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CENTERFOLD

JAN VAN DER PLOEG

POSSIBLE PRESS VOL 2 ISSUE 3 NOV 15 2011

GUEST EDITOR MICHELLE GRABNER





# AKINETOPSIA FLOTTERS TAPETUM LUCIDUM DIPLOPIA HEMIANOPSIA ESOTROPIA NYCTALOPIA HEMERALOPIA PHOTOGRAPHIA STEMMATA ACHROMATOPSIA SCOTOMA AURA PENTACHROMACY PROSOPAGNOSIA OMATIDIUM EXOTROPIA AMBLYOPIA AMAUROSIS HEMERALOPIA HETEROCHROMIA AURA TETRACHROMACY SCOTOPIA PALINOPSIA NYSTAGMUS

PHILIPPE DECRUAZAT  
ALUMINUM NIGHT

SHEET OF PAPER

DNA DEGUILLO

Abbreviate me this, forgive me this, and this.  
these, white-hot, and not what I meant at all. I'm behind you now. We are finally the same.  
regrets: the traces left on you from pawing at encroaching wonder: no marks to show but  
years from now, now, you'll wake me gasping from a dead sleep. You are somewhere I will  
time-lapse of something falling.

archetypal, that you could absorb and forget, and you smiled and said I love you like a  
perfectly into your noseless hole. Astonishing. You knew it would end at bone, at  
sleep, so I could finally hear you breathing instead, my face to your skull, my nose fit  
the accuracy of the cut I just wanted us to crack our heads together hard enough to get to  
silence, is completion. You marked your empathy all over me and it's still so hard to move for  
facelsses, adored, deafening No dear to my Yes, your weapon, dear doctor, your love, is  
utterly old-fashioned.

You reflected everywhere laughing in the chrome. My performance, you're right, was  
the hole couldn't hold it. I couldn't race you, and turned my back on our stalemate to find  
others had. Peed off the blindfold, blind; somehow now there was even more light, and  
it was over so fast. You said you loved it, that you could take it, me sweating all over you.  
you, to call your edges ours; instead, I buried us.

stopped for an instant, and I noticed I was swoing, I wanted it to be beautiful, to be equal to  
smiling at what you mercilessly held. I reached out — like this — the highness.

big-bitch-whore. You were inside me, actual-size, and everywhere repeating my edges,  
loved you blind. I wanted (out of devotion) only to mark silence on silence, on completion,  
noon. Runned passed flag, announcing nothing, shivering in the stillness; hands even worse, I  
sober and final, my own tongue a white flag blank and steaming in an endless time-lapse of  
it was your tongue I wanted in my mouth: a precise instrument, speech blank and  
smell it. It looked like I was crying but my eyes were sweating around a mouthful of sand.  
urgency of appetite. The whole world revolved outside. You were waiting for me. I could  
you waited with furious patience, methodical, stone, burning without increase of  
through dust and found everythings else was chrome.

shadow, mercilessly exposing each merciless gift poured onto my head. I traced my finger  
blistings back at you unblinking, and my little ungebraun shooak

the sun, but, horribly, failed to conceal it; you isolated, enlarged the shadow of light and  
everything in you out you - not like but hotdogs, exhaust, antiseptic, dust. You blotted out  
that first criminal burst of love burst suddenly inside, the wind stopped and I could smell  
wall pushed my head shut and trapped inside this root of wind, fever, an air-conditioner, and  
pushed back against the wall, no frame but you now, all whiteness and deafening, the  
frame and you knew it — you were noon approaching fast.

I say I love you like a time-lapse of something blooming. Chest gasps open and is full  
suddenly of clean wind: and you were a small thing growing, burning in the center of walls,  
once I fell into the hole of you you became the whole. I opened my hand; there was  
nothing except for a shadowy icon staring and white-hot. I touched my walls;

God, you were perfect.

road and resources tolls, literally. Both actions support current policy.  
domination, governmental Pauli-schemes, "sin" and "goods & services" fees, private  
of protectionist allies, tribal politics, general duality of life. "Red counties" descended into zones  
of green industrial growth, social and business climate, workplace equality, civil  
transportation and infrastructure, public education and cultural facilities, public  
trading to majority voting blocs. "Blue counties" became subject to Federal law, enjoy  
accounting executive order stipulating micro-states; Federal subsidies ruled

Supreme Court upheld decision 7-2.  
small protests in cities. Range dies down quickly. Pot cleared legal in seven states,  
one-person nations." Session declared: waves of arists central and mountain states,

2012 Obama victory. Ron Paul declares all Liberians separate citizens, "independent

platforms for improved public welfare, social and cultural facilities, public

- Obama signs executive order stipulating micro-states; Federal subsidies ruled

platforms enacted, Supreme Court splits into three factions.

Bush era. Chaos ensues: Greater Depression, joblessness, draconian social  
Bill Clinton-style win. New York Times becomes yet more right-wing apologist than  
Lieberman runs as independent spoiler, phones just enough votes to propel Bachman to

Hillary Clinton decides to mount primary challenge, recalling Ted Kennedy's

successfull bin Laden mission).

Reich agenda. Obama loses 2012 election, legacy compared to Carter's (despite

rise to unprecedeted heights; joins Lincoln, Jefferson and Washington as among the

greatest presidents. Agenda passed for its many legislative, positional and ethical

- Obama assassinated by Tea Party-affiliated nutjob. Sympathy for his family & legacy

Congratulations, it's your winning day today.

Yay!

Yay! Yesssss!

So what did I win?

They didn't tell you.

No. They didn't. It's cause I didn't win?

Damn them.

Them, yeah. So I definitely didn't? Win?

