A sepia-toned photograph of a building silhouette and a chimney against a light sky. The building is on the left, and the chimney is on the right. The sky is a light, textured beige. The overall tone is warm and historical.

**BOWERY
ARTIST TRIBUTE
VOL. 4**

BOWERY ARTIST TRIBUTE VOL. 4

Published by

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Cover: Sylvia Plimack Mangold on the roof of her Grand Street apartment building, 1965. Photo: John Sherman

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The Bowery Artist Tribute is made possible by an endowment from Hermine and David B. Heller.

(1) Robin Winters and Christy Rupp at the opening reception for “Come Closer: Art Around the Bowery, 1969–1989,” New Museum, New York, September 19, 2012. Photo: Jesse Untracht-Oakner

When we announced that the New Museum would construct a freestanding building on a parking lot at 235 Bowery, one of our first concerns was finding a way to acknowledge the rich history of creative activity in our new neighborhood. We thought about 222 Bowery, William Burroughs’s “Bunker” that sheltered Lynda Benglis, John Giorno, Mark Rothko, and a dozen more. And CBGB, a birthplace for American punk. Every conversation about the neighborhood revealed more history: Sol LeWitt’s near-daily lunches at Moishe’s on Bowery and Grand; Diane di Prima’s formative years at 35 Cooper Square; the Ornette Coleman Quartet making its New York debut at the Five Spot, just above 4th Street. It seemed that every strain of avant-garde production found a home on the Bowery.

At the same time, this history was largely uncollected. Exhibitions and histories of neighboring SoHo and the East Village absorbed the artists while neglecting the specific qualities of the Bowery. The popular image of the Bowery was as a site of homelessness and addiction, a vision that didn’t allow space for the long-standing community of artists. Even photographers and filmmakers who lived and worked on the Bowery often turned their lenses outward, away from their own neighborhood. How could we reconstruct this narrative? We decided the best way to excavate this history and discover why the Bowery drew so many artists was to ask the artists themselves.

(2) Arleen Schloss at the opening reception for “Come Closer: Art Around the Bowery, 1969–1989,” New Museum, New York, September 19, 2012. Photo: Jesse Untracht-Oakner

To date, the Bowery Artist Tribute has conducted over seventy interviews with artists, curators, and authors who helped build the creative community of the Bowery for the past seventy years. We’ve encountered artists who were grateful for the opportunity to tell their Bowery stories for the first time, and others who weren’t convinced there was anything interesting about this “depressing” neighborhood. We’ve heard from artists who felt cheap rent was the only draw, and artists who were lured instead by the promise of community. For us, the most important part of this project has been providing a space for artists to share these impressions and memories, to reveal how the view out a window, the trash on the street, or the World War II veteran who slept in their doorway affected their practice.

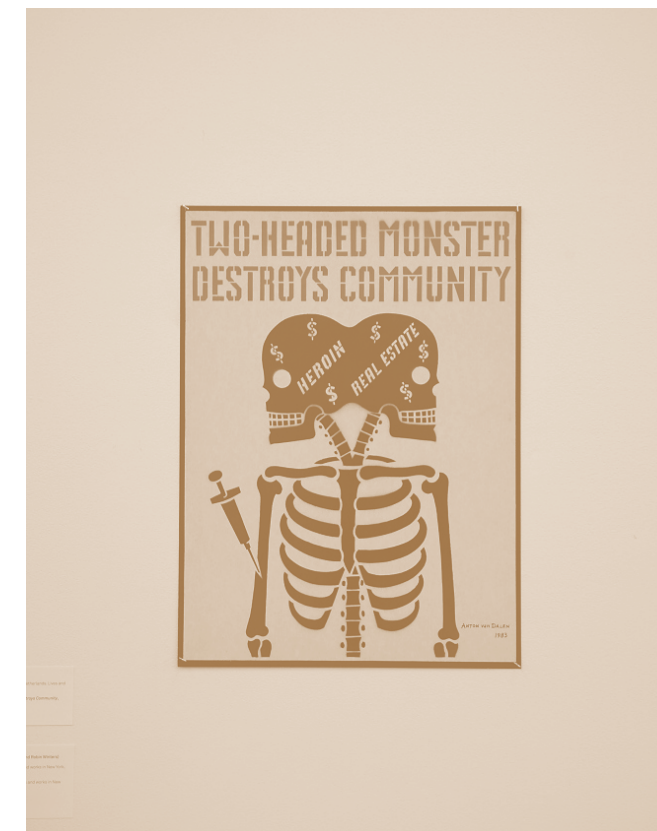
The great limit set by this structure, of course, is that oral histories confine us to the individuals still with us. The Bowery Artist Tribute will forever be haunted by its missing voices. While these poignant reminders run throughout this project, they also underscore the importance of every interview conducted for the Bowery Artist Tribute. Repetition is scarce—the multitude of stories only expands the variety of experience offered by the Bowery. With this in mind, we encourage anyone with additional information about artists who have lived or worked on the Bowery, past and present, to share it by email (boweryartisttribute@newmuseum.org) or by completing the form on the last page of this publication.

(3) Anton van Dalen, *Two-Headed Monster Destroys Community*, 1981. Aerosol paint on paper, 29 x 23 in (73.7 x 58.4 cm). Installation view: “Come Closer: Art Around the Bowery, 1969–1989,” New Museum, New York, 2012. Courtesy the artist. Photo: Jesse Untracht-Oakner

We are indebted to Hermine and David B. Heller for funding the research, development, and presentation of this archive, and for providing endowment funds for its future. We are also grateful to a number of individuals who have been instrumental in the research and coordination of these efforts over the past nine years: Ethan Swan, Eungie Joo, Irving Sandler, Travis Chamberlain, and NYU fellows Matthew Israel, Jovana Stokic, and Matthew Levy. Most importantly, we owe many thanks to the artists, relatives, and friends who have shared their studios, photographs, and memories of the Bowery.

Lisa Phillips
Toby Devan Lewis Director

(4) Dave Sander and Ethan Swan at the opening reception for “Come Closer: Art Around the Bowery, 1969–1989,” New Museum, New York, September 19, 2012. Photo: Jesse Untracht-Oakner



(1) (2) (3) (4)

(1) Bowery and Delancey Street as viewed from the windows of Stephen Aiken's third-floor loft at 186 Bowery, 1976. Photo: Stephen Aiken

(2) Marilyn Ganeles, New York, 1965. Courtesy Marilyn Ganeles-Colvin

(3) "New York's Changing Scene," in the New York Sunday News, May 14, 1967. Courtesy Marilyn Ganeles-Colvin

(4) Ed and Sheryl Valentine at 217 Bowery, 1985. The painting in the background is *The Temptation of St. Anthony's* cartoonist by Ed Valentine, 1984. Oil on canvas, 60 x 60 in (152.4 x 152.4 cm). Photo: Cliff Beringer

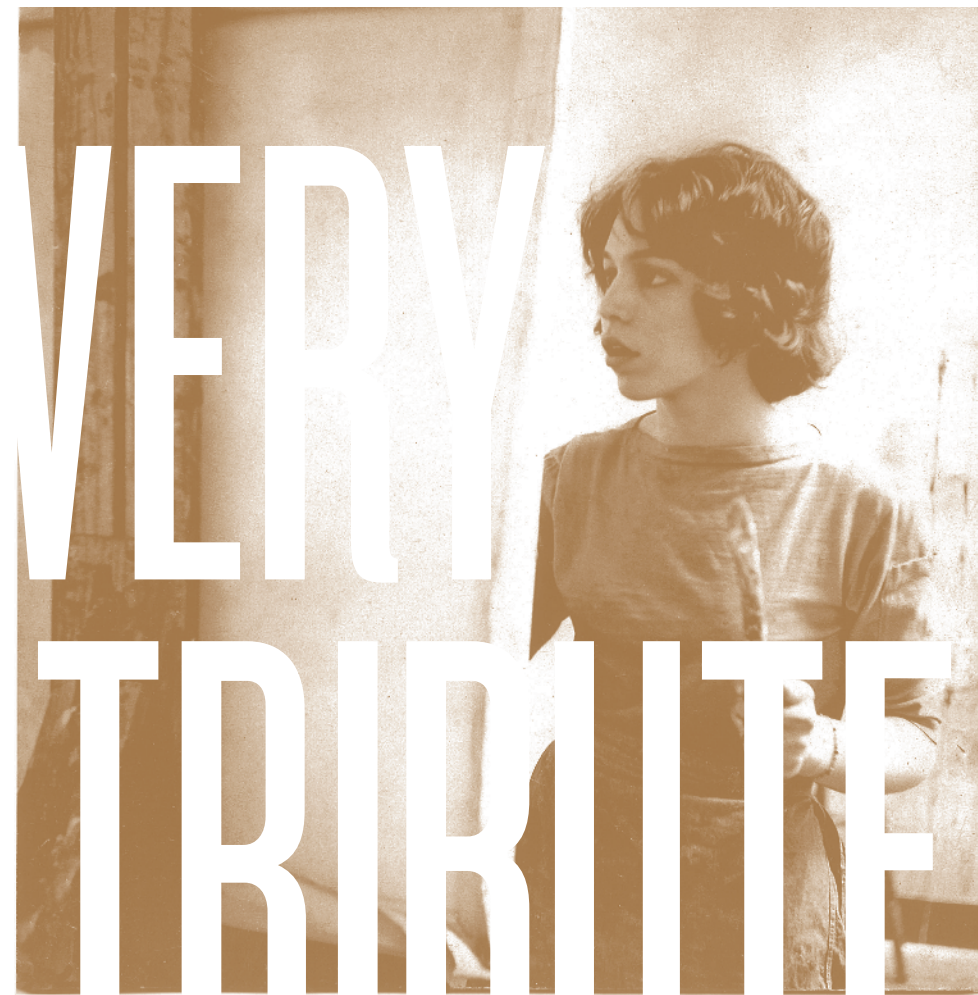
(5) Dinah Maxwell Smith in her studio at 2 Spring Street, circa 1971. Photo: George Bennett

