

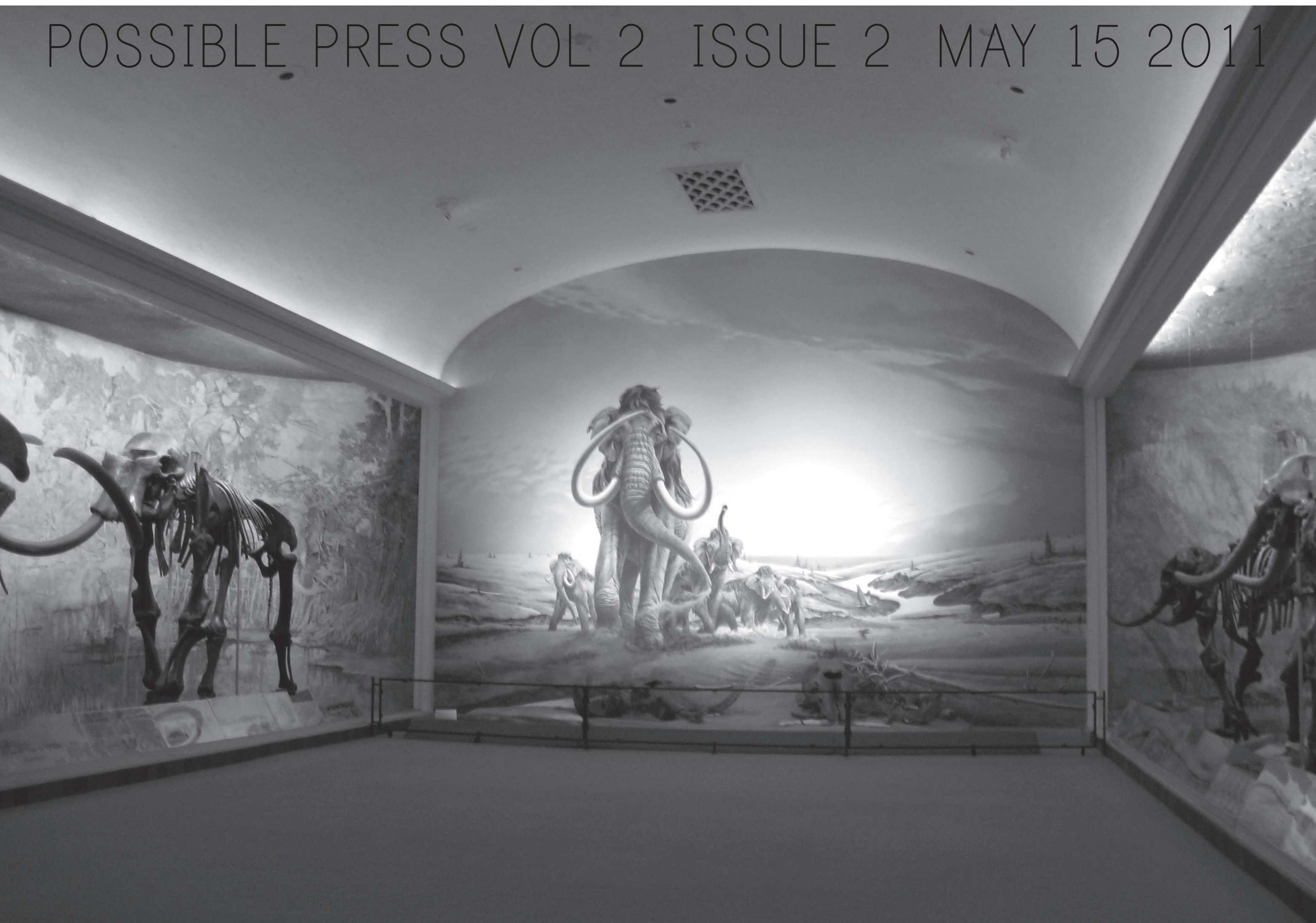
CONTRIBUTORS

JOHANNA BILLING	I
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CENTERFOLD