Bastards!

Oh, yeah, those fuckers!

Goddamn them.

Oh, damn them, right. Right! Really?

Right? Still?

Yeah, they are damn bastards.

Doesn't this remind you of something?

Yes. Well... I can't say.

Ha ha, pun.

The "can't"?

I see right through it. You're SO  
bullshitting. I know why you WON'T say.

Stalling?

Yep. The old bull and stallion.

Italian, Stallone. Stalling. I guess I see  
what you mean.

So... You can't get away... So... Don't try...  
Cause you can't.

I can't? Like I shouldn't? Cause you're all,  
like, "I oughta...?", like, shaking a fist in the  
air? Or "won't", like "please don't"?

Don't be all this thing you're doing right  
now. Hear me, hear this thing: Damn the  
bastards, yes? No one told you, yes? You  
win everything, yes? Right?

Me? I guess so. Yes.

And this thing? This back and forth about  
the bastards, etc., it doesn't excite you  
anymore? I'll take it that it no longer excites  
you now.

No. Now? Not now, definitely not! Why  
would it? I know this by heart. You're the  
one dodging. I mean, why would it excite  
me now? No, not now, definitely not.

You missed the point already, amazing.

Thanks. Please point it out to me.

This is something special now, trust me.

It had been something special, that, with  
time, has only now turned to true crap. You  
see things very differently from me.

To you, winning everything is crap?

Yeah, dude. The way you define it, come  
on, of course! Everything and nothing are  
the same thing according to you.

No, they're not! Everything is beautiful.  
Nothing is ugly.

That's exactly my point. Nothing is  
beautiful. Everything is ugly.

Eesh. You are very wrong on this one.

Love me.

DIEGO LECLERY  
A SCRIPT FOR A SUGGESTED CONVERSATION  
WITH YOURSELF

# XII

july 14. anxiety about making paintings. i could avoid much of the anxiety by simply having others make the paintings. and i will likely do some of that. i'm not A Painter. but dammit i have to have something to DO. i can't write all day and anyway it's several years between books. making films leads into the problems of the film world, which interest me not at all. i'm enough of a visual-art-type artist to believe that one's location as a maker ought to involve *some* physical endeavor of some kind--everything can't be made by pointing and clicking--and painting is a most efficient form of physical labor--it can say a lot if you get it right, and it can travel in the world in rewarding ways. so, it's hugely efficient, energy-wise--big return for a very controlled investment. i have to be careful to separate the things that attach to the life of a painting (gallery, art dealer, sales, etc) from the actual process of making them. i've already had all the stuff that attaches to an art career, and NOW i'm making paintings? it would seem like i've gotten something backwards: painting is what you do to have a career, isn't it?, not something you do after you've already had one and walked away from it! so the question becomes instead do i enjoy the process enough to actually make them? it seems that i do. if true, then the rest is just powerful noise. i like that a painting performs in the world in a specific way, and to arrive at that specific way there's no choice but to make the painting. i'm sure that lots of painters would describe the process as a mix of fun and high anxiety. add me to that list. i think my main trepidation has to do with knowing that doing it well involves taking it at least somewhat seriously as a task, and that in doing that i will be caused to change. and do i want to change in *that* direction, given the freedom that i have to order my life as i wish? that's really the question that has me waking in the middle of the night: do i want to change in this way? because if you're doing it right, painting unleashes elemental forces in you, whether defined as cultural, psychic, or animal doesn't matter--and riding that force has been known to kill. i can already feel it kicking into gear from just a few stabs at doing it. does that mean it's in the nature of painting or does it mean i'm doing it right? and do i really want to feel this force?

DAVID ROBBINS

PRESS RELEASE  
EMILY SUNDBLAD

May 2011  
E.S.

Darling, save yours.  
Hello-normativity, My ass.

But wait, you're gorgeous, out of control, disappearing down into the subway, which is also possessed.  
That creep! Youuck. How could you?  
Djuna Barnes would have barfed. She favored bestiality over child bearing. Thelma Wood knocked her teeth out. Sometimes violence clears the air. I'm coming for you, bitch.  
You had better get \$10 000 so you can freeze your own eggs, Miss.  
see her angry eye through the glass, so she won't fly away.  
The dove in the bathroom window at Reena Spaulings broods her egg. We use the toilet carefully when we Odilon Redon.  
I have a boner.  
The Hills are Alive. The City is on.  
A new body of paintings hangs on the gallery walls. They double as baffles for the sound of the music.

decided to cut to the chase.  
time of artis's, merge once and their work showing up at auction is shockingly brief. With this painting to increase action. One painting in this exhibition is a self-portrait and an advertisement for the show. The it's the season and the auction houses are haunted by artworks in limbo. Rumor says some sales are triggered

Mart Mazzucca bought rubber, Vaseline and a staple-gum and made us a set.  
and created lace.  
A robot swerved/dived it onto tulle; the tutle was when dippes in acid which burned away the unwanted parts Davis. Prorena Schonier's dress is also a Frankenstein. The lace it is made from was drawn on a computer. passed midi files Pete made our demoted sheet music. Then our bodies had to learn it. We called Helga

The computer helped us both the Variations And Frankenstein them back together. Through cut and Variations by J.S. Bach.  
This time, for example, we decided to pair Syd Barrett's surrealists song "If It's In You" with The Goldbergs

collaboration to the next level.  
On May 9th Pete Dunagle and I are performing live music at the gallery. We are trying to take our

Chimakwon I miss you. These are songs of love and loss.  
thinking about her friends who live close to the Fukushima nuclear plant.  
neighbors. The west side continues her in a fresh way. At GBE she spilled soup all over her new T-shirt because attention is currently can bankrupt another when mama spends too much time at the phone just cut you off. Accidentally, I hung up on you. I hung up on you @me.com.

