



Hans Hofmann and students at his school

## The Gulf Stream

During those long war years, the cafeteria was our hangout evenings and nights. Sometimes though, we would just adjourn for a walk. Our walks would follow closely an itinerary of favorite streets. We started and ended always at the cafeteria. First we would walk east on Eighth Street passing the Hofmann School. On the corner of Eighth and MacDougal was the Jumble Shop restaurant. It was most active at lunchtime with art people from the Whitney Museum, which was in the middle of Eighth Street. [The building is now occupied by the New York Studio School.] The Whitney was an art group somewhat detached from us. Through the large windows of the Jumble Shop we would see on some evenings the cubist painter Stuart Davis talking away and Arshile Gorky waving his arms and stroking his long mustache. With them, especially when they were at the bar, were important-looking people. Maybe collectors. Very often they were Gorky's own coterie—Raoul Hague, the sculptor, and Emanuel Navaretta, the poet. In later years, Emanuel and his wife Cynthia hosted a weekly open house for poets and writers, where Gorky was a regular.

Or taking a left on Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, then right on University Place and back to the park and Washington Square Arch, and across to Sullivan and MacDougal Streets, and another block further down on MacDougal Street we would go to the San Remo restaurant. Around this area in little Italy were various cafés and restaurants. Wandering here and there and stopping now and then, we zigzagged Sullivan and Thompson Streets, crossing and re-crossing. Coming to Washington Square Park on the south side, we'd then stroll up University Place again or Broadway to Fourteenth Street. Then we would return, zigzagging on other streets till we reached the cafeteria. It sounds like any other route with interesting streets, but not so—our pathways were the beginnings and flexings of an American identity. All along the route, at each turn, at each junction, at each stop, we heard and encountered unique creative people with ideas that influenced us. Walking and talking along this meandering path we were like a hot Gulf Stream in the cooler waters of New York. This stream—warm, flowing almost invisibly through the Atlantic, like a river within an ocean—describes in a poetic way the itinerary we took through the cold Surrealist ocean. The cafeteria instilled a restless feeling in us that only a hike through the Village would satisfy.

There is a short episode in El Greco's life that illustrates Gorky's position in American art. El Greco said after leaving Italy that his aim was to paint like Titian and draw like Michelangelo. Gorky didn't say it, but having heard his conversations through my student days at the Art Students League, and trying to pierce through his metaphors, I can say that Gorky's aim was to combine Rouault and Ingres into one. And he did, in his own way. For years he was obsessed with Ingres's rhythm and the liquid like brushstrokes of Rouault. He kept criticizing the Surrealists in the New York art world for their boast of inventing accident and chance. He stated that not one of them matched the "surprise turns and twists" of Rouault in his painting *The King*, especially in the facial structure and the elbow in the foreground. (The many times I visited Gorky at his studio, I heard such statements, but I was told by Raoul Hague never to talk, because Gorky was also a king.) Gorky's admiration for Rouault was profound. Gorky's stokes of black on white, and white on black had Rouault's stained-glass look, and the way Gorky opposed a curve to a straight line also proceeded from Rouault, no doubt via the impact of African sculpture. The distortions in Rouault's brush touch itself, so rich with surprises, also persisted in Gorky, who felt that a brushstroke should be loaded, and have surprise twists, and splatter drops showing freshness and sweatiness. Just before the war, Gorky had his splatter-droplets period. Later, its influence spread in a quite different way to Pollock and de Kooning. Gorky never came into our cafeteria, but very often he walked by holding his two big wolfhounds by their leashes, and waved to us.

Along our meandering path, a turn on MacDougal Street brought us to the magnificent greenery of Washington Square Park. At the northwest corner there was a large circular piazza lined with benches. It was a favorite gathering place for the refugees, chess players, and the group from the Waldorf Cafeteria.

Sitting in the round bullring, as it was also known, you might have seen John Graham, who influenced so many young artists with his original criticism. But he only liked some of the cafeteria group. On evenings when we were hungry for a morsel of an idea, after walking the "Gulf Stream" we'd look for him in the greenery of the park and there he would be, often with some of his cronies—Edgard Varèse, the amazingly original composer of percussion music, Adolfo Saporetti, a Parisian Surrealist to the extreme, and Johannes Schieffer, a painter who had more personal charm than any-

one I ever knew. Varèse was already world-famous, and very often there were polite refugees present who were visiting him for the evening. All spoke French. Sooner or later, Graham would splinter off and talk with us.

At high moments of Graham's discourses, his arms waved in arabesques through the air to the two perspective points to which his mustache pointed and then swooped back to his beautifully shaped bald head. Within that head, Graham's mind had profited from definite decisions. There was a succession of them corresponding to the problems in his life. This completeness attracted all the young artists—Bill de Kooning, Jackson Pollock, Elaine de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Theodore Stamos, myself, and others.

Graham was not a simple man. During the 1930s, he had been in Paris collecting African sculpture for clients like Frank Crowninshield, the publisher, haunting the auction galleries, buying and collecting photographs of the greats as they arrived in Paris. Later, in New York, through these photographs and his manner of talking, by the way he gestured with his hands, we had the feeling that Graham taught the primitive sculptors how to sculpt. His positive insights gave clarity to us young artists and helped get us on the road. For instance, he said to me, "You can sort out the fakes from the real African sculpture by studying the side view. In the fakes, the imitators can't make the side view match the aliveness of the front view." This is food for a sculptor.

He also loved the Renaissance. Paolo Uccello, in particular, was one of his deities. In his own work, Graham used Uccello's secrets about perspective points and whirling carousel movements. He showed these secrets to the young artists, and they stayed on forever in American art.

Hunger for his tactile criticism made us seek Graham out. Sometimes I went alone, and sometimes with Bill de Kooning, who always listened to him with rapture. Other times there were James Rosati, Jan Roelandts, Franz Kline and Peter Agostini. If he wasn't in Washington Square Park, we would find him in one of his favorite haunts in Little Italy, on Bleecker Street opposite the San Remo in a small pastry shop called Pasquale's. But patience was important. We had to pace ourselves to his moods, for his thoughts were enclosed in the diamond of his mind, which might shine out from one facet then flash from a different facet. One facet was his passion for Uccello. Another was his hatred for Picasso, which he generated into a newsletter devoted to slaying the dragon Picasso. Some one of us reminded

him that in the 1930s he was praising Picasso for having great insight into the sources of plastic form, via the power of the primitive artist (*Magazine of Art*, 1937). Why the change?

**John Graham:** Picasso is a style hunter. Then he puts his handwriting on everything he steals. Perspective points which are so precious—look how he plays with them as though playthings in a game and they're toys.

**Philip Pavia:** You must admit that Uccello's perspective points helped make the *Guernica* a great mural.

**Willem de Kooning:** The *Guernica* does spin around one or two perspective points...

**Graham:** You have it all wrong. It's not the perspective points that make the *Guernica* a revolutionary painting. It's the flat areas with their sensitive edges. And he stole those from Piero della Francesca.

**Balcomb Greene:** Steal is a hard word. We all borrow from our masters. It's not easy to find a secret, and if you do, then borrow it. It's your reward.

**De Kooning:** That's right. If I find a secret, I'm going to use it.

**Graham:** Bill, we know you love Picasso and so there's no use arguing. I hate arguments. That cafeteria is very degenerate. It's full of black marketers and crooks and it's going to rub off on all of you. Picasso is a thief. He stole the Cubist grid too.

Remember the early period of Cubism—a curved line then a straight line? That grid comes from the African tree. It has a straight trunk and then branches that spring out perpendicularly into curves.

**Chaim Gross:** We have trees here just like that. Right here in Washington Square Park, trunks and branches galore.

**Graham:** Not the visual jolt of the African tree. The trees here have a trunk line that extends into graceful curves. In the African tree, the vertical trunk almost opposes the horizontal branches. The

growth joint is more dramatic. The horizontal branches pull out like a tooth from a jaw.

**Gross:** You mean, like a woman's torso—straight line down to the waistline, then suddenly the hip curves out.

Another time, I remember Graham, speaking again on the Renaissance, giving us an unforgettable gem of tactile insight.

**Graham:** You always rave about Botticelli and his profuse rhythm. Do you know that the roots of his rhythm start from one point, and then branch out from that point like a tree? I'll show you the starting point—it's in the long feet!

**Pavia:** It's your story that Botticelli is a Russian who walked from the Crimea to Italy. And from marching miles, his eyes watching his feet, one in front of the other, later he lengthened the feet in his paintings.

