

The Labyrinth of Judith Linhares

by Brooks Adams

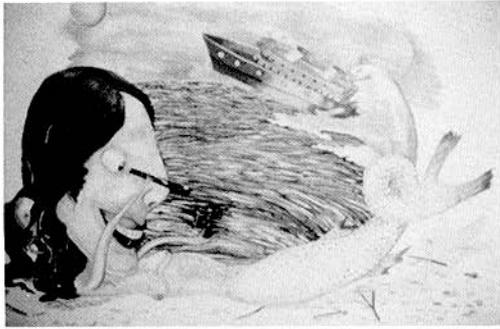
For fourteen years, I have lived surrounded by the strange paintings of Judith Linhares. The first to arrive was a large gouache (1980) of an ink-blue sea and a chartreuse sky, with a foetal fisherman fishing from a tree, a siren pouring water from her rock, and a *zaftig* mermaid reclining under a parasol in the deep. Linhares' painting has always tapped into my affection for Symbolist art—for those ineffable feelings of drowning and rebirth, desolation and quasi-mystical redemption that I tend to associate with masters such as Hodler and Munch, Gauguin and Ensor. Fresh out of graduate school, circa 1980, I also remember thinking how much Linhares' aquatic imagery recalled the Swiss artist Arnold Böcklin's late 19th century paintings

of frolicking tritons and sirens. Böcklin's hallucinatory transformations of Basel burgermeisters into sirens and sphinxes, not to mention humanoid fish and fowl, were just the things to whet my appetite for this California visionary whose seemingly trance-induced paintings conveyed a similar enchantment, and sense of the macabre, about late 20th-century America.

The next Linhares to enter my life was *Woodpecker* (1984). The colossal bird is painted a deep oneiric blue suggestive of pottery glazes, and is set against a brownish-yellow ground that evokes a funky, Wild West look of burnished leather. The woodpecker, I learned from Linhares, was based on a dream she had had about attending a cocktail

party at my apartment, which at that point she had never actually seen. In the dream, she said, she was “being served some really strange cocktail dip, while woodpeckers were heard hammering away out on the balcony.”¹ The painted woodpecker with its cyclopean eye—like Max Ernst's Loplop, it is a hieratic and somewhat predatory, if ultimately benign bird—has since become a surrogate portrait of the art historian-turned-critic, its owner.

A couple of years later I stalked a large gouache called *Limbo Zombies* (1986) which I recognized immediately to be one of Linhares's masterpieces. It is a haunted, post-apocalyptic landscape of gray rocks, severed heads and phallic tree



Sailor, 1976
gouache on paper
29 x 35"
(not in exhibition)

trunks, through which a small struggler's army of oddly delicate, one-eyed creatures makes its way—tiny mutant arms outstretched, as if in search of some connection with another being. This big painting on paper, along with other works by Linhares, was shown in 1986 at an East Village gallery known as Mo David, which was run by the artist Mike Osterhout. This was during the last gasp of the neo-bohemian East Village scene, and Linhares was lionized by younger artists and critics alike as a sort of talismanic figure of authority on everything defiant, weird and witchy about figurative art. (Starting in 1982, Linhares also showed at the Concord Gallery in Soho, whose director, Ragland Watkins, initially paired her work with that of Haim Steinbach.) At the time, the critic-impresario Dan Cameron referred to Linhares as “she of the bulbous heads and the white magic, the earth-sky dichotomies and wavering phantasms.”²

By the early '90s, Linhares' imagery had become more abstract and ambiguous. For example, I