PETER COFFIN

POSSIBLE PRESS VOL 2 ISSUE 2 MAY 15 2011



VI

Degradation followed display. Reified and emptied, the image was treated like the lowliest of things. Images were broken, burned, toppled, beheaded and hanged. They were spat, pissed and shit on, tossed into toilets, sewers, fountains, canals, rivers, rubble heaps, garbage dumps, pigsties and charnel houses, and lewdly handled in brothels and inns. Stone statues were used as cobblestones, keystones and infill, or were modified to represent something new. A statue of the Virgin was turned into a personification of Justice simply by removing the Christ child and replacing him with scales. Wooden statues became table ornaments and toys, or were sold on the markets as firewood or distributed free to the poor. Images were taken from the church, broken and buried in a hole before the cathedral, where they would lie until Judgement Day. It takes two to make a thing go right. With famous books, the first time is already the second, since we approach them already knowing them. The cautious common saying of rereading the classics turns out to be an innocent veracity. We are always somehow rereading a classic because we have encountered some previous incarnation of it -- a refraction -- in other stories, texts, or versions. What are the many versions if not diverse perspectives of a movable event, if not a long experimental assortment of omissions and emphases? Just about everything has been photoshopped. Precisely, it is about what five people think this reality consists of. How an incident happens may reflect nothing about the incident itself but it must reflect something about the person involved in the happening and suppplying the how. Five People interpret an action and each interpretation is different because, in the telling and in the retelling, the people reveal not the action but themselves. For the first time several months ago, I spent hours looking at the facade of the cathedral; but only when I bought a book on the cathedral a week later did I really see it. The photographs enabled me to see in a way that my naked eye could not possibly see the cathedral. Same, Same Same should sngsingly answer the personal taste, there will yet be found a variety of hints, sufficient to construct a new one. I am confident I can convince all who honor me with their commands, that every design can be improved, both as to beauty and enrichment in the execution of it. Every writer creates his precursors. I express unlimited thanks to all the authors that have in the past, by compiling from remarkable instances of skill, provided us with abundant materials of different kinds. Drawing from them as it were water from springs, and converting them to our own purposes, we find our own powers of writing rendered more fluent and easy, and relying upon such authorities, we venture to produce new systems of instruction. The function proper to knowledge is interpreting. Scriptural commentary, commentaries on Ancient authors, on the accounts of travelers, on legends and fables: none of these forms of discourse is required to justify its claim to be expressing a truth before it is interpreted; all that is required of it is the possibility of talking about it. There is more work in interpreting interpretations than in interpreting things. And more books about books than any other subject. Multiplication of an icon, far from diluting its cultic power, rather increases its fame, and each image, however imperfect, conventionally partakes of some portion of the properties of the precursor. Much Roman sculpture is Greek in style and subject, and most of these Greek-seeming works have been assumed for at least a century to be reproductions of lost works by Greek artists. Some now appear to be Roman creations, and even those that are reproductions are not concidered mechanical ones. The theory that they were made with a pointing machine, similar to the one invented in the eighteenth century for making mechanically exact copies, has been discredited. This shift entails moving to the more recent revisionist theory that draws attention to the Romans' programmatic use of repeated, recognizable, often famous, but not necessarily Greek images. These images announced the use of a particular type of building and were valued for their subject matter rather than their formal or iconographic origins, creators, or style. A corpse, a dog, a stork, a gold coin, the color red and two dervishes from the mountain village resemble one another completely, without it being possible for anyone to say which of them brought its similitude to the other. Flesh is a glebe, bones are rocks, veins great rivers, the bladder is the sea and the seven principal organs are the metals hidden in the shafts of mines. The more images, mediations, intermediaries, icons are multiplied and overtly fabricated, explicitly and publicly constructed, the more respect I have for their capacities to welcome, to gather, to recollect meaning and sanctity. The multiverse is composed of a quantum superposition of infinitely many, increasingly divergent, non-communicating parallel universes or quantum worlds. Every historical what-if compatible with the initial conditions and physical law is realized. All outcomes exist simultaneously but do not interfere further with each other, each single prior world having split into mutually unobservable but equally real worlds. Double the treat. Double your pleasure, double your fun. Every lie creates a parallel world, the World in which its true. It is a frequent habit, when i discover several resemblances between two things, to attribute to both equally, even on points in which they are in reality different, that which i have recognized to be true of only one of them. Combined with this was another perversity -- an innate preference for the represented subject over the real one: the defect of the real one was so apt to be a lack of representation. I liked things that appeared; then one was sure. Whether they were or not was a subordinate and almost always a profitless question. A sculpture cannot merely be copied but always only staged or performed. It begins to function like a piece of music, whose score is not identical to the piece--the score being not audible, but silent. For the music to resound, it has to be performed. Touched with a hammer as with a tuning fork, I cook every chance in my pot. Its The Real Thing.

OLIVER LARIC
VERSIONS

XI

7pm: " This art opening isn't too bad. They've only got boxed wine, but that's okay. I feel good. Life is good. Existence on a whole is good. At times things may get a bit rough, but it'll all work itself out in the end. The Goonies were able to find One-Eyed Willy's treasure, where as Chester Copperpot, a trained explorer (whatever the hell that is), got crushed by a fucking boulder right out of the gate. Things just work out for decent people, why can't the terrorists understand that? Wow, this boxed wine is surprisingly good."

9pm: "I feel like dancing. I wish people played rap music at galleries more, it would really make art openings more tolerable. If I ran a gallery, we would play nothing but rap all the time, in fact that's what we would be known for the world over, not for the quality of work we would exhibit, but for the voracity in which we love rap music. I think I'd even call it *The Rap Gallery*... yeah, that has a nice ring to it. I'm pretty smart. I need another drink. What flavor is this? Chianti? I'm a Chianti from a box loving nigga!"

10pm: "What the hell is this girl talking about? "Homogenous landscape of academic fine art?" Is this girl C-3PO? Is she speaking Baach? If I was fast enough I could probably ram my tongue down her throat the next time she says "Homogenous". I'll get her right on the 2nd "O" in "homo". She would think that a forceful make out in a gallery is romantic like *Gone With The Wind* and then when she tastes the Chianti on my tongue she'll think I'm a real classy negro like Benson or Frederick Douglas."

11pm: "Afterparty? Sure, why not. I need to get out of here anyway, apparently borrowing a pair of girls high heels and wearing them while fixing yourself a drink isn't what the kids are doing in Milan nowadays. "Oh look at his feet!" "Oh he's going to break his ankles!" Pardon me for living life at 110%."

1-30am: I should really... leave this party...I'm not... really... walking or enunciating... too well... lizard brain taking over... must have... sex tonight.... sex... tonight...

3am: Fuck... Eat... Sleep... Fuck! Eat! Sleep! FUCKEATSLEEP! FUCKEAT.... (our protagonist blacks out)

Epilogue: How'd I get home? Why is there a sock on my penis? My anus isn't sore so at least I didn't get raped, so all's well that ends well. I'll just ignore my lack of dignity and obvious problem with alcohol for a few more years or at least until I get raped.

JAYSON MUSSON
STAGES

III

W.A.G.E. (Working Artists and the Greater Economy)
W.A.G.E. works to draw attention to economic inequalities that exist in the arts, and to resolve them.
W.A.G.E. has been formed because we, as visual + performance artists and independent curators, provide a work force.
W.A.G.E. recognizes the organized irresponsibility of the art market and its supporting institutions, and demands an end of the refusal to pay fees for the work we're asked to provide: preparation, installation, presentation, consultation, exhibition and reproduction.
W.A.G.E. refutes the positioning of the artist as a speculator and calls for the remuneration of cultural value in capital value.
W.A.G.E. believes that the promise of exposure is a liability in a system that denies the value of our labor. As an unpaid labor force within a robust art market from which others profit greatly, W.A.G.E. recognizes an inherent exploitation and demands compensation.
W.A.G.E. calls for an address of the economic inequalities that are prevalent, and proactively preventing the art worker's ability to survive within the greater economy.
W.A.G.E. advocates an environment of mutual respect between artist and institution.

We demand payment for making the world more interesting.

