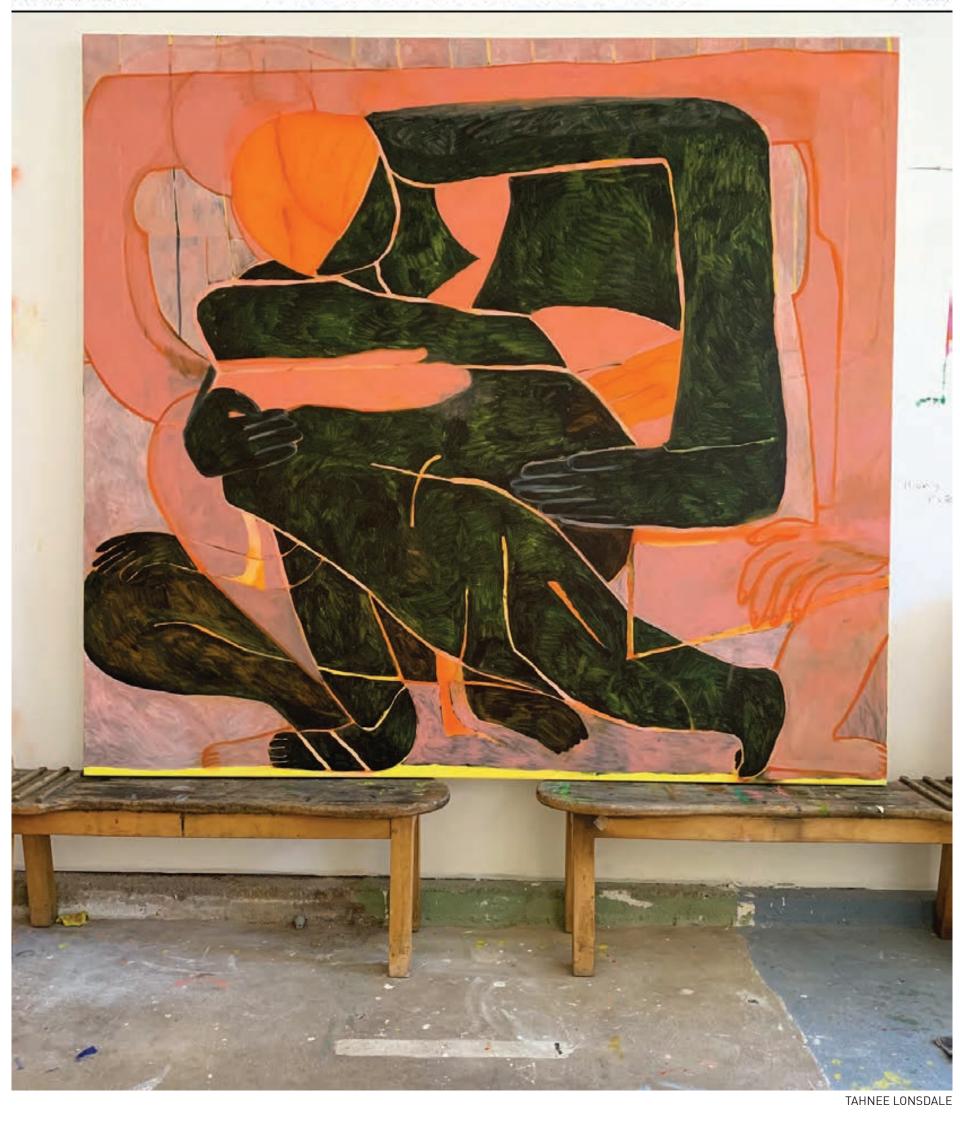
APRIL 2019

ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE

FREE



2 FULL BLEDE YURI BOYKO ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE YURI BOYKO FULL BLEDE 3



THE INTERPENETRATE

Each issue of FULL BLEDE invites artists and writers to respond to a theme. For the eighth issue the broadsheet's contributors explore penetration and permeation between forms, ideas, or states. Results may be a perfect union or may be unsettling, dizzingy, and hard to define. Enjoy this collection of prose, poetry, and visual artworks.

For more information about each of the featured works as well as the contributor's elaboration about it in relation to The Interpenetrate, turn to page 46-47.

Visit fullblede.com for free downloads of past issues. Subscriptions are now also available, via Patreon.

As always, thank you for your continued support and long looks.

