

Book About the Artists

WHO THEY ARE
WHAT THEY DO
WHERE THEY LIVE
HOW THEY LOOK

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Author of The Provincetown Book

Photographs by Billy May



CLASS PAINTING ON THE SHORE

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PROVINCETOWN, MASS.



STUDIO IN A PLEASANT GARDEN

SIGHTSEERS in our town ask first to have pointed out to them, a Native. Next they say, "Where is the Art Colony? We want to see an Artist."

There is no "Village"

Students in the summer schools, sketching and painting everywhere, have rooms in the homes of the people, near the studio of their teacher.

Artists hire an old building and transform it into a picturesque abode.

They buy along the shore, along the street,
on the hills.

They are permanent residents, with only
short visits to New York and Paris for the
exhibitions.

Once upon a time sophomores "poor but
respectable" hired for nothing a month an
old fish-shed on the end of Bangs Lewis's
old wharf.

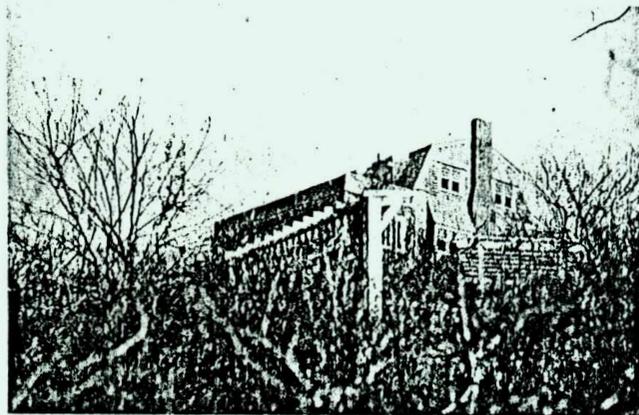
The boys could sing and dance, and fiddle
and saxophone. They could speak pieces and
make faces, and cook a little. They hung out
their sign

*"Sixes and Sevens
Eats and Drinks."*

They had a good time.

So did their patrons. For a while. But along
in August, on a day when the moon was in
perigee, and the wind strong south-east raking
the shore, the high tide at noon wrecked
the end of the wharf, the shed, the Sixes and
Sevens, the sandwiches, the dishes, coffee-pot
and all.

The boys telegraphed home for money.



HOME OF CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE
To such as this young artists all aspire.

Sightseers who wish to see something
Bohemian like the "Sixes and Sevens" must
take quick shots, for the sights are apt to be
fleeting. Every year, the gay and the free
flock here for a vacation. They flutter about
the shore like the gulls. They join the art
classes. They pose for reporters and their
pictures appear in the write-ups of "Quaint
and Picturesque Provincetown." They fly
away early. The Artists and the Natives go
on undiscovered.

Who is Here?

Those with a brilliant record
in the world of art,
and those just coming on;
old habitues
returning year after year
and the summer sojourner,
the dilettante
and the critic,
teachers and students,
men and women,
make up the largest group of artists
anywhere.



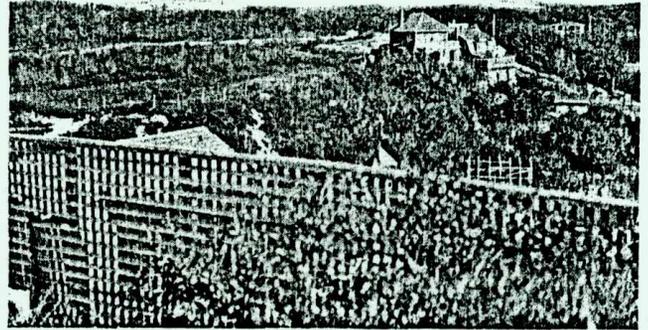
THE STREET

When the street was laid out in the days
before automobiles, twenty-two feet seemed
wide enough for all possible purposes.

The Art Association

The Provincetown Art Association says of itself, "To display the art which expresses the atmosphere of this ancient village, the open surge of the sea, the calm waters of a twilight bay, wild dunes harassed by the gales of winter, the fisher folk at their eternal toil by darkness and in gray hours of dawn — this is the aspiration of the Art Association."

The influence of the artists has gone far to counteract the ambition of those who would widen the street, modernize the houses, introduce "attractions," and make of us a little Coney Island.



