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CENTERFOLD

KEVIN ZUCKER

POSSIBLE PRESS VOL 2 ISSUE 1 FEB 15 2011



IX

There is this need to remember and so there is an attempt to hold onto the past. However, it is wise to be suspicious of nostalgia since the past can present a dishonest picture. "One is always at home in one's past, which partly explains those pathetic ladies' posthumous love for a remote and, to be perfectly frank, rather appalling country, which they never had really known and in which none of them had been very content."1 Nabokov's humor presents nostalgia in an accurate way. Once one is removed from an experience, the perception of the once lived moment begins to change. I begin to wonder if nostalgia is another kind of ideology especially when we pair it with the word, 'romantic.' Often memories of past events become idealized and the actual reality disappears into a romantic oblivion. When thinking about the idea of the romantic, the painting *Wanderer above the Sea of Fog* by Caspar David Friedrich comes to mind. It is the iconic image representing Romanticism of the 18th and 19th century. This was a time when there was a backlash against the growing modern society. Ideas of escaping industrial progress and flee into nature's world provided solitude and inner reflection with oneself. Fast-forward to the twenty-first century and we still are immersed within an ever-growing industrial and technological world that has no plans on slowing down.

A romantic outlook seems to be even more present and possibly needed than ever before. A disconnect grows further from humans and nature, though also with one another. We exist within this hyper reality where monitors and screens not only project images of our needs and wants but also satisfies them as well in a virtual sense. We begin to live within the singular rather than a whole where our individual sectors just coexist with the next. Even with these separations the singular or private space does not have its imaginary protection as it once did from the outside. Allowing the media inside our safe and sacred place called home, there become no boundaries. Ultimately there is no escape both physically and mentally from the spectacle-- its presence exists everywhere. Jean Baudrillard wrote, "The distinction between an interior and an exterior, which was just what characterized the domestic stage of objects and that of a symbolic space of the object has been blurred in a double obscurity. The most intimate operation of your life becomes the potential grazing ground of the media."<2

Thinking of this notion that we have no escape from our modern time creates a perfect system to construct a new ideology around Romanticism. We, like the Wanderer above the Sea of Fog are in search of something pure, and maybe even something miraculous. So, as we try to run from the masses, we often look inside oneself and into the past, holding onto an idealized memory.

1 Nabokov, *Speak, Memory*, 116.

2 Baudrillard, *The Ecstasy of Communication*, 20-21.

KELLY LYNN JONES WANDERER ABOVE THE SEA OF FOG

Moss Garden

The traditional garden of the Persians was a sacred space that was supposed to bring together inside its rectangle four parts representing the four parts of the world, with a space still more sacred than the others that were like an umbilicus, the navel of the world at its center (the basin and water fountain were there); and all the vegetation of the garden was supposed to come together in this space, in this sort of microcosm. The garden is the smallest parcel of the world and then it is the totality of the world.

- 1967 *Michel Foucault "Of Other Spaces"*

Dark and furry- vegetation spreads out like a stain, aggressively seeking form. Mushrooms and fungus cover wet logs. Dank, mixes with dirty fluorescent, casting pale shadows. At the core, a murky, milk fountain bubbling with white suds.

I

A lover's hand moves like a spider, limbs like an octopus in a Tokyo park- grasping, jerking, tugging, tearing, ripping, stroking, caressing stillness, and darkness. The night covers the source; green color- white bark and black air.

Cinematic pleasure, ice sheet distance, pornographic frame, the mood set by plants, trees, grass, and benches.

The wizard's hands are always moving. - Emily Dickinson

Caged Garden

The interior garden, the corporate garden, a park on a pedestal, a bound space, a cemetery- inside four edges, and the garden is tended with both irreverence and care.

Undergrowth- the deadly nightshade is a beauty of a vine with its cyclamen berries and cobalt leaves. Vines trace fences, trace trees, trace abandoned cars, trace forgotten railways.

The Limit Experience and The Spinning Silver Mattress

How broken does something have to become for it to become another thing?

How small do particles have to be not to disrupt the whole?

What is texture? What is fear? What is form? What is evasion?

Fear and evasion are the two little beasts that chase each other's tails in the revolving cage of the nervous world. They distract us from feeling too much about things. So successfully that we have disguised from ourselves the intensity of our own feelings, the sensibility of our own hearts, that plays in the tragic tradition have begun to seem untrue.

