

CONTRIBUTORS

GINA BEAVERS	I
DISBAND	II
ANNIKA ERIKSSON	III
DAN FULLER	IV
ANDREW GBUR	V
BRYAN GRAF	VI
JULIAN HOEBER	VII
LAURA HUNT	VIII
JIHA MOON	IX
CARRIE POLLACK	X
AMANDA ROSS-HO	XI
CAROLYN SALAS	XII
MICAH STANSELL	XIII
RYAN STEADMAN	XIV

CENTERFOLD

GERDA SCHEEPERS

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# IV

Friday:  
Pull into NY around 11pm and head directly to Kenka on St. Marks Place, and want to take full advantage of their dollar-fifty Kirin drafts, but have an early morning planned with three pairs scheduled for tomorrow. Making all three (the Armory, Independent, Moving Image) will be a feat of endurance, a true test of will. Quick panic attack that none of the art I'll see tomorrow will be as good as this boisterous izakaya – an extravaganza of kitschy posters, eerie life-sized sculptures and blinking pachinko machines.

Saturday:  
Arrive at the Armory Show bright and early thanks to the VIP Pass. This year's pass and subsequent materials (T-shirts and tote bags worn by security and tour guides) were commissions by Liz Magic Lazer and she took her inspiration from the magical beige boardrooms of the market research folks that determine the visual identity of the fair. I wanted to hate it, and thought the acoutretement (with information gleaned from the focus groups) was contrived in that insiders poking fun at themselves kind of way, but the "behind-the-scenes" video of art-world professionals chatting was fascinating.

As a curator with a tendency to gravitate towards video, I am always in search of new media art although that is often a tall order at the Armory. Sad, but true: odds are slim on finding work for my upcoming pirate radio station (possibly broadcasting from a boat docked at island marina, and would sound art, experimental music, and bootlegged audio from Ecuadorian soccer matches).

Alex Baker at the Fleisher-Olman booth, on Pier 92, showed me some wonderfully racy photos by Eugene Von Bruenchenhein of his wife Marie lovingly posed up against various paisley backgrounds -- exotic innocence. Then Alex pointed me towards a collection of fascinating Peter Attie Besharo's visionary landscapes paintings.

Heading outside to go next door (no rickety stairs reminiscent of an Indiana Jones rope bridge between booths this year), my first stop was Jim Campbell at Bryce Wolkowitz, which was reminiscent glow in the dark ceiling stars.

Nick Cave's Blot, 2013, video at Jack Shainman Gallery set a high early bar for favorite video. The 2-channel video showed two symmetrical patterns flowing in unison – the screens were dancing together. The sculptures are rapidly becoming repetitive and have lost my interest, but the mesmerizing video hooked me long enough to watch it a few times through the loop. The video

eliminates his bread & butter – color and texture and strips the figures down to pure abstract movement.

Rachel Lee Hovnanian's Dinner for Two: Wedding Cake, 2013, seemed to attract a crowd all day, but was really not interesting. A couple sits across a formal table and although we can only see their faces on the screens, it is obvious that they each have stronger feelings for their ubiquitous technology than they do each other – love and disconnection.

The Bigame Melgaard and Sverre Bjertne "homage" to Mary Boone is the best thing I've ever seen at a big fair – the avalanche of work would be far too expensive to ship – so, I'll never be able to work with it. This felt more like an exhibition than a booth at a fair. The booth was transformed by purple carpet and wood paneling and is "overseen" by a life size doll with a distinct "Mary Boone" feel (Chanel suit). One drawing showed Boone as a haggard deer-woman (through still dressed smartly) and had: "Mary Boone Crying After Julian Schnabel Left Her Gallery" inscribed on it.

The Gagosian Warhol wallpaper booth had uniformed security guards. HA.

Quick stop into the VIP lounge to look at the overpriced salads and watch video on a screen that was embedded in a Champagne Pommy sign. It feels incredibly roomy this year – I'm told that they expanded to an area that previously housed additional booths – and feels like a casino "VIP" lounge ... only you cannot smoke.

A crowd attracts a crowd – Duke Riley turned his booth into a participatory event by offering free stone rubbed prints to anyone willing to kneel on the floor and do the work themselves. Despite best intentions, I have trampled many of these types of free prints on the subway through the years.

