

GARAGE

FLOOR

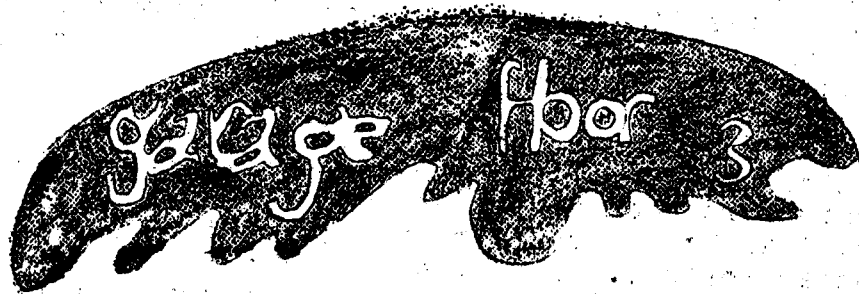


NO. 3

*Handwritten signature or mark.*

Larry Stark & Jean Young  
11 Buena Vista Park  
Cambridge 40, Mass.

Nothing daunts us except  
daunt itself; therefore  
we again bring forth from  
the recesses of our minds:

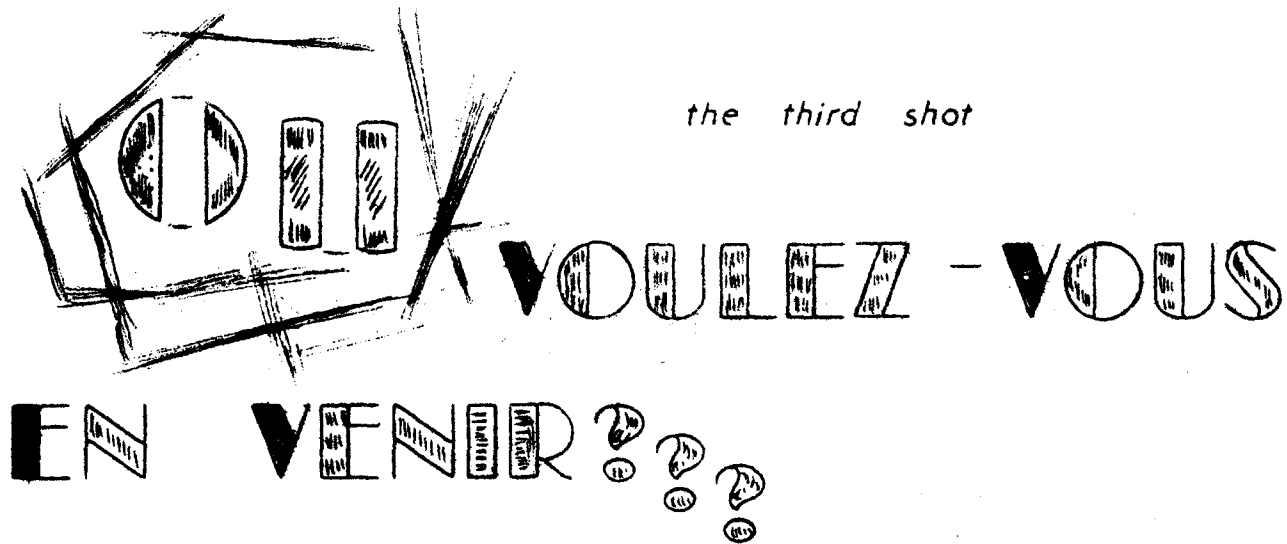


.....where you will find...

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Material by Stark, Young, and Charles K.C. Harvard. Drawings by Young, Dave English, and Vassily Kandinsky (unauthorized). Front cover: Death Be Not Proud #1; Back Cover: The Ship "Little Gone" Is The Most Precious Ornament Of The Land Called Precious Stone. Both by Young.

An Ivory Birdbath Pub.



the third shot

This third issue of the four-shot GARAGE FLOOR is late, but I don't plan to make excuses for it. The principle reason for the delay was my not rewriting the article on the Germans into decent shape until about a year after I'd expected to have it finished. I'm still not satisfied with it, though for those who haven't heard of German modern art this may serve as a brief introduction.

JeanY wondered if I wanted to talk about "technical things" in my half of this editorial; I don't. I suppose she means, for instance, that the wood-cut reproduced at the end of the art-article was cut onto stencils by Jean Young from a reproduction in MODERN GERMAN PAINTING, by Hans Kenrad Roethel. This is an original wood-cut by Vassily Kandinsky, it was a hell of a tough job to cut on stencil, and it may not print as well as we hope. Still, the intentions were honorable, though the duplicator may be weak. Other than that technical bit of information, I don't know what revelations JeanY had in mind. Doubtless we will find out when she gets home from the movies tonight. Doubtless.

The quote-section this time, which is my department, is woefully short and rather empty. It is short because I determined to keep this issue down to the twenty-pages it looked as though it would attain. It is slightly empty because some of the books I wanted to quote from are elsewhere...in the library I no longer work for, or loaned to Dick Eney and the Baltimore crowd...or the quotes themselves seem too long even for an extended quote-section. Kandinsky's description of how der Blaue Reiter grew continues with other interesting material, for instance, and Kirchner's history of the founding and activities of the Bruecke slan-shack reads like a fannish convention-report...that is, mentioning things that happened and people who were seen with little regard for the reader who wasn't there at the time.

I had hoped to include some HUMOR by Ernest Hemingway, and some stuff from Ernie and William Faulkner about where ideas come from and how one ought to write; maybe that can wait for the fourth of these four shots. I still think it interesting.

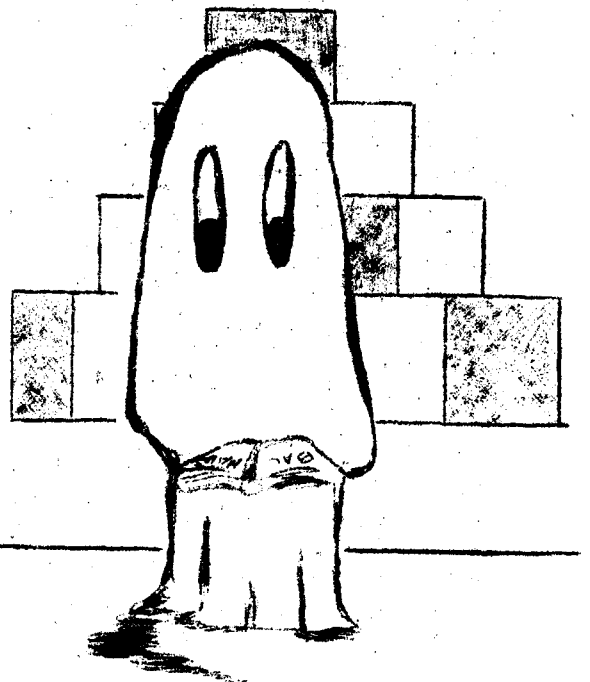
You will notice, if you are a sharp-eyed member of The Crankers of The World, that several pages in this zine have had the 'O's' punched out. This is because neither JeanY nor I can really handle my new typewriter properly. I've managed to lighten up the touch occasionally enough so that the O's stay in the stencil, but quite often I get carried away, and there one goes! I am sorry, and I'll try to do better next time.

