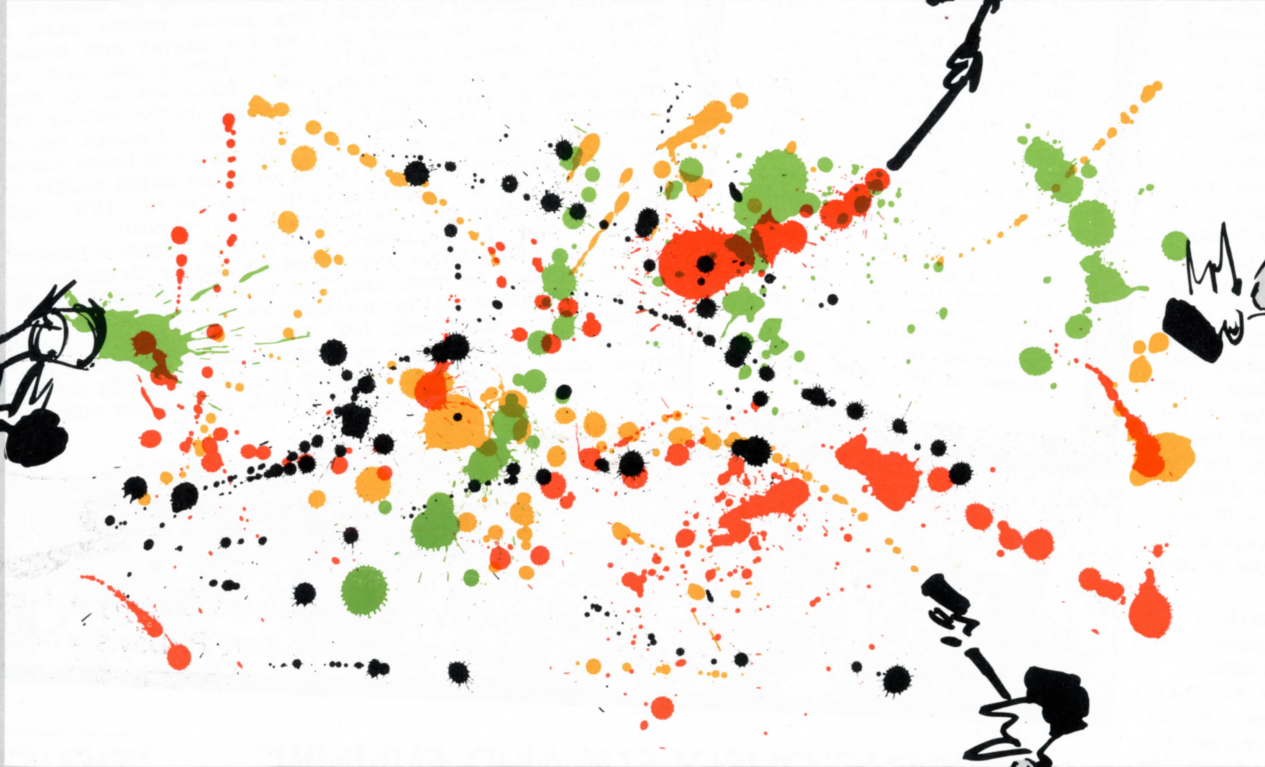


THIS SIDE UP!

THIS SIDE UP!



DAY OF THE PAINTER



DAY OF THE PAINTER

"DELICIOUSLY SLY AND FUNNY!" —Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times



DAY OF THE PAINTER

TIME
"EXTREMELY
FUNNY!"

THIS SIDE UP!

THIS SIDE UP!

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Day of the Painter (Little Movies), an extremely funny 15-minute film, may be taken as a solemn leg-pull of the recent vogue for dribble-and-splotch painters, those athletic canvas-coverers whose style owes less to Van Gogh's brush technique than to Stan Laurel's custard pie stance. Or it may be taken as an explicit set of instructions for getting rich.

The film, a first-time effort by three ex-admen, begins with a loving shot of wharfs, fishing shacks and the sounding sea—the sort of vista once sketched avidly by artists and now appreciated chiefly by retired couples who tour Cape Cod in late September. The artist is a burly fellow (Ezra Reuben Baker), recognizably aesthetic in paint-smearing dungarees, scurrilous red sweater and combat boots. He trundles a cart filled with paint buckets along a dock, then throws an enormous sheet of wallboard down on a mud flat ten feet below.

