

BIOGRAPHY & CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ:  
EDWARD HOPPER IN TWO GENRES

Gail Levin

Few art historians have tackled both a biography and a catalogue raisonné. Fewer still have undertaken both for the same artist.<sup>1</sup> As author of both the catalogue raisonné and the first biography of Edward Hopper (*Edward Hopper: An Intimate Biography*, 1995), I have enjoyed an unusual opportunity to observe firsthand how each affects the other. Neither genre is currently fashionable among art historians, whose conception of what their discipline should do has been shifting with the winds of scholarly fashion. For most of this century, the dominant paradigm was a legacy of nineteenth-century positivism. Scholarship focused on the work of art and scorned biography as too personal and subjective, even irrelevant. When writers set out to tell about the lives of artists, their efforts were dismissed as anecdotal and unreliable. In recent decades, however, the dominance of formal and iconographical studies has been challenged. Proponents of multifarious theories have shifted their attention from the art object to extra-aesthetic concerns such as the larger social and political contexts or the economic circumstances in which art works were produced. While art historians were painting themselves into these disparate methodological corners, the lives of artists continued to interest a broader public. In response to the demand, journalists and scholars from other fields leapt in hell bent on telling tales of personal passions and dramatic quests. Their products have only reinforced the bias against biography among art history professionals.

How sharply partisans of different trends can disagree about what should be written by whom on art can be seen in the factional posturing and skirmishing over a recent artist's biography by a scholar from another discipline. The biography of Mark Rothko by James E. B. Breslin won enthusiastic praise from art critic Hilton Kramer, who could not resist gloating that the author was a professor of English coming "to his subject from outside the art world" and "that an academic career in art history—especially as the discipline of art history has lately evolved—may not be the best preparation for achieving distinction in the writing of artists' lives."<sup>2</sup> An art historian like Jack Flam, however, in a lengthy review of this same book, objected to



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Breslin's "lack of familiarity with other works of art," eliciting an angry response from the biographer. In their published dispute, the two made an issue of their different disciplines, as if each thought the other not truly capable.<sup>3</sup> Journalists less concerned with scholarship than Kramer often go so far as to claim that no scholar can write good biography, while scholars routinely find fault with biographies because they are too journalistic.

Beyond the fray over any particular book, the kinds of writing about art form a broad spectrum of concerns from the personality of the artist to the product produced. At the personal extreme, biography represents the narrative and dramatic imagination employed to construct the mythic image of the artist, while at the other extreme the catalogue raisonné can be conceived as a merely chronological list of all of the works by an artist in a specific category (such as oil paintings or prints), usually accompanied by documentation on ownership as well as exhibition and publication histories. The apparent contrast between the extremes often deceives art historians, who easily object that biography is too subjective, while overlooking the fact that determining the content of a catalogue raisonné requires the subjectivity of connoisseurship. Subjectivity enters the cataloguing process because the compiler must determine which works are authentic. Where establishing authenticity once depended upon the scholar's eye and mastery of documentation, today's scholar also calls upon scientific tests of artistic materials such as pigment analysis, radiographs, and infrared reflectography. In the last analysis, however, judgments about authenticity often contain a subjective component.

Those who produce biographies and catalogues raisonnés do not often agree on either the value or the content of the two genres. In recent memory, one of the co-authors of the Jackson Pollock catalogue raisonné, art dealer Eugene Victor Thaw, argued against the notion that an artist's private life illuminates his work, asserting that while he was "not opposed to investigating the lives and psychology of creative artists," he found that "this material...is seldom central to the content of art itself."<sup>4</sup> But the author of the first biography of Jackson Pollock, the writer B. H. Friedman, took issue with Thaw: "An artist's work takes precedence over biographical detail. However, the work can often be elucidated by such detail; the life can only be understood through the work: the two are inseparably connected. Suppression of detail and exaggeration of the 'dramatic' create myths about artists."<sup>5</sup>

