

SHORT, COMIC, COARSE, CYNICAL TALES IN VERSE

FABLIANUX

— TOM MARIONI FAIRY TALES —





For Adults

— INTRODUCTION —

In this book of seven classic children's stories, I have taken some of the original stories and placed them in the time of my childhood. I have made the stories modern, funny, and about the arts. I found the French word *Fabliaux* in the dictionary and thought it fit. *Fabliaux* is defined as short, usually comic, coarse, and cynical tales in verse popular in the 12th and 13th centuries. After I wrote the stories, I had the idea to use my prints from Crown Point Press as illustrations. I changed my writing slightly to accommodate the prints and turn the book into a vehicle for giving the prints a new life by incorporating them into the stories.

I would like to thank Kathan Brown for advice and editing, Sasha Baguskas for preparing the images, Brent Jones for his book design, and all the people who buy this book and the prints that are illustrated.

—Tom Marioni

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RIP VAN WINKLE

— ART HISTORY —

In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty seven,
One year before the television revolution of Uncle Milty,
One year before George Orwell wrote *1984* and one year before Cadillacs had fins,
There was a radio program called Rip Predicts.
The star of the show had been asleep for twenty years.
According to his wife, he had been a good-for-nothing lazy dreamer.
He would sit under his favorite tree every morning and make sketches of fantasy machines
and dream of flying in space with all his no-account friends.



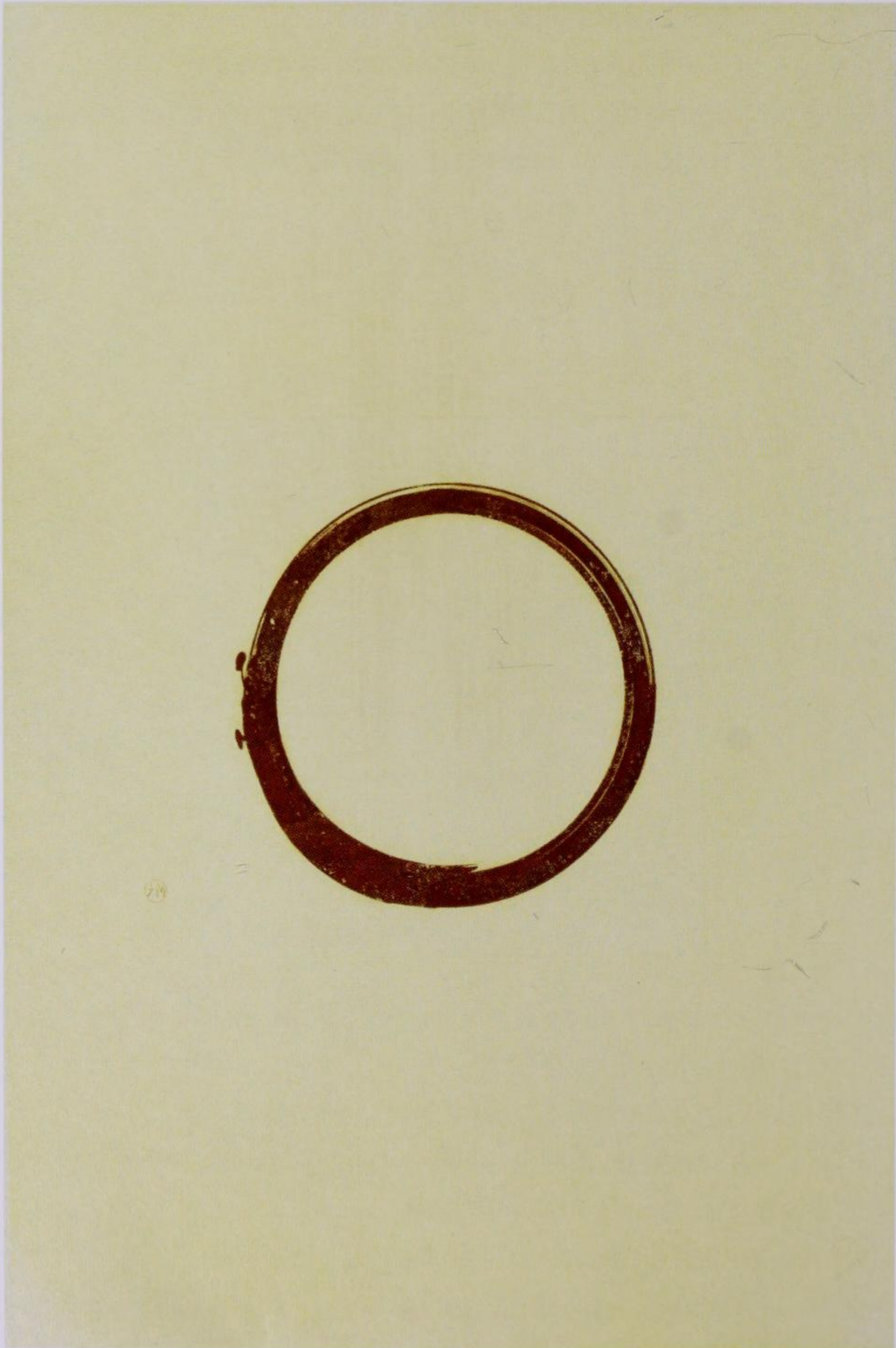
Flying with Friends (Drypoint), 2000

Rip Van Winkle had fallen asleep under a tree in 1927 in the middle of the flapper era
Just two years before the big crash of 1929.
He had slept all through the Depression, and the Second World War.
When he awoke in a new world in 1947 he saw so many advances in technology:
Radar, jet planes, the atomic bomb, ballpoint pens,
Vitamin pills, electric stoves, dishwashers, and pegged pants.
Based on knowledge of his time, fresh in his mind, he could see patterns in history.
This gave him the ability to predict the future.

Tastes and styles went in and out of favor every other decade.

The art style of the '40s was realistic, the '50s abstract, the '60s realistic, the '70s abstract, the '80s realistic, and on and on every other decade.

Rip could see that events in the world went in cycles.



Feather Circle, 1986

The oppressed became the oppressors, our enemies became our friends.
Neighborhoods that were poor became rich and vice versa.
On the first broadcast of the radio show, Rip predicted a Catholic president in 13 years, and
that a hillbilly would invent a style of music stolen from negro blues music.
These predictions were considered ridiculous but the show got high ratings.
It became a popular comedy show. Every new prediction brought on new controversies,
along with an ever increasing audience coast to coast.
Each week Rip would go into a trance by drumming on the table that held the microphone
and come up with the next prediction on the spot.



Drumming, 2002

The home audience would become hypnotized by the trance drumming
and hang on his every word.

The predictions were coming faster each week.

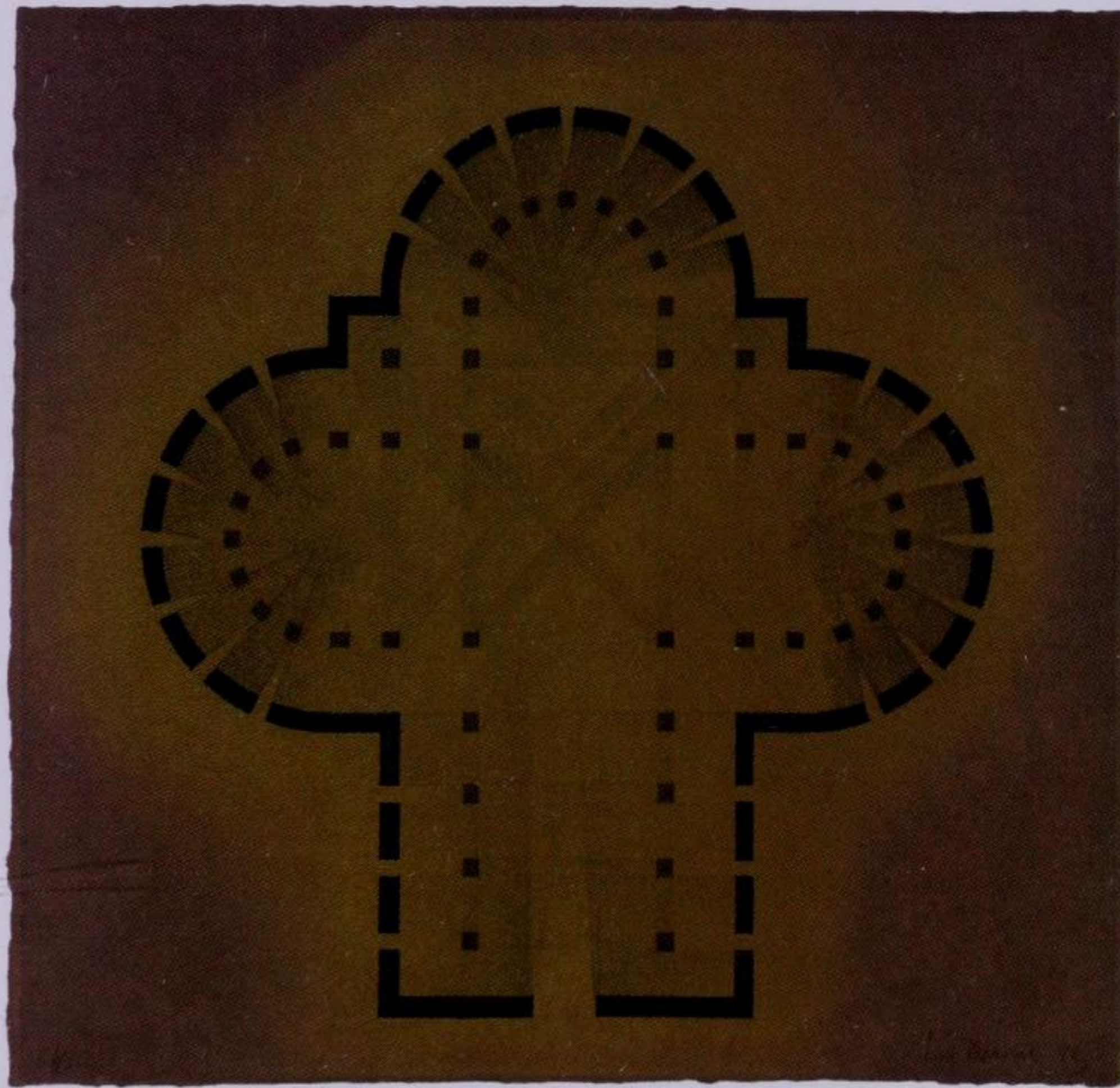
The German mark and the Japanese yen would be flying high by the 1980s,
and later collapse. In another two decades the dollar would collapse.



