Many of you have been good enough to tell us how much you enjoy Profile. Its quality reflects a long-standing commitment from the Gallery staff—and particularly those who make up the Profile editorial committee, led by Carol Wyrick, editor, and Sidney Hart, review editor—to produce something that is more a thoughtful and lively magazine filled with interesting essays and compelling graphics than it is a newsletter.

One of Profile’s strengths has been its covers, as carefully considered as the editorial content within. Each of us has his or her favorite. Among my favorites are the artfully arranged stack of books that graced the biography issue in the winter of 2000 and the stunningly reproduced Edward Steichen photograph of Charlie Chaplin in the fall of 2001. For the most part, the covers are meant to hint at the theme within, but sometimes it is an event in the life of the Gallery that is highlighted, or a treasured image that we particularly want to bring to your attention.

This month’s cover choice comes as close to a “stop-the-press” moment as a quarterly can ever have. The issue is devoted to contemporary portraiture, an increasing interest for the Gallery, and we had planned to have a whimsical sculpture of Bob Hope by Marisol on the cover (see p. 15). But then, sadly, we heard of the death, at age ninety-nine, of the legendary caricaturist Al Hirschfeld, and I realized that this was a unique moment to pay tribute to a man whose line drawings (an Oscar-winning documentary about him was charmingly titled The Line King) perfectly capture the American fascination with personality in the twentieth century. It was also a chance to pay tribute to the very act of portrayal by artists whose work and vision, in whatever medium, are at the heart of everything we do at the Gallery.

Miriam Troop’s drawing of Al Hirschfeld in his studio is itself a wonderful and, I would say, loving tribute to a man whose seriousness of purpose—he did love drawing—and lightness of spirit are apparent in his pose of concentration, surrounded by the lively irreverence of his images from the entertainment world (set off by the cautionary reminder: “Remember, it was an actor who killed Lincoln”). The Gallery has recognized Hirschfeld’s importance in its ambition to collect much of his work, in Wendy Wick Reaves’s classic Celebrity Caricature in America exhibition and publication, and in two public interviews with him that I conducted when he was ninety-four and ninety-seven, and I was somewhat younger. Troop has captured in her drawing a key point that Hirschfeld made in both interviews—that it was in Bali that he committed himself to the “line.”

This issue, then, is contemporary in spirit, understanding that term to represent a wide variety of interests. It is even contemporary in its lyrical supplement, which shows, poetically, our magnificent old home—the Patent Office Building—in the process of being reborn. Enjoy! ⚫

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Cover: Al Hirschfeld by Miriam Troop, 1999 © Miriam Troop
Alice Neel (1900–1984) was one of the great twentieth-century American painters of portraits. Although her oeuvre included landscapes, urban vistas, and still-lifes—and she accorded them the same keen scrutiny she gave the likenesses of her living models—portraiture anchored her art. Neel explored the human comedy by depicting a vast array of men, women, children, and couples. As she told numerous critics and art historians who interviewed her, she was “a collector of souls.” She was drawn to her subjects, not because they were rich and successful, but because their outward attributes revealed their inner selves and the era in which they lived.

Neel grew up in the small town of Colwyn, Pennsylvania, and studied art at the Philadelphia School of Design for Women (now the Moore College of Art). She began to paint portraits in the late 1920s and continued until shortly before her death. She painted primarily from life because, as she readily recognized, “I get something from the other person.” Neel was also proud of her nearly six-decade love affair with the objective world, despite the avant-garde’s infatuation with abstraction in the late 1940s and 1950s.

Rarely, until late in life, did Neel receive a commission, so her choice of subjects was for the most part a matter of self-selection. She reveled in this freedom, ignoring the economic consequences. Art was also for Neel a source of psychic salvation. “The minute I sat in front of a canvas,” she once recalled, “I was happy. Because it was a world, and I could do as I liked in it.”

Neel’s life as a young adult was not an easy one. But she remained undeterred by the chaos in her personal life and her responsibilities, as a single mother living in Spanish Harlem, caring for her two young sons—Richard (born in 1939) and Hartley (born in 1942). She never ceased painting. However, it was not until the late 1960s and early 1970s that her work received the recognition it deserved. When the feminist revolution led the art world to ask “Who are the great women painters?” Neel’s work provided an answer.

