COMMERCIAL ART GALLERIES seem to have the lives of mayflies. Many can’t keep their doors open for more than a few months. When the Bottega Gallery and Workshop opened for business at 816 Hennepin Avenue in Minneapolis late in 1962, few thought it would last very long. Tom Sewell, the proprietor, had only just turned 23. A magazine article, noting three Minneapolis galleries that had gone out of business within the past few weeks, flatly predicted the Bottega’s failure.

Housed in a second-story walkup just above Joe Piazza’s popular Café di Napoli restaurant, the Bottega lasted almost three-and-a-half years, much longer than anyone had expected. It grew to be the focal point for a generation of young Minnesota artists, giving them a vital place to gather and socialize, show their work to the public, meet and talk with some of the reigning stars of the art world, and be a part of the sea change in culture and art that was sweeping through the country in those early years of the 1960s. Many of the artists who hung their work on the walls of the Bottega were well-known and respected regional artists, and a number of the younger artists went on to gain similar and even larger reputations and followings.

The gallery space had originally been rented by Terry Riggs, one of Sewell’s friends. Sewell, who had worked with Riggs as a display man at Dayton’s Department Store, offered to help out, and then Riggs suddenly left Minneapolis. The rent was paid up and Sewell decided to carry on, soliciting artists to use the space as a studio and display their work there. He hoped that customers would relish the opportunity to visit the gallery, see artists at work, and purchase the art they made. An early press release announced that the Bottega, as Sewell had named it, would serve as a “gathering place for local artists” and a “service to architects and decorators looking for made-to-order artworks.”

Sewell also courted artists with their own studio space, asking to show their work either at the Bottega or the nearby Inn Towne Motel, where the management had agreed to let him display art in the restaurant and along the dim halls. His early shows featured many of the region’s young and promising artists, including Jan Rivard Attridge, Hollis McDonald, Sherry Blanchard, and Larry and Nancy Rosing. Unlike most fine arts galleries, Sewell’s was also quite willing to exhibit work by commercial artists from the Twin Cities’ advertising agencies. In its first months, the Bottega presented shows of paintings and watercolors by Pat Nolan of the Campbell Mithun agency, Ron Anderson of Knox Reeves, and Robert Gordenier of McManus, John & Adams.

TOM MORAN

TOM SEWELL and the BOTTEGA GALLERY
Still, the Bottega very well might have vanished quickly had it not been for a show it hosted five months after opening its doors to the public. In the early 1960s, Minnesota artists eagerly looked forward to three competitive exhibitions where their creative efforts would be viewed if selected by jurors, often well-known curators and artists from out of state. One of these was the annual Minnesota State Fair Fine Arts Exhibition. The others were biennials, one held at the Walker Art Center in even-numbered years, the other at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts (MIA) in odd-numbered years. There were, of course, other ways for the region’s artists to get exposure. Some might be offered shows by one of the handful of existing commercial galleries in the area, possibly the Premier, the Red Carpet, or, most notably, the Kilbride-Bradley where first-rate regional artists had been on view since 1951. A few were able to get their work displayed at organizations like the American Swedish Institute or the St. Paul Center for the Arts. Some were given shows at the MIA’s Little Gallery. And many held open houses in their studios or set up booths to show their work at malls and small festivals. But inclusion in one of the three prestigious competitive exhibitions was a coveted validation for the artists and their efforts.

In April 1963, the jurors rejected almost 1,100 of the 1,212 pieces entered in the MIA’s Third Minnesota Biennial. Most artists understood that the judging for these large exhibitions could be imperfect and that good art, even great art, might go unrecognized. But rejection of one’s creative efforts is never easy to swallow, and the artists who had to return to the institute and retrieve their work were quite disappointed. To their surprise, they discovered that a new venue was eager to display the art.