Likes late-capitalist endgames, hates artists

Cultural workers in the U.S. are exploited by an economic system that is supposed to pay for services rendered, but refuses to do so.
Through an underhanded agreement between cultural institutions and artists, payment is made in the form of elusive cultural capital, known as 'exposure'. Arts advocacy organizations haven't been successful in implementing any basic economic fee schedules or legal oversight for cultural workers; the IRS code prevents artists from writing-off the market value of a donated work, only allowing for the "material costs" {collector-investors, however, can write-off the full market value of their donations, see www.wageforwork.com/act09.html}; we receive no royalties on the capitalist exchange of our works; even the minimum wage isn't applied to artists, performers or independent curators who create work for an institution. These farces are played to us "poor", "struggling", "starving", "glamorous", "destitute", "freak" artists that America loves to hate. What cultural-economic norms produce such policies and agreements? Institutional directors, staff members, advisory boards and collectors* perpetuate such practices because they believe that they're exempt from ethical financial behaviors- that cultural creators should rely on other aspects of the job/speculative sales markets while producing cultural work for them for free. They are subject to little or no oversight. They choose to support the aims of investors and developers while refusing to compensate or advocate on behalf the cultural workers they're dependent on for their livelihood. These players comprise a central part of our community, but they're focusing solely on the trading of our objects as investments. We're asking that they serve as our advocates rather than our adversaries- that they support the functionality of an ethical economic system that maintains a diverse, robust arts community.

*we know about the \$50 billion dollar trading market of our work, from which we are excluded

sugar-free maple syrup and non-dairy creamer: the flavors of capitalism

There's a palpable hysteria- both in perception and reaction- to shifts in the economy and employment markets. Labor organizing was successfully dismantled by both neo-conservative and neo-liberal U.S. economic policies- specifically in the manufacturing sector- which in turn, shifted middle-class economic survival from wages to credit. This mantra has spread like a virus to every last dusty corner of our economy. We reject the fundamentals of a market system that seeks profits over wages and scoffs at the economic well-being of it's own communities. W.A.G.E. refuses the absurdist flavors of capitalism. Whilst we hand the checks to our landlords, we receive no pay for our work. Our landlords do not accept 'exposure' as payment. We have been deceived.

now not never

It's detrimental for us to pretend that this system is fine the way it is. There are sentiments in the air that things are too scary to demand change; change is impossible and unreasonable because we're beholden to, imprisoned and defeated by, a failed corrupt market- banking system. Now more than ever, W.A.G.E. asserts that artists do not implicitly agree to work as a "charity" for society, nor are we alien creatures who survive on air and live in a dream-state. During both good and bad economic times, the payment policies of our art institutions have stayed the same. There are over 100,000 non-profit art institutions in the U.S. We're placed in the position of accepting that there must be a no-fee system because otherwise, the system won't work. This is false and it follows the model of other market-economy lies currently haunting the American worker. Cultural workers must be paid by the institutions that request their services [see CARFAC's fee schedule on our website, for instance]. If there were artists fee allocations, systemic policies and oversight, or merely any degree of budgetary transparency in the U.S., W.A.G.E. would be obsolete. We can no longer afford to abide by "feelings" on these matters- it's about priorities. Cultural workers aren't looking for a bailout, devising systems to steal money or opening off-shore accounts in the Cayman Islands; we're asking to be factored into our own equation- to be paid fees for honest work. We cannot afford to be left out of this equation.

free to work for free and free is not for me

Most artists, performers and independent curators have secondary and tertiary 'day jobs' as assistants, writers, graphic artists, teachers, construction workers, waiters, art handlers, personal go-fers, bartenders, administrators, carpenters, massage therapists, stylists, designers, editors, etc. etc. Many float from one odd job to the next. We attempt to carry consistent full-time or part-time jobs despite the fact that our artistic work is also a full-time commitment, and often requires the ability to not work at all for a week, or two, or three or more at a time while having made enough money to 'float'. Many artists 'binge' work, both for their art and their day-job. Even 'successful' artists are constantly hustling financially. There's a tiny, finite number of artists who can actually live solely off the sale of their artwork. Artists who take their work seriously are artworking at whatever moment they're not meeting their personal fiscal requirements at another job. Hollis Frampton addressed this in a letter he composed to the Museum of Modern Art in New York City in 1973, when the museum offered to "pay him in love and honor, with no monies offered." No monies for his organization of the retrospective, the requested speaking engagements, his film rentals + subsequent cleaning expenses, or his travel expenses. As a response, he composed a letter outlining the industries he supports by making his films: the film and camera manufacturers, processing labs, lens grinders, print labs, etc, as well as the entire museum staff, who would ever-so-gently explain to him that they could not provide their services to him for 'love and honour'; he, of course, was the only one not being paid for his work. This was 35 years ago, and the terms have largely remained unchanged, except for the cost of living. As cultural workers, we must be free to be able to work for free when, and with whom, we choose. We must not be coerced to work for free, exploited in a system that fancifully denies the value of our labor, as well as our economic realities.

all talk, no action

New York's New Museum director Lisa Phillips stated in Time Out (#678) "...we have to make sure that artists and cultural creators and a mix of income levels are supported by the city," The New Museum has no policies concerning the payment of artists fees and expenses. Rhetoric will not suffice as a means for our survival. We can look to other countries' models to know that W.A.G.E.'s demands aren't untenable- they're based on the fact that cultural workers elsewhere in the world receive payment from the institutions that request their services. And the U.S. is still the wealthiest player in this game.

W.A.G.E.- certified institution

The budgets of art institutions must include fees for services rendered. Humans are innovative, imaginative, organized and intellectual, and we've accomplished all kinds of miraculous things over the past couple millennia. It's absurd to pretend that paying artist fees is an impossible task. We're not talking about fees that break the bank, nor are we concerned about an artist's income or career status. When an institution contacts cultural workers, they should have budget proposals that will be offered for participation, as in any other labor exchange: either a fee, or a fee + expenses, and/or travel/accommodations if that person resides in a different city than the institution's location. The fees should be based on the institution's size, budget and annual plans. If the artist, performer or independent curator needs to spend more on the project, then it's their choice to do that. A majority of cultural institutions charge viewer entry fees, just like a movie theater or performance space, and these institutions must establish base fees and fair practices for all arts workers. W.A.G.E. demands that a reasonable system of compensation and mutual respect be firmly implemented in U.S. art institutions as a matter of policy. That effort corresponds logically and fairly with the economic system we're participating in. To assume that art institutions cannot allocate part of their budgets for fees is at best, naive, and at worst, criminal.

Working Artists and the Greater Economy (W.A.G.E.) was formed in Brooklyn, NY in 2008. We're a group of artists, performers, art writers and independent curators who demand to be compensated for our work. The group is open to anyone who would like to join that cause.
www.wageforwork.com

Originally published in Numero Cero 6, 2010
Contribution requested by Cleopatra's

CLEOPATRA'S PRESENTS W.A.G.E.

My five year-old son asked me recently what nothing was.