Oh, two guys wearing matching Thom Browne suits holding hands and drinking champagne – is there any way this is not a performance piece?

Which are better: Julia Dault's curved plexi sculptures or her scraped abstract paintings – either way, I'm buying what she is selling – and so were the little kids playing in the sculptures' reflective surfaces.

The impressive Diana Thater installation at David Zwirner was just that: grids of video panels juttred around the booth's corners showing dreamy/grainy violet blossoms swaying in a storm.

Ryan Foerster's abstract photos always appear weathered, but the series in the CLEARING booth were especially haggard, having

been heavily damaged by Hurricane Sandy. The mirrored surfaces were deteriorating in the dirt and natural grime and were hung exactly as they were found after the storm.

The sinister little machines James Capper showed at Hannah Barry Gallery combine everyday functional home improvement power tools crossed with tools of torture from a movie like Hostet; the subject of many bad dreams.

After this tremendous visual overload it is now time to hit the Independent Fair, some Chelsea galleries, and finish off the day with the Moving Image Fair.

The Independent had some work I really enjoyed: Michel Auder's Endless Column, 2011; a Barbara Hammer film; some B. Wurtz floor sculptures... but ... ! jackpot! The best thing I have seen all day.

Audio samples selected from: Recordings Of Unseen Intelligences, 1905-2007; Occult Voices – Paranormal Music. This collection is a 3 CD set, edited by Andreas Fischer & Thomas Knoefel, that brings together audio from ghosts, spirit mediums, séances, poltergeists – contusing, bizarre and perfect for pirate radio.

## DANIEL FULLER WHY WE RUN: A DAY AT THE FAIR

Art history is a traumatic memory. Art history is collective memory. Artists are responsible for analyzing history and rethinking it because only artists can have

a cathartic experience reliving this history, thus only they can transform this history.

The patient holds the historical memory and works through it with the analyst. If successful, the distorted memories can be set free. Trauma can be

transformed into a comprehensible memory that can become a known and accepted part of identity.

The father need not be killed, but the desire to kill must be known by the artist. Artists who cleave too closely to the histories given them will never be fully

best friend. They are exactly what they are expected to be. They are dull and acceptable.

The way art history and personal history are dealt with are parallel examples of how to become analyzed or not. People will be trapped and held hostage by

their unanalyzed memories. This model is a fail safe way to critique contemporary art.

Those who can not truly experience their own unique relationship to history will live a life of received ideas and will create art that is safe, simple, predictable and dull. Some may be beautiful, some may be charming. But they will be empty on the inside and eventually indiscernible from all

others that suffer the same symptoms blindly.

CAROLYN SALAS

Time goes quickly as I am sure you know, or maybe time stands still in the moment of which you left? When I think back, it feels like yesterday, so vivid in my mind. The colors and sounds, I look at pictures but they don't capture the memory I have quite as well. Lives so distant from the one I know now.

I'm still making art; it was only till after, that I got serious. The move to the dessert changed things. There was something so calming about the slow shift of landscape as you drove. I found myself, there in the dessert, I'm sorry it lost you.

My earliest and happiest memory of you was when we were swimming. Now there is something about the weightlessness and muffled sound that brings me back, maybe like the dessert did. It's there in that space I relax. I try to go often. In my own work I've found I bring that in. Weightlessness on the verge of collapse, I like that tension, there is humor and something ridiculous about it.

I have had other dreams where we have met but it's been so long now, I forget what happened. I wish we could meet more often.

Dear G,

I had a dream where you came to me and asked how everyone was. You looked good. It has been awhile, too long. I miss you. You told me to tell M you could be found at "shoot #9".

The shoot in my dream was a white plastic tube, similar to a slide. They were in rows, all of which were numbered. It seemed so simple, of course. Since then I haven't been able to locate you. Was that location only for the afterlife and not dream life? Is there a distinction for you?

What really happened? It's still a mystery. I don't think they know the truth. What is the truth anyways? Am I supposed to be the one to tell them? I'm not sure what to believe. Your headstone is on the way, after all these years. I thought I could make one for you but there are restrictions, so I can't. M sold the house; you should have seen it, falling down practically, the basement; filled with tubes but no matter what, come spring there were always hundreds of daylilies. I think that's what kept her going. I was worried about her being there.

The boys are great, you would be proud.

