

HAWTHORNE FINE ART

Summer Reading 2017

AMERICAN PAINTINGS & AMERICAN PROSE



Dear Reader

I AM PROUD TO PRESENT this year's edition of *Summer Reading: American Painting and Prose*. One of the great pleasures of putting this publication together is doing so during the summer months when the senses are enlivened by the sun, warmth, flourishing plants, meandering wildlife, beautiful sunrises and sunsets, and other delights the season brings. This climate becomes a fertile ground to explore the content of our paintings and find matching excerpts in evocative pieces of literature and poetry. I hope that in reading this publication, you might enjoy a similar experience where the intersection of sight and sound, idea and image are enjoyed and contemplated.

Thank you for your continued interest. I look forward to hearing your feedback and to being of help with the offerings contained herein.

Sincerely,

JENNIFER C. KRIEGER

Managing Partner, Hawthorne Fine Art, LLC

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MALLORY AGERTON (b. 1956)
Rising Moon
 Oil on panel, 15 x 15 inches, Signed lower left



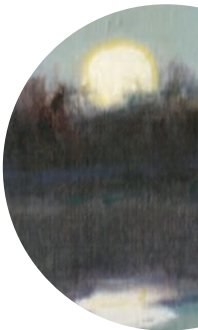
A MATCH WITH THE MOON

Weary already, weary miles to-night
 I walked for bed: and so, to get some ease,
 I dogged the flying moon with similes.
 And like a wisp she doubled on my sight
 In ponds; and caught in tree-tops like a kite;
 And in a globe of film all liquorish

[. . .]

Where my road turned, and got behind me, and sent
 My wizened shadow craning round at me,
 And jeered, "So, step the measure,—one two three!"—
 And if I faced on her, looked innocent.
 But just at parting, halfway down a dell,
 She kissed me for good-night. So you'll not tell.

—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI





FRANK ANDERSON (1844–1891)

Evening, 1885

Oil on canvas, 15 ¹/₈ x 24 ¹/₄ inches, Signed and dated 1885, lower left



CANOE SONG AT TWILIGHT

Down in the west the shadows rest,
 Little grey wave, sing low, sing low!
 With a rhythmic sweep o'er the gloomy deep
 Into the dusk of the night we go,
 And the paddles dip and lift and slip,
 And the drops fall back with a pattering drip;
 The wigwams deep of the spirits of sleep
 Are pitched in the gloom on the headland steep.
 Wake not their silence as you go,
 Little grey wave, sing low, sing low!

—LAURA ELIZABETH McCULLY





MEGAN BONGIOVANNI (b. 1975)
Rocky Shore, 2017
 Oil on linen panel, 6 x 8 inches, Signed lower right

Autumn in Maine, 2017
 Oil on linen panel, 6 x 8 inches, Signed lower left



ESSAY ON SARAH ORNE JEWETT

"I want to write books as you do," I said, to the embarrassment of my father, who because of my shyness about my secret hopes had never heretofore been told of my lofty and ardent dream. She smiled at me then, a smile which lightened and transformed her clean-cut, perhaps her rather severe, features. "I'm sure you will," she said. "And good ones too—all about Maine."

—MARY ELLEN CHASE





ALFRED T. BRICHER (1837–1908)

Lake Maggiore, Italy, 1858

Oil on canvas, 27 x 34 inches, Signed and dated lower right



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PASSES OF THE ALPS (1892)

In descending towards the Lago Maggiore the route passes . . . near the village of Ornavasso; thence it proceeds . . . near the little village of Gravellona, traverses the Negoglia, a river by which the waters of Lake Orta flow into the Lago Maggiore. Shortly after, the route descends . . . and the Lago Maggiore bursts upon the traveler with all its beauty, its magnitude, and its splendor.

—WILLIAM BROCKEDON





HENRY KIRKE BROWN (1814–1886)

Ariadne, 1851

Oil on paper, 7 ⁷/₈ x 5 ³/₈ inches

Signed and inscribed (verso): Lara A. Delano/painted & presented/by H.K. Brown 1865; Dated (recto): 1851



INSPIRATION

What prudence, again, does every artist, every scholar, need in the security of his easel or his desk! These must be remote from the work of the house, and from all knowledge of the feet that come and go therein. [Washington] Allston, it is said, had two or three rooms in different parts of Boston, where he could not be found. For the delicate muses lose their head if their attention is once diverted. Perhaps if you were successful abroad in talking and dealing with men, you would not come back to your bookshelf and your task.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON





GEORGE LAFAYETTE CLOUGH (1824–1901)
Gapstow Bridge, Central Park, New York
 Oil on canvas, 11 ½ x 16 ½ inches, Signed lower left



ANNE'S HOUSE OF DREAMS

All in all, it was a never to be forgotten summer—one of those summers which come seldom into any life, but leave a rich heritage of beautiful memories in their going—one of those summers which, in a fortunate combination of delightful weather, delightful friends and delightful doing, come as near to perfection as anything can come in this world.