The National Portrait Gallery owns ten portraits by Alice Neel, the earliest of which was painted in 1960. All were done from life except the two that came to the Gallery as *Time* magazine covers (Kate Millett, 1970, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1982). Neel was known for her ability to capture the essence of an individual both physically and psychologically. Gesture, posture, assured draftsmanship, lively brushwork, and an eye for color are at the heart of her interpretative skills. In her portrait of Frank O’Hara, a poet and friend of many important New York School painters of the 1950s, Neel focuses on his distinctive profile, its angularity underscored by the shadow behind his head and the painting’s narrow format. James Farmer’s broad-shouldered, solid form fills the canvas. His sturdy pose, anchored by the vertical of his tie and the horizontal of his crossed leg, connotes the consummate resoluteness with which he championed the cause of civil rights. The more unobtrusive posture of Helen Lynd, the sociologist who coauthored, with her husband Robert Lynd, the groundbreaking *Middletown* (1929), the famed study of the values and mores of a mid-sized Midwestern city, suggests the contemplative spirit of a scholar and thoughtful observer. The corpulent form of the esteemed composer and critic Virgil Thomson led Neel to think of...
the animal kingdom. As she wrote after the sitting, “When I painted the trousers, I must confess, I thought of elephants—so that is the color they really are.” As for Bob Stewart, who is seated ever so properly in his chair, there is not a Portrait Gallery staff member who has not seen this former curator of painting and sculpture raise his hand in precisely the manner that Neel has captured on canvas. What she recognized as intrinsic to this individual in 1969 remains true to his persona more than thirty years later.

In many ways, Neel’s great self-portrait, which she began in 1975 and completed in the eighth decade of her life, sums up her approach to portraiture. As she piercingly gazes into an unseen mirror with what art critic John Perreault deemed her “brilliant, mischievous eyes,” her full-length form seated before the easel evokes the long tradition of artists painting themselves. At the same time, her self-portrait eschews mainstream tradition by exploring the self without clothes. The nakedness of the body serves as a metaphor of the artist’s candor. As in all of Neel’s paintings, the subject is captured by expression, gesture, attributes, and physical fact. Her sure hand as a draftsman creates an image that evokes a moment but imbues it with universality. Her unremitting realism reveals a body that does not conform to feminine notions of beauty—her breasts sag, her ample thighs are heavy and pendulous, and her distended stomach has lost its tone. Neel subjects herself to the same clinical analysis that she gave others. Without apology, she presents herself as a woman who takes pride in her role as an artist and in her inherently lively character—not in her diminished physical state. In this audacious and memorable image, one in which a symphony of subtle color washes over her face, Neel reminds women of any age that the important thing is not how old you are, for that is transient, but how interesting you are.

*Dr. Carr first met Alice Neel in the fall of 1978. She has recently published Alice Neel: Women (New York: Rizzoli, 2002). As Neel gained fame in the latter decades of her life, numerous art historians and critics interviewed her. Many of her pithy quotes, or references to them, may be found in Patricia Hills’s monograph Alice Neel (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1983; reprinted 1995).*
For more than fifty years, Ray Kinstler has painted portraits. His subjects include business and political leaders, educators, theater and motion picture stars, astronauts, cabinet officers, and five U.S. Presidents. Thanks in part to Kinstler’s generosity, the National Portrait Gallery owns dozens of his original works, including one of his later likenesses of former President Gerald R. Ford. Trained in New York by teachers who had been students of William Merritt Chase, John Singer Sargent, and Robert Henri, Kinstler considers his portraiture an outgrowth of that tradition. These excerpts from a taped conversation at his National Arts Club studio in New York City in July 2002 reveal the charm and wit that make talking with him a delight.

Brandon Fortune: You began your career as a commercial artist. How did you begin to concentrate on portraiture?

Everett Raymond Kinstler: I left high school at fifteen to earn my living drawing comic books. Except for a brief hitch in the army, I illustrated for magazines, record album jackets, and book covers for popular publications. I was part of the “golden age” of comic artists. Decades later, Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein told me his work had been influenced by my war and romance comic book art.

