Yvonne Twining Humber:  
Reflections on the Artist on the Centenary of her Birth

Claudia J. Bach

A talk given by Claudia J. Bach, arts consultant and executor of the artist’s estate, on November 29, 2007 at the Frye Art Museum, Seattle, in conjunction with the exhibition Yvonne Twining Humber: Modern Painter which was on view from September 8, 2007 through January 6, 2008.

Thanks to the Frye Art Museum and curator Robin Held we have this wonderful opportunity to see a number of Yvonne Twining Humber’s paintings together and to consider Yvonne’s work as an artist. Yvonne would have so enjoyed this moment.

Tonight I’ve been asked to talk a bit about Yvonne, and to provide a set of personal reflections on her as a woman and as an artist. In her late 80s Yvonne was told by the retirement community she was living in that she needed assistance handling her affairs, and she asked me if I would be willing to take that on. Without really having a clue what that entailed I agreed and found myself on a decade-long journey related to her financial, legal, health and artistic affairs through to her death in 2004 at age 96, and beyond that as executor of her estate. I had already helped in a small way with her move from her home, but this next phase was infinitely more complex, challenging, and more rewarding in unexpected ways. This included figuring out—through a veritable sleuthing process—that her assets were much greater than she ever imagined and having the pleasure of helping her establish the Irving and Yvonne Twining Humber Award for Lifetime Artistic Achievement at Artist Trust for women visual artists over 60. It also entailed navigating legal and financial issues related to the will of an artist with no direct descendents whose life had covered almost the entirety of the 20th century and many geographic locations.

My connection with her prior to the 1990s was multifaceted, if not deep. I had first met Yvonne shortly after moving to Seattle in 1978 as my mother and grandmother mentioned that I had a relative here. Yvonne was related to me by her marriage to Irving Humber, whom I never met, but who was a first cousin of my grandmother’s. Not only was he a first cousin, but his brother Walter was married to my great aunt, and their worlds in Vienna, Luxembourg and Belgium had been deeply entwined before the total upheaval of their lives in Europe by World War II. This thread provides the background for many aspects of her life from the 1940s on, and frames much of my life as well. My many years of work in the visual arts, including a dozen years at the Henry Art Gallery as well as many years as a consultant with artists and arts organizations, provided us with a shared universe of art, and over the years she had enlisted my help in trying to untangle some dealings with the business side of her art.

Next week, on December 5, 2007 it is the centenary of Yvonne Twining Humber’s birth. She lived in all but six years of the 20th century and had a handful of years on the 21st. Her life and her work as an artist—especially as a woman artist—was shaped by this extraordinary century during which irrevocable shifts occurred at a newly accelerated pace.

I am neither a historian nor do I call myself an art historian, despite a BA in that field, but tonight I have chosen to use the framework of history (and apologize in advance for any historical ignorance I make evident) to share some of my understanding of Yvonne’s accomplishments, her challenges, and offer a glimpse of the woman herself.

Before I go any further, I want to acknowledge a few individuals who are with us tonight. David Martin and Dominic Zambito, who as gallery owners, advocates and as friends in the 1980s basically fanned back to a flame the embers of Yvonne’s sense of self as an artist. As a writer and a curator David has continued to provide Yvonne’s work with deserving attention. An essay of David’s on Yvonne can be found in the publication put out this year by Artist Trust in conjunction with the seventh anniversary of the Twining Humber Award for Lifetime Artistic Achievement, “Yvonne Twining Humber: Her Life
and her Legacy." I also want to acknowledge Abby Egginton, Yvonne’s cousin from the Twining side, whom I am happy to have gotten to know now that she has come to study in Seattle. And a number of other friends from the various stages of Yvonne’s life have joined us tonight. I hope I do her memory justice in your eyes.

