



WHAT A CIRCUS!

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of Picture Book Art

“The World of Etienne Delessert,” © 2011,
David Macaulay

“Why Grow Up?” © 2011, Etienne Delessert

“Interview with Etienne Delessert,” © 2011,
Emmanuelle Martinat-Dupré

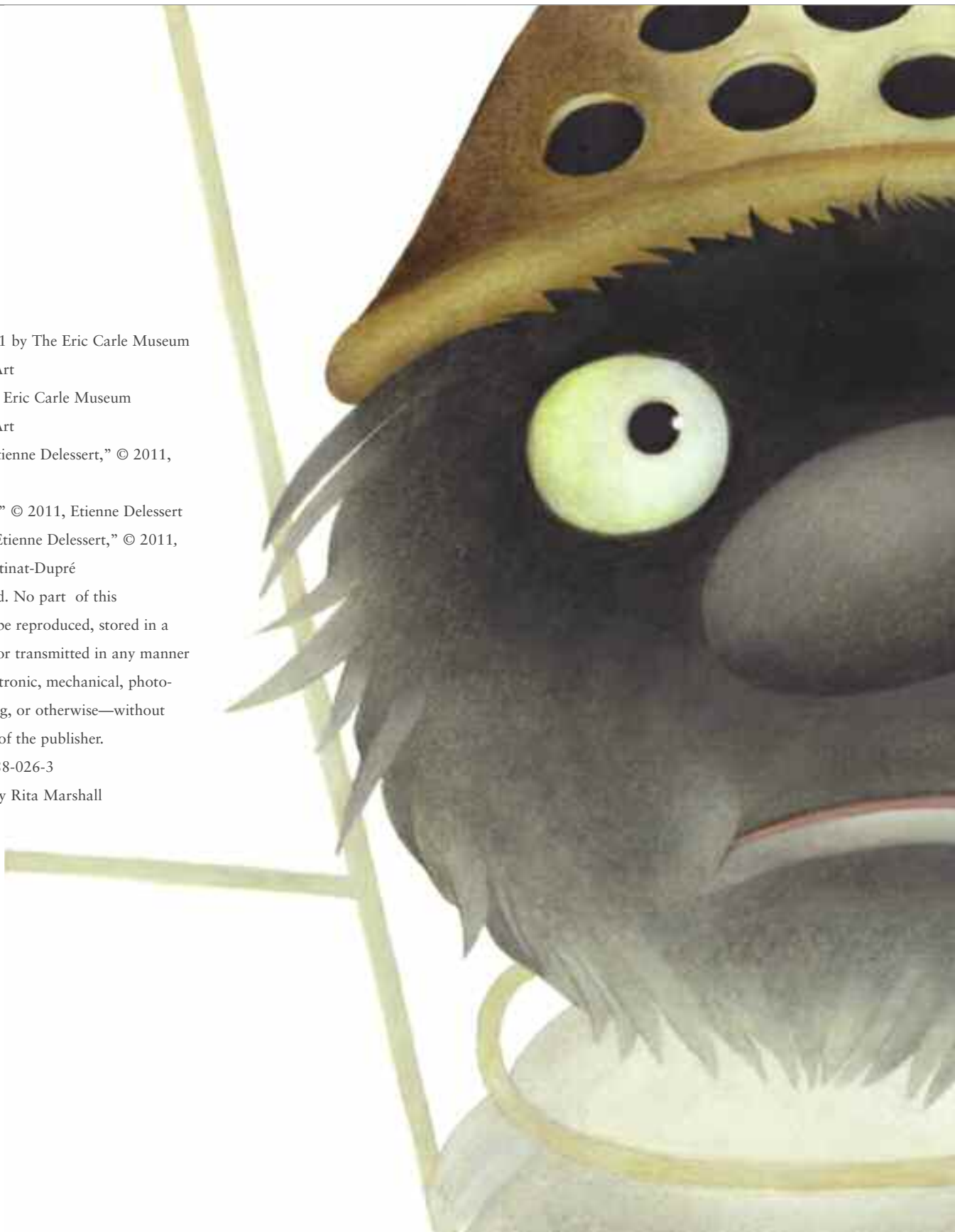
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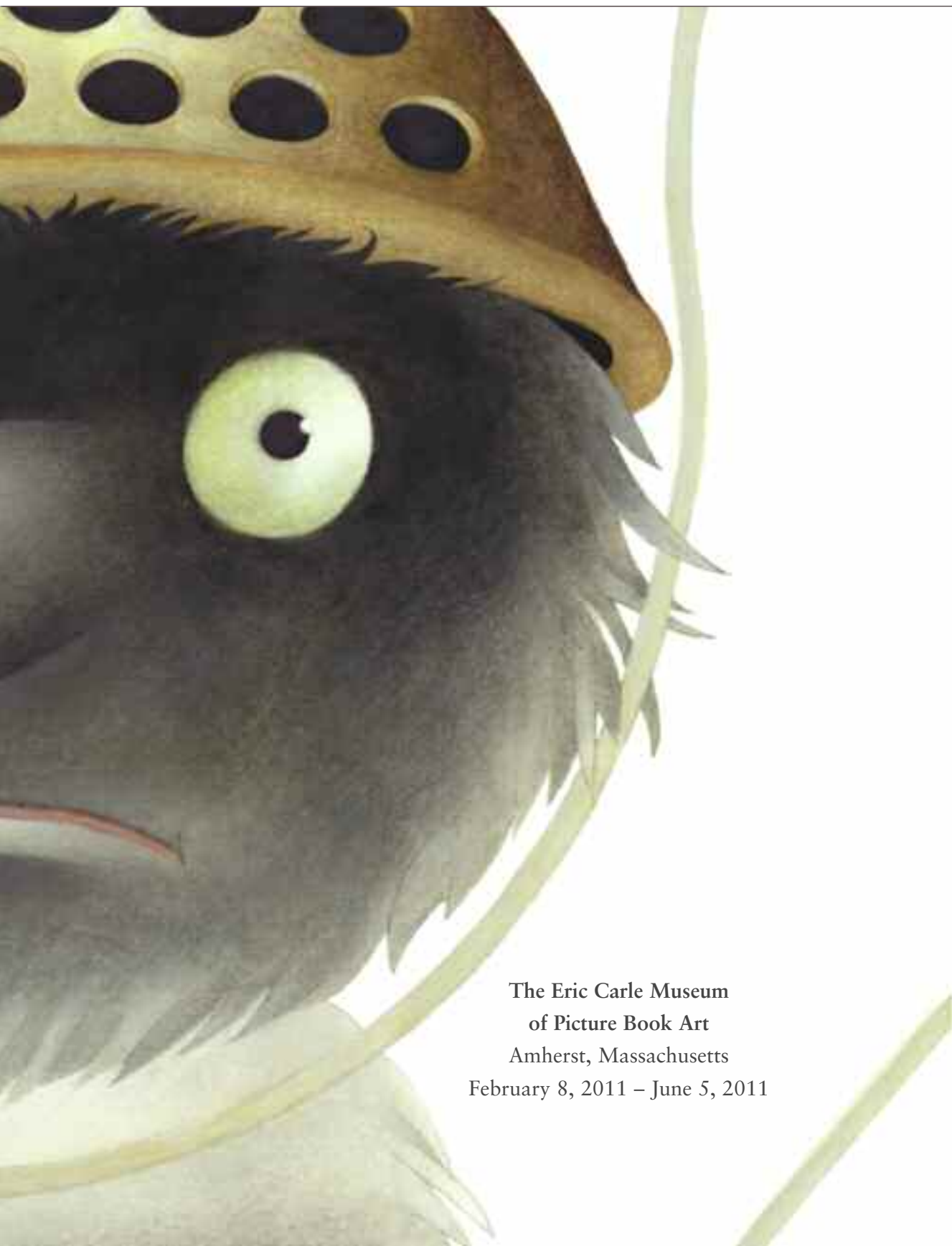
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The Art of Etienne Delessert



The Eric Carle Museum
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For the spring of 2011, The Eric Carle Museum of Picture Book Art in Amherst, Massachusetts, is proud to present “What a Circus: The Art of Etienne Delessert,” an exhibition focusing on some of the magical illustrations that Delessert has created for more than eighty children’s books.