We try to share. As galleries in the same city we share artists. We share jealousy.  
I have seen that something towards another from my window. I'm in a yellow cab and my backpack. I see you walking towards another from my window. I'm in a yellow cab and my backpack. In the city is spring. my baby. The streets of New York are so busted we can barely walk on them. The city is here at Algas Greenhouse at the end of the month.

on the back burner. Who was I kidding? We will perform our five minute opera, "Eunkidu, If I Were You".  
twice a day and I had to come clean. I told Joe first as one would a lover. I went back to Sunset Park. In the afternoon both sensed that something was weird. Then I lost my voice from the exhaustion of rehearsing

# XIV

*Saturday was always the day. I was eight or ten. We'd gather into the car to visit the relatives. There had to have been an illegal amount of people in my father's car. The relatives lived in various places, my father's father stayed in Mount Olivet, Saint John's was where my mother's family remained, and Pine Lawn was the last stop. Sitting in the shade of the pine trees for lunch at Pine Lawn on Long Island was considered special, a treat. We would bury quarters in the dirt.*

I have been wrong about many things; this one came as no surprise but became an encompassing series of questions. I always thought that my family had a peculiar relationship with death and the dead, but from what friends have told me, it seems fairly standard. On holidays and sometimes just on a bright cool day, we would visit the cemeteries of our relatives, especially my grandparents, my mother's parents. We would compete with the other relatives to leave a better arrangement of flowers on their graves. My mother, Helene, and my mother's brother, Paul, would begin to complain about the arrangement. Not from their perspective but acting out the perspectives of my grandparents, a type of theater. My grandmother always wanted to make sure she got a better arrangement than my grandfather. I always found this curious and absorbing. Only through my mother's and uncle's performance of them do I have these memories. The performed memories have been better than a photograph. My imagination can now conjure arresting images of my grandparents based on these plays. We may have buried them but we revisit them by integrating them back into our lives: by performing them, we become them. Talking through, embodying them, or appropriating their voice brings to life something needed to be heard now, a present sense and perhaps a tradition. Traveling with these voices gives us a method of mourning, and perhaps transforms them into a symbol. This is a symbol used for interior development of ourselves. But the questions that remain are 'Why do we keep them around?', Why do we bring them back? Is it because we think we're missing something today?'

*John Ward, also known as Jack, aka Jack the Fox was a WWI hero medic, a gambler, drinker, womanizer and a thief. My grandmother, Margaret Ward put up with his shenanigans for years before his death. She owned a bar, and he worked there until she had to fire him for stealing money from the till. As kids, of course, we had no idea about any of this. We only knew him as Grandpa who would drive us out to New Jersey for pony rides and then stop at various bar and grills. We would eat and he would drink and smoke cigars. He looks like a short Mickey Spillane with his fedora, cigar and later his cane. When he finally died we were sad....but not Grandma. I think I was the only one with any idea about his proclivities because one day I ran into Grandma talking to another woman so I thought I'd hit her up for a dollar. She introduced me to the woman who she said was my Grandpa's 39 year old girlfriend. Jack the Fox was in his sixties at the time. So when I attended the wake there was no crying. Actually, Grandma had everyone in stitches telling stories about Jack. She said, "So one time when Jack was in the hospital he says to me 'Oh, Margie when I die don't bury me all the way out on Long Island in the military cemetery because you'll never come visit me.' So I says 'Jack don't worry if I buried you in the backyard I wouldn't visit you!' Then she told stories about how when he would come home drunk and demand his dinner. "So he would sit down in the kitchen and I would give him his spaghetti dinner. When he finished he'd stand up pull a couple of bucks out of his pocket and put it on the table. He was so drunk he thought he was in a restaurant so he left me a tip!".*

Thanksgiving dinner has always been a time to talk about burial plots. How and where we want to be buried, next to who, what type of stone. This often brought to mind specifically crows. Crows ritualize the death of a member in their murder. When one dies in a specific place, crows gather silently for a few moments and then take off without a sound. Remembering the place, those of that murder will most likely never return there, avoiding it. They have buried their dead. Crows are a species of birds that teach and pass along information from generation to generation. Remembering and revisiting old territory, migrating, burial plots and maker of tools, crows adapt to and reflect the human world. They can recognize humans individually, imitate our voices (with training) and have symbolized death, luck, wisdom and trickery in myths throughout cultures. Crows are our reflections. We often say that 'they seem to know, they're watching'. Crows are animals we fear and envy. Through their patience and waiting they evoke a collective understanding in us that we fear each other and possibly our own death. Crows are sources of meditation. As we build scarecrows for these birds, the straw-filled clothes strike us in their resemblance. In our chase for immortality, when reminded of our own death we turn to violence. Lately, I've wondered, what happens if we remove death?

*Here are some classics from Edith Schkrutz, my mother-*

1. "Don't come crying to my box" - this was used when you weren't acting towards her in a loving respectful way as she felt you needed to be.
2. Another - "I want to give while my eyes are still open" - this was used when she gave a gift, usually monetary to be enjoyed by the recipient so that she could also derive pleasure from it. I, personally, like that idea.
3. And then my own - "It's wonderful to celebrate one's life before they put the lid on you" - meaning, it's great to be acknowledged & honored while you're still alive rather than eulogize you after you're gone - because then, how would you know?!