Time goes quickly as I am sure you know, or maybe time stands still in the moment of which you left? When I think back, it feels like yesterday, so vivid in my mind. The colors and sounds, I look at pictures but they don't capture the memory I have quite as well. Lives so distant from the one I know now.

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# XI

**Monday:**  
First of all turn it inside-out.

**Tuesday:**  
Arrange the two light sources opposite each other and put the subject between them.

**Wednesday:**  
Fires, strikes, scarcity of fuel, war or acts of war, acts of mobs.

**Thursday:**  
Cut two round holes for eyes.

**Friday:**  
Set up a new bank account with a different bank and move your current account.

**Saturday:**  
Measure doorways for crates.

**Sunday:**  
One of you pulling when the other is pushing.

**Monday:**  
Loop the strip into a ring.

AMANDA ROSS-HO  
GONE TOMORROW  
SPRING 2013

JULIAN HOEBER  
YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU

The market will always favor the weak and the well behaved. It is a congratulation to the consumer for being exactly the same way.

# VI

## #SLD SITE LOCATION AND DESCRIPTION

THE ROAD, IN NEW JERSEY. THE SITE IS BOUNDED ON THE SOUTH; ON THE WEST; ON THE EAST (SEE FIGURE 1). ACRES OF RELATIVELY FLAT, VEGETATED LAND. THE SITE IS FENCED ON THREE SIDES (EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH), WITH A LOCKED MAIN ENTRANCE GATE ON

LAND USE IN THE THE SITE IS CLASSIFIED AS LIGHT INDUSTRIAL. IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE SITE INCLUDE WAREHOUSES LIGHT CHEMICAL, ELECTRONICS AND THE SITE IS LOCATED ACROSS THE STREET (SEE FIGURES 1 AND 2).

(AS SHOWN ON FIGURE 2), HOWEVER, THERE ARE THREE DWELLINGS WHICH EXIST

LANDS BORDERING THE MEADOWLANDS, AN AREA OF MARSHES RIVER AND CREEK, ACRES OF MARSHLAND INCLUDING WALDEN SWAMP AND EIGHT-DAY SWAMP. ALTHOUGH THE SITE, THE SITE IS AN UPLAND AREA.

