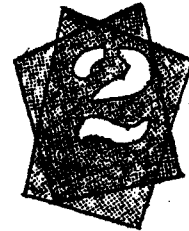
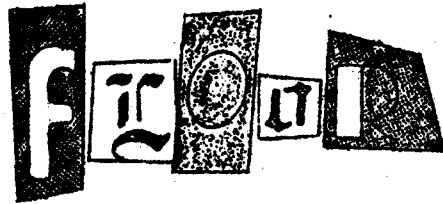


GARAGE
FLOOR

NO. 2

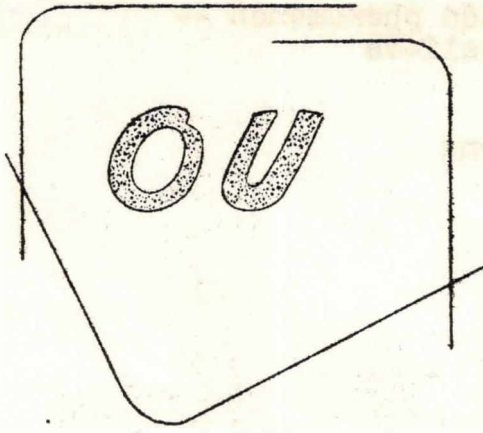


... in which we have a recurrence of an odd phenomenon --
a fanzine with a title you wouldn't believe
this time from 11 Buena Vista Park
Cambridge 40, Massachussetts
perpetrated by Larry Stark & Jean Young
and called :



- p.2 -- OU VOULEZ-VOUS EN VENIR, or,
editorial remarks
- p.4 -- THE ROAD TO ABSTRACTION, or,
Manet to Picasso; by L.Stark 3rd
- p. 12 -- A HOLE IS TO ??, or, an untrue
story; by A. Young, boy sinus
an' ever-lovin'
- p. 17 -- DEUX CONTES, or, To Annie and
Martine with love; by jY
- p. 18 -- CALYPSO BLUES, or, it's too
good for the Cult; by Larry
Stark, reprinted from Ten
Nights in a Bar-Room
- p. 22 -- PLAGIARIZE!, or, free material

front cover
back cover
and COPIOUS
interior draw-
ings and layout
by jeanY
drawings on p.3
by jeanL
brainwork largely
by Larry
mimeoing by
everyone, most
likely...



- ye ferand fhot -

VOULEZ-VOUS

EN

VENIR

??

This issue of Garage Floor seems to have stolen up on me, instead of proceeding at a normal and visible rate. It's true that I chose or helped choose most of the material here...and I did manage at least to cut stencils for the quote-sections((most of them)), and this editorial. However, considering all the time and effort that Jean Young has poured into it, and considering primarily the fact that, if JeanY hadn't willed it into existence it would not be, I prefer to take credit only for whatever of the things I wrote previously which are printed in here.

That request for credit also includes credit as a FAPA member, if before November I recieve some official word about my status. And, of course, credit for publishing the entire magazine belongs totally to JeanY.

The next issue of Garage Floor will be either very early, or very late...depending on how much free time I can put to use. Since writing the third article, which deals primarily with modern German art, I've discovered a great deal more material about the German modern movements, and so that article must be written again. That would be the reason for its being late. However, this season New York City seems to have become particularly "Expressionism-conscious" and there is hope afoot that I may smash through with Garage Floor Number Three before the November deadline...just so I won't become dated and old-hat. Well, you people who have already thumbed rapidly through your bundles know better than I, at this point, whether I will have made it or not.

I'd like to wish me 'Good luck', and hope I manage after all.

Cheers,

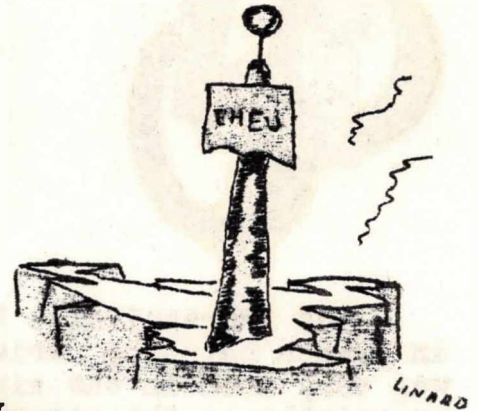
Larry Stark

PS: And thank you, JeanY...for everything.

Here we are once again, faced with the necessity of saying something preferably witty, and yet not irrelevant. It seems impossible, somehow.

My cohort on the preceding page has somewhat belittled himself, I think; cutting stencils is mere mechanical dirty work, and doing drawings is mere fun; so wherein have I been giving with all the high-class brain-power, eh?

I'd like to point out, for the sake of those that don't read the contents page, that "Shadow Bird" (last issue) was by me; and also to assure you that "Kurtis Fenwy" is not (NOT) me, although I am not at liberty to reveal his identity. He himself was not happy with the piece, and allowed us to publish is only on condition that we use the penname.



If the articles on art seem a bit inconclusive, it might be because they are each just part of a four-part whole (sort of); I'm not really in a position to speak, since I didn't write them.

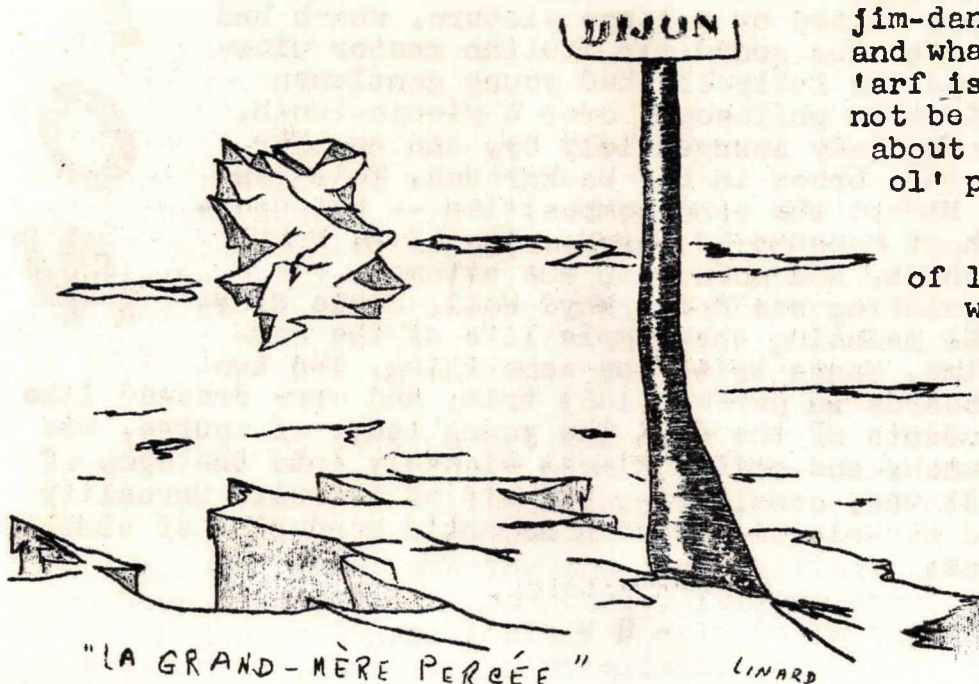
We much regret missing the last mailing; this issue should have been there, and number three, full of appropriate and timely stuff on German Expressionism, should be in this mailing. We have very dim hopes, hardly sub-vocalized, for having number three in this mailing, too, but considering the time this one took, I have my doubts. There hasn't been a SUNDANCE since last winter, and there are three or four lonely stencils for the next issue of it sitting in the drawer and begging for companions. I really must try to finish it, out of human feeling...

Larry got an official notification that he was IN (goshwow) just a day or two after writing his section of editorial, so that makes everything just jim-dandy about credits and what-not. 'Arf-an'- 'arf is what I say; let's not be self-effacing about this, co-editor, ol' pal...

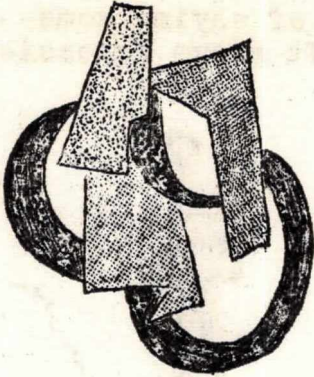
Oh -- the title of last time's cover was "Vassily I" -- that's why it wasn't in the art folio.