I am amazed when I think of the world she was born into in New York City at the end of 1907. Certainly a different world from the post-9/11 world at the end of her life. Her parents Harry Esmond Twining and Emma Potts Twining had met in London where her mother was performing opera and recitals under the name of Mlle. d’Egremont, after the name of the rural town South Egremont in the Berkshires in Massachusetts where her mother was raised. They were married at an estate overlooking the Thames through her mother’s music connections, and this was clearly a touchstone moment in her mother’s life. After their marriage the couple lived in Paris where Emma continued her singing career and Harry had business interests in textiles, and where he continued his efforts as a gifted amateur painter. Yvonne stated that she came as a “surprise” for her parents—her mother was 41 when they returned to New York for her birth—and irrevocably changed their lives. This was said with a sense that such changes were not all seen as positive.

In looking at the trajectory of her life it seems instructive to note that her early years were clearly rooted in the 19th century and the Victorian era (which ended concurrently with the reign of Queen Victoria in 1901) and decidedly shaped by the influences of the Belle Époque—considered a golden age in Europe. This period of technological and artistic innovation brought radical transformation and invention: The automobile, aeroplane, telephone and phonograph, the thinking of Freud, Expressionism, Art Nouveau, the writings of DH Lawrence, and Picasso’s shocking work Les Demoiselles d’Avignon (1913) were all part of the world that parallels the first few years of Yvonne’s life.

After her birth Yvonne’s family lived briefly in Montreal where her earliest memories were of horse drawn sleighs, but then in England where Yvonne’s spent her early years. This was England under the rule of King George V and Queen Mary (who reigned from 1910 through World War I)—and we must remember that he was also considered to be Emperor of India as well as the King of the many countries making up the British Commonwealth and that the era of colonialism was still in full bloom. The rapid force of change was tempered in England by the constraint of the lingering Victorian mindset.

Her father’s death from pneumonia in France in 1917 heralded change for Yvonne aligned with the cataclysmic upheavals and changes wrought by WWI. But before we leave her childhood in England we must get the picture of Yvonne as an only child, living with older parents who are used to a life steeped in the arts, and who were not entirely sure of what to make of this addition to their lives. As Yvonne recounted, her mother liked nothing more than to have center stage at any social gathering at which she could play the piano and sing. The tensions between her mother’s musical career and the expectations of child rearing were clearly on view. The options for balancing career and motherhood were certainly even more daunting at the beginning of the 20th century than they are today.
At age 10 Yvonne was to leave England but her sense of that world balancing propriety and outward restraint with a sense of disregard for convention --permitted through the arts -- would remain with her. Her carefully chosen ironic comment and wicked flash of criticism of the work of certain artists was always contained within the confines of a being a “proper lady” with the social graces appropriate to any drawing room.

With her mother, she returned to this continent after waiting more than a year in Wales for passage on a troop ship. As a widow with a child in tow, it was not considered appropriate for her mother to work, and they moved to Iowa to live with her mother’s sister Cora for a few years, and then to Montreal before settling back in her mother’s home town of South Egremont, a quintessential New England town in the Berkshires (not far from Tanglewood.) This bucolic setting is reflected in her rural landscape work. Her sense as an observer, always a bit of the outsider in all these settings, is something that I think helped to profoundly shape her artistic voice. And to which we will return.

Yvonne herself believed that she was drawn to the visual arts as a way to separate herself from her mother’s accomplishments and strong personality. She stated that her art provided a way for her to define her individuality and she had a dogged determination in this regard which she felt was aided, but not driven by talent or passion—though she drew from a very early age. Yvonne by age 13 took a strong dislike to formal education and she said that she easily convinced her mother that she should not attend school. Her mother was anxious to keep her happy, and Yvonne believed that she actually was quite spoiled by her mother and her beloved unmarried aunt Maria (Mariah) in South Egremont. An avid reader, Yvonne was certainly well educated by most measures, but it would appear that that was more through choice than requirement. Her artistic studies, however, continued: She studied with a number of artists of note who were in residence at least part of the year in the Berkshires and this led to the opening of her world.

