

THE PAINT RAG

PUBLISHED BY THE GLOUCESTER SOCIETY OF ARTISTS INC.

GALLERY - EASTERN POINT ROAD

NEAR HAWTHORNE INN CASINO

NO. 1

AUGUST 5, 1925

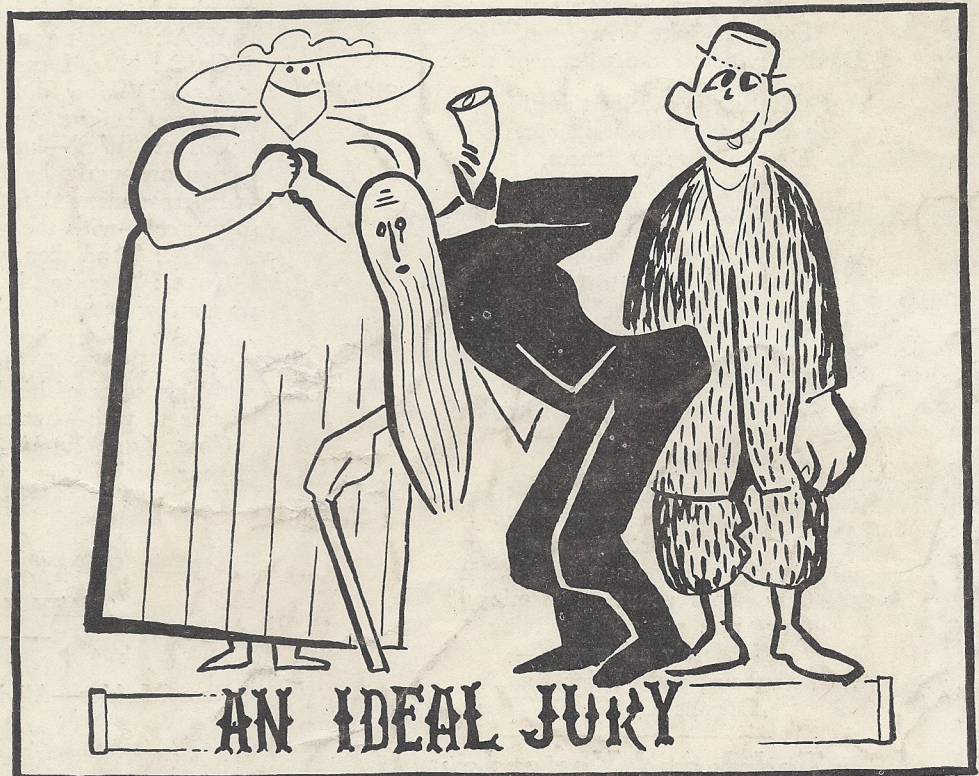
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EDITORIAL

THE slogan of the Gloucester Society of Artists is—No Jury—No Prizes. It is posted over the gallery at Eastern Point Road—it is on the catalogue—many read it—even club members, yet it seems to convey no meaning of its real significance.

The idea of these so-called Independent Societies which are being formed all over this country, is that the jury and prize system has proved a failure.

The Academy exhibitions are poorly attended and the audience is made up mostly of the ones who are cultured in all branches of art—whether music, literature, painting, or sculpture, and therefore do not care to see again the cut-and-dried efforts that they have seen before, but seek some new venture, some new note that may give them the *something* they are seeking.

Progress makes turncoats of us all. The world would be flat if someone had not said it was round. Monet, Manet, Whistler were all new notes, and were all condemned by the Academy. The Independent exhibitions may not discover a Manet, Whistler, but they will give them a chance just as the Salon Independants gave these great artists in Paris many years ago. Of course everything is a failure in the way of exhibitions, as there are not many geniuses' born, but the Gloucester Society of Artists, with many others all over the United States, is trying to find a genius instead of knocking one on the head as they did in the past.

The prize system is absolutely a menace to all exhibitions. Prizes are like kisses—they are given by favor—and as far as it can be discovered, usually the prize winners have a relative on the jury, or are in need of money, or the fellows give it to the artist out of charity—or it is "his" or "her" turn, usually being fixed in a mysterious way like horse racing or stock speculation. In other words, the pie is cut and handed out as best suits that particular jury. "You tickle me and I'll tickle you" is the prize winning motto. Many people do not understand this, and think because a picture has taken a prize it must be good. Politics are in every museum, in the Metropolitan Opera House, and in the drama. The Equity Players insist upon their independent theatre; musicians insist upon their independence in trying out modern music, and no one can stop it now. Everyone might as well ride the wave. It is easier than trying to go through it as the old hats tried to do. They have a one track mind. Let everyone have a chance; it is only the sides of the mountains that are crowded; there is always plenty of room on the top. The people who don't reach the top, carefully slide back to the bottom, so nobody need worry. Good will come in time, and time alone tells the tale. The public must stop and think how much worse the exhibitions of Gloucester might be if it was not for the Gloucester Society of Artists to put a little pep into them. Think it over without prejudice and encourage the Gloucester Society of Artists.