Any other questions?

Like the man say, don't just sit there -- SAY something



"LA GRAND-MÈRE PERCÉE" - 3 - LINARD



THE ROAD TO

Manet to Picasso

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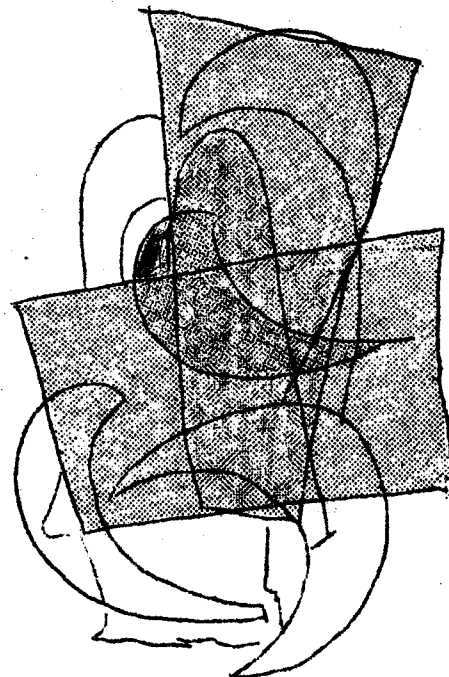
The Impressionist Revolution wasn't the first one in French painting during the 1800's; in fact, dissent was very much in the air during the whole period, and especially in the atmosphere which the art-student breathed. The Barbizons were off with Corot, wondering at a landscape whose lighting was as unique as Venice, but painting landscapes no one believed real. Millais so loved the peasant that people thought him something of a communist for his pictures. Delacroix and Courbet had even infiltrated the Salon with Romanticism -- a style recognizable by the warmth of colors, and the lushness of (still unreal) nudes. There had been schools, and circles, manifestos, doctrines, systems, subjects which confused, confounded and outraged public and critics alike. French painting was in an uneasy state; but until the Impressionists came of age, the revolution remained under the surface and unfulfilled.

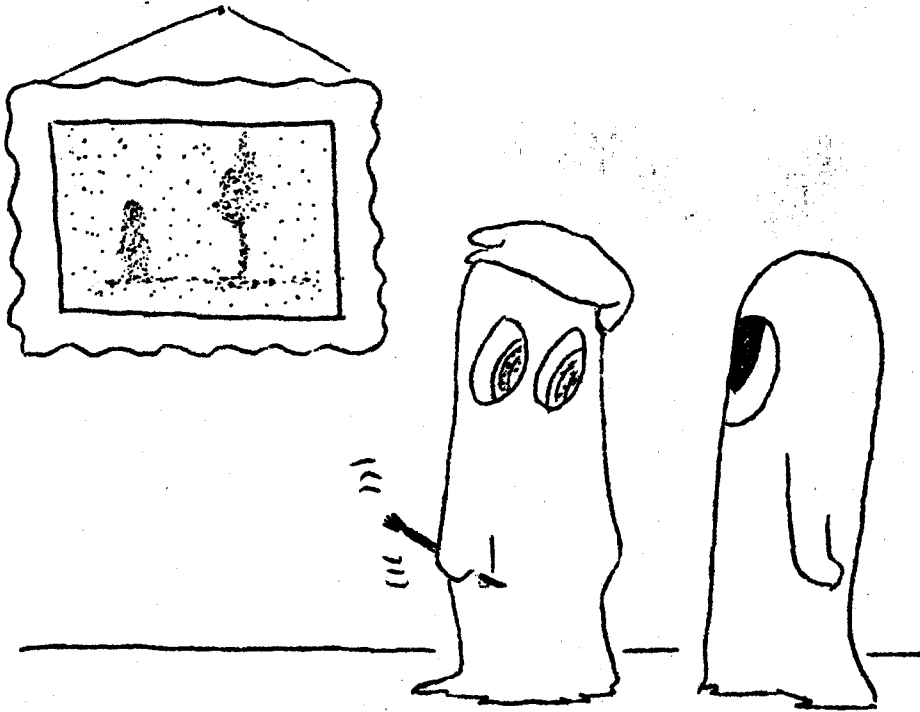
In 1863, Emperor Napoleon III had received so many complaints about the Academie's policy of excluding artists that he ordered an exhibition, a "Salon for the Refused" for the purpose of giving the general public a look (at public expense) at those painters the academicians called unworthy. One of the biggest explosions at the exhibition was caused by a large picture, which had a lot in common with the grand old Italian master Giorgione, that showed two fully-clothed young gentlemen discussing politics or philosophy over a picnic-lunch, while a naked young lady lounged idly by, and another waded playfully in a brook in the background. This general subject -- almost the same composition -- got Giorgione into the best museums of Europe. It got M. Manet branded an anarchist, and more than one attempt to destroy the painting was made. Why? Well, since Giorgione did so well painting the simple life of the commoners of his time, Manet tried the same thing. The two young men wore beards in perfect 1863 trim, and were dressed like contemporary students of the day. The young lady, of course, was unmistakably French, and smiled almost wickedly into the eyes of the spectator. It was, considering the air of definite unreality which surrounded Neo-classic or even Romantic rendering of similar subjects, a shock.

Two years later, Manet had managed acceptance by the Academie-- only to present them with perhaps the hottest potato of the art world, a painting called "Olympia". It's a picture of a nude reclining on a divan, in the grand tradition of Titian, and of a number of honored Frenchmen. However, there were differences. Olympia was shorter and wider than the Perfect Classical Figure, as the usual woman of the time (if we are to believe the artists of the time), and even today (if we believe statistics) happens to be. She wore a cold yet inviting expression, also turned full on the spectator. One foot had not yet been removed from a high-heeled slipper, and behind her a colored maid arranged an obviously just-received bouquet of flowers. At the foot of the divan, a stiff-legged black cat reacted to the presence of the spectator, just as Olympia did. It was a picture that Emile Zola could, and did, call a masterpiece; and most of Paris called it an insult.

This was the character of the first revolutionary definition of art, the first answer to the question "What is a Painting?". In many ways it is a negative answer, but still there is a positive statement under all the slashing and blasting. Those things which had become conventional and expected in Neo-classic or Romantic pictures were in no sense the real essence of those classical pictures which these schools of art professed to continue. Instead, the marble-ized unreality of the Neo-classic "Diana" or the lush fantasy of a Romantic "Turkish Harem" built more and more upon the minor details of past masters. Artists had begun to wonder whether brown-black backgrounds were all there was to Rembrandt, and whether a Crucifixion must, of necessity, be painted in colors that looked as though they had had twenty aging coats of varnish thrown over them. In using luminous colors, simple compositions, and drawing that captured only the essentials of the subject, Manet enraged the Academie on technical grounds. By mirroring Titian and Giorgione, not in style, but in spirit, he insulted their tastes.

The Impressionists, as a school, came together seven years after the "Picnic Under The Trees", each man an individual, each believing in his own definition of Art. For a time, they all had a similar answer to that modern question, "What is a Picture?" They had been influenced by new ideas of color, composition and perspective which they found in Japanese prints; they were all interested in the surface-effect of light, which gives most of their pictures a shimmering quality; they painted with pure colors, and did not lay "glazes" of transparent color over these original splashings; they were aware that a kind of color-harmony existed that made a single patch of color appear to change in tone by the colors which surrounded it; and they understood that, if small splashes of color are grouped closely enough on the canvas, the eye will blend them into a new tone if you stand far enough away. And finally, about one thing they were





convinced: an artist must paint the life around him, as he sees and understands it.

For Degas, this meant paintings ballet-girls, not as physical evocations of wood-nymphs, but as stiff and tired human beings backstage, or during rehearsal. Monet painted the railway station with as much seriousness, interest, and beauty, as he did a cathedral. Renoir's long succession of nudes

"DON'T TELL ANY BODY, BUT IT D-D-DAMN NEAR D-D-DROVE ME B-B-BATS."

were, in all cases, short, dumpy, French, and very real despite his neglect of imperfections. Sisley, who could only paint on week-ends, created landscapes in a city whose landscapes were said to be beautiful no longer -- even painted the floodwaters of the Seine rippling around factories and butcher-shops. Cezanne (whose ability as an artist was questioned by his fellows at the first Impressionist show) painted landscapes, and the towns of the countryside.