GROUNDWATER IN THE WATER TABLE THE SITE FLOWS INTO ISLAND WATER EAST. ALSO FLOWS TOWARDS GOTHAM AND THE

THE IMMEDIATE ARE NOT KNOWN THE WATER TABLE AND TILL THE BENEATH THE SITE IS POTABLE AS WELL AS INDUSTRIAL

## #SHEA SITE HISTORY AND ENFORCEMENT ACTIVITIES

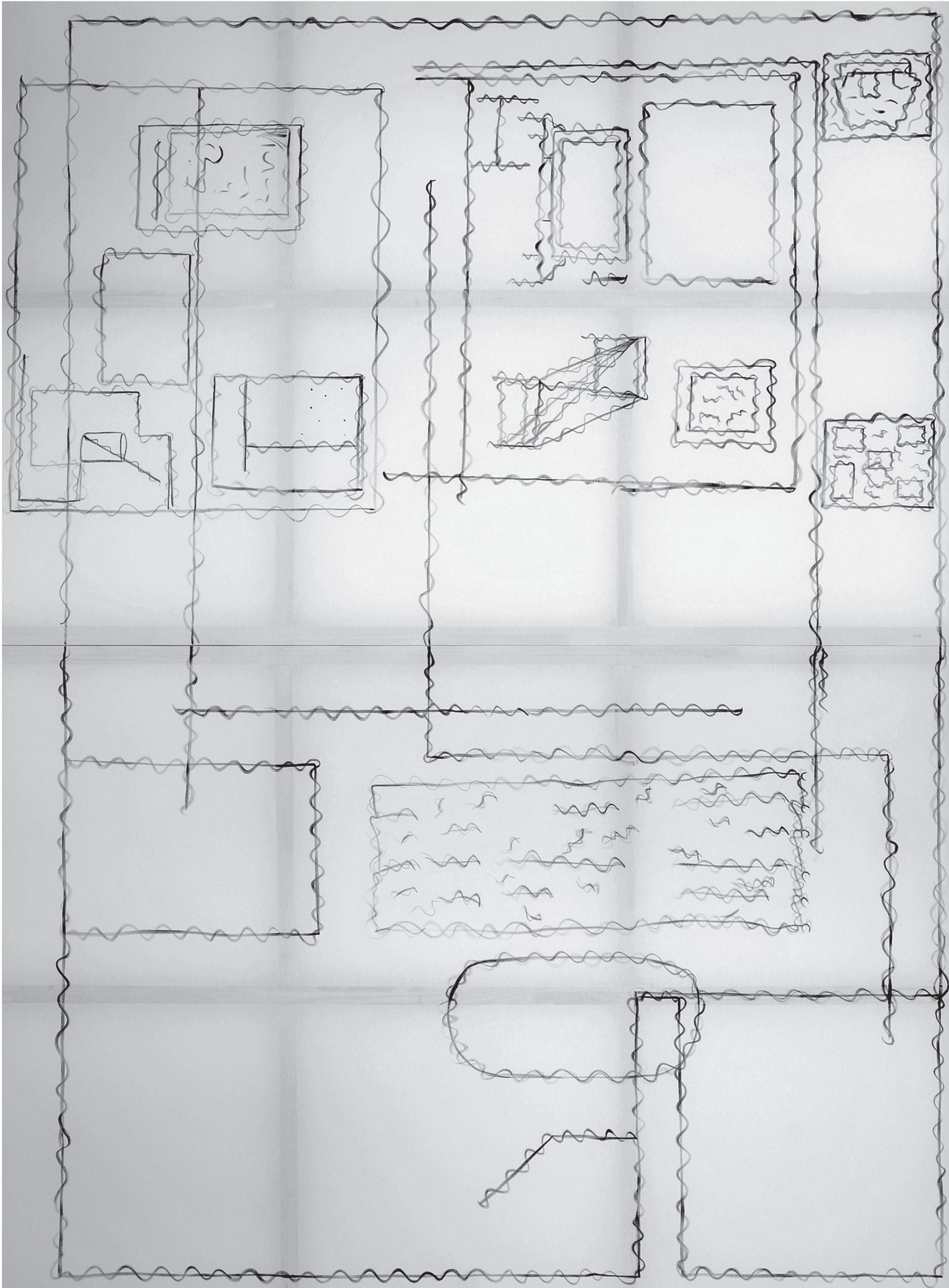
THE SITE, IS OWNED BY , FOR THE HANDLING, TREATMENT AND OF THE 1970S SIMILAR OPERATIONS OCCURRED IN 1980, INDUSTRIAL AND CHEMICAL IN 1983, THE SITE WAS

