMAN, Paul Bacon has played on the New York literary and jazz scenes for decades. Rarely center stage, he is an accompanist and collaborator whose solos interpret, expand upon, color, and otherwise modify and amplify the main melodic theme. In so doing, his vision has become an inseparable part of countless compositions. As a long-time designer of dust jackets and record albums, Bacon has performed an essential role in the creation, positioning, and marketing of cultural products. Without doubt every literate American has seen and held his work. Every serious jazz fan has slipped a record into an album cover he designed or a CD into one of his jewel cases. His contributions to the cultural icons of our time are unparalleled. Yet he lives in his own *Catch-22* (for which he designed the cover, Figure 7): everybody knows the work, nobody knows the name.

Well not exactly. Authors have nothing but the highest regard for Bacon's work. Ira Levin (*Rosemary's Baby*, Figure 15) wrote: “I know of no designer whose book jackets stand so strongly as independent art works while at the same time conveying perfectly the mood and content of the books they serve. Paul Bacon is to jacket design what Ella Fitzgerald is to singing.” Concerning the cover for his novel *Ragtime* (Figure 30), E. L. Doctorow stated that it is “a classic of book jacket design—simple and immensely evocative at the same time.” In a letter dated May 19, 1998, William Styron wrote, “I recall the excitement I felt when I first saw Paul Bacon's design for *Nat*

Turner [Figure 16]. It still seems to me a masterpiece of jacket design and has remained prominently framed in my house for thirty years.” Robert Gottlieb, the legendary editor at Simon and Schuster, recalled that “the first great jacket [Bacon] did for S & S was for Meyer Levin's *Compulsion* (Figure 5). Like all brilliant jackets, it was utterly effective and utterly unlike any other jacket. The same was true of his work for *Catch-22* [and] *The Andromeda Strain*” (Figures 7, 19).

Paradoxically, anonymity has given Bacon freedom to employ his urbane and understated wit, which abounds with subtle visual puns. His wit is dry, sharp, playful, and at times erudite, but never biting. When asked for a blurb, Joseph Heller, for whom Bacon designed numerous dust jackets, responded with a pun of his own: “The coverage of my life as an author from ‘Catch-22,’ in 1961, to ‘Closing Time,’ 33 years later, may be unique in publishing.”

The “coverage” of books with paper wrappings is a nineteenth-century innovation that assumed a new role in the twentieth century. As Steven Heller and Seymour Chwast point out in *Jackets Required* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1995), the venerable English firm of Longmans & Co. first introduced the dust wrapper or jacket in 1833 to protect their books from London's ubiquitous soot and smog. For the next seventy or eighty years, the unadorned, for the most part plain brown wrapper was the standard book covering. Then, around 1910, publishers started to include “blurbs” —

short quotations from recognized authorities affirming excellence of the work at hand—on the jackets as a recommendation to the prospective buyer. With the shift from protective design assumed an important role.

Broadly speaking, jacket designs may be classified into two categories: those consisting of pure (although seldom simple) lettering and those containing illustrations. The best designers, like Paul Bacon, design a cover either typographically or pictorially. In the case of jackets that relied solely on lettering, Bacon brought to the design a mastery of freehand lettering (he relied on calligraphic set type), a linear sensibility, a broad knowledge of type and historic type faces, and a delight in the challenge of designing within the constraints of designing small rectangular covers. The conjunction of these factors is readily apparent in Paul Bacon's design for Henry Pleasants's *The Great Singers: From the Dawn of Music to Our Own Time*, 1966 (Figure 13). Bacon has taken the format, much favored by the countless dignitaries whose portraits stare out at us from old engravings, to create a period design that has been further decorated with shells and swags, garlands, and, of course, beautiful lettering. In his pictorial jackets, the number of which will be considered in this essay, Bacon's goal was to distill an essential characteristic of the work.

Although Bacon had designed a number of record jackets in the late 1940s, his first book project was the jacket design for Bill Westley's *Chimp on My Shoulder*, 1951. Westley had gone to Africa on behalf of the high-contrast Anthropoid Ape Research Foundation, which was raising chimps for laboratory experiments. Finding the foundation short of good breeding stock, the foundation dispatched Westley to the Belgian Congo, where he had many adventures in flora and fauna—including snakes, missionaries, and chimpanzees—large numbers of which he trapped and raised in Florida.

short quotations from recognized authorities affirming the overall excellence of the work at hand—on the jackets as an inducement to the prospective buyer. With the shift from protection to marketing, design assumed an important role.

Broadly speaking, jacket designs may be classified as either those consisting of pure (although seldom simple) lettering or those containing illustrations. The best designers, like Paul Bacon, could design a cover either typographically or pictorially. In designing jackets that relied solely on lettering, Bacon brought to the process a mastery of freehand lettering (he relied on calligraphy rather than set type), a linear sensibility, a broad knowledge of contemporary and historic type faces, and a delight in the challenge of working within the constraints of designing small rectangular spaces. The conjunction of these factors is readily apparent in his jacket for Henry Pleasants's *The Great Singers: From the Dawn of Opera to Our Own Time*, 1966 (Figure 13). Bacon has taken the oval portrait format, much favored by the countless dignitaries whose visages still stare out at us from old engravings, to create a period design, which he has decorated further with shells and swags, garlands and a cartouche, and of course, beautiful lettering. In his pictorial designs, a number of which will be considered in this essay, Bacon's objective was to distill an essential characteristic of the work into an image.

Although Bacon had designed a number of record album jackets in the late 1940s, his first book project was the jacket and illustrations for Bill Westley's *Chimp on My Shoulder*, 1950 (Figures 1–4). Westley had gone to Africa on behalf of the high-minded-sounding Anthropoid Ape Research Foundation, which was in the business of raising chimps for laboratory experiments. Finding itself running short of good breeding stock, the foundation dispatched Westley to the Belgian Congo, where he had many adventures with the local flora and fauna—including snakes, missionaries, natives, and chimps—large numbers of which he trapped and shipped off to Florida.

Bacon's illustrations for this book project contain the essence of his fully developed style and sensibility. First and foremost, as Levin observed above, Bacon has an ability to capture the mood and content of the work. This he did with playful line drawings, strong graphic design, economy of means, and subtle humor. The spare, expressive linework of Figure 1 recalls that of the caricaturist Al Hirschfeld, while Figure 2, shows Bacon's ability to exploit the expressive power of negative space. Mostly, however, the drawings abound in a gentle lampoonery that recalls a time, a half-century ago, when vivisection, colonialism, and racism were viewed differently.

The jacket for William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, 1967, an explosive novel published during the height of the civil rights movement, provides an example of the high-quality design so admired by others (Figure 16). Bacon, who always reads the book prior to designing the jacket, knew that the novel centered on events surrounding an 1831 Virginia slave rebellion led by Nat Turner, a slave and preacher. The jacket design with its mixture of different type faces recalls the typography found on the era's escaped slave notices. Although the lettering is freehand, it is based on the old wooden type used in such notices. The irregular lines separating the text elements further suggest hand-set wooden type. Bacon replaced the American eagle that sometimes adorned these broadsides with the silhouette of an avenging angel. This black angel not only evokes countless representations of the Expulsion from the Garden of Eden but also refers specifically to the fact that Turner, at the time of his surrender, was armed only with "a small light sword." In William Styron's view "the fiery red background and the black avenging angel were matchlessly suited to the theme of slave insurrection." As a design, the jacket subtly balances Styron's story of a cataclysmic event that left fifty-nine whites dead and shattered forever the illusions, if not the innocence, of the slave owners.

Thirty years later, Bacon designed the jacket for another controversial book dealing with race relations in old Virginia: Annette

Gordon-Reed's *Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings: An American Controversy*, 1997 (Figure 44). Because of its scandalous, if not altogether new, argument that the black slave Sally Hemings bore children to the third president of the United States, practically every eminent Jeffersonian historian blasted the book when it first appeared. Recent DNA studies, however, have persuaded most, if not all, of Gordon-Reed's critics to abandon their objections. Bacon's jacket depicts a three-quarter view of a tight-lipped Jefferson and a profile silhouette of Hemings, whose features are unknown to the artist. The portrait of Jefferson has a clear linear simplicity. Values are modulated by scratching through the drawn lines and exposing the white board underneath: some of Jefferson's bangs, for example, show simple hatching while others are cross-hatched. This design, in which Hemings's profile appears as a shadow cast by the great man, subtly echoes and reinforces the book's thesis while simultaneously creating a multiple visual pun on the concepts of secrets kept in the dark and dark secrets. Finally, that he manages to produce such an effective dust jacket within the economic limitations of two-color printing is especially admirable.

Bacon's drawing facility is well demonstrated in the pen and ink jacket design for Georges Simenon's *The Little Saint*, 1965 (Figure 12). A recently deceased French national treasure, whose passing is mourned by all francophiles, Simenon produced an astonishing stream of mysteries featuring Inspector Maigret. In this novel, however, Simenon created, in his own words, a "perfectly serene character," namely Louis, a child of the Paris slums at the start of the twentieth century. Unperturbed by the squalor of his surroundings, Louis maintains a happy, aloof, and detached outlook, which continues even after he starts working in *les Halles*—the legendary food markets of central Paris now replaced by a shopping mall—while struggling to become a painter. Bacon captures well Louis's gray monochrome world: the little boy in a frock standing on the cobblestones beside his mother and her pushcart brimming with

vegetables. The figures, which occupy only the bottom quarter of the jacket, combined with an atmosphere that evokes bone-chilling, wintry rainy days in Paris, could easily convey a mood of desperation and hardship, except for the bits of local color in the hair.

