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JIM DRAIN	IV
JIM DRAIN	V
JENNIFER GRIMYSER	VI
CHRIS JOHANSON	VII
STEVE KEENE	VIII
AARON KRACH	IX
ANNETTE MONNIER	X
MCINTYRE PARKER	XI
BRION NUDA ROSCH	XII
THURIDUR ROS SIGURTHORSDDOTTIR	XIII
HEIDI SPECKER	XIV
ADRIAN WILLIAMS	XV

CENTERFOLD

ADRIAN WILLIAMS TIN MAN

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XX

fast, not a thought to that other pedal which threatened to take that feeling away. Triumph in the curve as she swerved past obelisks and stones full of laser cut poetry that found its way to the mouths of loved ones in her dreams. Always talking to her, remembering, declaring, testifying to her faith that reason and love were amiable forces, that love was not tranquility's hangman, and love could be got, without an upturned flurry of thoughts, that there were two ways about it. She wallowed in the faith that reason was her savior.

The widow was ambling, her feet on the concrete path as cracked and hard as her own yellowed soles, though hers were older. Who was responsible for maintenance? Amos would have done something about all those jagged hairs and lumps that stole her equilibrium and sent the brief case flying like a ropewalkers pole. Amos would have fixed it. He was no slouch. The golf cart whirred. Sarah coasting on the permission she granted herself to smoke one more, just till she got to the shack and loaded the broom. The cigarettes were stuck in that damn apron pocket and she looked down, while her fingers jimmied the stubborn seam, left hand steady on the wheel. The widow never saw it coming and felt only the suck and pull of hair as the shovel swept past and tore the hat from her head, pins and all. There it dangled from the tool and sway as the cart grew smaller and smaller at an inconceivable rate. She couldn't chase it, didn't have time, and took a deep breath, collecting the strength to finish the walk to Amos' grave.

Sarah pulled up to the shack with a swerve that shot gravel across the path towards the grass, which she knew-and had been told many times-tangled and destroyed the mowers. The maintenance guy nearly cut his hand off last month trying to replace the blades on the rider-a fact that carried no weight, when no one was looking. The shack was serviced by a main key, a little blue one that everyone had. The door gave her no trouble but a salutatory squeak getting in. Whiskbroom, whiskbroom, whiskbroom, there it was, standing, whisk up, beside a remarkably dustless rocking chair in a box-cleared nook near the window. The room was quiet, the chair inviting and Sarah had to fight the urge to light up again. Whiskbroom.

Click. The door locked itself and she turned towards the cart. Her stomach seized at the sight of that little black hat caught in it's very own net on the sharp dented edge of that filthy shovel. And as she stood there, the sun glowing over the ridge with the days first rays of warmth, the lawn steaming dew like a hot rag on the kitchen floor, her eyes grew tight against the light as she spoke to that little black hat. "What have I done," she said. "Sweet Jesus, what... have I done?"

ADRIAN WILLIAMS, DAWN

JULIA DAULT,
TEACHER'S MARGINALIA FROM
A PUBLIC SCHOOL STUDENT'S PAPERS

A spray of soil fanned out across the sidewalk below 'NO STOPPING OR PARKING AT ANY TIME' in formal script that nearly disguised the deterrent as a welcome. Sarah looked at the potting soil, it was most definitely potting soil, so black and rich, full of those glistening flecks of silicate; it couldn't be anything else. "Who is gonna clean this up?" Sarah asked a cock-eyed squirrel whose interest in a muddled acorn deatened her complaint. "This is gonna take a while," she sighed, remembering the whiskbroom she left on the west side of the cemetery yesterday, where she d planned to start this morning. Now, that plan was all to shit. Who went around transplanting flowers in the middle of the night? Who, would be so insensitive as to stop, or park-in the strictly forbidden entrance no less-and fling a shovelful of dirt across the concrete?

She lit a cigarette; the paper match folded on itself and nearly scorched her finger. Disgusted, she flicked the match into the soil. There rose a thread of smoke that snaked and curled into nothing. The squirrel flit up the stone wall, then down a long stretch of it before leaping into the brush out of sight.

Oaks from the cemetery and the street mingled above the wall meant to divide them, building a cool broadleaved tunnel through which the widow walked. Her bird legs thrust from a black lace skirt in steps that seemed more like spasms as she quavered below the flurry of netting that bedecked her little black cap. Her shoulders were pinched tight and high under the weight of the briefcase she always carried, handcuffed to her left wrist. It rattled like a bracelet as she walked. She didn't waste any energy lifting her head to the cleaning woman who stood by the gate beside a mess of dirt-with a look of misery that woman couldn't possibly possess-while there were stones to be polished. Sarah watched the widow totter past and having overcome the disappointment of never being greeted, took a long hard drag on her cigarette. "Crack 'a dawn." She said. "Crack 'a fuckin' dawn."