When Sewell, an artist and art student himself, heard a few of the rejected artists grumbling about the judging, he recalled the story of the 1863 Salon des Refusés in Paris where artworks, many now consid-
ered masterpieces, rejected for the annual Paris Salon were given a second chance. For Sewell, the jurors’ decisions represented a golden opportunity, and he immediately began circulating the news: Any piece of work rejected for this biennial would be welcomed into an exhibition at his new gallery. The Bottega would host Minneapolis’s own Salon des Refusés.6

The show was a huge success. Paintings and photographs filled the gallery’s walls, sculpture was scattered around the floor, and overflow work was displayed in the entryway and staircase. The opening reception was crowded, wall to wall, with artists and their friends, and throughout its three-week run the show’s popularity continued, as Sewell hosted tours for a variety of groups from local schools and organizations. He acknowledged that some of the work on display might be “complete junk.” But he told Minneapolis Star columnist Don Morrison that the salon proved that “a lot of Minnesota artists are doing interesting and different work whether it is fashionable or not.” Gallery visitors cast ballots for the works they liked best, and three of the artists—all painters—received cash awards funded by a one-dollar entry fee Sewell had charged artists for displaying their work. A few of the pieces were sold. In late May the show came to a close. As the art came off the walls, it was replaced by the work of Dick Sutphen, a commercial artist from Knox Reeves who, ironically, had won a prize in the MIA’s biennial.7

Sewell’s Salon des Refusés was a brash and inspired move that caught the attention of artists and collectors as well as the press. The new gallery, an upstart in the region’s art scene, was suddenly on the map. It would remain there for another three years, a lively and important component of the rich artistic and cultural scene that was flourishing in the Twin Cities. During its lifespan, programs at the Minneapolis School of Art and the University of Minnesota were grooming a fresh generation of talented young artists. The Walker Art Center presented an impressive menu of shows introducing the newest influences in contemporary art from around the world. Traveling exhibitions, such as Four Centuries of American Art and Art USA filled the MIA galleries with crowds.8 The arrival of the Guthrie Theater in 1963 infused the Twin Cities’ cultural life with new energy, and a rising prosperity freed many to consider collecting and investing in the arts. But young artists needed a space like the Bottega to nurture their talent and dreams. There, the new generation could come together, show their work, learn from each other, and begin to make their places as artists in a challenging and fast-changing world.

TOM SEWELL WAS THE PERFECT HOST for such an undertaking. Flamboyant, energetic, personable, he dashed
about the Twin Cities on a motor scooter, sometimes clad in a raccoon coat or a wild Mongolian robe, delivering flyers and press releases to the newspapers, visiting artists’ studios, and chatting up the gallery’s shows and artists with potential customers. Sewell dragged a discarded sign advertising a plumbing company to the gallery, cut up and rearranged the letters to spell Bottega Gallery, and, although it lacked some of the letters, hung it out a second-story window. To advertise a show of paintings and drawings by Donald Pulver, Sewell hired a local character to parade up and down Hennepin Avenue wearing a sandwich-board sign. He wooed Robert Indiana, who would become famed for his LOVE paintings, Robert Stankiewicz, a world-renowned metal sculptor, and Robert Rauschenberg, a contemporary icon—all in Minneapolis for shows at the Walker—to spend evenings at the gallery socializing with young artists. For a brief time the gallery was home to a literary venture, the Bottega Review of Art and Poetry. Sewell made sure that there was always something new happening at the gallery: poetry readings, classical recitals, jazz, a showing of work by members of Artists Equity, children’s art from Moppets Theater, even a weekend exhibition of art that spoofed comic books.

The Bottega’s first full year included shows of up-and-coming young artists like sculptor Tom Attridge, the doll constructions of Harvey Hurley, and the stone mosaics of naïf artist Gladys Severson. The year closed out with two important shows. In November the gallery brought together work by four of the region’s most prominent artists: Malcolm Myers, Peter Busa, Walter Quirt, and Cameron Booth. All four taught at the University of Minnesota, had national reputations, and were revered elders in the art community. The Minneapolis Star heralded the show, which included more than 100 pieces, as “one of the largest exhibitions of local art ever assembled.” John K. Sherman, the Tribune’s critic, praised Quirt’s “rousing” pieces and Busa’s “broad and brushy planes.” The appearance of work by this highly respected earlier generation of artists brought additional recognition to the fledgling gallery.