I had always enjoyed portraying people. After the war, Frank DuMond, my old instructor at New York’s Art Students League, found me a small flat in the National Arts Club. By the late 1950s, the field of illustration had died. And I was receiving modest portrait commissions. I contacted Portraits, Inc., the only gallery devoted to representing portrait artists, and I submitted a portfolio of my work. This included a portrait of my mentor, James Montgomery Flagg, the illustrator and creator of the famous Uncle Sam poster “I Want You.” Portraits, Inc., showed my work to a client—Forrest E. Mars Jr. of the candy-making family. His portrait was a twenty-fifth birthday present from his mother, and he picked me to portray him. Over the years, this led to my painting more than a dozen portraits for his family. That was my formal introduction into painting commissioned portraits. I was excited about interpreting people and became deeply involved in portraiture. My training as an illustrator allowed me to take on things that other artists wouldn’t or couldn’t do. I could work from photographs. I did some portraits posthumously. In 1958, I had my first major exhibition of portraits and landscapes at Grand Central Art Galleries in New York.

Fortune: You’ve donated many drawings and oil sketches of subjects related to President Ford’s administration. Washington must have seemed like a second home to you in the mid-seventies.

Kinstler: It was a stimulating period for me, both historically and professionally. It seems one commission led to another. I was painting...
Elliot Richardson’s official portrait for the Defense Department at his Virginia home. Mrs. Richardson had been playing tennis with Secretary of Commerce Frederick Dent. She recommended me to Mr. Dent, who then commissioned me to paint his official portrait. At the presentation, former Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton asked, “Could you paint my portrait for Interior?” During the same event, a handsome lady with graying hair asked if I would be interested in painting her husband. I thanked her and said, “What does your husband do?” “Well,” she said, “I’m Barbara Bush, and my husband is director of the CIA.” I met with CIA Director George Bush but unfortunately did not receive that commission. Twenty years later, I related that story to then–President Bush. But, I added, “that’s all right, because if I had known you would eventually be elected President, I would have said, ‘let’s wait!’” Ultimately, I was commissioned to paint President Bush five times.

**Fortune:** Gerald Ford was the first of five Presidents you have painted from life. Tell us about your first encounter with President Ford.

**Kinstler:** In the summer of 1977, I received a telephone call from Clem[ent] Conger, the curator of the White House. He informed me that I would be given “several days” to paint President Ford. The sittings were arranged to coincide with President Ford’s sixty-fourth birthday celebration in Vail, Colorado. Clem had recommended a modest size portrait, as he thought there was a space problem at the White House. I decided to paint a larger version, 40 x 34 inches . . . which I felt was appropriate. Days prior to my trip, I developed an allergic reaction to seafood, which was compounded by wasp stings. My eyes were swollen and almost closed. This was the most important commission in my life. Desperately, I called my doctor, who gave me several penicillin shots and a prescription. He said, “By the time you arrive in Colorado, you’ll be able to chase a goat up a hill!” Fortunately, he was right, and I made the trip. Conger had cautioned me that my portrait commission was to be held in strict confidence. No publicity! Returning home from Colorado, I received a phone call from Conger. He was furious. Apparently there was a feature in the *Washington Post* about my Ford portrait. I had not said a word. The Fords released the story!

Upon completing the portrait, Conger wanted me to remove an indentation between the President’s eyebrows. “That fishhook has to go,” he said. I told him when Mrs. Ford saw my portrait she said two things: “that’s the man I married” and “you’ve got that little worry mark just right!” Conger agreed I ought not to make any changes.

The Ford White House portrait led to nine different versions for various institutions. Recently, on the television show *60 Minutes*, Lesley Stahl asked President Ford why I had painted him so many times. He replied, “I want him to keep trying!” Happily, the Union League Club of Philadelphia has just commissioned me to paint a tenth portrait. So I’m still trying!
Since January 2000 the doors of the Patent Office Building have been closed while the building undergoes an extensive renovation. As temporary elements have been stripped away from its interior, the building has filled with light, revealing the forms of the original architecture.

The hauntingly poetic images in this photo essay—accompanied by excerpts from the photographer’s diary—chronicle some of the changes in the building over the past year.

Natural light plays a dominant role in the interior design of the Patent Office Building space. The aggressive use of windows and skylights is founded not only on aesthetics, but also on function. Light sculpts the vaults and rakes across the halls while also illuminating the space. To view more photographs and learn about the building, visit the website A Different Light at www.si.edu/oahp/pob/index.html. Amy Boles did this project with the Smithsonian’s Architectural History and Historic Preservation Division. Their goal is to transmit both the visual and the documentary history of this architectural treasure through the photographs of this building.

This project was supported by a grant from the Graham Foundation for Advanced Studies in the Fine Arts.