A deliberate distortion of facts to manufacture myth was how most art world professionals—from historians to critics to artists—viewed a later Pollock biography (one of whose co-authors actually did some graduate work in art history).<sup>6</sup> More than one critic has denounced its claims as "psycho-babble."<sup>7</sup> The ever-vigilant Hilton Kramer asserted that this book, which won

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a Pulitzer Prize in 1991, "bears a closer resemblance to a television series like 'Dallas,' with its unremitting focus on glamorized malevolence, than it does to a serious account of an artist's life and work."<sup>8</sup> There were, of course, no art historians, art critics, or artists on the Pulitzer committee.<sup>9</sup>

If this soap-opera biography represents one extreme in the spectrum of art writing, the other is fairly exemplified by the catalogue raisonné of Pollock's work, which is remarkable for the absence of any interpretation. Such austerity was dictated by Pollock's widow, the artist Lee Krasner, who initiated the project and insisted that it contain only images, documents, and facts. This minimalist style of catalogue raisonné won the accolade of Hilton Kramer, who concurred with Krasner: "Originality of interpretation has no place in a catalogue raisonné."<sup>10</sup> Krasner's minimalism provoked, however, quite the opposite reaction from another art critic, Lawrence Alloway, who faulted the Pollock catalogue for "avoiding interpretation as if it were mere contestable opinion.... They even refrain from iconographical comment though, after all their labors, who should be better placed to discuss meanings.... The mastery of data is admirable, but the refusal to interpret it disappoints modern expectations of holistic scholarship."<sup>11</sup>

What brings me to reflect on the clash of scholarly paradigms and the respective merits of each is the fact that I myself have just finished my biography of Edward Hopper and have recently reviewed for publication the manuscript for the catalogue raisonné that I completed for the Whitney Museum of American Art in 1984. As I look back at the newly minted art historian, Ph.D. in hand, that I was when I began research in 1976, I am struck by what I see.<sup>12</sup> My conviction about the value of original research for challenging received notions had been reinforced by my discovery of a cache of unpublished notebooks by the American painter Morgan Russell, documenting his invention of the then little-known style called Synchronism. I proved that paintings previously described in textbooks as pure abstractions in fact contained hidden figural images. This discovery won me the chance to present my results (as a guest curator) in a show at the Museum of Modern Art. The enthusiastic response, particularly from the chief art critic for *The New York Times*, then Hilton Kramer, brought my work to the attention of the Whitney Museum.<sup>13</sup>

The Whitney, with a grant from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, appointed me as the first (and only) curator of the Hopper Collection and charged me with producing a catalogue raisonné and organizing a major retrospective exhibition. The museum laid down no guidelines and I was left to define the catalogue as I saw fit. Still in my twenties and possessing an



excess of energy, I conceived of my task in the broadest possible terms. The new doctorate gave me confidence: I would employ methodical scholarship to gather and digest in systematic form all that could be known of Hopper's work. No detail was too arcane, no publication too obscure. My catalogue raisonné would be the definitive work on Hopper; in addition to reproductions of each work of art, I would document every owner (past and present), all exhibitions in which each picture was included, and every publication that ever mentioned or reproduced it. I intended to include all specific discussions of a particular work by the artist or his wife in the entries for each object. I planned a comprehensive bibliography with any article, exhibition catalogue, or book that even cited the artist or reproduced his work. Finally, I set out to construct a detailed chronology of his life and a complete exhibition history which listed all of the reviews. Everything had to be done by hand, without computers, which were not yet available to me. Thinking back, I wonder if this ambitious approach derives as much from my own character as from any ideology absorbed in graduate school. I approached Hopper with the same zeal I had brought to Girl Scout Merit Badges, completing the required collections and documentation for wild flowers, rocks, shells, and much else before the troop disbanded when most of the girls proved less interested in badges than boys.

The first object of this scholarly onslaught was the material in the Hopper Bequest at the Whitney itself. At her death in 1968, less than a year after her husband's, Josephine Nivison Hopper, who was also a painter, left both his and her artistic estates to the museum with which they had been associated for many years. The museum's precursor, the Whitney Studio Club, gave Edward Hopper his first one-man exhibition in 1920; the Whitney Museum organized retrospectives of his work in 1950 and 1964 and also showed her paintings on occasion.