Yvonne came of age in the 1920s in rural New England and expanded her horizons during this landmark decade. As remarkable as it seems to us today, we must remember that it was only in 1920 that women received the right to vote in the United States and that women’s’ roles were generally quite circumscribed. A mother and daughter and a maiden aunt were not well positioned to earn money or exercise many choices.

This sense of limitation and family ties in a small New England village was countered by the energy and dynamism emerging in the world of new skyscrapers, jazz, the Harlem Renaissance, Alfred Stieglitz and his gallery, as well as artists such as Marsden Hartley and the Canadian painters known as the Group of Seven who were reinterpreting the landscape away from European Impressionism. It is worth noting that is was seen as quite radical when the Group of Seven invited Northwest artist Emily Carr to participate in some exhibitions although she was a woman.

Beginning in 1925 Yvonne studied in the staunchly conservative National Academy of Design in New York City, the place where rigorous if stultifying repetitive drawing of plaster casts provided her with highly developed skills in drawing that served her throughout her career. She noted with lingering dismay that the women students (note how few women are in the picture) were prohibited from viewing live models throughout her time at the...
Academy and that it was only at the Art Students League - where she concurrently took classes starting in 1928-- that some of the emerging freedom of ideas and opportunity could be broached. The Stock Market crash of 1929 marks the end of this decade but this cataclysmic crisis was a key opportunity for Yvonne, as a woman painter, since it opened other doors.

During much of her time in New York she lived at the Three Arts Club (she did the drawings on the brochure) on the Upper West Side, a residence for 150 single women visual and performing artists which was supported by wealthy women benefactors who occasionally provided percs in the form of hand me down evening gowns to go with donated tickets to the opera. There are a number of things about this residence that help us to understand the woman Yvonne and the world she lived in. This setting, with studios on the top floor, was an acceptable and reputation-saving way to be an unmarried woman artist. She noted that it was a wonderful community of women but that all the women there were always worried sick about money and that helps us understand that she and her mother were in a financially tenuous situation. The choice to stay primarily in South Egremont was likely to have been motivated in large part by frugality. But one of the oddest things about her time at the Three Arts Club, from our current cultural perspective, is that her mother came from South Egremont to live there with her almost constantly, as she did virtually everywhere Yvonne lived to the end of Emma's life. This was not so much the kind of “helicopter parent” hovering we hear of today but more a testament to the responsibility Yvonne carried as the financial support and locus of her mother's life. This is one of the framing constraints of Yvonne's life.

This constraint was really only loosened during a series of pivotal opportunities that also are the foundation for the development of Yvonne’s artistic voice and which lead to the strong work represented in the exhibit here at the Frye. Around 1930 she spent a number of summers in Provincetown studying with artists through whom she encountered greater artistic freedom --and greater personal freedom as her mother was not always her companion. Then in 1933 and again in 1934 Yvonne was the recipient of Tiffany Foundation Fellowships at Oyster Bay, New York. These summer fellowships represented not only significant acknowledgment that she was an artist of merit, but brought her into a stimulating community of young men and women artists who lived and breathed art and were willing to challenge existing techniques, approaches and boundaries. This included Paul Cadmus, Luigi Lucioni and Edna Reindel who not only exposed her to the Italian Primitive painters and modern art as well as aspects of American Primitivism—they were a party crowd. For the first time Yvonne seems to have let herself explore a less restrained set of interactions, including a relationship with a fellow artist Byron Thomas. And her mother was not present! I’m assuming that bringing your mother to your Tiffany residency was not an option.

Artistically she began to move definitively past the vocabulary of her instructors who had been influenced by Classicism and Impressionism and begin to explore how formal aspects of realism might be pushed to create her own vocabulary and approach. Photographs from this period show Yvonne in a community of artists for really the only time in her life. This seems to me to be a remarkable poignant and important fact.
It was in this community of artists, where vigorous artistic dialogue and work was part and parcel of each day—and this was with individuals of strong artistic commitment and passion—that her art blossomed. It is something that gives one pause as we look at the later part of her life and consider what the importance may be for such community in pushing artistic accomplishment.