Sarah started the golf cart by touching the wires with a prayer. Her fingers still cold from the damp, it crept across the lawn's expanse through pre-dawn light prowling the cemetery in long dark shadows against a hue that offered no warmth. Thanks to the delinquents who wrangled the cart last Tuesday and drove it into a contemplation pond, there was no other way to start it. The pond was shallow with mud so thick it took three gravediggers four hours to pull the thing out. At least somebody remembered to plug in the cart last night. Even if they hadn't unloaded and properly stored the army of shovels that now rattled behind her, lame and beaten from the rock filled trenches the diggers filled with death.

The air was clear, the sun low but bright and Sarah felt a pleasant sense of purpose as she approached the west side maintenance shack. Clearing the peak of the hill, pedal to the floor, release, she coasted downhill smooth and

XIV

It's getting dark outside. Upstairs Joachim is preparing fish for dinner. After that we will go to the Basilica di Santa Maria degli Angeli e dei Martiri. It's Easter vigil. I am here in Rome since February and will stay until January 2011. Before coming to Rome I had the idea of a work linked to the seasons. But from the beginning everything went wrong. Murphy's Law: *"Whatever can go wrong, will go wrong."* My cameras broke down, also the computer. I slipped and fell in the shower, I broke a key, a package I sent to Germany was returned to me... I couldn't work at all. It was hopeless.

After a few weeks I changed my mind. I decided to start on Good Friday and finish on Christmas. A backwards season, from death to birth. Hopefully I will get a grip on the project. Rome wasn't built in a day. In this spirit, Heidi Specker

HEIDI SPECKER, TERMINI

CHRIS JOHANSON

all thanks to our old friend the sun
things to care about and take care of by thinking good things and letting them float to where they are going
and revitalization magic
milligrams and carefully uncontrolled walks
Thanks different flowers with different bees from march to october
Thanks stream friend
Thanks world band
Thanks drum circle
and I am with the river now and the river takes me where I go
(unlucky(lucky)). (unlucky/very lucky to me
maybe I know what that means now?
food, water, sleep, the world
unfortunately(fortunately). (unfortunately)fortunately
this use of time going both ways forever
all with their chenshable memories
weights with weight
shitty with and without neutral
super duper energy and not paying attention
what are natural causes
please don't sue me or my mother for singing this to me
good morning sunshine my only sunshine you make me happy when skies are blue
yes and no to brown and white additives and diarrhea and constipation
organic salads, homeless people in long buses with offerings of wheat grass
pain and clarity/ negative rituals
things you know and take for granted
authority, learned behaviors, televsion, books on ancient civilizations
sugar, water lilies, asthma, ghosts

parts/totals by chris johanson in order of ordered order by my mind and body

II

STEVE KEENE, THIS IS WHAT STAR STEVE FLORA AND MINNIE SAW ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON

BRION NUDA ROSCH, CLARK GRISWOLD REFERENCES MONUMENT

Take a last look, kids...
...at one of man's most curious creations.
Built to stand the test of time and the elements.
War. You name it.
A thing of glory for a million future generations to see.
And we were here.