Beginning my research at the museum, I expected to find Hopper's personal papers, including the letters he kept, the photographs, books, and phonograph records that he and his wife owned: in short the evidence of his intellectual and cultural scope. I searched in vain. Soon I learned that no one from the museum had sought to obtain this material, either directly from Jo after Edward's death, or, later, from the executor of her estate. The opportunity had been missed to conserve basic materials necessary to construct a history of the artist and his production—to compile the catalogue raisonné that I envisioned. My disappointment was all the more intense because the Hoppers were "pack rats" who had saved everything, as Jo wrote to Margaret McKellar of the Whitney in 1964, at the time the Museum was producing the exhibition catalogue for the last retrospective held during

Hopper's lifetime. The museum's oversight must be laid at the door of Lloyd Goodrich, who inherited Hopper's record books (listing sales and exhibitions) and who had collected extensive documentation for his own biography of Thomas Eakins. For whatever reason, Goodrich, although he had long promoted Hopper's art, failed to act when the time was ripe. Faced with this gap, I set out to reconstruct what I could. I located and collected letters and I conducted interviews with Goodrich and everyone else I could find who had known the Hoppers: other artists, his neighbors, his dealer, even the handyman for his building.

To compensate for the absence of basic documentation, there was the advantage of access to the thousands of works in the Bequest, most unpublished and never exhibited. I could easily examine works since the Whitney then stored its collections in the same building as the curatorial offices. In one particular case, I became intrigued by a café scene which Goodrich discovered rolled up at the time of Hopper's death and exhibited but never identified. Sensing its importance, I had it hung in my office where I scrutinized it daily: its mysteries and its significance for Hopper's career unfolded over time, until I was able to learn that he had painted it at a turning point in his career and called it *Soir Bleu*. This discovery in turn unlocked a whole sequence of revelations about Hopper's intellectual and artistic development.

One of the most unexpected results of my research was the evidence that Hopper's early work as a commercial illustrator was significant for his later artistic development. I collected hundreds of his illustrations for the first time, none of which had ever before been exhibited or presented in any art historical context. Although Hopper had refused to comment much about his commercial work, he did keep most of the originals that were returned to him. I found other examples of his illustrations in magazines so obscure that they were preserved only in the microfilms made by the Library of Congress when the originals were shredded. These works that he disdained were a revelation; they demonstrated the importance that popular culture had exerted on his artistic development. Some of the themes of his mature work (such as offices) first appeared in the illustrations that he had so reluctantly made to support himself before he attained recognition for his painting. The significance of this material, along with his better-known etchings and some prints that I had also discovered, was such that it seemed to merit its own exhibition apart from the planned retrospective which would focus on his paintings. The need to interpret these works for the museum's public, which I did for a show in 1979, prompted two book-length catalogues: one for illustrations and one for prints.<sup>14</sup>



Preparations for both this first exhibition and the major retrospective of oils, water-colors, and preparatory drawings which followed the next year gave me the opportunity to study Hopper in collections other than the Whitney. To plan the shows, I went to examine works in both public and private collections and then accompanied the exhibition on its itinerary in order to monitor the condition of each object and arrange the presentation in each venue. For the catalogue that accompanied the retrospective, I wanted to present the work in a manner different from the projected catalogue raisonné, so I arranged the paintings thematically, intentionally pointing out threads that ran throughout the work.<sup>15</sup> Once again, my aim was to interpret Hopper's art for the museum's audience.

My experience producing these exhibitions and their catalogues made me more and more certain that I should not omit interpretation from the catalogue raisonné. As it happened, I discussed this issue from time to time during the late 1970s with Lee Krasner, whose own art I included in another show that I co-organized for the Whitney in 1978, the same year the Pollock catalogue raisonné was published.<sup>16</sup> Although I was thrilled when she presented me with a copy of the four-volume Pollock catalogue raisonné, I could not imagine adopting her reductive conception for my own project. Above all, I believed my goal was to understand Hopper and to communicate my findings to his broad public, whether in exhibitions, articles, or the catalogue raisonné.