Once again, despite mighty efforts at procrastination which bid to leave us with no fanzine at all, the longed-for impossible has happened, and we are nearly done st encilling yet another issue of this unlikely sercon affair. It is, indeed, alas...Editorial Time once more. The louse on the page opposite has gone and talked about the only pertinent subjects available while my back was turned. And Time is brief, fleeting, and usu ally not available at all. Several days are apt to go by between sentences -- nay, even between words. We Have Had Troubles With This Fanzine. Even before we started running off we ha' had troubles, boy. There is, for instance, the typewriter situation. This house is lousy with typewriters. Us Youngs are proud possessors of two, one pica and one elite (the long-carriage monster.) This one (pica, if you're hard of seeing) is a Royal portabobble of the cheapest imaginable variety. It don't go so good no more, though many a fanzine has been chewed out on it. It has a habit of doing ~~hs~~ ... or th is. Without warning. Irregularly. So I swore I would cut no sten cils for G.F. until the pica equivalent of our 20" monster was purchased and available. Well, finally Larry got Money, and bought typer #4, the long-carriage pica, and put typer # 3, his old portable, in mothballs (Mothballs, Mass., located under Larry's desk). Wow! Off we went. Well, you've seen what happened. That is without a doubt the fiercest damn typer I ever set finger to. It chomps along like a herd of electric computing machines all dividing at once, and eats the tender little centers from the ~~top of the plant~~ o's and e's and d's etc. After cutting one page of "Only the Loon" on that, I came back in here and removed the ribbon from the untrusty old portabobble and continued on it, stopping frequently to make corrections when it skip-ped spaces or jammed, and cleaning the keys every line or so...

(Le's have a paragraph -- looks less crowded. There.) What's more, all this plethora of typers has (have? does a plethora have or has?)(has a plethora did or done?)(has...oops, watch it) slightly different arrangements of their (his? its?) crucial punctuation, and I never can remember which typer am I't. I'm at, I mean. You see? I could say it's just one of those days, but when every day is one of those days, the distinction be-comes meaningless.

The more haste, they say, the less speed. It figures. I've been feeling hasty about this for over a year now, and the speed of progress -- indeed, velocity of progress -- has been scarcely noticeable even here, to speak nothing of There.

A Word: there is supposed to be a #4 of these before we say Goodbye and head for the hills (all glowing ruddy in the sunset of our youth), and it is supposed to contain (harumf, kaf-kaf) Poetry. It is well-known that every-one writes poetry in secret; why don't YOU send us some of your secret vice? Identities preserved on request...



# THE FORGOTTEN REVOLUTION



The history of modern art is usually begun and ended in France, or even in Paris, even though after 1900 modernism developed more of an international character than practically any former school or style of art in all history. The Impressionist painters were native Frenchmen, but soon after their revolution began to consolidate into victory, it was heard of in other lands, carried to other lands. Van Gogh was Dutch, but he came to Paris to learn to paint. Picasso, Picabia, and Dali were Spaniards, De Chirico, Modigliani, and Severini Italians; Klee, Swiss; Chagall, Russian. All came to Paris eventually, most of them doing their best work there.

But while many artists moved to Paris to be close to the center of things, "things" spread farther from that center. The early years of this century are marked by many historic achievements in art which went on all over the world.

In 1886, a large exhibition of Impressionist works was arranged in New York. In 1913, a show of Post-Impressionist art was held in an armory building in New York, by the same people who later managed to build the Museum of Modern Art there. This "1913 Armory Show" was a success and a scandal, but it was even more important because the number of European artists represented in the show was matched by an equal number of young American painters. They were all more or less influenced by Paris, but their work was distinctive and original, and they all thought themselves Modern Artists.

In 1905, in Dresden, exposure to French moderns gave common direction to a group of young artists who called themselves "The Bridge" (Die Brücke). These people lived in a kind of arty slum-shack, worked and exhibited together, and tried to formulate their own ideas and answers to the question "What is a picture?" In 1910, "The Bridge" moved to Berlin, but till the first world war broke them up, they continued to work out their individual experiments in modern idioms.

In 1909, in Munich, a second group of artists staged their personal revolution. Affected by the Fauves, two Russian expatriates, Kandinsky

and Jawlensky, founded an artists association which sponsored exhibitions of members' pictures, and also invited French artists to exhibit in Munich. Out of this organization grew "The Blue Rider" (Der Blau Reiter), which later included Marc, Macke, Munch, Chagall, Campendonk, and Klee. By 1912, not only the Fauves, but Cubist picture pictures were shown in Germany, and some of the most successful experiments in assimilation and use of this new style were accomplished by Blue Rider members.

In 1910, in Milan, the first "Futurist Manifesto" was signed by five artists (Boccioni, Balla, Carrà, Severini, and Russolo), who believed that modern painting methods could be used to paint motion and time into their pictures.

In 1916, in Zurich, the Dada movement published its first manifesto. In the founding group were Hans Arp, Tristan Tzara, Hugo Ball, and Richard Huelsenbeck. Satirical, sardonic, or just hilariously enjoyable, Dada had many faces as it swept across all of Europe, and even affected America.

In 1917, in Leyden, Mondrian, Van Doesenberg, and van der Leek launched "de Stijl" (The Style). The work of these artists, particularly that of Mondrian, was a careful, systematic formulation of non-objective, purely geometric abstraction.

All these names and all these places represent some material contribution to the way in which modern artists have approached painting and art. Most of these movements were born of the mutual interest of a few young students in the ideas of one another, and in the ideas and achievements of other painters. Most were greeted by critical assassination, and public ridicule. All had fierce, stubborn adherents; most had fierce, stubborn opposition. All have made specific, lasting contributions to the body of work and thought that we call modern art.

