

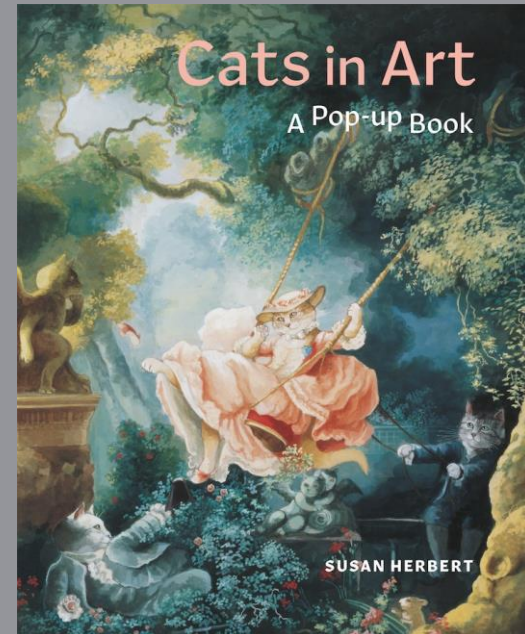
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Cats in Art: A Pop-Up Book

Corina Fletcher, Susan Herbert

A new compilation presenting Susan Herbert's delightful feline re-imaginings of famous scenes from art in a fun pop-up form



Illustrated throughout

20.0 x 16.0cm

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BIC Animals & nature in art

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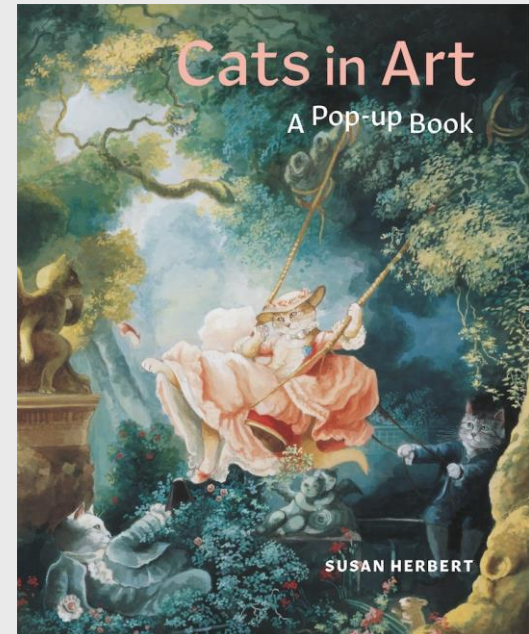
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Book

Key Sales Points

- Six of Susan Herbert's best-known and best-loved feline works of art are transformed into three-dimensional form by renowned paper engineer Corina Fletcher.
- Each of these clever and charming tableaux is accompanied by engaging and lively text, telling a mini-story of the drama unfolding on the page.
- Illustrations featuring cats in art remain an enduringly popular theme.



'Absinthe, absinthe, absinthe,' grumbles Suzy. 'That's all anybody wants these days.' She has high hopes for the English beer, positioned prominently in front of her. It tastes odd, let's face it, but at least it won't make you crazy.

She gazes out across the crowded theatre. An elegant bewhiskered gentleman approaches, and raps the bar with his paw for a drink. Suzy looks up, ears on high alert. Business might pick up, after all.

Édouard Manet
A Bar at the Folies-Bergère, 1882



Ophelia has not had the best of days. First her father disapproves of her boyfriend, and then her boyfriend starts acting very strangely, and now it appears he's gone off and murdered said father. And to top it all off, she has climbed a tree only to have the branch snap and tumble her into the river. She is, to be frank, at the end of her tether.

Ophelia floats in the water, her dress fanning out beside her, flowers clutched in her paw, her tail bobbing gently. She's getting rather wet, and her dress is soaked through. Never mind, she hums a little tune to herself. She looks fetching, and Hamlet is sure to find her soon. The water ripples around her. She thinks she will stay here awhile.

John Everett Millais
Ophelia, c. 1851-2



In the autumn sunshine, in a Bruges townhouse, a couple stands united, paw in paw, ready to plight their troth.

'I do,' says Mr Arnolfini, proud and upstanding in his large and magnificent hat. 'Me, too,' says Mrs Arnolfini, looking adoringly at her husband and pondering the mysteries of geometric orthogonal perspective. She is also, as she holds her skirts above the floor, wondering how on earth to keep all these giant rodents from wandering into her living room.

Jan van Eyck
The Arnolfini Portrait, 1434



Venus is most surprised to find herself washed up on the beach, perched on a clamshell. One minute she's a glint in her father's eye, the next she's standing upright, fully formed, her delicate paws tickled by the briny sea.

As she considers the improbability of her situation, Flora rushes forward with a cloak – to clothe her nakedness, presumably, but as Venus is covered in fur, this is less of a problem than it might have been. Zephyr, clutching a reluctant acolyte, blows a ten-force gale into her ear. 'Hey,' says Venus, crossly. 'I'm the Goddess of Love, so knock it off.'

Sandro Botticelli
The Birth of Venus, c.1484-6



'Higher!' shrieks Miss Kitty, eyes shining, whiskers quivering, toe-claws pointing daintily. She kicks off a shoe and sends it flying, nearly braining the cat-putto on the pedestal. That will give those Enlightenment philosophers something to think about. 'Higher!'

Behind her, her brother thinks she's gone quite high enough, thank you very much. His paws are aching from all that pushing and pulling, and that lazy Tom could take a turn now and then. Tom, however, remains resolutely horizontal. Less effort, more reward.

Jean-Honoré Fragonard
The Swing, c. 1767



The door shuts with a bang, and Maria looks up, startled, leaving off – for the moment – clumping Nico round the ear for tormenting the pet muskrat. She peers out from the baroque gloom. Señor Velazquez (the painter, she thinks that's his name) and Margarita look up, too. Only those two scatter-brained ladies-in-waiting haven't heard a thing and continue to fuss over their charge.

It is the King and Queen; they have come to sit for their portrait. Velazquez (for that is indeed his name) is rather relieved about this. He has been filling in the background for about a week, and there are only so many rocks and trees one can paint without screaming. Their Majesties assume their places, smile benignly at their child and inscrutably for the painter, and wonder vaguely if they need *quite* so many servants.

Diego Velazquez
Las Meninas, 1656