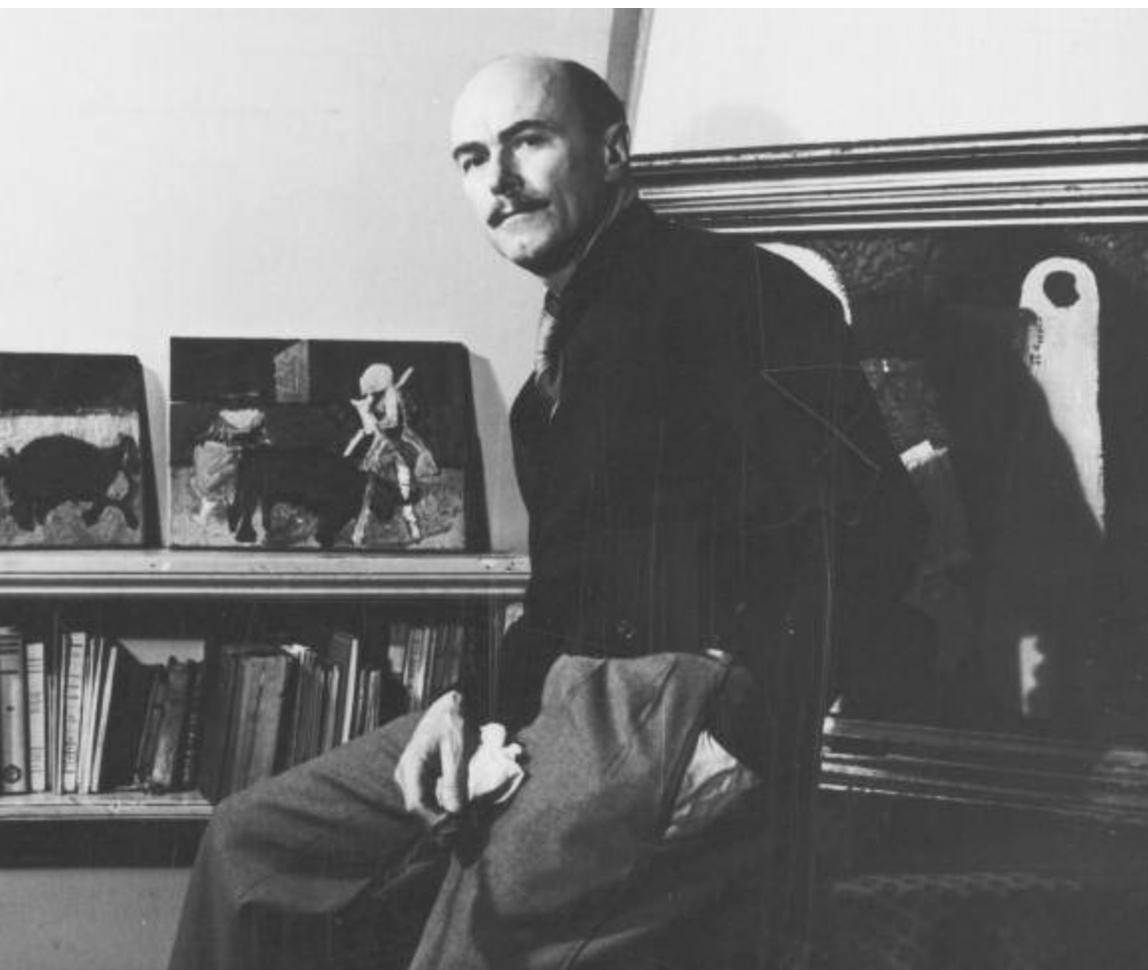
**Graham:** My proof is that Botticelli faces have a typically Russian look. But the feet are the most important clue. Botticelli's feet are hallucinations from the long march. All Botticelli women have those long arches. Tell that to the cafeteria gang...

**Pavia:** I will...

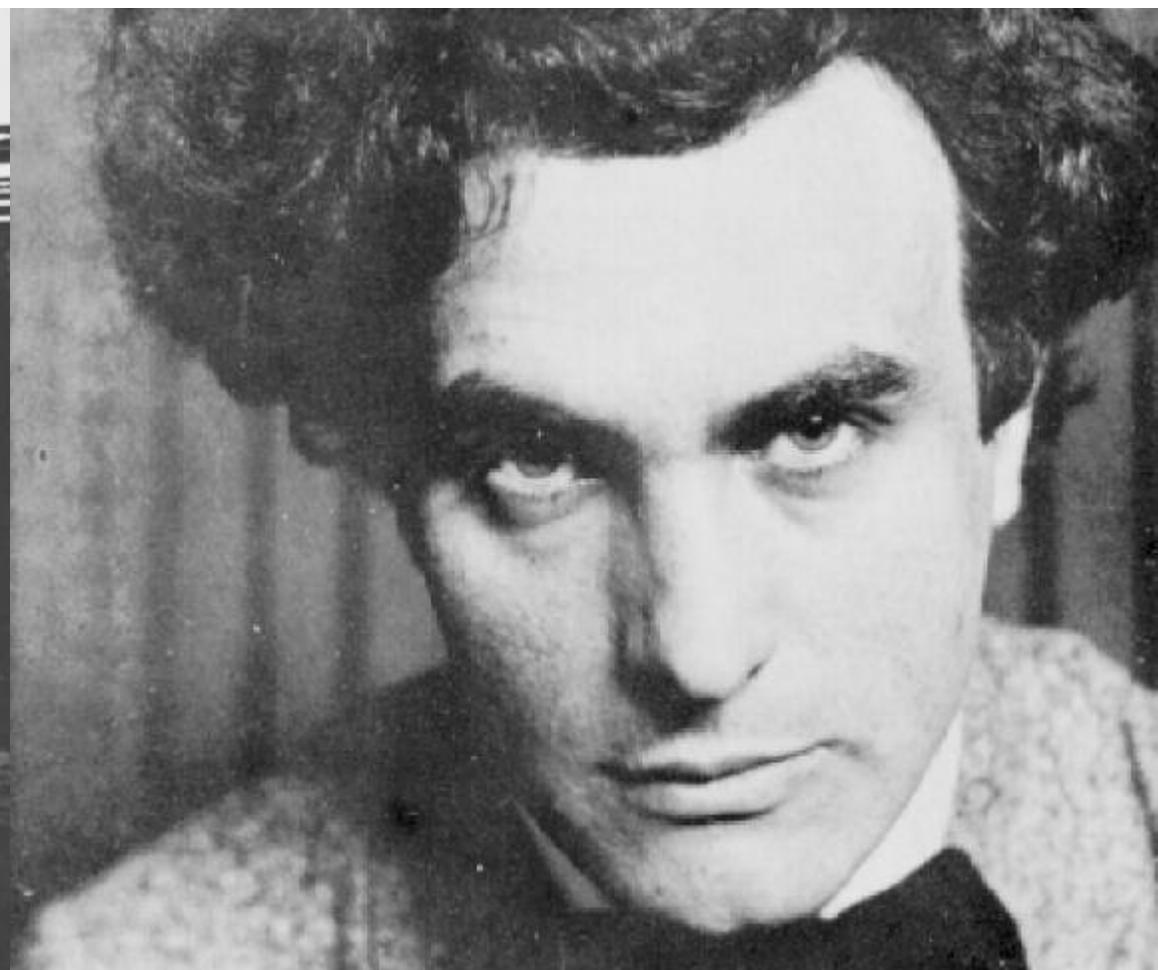
Graham had another theory, which was very visual and which greatly heightened my sensibility of art space. It was that space projected out from one's eyes, a peripheral art space that one sees in the work of Pollock, de Kooning and Gorky. The idea was born in Graham when he was an officer in the Russian cavalry, the Cossacks, in the wilds of Siberia. This is how he got his clue:

**Graham:** Early in the morning, we would get up, wash ourselves in ice water, do our toiletries, and, as a last gesture, we would dash vinegar on our genitals.

We didn't ride like the show-offs we see in western cowboy movies. As we cantered our horses, we would scan the horizon, our heads turning in a semicircle, from one side to the other,



John Graham



Edgard Varèse

thereby changing our perspective points on the horizon. The horizon line became as round as the rim of a disk. And we gained a peripheral vision. Our eyes became a little independent from each other. Not cross-eyed but trying to enclose the whole run of the disk. There were many small perspective points on the horizon, not big and jumping around as in Picasso.

**Pavia:** But Picasso does have moving perspective points. And what about the Futurists?

**Graham:** Their perspective points are part of a static geometry. Now, Uccello made moving geometry. Every second as you are looking at his battle paintings, you feel the perspective alive and real, as if you are moving through the painting.

It was later that I saw Graham's horse and rider painting, which was a work in progress during the war years. And then his beautiful portraits of women with their eyes moving like Cossack's eyes.

John Graham's way was to have a separate friendship with each of us. It was his way of being eccentric. My point is that Pollock owed a lot to this friendship. Knowing Jackson Pollock through the early 1930s and years of development while we were attending the Art Students League together, I witnessed the changes in him. It was John Graham who rebuilt him and made him an intense contemporary. How Jackson Pollock absorbed Graham's stories came out later in his paintings. Ideas in art don't work right away but surface later in a mature light.

Another vignette about Graham and Eighth Street is hard to resist.

**Pavia:** Kaldis proposed a Greek colonnade on Eighth Street and said if only it were real how its visual message would give our art a deeper content.