(6) Robert Mangold, Sylvia Plimack Mangold, and James Mangold on the roof of their Grand Street apartment building, 1965. Photo: John Sherman

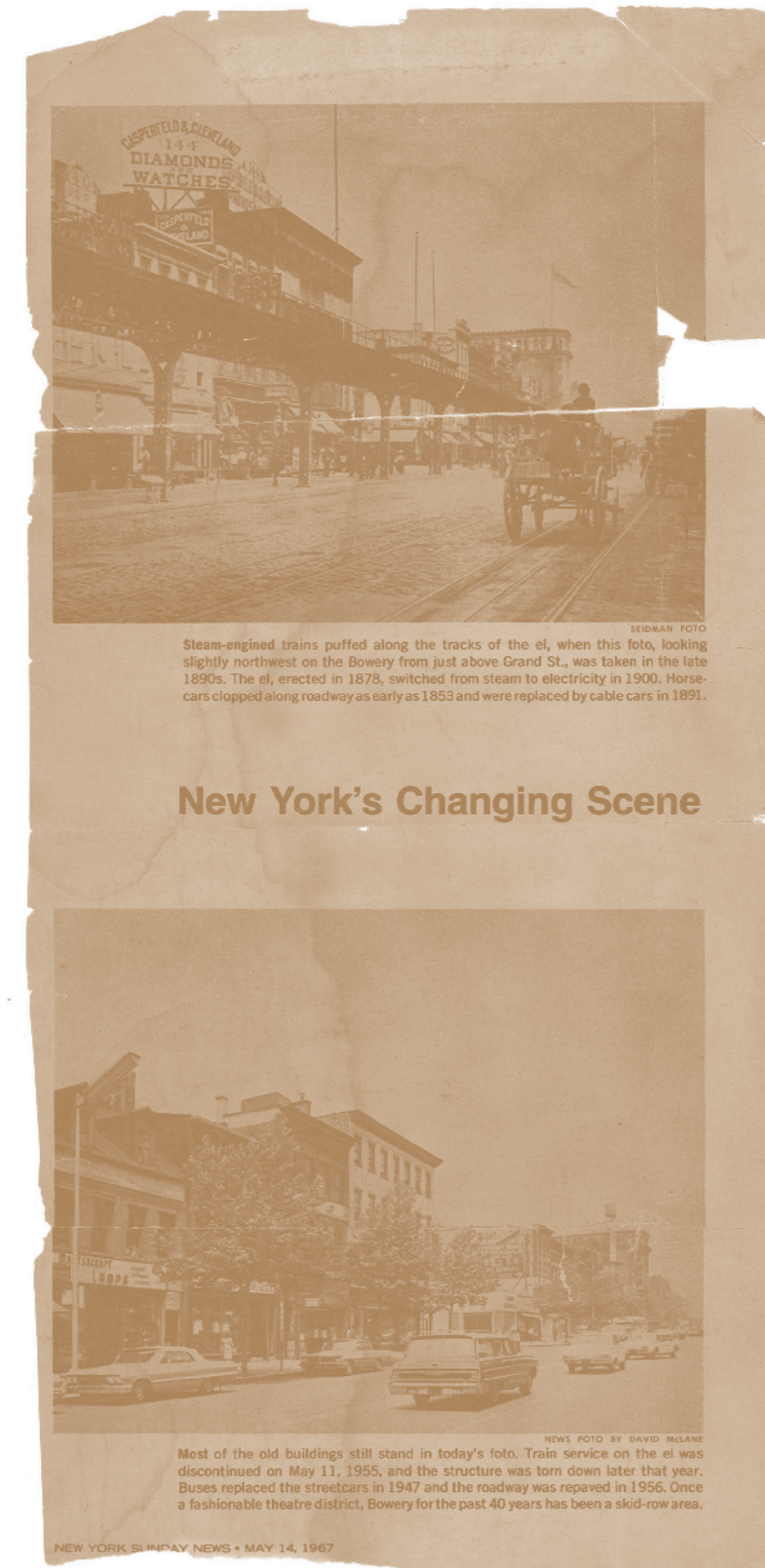
(7) Dinah Maxwell Smith in her studio at 2 Spring Street, circa 1971. Photo: George Bennett



copyright S. Aiken 1976



BOWERY ARTIST TRIBUTE VOL. 4



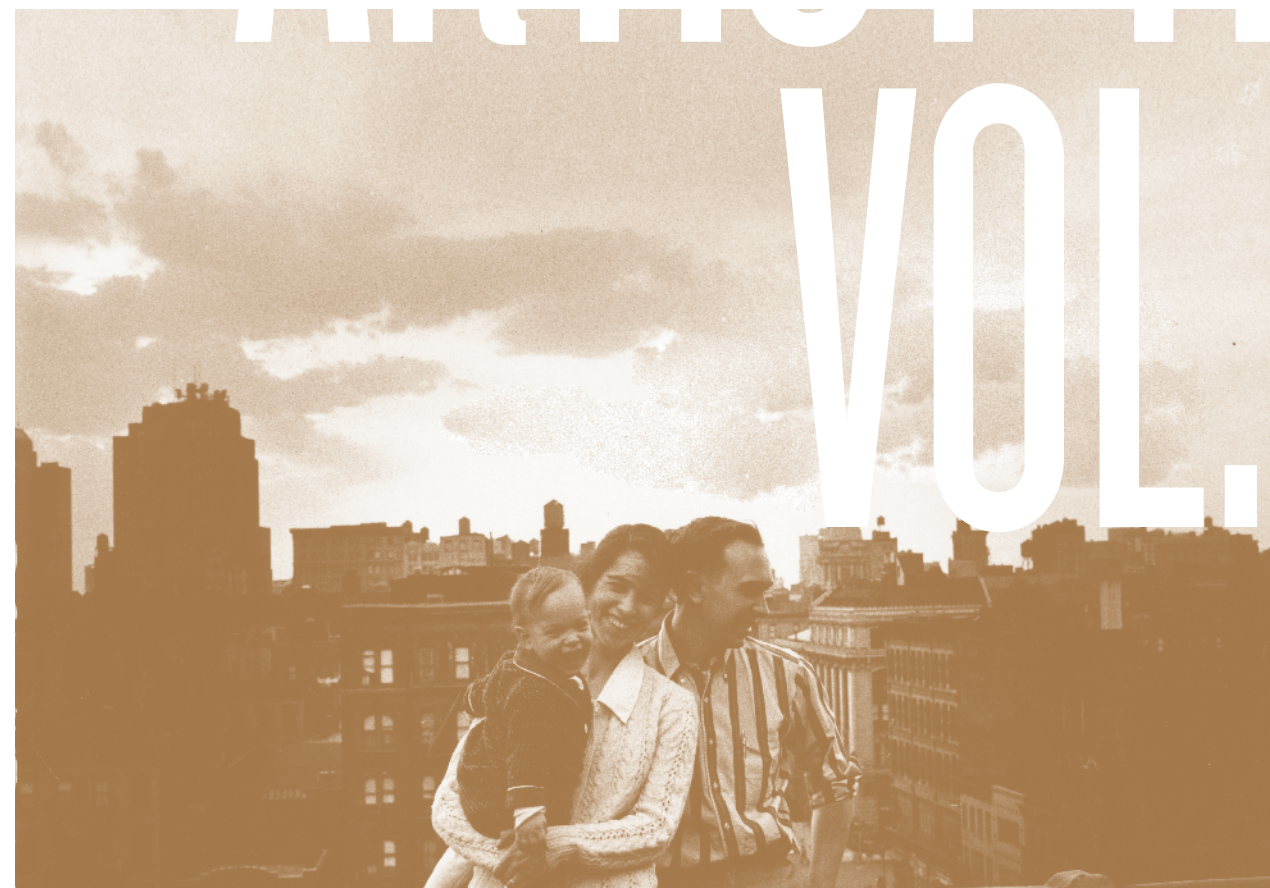
Steam-engined trains puffed along the tracks of the el, when this photo, looking slightly northwest on the Bowery from just above Grand St., was taken in the late 1890s. The el, erected in 1878, switched from steam to electricity in 1900. Horse-cars clattered along roadway as early as 1853 and were replaced by cable cars in 1891.

New York's Changing Scene



Most of the old buildings still stand in today's photo. Train service on the el was discontinued on May 11, 1955, and the structure was torn down later that year. Buses replaced the streetcars in 1947 and the roadway was repaved in 1956. Once a fashionable theatre district, Bowery for the past 40 years has been a skid-row area.

NEW YORK SUN-PAV NEWS • MAY 14, 1967



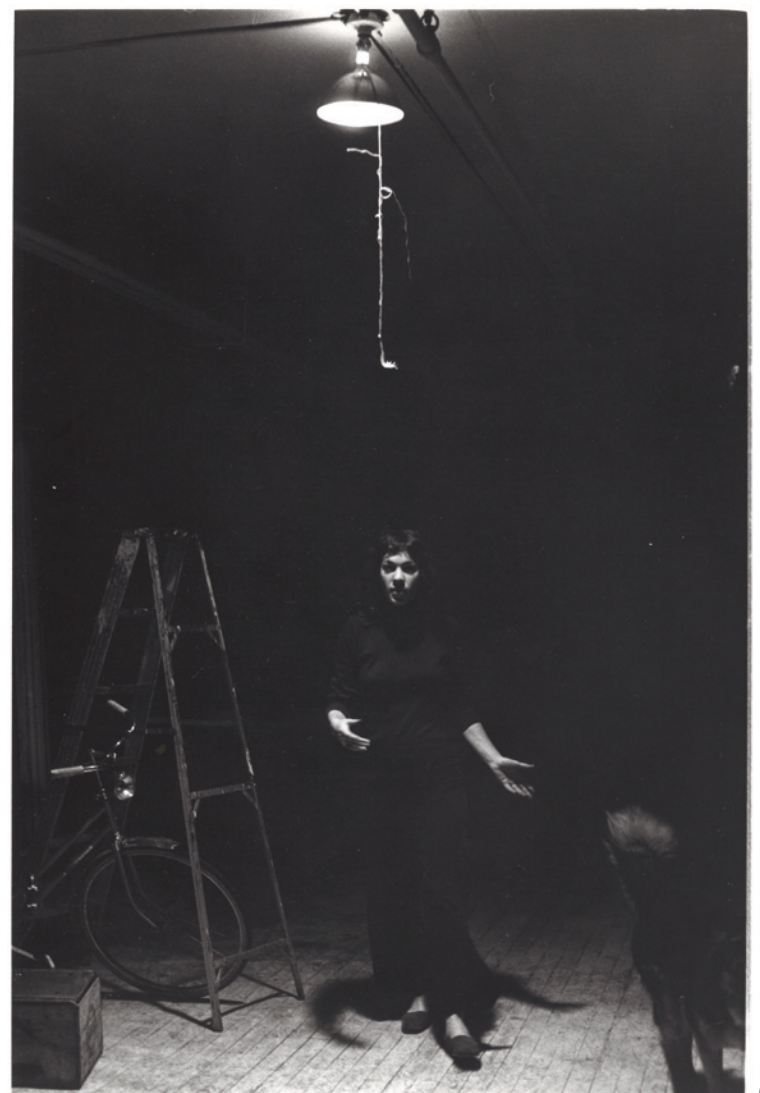
(1) Martha Diamond in her studio at 268 Bowery, circa 1972. Courtesy the artist