By 1984, I had completed gathering and processing documentation for all of Hopper's oils, watercolors, illustrations, and prints. I had nearly finished dating the thousands of drawings that he produced and I had identified all of the sketches which led to paintings. For individual works of particular interest, I had written extensive essays on the sources of inspiration, related works, and other significant information. I had also produced several introductory essays: the first analyzed Hopper's critical fortunes; the second was a brief biographical sketch; the third traced his artistic development; and the final essay identified and examined the recurrent themes of his work.

At this juncture, the museum arbitrarily declared that the catalogue raisonné was done. I returned to the academic career that the project had interrupted, but my approach to scholarship had changed forever. My long and intense study of so many original works of art had given me new technical skills and a deepened respect for what could be learned by careful examination of the object. My faith in the value of careful and exhaustive research had been rewarded by a succession of major discoveries. And yet I was not satisfied. Among the items I turned up that had escaped the museum's attention were voluminous, nearly illegible diaries kept by Hopper's wife. Under the pressure of the deadline imposed by the museum for the

catalogue raisonné, I was only able to skim them for comments about Hopper's paintings, although I kept finding personal details that fascinated me. The more I read, the more I knew that important clues to Hopper's work and life were buried there amid the tedious records of shopping lists and tea parties. Comments about what he read and the films and plays he saw raised my hopes that I could reconstruct Hopper's intellectual life. Other passages appeared to confirm my earlier suspicion that his paintings were more autobiographical than I had yet been able to prove. I longed to decipher and interpret this new evidence and began to realize that there was a further story to be told. I knew then that I had to write a biography of Hopper.

One might assume that after producing the catalogue raisonné, writing a biography of the same artist would be an easy task. Yet, the opposite seemed true. The facts of Hopper's career were now readily available to me, but the wealth of knowledge I had uncovered about the work and its critical reception made only too evident how comparatively little I knew about the private life. Jo's diaries with their abundance of detail date from June 1933, when both she and Edward were in their fifties and had been married for nearly a decade. Except for a few chance remarks he made in interviews, Hopper's childhood and adolescence were almost totally undocumented. To comment on the artist's early years, I had to rely heavily on the implicit autobiographical content of his early drawings, interpreting them in the context of the times and what I could discover about his family and community. I had turned up letters that he wrote to his family from his three trips abroad and used them to reconstruct his twenties. But the mystery of Hopper's personal life in his thirties, when he struggled tenaciously for recognition as an artist, depended largely upon clues I had to tease out from close readings of his drawings.

Earlier, when I first made myself familiar with the thousands of unpublished drawings, I was primarily concerned with identifying the subjects, relating them to paintings, and assigning dates. Now I wanted to mine the drawings for clues about Hopper's personal experiences. For example, first I found three drawings of the same woman (two of which were inscribed "Mme. Cheruy [sic]"), whom Hopper identified as "Jeanne Cheruy [sic]" in an etched portrait of a woman in a fur-trimmed hat and coat. For a retrospective of his prints in the 1960s, he told the curator Carl Zigrosser to date the work to 1915-18. But then I came across a French volume of Verlaine's poetry inscribed "Souvenir d'amitié Jeanne Chérut 10/12-22." Since Hopper kept this book all his life and because many of the poems contain erotic themes, I suspected an intimate relationship. When I searched further among the drawings, I was able to identify Chérut in a sketch of a woman



asleep in bed, a sheet pulled up to her chin. The intimate pose was already known to me, for Hopper later depicted his wife asleep in virtually the same position. Following these leads, I discovered that Chérut modeled for a number of other prints and paintings depicting nudes. Hopper almost always referred to her as "Madame," which suggests, in accordance with French usage, either that she was or had been married or was of a certain age; she was surely not burdened by American mores. I eagerly wrote to every Chérut family in France, searched the passenger lists of ships and elsewhere, but was not able to locate any further leads as to who she was and what happened to her after 1922.