Flying Yen, 1990

When Rip Van Winkle predicted social unrest and a drug culture in the 1960s, death threats were sent to the station.

He predicted that science would prove the Bible wrong and there would be a religious backlash in the entire world, with religious wars fought over whether my god could beat up your god.



Cross, 1982

By the end of 1947, the public could not take it any more, and the show was no longer funny. It was canceled and Rip went into seclusion at the corner tavern.

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

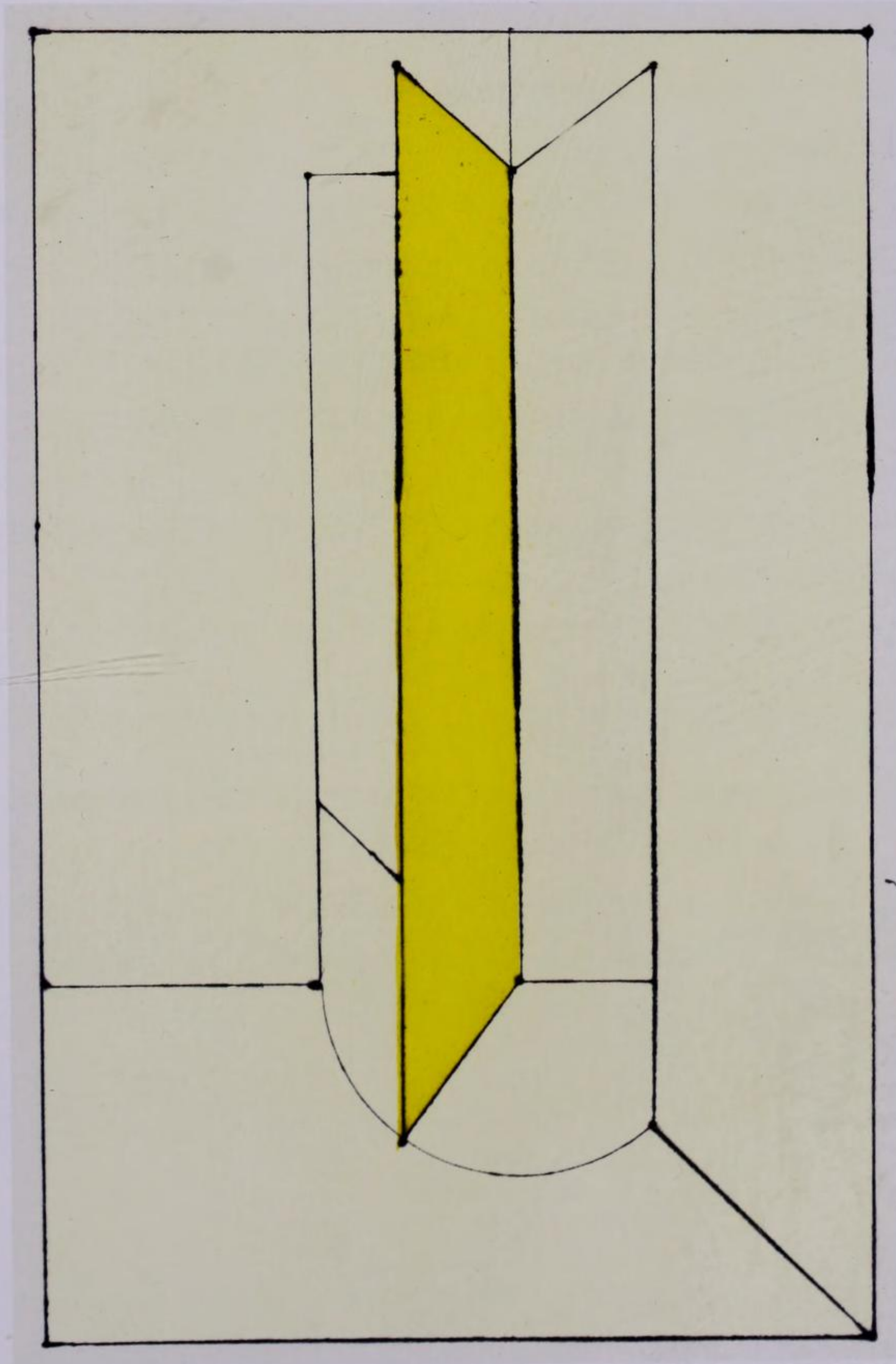
— INTERIOR DESIGN —

In the 1950s, there was a girl with blonde hair who wore horn-rimmed glasses. She was tall, had a great body, was up-town smart and creative. She went to art school and studied design and drawing. One day she was riding her bicycle in the country on a dirt road in the hills of Marin County. On a hill overlooking the ocean she spotted a modern house. The house had a long patio with a yellow awning over it.



Golden Rectangle, 2003

In front of a blue reflecting pool there was a freestanding yellow wall.
This was so beautiful she stopped to take a better look.
She went close to the door and saw that it was halfway open.
She could see inside that nobody was home.



A Door Must Be Either Open or Closed, 2002

All the furniture was covered with hair and fur balls.

It looked like a family of animals lived there.

She went in and tried out a big overstuffed chair.

It was so high she could hardly get onto it, and it was very hard.

She tried the next chair. It had lace doilies on the arms and was way too soft.

The third chair was just her size and had a half-eaten chicken leg wedged between the cushion and the arm of the chair.

She went into the kitchen and on the table were three bowls:

a large red bowl, a medium-sized blue bowl, and a small yellow bowl.

The big one had soup in it and the soup was cold.

But the soup in the medium bowl was steaming hot.

How can you figure that?

The occupants of the house seemed to have been long gone.

Goldilocks looked at the small yellow bowl.

This is another odd part:

She could see it was filled with just the right amount of soup at just the right temperature, tomato soup with a tablespoon of heavy cream and a mint leaf floating on top.

So she ate it all up.

The soup made Goldilocks sleepy so she went into the bedroom and, as you might have guessed, there were three beds:

a big hard bed, a medium-sized soft bed, and a small bed just her size.

The small bed was a waterbed with pink sheets.

She couldn't resist getting into it and taking a nap.

Goldilocks was sound asleep when the three bears came bursting into the house.

When they saw the blonde girl in Baby Bear's waterbed they demanded to know what she was doing there. Without her glasses, Goldilocks couldn't see that they were hairy bears.

She said she was the owner of the house and what were they doing there?

The bears took her word for it, and as they were leaving she invited them to come around next Saturday for some live chickens and beer.

THE END

HANSEL AND GRETEL

— CUISINE —

Back in the 1970's, a boy and his sister lived with their wicked and cruel stepmother and their sensitive but weak father.

The children's names were Hans and Greta.

The country was in a recession that Carter had inherited because Johnson and Nixon had spent so much money on the war.

Hans and Greta's father was out of work and their mother wouldn't work.

The mother said that Greta should go out on the street and sell herself, just until the family got back on its feet.

Later they would make a lady out of her.

Hans could draw, so the mother said he should work for a cigarette company and make drawings of animals smoking.

This would influence children to copy the cute camel enjoying a smoke after sex.

The weak father didn't want to send the kids off to prostitute themselves but the wicked stepmother was too strong for him.

The next day the father drove the kids to the center of the big city in their old 1947 Chevrolet fastback. Hans had train tickets and that night he and Greta made it back to the house without finding jobs.



Train Windows, 1981

The cruel stepmother sent them to bed with a piece of bread and Philadelphia cream cheese for supper.

The next morning the father drove the children to town again.

Hans had saved his bread from supper and dropped pieces of it out the window so he could find his way back home, but just as fast as he dropped the crumbs the city pigeons ate them. That night the children were hungry and lost.



Taking Flight (Woodcut), 2000

They came to a blood sausage Fat Boy fast food joint.