THE HILLS

Between the sandy beach of the harbor and the sand dunes of the ocean, hills covered with vegetation follow the curve of the shore. They are pink with wild roses in June, blue with berries in midsummer, purple and silver with beach plums and bayberries when autumn comes.

The Art Museum

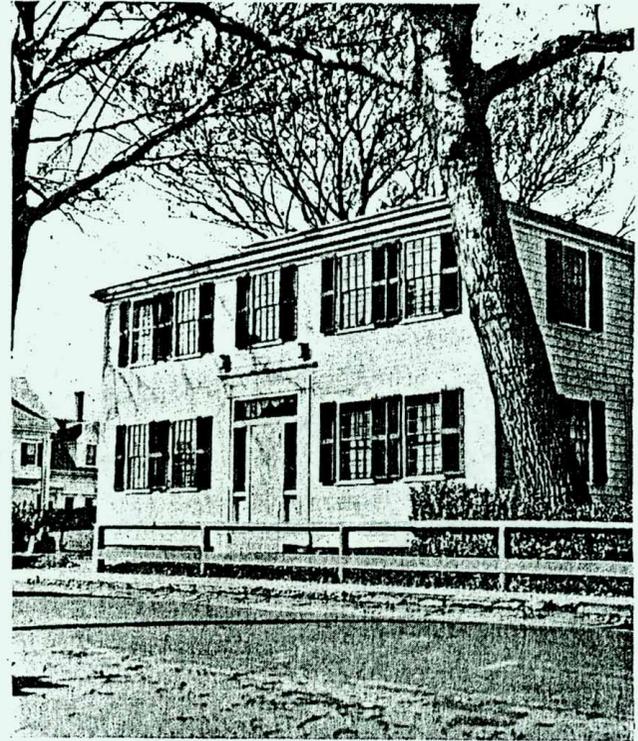
Pictures first hung here are later sold to famous galleries in America and abroad.

Artists are busy here on canvases which afterward take international prizes.

The building, with the added gallery well proportioned and beautifully lighted, was once the home of Parker Cook, in the Cook Neighborhood.

The Museum incorporated in 1914 must be supported, and a diligent committee of ways and means is alert to make both ends meet.

The admission fee is small that all may enjoy the pictures; the membership must not discourage a large enrollment; it is not easy to entice musicians and distinguished speakers to give their services on a hot evening; nor easy to induce the public to come in from the moonlit harbor and have their minds improved, but Oh, The Costume Ball! That pays the bills.

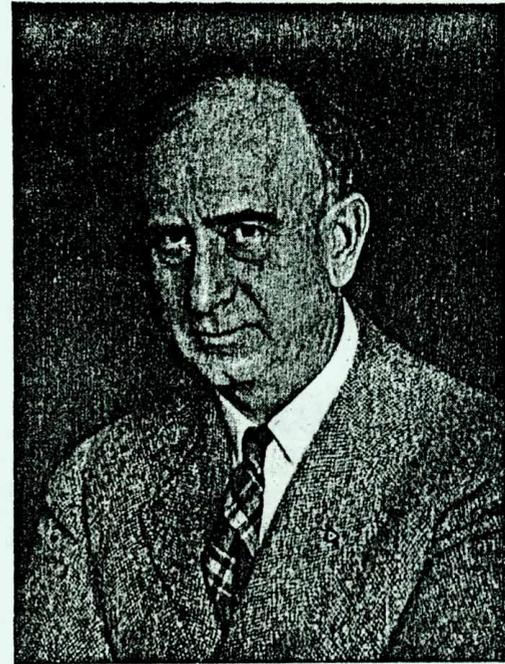


THE ART MUSEUM

Its officers, trustees, committees and members include not only artists, but also summer residents who do not claim to know art, natives who want to help things along, former residents returning year after year to the place they love, and occasional tourists.

To Be Seen at the Picture Gallery

The Back Yards of Chatham,
The Back Yards of Town,
The Arbor, The Hollyhocks, The Hill,
Flowers in a Garden,
Flowers in a Bowl,
And Many Flowers on a Window Sill,
A Woman with a Jug,
A Red-Headed Girl,
Sally, and, A Portrait of a Youth,
Children with the Berries,
A Girl with a Guitar,
And A Portrait of the lovely Stella Roof,
Provincetown Wharfs,
Provincetown Streets,
The Harbor, The Dunes, The Red Sail,
Dressing Down the Catch,
The Trawlers, and, The Trees,
The Whalers, and, The Mackerel Fishermen,
Chinese Pheasants,
The Mandarin Coat,
A Peasant of the Old Finistere,
A Venetian Canal,
The Minster at York,
Mount Cotopaxi, Equadere.