Although Chérut remains for me the single most frustrating enigma, as I began the biography, I was most aware that almost nothing was known about the story of Hopper's wife before their marriage. Although her diaries occasionally recall her life before 1933, they cast little light on her personal and professional background. To fill in these blanks, I had to ferret out new sources through the force of my imagination and with research strategies that I can only call detective work. I discovered where she had studied, lived, worked, as well as how she had schemed and dreamed her way to becoming an artist.

Already while I was at the Whitney, I began to realize that Jo played a significant role in her husband's career. Even before I found her diaries, I sensed her importance and featured her in a section on Hopper's intimate life in both the 1980 retrospective and its catalogue. Her diaries, then, confirmed my hypothesis and provided far more detail than required by a catalogue raisonné. The evidence enabled and required me to expand my concept of what it would entail to write this biography. I began to see that I would have to tell the story of a marriage characterized by a never-ending struggle for control and by intellectual interdependence. The diaries provided evidence for what I had already sensed: that her background in theater came into play when she served as his actress/model and that her own experience as a painter allowed her to stimulate his creative life. She not only put together her costumes when she dressed up to pose for the women in his paintings, she joined him in fantasizing about the characters he depicted, even naming them. In the record book that she kept of his work, Jo commented, for example, that "Shirley," the secretary in *Office at Night* (1940), wore high heels and "plenty of lipstick."

I found in the diaries evidence that allowed me to correct the negative reputation that Jo acquired from journalists and critics who tried to interview Hopper and resented that she kept them at bay. Extroverted as her husband was introverted, Jo became notorious for her abrasive role in handling anyone

she saw as intruding on Edward. She earned a reputation as a nuisance, often forcing them to view her unheralded work when they came to speak with her more famous husband. A close study of the couple, however, reveals that they conspired on a strategy to conceal his personal life from the curious. When she discouraged critics who tried to ask Edward probing questions or who sought private details, taking the heat that she deflected from her spouse, she did so with his blessings. Letters document that he also used his dealer in a similar manner.

I am also able to put into a context the negative comments often made about Jo by various acquaintances. The diaries show that the Hoppers spent an unusual amount of time alone together: neither reported to an employer and, for much of their marriage, Jo had no studio of her own; she had no choice but to share her husband's space. For half of each year, his studio was also their living room, literally the only space besides their bedroom and the kitchen in their house in Truro. For most of the time, that was their situation in New York as well. Although Edward's remark to his garrulous wife that there was an imaginary line down the center of his studio over which he could see but not hear is legendary, he made no effort to establish a separate isolated studio space either for his wife or for himself, even when he clearly could have afforded it. Given his acquiescence to his wife's presence, it appears that he chose, even if by default, to have her close at hand.

By the time I began the biography, I knew that I had to consider not only his art but hers.<sup>17</sup> My task should have been easy enough. Jo had sold little during her lifetime and she left the Whitney her entire artistic estate, with the exception of a single painting bequeathed to the library in Truro, Massachusetts, where the Hoppers had a home. (The only other examples of her work are a few pictures that she sold or gave away.) At the time of the Bequest, John I. H. Baur, then the Director of the Whitney, and Lloyd Goodrich, then the retired director, together rejected Jo's work as unworthy. They added only three works by Jo to the Whitney's permanent collection, arranged for some of her paintings to be given away, and simply discarded the rest. None of the three works kept by the Whitney was ever exhibited and all had disappeared by the time I began work there in 1976; none of them has since turned up. A few other examples of her work managed to escape destruction by passing as work by Edward. While curator of the Hopper collection, I convinced Hopper's dealer, the late John Clancy, to give the museum a portrait of Edward painted by Jo. This picture, now the only mature oil by Jo Hopper at the museum, has never been accessioned for the permanent collection.