Excerpts from Amy Boles’s Journal

August 22, 2001

*Area near central staircase, second floor, south wing*

I move carefully through the space, raising clouds of ground mortar as I walk. I set up near a window.

September 19, 2001

*Great Hall, third floor, south wing*

The marbled columns in the Great Hall are preserved beneath a layer of plywood. The encaustic tile is packed in large pieces of white Styrofoam for storage. A man quietly approaches me and explains in protective tones that he’s spent years cleaning this floor, and he’s worried about its condition after being torn up.
July 2, 2002
Lincoln Gallery, third floor, east wing
I climb the stairs towards the third floor, the summer heat increasing with each flight. As I enter the space, I can see that the construction crews have filled the gallery with marble pieces removed from the floors in the halls below. The stacked tiles form silent rows, like barges along vaulted canals.

December 6, 2001
Gallery at southwest end, second floor, east wing
It’s one hour after sunset when I walk through the east wing. Construction lamps blaze in the main corridor as I step into a gallery space. Light from the doorway forms a sharp pillar that diffuses over a plastic-covered floor. The rest of the room is dark. As I look through the adjoining gallery spaces, I am reminded of another photograph taken in a similar gallery space during the day.
September 5, 2001
Galleries, southeast quadrant, second floor, south wing
The galleries are silent, stripped of artwork and visitors. As I turn from the succession of doors on the east side of the room, I notice a niche that has been opened on the west wall. I'm sure that this was not visible during my previous visit. I take care not to stumble on the track lighting that litters the floor.

December 6, 2001
Gallery, east side, second floor, east wing
By 6:00 p.m. the sky is completely dark. Orange light from streetlamps projects through the windows onto the ceiling. In a gallery in the east wing, the floor glows softly from lights in the hallway. Exposure time is forty minutes.

July 9, 2002
South end, second floor, west wing
As I walk through the center of the second floor of the south wing, I catch a glimpse of white at the west end. Sheets of plastic hang like a bridal veil over the entrance to the west wing.

October 3, 2001
Lincoln Gallery, third floor, east wing
All of the partitions have been removed, allowing me an unobstructed view of the entire gallery. Light from the window breaks in waves across the vaulted ceiling.
Frederick S. Voss  
Senior Historian

In 1982 novelist-poet-essayist John Updike (born 1932) turned fifty. Over the past quarter century, he had become one of America’s most prolific and widely read writers. Although critics were not always unanimous in praise of his art, only the most myopic would have denied him a prominent place among the literary chroniclers of America’s modern-day mores. Among those struck by the significance of his achievements thus far was *Time* magazine, whose editors decided that the moment was ripe for a cover story on Updike. As the magazine put it—commandeering the alliterative titles of two of his novels—“Rabbit is rich. Bech is back. Updike is ubiquitous.” More to the point, the magazine noted, he was beginning his sixth decade of life “indisputably at the top of his craft.”

To make Updike’s newsmaker portrait, *Time* turned to painter Alex Katz. Characterized by flattened perspective and a reduction of features to their basic contours, Katz’s often large, close-cropped likenesses represent a redefinition of portraiture that, while rooted in a traditional concern for accuracy, also echoes the modernist sensibilities of the Abstract Expressionists who influenced him in his early years. “If you don’t have a good likeness,” Katz once said, “you don’t have a good picture.” But that was valid only to a point. “You can wreck a painting very easily,” he noted, “if you get obsessive about likeness.”

This was not the first time that Updike would be appearing on a *Time* cover, and when he confronted his likeness in that much-coveted spot back in 1968, he had not been altogether jubilant over what he saw. At least that was the sense of an autobiographical poem written shortly thereafter, in which he mused:

> From *Time*’s grim cover, my fretful face peers out. Ten thousand soggy mornings warped my lids and minced a crafty pulp of this my mouth.

“Warped lids” notwithstanding, Updike was willing to have another go at cover celebrity, and when *Time* asked him to sit for Katz, he was agreeable. The preliminary image for the portrait was done at the writer’s seaside home in Massachusetts. Updike posed for it in his study, seated near a window and looking, as the artist later recalled, “definitely sort of literary” in his tweed jacket and pink button-down shirt. In the interest of identifying the “gestures that belong” to his subjects, Katz likes to keep them animated as he draws. That meant maintaining a steady stream of conversation with Updike, which did not prove difficult, and Katz remembers the encounter as very relaxed and easy. Katz also found the light in Updike’s study ideal, and the lighting in the final likeness, he claims, was “the most accurate” element of the whole picture.