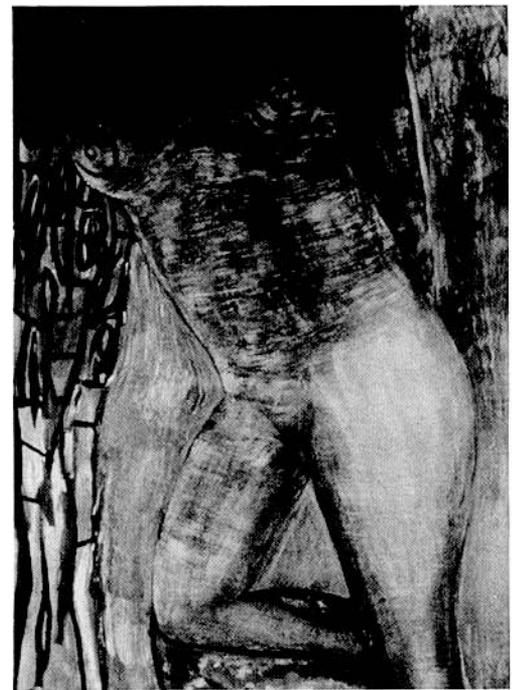
have never quite figured out whether *Amazon*, the darkly luminous gouache that came to me in 1991, was conceived as a vindictive or a redemptive allegory. All I know is that its central image—the figure of a bug-headed woman standing like a gondolier who stabs, or stirs, a pile of large, parti-colored balls with her trident—has an intense, testicular energy. A few of these orbs are specifically defined as eyeballs, once again affirming the importance of the cyclopean leitmotif in Linhares' oeuvre. The exaggerated anatomies, and the South of the Border palette of citrus yellows, magenta and orange against black are also reminiscent of Rufino Tamayo, as well as the less well-known Brazilian artist, Tarsila do Amaral (1886-1973), a woman modernist whose work of the 1920's closely resembles Linhares'. Amaral's remarkably intense paintings of figures with tiny heads and swollen limbs were a high point of the 1993 exhibition *Latin American Artists of the Twentieth Century* at The Museum of Modern Art in New York. With *Amazon*, indeed as

always, Linhares established herself as a vanguardist in the reassessment of the Mexican influence and spirit in modern art. In fact, for three months in 1976 she lived in the silver city of Guanajuato, where she found herself in contact with the continuing, living power of such rituals as the Day of the Dead. There, she became engrossed by the museum of the 19th-century cadavers “with heads that look like pumpkins in the fields when they’ve collapsed.” She also took to making small black and white gouache studies that enabled her to get the tonal values—what might be called the *sol y sombra* of her compositions—just right, before proceeding with her characteristic, blisteringly bright, sun-baked and moon-stewed colors.

As we have become increasingly aware, in recent years, of the legacy of Mexican modernism, it has become clear that Linhares’ work connects to an alternate lineage formed by such powerful female avatars as Frida Kahlo, Remedios Varo and Leonora Carrington—who, through her relationship to

Max Ernst, provides yet another link to the bird Loplop. With their quirky yet rather finite personal iconographies, however, and their odd, lapidary, Old Masterish styles, these artists do not stand before Linhares as predecessors in any direct formal sense, but as pioneers along the visionary route, the redemptive path less often taken by artists this century.

Coming as she did from the West Coast—and indeed, from the highly particular school of the 1960s and the ’70s San Francisco Bay Area figuration—Linhares was uniquely posed, at the onset of the ’80s, to introduce the tenets of contemporary Symbolism, based in large part on Jungian dream imagery and Surrealist automatism, to a New York art world hungry once again for painting. Her espousal of personal, domestic and mythic subject matter coincided with an important shift away from Conceptualism towards the heated imagery and fervent iconography of what was generally referred to as Neo-Expressionism. Linhares was certainly no American-girl