Charles W. Hawthorne

Mr. Hawthorne's life reads like a story book. Born in Maine in 1872, he knows all the hardships of the struggling young artist. His sister, Mrs. Bissel, stood behind him up the first steep grades.

Is he better known now as a teacher or as a painter? He is sometimes called the Father of the Art School.

If this were a big book I would print a list of his honors.

At his studio and on the shore, his classes gather every morning.

Criticism of the week's work comes on Saturday morning. I have heard that his criticisms are severe.

His home is on Miller Hill Road, a new house on a new street (where long ago the miller had his mill), commanding the harbor and the dunes.

The natives saw only the desolation of the sand hills, till the artists and the poets taught them their majesty.

“What is your age, O Dunes,
And what ancient secrets
Are thrust deep in your yellow bosom?
The wind knows —
I have seen him
Whisper to you
And caress you
And in his great anger
Smite you.”

—John R. Moreland.



The Three Select

Portrait of three of the oldest men in town.

This canvas was sold to the Chicago Art Institute.

The subjects of many of Mr. Hawthorne's pictures, like this one, are his neighbors.

Among the Etchers

W. H. W. BICKNELL

Always spoken of as THE ETCHER

WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

Etcher and Teacher

He has a studio, "with such a fine north light," at the old boat-builder's shop.

MORGAN DENNIS

We who are untrained and non-professional admire his work. Now is that a compliment or not? Perhaps we like his subjects, "The Cove," "The Dunes."

ADOLPH BLONDHEIM

Most artists, like other professionals, are poor advertisers. They hang their pictures with never a word to tell you when to say "Oh!" and when to say "Ah!" and the uninitiated dare not exclaim, lest they reveal how far away from them is Art.

ANNE GOLDTHWAITE AND

KATHERINE MERRILL

of international reputation.



RICHARD E. MILLER

I have promised not to be so definite in my descriptions as to overrun the artists with visitors. Since, however, strangers say "down the street" where the natives say "up," it will reveal not too much if I say that Mr. Miller lives "down-along."

Richard E. Miller

Mr. Miller was born in St. Louis in 1875.

His mural panels for Jefferson City, Mo. state capitol were made here. His studio walls were heightened to receive the panels. For the historical subjects depicted, Provincetown young women acted as models.

The studio is one of the buildings brought across the harbor on scows, from Long Point. The big pine timbers, now brown as a nut, are fastened together by wooden pins.

Mr. Miller bought this for a studio, and a building close by for a dwelling, for the sake, so he says, of the willows and the little hollow behind them; a fertile little hollow, a sheltered little hollow which defies the winter winds, and very early in the spring brightens the yard with pussy willows and green grass.



MR. MILLER'S STUDIO

Mr. Miller's charming house with the French windows and the blue blinds was once Prince Freeman's barn.

Now Prince Freeman is a common name on the Cape since the day in 1648 when Mercy Prince, daughter of Governor Prince and Patience Brewster, married Major John Freeman, and Mercy and Major John started the long line of Freemans who are Princes.

The door-stone of Governor Prince's house in Eastham, the home of Patience and Mercy, lies now at the entrance to the Pilgrim Monument.

Little Nancy Ferguson has built a big house on a big hill.

She paints gay street scenes of Provincetown in the summer, and they say she sells them as fast as she paints them.

Not without honor in her own city, she holds a travelling scholarship from the Philadelphia Academy of Design.

Miss Martha Hoke, a miniature painter of St. Louis, has bought the old place of Squire Rich, and she shows there how flowers can be made to flourish in our sand.

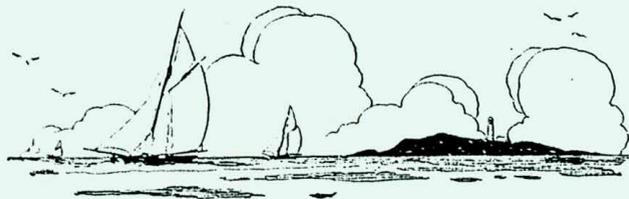
Miss Marylka Modjeska, granddaughter of the world-renowned actress, dons a smock and joins the artists.