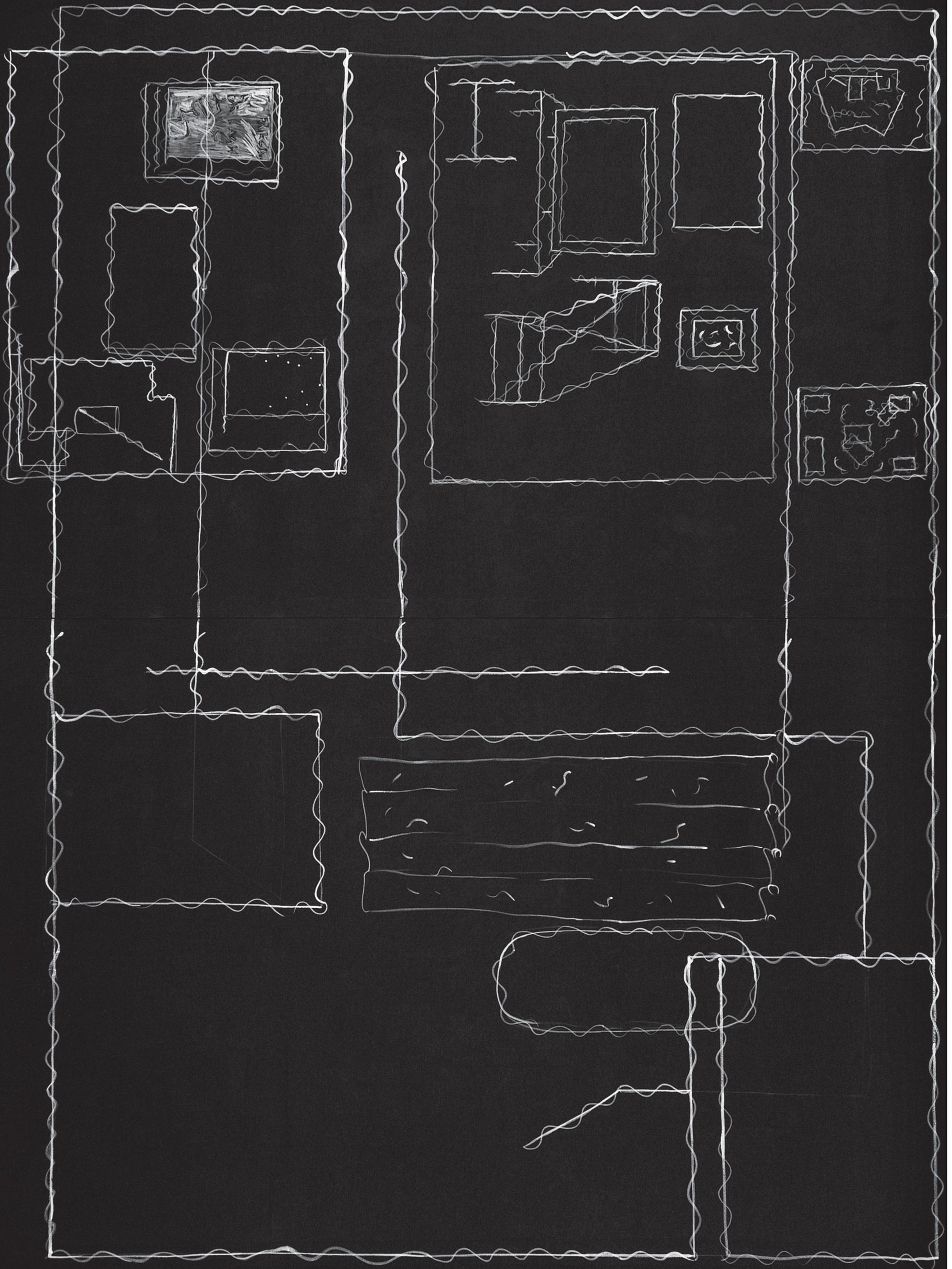
ON OR ABOUT MAY 17, 1985, US , OFFERING THEM THE OPPORTUNITY TO ISSUED LETTERS TO POTENTIALLY A STUDY AT THE SITE. THE PURPOSE WAS THE INVESTIGATION AND NATURE AND , AND TO DEVELOP THAT CONTAMINATION. ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1985, AN ORDER ORDER FAILED ON OCTOBER 23, 1985, AN ORDER TO THE SITE

CONTAMINATED AND COMPLETED WORK REQUIRED BY THE SUMMER OF 1986. SUBSEQUENTLY VIOLATION OF THAT ORDER IN APRIL, 1987. THE RESULTS OF THE WORK CONDUCTED TO DATE ARE DISCUSSED BELOW.

BRYAN GRAF  
WILDLIFE ANALYSIS EPA REPORT







GERDA SCHEEPERS  
INSIDE ARRANGEMENT, INTERNATIONAL.  
2010  
COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND MARY MARY, GLASGOW

POSSIBLE PRESS  
VOL 3 ISSUE 1 JUNE 2013

The stairwell is grey; the door heavy, yet easy to open. In the L-shaped room beyond, order is maintained—everything has its place. The centre of the room is dominated by a long worktable where kitchen assistants prepare the ingredients. One section for fish, one for meat and one for vegetables—you don't mix. To the right there is a counter with high cabinets. To the left are the large gas stoves where the cooks are each responsible for one station. This is never compromised. The floor is grey and slippery and the walls immaculate lines of white tiles. Everything is kept very clean, there is always someone sweeping or tidying up. There is a constant din.

First courses are prepared at the garde manger by the far wall. On the adjacent table, desserts are being whipped together and there is a small pastry oven. Everyone has their specific tasks, work is executed according to a plan where all participants are part of a predefined chain of events. They all wear white clothes, but with different cuts. It is easy to see which occupational categories they belong to. It never bores me to watch the activities. Hierarchies are clear—on top is one of the cooks—she is headstrong and dominant, setting the tone. Sometimes the waitresses come into the kitchen; they disturb my sense of order.

