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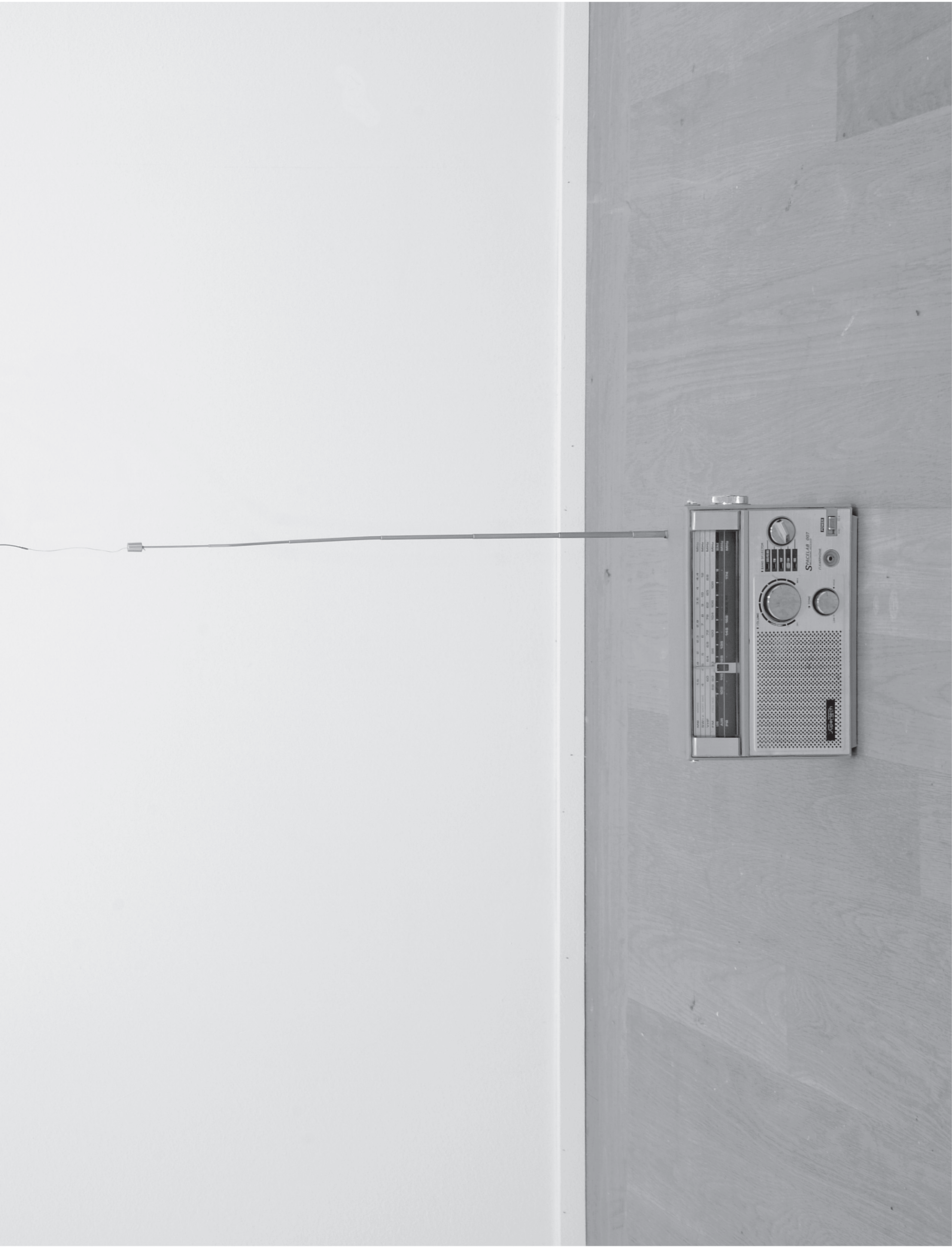
CENTERFOLD

NINA CANELL

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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

VIII

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

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

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

And after it ended, we were reluctant to come out and see what had happened. Everything was crystal clear then we decided to leave. My family was in the front yard, waiting for me, and I was stuck in the back. I had visions of the wrong family being told that there son/husband had died. The gentleman helped my mother into the truck and then he helped me. If he had come down the hall he would have been hit in the head by falling objects. We still had no idea what was going on, but it was clear that that the bus wasn't going to be going anywhere for a while. Everyone wore dust masks when they went outside. I think I just stood there talking to people for the longest time, but I don't remember anything they said. In a short period of time the police and several residents had blocked off the streets to traffic, and I remember hearing people screaming in the background, and others yelling to get help. I was sort of crying the whole time and really scared. I guess I didn't understand what had actually happened, it had all happened so quickly. I do recall at one one stage (probably about 3 minutes after the initial blast) one of the crew appearing and in looking at the damage turning quite ashen and mounthing to himself "f*ck!!" My mom cried because now this was all we had. There were some clean up crews but not nearly enough. The electrical cables in the walls of our store were melted and had to be changed a distance of more than 150 yards. We were able to fix our trampolines though. Then, they gave us blankets because we had only our nightgowns on.