-1951 *Tennessee Williams "The Timeless World of the Play"*

Carpet Garden

Rust, fingernails, stain, hair, moss, mud, wool, dust, dirt, glitter, vapor, ash, gloss, smoke, flake, needles, filth, wax, salt, bleach, eyelashes, crumbs, seeds, sticks, sauce, soot, shmutz, thread, pieces, milk, pot, fuzz, blood, sugar, pot, threads, flecks, strands, teeth, nails, butter, tacks, staples, shards, bits, glasses, yeast, flour, dander, mold, powder, must, pins, pennies, shake, lint, moths, wings, chain, clasps, stones, beads, chips, nuts, shreds, crust, spit, spiders.

Ice Garden

A sheet of moss, cold emulsion, black milk stains. White planes cut and fold shapes into houses, houses into phantoms, phantoms into demons. Frozen water is slick and hard and turns to black ice.

The ocean underneath the ocean is a deep, dead sphinx. The inner world conjures the fragility of outer meaning.

Tonight is pink and opaque. In a blind spot I find holes within holes, a positive absence. In the mirrored rose garden, thorny images are cut and doubled in the glass.

In the ice garden, the deepest freaks worship the sun.

ANNA BETEZE BLACK GARDEN

V

Diamonds cascade, becoming pools of excess; color impregnates a quilted Rorschach.

Rebellious, finely tuned gestures level within convention center walls.

Isolated marks describe individual acts of pleasure; quiet acts of dissent.

Carvel Cake, Sonny Crockett suiting, and Gargamel grey: asymmetrical symmetries for a DeBordieu cerulean sky.

Original glazed *Krispy Kreme* chocolate iced donut-shaped clouds (shadows of eyeballs) rest on Reagan-Era tabletops—playful or irreverent?

Where the Kissing Never Stops: Ground competes with form, indicating a complex coupling of vacancy and restraint.

Discriminating attention paid to the periphery, evidenced by corporeal notes played out on the surface.

Revealing the architecture of the painting, turning its underbelly inside out. Bold planes of color marry familiar forms.

An order reified, a level of decorum rejected. Paint drips and dallies out of line.

In remembrance of an SMS past: The sweetness of “x,” and its “o” shaped partner undercut by the bold and confident and damningly beautiful brushstroke.

Not vulgar, nor heroic, just alive and magnetic, dressed-up twice.

AMY FELDMAN
ELEVEN POSSIBLE PAINTINGS
(FROM MY NOTEBOOK)

NICK VAN WOERT BILLBOARD BURN

III

• An artist borrows another artist’s online identity and then proceeds to make work “directly inspired” by his (or her) original self.

• Using double stick tape I stick an entire magazine together. Then maybe I leave it in a dentist’s office.

• We hack into the Louvre’s server & steal the Mona Lisa.jpg!!

• My 22-month-old nephew does a durational, text-based artwork. It looks like this:
rvv..../././..././ exex.eb xex'x3exxee3ce31sev13ses1vehfiueaaaaaisje0fier9,jam0mew in

• While sitting bored in the backseat of a moving vehicle, I rapidly text every “template” message in my MOTOROLA RAZR V3 phone to a friend w/ an iPhone 3G.

• As a final performance, John Baldessari burns documentation of his entire life’s work to the requisite number of DVDs.

• Turning the lights off and pooping in a darkened bathroom.

• All art created while carrying a balance with American Express is considered on loan to the corporation until the debt is repaid.

CHRIS COY SCENARIOS

X

I burned a billboard down today. Maybe you saw it from the BOE. It read *We're All In This Together*, which I completely believe in so I was sad to see it go. It was on the East side heading towards LaGuardia Airport.

Here's what you need to do. Get an envelope and fold it in half. On one side of the fold put some hair gel and on the other side put some HTH Chlorine. I have more if you need it. Don't let them touch and pick a hair gel with loads of chemicals in it. When the two mix it creates heat. It won't catch fire but it emits a lot of smoke and you can't stop the smoke once it has started. I ran a test last week and you can see the results here: <http://work.fourteensquarefeet.com/#942499/Billboard>.