**Graham:** Kaldis, poor guy, he's a primitive—still believes in symbols. Americans don't need intelligence; Americans need visual demonstrations. For instance, imagine the psychological shock of seeing a Serbian cavalry charge down Eighth Street! Start it at Astor Place and end it at Sixth Avenue. Make it a three-part march. The cavalry begins with a slow trot. In this gait, America will see

the horses' legs alternate diagonally and isolate and suspend the body of the rider. University Place begins the second part and the cavalry increases the pace to a canter. Passing the Whitney Museum, they speed up to a full gallop. Then you'll see the moving perspective points of Uccello. Not columns and not symbols. The direct experience. Pavia, in three or four city blocks and a few seconds, you'll experience a real Uccello. I have a painting of an equestrian, man and horse, which I'll show you tomorrow. Come with Saporetti, he's the only Surrealist with a sense of humor.

In the warm weather, when the émigrés lingered in the bullring, sometimes we would find Edgard Varèse there with Adolfo Saporetti and Max Margulis. Varèse, whose voice and intonation made his words indelible, loved to expound on his musical ideas. Real gems of ideas emerged.

**Varèse:** New York has its own operatic music. Instead of voices, like soprano, alto, basso, à la Italian opera, New York has its own voices—metal and gas. Take Sixth Avenue. In the morning sunlight; noise takes on the color of a tenor voice. At night, the trucks are the baritones with the dark notes. Lowering the lights on a stage adds a mood to a voice, and nightfall on Sixth Avenue gives the same dark mood. More baritone colors come from the exhaust emissions. And the truck air brakes are the metal percussion.

**Margulis:** And the West Side highway is a quartet?

**Varèse:** Yes. The West Side highway is more like a quartet—the shrieks are the sopranos, the high gears of fast trucks are the tenors, the slower trucks' mixture of exhaust pipes and gas are the contraltos, and the tire rumbles produce the baritones. These noises are not romantic quartet about love but they are a raw experience and they can be refined into an aesthetic experience. Dada is first a social movement and secondly a personal protest.

**Adolfo Saporetti:** You ignore the secrets of the inner life. Dreams. Nothing political, Varèse, nothing outside; Surrealism is the inner life.

Varèse would often invite us to his study late at night, where his wife Louise, a translator of Rimbaud's works, was asleep. We kept our voices low and the arguing continued. Saporetti, the Surrealist, and Varèse, the Dadaist, went on and on.

### **Hans Hofmann School**

A walk on Eighth Street would bring us to the gem of the street, the Hans Hofmann School. It was not only an art school, but a citadel against the French and American Surrealist art network. It took years before we arrived at the conclusion that Hofmann gave us the moral fiber, in an indirect way, for the great confrontation with the brilliant and accomplished refugees and their art. Hofmann gave everyone fertilizer to help the seeds grow stronger. Ask Pollock, ask Lee Krasner, ask anybody—Hofmann was the unnamed hero of the emerging Abstract Expressionists. It was not only his teaching, but also his character and dedication. Long a disciplined Cubist painter, Hofmann began his career again at the age of sixty as a new kind of abstract artist. He left behind his Cubist-influenced still life paintings, with a feeling for impasto, and reinvented the Cubist plane. He replaced the small facets typical of Picasso and Braque with larger planes brushed on, converting brushstrokes into moving planes. Matisse, the Fauve painter, did this too, but his brush strokes were still as static as Picasso's and Braque's. Hofmann combined the plane and the color movement. Or, at least, the American painters became aware that color moves or jars a plane in one direction or another. Hofmann's great giant silver bullet, heard over and over again on Eighth Street, was, in his words, "Push and Pull." Meaning, to push or pull the colors on the plane back and forth until the color planes acted like miniature moving platforms. This technique greatly activated the whole canvas.

Another seed that Hofmann planted during those early years, especially through the postwar cafeteria artists, grew into something else. He didn't mean it in this particular way, but indirectly he gave the first push that broke the big plane of modern European art. Breaking down the stiff plane of the Impressionists, the Fauves, the Cubists, Mondrian, Malevich, and the vast production of *art international* that followed, the new Hofmann plane had a second layer of space. After a number of years, specifically in the late 1940s and early 1950s, this second space had a tactile experience. And, through it, the artist could become an expressionist. Hofmann was the

trigger for this.

We always wanted to know what was going on at the Hofmann School. We would peek in, and if it was criticism night, we would stay for a while. Jackson Pollock was always hanging around there, and Lee Krasner, too. Hofmann called her the genius.

If it was not criticism night, we'd look in to see the model—whether she was one of those skinny refugees or one from the Midwest, healthy and corn-fed.

### **Art of This Century**

Walking the Gulf Stream route, conversations automatically would spring out at any mention of the Art of This Century Gallery. Good or bad, the talking left something wanting in us. All this transplanting of Surrealism to America created a big war within us. We wanted to resist the temptation to be the refugee's adopted children, with Dalí and Miró as our leaders.

We had long conversations about the yes and no of Surrealism and hot sessions about the increasing menace of a transplanted movement into this new, fresh, young and wild American soil. Dreams and hallucinations were a playground of the unconscious and looked good, but World War II was a daily shock. Every day, the war news and photographic illustrations convinced us that we couldn't wade through sticky clay, steel and red blood and then wait for nighttime dreams to make our art. We were not ostriches closing our eyes and burying our heads in the sand at the approach of an ugly danger, choosing dreamtime over living time. That was exactly the core of our resistance, more pragmatic and closer to experiencing life as it comes. If it wasn't for our persistent gatherings, I am sure we would have all become loners and faded away.

### **Mondrian**

Sometimes the encounters along the Gulf Stream walks were not so rewarding. Without saying much, we acted like milk horses, and we walked the shortest and quickest way to our milk stop, the cafeteria with its usual scene. It was on one of these quiet nights that we heard the surprising news that Mondrian had arrived and was living on 34th Street. Harry Holtzman had brought him over to America, rescuing him from the blitz bombs over London. It was unbelievable that Harry was able to do this rescue! We sought out Leonard Bocour, the color grinder; he was the guy to

confirm this unbelievable news. Bocour's shop-studio on Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth Street was the art news exchange, a gathering place for artists. One reason was that he always had heat in his radiators during the cold days. He confirmed the news about Mondrian.

Mondrian in New York! We rejoiced that it was true. It was like reading about a sudden big reinforcement joining the Allies at the war front. In Paris during those intellectual battles of the 1930s, the Surrealists were numerically superior to any combination of loose artist groups and artist-loners, and they were very aggressive about the inventions of their new art. Equal to the art they made were the written words by writers about the new content of this art, the subconscious. Never was there an art movement with so many writers and words to wade through.

Mondrian arrived on the American scene like the Greek god Prometheus with his golden thigh. On 57th Street, Peggy Guggenheim's gallery was a continuation of the battleground of Paris art-in-the-30s here in New York. Mondrian's premise was needed in the New York scene as a contrast to the Surrealists.

If the Gulf Stream walks didn't reach up to 34th Street, nevertheless Mondrian's brains in one form or another were in and out of the cafeteria. The presence of Mondrian on 34th Street was the turning point.

Most of us wanted a background and a foreground to his ideas and art. We searched him out at openings at the Pierre Matisse Gallery and noticed a twinkle in his eye that promised the secrets of a master. At gallery openings at Pierre Matisse, he would be there holding a glass of water. I thought, how benign he looked. "You've got to be kidding. That's Dutchman's gin," someone said. Looking modest and unheroic, compared to the great Dalí and the great Miró, Mondrian communicated something. We were curious. He seemed to be living in another world away from the dreams and hallucinatory ideas. It was no secret he lived and thought as a Theosophist.

### **Theosophy**

Theosophy was founded by Madame H.P. Blavatsky in 1875 in New York, with Annie Besant its most notable American leader. The ten senses of Theosophy are: 1. eye: sight 2. ear: sound 3. hand: touch 4. tongue: taste 5. nose: smell; action centers 6. feet: physical power 7. hands: physical skill 8. larynx: voice 9. sex orgasm: generation 10. excretion: waste. Action

center or motor organs are expressionistic. These are the senses through which consciousness expresses itself outward.

In Paris during the 1930s, it was common to hear at café tables, "Theosophy has no godhead, it's a religion of outer space," or "Theosophy is a tactile religion for the artists. It's all about space, planes and spirit." It was also called "the religion within the religion" by its detractors, because most of the artists who adopted it kept their personal religions untouched. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and others continued more or less loyal to their church or temple. Theosophy was like their secret love or mistress, a form of religious adultery. It was invented in New York, and here Mondrian was, having been involved one way or another with the Theosophy Society in Holland and Europe, standing now in the land of the Society's first heartbeat, America. What an irony in his life.

I remember that whenever Annie Besant's name was mentioned a long argument followed. She was the leading thinker and organizer of Theosophy, and her books were deep and heavy, but even a random look through the pages inspired artists. Besant described the birth of the world as an egg-shape, and human beings—in fact all living creatures—were born in an egg form. The raw space surrounding us reaches out and communicates with the outer cosmos. Space is called communication essence. It's through this space-medium that the outer spirit rides or spirals down into our souls and we receive the wisdom of the masters above. Theosophists believe you have seven lives, or seven planes as they call it. You are reborn one by one until you reach the highest plane (seventh), and then you have found or are given the truths that make you a master of life. That was exactly the derivation of the idea of "godly wisdom". Godheads like Jesus Christ or Jehovah or Mohammed were left to other religions to worship. At the Theosophists' meetings, they would explain, "Our human senses are too limited to build a true Godhead, but our brains are infinitely broad enough to understand wisdom and truth."

