CONTRIBUTORS

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THURIDUR ROS SIGURTHORSDOTTIR
HEIDI SPECKER

CENTERFOLD

ADRIAN WILLIAMS TIN MAN

ADRIAN WILLIAMS



kitchen floor, her eyes grew tight against the light

as she spoke to that little black hat. "What have

"Sweet Jesus, what... have I

I done," she said.

And as she stood there, the sun glowing

own net on the sharp dented edge of that filthy

towards the cart. Her stomach seized at the

sight of that little black hat caught in it's very

The door locked itself and she turned

over the ridge with the days first rays of warmth,

the lawn steaming dew like a hot rag on the

JULIA DAULT

is well in evidence - and your humor You left the questions out. Is a small duck big? Excellent. Don't let your writing get too small, though.

Great revision, great overall job.
A good analysis is ok!
This is funny and well-written. Do finish it. Your imagination This is terrific stuff

Funny + original - loved the details that made the writing vivid as well as humorous. Good details

Much better Your final paragraphs were particularly well Very good! - super, in fact!

Keep your writing just as beautiful as you used to make it!

was responsible for maintenance? Amos woulc

yellowed soles, though hers were older. Who

concrete path as cracked and hard as her own

The widow was ambling, her feet on the

upturned flurry of thoughts, that there were two

ways about it. She wallowed in the faith that

stones full of laser cut poetry that found its way

threatened to take that feeling away. Triumph

fast, not a thought to that other pedal which

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

cock-eyed squirrel whose interest in a muddied

acorn deafened her complaint. "This is gonna

take a while," she sighed, remembering the

"Who is gonna clean this up?" Sarah asked a

Always talking to her, remembering, declaring,

to the mouths of loved ones in her dreams.

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.

TIME' in formal script that nearly disguised the

Sarah looked at the

deterrent as a welcome.

below 'NO STOPPING OR PARKING AT ANY

sent the brief case flying like a ropewalkers pole

Amos would have fixed it. He was no slouch.

hairs and lumps that stole her equilibrium and

have done something about all those jagged

forbidden entrance no less-and fling a shovelful

of dirt across the concrete?

in the middle of the night? Who, would be so

insensitive as to stop, or park-in the strictly

shit. Who went around transplanting flowers

cemetery yesterday, where she'd planned to start this morning. Now, that plan was all to

whiskbroom she left on the west side of the

itself and nearly scorched her finger. Disgusted

she flicked the match into the soil.

She lit a cigarette; the paper match folded on

There rose

Great your new improved version tells a lot!! Great opening - a real sense of mood Outstanding, concise + thoughtful You did it - well

Very good writing and thinking Excellent party atmosphere -- or Very good please practice lent go for it elegant prose

damn apron pocket and she looked down, while her fingers jimmied the stubborn seam, left hand

more, just till she got to the shack and loaded

the broom. The cigarettes were stuck in that

down a long stretch of it before leaping into the

brush out of sight.

nothing. The squirrel flit up the stone wall, ther

a thread of smoke that snaked and curled into

Oaks from the cemetery and the street mingled

above the wall meant to divide them, building

cool broadleaved tunnel through which the

permission she granted herself to smoke one

The golf cart whirred. Sarah coasting on the

the tool and sway as the cart grew smaller and

She couldn't

as the shovel swept past and tore the hat from

There it dangled from

her head, pins and all.

steady on the wheel. The widow never saw it

coming and felt only the suck and pull of hair

breath, collecting the strength to finish the walk

chase it, didn't have time, and took a deep

smaller at an inconceivable rate.

Yay! You did your best again Very fine work Boy do you have a great imagination Good intro

lace skirt in steps that seemed more like spasms

as she quavered below the flurry of netting that

of the briefcase she always carried, handcuffed

were pinched tight and high under the weight

bedecked her little black cap. Her shoulders

to her left wrist. It rattled like a bracelet as she

widow walked. Her bird legs thrust from a black

grass, which she knew-and had been told many

gate beside a mess of dirt-with a look of misery

that woman couldn't possibly possess-while

watched the widow totter past and having

there were stones to be polished. Sarah

head to the cleaning woman who stood by the

She didn't waste any energy lifting her

that shot gravel across the path towards the

Sarah pulled up to the shack with a swerve

times-tangled and destroyed the mowers. The

month trying to replace the blades on the rider-

maintenance guy nearly cut his hand off last

fact that carried no weight, when no one was

The room was quiet, the chair

near the window.