At times, like the jazz musician he is, Bacon exploits the physical properties of color to create an unexpected effect. His jacket for Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*, 1965, contains a detail of the American flag rendered in red, black, and blue (Figure 11). According to Bacon, if one stares intently at the flag for a while and then looks at a white wall, one will "see" a true representation of Old Glory. Thus the colors are more than an optical trick; they represent, on a fundamental level, the perversion of the American dream, which is the theme of Mailer's book. But also, in subtle and punning ways, the jacket does more. The story concerns the unmaking of Stephen Richard Rojack, a war hero, ex-congressman, and all-around aging golden boy, who (like Mailer himself) had basked in youthful acclaim. Our hero, however, begins to self-destruct when he decides to run as a Progressive Party candidate during the election of 1948. After this political debacle, he becomes a college professor, a popular author, a television personality, and the husband of a rich but difficult woman, whom he murders. Thus, properly, begins our story of Rojack's tortuous 32-hour odyssey through the hells of New York City. The cover, which seems to include a life-preserver from the S.S. *American Dream*, evokes the desperation of a man overboard and struggling to survive while simultaneously suggesting a clock face with time running out. The late addition of a photograph of the author's girlfriend, at the request of Mailer himself I am told, completes the design and seems to symbolize, on some level, the widespread challenges to authority and received wisdom that characterized the mid-1960s.

Bacon's ability to capture the essence of a work is seen as well in his jacket for William Golding's *The Spire*, 1964 (Figure 9). This, Golding's third novel—he had previously enjoyed great *succès de*

scandale with *Lord of the Flies*—is concerned with the full tragedy of the human spirit. The protagonists, one an ideologue who seeks to add an immense steeple to his mighty cathedral and the other a practical master-builder whose vision, unlike the ideologue's somewhat shaky foundations, rests solidly on the ground, represent the eternal struggles between spirit and matter, idealism and modesty, soaring and plodding. The jacket with one eye turned heavenward, blue like the sky, holds or perhaps offers the face of an unseen deity while the other, an angel or devil, looks earthen. "I am three behind me, Satan! And yet was not Lucifer once thou wert not." When is the line between worship and rivalry crossed?

A different type of worship is the subject of Ira Levin's *Baby*, 1967 (Figure 15), a Gothic tale set in the Bramford West Side building with a gargoyle facade and a long history of unpleasant events (murder, suicide) and people (baby eaters). Into this milieu move the newlyweds Guy, an actor, and Rosemary. After the older couple next door befriend them, Guy's career begins to take off. But the price is steep: Rosemary learns when she becomes pregnant. Bacon's ink and wash illustration depicts a rambling brownstone, complete with a clock tower, whose distorted perspective and upward-pointing spire alludes to, if ever so discreetly, Rosemary's ritual impregnation.

Ritual impregnation and more play a key role in Thornton Wilder's *Harvest Home*, 1973; but here the final scene takes place in the woods just outside a Norman Rockwellesque town (Figure 16). The story follows Ned Constantine, a Madison Avenue type who moves from the city to build a new and better life for his family in a remote New England hamlet of Cornwall Coombe. His dream of a new vision comes to a shattering conclusion when he stares upon the forbidden mysteries of Harvest Home, a modern chapeau of the old, and often bloody, worship of Demeter. Bacon's agitated pen-and-ink drawing stacks up all the elements of the frenzy: the Moon of No Repentance, the black crow, idyllic Coombe

scandale with *Lord of the Flies*—is concerned with the fundamental tragedy of the human spirit. The protagonists, one an idealistic dean who seeks to add an immense steeple to his mighty cathedral and the other a practical master-builder whose vision, unlike the cathedral's somewhat shaky foundations, rests solidly on the ground, represent the eternal struggles between spirit and material, hubris and modesty, soaring and plodding. The jacket with one figure, eyes heavenward, blue like the sky, holds or perhaps offers the spire to an unseen deity while the other, an angel or devil, looks earthward. Get thee behind me, Satan! And yet was not Lucifer once the favorite? When is the line between worship and rivalry crossed?

A different type of worship is the subject of Ira Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*, 1967 (Figure 15), a Gothic tale set in the Bramford, an Upper West Side building with a gargoye facade and a long history of unpleasant events (murder, suicide) and people (baby eaters, conjurers). Into this milieu move the newlyweds Guy, an actor, and Rosemary. After the older couple next door befriend the new arrivals, Guy's career begins to take off. But the price is steep, as Rosemary learns when she becomes pregnant. Bacon's ink and gouache illustration depicts a rambling brownstone, complete with gargoyles, gables, and tower, whose distorted perspective and upward thrust alludes to, if ever so discreetly, Rosemary's ritual impregnation.

Ritual impregnation and more play a key role in Thomas Tryon's *Harvest Home*, 1973; but here the final scene takes place in the woods just outside a Norman Rockwellesque town (Figure 25). The story follows Ned Constantine, a Madison Avenue type who escapes from the city to build a new and better life for his family in the small New England hamlet of Cornwall Coombe. His dream and his vision come to a shattering conclusion when he stares upon the forbidden mysteries of *Harvest Home*, a modern chapter in the age-old, and often bloody, worship of Demeter. Bacon's agitated, colored pen-and-ink drawing stacks up all the elements of the frenzied ritual: the Moon of No Repentance, the black crow, idyllic Cornwall

Coombe, corn stalks and ears, the wild celebrants, the barn, tombstones, a death's head scarecrow, and the raised sickle commencing its bloody rendezvous with the Harvest Lord's throat.

While the rituals in *Harvest Home* have ancient roots, Thomas Berger's novel *Regiment of Women*, 1973, looks forward to relations between the sexes in 2125 (Figure 24). Things have changed and not changed; women rule but no social improvement is apparent. Men have silicon enhanced breasts; and one of them, Georgie Cornell (a twenty-nine year old secretary being treated for frigidity by a psychiatrist who favors paste-on beards and dildos) is having difficulties adjusting. To capture the topsy-turvy structure of the new world order, Bacon appropriated Ingres's famous tondo of *The Turkish Bath*, 1863, and switched genders in this harem scene of erotic fantasy.

But perhaps the final word on the gender war might well be Harry Crews's mordant *The Gypsy's Curse*, 1974 (Figure 27). The eponymous curse, paraphrased and sanitized a bit, is "may you find a woman who fits you." The curse falls upon Marvin Molar, a deaf mute with withered stumps (or more precisely appendages) in place of legs, who has found a home at the Fireman's Gym in Tampa, Florida, where he handwalks around, reads upscale magazines and authors like Graham Greene, or entertains children and housewives with his marvelous balancing acts. When a woman enters Marvin's halcyon world, it undergoes a drastic dislocation. His fate is sealed; the curse is fulfilled; there is nothing he won't do! Bacon captures the humor of Crews's novel by depicting Marvin's head dangling between his leg-like arms like misplaced (or not) genitalia.

In 1930, Henry Pits observed that "A collection of contemporary book jackets serves as a barometer of interest and taste. They will carry the flavor of our age as effectively as the Victorian valentines or the early English chapbooks do theirs." (Quoted in Heller and Chwast, *Jackets Required*.) Whereas many of the great jacket designs from the 1920s and 30s reflected a knowledge of *art moderne*, Bauhaus, or Constructivist design principles, the covers produced by

Paul Bacon show none of that commitment to a particular school of design. Rather his designs tend to be more individualized; they respond to the specifics of individual commissions. But then ours is an eclectic era that is not dominated by any single style, so it is not unexpected that designers would have a variety of expressions.

This flexibility also reflects a period in publishing that is fast disappearing. During most of Bacon's career, designers were freelancers, who could produce professional results on tight deadlines and at a relatively low cost. (Typically, Bacon spends three weeks on a jacket design: two weeks for reading the book and making a full-blown sketch and one week for finalizing the design once it has been approved.) Working closely with editors, these artists and

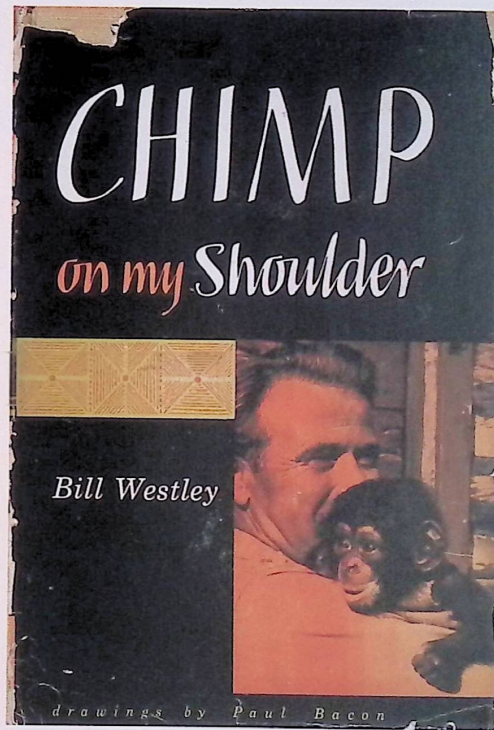
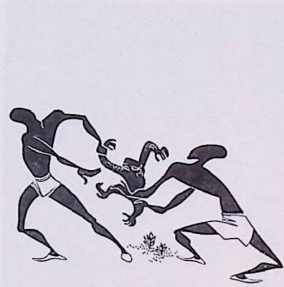
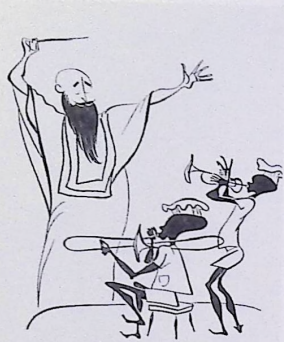
designers enjoyed a great degree of freedom and frequently employed irony, humor, or visual puns as in the jackets for E. J. Kahn, jr.'s *The Big Drink: The Story of Coca-Cola*, 1960 (Figure 6).