So used to having immediate responses to his innocent questions, I almost blurred out an answer like “the sky” or “outer space.”

But I quickly thought twice about it.

It’s not the sky of course. Water vapor, greenhouse gasses, dust particles just to name a few things make up the sky.

Space? Well that’s a little closer I suppose. But even at its most vacuous there are still particles of some kind, no matter how minute.

So it’s not nothing.

I found myself really considering the question for the first time.

What is nothing?

My son grew impatient, he wanted an answer. I told him I would have one for him the next day, sure he would forget.

He didn’t.

At breakfast he asked me again first thing.

Dad, what is nothing?

I had forgotten though, totally neglecting my promise. I was still at a loss. Luckily, before I could admit my absentmindedness, my son suddenly lost interest and left the kitchen table to pursue something else entirely.

I smiled.

But the matter was far from resolved. His question had planted a seed. My mind kept working on it.

Nothing, nothing, nothing...

The first thing that comes to mind, of course is this inky void of blackness. But it just seems so cliché. Besides, what’s the blackness composed of? Blackness is something.

Maybe it’s a glowing whiteness? But that’s still not nothing.

Can nothing have a color? I chucked at this. Is nothing painted?

Why not salmon or chartreuse?

Well you can’t paint nothing. I felt confident about that.

So I kept trying to wrap my mind around it.

Nothing, nothing, nothing...

In the shower I would consider it. While eating a sandwich, or stuck in traffic, or watching television there it was.

I’d be making dinner and would find myself totally immersed in the question as it revolved endlessly in my mind.

Nothing, nothing, nothing...

If I imagine this void then it’s an image, or a thought.

A thought is something, a series of chemical reactions in the brain.

Measurable.

You shouldn’t be able to measure nothing.

It was starting to get to me. Maybe it’s an experience? But that’s still something. And there has to be someone experiencing it anyway.

A concept.

But that runs into the same problem: if you’re conceiving of it, then already there is an observer, there is something being conceived of and that something is not nothing. So how can one even conceive of it?

Nothing can only exist if there is nothing to conceive of its existence.

The second there is anything separate from nothing in order to conceive of it as nothing, then it automatically becomes something due to the fact that there is something that is not nothing calling it nothing which makes nothing become something.

So nothing exists only if there is nothing outside of it to conceive of it or call it so. But can anything exist if there is no conception or experience of it in any way? Wait, though, how can nothing exist? For it to exist then it has to be something. If nothing can be outside of nothingness for it to truly be nothing then does that mean that nothing is actually everything?

Nothing is everything?

Everything is nothing?

After contemplating all of this for some time the answer finally occurred to me:

I don’t have a son.

JUSTIN COOPER

NOTHING



Besse Berry Cooper (née Brown; born August 26, 1896) is an American supercentenarian. After the death of Eunice Sanborn on January 31, 2011, she became the world's oldest living person.^[1] Since March 2011, she has been listed as one of the 40 verified oldest people ever.

Cooper was born Besse Brown, in Sullivan County, Tennessee, the third of eight children.^[1] She graduated from East Tennessee Normal School, in 1916, and was a teacher in her native Tennessee before moving to Georgia, near the beginning of World War I.^[2] There, she taught at the Between School, in Between, Georgia.^[3] Cooper married Luther Cooper in 1924, and was widowed in 1963.^[4]

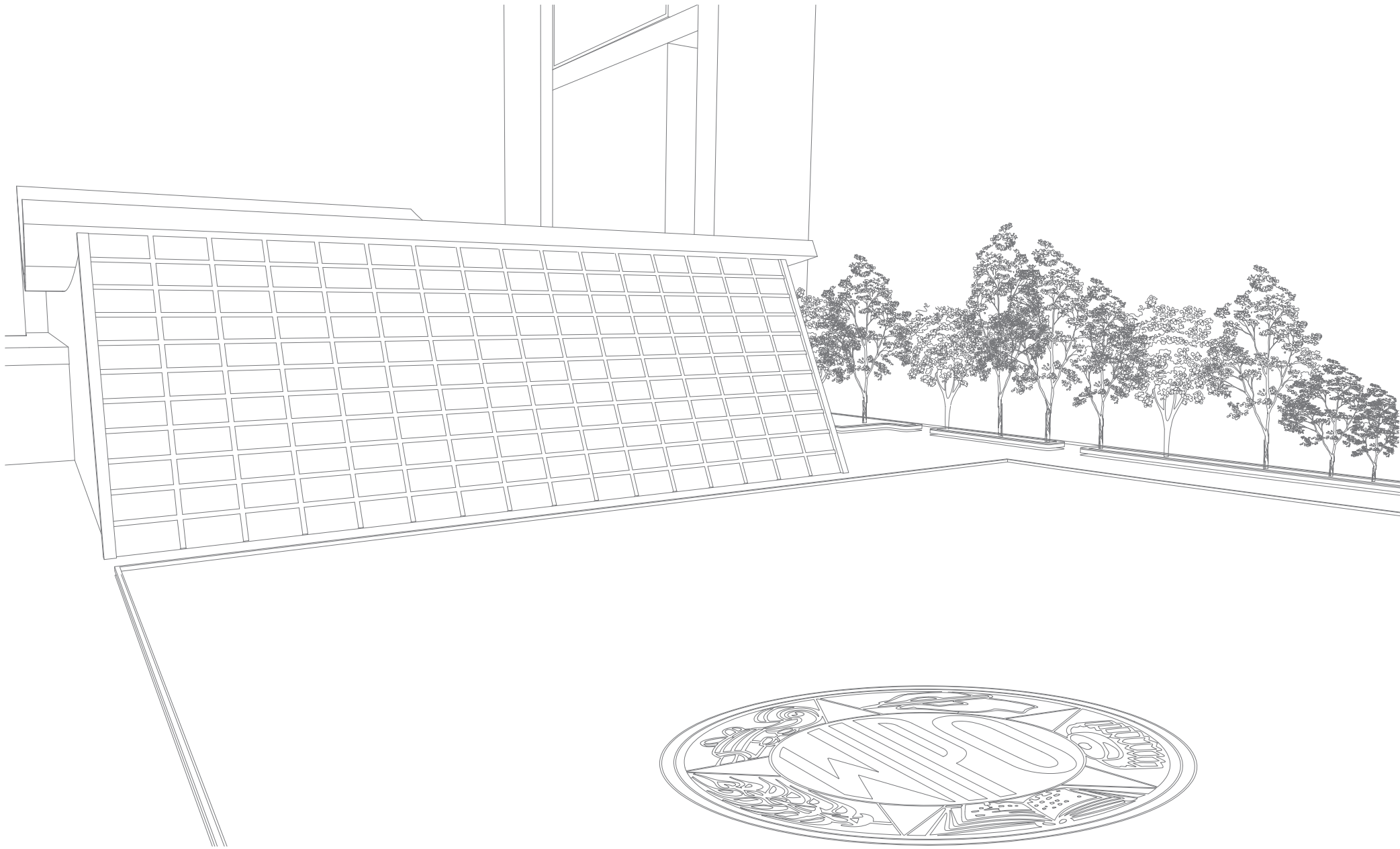
Cooper became Georgia's oldest resident on January 19, 2009, following the death of 113-year-old Beatrice Farve.^[4] She lives in Monroe at the Walton Regional Medical Center Nursing Home.^{[5][6]} As of her 114th birthday, Cooper had four children, eleven grandchildren, fifteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.^[5]