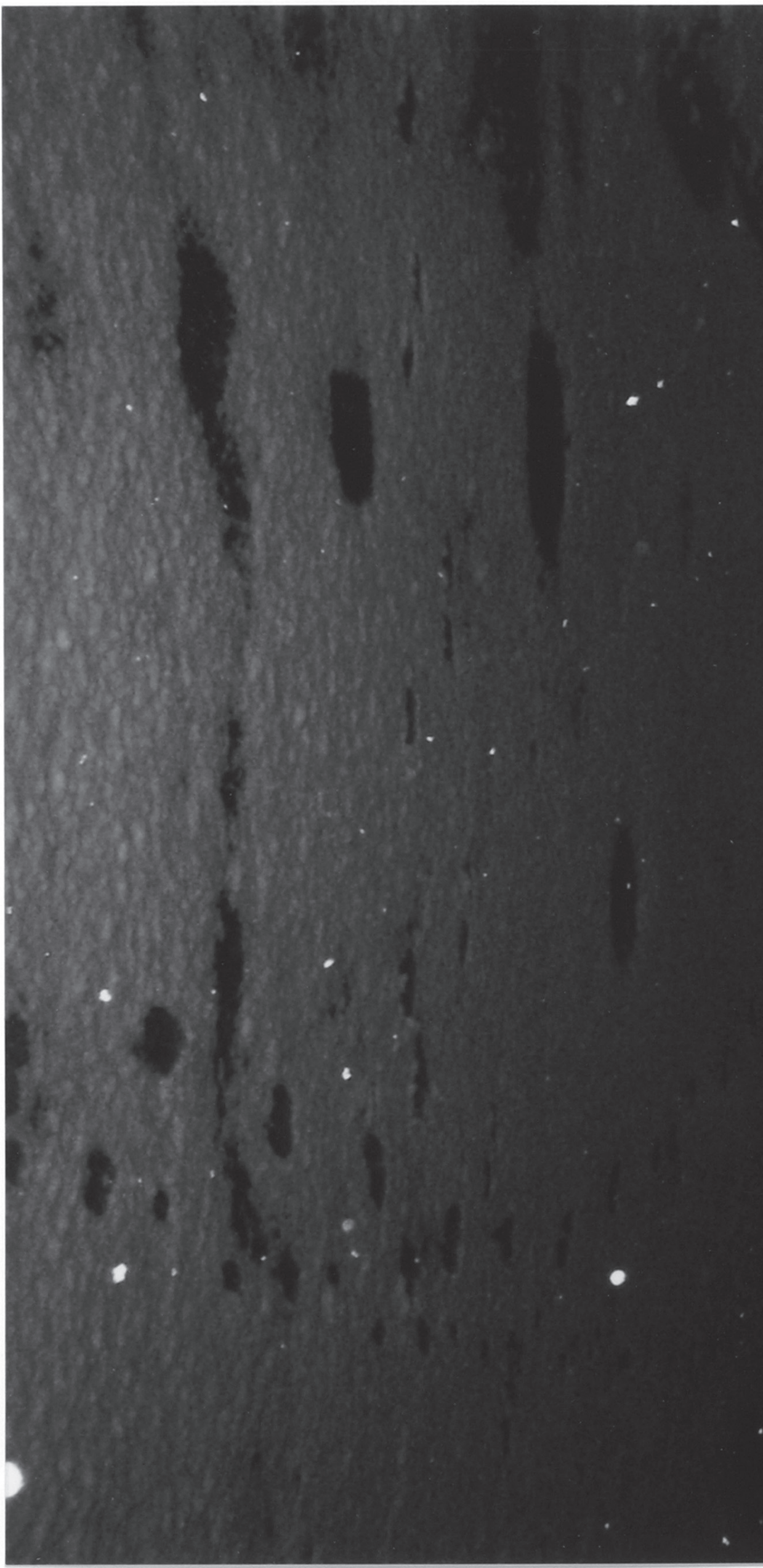
VIII

THIS IS WHAT STAR STEVE FLORA AND MINNIE SAW ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON AFTER THE KIDS' SWIMMING LESSON
THIRTY-SEVEN 16" STATUES FROM THE TOMB OF JOHN THE FEARLESS AND HIS WIFE MARGARET OF BAVARIA
IN THE ROOM WHERE THEY HAVE THE CHRISTMAS TREE
CRAZY GUARD - NO PHOTOS

