

The Drake -  
Style: Michael  
L.V. Paulsen & His  
Circle

# THE DREME-STYLE



MICHAEL L.V. BUTLER  
and His Circle



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Cover illustration by Michael L. V. Butler, 1975

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Who walks beneath the treads of us  
as upside down their hooves are  
hypnotized to stay  
by our soft flesh—  
the blind which hides all bitterness?

These are lives in mirrors lived and  
spent away behind the glass which even  
prisms cannot penetrate:  
No sun shows down the caverns through  
which they pass; it is as if our lives  
Are a lake of ice,  
and in the reflected slate  
We frozen see the underside of all that  
happens,—  
Chilled and shivering  
Caught in a dance done with a partner  
who has no choice but to look away,  
Or conclude  
that his mate is a vapour full of error  
About the way it is on Top,—  
Wronged, and so wrong,—

Skater, it is below  
where lies the death of terror,  
And so, be wise  
—Skate on.

—M. L. V. Butler  
1975 a.d.  
for his friend Cheri Crouse

# Dedication



In Memory of Mae Murray  
who died of a broken heart.





Cata. No. 107

*“ . . . Such self-interpretations are obviously made under the influence of delusion-like tendencies and deep psychic forces. They originate from profound experiences and the wealth of such schizophrenic experience calls on the observer as well as on the reflective patient not to take all this merely as a chaotic jumble of contents . . . ”*



Cata. No. 52

*"... You shrug these feathers falling,—  
Yet, they are comets like tears shed  
from an earth aflame  
brandishing its omens over doomed  
and little worlds,  
—drearily dreaming,  
—helplessly churled,*

*Or perhaps,  
The alabaster breathing  
on the fatal winds of now  
has song that lulls the smiles of  
the wreckless to sleep,  
—Whatever,  
Who has recourse to any dictum  
set down by a fiery god,  
if it be only a bleeding leaf?"*

# Introduction



The incredible world represented by the works you will see in this book have an atmosphere about them which seems to me like the City of Bruges,—belov'd place of the Symbolists because it was known as the 'Dead City.' Also, one thinks of Venice: a jewel on the sea created by the Roman nobility who fled from the Barbarian sieges of their land; an impossible notion because great and impossible palaces were built over swamp. Now, in our age, it is the victim of technology,—decaying moment by moment into dust! The oak trees which were driven into the mire beneath the fabled houses of the vanished nobility rot away and cause great rents to scar the panoply of wonder that is that city's own alchemy against this all-too-dreary life of ours after two world wars!

It is no wonder that the *beau monde* which once partied and tramped about these cities were expatriots in search of an Oz. It is no wonder that they were displaced, disoriented and thought to be superfluous and unnecessary once their era had been battered and bombed away by holocaust. This is my reaction to Michael and his heritage! It is as if he has carried him, who knows,—perhaps from a prior existence,—the very nature of what has always been exquisite, precious, and remote. There is everything here to even perhaps give proof to the idea, which I, for one, foster, that what we are viewing is not at all unlike a spectre, unable to be touched or felt, yet apparent as a thing which was once mortal and of flesh.

Who can define the technique of line employed when one, in trance-state, suddenly finds oneself writing automatically? Who can be rational in the twilight glow of the *legerdemain* of a Cagliostro? I cannot say what gives me chills, reader, when I am confronted with what is oracular. Only this is apparent; there is some connection that is tightly pulled, perhaps with heart-strings, as a fated bridge destined to sway in the gale and then crack, between two poles; one pole is the land of Nod, the realm of the soul, and the other is the region where the pale and tenebrous spirit mills about in a dance done with Shadow!

What is this kind of viewing of life all about, you ask? How can such a world be when it insists on being merely half-seen, through veils and, what is worse, at dusk? Ah, the enchantment! I think now of the cryptic epigram written in lipstick by my late grandmother (La Duchesse de Fraise-du Renaille) before she left



for Baden-Baden. It is simply, 'The moon is biting my eye.' The next day, she drowned herself in the reflecting pool situated on the East lawn of our old chateau. Alas, it too, now is gone!

Dear reader, I cover and uncover my face to you as a gesture of farewell as do these sublime and extravagant moments of madness, folly, woe and frivolity. My lamp is low,—



*the Baronne Cissie de Fraise  
(Claudia)  
1975, December, Versailles*



Cata. No. 59

*"... Her face is a masterpiece beyond the canons of beauty. The varnished mouth, and the eyes sitting, plague-stricken, under heaviest of brown awnings... Her lips drawn in, always, to a swollen, self-enchanted pout dipped in the blood of her dream-lovers who, wounded from the intensity of her enveloping sinister-goodness, crawled away..."*

# The Visual Element in the Dreme-Style



*"She is as sacred as she is profane, and consistently the culmination of all aches and woes and cruel asides which haunt the dim, small torch-bearers who whirl out life like dervishes unable to stop, —unwinding all alone to the hum of their own cacophonous cry . . ."*

—Michael L. V. Butler, writing about  
Billie-Marie Gross in 1973



Cata. Nos. 73, 74, 75

It is with trepidation that an image of the kind such as this which is painted above must naturally be approached. One feels, perhaps, in the presence of a chimera, a Medusa, or the Sphinx which Oedipus questioned. To me, it is apparent that what is accomplished so very often in the images we see in the work of Michael L.V. Butler is an understanding that the schizoid, internal world of an altered consciousness and that of the pagan, pre-Christian nether-world are one and the same.

Apparent, too, is the total lack of need for intellectualization or for a vocabulary of academic words and phrases needed for comment. I will not use such language here. By the very "rush" of the quotation we can easily conjure up in our minds the ghastly claustrophobic spaces in which Michael's characters fret and die. There is only, perhaps, successfully, a need for allusion. We think of moths, who having fallen prey to a light, flutter themselves to death against its



Cata. Nos. 60, 69

*"... Who owns that awful wind which chants  
in these hollows? — poor ghost,  
disenchanted by a spell,—  
What wizards have consorted  
to know you better than you,  
who know yourself too well?"*

hot frame-work. The images find themselves, their own opposites and their meanings in statements of parameters,—confines which finally are the adjuncts of rhythmic and dynamic stress.

