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XI

NINA CANELL



| There is no tigure, the figure is not the tigure. Der Leutnant kommt zurück. Scheppernt stellt er seine schwarze Tasche ab. Ich habe angst. Ein bißchen. How do you feel? Do you want to go outside and see? Opening of thoughts: jump into the sky while standing on the ground. It is the same. And the same. Again the same. Angry. I Angry. ANGRY. I would tell you and I would tell the an angry. There is no figure and the third person singular has no thoughts it is thought it is not there the figure has no thoughts it is thought it is not there the figure has no thoughts it is thought it is not there the figure who | you were DJing? RA: Hmm, Any song that only 2 people want to hear that would cause everyone else on the dance floor to grab a seat. Or that summer when "I Kissed A Girl" came out. DJBL: Someone always asks to hear a New Edition song at the wrong time. And people always want to hear "something that is really fun, like Michael Jackson!" Neither of these things are bad if you are at prom. RENEE ALIZE AND DJ BOBBI LUPO WHAT IS LATE AT NITE | What's with your obsession with Steven Seagal? RA: The bar scene in "Out for Justice", and if you don't get ityou just don't get it. DJBL: He's a smooth dude in cool jeans. If you could hang out with one musician/ band, who would it be? RA: Willie Nelson, the coolest dude. DJBL: Luther Vandross. Worst song someone's requested while | What do you listen to at home when you are chilling out? Or should I say, non-party starting music? RA: Simon and Garfunkel, Lee Hazlewood and Neurosis. DJBL: Todd Rundgren, Leon Russell, and S.O.S. Band. | What does Late At Nite mean to you? Renee Alize: It's Grover washing Jr. sharing a drink with Geezer Butler. DJ Bobbi Lupo: People in the dark sitting in velvet chairs and feeling good. | Born from Renee Alize and DJ Bobbi Lupo, LATE AT NITE is the perfect merging of two minds. LATE AT NITE activates the darkness and turns it into silver nite. LATE AT NITE silver. LATE AT NITE is Crystal Disco. Starshine Bands. Songs from dark recording studios. Rollers. Heavy internal Bass rhythms. Stax on trax, night music, dark dreams, LaidBack LITE rock, futureshock, 20cc, other stuff. And Fleetwood Mac. | The real question is what isn't LATE AT NITE? DJ Posse? Mix Tape Collective? Master of Audio relics? Random musings on the world of music? Brain melting live experience? All of the above. Yes, all of the above. |
|---|---|--|--|---|---|---|
| figure. It is not the figure. The floor. (The figure is not even standing on the floor) On the hill. Different birds, different dogs. The air moves slowly and your hair is still wet. I like to touch it. Touch me. Touch it. Streiche es dir aus der Stirn. Deine Haut. Dein Haar. Streiche es hinter deine Ohren aber es fällt dir wieder ins Gesicht. Du lächelst und ich lächele | - Over there, see? This is the last one. - Do you see? | | | | Might be there for a bit. 3ood for you. ⊸eft a boot in there. Mating to hear. ⊥et's do it. √o thanks. Vope, too scared. | Amazing, take a picture. Nope, too scared. That severely limits our options. Let's do it. Thanks. Good luck. Waiting to hear. |
| Does it make them sad? It makes me sad/ happy and the air smells. Smells like it did last year. Oh wonder! Oh unknown bird! You sing in the morning, to your friends to your friends and together. Secret/ Sacred. Screaming voices upstairs. Not you. You know your songs. Where are you? The figure is not the figure. The concrete is not the | - How it makes itself unseen? - How it makes itself hidden. - I am happy to have been shown this, on this day, - I feel renewed. As if I have just taken my first breath. - I am glad that you are coming with us. There is a clarity that I feel. - I am glad that you are coming with us. There is a clarity that I feel. | | | | | You're probably right. T It works! Fab thank you. I Is 1 1 AM good? Left a boot in there. T Might be there for a bit. 7 Good for you. 7 |
| (schön?/ egal) Autonom. There is no tigure. The tigure is not the tigure I haven't been thinking lately and it is a hole. A dark and deep and tar down bottom hole. There was only one thought yesterday. How do the house plants feel when they see the leaves falling off the outside trees. | I wonder will there be another? I can remember another. Yes, I can remember too. There will be. Though I do not feel it yet. How long have we been here? It's hard to say. | | | | _et me know. Dk, maybe next time. Good luck. miss you. Gool. | Not interested. Good to see you. We'll see. Counds like a plan. Dk, maybe next time. I haven't talked to him in a while. ?Yes. Yes. |
| head. My hair is not in the window of the FIGURE. Somebody is selling sliced mangos on the street. Packed in a plastic bag. The woman doesn't talk. Unless you buy one of hers. Only one word. CONCLUSION / The space in between is not the space of the figure and you are not the figure. Wer kennt schon den Mensch! | There is still much time. Yes, there is still much time. Listen. Did you hear that? They're calling your name. They begin to accentuate each other. It's an unfamiliar sound, a name I have not heard in a very long time. | | | | Mhat's up dude? My phone is dying. t's raining. Man that sux. Good to see you. We'll see. Just got here. | Good night. () Where is it? Lucky You. () My phone is dying. () Cool. () () My favorite bar. () () |
| wedgefahren. On your trip (sarcasm). I forgot. OH SO BLANK. There is chocolate around my mouth. Even though you aren't here I want to let you know just the lights. the seat was tiny and the windows dirty -who cares. The third person singular carries a black frame around my eyes. Dream, vielleicht oder vielleicht oder der =DER! no recollection. My hair is sticking to my oder =DER! no recollection. My hair is sticking to my | It will not pe lought. My favorite bar. My favorite bar. It isu, t how in tasts there: in the instant of the instant of | | | | | Going home now. That guy's a dick. It's raining. Mwesome. How are you? Right. Yeah. |
| Now, that we can't see each other – Du bist ja | I'm unsure. I exped But that's just the v Yes, and I am glad I can hear it now. t I can hear no other I am excited for wh | way it is, for it. he sound is clearer. sound but it. | | | How are you? | Just got here. |