The German moderns ought to be talked about by themselves, however, for a number of reasons. For one thing, modern art in Germany was not the result solely of exposure to French innovations. The German art world had its own history of frequent revolutions... in fact, many more successful revolutions than can be found in the history of French art. There were, for instance, several "Secessions" of young painters, each with manifestos and pronouncements, taking place in German art centers prior to 1900. The "Jugendstil" movement, which preached a more artistic attention to applied arts such as furniture, fabrics, glassware, printing, and illustrations, established influential magazines in 1895, and was allied with movements with similar aim in France and England.

Nor was modernism, as it found form in France, restricted to a single country, or single innovators. In 1890, a group of landscape painters came together in Worpswede, in North Germany, to try to paint with a feeling of romantic lyricism. When discovering Corot and Millet in Paris around 1900, painters of Worpswede found not masters to imitate, but kindred spirits.

Between 1903 and 1907, Paula Modersohn-Becker, of the Worpswede school, attempted to discover a new simplicity of form, with which to express the reality she saw more directly. The results of her work are portraits which look surprisingly like Cezanne and Gauguin, whose work she didn't see till 1905.

But, despite similar yet independent discoveries of the ideas current in modern painting, German modern art has a distinct flavor all its own, a greater emphasis on what has come to be called "Modern German Expressionism", and a glance at history offers some reasons why this might be so.

The art, such examples of it as can still be found, of the "Barbarians to the North of Rome", consisted mostly of intricate abstract designs, interspersed with weirdly fused animal forms. The Catholic church, as it conquered and assimilated these peoples, acquainted their artists with the ideals expressed in classical statues...and what resulted was first the crude-looking, stocky figures of the Romanesque period, and finally the Gothic style. In France, native vigor and awareness of the world fused with the religious aspiration that church-art represented, and the classic purity and etheriality appears to have dominated. In Germany, however, a much more subtle inbreeding was taking place.

Perhaps it was simply that German sculptors used wood rather than stone for their statues, and could therefore make much more intricate and detailed designs, as well as achieving more surface effects. In any case, much more of the violence and extreme expressiveness of Gothic times is found in German than in French work of the similar period. The haunted wonderlands of the middle-ages seem to have been more a part of German church beliefs than any other.

The French crucifixion, for instance, often shows a patient, kind, saintly man, suffering in benign, restful silence. The German christ, however, is more often a twisted, emaciated, visibly suffering human figure, the rib-cage deep-cut, the spent, empty husk of a man, the gasping, sightless head dangling horizontally upon it.

About 1500, Matthias Grunewald's painted altarpiece at Eisenheim displayed an equally torn, tortured Christ-figure, this time with color. The arms were twisted back until the hands clawed upward in futile agony; the feet, smashed through by a single spike, gave the grotesque appearance of two misshapen hands clasped in prayer; and the flesh, scarred and bleeding in a hundred places, was painted in a sickly yellow-green. These are not the peacefully triumphant Christs of other lands; these are Christs of people for whom "The Dance of Death" is an every-day reality. To understand the agonies of the crucifixion, find a German interpretation of it.

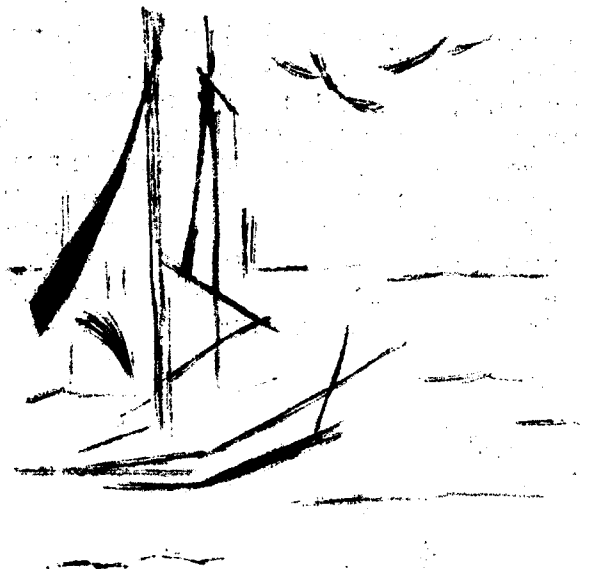
This same kind of intensity of emotional feeling, given form by distortions and exaggerations of shapes and colors, is the basis of what we call modern Expressionism. Van Gogh's broken, flaming colors, and Gauguin's flat, simple, pagan landscapes, were the first tendencies in this direction, and it was these painters who excited German students with what could be done with new paintings, and reminded many of what German artists had done in the past.

The painters of Die Brucke made collections of old woodcuts and prints, peasant art, South Seas sculpture, and similar expressive pieces of art. It was their belief that in such pieces of work the artist had achieved a more direct expression of his own reactions to what he saw and felt. Kirchner, Heckel, Schmidt-Rottluff, and Bleyel were the founders of the group, later joined by Emile Nolde for a time, and by Otto Mueller and Max Pechstein. They experimented widely in woodcut, dry-point, and lithograph, seeking in their printmaking and their painting that direct communication of vision and idea. "He who portrays directly, without qualification, the creative impulse, is one of us," said their original manifesto...a book printed and illustrated by hand-carved woodcuts.

The Die Brücke members were all affected by what they saw of Cezanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, by the savage woodcuts of Edvard Munch, and Gauguin's woodcut-illustrations of "Noa-Noa" inspired them also. But the angular forms, the savagely brilliant color, the stark and powerful construction of their prints, was a distinctly German, distinctly personal contribution.

In 1913, after the group moved to Berlin, a disagreement led to their disbanding. Kirchner's "Chronicle of the Bridge" of 1913 ((again composed on woodcut)), was rejected by both Heckel and Schmidt-Rottluff, and thereafter the group ceased to function. They continued to paint separately, but none of them succeeded in turning out a fenzine to equal their first.

In addition to this feeling for expressive distortion which made Post-Impressionist and Fauvist ideas popular in Germany, there were other ideas which were held important. Individuality for one seemed to be a prime concern, and individual styles seem more the rule in Germany than elsewhere. And another most important factor for most of these men seems to have been an air of mysticism which surrounded their inspiration. An artist had to feel he was correct in painting one picture the way he did, and often could express his reasons no other way.