In December the Bottega celebrated its first anniversary with jazz, holiday music, and a one-person presentation of work by its proprietor.

As an artist and designer, Sewell was mostly self-taught. Four years earlier he had traveled to Wichita, Kansas, hoping to hitch a ride to Brazil on one of the planes coming off the assembly line at the Cessna Aircraft plant. As he waited, he stayed at an art gallery, living in a closet in exchange for sweeping the premises. Many of that gallery’s artists, most of them graduate students at Wichita University, went on to achieve national and international reputations. One of them lent Sewell a camera, and he began a series of photographs at a local junkyard. It was an inspirational time for him, essentially his introduction to the world of fine art, and he would pay tribute by adopting that gallery’s name, Bottega, for his own venture. When Sewell finally managed to get to Brazil, he took

**SALON DES REFUSÉS WAS A BRASH AND INSPIRED MOVE THAT CAUGHT THE ATTENTION OF ARTISTS AND COLLECTORS AS WELL AS THE PRESS.**
a sculpture class at the Escola de Bella Artes. Back in Minnesota, he took several art courses through the Minneapolis School of Art’s evening program.11

The show featured Sewell’s large, vividly colored paintings based on outlines made by swirling casein glue on art board. The work garnered solid reviews but, perhaps more important, the gallery itself got great press. Tribune critic Sherman wrote that the Bottega was “beginning to seethe, not only as a Bohemian rallying point for many of the city’s artists but as an informal and unconventional hospice for the art-loving laity, with or without buying money.” In the Star, Don Morrison noted the “good taste and integrity” of the gallery’s exhibits and “its value as an outlet and showcase for unestablished local artists.” He added that he frequently mentioned the Bottega in his column “out of awed admiration for the staying power of the penniless but cheerful young people who operate it.”12 Staying open on a frayed shoestring budget, the Bottega had not only survived its first year but had clearly carved out its own niche in the region’s art scene.

Sewell lived and worked at the Bottega in a walled-off space that included a huge bed, a bath area partitioned off by stained-glass windows from a razed church, and a window overlooking the Café di Napoli’s parking lot. In addition to the art on the walls, the gallery was filled with a procession of odd items that had caught Sewell’s eye: antique wedding chests from Croatia,
IN JANUARY 1964 THE BOTTEGA

hosted an exhibition of Marcos Grigorian's powerful mural, *The Gates of Auschwitz*. The 120-foot-long floor-to-ceiling mural took up three walls in the gallery's main room. Grigorian, a 39-year-old Armenian born in Russia, had studied art in Rome and been an important teacher, artist, and organizer in Iran. He had moved to Minneapolis in 1962 and was teaching at the Minnetonka Art Center. *The Gates of Auschwitz* had been publicly shown only once earlier, in Tehran as part of an exhibition of work by the Contemporary Iranian Artists Group. A *Tribune* writer noted that the dozen canvases comprising the huge piece, Grigorian's response to the horrors of World War II, presented a “panorama of Bosch-like starkness, nudity and shock.” The Monday-night opening turned out to be a huge social event and drew more than 500 visitors, a crowd that trailed down the gallery steps. Grigorian and his work would gain international recognition.