The calculation of gesture alone within all or any of the works demands attention that goes beyond the mere watching of a leer or swoon. In fact, the whole of any of these pieces is a great and single gesture in itself. Not even parallel with dance or mime, the movement seems derived from a reflecting study of oneself in mirrors,—the intensification of image repeated, deepened and recalled until it finds itself in a cadence of something both other-worldly and terribly too-real.

Of course, nothing in the world could be more perfect for the characterizations imposed upon the players, could it? We see the variables of movement, vocal delivery, theme, and finally a calculation, not only on the part of the performer, but on the part of the actual *design* of unfolding narrative as well, which exemplifies a single pose, a single outcome and an affirmation on the part taken by the audience that this epic-releasing is a result of something that cannot be understood in the actual, but can certainly be consumed and held within oneself as a secret is held within the heart of a child.

The cryptic elements in all of the visual work is singly fascinating as well as frustrating. The odd, unstrung rhythm in the dialogue, caused by one character apparently not listening to the other, hints internal lives growing inside of that original internal life which is the script itself. Lara Deane's delivery of Adeleine's crazed babblings in "Adeleine in Ruins (Die Tunten)" is a perfectly accomplished rendering of the phrasing,—halting, murky, cacophonous,—which so perfectly shade the speeches the fated heroine gives throughout.

Karen Durkot's acceptance of her own fatal circumstance in "Those Numbered Hearts" not only parallels this, but in that brief span of time in which she learns of Chickie's death (who was no doubt murdered by the unseen mob for no reason), we can see an exemplification of both visual and verbal delivery into the outer world.

Marge suddenly becomes an open wound and the outcome is one of beauty because the purity of gesture and simplicity in the constancy of tone, open, which enclose our sense of space; in fact, there is an enclosure of time. What is exposed is the emptiness,—nothingness,—in which these people have been caused to exist. One sees that the persons themselves are mere articulations of emptiness.



Cata. No. 171

*“... The nature of inspiration stems from a thirst for unrealizable love, and transmits itself into a kind of imagery full of nervous ecstasy which becomes localized in genuine obsessions ...”*



It is, then, the punctuation of the seemingly mundane (her line being: "Just let me fix my hair—"), coupled with the gesture of hands raised (which one takes for granted) that brings the work into its most terrifying plane. What Marge reaches for is what she has lost; what she desires is the Ideal, however discreet, which reaches away just outside the borders in which they live. The shot freezes: Marge flies into the death of it. Those desires and gestures which occupy much of many people's lives express the most terrible kind of want. One's experience, both frustrated and hopeful, finds its parallels in everything.

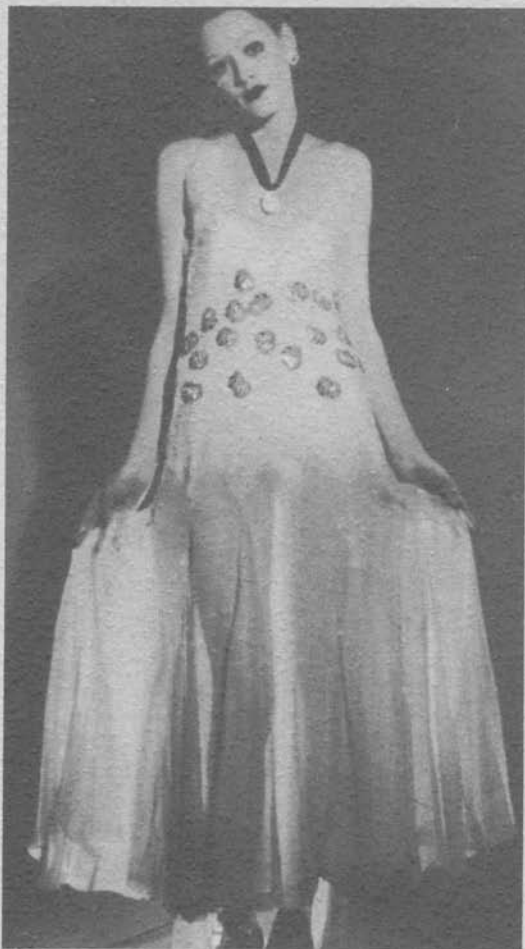
Here is the symptom that in one's smallest action can be uncovered the essential actual fact of life as it really must be. The "flights" of Billie-Marie Gross' pantomime are simply intensifications of an outer world where things have gone awry, yet *call back* the mind simultaneously to an element of place, person and interaction which we each experience.

Obviously, it is the female element who serves as a vessel for all dramatic conflict found in Michael's work. The male becomes either subject to a visual imposing of pattern (decor), or is characterized as an androgyne, dominated by perverse urges, or over-seen by an Omniscient she-beast who might cause him to become a puppet (the boy in the prologue to "Our Lady of Saturday Night"), a robot (Max, in "Adeleine in Ruins") or a pagan saint (Philip in "Polyna").

Finally, the humour which darkly but insistently pervades all of the work is one of an hysterical nature. It is perhaps the most profane element of all to be found in the pieces here collected, because it is totally and shamelessly irreverent to the work from which it springs; it does, in fact, mock itself. The result is one of that particular uneasiness sometimes felt at funerals; a response of nervous, helpless, unwanted laughter. Uneasiness and uncertainty assault, purposely, the onlooker.

This occurs because we are voyeurs. It is a private world at which we have been allowed to glimpse. Also, it is apparent that in the midst of chaos such as seen in "Polyna," for example, the huge sneer which the landscape of the film contrives (no doubt, intentionally), is a defense against intrusion. Ironically, as with most enticers, this effect is a defense against the nerve-strain it feels because it has no confidence except its own doll-like face in a mirror for the ultimate consolation. The result is a kind of nobility and remoteness full of whispered ritual and grandiose overspent valor,—volatile but so hypnotic that we begin to feel caught in the ritualized sway of all we see. Actuality and fantasy are thus interchangeable in their most extreme selves, foster each other,—become each other.