Hank O'Neal has argued persuasively that Bacon's career is intimately and inextricably linked to the world of jazz. Those interconnections between music and art epitomize a time when the literary and musical worlds were less balkanized, or, for that matter, specialized. Now, as the publishing industry increasingly consolidates, as advances to authors reach the stratosphere, as movie rights become increasingly lucrative, and as promotion budgets swell, layers of management have proliferated, and independents such as Paul Bacon are becoming anachronisms. It is a loss.

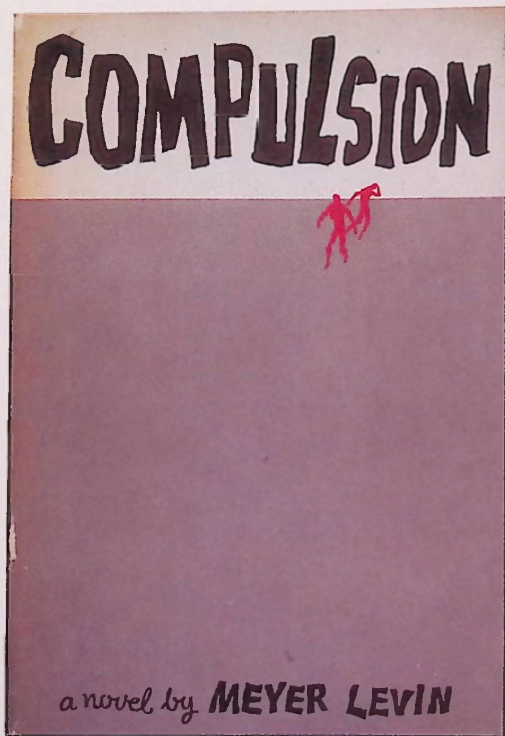


1-4 Bill Westley
Chimp on My Shoulder
E. P. Dutton, 1950
Courtesy Paul Bacon Studio

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1-4 Bill Westley
Chimp on My Shoulder
E. P. Dutton, 1950
Courtesy Paul Bacon Studio



5 Meyer Levin
Compulsion
Simon and Schuster, 1956
Courtesy Simon & Schuster, Inc.



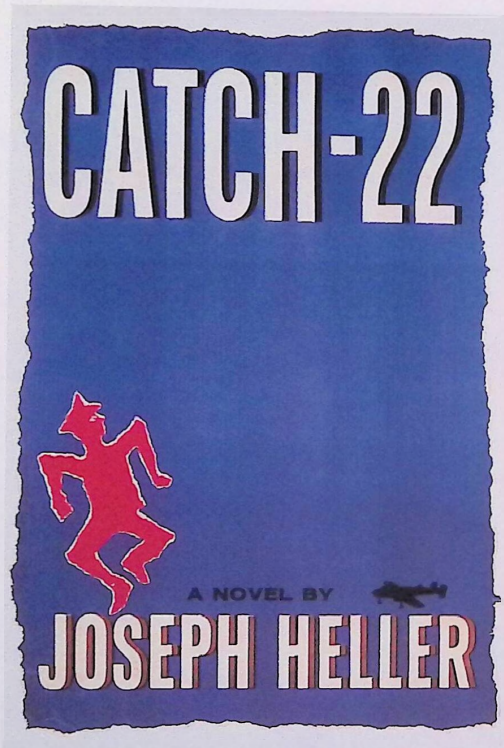
6 E. J. Kahn, Jr.
The Big Drink: The Story of Coca-Cola
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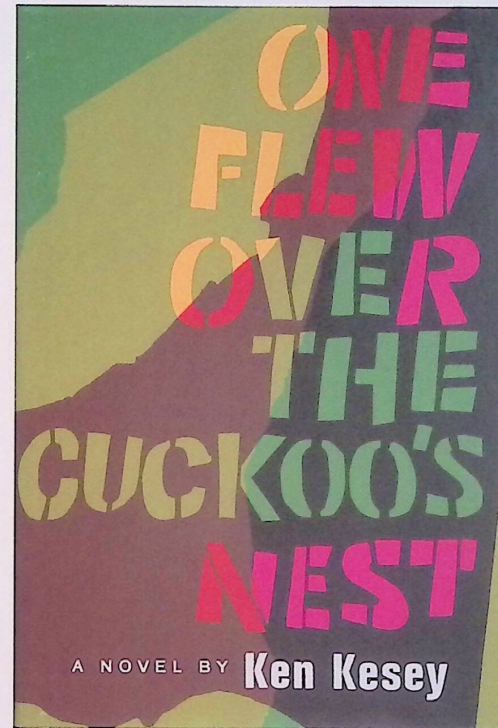
7 Joseph Heller
Catch-22
Simon and Schuster, 1961
Courtesy Simon & Schuster, Inc.

THE
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STORY OF
Coca-Cola
KAHN

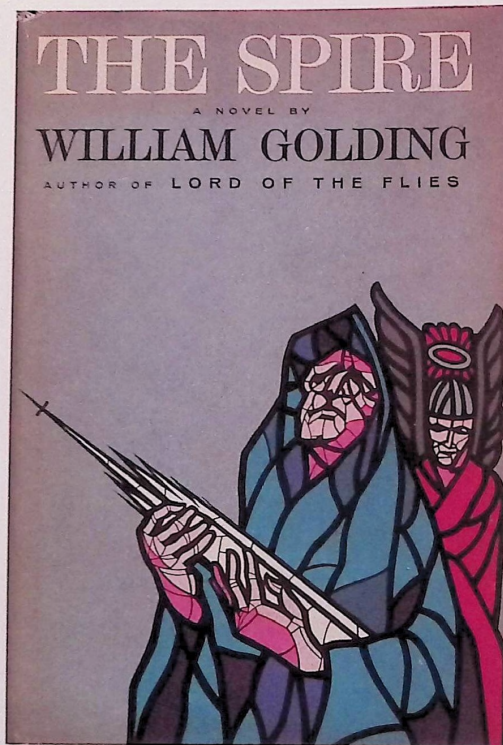
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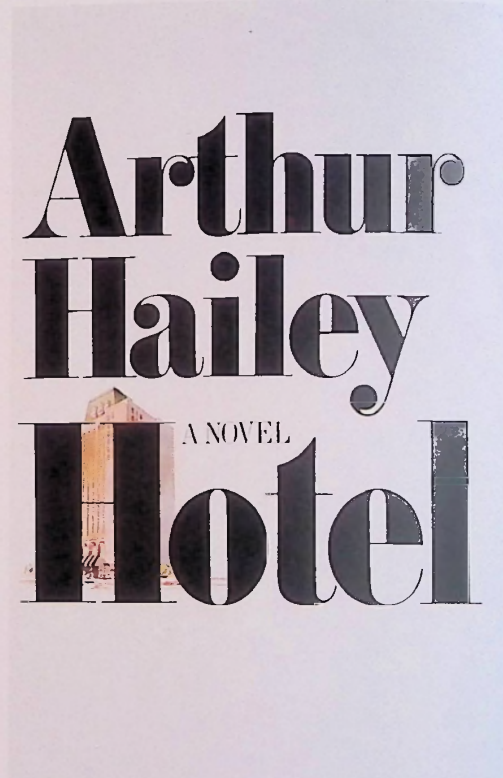
7 Joseph Heller
Catch-22
Simon and Schuster, 1961
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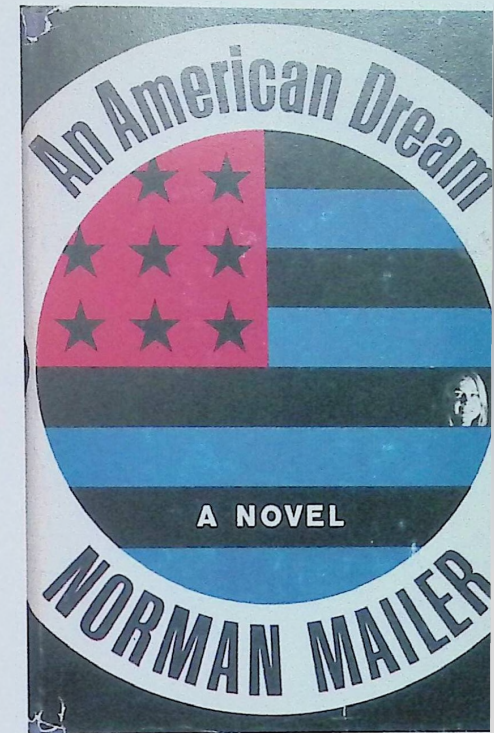
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The Spire
Harcourt, Brace & World, 1964
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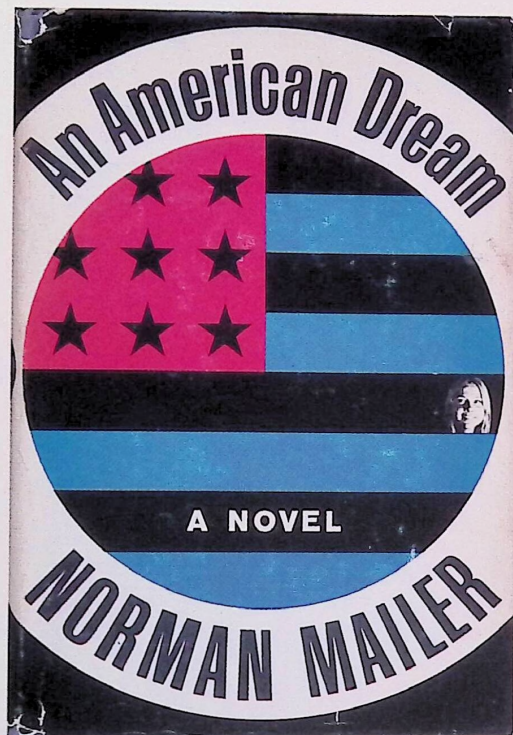
10 Arthur Hailey
Hotel
Doubleday, 1965
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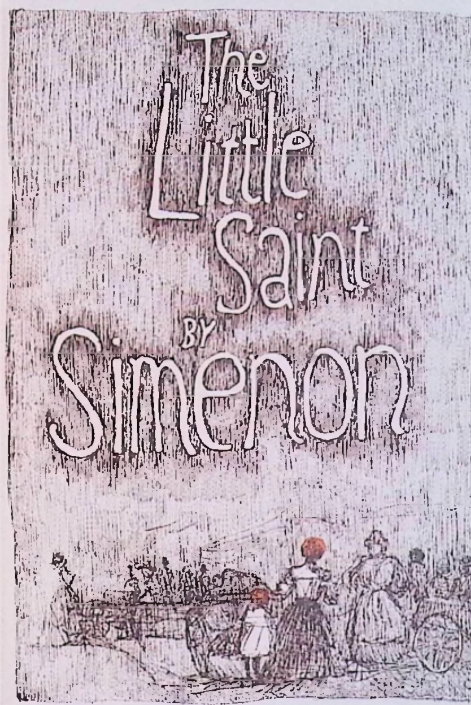
11 Norman Mailer
An American Dream
Dial Press, 1965
Courtesy Bantam Doubleday Dell