Visit 20 Forthlin Road in Liverpool, the adolescent home of Paul McCartney, and remarkably a replica of Paul opens the door though his name is John. Inside you find replica Chinoiserie wallpaper, a replica piano, a replica 1950s television, a replica kitchen sideboard, a replica twin bed... all described as such by the replica Paul. John's resemblance to Paul is perplexingly uncanny, though perhaps as you would expect in a house of replicas. Despite a few inches difference, stand the men side by side and you will find the same arch of eyebrows, the same angle of eyes, the same fullness of cheeks, the same floppy, sandy hair, the same width of mouth. As the live-in custodian of the house, John is required to give tours four times a day, nine months a year, but it is obvious from the type of information he dispenses, it is clearly not his Beatle's knowledge that got him the job. Mostly John talks about his personal relationship with Paul, or at least as personal as can be for someone who has only briefly met the house's former occupant (in 1968 when their hands momentarily touched while petting Paul's sheep dog Martha). Indeed though, their relationship is about as intimately connected as a shadow follows its object. In his tour John recounts, in his deep Scouse accent (same as Paul's) the many times he has been asked to stand in front of the house to have his picture taken. Occasionally he will even raise his thumb or twist open his mouth in that trademark Paul way. Mike, Paul's younger brother, visits the house from time to time, and on their first meeting, he remarked that John looked more McCartney than he does. Having lived in Paul's house for over twelve years (even longer than when Paul lived there), it comes as no surprise then that the line between where Paul ends and John begins has blurred. As a result, you have to wonder what is the effect of hiring a replica Paul on the popularity of the attraction? Even if John does talk mostly about himself as if he was Paul, isn't that what we wanted in visiting the house? Isn't he the living embodiment of our desire to be as close to our hero as possible? Recently, the National Trust, the governmental organization that oversees 20 Forthlin Road, has extended the number of months tours are offered at the house with the hope of eventually opening it year round. For the National Trust, this down-at-heel council house reaps far greater interest and potential profits than most of the fancy historic homes on their registry. For a man who has practically become the inhabitant of the house, not just as its guardian but also as its exhibit, this is deeply unsettling. Imagine, all those extra houseguests! This is John's job, but is it fair? It is a museum after all, not his personal house. But is it an invasion of John's privacy when his job and his life are the same? Is John required to agree to the same lack of privacy as the celebrity Paul, just for being his surrogate?

strata, 4' 9" in, 8' 9" from the left wall 4' from a joist. "More flowers?' out her grief 7. Plastic green stemmed orange flowers light covering of dirt. Top Jane Nowak put flowers on a rodent's death spot acting from her best friend moving away in 1997

4" in, 8" manufacturing imprints and is becoming brittle. Top strata, 8' 8. A purple plastic toy tortoise for use in a sandbox. It has no

after learning

of trash bags tal cow, I was the far end of back yard.