Cata. No. 61

*"... And we can only see your shadow in  
our cabarets,  
Silhouettes, Silhouettes,  
Silhouettes,  
farther away you fade,  
Friends whisper and you shirk the sunshine,  
and seek the shade! . . ."*



Cata. No. 48

## The Art of Costume and the Dreme-Style



It must be remembered that a primary and rich source of Michael L. V. Butler as a fashion designer was the creative repository he quite naturally received from his upbringing among the spunky, highly original 'Foley girls' by whom he was reared. Five sisters and mother built for themselves a life which was, at time, over-run by their respective cronies. Each sister possessed some eccentric quality which gave signature to their style; all were endowed with great wit (sometimes full of hilarity, sometimes barbed). This, more than anything else emerges from Michael's clothes.



Cata. No. 62

*"... and I secretly believed that people were affected in a perverse way by those clothes—conjuring up visions in their heads of a fantasy smacking of controlled insanity . . ."*

—Kathleen Easton



His mother was fond of cart-wheel hats, his aunt Helen often designed her own gowns, his aunt Norma went about paying bills in a riding habit and in time adopted the picturesque look of a Southern Belle. Candace, the eldest sister, was most likely the first person who made flour sacks fashionable, and 'Bill' (the girls were often given boys' names) outdid everybody by dressing with an integrity and a chic which was very similar to the fashion launched by Mme. Schiaparelli.

And so, his first collection in 1965 was based on a knowledge of the rich past his aunts had lived and recounted to him. There was no spoof involved. He, as well as they, were insulated by stubborn and innovative clannishness. He saw the life-style that would always accompany his designs as a continuance of the reserved right to be a complete and uninterrupted individual.

It is difficult today to imagine the effect that was generated by the imposing of such a style in the mid-sixties, because so much of it has filtered down into today's streetwear. Kathleen Easton, Sandi Crouse (both of whom are quoted herein) and Bridget Foley Willis came to personify the various aspects of his creation. Kate (as she is known by her friends) was, and is, the supreme example of an exquisite line carved upon air. Sandi Crouse, whose photographs are in the exhibition for which this catalogue is written, typifies in the grand manner the classic version of remote and esoteric elegance. Bridget, who is Michael's cousin, was his first model and exercises a sense of humour that is simply, and appropriately, beguiling.

A mysticism surrounds those who have adopted his style for their own. It is, in fact, a coterie. The designs are poetic, startling and even, I think, spell-binding. He believes not so much in following what might be the current vogue, but trying for a union between creator and client so that the end result might be one of an effect which is wholly out-of-time and subliminal.

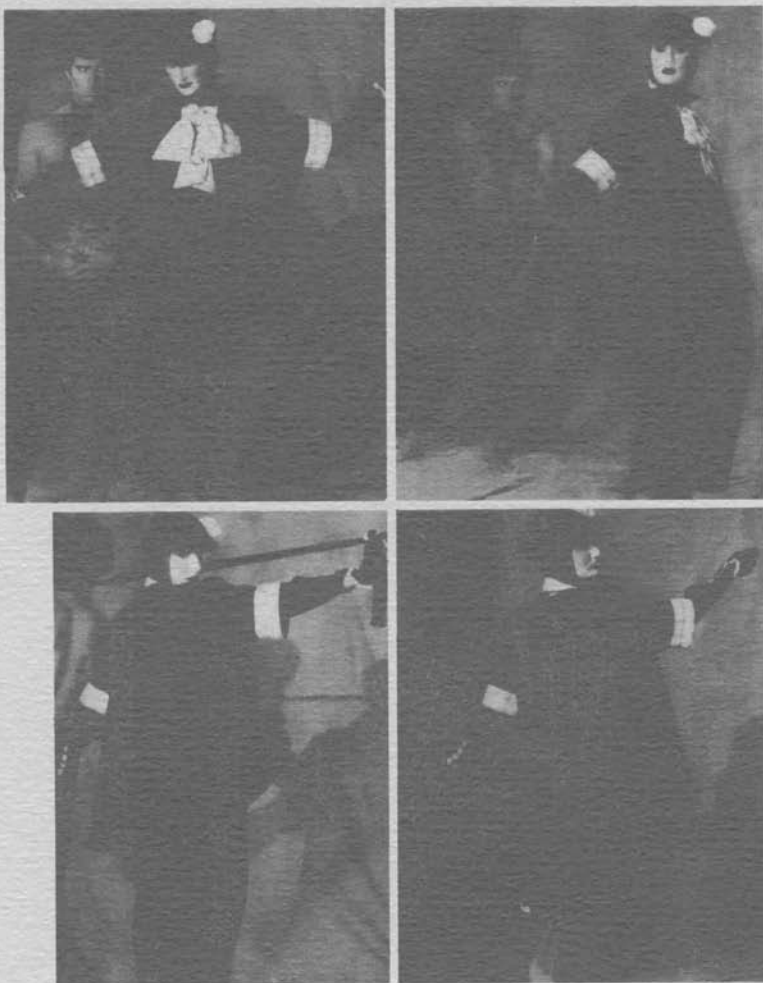
In 1968, Michael introduced voluminous silhouettes into his collection (years ahead, as usual). I think this, to date, was the culmination of his highly astute sense of line, contour, mood and amusement. These clothes never were for the masses, and thank heaven for it.

To speak of sophistication with a somber face, however, is sacrilege. To analyze mystery is to murder magic. And to attempt to decompose something very close to alchemy is simple foolishness. Beyond the skill of the craftsman is the wizardry of Merlin himself.