The manager said he would give them double sausages, fried onion rings, milk shakes, and cupcakes if they would work for their food.

The manager took advantage of the girl in the upstairs apartment.

He made Hans draw cartoons to show kids how trans fats would make them beautiful.

As time passed, Hans ate sausages every day and got fatter and fatter until the manager was ready to grind him up and make links out of him.

Greta was kept thin so she would look nice and could get a modeling job. She was only allowed to eat arugula salads with goat cheese, seared tuna, brown rice, a little red wine, and espresso with biscotti for desert. Hans was unhealthy and couldn't do anything but eat. The manager was preparing to put Hans into the meat grinder when Greta sneaked up and shoved the manager's arm into the grinder and jammed it. Hans and Greta were able to walk to the police station.



Walking Drawing (Drypoint), 2006

The manager got 10 years in Leavenworth. There was a reward, so Hans and Greta were able to hire a car to drive them back home. The wicked stepmother had died from her evil ways, and the father got a job. Greta married a policeman and Hans became a political activist and conceptual artist. He made provocative art works condemning the cigarette industry, the food industry, and the federal government. They all lived happily for four more years.

THE END

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

— PHOTOGRAPHY —

Once upon a time in the city of San Francisco there lived a fine chick named Red Riding Hood. She had red lips and long black hair.

She wore shiny silk stockings with seams up the back.

Her walk was more important than the whole of art history.

She set out one day from her apartment on 3rd Street to visit her grandmother on the other side of town, out by the Pacific Ocean where the sun never shines.



3rd Street, 1995

By the Bay Bridge, where she started out, the sun was shining.

She walked through Chinatown and up Grant Avenue to California Street and caught a cable car to the end of the line at Van Ness Avenue.

Then she got off and walked toward the ocean.

When she got as far as Fillmore Street, it started to get cold and she put on the red hooded cape that her grandmother had made for her.

By the time Red Riding Hood reached 19th Avenue the basket of food she was carrying was beginning to weigh her down.

She had packed a salad made of arugula, sliced iceberg lettuce, orange slices, and garbanzo beans with lemon, olive oil, and anchovy dressing.

There was also a loaf of Acme walnut levain bread and a bottle of Chianti with a picture of a rooster on the label.



13 Stroke Rooster, 1994

Also in the basket were two hard boiled eggs, some goat cheese, smoked salmon, and two small melons that were rolling around in the bottom bumping into the bread. Red had told her grandma that she would be there at noon, and she reached 25th Avenue at 11:15.

She stopped in an outdoor café to rest and have an espresso.

A tall, dark, hairy stranger was sitting at the next table under an umbrella.

He wore a fedora pulled down over his face, and Armani sunglasses.

This guy was a wolf in a sharkskin suit and alligator shoes.

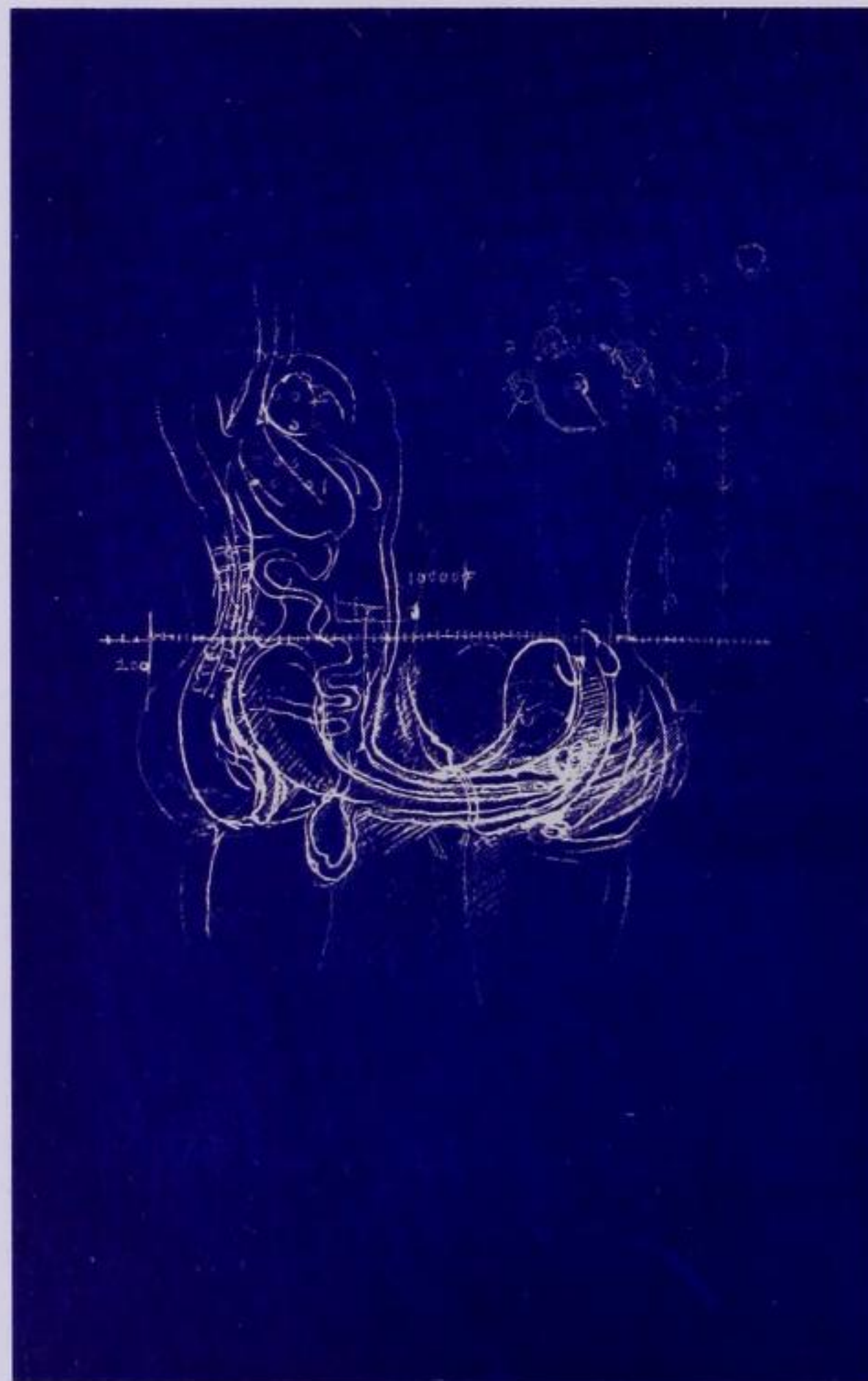
Red could not take her eyes off this hairy dark stranger.

He asked her where she was going with her little yellow basket, and Red was surprised that he spoke English because he looked like such an animal, mysterious and foreign.



7 Stroke Skunk, 1994

She said, "I'm going to see my grandmother who lives in the Camera Obscura by the ocean. I have a basket full of soft edible things for her because she is too tired to fix lunch." When Red set out again on her walk, the wolf admired her from behind. He had a red convertible parked just around the corner. He jumped in and made it to Grandma's pad. When he got to the big camera he found Grandma asleep in a round bed under a projection from the camera's lens that looked like one of Leonardo's inventions.



Leonardo IKB, 2002

Very quietly and carefully he lifted her out of bed and carried her into the spare bedroom without waking her.

Grandma was very rich. She had bought the historic camera obscura when it had become too old-fashioned to attract tourists and was put on the market.

She lived inside the camera and slept on the round bed in the center of the room.

The wolf knew he had at least thirty minutes before the foxy college girl would arrive with her basket.

He asked himself if the basket was red. No. Was it green? No.

It was a little yellow basket.

He knew he had to think fast if he was going to get that basket of goodies.

He disguised himself as the grandmother.

He shaved all the hair off his face, arms, hands, and body.

He put on a long black wig and a nightgown he found in a drawer, and climbed into the bed under the camera's image of the Pacific Ocean.

The camera projected the sky on his face, the water on his body, and Seal Rock on his feet.

When Red arrived, the wolf had just slid between the sheets.

Red let herself in, squinting in the dim light, looked at the wolf and said,

"Grandma, what big eyes you have."

"The better to dig you da most, my dear."

"Where are your glasses?"

"I don't use glasses. I drink straight from the bottle."

That's when Red was starting to get suspicious.

Grandma was a woman of refinement and would never drink out of a bottle.

"What big ears you have!"

"The better to check out how you sound."

"What big teeth you have."