One of those who seems to have believed that his pictures represented mystical union with nature was Frenz Marc, of Der Blau Reiter, whose canvasses usually depict animals, simply done, in a gentle landscape which is hinted at rather than filled-in, and everything painted in rich, glowing, unreal colors. His paintings looked something like those of Gauguin... broad, simple areas of color, usually without much perspective, in which pattern seems much more important

than detail. In most of his pictures, the subject itself...an animal, usually, sometimes a shepherd...fills most of the picture-space, seems held close to the eye, and whatever details of surrounding landscape appear are packed in around the central figures.

After Cubism arrived in Germany, Marc's pictures showed definite changes. Instead of simple, restfully curving lines, the picture-surface was broken up by sharp straight diagonals, and radiating spokes, as though the world had exploded. His rich, cool colors, however, remained unchanged.

Another highly individualistic German, also active for a time with the Blau Reiter, was the Swiss Paul Klee. He, like a number of his fellows, had a musical background, and could play well enough to have made music his career. He, Kandinsky, and a few others appear to have desired a form of painting which would lead to such purity of communication and expression as music offers, without the intermediaries of portrayed objects



However, though he dealt often with abstract ideas, Klee did not end up with an abstract art. Instead, Klee tried to find personally significant symbols, a kind of individual hieroglyphics with which to create pictures. Stick-figures, arrows, numbers, exclamation-points, often appear in his sketches and water-colors; a single line, curling back upon itself, will sometimes describe an entire face or figure, or the lines of a group of sailboats. Seen initially, Klee's method and vocabulary often appears childish, unimaginative, and grossly inadequate. The world which Klee created and populated, however, becomes more alive and excitingly real the more you see of his work. His purpose was not to re-create or imitate reality, but to suggest aspects of it, subtler and occasionally invisible aspects. There is humor, delicacy, and inventiveness in his work, and yet it is always the work of an individual.

In 1912, Wassily Kandinsky published a book "On The Spiritual In Art", edited an issue of the magazine "Der Blau Reiter", and continued to help organize some of the younger painters of Munich for the purpose of exhibiting their work together, and of financing the exhibition of foreign artists who interested them. In addition, around the same year, Kandinsky began painting pictures according to a wholly new definition of "Art".

Kandinsky believed that a picture was a construction of lines, shapes, and colors...and nothing else. Like music, painting was not to be bound to first imitate a recognizable object, in order to express the intention of the artist. Some of his early pictures were given musical titles..."Opus #4"? "Nocturne"...others were simply called "Abstraction" or "Composition". All emotional or intellectual content was to be derived from the picture itself, not the objects or scenes the picture imitated. In later works, Kandinsky often used the T-square compass, and triangle, both to emphasize the purity of composition and construction, and to set his work even farther from conventional ideas of what a painting should be.

As something of a spokesman for Der Blau Reiter, Kandinsky summed up a good many ideas that were circulating in Germany at the time. First of all, the picture itself was of most importance. Each picture called for its own set of rules, each idea and emotion must be worked out in its own terms. Second, it was the individual vision of each artist that decided what form and content his creation would take. Finally, even for



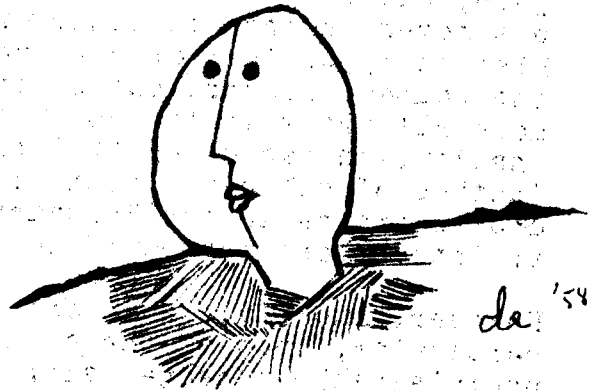
"Not even yet quite relinquish"

Kandinsky the theorist, philosopher, and teacher, the act of creation held about it something mystic and unexplainable. Only the artist himself could be held accountable for what he had created...and often he might find it impossible to explain what he had done, except to exhibit the picture itself. Kandinsky believed that the painter could

communicate by means of an abstract language, as a musician can, but the reasons why one form or set of forms should evoke one kind of reaction and not another remained obscure.

The vital and exciting ideas pursued by the Brucke and Blau Reiter members are important in the history of modern art. They might have been more influential, but for the disasters which swept in upon these men and forced a halt to their careers: the first world war, and the depression which followed.

German artists were all affected by the war, some seriously: August Macke, killed at Champagne, 1914. Franz Marc, killed at Verdun, 1916. Kandinsky, Jawlensky, and Klee left Germany for their native countries to wait out the war.



But perhaps the most harshly affected were those artists who survived the war, and had to live through the surrender and the depression that followed. A wave of bitter pessimism broke over all Europe as the war ended, and German artists gave voice to their resentments. The paintings of Otto Dix, for instance, are nightmare remembrances of his days in the trenches. And the cartoons of George Grosz, depicting the destruction of all cultural values in the war and its aftermath, are some of the bitterest commentaries ever drawn.

Also considered a reaction to the war was the hectic confusion called Dada...a violent negation of all ancient values, social and artistic, and the glorification of the elaborate joke as the new art form. Dada championed the collage as a new technique of art, and in Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst these pastiches of printed pages, letters, pawn-tickets, and illustrations cut from catalogues had their first real masters.

But it seemed impossible for Germany, beset with troubles though she was, to wallow long in negative pessimism. In 1919, in Weimar, Walter Gropius founded a new school called the Bauhaus which was the physical embodiment of faith in the future. The purpose of the Bauhaus was to examine, through architecture, industrial design, painting, and sculpture, the formation of the entire human environment. Students were encouraged to examine new materials, for industrial as well as artistic potential. Shapes to be constructed out of folded and cut paper were one of the endlessly fascinating Bauhaus experiments, and out of their explorations came such things as the first tubular-steel chair, and styles of architecture and industrial design which Gropius and Mies van der Rohe have used (and seen imitated and expanded upon) throughout the world.

In 1919, Lionel Feininger (an American painter who lived twenty years in Germany) was invited to teach at the Bauhaus; in 1923, Paul Klee and Oscar Schlemmer; 1922, Kandinsky; 1923, the Russian Constructivist Moholy-Nagy. The intellectual climate of the school, which scintillates through the history of the Bauhaus printed by van der Rohe in this country, was unbelievably light-hearted, and naive, for this period. Eyes and minds of both students and teachers were kept constantly open and receptive to new ideas. Frequent parties and

masquerades broke the routine of studies, and the work of students and teachers, as well as of invited artists, was put on view in frequent school exhibitions.