Over the following two years, a parade of skilled and innovative artists would display their work at the upstairs gallery. Young painters such as Neil Stouffer, Harmony Hammond, Sherry Blanchard Scholl, David Friedman, and Mary Ellen Ponsford headlined shows, as did the talented young photographer Daniel Seymour. Art faculty from the region's colleges and universities were also featured. Robert Cronin from St. John's University in Collegeville was given a showing in February 1964. Landscapes by John Maakestad, who taught at St. Olaf College in Northfield, appeared the following month. Sewell was reunited with two of his mentors from the original Bottega when James Davis, on the faculty at Wichita University, and Bruce McGrew, teaching at the Morris campus of the University of Minnesota, visited for a show of their paintings at the Minneapolis version. Cameron Booth, then 72 and in his fifteenth year of teaching at the University of Minnesota, returned to the gallery for a one-person show of his paintings of horses. Booth was acclaimed for his abstractions; these new works were more expressive. One critic hailed them as “muted nature poems.” Booth offered that they might be better described as “barnyard landscapes.”

Several of the Bottega shows were exceptionally memorable. A 1965 exhibition of David J. G. Oxtoby's pen-and-ink drawings was slated for only a single day because of the work's markedly erotic nature. Sewell was sure that staying open any longer would invite the possibility of obscenity charges. Only 26, Oxtoby had already had solo shows in London, New York, and Stockholm when he arrived in Minneapolis to teach at the School of Art. The school's director, Arnold Herstand, had tried to get Oxtoby to show at other galleries in Minneapolis. All of them were eager to exhibit earlier paintings done in England that had already gained acclaim—images reflecting rock-and-roll and jazz musicians. But none of the galleries offered to show the work he had made in Minnesota, erotic drawings that were a bit too “aggressive” for their venues. “Some people consider my things pornographic,” Oxtoby told a reporter. “I don’t see it at all. To me, they are quite romantic.” With his long dark hair, thick sideburns, and even thicker Yorkshire accent, Oxtoby had quickly become a favorite with his students. He recruited six coeds to wear maids' uniforms and serve tea from a huge polished urn to gallery visitors during the Sunday-afternoon reception. The show was a hit, nearly all of the drawings were sold, and an excellent review appeared in the *Star*. The good press and the knowledge that many of the drawings were now owned by prominent art collectors gave Sewell the confidence to extend the show for a full week.
Jan Rivard Attridge was one of Minneapolis’s bright young stars. She had grown up in Marshall, Minnesota, graduated from Stephens College in Missouri, studied art in Boston, Minneapolis, and Paris, and been a model and photographer in New York. She returned to Marshall for a series of paintings that captured the life of the town. Her show at the Bottega included brightly colored, highly stylized portraits of the local bank president, town historian, and other civic leaders as well as paintings of farmers, sports competitions, and parades. In his Star column, Morrison wrote that a visit to the show could “brighten your downtown lunch hour with warmth and beauty.” Fellow artists, art lovers, and Attridge’s Minneapolis friends were joined at the show’s reception by a large contingent that had journeyed in from Marshall despite a snowstorm.17

Hollis McDonald was another of the Twin Cities’ strong talents. After graduating from the Minneapolis School of Art, he had earned an MFA at Cranbrook Academy in Michigan. The recently married artist’s bright, non-objective paintings filled the Bottega for an exhibition titled Post Nuptial Paintings. Inspired by a recent beer ad that had popularized shirts bearing images of the faces of famous composers, Larry and Nancy Rosing silk-screened McDonald’s somewhat imposing visage onto a stack of sweatshirts and sold them at the gallery. Soon the artist’s face was appearing in multiples throughout the crowd. Henny Youngman told McDonald that he planned to wear one of the shirts during an upcoming appearance on the Johnny Carson Show. The artist hoped it might boost his career, but Youngman and the shirt never made it on the air.18

On a Friday night in April 1965, the gallery hosted a reception opening the show Six Artists and the Nude. The artists included William Ammerman, chair of the art department at Wisconsin State University—River Falls, Larry Rosing, who was teaching at the River Falls campus, and Nancy Rosing, who had studied art in Mexico after graduating from the Minneapolis School of Art. The other artists—Scholl, Attridge, and Oxtoby—had previously had one-person shows at the Bottega. One of the artists’ models baked a batch of large cookies in the shape of nude figures and used colored icing to highlight certain physical details. The treats made for interesting watching as they were devoured by the reception crowd.19