Soberly, with exquisite skill, using first a vigorous forehand, then a precisely executed backhand, the painter slops color from buckets. Clearly he is a master, for his stroke with the long-handled hoe is sure and strong, his touch with the dribble-stick more than Japanese in its delicacy. And when he fills a flare pistol with paint and fires the last accent of orange at his abstraction, he does not pull the trigger. He squeezes.

When the thing dries, he hacks it up in random rectangles with a power saw, then carefully signs each fragment. A seaplane, labeled "Galerie des Abstracts, Paris-New York," touches down. A man debarks whose rich, dark overcoat obviously proclaims him an art dealer. He strokes his jaw as he examines the paintings, eventually selects a small one, shakes hands with the painter and takes off. Pleased with himself, the painter matter-of-factly shoves the remaining works of art into the ocean. This, as the screen truly proclaims, is the end.

The **SHORT** that's **LONG** on **RAVES!**

The New York Times.

By **BOSLEY CROWTHER**

Fortunately, on the program is a deliciously sly and funny short, called "Day of the Painter," which kides the pants off abstract art.

Its protagonist is a fellow who throws a large panel of plywood beside a pier and then flings and splashes paint on it until he has a big, gooey daub. This he cuts into sections and then invites the director of the Galerie des Abstract Arts to come to make a selection, which the director does.

It is played deadpan by Ezra Baker, who is credited with producing it, and is done in exquisite color, which emphasizes the ridicule. A score of harmonica music by Eddie Manson is lively and droll.

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune

Modern Art Spoofed in New Movie

A hilarious, good-natured spoof of abstract-expressionist painting has been made the subject of a colored film-short called "Day of the Painter," currently playing at the 52d St. Trans-Lux. Without sound or sub-titles (except for a delightful musical score somewhat reminiscent of that which accompanied the Alec Guinness film, "The Horse's Mouth") the film begins with the artist's awakening in a crumbling shack on a rickety pier reaching out over a picturesque stream. His "Wall Street Journal" is delivered by boat, and, having ascertained that his investments are doing well, he loads a wheelbarrow with assorted cans of paint, long sticks, brushes, and a spray

gun, has two helpers carry his enormous blank canvas, and sets off to his muddy "studio" by the side of the stream.

All day long he flings, scatters, shoots, pushes paint all over his canvas and himself. The picture grows, and, actually, turns out to be quite handsome—in the Jackson Pollock manner, of course, but attractive for all its imitativeness. Sea gulls and swans waddle by, their expressions rather suggesting that of critics.

At last the painter is finished, carefully studies his work—and then proceeds to cut the enormous canvas up into pieces.

At the end of the day a small seaplane comes by, docks alongside the pier, while the passenger-pilot, looking like any 57th

St. dealer you care to name, surveys the day's work. He examines carefully, he ponders, and he finally selects one small segment of the canvas, places it in the plane, and takes off.

The painter takes all the other pieces, tosses them into the stream, and they float away with the gulls and swans, not unlike the unforgettable Gulley Jimson, in "The Horse's Mouth," floating gallantly out to sea in his battered tugboat.

Audiences, apparently, are enjoying the film—except for a group the other night who were plainly pro-abstract-expressionism, and hissed when the rest of the house applauded. None of it was ill-natured, however, probably because the abstract-expressionist picture being kidded looks so agreeable.

E. G.

LITTLE MOVIES presents

DAY OF THE PAINTER

(Running time: 15 Minutes)

Produced by Ezra Baker • Production supervised by Duard Slattery • Music composed and played by Eddy Manson • Written and directed by Robert P. Davis • in Eastmancolor

"DELICIOUSLY SLY AND FUNNY!"

LITTLE MOVIES presents

—Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times

DAY OF THE PAINTER

"EXTREMELY FUNNY!"
—Time Magazine



in Eastmancolor

Mat No. 201

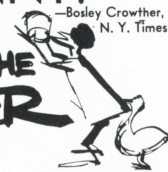
"DELICIOUSLY SLY AND FUNNY!"

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—Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times

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