—L.M. MONTGOMERY





JOSEPH FOXCROFT COLE (1837–1892)

In the Meadow

Oil on canvas, 8 x 10 inches, Signed lower right



THE UNABRIDGED JOURNAL OF SYLVIA PLATH

August rain: the best of the summer gone,
and the new fall not yet born. The odd uneven time.

—SYLVIA PLATH





WILDER DARLING (1855[?]-1933)

Wood Gathering

Oil on canvas, 18 x 12½ inches, Signed lower right: WILDER DARLING



THE SECRET GARDEN

And the secret garden bloomed and bloomed
and every morning revealed new miracles.”

—FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT





THOMAS DOUGHTY (1793–1856)

Shap Monastery, ca. 1845–6

Oil on panel, 7 x 5½ inches

Initialed lower left, signed and inscribed with title on verso

Valley of the Rhine, ca. 1845–6

Oil on panel, 7 x 5½ inches

Initialed at lower center, signed and inscribed with title on verso



ANDERSON-EVENING

The big artist does not sit down monkey-like and copy a coal scuttle . . . he keeps a sharp eye on Nature and steals her tools. He learns what she does with light, the big tool, and then color, then form, and appropriates them to his own use. [...] He will soon be sailing only where he wants to, selecting nice little coves and shady shores or storms to his own liking.

—THOMAS EAKINS TO BENJAMIN EAKINS, March 1868





WALTER DOUGLAS (1868–1948)
The Garden
 Oil on panel, 16 x 20 inches, Signed lower center



GOD'S GARDEN

God made a beauteous garden
 With lovely flowers strown,
 But on straight, narrow pathway
 That was not overgrown.
 And to this beauteous garden
 He brought mankind to live,
 And said "To you, my children,
 These lovely flowers I give.
 Prune ye my vines and fig trees,
 With care my flowers tend,
 But keep the pathway open
 Your home is at the end."

—ROBERT FROST





WILLIAM HART (1823–1894)

Riverscape, Keene Valley, 1875

Oil on canvas, 12½ x 20½ inches, Signed lower right



TREE OF CODES

August has passed, and yet summer continues by force to grow days. They sprout secretly between the chapters of the year, covertly included between its pages.

—JONATHAN SAFRAN FOER





WILLIAM HART (1823–1894)
Summer Idyll in the Hudson Valley, 1849
 Oil on canvas, 22 x 30 inches
 Signed and dated 1849, lower right