The recognition and stylistic voice that emerged through the early 30s in fact provided Yvonne with a time of opportunity in the midst of The Great Depression. The government-sponsored Public Works for Art Project began in 1933 and her Tiffany connection led to her employment as an easel painter in New York City. For a few years she was able to refine her emerging approach to the urban landscape in New York, often choosing to do so from a high vantage point of an upper story window. I believe it is interesting that in these works (most of which are lost to us today) and which received strong critical praise and publication, she further develops the viewpoint of a distanced observer. We see this continued and made even more evident in the subsequent works she produced as an easel painter from 1935 to 1943 for the Works Progress Administration (WPA.) The WPA required that artists paint in their home state, and this forced Yvonne to leave NY and the community of artists there to paint in both Boston and the Berkshires.

She was extremely conscientious as a WPA artist and worked diligently at least 8 hours a day. While in Boston, she and her mother shared rather unpleasant accommodations according to her, and she would go out each day to locate a place to paint in situ as there was no studio provided. She worked alone, and though a fellow WPA artist Jack Levine noted that “every guy in the WPA was in love with her” they saw her as unapproachable, leaving her to pursue her work as a kind of lone wolf. (And she was certainly a strikingly attractive woman, but her sense of reserve was also strong.)

This view of easel painting as employment, as a job, is one of the salient aspects of the WPA and Yvonne’s career, yet one that really does not resonate in the same way today when we think of art as resulting from the drive and self discipline of the artist herself rather than from the demands of the workplace or an employer. We equate that with “commercial art.” This workmanlike mindset, especially when we think about this occurring in Yvonne’s late 20s and until her mid 30s (a very important stage in her development,) helps to explain a kind of attitude that those of us who met her late in her life were sometimes disconcerted by. She saw the work of being an artist as being intertwined with the imperative that it be able to support her and her mother throughout this period. Painting did not exist as something removed from the reality of making a living but had proved the critical link to being a breadwinner.

We should note that the Public Works of Art Project and the WPA were both developed out of an ideological base—a belief in a kind of cultural democracy and the hope that it would demonstrate a uniquely American art that reflected a positive view of American life, both rural
and urban. This was essentially obscured by the end of the program. It is interesting that although the art she produced at this time parallels a time of great hardship in the United States, her paintings—whether in the city or the country—reflect a kind of hardy America without visual reference to soup kitchens, etc.

The exhibition here has also caused me to reflect on how the paintings from this period align with the woman and her personality. Yvonne was first and foremost a watcher, an examiner of the visual. This was undoubtedly fueled by the endless discipline imposed at the National Academy, but I believe it was also the result of the inclination to stand at a distance (both physical and emotional) from the complexity and messiness of human passion. This could be seen in many ways and I am not about to play amateur psychologist but it is striking as one who knew her. I can say that I thoroughly enjoyed her biting sense of humor and admired her passionate gaze at a bouquet of flowers or a work of art, but that the sense of reserve she always carried and one felt in her presence is so evident in her art even from the 1930 and 40s. It is interesting to realize that while there are many
human figures in her art, and often a sense of humor about their interactions or activities, they remain anonymous players in the distance. This remains true throughout her life. The only images that seek to capture the individual are limited to a very select part of her universe: her mother, her aunt Maria, and herself—in her self portrait. Not even her husband Irving appears to have undergone her visual scrutiny for a drawing or painting, or at least none that she kept.

The Second World War opens yet another chapter in Yvonne’s life and brought an end to the WPA. This meant an end to her livelihood as an artist with the “job security” of WPA employment. And what remains shocking is that an untold number of works by Yvonne and numerous other WPA artists were destroyed, unaccounted for or lost. After the WPA ended she worked briefly in a munitions plant and then doing some commercial illustration. This personal economic turn of events directly reflects the war years, but she surely did not imagine how World War II would impact her life in other ways.