Though critics and scholars have long assigned a raft of adjectives to this acclaimed artist — surreal, fantastic, mod-

ern, subversive—it is Janine Despinette who gets it right. In *Les Imagiers de la Littérature en Couleur* (2011), she calls Delessert an “inventor of universes,” capturing perfectly both the genius and expansiveness at the heart of his sculptures, paintings, animation, and illustrations.

Delessert was born in 1941 in Switzerland. Self-taught, he launched his children’s book career in 1967 with the publication of *The Endless Party*, a radical retelling of

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Noah's Ark. (The opening line is as surprising and bold as his artwork: "One day two crows delivered a white envelope to every animal on earth.") Subsequently, he collaborated with the French author closely connected with the theater of the absurd, Eugène Ionesco (*Contes 1, 2, 3, 4*), and the Swiss developmental psychologist, Jean Piaget (*How the Mouse Was Hit on the Head by a Stone and So Discovered the World*). He went on to create classics such as *Ashes Ashes, Dance!, The Seven Dwarfs, Who Killed Cock Robin?, Humpty Dumpty, Full Color*, and *Moon Theater*.

Delessert has been honored twice with the Premio Grafico of the Bologna World Children's Book Fair. He is the recipient of thirteen gold and twelve silver medals of the American Society of Illustrators as well as their 1996 Hamilton King Award. Most recently, he was a finalist for the 2010 Hans Christian Andersen Award, the highest honor in the field of children's literature and illustration. Retrospectives of his work have hung throughout Europe, including at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in the Louvre, as well as in Canada, and the U.S.

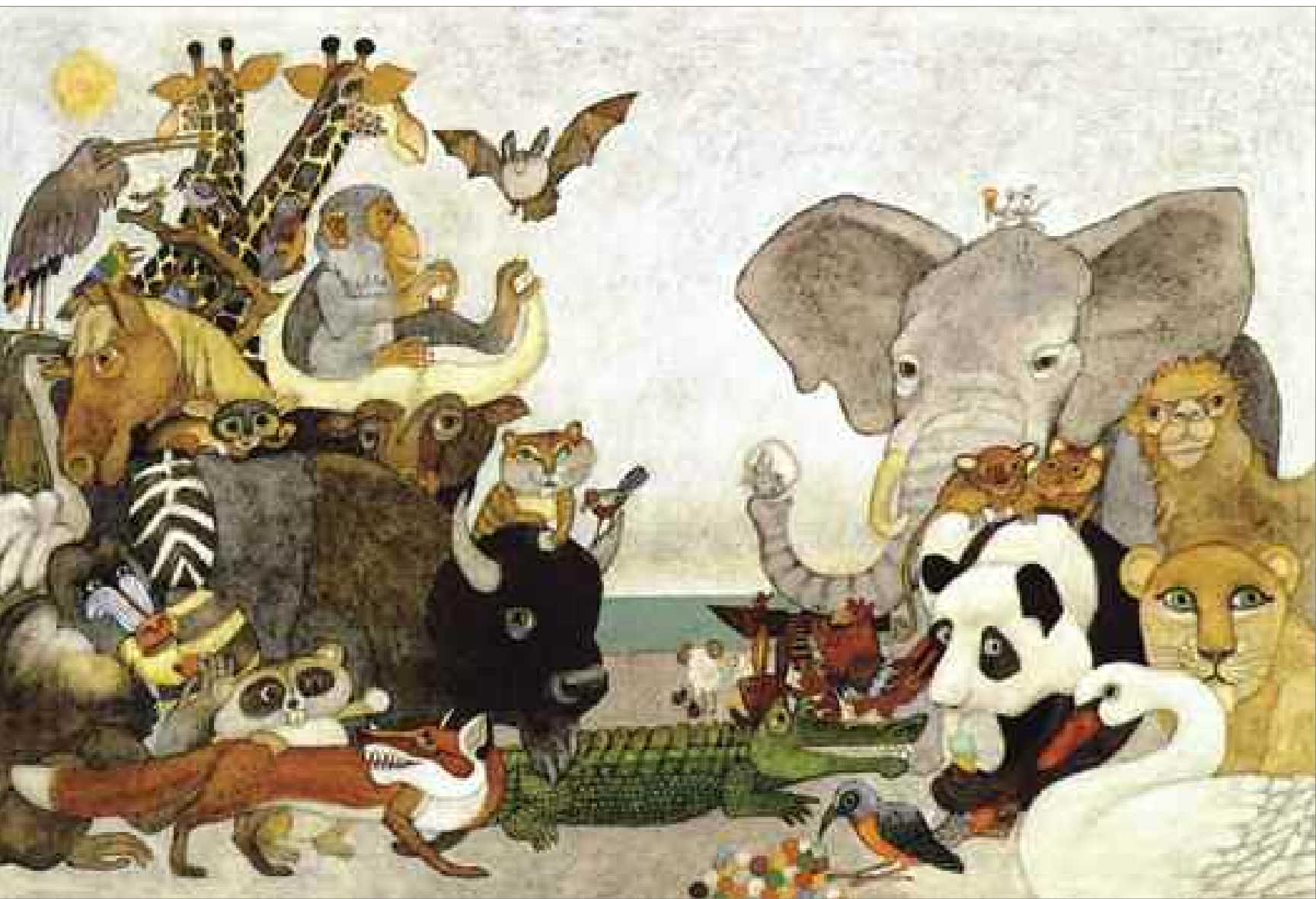
We are grateful to our colleagues at the National Center for Illustrated Children's Literature in Abilene,

Texas, which originated much of the work for the tour of this exhibition in America. For their contributions to this catalogue, we are also indebted to David Macaulay, Emmanuelle Martinat-Dupré of the Centre de l'Illustration in Moulins, France, and of course, Etienne Delessert. Support for this exhibition has been provided in part by the Consulate General of Switzerland in New York and by Pro Helvetia. Special thanks to Catherine Scharf, Consul, Head of the Cultural Department, Sandrine Ligabue, Cultural Officer, and Elena Baenninger [check with Rebecca for her title] for their enthusiastic commitment to this project.

I would also like to thank Nick Clark, The Carle's Chief Curator, who brought this exhibition to fruition with his wonderful team: Heidi O'Neill, Registrar; Mark Bodah, Exhibition Designer and Preparator; and Kristin Angel, Exhibitions Coordinator. And, as always, our deepest gratitude goes to our founders, Eric and Barbara Carle.

To Etienne, who loaned us his works, and to his talented wife, the designer Rita Marshall: Merci d'avoir partagé avec nous votre très beau travail.

Alexandra Kennedy
Executive Director
The Eric Carle Museum
of Picture Book Art



THE WORLD OF ETIENNE DELESSERT

DAVID MACAULAY

Imagine a small New England town. Two yellow lines divide the curving road next to which sits a diner. It is closed today for a special celebration. The staff is busily preparing. They are mostly mice, that is to say their bodies resemble those of mice, but each has its own distinguishing features. A striped crest extends over a head from ear to ear. A toucan-colored snout with or without petite rhino horns. A little goatee. While some arrange fruit and wedges of Toblerone (for old time's sake), others count glasses and worry they might not have enough. The guest list is very long.