An artist couldn't help being touched by this second religion. The artist would say to himself in the privacy of his studio, "I really believe as they say at the meetings that the truths of the masters can reach us from the outer space that surrounds us. Space is the unique bridge of communication. My brain center can receive truth from cosmic space."

Continuing, the artist adds some afterthoughts, "Hell, I have the same bridge. They call it cosmic space, while I call it art space. They say ten

times an hour at their meetings the seven planes in outer space and the transparent spheres of spirits that whirl around in outer space and so on.... That's my visual language too."

The last step in transplanting Theosophy into the studio was condensed into a simple equation, making the studio into a Theosophy meeting. "If the masters of outer space inspire the brain centers with profound truths and wisdoms, why, I ask, can't I as an artist receive form and content from outer space? Instead of a book of wisdom, I'll make a beautiful painting or sculpture." This is where Theosophy touched ground and a new tactility was born. With this reasoning, Theosophy blossomed and influenced much of the abstract and non-objective art in the 1920s and 1930s.

In the 1930s, I didn't know very much about the depth and influence of Theosophy on the School of Paris. I was surprised when later I learned the amazing list of great modernist painters and sculptors who were deeply involved in this second religion. Personally, I liked Theosophy. In the 1930s I went to Greece and Egypt to study sculpture, and I discovered the book *Isis Unveiled* by Madame Blavatsky. I also read books by Annie Besant, but I never associated them with the great modernist abstract artists.

It was only in later years, when I kept sketchy notes of this or that artist in Paris, that I found out that they were devoted to Theosophy. Kandinsky, being Russian like Madame Blavatsky, became one of the most influential Theosophists. For example, he was influenced in his very early paintings from 1911 and 1912 by Annie Besant's idea of visual thought-forms. In 1904, in Holland, Annie Besant held forth at a big conference of the Theosophy Society. I'm sure this is when Mondrian got hooked. He became secretary for the society.

Theosophy spread all over the world, especially to the Nordic countries of Europe: Russia, Germany and Holland. In Germany there were ten magazines published by various Theosophy societies. Annie Besant admitted, "I have an Irish tongue, an Irish heart, Irish blood and an Irish nature." After Madame Blavatsky died, Besant took over and had world conferences on Theosophy. Additionally, she wrote many books and essays. One book, *The Consciousness*, I believe, influenced Freud and Jung and others. Although her ideas may have substantially influenced great modernist painting and sculpture more than any one man's thinking, she seems to have been written out of history. But the ideas of Blavatsky and Besant rubbed off on three other women who in turn became courageous decision-makers of

American art: Katherine Drier in the 1920s, Baroness Hilla Rebay in the 1930s, and Peggy Guggenheim in the 1940s. All three shaped American art.

### **Other Tributaries to the Gulf Stream**

It's interesting to complete the picture now, decades later, of a new force in art that we were not really aware of at that time—the phenomenon of women as leaders entering the art scene. This is all hindsight observation but nevertheless an eyewitness account. Recognizing it at this late time will help to rewrite the American art scene from this time on; a whole new chapter will be filled with surprises and oversights. Certainly, women entering art events was not noteworthy in European movements. It was definitely an aggressive move on the part of American women, and it gained from the nature and energy of the melting pot. In addition to Peggy Guggenheim, Katherine Dreier and Hilla Rebay, there were the great dealers Martha Jackson, Betty Parsons, Rose Fried, Grace Borgenicht and the curator Dorothy Miller. They brought a vertical energy long overdue.



Emanuel Navaretta, Paul Jenkins, Milton Resnick, unidentified, Michael Loew

## The Club: Inner Workings

### Prologue I

It's not a new pattern for artists to gather at night around a fire and talk and analyze the visual experiences of the day. It started twenty thousand years ago in the limestone caves. There the artists may have talked about the colors of red, yellow and blue in the multicolored flames of fire. Through the primitive sign language of the cave artists, they would have communicated that the sky is full of the color blue, and that at sunrise and sunset the color red was mixed one way or another with blue. Pink dawns were easy. With hands, arms and fingers in place of refined adjectives, they talked about what inspired their eyes. The cave artists must have thought that their hands were the most magical things in this life. If they ever guessed man had a soul, they would have been sure this other mystery was in their five fingers and palm. Their senses in their arms and hands shaped the volumes of running animals, and how they, by slow horizontal gestures, waved a long dripping curve of a horse's back or, with another gesture, the rising hump of a bison. Beautiful and pure were those exchanges of visual experience to the workshop of artists. In the cave, the artists exchanged their secrets. (The stream of consciousness was the first language of the caveman.) Later, aeons later, intellectual language-builders made art-making almost synonymous with words.

### Prologue II

Thousands and thousands of years after the cave artists talked and gestured around a blazing fire, we come to France and find a recapitulation of their cave club. We are told that the Impressionists as a group met and talked about secrets for thirteen years. This happened before their first show in 1872. Strange, how artists do not change as much as art historians insist. The Impressionists were close, almost as a tribe would be. They went on picnics every Sunday; met at the cafés regularly; joined together on vacations; and in the evenings loved to dance to accordion music with each other and others too. They depicted these get-togethers in their paintings—picnics, portraits of their wives and children, and the café dance nights with Japanese lanterns in the background. You can almost hear the music in some of their paintings. Haystacks and trees and meadows were their environment on Sunday outings. Renoir was their leader and shep-

herd. He whipped them around, and in return he was whipped with complaints and jealousies. All this helped make giants.

Whether I chose running the Club or whether it was forced on me is not the point, but I was influenced by Renoir's handling of "lives." With his close friendships with the painters whom we all know, Renoir shaped an arena for the budding Impressionists. He organized and kept them together for years. There were so many barbs in their talk that the group was always on the verge of splitting. The hard-core Impressionists detested black, while Manet was a strange oddball of the group who loved black. Cézanne talked about geometry, the others hated it. He was the most unpopular of the group, but Renoir was always defending him. Renoir kept the artists talking art.

I think their life was parallel to our life on Eighth Street and Tenth Street (excuse my immodesty). At our Club, we danced at opening parties to jazz, cowboy polkas, Viennese polkas, accordion pumping and, finally, the tarantella. It was crazy. After all, we had American Indian backgrounds and could not help being wild Americans compared to those elegant and mannered Frenchmen. Instead of haystacks and riverbanks, we had skyscrapers and canyon streets and huge spidery bridges. Our American environment pushed us into a different package. The old-fashioned Impressionists could never get inspiration from the violent tactile environment of New York. (Neither would our streets make Surrealist dreams.) Nature in New York was a gift. The Empire State Building was built in one year. And Rockefeller Center with its huge excavations fascinated our visual sensibilities. The upward rush of the skyscrapers' space and their fenestrations planted indelible images in our brains, in all of us artists. We were shaped by these experiences and sensory impressions in pre-World War II New York. The environment of overcrowded objects, machines humming and black asphalt gave the inspiration to the abstractionist artists, and the swarm of sweaty humanity was the meat and bone for expressionist artists. All this was bathed in hard Atlantic light, which would have been much too stark and raw for the tastes of the old-time Impressionists or even the modern Surrealists. This was our nature.

### **Prologue III**

The Cubists were another parallel to our Club. They had their building called Le Bateau-Lavoir, a tenement house used for studios. The artists—

Picasso, Braque, André Lhote, Max Jacob and others—lived and worked together under one roof. We did the same on Tenth Street. Twenty artists, more or less, all lived for years within shouting distance of each other. The bunch in Paris would often gather in one studio and do the usual thing artists do together, talk. Not just plain shoptalk, but exchange secrets. And after working alone in the studio all day in the realm of art sensibilities, the Cubists followed that mysterious rhythm, which compels artists to walk and talk with each other. For us on Tenth Street, it took place Friday night.

Henry Miller often said in his informal talks and also in his writing that artists make terrific conversationalists, better than writers who have careful sentence structure and teeth that looked like typewriter keys banging away...not artists, they are spontaneous, with hardly any periods, and they talk in sentences closer to a poet's.

To carry these immodest parallels further, the Cubists' special evenings were closer to the Eighth Street Club. The Cubists were French, Spanish, Dutch, Americans and others, a miniature League of Nations, exactly like the makeup of our Club. We had a melting pot too. National cultures hovered over all exchanges of our secrets, while the early Impressionists were practically one tribe of French.

My point with these three prologues is to try to put our Club in historical perspective.

### **The Club, 1948, at 39 East Eighth Street**

In 1948 I found a permanent place on Eighth Street, which was a block of empty lofts at the time. One by one, different artists rented spaces there. We took a space between Stanley Hayter's print shop and Robert Motherwell's Subjects of the Artist School. However, the space would not be available until September 1st. Lewitin and I rented it from Sailors Snug Harbor Real Estate Corporation for \$80 per month. We took it and we waited for our Club "to be."