Despite having had her work receive critical accolades and awards, and having been featured in many prestigious exhibitions during the WPA years, Yvonne was unable find a gallery in New York or Boston that would carry and promote her work. She keenly felt this as a snub based on gender as she saw male artists whom she felt were less accomplished find dealers to champion their work. The reality of being an unmarried woman artist without the framework of the WPA signaled to her and her mother the precarious and even untenable situation regarding Yvonne’s ability to support them.

A local matchmaker and family friend in South Egremont was pressed into service and facilitated an introduction to Irving Humber, who was visiting the area from Seattle. One has only to learn that it was a two week courtship to understand that this was in every sense an arranged marriage. The wedding occurred on Yvonne’s 36th birthday in 1943. And in keeping with the pattern of her life to that point, her mother followed her to Seattle only a few weeks after the couple married. One can only imagine Yvonne’s feelings for her new home city far from the urban centers of New York and Boston. Yvonne was a pragmatist and understood the reality of the situation and acknowledged that it was a marriage of convenience rather than love, but that she and Irving, as she put it, “had an understanding” which grew to include true appreciation and shared sense of companionship, which survived a truly difficult set of circumstances they shared through the 1950s.
A bit of background on Irving. He came to the United States as the war in Europe heated up. He was from a cultured urbane family in Vienna and Luxembourg and had traveled the world as a salesman involved with the production of rubber. He was an accomplished photographer and he extensively documented his travels throughout Europe and North Africa (and it is an interesting aside that his photographic work, like Yvonne’s paintings shows people only as objects in the landscape and focuses on the architecture and environment.) He also played the piano at a concert-worthy level. His path to having a wholesale drug and cosmetics business in Seattle is another tale in and of itself but it is critical to these reflections on Yvonne in that it brought her to Seattle where she was to live for over 60 years. He was Jewish by birth though had been non-practicing in Europe had become involved with Riverside Church in New York City before moving to Seattle—and had changed his name from Erwin Hamber to Irving Humber. Yvonne considered that she “wasn’t anything much but was raised Episcopalian.” At that time, marriage across religious lines was certainly not the norm and her disregard for this says something of her unconventional nature, and the situation. She stated about this difference: “My husband and I had a problem which we faced squarely...by ignoring it!” This had another facet however, which was to shape her life. Irving’s mother Jenny Hamber, had been in Theresienstadt, a ghetto created by the Gestapo in the former Czechoslovakia. While not an extermination camp, of the over 150,000 Jews who arrived there, only 17,247 survived. Jenny was one of these survivors, and after endless efforts on Irving’s part she was able to come to live in Seattle. Her only other child, Walter, had been killed by the Gestapo in 1943 after being captured and tortured as a key member of the French Resistance. It is remarkable to imagine the divergent paths of these two brothers over those war years in the United States and Europe.

When Jenny arrived in Seattle in 1946, deeply traumatized by her wartime experience, she joined the already rather odd combination in the household of Yvonne, Irving and Emma. Jenny never managed to master English and neither Yvonne nor Emma spoke German. At the same time as family complexity multiplied, Yvonne strove to maintain her career as an artist. In 1945 she joined the Women Painters of Washington. She painted the
remarkable natural landscape in Washington, and adapted her work to the urban landscape of the growing city. Her efforts were rewarded with a one woman exhibition at the Seattle Art Museum in 1946 as well as other awards, prizes and acknowledgements through the 40s. She also taught from her arrival in Seattle until 1952.

She persevered and continued to produce distinctive work but both elderly mothers had increasing health problems and Yvonne was the key caregiver. Then, at the age of 44 she found herself pregnant. Tragically, her only child, Kathleen, died shortly after birth in 1952 and Yvonne often recounted the heartless way in which she was given the news by an insensitive nurse. Less than a year later, Jenny died, and two years after that in 1955 her mother died.