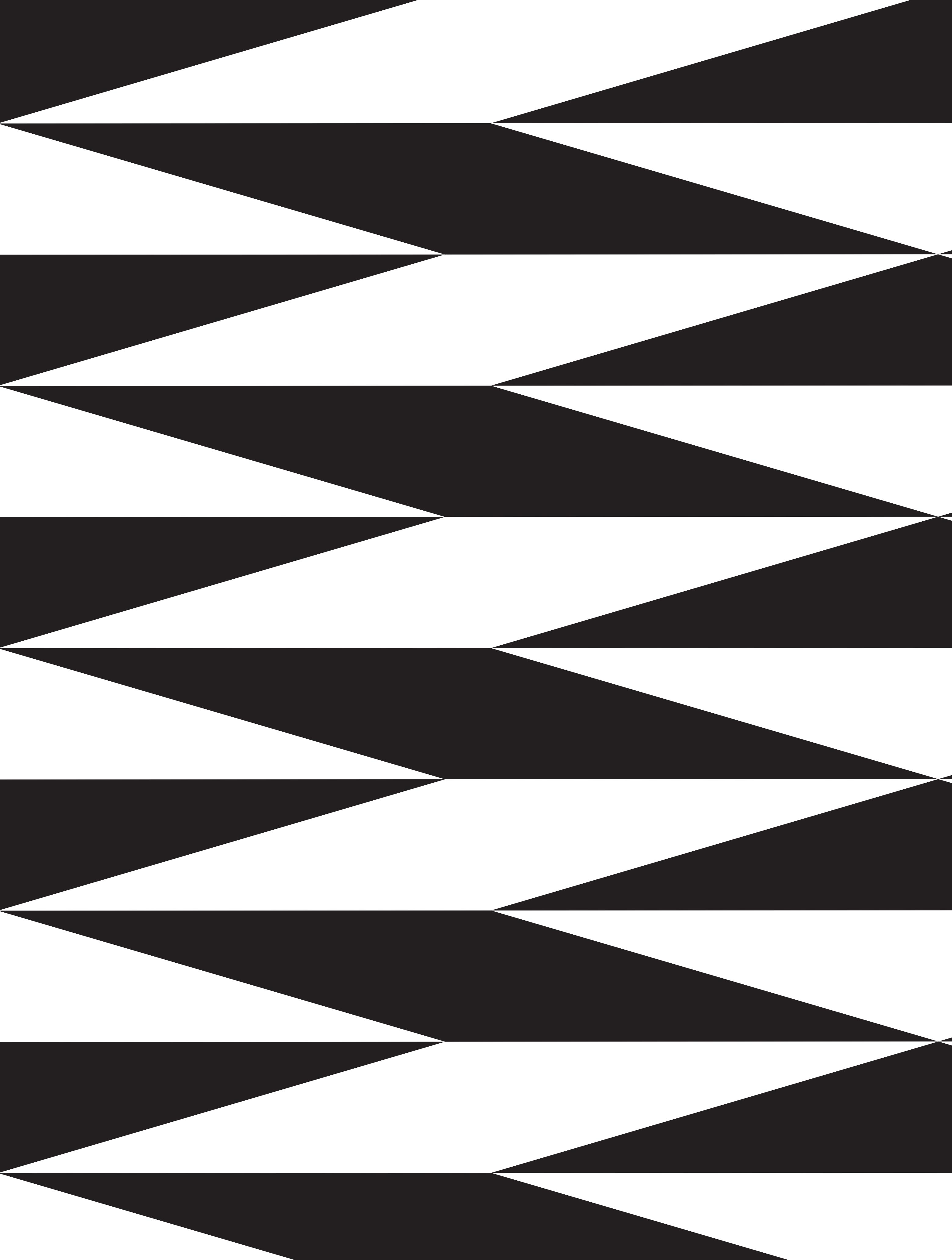
SEAN WARD

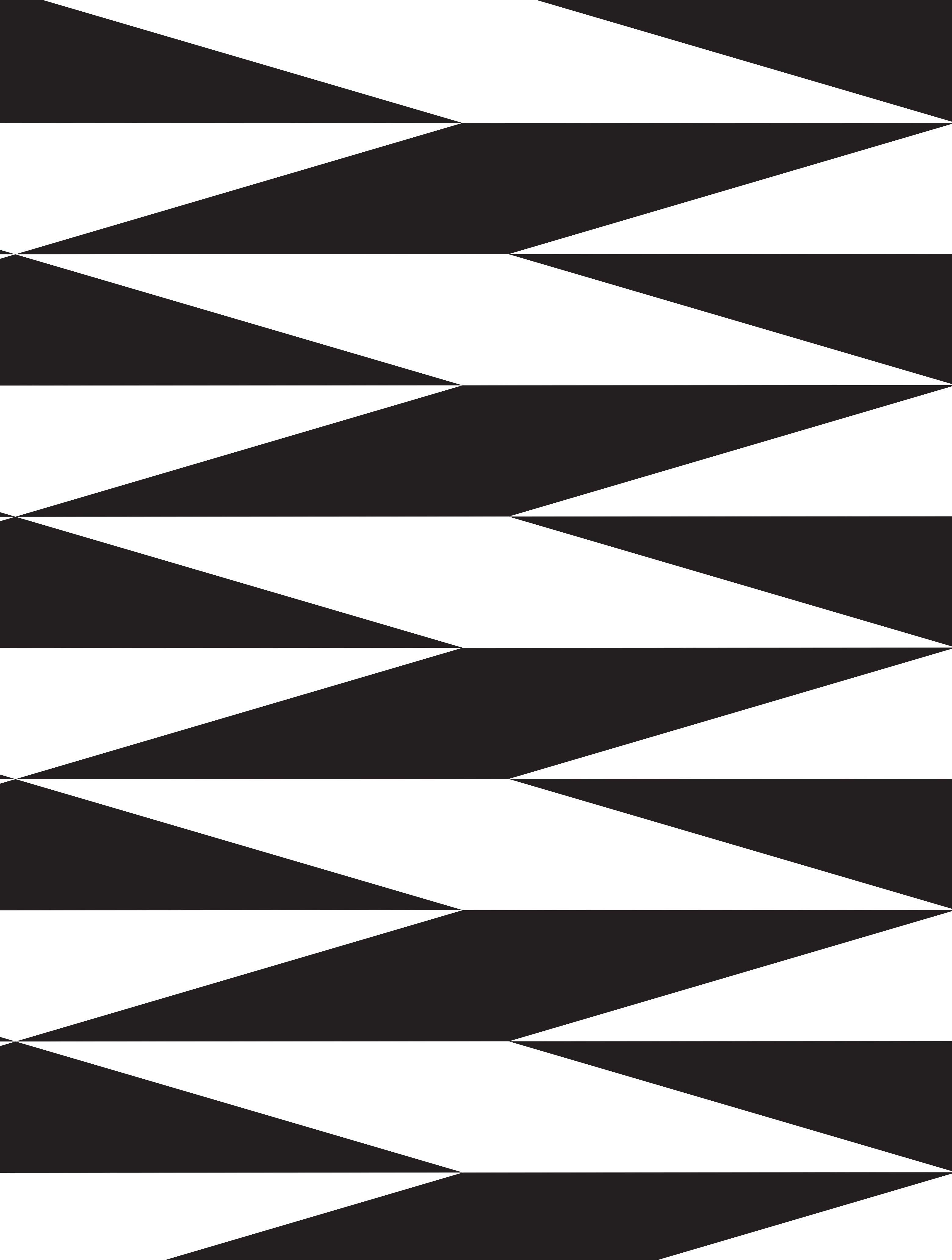
DEAD WEIGHT

VOICES OF HELENE, KENNETH AND SEAN WARD

# III X







JAN VAN DER PLOEG  
UNTITLED  
2011  
COURTESY GALERIE WEST, THE NETHERLANDS

VOL 2 ISSUE 3 NOV 15 2011  
POSSIBLE PRESS

# VII

This summer was mostly lost to this plan to move with my two kids from Portland to Berlin for a year, a city which I had never laid eyes on. It was lost to sorting and throwing things out, packing boxes, and preparing to leave the house where my babies were born, and the yard where their placentas were buried. After the birth of the baby, the placenta comes, and if you have a home birth, it often ends up in a yogurt container in the freezer and often for an undetermined length of time. This is usually so you can bury it in a garden under a fruit tree so it can nourish the fruit tree like it nourished the baby, and then the fruit tree feeds the growing family, and it is nicely circular. Some women eat them, a friend of mine had hers freeze dried into capsules so she could consume it in pill form to enhance her milk supply and fight post partum depression. I know women who were so attached to their placenta that they would never bury them in case they moved someday, but just kept them frozen indefinitely. My daughter's placenta was taking up valuable space though, and occasionally I would open up the wrong yogurt container when looking for the chili or whatever, and in that frozen state it was sometimes hard to tell which was which. But neither did we have room in the yard for another fruit tree, there was too much fruit there already and it was causing a nasty raccoon infestation. So I just bought a bush, a slow-growing Australian bush, and planted Lottie's placenta under it, propped her up next to it, and took a picture. That the bush was described as slow-growing on the tag didn't seem like a problem at the time, but it did come to matter if you were going to pay attention to these things, if just didn't seem to thrive, it certainly didn't exude a sense of growth and abundance.