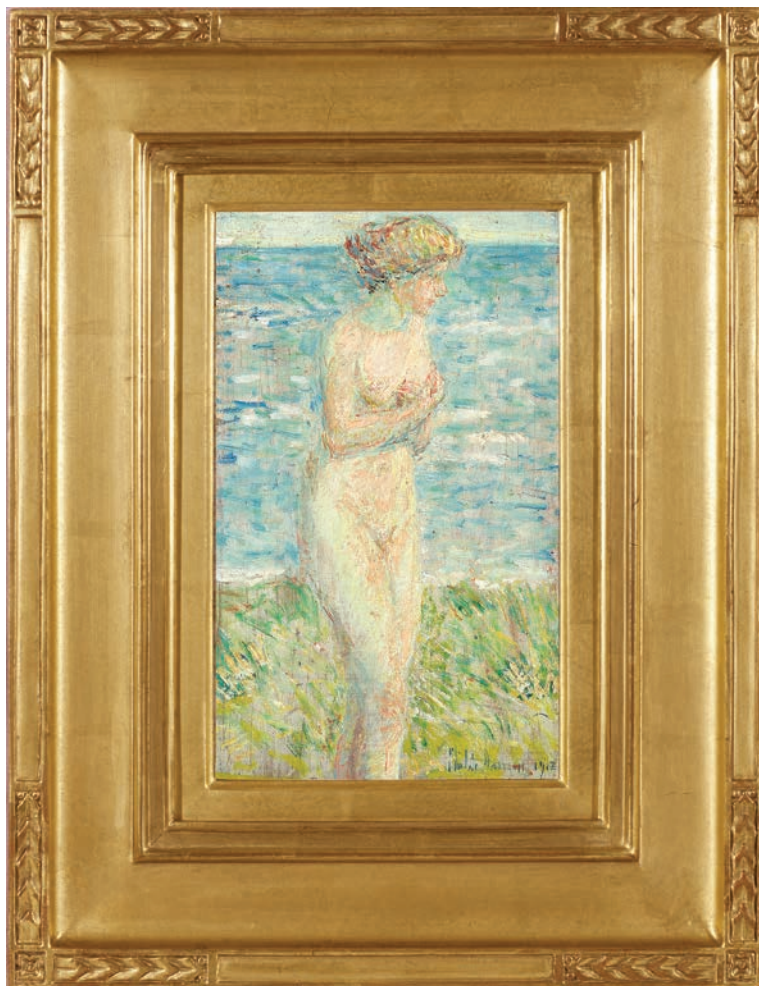


CHARLOTTE'S WEB

The crickets felt it was their duty to warn everybody that summertime cannot last forever. Even on the most beautiful days in the whole year—the days when summer is changing into autumn—the crickets spread the rumor of sadness and change.

—E.B. WHITE





CHILDE HASSAM (1859–1935)
A Bather, Silver Beach Grass, 1918
Oil on panel, 9⁵/₁₆ x 5⁹/₁₆ inches
Signed and dated 1918, lower right



THE DHARMA BUMS

Happy. Just in my swim shorts, barefooted, wild-haired, in the red fire dark,
singing, swigging wine, spitting, jumping—that's the way to live. All
alone and free in the soft sands of the beach by the sigh of the sea out there . . .

—JACK KEROUAC





LARS JOHNSON HAUKANESS (1862–1929)
Sunset Seascape
 Oil on canvas, 18 x 30 inches, Signed lower left



TORTILLA FLAT

Time is more complex near the sea than in any other place, for in addition to the circling of the sun and the turning of the seasons, the waves beat out the passage of time on the rocks and the tides rise and fall as a great clepsydra.

—JOHN STEINBECK





WINSLOW HOMER (1836–1910)

Autumn Trees, 1878

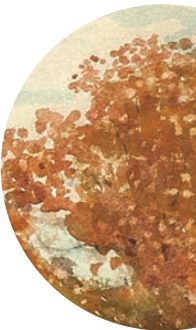
Watercolor on paper, 13 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, Signed and dated 1878, lower left



OCTOBER

O hushed October morning mild,
 Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;
 Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,
 Should waste them all.
 The crows above the forest call;
 Tomorrow they may form and go.
 O hushed October morning mild,
 Begin the hours of this day slow.
 Make the day seem to us less brief.

—ROBERT FROST





FRANK B. A. LINTON (1871–1943)
Still Life with Peaches and Cookware
 Oil on masonite, 36 x 48 inches, Signed lower left



JAMES AND THE GIANT PEACH

Everybody was feeling happy now. The sun was shining brightly out of a soft blue sky and the day was calm. The giant peach, with the sunlight glinting on its side, was like a massive golden ball sailing upon a silver sea.

—ROALD DAHL





ADDISON THOMAS MILLAR (1860–1913)

Seascape

Mixed media on paper, 12 x 22 inches (sight), Signed lower left



OLD MAN AND THE SEA

The clouds were building up now for the trade wind and he looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky over the water, then blurring then etching again and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea.

—ERNEST HEMINGWAY





PAUL MORAN (1864–1907)
Lady Sewing
 Oil on canvas, 20¹/₁₆ x 16 inches
 Signed and dated 1886, lower right



MY NOVEMBER GUEST

My Sorrow, when she's here with me,
 Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
 Are beautiful as days can be;
 She loves the bare, the withered tree;
 She walks the sodden pasture lane.

—ROBERT FROST





HENRY SIDDONS MOWBRAY (1858–1928)
Wife of the Artist, Amelia Mowbray, with Son, George
 Oil on canvas, 18 x 13 inches
 Signed and dated 1909, upper right



LITTLE WOMEN

The clocks were striking midnight and the rooms were very still as a figure glided quietly from bed to bed, smoothing a coverlid here, settling a pillow there, and pausing to look long and tenderly at each unconscious face, to kiss each with lips that mutely blessed, and to pray the fervent prayers which only mothers utter.