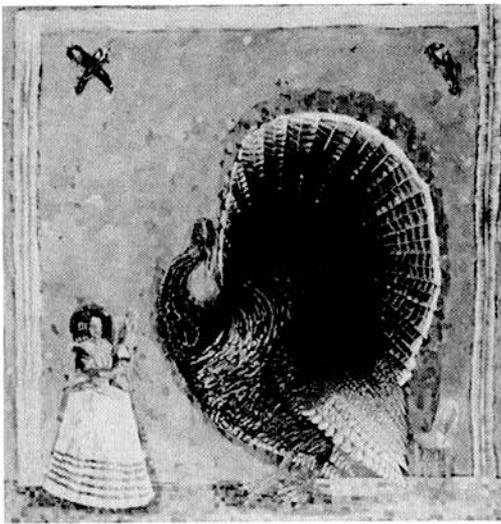


Shaded Torso, 1985

oil on canvas

48 X 36"

Collection of Josette Johnson



Turkey 1977

72 X 68

Oil on canvas

Collection of the City and County of San Francisco; Courtesy of the San Francisco Art Commission

incarnation of the German and decidedly boyish *Neue Wilden* painters, whose typically brash-looking canvases had suddenly become ubiquitous. By 1980, the year she arrived in New York (after a brief teaching stint in Louisiana where she met her current companion, the mazemaker-poet Stephen Spretinak), Linhares was already an established West Coast master with a spectacularly pellucid gouache technique. Her work had been represented in a number of group exhibitions, including the defiantly titled *Bad Painting* show at the New Museum of Contemporary Art, New York, in 1978, and, in spite of the show's title, it was in fact anything but unskilled. One *Bad Painting* inclusion, Linhares' bewitched *Turkey* (1977), of a magisterial and multi-hued bird alongside the dwarfed figure of a colonial infanta, was already the stuff of legend in certain circles by the time I first approached the artist, in 1980, in order to select a group of her gouaches for a section that I was putting together of the P.S. 1 exhibition, *Watercolors*. To the eyes of many New Yorkers at

that time, Linhares' art seemed extremely peculiar—cryptic and quizzical and open to reverie, rather than brazenly self-assertive and macho like so much of the new German and American painting of the period. It was almost as if Linhares herself had dropped down into Lower Manhattan from the sky, like an apparition in a Magic Realist novel, or like one of her own voodooish insects or mythic birds.

In fact the origins of Linhares' style may clearly be traced to the artist's California roots. Born Judy Wood in Pasadena in 1940, she was raised in a Southern Californian atmosphere of what she describes as "bodybuilders and bikers," and a familial structure of "total matriarchy." The artist grew up with her grandmother in the sleepy towns of Newhall and Hermosa Beach until Linhares was 13. Her mother was an X-ray technician who supported the family and who also worked out at Muscle Beach. Her father had been a policeman, last seen when the artist was six. The artist remembers reading the Bible as a child

with her grandmother, and loving pirate movies (“with Maureen O’ Hara lashed to the mast of a ship”), as well as feature-length Walt Disney cartoons such as *Snow White* and *Pinocchio*. Indeed, one of Linhares’ early ambitions was to become an animation artist, and skewed cartoon figures—from earthy moo-cows to ornery goslings—are frequently evident in her mature work. (In 1970, while a graduate student at the California College of Arts and Crafts, she presented a short animated film titled *Swan Song* as her M.F.A. thesis, rather than an art history paper. This work may readily be understood as a bridge between the artist’s early interest in animation, and the cartoonish element in her later paintings.)

As a teenager, Linhares moved in with her mother, who had remarried and was living in Manhattan Beach, and took the name of her stepfather, Coe. Throughout her adolescence she defined herself as Judith Coe, artist and “poet groupie,” and hung out in the mystically-minded, beatnik world

of Malibu Beach. As a young teenager she knew Wallace Berman, the tiny local visionary artist who also wore a boy scout uniform. She saw his show of assemblages and proto-Xerox art that he called “verifaxes,” and that was closed by the police on charges of obscenity, at the Ferus Gallery in 1957. During the late ’50s, she also greatly admired work by the California assemblagist Bruce Conner. For Linhares, these artists would forever define artistic risk-taking and bohemianism—concepts that she has always adhered to.