Updike saw Katz’s preliminary study for the portrait but did not say anything to the artist about whether he liked it or not. Nor, so far as Katz knows, did he ever comment on the final version after he saw it in published form. Two members of Updike’s admiring public, however, were not so reticent. “What a washed-out portrait of Updike on the cover!” one of them complained to *Time*. “Katz missed his subject’s warmth and vibrance.” But another reader claimed that Katz had captured in full the Updike that she had come to love, “never jaded, always new, alive, intelligent and marvelously controlled.”

Alas, if only I had the creative genius of, say, a John Updike, I would now use those antipodal responses as the springboard for a prize-winning novel or short story. 

Wendy Wick Reaves  
CURATOR OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS

Ten years ago, when the Portrait Gallery acquired Red Grooms’s paper sculpture depicting Abstract Expressionist painter Willem de Kooning (1904–1997), we curators were attempting to add more late twentieth-century zest and innovation to our history-oriented collections. The gradual acquisition of works by such artists as Elaine de Kooning, Marisol, and Chuck Close—and of likenesses in caricature, poster art, and holograms—enabled us to represent fresh approaches to figural depiction. Our efforts to expand beyond the boundaries of traditional portraiture received an immediate boost with Grooms’s dynamic 1987 portrayal entitled *De Kooning Breaks Through*. Both a spoof and an homage, this eight-inch-deep, three-dimensional color lithograph drew on both fine and popular art forms, conflating Abstract Expressionist, Pop, comic, and film sensibilities. What could better suggest the vitality of contemporary portraiture?

In this portrait, de Kooning is depicted on a bicycle that literally breaks through a “painted” picture. On the handlebars sits his famous “Woman,” one of a series of ferocious-looking nudes composed of violent slashes of color that he painted in the 1950s. At the time, De Kooning’s return to figuration was highly controversial. The Dutch-born painter was an acknowledged master of the Abstract Expressionist movement. By abandoning total abstraction in his “Women” series, he outraged many purists. Furthermore, his frightening females seemed to exist, according to one critic, “in the vast area between something scratched on the wall of a cave and something scratched on the wall of a urinal.” But for many young artists, including Grooms, de Kooning’s leering ladies were inspirational, destroying the rigid duality between abstract and representational modes of picture-making.

Grooms got a lot of mileage out of his punning title, *De Kooning Breaks Through*, which refers to de Kooning’s many departures from artistic conven-

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Anne Collins Goodyear
Assistant Curator of Prints and Drawings

Martha Stewart, Bill Gates, Oprah Winfrey, Frederick Smith, Mary Kay Ash, Warren Buffett. What does this diverse group of individuals have in common? All have been featured in recent years in the Wall Street Journal's distinctive hand-rendered drawings known as “hedcuts.” These portraits and those of more than a dozen other contemporary business leaders are included in the online exhibition “Picturing Business in America: Hedcuts in the Wall Street Journal” (www.npg.si.edu/exh/journal/index.htm). Building on Dow Jones and Company’s recent gift of sixty-six original hedcut drawings to the National Portrait Gallery, the exhibition describes the history and technique of the hedcut, in addition to exploring the achievements of the entrepreneurs pictured in them. The website is modeled after the Journal's own recently introduced redesign.

This gift is uniquely suited to a web-based presentation. Like the newspaper, the exhibition is not confined to a set of walls, but can be accessed around the world. This mode of transmission also complements the Journal’s long history of commitment to new information technologies, from the telegraph to the communications satellite. Also, the hedcuts themselves are intended to be seen in reproduction.

Since the introduction of the hedcuts, the question of technique has intrigued readers. First invented in 1979 by artist Kevin Sprouls, hedcuts—or “dot drawings”—combine tradition with new technology. Designed to resemble nineteenth-century steel engravings—like those appearing on currency or stock certificates—the images are not prints, but instead stipple drawings composed of dots and dashes. Artists base their hedcuts on photographs that have been formatted and sharpened with a computer. (Originally Photostat machines were used to reduce or enlarge a photographic source.) The drawings, generally about 3 x 5 inches, are digitized and reduced to one-third their original size for publication.