inviting and Sarah had to fight the urge to light

up again. Whiskbroom.

in long dark shadows against a hue that offered

no warmth. Thanks to the delinquents who

through pre-dawn light prowling the cemetery

BRION NUDA ROSCH, CLARK GRISWOLD REFERENCES MONUMENT

wires with a prayer. Her fingers still cold from

Sarah started the golf cart by touching the

the damp, it crept across the lawn's expanse

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

it was, standing, whisk up, beside a remarkably

dustless rocking chair in a box-cleared nook

Whiskbroom, whiskbroom, whiskbroom, there

no trouble but a salutatory squeak getting in.

blue one that everyone had. The door gave her

The shack was serviced by a main key, a little

greeted, took a long hard drag on her cigarette

"Crack 'a fuckin'

She said.

"Crack 'a dawn."

And we were here.

thick it took three gravediggers four hours to pull

to plug in the cart last night. Even if they hadn't

the thing out. At least somebody remembered

beaten from the rock filled trenches the diggers

shovels that now rattled behind her, lame and

unloaded and properly stored the army of

approached the west side maintenance shack

Clearing the peak of the hill, pedal to the floor,

release, she coasted downhill smooth and

Sarah felt a pleasant sense of purpose as she

The air was clear, the sun low but bright and

filled with death.

A thing of glory for a million future generations to see. Built to stand the test of time and the elements. .at one of man's most curious creations.

Take a last look, kids...



THIS IS WHAT STAR STEVE FLORA AND MINNIE SAW ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON AFTER THE KIDS' SWIMMING LESSON

THIRTY	Y-SEVEN 16" S	STATUES FROM THE TOMB OF JOHN	THE FEARLESS AND HIS WIFE MAR	GARET OF BA	AVARIA
		IN THE ROOM WHERE THEY	HAVE THE CHRISTMAS TREE		
		CRAZY GUARI	O - NO PHOTOS		
PEOPLE	BRIGHT	42A CHOIRBOY HOLDING A	42B CHOIRBOY (HANDS	BRIGHT	PEOPLE
THAT	SPOT	CANDLESTICK	BROKEN)	SPOT	THAT
LOOK	LIGHTS	43 DEACON HOLDING A CROSS	44 DEACON WITH HANDS	LIGHTS	LOOK
LIKE	COLUMN	(CROSS BROKEN)	JOINED	COLUMN	LIKE
OLDER	BRIGHT	45 BISHOP	46 CANTOR HOLDING A CLOSED	BRIGHT	OLDER
ARTISTS	WHITE	47 CANTOR HOLDING UP HIS	BOOK	WHITE	ARTISTS
ACT		NEIGHBOR'S BOOK	48 CANTOR HOLDING AN OPEN		ACT
		49 CARTHUSIAN MONK	BOOK IN BOTH HANDS		
		HOLDING A BOOK	50 CARTHUSIAN MONK		
		51 MOURNER WITH COWL	READING		
		PULLED DOWN, HOLING A BOOK	52 MOURNER WITH COWL		
		IN HIS RIGHT HAND AND WITH	PULLED DOWN, WIPING HIS		
		HIS LEFT HAND WIPING HIS	TEARS ON HIS CLOAK WITH HIS		
		TEARS ON HIS CLOAK	RIGHT HAND, LEFT HAND ON		
		53 MOURNER WITH COWL	HIS CHEST		
		PULLED DOWN HANDS JOINED	54 MOURNER WITH COWL		

PULLED DOWN, HANDS JOINED 54 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, READING A AT WAIST LEVEL 55 MOURNER WITH HEAD BOOK UNCOVERED, WIPING HIS TEARS 56 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, HANDS IN HIS

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

72 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, HOLDING A 74 MOURNER WITH COWL AND

CINCTURE, POUCH AT RIGHT 76 MOURNER WITH COWL PULLED DOWN, RIGHT HAND HOLDING ROSÁRY BEADS LIFTING PART OF HIS CLOAK TO 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

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

ROSARY

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

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 nujncký(jncky), (nujncky)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 cherishable memories weights with weight shifty with and without neutral anber duper energy and not paying attention