It was shocking. I freaked out. Somebody called the fire department because it looked like the whole building was on fire. I can not stress how much smoke a little bit of this chlorine creates and the smell is unbearable. It smells like an extremely pungent sulfur fart, which is impossible to get out of your clothes. It is also very bad to inhale. Don't let it get in your eyes because you will go blind or on any of your mucus membranes, such as your penis or lips because they will probably fall off after sneezing up like raisins. The chlorine and gel act as your fuse. You need to bring a little bit of gasoline in a water bottle to start the fire. Climb up a billboard, pour the gas on the vinyl. Unfold the envelope and let the chlorine mix with the hair gel. Mix it up real good but do it quickly because you have about 5 minutes before it begins to smoke and catch fire. Toss the envelope into the puddle of gas below the vinyl and get out of there.

This is probably the last you will hear from me for a while. I'm heading West to build a cabin and live in the woods. To confront only the essential facts of life. To learn what I have lived.

You should see the scented stuff in front of my building.

The snow is good news.

We had a great time in front of my building.

I called dad so he knows we had a great time in front of my building.

Have you heard anything about champagne?

Maybe I am at my building, let me know if you know.

I am still hummed that I am still hummed

I missed the moon.

It should go try to do something after you.

Do you want to get a great time in front of my building?

Thanks for any reason.

I would love the radio now.

I might go into the radio now,

Otherwise I could miss it.

Maybe he planted some traffic coming into the city.

Maybe he did and we were still laughing.

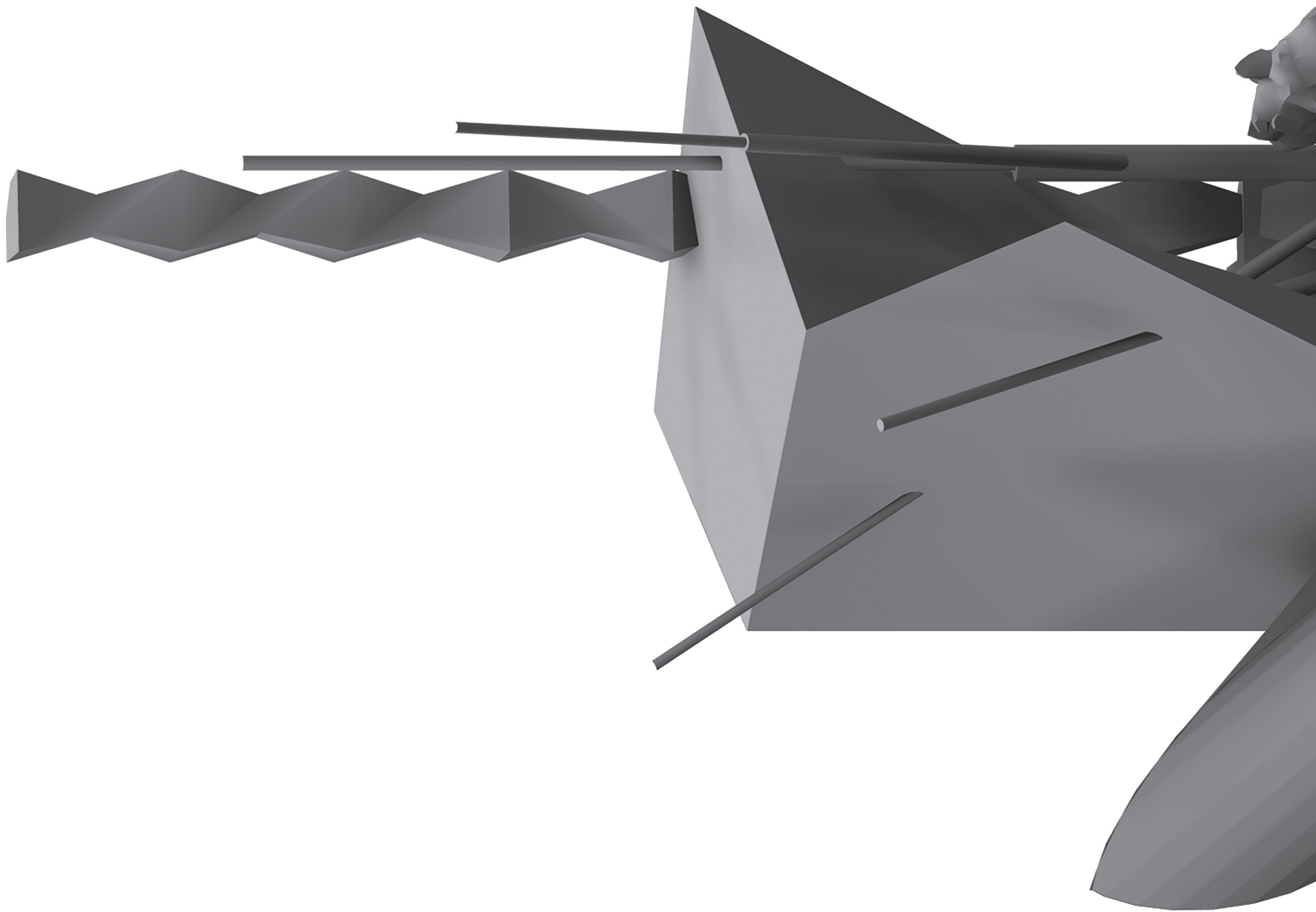
Anyway I hope you know if it does look like its going to rain!