Ibram and Ernestine Lassaw offered to have meetings at their loft to settle the problem of where to meet temporarily. The Club started officially in the fall of 1948 at 39 East Eighth Street. [The 1948 date was recorded by Ad Reinhardt in his calendars, which are stored at the Archives of American Art. Reinhardt was very careful about accuracy and was a charter member of the Club. See Appendix for Reinhardt's chronology of his life and world events, 1946 to 1956. Thomas B. Hess, a leading authority on

the period and eyewitness, also cites 1948 as the date in the foreword to Pavia's first solo show at the Samuel Kootz Gallery. Most important, Philip Pavia knew very well when he started the Club and noted it as 1948. Errors in the date as to when the Club began have been repeated *ad infinitum*.]

In the fall of 1948, the charter members fixed up the loft, and in the spring of 1949, the panels began without postcard announcements. The mailing of postcards to announce the panels began January 1950. Fixing up the place was fun and a time to relax. Little did I think that this 33 x 60 foot loft would be such a battleground for the next seven years. Most furniture, the little we had, was donations that I can't remember clearly. We had a big fireplace for heat, but often we settled for a small kerosene heater. One woman, a patron, donated a carton of a hundred cans of coffee. The kitchen was altered to accommodate our communal cooking evenings. It was homey, because most of us were bachelors, with just a few married. Some artists donated a phonograph machine. We all chipped in to buy used folding chairs and four or five folding tables. The drinks were acquired by 'passing the hat' by volunteers. We would buy an average of three or four bottles of bourbon for post-panel stay-behinds of the one hundred or more members and guests who had attended. Everyone had an opinion on how to decorate the loft:

"Don't line up the folding chairs and part them with an aisle, it'll look like a schoolroom.... Only wooden benches, a hard ass is good for hard thinking and it'll discourage small talk.... The Club should be for dancing.... One rule, nothing on the walls, not even those oversize announcements. Only a bulletin board to hide the toilet door. Leave the walls bare...." But there was a big change when, later, women joined our new club. At the cafeteria, women artists would not hang out into the very late hours of the night (average about 2 to 3 A.M.). It was not easy during those early days of the cafeteria, with unbelievably minimum protection from the police. During the war and for a few years after the war, the streets were not safe. However, with the new club quarters, it was safer, and the women artists joined.

Myself, Resnick, de Kooning, Lewitin, Marca-Relli, Navaretta, Kline, Reinhardt and Lassaw attended the Club on an average of five nights a week and we each had a key. We ate at the cafeteria or later at San Remo's. At the magic hour, we would ascend the steps to the Club. On the second floor, there was an Alpine mountain climbers' meeting hall. We never saw

them or heard their sessions because, Lewitin found out, they met on early weekend mornings. With no particular program, we would light the fireplace and wait for the others. Only the original nineteen charter members were allowed to bring guests, which kept the Club within reason. By Christmas 1948 the membership had increased with another eighteen members honored with the title of voting members.

Voting members had been the continuous guests of the charter members. Enough of being guests, we joked, we have to marry them or throw them out bodily. They readily mixed with the nineteen charter members from the cafeteria. The two lists changed from time to time. Yes, we had dropouts and substitutions, but the number of voting members was kept at eighteen. Always one vote less than the nineteen charter members, the old political power game. But the real political power games came later when the regular members came in and the Club grew to a membership of over two hundred.

### **The Redcoats**

First it's important to describe how crucial that autumn of 1948 became in the future of the Club.

In the spring of 1949, the Subjects of the Artist School, which we called the redcoat army of conservatives, retreated out of sight. Motherwell, we all knew, had disappeared completely the previous spring (he was up in Boston). When Studio 35 took over the Subjects of the Artist School, it was at first a secret that the new owner was New York University. Knowing that Motherwell was a glorious attraction, Robert Goodnough kept the rumor alive that Motherwell was still involved. Could Studio 35 survive without the Motherwell touch?

It was confusing at first. Robert Goodnough and William Baziotas would come to the Club and participate in its special evenings. Some were free discussion and coffee evenings and some were just celebrations of some opening night of a Club member's exhibition. The Studio 35 faculty would reciprocate and invite a Club member to come over and talk to the student body. It seemed legitimate, and we encouraged it a few times. But we dropped the cooperative venture after it became clear that Studio 35 was full of students. Our artist members were being shanghaied by the Studio 35 school to give talks to students. The first invitation from Studio 35 was to Bill de Kooning.

After de Kooning's famous show in 1948 at Egan Gallery, he became very popular with the Guggenheim crowd. They wanted to snatch de Kooning away from the Club. The intrigue began. Baziotes and Barnett Newman convinced de Kooning that Studio 35 was continuing Motherwell's school with Motherwell and asked Bill to be the first speaker of 1950. But de Kooning was suspicious of the old Guggenheim crowd. He accepted with "What an honor," but added, "Only on the condition that Motherwell himself read my paper to the audience." The search went out and Motherwell was located in Boston. He came back, and at Studio 35, declaimed the paper exactly as Bill wrote it with Elaine and, immediately after, walked out of the lecture. Bill and Elaine and the bunch of us from the Club were in the audience.

The intrigue of snatching de Kooning from the Club continued with the famous group photograph at the Betty Parsons Gallery that somehow included Bill and was used for prestige for the gallery. Ultimately, the Club won. Motherwell joined and became an active member. Soon Barney Newman and William Baziotes joined the Club too.

### Membership

The Club became very popular. A membership rush was gathering momentum, and we had to make decisions. Our problem for many years was the induction of new members. A meeting for this purpose was like a review of art history and its prejudices:

"Let's keep the membership at the cafeteria level, working artists and no students.... What about those strict geometry artists? They talk down to you like mothers-in-law, and never as equals.... No architects, they are absolutely colorblind.... We should have a sprinkling of other artists besides painters and sculptors. Let's be generous and even include musicians.... Let's include the Surrealists and their redcoat army.... Let's go easy on letting the figurative artists in, because they're always talking about this cliché and that cliché. If you scratch them, they bleed art history.... Let some outsiders in...."

We tried to avoid landscape painters, because they never had problems—too easy. Then came the strict geometricians. They were the real churchgoers who came to the wrong church. And we tried to avoid art historians. This is not a travesty. A wide fault line separated the artists from their companions, the art writers. It was an unending civil war, with art

critics always having more temporary victories than the artists. At the Club, the stronghold of the artists, the war was at its zenith. There were meetings when abstract nouns predominated and meetings when concrete nouns were popular. It was hard to keep artists from not being influenced by those evil art historians' generalities. The Club's artists themselves were a cross-section of the unlettered to the Ph.D. We couldn't keep a strict rule on specifics and generalities in language.

Some instinct in the voting body allowed a certain number of non-artist membership. It was just luck. There was no obvious reason to do so. Later, these non-artists, through exposure to many social evenings at the Club, absorbed the rebellious theme of the Club somehow. Never had one small Lascaux cave given so many avant-garde dealers, curators, critics, poets, writers and intellectuals to the art network in one gulp, fully armed and ready like Athena.

When the moment came for admitting new members, it became an Italian opera: high voices and low voices. A tentative list was read off. All rules for acceptance were verbal, none written, mostly regarding the artist's work. Does he have a body of work? Someone should have known him a long time. Is he dedicated? If he was an underdog artist and on some institution's shit list, he was accepted. Usually, when the clubroom, physically, couldn't contain more members, we would stop admitting. When we shut down the admittance of new members, the moles would start vicious rumors that have persisted until today. It was a problem.

Lewitin was the master of human nature of the artist. He was the only one who insisted that the artist's emotional power, love or hate, be as a yes or no to admittance to the Club. Today, when reviewing those sessions, it sounds hilarious. But Lewitin had a point. One must live with a member's human nature aside from his talent. Lewitin's questions, as I remember them, were as follows: "Does he hate or love the Museum of Modern Art? Is his wife a fight manager? Is he an architect? If he is, it means he hates color, out."

At some point, Lewitin made a rule that two negative votes among the thirty-seven charter and voting members would block a new membership. And he mostly voted "no." Naturally, whenever he voted no, Lewitin could come up with the other negative vote from some ally. It was not fair. Through various subterfuges, we managed to circumvent his iron rule. Certain key hates and loves would make him smile. To be passed by

Lewitin, the proposed Club member would say something to him like, “I love the color green in spite of Mondrian.” Or a particular love of Lewitin’s, “The colorful striped wrappers of candy bars and gum packs have color shocks. And you don’t see that in uptown paintings.” In spite of all of Lewitin’s eccentricities, he had a great rapport with some people in the Club.

We had another rule that was not fair at all, when looking back. No out-of-towners was the rule, and only a very few got in under this closed gate. The reason was that we had a lingering hate for regional art after the WPA project.

### Panels

There were three important nights at the Club: Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. Sunday night, we had a social night when we would dance a little and play. Wednesday night, we used to have members-only meetings, sort of a dress rehearsal for Friday.

Wednesday was the best part of the Club. For example, conversations on those nights included Kline expounding on portraits, Tworokov on spins, de Kooning on color, Guston on brushstrokes, Rosenberg talking about the artist and collectivity. There were spontaneous talks about the meaning of the skyscraper, about its elongated shape and the unusual rising spatial feeling; the conversation would grow and then narrow down to skyscrapers and the perspective points hidden in the sky.

