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Cover Story: Haunted by Gretchen Dow Simpson

By Chris Ware

Editor's Note: We asked Chris Ware, who drew this week's cover, "Mother's Day," to discuss the New Yorker covers that inspired him.

Since I draw more or less like a robot, it's good to have something human to inspire me every once in a while. While I dutifully admire the manly, punchy gags of Peter Arno and Charles Addams, the "old school" New Yorker cover artists I think most about are actually all women. Ilonka Karasz's bucolic diorama-like vistas and the unapologetic warm sentiment of Edna Eicke stir up fond memories of childhood with a tactile power truly unusual for drawings intended only for print.



March 16, 1981, by Gretchen Dow Simpson.

Possibly due the influence of my mother's taste, I also have a soft spot for Gretchen Dow Simpson's blank observations of beaches, grass, and whitewashed homes—the peopleless screen doors, walls, shingled roofs, and beach pebbles of the nineteen-seventies and eighties.