ERIC VEIT

- It won't be long now.

our basement leading to the under carriage of the kitchen. Dirt scuttled pant legs under socks into boots, gloves, a painter's sock over which a dust mask, and a pair of chemistry goggles. Complimenting my armor complete with an old flannel shirt sewn into my pants, rubber-banded entering the bowels of the house, I swung the light around the gap in away from the light. I took a breath, exhaled, fogged up my goggles, of disinfection I carried a flashlight and two pieces of wood screwed Sweating before the same breezes, before squirmed inside, and then hoisted myself up the four foot ledge into breeze of our house's crawl space my wife prepared a HazMat suit of damp earth filled with detritus beckoned to me. Hearkened to the siren a veterinarian, a hole 9 worms oozing , together to make a rake. anus shadowy light. Like a puppy

Philadelphia, I knew the extreme edge of the house foundation timeline objects and in a Microftian manner, deduce who they belonged to, and noting their decay, three axis locations, and my wife's initial reactions. along with when the house had updates. I could now put a date onto hours I pushed and pulled trash out of the gap and the bugs crawled. hairpins, razor blades, an old plastic whistle, wooden Dutch flowers, Cobwebs and their builders, scrap lumber spiked with nails, shards and toys made in China - those are a few of my favorite things. For As I vaccinated our first home of mysteries I set specimens aside of blue colored glass, broken mirrors, a tattered rotting sweater, Born out of blue collared sweat in the last quarter of 19th century how they ended up in the crawl space...

List of specimens with known data, reactions, and conclusion:

a hole to hide into from the Sierra Leone civil war by five-year-old Jane A bath-time-toy joist. "EW! Don't touch that, it's dirty!" It was Lost when it was given മ with a hole in its trunk that squirts water. The underside is marked: Made in Hong Kong. The inside is partially filled with dirt. Middle Strata, 3' 1" in, 4' 1.59" from the left wall, 2' 6.53" from bottom of 1. A small fading yellow elephant collapsed on itself. Nowak in 1993.

following impressions: China/china, GL19, copyright Disney, MFG. FOR 5' 8.9" in, 7' 9.3" from in 2000 in conjunction with their feature film, "A Goofy Movie." Missing peanut butter trap" for his toys with wheels and left them in the kitchen its launcher and shows minute signs of being gnawed upon, bears the the left wall, 2' 3.8" from a joist. "What is that!?" Carted off by rodent A McDonald's Happy Meal "Bradley" toy manufactured by Disney after an eleven-year-old William Nowak created a "reverse oil slick McD. CORP. Upper strata, light covering of dirt. pantry in 2001. с.

from the left wall, 3' 3.8" from a joist. "That is supposed to be what?" 3. A wooden cornflower blue daffodil with a medal stem. The metal has rusted. The blue paint is fading. Lower strata 4' 6.2" in, 6' 4"

Forgoten by Andreas Nowak who was using the stem as a probe to locate dead rodents in 1985. excessive

rust with more recent white paint drips over top. Lowest strata explored, 3' 2" in 7' 9" from the left wall 5' 0.2" from a joist. "Its heavy. Be careful it is sharp." Franklin Nowak misplaced bit after fitting new plumbing through flooring for the add-on shed in 1973, after the neighborhood aft, 3/4" iron drill bit for wood, the tip is bolted onto its sh handyman botched the job in 1969. 4.

5. A Green and white plastic pea whistle, found in a light covering of dirt, missing its cork pea. Found in upper strata, 1' 6.1" in, 8' 0.3" from the left wall, 3' 3.9" from a joist. "No! Don't eat that. It's dirty. What did you say it is?" Seven-year-old Jane Nowak threw the whistle into crawl space when William refused to stop blowing it in her ear

over a rusted shaft. Ligna strata 8' in, 8' 7" from the left wall, embedded in a joist. "Yes, I know what that is." Franklin's Mrs. Nowak dropped the A large pin with flecking silver paint from a resin protective bead pin and it fell through the kitchen floorboard in 1971. <u>.</u>

from the left wall, 2' from a joist. "Why is this inside?" William Nowak wanted to give the house an army of tortoise protectors about Einstein in 2002.

