In the summer of 1964, two couples from New York City shared a rented house in Lincolnville, Maine. Red Grooms, Mimi Gross, Rudy Burckhardt, and Yvonne Jacquette were all artists. Their ménage included Rudy’s longtime friend, the poet Edwin Denby, as well as Rudy’s children: fifteen-year-old Jacob and the infant Tom, the respective sons of painters Edith Schloss, his first wife, and Yvonne, his second. Their friends Alex Katz, his wife Ada, and their five-year-old son, Vincent, lived nearby.

Ideas, strategies, and methods pinged back and forth between these multitalented people, who painted and drew whenever they could that summer. Mimi did a portrait of Alex (cat. 21) and another of Red, standing in a blueberry field. She and Red both painted in their neighbor Irv Ives’s garden. Alex posed his friends in Ives’s field for the two major paintings he did on that subject while in Maine. In both iterations of Ives Field (figs. 1, 2), among his earliest large-scale group compositions, he downplayed the relationships between his models and presented them as disengaged figures, “foster-child[ren] of silence and slow time,” to use Keats’s phrase.

Red celebrated their camaraderie in Slab City Rendezvous (cat. 17), a group portrait that includes all three Katzes. Artists no more balance on roof tops than do fiddlers, but in Red’s view, his luftmensch friend Rudy belonged on top of the house, along with his easel. Rudy is a partial cutout, poking head and shoulders beyond the painting’s frame. If Rudy is present half outside of the painting, the auburn-haired Red showed himself half in, about to disappear through a doorway. There must be blueberries in the buckets that he and Ada carry. Alex, who’d been exploring figural cutouts for several years, lounges in the front yard in casual contrapposto, thumbs tucked into his pockets.

Edwin is the gentle string bean of a man who stands in the road in midstride, a pose Rudy often captured in his photographs. The cat in Yvonne’s lap pays no attention to baby Tom; at her feet nor to Rudy’s dog, Lupa, resting in the shade. Jacob straddles a bike; his friend holds a Frisbee. Engrossed in a novel lent to her by Edwin, Mimi folds herself into a rocking chair. She’s reading as well in Red’s Maine Room (cat. 18), another homage to friendship. Here the artist presents his...
Fig. 1
Oil on linen, 76 x 96 in.
Private Collection.
© 2018 Alex Katz / Licensed by VAGA at Artists Rights Society (ARS), NY

Fig. 2
Oil on linen, 74 x 120 1/2 in.
Weatherspoon Art Museum, Museum purchase with funds from Burlington Industries, 1965.1362. © 2018 Alex Katz / Licensed by VAGA at Artists Rights Society (ARS), NY
Cat. 17
© 1964 Red Grooms / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York
housemates spending a country evening in their rented cottage, chock-a-block with quaint furnishings. This pop-up diorama—or sculptopictorama, in his inventive parlance—is like a stage set. We’re the audience permitted to watch as Yvonne feeds her baby, Red and Rudy play cards, Edwin types, and Jacob reads—homey pleasures all.

*Maine Room* (1965) affectionately documents Red and Mimi’s honeymoon, spent *en famille*. That summer, with Rudy and Yvonne as witnesses, they were married by Gridley Weatherby Tarbell III, the mayor of Belfast. It was also the year that this gang of city folk worked together on *Lurk*, a Fran-kenstein parody directed and filmed by Rudy. Red and Jacob star as the winsome hayseed brothers Lester and Jake Slabs; Edwin is the maniacal scientist; and Mimi his radiantly beautiful daughter. Alex had a role as a “punk,” in Jacob’s description, dressed like Marlon Brando in the 1953 film *The Wild One*. The monster eventually trounces him with a papier-mâché boulder. The part of the woodsman who battles the monster with a chainsaw was perfect for their brawny friend, painter Neil Welliver, who had a summer place in Lincolnville. Rudy even found a part for his neighbor Irv Ives, who played the town mayor. “Everybody who had an idea put it in,” Rudy recalled. “I was making the movie, but it was a collaboration between everyone.” The text was “written” by Edwin after the shooting was completed.