INDEX

COVER TAHNEE LONSDALE

2-3 YURI BOYKO + INDEX + SACHA BAUMANN

4-5 DAKOTA NOOT + SHAGHA ARIANNIA

6-7 LINDSEY WARREN + DAISY PATTON

8-9 AKINA COX + MALIHEH ZAFARNEZHAD

10-11 AMANDA MACIEL ANTUNES + JULIA SCHWARTZ

12-13 GABBY ROSENBERG + JUSTIN PAPE **14-15** YASMINE DIAZ + COLOPHON

+ ISAAC WHITLATCH + KRISTI HEAD

16-17 KIM KEI + DENAE HOWARD 18-19 NATASHA DENNERSTEIN + KAYE FREEMAN

+ SIENNA FREEMAN

20-21 JOSHUA WEST SMITH + JOY AMINA GARNETT 22-23 KOTTIE PALOMA + FRANCESCA LALANNE

24-25 AUTUMN ELIZABETH CLARK

26-27 KATHERINA OLSCHBAUR

+ CHARLEY ALEXANDER

28-29 LAURIE NYE + LAUREN DAVIS 30-31 MANNY CASTRO + CAROLIE PARKER

+ ROBERT SOFFIAN

32-33 SYDNEY CROSKERY + JOSHUA MILLER **34-35** JENNIFER SULLIVAN + GLENN GOLDBERG

34-35 JENNIFER SULL **36-37** NELLY ZAGURY

38-39 JODY ZELLEN + SARA MCAULIFFE

+ MAX PRESNEILL

40-41 AMMON ROST + JOSEPH MASOTTA

42-43 YEMISI OYENIYI + KAREN HOCHMAN BROWN + TING YING HAN

44-45 MARK ACETELLI + NURIT AVESAR

+ ELIZABETH LEISTER + DEBORAH BROWN 46-47 CONTRIBUTORS + JOAN WEINZETTLE

BACK COVER MOLLY SEGAL



FROM THE PUBLISHER

In a provocative black and white image created by Manuel Álvarez Bravo, a woman is lying on a darkly striped blanket outside, next to the side of mottled and stained cement wall. Her right knee is raised with her foot crossed against her left thigh. Her ankles, wrists and thighs are wrapped in white bandages, the type a gymnast may use for support, but otherwise she is naked—her pubic hair and breasts are exposed. Her head is slightly propped up under her hand, her eyes are closed, and she is bathed in sunlight. Star cacti rest on the blanket near her, trapping her maybe, although she appears serene.

The photograph is titled <u>The Good Reputation, Sleeping</u> (1938) and was given to me in postcard form years ago. The gift giver said, "It reminds me of Mount Tam," referring to Mount Tamalpais in Marin County in northern California. And from the moment those words escaped his mouth, I could not look at Mt. Tam without thinking of a woman lying naked on her back. And I also will forever see a landscape in Bravo's wonderful

photograph. This was the impetus for Issue Eight: The Interpenetrate.

Although I hesitate to influence the writers and artists too much when they are contemplating the latest issue's theme, I do provide an ideation prompt to get some things percolating. Primarily The Interpenetrate is concerned with blurring boundaries and distinctions, creating an entirely new state of being, form, or idea in which the previously distinct contours meld into singularity. I was personally particularly interested in figure/ground and body/landscape and confusing the nature of perception, as Bravo had done so brilliantly in The Good Reputation, Sleeping.

I was also thinking about sculpture and this wonderful feeling I have had of "activating" an artwork by being in close proximity to it. In my prompt to the contributors I including a quote from Barbra Hepworth recalling her experience of being amongst her own work: "I was the figure in the landscape and every sculpture contained to a greater or lesser degree the ever-changing forms and contours embodying my own response

to a given position in the landscape." Talking through ideas for The Interpenetrate with frequent contributor Molly Segal, she quipped: "The answer may be in the purple football bar of the Venn diagram." I am delighted to share over 50 interpretations of the theme.