Found in my right boot upon exiting crawl space of the house. "Aieeeel You have something in your shoe!" Cleaning the house to sell William 9. Bundle of white silk flower pedals with wire stems, appears new. Nowak tossed the petals into the space after running out in 2009.

darkness. That sound may have been the sound of sweat gathering in my goggles though, I hope it isn't a leaky pipe. Final conclusion: The fear of drowning is primal; ask for a plumber's references. What goes in able to own my home a little bit more by reclaiming and analyzing the I am not ready. I think there may have been water dripping in that the crawl space . . . the steps leading under our cement Much like a vet massaging the stomach of an experimer contents in its bowels. I still haven't told my wife about must come out.

FAMILY OF OBJECT MEMORIES \triangleleft CRAWL SPACE: TYRUS LYTTON

JAMIE ISENSTEIN MCCARTNEY DOUBLE VISION





NINA CANELL INTO THE EYES AS ENDS OF HAIR 2010 COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GALERIE BARBARA WIEN, BERLIN

POSSIBLE PRESS VOL 1 ISSUE 3 DEC 1 2010

able to fix our trampoline though. Then, they gave us blankets because we had only were melted and had to be changed a distance of more than 150 yards. We were clean-up crews but not nearly enough. The electrical cables in the walls of our store himself "fuck!" My mom cried because now this was all we had. There were some crew appearing and in looking at the damage turning quite ashen and mouthing to do recall at one stage (probably about 3 minutes after the initial blast) one of the didn't understand what had actually happened, it had all happened so quickly. I yelling to get help. I was sort of crying the whole time and really scared. I guess I to traffic, and I remember hearing people screaming in the background, and others

being re-built and our group will move back soon. I can't imagine living there, was asking us what happened, what it was like to see that. The house is currently the first night with a cousin, but I didn't want to overstay my welcome. Everyone about 3 days, and then we went on vacation to visit relatives in the Midwest. I spent come to see how fragile life is, I truly have. We stayed with my Mom's friend for take a long time for us to forget; we were born again. They are connected -I've been lost. I'm slowly moving on. Because of what we knew, what we had. It will Vatching the two work together brought a sense of normalcy that for us had just .no snwogtdgin no

me, what I feel, is the same feeling that you have. knowing what had happened in 1978. That means you know that what happened to

http://www.notfrisco.com/calmem/earthquake/ http://www.airdisaster.com/eyewitness/

http://www.nwnc-redcross.org/disaster_testimonials.htm

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HEATHER MEKKELSON

http://www.nrdc.org/storycorps/

IN THE MOST FRIGHTENING MOMENTS OF OUR LIVES

"Are you drunk?" "No." This was usually the best answer, though,

now, as he tries to recall the actual number of beers or kiosks or beers at kiosks or the dog that