For *Lurk's* crowd scene, Rudy enlisted New York–based painter Lois Dodd, who spent her summers in Cushing. She and her son, Eli, were an integral part of the Slab City social scene. As did all of Alex’s friends, Lois and Eli sometimes modeled for him. The previous summer Alex painted a huge canvas of eleven-year-old Eli (fig. 3), his artist’s eye intrigued by the boy’s “English complexion, the faint blush in his pale skin.” For this dramatically cropped, extreme close-up of the boy, Alex posed him with the pith helmet he had taken to wearing. It was a ploy that provided a quirky, interior frame for Eli’s face as well as the opportunity to juxtapose his lightest and darkest tones. *Eli* (1963) is one of Alex’s first compositions
to collapse the personal space between the painter and the person painted.

Maine was art’s matrix for this intergenerational, extended family of artists whose friendships nurtured each other’s creative growth in the city and in the country. “I was very influenced by Alex, especially the cutouts,” Red later reflected. “And both Alex and I were under the sway of Bill King.” Bill first came to Maine in 1948 on a scholarship for the two-year-old Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture. The school’s idyllic setting of 160 acres of farmland in central Maine was catalytic for countless artists.

In midcentury New York, art students like Bill and his then-wife Lois Dodd learned their craft within the confines of four walls. The couple and their friends Alex Katz and Jean Cohen all graduated from Cooper Union, a progressive school whose curriculum privileged Bauhaus precepts and held Picasso, Braque, and Matisse as heroes. Students didn’t follow the lead of Monet or Van Gogh, who stepped beyond their studio doors to paint. “Being in Maine is what got us all working outdoors,” Lois later said, reflecting on the foundational role that Skowhegan played in her and her friends’ careers and her realization that “you don’t have to be inside to be working.”

Most young artists led hardscrabble lives in the late 1940s, living and working in downtown tenements or illegal commercial lofts in Manhattan, spaces that could be stifling in the summer. If they were able, they might head to East Hampton,

Fig. 3
a few hours’ drive away on Eastern Long Island, or trek to Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod, where the legendary teacher Hans Hofmann had opened a summer school in 1935. For Alex, who spent parts of two summers there in the 1950s, Provincetown had “a nice bohemian atmosphere, but there was a conventionality to the bohemian world that I wasn’t interested in.” Maine was different.

Maine’s postwar emergence as a magnet for artists is inextricably tied to Skowhegan’s intensive nine-week summer residency program. For young New Yorkers, its country setting occasioned epiphany after epiphany about art and art making. As Bill later reflected, “the environment was conducive for the New Yorkers for several reasons. It was all set apart... sequestered in a way... wall-to-wall art, take it or leave it. And the concerns about shows and criticism and sales and the business side of art... [were] just a faint echo off there somewhere down around New York.”

Because his friend Bill had gone to Skowhegan, Alex chose it over the Yale summer school when the Cooper Union gave him a choice of scholarships. At Skowhegan, the Cooper Union’s vanguard modernist education loosened its grip, and artists found themselves drawn to work outdoors to paint the surrounding landscape. “Pandora’s box was opened,” Alex recalled. It was “where I got really involved in painting, and in particular painting from life.” The light in Maine, which struck Alex as “richer and darker than the light in Impressionist paintings,” was also a discovery. Remembering the revelations that Skowhegan facilitated, Lois later said that “everybody was so enamored with Maine, they all wanted to go back.”

Friends are essential to art making. Although Lois was never a student at Skowhegan, she spent several summers there with her friends. At first, they all “were a little afraid of what we might paint [were we] on the coast,” she recalled with a chuckle, thinking of lobster pots. “Anyway, we overcome our thing.” The life-long friendship between Lois and Jean had begun when they found themselves standing next to each other on a line as incoming freshmen at Cooper Union in 1945.

As recent graduates, the friends lived hand-to-mouth in the city. No one had money. Bill and Lois wed in 1948, and Alex and Jean were married two years later (fig. 4). Alex would later joke that
part of Jean's appeal was the relative comfort of her sunny cold-water flat on East Sixth Street.\textsuperscript{18} “Times were really tough,” Bill told an interviewer in 2011. “Lois had a job designing necktie patterns. . . . She was the one that kept us afloat. It was customary . . . wife go out and work, husband stay home, be the artist.” Lois’s introduction to Skowhegan came in 1951. The couples stayed in cottages in Lakewood (cat. 25), the summer theater colony across the lake from Skowhegan, and they would go to the school on Friday nights to hear talks, and on Saturdays, Bill recalled, “especially for the parties.”\textsuperscript{19}