In 1958 at 17 she moved to Oakland and, at 19, married a young art student, Phil Linhares, who later became an influential Bay Area curator and organized the first Hairy Who show at the San Francisco Art Institute in 1968. With Linhares, she had a daughter, Amanda, in 1960. Until 1963 Linhares’ paintings were abstract, but she was looking at work on either side of the Maginot Line of representation, by such Bay Area artists as David Park, Elmer Bischoff, and Richard Diebenkorn,

as well as DeKooning, Pollock and Guston, which she had first encountered the decade before at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Guston’s late-in-life return to figuration also proved to be an inspiration for her own ’80s imagist style.

But abstraction remains a constant in Linhares’ process. Each work since 1976 and the artist’s Mexican sojourn has started off as an abstract field of color—a phase she describes as “moving light around the canvas,” often in tonally contrasting, complementary color schemes. Only gradually does she pull a specific subject up from what she calls “my pool of images.” Then she proceeds to inflect, and re-inflect, what is at base something quite like a gestural abstraction, slowly bringing it into a latter-day realm of representation.

In San Francisco, Linhares’ affinities and friendships were legion.³ Peter Saul’s series of “Vietnam” paintings, for example, made a big impression on her when they were exhibited at the San Francisco Art



The Beekeeper's Daughter, 1990

oil on canvas

53 x 76"

Collection of Danny Emmerman

Institute in 1968. She hung out with James Albertson, the prototypical “Bad” painter (whose work was also in the New Museum show) and whose “Jack and Jill” paintings, as well as his phantasmagoric works based on the children’s prayer “Now I lay me down to sleep,” have strong resonances in Linhares’ ’80s painting. She was also on friendly terms with the epochal cartoonist R. Crumb, along with a whole circle of cartoon artists that included Spain Rodriguez and S. Clay Wilson. (Crumb’s bulbous, eschatological style would later influence both Guston and Linhares’ swollen-headed anatomies.) Linhares admired the artist and Batman Gallery proprietor Wally Hedrick, and became friends with his wife, the painter Jay De Feo, whose 300-pound, thickly impastoed painting *The Rose*, 15 years in the making, made a formidable impression on her. What she loved about Hedrick was his “archetypal, ‘I don’t give a shit’ attitude,” as well as works such as an American-flag painting that was shown in the *Sixteen Americans* show at The Museum of Modern

Art in 1959 along with works by De Feo, Jasper Johns, and Frank Stella’s “Black Paintings.” Hedrick’s limnerish, roadside style was a signpost in Linhares’ development, and in 1994 she showed with him at Gallery Paule Anglim in San Francisco, her principal dealer since 1976. (Also during her San Francisco period, beginning in 1963, Linhares made three-dimensional constructions, such as a table covered in velvet or a vitrine with a skeleton figure, using kitschy materials like rhinestones, and a floral shower curtain that she cut up and transformed into a relief element composed of translucent layers. One such piece, a fragile but functioning, free-standing lamp construction from 1971 titled *Swan Song* is in the collection of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.)

Also between the early ’60s and ’70s, Linhares became intimately acquainted with a whole category of cultural production typically grouped under the rubric of Outsider Art. As she explained in a letter to Barbara Freeman, the research curator of the 1993

exhibition *Parallel Visions: Modern Artists and Outsider Art* at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art: “During the ’60s, I worked with physically and/or mentally disabled artists and observed the making of inspiring work. I was fortunate to gather a nice collection of their drawings, paintings on paper and ceramic works. At the same time, I shared in an interest in outside art with my ex-husband Phil Linhares. He collected, supported and brought to the public’s attention the art of many outsiders. I own a Joseph Yoakum, a B.J. Newton, and a Howard Finster...I was aware through the ’60s and the ’70s of outsider artists like Gaston Duf, Scottie Wilson, and Martin Ramirez through books and some good private collections such as those of Jim Nutt and Gladys Nilsson. My particular interests are P. M. Wentworth and Joseph Yoakum for their sense of imaginary travel and for Wentworth’s invented space and sense of weightlessness.”⁴ It is indeed easy to understand how a work on paper such as Wentworth’s *Moon* (1952)—a mournful man-in-the-moon