stair-no, second-to-last stair, wait, there it is-lean-ing on the rail to catch his breath for the speech he is about to receive. Of course, and he'll remember this in a minute, it was the fear of the 'speech' that prompted the second beer at the fourth kiosk and the third beer that gave him courage to face it. The door is open. He doesn't like the open door, the way it invites and repels at the same his apartment right now, uninvited, eating the last piece of his salami, the piece he set back in the fridge with the intention of eating tomorrow though he knew good and well when he zip-locked that little plastic baggie, it wouldn't last the night. He hears the sound of steam coming off the iron, *poof*, *ah*. The chips rustle under his arm. He shouldn't "So you guys went out or what?" "No, no, he was telling me about the Sulfuric Acid in the air and we talked about the city being so quiet, you know..." Hendrik is referring to the block on air traffic, the volcano in Iceland and his downstairs neighbor. "They say it's okay, the air She doesn't seem too mad, sounds, actually a little confused, and rightfully so, it was a mystery. Now would be a good time to consider the last three hours and bore her to the point of disinterest so on the She looks at the bag. and perhaps someone has, perhaps someone is in Hendrik removes his shoes in the stairwell on the way up to the third floor, where the door-still ajar, having not closed it properly on the way out three hours ago-reminds him of the fact that, maybe, hours ago-reminds him of the fact that, maybe, he's been gone too long. They'd never agreed on a time, certainly she'd said, "Be right back," in that vague way of hers. But she asked for salt-and-pepper chips and if it took him three hours to "Here. find them who was she to blame him for stopping time. It suggests that someone could just walk in he might be drunk, though he understood the question, saying 'what' buys few seconds before determining how best to go about answering it. She is standing in the kitchen and he sees his mistake, it wasn't an iron. Her bicycle is on the kitchen table, a wheel with a tentacle connected to a pump that she holds to a chair with her knee that he can go lay down a minute. "I ran into Eric at the Kiosk around the corner." He's "Sorry." He bends over to pick it up, the need to belch imminent, he tries to hold it back. "Here Sorry. I ate some." She isn't saving anything. Sorry, I ate some." She isn't saying anything. *Poof, ah, poof, ah, poof, ah.* "Nobody had them. You can't get them any..." he's holding back the sound, he knows it's one of those terribly heavy straws, the kind he can't afford to let her carry "... to admit that have cracked the bag: It's weight an embarrass-ment to the simple chore he'd been assigned. He holds it out, it slips from his greasy fingers to the floor. He wipes the hand on his pant leg. to drink a beer at every kiosk that didn't happen ah, poof, ah. to carry them? And they were hard to find. He preparing this argument as he reaches the top Are you "Permanent, you said 'permanet'. "What?" It was hard for Hendrik Poof, and all. No permanet damage while she forces the air inside. "What... are you doing?" "What took you so long?" "Where have you been?" "Permanent "What?" drunk?" where

geometric divorced

reference

juxtapose

associate

customize

asymmetry

critique

drywall

shaped

align

dark

scoring

generic column

reckon

yellow

kitsch

belief

corner

crisis

subtle

social

order

edge

classism overlap

concrete magenta

abstract

contrast

graffiti

identity

working

paper

shred

side

drawing

meander

complex

canvas

stencil

revise

moiré

room

craft

skill

layer

brick

drips

light

heavy

lines

place cyan

frame mark

base neon

pour

fake

sail

wall

post

fold

time

less

him an answer for, first of one that she owes

"You have been gone for three hours." "So you thought you'd just bring your bike

up? Or what: "Where have you been?" "No…" He is the one aski

questions are doinc now. "No... I asked you, what you are doin, here? We eat on that table." He regrets this one asking the "No... "No...

comment a little, seeing as he both polishes his shoes and did, just last week, try his hand at silk-screening right there, where her up-turned bike balances between its handlebars and the seat above the smeared print of An-gela Merkel's face, on that very same table. "You left at eight. It's eleven." "It's not that late." The clock is right there

scintillescent expressionism architecture ideological conceptual

disingenuous

psychedelic

opposition

confusing

symbolic

process

mirror

trace

arch

He was He was

connotations information ornamental

inferiority

equilateral

meaningful

utopistic

mediocre

meaning

design

flute

form

assimilate

disconnect

decorative

structure

interior

signage

veneer

spray

fade

sophisticated

institutional

perspective

concentric

isosceles

triangle

failure

future

labor

pine

The clock is right there

on the wall and she is being generous. "Oh." She was being generous and he was doing her a favor, that's right. "Yea, I was trying to find these chips." He holds them

out again. Her fingers are smudged with bike grease. When she doesn't reach for them, he helps himself.

"I don't believe it."

"What?"

"You. I don't believe you." "Don't you want any?" He asks. She removes the tentacle from the bike tire, *ah*, and turns the bike over, leaning it against the fridge. "I looked everywhere. Just so you know. I brought them for you." And he did, he had been slightly discouraged after the first over with, so he can go to bed already, even though it has nothing to do with his being late or her lack of desire for eating the few ream-ing crumbs from the bag he holds to his chest while he says it, "... an only child." That was it, it was one of those really heavy straws. a game or it, the wasn't about to be that solution of thing get him down. He feels pretty good about it too, mission accomplished, fun had in the process. "I spent the last three hours," Hendrik holds up the doorframe, "walk-ing around the neighborhood, looking for your chips, and now you don't even want them." That is the point isn't it? He should be proud he should, he followed through, got done the impossible and why should he be here, when she doesn't even want the thing he spent the last three hours scouring the neighborhood for? The street, a dark cruel place where car lights stun men like deer and garbage cans two shops didn't have them, but made sort of a game of it. He wasn't about to let that sort he says it, she'll have to give him the 'speech and almost because he just wants to get it never should have gotten involved with a..." i throw themselves at you while trying to walk down the sidewalk. "You..." and as he says .. are being ungrateful. it, he believes it "

tire on her bicycle, the smeared face of Angela "I should have known better. Guess isss y fault then." The bag crinkles. It was all his Merkel on the table, all of it. "No." She lifts the handlebar and spins the front tire: it spins true. "No." She says. "It's mine." my fault then." The bag crinkles. It was all r fault: The inability to conduct a normal conversation, the delayed chip delivery, the flat "Really' fault:

ADRIAN WILLIAMS SALT & PEPPER

nearly tore his leg off for bumping into that ass-hole, he can't seem to make heads or tails of it. "Nah." He shouldn't have said 'nah' but it's too late. It hangs there, the 'ah' part, draped across his tongue far longer than necessary, drawing itself into an undeniable slur. "Yes you are." "Why..." and it is a good question, he thinks,

we're fated to suffer. happen, yet we took no steps to prevent it or to deal with it it did happen. Its as if For years, decades, we've known that something like this was eventually likely to

frightening moments of our lives, it is reassuring to know neighbors are there to screamed for help and my neighbor heard me and rushed outside. In the most I heard this dry explosion that literally shook every single window of the building. I saw it. I saw what I thought for a split second was a lightning and 1 second later, didn't want us at the windows. I turned and looked out the window and up ahead, of bed to see what she was trying to tell me, I was met by my mother. Mother It was quieter that morning. I awoke to my dog's frantic barks. As I stumbled out

we ended up going home with a lady and her sister. happened together. We ended up in a drivethru freezer and then when they closed, felt scared and dazed at the same time because I had trouble putting what had just into the street to the south. I was one of the last people out and when I did get out I to the mosque. We managed to escape alive by climbing over the wreckage and to communicate with anyone at that stage. I fled with my brothers and my parents and they all seemed to start making noise. Because of the noise it was impossible other venomous animals in the water. There were numerous farm animals around, tumble. That's the wall that you could see coming at you. There were snakes and in the center of this circle apparently hanging from trees. I could just see it tumble, we don't have children). Part of the family van melted. A big yellow piece was lying bearings falling on metal. A baby's high chair crashed into my dining room wall (and The noise. It was absolutely deafening. The sound was of a hundred million ball heat and the pressure was pushing down. That's when I felt a tremendous shudder!! and watched the floors give way. My face was turned to the high wind, the high leading loaded wagons, even one pushing a wheelbarrow. I was in shock as we sat there must be a big accident. People were coming up the street carrying bags, half-acre of grass and saw this huge cloud with strange pillows under it. I thought freeway onramp, when my car started to move up and down. I had just planted a At this stage all hell was breaking loose. I was on a surface street, approaching the

clear that the bus wasn't going to be going anywhere for a while. hit in the head by falling objects. We still had no idea what was going on, but it was the truck and then he helped me. If he had come down the hall he would have been being told that there son/husband had died. The gentleman helped my mother into yard, waiting for me, and I was stuck in the back. I had visions of the wrong family Everything was crystal clear then we decided to leave. My family was in the front And after it ended, we were reluctant to come out and see what had happened.

a short period of time the police and several residents had blocked off the streets talking to people for the longest time, but I don't remember anything they said. In Everyone wore dust masks when they went outside. I think I just stood there

Herschel when he a won its fir bulldogs, in the Ge performance had put her under a spell- he understood. Herschel spoke with a a athletic prowess seem like a supernatural gift. He ranked solidly ahead of other ncredibl I Walker was born in 1962 and raised in Wrightsville, a town of 2,000 people twenty miles below the gnat line. I was in 2nd grade arrived in Athens. That year, 1980, is still one of the most memorable of my life; I decided that I wanted to be an artist, and Georgia irst and only national championship. The two things are inextricably linked, as most of my early work was devoted to drawing , football helmets, and heroic portraits of Herschel. It is hard to overstate his mythic significance in the state of Georgia- well, at least sorgia I remember. My grandmother famously got out of an exorbitant speeding ticket by telling the state trooper that Herschel's ance had put her under a spell- he understood. Herschel spoke with a gentle southern accent, and possessed a calm that made his prowess seem like a supernatural gift. He ranked solidly ahead of other fictional characters in my life, followed by Superman, The e Hulk, Han Solo, Santa Claus, and God. I still believe in Herschel.