> > what are natural causes

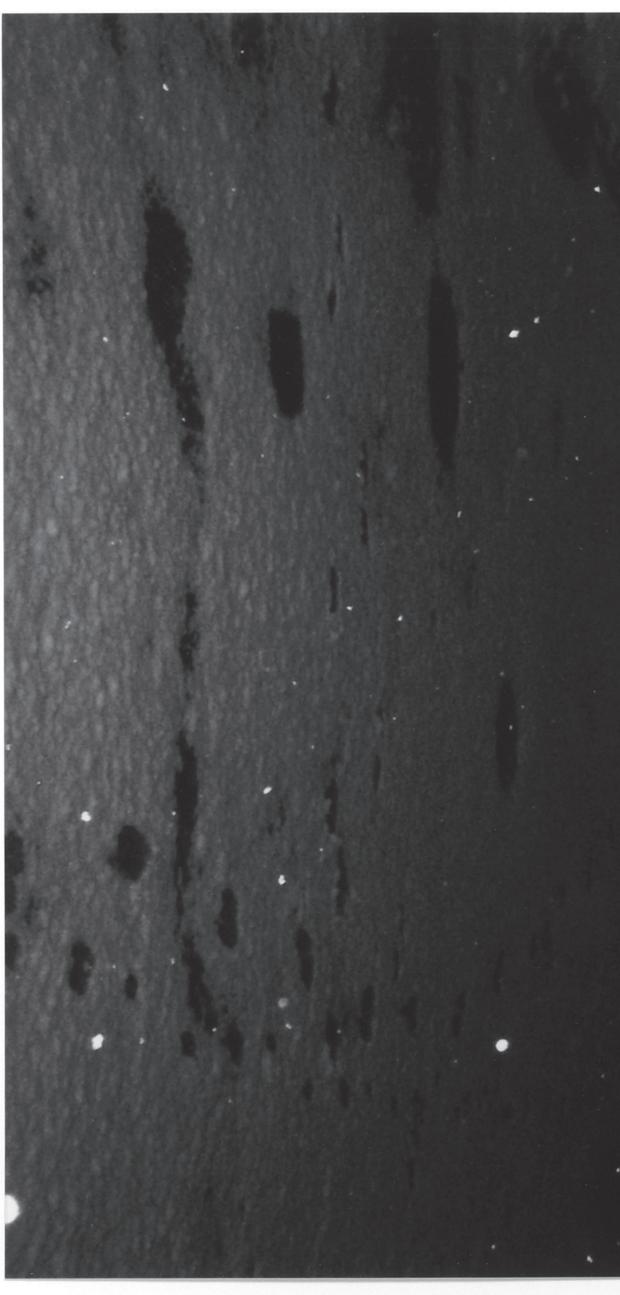
please don't sue me or my mother for singing this to me good morning sunshine my only sunshine you make me happy when skies are blue yes and no to brown and white additives and diarrhea and constipation organic salads, shoeless people in long busses with offerings of wheat grass pain and clarity/ negative rituals things you know and take for granted suthority, learned behaviors, television, books on ancient civilizations

sugar, water lilies, asthma, ghosts

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



clown Heid string cheese, 400+ Daman e pushed know mater what roole d be up at dawn sp · ~ % % Sa Ke said back めどれてみ れっ いり 90 ting wood like down



the state of the shift and hard to walk. He shuffling he felt his coat grow stiff. Dorate Dorothy, oil! He laughed, imagining his



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

The only toes left with any nail polish on them were the big toes—just tiny grey chips in a vast expanse of nail. With my feet resting against the bathtub's far wall, these two islands of grey were all my current position had to offer by way of view.

Grey is my default color: the color not so much of indecision, as no decision. I can't explain coloring a nail to myself in the same way I can coloring other parts of my body. Something like lipstick, presuming it is of the rose-y variety, can operate under the sort of soft logic once applied to modernist painting. "Don't mind me," I think of my lipstick saying, "I am just drawing attention to the fact that lips are reddish, thereby operating with the same satisfying redundancy that once led painting to imagine for itself a system of value whose revelatory moment was found in reminding the viewer that the picture plane was, indeed, a picture plane." How can I justify painting my nails red with this as a model?