A counter marks the far end of the kitchen where dishes are placed and ready to be served. Beyond lies the spirit check-out where the restaurant manager works; she is responsible for the daily cash and alcohol sales. She receives the orders for drinks and makes sure they are prepared correctly. Opposite her are two large, red swinging doors that lead to the restaurant. I never go there. The waitresses wear black skirts and white jackets with gold emblems. Full plates are carried out and empty ones are carried in, over and over again. A good waitress never leaves the restaurant empty-handed; there is always something to bring back. Behind a screening wall lies the last section of the link. In steaming heat, the bulky dishwasher is always busy. An assistant brings the clean china back to the kitchen where plates are placed in an oven, anticipating the next serving.

As a child I spent a lot of time in this world. It is lodged firmly in my memory—static and comprehensible yet simultaneously changeable and inscrutable. I organize my impressions, a sequence contained by an internal logic, a system. And yet, it's never entirely symmetrical; the ordering machine is always limping at some stage. The categorizing impulse contains its own impossibility—it's towards a methodology, always towards—a process realized in my work.

ANNIKA ERICSSON  
TOWARDS A METHODOLOGY

EVERYTHING IS  
GOING TO BE OK.

# YOU ARE ENOUGH.

CARRIE POLLACK

Gallaspy: Yes, humans are messy, humans are mean and bloody, but they can also make beautiful, exquisite, complex things... I want to make things that contain both that ugliness and that beauty. I had a professor tell me how moving it was to see that, as I got more skilled, my work got "uglier," like being liberated from refinement. But I always want that attempt in there...the attempt at skill, the demonstration of articulation...

Moon: I feel the opposite. Of course, I do want to achieve skill but I see myself hanging on to it too much sometimes. I have to cancel it.

Gallaspy: Wait...opposite of what? I think we are saying the same thing...

Moon: No, you said earlier as you get more skilled your work got uglier.... Interesting. Because opposite result often happens in my work. I am not saying that my work gets more beautiful but I see skill, technique more than image.

So I have to go back and cancel the image that I have created sometimes when that happens.

Gallaspy: Yes... I think that is true for me too. I think both things are true.

Moon: I want the viewers to engage with my image not my skill. There should be some balance between those. For me when I have too much definite style or skill whatever you call it, I try to get out of it. When I don't think about those things too much my work speaks better.

I always tell my students that "Skill" is a tool. Skill is a weapon that you take to a battle, but just because you have bigger weapon doesn't mean that you win the battle.

Gallaspy: Yes... I like that analogy...skill as a weapon. For me it is maybe like language. Just because you know more words doesn't mean you know how to communicate.

Moon: Exactly. ☺

Gallaspy: I am really intrigued by earnestness. By trying hard... I want the trying to be in the work...

Getting more skilled to me means more skilled overall...Clay is a sensitive material... it takes your temperature constantly, it preserves your intention...hesitancy, confidence, humor, etc...the more I worked with clay, the more I could let it speak.

The less I wanted to control it. That opened things up for me. I could let it go at moments and then swoop in and refine it at others. I could show the struggle as well as the success, because, overall, I had more confidence, and that confidence was embedded in the particles of the clay...

Moon: I guess clay is very honest. Well, I am not sure if I would ever feel more confident with clay than I do with paint, but my not knowing so much about clay somehow gives me a certain freedom to deal with material honestly.

I think that's why I make things so blunt and brave with clay. And the ceramic lady caught that.

Gallaspy: Yes! Blunt and brave...I love that...

Moon: So, the other day at the Ceramic studio, some lady across from my table said "I LOVE how you do things and what you make!"

Gallaspy: That's great! Did you ask her more about it?

Moon: And I said "Thank you." But another lady next to her doubtfully asked her "Why?" and the lady said "Well, she just doesn't care and she just does it!" I did not know if that was a compliment or not.

Gallaspy: That's so funny. I got an email from a former student who said that I taught her something very important which was to never care if something was going to fail, to make it anyway, not worry about whether it looks good or bad or survives the firing or not.

I cringed a little at that, but I was also proud.

Moon: But believe it or not I DO care. ☺

Gallaspy: OF COURSE YOU CARE!

It is the caring that makes the freedom meaningful.

Moon: But, I guess I build things differently than ceramicist ladies at the studio.

Gallaspy: It is hard for ceramicists...They are taught to follow rules... "ceramicist ladies" haunt the serious ceramics artist. They fill workshops and slide lectures, they ask questions, they are engaged, but often in the wrong way. They are afraid of ugliness and uncertainty, a lot of them. They want examples they can replicate. They want patterns.

