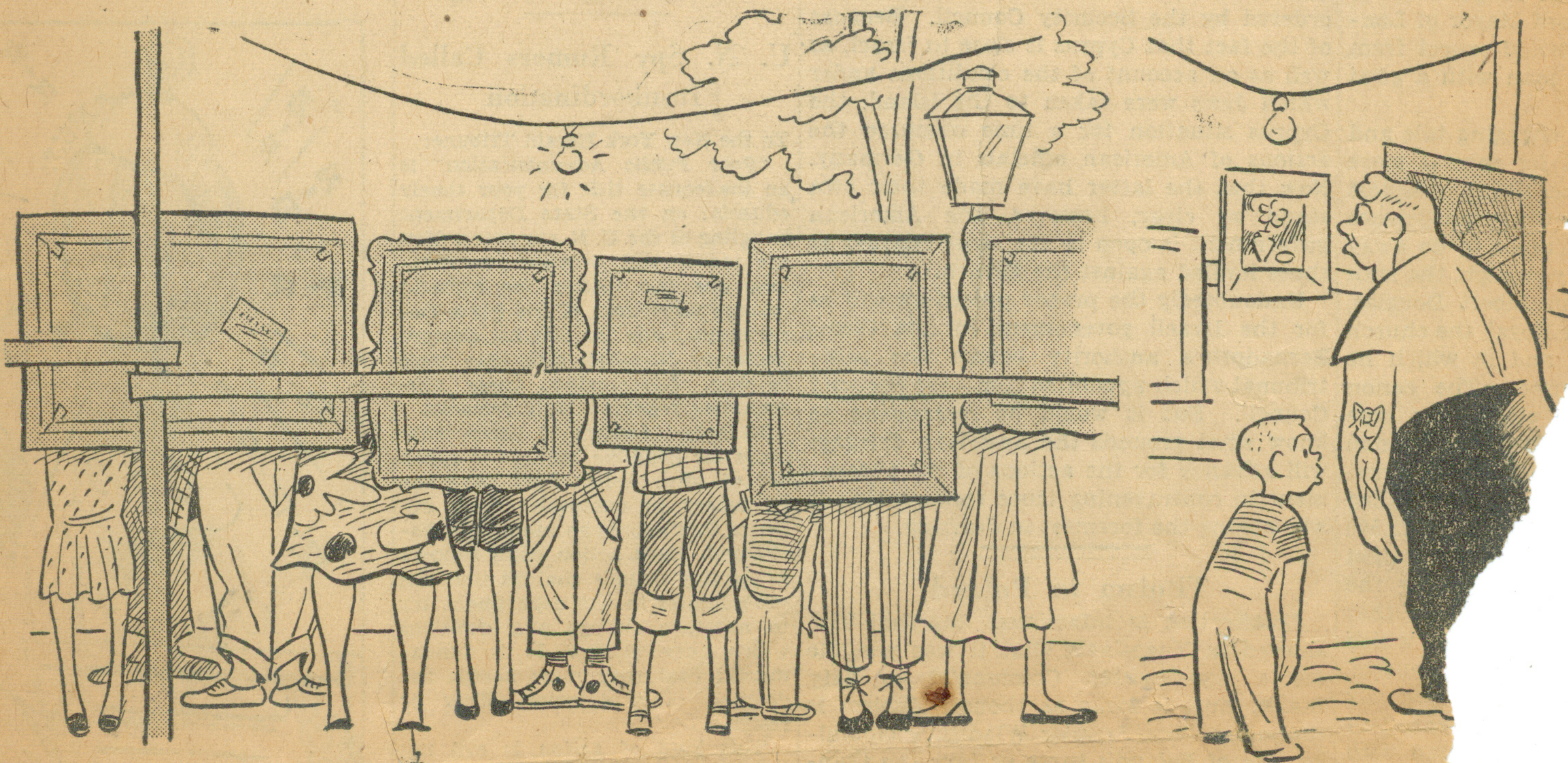


Haenigsen's Pen Depicts the Bucks County Art Show



"I don't know a thing about art . . ."

". . . But I know w

New Hope Holds Art Auction at Bottom of Canal

Auctioneer Beard Nets \$108, 'Trance' Picture Sold Twice in Cancer Fund Program

By John O'Reilly

NEW HOPE, Pa., Sept. 5.—A man who painted a picture in a trance in twenty-six minutes, music by an artists' hillbilly band and an art auction at the bottom of the Lehigh Canal, were among the offerings last night when artists emerged from the wooded country in this vicinity to stage the Bucks County Art Show. In fact, the emerging is taking place each night from Sept. 2 to 6 to carry on for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

(Author's explanatory note:—Inasmuch as most of the action of the Bucks County Art Show takes place at the bottom of the Lehigh Canal, it is well to keep in mind that there is no water in it.)

Decorated Hands

By 8 o'clock things were jumping in an artistic way along Mechanic Street, which is a sort of rural Greenwich Village. About 300 paintings hung along the street, on an old bridge over the canal and along the banks of the canal itself. Strings of electric lights hung over the paintings, but their radiance was so weak that some art connoisseurs brought out flashlights to attain full appreciation of the canvases.