Late in the summer of 1965, Sewell asked Rita Johnstone, his assistant at the Bottega, to write a letter to Marcel Duchamp, inviting him to enter a piece of art in an upcoming show of found art and readymades at the gallery. To Sewell’s surprise, the icon of modern art replied. He would be in Minneapolis in October for a major show, Not Seen and/or Less Seen of/by Marcel Duchamp/Rose Selavy. He promised to visit the Bottega and enter himself in the show.20

Duchamp and his wife, Teeny, arrived at the gallery on a warm October afternoon, surprising Johnstone, who did not immediately recognize the famed artist. Sewell, the Duchsamps, and Johnstone spent several hours examining the work in the gallery, chatting about art, and enjoy-
ing the view from the gallery’s bay window as pedestrians marched up and down Hennepin Avenue. Sewell had dinner brought up from the Café di Napoli and they ate seated on cushions around a large, weathered antique bellows that served as a table. The foursome listened to a hand-wound Victrola and watched the city’s lights come on as night arrived. The 78-year old Duchamp declared that the collages Sewell had made using clippings from girlie magazines were some of the freshest things he had seen in years and asked if he could have a pair of them, one for himself and one for his friend Max Ernst. In exchange, Duchamp autographed the extra-wide necktie that Sewell was wearing. Sewell considers the short visit to have been the highlight of the Bottega’s existence.²¹

**THE BOTTEGA’S ARTISTS KNEW THAT**
the art world was astir. Events like Allan Kaprow’s *Mushroom*, the 1962 happening staged at St. Paul’s Wabasha Street caves, and shows like *Fifty California Artists, Post Painterly Abstraction*, and *London: The New Scene* at the Walker and *Six Artists and the Object* at the MIA provided glimpses of the newest trends and currents in the world outside Minnesota. Although it was never a hotbed for the avant-garde, the Bottega was open to every type of art. Its activities ranged from showing postage-stamp collages by Harry Wang, religious art by Marjorie Pinkham, and anti-religious art by Enrique Sanchez and Father Edward Thomas to staging a Mexican Art Fair and hosting an evening of experimental films.²²

The social and political turmoil of the era also made its way into the gallery. Paul Hanson, a St. Olaf student who shared a show with his art teacher, John Maakestad, included a piece evoking the sadness that had filled the country a few months earlier at the news of President Kennedy’s assassination. More than 60 pieces donated by artists including Hollis McDonald, Jerome Liebling, John Rood, and Walter Quirt were auctioned off at the gallery to raise funds for the legal defense of a group of students at Indiana University who had been arrested following their protests of the U.S. embargo of Cuba. Infuriated by the brutal attacks on civil rights marchers in Alabama, David Oxtoby held back the drawings he had planned to include in *Six Artists and the Nude* and substituted a brand-new series of extremely aggressive images he created in reaction to the news of Selma’s Bloody Sunday. These scattered artistic responses were preludes to the social ferment that would boil over in the second half of the decade.²³

