representing the four parts of the world, with a space still more sacred than the others that were like an umbilicus, the navel of world. Mixes with dirty fluorescents, casting pale shadows. At the core, a murky, milk fountain bubbling with white suds. Tokyo park-grasping, jerking, tugging, tearing, ripping, stroking, caressing stillness, and darkness. The night covers the source; a sound finds its source, stillness shimmering in imagined wet.

Cinematic pleasure, ice sheet distance, pornographic frame, the mood set by plants, trees, grass, and benches.

The wizard’s hands are always moving. - Emily Dickinson

The interior garden, the corporate garden, a park on a pedestal, a bound space, a cemetery—inside four edges, and the garden. Undergrowth—the deadly nightshade is a beauty of a vine with its cyclamen berries and cobalt leaves. Vines trace fences, trace trees, trace abandoned cars, trace forgotten railways.

The Limit Experience and The Spinning Silver Mattress

How broken does something have to become for it to become another thing?

How small do particles have to be not to disrupt the whole?

have disguised from ourselves the intensity of our own feelings, the sensibility of our own hearts, that plays in the tragic tradition.

Rust, fingernails, stain, hair, moss, mud, wool, dust, dirt, glitter, vapor, ash, gloss, smoke, flake, film, needles, filth, wax, salt, bleach, eyelashes, crumbs, seeds, sticks, sauce, soot, shmutz, thread, pieces, milk, pot, fuzz, fizz, blood, sugar, pot, threads, nuts, shreds, crust, spit, spiders.

Ice Garden

A sheet of moss, cold emulsion, black milk stains. White phantoms into demons. Frozen water is slick and hard and turns to black ice.

inner world conjures the fragility of outer meaning.

BLACK GARDEN

I black garden

Grey: asymmetrical symmetries for a DeBordieu cerulean sky.

Speak, Memory, 1 Nabokov, we often look inside oneself and into the past, holding onto an Original glazed Krispy Kreme chocolate iced donut—playful or irreverent?

Where the Kissing Never Stops

Discriminating attention paid to the periphery.

It’s underbelly inside out. Bold planes of color marry familiar forms.

Not vulgar, nor heroic, just alive and magnetic,

You should see the scented stuff in front of my building, let me know if you know.

I'm at my building, leave it in a dentist’s office.

Maybe I am at my building, let me know if you know.

Where the Kissing Never Stops

Superintendent paid to the periphery. An artist borrows another artist’s online identity and then proceeds to make work “directly inspired” by his (or her) original self.

Using double stick tape I stick an entire magazine together. Then maybe I leave it in a dentist’s office.

We hack into the Louvre’s server & steal the Mona Lisa, jot!

My 22-month-old nephew does a durational, text-based artwork. It looks like this:

While sitting bored in the backseat of a moving vehicle, I rapidly text every “template” message in my MOTOROLA RAZR V3 phone to a friend w/ an iPhone 3G.

As a final performance, John Baldessari burns documentation of his entire life’s work to the requisite number of DVDs.

Turning the lights off and pooping in a darkened bathroom.

All art created while carrying a balance with American Express is considered on loan to the corporation until the debt is repaid.

CHRIS COY

SCENARIOS
KEVIN ZUCKER

STUDY FOR AMALGAMATED SCULPTURE

2010

COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND GREENBERG VAN DOREN / ELEVEN RIVINGTON, NEW YORK
THE FAILURE WE FORGET
WE ARE DOOMED TO REPEAT
ON A SECRET MISSION
IMPOSTORS WILL NOT BE TOLERATED
WHAT WE DO IS SECRET
WE MUST BLEED
I LOVE YOU
I HATE YOU
TWO-HED COIN
COOL IS DEAD
THERE IS NOTHING ON THE OTHER SIDE
SOMEWHERE THERE IS A CHILD CRYING
A BRUTAL DEATH FOR THE RICH IS MUCH NEEDED
I AM A NOMAD
KEEP THE MARCH PEACEFUL
FUCK SHIT Pigs
HATED AND POOR
ALTHOUGH YOUR WORLD WONDERS ME
YOUR PEOPLE DO NOT UNDERSTAND
YOUR BASTARD SON
TOMAS IS INCENSED
I WAS JUST SAYING THAT TO FUCK WITH YOU
THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME
NO IS YOUR ANSWER
SHUT UP AND KILL YOURSELF
MAKES FOR GOOD WEATHERING
THINK ABOUT A FARM WORKER EVERY TIME YOU EAT
THE REBEL SOUND OF SHIT AND FAILURE
RUNNING BACKWARDS, WALKING FORWARD, STANDING STILL
SOMETHING SO MUCH MORE
TOTAL COOL TOTAL POWER
CHANT AND BE HAPPY
DEDICATION MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
YOUR'S TO ENJOY, DESTROY OR GIVE AWAY
I TAKE IT BACK
OVER FOR GOOD
WE PROMISE
SIMON LESS SLEEPS IN MAPPLETHOPES GRAVE
THE SUN THE SUN
VAEGUE MEMORIES OF TRAGEDIES
EMPHASIZED BY MY SPLITTING HEADACHE
SOMETIME BETWEEN
POWELL ST. AND 16TH AND MISSION
IN AND OUT OF A DREAM
ANOTHER NAIL IN THE COFFIN OF AMERICA
ARMAGEDDON IS NOW
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT'S GONNA DESTROY WHAT WE HAVE NOW
I THINK IT'S BEAUTIFUL
I JUST DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS ONE MAN
IF THEY'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BLEED
THEY'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BUTCHER
SHUT OUT OF LUCK
THE END

IV

THE ABLE BODY OF TEXT WAS ASSEMBLED FROM A RANDOM
SELECTION OF "MESSAGES" FOUND IN THE MATRIX OF THE FOLLOWING
RECORDS FROM MY COLLECTION:
COLLAPSE 7", QUICKSAND 7", MONORCHID 7", POISON IDEA-CAREY
CRASH 7", REIGN 7", CITIZENS ARREST 7", HOOVER AND LINCOLN-
SPLIT 7", BORN AGAINST-EULLOY 7", THE HATED 7", BORSCHACH-
NEANDERTHAL-SPLIT 7", ECONOG-CSH-ANOTHER VICTIM 7", KARATE-
THE CROWNHATE RUN-SPLIT 7", SUPERTOUCH 7", EGGHUNT 7", FURY 7,
BORN AGAINST 7", MINOR THREAT IN MY EYES 7", CHAIN OF STRENGTH
2", HSUKER DUL 7", MURDERS AMONG US 7" COMP. BORN AGAINST/
MAN IS THE BASTARD-SPLIT 8", SEPTIC DEATH 10", ZERO TOLERANCE
2", BORN DOWN 7", FOREVER 7", COMP BROTHERWOOD 7", AVAIL 27,
FORCED DOWN 7", JUNCTION 7", AFGHAN WHIGS-SUBPOP 7", THE SUN
LIFE, L CHURCH SACRIFICE 7", L CHURCH SLEEP 7", MISSION IMPOSSIBLE/
LUNCH MEAT-SPLIT 7", USA 7", THE MANACLED 7", WYNONA RIDEES 7,
WORLDS COLLIDE 7", PRESSURE RELEASE 7", BREAKDOWN-DEMOS 7"
Dorothy Calway used to tell me I was a beautiful young man and then Pop would correct her, “handsome” he would say.

MIKE CALWAY-FAGEN
ON SELF AND LOVED ONES