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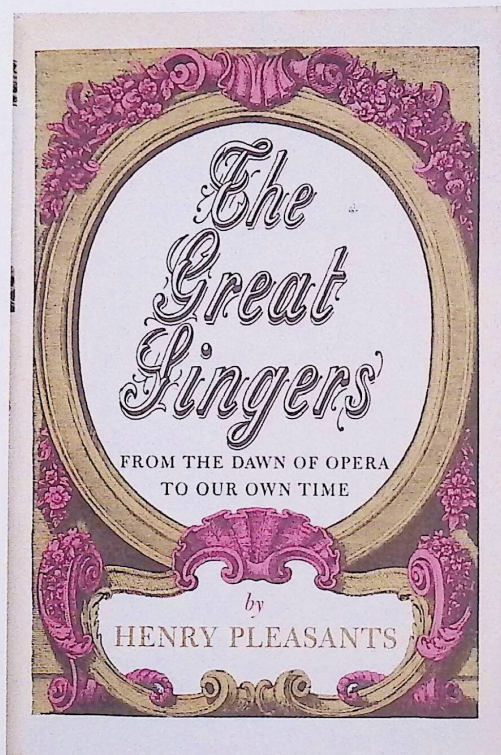
oubleday Dell



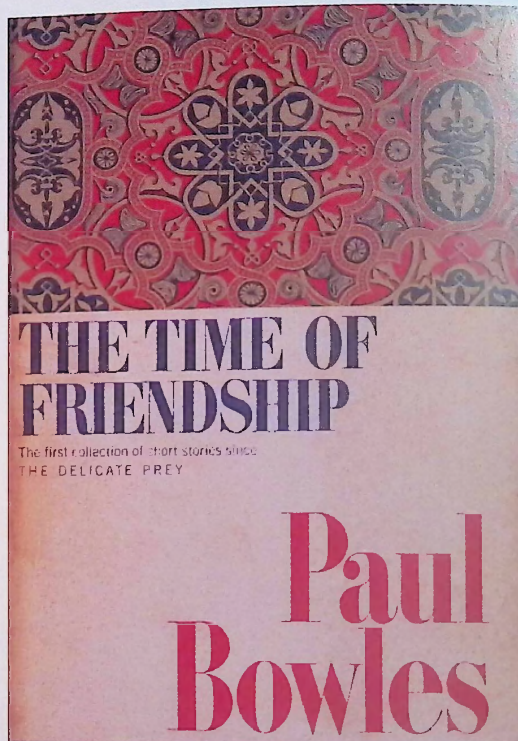
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Dial Press, 1965
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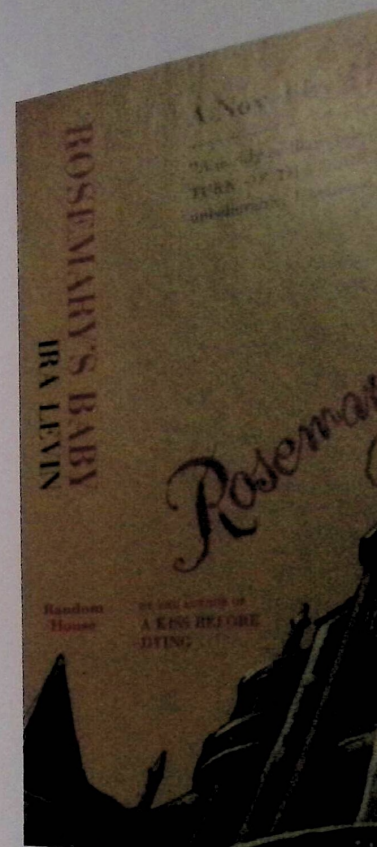
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The Little Saint
Harcourt, Brace & World, 1965
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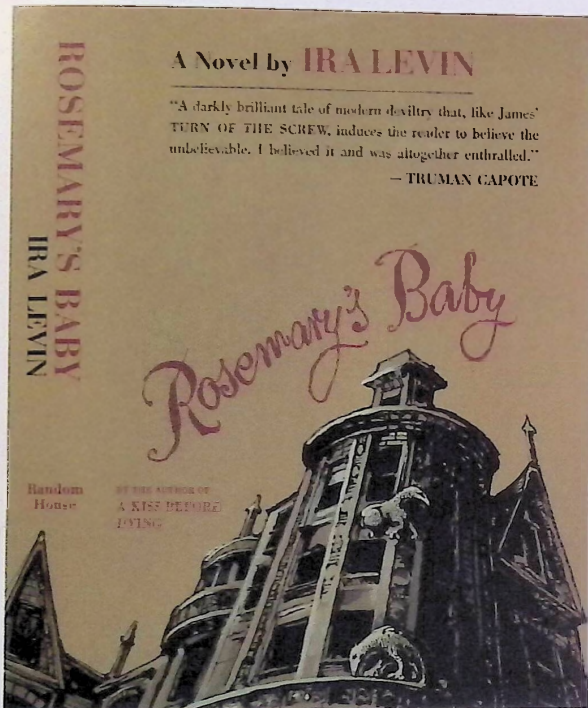
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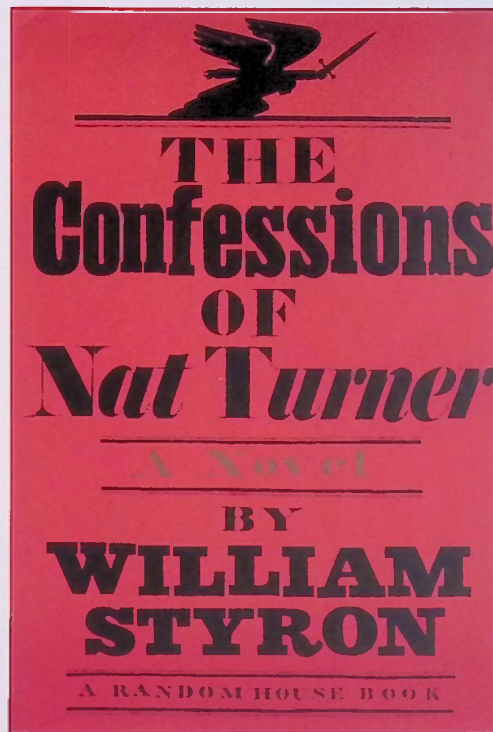
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The Time of Friendship
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1967
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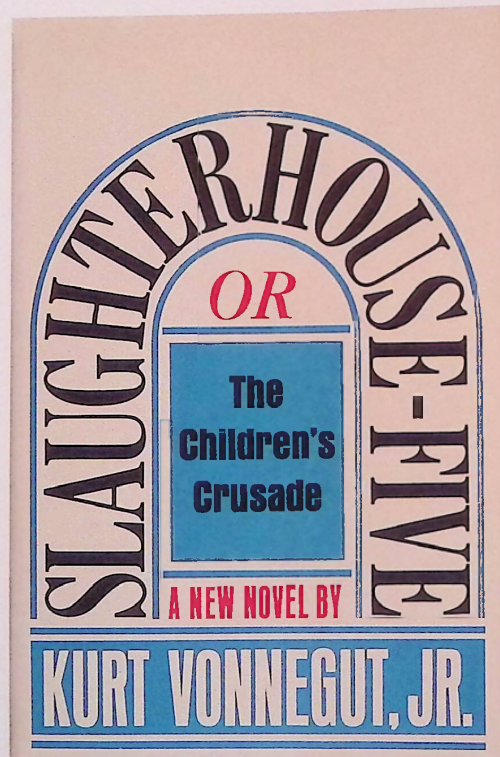
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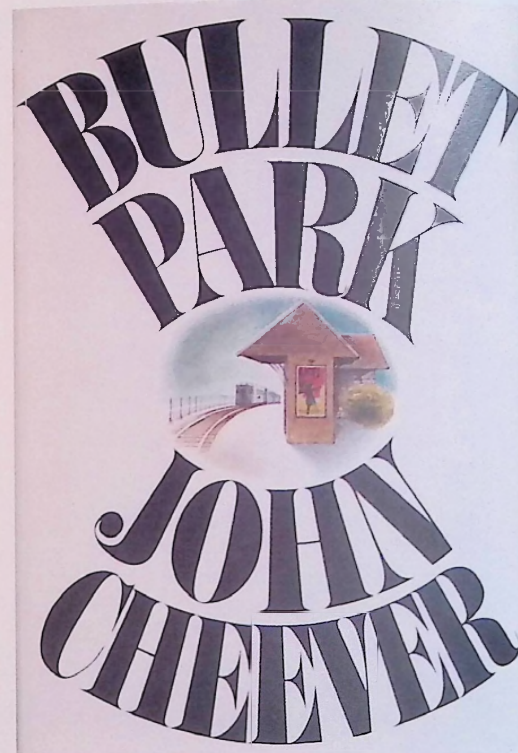
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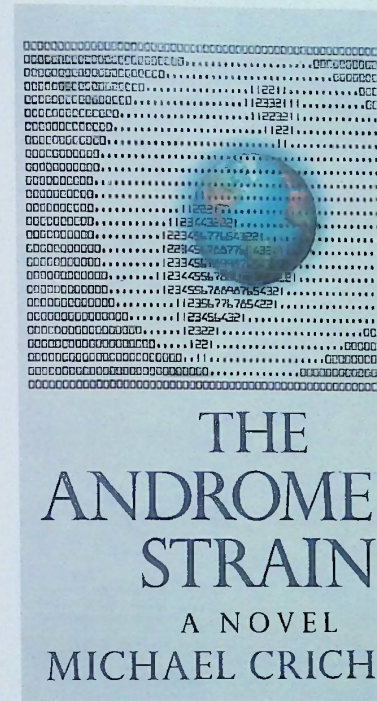
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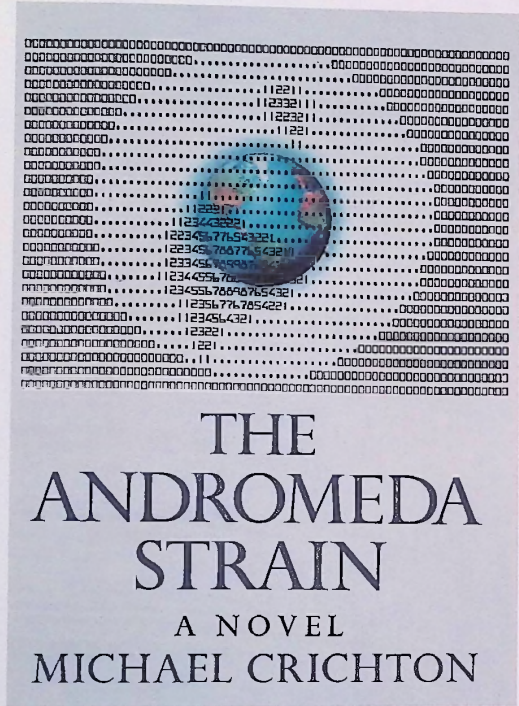
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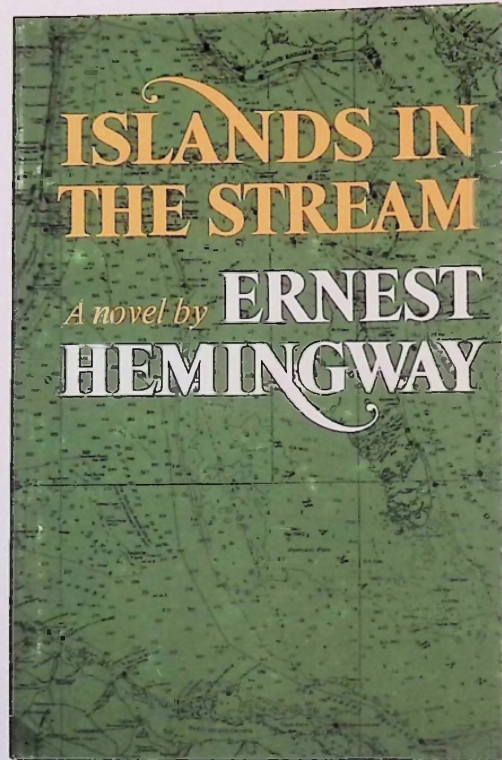