(2) Martha Diamond, *Cityscape With Indian Yellow*, 2001-05. Oil on linen, 96 x 48 in (234.8 x 121.9 cm). Courtesy the artist

(3) Martha Diamond, *City With Red No. 1*, 2004. Oil on linen, 72 x 48 in (182.9 x 121.9 cm). Courtesy the artist

(4) Martha Diamond, *Cityscape With Blue Shadow No. 1*, 1994. Oil on linen, 96 x 48 in (234.8 x 121.9 cm). Courtesy the artist

(5) Martha Diamond and her neighbors on the Bowery, circa 1980. Courtesy the artist



PG. 06

MARTHA DIAMOND

268 BOWERY (1969–PRESENT)

Martha Diamond (b. 1944) is a painter who is best known for her large, sweeping portraits of urban architecture. These gestural cityscapes explore the intersection of abstraction and representation, pushing skyscrapers and bridges to the edges of familiarity. In her *New York Times* review of the artist's solo exhibition in 1988, Roberta Smith wrote, "Ms. Diamond's whole approach to painting is deceptively simple, full of hidden skills and decisions that only gradually reveal themselves, along with a good deal of humor and very little pretension."

A native New Yorker, Diamond attended Carleton College in Minnesota. She has been the subject of numerous solo shows, including a midcareer retrospective at the New York Studio School in 2004. Her work is in the permanent collection of numerous institutions, including the Museum of Modern Art, New York; the Pérez Art Museum Miami; the Brooklyn Museum; and the North Carolina Museum of Art, Raleigh.

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with Martha Diamond, May 13, 2014. Video available at boweryartisttribute.org.

I moved into my loft on the Bowery in 1969. Half of the space I used as a painting studio. There are still marks on the floor from when it used to be a flophouse and people would build divisions with chicken wire and two by threes and stay for less than a dollar a night. This was early on.

I found my loft through Al and Wyn Loving, two painters from Michigan,

when I went to a party of theirs. They lived three doors south in a building with four other painters, one sculptor, a dancer, and two children. You couldn't tell from the outside, but painters, poets, musicians, and students filled up the next two blocks. The rent was so low. At night there were terrific artist parties from building to building.

Howard Buchwald was very generous to me and had a big effect on my work. One day, he came to my studio to take a look. I had been painting with acrylic. After just a few minutes Howard left, saying he would be right back. He



soon returned with two large shopping bags full of damaged tubes of oil paint he had gotten from the Bocour [Artist Colors] paint factory. Leonard Bocour would give artists damaged tubes for free. The tubes might have been dented or soiled on the outside, but the paint was fine. Howard thought oil paint would better suit my efforts. He was correct, and he gave me enough materials to experiment freely. He opened the paths for me. Thank you, Howard!

Many local people would hang out in garden chairs on Elizabeth Street with open fire hydrants when the weather was warmer. They would barbeque in the hallways indoors. The building north of me was mostly empty, and homeless people would make fires on the wood floors in cold weather.

Nights on the Bowery were very dark. There were almost no cars and very few streetlights. When it was late at night you would walk near the curb, never up against the buildings or doorways, so that no one could grab you. The second or third night in my place, I looked out my window and saw in the middle of the Bowery a large chalk outline of a body. Someone had been hit by a car.

The tallest buildings at the time were about five-stories high. On the east side

of the street there were many empty lots. Sammy's Bowery Follies used to be next to where the Whole Foods is now. It was a bar where old ladies would perform burlesque and where I would buy my cigarettes. Gambling would take place in bodega basements, and drug dealers would stand at the corner of Bowery and Houston.

We did have some stores: three butchers, a hardware store, three bodegas, a doughnut shop, a pharmacy, and a few Italian bakeries. There were also Bella's Café and Buffa's Luncheonette that had been there since 1927. There were no clothing stores and nowhere to buy newspapers or yoghurt. It was a neighborhood. There were no general art supply stores, but you could buy paint and brushes locally from people who manufactured their own.

One day I came across a few overturned cardboard boxes on the sidewalk, and on top was a pink floral glass pitcher and four matching glasses. Somebody had just left them after sitting to drink. Those pink glasses were a sign that the neighborhood was improving. I took them home.

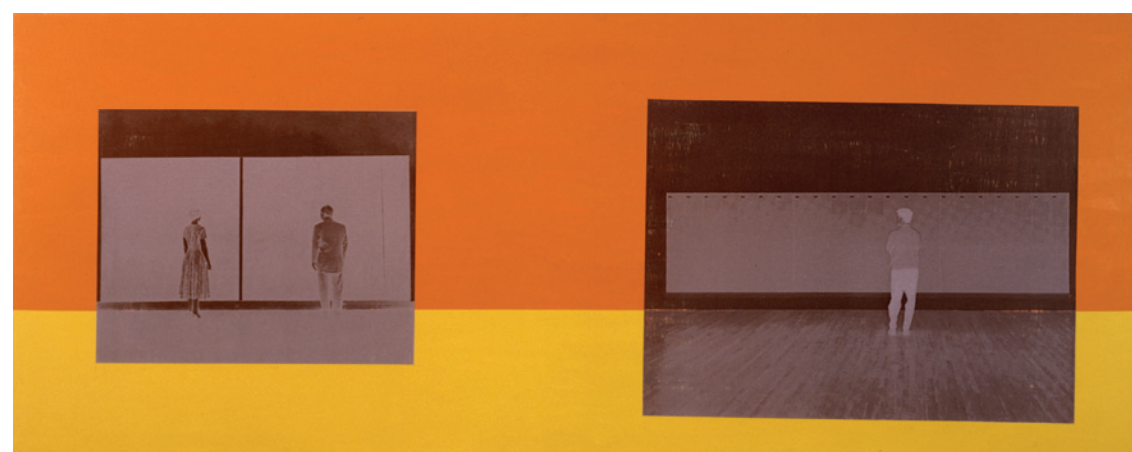


(1) Interior of David Diao's studio, 1973. Photo: David Diao



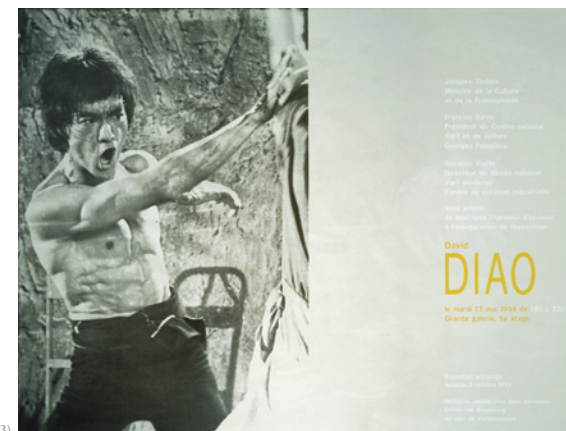
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(2) David Diao, *Looking 3*, 2000. Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 108 in (121.9 x 274.3 cm). Courtesy the artist and Postmasters Gallery



(2)

(3) David Diao, *Carton d'invitation*, 1994. Acrylic, silkscreen, and vinyl on canvas, 76 x 96 in (193 x 243.8 cm). Courtesy the artist and Postmasters Gallery



(3)

(4) David Diao, *Wealth of Nations*, 1972. Acrylic on canvas, 84 x 132 in (213.4 x 335.3 cm). Courtesy the artist and Postmasters Gallery



(4)

(5) David Diao, *The Unfinished Paintings of Barnett Newman*, 2012. Acrylic on canvas, 78 x 39 in (198.1 x 99.1 cm). Courtesy the artist and Postmasters Gallery



(5)

PG. 08 DAVID DIAO

231A BOWERY (1971–74)

David Diao (b. 1943) is a painter whose work has often been described as Conceptual Abstraction. Grounded in monochrome fields and flat, geometric forms, Diao's works look critically at narratives—personal, political, and art historical. Frequently including text, maps, and architectural plans, these paintings combine personal registers with broader identifications. His best-known works explore the formulation of value in art and the construction of art history. Diao often uses his own career as an example in this body of work, pointing to his actual market performance and exhibition history.

In 1969, Paula Cooper Gallery mounted Diao's first solo exhibition. Since then, his work has been shown widely both nationally and internationally. In 2014, the Aldrich Contemporary Art Museum presented "David Diao: Front to Back," a midcareer retrospective exhibition, and the Whitney Museum of American Art included his work in its biennial of the same year. Diao's art is in the permanent collections of the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, DC; the High Museum, Atlanta; the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, NY; and the Vancouver Art Gallery, Canada, among others.

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with David Diao, July 17, 2007. Video available at boweryartisttribute.org.