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.

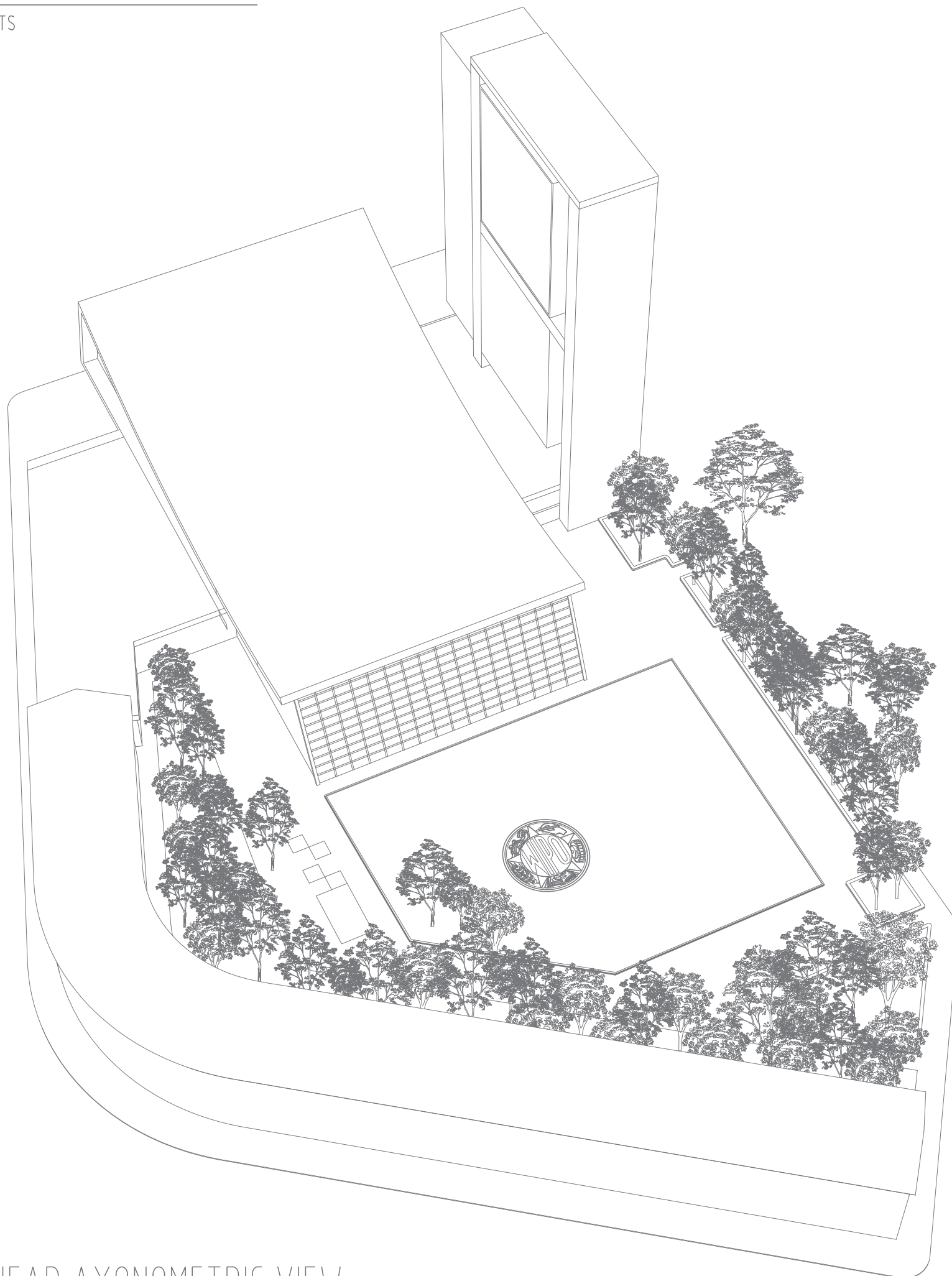
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ANISSA MACK

OLDEST LIVING MEMORY (APRIL 15, 2011)