This period of heavy family responsibility coincided with a rise in attention accorded to the “Mystic Painters of the Northwest” so named in the noted article in Life magazine in 1953. Yvonne’s artistic sensibility was at odds with the work of Toby, Graves, Callahan and Anderson. Her work also did not align with the developing Abstract Expressionism on the East coast. While Yvonne had been focused on family needs she found that the art world had moved in directions away from elements of American Realism and Regionalism which she had forged as her own.

She and Irving traveled widely in the late 50s. He was a bold and inveterate traveler from his pre war experiences and they spent considerable time tracking Etruscan ruins in Europe as well as Mayan ruins in the Yucatan. It was on a trip to the Balkans and on arrival in an untouristed part of Greece in 1960 that Irving became seriously ill, dying after one night in the hospital. It seems that he knew he had cancer but had not chosen to tell Yvonne. His death was a deep shock to Yvonne and she returned to Seattle with the responsibility to try and shepherd their wholesale business, for which she said she had neither real inclination nor ability. She eventually extricated herself from the business, selling it in 1964. She invested the sum from the sale of the business hoping it would permit her to live carefully and focus on her art with renewed vigor.

Her work from the late 60s and 70s shows that, despite her lack of enthusiasm for the Northwest School painters, her work took on a layered and abstracted atmospheric aspect which some might see as connected. She explored technique in the water based paints favored by “those fellows” as
she referred to them with me on occasion and she also pursued Asian influences, studying sumi-e in Japan in the 1970s. Her sense of artistic community focused mostly on the Women Painters of Washington and with a group of women artists who met to practice sumi-e in Pioneer Square. She also explored printmaking techniques and remained a thorough and deeply curious student of art from Asia, Europe and the ancient cultures. She served as a dedicated docent at the Seattle Art Museum for nearly 40 years, where she said that she only gave tours to adults because her tours required the kind of attention and focus that was not really appropriate to kids.

When one looks at her time in Seattle one sees a confluence of circumstance and cultural shift that left Yvonne isolated from the most stimulating environments that seem to have provided her with the ability to move towards her clearest artistic voice. On her arrival in the 40s she stood ready to take on the challenge of shaping her artistic sensibility to this new environment. But the 1950s pulled her outside of the current with family taking precedence and we see that it was difficult to regain a kind of footing that is developed in the hothouse of artistic dialogue, tension and competition with other artists of similar abilities.

While she found friendships and companionship among artists in the 60s and 70s she was never to find in Seattle the kind of intensity which she encountered in the 30s in New York. There is nothing strange about the fact that by the time an artist is in her 60s that she may not be at
the forefront of the avant garde, but there is the backdrop of her life that always makes me feel that there was a kind of derailment for her here in Seattle, both the result of family obligations and the lack of connection to a circle of artistic voices that could help provide the environment in which she would push herself towards what would emerge next. She was by nature an outsider—and likely appeared a rather prim older woman—but who actually had quite an adventuresome and unconventional artist’s spirit in so many ways.

In the 1980s David Martin tracked down Yvonne, having had a longstanding interest in artists from the first half of the 20th century and having admired her WPA work. He and his partner Dominic were elated to find her here in Seattle, but dismayed to find her living essentially in artistic obscurity. Their encouragement and interest, as well as friendship, helped Yvonne to re-explore her figurative style in ways that certainly echo the work from the 40s. In 1995 she was also the subject of a master’s thesis at the University of Washington by Sharon Baerny and it is wonderful that Sharon’s many hours of interviews documented many aspects of Yvonne’s Depression Era work but also permitted Yvonne to revisit this important part of her artistic career. The interest of others is certainly a stimulant to both memory and action.

Yvonne’s pleasure in careful looking, thorough observation and the connection between eye and hand remained clearly there until the end of her life. Interestingly, her eyesight remained incredibly keen until her death and her observational powers would be fully engaged by the beauty of objects, nature and especially flowers. Her sense of color was a great pleasure to her and I was always struck by her preference for bold combinations of pinks, reds and oranges.

