WHO WAS WHO IN AMERICAN ART

Compiled from the Original
Thirty-four Volumes of
AMERICAN ART ANNUAL:
WHO'S WHO IN ART
Biographies of American Artists
Active from 1898–1947

EDITED BY
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SOUND VIEW PRESS
1985
A. B. Frost: Preparing for a Day on the Water. Private Collection

IAMS, J(ohn) Howard (P) Harrisburg, PA b. 10 Ap 1897, Washington County, PA. Studied: CL; ASL; Member: SSAL; Pittsburgh AA; Miss. AA. Exhibited: S. Wash. A., 1928 (prize); SSAL, 1928 (prize); 1931 (prize); Miss. AA, 1930 (med); 1931 (gold); 1934 (med). Work: Birmingham (Ala.) Pub. Lib.; Bennet Lib., Weston, W.Va.; White House [40]

IANNACCONE, Piero (P) Phila., PA. Studied: PAFA, 1936. Exhibited: PAFA, 1938 (prize) [40]


Profile in two parts: LOUIS ICART

THE MAN

By ALEX POTTER

EVEN the working bistro, the slippers, and the flamboyant bow do not make 60-year-old Louis Icart look quite like an artist. In town dress, this short, pink-faced man might be taken for a doctor doing a round of humble patients.

When I called at his house on Montmartre's summit, a buyer from Rio de Janeiro was there. "I'll take your little room," said Icart. On a table at the window was a huge book, and on the book a white hand had strewn seven fresh rose petals.

Those petals, more than the Rembrandt, the Degas, the Vian inck and the Utrillo on the walls, give the note of the exquisite home the artist and his wife have made since their marriage 23 years ago.

Frescoes in the entrance-hall, one by Pouilot—a group of Montmartre children the youngest child, aged three, became Mme. Icart. Stairs of white stone and a gallery. Flowers here and there, and unexpected treasures in unexpected places on the way to the studio where lovely women are painted.

Music floats in. A cellist is playing to a group of Americans dallying over lunch in the garden-restaurant next door.

From the studio windows, a breath-taking view of Paris. A flight of pigeons passes—the artist's pigeons—from a lot on the roof, where there is also a miniature swimming pool.

This is Icart's sixth home in Paris. It has a garden. He has always had a garden. "Not so much for us, as for the dogs," he says. He has only three dogs now. There used to be seven.

The house must have seemed a dream when, in the World War, the artist was an infantryman, then a fighter pilot. At one end of the studio is a bar. Over a drink, Icart tells: "Pilots go to all areas now, but my smallness helped me get into the air."

Icart was born in Toulouse. He is French to the core, has travelled much, is now on his third trip to the United States, but has never been there. He is affable, explicit, a good talker and a good listener. In the evenings, he reads to his wife.

He gets up at 5:30 and, with breaks only for meals, works all day. He rarely leaves his house.

In his studio, with an occasional glance at the superb panorama, he feels sufficiently influenced by the city and of his feminine heart.

At 17 he was selling his first drawings to illustrated reviews. He held his first exhibition at 26. He has never had a teacher.

He is still striving for expression. He looks at his work, his home, and his treasures, you are not surprised to learn that, if he could be relieved, and the childicn taken, he would be an artist again.

HIS WORK

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

Seeing the paintings of Louis Icart, for the first time, one has the impression that they belong to the end of the last century. Those of the "red period," which he named his early manner, remind us of Gaston Laloche; the portraits in black and white recall Helene.

Icart's work is full of life. La joie de vivre, which seems to remote from us today, has never left him. He is above all, a painter of women. For more than 40 years he has been painting as others paint Venice. Through the sources of recent years he has always discovered the charm, the elegance and lightheartedness at the 19th century.

In these paintings of his where slender amazons ride past under floral foliage with gesture that recall Lautrec, the sense of beauty and distinction which belongs to the France of all time.

His earned work is quite important. Hundreds of Icart's engravings are scattered throughout the world.

Some of these engravings have the profound and visionary qualities which we credited in the past to Victor Hugo. This is not astonishing, since Icart is himself a poet. He is in the habit of illustrating his own texts. 

"In the Park," a painting by the typically French artist Louis Icart, whose work is discussed below.

received from Newman Gallery 9/1/85