"The surface effect of light", and the initial impression of the object upon the eye were Impressionist objectives, and led to some interesting experiments. Monet painted three series of pictures, each canvas representing the appearance of the subject at a certain time of the day. All were worked on for months -- one hour each, per day. The difference between haystacks in the morning sun, and the same objects in the heat of noonday, were of great interest to his fellows. Others followed Monet out into the raw bright sunshine of the beaches, to paint in the open air. Degas had a bathtub installed in his studio, so that he could study the figure as it stretched and bent climbing in and out; he haunted the practice-bar of the ballet, sketching performers both at rest and in motion, and all these hastily-sketched notations he finally put on canvas.

But, satisfactory and widely-accepted now though it is, Impressionism was not a Modern Art all in itself. The generation which followed the Impressionists noticed imperfections in the styles of their teachers and masters; and the flow of Modern Art became a succession of continuing revolutions, bred by this initial break with the accepted past, and always referring back to it for definite methods of inquiry into painting and art.

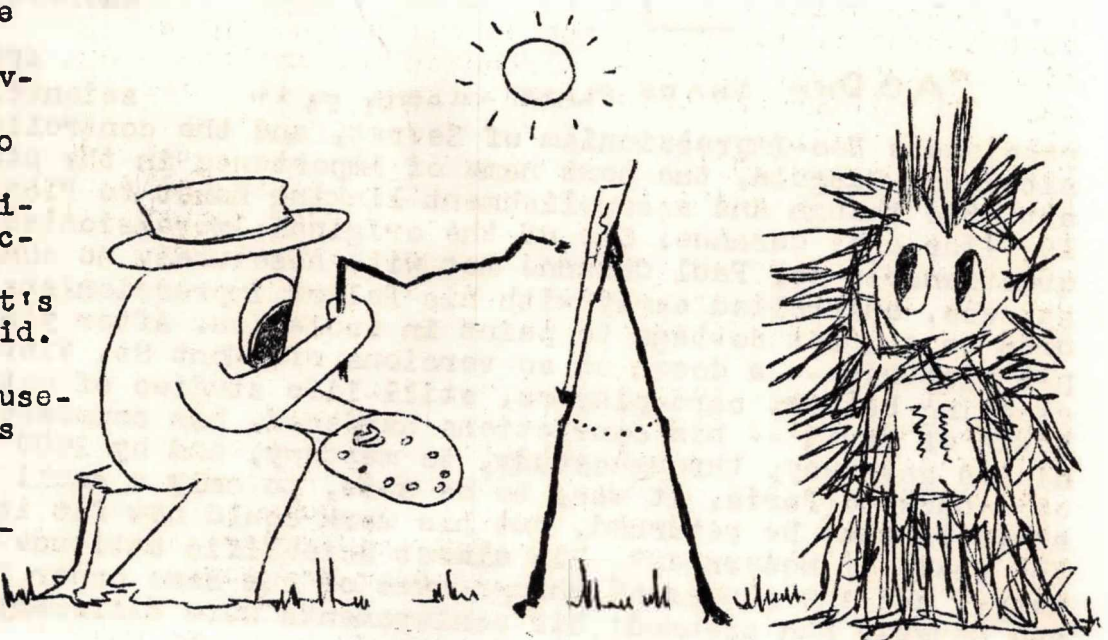
The Post-Impressionist generation began to make itself known

in the world in 1884, when the Societe des Independants was finally formed, linking all rebels of all types in a kind of "artists' union" which, among other things, sponsored exhibitions of members' paintings. At the first exhibition, a young man named Seurat displayed a picture made up ENTIRELY of tiny dots of pure primary color which, because of differences in number of certain-colored dots in particular areas, fused itself into a recognizable picture when seen at a distance. The theory was not new. This was what Monet had been doing in all his "Pleine-Airiste" seascapes; it was the basic idea of "Divisionism"; it was, in fact, an idea associated with Impressionism itself. However, no one had ever gone quite so far as Seurat and his friend Signac before, nor had the problem of making a picture ever been so scientific, clinical, and theoretical. The two young men proclaimed this to be a period of "NEO-Impressionism", called the new technique "Pointillism", and insulted some old members enough to make them withdraw from the exhibitions that year and the next.

The contribution of Post-Impressionist painting to modern art was an emphasis on structure, and therefore composition, which preceding painters had not explored. In order, for instance, to paint a circus scene showing an acrobat in mid-air -- a painting which would take many months of dabbing with the Pointillist brush -- Seurat had to decide, before he began painting, just what his picture would ultimately look like, what areas would be where, what arrangement in space he wish to achieve. And, since his whole picture was an illusion, he managed to discover or take advantage of any tricks of placement (composition) which would increase the illusion he had in mind.

This idea of illusion was also present in the philosophy or painting-theory decided upon by the second giant of the period, Paul Gauguin. Gauguin had been a member of the group which defined a picture as "an arrangement of colors, in prescribed areas, upon a flat surface". This sounds like something out of Euclid, which should stand without proof, yet no one had thought of a painting in those terms before. The definition gives an even greater emphasis to structure and composition of picture-space than Seurat's theories did.

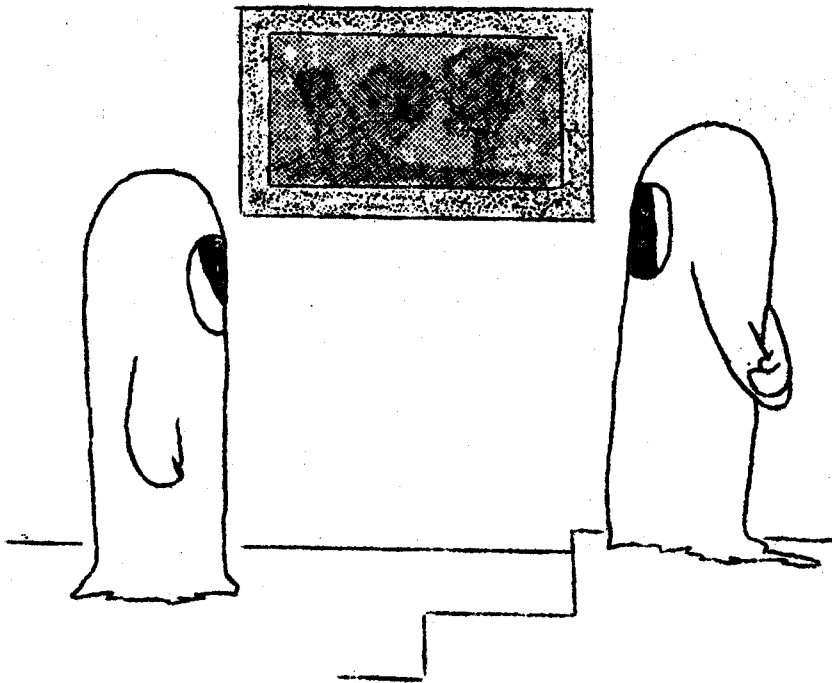
Toulouse-Lautrec was painting the Paris of Montmartre in these days -- about the same



"BUT I TELL YOU, I'M NOT A HAYSTACK!"

the same time that Gauguin was trying to find some uncivilized spot of peace, Van Gogh was pouring all his intense excitement and interest into canvasses no one would buy, and Seurat was daubing at the few paintings his young life would produce. The end of the 19th century was near, and for these four, all of whom suffered rather badly, the twentieth century seemed to hold no new promise at all. Lautrec, whose sardonic manner mirrored the nightclubs and brothels of the age with as honest a gaze as that of Degas, whom he admired, poisoned himself with alcohol before any of his pictures were valued enough to be bought. Seurat died of cancer in 1891, at thirty-two, with his career just beginning; he left only six major compositions finished. Van Gogh killed himself the year before, after about ten years of intense work that filled his brother's warehouse with canvasses which, taking Post-Impressionist structure almost for granted,

sounded the very new note of Expressionism. And Gauguin, surrounded by the vivid tropical colors and the simplicity of Tahitian life, died in 1904, after painting as his last known canvas a scene of Brittany in the wintertime. None was particularly a commercial success, and few were liked even by fellow artists or each other. Their effects on modern art, however, are enormous.