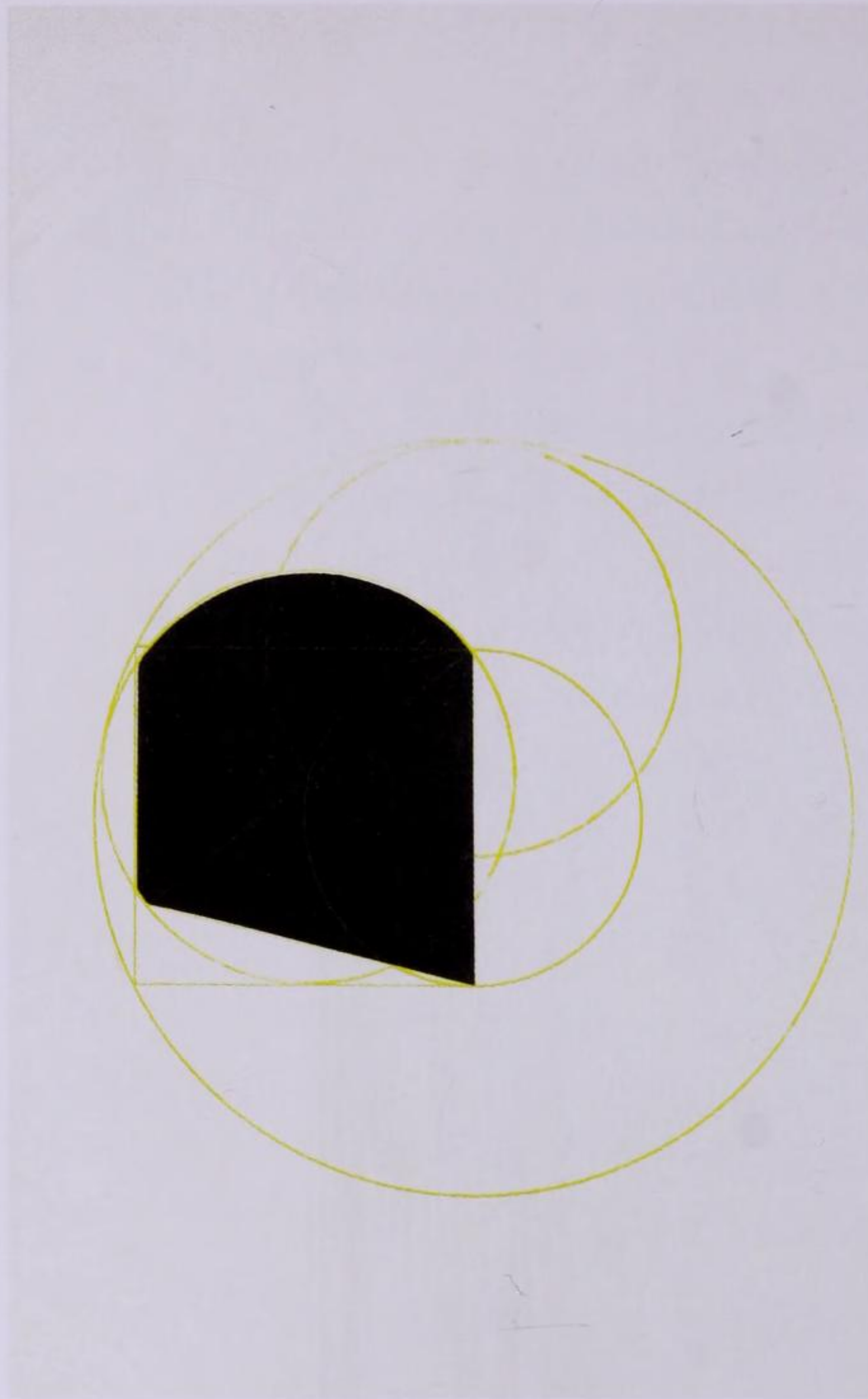
Just then the wolf leaped out of bed, grabbed Red's basket and began to devour her seafood and melons.

Red was holding onto her basket as the wolf had his way with her lunch.

Now she was sure this was not Grandma, and she ran outside, up the stairs.

Down in Grandma's camera house the wolf finished the Chianti and stretched out naked on the bed like Leonardo's diagram of man and went to sleep.

Grandma woke up, quietly went into the projection room and tied the wolf to the round bed.



Circle Triangle Square, 2002

When the wolf woke up, he realized he should never have had red wine with fish. He had a pain in his stomach. Red's grandmother comforted him. He hadn't harmed her. He had just been hungry for gourmet food. Grandma told him to lie still and not struggle. She rubbed a chemical all over his body. The projected ocean waves seemed to be washing over him; they seemed to be in his body. Grandma said he would feel better in twenty minutes if he lay perfectly still. She needed a long exposure so the projection of the ocean could make a permanent print on his body. Grandma was a professional photographer. Red came running back down to the camera room, saw the wolf with the ocean projected on him, and thought she was having a vision.

At that moment she decided to become a photographer.

Red asked Grandma where she should study.

The California College of Arts and Crafts had dropped the word "crafts" from its name, and Grandma thought of photography as a craft, not fine art.

Red had heard that the San Francisco Art Institute lets you express yourself without teaching any craft at all.

So she went there to see if she could earn a degree by apprenticing with her grandmother.

After making the arrangements, she went back to her grandmother's camera house.

The wolf was still tied up and drying under heat lamps.

Grandmother Hood was delighted to have Miss Riding Hood study with her.

They decided to make a panoramic picture on the wolf.

They exposed him on his left side, then on his right side, and finally on his back side.

When the wolf was released from his bondage he didn't need any clothes because as long as he remained by the ocean he was invisible.

His body had become a living photograph.

When he walked by the ocean he blended in so well that he became one with nature.

The wolf proclaimed in *Time* magazine, "I am nature."

He became the first photographic human public sculpture and was declared by the city to be a work of landmark art.

He stipulated that the arts commission be required to bring him

a yellow basket lunch every day for as long as he lived.

Since he was invisible, they had to leave the lunch basket by the shore for him to find.

Eventually the wolf suffered sun and water damage and the city had to hire a photography conservator to give him a sponge bath and touch him up every few weeks using small brushes, blotters, and Q-tips for his ears.

Pretty soon Red and her grandmother had a thriving business in their camera obscura studio.

People came from all over the world to have cosmetic

photographic surgery done on them by these two enterprising women.

The women were invited to have a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum in New York.

Actually they had become so rich they bought their show for fifteen million dollars.

At the Guggenheim, living artworks were stationed in each bay opening as you walked down the ramp of the museum.

When you reached the bottom you could see recreated

a large round bed in the center of the rotunda.



Tree, 1991

The top of the Guggenheim had a giant lens and people would pay to have New York's Central Park printed on their naked bodies.

They could become one with New York by being naked and invisible in their photographic clothes. This became a big success.

Museums all over the world wanted their own exhibitions of living photographs.

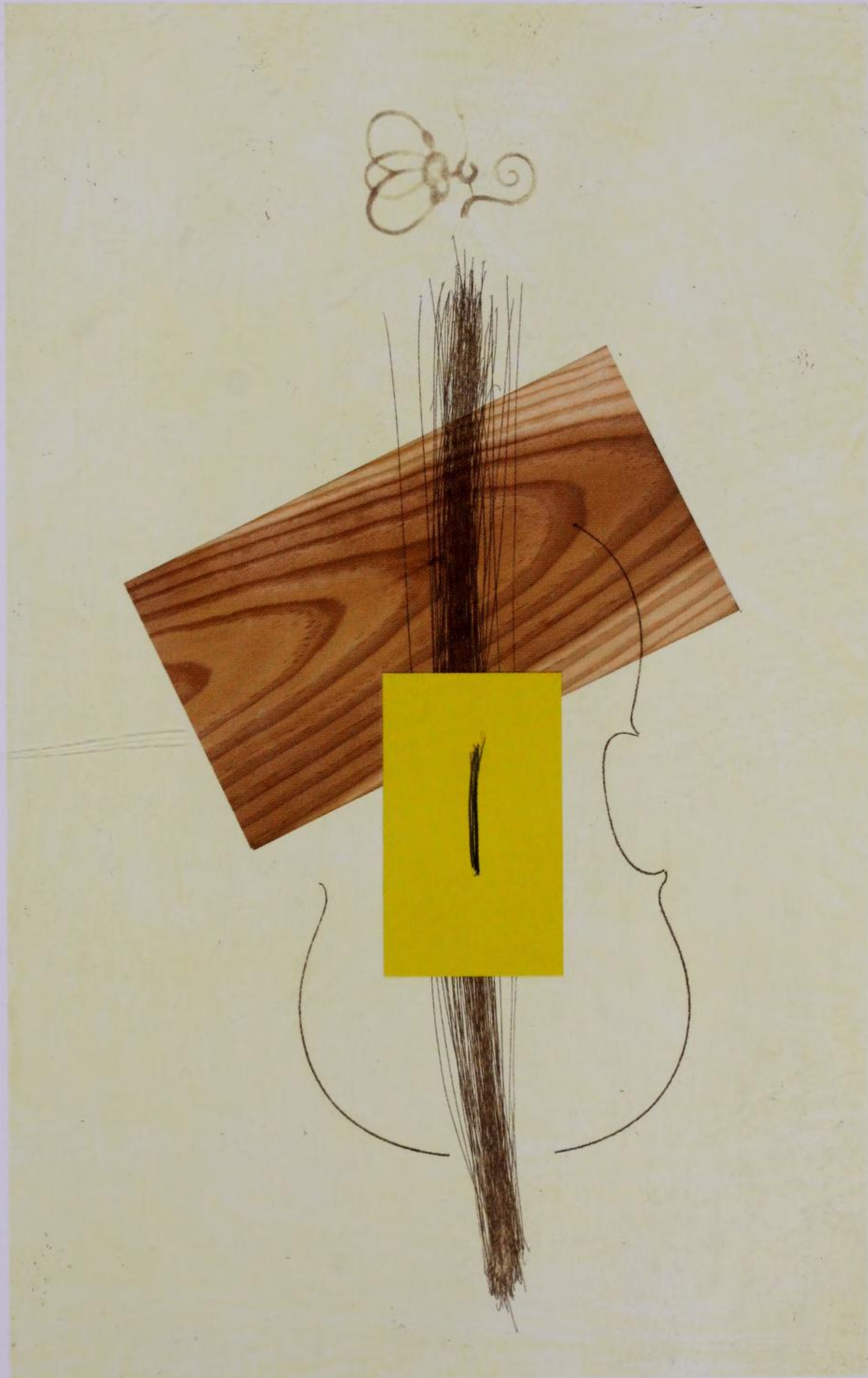
The Red Riding Hoods, as they were known, became portrait painters for the rich and famous.