In exchange for free lodging, Alex and Bill worked on converting a decrepit double garage into a gallery space that Lois and Jean operated.\textsuperscript{20} The Accent Gallery showed their own work and that of their friends and sold vintage furniture, jewelry, and woolen outfits of their own design.\textsuperscript{21} In 1953, the gallery’s second season, Lois returned with Alex and Jean, but not Bill. “He’d found somebody else, at Skowhegan,” Lois later told an interviewer. “I didn’t have such a good feeling about Skowhegan for quite a while.”\textsuperscript{22}

At the end of that summer, Lois recalled, “the Katzes and I thought—real estate is quite cheap in Maine—we could get our own place.” Early the next spring, Alex and his fellow Cooper Union
graduate Charles (Charlie) DuBack made the two-day journey from New York to Maine to look at real estate. As Alex remembered:

We found this house which was falling down, but it was very pretty, so [Jean and I and Lois] bought it. . . . Charlie got a place in Waldoboro that was in worse shape than ours. We paid $1,200, and it came with 20 acres of land down the road; and the neighbor said, “You really got rooked.”

The three artists spent productive summers together at their nineteenth-century clapboard farmhouse on Slab City Road. Unfortunately, little of the artwork Jean did during that time survives (cat. 9). Indeed, most of her later paintings have disappeared as well. Alex describes her as “very pretty and intellectually serious.” Jean was different,” her brother recalls. “She danced to a different drummer and painted all the time.”

When Alex and Jean divorced in 1956, she bought a blacksmith’s shack nearby. Jean’s new partner was the abstract painter John Grillo,
whose practice changed while spending the summer in Maine in 1965. Grillo began painting on found objects, including bentwood chairs, headboards, vintage Victrolas, farm implements, and a sauerkraut maker.28

Shortly before Thanksgiving in 1957, a research biologist at Sloan-Kettering named Ada Del Moro attended an opening at the cooperative Tanager Gallery in the East Village, a gallery that Lois, Bill, and several of their friends had founded five years earlier. Alex’s collages were on view as part of a two-person show. It was there that Alex met Ada, the love of his life; the two would marry the following year. She has been his favorite model for the last six decades (cat. 32).

The beloved farmhouse on Slab City Road that Alex and Lois had shared since the mid-fifties “was getting a little crowded” after Alex and Ada’s son, Vincent, was born, Eli King recalled.29 Because Eli was “mad about boats,” Lois looked for her own place in the Midcoast region and in 1964 bought a house in Cushing near the water, not far from where Andrew Wyeth painted Christina’s World (1948).

After all these years, neither Lois nor Alex has wearied of painting in Maine. Lois feels she works best “going back to the same places. I change, they change, or the weather changes. I used to think the subject would dry up, and I would have to make a move. But that never happened; it is the reverse.”30 “Landscapes are different every day, and at night,” Lois reflects. “There is something about knowing a place. Over time you keep changing, you see things differently.”31 (cat. 11)
I had studied textile design at Cooper Union, so I was thinking about pattern. The subject of the cows answered to that—they seemed to be in a place between pattern and representation. They made a good shape: white with big black patches. . . . I would go outside, find cows and draw, and use the drawings in the wintertime to paint. There are endless things—the house, the road, the barn, and the landscape out in the woods.  

Alex has pointed out that each time he returns to Maine, “the river has changed,” referencing the Greek philosopher Heraclitus, who famously wrote, “No man ever steps in the same river twice.” For Alex, “it’s a state of being alive to say that you’re different, that everything’s different, and trying to find the differences.”

After renting a house with Mimi and Red in 1964, Rudy and Yvonne bought a summer home in Searsmont the following year, about a twenty-minute drive from Alex and Ada’s farmhouse on Slab City Road. As a young mother in New York, Yvonne primarily worked in her studio, looking out through its windows. But it was in Maine that she began to explore what would become her signature bird’s-eye-view vistas. “You should see what it’s like flying [above the landscape],” the poet and critic Peter Schjeldahl encouraged her, after arriving by plane to visit the Burckhardts in Maine. Yvonne did so, and she discovered the visual riches afforded by an aerial vantage point, images in harmony with—yet distinct from—the rooftop photographs Rudy took looking down at the city (cat. 24). “I was going up every summer,” Yvonne said, picking things that looked good once I got up in the plane. . . . I just could find so many subjects because [of] the color in Maine, the landscape saturated green with both trees and grassy areas. [The view] was always terrific with water . . . or I might choose an industrial kind of place that showed you a particular type of building, maybe a factory, or the grain elevator at the base of Belfast.