After bein sprints- fr scored His ascer <u></u> ng bullied frequently nt as an athlete is touchdowns thlete is a thing of blues legend or comic books. As a young introvert, he spent most of his time reading and writing poetry. and ostracized, he began exercising furiously at the age of 12. Often alone, he did thousands of push-ups, sit-ups, and dragging a truck tire by chain for extra resistance. He never lifted weights or worked out in a gym. In high school, he owns and led his teams to multiple state championships in football and track. He was also valedictorian.

dislocate to a 17-1 He arrived at UGA to great anticipation, a promise that was realized on September 6th when he literally *ran over* Tennessee's All-American Bill Bates and trotted into the end zone. Stunned, legendary radio voice Larry Munson blurted, 'Herschel just ran over two men.. just driving and running with those big thighs..*my god, a freshman*'. And so it began. Herschel got the ball on almost every offensive play. He never spiked it, or did an end zone dance. After every touchdown he just handed the ball to the referee, and humbly returned to the sideline; as though his the natio to sit. "I l < 0 win, and earning my poked at the doctor, nal title. In /as just an inevitability. shoulder and the first half of the championship he doctor, and said 'You've got to not play. Sugar Bowl MVP. On his back, Georgia went onto an undefeated So, You've got to be joking me. they put it back in place, ar game, Herschel dislocated his shoulder, and was told by doctors that he would have be joking me. You've got to put it back in place.' I told myself, 'I didn't come this far t ack in place, and I went back on the field." He scored two touchdowns, leading Geory season, and numbly returned to the sideline; as though his beating favorite Notre Dame in the Sugar Bowl for , leading j Georgia far to

'new sout university was a leg The impo ortance of that season is hard to grasp in the internet age, after the Atlanta Olympics and the economic/population boom of the 90's only the 1976 election of Jimmy Carter was comparable at the time. Nothing of the sort had ever happened there, and the state /'s football team embodied regional identity. I guess it's similar to the way some nations feel about their world cup teams. Herschel end and had won it for the people.

and coul player to standards the corpo establish and misu to forgo ~ All-American for 3 consecutive years, orate dn"t nderstood in the pro game. In the NFL he ed the Cowboys' dominance in the early 9 instoppable; do that, earning iis senior year and turn with combined rushing stats game. meet the le high expectations Herschel's abilities v according 3 consecutive years, and should have won the Heisman Trophy in all three. They awarded him nominally in 1982. cording to many, the greatest college running back of all time. Which made it all the more painful when he decided nd turn pro with the New Jersey Generals of the now defunct USFL. I was crushed. Sadly, he was the first college one of the highest salaries in sports under owner Donald Trump. He went on to an illustrice of the first college in USFL and NFL, were of those too pure, 90's. He never played on who paid for deliverance. bounced from) paid for , and spo he is 5th in spoiled city to city, and was famously traded blayed on a championship team, was liverance. His overwhelming talent dic ç pro football history. But most Georgia fans to city, and was famously traded by Dallas ' moneyq overwhelming tale or so I like to think. am, was plugged into c talent didn't fit the win s for a bundle or pre into dysfunctional s feel that he was misused now market structure of e of players that tional systems, by anyone's that

and extra do. In ado almost qualified < he released an autobiography detailing his struggle with multiple personality disorder, which historically has been linked to genius aordinary ability. He claims that he can't remember the season he won the Heisman, or the moment he received the award. I certainly idition to playing football, Herschel is a black-belt in tae kwon do, danced with the Dallas Ballet, was on the US Olympic bobsled most qualified as an Olympic sprinter (100 m in 10.22 sec), and is now at the age of 48 competing in mixed martial arts. He has with countless charities, and still does 3,500 sit-ups and 1,000 push-ups every day. s a black-belt in tae kwon do, dan (100 m in 10.22 sec), and is now s 3,500 sit-ups and 1,000 push-u