Not surprisingly, the first to arrive is something of a party animal, a mischievous chimpanzee who attended and survived one of those endless sixties gatherings. This one happened to take place on Noah's ark. He slurps a gesso-based milkshake which he stirs with a handful of feathers.

Sitting to his right and nervously eyeing a large cat, are several representatives of the vast avian population whose plumage, beaks, eyes, and feet generally dot the trees and fill the skies of this extraordinary world. One particular

bird is accompanied by a famous yet minuscule character wearing a very large red hat. Needless to say, this bird has stories to tell. But today all her attention is focused on the reflection of the cat in her soft drink. A member of the Bengal breed, this cat is in business with a Siamese cousin, both of whom were recently involved in the dramatic launch of a troublesome wolf. A slight whiff of singed hair still lingers.

A saucer of milk slightly warmed.

The place is filling quickly. A helmeted spider named Spartacus lowers himself from a fluorescent light on a somewhat tenuous looking thread. Three pigs and a panda accompany an elephant who has a mole on his trunk. Not that kind of mole! The kind with little clawed feet and a collection of bright pebbles. Gifts for the attendees perhaps. There are butterflies, dragonflies, lady bugs, lightning bugs, and even a flying fish.

The band arrives at last. After brushing the snow off their red and green coats, they raise their instruments and play a rousing rendition of a very long song.

Sitting nervously at the end of the counter, a wild-eyed, manic-maned lion who hates to read, nibbles the menu. Although somewhat uncomfortable with public speaking, he has been asked to give the toast. As the last few notes fade away, he rises on the tips of his lethal looking claws and clears his throat.

“To Etienne Delessert without whom we would still be pigment in search of water.”

There is momentary confusion.

“Who?” inquires one of the birds.

“Our creator, Etienne Delessert!” replies the cat sliding a little closer.

“Oh, I thought his name was ED. That’s what he always signs under my picture.”

There is a brief discussion after which everyone agrees that while both are probably correct, ED is easier to say.

“To ED,” they chant in unison.

“And thank you for giving us such an important shooooooooow,” squeaks Spartacus as his thread gives way.

And so begins a party that in fact started over forty years ago. The guests have come from over eighty picture books drawn from the life and imagination of Etienne Delessert. Since the partygoers don’t all come from English language editions, the sound level in the room is quite high

as they attempt to reminisce in any one of fourteen different languages.

Each of these characters was created to help tell a story to children. While the world they inhabit is not one of endless joy, smiles are never far away. It isn’t a world exclusively of imagination, although it stimulates curiosity and provides escape. It is a world occasionally touched by sadness and melancholy. Like his young audience, Delessert’s imagined world is always grounded in reality and perhaps this is its greatest and most important gift. The more fantastic the characters, the more realistically rendered are the backgrounds against which they frolic. Real trees. Real mountains. Real lakes. Where bright colors, warm light, and exuberant compositions create the most joyful of noises, there are also the colors of the earth—or no color at all, and shapes whose forms and motives remain unclear, and silence.

But while we take this time to celebrate the books and images he has created for children, it would be a mistake to stop there. His unflagging creative spirit has been engaged just as much in revealing the joy, absurdity, and cruelty of the real world to adults as well. Etienne Delessert may be Swiss, but judging by the range of his prodigious output, he has never spent much time in neutral.



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Unnoticed by the partygoers, a few more guests have worked their way into the room though they linger mostly in the shadows so as not to frighten anyone. Whether they come from Delessert's Swiss animation studio and publishing house of the seventies, or the pages of countless newspapers and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, they are part of his world and they, too, have gratitude to express.

An effusive, animated devil shares a glass of wine with

a most unthreatening looking pterodactyl. Angels appear, though there is not one cherubic face among them. Only the wings give away their profession. There also are prophets and charlatans, their faces etched out of the blackness by white lines and smears. They swap identities continually with just a flicker of light. There are politicians and a few statesmen whose rank they will never achieve and even some villains and thieves. A few of the mice have begun



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counting the silverware.

Over the course of the party, the two groups eventually mingle, aided in part by the intermediary skills of some larger-than-life three dimensional creatures whose physical appearance, if not scale, very much resemble some of the picture-book crowd. These characters were created to serve

just this purpose for an exhibition designed by Delessert of large automata and music boxes.

The party is finally in full swing. As the band plays on, jokes are told and memories shared. Everyone, it turns out, is related to everyone else. Although a little distrust remains, probably not such a big or bad thing among rela-



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tives, it doesn't diminish the bond. While created to reach two different audiences, every image and every idea assembled here is clearly a product of the same mind.

For the older audience the message they deliver may provoke an outburst of laughter or be felt as a slap to the side of the head. For the younger audience it will arrive as a

tickle, a gentle pat on the back, or even a hug.

Party on.

"To Etienne Delessert, ED, with gratitude and admiration."

—David Macaulay

WHY GROW UP?

ETIENNE DELESSERT

Good question—without a really good answer. As the writer Jean-Claude Carrière explained when writing about me, “...a child is more than a child. Often, even more than an adult.”

The essence of childhood? Let’s forget about those Proustian madeleines—savoring the past, they’ve never really interested me.

Why would this adult choose to write and illustrate for an audience primarily made up of children? First, and most simply, because I want to tell stories, like in a film, and the process is easier when writing a book. No need for much money; no power struggles.

From drawing editorial illustrations, I learned how to condense a lot of information into a picture, but a children’s book lets me play with the text and the images, write my own scenario, then put it into action quickly and easily. It allows me to be the sole creator—like the iconoclastic filmmakers of the *New Wave*, such as Jean-Luc Godard and François Truffaut. Born in Switzerland, I always envied those who made films completely on their own. They were

the supermen for this little kid from Lausanne.

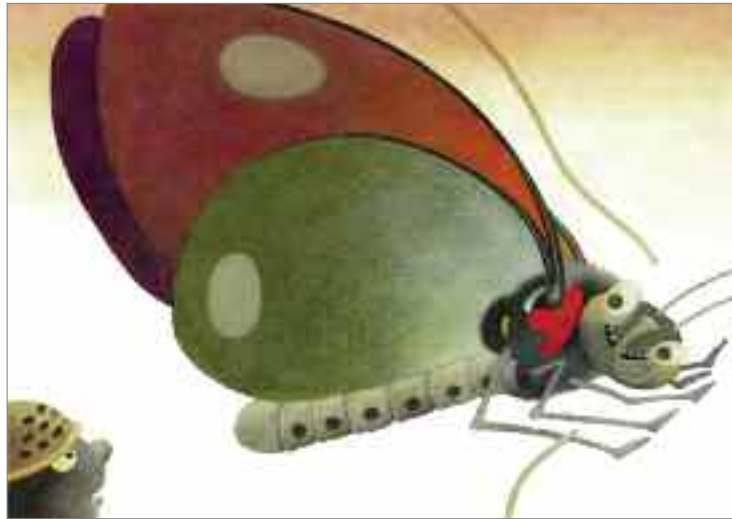
I redefined myself by doing children’s books, by coming up with the entire concept, figuring out the right amount of ambiguity. By speaking the truth.

That’s the answer that I give to those who persist in asking me why a gifted artist would deign to work on children’s books... even fans ask silly questions.

The question that really fascinates me is: what is the mysterious power of a melody? With only a few notes, a melody can bore into our memory, no matter if the song is quite stupid or the notes make up the backbone of a symphony.

What is the equivalent in the fine arts?

A few days ago, I was day-dreaming while staring at an old shirt sleeve faded to an exquisite pale blue. When, suddenly, the color reminded me of the juniper berries that I gathered with my father sixty-three years ago, on a sunny afternoon, on the side of a hill around Vallorbe. I relived the scene, heard the Paris train going by. Good old Proust...