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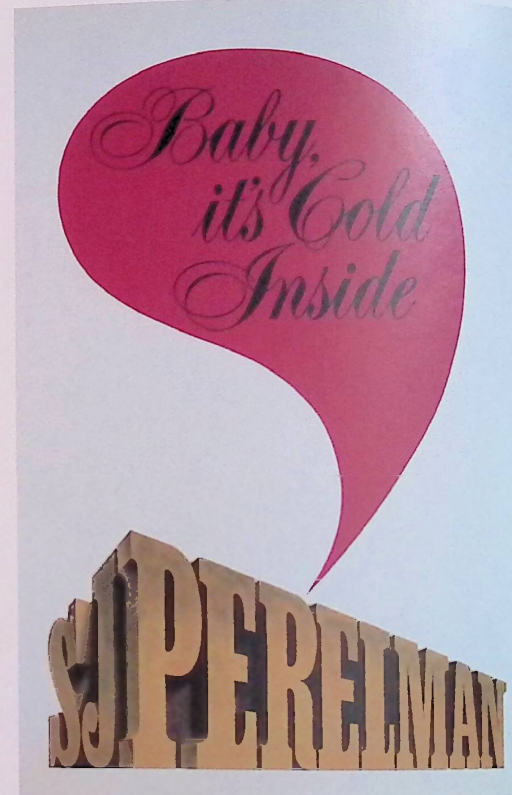


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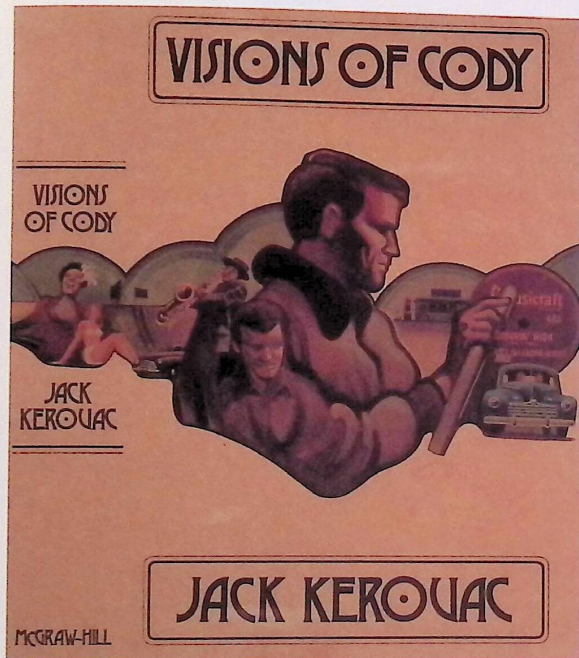
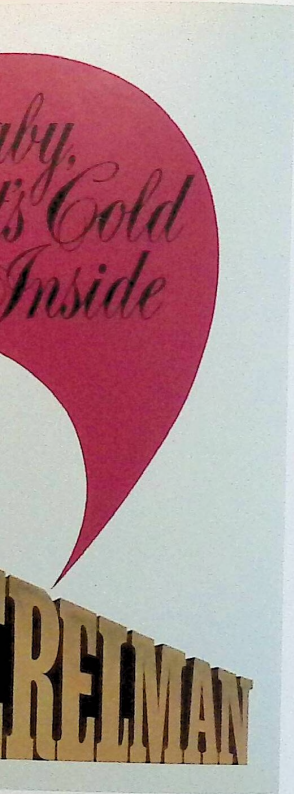
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Islands in the Stream
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22 S. J. Perelman
Baby, It's Cold Inside
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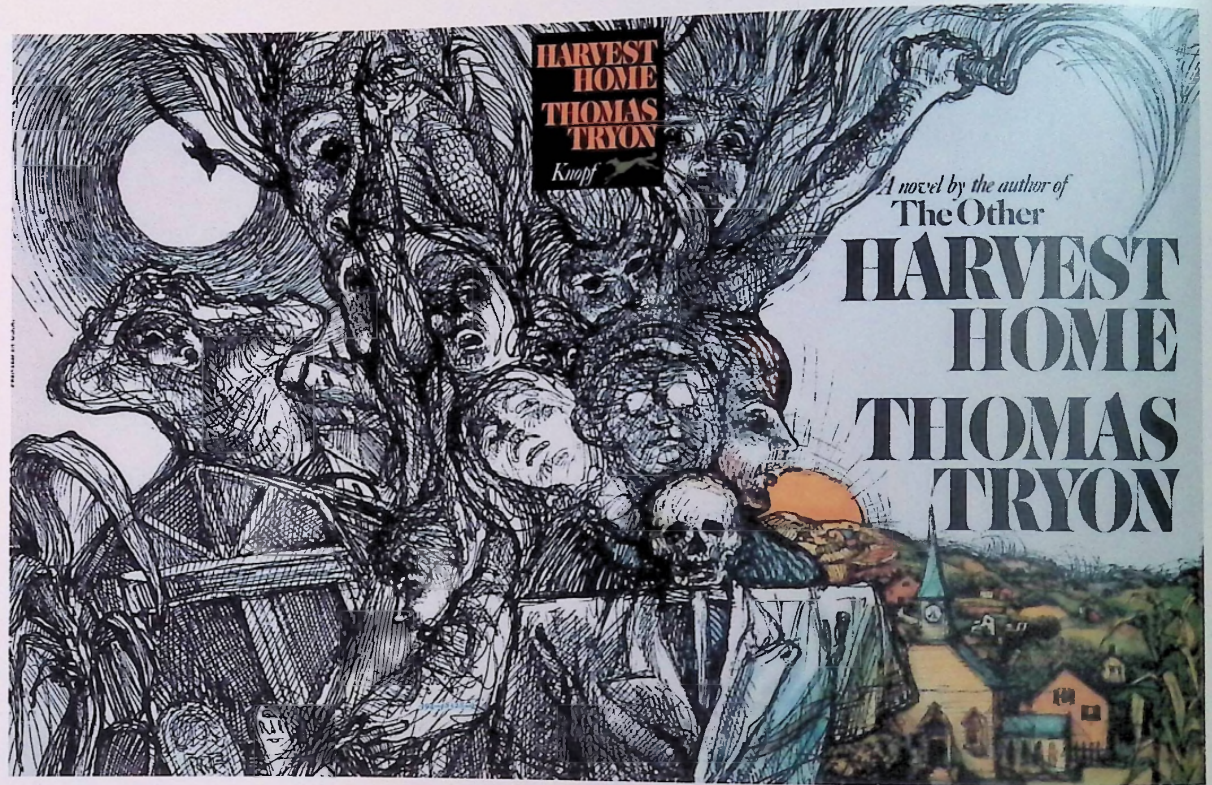