Over the years, artists have learned to consult with reporters to determine which features of a subject's appearance are most important to include—or delete. The squared-off treatment of the hairstyles of several female entrepreneurs, such as that of cosmetics queen Mary Kay Ash, stockbroker Muriel Siebert, and CEO Meg Whitman, reflects an unforeseen complication in depicting women. Initially, artists struggled to include female hairdos in their entirety, but shifted course when readers complained that women's faces were consistently smaller than those of men.

Drawings must regularly be revised. In April 1998, artist Noli Novak updated the Journal’s portrait of bearded software entrepreneur Paul Allen. But before the hedcut ran, word came back that Allen had shaved. Novak redrew the portrait to reflect his new look: an open-collared shirt rather than a traditional suit, smaller glasses, hair brushed back, and ring visible on his right hand.

Perhaps no personal and professional makeover has been more striking than that of Martha Stewart. First pictured in the Wall Street Journal in 1989, Stewart’s long hair and ruffled blouse conveyed girlish charm. The Journal’s most recent depiction of Stewart, with cropped hair and discreet dark sweater, reveals her professional transition from author to CEO.

If the Journal’s distinctive portraits have now become icons in their own right, this was not always the case. Page One editor Glynn Mapes recalls that at first “people—both readers and Wall Street Journal staffers—complained mightily that the technique made the subject look like he or she had the measles. But eventually the fuss died down, and the dots became a trademark.” Today, these hand-drawn portraits confer an air of authority upon their subjects, transforming a transitory photograph into a lasting marker of identity. •
Thanks for the Memories:
Bob Hope Hits 100

Amy Henderson
Historian

As we consider Bob Hope’s one-hundredth birthday this May 29, what comes to mind instantly is his perpetual and jaunty irreverence—exactly the characteristic the sculptor Marisol captured in a 1967 Time magazine Christmas cover. Here, in polychromed wood, is the essential Bob “cock-of-the-walk” Hope, consummate entertainer and, since the bleakest days of the Depression, one of the most recognizable figures in the world.

Born in Eltham, England, as Lesley Townes Hope, the fifth of seven sons of an English stonemason and a Welsh concert singer, he immigrated to America with his family as a toddler—it was said that he left England when he found out he couldn’t be king. He grew up in Cleveland, where, barely out of his teens, he first trod the vaudeville boards and crafted the rapid-fire, topical comic delivery that became his trademark. He evolved this irreverent style out of desperation: “I was floundering around trying lots of things. Then all at once I found that if I really moved, sort of Winchell style, it worked. I would just fly. . . . They once timed me at forty-four jokes in four minutes.”

By the mid-1930s, he had brought his banter to radio and triumphed on Broadway in such shows as Red, Hot and Blue!, where he co-starred with Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante. Hollywood then beckoned, and Hope took his act to the silver screen in The Big Broadcast of 1938, where he introduced the song that became his trademark, “Thanks for the Memory.” By 1940 he was partnered with golf buddy Bing Crosby in the first of a string of zany “road pictures”—Road to Singapore, with Dorothy Lamour.

In 1950 he made his television debut on the Star Spangled Revue, and his style—notable to one critic for its “economy of effort”—proved a natural match for the cool new medium. Audiences adored his Rabelaisian optimism:

HOPE: Some park.
GIRL: Some park.
HOPE: Some grass.
GIRL: Some grass.
HOPE: Some dew.
GIRL: I don’t.

But it was his unfailing commitment to entertaining U.S. troops that gave Hope a stratospheric status: he first did a radio show for servicemen at March Field, California, on May 6, 1941, and thereafter toured front lines from World War II through the Gulf War. He has received a Kennedy Center Honor, the National Medal of Arts, and an honorary knighthood. He hosted the Oscars sixteen times, and although his own acting was never recognized (“At our house, we call it Passover”), he has received five special Academy Awards. Voted the “Entertainer of the Twentieth Century,” he has often remarked that he really is the embodiment of the American Dream.

Bob, as you celebrate your one-hundredth birthday, we say “thank you so much.” And to those fellows on Mount Rushmore—make room.