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At will I can recall very precise memories from my childhood—my earliest memory comes from when I was two and a half years old, when the woman who would become my mother, after having met with my pastor father for an hour in his office, came to see the “beast” that she would be in charge of. We were both a little intimidated. I remember the exact gray color of the varnished door that I was backed up against, the shape of the brass doorknob, and the small yellow duck pin that she wore on her bright red sweater. She noticed my stare and gave me the duck, without saying a word. She was my true mother for more than sixty years and, with the power of her imagination, she was the creative force that helped me become what I am.

I’m sure that President Obama can also remember the precious memories of his childhood when he wants. Is this the key to becoming a well-rounded thinker, one who can juggle adult problems and still keep the freshness of an age when all is possible, when trees and rocks talk to you, the sight of a train roaring by tells you that it’s time to go, leave the country, conquer the world, risking everything?

Why grow up?

Even little children know death, the sadness of abandonment, the anger of never being perfect. But at least they hope to change their lives. To dance in an unknown world.

What a very sweet memory.

—*Etienne Delessert, June 2009*

INTERVIEW WITH ETIENNE DELESSERT

EMMANUELLE MARTINAT-DUPRÉ

Is your studio filled with notebooks, full of sketches?

Absolutely not. And sometimes that bothers me. I feel like I work without stopping, with only three days off a year, but I do not draw the entire time. I don't feel the need. I could easily not touch a brush for a whole month. I think about that a lot: am I really an artist? Did I simply choose it as a career rather than as a true "vocation?" Even if I were blind, I would go on telling stories.

How do you prepare your work? Do you do layouts?

I work like a computer, saying yes, then no. Everything's in my head, then I draw the whole layout on a single 8 1/2 x 11" sheet, the pages of the book are small squares, that's it. If I did more, I would lose the pleasure of doing the final drawings. Basically time passes slowly when you ink in a sketch and when you put in the color. Thank goodness I can listen to music. Often very, very loud!

There are only two books for which I made more elaborate dummies: *The Endless Party* in 1966-67, and *How the Mouse...*, in 1970. Recently I found the layout of my first

book, and I was delighted to see a few sketches of characters done by Eleonore Schmid, my partner at that time. She really knew how to draw!

Gouache, watercolor, ink, colored pencil, gesso, acrylic on tin, varnish, medium...?

Varnish, but no medium. I am a self-taught artist, remember that. For example, I never worked with charcoal before this year when I used it for the exhibition, *No One is a Prophet*; for Moses to Gandhi, Rousseau, Darwin, Calvin, Erasmus or King, the portraits of a great gang of outlaws who have slightly changed the way we think.

What is Etienne Delessert's technical language?

Simple, simple. Principally watercolors and colored pencils. Acrylic on wood or metal. I've done animated films and love the idea of giving life to characters that move, what power! But all I really need is a small black pencil and a piece of paper. Delessert: Just the basics.

Does this variety reflect a level of experience with a particular technique?



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Sometimes I can be rough, sometimes my voice is like a caress. That's all.

How would you define your palette?

I pretty much stick to nature: those colors are the most beautiful. I hate arbitrary colors. From time to time I use a special tint to express a certain emotion. The sky might turn red, but it is a red that we all have seen in the sky.

Why do your characters often have such a strange look in their eyes? Is it because the eyes reflect the soul?

Of course. I love that my characters actually look at you.

You told me that you're rather surprised, even disappointed, that the term "grotesque" has so many negative connotations these days. How would you define it? Rather than remove the grotesque in your art and your humor, do you prefer to underline it?

At the beginning I didn't know how to draw and that showed! I would draw characters using basic geometric elements, because I had a hard time capturing them. Working this way enhanced my tendency to focus on ideas, to stylize a picture. Outsider art doesn't have the ability to flesh out these ideas. Now I am more comfortable saying what I think about men, and about our slowly progressing chaos. I reread my old dictionary, the *Petit Larousse: Grotesque*—

that which causes laughter by its extravagance. Ridiculous, absurd. Absurd. The grotesques are ornaments differentiated from arabesques by the addition of geometric motifs on men and animals.

That works for me.

Many illustrators make a career out of humanizing animals, willingly misappropriating or sophisticatedly inverting an archetype (the gentle wolf, the audacious rabbit). Your universe is completely different: you never follow the rules of this kind of children's literature.

Janine Despinette, in *Les Imagiers de la Litterature en couleur* (2011), kindly wrote that I am, along with four or five others, an "inventor of universes." Which means that I have established my own rules. Turning an archetype on its head is often only a way of hiding a lack of imagination. I take scenes from life that I see every day, common or violent, and I mix them all up, I stir the broth, sometimes until it's completely absurd, wishing simply to find the ideas that will take hold with children—and their parents. I'm always changing the tone of my voice, like everyone is, but I do it when I draw. I go from Yok-Yok to wild political images for the French satirical magazine, *Simé Hebdo*.



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Do you think art has a political function?

Art? What really intrigues me is the mystery of a melody. The essential discourse. If it is essential it will disturb the order of things—by shaking it up or by calming it down.

Are you done growing up?

There is nostalgia to the perfectly happy moments in a perfectly happy childhood. Pushing a tiny wheelbarrow in a magical garden with plants that are taller than me.

Fifteen days after I was born I lost my mother, and then, when I was two and half, I had the incredible good fortune to meet the woman who would become my true mother. Her signs were air and water to my earth and fire.

We were made to understand each other.

Three marriages and several long affairs also help one grow up, and to rediscover the essential. Freelancing since I arrived in Paris at the age of 21, that made me grow up too. And then I had the chance, in the middle of my life, to finally meet my equal; a creative, funny, first-rate artist who is the creative director in a publishing house that she has shaped for 25 years, but who also manages with great finesse our everyday life. Rita, my grasshopper and my ant. Because of her I can still sometimes risk talking to a stone, to carry slow-moving snails, to slide back into the age when one creates a whole universe by observing the world.



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How do you feel about nature? Do you see it as a symbol of redemption? *The Endless Party* is about the flood and Noah's Ark. Are the plant and animal worlds seen as more divine while humanity is not worth much?

No. My interpretation is completely secular. In no way does it contradict my dead father's beliefs, which were extremely liberal in the noble sense of that word.

How would you define the world of the child? Some artists stop illustrating, claiming a certain alienation, a certain lack of substance. They find the texts too constraining, they'd rather do more personal work instead of graphic illustration. What do you think?

There are only good or bad stories; whether they are about a particular person or a country. I'm always going back and forth from one style to another. At the same time, I always choose the stories I work on, the themes of my shows, with great care.

When you reveal likenesses in your art, you evoke the flaws, the scars that we all have. Yet you varnish your work, even glaze it. Paradoxical or coherent?

I like to show that sometimes I am happy, sometimes sad, sometimes mean. Glazing is just a technique. According to how I feel, I'm either refined or rough.

What kind of hold do felines have on you?

I love cats, dogs, and especially birds—they make the best drawings. Our cat Pluto talks all the time, all day long, and I threaten to kill him every morning around three o'clock, when he wakes to the calls and murmurs of nature. We let him out to go run around in the park. He's a Bengal, half wild, and he knows how to fight: badgers, fox, even a bear that wandered in one morning and curled up to take a nap only 15 yards away from Rita's studio.

What idea is behind your “resemblances”? Do you see man as a bird of prey?

There are so many predators! Just look at the newspaper headlines. This last banking crisis was quite spectacular.

In *Thomas et l'infini*, the issue of the limited nature of existence is at the core of Michel Déon's tale. An unavoidable end. Your father was a pastor. Do you think that such an end is final or more like a transition?

I think it all ends with death. But, from time to time, I think that it would be nice to stand behind the artists that I love, watching them work without bothering them. And to once again put my hand in my father's hand.