"A B DICK SHADE PLATE - HANDY, EN?"

passionate Neo-Impressionism of Seurat, and the controlled composition of Gauguin, the next name of importance in the stream of artistic thought and accomplishment linking Manet to Picasso is a familiar one: Cezanne. One of the original Impressionists, though questionable so, Paul Cezanne met with absolutely no commercial success, quarrelled early with his fellow Impressionists, and withdrew to a quiet cottage to paint in isolation. After years of simple pictures -- a dozen or so versions of "Mont St. Victoire", a standing bather, card-players, still-life studies of bottles and bowls of fruit -- his convictions hardened, his compositional techniques gave way, through study, to mastery, and by 1900 Cezanne came back to Paris. It was, to be sure, to only a small circle of admirers that he returned, but his work could now fit itself into the whole of modern art. His almost scientific attitude toward geometry, and the shapes of things, was of the same order that Seurat and Gauguin had assumed; his achievements were different, but pointed in the same direction.

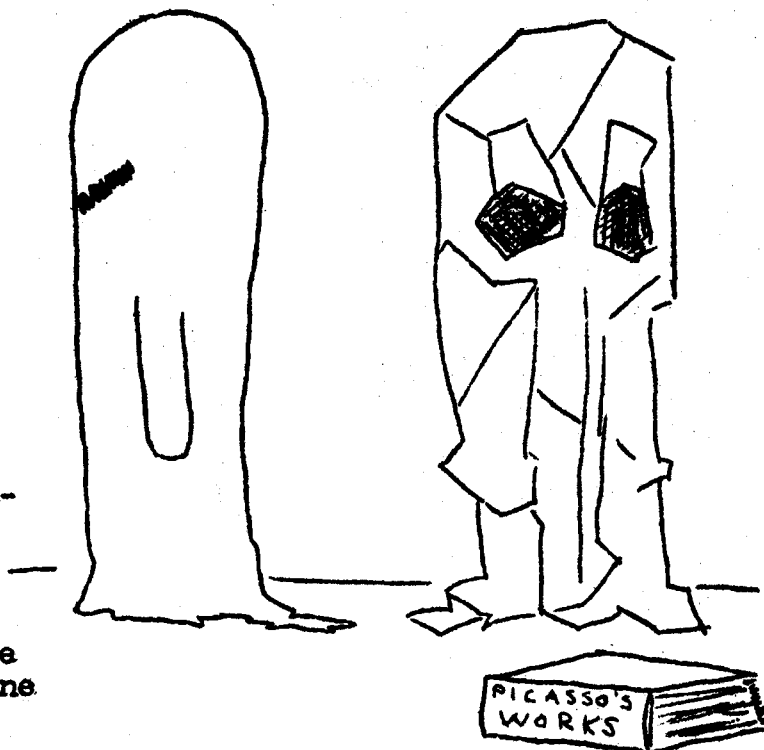
After the scientific, dis-

The first big step after these post-Impressionist painters left the scene was the exhibition early in the 20th century of "Les Fauves": Matisse, Dufy, Vlaminck and Roualt. All had absorbed the ideas and accomplishments of their predecessors, and had advanced a little farther. In Matisse, one could see the oddly-keyed colors of Lautrec's paintings recurring occasionally; the bright colors and the compositions and arabesques of Gauguin were there; and the intensity of feeling and emotion which made Van Gogh transform his subjects into his own personal creations were there also. All these "wild beasts" shared similarly in their common heritage, and added their own discoveries. They saw the world with Post-Impressionist eyes, and painted it according to their own personalities. With the previous generation hardly gone, and never recognized, these new painters, who tried to add what they could to the ideas and accomplishments of modern art, were very severely attacked by critics and by society. But their personal vision was strong enough to force them to hang on and to continue painting; only recently have they been added to the "accepted" lists of painters kept by print-makers.

About the same time, a kind of internationalization of art was taking place in Paris. Van Gogh had come to Paris from the Netherlands, because Paris was the only place in which to learn modern painting. During the beginning of the new century, and later, many other people from different countries followed his example; and foreign collectors and galleries added to this internationalization by showing contemporary French paintings in Germany, England, Russia, finally even in America.

During the early years of this mutual exchange, Paris acquired one of its most important personalities, perhaps the single most important painter of our century: Pablo Picasso, the Spaniard. Picasso's career was always followed by controversy, and more than once his sincerity has been seriously doubted by critic and public alike. Yet he endures, the fantastic collection of his work multiplies, until it seems impossible to comprehend the total man, and in everything he has done there is a mark of genius.

The first problem Picasso posed for the world was whether or not his highly expressive "Blue Period" canvasses, twisted in agony and drenched in pathos, were sincere embodiments of the emotion expected. People wondered, no doubt, if anyone could be so sincerely saddened without attempting suicide. Many of these canvasses contain odd, rectangu-



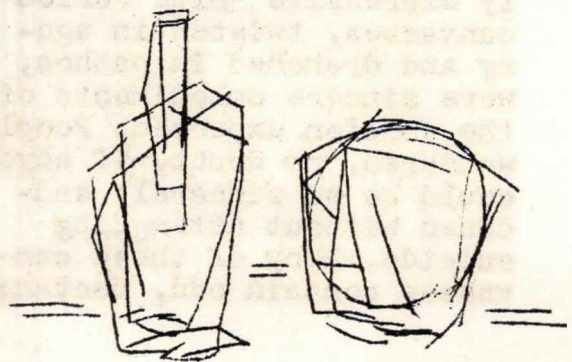
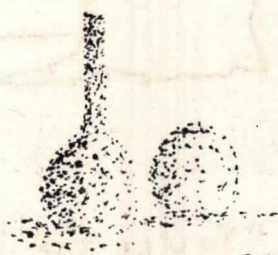
"YOU'RE TOO EASILY INFLUENCED!"

lar positions and distortions of limbs and body, extreme and unreal emaciation, flat color of a rough and simple texture; they have elements, that is, that people would curse and rage at when, a few years later, he used them in pictures called Cubist canvasses.

The Cubist movement was partly the result of studying Negro sculpture from Africa, but much more it was the end result of ideas and experiments arrived at by the Post-Impressionists and by Cezanne. The geometric aspect of the world had interested all of them, as did the problems of picture composition, and the use of picture-space. After the theories of Seurat, Gauguin, and Cezanne, such exploration could go nowhere without actually destroying the visible object itself, and reassembling it as a picture.

All modern ideas answering the question "What is a picture?" agree in one firm idea: it is NOT reality. Art cannot mirror all reality, and never could. It is the object of the artist to take from what he sees those elements of line, structure, color, perspective, which he needs, and which will fit into the picture. More and more, as modern art progressed, the painting itself took on importance over the subject being painted. Manet's paintings were, even after the founding of Impressionism, impressions of things seen, rendered as objectively as possible. For all the shimmering quality of his colors, Monet's seascapes were pictures of real sea and real rowboats. For all the fuzziness of a tutu-in-motion, Degas' were real ballet girls. Later, in the Post-Impressionist period, these real subjects began to decrease in importance. Van Gogh's "Cypresses" are something, as painting, that they are not in actuality. And Seurat's figures, frozen as they had to be to endure the months it took to paint them, were more like bottles than women, more intellectual concepts than flesh-and-blood.

With Picasso, Bracque, and Gris, the picture-surface became the only reality, the picture existed without any tangible reference to the model at all, Cubism came into existence -- and abstract art was a possibility. The Cubists began by distorting the figure, to a much greater degree than Picasso's old "Blue Period" people were ever distorted. Those lines and angles and planes which the artist found useful in the model he used, without wondering whether his picture would resemble the one a camera would make of the same subject. The picture was to be a thing in itself, and was free of the dictates of reality. Those same lines, planes, and angles in the model were exaggerated, changed, multiplied, manipulated according to the dictates of the composition at hand. And, while this technique was new, the artists who painted Cubist pictures restricted themselves to sterile browns and greys, and rough surface-textures -- confined themselves to learning about Cubism, before they attempted to learn how to paint more pleasing pictures with this new technique.



It takes a good deal of time and study to properly appreciate the stature of Picasso; not only is his own work staggering in its size and variety, but the more one sees of other modern artists, the more often Picasso is brought to mind. It would seem, at first, that he imitated everybody -- or, later, that he was imitated by everybody -- if both were not impossible. Instead, it must be acknowledged that here is a mind which has been able to contain and explore ALL forms and ideas in art, modern and ancient, and yet make each one a the expression of a single personality. It is proper, then, as well as expected, that this great mind would be one of those to win, finally, the one major struggle which concerned all modern art since 1863: the personal subjugation of reality by the individual artist.

