



Kirby S. Holland

Detail. "After Krivov, Rockefeller, and Warhol #12"

1968

Gouache on Verifax

Collection Pherber Pallenberg, London

Part iii

Incoming

"Guys who had just come back from Vietnam really dug us."

—Iggy Pop



Kirby S. Holland
"Nitrate Rainbow"
1968
Oil, gouache, and collage on vellum and newspaper
17 x 11"
Pierce Inverarity Memorial Foundation

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Popped

**"Here in New York We Are Having a Lot of Trouble with the World's Fair."
—Frank O'Hara**

The radio sat on the windowsill, inside the screen.

A baritone voice was predicting a narrow victory for Bobby Kennedy in the upcoming California primary. There was no more news about the shooting.

Harry slumped into a wicker chair on the porch and gazed across the empty beach at the baize slab of the Sound.

This is unbelievable, he thought.

The telephone rang.

He heaved himself up and went inside, the screen door banging.

"Hello, hello?" Christopher was saying. Harry leaned in close, straining to comprehend the tinny squawks emitting from the handset.

Christopher listened for a moment, then said, "On the radio they announced he was dead."

Agitated yelping erupted from the line.

"What?" Harry hissed.

Christopher twisted away and clamped a hand over his free ear.

"No, I understand," he said after another minute. "Just please—call us as soon as you know anything." He hung up.

"Well?" said Harry. "What's happening? Is he dead?"

"When they got to the hospital the doctors said there was nothing they could do, but then Mario started screaming bloody murder and so they wheeled him into surgery. That was three hours ago but he hasn't heard anything since."

Harry walked over to the window and pulled absently at the curtain.

"Do you realize what this does to the value of the paintings?"

Christopher stopped in the middle of the room.

"Oh," said Harry. "Don't tell anyone I said that."