—Nancy, Lady Divonn  
Incheford, 1974





Cata. Nos. 165, 166, 167, 168

*"... I was never to be the same again. There was something that I loved about the way I felt the first day I wore his designs and it so influenced me that I have never dressed the same since then. It is, I think, a manner of expressing the notion that one lives life to the fullest. They are their own adornment; not everyone can wear Michael's clothes because one must be aware of the beauty of the movement of life . . ."*

—Sandi Crouse

# Catalogue

## COSTUME DIVISION

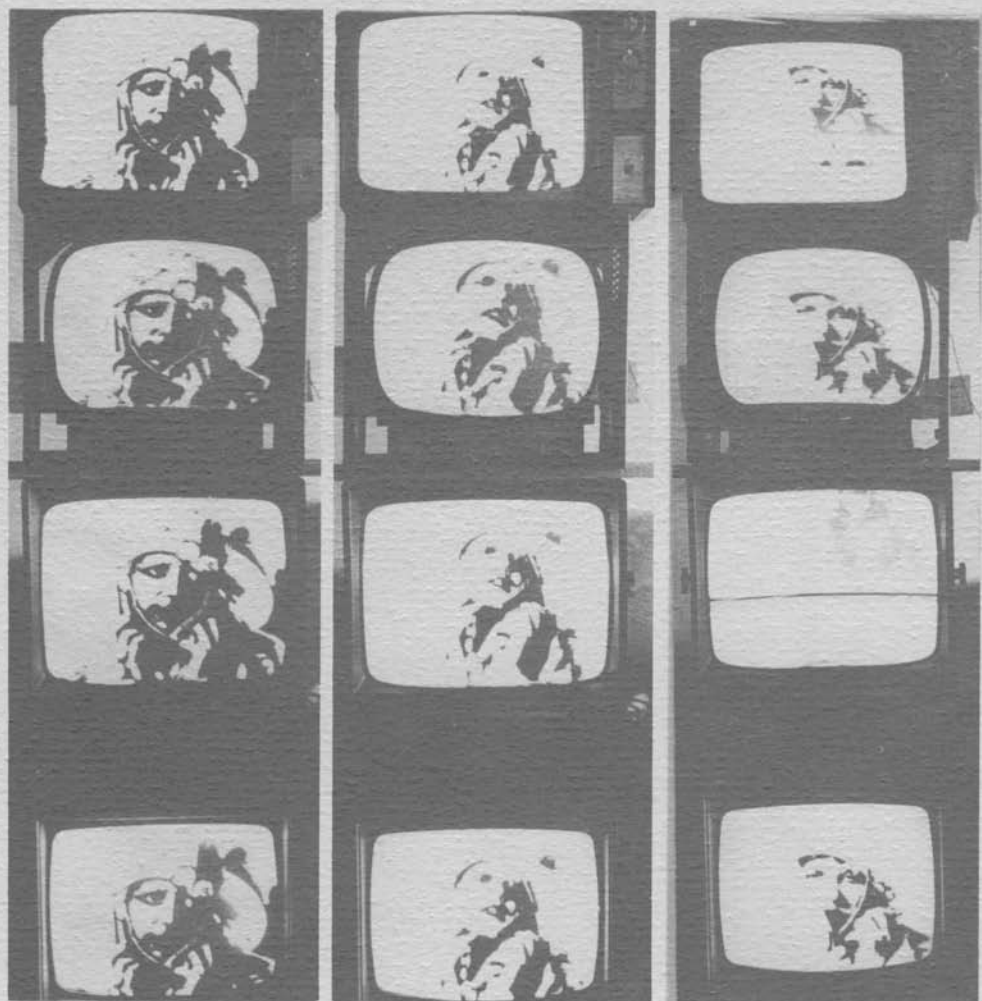
*Note: All of the garments are the creations of Michael L. V. Butler.*

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Date</i>
1	My Stormy Heart	Hooded chemise coat in oat-meal coloured wool	1973
2	Happiness is a Thing Called Joe	Crepe satin gown	1970
3	He Hit Me (But it Felt Like a Kiss)	Wool topper	1974
4	Moanin' In the Mornin'	Printed faille gown	1975
5	Caprice	Jersey and faille robe de style	1970
6	Nasty Man!	Linen garden dress	1974
7	Opus Zero: Concerto for a Broken Heart	Handkerchief silk gown	1975
8	Forbidden Friendship	Crepe satin cape coat over slip dress	1970
9	You Turned the Tables on Me	Silk dinner coat	1973
10	Suicide Note	Striped suit	1975
11	Checkin' In at Heartbreak House	Satin dinner dress with side flounce	1974
12	The Unpardonable Sin	Satin jacket over jersey slip dress	1973
13	Crime of Passion	Silk bolero over silver lame gown	1973

## SLIDE DIVISION

*Note: All photographic slides have been entirely supervised by Michael L. V. Butler, unless otherwise noted by an asterisk (\*). The artist takes complete credit for all other works shown.*

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Photographer</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Date</i>
14	Helen Foley	Bridget Foley Willis wears domeshaped blazer with narrow bottomed pants	Fall 1966
15	Michael L. V. Butler	Pre-Raphaelite style dinner dress in silk velvet	Fall 1966



Cata. No. 144

*“ . . . The culmination of being trapped, whether metaphysically or philosophically, finds its way into the microcosm of experience, signified by that which lies flat, waiting on the rim of what is neither alive nor dead, having been spirited away to the forgettable acre where the mind places picturesque, but foreboding talismans of life lived out of connection with adjustment and the adjusted . . . ”*

