Some time around 1905 illustrator and author Howard Pyle wrote to Joseph Pennell about the distinguished painter and etcher James McNeill Whistler who had died two years earlier.¹

Pennell—himself an illustrator, etcher, and fervent advocate of graphic arts—was leading an effort to raise funds for a proposed sculptural monument by Auguste Rodin to honor the renowned expatriate artist Whistler. That is to say, the American artist Pennell was promoting a memorial to another American artist wrought by a Frenchman to be raised in England. Although, according to Pennell, artists had responded to his solicitation with universal enthusiasm, Pyle alone demurred, replying, “I am not very much interested in Whistler. If it were a question of a Whistler Memorial to Rodin instead of a Rodin Memorial to Whistler, I think it would touch me more nearly.”² One might expect that Pyle, rather than declining to support the endeavor, would have taken heart in the success of an etcher, a kinsman in graphic art, as an advancement for his own métier as penman and painter of illustrations. But Pyle remained unsympathetic.

Pennell himself—who had written admiringly of Pyle as an artist who “preserved much that was good in the old work, and yet kept pace with modern technical and mechanical developments”—claimed that Whistler’s foray into illustration proper placed “him above all American—all modern illustrators.”³

That Pyle would have preferred to memorialize Rodin, the living French sculptor, rather than Whistler, the American painter whose etchings were widely celebrated as major artistic
accomplishments, helps illuminate the meaning of illustration for Pyle and his contemporaries. Ultimately, Pyle distanced himself from the Whistler monument not because he thought Whistler was a poor artist (after all, he imagined endorsing a monument *by* Whistler) but because he believed that Whistler’s work provided a poor example of an *American* art. To Pyle, the nation’s cultural maturity ought to be represented by an art that was distinctly American in form and spirit, neither of which Whistler’s work accomplished. Pyle, the illustrator, who never desired to visit Europe until the very end of his life, was not prepared to see the expatriate painter presented on the world stage as a paragon of American art.

Pyle’s investment in illustration went beyond its promise to fulfill the destiny of American cultural achievement, and was further imbricated with contemporary concerns about maintaining and fostering middle-class masculinity. The state of American manhood was a topic of discussion and concern among those of Pyle’s contemporaries who saw modern social life as weakening the nation. Pyle, however, saw such concerns through the lens of a professional illustrator: believing that the best work in his field could embody a manly American spirit vital to national culture.

**The Origin of Art**

In seeking to understand how illustration—the making of pictures for books and magazines—could carry such weight for Pyle as both a national cultural achievement and a vital masculine expression, we might examine the illustrator’s own ideas about picture making and connect these to widely shared ideas about art and illustration. Yet Pyle’s investment in illustration can also be investigated by looking at his thinking about writing. The two activities were closely related for Pyle, whose most enduring works are books he both wrote and decorated, including *The Merry*
Adventures of Robin Hood of Great Renown, in Nottinghamshire (1883), The Wonder Clock (1887), and the four volumes recounting the exploits of King Arthur and the champions of the Round Table (1903–10). In fact, as Pyle struggled to begin his professional career in New York in the mid-1870s, he very nearly committed himself exclusively to a “literary life” against his mother’s advice to stick to illustrating as his “particular branch.” Ultimately, he concluded that his literary abilities best fit into the narrower realm of children’s literature as a complement to his greater talents in the field of illustration, although he never gave up writing. Pyle himself explained: “In a story you get the soul. The [drawing] pencil gives a body to the words of the author . . . The arts of writing and delineation ought to go hand in hand.” Thus Pyle’s comments on writing are cautiously treated below as providing insight into his ideas about creative expression—including illustration—more generally.

One of Pyle’s earliest recollections, as recorded in a short autobiographical piece published just after his death, concerned the creative endeavors that would mark his life. Feeling himself inspired to write a poem and being but a child, he took pencil and paper and set to work:

It was not until I had wet my pencil point in my mouth, and was ready to begin my composition, that I realized that I was not able to read or write. I shall never forget how helpless and impotent I felt.