((part two of four parts))

-- Larry Stark

"Our people want works of literature, painting and music that would mirror the pathos of labor, the works they could understand. The method of Socialist realism guarantees unlimited opportunities to this end. ...

"The main line of development is that literature and art be always inseparably linked with the people's life, truthfully depict the richness and multiplicity of our Socialist reality and brightly and convincingly display the Soviet people's great stint of transformation, the nobility of their aims and aspirations and their lofty moral and ethic standard. The supreme social mission of literature and art is to raise the people to struggle for new victories in Communist construction. ..."

"We can only regret that some fiction magazines and publishing houses failed to spot this unsound and pernicious tendency and rightly assess it and rebuff it when needed. The editors of Novy Mir magazine gave space to the publication of writings akin to Dudintsev's book ("Not By Bread Alone"). The editors of several fiction magazines and the heads of some publishing houses proved not up to the mark, and in several cases slithered down from positions of principle. ...

"We cannot put the press in unreliable hands. It must be in the hands of the most faithful, most trustworthy, most politically steadfast people devoted to our cause. ..."

--from three speeches made by
Nikita S. Khrushchev, as quoted in
The New York TIMES Magazine,
29 September, '57

INTERVIEWER: And Freud?

FAULKNER: Everybody talked about Freud when I lived in New Orleans, but I have never read him. Neither did Shakespeare. I doubt if Melville did either, and I'm sure Moby Dick didn't.

--William Faulkner, in an interview
quoted in The Paris Review, #12
Spring, '56



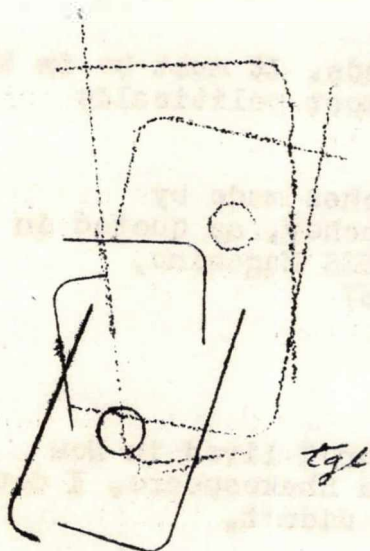
a hole is to???

The remarkable properties of Herb Barker's house must be seen to be believed. Perhaps that's why he never did anything about them.

Herb and Sally bought the house in '53. It was, and is, a typical colonial stone house, with wide-planked floors and heavy oak timbers running across the ceiling. The main part of the house is separated by a solid wall from a smaller portion, apparently tacked on as an afterthought, which may have been used for storage and is now used as a garage. This addition is one and a half stories high: a stonework lower story is topped by a low, wooden attic filled with old rusty saws, pieces of harness-leather, axe-handles, nail kegs... and so on. The sort of thing you might find in any two-hundred-year-old house.

Except for the hole.

One wintry day two years ago Herb challenged me to spend a weekend in the country, with the obvious intention of promoting his pet idea that country life beats city life, in spite of the problems of commuting, isolation, and dirt lanes. I foresaw long hours with his tales of the joys of making an old wreck livable, the quaintness of candlelight during power failures, and similar rustic pleasures. But I also foresaw a good home-cooked meal instead of scrambled eggs at Dugan's Diner. I accepted.



My expectations turned out to be fairly accurate. I was shown the newly-installed plumbing, the ancient beams and panels and wormholes, the relics in the garage attic. "And even here," declaimed Herb proudly, "even here, in this old storeroom, you see the fine, old, solid colonial workmanship. It's tight as a drum."

"Then where is that draft coming from that's freezing my feet?" I asked.

"Is there one? Must be a crack in the wall. We'll have to caulk it. Can't have the snow blowing in here and ruining these old antiques, you know."

My personal opinion was that the "old antiques" could be no worse under snow than

they already were. But Herb was busily moving boxes and barrels to locate the source of the draft. I slowly began to help him. The first thing I noticed was a hole in the boards, next to the floor. It was about four inches across and roughly triangular. Herb immediately sneered at both the existence of the hole and its location. "There couldn't be a hole in those boards. They're solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Besides, that's the wall next to the house. It couldn't possibly be the source of the draft."

"It may not be the source of the draft, but it's a hole just the same. Come and look!"

Herb shook his head concernedly when he saw it. "I just can't understand it," was all he could say.

Later that evening, Sally realized that the mattress for my bed would have to be brought down from the attic. "Unless you want to sleep on the old straw one." I prodded the straw mattress. It felt like a bundle of old newspapers with a few stones thrown in. I decided I did not want to sleep on the old straw one.

The attic stairs were where I had expected a closet. They were a foot wide and had two-foot risers and six-inch treads. I had my doubts about carrying a mattress down them.

"They're a little steep," admitted Herb as we climbed to the attic. He then began to explain the fundamental soundness of colonial construction, as if to apologize for the stairs.

"Where's the mattress?" I asked, hoping to nip his essay in the bud.

"Over here someplace," he said uncertainly, leading the way to a dark corner and continuing his harangue.

Again I was able to find a stopper. "You and your solid colonial construction! Another hole!" I cried gleefully.

Herb looked injured. "That's just the other side of the one you found over the garage this afternoon," he said. "Look, you can see through into the garage attic."

"Well, a hole's a hole," I said philosophically.

It wasn't until I was actually putting the new mattress to work that the holes began to bother me. They had both been just above the floor level in the attics. But the house was one floor higher than the garage. Therefore its attic floor must be about eight feet high-



er than the garage's. But the holes must be one the same level. But they couldn't be! But they were...

I fell asleep and dreamed of falling down an eight-foot rathole onto a hobnailed mattress where a group of founding fathers lectured interminably on the basic soundness of their construction methods.

I mentioned the hole business next morning at breakfast. "That's right," said Herb. "They couldn't be the opposite sides of the same hole. But I'd have sworn I could see through into the garage from the hole in the house."

"Let's go see," said Sally. "Besides, I haven't seen either of these holes yet."

So Herb went up to the attic with a flashlight and a yardstick and Sally and I went around to the garage. I moved the necessary barrels and boxes and pointed to where I had discovered the hole. Sure enough, it was still there.

"That's it," I said. Somehow the hole seemed very ordinary indeed.

There were a few muffled scraping sounds from the wall, and Herb's voice came through the hole. "Can you hear me?" he called.

"Sure, we hear you," I called back.

"Can you see the flashlight?" A dim yellow glow emerged from the hole.

"Yeah, you need new batteries."

There were more scrapings and the flashlight was replaced by the yardstick.

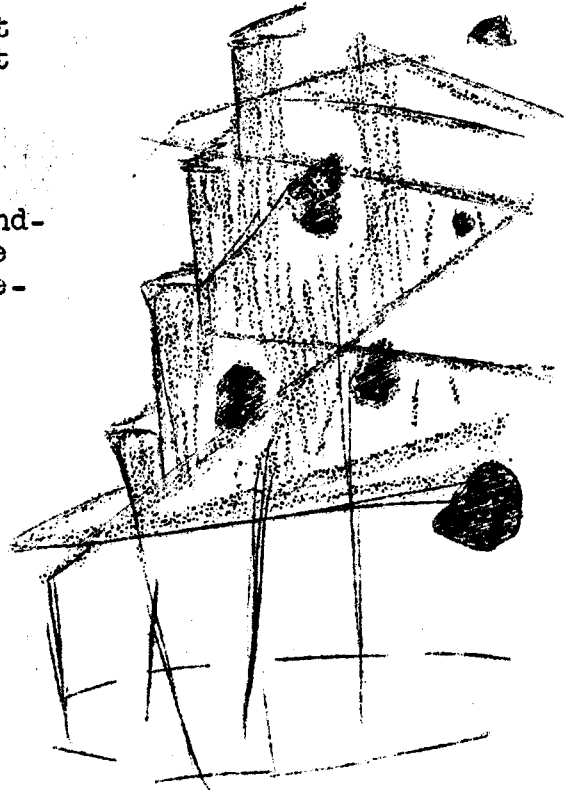
"Does the yardstick go through?" asked Herb. It obviously did, for almost two feet of it were on our side of the wall.

"Sure it goes through. Say, are you sure you're in the attic?"

"You want to trade places?"

I decided that, just to make sure, I did want to trade places. Five minutes later, Herb was poking the yardstick through the hole from the garage into the house. After passing the yardstick back and forth a few times, we gave up.