Initially, Yvonne chose what to paint “mostly for the color,” but when she started flying at night, she gained new insights. “I often would do a daytime painting and then I would go up at night and try to do the same thing from dusk or darkness, moonlight.” Several of Yvonne’s friends also loved what the world looked like at night. In 1964, Mimi painted potent images of ghostly, moonlit trees and moody skies (cat. 19). Lois worked on nighttime paintings in the seventies. “For some reason in Maine, in 1975, there was a minimum of mosquitoes at night,” she recalled. “You could stand outside, and the moonlight was so brilliant certain nights that I realized I could paint in it.”

The studio practice of each of the friends ex-
Cat. 19
Mimi Gross, Night Painting (No. 1), 1964.
Courtesy Eric Firestone Gallery, New York
© 2019 Mimi Gross / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

panded in Maine in directions not possible in New York. Painting on the flat surface of fan-shaped mushroom caps—specifically *Ganoderma applanatum*, or “Artist’s Conk,” as it is known—was a venerable hobby in Maine, where the fungus is exceptionally common and grows on older sugar maples and other hardwood trees.³⁷ It’s anyone’s guess who in the New York gang first picked up on the local practice. Probably it was Rudy. He began making them in the early seventies, and by 1981 he had a show in New York titled *Paintings on Canvas, Paper, and Mushrooms by Rudy Burckhardt and Guest Artists*.³⁸ Some of the guests he invited to participate were pals like Neil Welliver, while others were younger friends who worked in Maine, including Emily Brown and

Cat. 24
Photo by Alan LaVallee
Katherine Porter, who were delighted to show alongside Rudy. The poet Vincent Katz, Alex and Ada’s son, would write that “[Rudy’s] photographic and film treatments of [Maine’s] woods, lakes, coastlines, and fields would later propel him into surprising discoveries in painting.”\textsuperscript{30} Rudy and his first wife, Edith Schloss, were introduced to Maine in 1946 as guests of the painter Fairfield Porter, whose family owned Great Spruce Head Island in Penobscot Bay. Edith vividly recalled the first time she and Rudy visited the Porter’s summer home on the island: “The oozing summer life untidiness . . . the burny smell of old fires, the mustiness of summer clothes left through the winter, a trace of the scent of painting medium hung over everything.”\textsuperscript{40} In the late 1950s, the couple spent several summers in rented cottages on Deer Isle. Edith came to cherish Maine, especially the waves that were “the color of indigo, choppy, and capped with white by a brisk breeze,” an image she captured in her paintings (fig. 5).

The specificity of Maine variously inspired Rudy’s art. Although esteemed by his talented cirecle of friends, Rudy was not as well known in the wider art world. In 1980, his friend John Ashbery affectionately suggested that Rudy has “remained unsung for so long that he is practically a subterranean monument.”\textsuperscript{41} Rudy was a bohemian who adhered “to a time-honored laxity of personal and cultural behavior,” noted Vincent Katz. In her obituary in the \textit{New York Times} in 1999, Roberta Smith remarked that he “seemed to live in perpetual delight that the rest of the world had none of the order and homogeneity of his native city, Basel, Switzerland.”\textsuperscript{42}

It was in Basel in 1935 that the twenty-one-year-old Rudy met the visiting American dancer Edwin Denby. The two forged a lifelong bond. “The subject of Edwin and Rudy’s friendship is vast and vastly complicated,” observed their friend, the poet Ron Padgett.\textsuperscript{43} “Edwin was really my guru, my root teacher,” Rudy reflected. “I learned a great deal from him without knowing it.”\textsuperscript{44} A poet and a revered dance critic, Edwin “radiated light,” a neighbor remarked.\textsuperscript{45} Edith described him as a “gangly elegant bird looking
out at all of us from bright blue eyes under bushy eyebrows, blinking, fluttering his eyelids flirtatiously.”

Edwin was fascinated by artists such as Alex and Red, Edith observed, but less for their artwork than for “the way they acted, the way they managed their own personalities and careers. To him what was most exciting was the apparition of people, the way they moved and behaved, how their movement inspired their intelligence and vice versa, which attracted him.” It was Edwin’s unique “combination of brilliance and empathy for others” that touched Yvonne, who found him to be “a true Bodhisattva, a pleasure to be with.” She admired the metaphors in Edwin’s later poems that were inspired by his walks in Maine as well as by Rudy’s photographs. The poet’s phrase “straw coins,” for example, “referred to sun patches on dried pine needles on the forest floor.”