I must have been a very, very little boy at that time, for in those days a boy was sent to school almost as soon as he was old enough to wear trousers.

Notably, Pyle here associates his floundering “impotence” with the period before a young boy begins to acquire signs of male social identity. In his recollection the young Pyle has not yet left the confines of the domestic sphere for the public realm of school, and he has not yet exchanged the dresses, which toddlers of both genders wore in the nineteenth century, for the pants that will visibly mark his maleness. In other words, the creative impulse that he cannot yet express—because it is not yet shaped by socially acquired literacy—is connected in some
manner to his nascent sense of maleness. Pyle’s retrospective account of the episode (an anecdote likely much revised in the course of the half century following the event) encodes something of his adult perspective on the relation between creative expression and masculine accomplishment. In the telling, he joined together the culturally vague gender definition of male babies with an inability to create. As an adult, Pyle came to adopt a personal association between the achievement of masculine competence and the mastery of creative expression.

One of Pyle’s great artistic concerns was the uncertain fate of American art. He admired what he called the “real” American artist as “broad-shouldered and big among his fellows.” He also thought of this artist as very nearly untouched by foreign influences having lived and studied in the United States without kowtowing to Europe. However, most American art students in the late nineteenth century desired nothing more than to train abroad, an enthusiasm pointedly expressed by William Merritt Chase when he declared: “My God, I’d rather go to Europe than go to heaven!” Although Pyle counted Chase among his friends in the late 1870s, Pyle nonetheless complained years later of American painters whose “pictures, in the main, might as well have been painted in the studios of Paris . . . They do not tell anything of the Americanism of the men who wrought them . . . and I do not wonder that Americans do not seem to care to buy them.” Indeed, Pyle believed that painters had failed to establish the basis for a national aesthetic culture. As a result, as will be discussed below, Pyle came to the conclusion that “the only distinctly American Art is to be found in the Art of Illustration.”

Pyle’s ideal of a manly stay-at-home artist, the likes of Winslow Homer, was quite distinct from the figure cut by the expatriate Whistler. While Pyle could have appreciated that the image of the artist Whistler advocated was strong willed and deeply committed to his craft, the illustrator hated the painter’s insistence on the total freedom of art. Where Whistler’s ideal...
artist was indifferent to and unconstrained by shared social concerns and conventional belief systems, in Pyle’s mind, the purpose of art was to express something profound, and the artist’s efforts could be judged true when “the thought which he has conveyed is one that fits the emotional experience of many other human beings.” Pyle held that the American artist was subject to a social bond requiring his work to be accessible to the sensibilities of Americans and to speak of things “that plain, thoughtful, men really know or care . . . about.”

Pyle would have dismissed Whistler’s account of the origin of art itself expounded in his “Ten O’Clock” lecture, presented to a fashionable London audience in 1885. In his lecture and subsequent publication, he argued that artists created from their own genius, and had done so since the very origins of human society:

In the beginning, man went forth each day—some to do battle, some to the chase; others to dig and delve in the field—all that they might gain and live, or lose and die. Until there was found among them one, differing from the rest, whose pursuits attracted him not, and so he stayed by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick on a gourd.

Unpromising beginnings perhaps, but for Whistler artistic genius that might be born in any age is simply innate. While his narrative assumes that the first artist was male, Whistler’s claims are fascinatingly indifferent to conventional conceptions of masculine social roles and spaces. Pyle’s contemporaries certainly took exception to Whistler’s version of the emergence of art. One author dismissed the imaginative account with a corollary example, arguing that “among modern savages it is not the females nor the effeminate males who do the artistic work of the tribe,” and claimed that the “primitive artist was evidently a mighty hunter.”

Pyle seems rarely to have written about Whistler by name. Yet he likely had the painter in mind when he wrote sardonically about the motto “Art for Art’s sake” as a high-sounding phrase giving license “for a painter to paint obscurely, producing great works unrecognized by
And undoubtedly he meant to evoke Whistler, whose widely admired works bore titles such as *Symphony in White*, as the regrettable influence on art students who produced “*affected* ‘symphonies’ of green and purple, or of gray and red.”