16-18	Michael L. V. Butler	Kathleen Easton wears wool walking ensemble with matching toque. The coat has dropped shoulders and a pegged skirt	Fall 1968
19	Hector	Kathleen Easton, Billie-Marie Gross and Lynda Gross—fashion photograph	1968
20	Hector	Kathleen Easton—fashion photograph	1968
21-25	David Michalak	Johanne Pavlis wearing "A Lady of the Pavements"; wool plaid afternoon suit; and Mme. Suzy wearing white linen wrapped smoking jacket	1971
26	David Michalak	Mme. Suzy—fashion photograph	1975
27-28	Billie-Marie Gross and David Michalak	Wedding gown for Miriam Cooper-Jones in crepe, organza and lace; trimmed in velvet. Dress is knee length in front dipping to train in back	1975
182-188	Billie-Marie Gross	Evening jacket titled "The Un-pardonable Sin" in heavy satin	1974
89	Billie-Marie Gross	Fashion photograph	1975
190-194	Hector	Black wool topper with empire waist and shawl collar	Fall 1975
195	Hector	Dinner dress titled "Checkin' In at Heartbreak House" worn by Johanne Pavlis	1973
196	David Michalak	Mme. Suzy—fashion photograph	1975
197	Billie-Marie Gross	Hooded chemise coat titled "My Stormy Heart" worn by Kathleen Easton	Fall 1973
198-199	David Michalak	Silk dinner coat titled "You Turned the Tables on Me" worn by Kathleen Easton	Spring 1973
200	David Michalak	Bridget Foley-Willis wearing a wool topper with released back titled "He Hit Me, (But it Felt Like a Kiss)"	Fall 1974
201-202	David Michalak	Ensemble pour le sport titled "Men Are Such Fools" worn by Kathleen Easton	1971
203-204	Billie-Marie Gross	Silk bolero for evening titled "Crime of Passion" worn by Kathleen Easton	Fall 1973
205-206	David Michalak	Daytime dress titled "I've Done Lots of Crying Over You" worn by Kathleen Easton	Spring 1974

207-208	Billie-Marie Gross	Dinner dress titled "Down In the Dumps Over You" worn by Kathleen Easton	Spring 1971
209-210	David Michalak	Two gowns: in the foreground Kathleen Easton wears a lace dinner dress appliqued with rosettes titled "Man Crazy"; in the background Bridget Foley-Willis wears a voile teagown with velvet trim titled "How Can I Live Without Love"	Spring 1971 Summer 1974
211-212	David Michalak	Bridget Foley-Willis in jersey evening gown	Fall 1974
213-215	David Michalak	Afternoon suit of wool with silk shantung blouse and matching hat titled "Suicide Note" worn by Kathleen Easton	Spring 1975
216-217	Billie-Marie Gross	Kathleen Easton wears wool broadcloth late-day coat with trapeze back and empire waist titled "Le Bel Indifferent."	Fall 1975
218	Billie-Marie Gross	Johanne Pavlis in a chiffon and crepe dinner ensemble titled "Time Out For Tears"	Spring 1971
219-221	David Michalak	Bridget Foley-Willia in a challis beach ensemble titled "I'm a Sucker for Cubans"	resort 1974
222-224	Billie-Marie Gross	Johanne Pavlis in a late-day dress of English crepe titled "Hot Ice"	Spring 1971
225-228	David Michalak	Johanne Pavlis in a chiffon dinner dress titled "My Heart's on Strike"	Fall 1975
229-232	Billie-Marie Gross	Johanne Pavlis in a wool hounds-tooth coat; Michael Convertino in a wool fall coat	Fall 1968
233-235	David Michalak	Crepe play suit ensemble titled "Treat Me Rough"	Spring 1972

#### FILM AND VIDEO

236	Michael Anderson	Harris Thor as Max, Robert Hoover as Carlyle.	1974
237	Michael Anderson	Scene from "Adeleine in Ruins (Die Tuntent)." Billie-Marie Gross as Mme. Verova, Michael Butler as Alonzo.	1974



238	Michael Anderson	Scene from "Adeleine In Ruins (Die Tunten)." Billie-Marie Gross as Mme. Verova, Michael Butler as Alonzo, and Harris Thor as Max.	1974
239	Michael Anderson	Scene from "Harriet Hune." Billie-Marie Gross As Vyvyan Tearstaine, Kathleen Easton as Nitchka, Countess of Bascombe.	1973
240	Karen Durkot	Billie-Marie Gross as Vyvyan Tearstaine.	1973
241	Michael Anderson	Scene from "Adeleine In Ruins (Die Tunten)." Lara Deane as Adeleine, Michael Butler as Alonzo.	1974
242	Michael Anderson	Clinton Roberts as the boy from the prologue ("Our Lady of Saturday Night").	1972-73
243-249	David Michalak	Alonzo's Death scene from "Adeleine In Ruins (Die Tunten)." Michael Butler as Alonzo, Karen Durkot as Zofe.	1974
250	Michael Anderson	Billie-Marie Gross as Mm. Verova from "Adeleine In Ruins (Die Tunten)."	1974
251-252	David Michalak	Billie-Marie Gross in David Michalak's "The Return"	1975
253-256	David Michalak	Scenes from David Michalak's film, "The Return"; Billie-Marie as Martha, Michael Butler as the Priest.	1975
257-270	Jon Phipps	Scenes from David Michalak's film "Frankie and the Fantasies"; Michael Butler as Frankie, Billie-Marie Gross as Marie	1974
271	David Michalak	Scenes from Michael L. V. Butler's film "Polyna." Billie-Marie Gross as Polyna in the swamp scene	1975-76
272	Evangelos Dousmanis	Florence Lawrence as the nun	1975-76
273	Evangelos Dousmanis	Bill Gable as Octavian	1975-76
274	Evangelos Dousmanis	Johanne Pavlis as Olympe	1975-76
275	Billie-Marie Gross	Michael Convertino as Philip	1975-76
276	Billie-Marie Gross	Michael Butler as Gasparr	1975-76
277	J. Pavlis	Mme. Suzy as Mme. Betin	1975-76
278	J. Pavlis	Scenes from "Polyna"	1975-76

279-292	Evangelos Dousmanis	Scenes from "Polyna"	1975-76
293-294	Evangelos Dousmanis	Michael L. V. Butler directing "Polyna" (crypt scene); David Michalak on camera.	1975-76
295-322	Billie-Marie Gross David Michalak	Scenes from "Polyna"	1975-76

### STILL PHOTOGRAPH DIVISION

*Note: All photographs have been supervised by Michael L. V. Butler, unless otherwise noted by an asterisk (\*); the artist takes complete credit for all other works exhibited.*