1 EAST PERSPECTIVE VIEW
SCALE: NTS



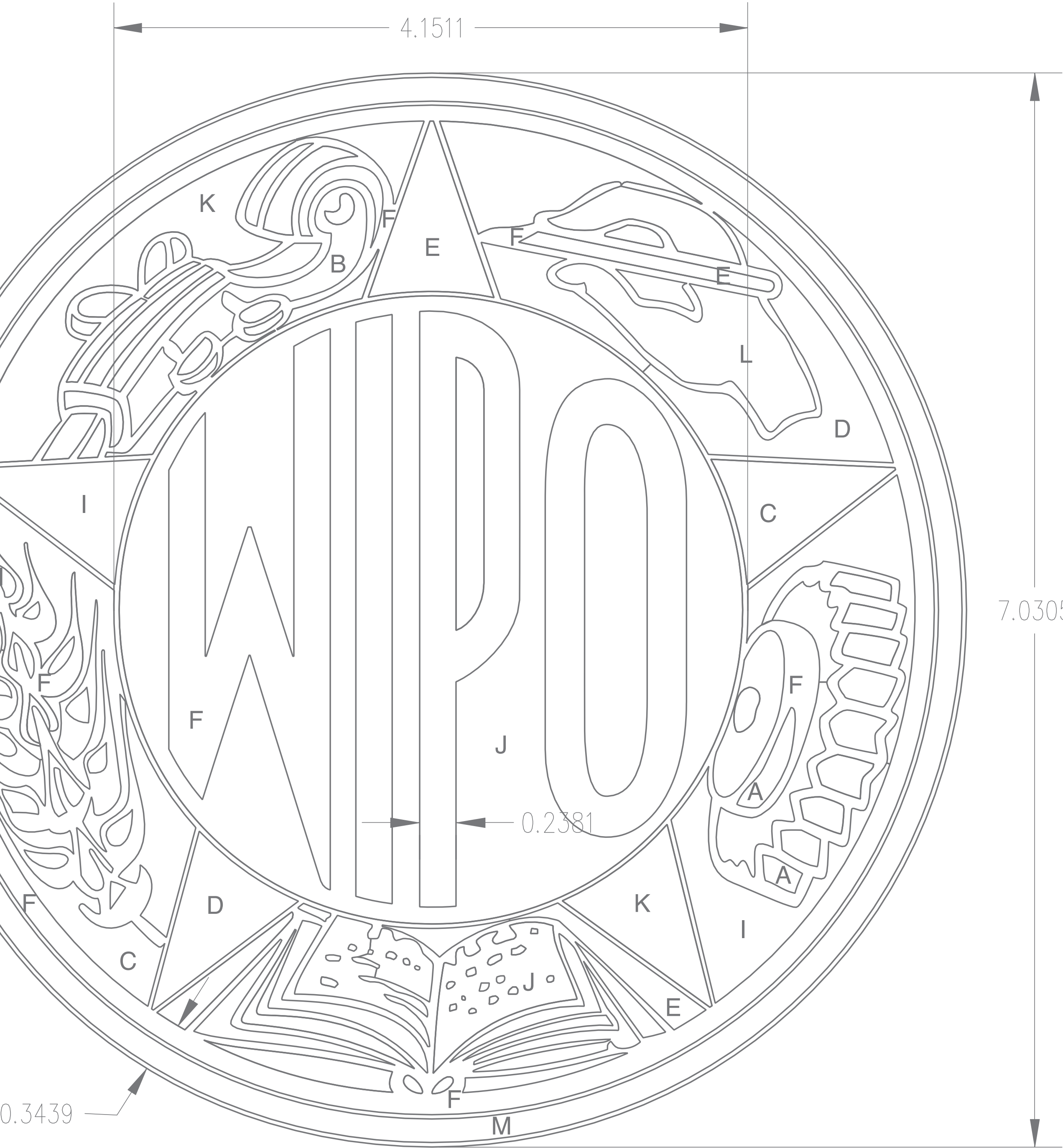
2 OVERHEAD AXONOMETRIC VIEW
SCALE: NTS



0.34

3 PLAN D
SCALE: 1:20

REVISIONS		
#	ISSUE DATE	REMARKS
△	07/30/09	50% CD - B
△	08/14/09	85% CD
△	08/21/09	100% CD



AN DETAIL

: 1:20

A	Grey Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
B	Violet Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
C	Pink Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
D	Red Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
E	Light Blue Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
F	Dark Blue Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
G	Green Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
H	Light Green Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
I	Yellow Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
J	White Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
K	Orange Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
L	Light Orange Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"
M	Purple Dendranthema Hybrida "Fall Garden Chrysanthemum"

MARKS CD - BID SET CD CD	All legal rights including but not limited to, copyright and design patent rights, in the designs, arrangements and plans shown on this document are the property of Peter Coffin Studio, and were developed for use solely on this project. They may not be used or reused in whole or in part, except in connection with this project, without the prior written consent of Peter Coffin Studio. Written dimensions on these drawings shall have precedence over scaled dimensions. Contractors shall verify and be responsible for all dimensions and conditions on this project, and Peter Coffin Studio must be notified of any variation from the dimensions and conditions shown by these drawings. © Peter Coffin Studio, 2009	Flower Garden Logo for the World Intellectual Property Organization (WIPO) an Agency of the United Nations for Possible Press and to be colored in Plantings at the Kongresshaus in Biel/Bienne, Switzerland	LANDSCAPE PLAN	DRAWING TITLE	SHEET NUMBER LP 1.01
			AS NOTED	SCALE	
			CD	PHASE	
			8-21-2009	DATE	
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			062479	JOB NUMBER	

PETER COFFIN

UNTITLED (WORLD INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY ORGANIZATION)
2009

COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

POSSIBLE PRESS

VOL 2 ISSUE 2 MAY 15 2011

OH, LET US TEAR THE BOLTS FROM THE
ARMORED BULDOZER AND LEAVE THEM
TO RUST ON FREE, OPEN LAND. WE WILL
USE THEM AS A MORDANT TO AFFIX TO
WOOL THE DYE FROM FLOWERS OF THE
SPECTRUM. FOR RACHEL CORRIE'S DEATH
SHROUD - SAFFLOWERS, TANSIES,
GOLDENROD, HIBISCUS, DAHLIAS,
MARIGOLDS, YELLOW COSMOS, HEATHER -
EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL AND LIVING WE
CAN FIND.

ELLEN LESPERANCE
MARCH 16, 2003

from Elise Graham -----@gmail.com
to Reference Gallery <mail@referenceartgallery.com>
date Thu, Mar 10, 2011 at 11:32 AM
subject interested in print

Hi!

Can you tell me the price of the Jon Rafman print "Aaron Graham Table Tennis"?

Thank you.

Elise

On Mon, Mar 14, 2011 at 4:10 PM, Reference Gallery <mail@referenceartgallery.com> wrote:

Hi Elise,

the price of that one is \$300, unframed unique print.

let me know if you have any more questions!!

-best,
edward

On Tue, Mar 15, 2011 at 2:47 PM, Elise Graham <-----@gmail.com> wrote:

Thanks Edward. May I send you a check? Elise

On Thu, Mar 17, 2011 at 6:45 PM, Reference Gallery <mail@referenceartgallery.com> wrote:

Certainly, check is fine... Are you a relative of Aarons?

Best,
Edward

On Fri, Mar 18, 2011 at 10:05 AM, Elise Graham <-----@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi Edward

Yes, I am Aaron's mom but I can assure that my check will not be photoshopped in any way!