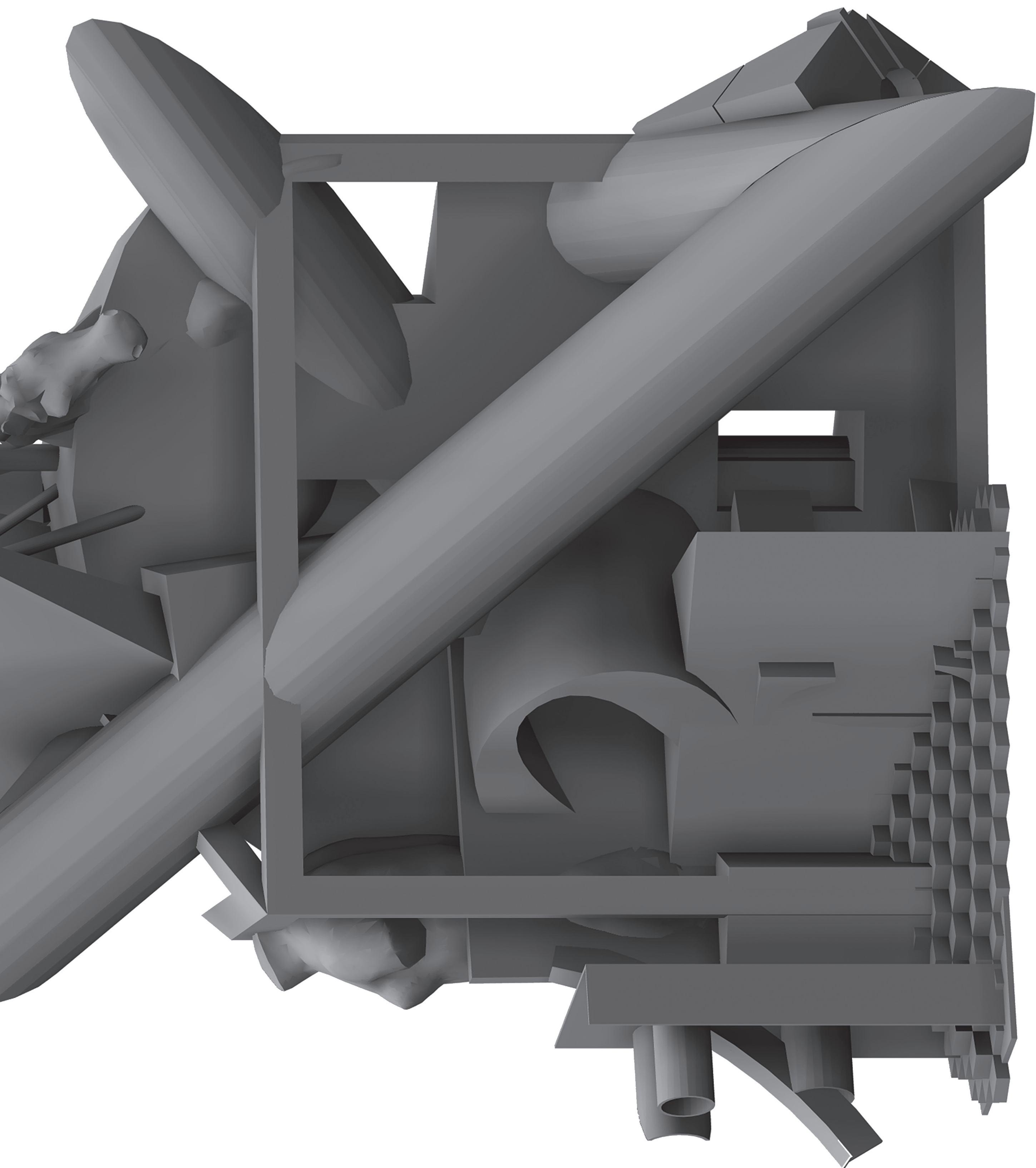
Talk to rain.