I was kicked out of my big loft on Canal Street in 1969, and I ended up on Broome Street for a year and a half. I was on the Bowery by 1971. The building was owned and operated by Standard China. The building has six floors, and Standard China was quite willing to give up the upper floors because they didn't need them. So there were quite a few of us: I was on the top floor, the sixth floor; Charles Hinman was on the fifth floor, and is still there; below that was Harvey Quaytman on the fourth floor; and then below that, initially, was Jim Rosenquist; and below him was Tom Wesselmann. So it's interesting because right there, there are at

least two generations of New York artists. With Wesselmann, Rosenquist, and Hinman being of a slightly earlier generation, and Harvey and myself being of the generation of the '60s.

It was a great space, over five thousand square feet, quite raw. The interior felt like a grotto because it had been badly renovated. They were trying to fire-proof the steel columns and they must have found somebody, maybe some of the down-and-out people right off the sidewalk, and they literally slathered concrete plaster around the columns. So it had a kind of, if one were to be kind about it, a kind of Gaudí-esque quality. And it was quite a great place, and in some ways I miss it. I ended up giving my space over to Will Insley, who is still there.

It wasn't much a particular attraction [to the Bowery], it was just a need for cheap space and lots of space. I don't think my wife was crazy about moving to the Bowery, but we managed. It was just a happenstance of opportunity and whatever is available. I might say that I'm very sad that the city doesn't have that kind of possibility for younger people starting out. When I came in 1964, it was possible to find cheap places, which means you didn't have to work to support your life; it was possible to work a couple days a week, some marginal work—waitering, bartending, what have you—and sustain your life and work.

It was certainly the biggest place I've ever had. Quite raw. But you know, in a way we were pioneers of loft living. We made very comfortable settings for ourselves; as raw and brute as the concrete floor and grotto-like space of the Bowery loft was, we had nice settings for places to sit and read, and places to work, and places to sleep and entertain and what have you. It's a kind of whole lifestyle I guess. Because of that experience, I've never wanted to have a

separate studio, more and more I think artists think in terms of where they live and where they work. The idea of actually having separate spaces, I don't get it. I like being able to wake up to what I've been working on. I was lucky, I managed to have good spaces, rents that I could afford.

The studio was so large and I guess the actual living part was no more than one thousand square feet. So I basically had four thousand feet of flat landscape upon which to work. Because it was a concrete floor and impervious to moisture and liquid, I was working a lot on platforms on the floor. I managed to do a lot of work because I physically had that much landscape. And I sometimes thought of that work almost as tending different patches of my garden. I would come and spread one layer of paint over one canvas in progress, go to another patch, lay another layer, letting them dry. I might say that one of the reasons I decided to leave was that I was keen to get back to working on the wall. At some point, it felt like, by virtue of it being on the floor, there was a kind of

real distance, and I wanted to have that face-to-face engagement again with the work as I was working on it. Also, thinking about Pollock—it was his space to work on the floor, and at some point it felt like I was just taking it in in some very callow way. In a way I wanted to, if you think of it that way, get back to basics. To work with just putting that thing on the wall directly. And that helped me to make the transition from the Bowery to where I am now. Half the space, but double the height of the walls.

(1) Sara Driver in her Bowery loft, 1989. Photo: © Kate Simon

(2) (3) Sara Driver, *Sleepwalk*, 1986 (stills). Film, 75 min. Courtesy the artist

(4) (5) Sara Driver, *Bowery – Spring, 1994*, 1994 (stills). Film, 19 min. Courtesy the artist



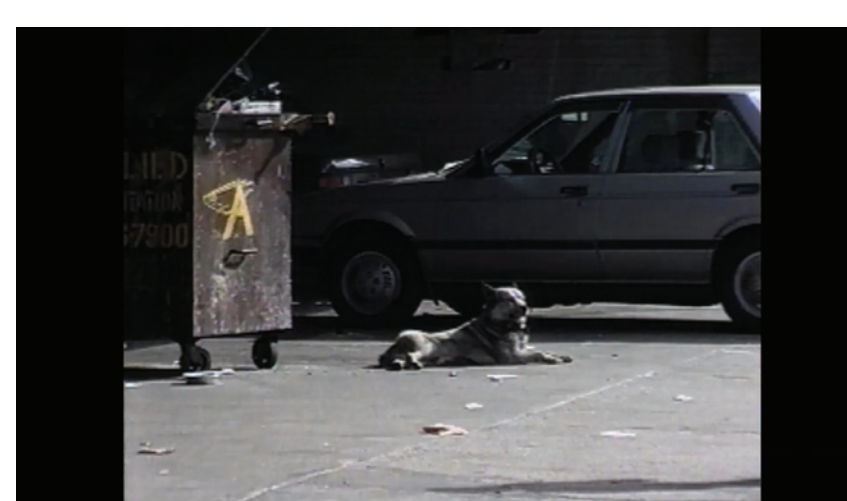
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PG. 10

SARA DRIVER

BOWERY AND SPRING STREET (1985–PRESENT)

Sara Driver (b. 1955) is a filmmaker who emblemizes the wildly imaginative independent cinema born out of 1970s downtown New York. To the mundane settings of her films—tenement apartments, dive bars, and desolate neighborhoods—Driver brings a supernatural, dreamlike quality, at times joyful and at times unnerving. Her deftness in blurring these margins was described by Luc Sante as her “patented blend of the throbbingly bizarre and the sweetly domestic.”

Driver has directed four films: *You Are Not I* (1981), *Sleepwalk* (1986), *When Pigs Fly* (1993), and *Bowery – Spring, 1994* (1994). Her films have been screened at many festivals, including the Cannes Film Festival, New Directors New Films at the Museum of Modern Art, the New York Film Festival as part of the Masterworks section, and the Sundance Film Festival. They are available in a boxset through the distribution company filmswelike. In addition to her directorial work, Driver produced *Permanent Vacation* (1980) and *Stranger Than Paradise* (1984) for Jim Jarmusch. Driver has also written, directed, and acted for the stage.

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with Sarah Driver, September 15, 2014. Audio available at boweryartisttribute.org.

We were living around the corner on Prince Street, under constant harassment by a criminal thug landlord. In 1985, a musician friend called and told me about a loft on Bowery. He wanted to take it. He and his very pregnant wife already had a two-year-old, and understandably she couldn't handle a walk-up.

I went over to the building, the former Lincoln Hotel, and saw the loft—it had east-west light and a huge twelve-by-nine skylight. The shadow of pigeons crisscrossed the walls as they flew past. (Later, I found out they were trained pigeons living in a coop on the tenement roof behind us. Every day a man would

appear on the roof, releasing them, using colored flags to control their flight.) I thought, “This is unbelievable.” It had a courtyard in the back surrounded on three sides by tenements, with a huge flowering tree in the middle. I signed the lease. We paid our rent to a former boxer, Mr. Cambareri. I had to take our check to the flophouse he owned down the street.

The Lincoln Hotel was converted into residential lofts in 1968. It was one of the first artist loft buildings in lower Manhattan. Before that, it had been a men's hotel/flophouse. It cost a penny a night. In the '20s and '30s, the men would sit on a long bench with a rope stretched from one end to the other. The penny bought them the right to rest their head on their elbows on the rope. In the morning, the taut rope would be released and everyone would wake up.

Later, beds were crammed onto each floor. We found the blueprint for the layout of the beds.

Before moving in we shot my first feature *Sleepwalk* in the empty loft. We used to take whatever food was left from the shoot and set up tables outside. The homeless guys would politely line up and take their turns filling their plates. We'd put out the condiments—ketchup, mustard—and they would help themselves to the hamburgers, salad, and pickles.

In 1980 or '81, the Bowery changed. President Ronald Reagan decided to release all the mental patients out of the public mental health institutions. I'd see a lot of guys walking around with hospital bands on, not knowing where they were. It changed from being alcoholics, and guys trying to flee their pasts, to a combination of people with drug problems and the mentally ill, who really needed some kind of medical attention.

The streets were rough. I was young; I cut my hair very short so I looked androgynous. I wanted to be left alone and navigate the streets without any problem; I remember you really had to sense and be sensitive to the people around you. Some of the guys on the Bowery just wanted a hello, or just to be seen. And then there were the ones you did say hello to that maybe you shouldn't have.

We all sort of watched out for each other. There was a real beauty in that. I kept journals of things people would

say to me each day. I incorporated some of that into *Sleepwalk*. It's funny; I feel like I'm more in danger now with the well-off drunken people on the Bowery who are going to clubs than I did then. It is also a whole lot less interesting.

Anyway, we moved from Prince Street to the Lincoln Hotel. We moved all of our possessions in trash bags. With the help of a few friends, we walked all our worldly belongings over. We didn't have any “real furniture,” all of our furniture we found on the street. Tuesday night we called furniture night, the night you could leave and find large items on the curb, waiting for garbage pickup. That was how we *furnished* our tenement apartment. I remember seeing Louise Nevelson, the wonderful sculptor. She lived on the corner of Mott and Spring Streets. She'd be out on furniture night, wearing her long mink eyelashes and chinchilla cape, collecting thrown-away wood scraps and furniture parts for her artwork. When we first moved into the loft we only had a bed, a table, and a few chairs. We'd play wiffle ball in the large open space. Often friends would stop by for a quick game.

The Bowery was a forgotten place, and up until very recently if a person emerged from the past, from one hundred years ago, they would have recognized where they were immediately. But that's quickly changing. The Bowery could have easily been made into one long museum of architecture, celebrating its seedy and riveting history. But nobody wants to celebrate the wild

and depraved. They want that kind of history to disappear. Some of the most interesting political times and history in NYC took place here.

There were four beautiful buildings across the street from us that were built between the 1820s and the 1860s; one was truly unusual and looked almost like a French chateau with a very sculpted Victorian roof. It was really heartbreaking to watch those historic buildings be demolished. I wrote to the Landmarks Preservation Commission and pleaded with them to save the buildings. I looked up all the historical relevance and forwarded it to them. They wrote me that they didn't have time.

