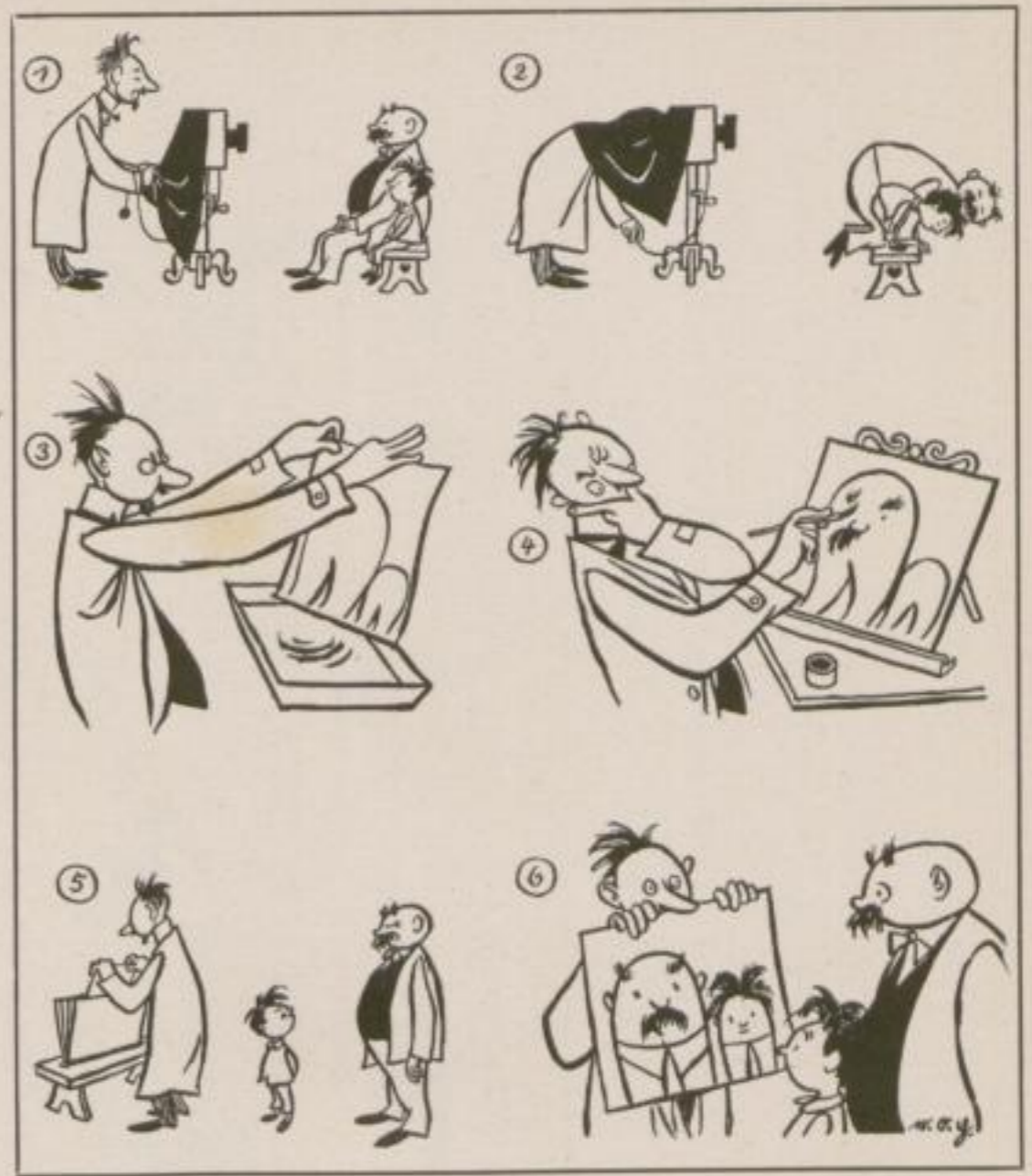


E. O. PLAUVEN

"Father and Son"—two characters whose "discovery" is, after all, so unprecedented, because the idea was so obvious, and was therefore never recognized. The pair are in perfect harmony—a kind-hearted pleasant father who has never forgotten that he, too, was once a little boy, and a son who finds him a real comrade who shares his joys and sorrows and who is his protector and play-fellow at the same time. The intimate relationship gives rise to a smile, tears of emotion and shouts of laughter at the same time. The pair are simple and splendid. One falls in love with them, and then grows thoughtful, thinking of one's own childhood, one's own father, one's own child, and then of oneself again. It is simply marvellous. And then their reactions to accidents of all kinds—and they always surprising "points" at the end. Points? No, rather the delighted "mental" somersault. And why is it that they are always a source of renewed pleasure? Because "Father and Son" are human, and both have their weaknesses. Look at the father who simply cannot bear being checkmated by his son and smacks his behind for it. And then how disrespectful the boy is sometimes. When we see the pleasure that "Father and Son" give both to the public and to the critics, can anyone still assert that we Germans are dry pedantic pedagogues? Yet the sense of humour shown is genuinely Germany. One is tempted to compare it with the work of Wilhelm Busch. He too did not invent anything, but just sat still and merely sketched the comic side of real life.