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Visions of Cody
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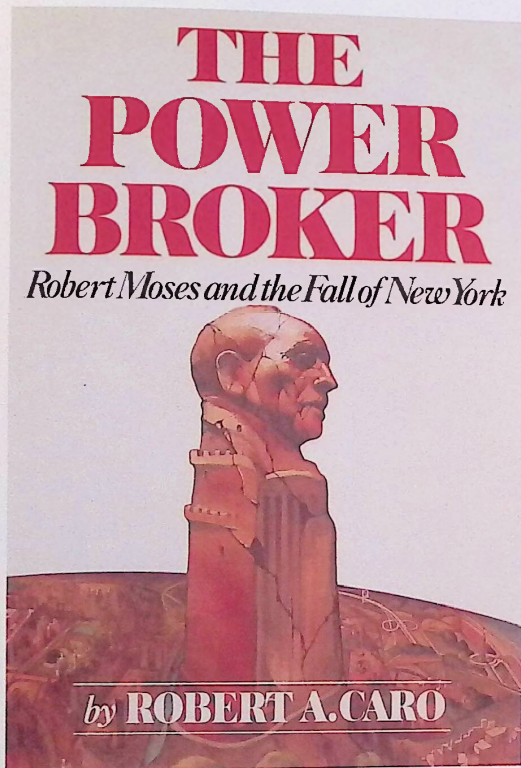
REGIMENT
OF WOMEN
THOMAS
BERGER



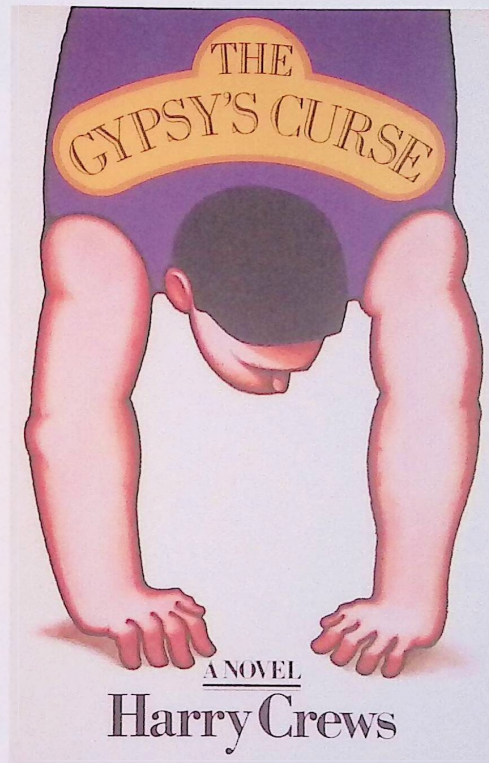
24 Thomas Berger
Regiment of Women
Simon and Schuster, 1973
Courtesy Simon & Schuster, Inc.



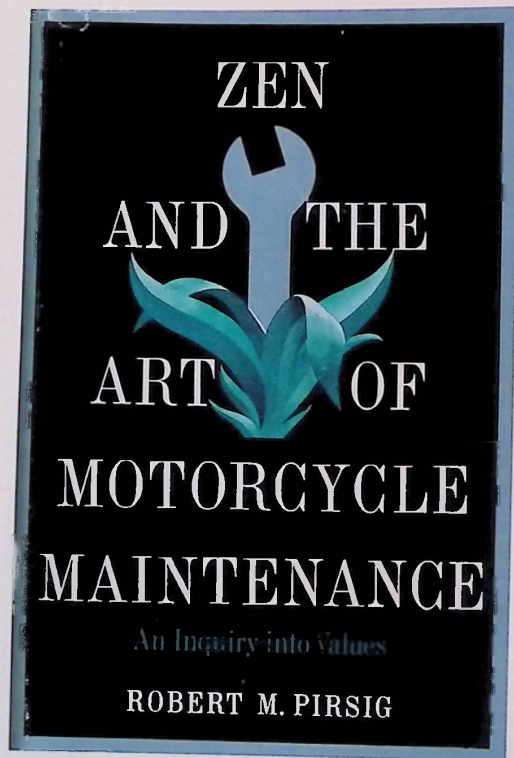
25 Thomas Tryon
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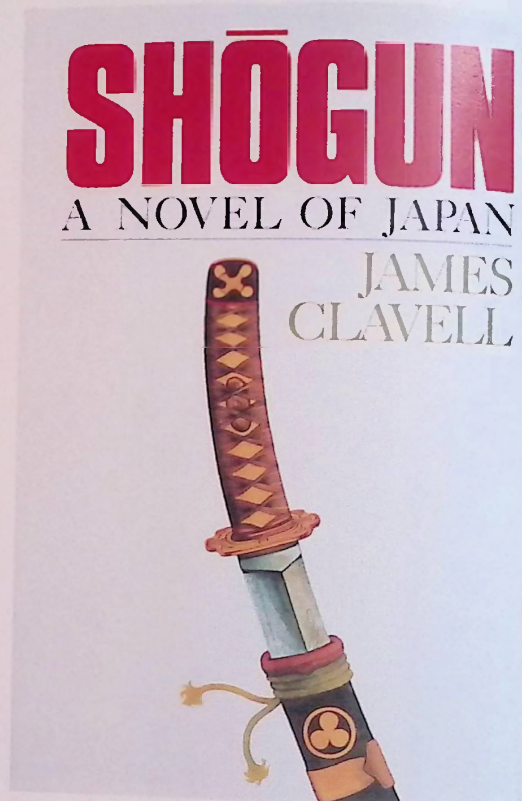
26 Robert A. Caro
The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York
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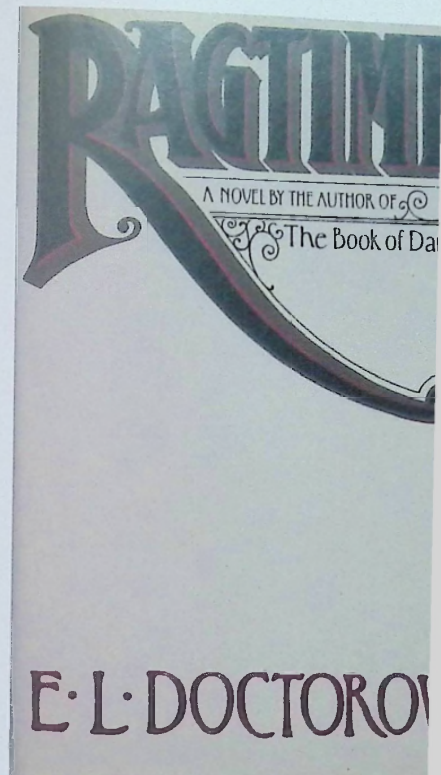
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The Gypsy's Curse
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29 James Clavell
Shōgun
Atheneum, 1975
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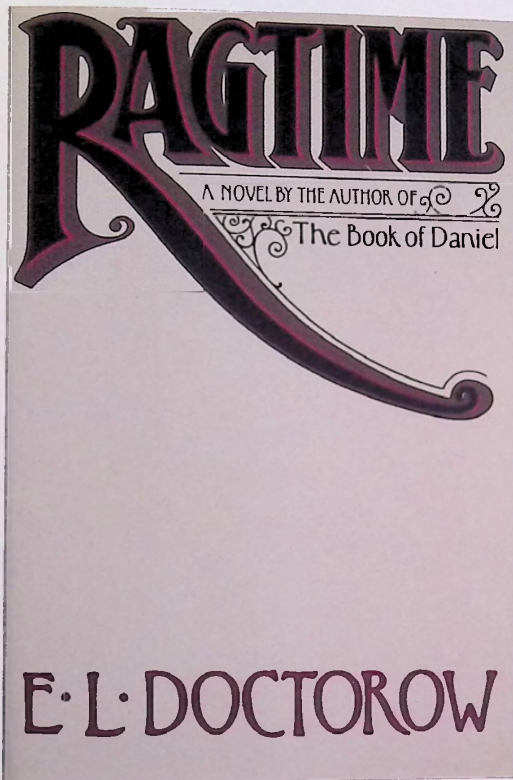


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JAMES
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31 Margaret Atwood
Lady Oracle
Simon and Schuster, 1976
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**THE
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COVENANT**