Elise

On Sun, Mar 20, 2011 at 4:35 PM, Reference Gallery <mail@referenceartgallery.com> wrote:

:-)

It's a pleasure to meet you. Your son is a wonderful artist. If still interested, you can send a check to us at:

Edward Shenk c/o Reference Art Gallery
216 B East Main St.
Richmond VA, 23219

As soon as it gets here I will ship the print out to you in a tube! it's approx. 21x11"

Let me know!
Best,
Edward Shenk

On Tue, Mar 22, 2011 at 9:44 AM, Elise Graham <-----@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi Edward

Should I make the check out to Reference Gallery or Edward Shenk?

Elise

On Sat, Mar 26, 2011 at 5:52 PM, Reference Gallery <mail@referenceartgallery.com> wrote:

Reference Gallery is fine! sorry for the delay!

-eddy

On Fri, Apr 8, 2011 at 4:50 PM, Elise Graham <-----@gmail.com> wrote:

Hi Edward

Just checking to make sure that you received my check for the Jon Rafman print.

Best
Elise Graham

On Sun, Apr 10, 2011 at 11:55 AM, Reference Gallery <mail@referenceartgallery.com> wrote:

Yes i did! will be sending out the print early this week!

To what address should i send it?

best, edward

On Sun, Apr 10, 2011 at 1:28 PM, Elise Graham <-----@gmail.com> wrote:

You can send the print to:

Elise Graham
XXXX XXXXXX Road
Yorktown Hgts, NY 10598

- Hide quoted text -

I can't think the way I used to think. I think differently now.

diplopia
nerve damage

simultaneous perception of two images from a single object

misaligned table

connected elsewhere
directed elsewhere

doublets doublethink
 doublethinks

amblyopia
dim vision
lazy brain
virtual image
poor spatial equity

depth perception

motion parallax
table parallax
apparent position

split decision
supervision

double up
double u
double you

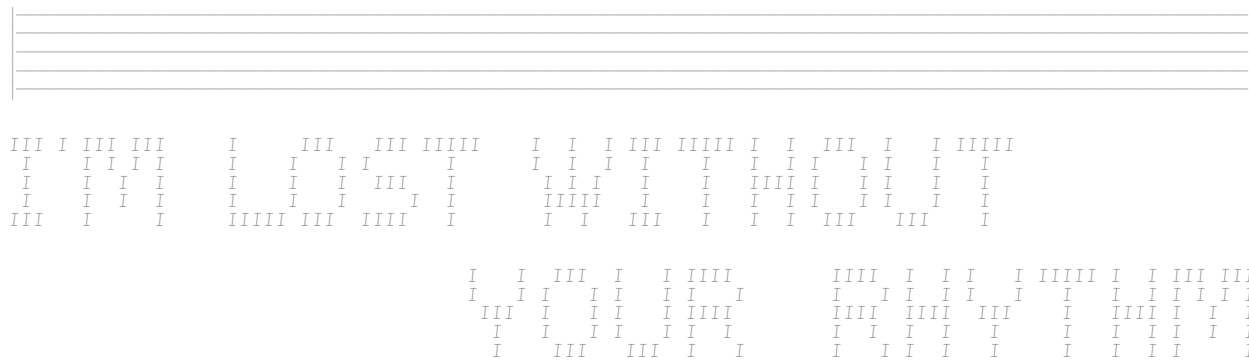
parallel worlds
multiple universes
visual stutter

substance fluidity
personal and alienating

BETH CAMPBELL

REFERENCE GALLERY
OUR ONLY SALE THIS YEAR

I



Cristina Bodnarescu:

00:03-00:00:11 Rază de soare dansa
cu vântul și cealaltă fată
nu înțelegea cu cine dansa,
credea că dansează singur.

Sun Ray was dancing with the wind and
the other girl did not understand with
whom was he dancing, so she thought
that maybe he was dancing by himself.

00:21-00:25 Se mai așeza din când
în când, se mai rotea, dar
tot cu vântul...

He was sitting occasionally, rotating,
but still with the wind...

00:36- 00:42 Vântul era din când
în când mai tare sau mai
potolit...

The wind was either hard or soft...

00:58-01:24 și la un moment dat
s-a și oprit.... Apoi PINKI
(???) s-a așezat jos ...
stătea și se gandea și nu
știa exact ce să facă,
pentru că cealaltă fată
trebuia să-i spună exact ce
să facă...

At a certain moment he stopped, then
PINKI sat down... he/she sat down and
thought about not knowing what to do...
because the other girl had to do this...

01:39-01:43 și astepta o voce
care să-i spună exact ce să
facă.

So he was waiting for a voice to tell
him/her what to do.

02:00-02:07 A dansat ce-a dansat
și-apoi a fost pusă să
cadă.

She/ he danced again and again, until
she/he was told to fall.

02:14 încet

Slowly

02:29 și așa s-a terminat
exercițiul.

And so the exercise finished.

JOHANNA BILLING
TRANSCRIPT FROM "I'M LOST WITHOUT YOUR RHYTHM" CHOREOGRAPHY WORKSHOP
IN IASI, ROMANIA 2008, FEATURING CRISTINA BODNARESCU
DESIGN BY ÂBAKE

The drive of industrialization (and might we not include modernity here as well?) towards novelty is deeply problematized in these "paintings out of time" (Lovecraft). So what if it is the case that Kudo's work, in its very recourse to the pre-modern ritualistic notions of anti-humanism is the negation upon the continuing relation between the modern and the pre-modern? I recently stood with the painter Kurt Kauper in front of a painting by Picasso belonging to the period designated "synthetic cubism". I proposed a timeline in which the advents and ideals of analytical cubism were "betrayed" by synthetic cubism, and its treatment of the image of analytical cubism as a sign. I concluded that this meant that the painting Les demoiselles d'avignon could only belong to the later period of synthetic cubism through its artificial relation of certain examples of African art to images produced by analytical cubism. This was totally false of course. Les demoiselles d'avignon predated analytical cubism. But do we not have here a perfect example of the way in which truth assumes the structure of a fiction? (----)

The sewing machine : "I am the new!"
Klapheck : (wisfully) "Remember when you first said that to me?"