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Photographer</i>	<i>Date</i>
47-49	Fashion, Sarong	#1—5½" x 8" #2—6" x 9" #3—7" x 9"	Karen Durkot	Summer 1973
50	(The Emblematic) Mme. Suzy #3	8" x 9"	Michael L. V. Butler W. Bradley Lemery	1973
51	Mother and Child	11" x 13½"	Michael L. V. Butler	1975
52	Men on a Veranda	7½" x 8½"	Michael L. V. Butler	1975
53	Billie-Marie Gross and a young man	8" x 10"	Karen Durkot	1973
54	Susan Fee MacDuffie	11" x 13"	Hector	1968
55	Susan Fee MacDuffie as the Bride of Christ	10" x 13"	Hector	1968
154	Michael Butler as Alonzo, from "Adeleine In Ruins (Die Tunten)"	6" x 8½"	Michael Anderson	1974
169	Group on Portico	8" x 10"	Michael Anderson	1973
195	The Personification of the Mode	6" x 7"	Michael L. V. Butler	1973
196	Dreme Photo	16" x 20"	Michael L. V. Butler	1971
295	Mary R.	16" x 20"	Karen Durkot	1973
323	Two Extra Girls	7½" x 9½"	Karen Durkot	1973
324	Reclining Male	6½" x 10"	Karen Durkot	1973

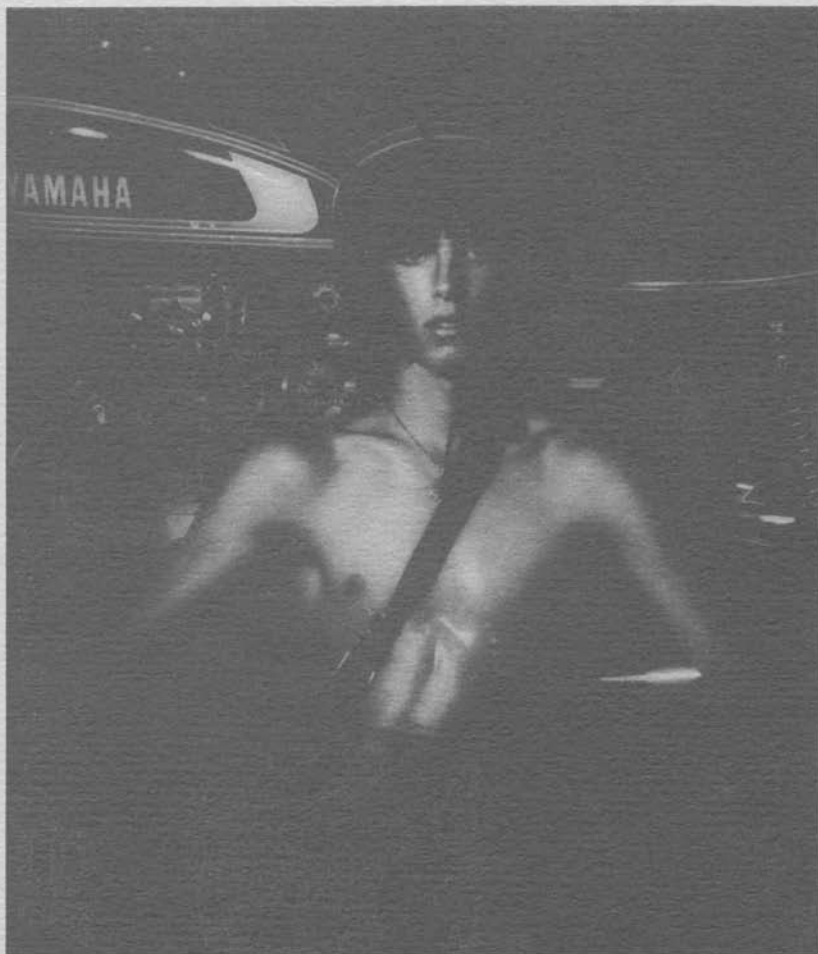


Cata. No. 323

*"... she was like a sinuous animal enveloping my only pal on this Great Earth!  
Now she was a terrifying she-beast! . . ."*

—From "Harriet Hune"

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Photographer</i>	<i>Date</i>
325	Young Man #1	7½" x 9"	Michael Anderson	1973
326	Three Women Friends	11" x 14"	H. M. Foley	1963
327	Karen Durkot as Zofe, from "Adeleine In Ruins (Die Tunten)"	8" x 10"	David Michalak	1974
328	Kathleen Easton	8" x 29"	Michael L. V. Butler	1967
329	Kathleen Easton #2	9" x 13"	Michael L. V. Butler	1967
330	Young Man #2	10¼" x 13"	Michael Anderson	1973
56	Billie-Marie Gross	10½" x 12"	Hector	1968
57	Michele Gross	11" x 13"	Michael L. V. Butler	1971
58	Lara Deane	8" x 10"	Karen Durkot	1973
59	Billie-Marie Gross	10" x 13"	Karen Durkot	1973
60-69	David #1 and #2	11" x 13"	Karen Durkot	1974
61	Lace and Chiffon dancing dress	6" x 11"	Michael L. V. Butler	1967
62	Chiffon tea gown	7" x 12"	Michael L. V. Butler	1967
63	Draped jersey evening gown titled "Stop My Foolish Heart"	12" x 13½"	Michael L. V. Butler	1970
64	Plaid wool suit	4½" x 4½"	Michael L. V. Butler	1967
65	Nancy Drew coat in light weight wool	7½" x 10½"	Hector	Spring 1968
66	Billie-Marie Gross Masked	11" x 11"	Michael L. V. Butler	1973
67	Picture of Michael*	8½" x 14"	Sandi Crouse	1975
68	Billie-Marie Gross	8" x 10"	Karen Durkot	1973
70	Adeleine and Zofe, from "Adeleine In Ruins (Die Tunten)"	4" x 5"	W. Bradley Lemery	1973
71	Madame Verova, from "Our Lady of Saturday Night"	4" x 5"	W. Bradley Lemery	1974