EXTRA — FAKIRS BALL

THE PAINT RAG

STAFF OF "THE PAINT RAG"

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We invite typewritten contributions for our next number from anyone with an idea.

Send contributions to B. B. McPhooff, care of "THE PAINT RAG."

Paint Rag Pal

A Paint Rag is a funny thing,
 Faded, ragged, torn,
 Spotted with briny blue,
 Smudged with ochre, too,
 Daubed with all the palette of the morn.

A Paint Rag is a jolly thing,
 Chock full of life and hope,
 Dreamy shadow dances,
 Moonlight filtered glances,
 Four shot corners clutching all the dope.

But a Paint Rag is a mournful thing,
 Soaked with tragic tears,
 Colors run together,
 'Count of darksome weather,
 Mixing all lean sorrows of the years.

Paint Rag, Paint Rag,
 Tell us one thing—do.
 After bitter struggle,
 The pricking of our bubble,
 The confabulating muddle
 Of all our fearsome dreams,
 That when the sun is gleaming,
 Our hopes about us teeming,
 Our little pet gods beaming,
 It surely all means—
 Paint Rag, Paint Rag,
 Dreams Do Come True.

Today and Yesterday

In the streets of Ephesus, some two thousand years ago, an itinerant preacher was proclaiming a new gospel which taught that the idols of gold and silver for which Ephesus was famous were not endowed with divine power, but were only pieces of metal made by the artisans of that city and sold for profit.

On the street corner listening to the orator stood one Demetrius, a silversmith, who made many idols, all cast according to the rules laid down by the master workmen of the older ages. Demetrius had grown rich from the money received by his works, but he ardently desired more wealth. Listening, he became exceedingly wrathful and cried out to the crowd of idolators, "How dare this vagabond attack the artisans of Ephesus; does he not know that by this handiwork we have our livelihood; throw him out of the city gates."

Thereupon they all threw stones at the preacher of new things and did most spitefully use him.

The centuries have rolled by. The idols of the older ages stand in the museums only dumb curiosities, while their supporters silently inhabit the graves of Asia Minor.

True art has not entirely the divine sanction that was given to the apostle, but nevertheless the artist who creates new forms of beauty is driven by something from above. Yet it happens today as it happened yesterday in the streets of Ephesus. If the real artist ventures to propose a new method of inspiring beauty, the silversmith still cries from the street corner, "By what right does this pestilential fellow destroy the rule that has brought us so much profit. Tear up his canvases and break his statues into bits."

Thereupon today they throw stones at him and do most spitefully use him.

A Tragedy

One Act Play With Epilogue

Time: Present.

Scene: Private gallery in home of famous collector.

The Actors: Collector; Young Artist.

(*Young Artist and Collector are seen viewing the collection, many good works, mostly by old fogies.*)

YOUNG ARTIST (*after looking about*): "Hm! Do you ever buy works of the younger artists?"

COLLECTOR: "We'll-ll, when an artist is brought to my attention by exhibitions, invitation to galleries, or newspaper notices, I come to his first one-man show. I find him pretty good (*pause*), don't misunderstand me, I don't buy him—I watch him! I go to his second exhibition. I find he has improved—again, I don't buy his work. How do I know whether his work is going to live after his death?"

Y. A.: "Don't you depend on your own taste?"

COLL.: "No, I can't. How can I tell—"

Y. A.: "How did you know about the others? What made you believe the others would live?"

COLL.: "Well—hm—you see, all the pictures in my collection are works by N. A.'s or prize winners, and besides, were recommended to me by the leading Avenue dealers—, so you see—with the younger artist, I wait—and then—"

Y. A.: "And then, what?"

COLL.: "I go to his third exhibit—I make up my mind to wait a few years."

Y. A.: "Why don't you encourage the talented young artist? He may be in need, and you—with your vision—could get some of his best work for a small sum—you may be able to wait—but can the artist?"

COLL. (*stroking his chin*): "I would like to see some more of your work. Can I come to your studio, in a few weeks?"

Y. A.: "With pleasure."

(*Curtain*)

EPILOGUE

(*Several years elapse*)

THEY ARE BOTH WAITING

PERSONAL

Rose Madder—All is forgotten. Write at once.
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GLOUCESTER

The Lady of the Piazza

Well, what do you think of that show in the gallery of the Gloucester Society of Artists?

It seems as if art is going down and down; they used to paint such nice pictures.

I do like Mr. Cook's pictures, they are so nice and Gloucestery.

Now take these crazy pictures; those crazy tables, I think his name is Davis. They are atrocious. They are an insult to art, and I ought to know, I studied in art school three months, and I have gotten a diploma.

They have got one bright spot anyway. Mr. Comins, he paints decently, but he is going down hill, too. Those dreadful water colors of his; I don't see why he does it, when he can paint so well. I don't see why Theresa Bernstein sent that funny picture of people dancing on the deck of a ship to another exhibition. It ought to have been in the crazy show.

I do like the Winters'. I can always tell what their subjects mean. Thank heavens, Mrs. Brumback didn't send a purple cow. Between you and me, girls, something has come over her. She paints a great deal better than she used to.