at the subject's intentions for self-representation?
though, we run up against issues of intentionality, yet with vastly different results. Intention in Klapheck's work is difficult to discern. Does he pay homage to these objects? Does he critically examine his fetishistic relationship with them? Could it be that this relationship is a disruptive form of nostalgia pointed production set him at odds with the systems of P.R. and distribution in which he finds himself, like some hapless character from Jacques Tati. Here again to alter a value system which is increasingly at odds with that world. He is a "simple man with simple tastes" whose willfully anachronistic means of its historical moment, his process is, in its way, timeless. He moves through an increasingly complex world of industrialization yet steadfastly refuses interconnections through which a new society might form. (Would not Kudo then be the sledgehammer?) Although Klapheck's work is deeply embedded like a crack in the glass of a windshield, which is society. They expand, slowly and over time, creating a spiderweb which might itself represent the between the viewer's (projected) experience of the work, and the practical concerns of space, architecture, time, and labor. Klapheck's paintings are regards to the scale of the paintings, he states: "As small as possible, as large as necessary." This of course refers to the artist's role as a mediator William. Klapheck's concern for his works is at least somewhat determined by the way in which they he knows they will move through the world. In answer, it is often said of Klapheck's work that it is "cold", or "inhuman". Klapheck contests this view in an interview with the photographer Christopher little puzzle? Is it merely the case that the chicken is the egg's way of producing another egg? Klapheck's work might seem to provide us a (provisional) To move backwards a bit and return to the "objective criticality" which sustains a misanthropic view of humanity. Which is chicken and which is egg in this and traumas of the artistic avant-garde (Foster).
allegorical transposition, ie; it is exactly what it looks like : perverse sexual exhibitionism) that ultimately has the power of "rendering legible" the ruptures of the seemingly anarchic ruptures within a historical trajectory of art itself, (not to mention a psychosexual sense that is utterly without the mediation of artists like Kudo, those whose practice consists of reliving old traumas, probing old wounds, both in a social sense that relates to WW2 and in a sense who relies on Kudo! Of course, in a Freudian sense (and how much more Freudian could you get than Kudo?), this is indeed true, as it is the work of we must begin with the negation (Kudo), although the truth resides in the affirmative(Gauguin). It is tempting to say that, temporally at least, it is Gauguin implicit in the positing of a (ideal) humanist value system, is in fact, the first step towards the comprehension and mapping of this system. In other words, body to an idea, which already existed. He is evil, he is the devil, the demon, through whom we must read the good. His filling out of the negative space his drive, is sustained by an objective view of humanity which he does not in fact possess. Rather, he forms one part of a polemic, he fills a space, gives might have suggested, but does this collapse ever really occur? Here is where Kudo's work breaks down, at least on this level of intention. Kudo's work, we were to credit the work with its intentions, we would have to say that these rely on a certain collapse of difference into a base materiality as Bataille to invoke -----'s essay, "Avec ----", "Kudo's anti humanist stance relies on on and is sustained by the humanist stance of past artists like Gauguin. (If humanism", it is easy to distinguish this anti-humanism's difference from the work of a humanist artist, let's say Gauguin. But now it becomes important And as ----- would point out here, the truth is in the enunciation, not in the enunciated. So Kudo comes to represent a kind of "anti-(human) in its way though. It is full of body parts and sex, and although these things are treated with a repulsion, we must not forget that are "treated" llens humans to guinea pigs. He is deeply and profoundly disgusted by the human race, from which he nearly excludes himself. Kudo's work is "hot" denounces the humanist philosophy that he perceives in the man. From Kudo, this denouncement of humanism comes from a place of deep feeling. He be more different. Kudo's work is deeply misanthropic. In his letter to the curator of the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam (as quoted by Mike Kelley) Kudo If you know the work of these artists, you can probably see that this is a completely unnecessary and pointless clarification, because their work could not Here I am going to elucidate a divide between the works of Tetsumi Kudo, a Japanese artist who died in 1990, and Konrad Klapheck, the German painter.

VI

A friend skyped me a few days after the quake. Is everything ok with your family, she wrote, are they coming back to the US? I thought, why do people here always assume that the US is home to everyone. Going vs going back. I have always struggled with those words. Simply adding "back" to the word "coming" carries the implication that you don't belong in the place that you are in. "Going back" transports you to the place you came from, to which you naturally belong.

This raises the question of objects in relation to each other and how we contextualize space and objects in space from a fixed relative vantage point. We can only conceive of our trajectory and place in the world from this vantage point, and we are encouraged to make that as static as possible. To take ownership, colonize a location and bind our identity to it. As in, we started here, we may exist elsewhere but we will eventually go "back". Back can be any number of things, a country, a town, a person.

Maybe it is too unnerving to consider you may just "be" somewhere and there is no other place you belong, no place to call home. Perhaps the stigma of nomadic existence lingers in our subconscious. But alternatively, perhaps the particular space you occupy is the only space you can claim as yours. It is your home only in the moment you occupy it? When you leave, it will cease to have any relationship to you other than being a space you once occupied, it owes you nothing more. If you happen to find yourself in that location again, you will find that it has changed and is, in fact, not even the same place. Place is defined by time after all. Or, maybe there is no "belonging" and no "home" to colonize in your mind, like so many notches in your belt...just floating worlds.

During the earthquake, the ground shook, buildings collapsed... Shortly after, the waves came, pushing into, over, under, houses, walls, cars. I watched the footage live, NHK on Ustream, skyping my mother's cell number over and over. She was fine, somewhere in the middle of Tokyo, but not getting through gave me a sense of irrational fear.

I tried to watch the footage of the earthquake itself, the ground shaking, but of course, it's something that you can't really video or photograph. You can only video objects being affected by the movement of the ground. The biggest earthquake in Japan's recorded history is only visible through intermediary objects moving against each other, buildings swaying or objects falling to the ground, banging against each other in opposition to the moving ground. It looks like a cheap Hollywood trick, with someone shaking the camera and a director telling everyone to look scared and hunch to the floor. Handheld video is shaky because the camera is attached to a moving object, one's body, and it is a record of that movement in relation to the ground, which we assume for practical purposes to be static (of course, the earth is in motion, but slow enough to be imperceptible).

My pupil is synchronized with my body so my vision remains focused on the object I'm looking at relative to the motion of my body. My eye knows its home is the body, the surrounding world, outside of it, is another place. I don't belong there, I belong with my body. The vision of the camera has no such allegiance, it sways and jitters, and it rambles away from the objects in frame. It exists only in the place that it exists, with no loyalty to a conceptual vantage point.

By the time you read this, I will have gone back to Japan. Some time after that I will come back to the US.

VIII

BLACKGLOVE

KATE LEVANT

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