HOME OF E. AMBROSE WEBSTER

Mr. Webster, a Massachusetts boy, married to a Provincetown girl, bought a Provincetown house, furnished it with real old-fashioned Cape Cod furniture and makes Provincetown his home.

He is shut away from the gaze of strangers by one of the privet hedges such as, trimmed or tall, are growing everywhere. It used to be considered respectable to have a white picket fence, now we cultivate hedges. Some people have both.



Notice the steep pitch of the roof. So built, not because of heavy snowfalls; for wind, not snow and ice, makes our winter. This was the fashion in roofs, after the good old Cape Cod house went by.

Mr. Webster goes regularly every winter to find a more genial climate than that of our bleak and wind-swept coast. With a class or without, he seeks Bermuda, Southern France, Morocco, Sicily. His pictures are brilliant with gorgeous Southern color. Those of his students also reflect the feeling of their teacher.

Mrs. Mottet, Jeannie Galloup of Providence, is the wife of the rector of The Church of the Holy Communion of New York City.

Their home sits like a queen in the midst of terraced gardens where Mrs. Mottet puts on canvas the lovely things she daily cares for.

Miss Sarah Munroe is Mrs. Mottet's neighbor. She also has a garden, bright with many flowers; spacious too, for people to walk in. She paints figures in a garden, in large oils. We think of Miss Munroe as a real estate owner as well as an artist.



BAYBERRIES [MYRICA CEREFERA]

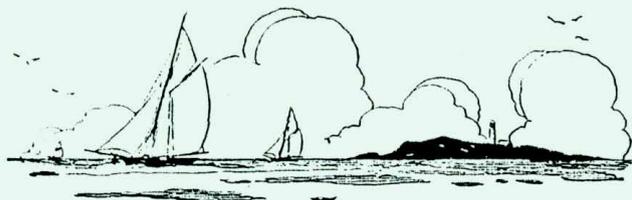
On every hill grow bayberries. Stiff branches bear dark fragrant leaves and silver berries. When these are boiled, the wax rises: From this waxy mass, candles are moulded. Time was when they furnished our nightly light, and when gathering bayberries, like gathering driftwood, was the daily task of children. Now bayberries are a decoration and the candles a souvenir.

Miss Florence Waterbury, great on Chinese art, has a house named "Ten Thousand Years," a Chinese greeting. You should see her fireplace with Chinese decorations, and her Pekinese.

Miss Margery Ryerson is well known in New York. She exhibits in the Grand Central. Some of us always supposed the Grand Central was a depot but the initiated say it is a gallery where only those pretty good at it can get in. She has written a readable and authoritative book on Henri. To have said that is to have said enough.

Pauline Palmer of Chicago is an art critic and a lecturer on art and a painter.

If you could inquire out Webster Place you might find Miss Palmer, but she is a very busy lady.



DONALD B. MACMILLAN

We are all proud that Donald B. MacMillan was born in our town and lived here till he was thirteen years old and till his father was lost in the "Abbie Brown;" we are also proud of the portrait of Commander MacMillan, done by Mr. Beneker, first hung in our Art Gallery, by invitation in the Chicago Art Insititute's annual exhibition, and elsewhere.

Garrit A. Beneker

Mr. Beneker was born in Grand Rapids in 1882, of Dutch ancestry. His forebears were persecuted for their religious opinions. He is not short and round and jolly, as we often think the Dutch must be, but tall and dignified.

Mr. Beneker enters into the life of the town, serving on the school committee, and giving, by request, on Sunday evenings, lectures on the spiritual side of art.

He works with industrial concerns to portray the manhood of the workmen, quoting Emerson that art will not come to its maturity, until it is practical and moral, until it makes the poor and uncultivated feel that it addresses them with a voice of lofty cheer.

Now don't think because Mr. Beneker is thus in accord with Emerson's ideal, that he is high-brow and visionary. He is "Skipper of the Beachcombers," was first director of the Art Association and still is one of the trustees and honorary vice-presidents.



GEORGE ELMER BROWN

Mr. Brown's father was a Provincetown man of the old Cape stock. Many of his relatives are still living among us.

His mother, a beautiful young widow with a pretty little daughter, Kitty, was neighbor to the Browns.

Mrs. George Elmer Brown is a Putnam from Danvers.