I mostly avoid this quandary altogether by not painting my nails. The exception that met my gaze at the end of the tub was residue from a wedding several months past, the wedding where I met Paul.

Annoyingly, I have fallen into referring to characters in what I know will be a short story solely as him or her. A lazy habit, one that signals to the reader either not to invest in these characters—whose usefulness is deemed from the beginning to be so shortlived as not to warrant naming—or gives them undo importance, like when everyone in Henry James's *The Birthplace* refers to the absent protagonist as Him, clearly an allusion to Shakespeare meant to associate the deceased writer with god. Or God, if you prefer. My him is not a Him, so let's call him

I met Paul at a wedding. He was a great dancer. Not in a showy-breezy way, but in a constrained, self-contained, mannered sort of way. Walking down the street with him, he stumbled or tripped every few blocks, muttering little, "whoas," and occasionally saying simply, "the sidewalk," with surprise. He never left my house without calling a few minutes later to ask if he could come back and retrieve something he had left behind. When he finally got home, I imagined him there pacing from one room to the next as he tried to remember what it was he was looking for.

My horror at much of what constitutes existence is so great that I instinctively trust only people who seem profoundly ill at ease. Again, clearly it's my model that's flawed.

Though Paul, for all his eccentricities, would never understand my rationale for personal adornment; he was an English teacher with no background in art, thus I steered clear of analogies dependent on art historical generalities in his presence. The only artist he seemed to know before me was my friend who had married his friend. The only exgirlfriend he ever talked about was a rabbitsitter. He mentioned her while making me dinner one night, in a story about his 30th birthday—a cautionary tale just days after my 29th. The central drama in this story centered on going with the rabbit-sitter to a restaurant that had rabbit on the menu, which was the cause of a fight. My first response was dismay—this girl didn't sound anything like me. My second response was delight—I was brooding over what to write for a piece that I had to finish the next day on a hare and Saint Francis of Assisi, and I realized this rabbit story would be perfect.

The next day I rolled over in bed and pressed my forehead into the crook of his elbow. "You have to go home today," I told his elbow.

"Why?" a muffled voice said from above.

"Because I have to write a story about rabbits and faith." He left a couple hours later, calling shortly afterward from outside the subway to say he left his metrocard somewhere. I found it on the kitchen counter, underneath a fivedollar bill

The next day we walked through dark and curvy side streets on the way to the park. "What did you end up writing?" he asked.

I decided to focus on the half about faith, rather than explaining my co-opting of his rabbit story. "Well, I wanted to find a way to express my discomfort with the text I was being asked to respond to, which was pretty overtly religious, so I wrote about how my aversion to such things is so great that I can't even handle religious subtext in fantasy. Like—have you ever read Chronicles of Narnia?"

"No."

"Oh it's terrible. C. S. Lewis, The Lion the Witch, and the Wardrobe. I mean, at first I loved it. But as the books go on they get more and more explicitly Christian—this was a big point of contention between Lewis and Tolkien—and in the last book of the series the whole family dies and the lion Aslan, who has clearly been a stand-in for Jesus the whole time, allows everyone who has been loyal to him join his 'country' and banishes the rest."

"Banishes them where?"

"Hell. I mean, that's what's implied. Aslan turns into a lamb at the end. It made me so mad I literally threw the book across the room"

"And you wrote about this?"

"Yup. That I have a hard time with these narratives not just because I don't believe in god, but also because I identify with the characters whose skepticism is lampooned or vilified. That there is perhaps no character in all of fiction whose plight I feel greater affinity with than Data. The sentient android who wants to be human"

We walk for a moment in silence. "I also wrote about how I hated Miracle on 34th Street, even when I was a kid."

"What is wrong with Miracle on 34th Street?"

"It is a story about a single mom whose life is incomplete without a husband, an old man to tell her how to raise her child, and magic. Totally epitomizes my whole problem with the faith narrative."

"But that isn't a story about god."

"It's a story about authority."

We walked in silence again, this time for longer than a moment.