STACY FISHER

NEXT WORDS PREDICTED

(A POEM UNSENT, WRITTEN USING MY LG REMARQ CELL PHONE)





KEVIN ZUCKER
STUDY FOR AMALGAMATED SCULPTURE
2010
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GREENBERG VAN DOREN / ELEVEN RIVINGTON, NEW YORK

POSSIBLE PRESS
VOL 2 ISSUE 1 FEB 15 2011

I

When I was young I would collect anything my mom would get rid of from small boxes and containers to old purses and wallets. For me, they were something special; to her, they were old and she was ready to move on to something new. These items were hidden throughout my room. Inside each case would be other small things, little collections of my surroundings, from old conch shells my Mom collected from Mexico to buttons that lost their home.

My brother, Bryan and I would go into the garage everyday and work on our other home. Here we were in charge. We made our own rules and decisions but looking back, I realize it was just a make shift version of my parents abode. We were reflections of them, "playing adult" through a child's skewed perception of what that means. Without knowing the weight of responsibility and having a natural innocence and wonder, children are able to explore anything beyond reason by creating imaginary experiences. All of our secrets were stashed deep within the nooks and crevices we created. My parents had a three-car garage, though not a single car ever lived there. Instead here resided old tables, chairs, blankets, pillows, clothes, fabric, photos, lamps, and other discarded materials- once new, now thrown out with no further use.

The difference between "playing adult" and being one is imagination. As we grow older, playing becomes part of our daily routine and we begin to slip away from dreams and possibilities. As Bryan and I approached our "other home", we saw countless adventures that could occur. There were no doubts, no questions- just dreams. Clothes were pinned together and stuffed with quilting batting to make a body where we would then attach a pumpkin mask from a past Halloween costume. All of a sudden we had a new friend who assisted us with our imaginary school, which we created in the back. Deep within the back there was a room of pillows, all the old ones with yellow stains marking nights full of quality dreams. There were an abundance of flowery pillowcases in colors from earthy fall to the bright pinks and yellows of spring. They filled the floor, the sides and top, creating a womb- like space to curl up in. On the opposite side of the pillow fortress was a miniature size city with skyscrapers made of stacked cigar boxes and pinecones so precariously placed that at any moment they might fall to their doom. Bryan lined up his micro machines up a staircase made of pencils and string, waiting to enter a parking structure of colored construction paper so the imaginary people could park and begin their workday at the office. My Fisher Price tape recorder lived on the foot of the old Singer sewing machine. The tape from when my dad sang Christmas songs remained inside the recorder, though was never played. I would sit in the corner, writing on old greeting cards all the possible ways to discover the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Past the sewing machine there was a bridge of chairs I hid under. There was a sense of safety in this private world where I was untouchable. Straight ahead the tall olive green shelves towered over our make shift shantytown. The paint was peeled in areas revealing a dark wood of a past life. Each cubby was themed, depending on the collection. There was a period of time when our mom loved shells. She decorated everything with shells; it was if we lived on a beach without the sand, though as her interests shifted the shells filled our cubby. We would try to put our ears to the base thinking maybe the shells would whisper something but most often all we heard was the low murmur of the dryer, reminding us we were just in the garage.