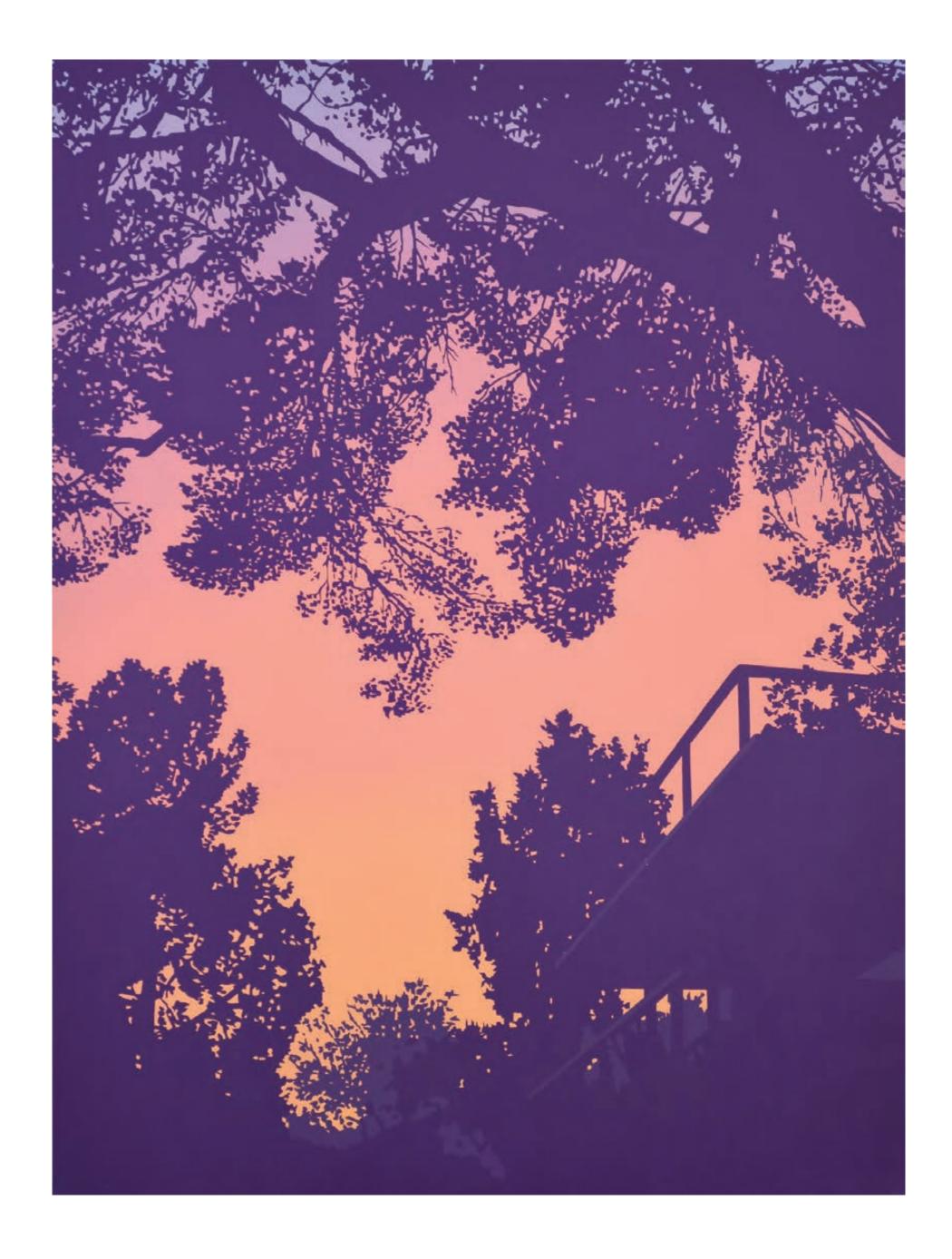
This is the biggest issue of the newspaper to date and as always, I am immensely proud of it and honored to share the work of exceptional writers and artists. FULL BLEDE is truly a passion project. The newspaper is and will always be free, so it may be accessible to as many people as possible. And money is also not a barrier to entry for the contributors—no submission fees are collected. For those who are able to afford it and would like to support the newspaper, FULL BLEDE is now part of Patreon. Support is graciously accepted at any level that is comfortable and at higher levels includes some perks. Patreon also allows for me to now offer the newspaper as a subscription. Visit fullblede.com or patreon.com/fullblede for details. Thank you for your support,

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6 FULL BLEDE LINDSEY WARREN ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE DAISY PATTON FULL BLEDE 7





8 FULL BLEDE AKINA COX ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE MALIHEH ZAFARNEZHAD

What If the Matriarchy Has Been Here All Along?

One summer night in 1999, I was watching television with my grandfather. This was not a usual activity for us- I was visiting from New Jersey, and I only saw him once a year. He lived in Berkeley, in the hills behind the campus. We were always a little awkward around each other, but the television brought us together. He was dealing with heart issues, and I was drawn like a moth to the light of the tv screen. We didn't have a television at home, so I watched whatever I could when I had the chance. When my grandfather wasn't around, I stuck with Charlie's Angels, 90210, Columbo, and Matlock. He preferred the BBC, PBS, and National Geographic. Together, we watched the return of Hong Kong to Chinese rule, and specials on Animal Planet. One night, he turned on a program about an archaeologist who was traveling through Mongolia. She had been studying the Greek legend of the Amazons, and was one of the first people who thought to use modern technology to give the story a second look.