Cata. No. 198, 2nd in a series of 3

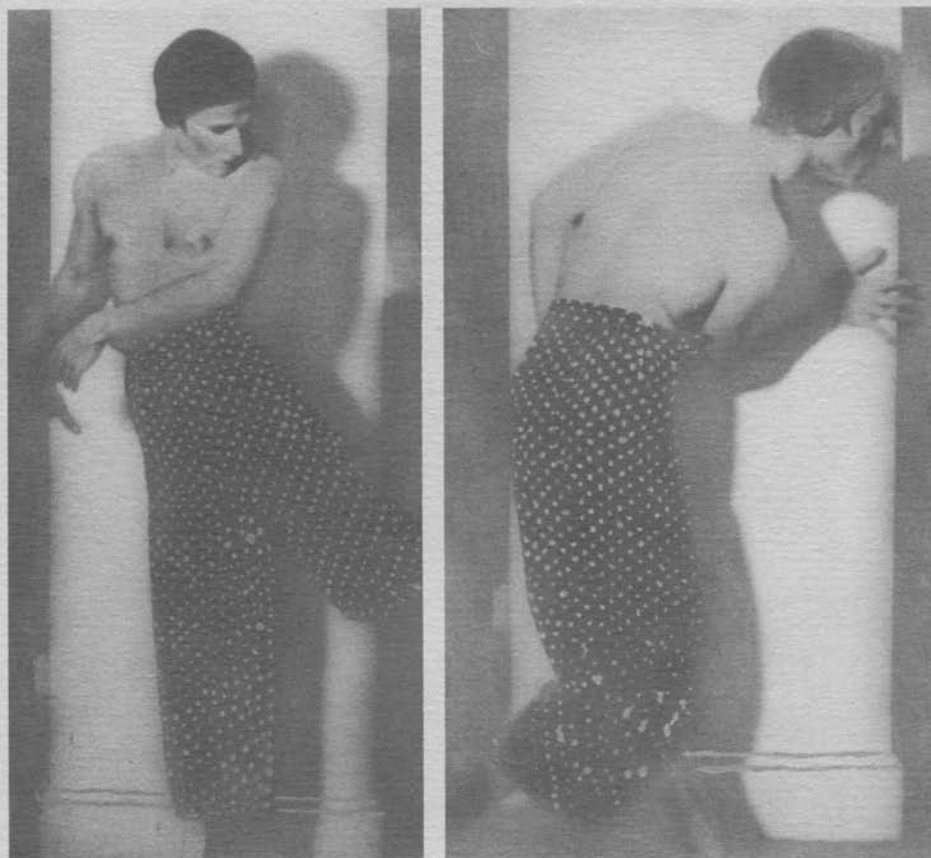
*“ . . . I found myself thinking of how I had been tied down to my husband all these years knowing no joy only defeat and failure and the coldness of my bed all alone . . . then I thought of Max! Oh Max! Glorious Max! and even though he would not allow me to touch him I felt as if I were in the presence of a cold marble god, and when he allowed me to kiss his cold, cold cheek I was in paradise—do you see paradise! . . . ”*

—Adeleine, from “Adeleine in Ruins (Die Tunten)”



Catalogue No.	Description	Size	Photographer	Date
72	Death of Leah, from "Our Lady of Saturday Night"	4" x 5"	W. Bradley Lemery	1974
73-75	Saxophone Scene from "Our Lady of Saturday Night"	4" x 5"	W. Bradley Lemery	1974
76	(The Emblematic) Madame Suzy	7½" x 9"	Michael L. V. Butler W. Bradley Lemery	1975
135	Storm*	5" x 7"	Billie-Marie Gross	1974
143	Picture of Michael L. V. Butler*	11" x 14"	Karen Durkot	1975
144	(The Emblematic) Madame Suzy #2	Series of 4 panels; each is 4" x 13½"	Michael L. V. Butler W. Bradley Lemery	1975
145	Billie-Marie Gross from "Death of an Ingenue Lead"	11" x 14"	Sean Hocking	1973
146	Railroad tracks*	11½" x 12½"	Sandi Crouse	1975
148	Nude with Toaster*	11" x 13"	Sandi Crouse	1974
149	Self Portrait	11" x 12"	Sandi Crouse	1974
150	Ivy Gripping Steps*	11" x 12"	Sandi Crouse	1973
151	Self Portrait #2	11" x 9½"	Sandi Crouse	1974
152	Ice Box #1	11" x 10"	Sandi Crouse	1973
170	La Kimette*	8" x 10"	Robin Regni	1975
155	Sports Outfit	7" x 10"	Hector	1968
156	Scenic Design	6" x 7½"	Michael L. V. Butler	1972
157	Costumes for "Our Lady of Saturday Night"	9" x 13"	Michael L. V. Butler	1972
158	Costumes for "Our Lady of Saturday Night"	8½" x 12½"	Michael L. V. Butler	1972
159	Wool crepe suit, back detail	8" x 9½"	Hector	1971
160	Sink*	8" x 10"	Sandi Crouse	1975

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Photographer</i>	<i>Date</i>
161	Linen Garden dress	7½" x 8¼"	Hector	1974
162	Bridget	20" x 32"	Evangelos Dousmanis	1975
163	Billie-Marie Gross, from "The Return"	8" x 10"	David Michalak	1975
164	Crepe satin evening gown with bustle	7½" x 9"	Billie-Marie Gross David Michalak	1971
165-169	"My Dreamboat Sailed Away," silk late-day ensemble	8" x 10" set	Hector	1975
171	The Kiss	16" x 20"	Hector	1973
173	From "Frankie and the Fantasies"*	8" x 10"	Karen Durkot	1974
175	Crepe de chine day dress	8" x 10"	Hector	1968
176	Earl and Rita Rose, from "Those Numbered Hearts"	19½" x 24"	Michael L. V. Butler Michael Anderson	1973
178	Penelope (masked)	11" x 14" set	Dennis Szertin	1975
184	Peter J.	16" x 20"	Hector	1975
186	From "Frankie and the Fantasies"*	8" x 10"	Karen Durkot	1974
189	Chimney	6½" x 8½"	Billie-Marie Gross	1975
190	Death of the Imaginary Friend, from "Our Lady of Saturday Night"	8" x 10"	Michael Anderson	1973
191-194	White wool topper	2½" x 9½"	Sandi Crouse	1971
198	Scott	Set of three, each 11" x 14"	Michael L. V. Butler	1975
199	Clothespins	8" x 9½"	Billie-Marie Gross	1975
295	Billie-Marie Gross (in "The Return")	8" x 10"	David Michalak	1975
296	Series of Michael #1	14" x 45" set	Michael L. V. Butler	1975
297	Michael #2	11" x 22"	Michael L. V. Butler	1976