Sherman of the *Tribune* wrote that Sewell was a “zealous and inventive innovator who allows his fancy full rein in all kinds of unconventional media.” The critic was referring to Sewell’s erotic collages, his paintings using lace and yarn,
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the wide ties that he fashioned from bolts of wildly colored fabric, and the decorative boxes he made when asked to create a theme for the Mount Sinai Hospital Auxiliary Ball. But the description could as easily have applied to his approach to operating the Bottega. He painted a sign with the letters POP ART and pasted it across the front of the gallery’s Coke machine. A few days later a news item reported that pop art was available at the Bottega for a dime. In a spontaneous moment, he convinced a young gallery visitor to disrobe so that he could use her dress as a canvas. She waited patiently in her slip and undergarments as he turned the dress and the act of adorning it into art. The girl was thrilled, Lee Emberley remembered. Another time, Sewell arrived at a Walker Art Center opening escorting a young lady, her face and body swathed in bright paint designs a la Goldfinger. (The Tribune reported that he felt this was “the only way he could get his work into the Walker.”) Following lunch with Don Morrison at the Café di Napoli, Sewell took the columnist’s plate upstairs, coated it and the leftover food with clear resin, and set the result out as an art object. He looked at every reception and event as an opportunity to host the best party possible. Other area galleries offered fine art, but the Bottega was different. It seemed a fresher place, more exuberant, its day-to-day life closer to happenings than business. At the Bottega, art was fun. But that existence was becoming more and more tenuous. A side business in picture framing and art supplies helped keep the Kilbride-Bradley gallery solvent. Gordon Locksley’s Red Carpet gallery doubled as a hair salon. The Bottega had no sideline. It had to sell art to survive. It did that, but the bills piled up at a much faster rate and many went unpaid. Sewell sought out contributions from friends and artists to pay an overdue phone bill and gave Johnstone bags of groceries when he was unable to pay her wages. He asked supporters to pay one dollar to keep their names on his mailing list and charged two dollars to have the bumps on a visitor’s head analyzed using an ancient psychograph. He began charging a quarter to enter the gallery, an unpopular ploy he confessed might help “keep the riff raff away,” but the small box where the money was kept often disappeared.

In the fall of 1964, the gallery hosted a pair of well-publicized fund-raising auctions featuring art.
Announcement of the second of two benefit art auctions: “The Bottega needs Your Support!”
MORE THAN 10,000 VISITORS CLIMBED THE WORN STEPS FROM HENNEPIN AVENUE AND VIEWED ART, SOME OF IT REALLY GOOD ART.

Donated by artists and collectors. Advertisements boasted that there would be no minimum bids and everything would be sold. Auctioneers included Arnold Walker, the host of Folio on KTCA television, Lee Richardson, who had played Claudius in Hamlet and Biff in Death of A Salesman on the Guthrie stage, and comedian Youngman. Sewell also relied on a tiny group of patrons and collectors to whom he would go in hopes of selling an art piece when the financial pressures became particularly threatening. He could usually count on stalwarts like Al Teeter, William and Stanley Gregory, John and Trudy Brooks, and Dr. Malcolm McCannel. On one occasion, Sewell’s younger brother Stephen pulled out a pocket watch, stared at its face, and told McCannel, “It is time to do business.” The gallery needed money.

Before one of the benefit auctions, Don Morrison wrote that the Bottega, “in the eyes of any book-keeper, could be called a non-profit institution.” If it was an institution, it was a severely troubled one. The final blow came early in February 1966, when Sewell received an eviction notice. He announced that the gallery would shut its doors and put For Sale tags on the stained-glass windows, rusty wheelchairs, oversized beds, and other weird and funky furnishings and objects that filled it. John Sherman wrote that the gallery “was going out with a bang and not a whimper” and praised some of the artists in the Bottega’s final group show. It included an “amazing array” of art objects from Alice Thomas, calligraphic work from I-Jean Hwang Ting that gave “great visual pleasure,” and photographs from David Seymour that achieved “purity of statement and abstract simplicity.”

On April 25 that final show closed. Sewell went downstairs to the Café di Napoli and returned the keys. He was done with the gallery business, he told a reporter. “I’m beginning to want to do more, faster; the pace isn’t quite quick enough. It doesn’t change fast enough,” he said. “I just feel that I am ready to go on to something else.” He had upholstered a Volkswagen bus using old mink coats and, for his next adventure, would drive it to Los Angeles to visit his old friend from Minneapolis’s West High, actor Michael Blodgett.

AFTER THE BOTTEGA CLOSED, SOME of its artists were able to show their work at the Kilbride-Bradley gallery or Suzanne Kohn’s up-and-coming gallery in St. Paul. Hollis McDonald, Nancy Rosing, Danny Seymour, and Harmony Hammond all went to New York, at least for a while. Neil Stouffer headed for California and ended up in Canada. Sherry Blanchard Scholl moved to Arizona. Jan Attridge found her way to the art colony at Grand Marais. David Friedman set up his studio in Honolulu. Don Pulver eventually settled in Florida, Bob Cronin taught at Brown University and Bennington College, and Marcos Grigorian re-
turned to Iran and then Armenia. As for Tom Sewell, after many years as an artist and entrepreneur in Venice, California, he moved to Hawaii where he continues to photograph, produce films and multimedia projects, and create art.