We can’t underestimate the Depression Era mindset which always informed her adult life. She saved everything and was sure she was in a state of penury. She chose to take the bus to Mexico where she studied Spanish there rather than spend the money for the plane. Her concerns about money seemed so severe that friends often purchased groceries concerned that she was not eating. The sad irony of this was that, when I ended up taking over her affairs and she was well in her 80s, it became evident that she could have lived without that shadow hanging over her. Her careful and conservative investments had multiplied to such an extent that we were able to identify a way for her to share that good fortune. Her interest in creating a source of funding for women artists, which became the Twining Humber Award through Artist Trust, was a clear expression of the frustration she felt in aspects of her own career as an artist and an acknowledgment of the tenacity it requires for women artists to balance art making at a professional level with the demands of family. At the end of her life she found herself an accidental philanthropist but a most intentional artist.

In her final years, the issues around her health and wellbeing took precedence over attending to her artistic legacy though it remained clear to her last moments that her abiding interest and sense of self remained entirely grounded in art: her sense
of herself as a painter and her concern that her work have a continuing place in the
world. Being involved with Yvonne has led me to think about the path of one’s life
in so many ways. To be asked to help someone as their life comes to an end is an
awesome responsibility. The multitude of details related to creating appropriate care in
an assisted living and skilled nursing facility are daunting, and it is sobering to realize
how we all should sincerely hope to have an advocate in our corner when our time of
physical diminishment arrives. Learning about philanthropy from the giving end (not
the asking side of which I’m well aware from my life in the non-profit world) has a
type of complexity I could not have imagined. Contacting individuals named in her
will was both a challenge and an adventure—such as locating a set of elderly siblings in
the Berkshires who had never heard of Yvonne but whose long departed father was
a distant farm boy cousin who had befriended Yvonne in South Egremont when she
was newly arrived there in the early 1920s. It is also a continuing gratification to see
her gift of the Award through Artist Trust continue to encourage and acknowledge
other women artists.

But of all these, seeing her paintings as the subject of a solo exhibition certainly
gives me a unique kind of pleasure: The pleasure of knowing that someone you
care for has been recognized in the way that was most important to her. And the
affirmation that art continues to have this extraordinary ability to transcend specific
time, space and the peculiar challenges which we each hope to face with the kind of
grace Yvonne exhibited to the very end.

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Information on images

* Denotes that the painting was included in the 2007 Frye Art Museum exhibition.
All family photographs and memorabilia courtesy of Claudia Bach, David Martin and Dominic Zambito.
All paintings are oil on canvas by Yvonne Twining Humber unless otherwise noted.

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Self-Portrait, c.1948, Collection of Claudia Bach, Seattle*

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Untitled (Aunt Maria in Great Barrington), c. 1933, Collection of Claudia Bach, Seattle

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Riverside Drive, New York City, 1935, Location unknown
Boston Common, c. 1938, Location unknown

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Factory District, 1940, Malden Public Library, Malden, Massachusetts*
Town Meeting (South Egremont), 1939, Lithograph
River View (Charles River), c. 1940, Private Collection, Vermont
Shakeress at her Loom, 1936, Private Collection, Seattle
River Picnic, 1940, Private collection*
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*Park in Spring*, 1937, Collection of Robert Cort and Rosalie Swedlin-Cort
*Untitled (Aunt Maria)*, c. 1933, charcoal on paper
*Untitled (Mother of the artist)*, c. 1933, charcoal on paper

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*Public Market*, c. 1944-45, Collection of Dr. Richard A. Smith, San Diego

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*Cascades*, 1944, oil on board, Martin-Zambito Fine Art
*Business District*, 1947, Oil on board, Private collection
*Demolition*, c. 1948, Oil on masonite, Private collection

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*Untitled (Marine)*, c. 1970, mixed media on paper mounted to gessoed board
*Untitled (Sumi-e)*, c. 1976, watercolor and ink on paper

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The artist with photographer Mary Randlett, the first recipient of the Irving and Yvonne Twining Humber Award for Lifetime Artistic Achievement in 2001, Seattle

*Back Street*, 1940
Private collection