THE END

JACK AND THE BEASTALK

—SCULPTURE—

Back in the really old days, Jack Bozzuto, a sixteen-year-old boy, lived with his mother in a small town in Northern California. They were poor—they were so poor Jack had to give up violin lessons.



Finger Line, 1991

They were still driving their old pre-war Studebaker.

They had no money for gas, even though gas was twenty cents a gallon back then.

Jack's mother said, "Son, I want you to drive the Studebaker to the We Trade Your Heap for Anything used car lot and see what you can get for it."

Jack had to stop twice on the way to put water in the radiator and he made it to the lot just before he ran out of gas.

The car salesman was wearing a sharkskin suit with a black shirt and white satin tie.

He said, "I'll take that Studee off your hands for a box of magic beans."

He showed Jack a small velvet-lined box. Inside were seven slots, and in each slot was a different colored bean.

White, black, brown, yellow, red, blue, and green.

The salesman told Jack that each of the first five beans represented a different race, and the last two represented the sky and the earth.

The salesman knew the beans had no special power, but he made up a story for Jack.

"If you plant these beans you won't ever have to work, you can sleep as late as you want, and your mother will think you're a genius."

The salesman overwhelmed Jack with his slick talk.

It was the first of many bad encounters in his life with salesmen.

When Jack got home, his mother was waiting to see what he had been able to get for the car and Jack told her about the magic beans.

He tried to convince her that he had made a good deal, but she just said,

"I don't think so, you idiot," and threw the beans out the window.

She sent Jack to bed without supper.

That night it rained really hard and in the morning the beans began to sprout.

In a few days they had become seven trunks winding together to form a tree.

A DNA double helix right in Jack's backyard.



Tree at Night, 1992

By the end of the week, the tree had grown up into the clouds.
Jack got out his backpack and filled it with greens,
an heirloom tomato, basil, some mozzarella cheese, a baguette, and dago red table wine.



New Growth, 2006

Then Jack began to climb the tree of life.

Just before he got to the clouds he stopped to eat.

He sat on one of the spiral branches and ate the cheese with tomato,
basil, and a baguette, drank the wine, and ate all the greens.

He was revived, and continued climbing up through the clouds and disappeared.

Above the clouds he saw a beautiful field of grass, and in the distance a glass and concrete
International style house was sticking out over the edge of a cliff.

He started walking toward the house. He was thinking he must be in heaven.



Heaven, 1996

He walked a long way and when he arrived at the house he was tired and hungry. He knocked on the door.

A very large woman with big breasts opened it.

She was wearing a black dress and lots of jewelry, had long hair that was dyed bright red.

Jack said, "I'm hungry" and "Where am I, anyway?"

"You are at the home of one of the biggest businessmen in the world.

My husband is a giant clothing manufacturer. He has a temper and if he finds you here, he will eat you for dinner.

You'd better hide in the library inside the liquor cabinet."

The woman gave Jack a cracker and hid him in the cabinet.

When the woman's husband came home, there was a crashing sound and Jack peeked out through the keyhole.

"Fee, fi, fo, flan," I smell the blood of an I-tal-ian."

Jack started shaking, but just then the wife brought the giant his dinner of boiled meat and potatoes.

The giant businessman dug in and forgot to look for the boy who was hiding and sampling the booze to keep warm.

When the giant had finished three helpings he was ready for some amusement.

He ordered his resident sculptor to come and create some objects of metal for him to consider for inclusion in his art collection.

The sculptor had become his goose that laid the golden eggs.

Whenever the businessman needed some cash, he would sell the sculptor's works in a New York gallery.

One of the abstract sculptures had sold for more than its weight in gold.



Drawing a Line
(an Ounce of Gold), 2002

Jack watched the sculptor and the giant through the keyhole, and when the giant became tired and fell asleep, Jack grabbed the sculptor by the arm and pulled him out the door. They ran to the DNA tree and climbed down to safety.

Jack's mother was glad to see her son safe, but demanded to know why he had brought another mouth to feed.

Jack told his mother that this man was the inventor of abstract sculpture.

"His objects bring high prices at auction," Jack said, "and every museum in the world wants one for its collection."

Of course the mother didn't believe this because anyone could see that the sculpture objects were not about anything.

Jack said, "They are only about themselves." She still could not see anything in them.

Jack told his mother that the beauty of abstract art is that you can see anything you want in it.

"I don't want to see anything in it. I want to get it right away without a story or theory."

Later Jack sold one of the objects that the grateful sculptor had given him and his mother began to have second thoughts about abstract sculpture and started to read some books.

"If people will pay so much money for this, there must be something there," she said.

She learned that sculpture had come down from the pedestal, and that it sat on the ground.

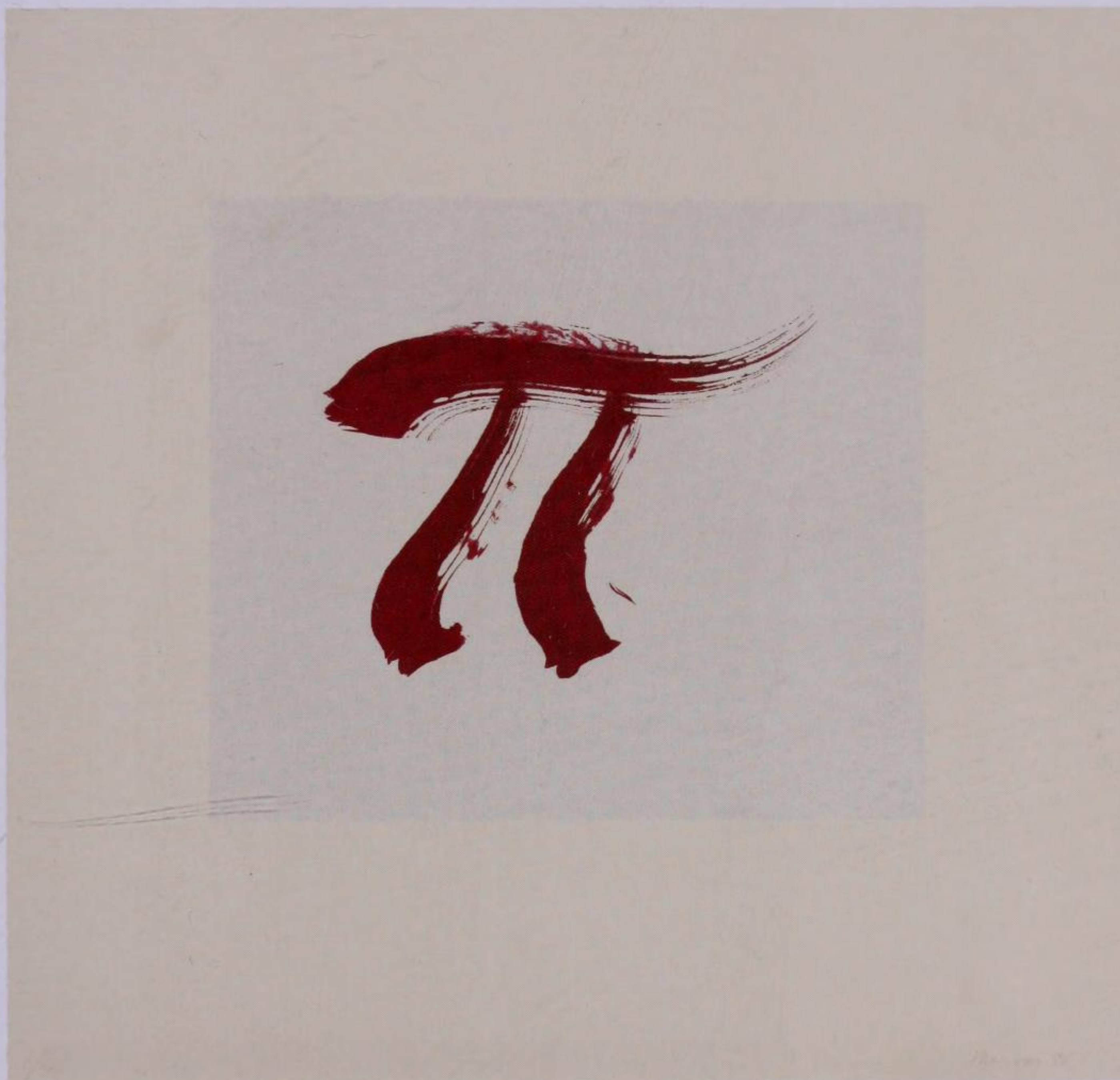
She learned to relate to it with her body and not try to see a figure in it.