The Bauhaus was moved into a newly designed building in Dessau in 1925, but the great promise of this German art movement was again destroyed before fruition, Gropius left in 1928, Schlemmer in 1929, Klee in 1930. In that year van der Rohe attempted to restore some of the Bauhaus flavor, but by that time social conditions in Germany made all artistic freedom extremely difficult. In 1932 the institution was moved to Berlin, but it was closed there in 1933 as a "hotbed of cultural Bolshevism". Hitler's dictatorship decreed all modern trends in art "decadent", and sold and burned the work of many artists. Those who could left the country once more.

However, luckily, ideas are difficult things to kill. And one idea in particular, that of the artist's individual integrity and his often unexplainable personal vision, has had considerable effect upon the work of artists in the past, and is still very much alive and effective today.



Mimeograph copy after a woodcut by Wassily Kandinsky, 1912. Blaue Reiter.

## ONLY THE LOON

"Evening is down  
And night unknown  
But here in the morn  
The mists are grown..."

The Loon sat on an unlikely chunk of rock in the middle of the marsh, and brooded. The marsh was a place that invited brooding, for it stretched for miles and miles till it reached the first ridges of the downs. To the other side was the sea, and it was not at all certain where the marsh stopped and the ocean took over.

The Loon had never noticed this before. He had been hatched in the marsh, and had known it all his life. It was the place where he lived, and he never looked twice at it, except with an eye to food. His parents had never looked at the marsh, and so had not taught him to do so. They had taught him to dive for fish, of course, but that was about it.

He did remember that once, a group of geese had settled down on the marsh at a grating time, and he had run after them, because they were so many and so lovely. But his parents had stopped him. "You can't go running after them," they said. "After all, you are only a Loon, and a little one, too."

But it happened that today the Loon had got his belly full of fish very early, and had nothing to do but stand and stare about him. He saw the hills, far away to the west, and he wondered what good they were, and what was in them. He noticed the sun on the ocean, still not risen very high, and wondered why it made such a sparkling path on the water. And the more he wondered, the more he wondered that he wondered, and most especially at the feeling of pain and unrest it brought on. This set him to brooding. A group of gulls wheeled in from the sea. He looked at them, and brooded even deeper.

He wondered if he was hungry. He headed for the water and caught himself a fish and swallowed it. No, he wasn't hungry.

The sun rose higher and danced prettily on the waves. There seemed to be a smog above the swamp -- faint, but definitely there. There were a few patches of white sand here and there at the edge of the marsh



and the sea, and they glittered curiously. There didn't seem to be any creatures stirring in the marsh. The Loon shook his head, looked at the sky, and set off down the shoreline.

He walked for a long, long way before the marsh gave way to sandy beach and dunes. Here there were flocks of sandpipers running up and down near the water's edge, and he stopped to watch them. They noticed him, too, finally, and bit by bit drew closer and stared at him. He felt uncomfortable. Finally he asked them, "What are you all doing, running around in a bunch like that?"

"Hunting for food," said one sandpiper.

"And playing games," said another.

"We have lots of fun," said a third, and they all ran off again. The Loon watched them, and wondered. It did sort of look like fun. But he was ten times their size at least, and could hardly run around with them.

So he went on down the beach, watching other groups of sandpipers, or flocks of gulls riding on the waves. The gulls seemed very friendly, and sometimes asked him to join in their fishing, for times were good and company fun. But something bothered the Loon when he was with them, and he decided not to stay.

One day, while he was diving for fish out beyond the breakers, he ran into a school of porpoises who were fishing and playing and sunning themselves on some rocks. They were very friendly indeed, and the Loon felt himself warming towards these carefree and graceful creatures. He pulled himself out on a rock to eat his last fish and watch the sport.

Three porpoises chased each other round and round in a circle, and a fourth dove back and forth through the center of the ring. Another popped up with a fish in his mouth and bounced saucily on a wave, displaying his catch. At that moment, a gull swooped over and stole the fish right out of his mouth. The porpoise cried out angrily as the gull flew off, and the other porpoises laughed and chuckled. After a few minutes the gull flew back and dropped the fish on the porpoise's nose, for he was not hungry and only wanted to tease. The porpoises laughed harder than ever at this -- and the Loon found that he was laughing, too.

A cheerful porpoise on the rock next to him shook his head and smiled. "Buster is a damfool show-off, but not a bad fellow, really." The Loon felt all overcome at being talked with in this fashion by a stranger, and only nodded.

"You from up North?" asked the cheerful porpoise, and the Loon nodded again. "Some nice places up there, but the fishing's better here right now. Why not stick around and see the fun?"

The more he thought of it, the better the Loon liked the idea, and so he stayed. He dove with the porpoises, and sometimes floated with the gulls on the waves. Sometimes he went inshore to the beach, and watched the sandpipers, or the tiny crustaceans that crawled about in the sand. He raced with some of the porpoises, and even with an occasional passing seal, and a good bit of the time, he won.

One day, he made a very clumsy dive from a rock, and when he



surfaced, he saw that the porpoises were laughing at him. Horribly ashamed, he dove off and swam away where no one could see him. When he finally returned, the cheerful porpoise said, "Hey, what's the idea of slinking off that way?"

"I'm a clumsy oaf," said the Loon, "and I made a fool of myself. I don't belong here -- you laughed at me."

"Good lord," said the porpoise, "we laugh at each other -- why shouldn't we laugh at you?"

"I'm just a Loon," said the Loon, "and I don't deserve to be here." And he humped himself up on a tiny rocklet and tried to forget his shame in sleep. He felt better the next day, and thought he might recover from the incident after all.

But about a week later, a gull stole a fish right from his beak, and he was so humiliated he tore off at top speed. The gull was so astonished he dropped the fish right there, and after a minute he took off after the Loon. The Loon tired eventually, and pulled up on a rock to rest a bit and brood over his shortcomings. While he was resting, the gull caught up with him.

"For Pete's sake, what did you do that for?" squawked the gull, "mad or something?"

"You made a fool out of me," said the Loon.

"Nonsense," said the gull. "I've stolen a hundred times as many fish from porpoises."

"All the worse," moaned the Loon. "I'm just a misfit."

"Don't be a fool," snapped the gull, "and come on back. There's a giant clambake tonight -- you'll miss the song and dance."

"I'm No Good," said the Loon.

"Don't be ridiculous," said the gull, and flew off. "Are you coming?"

"All right," sighed the Loon, and followed him.