Somebody bought them and tore all four buildings down, and now for the past two or three years it's been a vacant lot, a rat haven. It's interesting, to watch nature quickly take over. Every once in a while a man or two wearing orange vests come by and cut back the plants.

In the '70s and '80s, nobody wanted to be on the Bowery or on the Lower East Side. That was a gift for us—to have this part of NYC to ourselves. It formed our community and gave us inspiration.

Because we were such a small community below 14th Street, everybody knew

each other from the scene—the clubs Tier 3, Mudd Club, CBGB, Area, Reggae Lounge, Madame Rosa, Palladium. We all witnessed, helped, and supported each other. Carlo McCormick did a great show [“The Downtown Show,” 2006] at the Grey Art Gallery. It kind of blew my mind. There, I suddenly understood how much we all cross-pollinated each other. We were not separated by medium or form—people were filmmakers, painters, dancers, musicians, etc. We were all mixed together. Anything you wanted to be, you could be. Even if you didn't do it well, why not try it? There weren't restrictions. There was this great feeling that nothing could really stop or hinder you—if you wanted to test something out, you could. It was an empowering feeling. I don't know why we felt that way, but we all did. Between the dancing, drama, and drugs, as a group of people we produced a lot of work.

I have to thank the Bowery bums for that too. They always seemed to me to have a spontaneous, genteel, child-like quality. On the Bowery there was always a code of respect. Keep your distance but have respect.

(1) Alex Katz, *Landscape 1*, 1950. Oil on linen, 11 5/8 x 46 3/4 in (29.5 x 118.7 cm). Courtesy the artist and VAGA. Photo: Paul Takeuchi



(1)

(2) Alex Katz, *Landscape 2*, 1950. Oil on linen, 10 5/8 x 40 1/2 in (30 x 102.9 cm). Courtesy the artist and VAGA. Photo: Paul Takeuchi



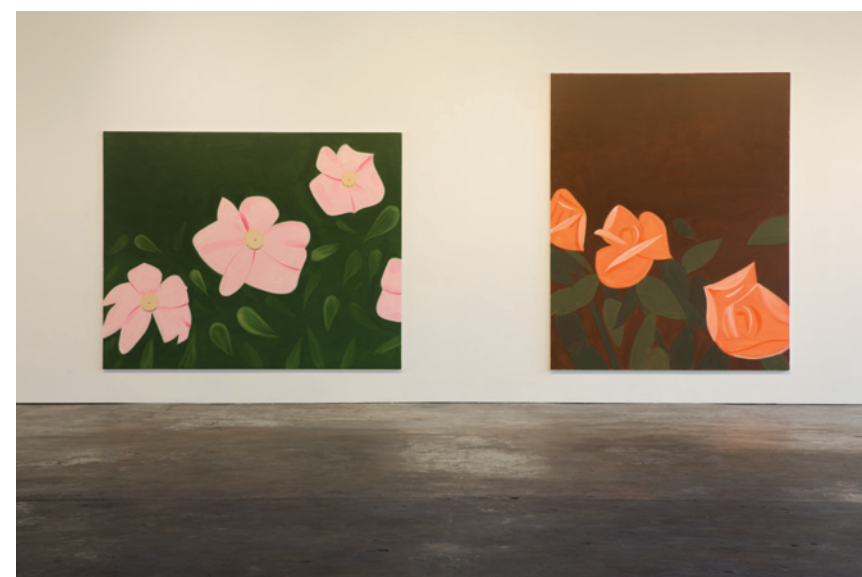
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(3) "Alex Katz," 2014. Exhibition view: 356 S. Mission Rd., Los Angeles. Courtesy the artist, 356 S. Mission Rd., and VAGA. Photo: Fredrik Nilsen Studio

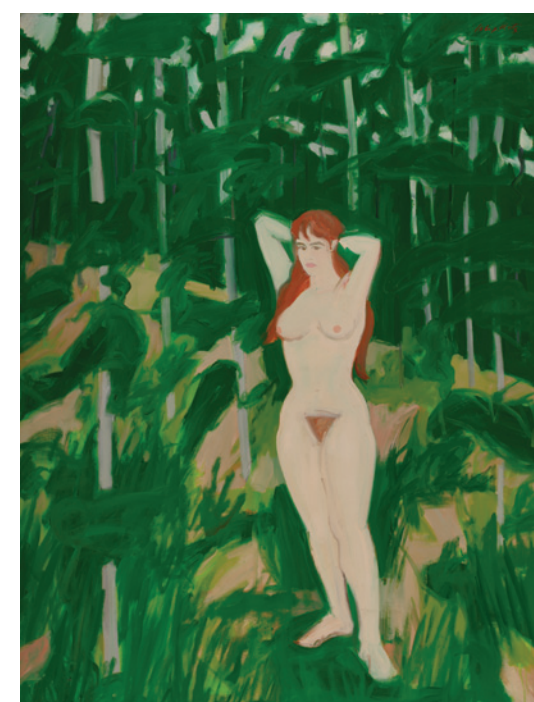
(4) Alex Katz, *Kathy*, 1960. Oil on linen, 79 x 59 in (200.7 x 149.9 cm). Courtesy the artist and VAGA. Photo: Paul Takeuchi

(5) Alex Katz, *Nabil's Loft*, 1976. Oil on linen, 72 x 144 in (182.9 x 365.8 cm). Courtesy the artist and VAGA

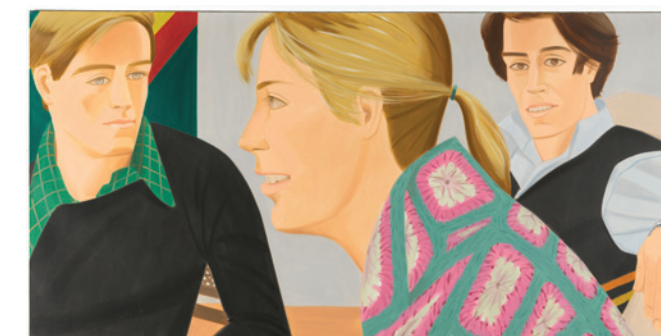
(6) Alex Katz, circa 1953. Courtesy Alex Katz



(3)



(4)



(5)

PG. 12

ALEX KATZ

210 EAST 6TH STREET (1950–53)

The big, bold paintings of Alex Katz (b. 1927) monumentalize common moments of everyday life. His landscapes and portraits are consistent in their simple, direct style and precise, unmodulated bands of color. Katz's distinctive oeuvre emerged in response to the most persistent concerns of post–World War II American art, running parallel to Abstract Expressionism and Pop while always working independently of these movements. Insisting on space in a similar manner as the Abstract Expressionists, Katz expands his subjects to a scale that implies heroism, but his subjects are always drawn from his surroundings: views of his SoHo neighborhood or portraits of his family, fellow artists, and poets. These modern images are rendered in an idyllic and simplified world, with an emphasis on skin-deep surfaces. As the artist explained in the *Village Voice*, "I like life to be pleasant and simple."

Katz attended the Cooper Union School of Art from 1946 to 1949 and was at the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture from 1949 to 1950. Katz's first one-person show was held at the Roko Gallery in 1954. Since that time, his work has been the subject of more than two hundred solo exhibitions and nearly five hundred group exhibitions internationally. In 1986, the Whitney Museum of American Art mounted a midcareer retrospective, followed in 1988 by a print retrospective at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. Staatliche Kunsthalle in Baden-Baden, Germany, exhibited a painting retrospective of his work in 1995, and a major survey of Katz's printed works was presented by the Albertina, Vienna, in 2010. Works by Katz can be found in over one hundred public collections worldwide.

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with Alex Katz, May 17, 2014. Video available at boweryartisttribute.org.

I remember a story on the Bowery. I forget the guy's name, but he brought a girl up to his place, and he asked her, "Why don't you remove your coat? Is it too cold here?" And she says, "Oh, it's not the cold, it's the wind."

I lived on 6th Street, off the Bowery, for three years, and there were artists living there. I remember a loft that a couple of painters had by the station where the elevated train would stop. So in the loft, you had the blinking lights of the train going by—it was very romantic. People who had lofts then were paying sixty dollars a month in rent. There were artists all over the place.

I thought it was totally depressing. There was a weird Catholic school across the street, a repressed, awful place. And there was another place where they were slaughtering animals down the block, and the streets were loaded with grease from that. And then there was the Bowery, so many unfortunate people.

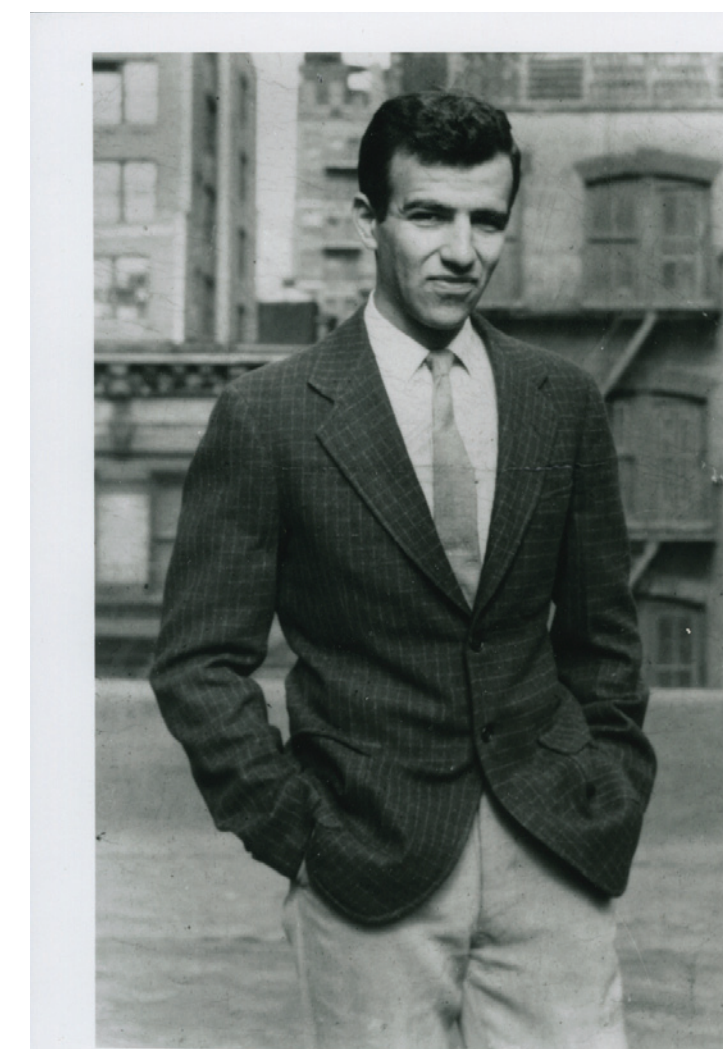
There were guys sleeping in their own vomit—it was just really disgusting. There were all these bars that these guys were in all the time. There were five hundred people on the street, all bums. I think some of them went other places and came to New York in the winter. During the Depression, there were guys that just dropped out and became hobos and went on trains all over. There was a newspaper called the *Hobo News*—actually, I went out with the daughter of the editor. It was a

community of homeless people, and a lot of them ended up along the Bowery. Today, I get over there occasionally. It's changed completely. The Salvation Army's moving.