During the Bottega’s brief existence, more than 10,000 visitors climbed the worn steps from Hennepin Avenue and viewed art, some of it really good art. The gallery had made its name by staging the Salon des Refusés in 1963. It held a second salon in 1964, featuring rejects from that year’s biennial at the Walker. But that would be the last. The artists who were a part of the Bottega no longer needed that kind of exposure. Sewell’s gallery had offered them a refuge and a place to show their work. It biggest contribution, however, was imbuing young artists with a sense of the excitement and fulfillment available in the world of art—and the confidence that they could find a role for themselves within it. The important galleries take on that mission for each new generation of artists. That is what happened in the opening years of the 1960s, upstairs in the Minneapolis Tribune, at the Bottega Gallery.

Notes

1. Minneapolis Tribune, Dec. 23, 1962, 7F. This, the Bottega’s first newspaper-calendar listing, promised an open house and group show of ten artists. Kurt Kent, “Bottega or Bottega,” Ivory Tower (Minnesota Daily feature ed.), May 6, 1963, 10–11; the galleries were the Premier, Collectors, and West Bank.


5. Minneapolis Tribune, Apr. 7, 1963, 7E, Apr. 28, 1963, 7F. Only 117 works were chosen. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts Bulletin, June 1963, contains the show catalog listing all exhibitors and prize winners and including an essay by Lawrence Alloway, curator of the Guggenheim Museum in New York, one of the jurors. The others were Fred Conway, Washington University, and Thomas S. Dibbs, director of the Des Moines Art Center.


8. In the Minneapolis Tribune, Sept. 13, 1964, 3E, New York-based critic John Canaday hailed the Walker’s programming as “the country’s most vigorous outpost of in-art.” Minneapolis Tribune, Nov. 24, 1963, Picture sec., 2–7 (Four Centuries), and Dec. 1, 1963, Upper Midwest, 5, calling Four Centuries “one of the most remarkable art exhibitions ever to be shown in the Upper Midwest”; Minneapolis Tribune, Aug. 15, 1965, 5E, reporting that Art USA’s work, done between 1959 and 1961, offered “a glimpse into the studios of artists who had arrived” and represented the “still-seething crosscurrents and rampant pluralism of the art situation in America.”


13. Minneapolis Star, Dec. 13, 1963, 17B. Morrison reported, “Tom has assembled the wildest collection of furniture in the city and if you feel weary, you can sit down on a huge throne (worthy of a cardinal at the very least), stretch out on a grotesque Victorian leather sofa or, for that matter, a nutty banal bed that Tom bought at the Earle Brown estate sale.” Emberley inter-
view; Tom Sewell, telephone interviews, Jan. 11, May 31, 2009.


19. Six Artists and the Nude (Minneapolis: Bottega Gallery, 1965), Sewell Archive; Rosing interview. The eight-page catalog contains brief biographies and photographs of the artists and representative images of work in the show.


28. Minneapolis Tribune, Apr. 24, 1966, 1E.


Harmony Hammond, internationally recognized as a feminist artist, currently lives and maintains a studio in New Mexico; http://harmonyhammer.com.


33. Friedman moved to Los Angeles and then to Hawaii; http://davidfriedmanart.com.


35. Minneapolis Tribune, Nov. 10, 1964, 33, noted that the Bottega’s 1964 salon contained about 75 pieces, showing that those who got into the Walker biennial were “hard challenged by some who did not.” The show caused quite a furor when two of the jurors, Theodoros Stamou and James Wines, critiqued local artists as outdated and questioned why any artist would want to live and work outside of New York City.

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