In choosing a home, Mr. Brown followed the traditions of his father's side of the house, and bought near the shore, where they can see Highland Light keeping nightly watch. The house and the studio are not far distant from a lovely little pond with the funny name of "Shank Painter." This is a corruption of an Indian word, and not, as some mockers affirm, descriptive of modern artists.

Every winter he goes abroad with students.

Every summer he exhibits here, and often, so they say, he sells his work. We who are Yankees are prone to measure not only by the rule "Art for art's sake" but also by its value in the market.



GEORGE ELMER BROWN'S STUDIO

This house was built by a man not born on the Cape. He therefore made a home on a hill, whereas the old skippers liked to live near the water. The second owner was killed, a young man, in the civil war.

His widow, as long as she lived, kept the place, lonely on the hill, saying, "Some day this beautiful spot will be appreciated."

Mr. Brown was the man who saw its beauty and possibilities and bought it for a studio.

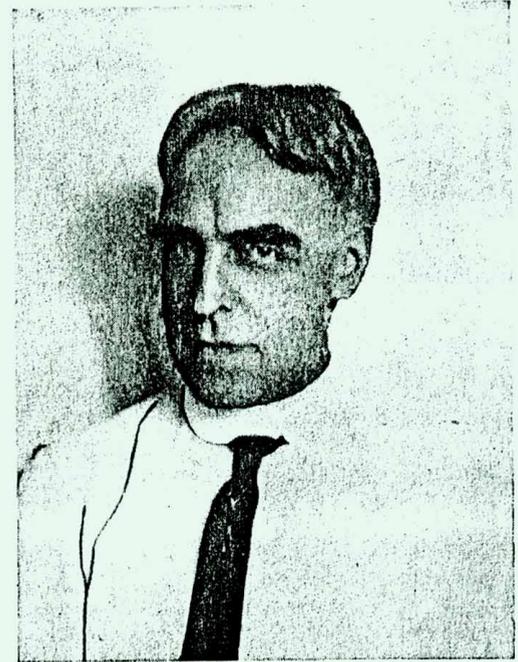
Harold Haven Brown

Like St. Paul, Mr. Brown "lived two years in his own hired house," which he now owns, close to the high water mark, with windows looking toward the sun rising out of the water and with windows looking toward the sun setting behind the hill.

So different from Indianapolis, where for a long time Mr. Brown was director of the Art Museum. Here too, in our little Museum, Mr. Brown is the man whose word goes in hanging the pictures for the exhibition.

In this delightful house, he lives, with his artistic family: Mr. Brown, who works in various mediums but just now is doing block prints; Mrs. Brown doing charming water colors of children; and the two Brown girls.

The days are not long enough for all the lovely things this family wants to do. They should buy a clock twenty-four hours long. One Brown girl has written a poem of the hours, "A Fair Pair in Paris," I think it is, and the other Brown girl has decorated it with dear little drawings.



HAROLD HAVEN BROWN

Clipper ships, Spanish galleons, British men-of-war no longer ride the waters of the bay, but you may see the whole fleet in Mr. Brown's studio. It is his "Santa Maria" that adorns the front cover of this book.

Frederick Waugh, the marine artist who loves to paint the sea breaking over the rocks, comes to our sandy shore, partly because his children, Coulton and Gweneth, are here.

Catherine C. Critcher. Now what would you guess about her when I tell you that she lives on Priscilla Alden Road and near the minister? Well, at Laos, New Mexico, she of all the art colony was the only woman to be made a member of the Art Association. She paints INDIANS!



ONCE FOR BOATS AND GEAR
NOW FOR ARTISTS AND PAINTING

Miss Harriott B. Newhall owns and occupies one of the old houses built before the street was laid out, in the days when all the houses faced the water, and the people walked along the shore.

Miss Newhall has been a teacher of the appreciation of art, in a famous private school in Boston.

She is best known for her drawings of buildings abroad and on Beacon Hill.