For centuries, male scholars assumed the Amazons were a myth used to scare and titillate Greek audiences. To them, the idea of women warriors was absurd and categorically impossible. Archaeologists excavated ancient burial sites along the Black Sea, Kazakhstan, and the central Asian steppes. They opened the graves, noticed some swords, and assumed that the people buried were men, because only warriors used swords, and only men were warriors. Starting in the nineties, women archaeologists proved to everyone else's surprise that some of the warrior gravesites had female bones. One archaeologist, Dr. Jeannine Davis-Kimball, extracted some DNA from the gravesites, and used it on her quest to find the living descendants of the Amazons.

Amazons originally were from Eastern Europe, and had light hair and green or blue eyes. They were part of the migration through southern Europe, to the Greek islands and western Turkey. Legend suggests they became priestesses of Demeter, known as the Black Mare. Around 1000 BCE, the Amazons rebelled against the patriarchal rule of Greece, but were soundly defeated and placed on boats to be shipped off to face their punishment on the mainland.

The Amazons overthrew their captors, but not knowing how to sail, crashed into the rocky shores of the Black Sea. They captured horses from a tribe nearby, and made their escape. Some nomads tried to fight them off, but when they realized they were fighting women, a few of the opposing warriors proposed marriage instead. The Amazons agreed, on the condition that the nomadic men followed them to a new location, where they would be far from the patriarchal influence of their old tribes.

The Amazons made their way east, past the Caspian Sea, never to be heard from again. The tribes in that area were known to employ women warriors. They mostly wore a kind of legging and tunic getup, which made it easier to ride horseback. This clothing irritated their neighbors, the Greeks and the Chinese, as they were used to the more masculine idea of men in dresses and togas, and thought leggings and pants were embarrassingly girlish.

Dr. Jeannine Davis-Kimball, subject of the National Geographic documentary, followed the legend of the Amazons to one of their possible destinations, the Mongolian steppes. She was able to compare the mitochondrial DNA of an Amazon gravesite circa 500 BCE to a Mongolian girl living in the late 1990's, proving that they were related.

I wish I could say that the National Geographic program made a huge impression on me-that I knew its impact from the start. But instead, I felt

vaguely sullen that we couldn't watch something trashy. I didn't have much time to watch television, just those two precious weeks every summer with my grandparents, and I didn't like wasting it on educational programs.

The next year, I didn't go back to Berkeley. I was at an all-girls summer camp in Philadelphia, attending Moore College of Art and Design for six weeks. It was the first time I was away from my family. Usually I spent most of the summer at church camp. The two weeks spent with my grandparents was followed by a week at camp in the Napa Valley.

Church camps were really awful, but I was used to them. My first memories were at a church camp, being bathed in a sink by a group of older girls who were cooing and gently swaddling me. Most days were filled with endless lectures and group exercises. The Napa Valley camp at least had a horse, and usually I could sneak away to ride.

By going to the Moore College summer program, I was missing out on a lot of church activities. Oddly enough, my parents encouraged me to go. It was full of girls, so they didn't worry too much about me getting into trouble. They had decided that my church mission was to be an artist, that I needed to use my art to proselvtize. So off I went. I was absolutely terrified. I was quiet, and felt so out of place. I was surrounded by girls who didn't know I was being brought up in a cult. I didn't know what to say or how to talk to them. But somehow, they accepted me anyway, inviting me to participate in normal teenage activities like getting coffee and taking magazine quizzes. We drew so much, we sneezed charcoal dust. By the end of camp, I joined the others skinny dipping in a large fountain outside the college, in full view of Philadelphia's city hall.

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Last year, I went to "Radical Women: Latin American Art 1960-1985" at the Hammer Museum. The Hammer Museum is across town from me, and I usually drag my feet driving that far. I ended up going three times, more times than I usually go to the Hammer in a year. I related to every piece in the show. The exaggerated shapes, the handmade pieces, the childlike quality of some of the work. The use of violence in a cartoonish way- of little plastic army men, of using dull scissors to pretend to cut off body parts. The use of the body and fake blood, simple line drawings and shapes. The sarcasm, the quiet humor that made the work funny and biting and serious all at once.

I had struggled through undergrad making similar work, feeling out of place, grappling with perplexing feedback. All through art school, we were shown the same macho art stars from the seventies over and over. Robert Smithson and his buddies. Donald Judd. I liked their work, but it looked nothing like mine. I saw that as a sign that mine was deficient, was lesser than.