He crept in around the edges of the crowd that was gathered at the rocks, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. A couple of porpoises said Hi to him, and a gull or two flapped a wing. Even some seals who'd come in for the occasion smiled at him in a friendly way. He began to feel better, and gradually found himself getting pushed towards the center of the gathering.



"Hello there, prodigal son," said the cheerful porpoise, to whom everybody was listening. "Welcome home." The Loon shrank back a little in embarrassment and tried to smile.

"Oh, come on out and meet people," said the porpoise, waving his flipper at the circle of creatures. "Seal here from the North -- probably not far from your old place; my brother Claudie, Irv and Mike from Stony Islet, and I think you know the gulls. I was just telling Seal about your swimming meet with his old friend Zeke the other day, and how you beat the hide off him. Come on and take a bow."

The Loon felt a little glow at this, and shyly came out. He prepared to make a little bow --

But his foot slipped on a chunk of seaweed and he fell flat on his beak. There were some embarrassed chuckles from the crowd. The Loon stood up and fled. "Oh lord," said the cheerful porpoise, and went after him.

"I'm leaving, I'm leaving," cried the Loon, "I'm just no good and I'm leaving!"

"Oh, come off it," said the porpoise, "what gave you that idea?"

"I made a fool of myself, and you laughed," said the Loon.

"Oh, for -- we laughed at Buster, too, when the gull stole his fish. But Buster's a good fellow, and we all know it."

"But I'm No Good!" cried the Loon. "I'm a clumsy oaf -- this isn't the first time."

"So? What of all the races you've won? I was just telling the group about this last one -- don't you ever think of that?"

"That just makes it all the worse -- I had to go and spoil it."

"What IS it that makes you think you're so bad, anyway?" cried the porpoise, for now the Loon was sobbing.

"I'm a Loon," said the Loon, "I'm different, I'm no good."

"So you're a Loon. So what? Porpoises aren't gulls, gulls aren't seals. So?"

For a moment the Loon felt as though he were on the verge of a great truth; for a moment he had a vision of happiness he'd never dreamed of. Then, with awful clarity, he saw himself, standing foolishly upon a rock and wasting the porpoise's valuable time.

"I'm only a Loon," he said dully. "I'd better go." And he went.

The porpoise went sadly back to the gathering. "I couldn't talk him out of it," he told the group. "I don't know what's got into him; doesn't he know we'll miss him?" The group fell silent, and the party ended.

"...And only the loon  
shall laugh alone  
And only the lone are lorn."

# THE WINGED ANIMAL



I was alone on the top floor of the library stacks that morning, as usual, shelving books that had been returned that previous afternoon. It was the second day of what later turned out to be a rather severe cold, though at the time not even my sneezing and running nose had gotten as bad as they could. The closing of schools had flooded the library with returns. They overflowed the storage-shelves provided for them, and lay heaped in uneven piles on the work-table near the stairs and even upon the chairs. The job was oppressive in its immensity, and the cool, dry morning air chilled me into frequent fits of sneezing. The shelves were so full I had no free space on which to sort books, and this slowed me down considerably. I had shelved most of the books on the left side of the aisle, and had taken two cart-loads to the right, when I saw the winged animal.

I have always hated insects, large flying insects most of all. This creature, however, seemed a compendium of all my worst fears given physical shape. Its body was over an inch long, with a long, thick black tail. Its head was an incredibly tiny triangle of dull, smokey-orange color, which seemed, as most insects of this size do, to wear an impersonally cruel scowl. Its four stubby, misshapen wings seemed to sprout where a neck or shoulders ought to be found, and they projected forward and back, leaving a wide cleft between. Motionless as they were, the black wings of the creature looked as inert and lifeless as the wings of a maple-seed, and just as irregularly warped and striated. I took no notice of its legs, but, hanging downward from the dull, black body, in a position where I might expect to find a mouth, two bright orange filaments hung, which twitched and jerked, almost like the forks of a snake's tongue, with an insane irregularity I cannot forget.

The winged animal didn't move; in fact, it seemed not to notice me at all. I stifled a shriek when I first recognized what the creature was and that it was alive, and I could feel my body contort with disgust and horror. I stood, tensed and gasping, staring at the ugly shape of the thing, fascinated by the jerking filaments. The creature had perched on one of the metal-wire book-ends that projected down at the end of each shelf. I suddenly wondered what my reactions would have been had I reached blindly for the clamp and found the creature by touching it. I shivered, and turned away, too shaken to think further. I emptied the cart, and returned it to the storage-shelves, feeling insect fingers scabble across my shoulders and up the back of my neck

I sorted another load mechanically. "I'll have to kill it," I decided, fearing the thought of such an act almost as much as the sight of the animal itself. "Hit it quickly...with a book...give it no chance to escape..." As I approached the spot, I rehearsed every motion, forced myself at every point to review the consequences of a mis-step. Fear and revulsion were driving me into a hysterical assault on the object I feared most.



I approached along the shelf, between the rows of books, and stood for a moment, paralysed by the task ahead. I suddenly abandoned the project, scooped up three books in my arm, and stood before the shelf looking, unseeing, for their appointed places. "Get it over with," I decided abruptly. I had a book in my right hand, grasped low down at the binding. In a step the creature came in sight, and as I took the next I swung the wide, flat side of the book swiftly at the insect. I heard the metal of the bookend squeek, like a surprised shout, as the blow forced it back along its track, and I jumped and dodged back along the shelf to a place of safety---a place where I could no longer see what I might have done.