face, overdrawn with a welter of landscape motifs and figurative incidents—strongly appealed to Linhares, whose vision so often extends to the lunar aspects. Through her friendships with Deven Golden, an artist who first defended Linhares’ work in 1980 when she exhibited with him at the Nancy Lurie Gallery in Chicago, her commitment to Outsider Art was intensified still further, for Golden showed much of this work when he was a writer and curator at the Chicago Cultural Center.⁵

As we can see, Linhares’ perspectives have consistently been “Other”—certainly, at least, vis-a-vis the dominant, New York-centered, Pop and Minimalist idioms of the period. The artist, however, dates her mature work only as far back as 1971, when she was teaching in San Jose, California, where, according to the artist, all of her students were Mexican-Americans and Vietnam vets. “They were 26, and I was 31,” she remembers. “They were all lapsed Catholics, and I showed them Buñuel movies, which they loved.”

She found San Jose to be “a breath of fresh air, with a real grit to it, after the precious and gentrified atmosphere of San Francisco.” And it was in this auspicious climate that she soon made a signal series of black-and-white ink drawings that formed her first solo show—at the Berkeley Gallery in San Francisco, in 1972.

With their spiky, linear markings and spectral imagery, including skeletons in aprons, these drawings immediately recall the Aubrey Beardsley-on-acid style of a lot of graphic design from that period—Fillmore and Avalon Ballroom concert posters, for instance—but also work by the early 20th-century Mexican graphic genius, Jose Guadalupe Posada, whose satirical broadsides once helped mobilize an entire nation for revolution, and remain potently mordant today. Most memorable in this bristling series is Linhares’ *Self-Portrait as Van Gogh* (1971), in which the artist appears in strict Renaissance profile, wearing a chenille dress with raveled sleeves, wielding a big knife, and holding a rather large,

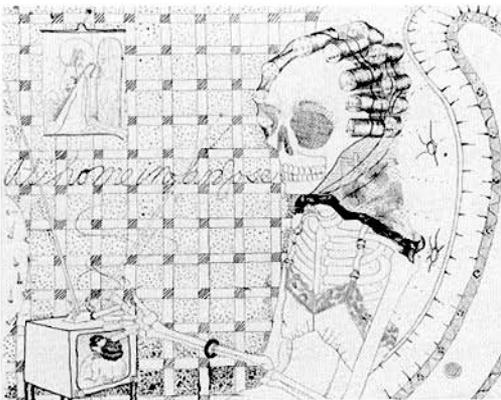


Self Portrait as Van Gogh, 1971

ink on paper

24 x 18"

Lent by the artist, Courtesy of Gallery
Paule Anglim, San Francisco



At Home in San Jose II, 1971

ink on paper

18 x 24"

Lent by the artist, Courtesy of Gallery
Paule Anglim, San Francisco

freshly severed ear as if a saintly attribute. In addition to the traditional romance of the artistic suffering that all such as Van Gogh-related iconography inevitably implies, this image was meant to evoke self-portraits by the 17th-century painter Artemisia Gentileschi who, along with many other women artists long ignored in standard textbooks, was beginning to enjoy a resurgence in the early '70s, thanks to the groundbreaking efforts of feminist scholars such as Linda Nochlin and Ann Sutherland Harris.