—LOUISA MAY ALCOTT





KATE W. NEWHALL (1840–1917)

Autumn on the Black Brook

Oil on canvas, 6 x 10 inches

Signed recto, Signed again and inscribed with title, verso



LETTERS FROM CÉZANNE

At no other time (than autumn) does the earth let itself be inhaled in one smell, the ripe earth; in a smell that is in no way inferior to the smell of the sea, bitter where it borders on taste, and more honeysweet where you feel it touching the first sounds. Containing depth within itself, darkness, something of the grave almost.

—RAINER MARIA RILKE





ABIGAIL TYLER OAKES (1823–1898)

View of the Hudson River, 1854

Oil on canvas, 17³/₄ x 24 inches

Signed and dated, lower center



THE BLUEST EYE

I have only to break into the tightness of a strawberry, and
I see summer—its dust and lowering skies.

—TONI MORRISON





WALTER LAUNT PALMER (1854–1932)
The First Snow, 1898
 Oil on canvas, 16 x 24 inches, Signed lower right



THE UNABRIDGED JOURNALS OF SYLVIA PLATH
 Well, I know now. I know a little more how much a simple
 thing like a snowfall can mean to a person.
 —SYLVIA PLATH





ARTHUR PARTON (1842–1914)

Claverack Creek, 1865

Oil on canvas, 11 ³/₄ x 19 ¹/₄ inches

Signed and dated 1863, lower left



INITIAL LOVE

Failing sometimes of his own,
 He is headstrong and alone;
 He affects the wood and wild,
 Like a flower-hunting child,
 Buries himself in summer waves,
 In trees, with beasts, in mines, and caves,
 Loves nature like a horned cow,
 Bird, or deer, or caribou.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON





LAUREN SANSARICQ (b. 1990)
Overlooking the Valley, 2012
 Oil on panel, 10 x 8 inches, Signed lower right



PRAETERITA

A flower is to be watched as it grows, in its association with the earth, the air, and the dew; its leaves are to be seen as they expand in sunshine; its colours, as they embroider the field, or illumine the forest. Dissect or magnify them, and all you discover or learn at last will be that oaks, roses, and daisies, are all made of fibres and bubbles; and these again, of charcoal and water; but, for all their peeping and probing, nobody knows how.

—JOHN RUSKIN





HENRY VAN INGEN (1833–1898)

In the Apple Orchard

Oil on canvas mounted to board, 14 x 18 inches, Signed lower right



AFTER APPLE-PICKING

My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree
Toward heaven still,
And there's a barrel that I didn't fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.
But I am done with apple-picking now.

—ROBERT FROST





JULIAN ALDEN WEIR (1852–1919)
Family Scene, Isle of Man, c. 1889
 Watercolor on paper, 12½ x 17⅞ inches



THE OCTOBER COUNTRY

That country where it is always late in the year. That country where the hills are fog and the rivers are mist; where noons go quickly, dusks and twilight linger, and midnights stay. That country composed in the main of cellars, sub-cellars, coal-bins, closets, attics, and pantries faced away from the sun. That country whose people are autumn people, thinking only autumn thoughts. Whose people passing at night on the empty walks sounds like rain.

—RAY BRADBURY





LEMUEL M. WILES (1826–1905)

Seascape View from the Shore at Sunset, Narragansett, Rhode Island, 1864

Oil on canvas, 10 x 17³/₄ inches

Signed and dated 1864, lower right

Signed, dated 1864, and inscribed with title, verso



THE HOUSE WAS QUIET AND THE WORLD WAS CALM

The summer night is like a perfection of thought.

—WALLACE STEVENS





HAWTHORNE
Fine Art

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FRONT COVER: GEORGE LAFAYETTE CLOUGH (1824–1901), *Capstow Bridge, Central Park, New York* Oil on canvas, 11½ x 16½ inches, Signed lower left

BACK COVER: JULIAN ALDEN WEIR (1852–1919), *Family Scene, Isle of Man* (detail), c. 1889, Watercolor on paper, 12½ x 17⅞ inches

FRONTISPIECE: ALFRED T. BRICHER (1837–1908), *Lake Maggiore, Italy* (detail), 1858, Oil on canvas, 27 x 34 inches, Signed and dated lower right

CATALOGUE DESIGN: Rita Lascaro