In the gendered language of the turn of the century, Pyle’s characterization of Whistler-like symphonies of color as “*affected*” certainly impugned them as distinctly un-masculine.

**The American Artist**

Pyle fervently believed that, although American art had potential, American artists and art training were failing in reaching that promise. In following European models—and accepting the delusion “that a wooden shod Dutch fisherman is really more interesting or more beautiful than his Yankee brother”—American artists neglected native subjects and ignored the particularities of the American spirit. He objected to the fact, as he saw it, “that painters demand that Art efforts should be limited to arrangements of color, tonic effects, and the technical application of paint to canvas rather than to a statement of vital truths.”

The poet and art critic Sadakichi Hartmann, who wrote admiringly of Pyle as “the classic illustrator of America,” echoed some of his concerns in observing that, “the majority of our artists have, through their European schooling, acquired a foreign way of looking at things that can be readily traced to Paris, London, or Munich. A few, and among them the best, pose, like Whistler, as cosmopolitans. They profess to believe that art is universal.”

This leads them to a fault which Hartmann articulates through language opposing cultured femininity to masculine power, writing that the best art “*painted in America by Americans [unfortunately tends to] show refinement rather than strength,*” and is patronized by wealthy Americans whose softness leads to “*the lack of rough, manly force, and [thus results in] the prevailing tendency to excel in delicacy and subtlety of expression.*”
Pyle’s own aversion to an effeminate image of the artist led him at times to make fine distinctions about artistic sensibilities. On the one hand, he repeatedly insisted that illustrators must fully imagine their subjects as a task integral to creating a picture. The idea became central to his pedagogical approach, as evident in his remark that the students he selected to teach “shall possess, first of all, imagination.” As illustrator Elizabeth Shippen Green recalled, Pyle’s first rule of painting was: “To realize as hard as you possibly can the situation that you are about to depict.” Pyle himself seemed to live in the images he was creating. As W. H. D. Koerner, a successful illustrator of Western subjects and a former Pyle student, claimed: “Howard Pyle taught, fought, sang, struggled, and sobbed through his work.” On the other hand, despite such testimony, Pyle himself publicly denied the romantic image of a creative man whose own emotions corresponded to those he rendered. Thus, in responding to the question “Do Novelists Cry over Their Work?” for an article in *The Critic*, Pyle wrote that the notion of the writer “suffering anguish and tears over his own lucubrations is, to say the least, droll.” For Pyle, the artist’s total visualization of a scene might, as he told his students, include recalling the icy pain of stepping into frigid water in order to paint a winter scene of soldiers at Valley Forge, but it left off before the laughable act of succumbing to unmanly emotions.

Pyle’s distinction between the empathetic imagination he advocated and the excessive—one might say affected—identification he considered silly reflects broader cultural concerns about the gendering of the arts. Michele Bogart has argued convincingly that in the late nineteenth century the field of illustration was perceived as subject to a general feminizing influence, as women increasingly found career opportunities in the graphic arts. In response to such changes, various commentators shored up the masculine status of the field wherever they
could. For example, in detailing the fantastic salaries awarded to top illustrators, who could “turn up their noses at the wage of a bank President,” *The New York Times* observed that the workshop of one such leading figure, Harrison Fisher, was not the “dainty and voluptuous studio of a dilettante, but rather the setting for a man of concentrated action, even though it be artistic.”

Although Pyle complained about the influx of amateur female students in his courses at Drexel Institute, he gave real support and encouragement to a number of talented professional illustrators, including Violet Oakley and Jessie Willcox Smith, his former students, and Alice Barber Stephens, whose work he published in *McClure’s*. He nonetheless saw women as limited by a feminine outlook, which meant they were “only qualified for sentimental work,” and believed “that the average woman with ambitions loses them when she marries.” Thus, at the school he established at his home in Wilmington, Delaware, Pyle devoted the greater part of his teaching efforts to training young men, who would be able to carry forward the field of American illustration.