Most of the artists from the show "Radical Women" grew up under brutal dictatorships in the 1960's in South and Central America. I don't want to compare my life to theirs. I was raised in a relatively safe part of the world. But I was also raised in a cult. One where I was always expected to follow along, to say the right thing, to be perfect. Any mistakes were signs that I wasn't trustworthy, and that I could become a problem.

I was always aware of being watched, observed, graded. The stakes were high. I didn't understand it completely as a child, but I knew in my bones that if I misbehaved, the consequences could quickly spiral out of control. It affected how I learned to talk- my humor became quiet, almost impercep-

tible to authority figures. Often, I could make my little brother laugh while appearing to follow the rules, even though my parents thought I was being serious.

When I first moved to California to go to art school, I was told by new friends that they could never tell when I was joking or being serious. And when they pointed it out to me, it was hard for me to tell as well. I couldn't pick apart my sentences, and say what was a joke and what wasn't. It was just my way of speaking, of trying to navigate the world.

I made work using children's supplies, using handicrafts, because for me I was interested in how children become indoctrinated, how the veneer of innocence belies serious implications. The paper hats we make for Thanksgiving to show the happy story of the pilgrims and Indians, the simple paper slings we make to slay Goliath. The indoctrination happens under our noses, before we are cognizant, at the same time we are learning how to move our bodies, use our voices.

I didn't realize how much I devalued my own work until I saw "Radical Women." My work wasn't silly and childish. It fit in a trajectory of serious work, of funny and incisive and brilliant work done for decades by smart women. I walked through the show, occasionally giggling with happiness, but also seething that the only artist in the show that had ever been referenced in class was Ana Mendieta, and usually then only because we were talking about Carl Andre.

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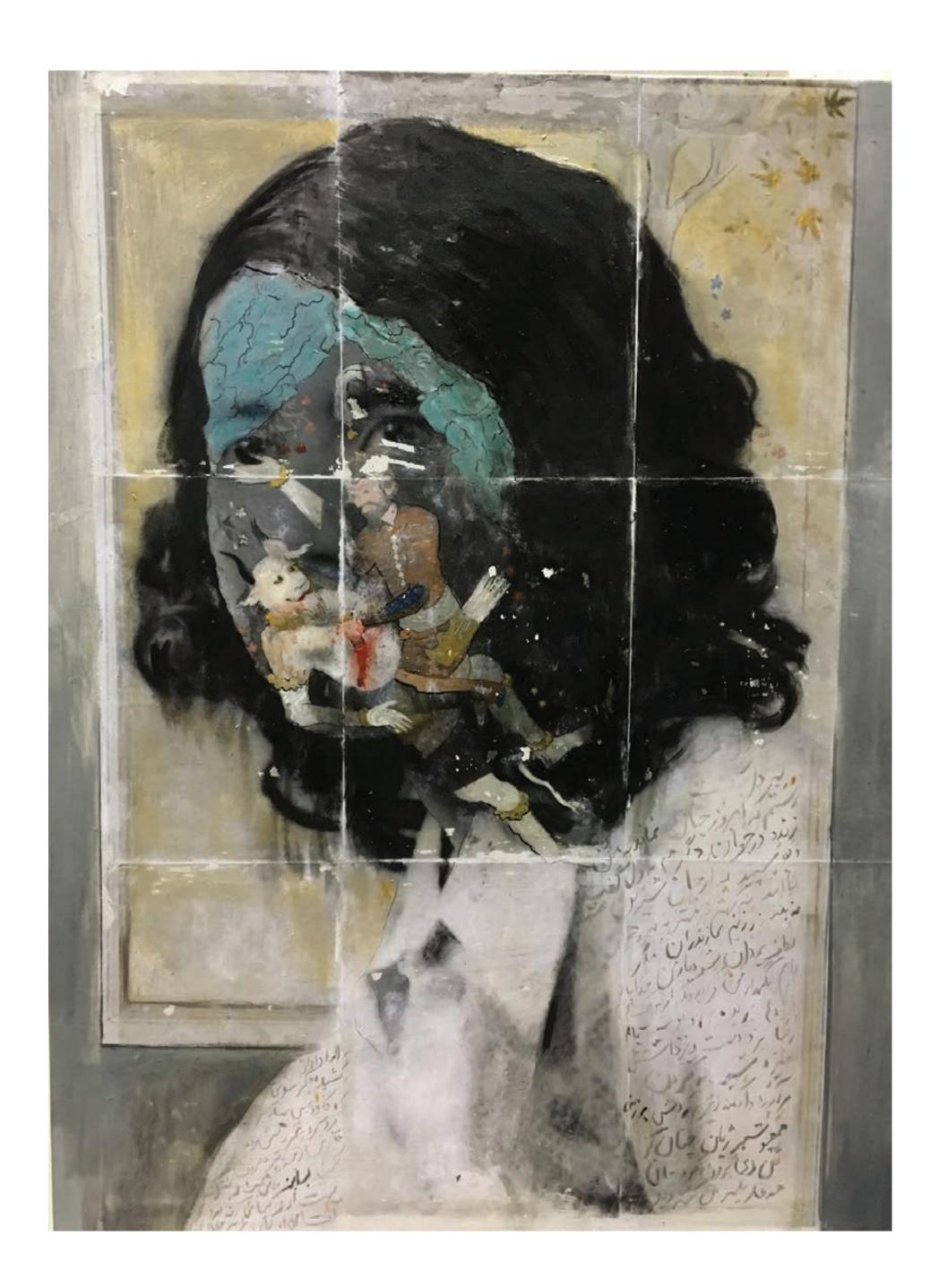
A few months ago, I was thinking about "Radical Women" while leafing through the catalog. I was also thinking about the Amazons, about their attempt to stake out a space in society, and when that didn't work, they fled, escaping to build something new. I was thinking about how their fight is still a dilemma many face today. How hard do we try to fix a society that doesn't see us as full-fledged members? When is it time to fight, and when is it better to escape, to build our own institutions?