Six months later, the placenta of my second daughter proved to be more than a hassle but a real danger when it fell from the top shelf of the freezer and came very close to crushing her tiny little head under it. We were then in the middle of landscaping the back yard. I had already moved Lottie's slow growing Australian bush. I tried to do Sunday's more by the book and planted it under an apple tree, but it is in a lousy spot, the only one I could find to work with, and at this writing it is doing just barely ok. It is too shaded by the neighbors cherry tree and is growing crooked. The next owners will probably just tear it out. But the truth is, despite my obvious failure with regards to placenta conduct, I did and do feel that they were in there somehow, and that whether or not they had their own successful tree, they were there in the ground integrating some power of their presence into our little plot of land.

So in this preparation to move I had been trying to determine how nostalgic or regretful or whatever I was going to feel about these placentas. During times of great uncertainty things take on greater significance, suddenly laden with symbolic or even prescient value (superstition). I was deeply into sorting through the stuff, trying to assess the usefulness, or value, or potential value for each thing, when I found my high school copy of Moby Dick. Nearly half of it is enthusiastically underlined, and I remember pages and pages of glosses written in a long lost journal. I immediately connected the placenta with the whale, lurking beneath the surface, pregnant with metaphysical symbolism. In particular though, it was the chapter "A Squeeze of the hand" that first connected the two, when Ishmael describes squeezing the lumps out of whale sperm, his arms, and those of his shipmates, thrust deep into a huge tub of it. The sperm, like the placenta, gross and fibrous, with "soft, gentle globules of infiltrated