RIDLEY

differentiate

relationship

meaningless

minimalism

euphemism

pediment

context

system

weave

grid

JAMISEN OGG

PROBITCHER

team,

vorked

In 2008,

NIK PENCE pedal, monument the eal of transporting the wheel Hovering over rigi action and AND ALYSE object and d beard. passes 1 the 1 . Tho A cha ы e ideals of modern popular culture in Phough mass-produced, many of these aquariums graving and varying contents. As travel became d weight of early aquariums contributed to the g the souvenirs. Ideas of travel first introduced; iburban. Its mouth is unfastened and its cheeks halky sunken chin reveals the stone's natural ture's capability to create a new reality, diagrams - Figure A is a long, milk colored hallway th. Sounds accompanying no action; external cipation. Smaller in relation to the body, this hall s. The walls are made of drywall that cracks to y fours. There is no external evidence that this ruction. Sandy colored eyes resemble two small a grey brow. Drywall turns craft brown as it is anked and broken from its structure. The sound onytail bobs. The walls bend like a kite between white mount, casting shadows in all directions, iction. Sainey grey brow. Drywall turm nked and broken from its ייחס sh RONAYNE oility to tecture. The walls being t, casting shadows in all direction "- have become dusty ruins. "hare is a line

is constructed of four walls. Th expose a skeleton of two by fou resembled Antiquity's instructi flat pebbles shadowed by a grey Farm fresh milk, white pa on a pedestal maintains ir aquariums represented tl Questioning s between the c extending just beyond reach. movement heard with anticip peeled and stripped and ya texture. Questioning sculptur and models must be made. F were personalized with engr more common, the size and v matches sink into a scenographic wo arms. nass app white pages, aintains its er boulder impaled st mass collectibles,

əuo two,three three,four,five neves,xis,evit,not 9 anin, thgia, navas, xis, avit nine,ten,eleven,twelve,thirteen,fourteen,fifteen,sixteen,seventeen ten,eleven,twelve,thirteen,fourteen,fifteen,sixteen,seventeen,eighteen,nineteen nine,ten,eleven,twelve,thirteen,fourteen,fifteen,sixteen,seventeen five,six,seven,eight,nine neves,xis,evit,ruot three,four,five two,three əuo

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red,yellow,black,green,red,yellow,blue,black,red,blue,black,red

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black,blue,red,yellow,red,green,black

green,yellow,blue

red,black

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4 SQUARE 5 TIMES EXPERIMENT FROM ROMANIA WITH LOVE **SITUAD ANIJA**

I'm no Animist.

Ship In A Bottle.

difficult to register.

Don't start spreading rumors.

Animists believe that all things have a spirit to them.

But where one finds or places objects and what one keeps around oneself effects the body in an occasionally very recognizable fashion, but mostly in minuscule ways, extra-minuscule sometimes or oftentimes.

Objects have a sort of subtle influence. I believe this influence is noticeable but VERY

According to physics, just watching an event or object effects or changes what occurs to that event or object all the way down to and particularly at the smallest smallest smallest smallest ever-so-small degree.

It seems there's a whole universe of infinite smallness inside us and another one of infinite largeness going out and we are stuck in between. It's like our minds experience comprehension in some new type of Platonic Model, if you know what I mean. Maybe there's something to those Animists.

Spooky Action At A Distance.

Voltaire - Doubt is not a pleasant condition, but certainty is absurd. Steven Thompson - Doubt is certainly pleasant in absurd conditions.

I once asked a physicist from Columbia University the age of the atoms in my body. She said millions and millions and maybe billions of years old.

Four years later, I asked a physicist from Drexel University what would happen to the body unprotected in Space. He said body parts exposed to light would burn away and that the rest in shadow would immediately freeze solid. However, he said the atmospherecompensating pressure in our cells would cause them to expand and burst in the vacuum of space.

I suppose we would erupt into a mist of molecules and atoms, but that's uncertain. Even If I knew I wouldn't know how quickly and if I knew how quickly I might not tell you anyway.

Maybe that guy without a spacesuit in 2001 could blast himself out from his pod towards the door HAL will not open. Maybe he could survive that. Maybe. Maybe he wouldn't freeze instantaneously or burn away. Maybe.

But I'd like to ask a physicist.

I bet the potential for life is a quantifiable property of matter. Probably there is a formula we can invent to help us understand it.

I like to remember that sound happens in the ear but everywhere else is silent.

Psychopomp.

John Cage - Art is a sort of experimental station in which one tries out living. Steven Thompson - Life is a sort of artificial station in which one tries out experiments.

Ship In A Bottle.

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