In the bathtub I let my head sink below the water and give up trying to remember if he had been incredulous when he asked me about Miracle on 34th Street, or just confused. Maybe bored. I feel hot water on my scalp, in my ears, running into my mouth. Paul left New York today; I pull my head above water and stare at my toes. For months I have imagined getting a cotton ball, soaking it with nail polish remover, and using it to return my toes to toe color. But something else is always more pressing. Now I realize that if I remove the grey, it would neatly coincide with Paul's having entered and exited my life. I am briefly elated, but chuck the idea not because of its absurdity, but because of its neatness. Art encourages meaning, but meaning is easy to use like a cheap perfume.

I press the tip of my fingernail as hard as I can right above the cuticle of one big toe and run it up the nail, dividing the grey in two. Deciding against repeating the gesture on my second toe, I splash out of the tub.

COLLEEN ASPER, GREY





The furniture looks like eyes and mouth and nose on the floor.

He is there now 5 hours ahead of me, having dinner on the mouth.

y pertaining to why certain people while others do not. Further, though d something of this nugget of a thought in her head e hashed it out in only a day's time while gallery sitting she is in love with the results. The writer hopes you are h to read the following paragraphs in anticipation of able to take the bare bones of this thousand. framework to certain she is I enough to r certain : for some time s and isn't certair interested enou only as a come to a

Erik Erikson's

Shame & Doubt (Tovs. Guilt (Preschool,

Inferiority (Childhood, 7 to 12 onfusion (Adolescents, 13 to Confusion (Adolescents, vs. Isolation (Young Adults, 20 to Role - 0. ω 4. ω 0. γ. ω

12 years)

35 to

34

(Seniors, 65 years onwards) Stagnation (Middle Adulthood, Ego Integrity vs. Despair . Love: Intimacy v. Care: Generativ . Wisdom: Ego Ir

was a hippie I was a burnout I was a dropout I was out of my head:

twenty years after the writer Greg Ginn, (brother 6--a good twenty and song writer G Black Flag got me through some consideration and stening to them in and around 1996--a band was formed--the band leader and the Raymond Pettibon) being 22 when h

When I was first listening to Black Flag I would have been in Erikson's 5th stage; meaning I was transitioning from childhood to adulthood, and involved in pondering the role I would play in the adult world. I was apt to experience some mixed ideas and feelings about the specific ways in which I would fit into society and I was experimenting with a variety of when he wrote the music.

"Identity Crisis" stage--Erikson coined ty crisis for persons of genius is ur industrial society identity formation us so long to gain the skill's needed for e find ourselves around our twenties Ö stening to Black Flag in my "Identity in and noted that the identity crisis itly prolonged and that in our indusible long because it takes us so lood's tasks. In a nutshell; we find ou was listening to tends to be la adulthood's t

development, which is ble of forming intimate, being have graduated to the next stage of devel mostly a struggle of becoming capable of relationships.

DIM DRAIN, YOU MADE US ALL GHOSIS

you made us all ghosts. When you left

loudest, pounding Christ's table in ecstasy. You can crush His hand in yours and laugh to yr beautiful lime smell. You can crush Jesus to your face Godman. as you push hardest to heaven, trom the pew that holds your head It is a good bet God hears you first

you are angelic and it is not odd. you can turn a smile that breaks bones.

you are a thick animal. sbilling from yr wrong, pressed brow. crooked capillaries run down either palenostril after to your face. your nose is bolted you are all of these. loudman pskel-chestedman เมษายมเลา

Meanman

I CAN TALK MY WAY OUT OF ANY THING

THING THING

EVERY THING EVERY THING SOME

SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME SOME

JENNIFER GRIMYSER, UNTITLED

the band I'm going to go out on a pple are between ages 12 and 25 ck Flag, if they ever learn to love it. the music are apt to be drawn to <it' attitude it holds towards the like it because older people are nost anti-talented style of musical k there may be another way of life if f-perfect for youngsters who don't and see the world of adulthood as ver" bands like Black Flag and t them that young people in 1976 while still appealing to the same

creator was at the inception of the bar limb and suggest that most people are when they first learn to love Black Flag Must young people listening to the must because of the negative, "fuck-it" attrest of the world, and they may like it turned off by the aggressive, almost an play. Black Flag makes you think there you just stop caring and fuck off--perfaget much out of work or school and segment of the school segment of the scho

of

towards Erikson's t appreciate Black d me cross and now middle Still 2010 same oĮ Young people in 2 they still feel the s did. The music gr ç

ing that stage h Black Flag as a ie regardless of today--so I qualify Bla up to the test of time crossed the b is more fun than ac Flag--I do, only I've ideas of good art that holds u Not

of O

ad not first heard uld I have missed o My query today is chiefly this; stage 5 would I like it today or to like it forever?