PEOPLE THAT LOOK LIKE OLDER ARTISTS ACT	BRIGHT SPOT LIGHTS COLUMN BRIGHT WHITE	42A CHOIRBOY HOLDING A CANDLESTICK 43 DEACON HOLDING A CROSS (CROSS BROKEN) 45 BISHOP 47 CANTOR HOLDING UP HIS NEIGHBOR'S BOOK 49 CARTHUSIAN MONK HOLDING A BOOK 51 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, HOLING A BOOK IN HIS RIGHT HAND AND WITH HIS LEFT HAND WIPING HIS TEARS ON HIS CLOAK 53 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, HANDS JOINED AT WAIST LEVEL 55 MOURNER WITH HEAD UNCOVERED, WIPING HIS TEARS ON THIS CLOAK 57 MOURNER WITH COWL, LEFT HAND SLIPPED INTO HIS CINCTURE, POUCH AT RIGHT 59 MOURNER WITH COWL, CLOAK BUNCHED UNDER HIS FOLDED ARMS 61 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, HANDS BENEATH HIS CLOAK, A POUCH AND ROSARY BEADS AT RIGHT 63 MOURNER WITH COWL, RIGHT HAND POINTING TO THE SHROUDED BOOK 65 MOURNER LOOKING TO THE RIGHT, RIGHT HAND EXTENDED 67 MOURNER WITH HEAD UNCOVERED, A BOOK IN HIS RIGHT HAND 69 MOURNER WITH COWL, RIGHT HAND LIFTING HIS CLOAK 71 MOURNER WITH CAP, EYES LOWERED 73 MOURNER WITH COWL, BOTH HANDS ON HIS CINCTURE, DAGGER AT LEFT 75 MOURNER WITH COWL, HOLDING ROSARY BEADS IN HIS RIGHT HAND 77 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, RIGHT HAND IN HIS CINCTURE, LEFT HAND HOLDING ROSARY BEADS	42B CHOIRBOY (HANDS BROKEN) 44 DEACON WITH HANDS JOINED 46 CANTOR HOLDING A CLOSED BOOK 48 CANTOR HOLDING AN OPEN BOOK IN BOTH HANDS 50 CARTHUSIAN MONK READING 52 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, WIPING HIS TEARS ON HIS CLOAK WITH HIS RIGHT HAND, LEFT HAND ON HIS CHEST 54 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, READING A BOOK 56 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, HANDS IN HIS SLEEVES 58 MOURNER WITH COWL, RAISING HIS LEFT HAND COVERED BY HIS CLOAK, POUCH HANGING FROM HIS CINCTURE AT RIGHT 60 MOURNER WITH HEAD UNCOVERED, HANDS JOINED IN FRONT OF HIS CHEST 62 MOURNER WITH COWL, HOLDING ROSARY BEADS 64 MOURNER WITH HEAD UNCOVERED, CHOKING BACK HIS TEARS 66 MOURNER WITH COWL, HANDS IN HIS CINCTURE, DAGGER AT RIGHT 68 MOURNER LIFTING A FLAP OF HIS CLOAK TO WIPE AWAY HIS TEARS 70 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, LEFT HAND RAISED, RIGHT HAND HIDDEN INDER A RAISED FLAP OF HID CLOAK 72 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, HOLDING A ROSARY 74 MOURNER WITH COWL AND CINCTURE, POUCH AT RIGHT 76 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, RIGHT HAND LIFTING PART OF HIS CLOAK TO	BRIGHT SPOT LIGHTS COLUMN BRIGHT WHITE	PEOPLE THAT LOOK LIKE OLDER ARTISTS ACT
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FIRST MADE FOR THE CHURCH OF CHAMPMOL AND MOVED TO THE MUSEE DES BEAUX ARTS DIJON
MOVED TO USA FOR A WHILE WHILE THEY FIX UP THE MUSEUM OVER THERE
THE BEST THING TO SEE NOW - DON'T MISS IT
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, MARCH – MAY 2010, SAINT LOUIS, JUNE – SEPTEMBER,
DALLAS, OCTOBER – JANUARY, MINNEAPOLIS, JANUARY – APRIL 2011, LOS ANGELES, MAY – JULY
SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST – DECEMBER, RICHMOND, JANUARY – APRIL 2012
PARIS, MAY-SEPTEMBER

ADRIAN WILLIAMS
TIN MAN
2009



The car broke the surface of the lake in an instant. That woke him up. Jenny hadn't meant what she said back there he was no clown. He'd be up at dawn running plates through the table saw splitting wood like string cheese, and what did she know. He was no drunk. The window knob was a little stiff but he got it down in time to feel the sharp water steal through his socks as he kicked free of the drivers seat. He pushed off the hood of the car as he struggled toward the lip of solid ice. Damn it was cold. Good thing Jim loaded, he thought. He hardly dripped as the wind simply froze the lake to his coat instead

making it stiff and hard to walk. He shuffling he felt his coat grow stiff. Dorothy, oil! He laughed, imagining his



looked towards town, to the street lights,
ny, he cried into the steam of his own breath,
elbows squeak, he slowed, if I only had a heart.