In your portraits the furrowed brows are plain to see. The wrinkles, the scars, the crackling of the glaze...are you afraid of these things?

This kind of erosion makes a face beautiful. And it's taken me years to dare to really look. I was forty when I had a woman pose for me, so that I could paint her exactly as she was with a very fine brush—no retouching, no holding back.

Every day of Rita's pregnancy I sketched her. When she turned fifty I made a limited edition of twenty of this book. *Rita's Book*. She's never shown it to anyone. . . .

In a society where people don't know what the signs around them mean, what place do the images you create have?

You just have to hit them a little harder, with more emotion. Some editorial pictures show how to condense the message, the core of an idea, and the emotion. It's the same with great political speeches. They “shake” us up.

Etienne Delessert, why do you paint angels?

I don't really believe in angels... However if they exist and not just, as the writer Nabokov thought, in the form of butterflies, then they would look like human beings, with wrinkles and bent backs, very different from the Renaissance paintings of angels, who look pretty with Botox or Photoshop. Also, one could have a really good conversation with them because their knowledge of joy and sorrow would be utterly perfect.





A Was An Apple Pie

Making the pie

2005

Watercolor and colored pencil



Big and Bad

"The next morning, while Big and Bad slept, hundreds of birds began to build the house of straw and twigs,"

2008

Watercolor and colored pencil



Dance!

“Children drank pure water from stone-carved
fountains as elders shared their games,”

1994

Watercolor and colored pencil



Dance!

“We knew at once the Monsters were near. And they
looked just as bad as we always thought they would!”

1994

Watercolor and colored pencil

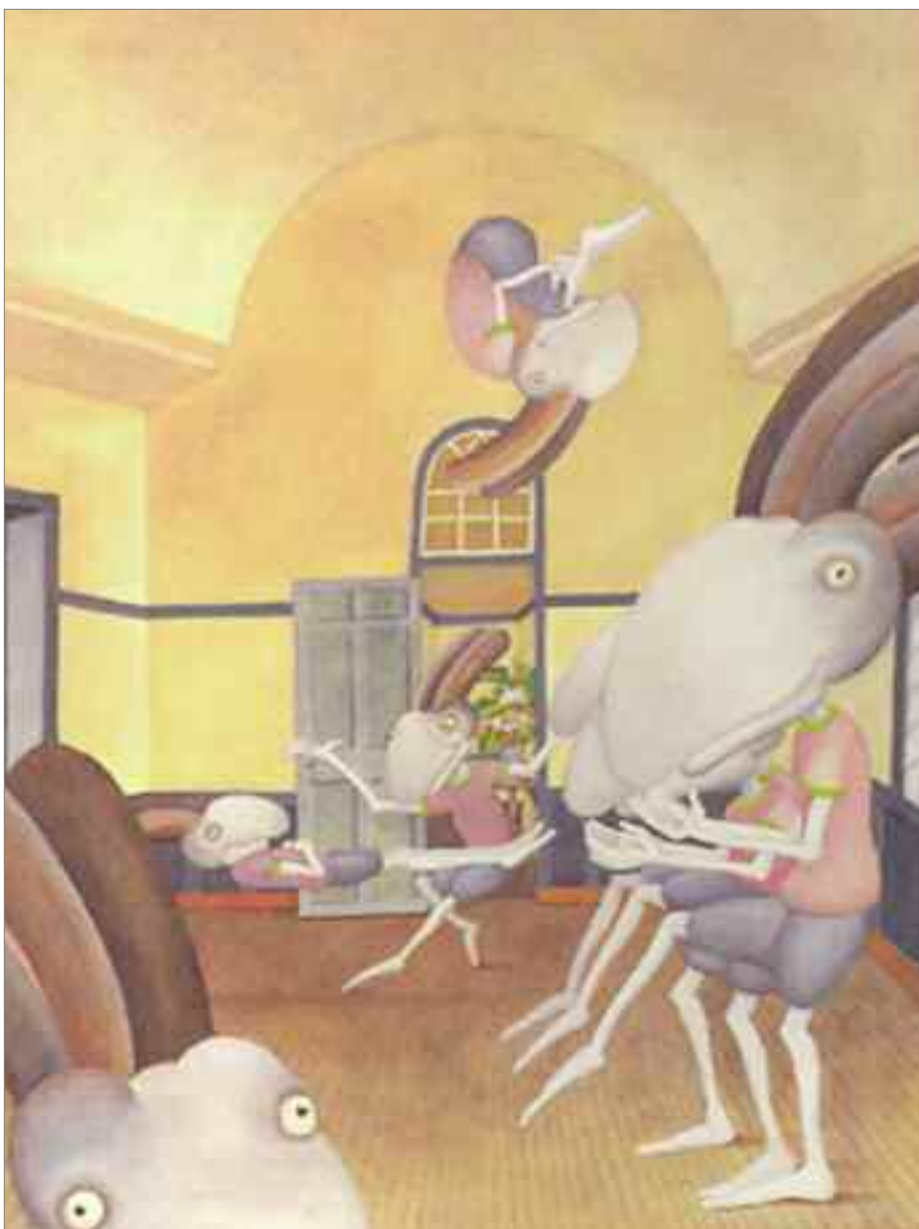


Ashes, Ashes

“As I came across the lake—for I was
over there,”

1990

Watercolor and colored pencil



Ashes, Ashes

“Later we met in the playroom to
dance and twirl and shake and jump,”

1990

Watercolor and colored pencil



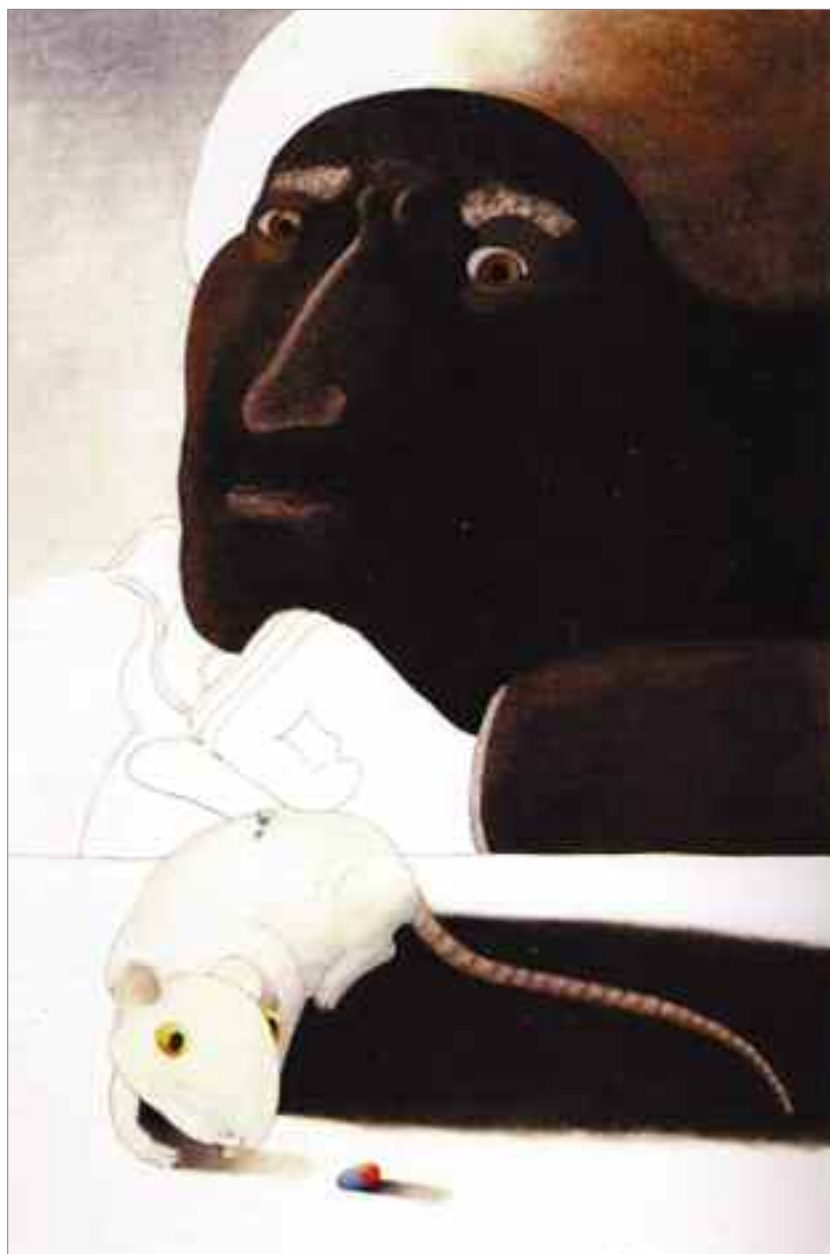
Lucas

by Alistair Highet

“A congregation of black crows stood under the
gray sky, on an open blanket of fresh snow,”