introduced to the art of the young while we ourselves are young that we cannot accurately judge whether that form of youthful expression is valid. It might go a long way towards explaining nostalgia and statements like "music was better when I was that age" or "cartoons were better when I was younger" or any of the myriad of things older people say when comparing themselves at a younger age to the new younger generation. coined

r people sometimes have a hard ue to the contemporary art of older oncerned with different things, twork created has an inherent this is something to keep in mind hing valu we are cor every er of a and it just might be that or estables we age v As a time graspir individuals. may or may no is defined as

when

JIM DRAIN, NO CENTER

his paws cast rays of sunlight.

sculpture my tastes are more

his elbows to his round hips

theresnone. Jesus Christ. James, your jacket.

a face can be placed here

this moment's nailed to the sky.

feeding the stairway in pajamas

If a path to the carsneeded

pocked with salt wrecking pits to slate

asyen peercans at a dead camplire

thick oaks once tied as saplings

1ar-off chainsawsmotorcross

conjq cyew your thumbs off

The dogs bounce behind

a grey and empty garage

the pines stiff how strange

a driveway crosses a deadfield

Theyrethesmartest breed. They

but eating is best.

not like praying is.

.sı gaiyl

as it closes.

lead in bark

just like that.

a terrible air.

no center

the kennel fence.

thank Godallright.

Buiy ans eqt

Don't tell- there's a fox in the floor boards.

His face is tranquil serving the sacrament,

but prays hardest and soured to the Richard Long

behind the icebox. Father sweats badly, presses

What would I do if there were no shadows I'd die

throwing my face into the snowsnot satisfying

the front door swings like a swanswing over water

chewing on rust, seeking the taste of a frozen meadow

DSOCIAL DEVELOPMENT INNETTE MONNIER, ON ART

THURIDUR ROS SIGURTHORSDOTTIR, BAMBOO BROWN

It is normal here on the 5 hours before place. Computer, poem, and word between.

The floor we painted skin color.



Dear fellow artists,	5. Stop with the words. Sort of. I mean, if you're art needs a lot of words (spoken,	already read, think, and talk about.
Having just returned from The	printed, whispered) it's better as a book.	9. List your prices, clearly, publicly. If your
ArmoryBaselChicagoMiamiWhitney	So just make a book! Everybody loves	work is for sale then get some balls and
BiennialI beg of you:	books, especially picture books. Nobody likes to read standing up.	distribute a checklist with dollar amounts. A pricelist is nothing to be ashamed of. If
 Please create more exciting art. Not flashy-dashy exciting, although that's okay 	6. No more boring videos, please! If it's	you (or your gallery) are too embarrassed to publish the prices, then the prices are
too, but mind-blowing heart-skipped-a- beat exciting. Please.	longer than 2 minutes—make it damn exciting (see #1) and install a comfy	probably too high and you should lower them.
	bench.	

Т

4. Do not photograph your friends. Not if they're cute, naked, surfing, hanging out, or posing in Balenciaga couture.

2. Try making something that won't last. Immortality is bullshit.

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.

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

То	<u>_</u> :			
I am writing this le	tter in strong suppor	t of	's application for	1
have known	since	was is curr		
	·			
	is an outstanding		, and	I
am confident that	would has bee	but		As a
		en ir	n all aspects of	and h
consistently been	 	en Ir Prior to, given the opportunity s of the	/ to	
consistently been would take full adv	I If vantage of all aspects	Prior to, given the opportunity s of the	to and would be mo	st
consistently been would take full adv	I If vantage of all aspects s work is	Prior to, igiven the opportunity s of the	to and would be mo	ost
consistently been would take full adv	I If vantage of all aspects s work is ploys One piece th	Prior to, given the opportunity s of the,,a nat	and would be mo , and and	ost in a
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would take full adv	I If vantage of all aspects s work is bloys One piece th Again, the	Prior to, i given the opportunity s of the,,a,a natwas The	and would be mo	ost in awa cent work is
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BECCA ALBEE, RECOMMENDATION LETTER TEMPLATE IN PROGRESS

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