The shock value that Linhares' self-image held at the time should not be underestimated, for with it the artist found herself in the midst of what was undeniably a new vanguard—indeed a social as well as esthetic revolution. It is worth noting that much of Linhares' early exhibition history involves all-women group shows, and it was within this highly charged atmosphere of personal affirmation and group consciousness-raising that she became friends with other women artists then in the Bay Area,

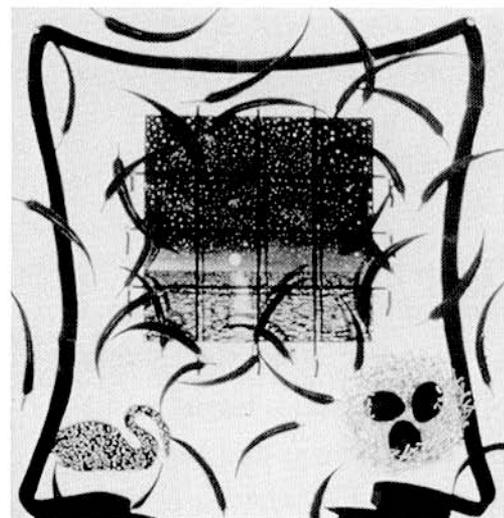
including M. Louise Stanley, Janis Provisor and Judith Hudson. They were all engaged in eccentric forms of figuration, or of landscape-based abstraction, which would over the next two decades evolve into powerfully idiosyncratic painterly visions, at odds with the prevailing discourse of the day.

During the early '70s, an emphasis on self-consciously "female" content—on pretty, corny or sentimental imagery, on the esthetic of "women's work" and the handmade—was certainly not unique to Linhares and her immediate circle. The curtained canvases with bows, and the festooned and beribboned birthday-party style installations of the late Ree Morton are perhaps the classic case in point. But even a consummately girlish drawing such as Linhares' *A Stitch in Time* (1974), with its meticulous moon and starry skies over water, pointillist swan silhouette and bird's nest with eggs, and trompe-l'oeil palimpsests of scattered feathers and furled black ribbon, convey a deepening feeling of identification with nocturnal subjects, and

especially, with birds. The artist's Symbolist affinities are indeed more explicit in this work than even in her student *Swan Song* film, or than in earlier gouache, *Bird* (1971), whose upside-down avian image and funereal swags convey a similarly poetic melancholy.

It was, however, in the years following her 1976 Mexican sojourn that all the various components of Linhares' long, searching apprenticeship—the autobiographical imagery, the Jungian dreamscapes and psychoanalytic findings, the Surrealist methods, the Outsider Art influences, and the artist's education in the ways and means of post-war abstraction—coalesced into a mature style. Linhares' 1977 *Turkey* was her watershed, the first work that she considers to have been a successful synthesis of the narrative and painterly. The residue of an intense experience of Mexico is instantly apparent in the clarion colors and blaring iconicity of this painting, not to mention the stiff posture and regional costume of the little doll figure. Only slightly less obvious but no less important,

is the powerful new message of elemental fusion—a bold mix of forces female and male, animal and human—that the work projects. This is surely the overwhelming lesson of the fantastic, hybrid culture of Mexico, and to young Linhares, the Bay Area feminist, it must have seemed a great key to many of the riddles posed by her more tentative and parochial efforts up to that point. The bird's spread of plumage, of course, is itself both an elaborate fan—the symbol of female coquetry in Latin cultures, and a motif explored by Linhares and many other artists, from Ellen Phelan and Nancy Graves to Miriam Shapiro, during the high-feminist early and middle '70s—as well as the signal display tactic of the male bird. In the artist's now expanded worldview, birds are sure heralds of visionary allegorical content. In 1984, for instance, as a kind of pendant to the woodpecker painting that I so strongly identify with, Linhares painted *Shaded Torso*, an unforgettable, charismatic vision of a headless female body fused, at shoulder level, to a tree trunk, wherein we sense somehow



A Stitch in Time, 1974

gouache on paper

35 x 29"

Collection of Philip Anglim, Los Angeles

that we are virtually inside the woman's anatomy, miraculously privy to some unfathomable metabolic transformation.