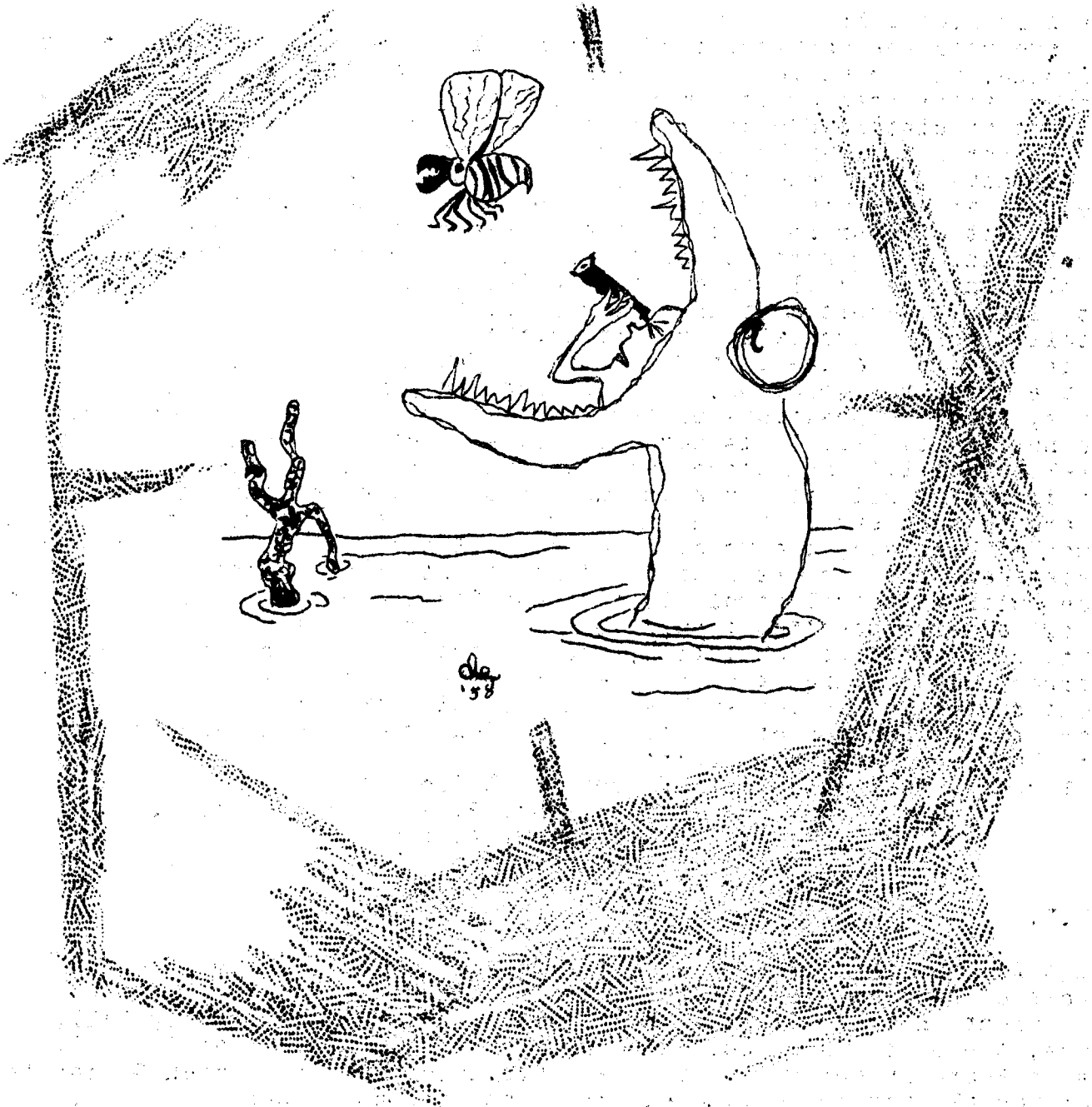
I crouched there a moment, gasping fish-mouthed, feeling suddenly sick. "It's done," I thought, glancing at the place. I searched out the spot on the shelf, and deposited my murder-weapon therein, careful to touch it only by the lower end, tapping it into place with another book, ever on the lookout for bugs-blood. The side of the book bore a faint scratch, but no stain of any kind. "It's done," I thought.

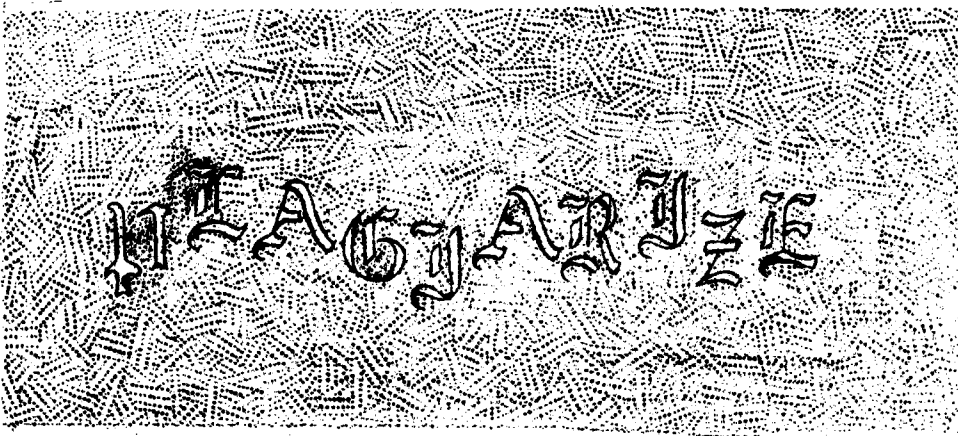
I emptied the cart, working my way again down the rows of shelves, away from the storage-area, and away from the grizzly deed. But all the while I knew it wasn't finished. It was not enough to strike a blow. I had to see the corpse. The load of books was finished, and I began the return trip, trying to ignore the fact that I must pass the spot. But as I came abreast of it, I could control my eyes no longer. I looked, and my body stiffened and knotted to prevent another scream. I had knocked the metal clamp back, up against the last book on the shelf. And there, with that thick black tail wedged between, hung the winged animal, its tiny black legs straining vainly to pull free, its faceted head craned, it seemed, upward, away from the book, almost in a pleading attitude, the stubby black wings occasionally shaken by its attempts to get free.

I pushed quickly past, and fled down the aisle. I stood, unable to continue my work, my mind dwelling in numb fascination on the subject. "Its tail is crushed under that clamp," I reasoned. "It will probably die soon of that alone. And, if it does not, it will starve or dehydrate." I remembered the empty husks of similar insects seen before, but even as I did I realized I would not be content with such a course. I would pass that spot twice with every cart-load of books I returned to the shelves...an endless number, from the look of the table and the chairs. "No," I decided. "I'll have to finish the job, now."

Once again I returned to the spot, from the far end of the shelves. I peeped at the creature, hoping it may have died in the meantime. Its furious struggles had stopped, but it still strained upward in that plaintive fashion, and as I watched it moved once or twice. A plan formed in my mind. Obviously, though pinned, the winged animal had not been as severely crushed as I'd thought. I retreated a step or two down the shelf, and placed my hands on the backs of the books. This time I wouldn't even have to strike at the thing. If I merely widened a crack between the books, that would press them more tightly against the creature's pinned tail, killing it. I tugged at the volumes, inserted the tips of my fingers and drew them apart. But, to my horror, the top edge of the last book caught the clamp, forced the wire to bend outward, away from the book. I heard a soft plup, as I saw the body of the winged animal drop suddenly onto the shelf, and then, with a swish I only thought I heard, I saw the curve of its flight deeper into the maze of shelves. I pressed a hand to my mouth, and swallowed several times, breath rasping into my plugged nostrils. My eyes bulged, and I quivered in every limb.