No one at the Whitney saw a need to invest in archival photographs—or even snapshots—of any of Jo's works. Her only paintings from the Bequest which can now be traced are four that went to the art gallery at New York University; these have rarely been exhibited. Fortunately I was able to recover elsewhere a number of black-and-white photographs of her paintings and drawings that she had taken during her lifetime; these offer a glimpse of her talent and testify to the importance of her work for Hopper studies. A group of these photographs will appear for the first time in the biography. The photographs document two styles: one close to the landscapes of her husband and another more personal and more feminine mode. This last category includes a number of pictures laden with autobiographical references. The publication of these paintings which tell the story of the Hoppers' life together will demonstrate that her work was in advance of contemporary feminist art which explores autobiographical themes.

Fortunately Jo's written legacy survived better than her paintings. Her diaries have enabled me to correct the dating of a number of Edward's paintings, often correcting by several months the record books that she kept. In a few cases, evidence I missed in a cursory reading of the diaries for the catalogue raisonné proved that an atypical painting was not produced when I had estimated based upon its subject, style, and materials. For example, the subject of an untitled painting on a small wood panel of a stairway was clearly a depiction of the interior of the artist's boyhood home in Nyack. I therefore assumed an early date of 1925, just several years after he had painted other wood panels of Monhegan Island (Maine) landscapes. What a surprise, then to find in Jo's diary for April 4, 1949 that Edward had begun to paint "a little picture on a wood panel—a staircase going down to open door & hall lamp suspended. Said memory of a repeated drawing of levitation, sailing downstairs & out thru door."<sup>18</sup> Two days later, Jo noted that Edward's doctor said he would soon require surgery. He continued to work on the panel while he waited for a hospital room to become available, but Jo noted that he had "so little heart to [give] the work [while] facing such uncertainty."<sup>19</sup> Five days after he had begun this picture, he checked into the hospital. Recuperation and summer on Cape Cod intervened; Hopper never finished or signed this work, nor did he have Jo record it in the record books she kept.

The dates of other paintings were not changed but explained by the focus on historical events (rather than on works of art) occasioned by the biography. The initial context for some works had been long forgotten. Hopper did not exhibit *Railroad Sunset* until the spring of 1937, over seven years after he painted it in the fall of 1929. He and Jo had returned to New

York from their summer travels in New England at the end of September, in time to witness the panic associated with the stock market crash on October 24. Both the theme and the unusual palette, with its extreme hyperbolic colors, must reflect the dramatic events taking place in the city. Technology, symbolized by the railroad signal tower and tracks, has failed; the wisdom of its intrusion into the countryside is questioned. No wonder the painting found no buyer; with the stock market collapse, the art market stumbled as well. Another example of historical context revealing content is *Nighthawks*, where an emphatic sense of unease reflects events that took place immediately before Hopper painted this canvas in early January 1942. His anxiety about the war after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor became ever more apparent as United States involvement escalated.

From my point of view, catalogue raisonné and biography are quite compatible genres, each one adding to the strength of the other. The best catalogue raisonné will provide at least a summary of the artist's biography in which to place the work; any worthwhile biography of an artist must feature the genesis of the work. In order to understand an artist well, one must become familiar with the full scope of the creative work. To avoid drawing conclusions based upon a work of art which turns out to be a forgery, the biographer needs the expertise of the catalogue raisonné.

Only fatigue and lack of time for other projects would dissuade me from producing another such duo. I am currently nearing completion of a catalogue raisonné of the painter Marsden Hartley, who was also a poet and essayist. Fortunately, a biography of the artist already exists, written by a literary scholar. It is not the biography that I would have written, but its existence makes such a task at once less arduous and less necessary.

My experience with a biography and catalogue raisonné for the same artist leads me to reflect, in closing, on how the two genres relate to the discipline of art history as currently practiced. The current vogue for theory has reduced interest in teaching the connoisseurship necessary to produce catalogues raisonnés. For many of the new theoretical persuasion, traditional art objects are best skirted or subsumed, not allowed to be a focus of attention. Most art historians, too, whether trendy or traditional, look with suspicion on artists' biographies. Their disciplinary bias blinds them to the possibility that scholarly biography might join the skills of reasoned connoisseurship, historical research, and critical theory to good effect without allowing any one of them to denature, clutter or obfuscate narrative. A theoretical alertness, whether feminist, Marxist, psychoanalytical, or other, might unobtrusively nourish and deepen biographical study, enriching the analysis of the life and work. Inevitable, too, such a multifaceted and



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disciplined biography will refine and punctualize the catalogue of works. Open-minded interchange, eclectic but choosy, is the way to go.