Next, to combine the motifs of the bird and the female, as well as to broaden her already loose frame of mythological references, she essayed the large and ambitious *Woman and Woodpecker* (1984), a canvas inflected by so bright a dash of red, and saturated by a saffron yellow so intense as to suggest the powder pigments of Moghul miniatures. (The shape and physiognomy of the seated female figure also have a Southeast Asian cast to them, suggestive of Cambodian temple sculpture.) This beatific, sylvan *Woman and Woodpecker*—the centerpiece, in 1985, of Linhares' room in the P.S. 1 exhibition *Ripe Fruit*, curated by Lisa Liebmann—was followed by *Annunciation* (1986), a nocturnal and altogether foreboding work in which a recessive, inchoate female form ensconced in a rock, is pictorially dominated by a big, one-eyed, bile-green woodpecker stuck to the trunk of the thick-barked tree.

Over the course of the '80s, Linhares became an expert painter of arboreal skin—bark being at once an ideal locus for painterly experiments in tone and texture, and an ideal focus for the artist's own particular form of tree worship. In the two woman-woodpecker-and-tree paintings, Linhares furthermore achieves a thoroughly quirky, syncretic blend of Christian and pre-Columbian mythologies. In both works, implied outright annunciation motifs (winged being to the left, female figure to the right, etc.) are inextricably combined with iconographic elements pertaining to ancient Meso-American lore—stories, for example, documented by Claude Levi-Strauss, among others, in which woodpeckers are able to predict the sex of unborn babies.

It may or may not be an indication of greater personal and creative contentment that in recent years Linhares has increasingly shifted her sights away from oceans and forest and their untamable forces, in favor of more pastoral farmlands. In 1987 she and Stephen Spretjnak

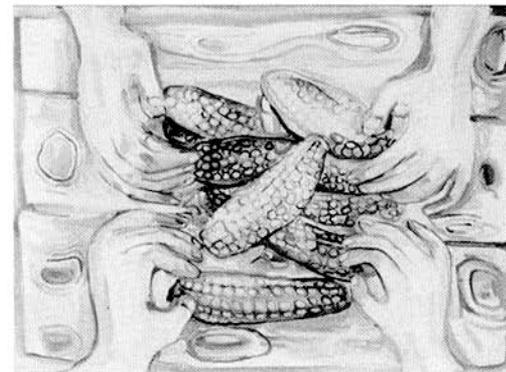
bought a Victorian farmhouse in Leonardsville, New York, in the so-called Leatherstocking region near Cooperstown where they spend most of every summer, and this new setting surely contributed to Linhares' more bucolic point of view. With a work such as *Chick* (1990), for instance, a large gouache in which a gangling, bright-yellow birdling ambles down a country road strewn with skulls and bones, beneath a purplish sky, the artist's early Disneyesque affinities are again clearly apparent, even if combined with elements of a rather more apocalyptic vision. Likewise, what might seem a familiar cast of characters—including Cupid and Psyche, Jack and Jill, along with a peaceable kingdom full of horses, cows, dogs, cats, squirrels, cheetahs and sphinxes, beekeepers and bees—are subject to mutation in Linhares' anthropomorphic lexicon, becoming ever more interchangeable, hydrocephalic, heedless of taxonomical status. With these barnyard allegories we are, as well, more distinctly reminded of the abstract origins of each of the artist's images. It is almost as if

Linhares' nursery-rhyme figures were all headed towards harmonic convergence at some unmapped point of ultimate abstraction: the essential oneness of all subject-matter.