I realized that I had been looking at their decision as a binary, to stay or go. But what if there was a third option? What if the Amazons were there all along, and I just didn't see them? What if the matriarchy and other modes of existence haven't dissolved, but permeated, dotting the landscape like embers, ready to be nurtured into a fire?

The Amazons didn't actually disappear. Maybe they even took on a new form of existence. Perhaps their legacy lives on, both through their genes, their clothing, and folklore, but also whenever people come together, from the Underground Railroad, suffragists, women's social clubs, free community breakfasts, and quilting bees.

Patriarchy is often presented as existing since time immemorial- using strong cavemen and their pre-occupied, child-bearing women as examples. But the ingenious part of patriarchy is that it colonized our histories, wiping out our ability to perceive other modes of being around us. By reverse engineering the patriarchy, by dismantling it piece by piece, can we reclaim not just our future, but our present and our past?

I wonder how many histories are out there, barely concealed under the surface. How many threads are waiting to be pulled, to connect us to grand-mothers we never knew? I've been thinking of Demeter's daughter, Persephone, living underground. I wonder who she's met, what stories she knows. I can almost see them, the shades just past my sight.

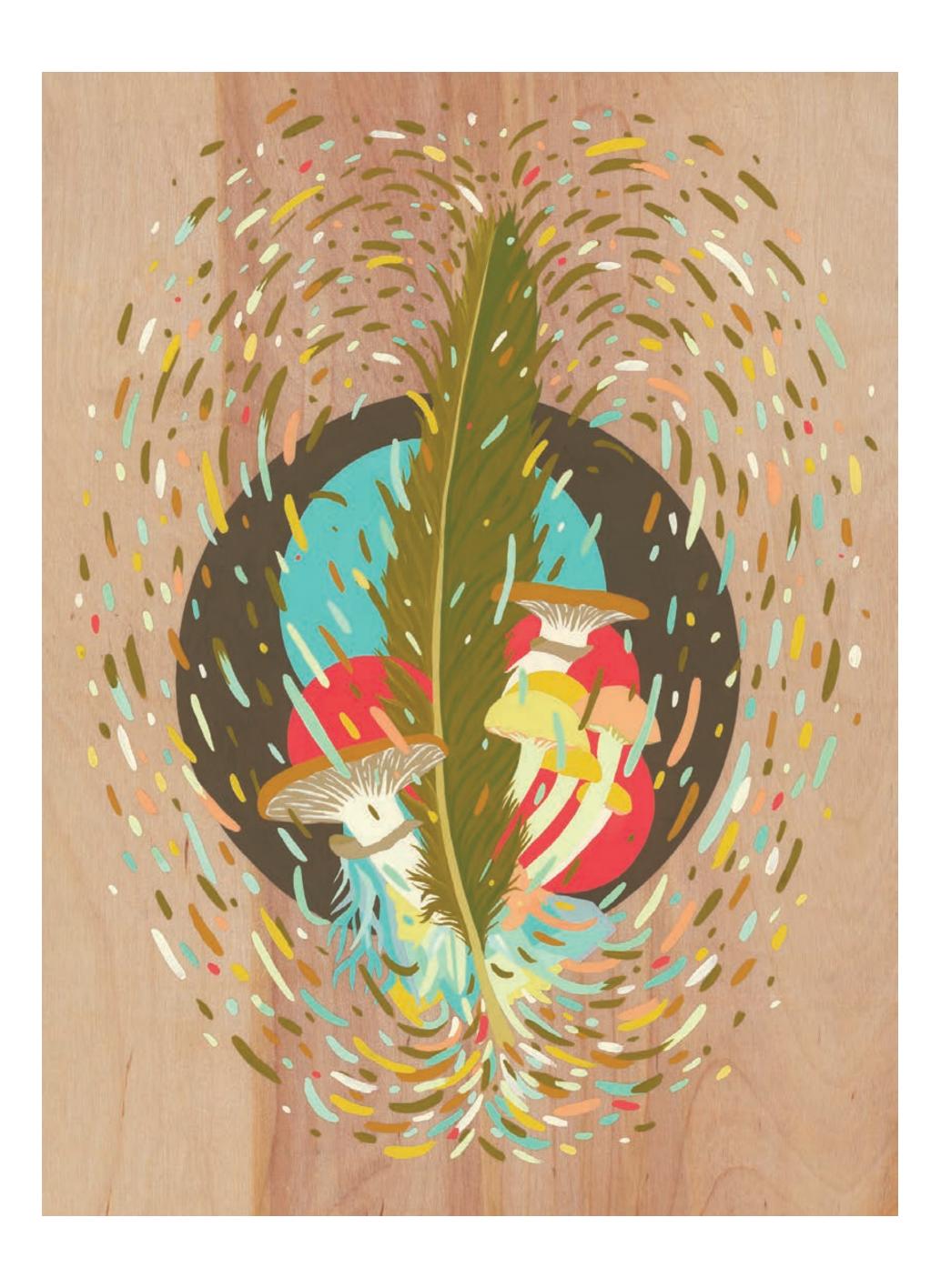


FULL BLEDE 9









14 FULL BLEDE YASMINE DIAZ ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISAC WHITLATCH / KRISTI HEAD FULL BLEDE 13





FULL BLEDE is a free contemporary art and writing broadsheet independently published, designed, edited, and curated by Sacha Baumann. Each issue features collaborators expounding upon a theme and launches in conjunction with an art exhibition reception at a selected Los Angeles gallery.

MASTHEAD

The masthead is a nod to the newspaper terms "full bleed" (edge-to-edge printing) and "lede" (the introductory section of a news story that entices the reader to keep reading). Combined, FULL BLEDE expresses the newspaper's intent to

publish content that is intriguing, unadulterated, and beyond the edge of standardized borders of convention.

TYPOGRAPHY / PRODUCTION

The logo was created using Lush Display and is combined with Din Regular in the masthead. Headlines and subheads use Museo Slab, with Din Regular and Din Alternate Black used for body type. The broadsheet is created using Adobe Creative Cloud: Photoshop, Illustrator, + InDesign

INQUIRIES + FAQ

Visit fullblede.com for more information about the broadsheet and its collaborators and/or email fullblede@gmail.com.

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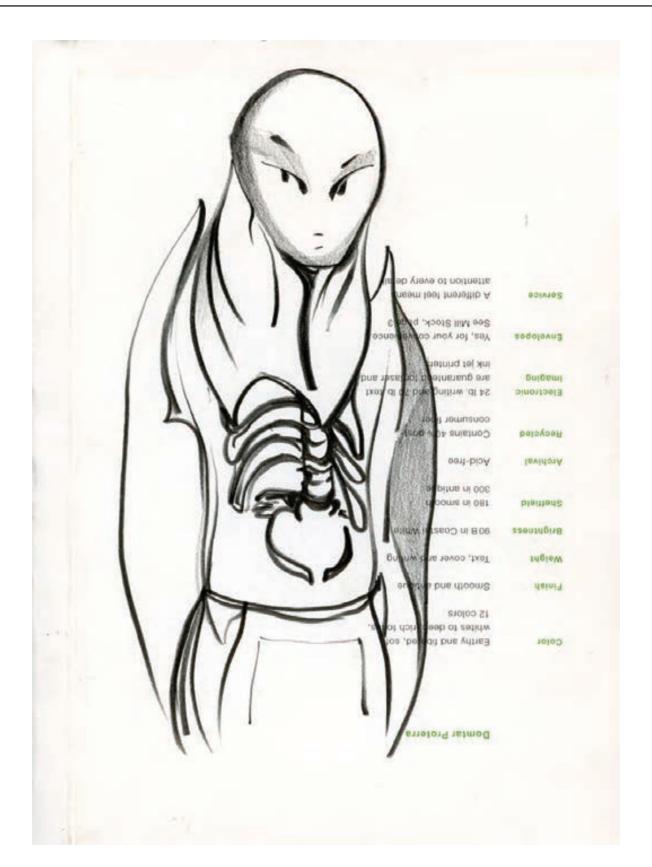
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FULL BLEDE 17