Thanks for the Memories
NPG on the Road

NATIONAL
Elmhurst, Illinois
Elmhurst Art Museum
To commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of ARTnews magazine, the Gallery has organized the traveling exhibition “Portrait of the Art World: A Century of ARTnews Photographs.” Included are portraits by a broad cross-section of photographers, ranging from Zaida Ben-Yusuf and Alice Broughton to contemporary masters Cindy Sherman, Arnold Newman, and Robert Mapplethorpe. Among the individuals pictured are John Singer Sargent, Pablo Picasso, Georgia O’Keeffe, and Louise Nevelson. The four-city tour is nationally sponsored by AXA Art Insurance Corporation. On view in Elmhurst from May 2 through July 29, the exhibition travels next to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where it opens at the Museum of Fine Arts on September 19.

Women of Our Time: Twentieth-Century Photographs

Debuting in March, this wide-ranging exhibition shows seventy-five of the most prominent American women of the twentieth century, as seen by many of the century’s finest photographers.

Clockwise from top left: Helen Keller by Charles Whitman, 1904; Maya Lin by Michael Katakis, 1988, gift of Michael Katakis in memory of his father, George E. Katakis; Margaret Sanger by Ira L. Hill, 1917, gift of Margaret Sanger Lampe and Nancy Sanger Fallesen, granddaughters of Margaret Sanger; Georgia O’Keeffe by Irving Penn, 1948 (printed 1986), gift of Irving Penn; Josephine Baker by Stanislaus J. Walery, 1926; Judy Garland by Bob Willoughby, 1954 (printed 1977), gift of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Willoughby

Richmond, Virginia
The Virginia Historical Society

Lansdowne Tour
Seattle, Washington
Seattle Art Museum
Featuring the famous “Lansdowne” full-length portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart, “George Washington: A National Treasure” is on view in Seattle through July 20, 2003. NPG was able to purchase this major icon of the nation’s first President through the generosity of the Donald W. Reynolds Foundation, which is also funding its exhibition tour to museums across the country.

© Bob Willoughby
© Michael Katakis
© 1984 Irving Penn, courtesy Vogue

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NPG Schedules and Information

Portrait of a Nation Tour Itinerary

For information on available bookings, contact the Department of Exhibitions and Collections Management at (202) 275-1777; fax: (202) 275-1897, or e-mail NPGExhibitions@si.edu

Portraits of the Presidents
Jimmy Carter Presidential Library & Museum, Atlanta, Georgia
February 15–May 11, 2003


Former President Jimmy Carter and his wife Rosalynn toured the exhibition when it opened. Here, they stand beside Robert Templeton’s portrait of President Carter.

You too can tour “Portraits of the Presidents” online at www.npg.si.edu. Click on “Current Exhibitions.”

A Brush with History

Eye Contact:
Modern American Portrait Drawings
Naples Museum of Art, Florida
February 14–May 18, 2003

Women of Our Time:
Twentieth-Century Photographs
Florida International Museum, St. Petersburg
March 7–May 4, 2003

Mobile Museum of Art, Alabama
August 8–October 5, 2003

Additional venues include: Blackhawk Museum, Danville, California; Long Beach Museum of Art, California; North Carolina Museum of History, Raleigh; and George Bush Presidential Library and Museum, College Station, Texas

Useful Contacts

The Gallery’s mailing address is P.O. Box 37012, MRC 973, Washington, DC 20013–7012. The main telephone number is (202) 275-1738.

Catalog of American Portraits
Phone: (202) 275-1840
Web: www.npg.si.edu and click on Search
E-mail: NPGWeb@si.edu

Office of Conservation
Conservation consultations are available for the public on Thursdays from 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. by appointment only.
Phone: CindyLou Molnar (301) 238-2006
(for paintings and sculpture)
E-mail: molnarlp@npg.si.edu
Phone: Rosemary Fallon (301) 238-2001
(for art on paper)
E-mail: fallonr@npg.si.edu

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Portrait Puzzlers: Forgotten Presidents

Each clue below is an anagram containing all the letters that appear in the name of an American President. Some letters in the anagrams recur two or more times in the actual name. Solve the anagrams and match them to the portraits below.

1. James Monroe, alias E. Mason Jr. (1758–1831), fifth President, oil on canvas by John Vanderlyn, 1816.

2. Zachary Taylor, alias Lazy Torch (1784–1850), twelfth President, oil on canvas attributed to James Reid Lambdin, 1848; Gift of Barry Bingham Sr.

3. Chester A. Arthur, alias Ruth Case (1830–1886), twenty-first President, oil on canvas by Ole Peter Hansen Balling, 1881; gift of Mrs. Harry Newton Blue.


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