KELLY LYNN JONES
THE GARAGE

VII

Chapter 1

PROPS

p. 13
"....and they had stuck many heads of many colours off many shoulders, and brought them back to hang from the rafters."

p. 22
"Such was his shyness that he saw no more of her than her fringed hand in water; but it was enough. It was a memorable hand; a thin hand with long fingers always curling as if round orb or scepter; a nervous, crabbed, sickly hand; a commanding hand; a hand that had only to raise itself for a head to fall..."

p. 26
"One day when the snow was on the ground and the dark paneled rooms were full of shadows and the stags were barking in the Park, she saw in the mirror, which she kept for fear of spies always open, a boy – could it be Orlando? – kissing a murderer always open, a boy – could it be Orlando? – kissing a girl – who in the Devil's name was that brazen hussy?"

p. 28
"For Orlando's taste was broad; he was no lover of garden flowers only; the wild and the weeds even had always a fascination for him."

p. 37
"He called her a melon, a pineapple, an olive tree, an emerald, and a fox in the snow all in the space of three seconds."

p. 42
"The Lady Margaret O'Brien O'Dare O'Reilly Tyrconnel (for that was the proper name of Euphrosyne of the Sonnets) wore Orlando's splendid sapphire ring on the second finger of her left hand."

p. 56
"...tossing a piece of orange peel at the actors which a dog would scramble for..."

p. 63
"...a cat suckling its young; a table laid sumptuously for a supper of twenty; a couple in bed, together with an extraordinary number of cooking utensils."

p. 64
"Fatihless, mutable, fickle, he called her; devil, adulteress, deceiver; and the swirling of waters took his words, and tossed at his feet a broken pot and a little straw."

p. 14
"Orlando stood now in the midst of the yellow body of an heraldic leopard. When he put his hand on the window sill to push the window open, it was instantly coloured red, blue, and yellow like a butterfly's wing."

p. 15-16
"Sights disturbed him, like that of his mother, a very beautiful lady in green walking out to feed the peacocks with her maid, behind her..."

p. 17
"Green in nature is one thing, green in literature another. Nature and letters seem to have a natural antipathy; bring them together and they tear each other to pieces. The shad of green Orlando now saw spoil his rhyme and split his metre."

p. 24
"She flashed her yellow hawk's eyes upon him as if she would pierce his soul. The young man withstood her gaze, blushing only a damask rose as became him."

p. 25
"This,' she breathed 'is my victory!' – even as a rocket roared up, and dyed her cheeks scarlet."

COLORS

SARA GREENBERGER RAFFERTY

ORLANDO SCRIPT

From *Orlando: A Biography* by Virginia Woolf. New York, A Harvest Book: c. 1928, renewed 1956, and this copy printed in conjunction with the 'major motion picture' of 1992.

p. 18
"So, after a long silence, "I am alone," he breathed at last, opening his lips for the first time in his record."

p. 26
"She croaked out these promises and strange domineering tendernesses sitting bolt upright in her stiff brocades by the fire which, however high they piled it, never kept her warm."

p. 33
"...a young countrywoman... was seen by the onlookers to turn visibly to powder and be blown in a puff of dust over the roofs...."

p. 45
"Then, suddenly Orlando would fall into one of his moods of melancholy; the sight of the old woman hobbling over the ice might be the cause of it, or nothing...

p. 59
"The blow was repeated a dozen times on forehead and cheek. So strung with expectation was he, that he started and put his hand on his sword. The blow was repeated a dozen times on forehead and cheek. The dry frost had tasted so long that it took him a minute to realize that these were raindrops falling...."

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VIII

stab through this wall:
on the other side is nothingness
no image cave
no dark room
no object of sight
no image consciousness
gateway to the formless field
vast space undisguised
patent leather terrible defender
glistening legs altered gender
sphere of black light
cloak of invisibility
stepping on fingers
feeling eyes

inverted viewer,
neither arise nor cease
no camera no projection no eye
no sensation no perception no formation
visible sightlines
neither defiled nor pure
after you come all that is left is a wall
soiled fortress
burnout bootblack
besotten gravedigger
chimey/weep's delight
cut them out
with a kitchen knife
the dreaming will cease
for the eye that never sleeps