I hung out at the Five Spot. I remember Kenneth Koch and Morton Feldman doing a parody on jazz and poetry that was very funny. There's that great Frank O'Hara poem "The Day Lady Died." That's the best thing that remains from the Five Spot, that poem. By that time at the Five Spot, drugs came in and liquor was going out. The whole time period changed. Marijuana and heroin came in, and the bums went out.

I was there from 1950 to 1953, and then I went to 28th Street. I was in a cold-water flat. The place was really depressing. I came from a nice, big, eight-room

house in Queens, with lots of trees around. There were all these crazy people in my tenement. The place was clean, but the other tenants would scream and stuff. When I left, I gave my place to this guy who was really rough. At that time, the toilet was in the hall, and you're all supposed to share cleaning it. And this lady in the building said to him, "You don't clean the toilets." And he replied, "Yes, I don't clean toilets, you clean toilets. If you send your husband out, I'll beat him up." It was my revenge!



(6)

(1) Robert Mangold, *Red Wall*, 1965. Oil on Masonite, 96 1/2 x 96 1/2 in (245 x 245 cm). Courtesy Pace Gallery, New York, and Tate, London; presented by the American Fund for the Tate Gallery. Photo: Ellen Page Wilson

(2) Robert Mangold, *Yellow Wall (Section 1 & 2)*, 1964. Two panels, oil and acrylic on plywood and metal, 96 x 96 in (244 x 244 cm) overall; 96 x 48 in (244 x 122 cm) each. Photo: Bill Jacobson. Courtesy Pace Gallery, New York; National Gallery, Washington, DC; and The Nancy Lee and Perry Bass Fund

(3) Robert Mangold and Sylvia Plimack Mangold in their Grand Street apartment, 1966. Photo: John Sherman

(4) Robert Mangold in his Grand Street apartment, 1966. Photo: John Sherman



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PG. 14

ROBERT MANGOLD

163 BOWERY (1962–71)

Robert Mangold (b. 1937) has been one of America's most significant Minimalist painters for over four decades. His large-scale abstract paintings present simple elements assembled through complex means. A longtime fixture in the New York art world, Mangold was a part of the now-legendary circle of artists that worked as security guards at the Museum of Modern Art, alongside Robert Ryman and Sol LeWitt. His work is included in many museum collections, including the Whitney Museum of American Art, the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and the Tate Collection in London.

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with Robert Mangold, July 12, 2012. Video available at boweryartisttribute.org.

In the summer of '62, we moved to New York. We had a few months where we shared some space in the 20s. Then, we were superintendents of an apartment house on 72nd Street, near Central Park. I was working at MoMA in the library (first, I started as a guard). Sylvia [Plimack Mangold] was working at Arthur Brown's art supply store. I don't think it's there anymore.

At MoMA, Lucy Lippard (who worked there intermittently) told me that there were going to be three floors of a former button factory available above them. Lucy was living with Bob Ryman on the second floor, and on the first was probably a lamp store—there were a lot of lamp stores there at that time. So we went down and looked at it. The three floors were available at \$60 a floor or \$180 for all three, so we tried to find other people to share them.

There must have been some reason that all the factories were moving out of that

area at that time. Somehow, all of these spaces seemed to be available around that time. I loved Lower Manhattan. The place I saw a lot was around the Bowery because I'd go there to work. What I loved about it was that you saw everything in bits and pieces, you never saw a whole building, you saw a fragment, a part. Or you would see part of a truck go by, and that truck would have lettering on the side that would go over the corrugated metal. Sylvia's been looking for this picture that I took of these wall paintings on the Bowery. They would

paint their signs right over the brick, so the brick would be coming through.

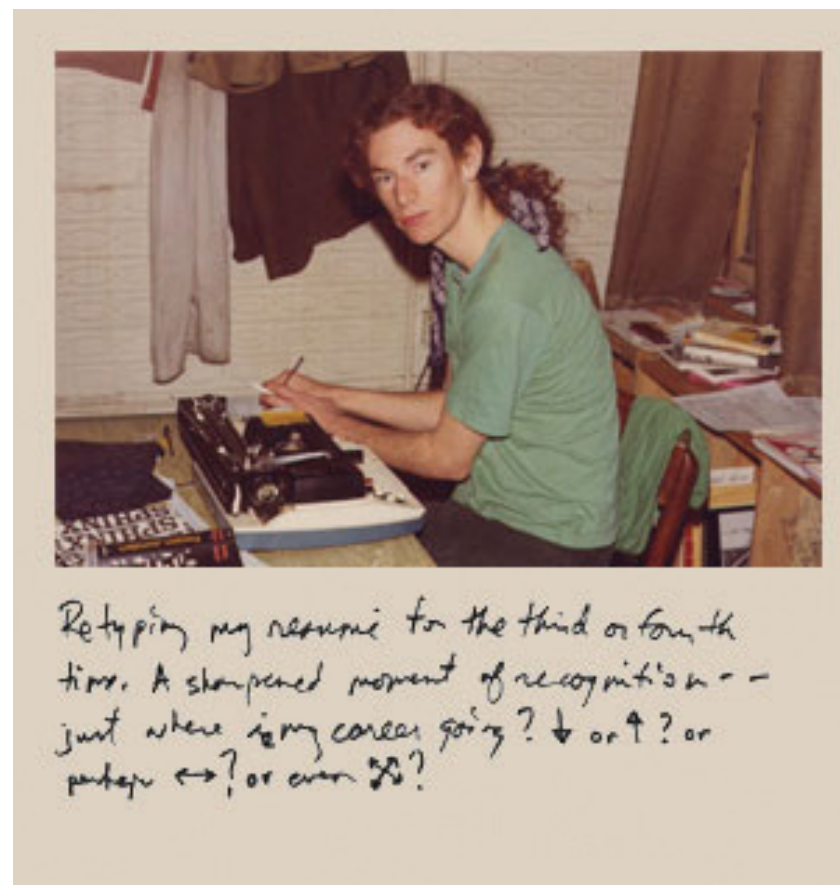
I felt so great getting out of school and being in Lower Manhattan. I used to love the smell of the subways, that electric kind of smell. I loved being there, it was great.



(1)

(1) "XFR STN," 2013. Exhibition view: New Museum, New York. Courtesy New Museum

(2) Marc H. Miller, *Portrait of Alan Moore*, 1974 (detail). Color photograph and felt pen inscription on illustration board, 12 x 10 1/4 in (30.4 x 27.3 cm). Courtesy Marc H. Miller



(2)

(3) Cardboard Band, performance as part of "The Island of Negative Utopia" at the Kitchen Center for Video and Music, New York, 1984. Left to right: Alan W. Moore (in barrel), Walter Robinson, Bebe Smith, Feliz Perez, and Ellen Cooper. Courtesy Alan W. Moore. Photo: Teri Slotkin



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(5) Colab TV, "The Real Estate Show," a *Potato Wolf* cablecast, 1980 (still). Digital video, sound, color, 30 min. Courtesy Alan W. Moore

(6) "Colab Presents: Potato Wolf Show," 1982. Exhibition view: Hallwalls Contemporary Art Center, Buffalo, NY. Courtesy Alan W. Moore

(4) Left to right: Becky Howland, John Morton, Alan W. Moore, Filippo, and Robert Goldman (aka Bobby G) in front of ABC No Rio, following a performance held in conjunction with the exhibition "Murder, Suicide & Junk," 1980. Courtesy Alan W. Moore. Photo: Tom Warren

PG. 16

ALAN W. MOORE

98 BOWERY (1974–76) | 73 EAST HOUSTON STREET (1976–93)

Alan W. Moore (b. 1951) is an art historian and activist whose work addresses cultural economies and groups, and the politics of collectivity. His first engagement with New York's art world came as a writer for *Artforum*, but during his time on the Bowery, Moore developed a video art and installation art practice, leading to his involvement with the artist group Colab (Collaborative Projects, Inc.). He went on to help found ABC No Rio after participating in Colab's "Real Estate Show" (1980).

Moore established the Monday/Wednesday/Friday Video Club, which showed and sold artists' independent films and videos on VHS at consumer prices. In 2013, the New Museum hosted Moore's exhibition workshop "XFR STN" (Transfer Station). This open-door, artist-centered media-archiving project worked directly with artists to digitize creative productions stored in aging and obsolete audiovisual formats.

Moore has contributed chapters to *Collectivism after Modernism* (University of Minnesota Press, 2007), *Resistance: A Radical Social and Political History of the Lower East Side* (Seven Stories Press, 2006), and *Alternative Art New York* (University of Minnesota Press, 2002). He is the author of *Art Gangs: Protest & Counterculture in New York City* (Autonomedia, 2011), which explores the work of artist groups formed after 1968.

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with Alan W. Moore, July 25, 2012. Video available at boweryartisttribute.org.