tissues" rich with nutrients and hard to come by, has all kinds of healing powers for the body ("No wonder that in old times this sperm was such a favorite cosmetic. Such a clearer! Such a sweetener! Such a softener! Such a delicious mollifier!") as well as for the soul. "...as I snuffed up that uncontaminated aroma,-literally and truly, like the smell of spring violets; I declare to you, that for the time I lived as in a musky meadow; I forgot all about our horrible oath; in that inexpressible sperm, I washed my hands and my heart of it; I almost began to credit the old Paracelsian superstition that sperm is of rare virtue in allying the heat of anger: while bathing in the bath, I felt divinely free from all ill-will, or petulance, or malice, of any sort whatever."<sup>1</sup> I can tell you that giving birth can have a similarly ameliorative effect on ones heart, instigating a surge of compassion previously unknown, and all kinds of intimacies, some of them pretty unexpected. The post-partum euphoria that I experienced could rival that which Melville displays throughout the book, where all things overflow with a frenzy of existential significance. It is only years after my teenage reading that I became aware of how Melville is depicting the simultaneous urgency and absurdity of such excesses of language and comic indulgences in symbolism. Still, he believes it too, and this was sort of my predicament reflecting on all these sweet, stinky baby things, redolent of these tiny bodies gone forever, as I prepared to move into the unknown with my two small children and reflected on my experience of motherhood. "So strongly and metaphysically did I conceive of my situation then, that while earnestly watching his motions, I seemed distinctly to perceive that my own individuality was now merged in a joint stock company of two; that my free will had received a mortal wound; and that another's mistake or misfortune might plunge innocent me into unmerited disaster and death."<sup>2</sup>

My solution was to take all of the old useless clothes, the ones too stained or frayed, to create a hammock, which would then eventually cradle a ceramic sculpture. I cut each item into strips, which would be sewed together into longer strips and then braided into ropes. These ropes were then threaded through holes drilled into pieces of wood and attached to rings on each end, by which it could be attached to trees or other supports. Then all the ropes braided out of the lengths of fabric strips could be woven into a net that is the body of the hammock. It felt so insane, so extravagant to stop in the middle of this enormous job I had in front of me, with a dangerous lack of time, amongst these heaps of boxes, to cut each item into strips, but it gave me a bit of a break from the chaos, and a chance to mull things over, just like the mat-makers on the Pequod "I say so strange a dreaminess did there reign all over the ship and all over the sea, ...that it seemed as if this were the Loom of Time, and I myself were a shuttle mechanically weaving and weaving away at the Fates."<sup>3</sup>

While I am cutting and the braiding and thinking of mythological journeys, I cant help but think of Penelope, Odysseus's wife. You know Penelope, who was besieged by suitors in her husband's absence (whom they assumed was dead) and to fend them off, she promised she would make her choice among them when she had finished this tapestry. So all day, every day she would weave her tapestry while these suitors lounged around her house drinking all her wine, but at night, she would tear out all the stitches. In this way, through the doing and undoing of her women's work, she was able to hold time still in a way, and control her fate. This was not the first time I had evoked Penelope to try to understand something in my life. In the early / mid nineties when I was unhappily addicted to heroin, I decided in some effort to make sense or symbolic justification of my life, that I would sew all of my dope bags into a quilt, and that once it was 'finished' I would kick. The drugs I bought came in draphtanous

bags with stamps of the brand name or symbol on them; bag in a bag, no name, poison, etc. They were about 2 x 3 inches big, thin and would often tear. It was the absurdity that appealed to me, the darkly comic nihilism. Because that would be too many bags, too much work, (when I rarely had my head up for much time) and since a quilt had no definitive boundaries, it was an obvious misplacement of the intention onto fictive boundaries of a boundary-less object. It insinuates time and cancels it out in one swoop. But like with Penelope's weaving there is something about the image of the busy hands and simple tools that in the face of one's overwhelming powerlessness, is the heroic journey or the way out of the witches cave. The activity that is arduous and useless is symbolic action, meaningful for its own sake. Like hunting the great white whale, to embark on something impossible and absurd while investing wholeheartedly and enthusiastically in its profundity, there is something defiant in this, triumphant. "There lay the fixed threads of the warp subject to but one single, ever returning, unchanging vibration, and that vibration merely enough to admit of the crosswise interblending of other threads with its own. The warp seemed necessity; and here, thought I, with my own hand, I ply my own shuttle and weave my own destiny into these unalterable threads."<sup>4</sup>

All quotes from the Norton Critical Edition (1967) of *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville

<sup>1</sup> pg 348

<sup>2</sup> pg 271

<sup>3</sup> pg 185

<sup>4</sup> pg 185

JESSICA JACKSON HUTCHINS  
THE PLACENTA IN MY YARD

9/29/08

...I was so worried the review would make me look really bad and instead I feel like aw shucks, now I have to try even harder to live up to this. Thanks for believing in me.

10/14/08

... If you have any advice about how to avoid the drastic step of applying [for teaching jobs] outside Chicago, please do let me know. I AM looking into bartending...

You have given me many opportunities over the past six years, as well as the gift of your time and attention, and I have tried and failed to write about you and your work as a gift in return. In lieu of that writing, for this publication I have crafted an homage to you; a distilled compilation of my correspondence with you (my side only.) My hope is that it performs an absent portrait of you as an active listener and a teacher. These fragments can only allude, obliquely, to the weight of my respect and gratitude for the space you provide.

10/29/05  
I am excited to meet with you!...I am a post-bac painting student, my studio is 1604 (by the windows.) ...hope to hear from you soon.

10/7/05  
...I am frustrated with what is still a rather bombastic tone in my writing voice. I might be the undereducated over-opinionated riot girl mentioned in the article...read the interview with you in the book published in 1998, the light blue plaid cover. ...you summed up ideas I have heard you hint at throughout this past year... this subtle way that you have of inserting yourself in the norm, establishing that as the norm, and then quietly disrupting that norm, with a disarming honesty about the realities of your life. I find that quality calmly radical...