Moon: Good point. Following patterns can be dangerous.

I play a lot in the boundary between "craft" and "Fine Art" these days. I think about the issue a lot because I need to use a certain amount of skillful craftsmanship to make fine art.

Gallaspy: I don't think there is too much of a difference when it comes to good work.

Moon: Yes.

Gallaspy: Ceramics has taught me to see more instinctively, to lessen judgment and to ignore hierarchies when I need to.

Moon: It is all stupid terms and definitions, distinctions that people like to name. That doesn't matter. Painters can make sculptures and sculptors make prints, ceramicists can make drawings. Anything is possible. At the end of the day we are all artists. Good work is good work.

Gallaspy: Skill is important to me. No skill in ceramics and all your work explodes, or fades, but too much and you may not have it fade in just the right way or, like you, use the wrong underglaze and have it burn out to interesting effects...

I look through ceramic history books and I am always amazed at the immediacy of some of the work. The technique is often complicated and foreign...but then the figures themselves can be goofy or crude, the ideas can be immensely strange and immensely personal...

Moon: Yes, technique and skill and even style are important when they support the content of the work. How the formal issues are tightly woven into the concept of the artist. Otherwise, they are pretentious.... not working for me.

But, of course when you are learning and trying new things there will definitely be many mistakes and unexpected results, but that's exciting!

ANDREW GBUR

I can go there and see it. It's your skull too.

# XIV

**Some days** I go into the studio and just look at books for a few hours. I'll browse an old book, like one I have called *The Image Makers* with pictures of movie stars from the 20's through the 60's, or this hippie book series from the 70's I have called *The Family Creative Workshop*. This is how a headshot of Raquel Welch might make its way into a painting.

**Other days** I'll just cover an old painting in yellow, and that will be it. My favorite thing to do is to re-engage with old work. As most painters will tell you, often the worst paintings become the best ones.

**I want to try** a little something new in each painting, or else the process falls flat. I'm terrible at remembering how to do techniques anyway, so it's often likely that I'll never do anything exactly the same. A painting gets worked as much as it needs. Sometimes it gets finished fast, but often it's months and months of repainting.

**Sometimes little bits** of my life sneak into my paintings. An Arizona Iced Tea can that was in my studio, featuring the golfer Jack Nicklaus, got cut up and glued to a painting. A flower sticker that they give kids at Trader Joe's became a decorative element in another painting.

**I work on a bunch** of paintings at a time. I put them away for months at a time, and even then I have no idea of what to do next. Sometimes it takes a certain level of frustration to push a painting in a new direction. I have paintings that are 4 years in progress that have no end in sight. But I guess the good thing is, I never totally give up.

**I'm also a writer**, so sometimes I turn from writing 500 plus words on artists like Molly Smith or Jackie Gendel to making my own work. Sometimes this opens up new portals for me, and sometimes it doesn't affect me at all. I tend to prefer thinking about artwork that (like my own) has one foot in, and one foot out of painting. Artists like Jim Lee, Brian Belott, and Paul Cowan come to mind.

**Paint plays** a supporting (or at least co-starring) role in most of these pictures, next to the found images or the support itself. If I do paint an abstract painting, I often expose the raw canvas, wood or the layers of previous paint underneath.

**I like to react** to history through the aesthetics of literature, but I'm not much of a reader, so I don't use text often. My lens places an importance on artists like Barnett Newman, Alberto Burri, Claus Oldenburg, Agnes Martin, Patrick Caulfield, Joseph Cornell, and others.

**The book format** that I've been focusing on has been a great jumping off point for me. It allows me to make a variety of abstract marks and even add other materials into the mix. I also get to explore the three-dimensional object and the image at the same time.

**I enjoy working small.** Abstraction on that scale is sneaky. Defenses are lowered with small work, giving you the opportunity to really affect people unexpectedly.

RYAN E. STEADMAN

A STRING OF DECISIONS MADE, UNMADE AND AVOIDED

# XIII

POSTMAN:

INT. POST OFFICE ATRIUM - MORNING

A POSTMAN stands in front of a bank of brass-doored post office boxes. He is alone. He is center framed and looks into the camera.

POSTMAN

Some people . . . a lot of people . . . think it's monotonous. But there is a great deal of variety.