Was this a new kind of art space? Can we use it? We talked about walking as pedestrians up and down the streets in New York. It was not charming or nostalgic like Paris. There were other questions: When is a blank canvas pure painting or when is it pure energy? Or Lewitin’s desert island question: If you were on a desert island, what would you say about this painting?

One discussion was on *cellar door* being the most beautiful words in any language (according to the International Phonetic Society). This was a subject at an informal roundtable on a late, cold night around the fireplace filled with burning wood palettes. The essence of the question and the heated answers came down to one point: should a word, like a painting or sculpture, have an abstract value in itself or does the meaning of the word influence the aesthetic experience? I remember one example: “We love Buddha’s head in spite of it not having any religious significance for us.” It

came down to the old theme of the Club, the direct one-to-one experience.

Friday night was when the panel discussions were held, and when the members could bring special guests. The postcards announcing the Friday night panel were mailed out on Thursday. Charter members and voting members attended and participated in every panel. Often they spoke from the floor so their participation is not reflected in the panel announcements. And some refused to be on the panels, including Esteban Vicente and Conrad Marca-Relli, but were known for their wit and input from the floor. Panels at the Club were contrasts to the usual panels, which as a rule are self-serving for careers, not a tortuous squeeze on the inner voices from the sensibilities. We had no cameras and no politics in the Club. Strictly aesthetics and philosophy. If some members had histories, we didn’t want to know about them. We were never questioned. When the police knocked at our door, I let Elaine de Kooning handle them—and she did. We never had a problem.

After the Club panels made the ammunition, it spilled out into two outlets, the Cedar Tavern and Tenth Street—training grounds for the next generation.

I must confess as the persona non grata who selected, with the help of other members (including Reinhardt, Navaretta, de Kooning and Resnick), almost all the panels at the Club, the selecting was done on the basis of generalities and specifics. The more concrete and specific an artist was, the more he or she was on panels. These panels were not collegiate conferences on art, once or twice a year. Instead, they were scheduled almost twice a week, and went on for the next seven years of my tenure. There were hundreds of panels. One count was two hundred and twenty panels. If a box score or graph could be made on the number of panels and on how many times a particular artist appeared, the first and second on the list would be de Kooning and Franz Kline. Third, fourth, fifth and so on would be Jack Tworokov, James Brooks, Ray Parker, Philip Guston, Ibram Lassaw, Ad Reinhardt, Giorgio Cavallon, Milton Resnick, Michael Goldberg, Perle Fine, Joan Mitchell, Elaine de Kooning and Grace Hartigan. Some artists never wanted to be on a panel and would only speak from the floor. These “floor panelists” got up and freely interrupted the podium panelists. Sometimes, like a tribe of Indians, the floor panelists attacked the podium panelists, shooting from all sides with their arrows and bullets. I couldn’t resist enjoying the turmoil and the sparks. At one very important panel I

was accused vehemently by Kline and Egan, his dealer, of planting figurative artists—north, east, south and west—in the room to attack their panel, while I sat watching from the sidelines like Sitting Bull. It was the panel on the “26th letter of the alphabet.” Never would I do that. I don’t trust figurative artists as a rule because they always end up telling us to go to the museum and see how right they are. Lionel Abel, a regular member, told me that Ulysses was crafty, shrewd, conniving, underhanded and a liar to boot, but he was an honest man in the end because he did it for the sake of adventure.

At times there were sharp exchanges between painters and sculptors. There were only a dozen or so sculptors in the Club. Some of these sharp exchanges were like the following:

“Too many sculptors, as Leonardo said, they’re so physical.... And why don’t you finish that remark? He also said that painters were melancholy and depressed by nature.... Maybe that’s why they drink so much.... It didn’t stop Turner. He drank heavily from Friday afternoon until Monday morning, and he could arrive sober and ready to face his academy classes. Tell me why is it, painters have group movements but sculptors do not? I’ll tell you. Because sculptors are solid individuals. It’s hard to fit them into a group. They are solo artists in between the painting movements. Rodin was a fringe to Impressionists and touching the fringe of the Post-Impressionists. Modigliani was between Cubists and primitive art movements. Brancusi was by himself, between Matisse and anonymous primitive art. It’s hard to fit them in, because they are individualists.”

In my opinion, Leonardo should have known more about color. Painters, when they are colorists, are the happiest artists around. Who are happier than the Venetian school of painters: Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Carpaccio, Bellini? The magic of color really seems to influence the temperament of color painters. So it was at the Club. A sense of buoyancy, we felt, evanesced in the colorists’ panels. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, if a giant art lover wanted to put his giant arms around all the colorists in New York, he would find about seventy colorists in the Club.

Besides the panels on aesthetics, there were many special evenings. The philosophy panels included Zen, Jesuit themes, Existentialism, Malraux and John Dewey. William Lipkind’s talk about Dewey and art was really a cue as to the whole mentality of the Club and a contrast to the Surrealist dream. Often the philosophy panels were a battle of history and

non-history. Historians, with their sense of identification and linear feeling of time, could not help us. History means dialectical reasons of happening, not First Logic. There’s a difference. When you use logic, it means non-history. Today all history is dialectic of styles.

Some painters used the adjective *pure*, meaning the path to some degree of religious experience. Which belief would it be? Tribal, Theosophical, Eastern, Jung, Freud, biblical, mythic? With religious beliefs, it’s always the general and the particular that divide. Which is closest to God, an individual in a one-to-one, personal relationship or a general relationship, which implies groups of believers? Is God too busy to be concerned with the individual?

We had many musical evenings. Morton Feldman, after one of our mini-jazz concerts, said, “Too much instrument, I can’t hear the music.” Brilliant, exactly what we felt about the media, especially physical color. John Cage brought in the interval of silence, like the color white in a painting or the deep shadows in sculpture. He developed the idea at the Club, where he was a steady fixture. (The Futurists also had the “velvet silence.”) Cage quoted Meister Eckhart in the thirteenth century: “The eye with which I see God is the same eye with which God sees us.” Cage became pure Zen and deserted the uptown Surrealists. We also had sessions with choral music and opera.

A hilarious poets’ panel consisted of: 5 poems against MoMA; 3 poems against critics; 1 poem against intellectuals.

The New York School of poetry had their first readings at the Club and became a very strong subgroup. With Frank O’Hara’s encouragement, poetry’s newcomers began writing art reviews for *Art News*. A Dylan Thomas party was the height of the purple wing.

There were also homages to honor our great artists—Marino Marini, Max Ernst, Matisse, Arshile Gorky, Matta and the poet Dylan Thomas. And despite Cassandra-like warnings, there were a few dealers’ panels and architects’ evenings.

A noteworthy point about “floor panelists”: Mercedes Matter, Elaine de Kooning, Rose Slivka, Alice Yamin, May Tabak and Grace Hartigan, week after week, hounded, badgered and out-talked the podium panelists. There were tears in the eyes of the podium panelists but certainly no tears in the eyes of these women sharpshooters.

Nothing changed the New York woman as did the Club. They came in



Paul Brach, Michael Goldberg



Mercedes Matter, Esteban Vicente



Grace Hartigan, Tibor de Nagy



Frank O'Hara, Mitsumi Kanemitsu

The Club: Membership List 1952  
 Refugee List 1946

1952 3/3

CHARTER MEMBERS						
1	LANDIS	1	LEWITIN	117	WARRLY	PL
2	PHILIP	(10)	PAVIA	53	W 8	ST
3	BILL	5	DE KOONING	<del>58</del> 55	E 14 <sup>th</sup>	AVE
4	MILTON		RESNICK	<del>47</del> 47	E 19	ST
5	CORRAO	5	MARCA-RELLI	<del>169</del> 169	W 21 <sup>st</sup>	ST
6	FRANZ		KLINE	52	E 9	ST
7	JAMES	(10)	ROSATI	252	W 14	ST
8	IBRAH	(10)	LASSAW	487	6 <sup>th</sup>	AVE
Europe	9		LEWIN	5	ALCOCKEY	29 CHARLES ST
10	AD		REINHARDT	7	WASHINGTON	PL
11	GEORGE	<sup>old</sup> 4 (10)	CAVALLON	20	LEROY	ST
12	JOHN		ROELANTS	63	E 11	ST
13	JOOP	(10)	SANDERS	32	E 10	ST
14	LUDWIG	(10)	SANDER	67	W 3 <sup>rd</sup>	ST
15	EMANUEL	(5+5)	NAVARETTA	67	W 3	ST
16	CHARLES		EGAN	63	E 57	ST
17	JACK	5+2+13	TWORKOV	234	E 23	ST
18	GUS	(10)	FALK	<del>51</del> 62	W 59 <sup>th</sup>	ST
19	ABRAHAM		BEN-SHNEEL	324	E 31	ST
20	PETER	2+3+2	GRIPPE	113	W 13	ST
VOTING MEMBERS						
21	MR & MRS	5	MATTER	19	MACDOUGAL AVE	
22	JOSEPH	(10)	POLLET	3	WASHINGTON Sq	
23	ALEX		HAYENSTRAW	479	6 <sup>th</sup>	AVE
24	LEO	(5+5)	CASTELLI	4	E 7 <sup>th</sup>	ST
25	AARON		SISKIND	47	E 9	ST
26	ESTEBAN	5	VICENTE	<del>138</del> 138	2 <sup>nd</sup>	AVE (Ch)
27	LOUIS		SHANKER	126	W 23 <sup>rd</sup>	ST
28	AL	(10)	KOTIN	210	E 34	ST
29	HAROLD	5	ROSENBERG	117	E 10	ST
30	JOHN	5	FERREN	114 E 13 <sup>th</sup>		
31	FREDEBALO		DEUBAS		RIVER ROAD - PIERMONT, NY	
	JOSEPH		PANOLFINI	203	BLUCKER ST	
	HUBERT	(10)	KAPPEL	655	So. Broadway - NYACK	
	NICHOLAS		HOLTZMAN	112	E 18 <sup>th</sup>	ST
	PHILIP		MARICANO	119	E 18	ST
	PAUL	5	GUSTON	51	W 10	ST
	BOTS	5	FINE	51	W 8	ST
			RICHENBURG	68	CUMBERLAND WALK - 31	