Watching the two work together brought a sense of normalcy that for us had just been lost. I'm slowly moving on. Because of what we knew, what we had. It will take a long time for us to forget; we were born again. They are connected—I've come to see how fragile life is, I truly have. We stayed with my Mom's friend for about 3 days, and then we went on vacation to visit relatives in the Midwest. I spent the first night with a cousin, but I didn't want to overstay my welcome. Everyone was asking us what happened, what it was like to see that. The house is currently being re-built and our group will move back soon. I can't imagine living there, knowing what I feel, is the same feeling that you have.

http://www.nrdc.org/story/corps/
http://www.nrdc.org/dncross.org/dncross_testimonials.htm
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HEATHER MEKKELSON

IN THE MOST FRIGHTENING MOMENTS OF OUR LIVES

XIII

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, 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 find them who was she to blame him for stopping to drink a beer at every kiosk that didn't happen to carry them? And they were hard to find. He's preparing this argument as he reaches the top 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 time. It suggests that someone could just walk in and perhaps someone has, perhaps someone is in 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 have cracked the bag: It's weight an embarrass-ment to the simple chore he'd been assigned.

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 while she forces the air inside. "What... are you doing?" "What took you so long?" She looks at the bag. He holds it out, it slips from his greasy fingers to the floor. He wipes the hand on his pant leg. "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 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 "... where."

"Where have you been?" *Poof, ah, poof, ah*. 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 that he can go lay down a minute.

"I ran into Eric at the Kiosk around the corner." "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 and all. No permanet damage."

"Permanet." "What?" "Permanet, you said 'permanet'. Are you drunk?"

"What?" It was hard for Hendrik to admit that he might be drunk, though he understood the question, saying 'what' buys few seconds before determining how best to go about answering it.

"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 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,

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scintillescent
differentiate
relationship
meaningless
minimalism
euphemism
pediment
context
system
weave
grid

expressionism
sophisticated
institutional
perspective
concentric
isosceles
symbolic
failure
labor
pine

architecture
connotations
disingenuous
psychedelic
opposition
confusing
symbolic
process
mirror
trace
arch

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information
inferiority
equilateral
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mediocre
meaning
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conceptual
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assimilate
disconnect
decorative
structure
interior
signage
venerer
spray
fade

geometric
reference
juxtapose
associate
customize
asymmetry
critique
drywall
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craft
skill
place
layer
brick
drips
frame
light
heavy
lines
base
neon

pour
fake
cyan
sail
wall
post
mark
fold
time
less
neon

JAMISEN OGG
PROBITCHER

RIDLEY HOWARD

In 2008, he released an autobiography detailing his struggle with multiple personality disorder, which historically has been linked to genius and extraordinary ability. He claims that he can't remember the season he won the Heisman, or the moment he received the award. I certainly do. In addition to playing football, Herschel is a black-belt in tae kwon do, danced with the Dallas Ballet, was on the US Olympic bobsled team, almost 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 worked with countless charities, and still does 3,500 sit-ups and 1,000 push-ups every day.

and couldn't meet the high expectations of those who paid for deliverance. His overwhelming talent didn't fit the *win now* market structure of the corporate game. Herschel's abilities were too pure, and spoiled by money- or so I like to think.

He was All-American for 3 consecutive years, and should have won the Heisman Trophy in all three. They awarded him nominally in 1982. He was unstoppable, according to many, the greatest college running back of all time. Which made it all the more painful when he decided to forgo his senior year and turn pro with the New Jersey Generals of the now defunct USFL. I was crushed. Sadly, he was the first college player to do that, earning one of the highest salaries in sports under owner Donald Trump. He went on to an illustrious pro career by anyone's standards: with combined rushing stats in USFL and NFL, he is 5th in pro football history. But most Georgia fans feel that he was misused and misunderstood in the pro game. In the NFL he bounced from city to city, and was famously traded by Dallas for a bundle of players that established the Cowboys' dominance in the early 90's. He never played on a championship team, was plugged into dysfunctional systems, and couldn't meet the high expectations of those who paid for deliverance. His overwhelming talent didn't fit the *win now* market structure of the corporate game. Herschel's abilities were too pure, and spoiled by money- or so I like to think.

was a legend and had won it for the people.

to a 17-10 win, and earning Sugar Bowl MVP.

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 scoring was just an inevitability. On his back, Georgia went onto an undefeated season, beating favorite Notre Dame in the Sugar Bowl for the national title. In the first half of the championship game, Herschel dislocated his shoulder, and was told by doctors that he would have to sit. "I looked at the doctor, and said 'You've got to be joking me. You've got to put it back in place.' I told myself, 'I didn't come this far to dislocate my shoulder and not play. So, they put it back in place, and I went back on the field.'" He scored two touchdowns, leading Georgia to a 17-10 win, and earning Sugar Bowl MVP.

He was also a valedictorian.

His ascent as an athlete is a thing of blues legend or comic books. As a young introvert, he spent most of his time reading and writing poetry. After being bullied and ostracized, he began exercising furiously at the age of 12. Often alone, he did thousands of push-ups, sit-ups, and sprints- frequently dragging a truck tire by chain for extra resistance. He never lifted weights or worked out in a gym. In high school, he scored 85 touchdowns and led his teams to multiple state championships in football and track. He was also a valedictorian.

Incredible Hulk, Han Solo, Santa Claus, and God. I still believe in Herschel.

III

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