But it is a nice gallery, anyway. It is homey, and they certainly put on the jolliest Balls, the only one bright spot of the summer.

H. B. Warner was on Good Harbor Beach the other day. Do the old-timers remember what a sensation he made once with his a lá mode bathing suit? Times have changed. Perhaps if someone in the all-together played a big bass drum they might now attract attention. Alas! It is hard to make a sensation now on Good Harbor Beach.

Bobby O'Connor is rapidly becoming a judge of paintings.

There is a noted Russian 'cellist in town. Draw a long breath, spit on your hands, and you will be able to pronounce his name—perhaps.

Gloucester seems pretty quiet; the bootleggers must have taken to fishing.

John J. Hammond, Jr., flies up in the air very often.

The titles of the Gloucester Society of Artists' next exhibition of living paintings will be pronounced in English.

Mrs. William Barrett Ridgely was looking as handsome as ever at the opening of the Gloucester Society of Artists. The artists, as well as the laymen, flocked around her, for she looked like a painting by Zuloaga.

It is just grand what art will do. Eastern Pointers know now where Rocky Neck is.

Everybody in Gloucester is doing something to the fine arts.

Leonard Craske as vice-president of the Gloucester Society of Artists, lives up to his title. He is like all vice-presidents, he is never seen.

One dollar will be paid for bright sayings of young artists.

It is easy to understand why Gorton Pew is in the codfish business.

Charles Winter studied anatomy for two years in Paris twenty-five years ago, but did not discover the sacro-iliac joint until last winter when he took up aesthetic dancing.

A prize of two hundred dollars has been offered for a name for the Stoddard Homestead on Banner Hill. Try and get it.

A SWEDISH BOY'S ESSAY ON A FROG

What a wonderful bird the frog are
When he stand, he sit almost
When he walk, he fly almost
He ain't got no sense hardly
He aint got no tail hardly neither
And when he sit,
He sit on what he aint got almost.

I love to hear the tuneful chimes
Upon the evening breezes,
But when the lordly cod breaks loose
Ye gods and Limburg cheeses.

A GLOUCESTER LIMERICK

There was an old lady in Gloucester,
Who asked what a picture would cost her.
When they told her the news,
She let out some mews,
And said, "Oh, you naughty imposter."

MEMORIES

How dear to my heart are the scenes of East Gloucester,
When fond recollection presents them to view.

The dirty, old paint-rag;
The useful cheap paint-rag;
The old, useless paint-rag,
That served us so well.

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FORMULAS FOR LANDSCAPES

Sing a song of sunlight,
Palette full of blue,
Add a dash of yellow,
That's the way to do.
Smear around the edges
With a greenish hue,
They can do it that way,
Surely, so can you.

An Over-Worked Word

One of the most over-worked words of the King's English language or Slang's American tongue—what is it? Used for everything—painting, writing, playing, acting, walking, dancing, chatting, living. Begins with A and ends with E. A necessary block in the more or less intricate design of everyone's vocabulary. The painter sees an old gray farmhouse—weather-beaten shingles, worm-eaten porch, unmown grasses, sun-cooked chimney, showered with the pale, flushed petals and new-peeping green of apple blossom time. Ah, he sighs in ecstasy—this is what I want. Here is—[that necessary word, you know]. A novelist chances upon a city alley—lean cats with starved tails waving in the ugly shadows cast by high and smoky walls, rusty cans with rustier contents piled by basement doors, ashes and rough cinders scrunching underfoot, a lone waif idly scuffing the dust from his seat in a grimy doorway, overhead the brassy pall of a smoke-cured golden sunset. Ah, he sighs—what I've hunted these long weeks. Here is—[that necessary word, you know]. It has three parts. The first means when you are AT something [no matter what]. The second sounds like the sunny southland native trying to Yankeeify his demand for "more," loses the "r" you know, making it sound like "MO'." The last is the whole world, strange as it seems, but didn't Columbus prove this old place a SPHERE? There you have it—not exactly a crossword puzzle, this necessary part in an intricate plan. Am I right? You bet. You are getting it right now. To be utterly and concisely exact, just sucking it in at every pore!

THE SHARK AND THE SNAIL

There was a great big shark
With a long, long tail,
He jazzed around the wavelets
And met a little snail.
"Get out, you Ford," he lustily cried.
The snail turned and bit him,
And the shark promptly died.

Moral: Don't monkey on the high road with a weaker little Ford,
Your tire will be punctured, and kill everyone aboard.

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ALONG THE BUY-WAYS

A nearsighted old gentleman, with a friend, was admiring the beauties of the areas about the Art studios of Gloucester.
"Very fine, very fine," he nodded approvingly, "but the statues could be more advantageously placed."
"Those are not statues," his companion corrected, "those are *painters*."

FUTURISM

FIRST CRITIC: I have a suspicion of the man's work.
CRITIC: But you just admired his painting here!
FIRST CRITIC: Yes, but I'm afraid of what he *might* do.

THE ART OF COLOR

AND

THE STUDY OF COLOR

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