Louis Auchincloss



32 Louis Auchincloss
The Winthrop Covenant
Houghton Mifflin, 1976
Courtesy Houghton Mifflin

A NOVEL BY ROBIN COOK

COMA



33 Robin Cook
Coma
Little, Brown and Company, 1977
Courtesy Little, Brown and Company

**THE
REMBRANDT
PANEL**
A NOVEL
OLIVER BANKS



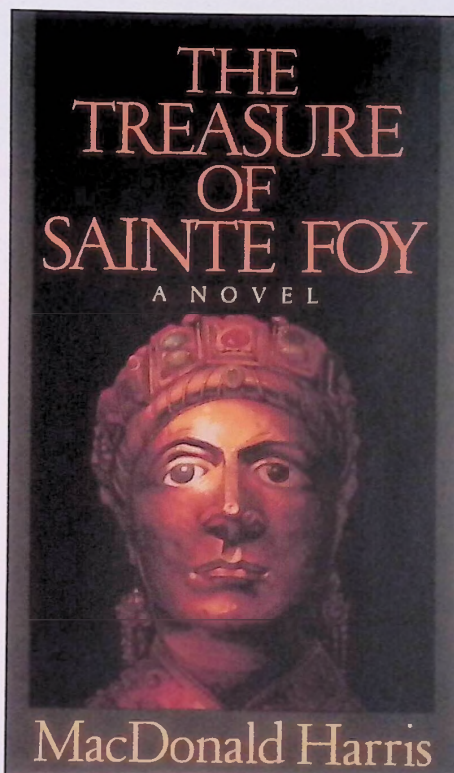
34 Oliver Banks
The Rembrandt Panel
Little, Brown and Company
Courtesy Little, Brown and Company

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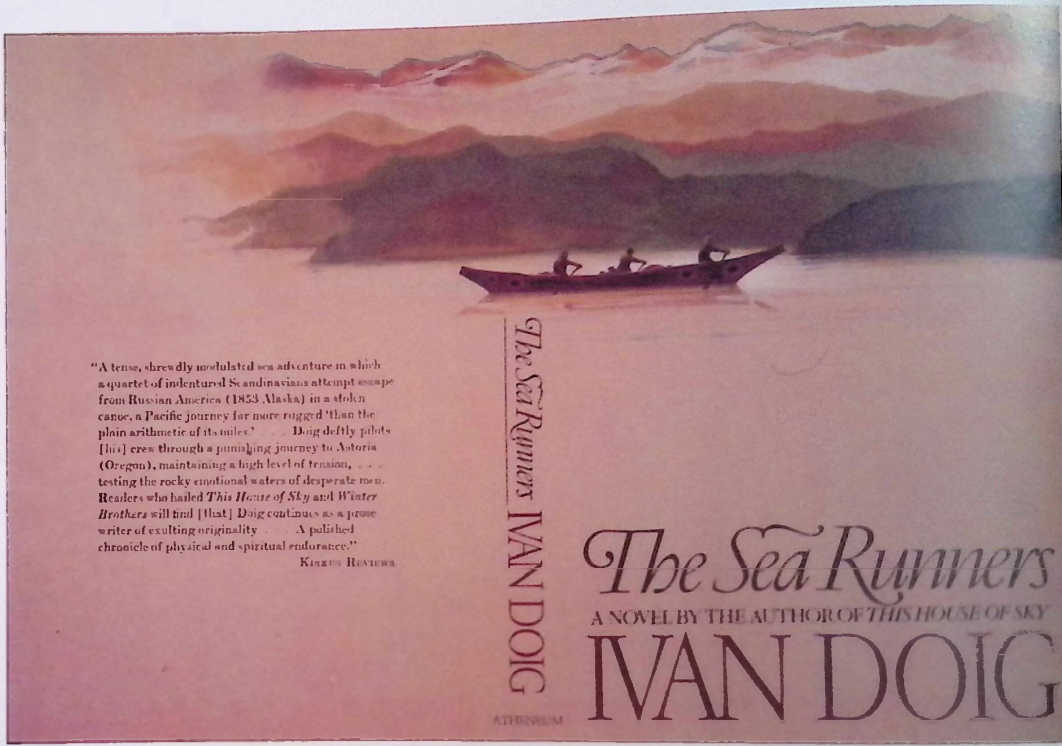
THE
REMBRANDT
PANEL
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OLIVER BANKS



34 Oliver Banks
The Rembrandt Panel
Little, Brown and Company, 1980
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35 MacDonald Harris
The Treasure of Sainte Foy
Atheneum, 1980
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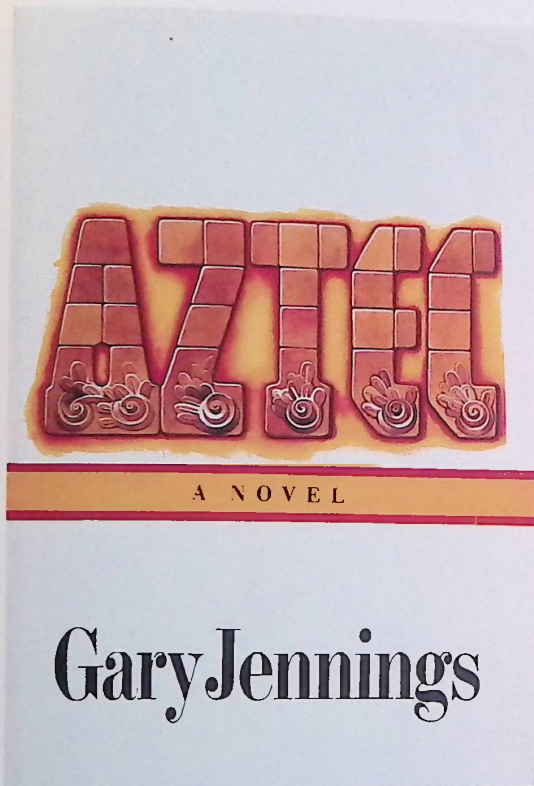


"A tense, shrewdly modulated sea adventure in which a quartet of indented Scandinavians attempt escape from Russian America (1853 Alaska) in a stolen canoe, a Pacific journey far more rugged than the plain arithmetic of its miles" . . . Doig deftly pilots [his] crew through a punishing journey to Astoria (Oregon), maintaining a high level of tension, . . . testing the rocky emotional waters of desperate men. Readers who hailed *This House of Sky* and *Winter Brothers* will find [that] Doig continues as a prose writer of exulting originality . . . A polished chronicle of physical and spiritual endurance."
 KIRKUS REVIEWS

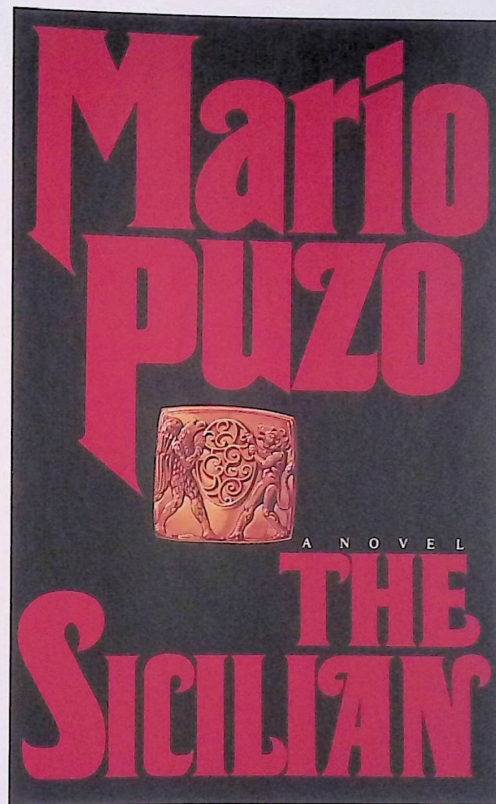
36 Ivan Doig
The Sea Runners
 Atheneum, 1982
 Courtesy Scribner, a Division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.



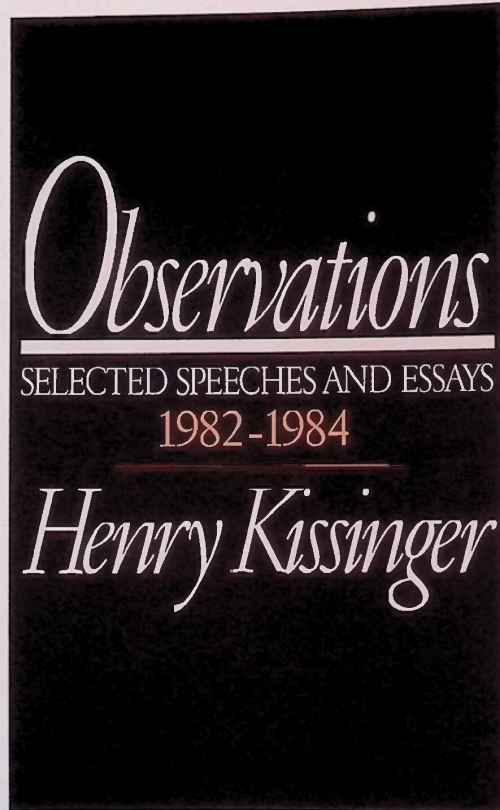
37 Gary Jennings
Aztec
 Atheneum, 1980
 Courtesy Scribner



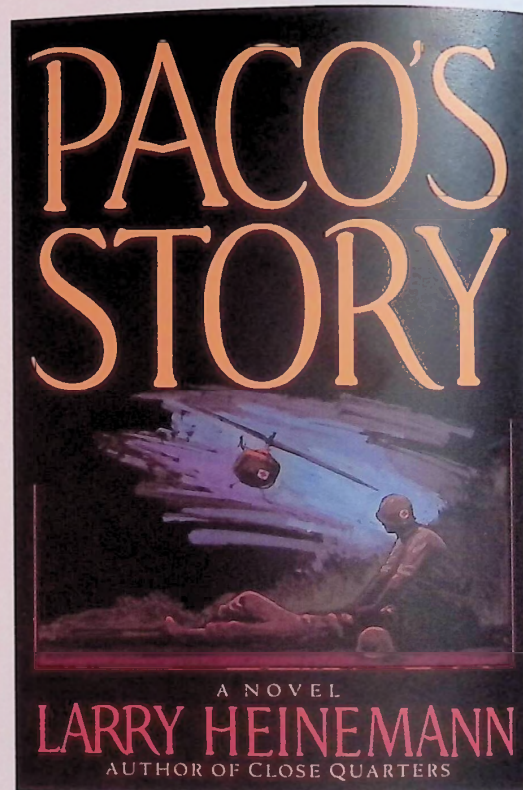
37 Gary Jennings
Aztec
Atheneum, 1980
Courtesy Scribner, a Division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.