Cata. No. 297

*“ . . . Poor curled up dancer  
Leading with a head and not a foot  
Looking under himself to see  
where had gone the bait to spring  
the trap,  
Sitting in the eye of sacrifice  
making himself a curley-cue  
craning himself and his mortal flow  
of life into some tortured and  
perilous strait.”*

## DIVISION OF OILS AND ACRYLICS

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Medium</i>	<i>Date</i>
101	Linda Gross: The Portrait of a Sometime Girl	18" x 24"	On Board	1964
102	The Hermaphrodite Screen	Side: 19" x 47"	Canvas	1967-1968
103	Narcissus	12" x 25"	Wood panel with bas-relief and gold leaf	1967
104	Susan Fee MacDuffie	19" x 23"	Canvas Board	1970
105	Picture of Mlle. Paloma Picasso	28" x 36"	Canvas	1972
106	The Wall'd City	36" x 40"	Canvas Board	1975
107	The Waitress at the Crystal Tearoom	24" x 51"	Wood	1966-1967
172	(The Emblematic) Madame Suzy	30" x 34"	Wood with Silver Leaf	1975
174	Lloma Love	15" x 24½"	Canvas Board	1966
182	Polyna	24" x 38"	Wood	1973

## DIVISION OF GRAPHICS AND FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Medium</i>	<i>Date</i>
77	Roller Derby Queen	11" x 24"	Pastel	1968
78	Preliminary Poster of <i>Hoola</i>	18" x 24½"	Pastel	1975
79	Nancy, Lady Divonn	11½" x 14½"	Pastel on Canvas	1971
80	Renaissance	11½" x 24½"	Pastel	1970
81	Pandora	6½" x 15"	Water colour	1967
82	L'Automne	11" x 14"	Water Colour and ink	1973
83	Sandi Crouse (picture for a sonnet)	12" x 21½"	Water colour	1971-1972

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Medium</i>	<i>Date</i>
84	Cryptic Drawing	7½" x 10"	Pen and ink	1970
85	Billie-Marie Gross	16" x 21"	Pastel	1974
86	W. B. Lemery as a Martyred Saint	16" x 20"	Pastel on Canvas	1973
87	Fashion Poster	18" x 18"	Water colour and ink	1971
88	Preview Poster	8" x 11"	Ink	1973
90	Wool tweed suit	18½" x 23"	Pastel and ink	1974
91	Wool Hounds-tooth coat	12½" x 19½"	Pastel	1966
92	Wool Plaid Coat	18" x 24"	Pastel	1968
93	White Jersey Gown	18" x 24"	Pastel	1974
94	Sailor Suit in Pique and Jersey	18" x 24"	Pastel	1973
95	Robe de Style in Silk Taffeta	18" x 24½"	Pastel	1974
96	Black Wool Topper	18" x 24"	Pastel	1974
97	Wool Plaid Suit	17" x 22"	Pastel	1968
98	Poodle Wool White Chausible	19" x 25½"	Pastel	1972
99	White Glamour Dress in Jersey and Peau de Soie	16" x 26½"	Pastel	1974
100	Illustration	16" x 20"	Ink	1975
136	Great-coat in Wool	18" x 24"	Charcoal	1968
177	Dress-maker Suit in Wool Flannel trimmed in Squirrel	18" x 24"	Ink	1968
179	Muffler Suit in Wool and Crepe de Chine	36" x 44"	Ink	1971
180	Millenium Mutations	30" x 40"	Ink	1972
185	Envelope-sleeved Coat and Girdled Wool Coat	32" x 40"	Pastel	1971 and 1970





Cata. No. 55

*“ . . . those who live by  
twilight’s lamp are shade  
those who do not,  
though merely and spot  
on the face of a glummer repast  
are the happy ghosts  
of silence; although they be the last.”*

—from Poem to an Over-Bright Child  
by Michael L. V. Butler

<i>Catalogue No.</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Medium</i>	<i>Date</i>
187	Day Dress	18" x 24"	Ink	1970
188	Montage of Roughs	26" x 30"	Multi-medium	1966- 1967
197	Mask	6' x 10'	Acrylic	1972
298	Cover for Everson Exhibition Catalogue	8½" x 14"	Tempra and enamel	1975



Cata. No. 326

## Crib Death

*"Who has shattered these once prolific  
bounty-proud chance meetings with what is all about  
to see and feel?*

*They have scraped away the tops of clouds  
And sucked the life from golden memory-fed idols;  
They have under-scored the night  
With whispering staccato secrets  
meant to break the shells where they suckle  
one another's selfish dares,—  
Timid and haunted;  
Phantoms squirming off to die in guilt and panic,  
all the loveliness of then can never be regained,  
You strike a sharper stride  
And so forget  
the mouth of God  
had ever bit your child's world.  
You do not turn around again."*

## Credits



*This catalogue has been compiled and prepared by the following:*

Miss Cheri Crouse, in charge of preparation of the entire text; Miss Florence Lawrence, in charge of the cataloguing of the works; Madame Suzy and Miss Johanne Pavlis, in charge of the costume section; Michael L. V. Butler has designed and supervised the entire catalogue.



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*All of the quotations used in this text are excerpts from the writings of Michael L. V. Butler, unless otherwise noted.*