In the meantime Jack studied mathematics and discovered

Pi was the mathematical equivalent of God.

He saw the beauty in numbers as though it was sculpture made in the mind of the beholder.

He won a genius grant and his mother praised him from then on.



Pi, 1988

THE END

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

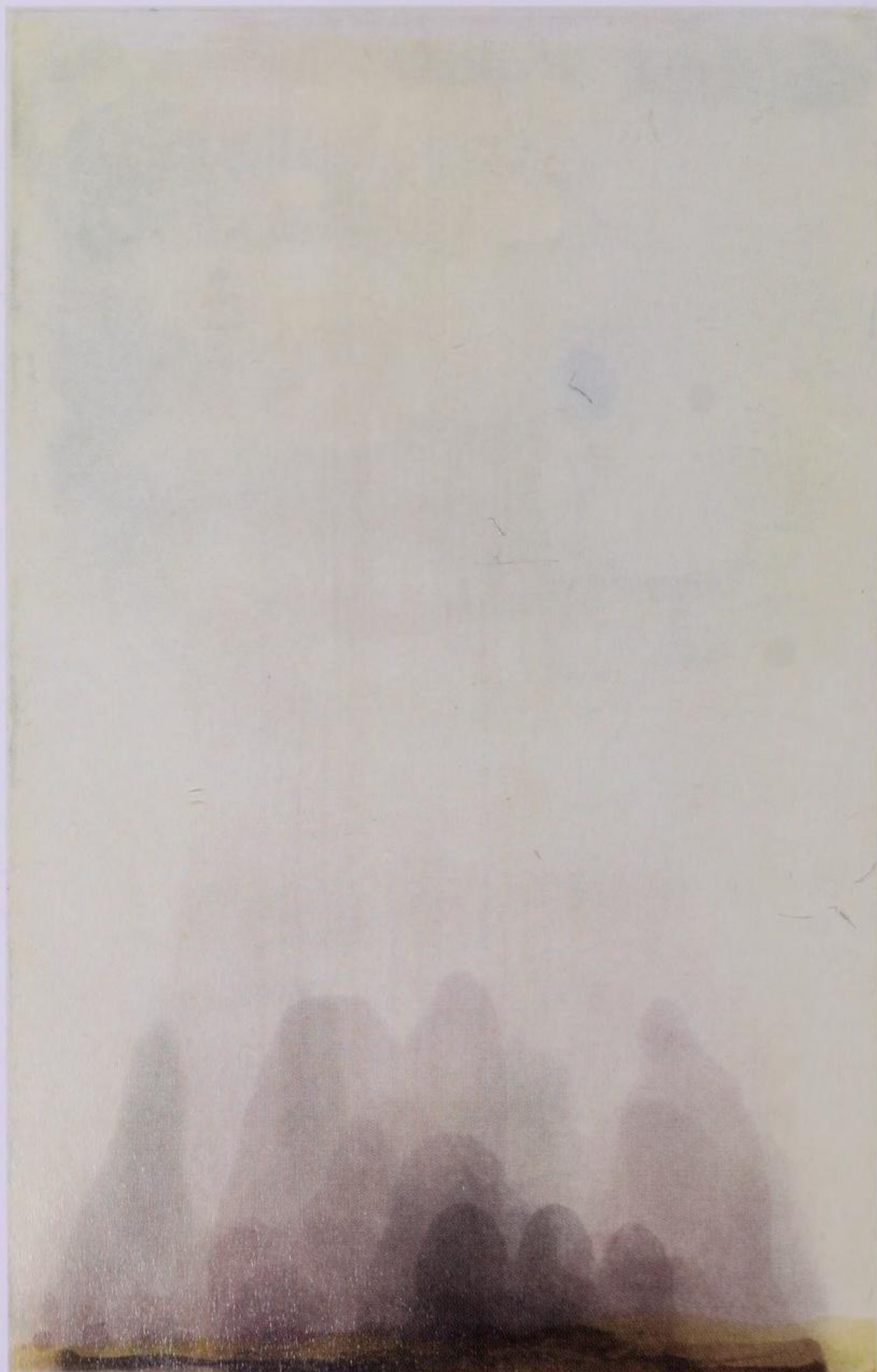
— ARCHITECTURE —

Not long ago in San Francisco there were three little pigs named Tom, Dick and Harry, only they weren't so little. They each weighed 300 pounds. They were trying to make an honest living without resorting to selling their little pigs' feet.

They had all studied art and design in college.

Harry specialized in basket weaving in a crafts class, and became a decorator.

Dick studied organic design and worked as a landscape architect.



Process Landscape, 1998

Tom took the industrial materials classes and worked as a builder.
Since the three pigs all came from the same mother pig and were all born at the same time,
like most pigs they were multiple originals.
Even though they were identical brothers,
the three pigs built their houses differently.
They all had inclinations toward art,
but with different orientations toward materials.
Harry decided to build his house out of straw.
The house was formless and resembled the anti-form sculpture of the late 1960s.
It had good insulation with thick straw walls, but was not stable.
In a storm the house would start to fall apart and in the dry season it was a fire hazard.
But the house looked good, and Harry put it together in less than a week.
Dick built his house out of sticks.
The house had the quality of a bird's nest with the sticks woven together
and this gave it more stability than the straw house.



It's Not Easy Being Green, 2008

It looked like a large round matchstick house with
a thatched roof and great natural color.

This structure was destined for a folk art museum.

It was all wood with polished floors made of sanded sticks.

The crosshatched sticks were pretty strong,

but Dick's house could not stand up to even a small earthquake.

Tom made his house out of bricks and steel, very minimal.

The floor was brick and the walls were rolled Cor-Ten Steel.

This house was a kind of 1960s-1990s Carl Andre-Richard Serra collaboration.

It was cold, but the hand of the artist was there,

and the house was destined to be collected by some museum of modern art.



Hand of the Artist, 1995

In the same town lived a wolf that loved his BLT on T with Tea.

The wolf wasn't interested in art or architecture.

He had a big black Hummer military vehicle that he drove to Harry's house, South of Market.

With the engine running, the wolf called to the pig to come out or he would huff and puff and blow the house in, using the Hummer's exhaust.

Harry said, "Not by the hair on my chin," and ran out the back door.

He made it to Dick's stick house just in time.

The wolf drove over to North Beach to Dick's house and announced that he would knock out the front door by ramming it.

The two pigs knew the stick house was no match for the Hummer and made it out the back to Tom's house down by the bay.

The wolf was getting tired of the pigs making their getaway out the back,

so when he got to Tom's house he went right to the back of the house with his vehicle and announced through his loudspeaker that he was going to ram the house and knock it down.

His car was up against the steel house with its wheels spinning,

but all he could do was scratch the surface while the three pigs were safe inside laughing, smoking cigars, and drinking bourbon Manhattans.



Manhattan, 1996

The wolf's clutch went out and he had to call Triple A to get towed.

He decided to move back to the woods where pigs were not so smart.

CINDERELLA

FASHION

We're traveling back in time to 1941.
We are at a large estate in the English countryside where four women live:
a widowed 60-year-old known as the old bag,
her two homely and spoiled daughters, and Cinderella,
the daughter of the old bag's dead husband.

Cinderella is the stepdaughter and under her dirty raggedy clothes is the
body of an angel.

The two ugly sisters are named Thelma and Mergatroid.

They had different fathers.

Thelma's father was a vacuum cleaner salesman who used to come by the house
to clean out the old bag.

Mergatroid's father was a hunchback chimney cleaner.

Cinderella's stepsisters would always boss her around and make her do all the chores.

The mother would never let her out of the house.

One day the mailman brought four invitations to a ball at the king's castle, a coming-out
party for the handsome prince.

Everyone had assumed that the prince was gay because he was English, wore silk shirts, and
rode sidesaddle.

The royal family had decided to have a party to announce that the prince was not gay and
was ready to look for a girlfriend to court.

Cinderella was at home when the invitations arrived
or the old bag would never have told her about the party.

Of course, the stepmother did not want
Cinderella to compete with her two
horse-faced daughters.



War Horse, 1994

So the stepmother said that if Cinderella ironed the gowns of the sisters, cut the grass, took care of all the farm animals, polished the silver, painted the toenails of the sisters, shopped for food, and on-and-on to the end of a list of duties, then and only then could she go to the ball.

When it was time to go to the ball Cinderella had not finished her chores, so the stepsisters left without her in their new Lincoln Continental.

The car had just been shipped from America and was white and shiny.

Cinderella was very sad, then Jiminy Cricket jumped on her shoulder.

Jiminy's in the wrong movie, but he is needed, so he was loaned out from another studio to help Cinderella get to the ball.

The studio also provided the use of a fine Rolls Royce.

Jiminy ran up and down Cinderella's body fixing her underwear and painting her lips red.