38 Mario Puzo
The Sicilian
Simon and Schuster/Linden Press, 1984
Courtesy Simon & Schuster, Inc.



39 Henry Kissinger
Observations: Selected Speeches and Essays, 1982-1984
Little, Brown and Company, 1985
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40 Larry Heinemann
Paco's Story
Farrar Straus Giroux, 1986
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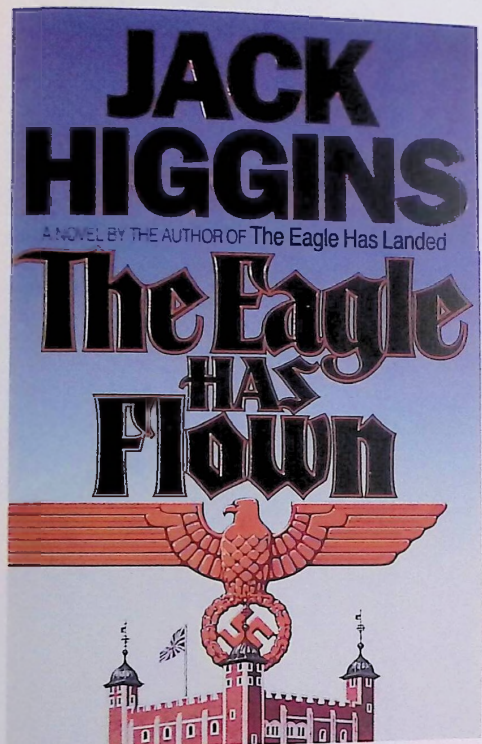


41 Jack Higgins
The Eagle Has Flown
Simon and Schuster, 1991
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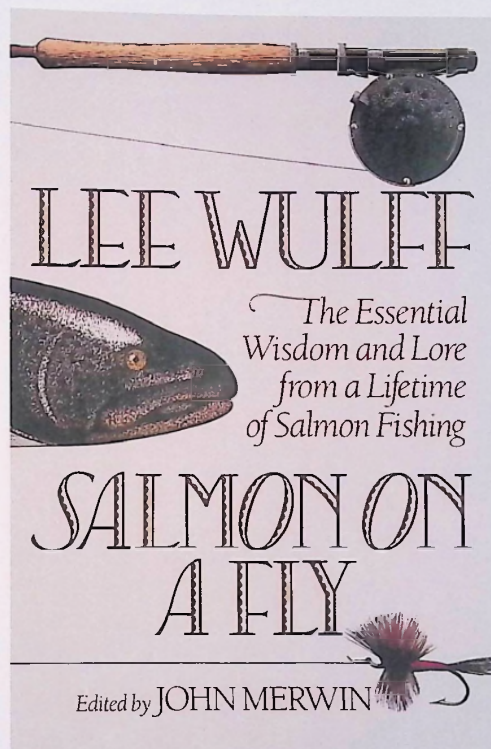
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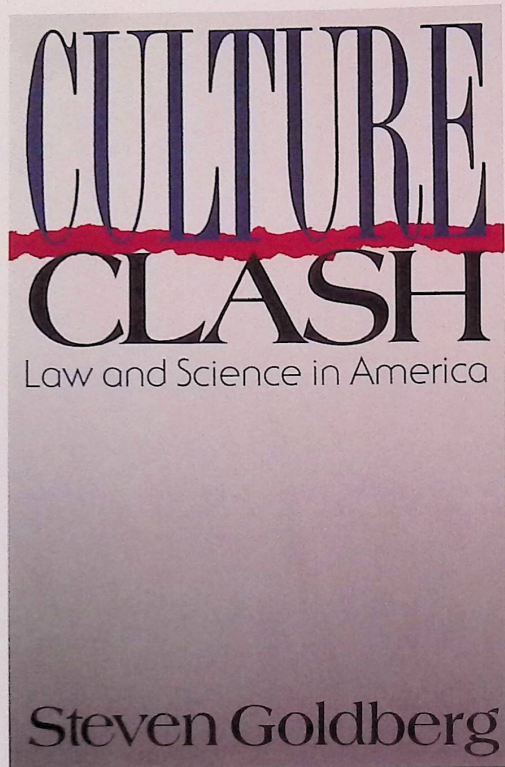
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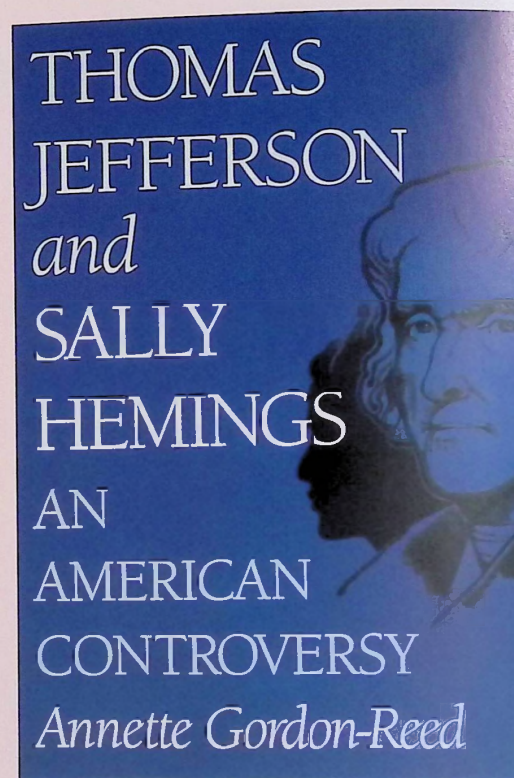
41 Jack Higgins
The Eagle Has Flown
Simon and Schuster, 1991
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42 Lee Wulff
Salmon on a Fly
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43 Steven Goldberg
Culture Clash: Law and Science in America
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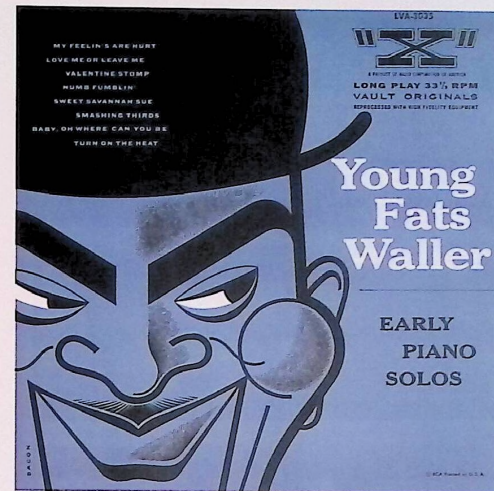
44 Annette Gordon-Reed
*Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings:
An American Controversy*
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Eddie Condon's Hot Shots
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46 Fats Waller
Young Fats Waller: Early Piano Solos
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The Amazing Bud Powell
 Blue Note
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48 Milt Jackson
Wizard of the Vibes
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Made in America
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49 John Eaton
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Chiaroscuro
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50 New York Swing
Live at the 1996 Floating Jazz Festival
Chiaroscuro
Courtesy Chiaroscuro Records

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"The Graphic Art of Paul Bacon" continues the tradition of "Celebrations of Music and Art" at Wilkes University. Previous "Celebrations" have highlighted the musical and artistic talents of Bob Haggart (1984), Pee Wee Russell and George Wettling (1986), and Mel Powell (1987).

Working on the current exhibition has been a pleasure. Not only have I had the privilege of getting to know Paul Bacon—a gentleman if ever there was one—graphic artist extraordinaire, smooth swing vocalist, and master of the hot comb, but I have also come to understand why so many authors, editors, and musicians have such a special regard for Paul. The generosity and warmth with which these individuals have responded to queries have been enlightening. Special thanks must go to E. L. Doctorow, Robert Gottlieb, Ira Levin, Frank Metz, and William Styron. In addition, Hank O'Neal

specifically wishes to thank Lorraine Gordon, Bob Greene, Joseph Heller, Conrad Janis, Orrin Keepnews, Harris Lewine, and, of course, Paul Bacon, for supplying facts, quotes and encouragement in the preparation of his article. The Sordoni Art Gallery is most grateful to Hank O'Neal and Bob Greene for their wonderful, informative, evocative, and heartfelt essays; and to Andrew J. Sordoni, III; whose commitment to this project has been wholehearted and unwavering.

The Gallery wishes to thank the publishers and copyright holders who have graciously allowed it to reproduce jackets or album covers designed by Paul Bacon.

As always I appreciate the willingness of my colleagues Nancy L. Grand, Robert J. Heaman, and James L. Meryman to read and critique my essay.

—SIG

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