11/02/05  
...I have carried your phone number around on this xerox you gave me about Barnett Newman for a year and finally misplaced it.

12/01/05  
...my painting is still so floppy, all-over-the-place, and confused, so it really helps to find clarity in [your] work...

4/12/07  
...thank you for your presence and intelligence this Tuesday. I am ashamed to say I was almost entirely absent. Dana told me later of things you had said and I missed them completely... emotional haze, perhaps residue from the work, perhaps too sensitive to your and Susanne's responses ...you said recently that you would be delighted to receive a studio visit nowadays and then mentioned your struggles with figure/ground. I wanted to ask; do you consider figure/ground to be also your relationship to your work, teaching, The Suburban etc?

10/31/07  
...from *Who Cares*, "More than ever, artists need to be alone to re-think their relation to an industry overwrought with competition and overrun by market promotion." ...I needed to hear it put so plainly to remind myself of why I am holing up this way these days.

I'm jobless again - just quit my underpaid Chicago public schools job, as student loans make social work impossible... Painting in my apartment - a tiny bedroom studio off the kitchen that overflows bits of paper and tubes and brushes and mess into the kitchen/living room. The apartment is all mine though and that's lovely...

03/10/08  
...when last you saw my work you remarked upon speed... Most everything is relatively slow now. Some of the paintings in the show took two years. Both gestational and mark-making time have begun to creak and grow cobwebs...

07/10/08  
... I have a real fear of being half-assed about anything. So the talk is postponed indefinitely...

07/17/08  
... because I allow myself a great deal of latitude in making paintings... the little monochromes are a measure of sameness to measure difference or variety or even novelty against... When they are that small, and not hanging on the wall, they seem so defenseless - so close to tchotchkes... afraid of that, but also interested in investigating it. I think the whole show had a wobble between serious (and for me, slightly mystical) beauty, and kitsch...

9/23/08  
...oh and three, thank you so much for the tomatoes - Dana and I shared them. Delicious like sunshine!

09/10/10

...I suppose its rather draining to see a whole new, ever larger crop of students coming into SAIC - feels like it IS just a factory... its different keeping irony on the back burner vs moving it to the front and then burning my hand on it... I am getting exactly what I wanted and never dreamed of and I should (and do!) count my lucky stars. But perhaps I am also refining what I wish for. Maybe "ambition" is too vague.

09/19/10

Thank you for having us over yesterday. I was very happy to be eating squash in season, ...Hope I didn't seem too peaked, I spent all day today in bed, not smoking, and I feel a little better - I haven't been taking care of myself and it is catching up.

09/25/10

... trying to make things *without* starting from a painting [as you suggested.] Chuckled to myself many times about the excitable silliness of me running over and picking up the rope and exclaiming "here is an object!" ... You are very right about the work not being as interesting if it just puts the judgment call on the viewer in a kind of casual way ... I don't want to simply let [the viewer] decide which they "like the most." ...you suggested that it was slow/fast in the studio, and you are right... the speed ends when I get discouraged - the bottom falls out from under the activity. It suddenly seems empty again: typical manic behavior... After the mania and the megalomania accompanying the mania, the dejected feeling of failure.

10/15/10

...I think all the things I believe art to *be* are challenged by the transition from gallery to studio. Discreet paintings are no longer doing it for me. Getting into sculpture and photography and realizing I don't know what *art* is. My late arrival to the institution bites me in the ass every time I hit a new transition in my work. My misunderstandings are myriad.

10/19/10

[in reference to a difficult teaching situation] I hate the customer service expectations. I keep the legend of Ted Halkins in my head. And Joseph Beuys. You know he once locked the students in a courtyard for a few hours? I love that story.

11/17/10

I am in St Louis reeling from a massive rich meal of steak, pork and salmon.... Overstuffed myself to compensate for a feeling of exhaustion after this quarter/semester...

01/06/11

I like that your question was stated as "Let me know if you find yourself in the next week." But what did you mean?

03/11/11

...I've been thinking about clowns, fools, jokers. Reading a biography of Lucille Ball. Somehow this will come together...

04/05/11

...I keep thinking I will become milder (when I quit drinking coffee and smoking like a friend) and if I'm not so hot-headed, I could be critical without making personal digs. But I never can separate the person from the work.

05/14/11

... reading The Nightmare of Participation by Markus Miessen... and juice fasting...  
...apologize again for whatever damage I inflicted (indirectly) on that little painting. It seemed new and strange, in the short glimpse I caught. Like a table or graph or grid... and I started you and stained it... If there is anything I can do - gesso some panels or squeeze lemons or mow the yard with tweezers, please just say so....

06/01/11

Of course I want to do it! Are there NO guidelines, topic etc? Just a word count limit and font choices?

Love,

Molly Zuckerman-Hartung  
FIGURE/GROUND

MOLLY ZUCKERMAN-HARTUNG  
FIGURE/GROUND

✓

### Site/Non-Site: The Intersection of Surfing and Art-making in Experimental Film

The following introduction to a new three-channel video titled *Spiral Jetty/Crystal Voyager/Region Centrale (Boatlogged, Re-ordered, Combined, Sometimes More, Sometimes Less)* was given by Drew Heitzler on October 29, 2010 as part of the concluding lecture at the 9<sup>th</sup> Annual Surfing, Arts, and Science Issues conference at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, California:

Hello. Thank you for having me here today. I know it's been a long one, so I will be short with the speech so we can get to the films quickly. I was asked to present a lecture on the history of surf films, but that didn't seem like so much fun to me so I decided to take a bit of a different approach. This afternoon I'll be showing you three films by three experimental filmmakers from three different aesthetic fields, whose work intersects in what I find to be a very interesting way: *Spiral Jetty* by Robert Smithson, *La Region Centrale* by Michael Snow, and *Crystal Voyager* by George Greenough. This intersection identifies the zeitgeist of that specific era when the sixties lapsed into the seventies. As such, each film marks a moving away, whether from the constraints of the gallery, the rules of avant-garde filmmaking, or the crowded surf of Santa Barbara. In all three films, technology is used to facilitate this moving away. And in all three films the utopian aspirations of the filmmakers center on, in various ways, the arresting of time and space.