2001

Watercolor and colored pencil



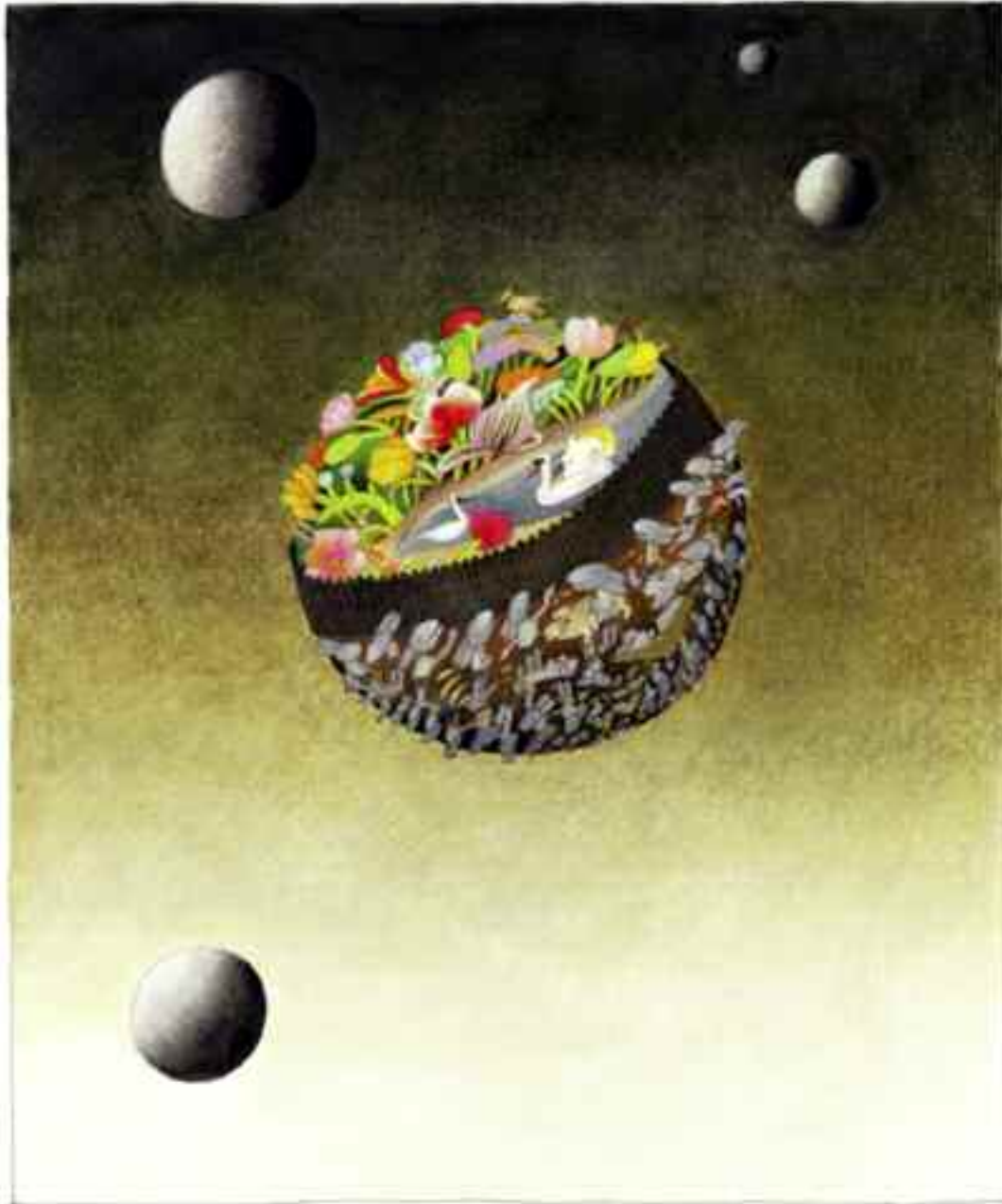
Flowers For Algernon

by Daniel Keyes

Charlie and Algernon

1988

Watercolor



Humpty Dumpty

The big wall

2006

Watercolor and colored pencil



Conte 4

by Eugène Ionesco

Papa and mushrooms

2009

Watercolor and colored pencil



Who Killed Cock Robin?

Pointing the arrow

2004

Watercolor and colored pencil



Who Killed Cock Robin?

“Who’ll be the parson? ‘I,’ said the rook,
‘With my little book, I’ll be the parson,’”

2004

Watercolor and colored pencil



Moon Theater

“A very old man pulls the moon up
and sends it on its journey,”

2009

Acrylics



Moon Theater

"I paint the flowers,"