In the '90s, however, a surprising motif surfaces in Linhares' work, bringing with it the suggestion of a new social vision. While the motif of clasped or reaching hands is not in itself entirely new for the artist—it appears at least once before, in one of her most introspective images, the womb-like *Gold Torso* of 1984 (Frederick R. Weisman Collection; not in this exhibition)—the earlier connotation was of rapt, monadic interiority. The thick fingers, for example of *Gold Torso*, are laced over the figure's stomach, as if to hold it in or shield it. But in 1992, after a semester of teaching at the California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, and of living in the desert not far from the towns where she grew up, Linhares returned to New York. As if to celebrate this reunion with friends and urban society, she painted *Corn*, a subject redolent of Mexico, and a work that evokes no less a monument to the

collectivist spirit than Diego Rivera's epic cycle depicting the history of the Aztec people—a series of murals made between 1923 and 1928 and permanently installed at the Ministry of Education in Mexico City. In Linhares' painting, four hands seen from above enter the picture plane at the top and bottom edges of the canvas, to reach for ears of corn from a small heap in the middle of the flat, if lushly rendered, wood-grained surface of a table-top. It is a quintessential allegory of community, analogous to any scene of villagers breaking bread. Absent in this picture, furthermore, are the fervid chartreuses and moody, boundless ultramarines for which Linhares is so well known. Instead we find discrete local tones, quite literally applied, including maize-yellow of course, along with the sober gray and brownish hues of proletarian realism and everyday life. There is in fact something decidedly old-fashioned about *Corn*, a whiff of the W.P.A.

By 1993 and a work called *Thinking*, Linhares had taken the hands motif



Corn, 1992

oil on linen

36 x 48"

Lent by the artist, Courtesy of Gallery Paule Anglim, San Francisco

one step further, and with it this new mood of retrospection, communality and thanks. A very small but densely worked painting reminiscent of late Guston, *Thinking* contains the single image of a pair of ruddy worker's hands clasped as if in an act of prayer—maybe to a lone God, but possibly to deities more atavistic, such as gods of rain or of the harvest. The picture packs an unmistakable primordial punch. It is too tempting here not to suggest that in revisiting the arid zones of her childhood, Linhares may have been reminded of the actualities of agriculture, hard labor and the elements, as well as of bible sessions with her grandmother. These memories, in turn, may indeed have gotten her thinking about an era even further back in time, past her childhood, to the period of the Great Depression, which is when the Abstract Expressionist generation and the artists that she first studied with were themselves learning to paint. In addition to Rivera's more exotic vision of muscular socialism, we sense in works like *Corn* and *Thinking* the spirit of hardscrabble,

plainspoken American-ness, and the distant presence of such artists as Thomas Hart Benton, who was Jackson Pollock's first mentor, and the regionalist Grant Wood.

The artist Linhares has, through her work to date, realized an arc spanning a huge array of personal, psychological, political, (multi) cultural and spiritual, as well as formal points of interest and delectation. In her strange, luminous, hard-won pictorial universe, seemingly obdurate contradictions are loosened up and reconciled. A rigorous feminism, for instance, co-exists with an almost beatific universalism; a Californian funkiness has been cut with the tonic, anxious glare of New York; a puritanical core of strict abstraction lurks within a climate of emotional and imagistic fervor worthy of a Mexican shrine; and an incipient, recession-flavored, grass-roots populism is at once animated by a Matissean joy in color, and tempered by an inherently effete Symbolist style. In fact, with Linhares as our model, it would seem that at the much-anticipated

turn of this exhausted millennium, a woman artist of uncommon vision is duty-bound to try and see a lot more than is readily apparent in the world, and to process it all.

Notes

¹Unless otherwise noted, all quotations are from conversations with the artist, April 1992 to October 1993.

²See Dan Cameron, "Judith Linhares Weaves a Spell," *Arts Magazine*, vol. 60, no. 4, December 1985, pp. 76-79.

³For more on this context, see Whitney Chadwick, "Narrative Imagism and the Figurative Tradition in Northern California Painting," *The Art Journal*, vol. 45, no. 4, Winter 1985, pp. 309-314.

⁴From an unpublished letter by Judith Linhares to Barbara Freeman, 1990.

⁵P. M. Wentworth's *Moon* is reproduced in Maurice Tuchman and Carol S. Eliel, *Parallel Visions: Modern Artists and Outsider Art*, Los Angeles, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 1992, p. 164 & 170.