Robert Smithson was born in 1938 in Passaic New Jersey. By the mid sixties he was a well-established artist and critic in New York City. His early work evolved from painting into minimalist sculpture, and by 1967 he was beginning to make the work for which he would become most well known. The site/non-site pieces involved the collection of rocks and other minerals from a location (the site) that were then presented in an art gallery as sculpture (the non-site). This work evolved further when Smithson began making earthworks, collapsing the idea of the site/non-site onto itself. *Partially Buried Woodshed*, constructed at Kent State University in 1970, and *The Spiral Jetty*, constructed in the Great Salt Lake, Utah, also in 1970, are perfect examples of this form. The documentary film *Spiral Jetty* was made during the construction of the earthwork.

Michael Snow was born in 1929 in Toronto, Canada. His 1967 film *Wavelength*, a forty-five minute fixed-position zoom across an eighty-foot-long loft apartment onto a photograph of the ocean is an example of structural film making at its best. This style abandoned the complex and condensed tropes of earlier avant-garde film in favor of a simplified and predetermined form, mimicking the minimalism of the painting and sculpture that was ascendant at the time. Snow followed *Wavelength* in 1970 with the film *La Region Centrale*, which took structural predetermined to its apex. The film was shot at a fixed location by a mechanical swing arm designed by the artist.

George Greenough was born in Santa Barbara, California. By the mid sixties he had revolutionized surfboard fin design and was experimenting with fiberglass technology and inventing experimental wave-riding machines. He was also a filmmaker and his water housing designs allowed him to film aspects of the surfing experience known previously only to surfers. *The Inner Most Limits of Pure Fun* is a surf film classic, but *Crystal Voyager*, accepted to the Cannes Film Festival in 1973, is a truly great work of art. *Crystal Voyager* is really two films in one, the first a documentary of the construction of a sailboat named The Morning Light. The second is a structural film, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful structural films ever made.

Spiral Jetty has a running time of 38 minutes. Crystal Voyager has a running time of 78 minutes, and La Region Centrale has a running time of 180 minutes. (Pause for groans of exasperation) Don't worry, I've edited the films to run 41 minutes and we are going to watch them all at the same time. (Pause for confused laughter) Let's watch the films...

DREW HEITZLER  
SITE/NON-SITE: THE INTERSECTION OF SURFING  
AND ART-MAKING IN EXPERIMENTAL FILM

Imagine two swastikas, one overlaid on the other, but tilted forty-five degrees, so that there are eight crooked arms. It conjures a burst of light, the sun, a spayed octopus, the eye of a storm, and a swirling galaxy. It also suggests an anus. Now reverse this eight-armed swastika so that it rotates counter-clockwise. This is the Anah Swastika (AS), eight left hands with razor-pointed elbows, describing the figure of a pukered asshole.

I discovered the AS, which preexisted my finding it, doodling asterisk-like buttoholes and musings on the troubling handsome ness of the Nazi's adopted emblem. In order to divine its meaning, I meditated on its contours while masturbating. This is what the symbol told me: I am a solar anus and a black emulsion of your ego, your Self, untangle into a meaningless scribble. Menands submerge his mournful song in their shrill walling. I am the dark pit of the universe. The AS may be likened to a plough tearing up the garden of nature, which is to say nature conceived as a source or mirror of the moral order. In connection to this, it should be noted that same-sex desire has been leftward motion connotes discord rather than harmony with the natural order. The meaning of the swastika depends on the direction in which it turns. A

WHAT IS THE ANAH SWASTIKA?  
ELIJAH BURGHER

imagine two swastikas, one overlaid on the other, but tilted forty-five degrees, so that there are eight crooked arms. It conjures a burst of light, the sun, a spayed octopus, the eye of a storm, and a swirling galaxy. It also suggests an anus. Now reverse this eight-armed swastika so that it rotates counter-clockwise. This is the Anah Swastika (AS), eight left hands with razor-pointed elbows, describing the figure of a pukered asshole.

The AS has several applications. It may be utilized to invoke obstacles to be overcome. Test your will in this way, and build intellectual and emotional muscle. Like a witch's ointment, the AS can also be used to induce lycanthropy. Be cautious with transformations unto wildness, however. These spells frequently result in a great deal of collateral damage—to property, friendships, and your physical and mental health.

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Despite the AS's solicitation to sodomy, it is not strictly a gay symbol. Its purpose is not to replace the rainbow flag or pink triangle. Anyways, anal sex can and should be practiced by everyone, as should all sexual activities that do not result in the production of new life.

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X

# Save the Whales

*Save  
the  
Whales*

ANN PIBAL  
BRAGGADOCIO BURGUES SCRIPT

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

POSSIBLE PROJECTS  
[possibleprojects.com](http://possibleprojects.com)

EDITORS  
Rachel and Trevor Reese

VOL 2 ISSUE 3 SPECIAL THANKS:  
Guest Editor Michelle Grabner  
Jan Van Der Ploeg and Contributors  
John Caldwell

VOL 2 ISSUE 4 - SPRING 2012  
To receive a copy, send your address to [press@possibleprojects.com](mailto:press@possibleprojects.com)