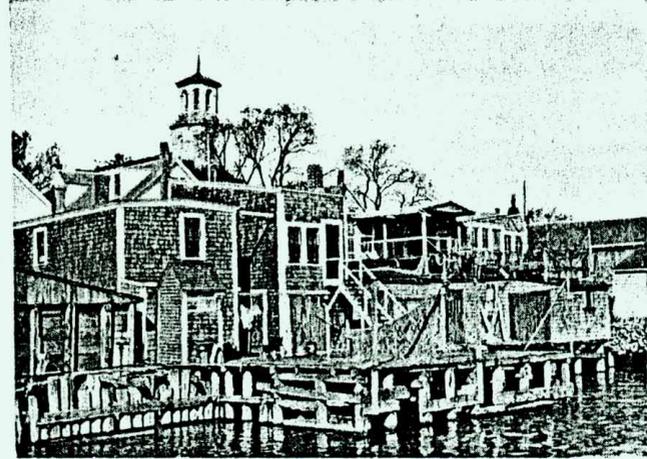
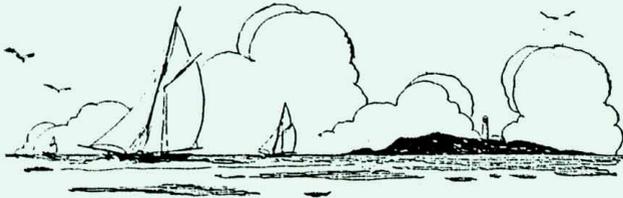
She has some beautiful canvases made in New Mexico.

William M. Paxton, one of the earliest to discover Provincetown, is a portrait painter and a member of the guild, *The Guild of Boston*.

John Frazier is assistant to Mr. Hawthorne in the summer. In winter, he teaches in the University of Colorado or in Brown University or somewhere worthwhile.

"Such brilliant color work," the other artists say.

Charles A. Kaeselau, Swedish, sells to the Swedish Government. He bought the Lewis Chapman house. Captain Chapman, with several other families, moved to Minnesota when whaling failed here.



STUDIOS ON THE WHARF

Miss Blanche Lazzell, a dainty little lady, leaves a beautiful home in West Virginia, and lives here in a tiny studio on the end of a wharf, because she loves to paint and because she loves the sea.

She makes her studio bloom with boxes of flowers, many and luxuriant. She is a block printer.

At Miss Lazzell's neighbor's on the wharf, Mrs. Little's, the artists on Sunday afternoons most do congregate.

If this were a school
and I were the teacher,
or an artist,
or a critic,
I should now call the roll
and in the list of hundreds present,
some of them stars,
would be:

Dorothy Loeb

Lucy and William L'Engle

Ellen Ravenscroft

James Floyd Clymer

Henry Hensche

Frank Carson

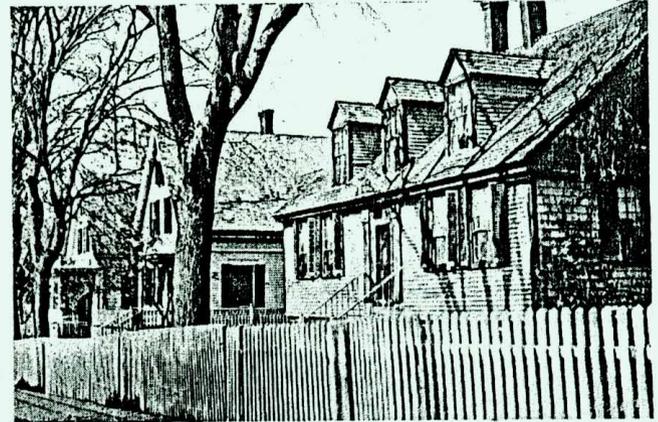
Donald Witherstein

Lytton Buehler

Edward A. Wilson

Frank Desch

Ella M. DuPuy



STEPHEN NICKERSON HOUSE

Tod Lindenmuth — he takes prizes with his block prints.

Ross Moffett — he paints the dunes in dull weather, and puts into the picture a woman wrapped in a shawl.