I moved to New York in January of 1974 and lived in SoHo. It was a room on the corner of Broome and West Broadway. I was renting from a big-time cocaine dealer, a little kind of ship's berth apartment. It was a weird joint, and I was happy when Marc [Miller] offered me the chance to get out of there. Marc had little cubicles in his loft and one in the back was vacant.

Because I was working for *Artforum*, people would talk to me with great interest, but they didn't really like me because I had power and I was, like, twenty-two years old. It's very weird to think about that time, working for *Artforum* and hanging out with those

guys. Basically, I felt like I was involved in all sorts of titanic struggles in the "real art world" where there was a bunch of artists, and that was very nice, but really it was about the Museum of Modern Art and William Rubin [former Director of MoMA's Department of Painting and Sculpture] and how we were going to fuck him! John [Coplans, former Editor-in-Chief of *Artforum*] really used me a lot, and pretty ruthlessly. I was the torpedo for Coplans, and I didn't realize that until later. I felt like a mobster hanging out with a bunch of bums. I was a young punk—punk for power.

Marc hooked up with Bettie [Ringma] and wanted to reformulate the loft, so he wanted me out. I was offered a place in Robin Winters's apartments. He had two apartments at 73 East Houston Street. He had one side, the larger side, which he used fundamentally as a studio. The

other, smaller apartment, which had no bathroom, he rented to Dick Miller and Terry Slotkin. Terry's a photographer, and Dick is a sculptor. Dick needed to get off the Bowery because he had substance abuse problems, and so he and Terry moved to the Lower West Side. They got a great space, and then I got that apartment, which was pretty much just about the size of the cubicle at Marc's, but with more light.

Houston Street was really intense. The bums were distributed all up and down the Bowery, but Houston Street was the epicenter. We were upstairs from a whole row of businesses that basically served and exploited the bum community. Guys would receive their checks at Willie's Clothing, a clothing store that had mountains of used clothing, but basically Willie was cashing checks and taking a piece of it and that was his business. The guy downstairs from us was the famous Nick the Fence. But the other guy, next to Nick, was mobbed up and handled a lot of truck freight and truck operations. Somebody told me that the street was featured in a Soviet documentary on the iniquities of capitalism. I don't know if that's urban legend.

I was really interested in ultra-left action, anarchist direct action, and European terrorist movements. I created the "Terrorist News Annual." That was the performance at Coleen's [Fitzgibbon]—producing a publication using an eight-by-ten-inch view camera projecting it

onto a screen to photograph, making an analog version of a digital layout. It didn't work. I did some narrative and performance films—we were really lucky because Rivington Street, just off the Bowery, had the Young Filmmakers Studio so you could rent video and film equipment. Basically, I didn't have the chops for making films, so I used Super 8, and as soon as I could get into video, I did. Eventually, when I hit cable television and the possibilities of using studios, then I really hit my stride in terms of video production.

I distributed video for many years out of my 73 East Houston loft. From 1986 to 2000, I distributed artist videos. I have a massive collection of untransferred analog tapes—I think about eight hundred. I don't know what's going to happen to it—I have an exhibition proposal about it, basically, to transfer this material: hire a couple of engineers, buy a bunch of old machines, and just continually transfer it. And then open the door to other artists who have analog material before it disappears.

In 1986, I turned my little shoe-box apartment into a video-rental display and we had a salon every Monday night for two years. People would come show videos, and we expanded the collection. It was a rental collection first, then we started selling artist videos at consumer prices. No tape more than fifty bucks. And this was at a time (and it continues today) when Electronic

Arts Intermix and Video Data Bank sold tapes for one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars. We didn't like that, and most of the people we distributed couldn't get into that world anyway. We basically stayed local and stayed in the Colab group.

We were full bore into retail sales. We didn't get New York Council support because every time we'd come up on a video distribution panel, everybody who was running these high-end, state-subsidized distribution projects would say, "Fuck these guys! They're dangerous!" It was an ideological venture on that level—and like many ideologues, doomed to fail.



(6)

(1) Sylvia Plimack Mangold in her Grand Street apartment, 1966. The painting on the left is by Plimack Mangold and the sculpture on the right is by Frank Lincoln Viner. Photo: John Sherman



(1)

(2) Sylvia Plimack Mangold, *Floor with Laundry #2*, 1970. Acrylic on canvas, 36 x 46 in (91.5 x 116.8 cm). Courtesy of Alexander and Bonin, New York. Photo: Joerg Lohse



(2)

(3) Sylvia Plimack Mangold, *Floor I*, 1967. Acrylic on canvas, 39 x 52 in (99 x 132 cm). Courtesy of Alexander and Bonin, New York. Photo: Jason Mandella



(3)

(4) Sylvia Plimack Mangold in her Grand Street apartment, 1966. Photo: John Sherman



(4)

PG. 18

SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD

163 BOWERY (1962–63) | GRAND STREET (1965–67) | ELDRIDGE STREET (1967–71)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold (b. 1938) studied at the Cooper Union and Yale University. She began exhibiting her paintings in the late 1960s, and her work has since been the subject of more than thirty solo exhibitions, including three museum surveys at the Madison Art Center, Madison, WI (1982); the University of Michigan Museum of Art, Ann Arbor (1992); and the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, NY (1994); each of which was accompanied by a monograph. “Solitaire,” a 2008 exhibition at the Wexner Center for the Arts, Columbus, OH, included approximately twenty paintings by Plimack Mangold that were juxtaposed with bodies of work by Lee Lozano and Joan Semmel. A solo exhibition of her work, titled “Recent Works: Sylvia Plimack Mangold,” was presented at Alexander and Bonin, New York, in the spring of 2012. In 2012 and 2013, her solo exhibition “Sylvia Plimack Mangold: Landscape and Trees” was displayed at the Norton Museum of Art, West Palm Beach, FL. She currently lives and works in Washingtonville, NY.

Many of Plimack Mangold’s most significant paintings are included in the permanent collections of museums, including the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; the Brooklyn Museum, New York; the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, NY; the Art Institute of Chicago; the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN; the Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, CT; the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; and Kunstmuseum Winterthur, Switzerland.

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with Sylvia Plimack Mangold, July 12, 2012. Video available at boweryartisttribute.org.

I think it’s important for artists to have a community because their existence is so much about their work. We have normal family lives, but we also have this passion that fuels our daily lives. And in order to pursue these goals one needs time and an affordable place to live and work, so we all tend to gravitate to the same neighborhoods. And within this community we find other artists who are interested in our work, and this is supportive and inspiring and often competitive.

My experience on the Bowery was short-lived because in 1963 we had

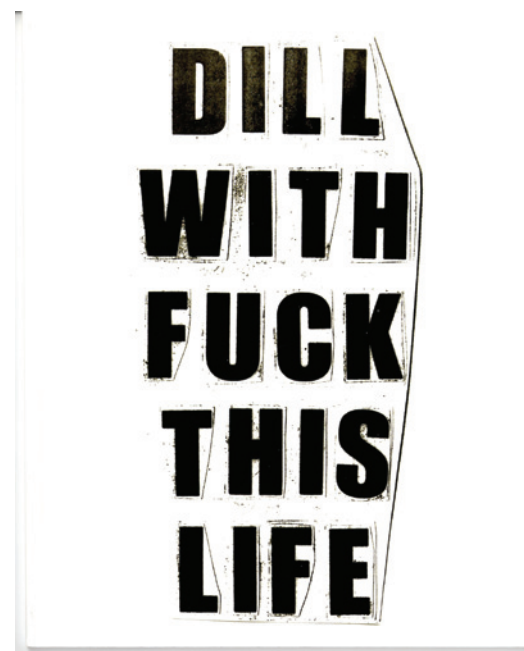
a son, and so I would stay home at our apartment with him when Bob [Mangold] would go to work at our studio on the Bowery. When we left our building uptown and moved to the penthouse on Grand Street, I would do my painting in our apartment. I began the floor paintings on Grand Street where the wood floors were painted grey. At first I would include furniture—chairs and a table—and eventually I removed the objects and focused on the floors and walls. I was teaching myself to paint the interior space, and I wanted the paintings to be about that particular space and to be about painting. At this time my influences were very diverse: from Fairfield Porter to Frank Stella.

In about 1968 or ’69 we moved to an apartment on Eldridge Street that had

parquet floors, and I was inspired by this pattern of the floorboards and the grain of the wood. The paintings that I did in this apartment were included in a show at Knoedler Gallery in 1971. Also in 1971, we moved full-time to an old house we renovated in Sullivan County, NY. I had a wonderful studio in this house. There was sunlight streaming through the windows and making shadows on the wood floors. I thought about the juxtaposition of light and the floor structure as poetic, and so I made *Floor*

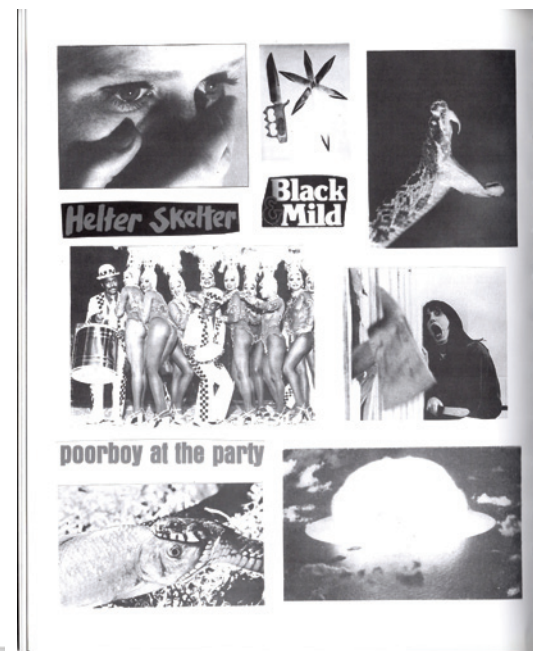
with Light at 10:30 am (1972) and *Floor at Noon* (1972). I also found an old oak mirror that provided me with another element to expand the idea of the floor and interior space. I have always wanted my work to be about specific space and painting. And each time I found a new element to help me expand on this goal I felt very fortunate.