"Look," I said, "anybody can see that the garage windows are



about six feet lower than the attic windows." They nodded. "And the attic windows are on the same level as the attic floor, and the garage windows are about two feet off the floor, so the holes must be about eight feet apart." They nodded again.

"But," said Herb, "the holes go right through."

"Yeah. You and your Pilgrim Fathers!"

"Wait a minute," said Sally. "Old Mr. Reed, up the road, knows all about these old houses. Maybe he can tell us about the holes."

But it turned out that the venerable Reed was celebrating his eighty-third birthday at his grandchildren's. Herb said he would get Mr. Reed out early in the week and tell me what he said.

I next saw Herb at lunch hour on Tuesday. He was munching morosely on a large lettuce salad as I sat down beside him. "Well, what's the word on the holes?" I asked.

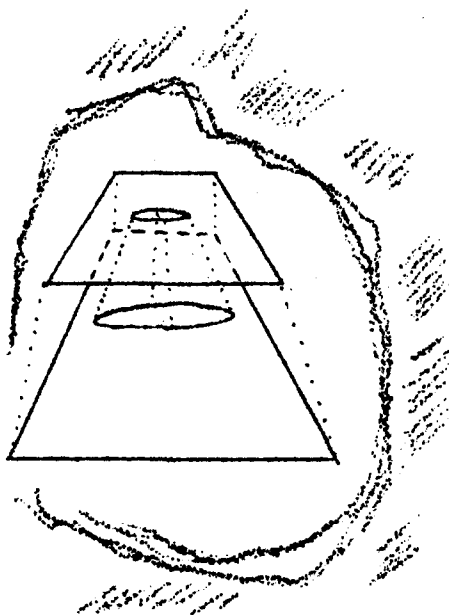
"Oh. Why, Mr. Reed looked at them yesterday afternoon. He took a lot of measurements and things, and did some calculating, and then he said that the holes were eight feet, one and a half inches apart vertically, six inches apart sideways, and the two attics overlap each other's floor space by an inch and three quarters."

"But what explanation did he give? What did he say about it?"

"He said, 'Mister, you've got a mighty remarkable house there,' and walked out."

"You mean he didn't tell you anything? Didn't he know anything more about it than that?"

"Well, he said he thought that was the house George Washinton slept in two nights in 1777."



Wednesday night I went to the public library. I remembered reading somewhere about things being in two different places at once if there was a hole in the fourth dimension, or something like that. I looked up "Fourth Dimension". I wound up with a book about Einstein's Theory of Relativity. It said that Time was the fourth dimension, but that nothing unusual happened unless you were going pretty fast. I considered the hole. It was standing still, firmly fastened to the ground by the colonists' sturdy construction. I put the book back.

Then I looked up "Dimension". This referred me to the Mathematics section. The first book I found was called "Projective Geometry". It was full of bold-

face type and odd diagrams. I decided I needed a more elementary approach. I picked up the next book on my list. It was called "Topologie". It was written in French. I put it back. Then I must have gotten mixed up, for the next book was a small, black, nameless volume in fine print which began "A well-known theorem from the calculus of variations states that..." I put that back, too. After a while I gave up and went back to the card files.

This time I looked up "Holes". Some cross-references led me to a book on cheese-making. I left the card file and tried the encyclopedia. Then I tried the index to periodicals. At last I tried the door.

"Either your house is unique, or nobody ever wrote about that kind of thing," I told Herb next day.

"If it's unique, we'll have to ask some of the local folks about it," he said. "You know, there might be somebody around who would know who had lived there before, or who knows about the hole, or something."

Several days later, Herb reported that his neighbors were abysmally ignorant, or, in his words, "They didn't know anything about it."

"Did you try the agent who sold you the house?"

"Yes, and he didn't know anything either. The last people who lived there didn't use the garage at all, so far as I could find, and they left no forwarding address."

"Well," I said, "I'll think about it, and if I think of anything, I'll let you know."

But I didn't think of anything, and gradually I forgot all about Herb's hole. Finally, about two months later, Herb mentioned it to me.

"You remember those holes in the attic?" he asked me one day at lunch. "Well, we had a carpenter out last week to put in some shelves, and you know what he said about them?"

"What?" I said tensely, my interest re-awakened.

"He said, 'If I was you, I'd nail them holes shut.' So I said, 'If you can do a neat job of it, go to it.' And he did."

"You didn't nail them shut! Why, those holes are the wierdest thing to happen in a hundred years. There's no telling what might come of them. You couldn't have told him to nail them shut!"

Herb stared at me in amazement. "Of course I told him to nail them shut. What else could you possibly do with them?"

Come to think of it, what else could you possibly do with them?

-- A. Young

UN CONTE TRAGIQUE

Jehan est un petit arthropod. Il demeure dans un trou dans la champêtre du fenêtre.

Voila Milan le chat; il voit Jehan. Le chat a faim. Il se jette sur Jehan.

-- Crunk crankle dit Milan, miauo.

Mais Jehan est un arthropod très fort, et il mange pauvre Milan à la place.

UN CONTE COMIQUE

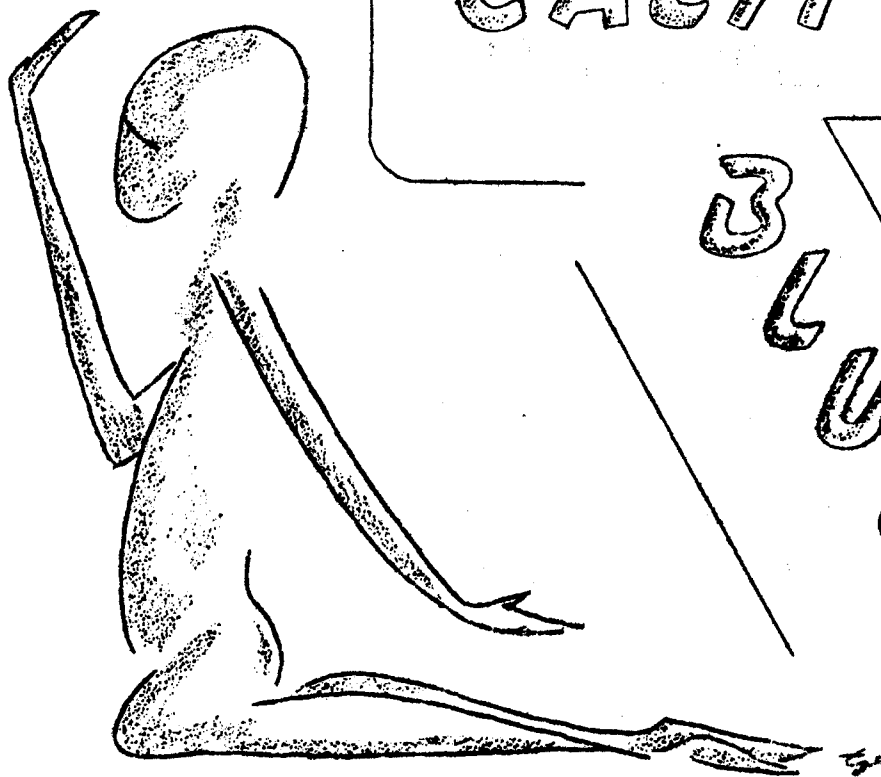
Barbizon est un bandicoot. Il a trois orteils. Il demeure dans un trou dans le continent d'Australie.

Voila maintenant le Kelly. Il est un homme Américan qui dessine. Il vient à Australie et il voit Barbizon.

-- Aha, il dit, je vais vous dessiner.

Mais Barbizon est un bandicoot très intelligent et versatile, et il dessine le Kelly à la place.

-- jeanY



"Sittin' by de ocean
My heart she feel so sad...
Sittin' by de ocean
My heart she feel so sad.
Me pockets full of empty
I can't get back to Trinidad"

"Have you ever conceived what a great thing is your blues?" the Martian mused, to no one in particular, as he stared at his water glass of Sawtooth Rye. "The rhythm-patterns of that, for instance," he said, drawing circles on the bar with the bottom of his glass, "fall into a scheme immediately Terran, and lonely. A great thing, your blues."

Turk...he might have been the greatest arranger or composer in the Moon and planets, except that, being a Martian, he had no concept of melody. The compositions of Beethoven, the improvisations of Kenton were, to him, arrangements of varying rhythm sequences. There is, of course, a variation in tone and pitch, but music meant percussion to Turk.