Those poetic glimpses of “pine needles” and the “forest floor” are also evident in Rudy’s films made in Maine from the late 1950s through the 1990s. His short films, like *Daisy* (1966) and *The Caterpillar* (1973), focus on the details of nature, while the longer, narrative films, both in black and white and in color, are humorous, narrative subjects that often starred members of the Slab City group, notably Edwin, Neil, and Red. Yvonne made costumes for one of the best known of this genre, a collaborative effort with Red and Mimi called *Shoot the Moon* (1962), a slightly manic comedy in the mode of a silent Buster Keaton comedy. In *Cowgirl* (1976; cat. 44) other artists and family members played bit parts, among them Ada, Rackstraw Downes, and Peter Schjeldahl. Vincent provided the musical score.

Neil Welliver learned about Maine from his friends Alex and Lois. As someone who’d grown up in a rural community in Pennsylvania, he enjoyed country life, and he initially thought about buying property in French Canada. But when he realized that he would have to learn French to get on with his neighbors, he looked for a summer getaway in Maine. It was Lois who alerted him to a
Cat. 41
© Neil Welliver, courtesy Alexandre Gallery, New York
Lincolnville farmhouse without heating, plumbing, or electricity, for which he paid $2,500 in 1962. It came with outbuildings and 107 wooded acres. Within ten years, he was living in Maine full time, enthralled with his land. He once told a friend that he found “extraordinary clarity” in the Maine landscape. “You can look for a mile but objects seem right before your face; you can identify them. I’m interested in the character of the light—that northern flat light—where the sun doesn’t get very high.”

A plein-air painter like his friends, Neil developed one practice in Maine that they did not share: painting in the woods in the dead of winter. In a 1980 interview that Edwin conducted for Rudy’s film on Neil, he was asked about working outdoors in cold weather. It’s “not a macho thing to do,” he declared.

It’s more difficult than that. To paint outside in the winter is painful. It hurts your hands, it hurts your feet, it hurts your ears. Painting is difficult. The paint is rigid, it’s stiff, it doesn’t move easily. But sometimes there are things you want and that’s the only way you get them.

Neil’s description of his process is so vivid that we can almost see him bundled up, trundling through snowy, tangled woods with heavy painting gear, prowling for configurations of form and light that would snare his eye. On such forays he worked with small square canvases, studies he would later use in his studio as the basis for large paintings. Neil painted in all seasons. During several Maine summers in the early seventies, he did a series of female nudes variously positioned in the woods (cat. 41). Although he professed that he never asked his obliging models to pose during black fly season, he did several canvases of them seated naked on the ground or partially immersed in icy ponds. Gently mocking his friend Neil’s imagery, Rudy did a mushroom painting of a stoic, suntanned nude held captive within a triangle of trees (cat. 8).

Asked what about Maine attracted him as a painter, Neil once told an interviewer that he could not paint “where it’s been too ordered by people.” But Rackstraw Downes, who had studied with Neil at Yale, developed a practice exactly opposite that of Welliver and found his life’s work depicting the built environment. Rackstraw had been a painter of geometric abstractions in 1964, the year he earned his MFA from Yale, where he studied with Neil and Alex, among others. Speaking of his student days, Rackstraw told a later interviewer, “I remember Katz looking at a geometrical painting I had on my easel. He said, Oh, that’s very interesting, it looks like an early Winslow Homer!”

It was in Maine that Rackstraw’s art shifted away from overt abstraction (cat. 12). After graduation, he purchased a Morrill farmhouse with 1,000 acres. Unpredictably, it was in Morrill that he
became "very interested in the life lived in Maine, very interested. I liked the farmers and their extreme modesty in their lifestyle; and I felt that their modesty and their carefulness about materials made the landscape [that was in Maine] possible." Fairfield Porter gave a few talks at Yale during Rackstraw’s student days, and Rackstraw became "a tremendous admirer of Porter. . . . At the very beginning of my own work I got a kind of kick from his that somehow made it possible to think in slightly different ways than I otherwise would have."56

Rackstraw found common ground with Rudy, about whom Vincent Katz wrote that he had the "ability to take seemingly slight subjects—flowers, fields, a pond—and invest them with consequence by the simple act of looking."57 Rackstraw, too, invested the mundane with consequence, and in the process he opened a world of new subjects for art: detailed, panoramic views of back roads, gravel pits, and lumber yards. “Many of us moved [to Maine],” Rackstraw recollected, “because there are beautiful hills and mountains and cows and streams and so on.”