She was ready in a flash.

The final touch was the pair of slippers that Judy Garland wore in *The Wizard of Oz*.

Most people don't know this, but they were the same red shoes.

Jiminy jumped in Cinderella's silk purse in order to get some cake and champagne at the party and to remind her when it was time to go home.

If she wasn't home by midnight, she would be charged overtime for the Rolls, the shoes, and for Jiminy's time.

At the party the handsome prince danced with Cinderella and fell in love with her.

The horse-faced sisters didn't recognize their stepsister because she looked so good.

Jiminy was having a ball getting drunk in Cinderella's Chinese silk purse, and he lost track of the time.



Peking, 1987

At two minutes to midnight he managed to get Cinderella into the car,
but on the way she lost one of her slippers.

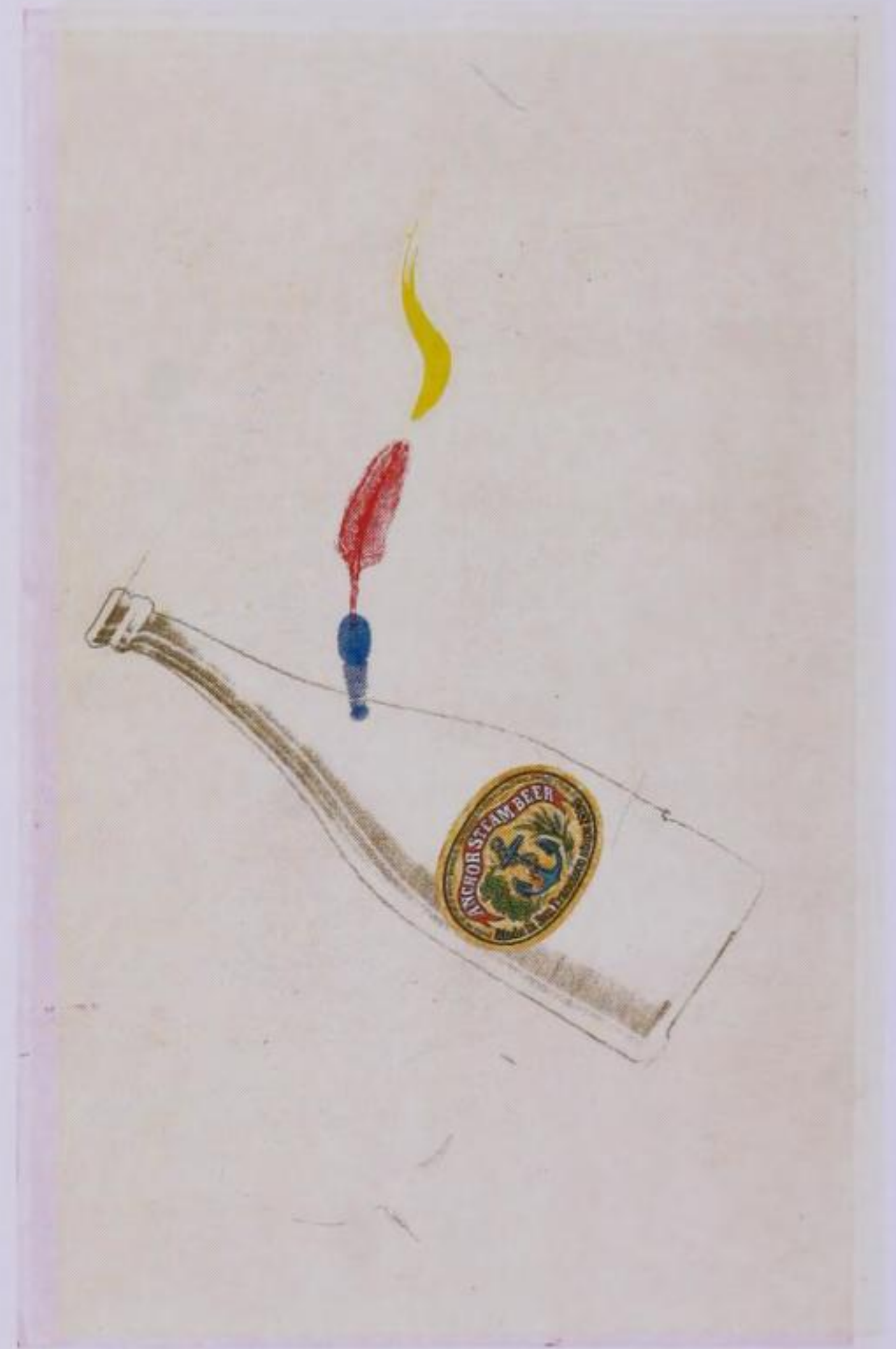
The next day the prince was frantic to find the foxy girl who wore the red slippers.
He went to every neighborhood and tried the lost slipper on every female in town.
He brought along a shoe salesman to help fit the shoe.

At Cinderella's house, the two horse-faced daughters were eager to try on the shoe but
their feet were too big.

When one of them put on the slipper it popped off her foot,
flew across the room, and broke a window.

When the prince got to Cinderella's foot, the stepsisters laughed and said in unison,
"No way did she go to the ball last night."

The shoe fit, and Cinderella went off with the prince in his green Jaguar to the royal pub to
have a beer with bangers and mashed potatoes,



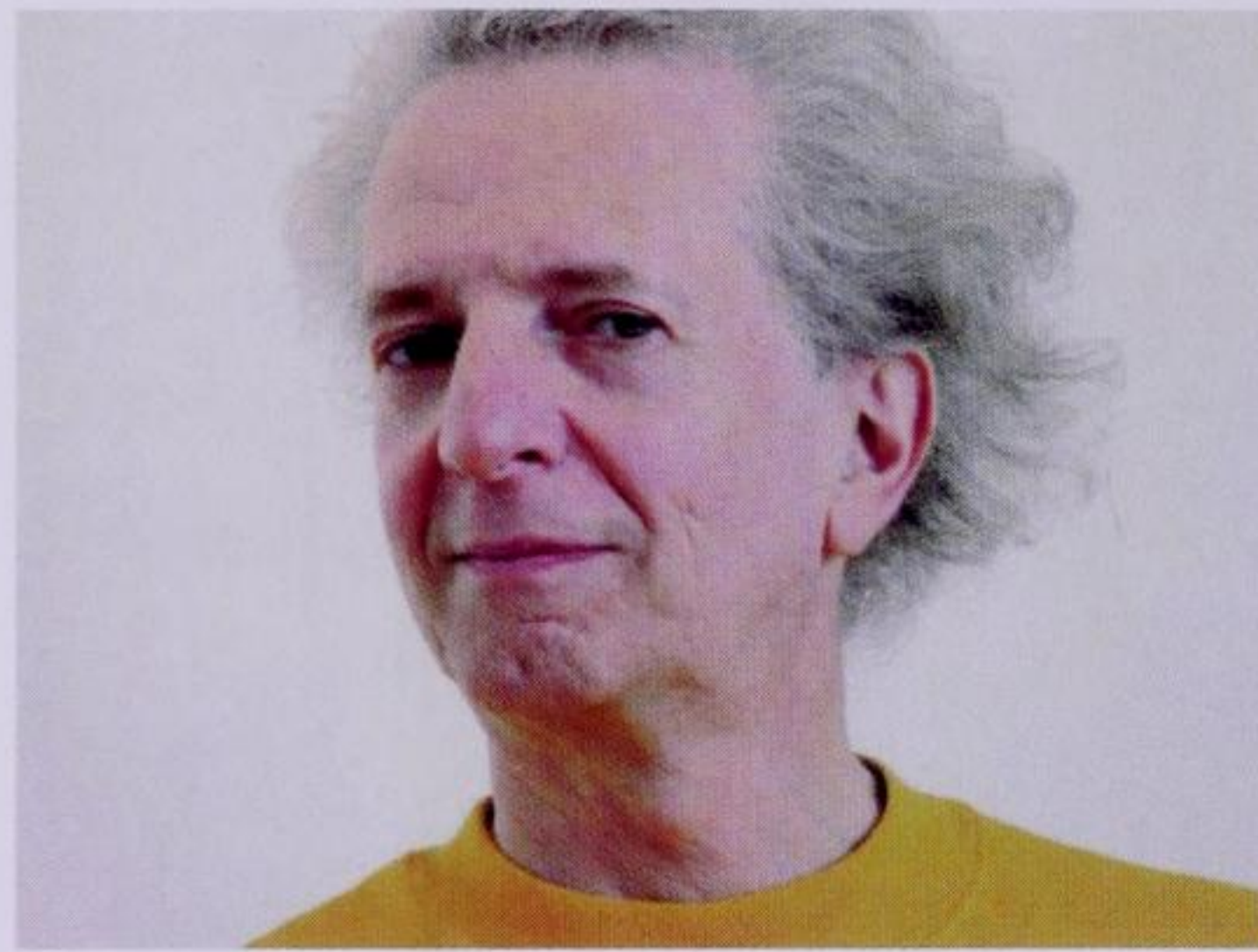
Finger Print, 1991

which is what she thought he was going to do to her.
But it turned out the prince was gay after all.
Cinderella married him but left him for the royal chauffeur.
The prince ended up with Thelma and Mergatroid,
who were actually two brothers.