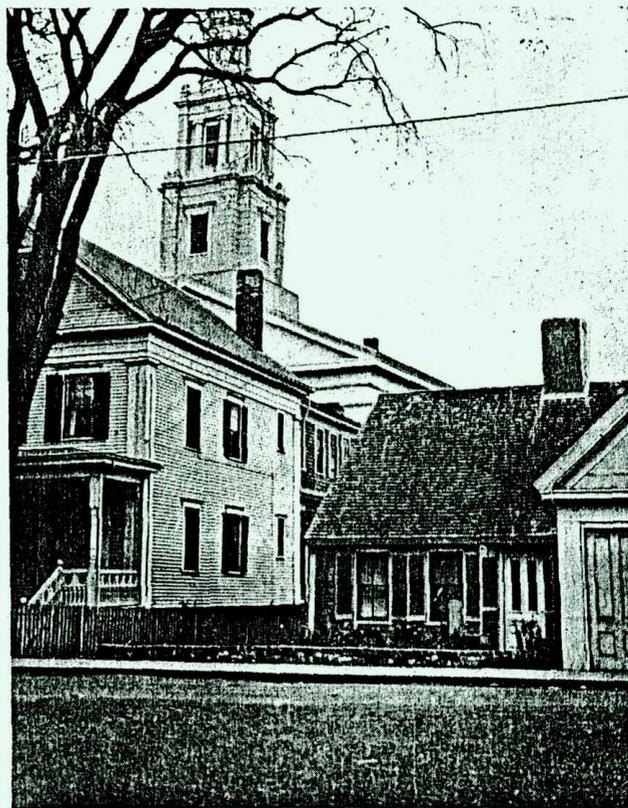
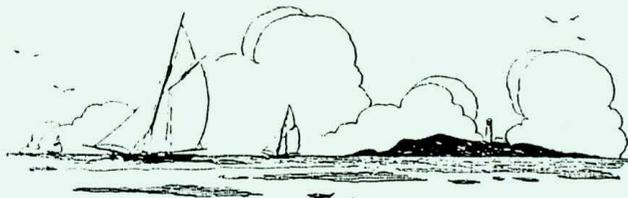
John Herring — he runs the art shop.

They three have bought houses in the Nickerson Neighborhood way-up-along.

Uncle Stephen Nickerson was one of the rich men of the town in the days when vessel property was good property.

Uncle Stephen's house was at first on the shore, but when in 1835 the county laid out the street, he moved his house up from the water's edge and put it on the north side of the new thoroughfare where a few years later the town made a plank sidewalk. The sidewalk was four planks wide and each plank was twenty feet long. The sidewalk sprang lightly under passing feet and was greatly regretted when lumber became so expensive that it was replaced by concrete. Concrete walks and steps, concrete foundations to the houses do not harmonize so well with our sandy land as do bricks and wood. (So the artists tell us.)

Uncle Stephen later built houses close to the old home for his three sons, Stephen Thomas, Francis and Luther.



MR. PFEIFFER'S HOUSE

Miss Sally Chapman, ninety years old, recently died in this old house, where she was born and where her mother also was born.

The artists form little congenial groups such as the Cleveland Group:

Mr. Ora Coltman
Mr. Adamite
Mr. Semon
Mr. Clough,
and others up-along.

The Modernists, like
Mr. Pfeiffer and his school.
He lives in a very old house
with a shop on the front.

Edwin Dickenson belongs here.

Mr. Knaths, Mrs. Knaths and her sister Miss Weinrich also are Modernists. They live in the last house on Cape Cod, or you might call it the first house.

Mrs. Kaeselau
Mrs. Lindenmuth
Mrs. Moffett, an etcher also,
all find time to illustrate books especially children's books.

Beloved Max Bohm sleeps in his narrow house in the old cemetery. His family still keeps the home perched like a sea gull just above the water and the road.



THE DUNES

The man who belongs to no school is Mr. Diehl. He has a studio and shop on the busiest corner of the busiest street.

There, with windows and doors wide open, he sits and talks and paints and sells to all who pass by, saying, "Is any painting like to my painting?" Over and over again he paints and sells *The Dunes*.

Many artists are ambitious to paint the dunes, but I am told it is hard to transfer to canvas, their light, their glow, their transparent atmosphere.

Ha, Ha, Ha!

The Beachcombers! The social and dinner club for men. Their building is not much to look at on the outside (it used to be Kibby Cook's rigger's loft) but you should see the fireplace within.

Tra, La, La!

The Sail-loft Club! For Professional Women.

Their program shows the excellent in music and in literature as well as in painting. They call on members for entertainment. They call also on other distinguished visitors.

Sometimes in the summer the sidewalk is fairly hot with talent headed for the Sail-loft Club.



CAPE COD HOUSE

The artists love Provincetown because everywhere they look they see a picture and nothing in all the landscape is more picturesque than the old Cape Cod houses. Low, comfortable, unpretentious, they fit into the barren shores and the rolling hills. They are an expression of the feeling of the people who built them.

The house was built around the chimney, a big chimney strong and firm after a hundred years, with fireplaces on three sides.

It faces the south, with the front door in the middle, with two windows on the street in the east front room, and two windows in the west front room.