But when we build a house, we call up the cement-mixer man who comes from a gigantic quarry where they get all this rock to make cement out of and pulverize it and turn it into cement. That is part of your life too. And I wanted to acknowledge that. I didn’t like the idea of landscape being an escapist genre, which it has the tendency to be.58

In the early 1970s, Rackstraw developed a pas-
sion for “the rehabilitation of the detail” in painting as a vehicle for telling stories. A politically minded artist, he gravitated to places where nature and human endeavor chafe against each other. He remembered, for example, that a chicken house he painted in Maine had 140 windows, each of which had a light bulb that burned day and night, to speed up the animal’s growth. It was a practice that Rackstraw, a vegetarian, disapproved of, and he subtly conveyed his feelings using exacting details. “I would like my work to provoke questions,” he had said.59

Several generations of city-based artists flocked to rural Maine after the Second World War. Some never stopped returning; others moved on. As Rackstraw’s practice progressed, he was attracted by other parts of the country. His friend Yvonne observed that Rackstraw eventually left “when he felt that he had used up most of the subject matter that he was looking for.”60 Yet for most of the artists attracted to Maine in the postwar period, it proved an unfailing source of creative inspiration, a place where they found out who they were, as Lois Dodd understood. Whether it was the light, the land, or “the mustiness of summer clothes left through the winter,” Maine seduced this cohort of artists who came to work and to live, energized by the ties of friendship that sustained their art.
ENDNOTES


2 Mimi Gross, telephone conversation with Judith Stein, August 31, 2018.

3 Gross, telephone conversation with Judith Stein.

4 Jacob Burckhardt to Judith Stein, July 18, 2018.


8 Samet, “Beer with a Painter.”

9 Alex Katz, interview with Judith Stein and Susan Danly, November 28, 2017.

10 William King, Oral History Interview with Liza Zapol, East Hampton, NY, September 14, 2011, Skowhegan Oral History Project, courtesy of Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture.


12 Alex Katz, Oral History Interview with Liza Zapol, New York, NY, December 8, 2011, Skowhegan Oral History Project, courtesy of Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture.


14 Alex Katz quoted in Calvin Tomkins, “Painterly Virtues,” The New Yorker, August 27, 2018: 60.

15 Lois Dodd, interview with Susan Danly, November 9, 2017.

16 Lois Dodd, interview with Susan Danly.

17 Alex Katz, telephone conversation with Judith Stein, August 3, 2018.


19 King, Oral History Interview with Lisa Zapol.

20 King, Oral History Interview with Lisa Zapol.

21 Lois Dodd, Oral History Interview with Liza Zapol, New York, NY, December 1, 2011, Skowhegan Oral History Project, courtesy of Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture.

22 Dodd, Oral History Interview with Liza Zapol.

23 Katz, interview with Susan Danly and Judith Stein.

24 Philip Heilman, telephone conversation with Judith Stein, August 3, 2018.

25 Katz quoted in Tomkins, “Painterly Virtues,” 60.

26 David Cohen, telephone conversation with Judith Stein, September 12, 2018.


29 Elif King, telephone conversation with Judith Stein, July 16, 2018.

30 Samet, “Beer with a Painter.”


32 Samet, “Beer with a Painter.”


34 Yvonne Jacquette, interview with Susan Danly and Judith Stein, November 27, 2017.
35 Jacquette, interview with Susan Danly and Judith Stein.

36 Samet, "Beer with a Painter."


38 Blue Mountain Gallery, 121 Wooster Street, January–February, 1981.


46 Edith Schloss, The Loft Generation.

47 Edith Schloss, The Loft Generation.

48 Jacquette Burckhardt, "Edwin Denby."


55 Downes, interview with Philip Lopate.


57 Katz was referring to Rudy’s collage film Daisy, shot in Maine in 1966. Vincent Katz, "Mobile Homes."


60 Jacquette, interview with Susan Danly and Judith Stein.