A varying crowd that sometimes



Jozef Rulof, a painter from the Netherlands, setting up his easel in the dry bed of the Lehigh Canal at New Hope, Pa., paints a picture for the audience in twenty-six minutes. He had promised to do it within half an hour. These sketches are by Harry Haenigsen, creator of "Penny" and "Our Bill"

tion of the canvases.

A varying crowd that sometimes numbered 300 wandered among the exhibits. The crowd included artists, tourists and members of the local summer colony who don't paint but just go around in slacks, shorts or other bright-colored raiment. Costumes among last night's crowd ranged from shorts and bras to evening dresses and summer furs. Feet were decorated with sandals and moccasins, and hands were adorned with tinkling highballs and short beers.

Sam Schulman, who was in a state of ecstasy because one of his pictures had been auctioned for \$3.50 said, "I don't know whether they come to look at the artists or the paintings."

Girls wandered through the crowd selling catalogs, which showed that the exhibition's sponsors were Moss Hart, Ezra Stone, George S. Kaufman, Paul White-man, Budd Schulberg and Pearl Buck. The chairman is John Francis, song writer, airplane pilot

at New Hope, Pa., paints a picture for the audience in twenty-six minutes. He had promised to do it within half an hour. These sketches are by Harry Haenigsen, creator of "Penny" and "Our Bill"

and hairdresser. The many contributing artists included Harry A. Leith-Ross, Ranulph Bye, Henry Gasser, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Jon Gnagy and L. R. Ney, the advocate of non-objectivity. Beatrice Lillie contributed one of her paintings, said to be a pot of geraniums, and it brought \$28 at auction.

Metal Plaque Studied

Visitors studied the paintings diligently. One woman stopped in front of a plaque and said, "Oh!" The plaque was of metal and bore the inscription "No Parking." It had been placed there by the State Highway Department long before the other paintings were grouped around it. Considerable interest centered around a sign that said, "Jozef Rulof, renown (correct) painter and author of twenty-seven books, will give a demonstration of inspired painting at 8:45 p. m."

Just before that time Mr. Rulof,

a painter from the Netherlands, climbed to a platform erected at the bottom of the canal. Mr. Francis announced, "Mr. Rulof paints while in a trance. He expects to complete an entire oil painting in half an hour." Then he invited the art patrons up on the street to "Make yourself at home on the towpath or in the canal" and asked them to be quiet so they wouldn't break the artist's trance. Visitors roosted on the canal bank and grouped around the platform. Silence fell, broken only by the chirp of a katydid and the tinkle of ice.

A man on the bank applied the needle to a record player and the strains of "The Rosary" sifted down into the canal. Mr. Rulof struck a trancelike pose. After several minutes of this tableau he attacked the canvas with jerky brush-strokes.

When the canvas had been covered, Mr. Rulof came out of his trance and bowed. Heavy applause rose out of the canal. He had done it in twenty-six minutes, flat. The painting, which some said was a landscape and which others said was a seascape, was put up at auction and brought \$80. The lucky bidder put it up again and this time it brought \$85.

After he had come out of his trance Mr. Rulof was asked what he called his type of painting.

"Cosmic painting," he said in modest tones.

"Art, Art," Goes Up the Cry

St. John Terrell mounted the platform and began auctioning off other paintings. The canal rang with cries such as, "Who'll give me \$20 for a Ney non-objective" and "A Gasser going at \$30." At length Mr. Terrell explained they also had some merchandise to auction and asked the crowd if it wanted more art or some merchandise.

"Art, art," yelled the patrons in the canal.

"Art, art," shouted the throng on the towpath. More paintings were auctioned and then Ross Gilbert, a professional auctioneer, was called up to sell the merchandise. His staccato cries rang out as he disposed of a box of cigars, a pair of candlesticks, a lady's hat and other contributed items.

Suddenly there was the electrifying announcement that Mrs. Ruth Paige, of New Hope, had offered \$100 if Mr. Francis would shave off his beard. Mr. Francis, eager to contribute, mounted the stand and bidding began for the privilege of shaving the thing off. That privilege was knocked down to Mrs. Budd Schulberg for \$8.

"Think of it," shouted Mr. Francis. "I got 108 bucks for a lousy beard."

Then somebody started passing the hat and the art patrons contributed another \$48.65 for the privilege of watching Mrs. Schulberg wield the razor.

While brush and lather scouts were sent on the run the Bucks County artists' hillbilly band mounted the platform and soon the

canal crowd was stomping to the rhythm of "Sweet Sue." The instruments of the organization, which sometimes calls itself the Chamber Music Society of Lower Mechanic Street, included a washboard, a musical saw, a guitar and a bull fiddle.

Finally, Mr. Francis reappeared all lathered up. Mrs. Schulberg climbed onto the platform and lied the razor with careless strokes. The art patrons watched with deep interest as Mr. Francis tried to keep a stiff upper—and lower—lip. When the job was done there were announcements about tomorrow's session of the show and the crowd began to climb out of the canal and drift away.

Later Mr. Francis stood beneath a light on the bank. Without his beard he was a pale, serious-faced young man.

"We haven't had time to the receipts carefully," he "but today we have raised \$2,000 for the cancer fund. The crowd was wonderful."

By this time the canal was empty of humanity and the paintings had been carted indoors. The art patrons had gone to sleep.