TREES AT NIGHT
ART YOUNG
October 6: On my table lie two letters just received from strangers who write me to say that they like my drawings "Trees at Night," which are published from time to time in the Saturday Evening Post. I have received a great many such letters. Some of the writers enclose suggestions and photographs for other drawings on the subject, some wrote poems about them, others were anxious to know if they would be published in book form.

In common with most people of artistic perception, I like trees. While looking out of my window toward the wooded hills one summer night, a caravan of camels seemed to be humping along the sky. They were trees of course but enough like camels to key my imagination up to discover other pictures in the formation of foliage. The rest of the summer nights I enjoyed hunting for tree pictures against the light of the sky or thrown into relief by the glare of automobiles, and drawing them next day. It seemed to me that this silhouette handling of trees at night had never before been done by any artist. I felt that I had discovered something.

After the caravan, I saw "a woman and a fan" and other subjects followed. Any night I could walk or ride along the road and see interesting silhouettes made by tree forms, many of them so clearly defined as to need no improvement on my part. But aside from the appearance of a tree by day or night, is it not kin of the human family with its roots in the earth and its arms stretching toward the sky as if to seek and to know the great mystery?

From Art Young's Diary
Thirty-five of these drawings were first published in The Saturday Evening Post, others in Collier's and Life. Except for a few touches of accent or elimination on some of them they are here presented as originally published.

Through special arrangement with the editors of the foregoing magazines I am permitted to reprint the drawings, and gratefully acknowledge their courtesy.

Art Young
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