MATT GREENE
PICTURES

IV

THE FAILURE WE FORGET
WE ARE DOOMED TO REPEAT
ON A SECRET MISSION
IMPOSTORS WILL NOT BE TOLERATED
WHAT WE DO IS SECRET
WE MUST BLEED
I LOVE YOU
I HATE YOU
TWO-HEADED COIN
COOL IS DEAD
THERE IS NOTHING ON THE OTHER SIDE
SOMEWHERE THERE IS A CHILD CRYING
A BRUTAL DEATH FOR THE RICH IS MUCH NEEDED
I AM A NOMAD
KEEP THE MARCH PEACEFUL
FUCK SHIT PISS
HATED AND POOR
ALTHOUGH YOUR WORLD WONDERES ME
YOUR PEOPLE I DO NOT UNDERSTAND
YOUR BASTARD SON
TOMAS IS INCENSED
I WAS JUST SAYING THAT TO FUCK WITH YOU
THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME
NO IS YOUR ANSWER
SHUT UP AND KILL YOURSELF
MAKES FOR GOOD WEATHERING
THINK ABOUT A FARM WORKER EVERY TIME YOU EAT
THE REBEL SOUND OF SHIT AND FAILURE
RUNNING BACKWARDS, WALKING FORWARD, STANDING STILL
SOMETHING SO MUCH MORE
TOTAL COOL TOTAL POWER
CHANT AND BE HAPPY
DEDICATION MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
YOURS TO ENJOY, DESTROY OR GIVE AWAY
I TAKE IT BACK
OVER FOR GOOD
WE PROMISE
SIMON LEIS SLEEPS IN MAPPLETHORPES GRAVE
THE SUN THE SUN THE SUN
VAGUE MEMORIES OF TRAGEDIES
EMPHASIZED BY MY SPLITTING HEADACHE
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN
POWELL ST. AND 16TH AND MISSION
IN AND OUT OF A DREAM
ANOTHER NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF AMERICA
ARMAGEDDON IS NOW!
THERES ONLY ONE THING THATS GONNA DESTROY WHAT WE HAVE NOW
I THINK ITS BEAUTIFUL
I JUST DONT KNOW ABOUT THIS ONE MAN
IF THEY'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BLEED
THEY'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BUTCHER
SHIT OUT OF LUCK
THE END

THE ABOVE BODY OF TEXT WAS ASSEMBLED FROM A RANDOM SELECTION OF "MESSAGES" FOUND IN THE MATRIX OF THE FOLLOWING RECORDS FROM MY COLLECTION:
COLLAPSE 7", QUICKSAND 7", MONORCHID 7", POISON IDEA-DARBY CRASH..7", RESIST 7", CITIZENS ARREST 7", HOOVER AND LINCOLN-SPLIT 7", BORN AGAINST-EULOGY 7", THE HATED 7", RORSCHACH/NEANDERTHAL-SPLIT 7", ECONOCHRIST-ANOTHER VICTIM 7", KARATE/ THE CROWNHATE RUIN-SPLIT 7", SUPERTOUCH 7", EGGHUNT 7", FURY 7", BORN AGAINST 7", MINOR THREAT-IN MY EYES 7", CHAIN OF STRENGTH 7", HUSKER DU 7", MURDERS AMONG US 7" COMP, BORN AGAINST/ MAN IS THE BASTARD-SPLIT 8", SEPTIC DEATH 10", ZERO TOLERANCE 7", SWIZ-DOWN 7", FOREVER 7" COMP, BROTHERHOOD 7", AVAIL 7", FORCED DOWN 7", JUNCTION 7", AFGHAN WHIGS-SUBPOP 7", THE SUN LP, J CHURCH-SACRIFICE 7", J CHURCH-SLEEP 7", MISSION IMPOSSIBLE/ LUNCH MEAT-SPLIT 7", UOA 7", THE MANACLED 7", WYNONA RIDERS 7", WORLDS COLLIDE 7", PRESSURE RELEASE 7", BREAKDOWN-DEMOS 7"

CHRIS DUNCAN
MATRIX POEM

II

Dorothy Calway used to tell me I was a beautiful young man and then Pop would correct her, “handsome” he would say.

MIKE CALWAY-FAGEN
ON SELF AND LOVED ONES

POSSIBLE PRESS is a curated quarterly periodical of artists’ writings,
and is organized concurrently with

POSSIBLE PROJECTS
possibleprojects.com

EDITORS
Rachel and Trevor Reese

VOL 2 ISSUE 1 SPECIAL THANKS:
Kevin Zucker and Contributors
HOLLA (of South Beach, Miami)

VOL 2 ISSUE 2 - MAY 15 2011

To receive a copy, send your address to press@possibleprojects.com