2009

Acrylics



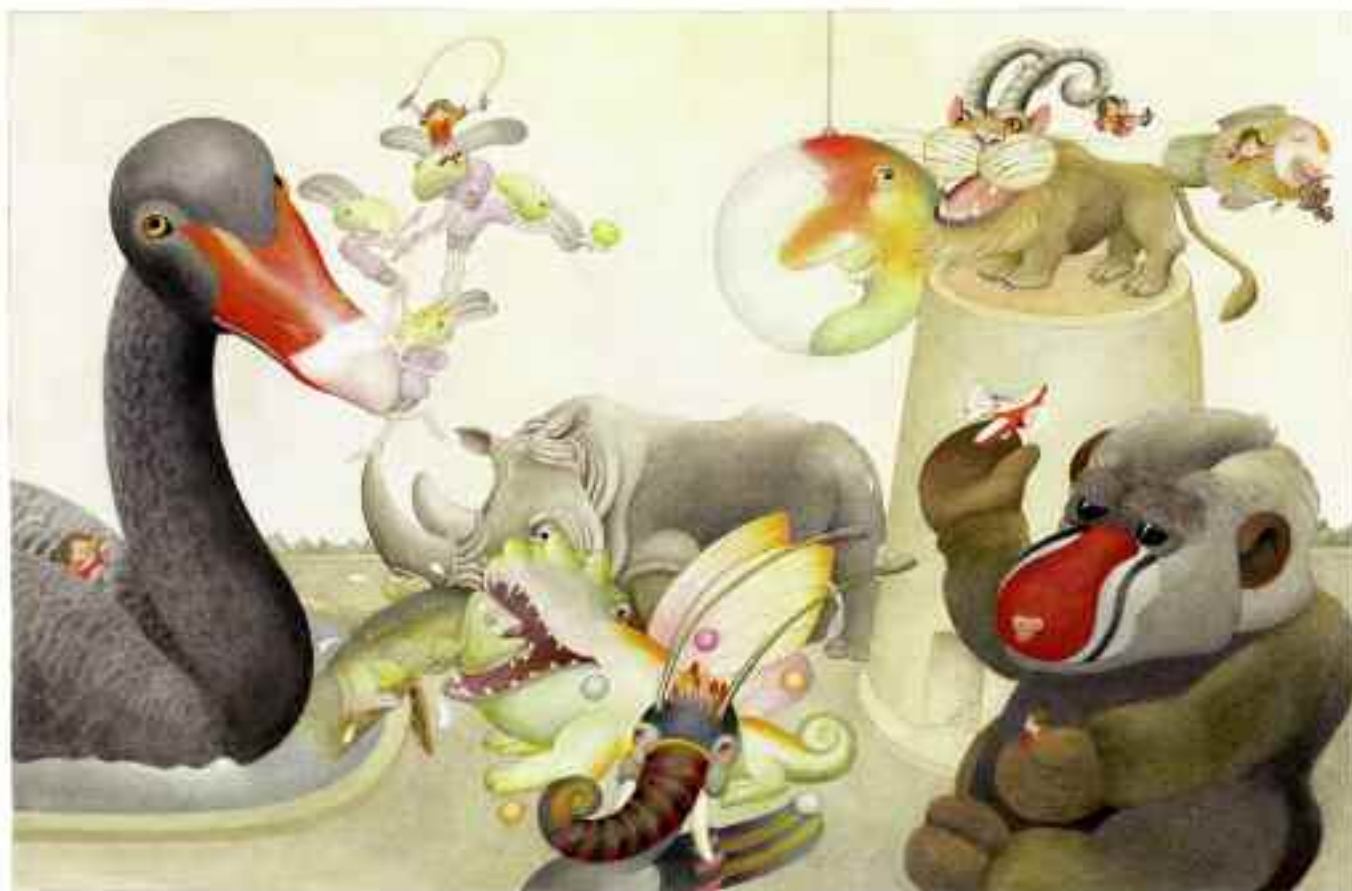
Conte 3

by Eugène Ionesco

Josette playing with her toys

2009

Watercolor and colored pencil



Conte 3

by Eugène Ionesco

“On voit le bois de Vincennes.”

2009

Watercolor and colored pencil

ILLUSTRATIONS

Unless otherwise noted, all works are by Etienne Delessert (American, born in Switzerland 1941), unless otherwise noted, all works are on paper, and all dates for finished art is date of publication.

- Front cover: "But one night, I met a rabbit, a crocodile, a parrot, and a field mouse. We stayed up late traveling the world and becoming friends," *I Still Hate to Read!*
- Back cover: "INDIGO, like dye," *Full Color*
- Page 1: "Three men stood on the front porch, their faces very pale," *Ashes, Ashes*
- Page 3: "I was humiliated. And hungry too," *Spartacus The Spider*
- Page 4: "Enraged by this breach of security, he dismissed all his guards and servants," *Humpty Dumpty*
- Page 39: "9, nine pears," *Hungry for Numbers*
- Page 40: "On se promène dans la Lune," *Conte 3*
- Fig. 1: "When at last they had finished saying, 'Hello' and 'How are you' to each other, they followed Captain Noah onto his ark for its very first sea voyage," *The Endless Party*
- Fig. 2: "Yok-Yok et ses amis adorent jouer avec les monstres," *Yok-Yok Les Monstres*
- Fig. 3: Papa chased by a rhinoceros (inspired by Ionesco's *Rhinocéros*) *Conte 4*
- Fig. 4: The concert in front of Salisbury's Town Hall. *A Long Long Song*
- Fig. 5: "Moths flew right through it," *Spartacus The Spider*
- Fig. 6: Preliminary storyboard for *Big and Bad*
- Fig. 7: "He came from far away, so nobody understood a word of what he said." *Big and Bad*
- Fig. 8: In the garden of Eden, Switzerland 1945, photograph
- Fig. 9: "One more time Tobias looked at his pebbles," *Alert!*
- Fig. 10: "Early the next morning when we awoke, the young girl was standing in the kitchen doorway watching us," *The Seven Dwarfs*

CHECKLIST

An asterisk* denotes the work is illustrated

- Etienne Delessert and Eleonore Schmid, *The Endless Party* (Harlin Quist, 1967)
- Preliminary storyboard, 1967, Graphite
- *"When at last they had finished saying, 'Hello' and 'How are you' to each other, they followed Captain Noah onto his ark for its very first sea voyage," 1967, Gouache on board
- "To pass the time they began to play dominoes with ladybugs made out of paper," 1967, Gouache on board
- Eugène Ionesco, *Conte 1* (Gallimard Jeunesse, 1968)
- The towers surmounted by magical beasts, 1968, Gouache on board
- Eugène Ionesco, *Conte 2* (Gallimard Jeunesse, 1970)
- Flying flowers with rainbows, 1970, Gouache on board
- Etienne Delessert, *How the Mouse was hit on the Head by a Stone and so Discovered the World* (Doubleday & Company, Inc./Good Book, 1971)
- Preliminary Storyboard, 1971, Pen and ink
- "Each puts his present in the sack: a small piece of sun, a wisp of cloud, a rumble of thunder," 1971, Acrylic on canvas

- Rudyard Kipling, *Just So Stories* (Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1972)
- "The Elephant's Child: '... and the Crocodile ... pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijjus!'" 1972, Gouache on board
- "How the Alphabet Was Made" 1972, Gouache on board
- "The Butterfly that Stamped: '...but when the food was ready an Animal came out of the deep sea and ate it up in three mouthfuls,'" 1972, Gouache on board
- Anne van der Essen, *Il Était Une Fois La Souris ...* (Editions Gallimard, 1977)
- Winnowing the grain, 1977, Pen and ink
- Pigs feeding at the trough, 1977, Pen and ink
- Madame d'Aulnoy, *Beauty and the Beast* (Creative Education, Inc., 1984)
- "... he awoke refreshed, there was no sign of anybody, though a fresh meal of dainty cakes and fruit was prepared upon the little table at his elbow," 1984, Watercolor
- "... he saw a frightful Beast, which seemed to be very angry and said in a frightful voice: 'Who told you that you might gather my roses?'" 1984, Watercolor
- "... Only try to find me out, no matter how I may be disguised, as I love you dearly, and in making me happy you will find your own happiness," 1984, Watercolor
- "Do you love me, Beauty? Will you marry me?" 1984, Watercolor
- "'Oh! He is dead, and it is all my fault,' said Beauty, crying bitterly," 1984, Watercolor
- Daniel Keyes, *Flowers For Algernon* (Creative Education, Inc., 1988)
- Reading Sartre, 1988, Watercolor
- *Charlie and Algernon, 1988, Watercolor
- Etienne Delessert, *A Long Long Song* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux/ Michael di Capua Books, 1988)
- The hunters on Selleck Hill in Lakeville, Connecticut, 1988, Watercolor
- *The concert in front of Salisbury's Town Hall. Acrobats and Musicians have to get along to perform, 1988, Watercolor
- He is leaving his creatures behind, to play and fall on their own. Just like in real life, 1988, Watercolor
- Etienne Delessert, *Ashes Ashes* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 1990)
- *"As I came across the lake—for I was over there ...," 1990, Watercolor and colored pencil
- "Do you hear the horn? Do you hear the song?" 1990, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *"Three men stood on the front porch, their faces very pale," 1990, Watercolor and colored pencil
- "I shattered a glass against the north wall ...," 1990, Watercolor and colored pencil
- "We decided to build a house and drew plans in the wet sand," 1990, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *"Later we met in the playroom to dance and shake and twirl and jump, giggling round and round the room, faster and up in the air," 1990, Watercolor and colored pencil
- "We dressed in costume ...," 1990, Watercolor and colored pencil



Rita Marshall, **I Hate to Read!** (Creative Editions, 1992)