CUT TO:

INT. POST OFFICE MAIL SORTING ROOM - MORNING

The room is filled with bins, sorting machines and conveyors. The postman moves from one bin to the next, collects mail and leads it into his bag. He sorts the letters into bundles and binds each bundle with a rubber band.

POSTMAN (V.O.)

The philosophy I've developed is that it's not as much about mail as it is about people.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE HALL OF APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The woman takes a letter from her box and slips it into the book she has tucked under her arm. She moves toward the stairs.

INT. POST OFFICE ATRIUM - MORNING

The postman, center-framed, looks into the camera.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

When somebody sends a letter, they're sending a piece of themselves. Literally . . . there is probably some of their DNA travelling with that envelope. And then I touch it, and it may even have my fingerprint on it when I deliver it.

# LAURA HUNT

He fell into her  
arms and she didn't see  
past her face. Vision  
Will, a surface looking has  
or three  
I know the day I depict  
thought it will be  
or good I ask  
of a body who fills  
the film  
whose eyes have eyes?

Hey flesh  
electric light it is affection  
not engage? We worn a candle  
Put your legs out they've beautiful legs

Thank god we came home when we did  
Thank god  
Who is too on time  
color when  
Orally?  
though you you don't know what you  
satin  
Syring  
He said to have a convo with  
the  
Now  
moving  
No not yet  
comparow  
my little two is born  
February 28

(or know someone else who can't make a single picture yet...?)  
And want to earn \$25 - (thems for not f'ing)

DID YOU  
NEVER  
MADE A  
PHOTO IN  
YOUR LIFE?

A. B. E: or picture a clock  
always already noon  
frank wind, a way in  
so we've been eleven, not even  
down again

I held a man  
It was a rhyme  
Milk shiny hairs and hair  
I think the brain like a bouquet  
Arranges sight  
From one to tangled other  
did a flower to see a painted one  
And tonight the paintings  
Flower  
Red and green  
Directions, they make  
An reference

# II

## Girls' Bill of Rights

Every girl...every girl...every girl has the right to

- DONNA
- ILONA
- DIANE
- MARTHA
- An orgasm
- Health insurance
- Storage space
- Change her mind
- An opinion
- Be too much
- Not to smile
- A Senate seat
- To be wrong
- Pony
- Know if there's GMO
- An abortion
- To be safe
- Not to be burned at the stake
- Not to be maimed
- Not to be sold into slavery
- Not to be raped by a busload of thugs
- Not to be raped by her entire village
- Not to be raped
- Not to be raped by her father
- Not to be stoned to death
- Not to be tricked into prostitution
- Not to be burned by acid
- To fulfill her potential
- Marry a girl
- Marry a herd of ponies
- Marry the one she loves
- Be a CEO
- Any goddamn thing she wants
- A museum retrospective
- Chocolate
- Be President of the United States of America

MICAH STANSELL

## NYC

I been above the clouds  
And I been under the weather  
I been into trouble  
And I been out of luck  
But I never been anywhere...

I been above the law  
And I been under detention  
I been into revolution  
And I been out of small change  
But I never been anywhere...

I been above suspicion  
And I been under observation  
I been into the closet  
And I been out of my mind  
But I never been anywhere...

I been above reproach  
And I been under the illusion  
I been in too far  
And I been out of my way  
But I never been anywhere...  
Like New York City

© Donna Henes, 1979

## Rebel

I've got a disease  
The clinic cannae fix  
We've got a disease  
That naebody kicks  
We caught it last week  
From a radiation leak  
Get rebel

My system's infected  
Plutonium needles injected  
But the doctors are sure  
That they'll find a cure  
For rebel

It's a disease ye cannae see  
It's a disease ye cannae flee  
It's a powerful strain  
We'll all go insane  
The future is bleak  
Intimidation gets ye meek  
Get rebel rebel

Yer resistance is low  
And yer current cannae flow  
Ye cannae twist ye cannae shout  
'Cause yer channel's all burnt out  
Rebel rebel

Lights blink off and on  
Yer connection is gone  
Radiation in the air  
Radiation in yer hair  
Radiation in yer food  
Don't take that abuse  
Don't take no abuse  
Get rebel get rebel get rebel... rebel... rebel...rebel

© Ingrid Sischy and Diane Torr, 1978

## D I S B A N D SONGS

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