(1) Jason Dill and Dave Sander, *Dill With Fuck This Life*, 2011. Artists' book. Courtesy the artists and OHWOW



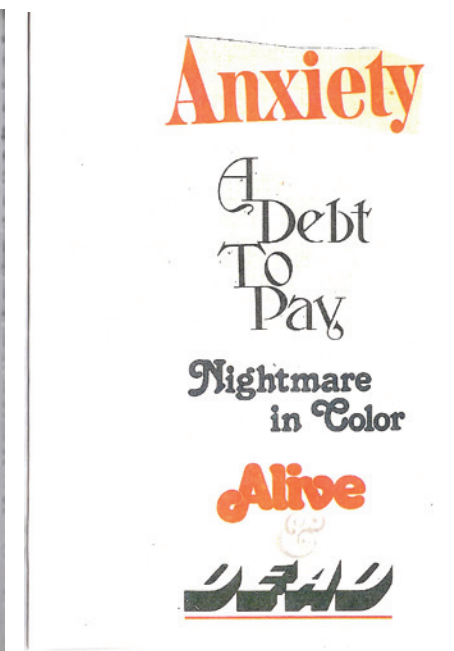
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(2) Dave Sander, *Eat Shit Die*, 2010 (spread). Artists' book. Courtesy the artist and OHWOW

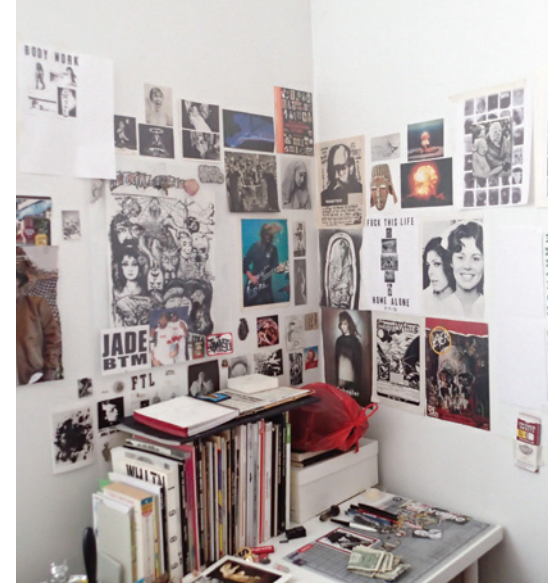


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(3) Maggie Lee and Dave Sander, *MDMA*, 2013 (spread). Artists' book. Courtesy the artists



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(4) (5) (7) Interior of Dave Sander's studio, 2014. Courtesy the artist. Photos: Ethan Swan

(6) Dave Sander, *Fuck This Life 17*, 2013 (spread). Artists' book. Courtesy the artist



(6)

PG. 20

DAVE SANDER

158 MOTT STREET (2010–PRESENT)

For the past ten years, Dave Sander (b. 1977) has carried out a vast range of creative activity under the name Fuck This Life. This includes works on paper, installations, T-shirts, and an eponymous series of publications. *Fuck This Life* began in 2005 as a photocopied zine, distributed by hand in limited quantities. Each volume compiles hundreds of found images: stills from horror movies, photos of cult heroes, and sordid headlines organized in a claustrophobic grid. The impact is harsh, but modulated by a rallying, celebratory energy, an uneasy balance that Sander compares to “dancing without a smile on your face.”

Sander has published two books compiling out-of-print issues of *Eat Shit Die* (2010) and *Fuck This Life: Fatal* (2008). Sander's work has been exhibited nationally and internationally. In 2013, he presented a solo exhibition at Home Alone Gallery, New York, a project space curated by the artists Leo Fitzpatrick, Hanna Liden, and Nate Lowman. In 2011, New Image Art, Los Angeles, presented “2 of Amerika's Most Wanted,” a two-person exhibition by Fuck This Life and Neckface. Issues of *Fuck This Life* were also included in the New Museum's Live Archive that accompanied the inaugural Triennial, “Younger Than Jesus” (2009).

Excerpt from the Bowery Artist Tribute interview with Dave Sander, May 18, 2014. Video available at boweryartisttribute.org.

In my life and my existence in New York, poverty saved me from a lot of options. Like, not being able to buy rounds of drinks, or not being able to take a car service—meaning I can't take a girl home. Living in Crown Heights, not living in Williamsburg, not living in the party zone. Constantly forty minutes away from shit saved me from staying out late with the waking-up-at-noon crowd, the slumming-it-but-I-got-a-fallback-plan crowd. But poverty also brought me to making *Fuck This Life*. I did zines as a kid. Coming to New York, my reality brought me to unfashionable Brooklyn, living in one room, making small art. Starting with zines, starting

with cheap materials. That's your reality and that's what creates your art because it's your life.

At the time, I just thought, “Thank God it's New York.” There ain't no better garbage in the world than in New York. And that means people too. It's the only place where you can meet a millionaire and become friends. Or run into people who can find drinks. Even if you had a craze job that was shitty, maybe your personal life was different. Like, you know people in bands, so you can go to shows. And that's cool, because you meet people through nightlife. And you feel like, maybe this is where your life falls into the New York tradition. I wasn't trying to find a Mudd Club or a CBGB, but what we did have, what came out of the people I met and the influence at that time, that's important to me.

Before I moved here, [my wife] Jo [Sander] lived here from 2005, so I was in this neighborhood coming to visit her. We were always around this neighborhood—Bowery, Elizabeth, Prince Street, Spring Street—because of the shops. We'd be at Supreme, we'd be at Union, we'd be at Clientele, or Eleven. That's where I met Rich Jacobs, at Prince and Elizabeth. That was the prequel to being here. If it wasn't where we lived, it was where we hung out.

You see changes like, okay, now there's a buzzer. Before, you had to walk down all these stairs to let your friend in, and then walk back the fuck up. To get the buzzer, that was great. But all the red decorations, all the good luck Chinese things, are gone now—now the walls are brown. It went from looking familiar, and mystical, to being boring, which is what it takes for it to be tolerable for the new residents here. That was depressing as fuck.

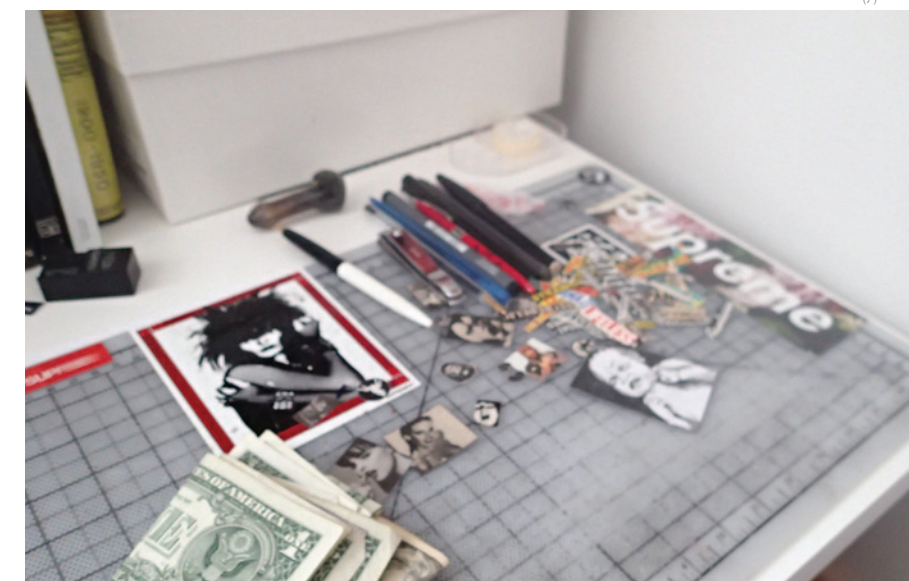
You see new shops now, it's like: coffee shop, coffee shop being built, coffee shop/barista school, coffee shop. There aren't that many people that want a latte. It's crazy, and it's going to back-

fire. Like Elizabeth and Kenmare, there are three of the same type of restaurant—rustic, heritage-type shit. But if you're out here, you can find affordable, grimy, cutty spots. There's still a lot of the neighborhood that caters to people who have been here when it wasn't fashionable, and they are trying to be just cheap and pleasant. I can relate to that part a lot more. So I fuck with that part more.

Bowery, to me, means a lot, but it's the Bowery below Houston. I didn't move here for the East Village, I wasn't an East Village type—no offense, but it's not my shit.

I definitely have had plenty of good moments in the East Village, but the lineage and the tradition, it's just not mine; I don't get in there because I don't fit in there. My Bowery is definitely below Houston. Where Chinatown bleeds into it.

The big thing is just being around people who look like me. Usually, you don't have that luxury, but I'm so glad I look like the landlady's little kid, so we can be a little closer or more open



(7)

with each other. We've probably seen the same shit over the past however many years we've been alive. Here's the beauty of it: Of course we're not identical people, but broke is broke. We can relate to each other. I hate the whole, “I had to come here because I can't afford anything else” attitude—I love to be here. Why do these people take the time to find this street, to find this neighborhood? To look at the fish swimming in the tank, to look at the old Chinese lady in her floral print, or the

lady carrying eight thousand aluminum cans? As an Asian person, I've seen these things for so long. But to these people, they look at it like it's a zoo still.

The Bowery Artist Tribute is an ongoing project.

The New Museum welcomes additional information about artists who have lived or worked on the Bowery, past and present.

Please return the form below to the New Museum:
235 Bowery
New York, NY 10002
USA

Or by email:
boweryartisttribute@newmuseum.org

ARTIST'S NAME

ARTIST'S ADDRESS ON/NEAR THE BOWERY

DATES THAT THE ARTIST OCCUPIED THIS ADDRESS

ARTIST'S (OR ESTATE) CONTACT

PHONE

EMAIL

ADDRESS

YOUR CONTACT
(if different than artist)

PHONE

EMAIL

ADDRESS