To this point, it is clear that Pyle believed deeply in the possibility of fostering a great artistic culture rooted in American soil, and that American artworks must be created in a manly fashion. The artist must be possessed of originality and a sense of self strong enough to resist the lure of European influence. But the forgoing has also hinted that illustration had a special role to play in fulfilling that destiny of American greatness in the arts. In order to develop a complete understanding of what illustration meant to Pyle, and exactly how an artistic medium was coded for him in terms of gender, it is necessary to conclude by considering how he saw illustration in relation to fine art.

**The American Illustrator**
Pyle frequently advanced the distinction between painting and illustration, once declaring, “I’m not a painter. I’m an Illustrator which means to Illumen which is a very great work to accomplish!”

In the late nineteenth century, illustration was often seen as a stepping-stone to the more prestigious field of painting. Among the foremost American artists of the era who had started as successful illustrators and worked their way up to the fine arts were Homer, Edwin Austin Abbey, and Frederic Remington, the last of whom gleefully declared after exhibiting his paintings in a New York gallery: “I am no longer an illustrator . . . I have landed among the painters.”

Illustrators themselves generally accepted that, in the hierarchy of cultural values, their field stood above the mere commercial work of advertising but beneath the realm of “true art.”

However, Pyle thought differently. It is not that he saw illustration as on a par with fine art. Rather illustration had the better of art, accomplishing something that gallery painting in America had failed to do. The best illustration fostered an American realism forged out of profound acts of imagination, while most fine art did little more than make flourishes of technique in mimicry of European practices. American painters, Pyle wrote in 1902, exhibited “a vast dabbling in color, a prodigious pottering with methods, an emptiness of result that makes the heart ache at the thought of so much precious time expended.”

In his youth he had been rather more ambiguous on the point, as he considered pursuing either illustration or fine art. As he set out to undertake his first serious art studies, Pyle chose the Philadelphia school of an immigrant from Belgium named Francis Van der Weilen. There he followed for three years a rigorous program based upon methods of European academic art instruction. Soon after concluding these studies, Pyle asked himself, if rather than pursuing a career in illustration: “Would it be possible that I might make a success in Art?” And during
the next couple of years he sometimes explored the enticing possibility of going to Paris to study painting. 

Although over the next twenty-five years he would repudiate his youthful weakness for Europe, his turn to mural painting in later years led Pyle to a renewed interest in—and his first trip to—the Continent. His letters home from Italy reflect a burgeoning passion for old master painting and express his regret at having ignored for so long this vast reservoir of aesthetic knowledge. In the winter of 1910 he wrote to his former student Stanley Arthurs: “Both you and Frank [Schoonover] ought to come over here to Italy. It will be a great lesson to you in the way of color, composition, etc., for the old masters certainly were glorious painters and I take back all that I ever said against them.” As he focused his attention on European paintings, he began to feel constrained by his professional work, as well as his failing health, writing, “Of course, I have to earn my living, but it is rather hard to be limited to illustration . . .” Soon thereafter Pyle would die in Florence, before he could fully realize his new artistic aspirations.

Pyle’s late openness to Europe, his enthusiasm for old master painting, and even his seeming disillusion with illustration certainly do not diminish his vast accomplishments and his engaging body of work as a writer and an illustrator. However, these late developments in his career do suggest that his own prejudices and investments in illustration had blinded him to the marvels of artistic achievement there to be discovered in the history of art. Before resolving to study in Europe, Pyle had characterized the art of the past as the product of mankind in its youth: for example, he wrote that the medieval Italians were marked by an “ardent and childlike enthusiasm,” and the “old masters of Art were big children.” By comparison, the modern artist was burdened with “a man’s work to do” and “adult purposes.”
The manly purpose Pyle invoked was a necessary response to tensions within a culture in crisis. On the one hand, a widespread perception in the United States held that evolutionary progress had led civilization itself to new heights, the culmination of which lay in American rational thinking and instrumental economic organization. On the other hand, the promise of this inheritance was marred by a national self-image of manhood weakened by a pervasive softening of physical and mental faculties, especially among middle-class desk workers. In a context where masculinity was increasingly defined in physical terms—think of Theodore Roosevelt’s clarion call for the “strenuous life”—it made sense for Pyle to articulate his ideas about the struggle to produce great art through the image of a fit body. Contemporary critics certainly saw it this way, describing Pyle’s books as “always virile” or noting that in them “no strength is wasted on mere refinements of form; the several incidents are sketched with a firm, bold hand.”