The light seemed to glint oddly off the Martian's vacant eyes. "Two hundred years is a long time for loneliness to last."

I looked at him, thinking of an answer. Allowing for the smoothness that comes from a flexible skeleton, he might have been a native Earthman. But Turk was not quite just a man of short build; he was a completely average, almost intentionally average man. Martians have, by legend at least, some voluntary control over their appearance, and if Turk had any, he used it only to appear more inconspicuous.

"There were a lot of unhappy people on Earth back then," I said. "Before the days of space travel, before the human race met intelligent life so different from itself, people made more of a fuss over differences among themselves. One group might make things hard for another because of a difference in size or color or which end of an egg they crack first. A person might get thought into a cubbyhole from birth. I guess if people were in that kind of a hole, they might feel bad enough to make up the blues."

"The people who made the blues must have thought themselves very different...very much alone."

"Everybody must have been unhappy. That was about the time of the World Wars, you know."

"Yes, it must have been so. Nothing like your blues can come from a people who are content." He drained his glass, the fourth in an hour. Martians are very resistant to alcohol.

"Every time you play that, I like it better, Turk," I said. It was one that arrived when "ancient music" became suddenly popular. The craze had long since died, but Bob Silverberg kept a few blues melodies available on the music-vendor. Only Turk wanted to play them, but Bob didn't seem to worry about it.

"You can say a lot of things with music like that," I said, feeling the silence creep in on us, and not wanting it.

He hesitated. "Yes; but never...never could I say that, so well."

From Turk, that was a great compliment. He had been a student of music, preparing for the priesthood, on Mars. That was, of course, before the War. Afterwards, he'd handled six drums at once in the best clubs on the Moon. But after a few years, Martian drummers faded in popularity. Now the best spot he could find was making a bare living in a low-grade dive.

"Another, Bob, please," he said to Silverberg. "Men make an oddly disjointed race, do they not? Your music -- your blues especially -- so good; your whiskey, so bad. No insult, Bob?"

"S okay, Turk," said Bob. He was used to the satirical ritual by now. He poured the glass full of straight whiskey again. Turk was a rare and loyal customer, and deserved a little consideration. Bob cut his prices to Turk, though neither of them mentioned it.

Turk soberly raised his glass. "I have picked up your habits, even developed your tastes -- but I have not your weaknesses." He absorbed half the glass without a trace of reaction. It would have

taken a gallon to shake him.

"When I was young, I dreamed of creating rhythms with a power such as that; power to reach beyond races and differences and affect everyone the same. It would have been nice to try." His flexible fingers beat out a tatoon on the bar, complimenting the sound pouring from the wall. In spite of my slight training in music, I couldn't follow his intricate pattern; it was as close to a new melody as he could get. As I listened, I realized that though the human race had created the blues, this alien creature was using it and weaving his own emotions into it. The damp bar was no substitute for a drum-head, but Turk made it do.

The record ended, and Turk took another mouthful of liquor. "The man who made this must have been a very tired, very lonely man," he said slowly. "Your blues is the very soul of loneliness."

"As strong as that?" I asked.

Turk sipped at his drink. "Good music...must always communicate to the soul. For, in what other respect are listeners and creators alike?"

He emptied his glass, and put some money on the bar. "I must leave, to sleep. Tiredness comes early to one so old. Thank you, Bob, and you may keep the change this time; I am not now so deep in debt. Goodbye, my friends." He walked slowly to the door.

"So long, Turk, nodded Bob, polishing a glass.

"Bob," I said, "give me a double bourbon, straight."

"Isn't it a little early in the week for you? Look at what you've already had."

"Never mind, Just pour."

"Okay, I just work here." He filled the glass.

I took as much as I could in a gulp; it shook me, but it was what I wanted.

"God, Bob, it must be hell for him!"

"Who, Turk? He never complains."

"Yes he does -- in the music. Did you ever really listen to that rhythm?"

"I -- Yeah. I've listened."

"We'll never know what it's like to be alone, the way he's alone."

"I don't know," said Bob. "He always has his music."

"Only in one way," I said, realizing the truth of my words as

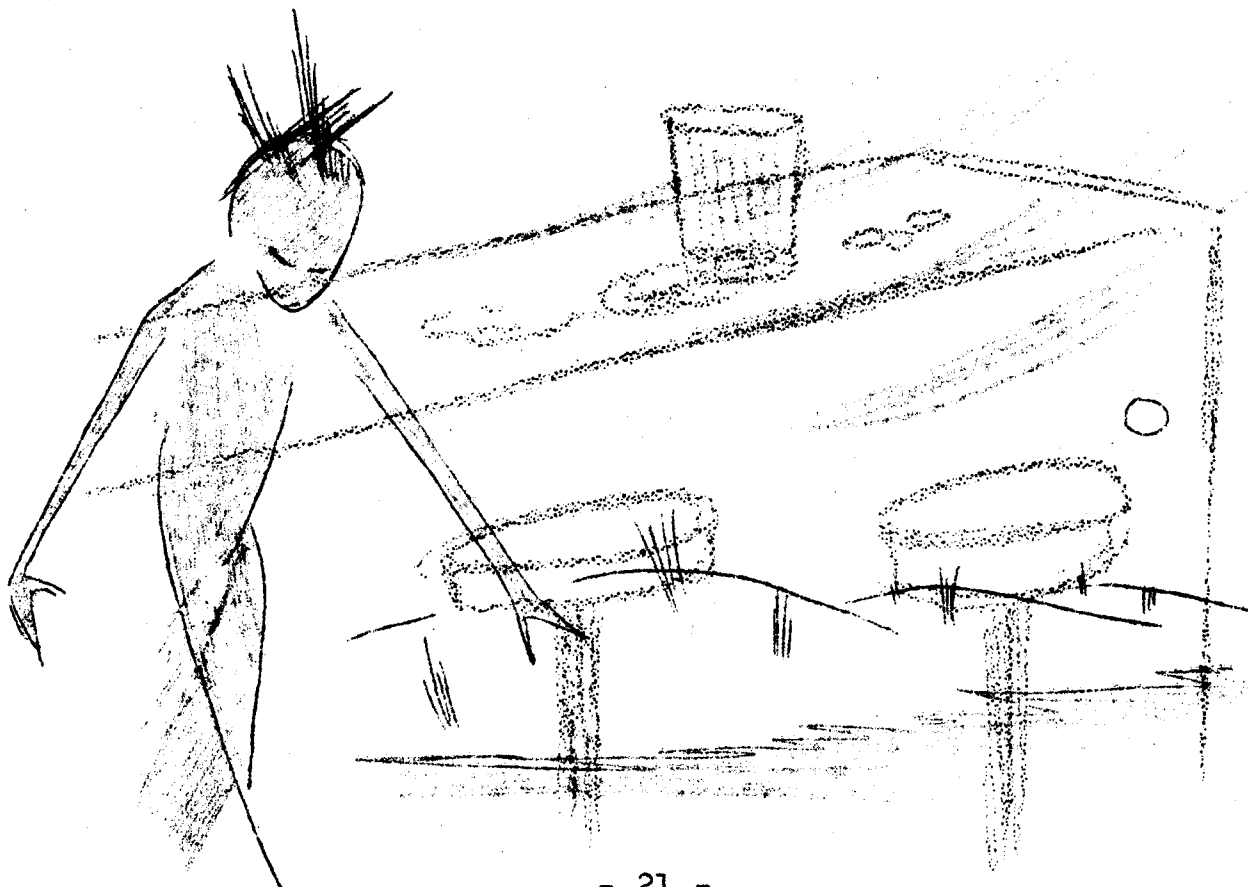
I spoke; "He can't share his music, Bob. Can any human really understand a Martian drummer's rhythm? He has to play it for himself alone, knowing he's alone. And yet -- is there any real difference between him and us?" I thought of the hatred that had grown up between Earth and Mars, so like the hatreds that had divided the human race. I remembered the war of extermination we had waged on Mars; I remembered gleeful tabloids shrieking MILLION MARS-MEN EXTERMINATED IN H-BLAST, as though they were troublesome vermin; I remembered the swift-running hounds of plague that finished our war for us, even as our consciences were trying to stop it. Turk was the only Martian I'd ever seen in Luna City; he might be the only Martian left in all the Moon-colonies.

"No wonder he likes the blues so much," I said. "But why doesn't he hate us? He's got every reason to. For God's sake, why doesn't he hate us?"