XI

images
language
carries
a kind of punctuation
imparting an aura of history
new life
form between
pictures when they coexist casually on equal terms
pictures
pictorial scenarios
silent
without narrative
between both printed and projected
formal arrangements a
negative space surrounds
single objects
distanced into sculptural form
geometrics
objecthood
staged arrangements
a
plain
even if it is everywhere obscured and elusive
distracted by formal concerns
the gap between
a continuum passing through
still pictures begin to convey extended temporality
moving pictures approximate stillness
long fixed shots
constructed illusions of stasis
simple isolated actions
a static cropped frame
silent interactions imply the faintest of abstracted narrative
possibility
slow pans
like the films silence
insist that the viewer take the time necessary to absorb each
carefully composed and richly colored image
projected as part of
a second scene
a slow tracking shot bringing into view
set
a formal equivalence
surfaces of intensified visual incident
concealing a private perceptual experience
unknowable interiority
the general position
the cropped frame
traversed in the background
producing a transitory sense of stillness adrift in motion
moments of perceptual failure
untitled
these scenes and others like them
obstructing the process of perception
the eye modulates its focus
causes static things to move and motion to stand still
looking of a related sort
visual perception
potential
illusory motion
doubling
displacement
layered exposures
the object of our attention ghosts itself and we see double
through the superimposition of adjacent film frames
a sense of compression
developed through various means
in their visual density as well as through the merging of spatial
and temporal strata
approximately centered
the frame
a seamless
ground
functions as the structural support
cut to fit its base
collapsed to a flat representation
the plinth continues to operate
illusionistically
here and elsewhere
fuses pictorial planes
locates an overlap between
the still
the window
the setup
framed
display
a sculptural compactness
a sense of filmic duration
a single image
composition becomes
haunted by the stirrings of the cinematic past life that moves
through it
frames
framed
picture
picture and frame
sculptural
objects have an internal gravity
over the course of extended looking
an immeasurable
depth
backdrops
images
isolated and seamless
frames
abstract
horizonless space of the empty background
represents a clearing
a nowhere space
pictures are activated by the shift
homes in on its object
mining
for potential
ambiguous visual information
make indexical representation fall apart
the understated visual power
polished hermeticism
the centrality of desire
the ultimate mode of active reception
an enduring experience of absorption in pictures
the point of losing oneself
the doubt and unreliability embedded in all forms of
representation

MCINTYRE PARKER, UNTITLED

IX

Dear fellow artists,

Having just returned from The
ArmoryBaseChicagoMiamiWhitney
Biennial...I beg of you:

1. Please create more exciting art. Not
flashy-dashy exciting, although that's okay
too, but mind-blowing heart-skipped-a-
beat exciting. Please.
 2. Try making something that won't last.
Immortality is bullshit.
 3. Create something NEW, a new type of
art, that doesn't have a name...yet.
 4. Do not photograph your friends. Not if
they're cute, naked, surfing, hanging out,
or posing in Balenciaga couture.
5. Stop with the words. Sort of. I mean, if
you're art needs a lot of words (spoken,
printed, whispered) it's better as a book.
So just make a book! Everybody loves
books, especially picture books. Nobody
likes to read standing up.
 6. No more boring videos, please! If it's
longer than 2 minutes—make it damn
exciting (see #1) and install a comfy
bench.
 7. If you're not-boring video is longer
than 7 minutes, you're a filmmaker, in the
broadest sense of the title. So do it right.
Make a feature length project and show it
in a theater with a big screen and a proper
start time and comfy seats.
 8. All artists: Please stop making art about
art. We know about art. It's something we

AARON KRACH, PLEASE, PLEASE,
PLEASE, PLEASE, THANK YOU.

9. List your prices, clearly, publicly. If your
work is for sale then get some balls and
distribute a checklist with dollar amounts.
A price list is nothing to be ashamed of. If
you (or your gallery) are too embarrassed
to publish the prices, then the prices are
probably too high and you should lower
them.
 10. Have a life. Travel, eat, fuck, and fall in
and out of love. A lot. Without all of these
things, without a life, you're work is going
to suck.
- already read, think, and talk about.

I

To _____:

I am writing this letter in strong support of _____'s application for _____. I
have known _____ since _____ was _____.
_____. _____ is currently _____.
_____.

_____ is an outstanding _____, _____, and _____. I
am confident that _____ would _____ but _____. As a
_____ has been _____ in all aspects of _____ and has
consistently been _____. Prior to _____,
_____. If given the opportunity to _____,
would take full advantage of all aspects of the _____ and would be most
_____.

_____ 's work is _____, _____, and _____.
_____ often employs _____, _____ and _____ in a
_____. One piece that _____ was
a _____. Again, the _____ was _____. _____ most recent work is _____
_____. The _____ element to these
_____ is most exciting. _____ work is _____ in _____ but often
uses _____ as an _____ of the work. _____ 's
practice is _____ and _____ has a _____ devotion to _____ work.
_____ would be _____ for
_____ 's work. At _____ on a
_____. _____ would be _____.

I have the utmost confidence that _____ would not only _____ but
_____ would _____. I am
_____ to give _____ my _____ recommendation for
_____. Please do not hesitate to contact me regarding _____.

Sincerely,

BECCA ALBEE, RECOMMENDATION LETTER TEMPLATE IN PROGRESS

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and is organized concurrently with

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Derek Piech

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