I went back, and filled another cart-load of books. Then, instead of rolling it back into the maze, I began clearing a shelf, and setting the books in order. The insect, I realized, was softer than I had first suspected, when its horn-shaped wings gave me the impression of gnarled toughness. It bore no resemblance to a wasp. And the wings, short and set wide apart, were really inefficient in flight. Yet, though tormented and hurt, the winged animal was still very much alive, and still on the third floor, somewhere. I sorted books mechanically for a few moments, tense and exhausted, before I fled the floor entirely, and set to work on the floor below. The next day the cold took hold and became much worse. I was apparently close to delirium. After two days nursing the cold away from work, I had no problems on my return. I recalled the incident occasionally, when passing the scene of the crime, but without much real emotion. On the third-floor landing, when I returned, was the crushed and smeared body of an insect. I could not tell if it was the winged animal or not.





SORRY, BUT---

Boris Leonidovich:

We have read the manuscript of your novel which you submitted to our magazine, and we would like to tell you with all frankness what we thought after reading it. We were both alarmed and distressed.\*\*\*The thing that disturbed us\*\*\*is something that neither the editors nor the author can alter by deletions or alterations. We mean the spirit of the novel, its general tenor, the author's view of life, the real one, or, at any rate, the one gathered by the reader.\*\*\*

The spirit of your novel is that of non-acceptance of the socialist revolution. The general tenor of your novel is that the October Revolution, the Civil War and the social transformations involved did not give the people anything but suffering and destroyed the Russian intelligensia, physically or morally.\*\*\*

It is hard to imagine that first in the February Revolution and then in the October Revolution, which divided so many people into different camps, that the positions of the heroes of a novel about that period are not identified. It is hard to believe that the people leading an intellectual life and occupying a certain position in society would not identify their attitude in one way or another at that time in regard to such events as the overthrow of the autocracy, the advent to power of Kerensky, the October uprising, the seizure of power by the Soviets and the dispersal of the Constituent Assembly.\*\*\*

Faced with an actual revolution\*\*\*these "truth-seeking individuals"\*\*\* to all appearances\*\*\*continued to lead a spiritual life, but their attitude toward the Revolution, and primarily their actions, became increasingly contingent on the measure of personal discomfort brought about by the Revolution such as hunger, cold, overcrowded living quarters, disruption of the cozy, well-fed pre-war existence to which they had become accustomed.\*\*\*

Enclosed is the manuscript of your novel "Doctor Zhivago".

---B. Agapov, B.Lavrenyov, K.Fedin,  
K.Simonov, A.Krivitsky  
editors, NOVY MIR

L.N.F.

I met Arp for the first time in the Cabaret Voltaire, the famous cradle of Dadaism. The Cabaret Voltaire, located in a little restaurant in the Spiegelgasse in Zurich, had been founded by Ball, Tzara, the brothers Janco, and Arp a few weeks before I arrived. It was in February during the big war, a.d.1916, at a time when Germany's star was already in decline and when many German prisoners of war, sent to Switzerland by the Red Cross, were seen in the streets.

"This is Arp," said Hugo Ball. Ball was a writer whom I had known well in Germany and with whom I had been producing lectures and publishing little unnoticed magazines. I shook hands with Arp. I had no way of knowing then that this was the beginning of a friendship with one of the greatest sculptors of our time. As a matter of fact, I did not even know that Arp was a sculptor, and later when I asked Ball what Arp did, he said: "I believe he paints."

---Richard Huelsenbeck, in  
"Arp And The Dada Movement"  
ARP, 1958

#### PROCLAMATION OF THE ARTISTS' COMMUNITY OF THE BRUECKE

With the belief in a development, in a new generation of creators as well as beholders, we call upon youth to rally, and to win elbow room and the right to live their own lives away from the established older artists. All those belong to us who mirror, direct and unadulterated, that which impels them to create.

---E.L.Kirchner, about 1905  
printed in 'Chronik der K& Bruecke', 1913

#### I WANTED TO PUBLISH A PAMPHLET

At this time my wish to get out a book, a kind of almanac, to which only artists should contribute articles began to take shape. I had mainly painters and musicians in mind. The corruptive separation of one art from another, and furthermore of 'art' from folk art and children's art, from 'ethnography', the firmly established walls between what I considered to be related or even identical manifestations, in a word, the synthetic relationships, gave me no peace\*\*\*

Almost in a day (1911-12) two great styles of painting came into the world: Cubism and Abstract (Absolute) painting. At the same time, Futurism, Dadaism, and the soon triumphant Expressionism were born. Those were hectic times! Atonal music, and its then universally booted exponent Arnold Schoenberg, excited emotions no less than 'isms' in painting already mentioned.

I met Schoenberg at that time and immediately found him an enthusiastic supporter of the Blaue Reiter idea.

I was already in contact with a few eventual contributors. It was the Blaue Reiter of the future, still without any chance of realization. And then Franz Marc arrived from Sindelsdorf.

One discussion was sufficient: we understood one another completely. I found in this unforgettable man a then most unusual type of artist (is it less unusual today?) who could see far beyond parochialism and who was not so much outwardly as inwardly opposed to hampering, inhibiting traditions.

For long days and evenings, and now and then late into the night, we discussed our plans. It was crystal-clear to both of us from the beginning that we should have to be strictly dictatorial: complete freedom for the realization of the idea. Franz Marc brought with him the very young August Macke, an enthusiastic helper. We assigned to him the task of collecting mainly the ethnological material, and helped him in this. He carried out the job brilliantly, and was then asked to contribute an article on masks, which he did with equal brilliance. I took care of the Russians (painters, composers, and theoreticians), and translated their articles.

Marc brought back a great deal of material from Berlin--it originated from the Bruecke which was just being formed and which was completely unknown in Munich.

---Vassily Kandinsky, in  
a letter to 'Das Kunstblatt', 1930

Sleep, have no fear  
Thy analyst is near.  
St. Sigmund shakes  
the nightmare tree  
To bring symbolic  
dreams to thee  
So sleep, baby dear.

7, 11  
11, 7  
7, 11, 13, 3

3 & 13  
7 & 17  
11, 7, 303

twinkl twinkl  
litl str  
i wondr wotchr  
lightcrvs aRe

Charles K.G. Harvard  
1958