But I notice that I have not written a single word about the father of "Father and Son", the draughtsman E. O. Plauen. Who is he, it may be asked, and does he really exist. Of course, he does, but "Father and Son" exist so independently that he himself retires completely into the background. Children are tremendously fond of "Father and Son", but if they happen to see E. O. Plauen they are disappointed "because he has not got that kind of beard". "Father and Son" is a source of endless amusement for grown-ups, but if they meet the author they tell him all about it, as if they had first to invite the attention of an absolute outsider to all its delightful features. What is to be said? Have a look at him and his son, little Christian, whose pranks have already provided so much material. But it should not be forgotten that reams could be written about E. O. Plauen's form of graphic expression, for, in addition to the enjoyment of the "story", there is the question of how it is done and the unsurpassed economy of line and mastery of the drawing. But I must stop, for it is much more important to leave room for his brilliant ideas and his sketches.

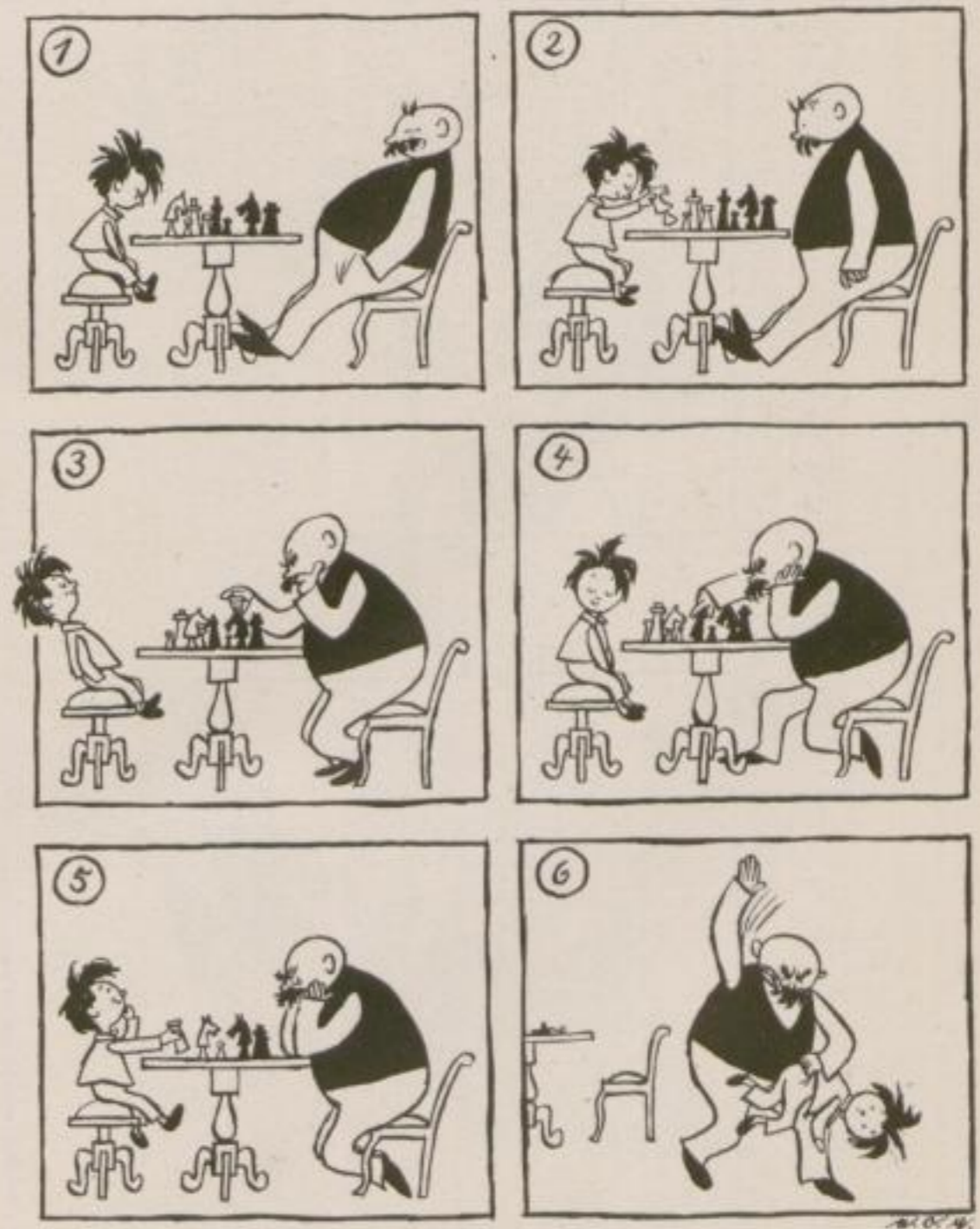
Translated by W. L. Campbell.



Porträtphotographie

Portrait photography

"FATHER AND SON"



Schach dem Vater

Checkmating father