*(Proposed member as Voting Member)*

**REGULAR MEMBERS**

X 32	BERNARD	PEREIM	61	AVE "A"	Europe
33	PETER (10)	BUSA	203	W 14 ST	
X 34	ALAIN (10)	BRUSTLEIN <sup>117 E 10</sup>	<del>320</del>	<del>E 17 ST</del>	EUROPE
35	<del>RUDY</del>	<del>BORCKHARDT</del>	<del>716</del>	<del>W 21 ST</del>	EUROPE
X 36	DAVID (Europe)	HARE	90	E 10 ST	
37	JIM (10)	BROOKS	500 W. BROADWAY		
X 38	HARRY	HOLTZMAN	112	E 18 ST	
X 39	JEANNE	RAYNAL	240	W 11 ST	
X 40	RUTH	ABRAMS	18	W 10 ST	
41	GEORGE	Mc HEIL	246	WILLOUGHBY AV - BROOKLYN	
42	EDWIN (10)	DICKENSON	420	W 119 ST	
X 43	DAVID	PORTER	210	E 63 ST	
44	LENITA 5/5/5	HARRY	66	5TH AVE	
45	TOM 5	HESS	19	BEEKMAN PL.	
X 46	ALFRED address	RUSSELL 17E9 ST	<del>227</del>	<del>E 11 ST</del>	
47	JOHN	STEPHAN	40	5TH AVE	
X 48	HUBBERT	KAPPEL	655 S. BROADWAY - NY		
49	HISHA	RESNICKOFF	159	E 69 ST	
50	FRANCIS (10)	LEE	479	6TH AVE	
51	RENE (10)	BOUCHE	38	CENTRAL PARK SOUTH	
X 52	GRACE	BORGENNIGHT	1	E 94 ST	
X 53	PHILIP	GUSTON	57	W 10 ST	
54	WILTON A. (10)	HARDY	391	WEST ST	
55	FAIRFIELD (10)	PORTER	49	So. MAIN ST - SOUTH HAMPDEN	L.I.
56	YVONNE 10 (10)	THOMAS	983	PARK AVE	
X 57	JACK LANDAU & EUGENE THAU (GALLERY)	63	W 44 ST		GRUPPE
58	CHARLES 11 (10)	RIEGER	<del>338</del>	<del>E 20 ST</del>	
X 59	ILSE	GETZ	42	W 56 ST	
60	ROBERT	REITZ	21	GREENWICH AVE	
61	MARTIN 5	JAMES	52	IRVING PLACE	
62	SALATORE 5/5	GRIPPA	232	E 96 ST	
X 63	ESTEBAN	FRANCES	61	4TH AVE?	
NO 64	HELENA	NEWMAN	130	BANK ST	
65	HORTON 5/5	FELDMAN	326	HONOR ST	
VOT 66	PERL	FINE	57	W 8 ST	
67	ENRICO	DONATI	200	W 57 ST	
VOT 68	NICHOLAS	MARSIANO	337	W 12 ST	
70	LORE 5	KADDEN	60	WITZGENSTEIN 315 W 57 ST	
71	RAY	SPILLENGER	52	E 9 ST	

**REGULAR MEMBERS CONTINUED**

72	ROBERT (10)	MOTHERWELL	122	E. 82 ST	
X 73	<del>SEE</del>	<del>SHARKEY</del>	<del>60</del>	<del>CARSTAIRS GALLERY 11 E ST</del>	
X 74	BB	NEWMAN	343	E 19 ST	
75	PEGGY (10)	OSBORN	215	E 62 ST	
X 76	BRADLEY	TOMHN	400	W 33 ST	
77	<del>SEE</del>	<del>HITCHELL</del>	48	CHARLES ST	
78	ARLIE old 12 (10)	SINAIKO	4448	TIBBET AVE RIVER	
79	NICK	CARONE	633	COURT ST - HOBOKEN, NJ	
80	BEVLAF	MARX	106	WAVERTY PL	
Assoc. Mem 81	WITTENBORN - SCHULTZE Co		38	E 57 ST	
" " 82	BETTY	PARSONS	15	E 57 ST	
" " 83	SAM	KOOTZ	600	MADISON AVE	
" " 84	SIDNEY (10)	JAHIS	15	E 57 ST	
X 85	GORDON L.	POTTER	3	WASHINGTON Sq.	
X 86	HAROLD	WACKER	27	WASHINGTON Sq	
87	THEODORE 114	BRENSON	19	E 59 ST	
X 88	SEYMOUR	HACKER	24	W 58 ST	
X 89	EARL	KERKAM			
90	MICHAEL 5	LOEW	818	Broadway	
91	MELVILLE	PRICE (CASA - 1001 11th St - NY list)	1810	LUDLOW ST PHILA	
VOT 92	BOB	RICHENBERG	68	CUMBERLAND WALK BROOKLYN	
VOT 93	JOSEPH	PARSONS	203	BLEEKER ST	
94	ARY 5	STILLMAN	19	E. 59 ST	
95	JEANNE	MILES	142	E. 18 ST	
96	FRED 10	HAUCK	142	E. 18 ST	
97	NATHANIEL 211	POUBETTE-DART	35	W. 53 ST	
X 98	RUTHVEN 5	TODD 132 BANK	590	W. 4th ST	
99	BORIS 5	MARGO			
100	JOE 5/5	STEFANELLI	46	W. 22nd ST	
X 101	William	Baylotes	212	W. 104 ST	
X 102	LOUISE 5	BOURGEOIS	142	E. 18 ST	
103	LEO 5	RUSSELL	111	E. 28 ST	
X 104	SAUK	STEINBERG	410	E. 50 ST	
105	HERMAN 5	CHERRY	48	COOPER Sq	
X 106	FREIDEBALD	DZUBAS (CASA - 134 W 23rd St - 23rd St - 24th St)			
X 107	Alex (Chicago)	SISKIND	47	E 9th ST	
X 108	Alex (10)	Haberstraw	479	6th Ave	

REGULAR MEMBERS (4)

(CONTINUED)

	PAUL	2	BRACH	90 University Pl.
	Bill	(10)	LITTLEFIELD	537 East 13 St
Suspended	SEYMOUR		FRANKS	300 W 10th ST
	RUDI	5	BURKHARDT	116 W 21st ST
	LINDA	10	LINDBERG	343 W 12th ST
X	WALTER	2	AUERBACH	620 E 11th ST
	JOE	1+2	LIVINGSTON	111 E 28th ST
	SIDEO	5+5	FROMBOLUTI	440 E 23rd ST
	JOAN	(10)	MITCHELL	560 5th Ave
	LARRY	1	RIVERS	122 2nd Av
	WILFRED	10	ZIEBAUM	EAST HAMPTON LONG ISLAND
Suspended	ALLEN		ANDERSON	277 PARK AVE
	RAY	5	PARKER	128 WOOSTER ST
	WILLIAM	5	KIENBUSH	44 GREENWICH AVE
	DAVID	(10)	TUDOR	69 E 4th ST
	BERTHA		SCHAEFER	32 E 57th ST
Suspended	KYLE		MORRIS	44 E 9th ST
Assoc Member	FRED		HENSSLER	70 UPSALA COLLEGE EAST DR
	ALICE	5	MASON	334 W 85th ST
	HYDE	5+2+2	SOLOMONI	119 BANK ST
	PAUL	(10)	MOMMER	103 E 17th ST
	SIDNEY	5	GORDIN	108 4th AVE
	JOE	5	GROELL	319 E 24th ST
	M.	5	YEKTAI	78 W. 85th ST
	EMIL	(5+5)	HESS	259 HENRY ST
Summ X	FRED		MITCHELL	128 E 11th ST
	SAM	5+3	WEINER	61 AVE "A"
No	IRWIN		TOUSTER	23 W. 68th ST
	Francisco	(10)	AVERY	162-158 W. 15th ST
	EDWIN	(10)	DENBY	145 W. 21st ST
	HARRY		HOLTZMAN	112 E. 18th ST
IGNED	JOSE	2	SELT	15 E 59th ST
??	Jose L	(10)	West	Michigan Lake NY
	Penny	12	de Groot	157 W 12th ST
	Manno	10	Finkelstein	469 Rogers Ave - Bergen
	Louis	5	Winters	14 E 60th ST
	Ann	5	Blaine	153 W 21st ST
	Hill	(10)	GOLDBERG	70 HORATIO ST
	MIKE	(10)	LITTLE	EAST HAMPTON LT
	JOHN	(10)	PETERSEN	15 E 10th ST