### NOTES

1. For a notable exception among American scholars, see John Rewald's biography *Paul Cézanne* (New York: Shocken Books, 1967 revision of 1948 edition) and *Paul Cézanne The Watercolors: A Catalogue Raisonné* (Boston: Little Brown, 1983).
2. Hilton Kramer, *The New York Times Book Review*, December 26, 1993, 21. James E. B. Breslin, *Mark Rothko: A Biography* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1994).
3. Jack Flam, "The Agonies of Success," *The New York Review of Books*, December 2, 1993, pp. 36-40 and letter from James E. B. Breslin with a reply from Jack Flam, February 17, 1994, pp. 40-41.
4. Eugene Victor Thaw, "An Exchange on Art and Biography," *The New York Review of Books*, XXVII, December 18, 1980, p. 65.
5. B. H. Friedman, "An Exchange on Art and Biography," *The New York Review of Books*, XXVII, December 18, 1980, p. 65.
6. Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith, *Jackson Pollock: An American Saga* (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, 1989).
7. Francis V. O'Connor quoted in Mark Schapiro, "Jackson Pollock: Drip or Genius?," *Art News*, p. 62. W. D. Bannard, Letter to the Editor, *The New York Times*, June 2, 1991, p. 4.
8. Hilton Kramer, "Pulitzer for Pollock Book a Joke," *The New York Observer*, April 29, 1991.
9. See Francis V. O'Connor, "An Undeserved Pulitzer for a Pop Biography?," *The New York Times*, May 12, 1991, p. 37. Grace Glueck, "Inner Workings of a Committee," *The New York Times*, May 12, 1991, p. 37.
10. Hilton Kramer, "1,096 Works," *The New York Times Book Review*, December 3, 1978, p. 11.

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11. Lawrence Alloway, *The Nation*, 228, March 17, 1979, p. 281.
12. My dissertation, "Wassily Kandinsky and the American Avant-Garde, 1912-1950," (Rutgers University Press, 1976) had nothing to do with Hopper, but covered the same period of American art.
13. See Hilton Kramer, "Morgan Russell, the Synchronist Pioneer," *The New York Times*, March 20, 1976 and Hilton Kramer, "The Whitney Rediscovered Itself," *The New York Times*, June 27, 1976, p. 29.
14. See Gail Levin, *Edward Hopper As Illustrator* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1979) and Gail Levin, *Edward Hopper: The Complete Prints* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1979).
15. Gail Levin, *Edward Hopper: The Art and The Artist* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1980).
16. The show (as well as its catalogue) was called *Abstract Expressionism: The Formative Years*.
17. I had reproduced two examples in my catalogue for the 1980 exhibition.
18. Jo Hopper diary of April 4, 1949.
19. Jo Hopper diary of April 7, 1949.



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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Publication of *Biography and Source Studies* is made possible by the Evon L. and Benedict H. Gruntal Memorial Endowment Fund, which also supports the activities in the Department of English at New York University of the Biography Seminar, a workshop for professional and apprentice biographers and biographical studies. Together with a parallel Fund, it also provides support for Playwrights and Players: The Genevieve Hamper and John Alexander Lectures in Theatrical Biography, an annual series honoring two of America's distinguished actors.

Gloria Erlich's "Subjectivity and Speculation in Thematic Biography: Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edith Wharton" was published in much different form in *Biography* 12:2, Spring 1989, 127-141, as "Interpreting Hawthorne: Subjectivity in Biography." The copyright for the earlier version is held by the Biographical Research Center, in Honolulu, Hawaii. Special thanks go to Dolores Karl, who donated her time and computer expertise to the production of this volume.

ISSN 1075-3451  
Set ISBN 0-404-63410-9  
Volume 2 ISBN 0-404-63412-5

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56 East 13th Street  
New York, N.Y. 10003  
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