[Designer: Leave a line space here. New section/conclusion follows]

When Pyle, at the end of his life, looked back on his earliest memories of his creative efforts and found himself to have been impotent, he was precisely measuring the child tottering about in its gown against the figure of the artist, a boy grown to adulthood. In order to articulate the critical importance of illustration as a cultural form worthy of serious study and able to embody the national spirit, Pyle was virtually compelled to use the language of masculinity of the day. In doing so, he certainly could not turn to Whistler’s cosmopolitanism, with its lack of American content and ambiguous masculinity.

As a final point in this effort to understand the gendering of illustration, it is important to note that Pyle never so much insisted that only men could be great artists; rather he more nearly held that to be a great artist an individual had to be manly—to act like a man. A woman might do
so by committing herself completely to her work, but, ultimately, he claimed, “The pursuit of art interferes with a girl’s social life and destroys her chances of getting married.” This, of course, was not the norm for middle-class and well-to-do women.

Pyle was both wrong and right here. His essentially conservative outlook led him to the mistake of limiting the horizons of women’s potential achievements. He found it difficult to shed conventional ideas about gender, even where the field of illustration might benefit. At the same time, he was correct in understanding that a discipline such as illustration might actually be gendered in a particular historical moment, not simply by virtue of being dominated by men but by the ideological imperatives laid upon it by its practitioners as well as the broader culture. The more Pyle wanted illustration to be a paragon of American cultural achievement the more he was bound to use masculinist language and ideas of his day to articulate its accomplishments.

---


ii Ibid., 314.


iv One should mention also the posthumous compilation of stories Howard Pyle’s Book of Pirates: Fiction, Fact and Fancy concerning the Buccaneers and Marooners of the Spanish Main, compiled by Merle Johnson (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1921).


Howard Pyle, “The Present Aspect of American Art from the Point of View of an Illustrator (A Paper Read before the Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston),” *Handicraft* 1, no. 6 (September 1902): 130.


On Pyle’s admiration of Winslow Homer, see Abbott, *Howard Pyle*, 216.


Ibid., 128.

James McNeill Whistler presented his “Ten O’Clock” lecture several times in 1885 and first had it published as *Mr. Whistler’s “Ten O’Clock”* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1888). The quote is from page 11.


Herbert Green Spearing, *The Childhood of Art or the Ascent of Man* (New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons, 1913), 101.


Emphasis added. Ibid., 132.

Ibid., 133.

Ibid., 134.


Ibid., 1: 190, 191-192.


A minor kerfuffle took place over several issues of *The Critic* as artists responded to Walter Besant’s claim that writers indeed experience the emotional agony of their tragic scenes. Wilkie Collins doubted whether Pyle ever wrote “anything that anybody . . . could possibly cry over.” In “‘The Melting Mood’ Again,” *The Critic*, no. 232 (June 9, 1888): 284.

The Valley Forge example was recalled by Frank Schoonover, quoted in Lykes, “Howard Pyle, Teacher of Illustration,” 367. Pyle’s *The Garden Behind the Moon* (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1895) stands out among his oeuvre for its emotional power: it likely reflects Pyle’s feelings of loss at the death of his seven-year-old son, Sellers, in 1889.


xxvii From a letter from Pyle to his mother, December 5, 1876, quoted in Ibid., 37.


xxix Pyle to Stanley Arthurs, December 21, 1910, in Ibid., 241–42.

x Pyle to Arthurs, January 11, 1911, in Ibid., 244–45.


xii Ibid.