- Cover *American Eagle*, 1994
Direct gravure printed in blue.
Sheet: 17¹/₂ x 21¹/₂"; image: 11¹/₄ x 17³/₈"; edition 65.
- Page 1 *Flying with Friends (Drypoint)*, 2000
Color drypoint. Sheet: 33¹/₄ x 59³/₄"; image: 33¹/₄ x 59³/₄";
edition 10.
- Page 2 *Feather Circle*, 1986
Color sugar lift aquatint with aquatint.
Sheet: 44 x 31"; image: 36 x 24"; edition 20.
- Page 3 *Drumming*, 2002
Color soft ground etching with aquatint.
Sheet: 27¹/₂ x 18"; image: 16 x 10"; edition 15.
- Page 4 *Flying Yen*, 1990
Color woodcut printed in red on silk mounted on rag paper.
Sheet: 22¹/₂ x 20¹/₄"; image: 13 x 20¹/₄"; edition 15.
- Page 5 *Cross*, 1982
Soft ground etching. Sheet: 19 x 20"; image: 19 x 20";
edition 15.
- Page 6 *Golden Rectangle*, 2003
Color aquatint with drypoint. Sheet: 31 x 25"; image: 30 x 24";
edition 20.
- Page 7 *A Door Must Be Either Open or Closed*, 2002
Drypoint with aquatint printed in yellow and black.
Sheet: 17 x 11¹/₄"; image: 8 x 5¹/₂"; edition 15.
- Page 9 *Train Windows*, 1981
Color aquatint printed on two sheets of paper.
Sheets: overall 30 x 88"; image overall: 24 x 72"; edition 25.
- Page 10 *Taking Flight (Woodcut)*, 2000
Woodcut printed in dark blue on hosho paper mounted on
rag paper. Sheet: 41 x 27¹/₂"; image: 40¹/₄ x 26¹/₂"; edition 10.
- Page 11 *Walking Drawing (Drypoint)*, 2006
Color drypoint with flat bite etching printed on two sheets of paper.
Sheets and image: left: 35¹/₄ x 45", right: 35¹/₄ x 35¹/₂"; edition 15.
- Page 12 *3rd Street*, 1995
Photogravure with color aquatint.
Sheet: 16 x 20"; image: 5⁷/₈ x 3³/₈"; edition 45.
- Page 13 *13 Stroke Rooster*, 1994
Color direct gravure. Sheet: 16¹/₄ x 14¹/₄"; image: 10 x 10";
edition 65.
- Page 14 *7 Stroke Skunk*, 1994
Direct gravure. Sheet: 11³/₄ x 11¹/₂"; image: 11¹/₂ x 10³/₄";
edition 65.
- Page 14 *Leonardo IKB*, 2002
Direct gravure printed in blue. Sheet: 26¹/₄ x 19"; image: 17¹/₄ x 11";
edition 15.
- Page 16 *Circle Triangle Square*, 2002
Soft ground etching with aquatint printed in yellow and black.
Sheet: 30¹/₂ x 20"; image: 22 x 13³/₄"; edition 15.
- Page 18 *Tree*, 1991
Hard ground etching with wood veneer chine collé;
Sheet: 22¹/₄ x 14¹/₄"; image: 10¹/₂ x 4¹/₂"; edition 10.
- Page 19 *Finger Line*, 1991
Color soft ground and hard ground etching with
spit bite aquatint and chine collé;
Sheet: 40³/₄ x 27¹/₄"; image: 27 x 17"; edition 10.
- Page 20 *Tree at Night*, 1992
Photogravure with engraving and mezzotint.
Sheet: 34 x 34"; image: 17³/₄ x 27⁵/₈"; edition 10.
- Page 22 *New Growth*, 2006
Color drypoint with flat bite etching.
Sheet: 22 x 20¹/₂"; image: 12 x 12¹/₂"; edition 20.
- Page 22 *Heaven*, 1996
Color direct gravure with aquatint and spit bite aquatint.
Sheet: 39 x 24³/₄"; image: 26¹/₂ x 16¹/₄"; edition 15.
- Page 24 *Drawing a Line (an Ounce of Gold)*, 2002
Drypoint with aquatint printed in yellow and black.
Sheet: 8 x 5"; image: 2 x 1"; edition 15.
- Page 25 *Pi*, 1988
Woodcut printed in red on silk mounted on rag paper.
Sheet: 22¹/₂ x 23¹/₄"; image: 12¹/₂ x 14¹/₂"; edition 30.
- Page 26 *Process Landscape*, 1998
Color spit bite aquatint. Sheet: 20 x 16"; image: 15³/₄ x 10";
edition 50.
- Page 27 *It's Not Easy Being Green*, 2008
Color drypoint with aquatint and flat bite etching.
Sheet: 34¹/₂ x 30¹/₂"; image: 23¹/₂ x 20³/₄"; edition 10.
- Page 28 *Hand of the Artist*, 1995
Photogravure printed in ochre with color aquatint and
hand-applied fingerprints.
Sheet: 20 x 16"; image: 10¹/₂ x 6³/₄"; edition 45.
- Page 29 *Manhattan*, 1996
Color direct gravure with aquatint.
Sheet: 28¹/₄ x 32¹/₂"; image: 17⁷/₈ x 23"; edition 25.
- Page 30 *War Horse*, 1994
Direct gravure with soap ground aquatint printed in gray
and black. Sheet: 17³/₄ x 21¹/₂"; image: 11¹/₂ x 17¹/₂";
edition 65.
- Page 31 *Peking*, 1987
Woodcut printed on silk mounted on rag paper.
Sheet: 27¹/₄ x 20¹/₂"; image: 20⁷/₈ x 9³/₈"; edition 30.
- Page 32 *Finger Print*, 1991
Color soft ground etching, sugar lift aquatint, and drypoint,
with hand-applied fingerprint and beer label chine collé.
Sheet: 34 x 23¹/₂"; image: 24 x 16³/₄"; edition 10.

— ABOUT THE ARTIST —

Sculptor and conceptual artist Tom Marioni was born in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1937. He studied art at the Cincinnati Art Academy, moved to San Francisco in 1959, and has lived there ever since. He painted murals in the army in Ulm, Germany in '62. In the '60s, in San Francisco, he worked as a graphic designer, performed in a nightclub drawing a nude model, and exhibited his sculpture. In 1970, Tom Marioni founded the Museum of Conceptual Art (MOCA) in San Francisco, as a space for site-specific art and actions by sculptors. It closed in 1984.



Marioni created his first sound work, *One Second Sculpture*, in 1969, and over the years has done many performance works in which the act of drawing produces sound. He has produced sound works for radio stations KPFA in Berkeley and the WDR in Cologne Germany. In 1997 he organized The Art Orchestra, and the group performed at the Legion of Honor Museum in San Francisco that year.

In 1970, Marioni's exhibition at the Oakland Museum titled "The Act of Drinking Beer with Friends is the Highest Form of Art" inaugurated the social art for which he is best known. He has re-created that work worldwide over the years, most recently in "The Art of Participation" (2008) at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

Marioni has exhibited his drawings and sculpture internationally at museums and galleries since 1963, and is represented by Gallery Paule Anglim in San Francisco and the Margarete Roeder Gallery, New York. He has made prints at Crown Point Press in San Francisco since 1975. He had a drawing retrospective at the Mills College Art Museum in Oakland, California, in 1999, and in 2006 was given a survey show at the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati Ohio. In 2009 he was included in "The Third Mind: American Artists Contemplate Asia 1860-1989" at the Guggenheim Museum in New York City. He received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1981 and three National Endowment for the Arts grants in the 1970s, and his work is in many public collections including those of the Museum of Modern Art, New York and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

— OTHER BOOKS BY TOM MARIONI —

Beer, Art and Philosophy, A Memoir, Crown Point Press, CA, 2003

Writings On Art 1969-1999, Crown Point Press, CA, 2000

Tom Marioni, Sculpture and Installations, 1969-1997, self-published 1997

See What I'm Saying, self-published, 1972-78

Invisible Painting and Sculpture, Richmond Art Center, CA, 1969

The Return of Abstract Expressionism, Richmond Art Center, CA, 1969

— EDITED, AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY TOM MARIONI —

VISION, an art journal, published by Crown Point Press 1975-1981

#5, *Artists' Photographs*, 1981

#4, *Word of Mouth*, 1980

#3, *New York City*, 1976

#2, *Eastern Europe*, 1976

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— EXHIBITION CATALOGS —

Tom Marioni: Beer, Art, and Philosophy (the Exhibition) 1968-2006, Carter Ratcliff, Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati, OH, 2006

Tom Marioni: Trees and Birds 1969-1999, Marcia Tanner, Mills College Art Museum, Oakland, CA, 1999

Tom Marioni, Museo Italo Americano, San Francisco, CA, 1986

Tom Marioni: 8, Eric Colliard, Le Consortium, Dijon, France, 1984

Tom Marioni: The Sound of Flight, Thomas H. Garver, de Young Museum, San Francisco, CA, 1977

www.tommarioni.com

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