- “You’ll find gold in this book!” 1992, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “When a weathered parrot with a pipe and a peg leg hobbled onto the scene, Victor wondered if he was still Victor W. Dickens. . .,” 1992, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Out popped a slippery frog with a broken feather in his cap,” 1992, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Then he saw Mrs. Peterson with a long nose and tall black hat, throwing stories into a boiling cauldron of snakes,” 1992, Watercolor and colored pencil

Etienne Delessert, **Dance!** (Creative Editions, 1994)

- Cover for *Dance!*, 1994, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “A scarlet moon idled over the hills,” 1994, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “And the mist colored the early skies of this promised land,” 1994, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“Children drank pure water from stone-carved fountains as elders shared their games,” 1994, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“We knew at once the Monsters were near. And they looked just as bad as we always thought they would!” 1994, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Then, like magnets, the clouds attracted the Monsters and one by one let them fall, rolling and rebounding like acrobats,” 1994, Watercolor and colored pencil

Alistair Hight, **Lucas** (Creative Paperbacks, 2001)

- *“A congregation of black crows stood under the gray sky on an open blanket of fresh snow. Dozens of them, in a large circle, rocked back and forth, clacking their beaks,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “There, blocking the trail ahead of us, was an upturned white Ford Cortina,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “He stopped a few yards away to make sure that I was coming and ran off again into the dark woods,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil

As retold by Etienne Delessert, **The Seven Dwarfs** (Creative Editions, 2001)

- “We followed her into the Palace, down long mirrored hallways that multiplied our images so many times we got lost in the counting,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “On the day before the wedding, we offered to select the flowers. . . . We picked blue forget-me-nots and crinkled white peonies for Snow White’s bouquet,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“Early the next morning when we awoke, the young girl was standing in the kitchen doorway watching us,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Meanwhile, far away, the Queen sat in front of her mirror and asked again,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “In silent vigil by her bedside, we wept throughout the night,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “We tied her coffin between two horses and rode with the hunters to the castle,” 2001, Watercolor and colored pencil

As retold by Etienne Delessert, **Who Killed Cock Robin?** (Creative Editions, 2004)

- *Pointing the arrow, 2004, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Who caught his blood? ‘I,’ said the fish, ‘With my little dish, I caught his blood,’” 2004, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“Who’ll be the parson? ‘I,’ said the rook, ‘With my little book, I’ll be the parson,’” 2004, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Who’ll be the chief mourner? ‘I,’ said the dove, ‘I mourn for my love, I’ll be the chief mourner,’” 2004, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “All the birds of the air Fell sighing and sobbing, When they heard the bell toll For poor Cock Robin,” 2004, Watercolor and colored pencil

Anonymous, **A was an Apple pie** (Creative Editions, 2005)

- Complete alphabet, 2005, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *Making the pie, 2005, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “J-J jumped for it / Kk-K kept it,” 2005, Watercolor and colored pencil

Etienne Delessert, **Hungry for Numbers** (Creative Editions, 2006)

- Preliminary study for, ca. 2006, Pen
- “We are hungry!” 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “2, two apples,” 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“9, nine pears,” 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- What fun! 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil

Humpty Dumpty (Houghton Mifflin Company/Walter Lorraine Books, 2006)

- *The big wall, 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Humpty Dumpty surrounded his vast kingdom with a high fence,” 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “As his lunch was served, thousands of birds sang for him,” 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “His afternoons were spent admiring paintings commissioned from the finest artists in the kingdom, 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“Enraged by this breach of security, he dismissed all his guards and servants,” 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “The peasants, in a humble ceremony, laid him to rest on their side of the fence,” 2006, Watercolor and colored pencil

Rita Marshall, **I Still Hate to Read!** (Creative Editions, 2007)

- *“But one night, I met a rabbit, a crocodile, a parrot, and a field mouse. We stayed up late traveling the world and becoming friends,” 2007, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Sleuthing down dark, forsaken street, we converse with rats and scavenge through litter . . .,” 2007, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “We hitch a ride with a traveling circus. . . I eat fire, and the scrawny field mouse juggles chocolate coins,” 2007, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Is that Victor reading?” I heard my dad whisper. ‘No, not Victor—he hates to read!’ answered the ant queen with a smirk,” 2007, Watercolor and colored pencil

Etienne Delessert, **Alert!** (Houghton Mifflin Company/Walter Lorraine Books, 2007)

- “I can already hear the bandits . . .,” mumbled the visitor, with a smile on his face,” 2007, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“One more time Tobias looked at his pebbles,” 2007, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Terrified, and exhausted by his efforts, Tobias fell into a deep sleep,” 2007, Watercolor and colored pencil

Etienne Delessert, **Full Color** (Creative Editions, 2008)

- “Sometimes we see a rainbow after a storm. A rainbow is made of seven colors,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “RED, BLUE, and YELLOW, become brown,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“INDIGO, like dye,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “GREEN, like grass,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil

Etienne Delessert, **Big and Bad** (Houghton Mifflin Company/Walter Lorraine Books, 2008), Pen

- *“He came from far away, so nobody understood a word of what he said. Soon he grew taller than the midnight moon,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “He slept late, sang so loud that rabbits ran in circles, mice and moles jumped into their holes, birds tucked their heads under their wings, and cows’ milk turned sour,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “After every meal a flock of birds fluttered into Big and Bad’s open mouth to clean his gruesomely shiny teeth,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Two cats, marauding in the valley, decided to try to stop the predator,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“The next morning, while Big and Bad slept, hundreds of birds began to build the house of straw and twigs,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “With a most horrible wail, the burning Wolf shot out into the evening skies,” 2008, Watercolor and colored pencil

Moon Theater (Creative Editions, 2009)

- *“A very old man pulls the moon up and sends it on its journey,” 2009, Acrylics
- “But my work backstage begins much earlier,” 2009, Acrylics
- *“I paint the flowers,” 2009, Acrylics
- “I suggest new glasses for the owl,” 2009, Acrylics
- “It all began long, long ago, and it starts anew every night,” 2009, Acrylics



Eugène Ionesco, **Conte 3** (Gallimard Jeunesse, 2009)

- Josette in her apartment, 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *Josette playing with her toys, 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil
- Plane flying by the concierge, 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“On voit le bois de Vincennes. On voit le jardin zoologique avec les animaux. . .,” (One sees the Bois de Vincennes. One sees the zoological garden with all the animals) 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“On se promène dans la Lune. On a faim. On va manger un morceau de Lune,” (One walks on the moon. One is hungry. One eats a piece of the moon) 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil

Eugène Ionesco, **Conte 4** (Gallimard Jeunesse, 2009)

- *Papa and mushrooms (inspired by Ionesco’s *Amédée ou comment s’en débarrasser* [*Amédée, or How to Get Rid of It*]), 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *Papa chased by a rhinoceros (inspired by Ionesco’s *Rhinocéros*), 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil
- “Tu n’es pas sous la table,” (You are not under the table.) 2009, Watercolor and colored pencil

Spartacus The Spider (Creative Editions, 2010)

- *“So they named me Spartacus,” 2010, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“Moths flew right through it,” 2010, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“I was humiliated. And hungry, too,” 2010, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“As I inhaled the scents of the forest, a mouse passed by and whispered to me some very odd news,” 2010, Watercolor and colored pencil
- *“The world would become a giant terrifying net,” 2010, Watercolor and colored pencil

Etienne Delessert, **Yok-Yok Les Monstres** (Gallimard Jeunesse Giboulées 2011)

- *“Yok-Yok et ses amis adorent jouer avec les monstres,” (Yok-Yok and his friends love to play with the monsters.) 2011, Watercolor and colored pencil

Unknown photographer, **In the Garden of Eden, Switzerland, 1945**, Photograph