"I don't know," said Bob, calmly washing his glass. "Maybe he'd like to, but he can't. What would he have left, then? Bad as we are, we're all that's left."

"Me heart she hurt from homesick;
Me feet she hurt from shoes.
Me pockets full of empty:
I got calypso blues."

-- Larry Stark



PLAGIARIZE!

MAKE ME A POEM, BABY

"Asked for a statement of his aims, Salemmé wrote: "If I were not a painter, or if I were writing about someone else's painting, I believe I could do it with pleasure. I confess I find it unpleasantly irritating and annoying to attempt to write about that which I have already articulated visually. The statement or statements of all artists, be they poets, painters, musicians, or dancers is in their art. No one really expects Hemingway to articulate the finer parts of The Old Man And The Sea with a clarinet. And certainly Picasso is not expected to play the harpsichord about his achievements in painting -- even if one cannot be too sure about him.

"If I were a writer I would say, providing I did not have to be Salemmé, that his painting is certainly good, and it does seem to leave some lasting impression, but as matters are, I'm not a writer and I'm certainly sorry I can't play the piano too."

--Attilio Salemmé, quoted in
"The New Decade", the Whitney
Museum's catalog of an
exhibit of 35 American
artists, 1955-56

"My father is a judge." --Temple Drake

THE AFTERMATH OF THE ABSOLUTE

"Early in the 1940's, Sue Fuller began to experiment with soft ground etching, pressing abstract arrangements of string, rope and fabric into the ground to obtain varied textural effects. This led her, about 1947-8, to similar compositions, done for their own sake. She became fascinated not only with the contemporary possibilities of her medium but also with its historical aspects and did much research in the history of primitive string figures, cat's cradles and knots, finding, she says, 'the quiet reassurance that in the long history of man my discovery was not new.' She also investigated new materials, such as the nylon, plastic and aluminum threads that she now uses extensively."

--"The New Decade"

"No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody f---ing chance."

"WRITE 500 WORDS A DAY, AND INSIDE THREE MONTHS... "

"For the sake of a few lines,' wrote Rilke, 'one must see many cities, men and things. One must know the animals, one must feel how the birds fly and know the gesture with which the small

flowers open in the morning. One must be able to think back to roads in unknown regions, to unexpected meetings and to partings which one had long seen coming; to days of childhood that are still unexplained, to parents that one had to hurt when they brought one some joy and one did not grasp it (it was a joy for someone else); to childhood illness that so strangely began with a number of profound and grave transformations, to days in rooms withdrawn and quiet and to mornings by the sea, to the sea itself, to seas, to nights of travel that rushed along on high and flew with all the stars -- and it is not yet enough if one may think of all this. One must have memories of many nights of love, none of which was like the others, of the screams of women in labor, and of light, white, sleeping women in childbed, closing again. But one must also have been beside the dying, one must have sat beside the dead in the room with the open window and the fitful noises. And still it is not enough to have memories. One must be able to forget them when they are many, and one must have the great patience to wait until they come again. For it is not yet the memories themselves. Not until they have turned to blood within us, to glance, to gesture, nameless and no longer to be distinguished from ourselves -- not until then can it happen that in a most rare hour the first word of a verse arises in their midst and goes forth from them."

--Rilke, quoted by Ben Shahn, in
"The Biography of A Painting"

"My mother is a fish." --Vardaman Bundren

BLAST

Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson are very funny on the subject of Hemingway. The last time Sherwood was in Paris they often talked about him. Hemingway had been formed by the two of them and they were both a little proud and a little ashamed of the work of their minds. Hemingway had at one moment, when he had repudiated Sherwood Anderson and all his works, written him a letter in the name of American literature which he, Hemingway, in company with his contemporaries was about to save, telling Sherwood just what he, Hemingway, thought about Sherwood's work, and, that thinking, was in no sense complimentary. When Sherwood came to Paris Hemingway naturally was afraid. Sherwood as naturally was not.

--Gertrude Stein, in "The Autobiography of Alice B.
"The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" 1933

"I know myself, but that is all." --Amory Blaine

COUNTER-BLAST

"Let's talk about Mr. J.P. I don't like you to call him Pop. It's not dignified."

"He and I aren't dignified together."

"Yes, but I'm dignified with him. Don't you think he's wonderful?"

"Yes, and he doesn't have to read books written by some female he's tried to help get published saying how he's yellow."

"She's just jealous and malicious. You never should have

help her. Some people never forgive that."

"It's a damn shame, though, with all that talent gone to malice and nonsense and self-praise. It's a god-damned shame, really. It's a shame you never knew her before she went to pot. You know a funny thing; she never could write dialogue. It was terrible. She learned how to do it from my stuff and used it in that book. She had never written like that before. She never could forgive learning that and she was afraid people would notice it, where she'd learned it, so she had to attack me. It's a funny racket, really. But I swear she was damned nice before she got ambitious. You would have liked her then, really."

--Ernest Hemingway, in
"The Green Hills of Africa" 1935

"My Boy Friend's Name is Jello" -- Avram Davidson

A WAY OF LIFE IS JUST A GODDAM HOBBY

"Where did it get me? It had been a fair and I had been one among conjurers, Don Juans, rioters and sword-swallowers. The barkers' high-sounding words of alleged profound significance still ring in my ears. I hear them again every time I meet artists and art connoisseurs. At that time it was the prism; now it is escapism and psychoanalysis. All this is a matter of complete indifference to me today. If I have any theory at all, it is that of the simple principle: there is good art and bad art. The best thing for art is for it to be treated as a hobby, an incidental thing. For, after all, what do we artists, we insignificant little ants, have to say? We, who are nothing more than blown up frogs? Where is our influence? Do we change the general picture in the slightest? My faith has been shattered. But who of you idealists, fanaticists, and penitents will cast the first stone?"

-- George Grosz, in
"A Little Yes and a Big No" 1946

"To the loneliest one..." -- Unknown

STATEMENT

"...I could be aphoristic and say that one must be, and in order to be, must find oneself through art-becoming, and let you feel happy that while you have not quite plumbed the meaning you retain a flavor of finality that the statement gives you. I could give you the poetic-enigma line about getting at the structural essence of reality unconcerned with peripheral extensions, but striving instead to grasp the inner truths of being. Or I could be an anti-rationalist and say that words cannot carry the essential truth of the visual. I celebrate my identity through the Instinctual Act of art. I could be a surrealist and daringly conjure the murky images of the unconscious with a dry and crystalline palette. Even better, for you, would be to say that I paint what I see and then paint most peculiar things.

"Shall I blatantly tell you that I can account for every line in a painting? Or that each perverse image is calculated for your

delectation; that each mystery is a calculation?

"Shall I deny my mind and portray my reflexes? Or the reverse? Do you type me as a cynic for saying this much?"

"I am a Sunday painter. I live by teaching; if you like, we could discuss that."

-- Alton Pickens, in
"The New Decade" 1955-6

"They wrapped it well in wire barb to shield it from the sun"

A HOBBY IS JUST A GODDAMN WAY OF LIFE

"...they have found that painting -- any kind of painting, any style of painting -- to be painting at all, in fact -- is a way of living today, a style of living, so to speak. That is where the form of it lies. It is exactly in its uselessness that it is free. Those artists do not want to conform. They only want to be inspired.

"The group instinct could be a good idea, but there is always some little dictator who wants to make his instinct the group instinct. There is no style of painting now. There are as many naturalists among the abstract painters as there are abstract painters in the so-called subject-matter school."

-- Willem de Kooning, in
"The New Decade" 1955-6

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THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS

JeanY: Do you have a portable Shakespeare?

LStark: No, I don't even have a portable Hamlet; my perambulating Dostoevsky is in hock, and my four-wheeled Budd Schulberg doesn't run...

JeanY: Glung...

LStark: But I've got hot and cold running hemingways, if that helps.

((JeanY collapses on table and has to be carried offstage))

!!
!!

Tickle-tockle
Says the clockle
While the rockle
Chair goes rockle

Besteresque, obelisk,
Life, like a knife,
Or broken type,
Too late to wait,
Too soon the decayed moon.

As rotted plums, too ripe,
Violet with violence,
Shattered silence.

Dicker
Wicker
Snicker snicker
Slicker
Flicker
Bicker bicker

Charles K. C. Harvard
8-28-57
6-16-57
9-5-57