REGULARS ON MAILING LIST (5)

	1.	HEINRICH	BLUECHER	130	HORNINGSIDE DR.
	2.	CLEMENT	GREENBERG	90	BANK ST
	3.	ALFRED	BARR	49	E 96th ST
	X 4.	EDGAR	VARESE, MA. + MAS.	188	SULLIVAN ST
Julien	5.	FREDERICK (10)	KIESLER	56	7th AVE
	X 6.	JOHN	CAGE	326	MONROE ST
	X 7.	JOHN	MYERS	342	E 9th ST
	X 8.	LARRY	SIEGEL	55	LIBERTY ST
bock	X 9.	JOHN	VAN HEIJENDOORT	32	KING ST
	10.	HENRY	ELKIN	130	W 11th ST
	11.	E.S.	ROBERTS	19	E 80th ST
	12.	KURT	SELIGMAN		SUGAR LOAF, NY
No	13.	WILLIAM	BARRETT	11	ST LUKE PL
	14.	STUART	PRESTON		NO ADDRESS
X	15.	NICOLAS	CALAS	210	E 68th ST
	16.	ELAINE 132 E. 28th	DE KOONING	775	W 21st ST
	17.	PETER	BLAKE	233	E 50th ST
	X 18.	ADOLPH	GOTTLIEB	130	STATE ST Bklyn
Suzanne	19.	SYBIL	MONOLY-NAGY	2431	WEBB AVE NY 65
	20.	FRANCY	FABER	59	MORTON ST
V. J. J.	21.	LIONEL	ABEL % FRIEDMAN	116	W 11th ST
W. J. J.	22.	WILLIAM (10)	SEITZ	349	W. GORACHT HALL Princeton, N.J.
		JAMES	SWEENEY	120	EAST END AVE
		Hans	Hoffman	145	West 14th ST
		JAMES	FITZSIMMONS	222	W 23rd ST
	23.	TEJ	CONNANT	38	3rd ST
	24.	ELDON	REED	115	W 84th ST
	X	STAMOS		80	W 82nd ST
		James T.		36	E 72nd ST
		Alfred	Frankfurter	955	FIFTH AV
		LIEB	LYES	739	Washington ST
		JOAN	LARKEY	303	W 4th ST

MP, III

OCCASIONALLY ON MAILING LIST 25

OCCASIONALLY ON MAILING LIST, Cont. Page 2

1	EB	HELMANN	41	E 54	ST
2	HOLGER	CAHILL	12	E 8	ST
3	MEYER	SHAPIRO	279	W 4 <sup>th</sup>	ST OH-335
4	MICHAEL	LEKARIS	57	W 28	ST
5	JIMMY	ERNST	327	E 58	ST
7	PAUL	WIENER	16	W 55	ST
8	HANS	RIECHTER	134	E 60	ST Europe
9	FATHER	LYNCH	FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, NY		
X 10	PRICE	SISTERS <sup>clerk</sup> w/ E 31	57	E 9	ST
11	SEYMOUR	LIPTON	1939 GRAND CONCOURSE, BROOKLYN		
12	CHARLES	HULBERG	88 CENTRAL PARK WEST		
13	THEO	STAMOS	45	E 32	ST
X 14	DAVID	SMITH	LAKE GEORGE, BOLTON LANDING, NY		
15	DUBOIS	YVONNE	20	W 10	ST
16	LOUIS	CARR <sup>W/O OSSARIO</sup>	712	5 <sup>th</sup>	ST
X 17	JACKSON	POLLOCK	MACDOUGALL ALLEY		
18	CATHERINE	VIVIANO	42	E 57	ST
X 19	MARK	ROTHKO	1288	6 <sup>th</sup>	ST
20	JOHN	JACOBS	4	W 11	ST
21	ADOLF	GOETTLER	130	STATE ST	BROOKLYN
22	WILLIAM	BAZILOTES	212	W 104	ST
23	FRIEZ	HENSBERG	PINE TWIG FARM, RD. RINGOS, N.J.		
24	MARION <sup>Conrad's ex-wife</sup>	MILLER	331	W 22	ST
25	AL	LESLIE	37	E 4 <sup>th</sup>	ST
26	MR & MRS ROBERT	HARR	995	MADISON AVE	
27	SIGTE	HOMOCT-HAGT	FORDHAM HILL - 2431 WEBB AV. NY 68		
28	JOHN	NICHOLS	315	E 51	ST
29	NANNY	FARBER	59	MOATON	ST
30	CLIFFORD	STILL	48	COOPER	ST
31	ROSE	FRIED	40	E 68	ST
32	ALINE	LOU LOUCHHEIM	85	E END	AVE
33	VICOR	SEACH	149	W 13	ST
34	ROGER	DUBOISIN			
35	MELVILLE	PERE <sup>(now Pere)</sup>	1512	Madison	ST
36	PERCYVAL	GOODMAN	19	E 48	ST
37	Robert	IGLEHART	7-13 Washington Sq.		
38	WALTER	STARR	21	E 9 <sup>th</sup>	ST
X 39	PARKER	TYLER	240	W 16 <sup>th</sup>	ST

42	PETER	BLAKE	233	E 50	ST
43	HENRY (Europe)	ELKIN	130	W 11	ST
X 44	E.S.	ROBERTS	17	E 80	ST
45	BLANK	JONES	48	Cooper	ST
46	DOUGLAS	MAC AGY	45	E 55	ST
		HOTEL WINSTON	127	East End	ST
		J. MURPHY			
		JEANNE RAYNAL	240	W 11	ST
		Peter D'Augustini	411	W 24	ST
		Herman Shilba	13	CHRISTOPHER ST	
		MEMBER June David 1114	1349	Jex Ave	
		Lloyd Andrew	642	E 80	ST
		Goodrich C. Ritchie			

NOTED MEMBER  
NOT REGISTERED YET

FUTURE MEMBER LIST

1	JOHN	STEPARELLI	46	W 23	ST
2	HELEN	FRANKENTHALER	407	W 78	ST
3	LOUISE	BOURGOTSE	142	E 18	ST
4	ALEX	SHAWINSKY	31	WASHINGTON	Sq
5	STEPHAN	WOLFE	7	CHARLES	ST
6	JOSEPH	SERT	9	E 59	ST
7	HERMAN	CHERRY	48	COOPER	Sq
8	IRVIN	TOUSTER	23	W 68	ST
9	LOUWIG	BARRAL	209	E 39	ST
10	CHARLES	WIEGAND		E 38	ST
11	DAVID	FODOR	69	E 47th	ST
12	JEANNE	HILES	142	E 18th	ST
13	BOB	RAUSCHENBERG	6	W 95	ST
14	SAM	KRAMER	29	W 8	ST
15	ARY	STILLMAN	19	E 59	ST
16	PETER	IRVING	161	W 16th	ST
17	ROTHVEN	TODD	27	E 38	ST
18	BORIS	MARGO	966	3rd	AVE
19	FREDDY	HAUCK	142	E 18	ST
20	GRACE	DAVIES			
21	GRACE	HARTIGAN	25	ESSEX	ST.
22	NATHANIEL	POUSETTE-DART	35	W. 53	ST.
23	CLYFORD	STICK	48	COOPER	Sq
24	ROBERT	JOHN	48	COOPER	Sq
25	BERTHA	SCHAEFER	32	E 57	ST
26	VINCENT	SPAGNA	47	E 9th	ST
27	LARRY	RIVERS	77	ST MARKS	Pz
28	AL	LESHIE	37	E 4th	ST.
29		FRANKENTHALER	407	W 78	ST
30	STEPHAN	WOLFE	7	CHARLES	ST.
31	PETER	IRVING	161	W 16	ST.
32	BERTHA	SCHAEFER	32	E 57	ST.
33	VINCENT	SPAGNA	47	E 9th	ST.
34	IRWIN	TOUSTER	23	W 68	ST
35	DAVID	FODOR	69	E 47th	ST

REFUGEE LIST

Early Roster		Almanack 1946	
***	8	Father figures & the food Put in Alphabetic order	
Leger	Fernand	Paalen	Wolfgang
Chagall	Mark	Paulen	Alain Rakish
Picabia	Francis	Kesler	Frederick
Gabo	Maum	Bayer	Herbert
Lipchitz	Jacques	Tchilidkhan	Pavel
Duchamp	Duchamp	Dali	Salvador
Zakine	Onesif.	Hayton	S.W.
Droier	Katherine	Calco	?
Rebay	Madame	Bretan	Andre
		Marson	Andre
		Erst	Ernst
		Ozenfant	Amedee
		Le Corbuser	Charles
		Mondrian	Peet
		Matta	Echaurson
		Ruchier	Hans
		Berman	Eugene
		Lucia	
		Brancusi	
		Man Ray	
		Schwitters	
		Austrian woman with leather slings	