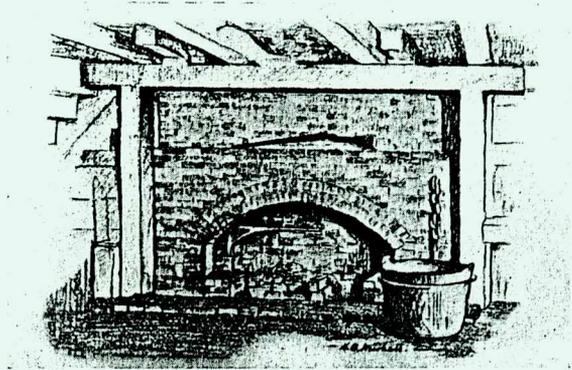
The little entry at the front door opens into the east room and into the west room and a door in the rear of the entry opens on narrow stairs clinging to the chimney.

These steep stairs out of sight, and almost like a ladder, have given rise to the stories of secret stairways. It is true, however, that they were built by ship-carpenters with a companionway in mind.

On the north side of the house is the big kitchen, with little bedrooms east and west: one for father and mother and the trundle bed; one for grandma, or for Aunt Sally, who lives with us.

The east chamber for the girls and the west chamber for the boys are warmed by the big chimney and by tiny fireplaces. On either side of the chambers under the eaves are closets lighted by small four-paned windows.

As the years went by and the oldest son brought home a bride, or mother was left a widow and wanted to rent part of her house, an ell (called a porch) was added.



FIREPLACE

Under the house are two little round brick cellars; one a cistern to catch the water from the roof, one a frost-proof storeroom.

With shingled sides, fan-lights and side-lights at the front door, a flower bed at the front gate, and a grapevine over the porch door, the Cape Cod house is complete.

These are the houses the artists most desire and seldom get.

They are owned and prized by the natives.

Isn't it a pity that their beauty is so often spoiled by attempts to modernize them?

And Oh, the Writers!

EUGENE O'NEIL

When the Government built the new Life Saving Station at Peaked Hill Bars, Mr. O'Neil bought the old building and has made of it a charming abode.

Strangers ask, "How do you get there?" You don't, neither by automobile, nor horseback nor afoot, for Peaked Hill is at the end of Snail Road, three miles of deep sand. Here Mr. O'Neil is reasonably free from intrusion.

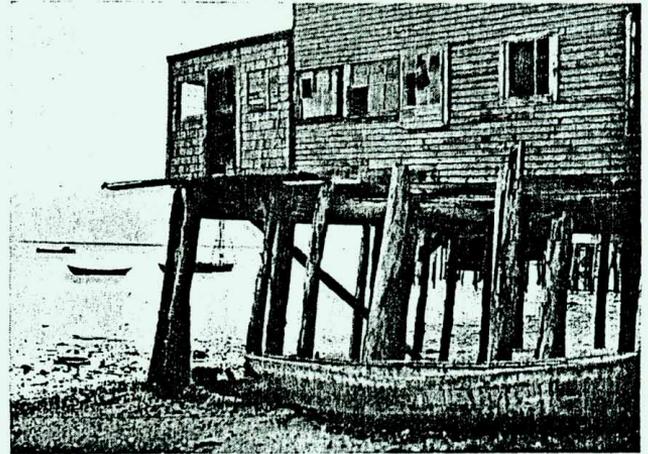
Mr. and Mrs. Green, playwrights, live in a skyscraper.

Wilbur Daniel Steel is here off and on, though he has sold his house.

Mary Heaton Vorse has made her home for years in one of the old houses remodeled, down-along on the main street.

Miss Mears writes stories that remind us of Thomas Hardy. She boards.

Susan Glaspell and Harry Kemp, everybody knows them.



THE PLAYERS' WHARF

The Players

Two little theatres, one on the hill and one on the wharf, try out new plays for professionals and test new players.

Shakespeare's setting could not have been simpler, nor his audience more enthusiastic. Neither producers nor actors allow conventionality to hamper talent.

Playwrights try to introduce local color and sometimes their salty plays almost succeed with the natives.

What Shall I Say More?

Time would fail me
to tell of bright days
and refreshing nights,
of the inspiration
of good company,
of the few
showy and noisy,
of the many
who obtain a good report,
of all the artists who,
while the sun
is in Leo and Virgo,
transform our quiet town
into a cosmopolitan bazaar.