The Smell of Big Money

You leave your hired Honda at the Getty Center carpark, ride the tramcar up, up and up, alight, traverse plains of cool, cream Travertine,

ascend, ascend the flight of low, flat steps, 'till you're standing—antlike—on an Olympian field of huge tiles of Travertine,

breathe in the honeysuckle panoramic breeze, feel awed, small, walk to the balustrade, past the wisteria arbor, look over LA, splayed,

feel the overwhelming urge to plunge over the edge to plummet down to nothingness, but resist, resist, high on that hilltop,

where architectural magnificence, fastidious clipped topiary, marble statuary, jolt you back into Art and all that is good in this world.





20 FULL BLEDE JOSHUA WEST SMITH ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE JOY AMINA GARNETT FULL BLEDE 21





HIVE INSPECTION

The audiotape was in pristine condition. I found it in my aunt's apartment, stuffed inside a drawer under all kinds of things, letters and bobby pins and broken knick-knacks. But the logo on the box caught my eye: two circles, one red and the other black, that suggested a reel-to-reel player. I pulled it out from the clutter. It was a recording of a radio play by my late grandfather. I could feel my heart beat faster as I deciphered the label, which was written in Arabic, a language that continues to test me. The play's title was something like "Songs for a Sacred Bee."

The tape was wound around a clear plastic spool and gave off a shiny chocolate gleam. It held the promise of uncorrupted sound. I thought my grandfather's voice might be on it. I had never met him and had never heard his voice, and the possibility of hearing him read his work made my eyes water. Not tears. I did not harbor feelings for this grandfather I never knew. It was the shock of the uncanny that stirred me, as if I had come upon an ancient tomb in a parking lot, or was poised to make contact with an alien.

I brought the tape to the place that digitizes everything. They said they were working through a backlog and it would take them two weeks to transfer it. I have no patience for waiting, so I fidgeted for two weeks, as if nothing else mattered.

My aunt used to tell us a story about an English lady from the floral club who visited their apiary. Whenever my aunt told this story, a suspicion of glee crept

into her eyes, which made me stop and listen. She described the English lady as aggressive and compared her to different species of bees my grandfather bred. Carniolans are known for their gentle disposition, but other species, like the Punic or Tunisian bees, could be counted on to start a fight. The English lady didn't heed my grandfather's warnings and went straight to the Tunisians. Good thing she wore a veil, because the bees came at her like bullets. They found their point of entry, her uncovered ankles, attached themselves and stung her as she ran for cover, while a rear guard formed a phalanx and flew after her.

I have a promotional photograph of my grandfather at a recording studio somewhere. I wonder if it is the same studio where he recorded the tape I found in my aunt's apartment. He is seated in front of a mic, surrounded by a handful of broadcast technicians and actors. He is chubby and balding in his wide-lapel suit and striped tie. It is one of the rare shots where he smiles for the camera. I like my grandfather smiling more than I like him serious.

It does seem that he preferred to be portrayed as a serious man. In most photos, he stares, unsmiling, into the camera. He gazes into the distance, or maybe it is the future he sees. He only smiles when he is caught off-guard or when he poses with his daughters, the older one who is my aunt, and the younger one, my mother. A photo of the three of them in their garden brings tears to my eyes.

My grandfather smiles for the camera when he is with his bees. He poses by a hive with my grandmother, their fox terrier at their feet. He is in shirtsleeves, or a three-piece suit with a boutonnière and a watch-chain. My grandmother smiles too, as they pose with their beehives. He smiles as he demonstrates his inventions, like the patented removable aluminum honeycomb, or when he brandishes a cigar and performs a hive inspection. I think my grandfather was as happy with his bees as he was with his daughters, and much happier with his bees than he was with most people. I imagine his bees treated him well, that they were kinder to him than people.

The transfer is finally ready to be picked up. The young man behind the counter hands me the tape and a thumb drive with the digital file of the recording, and I feel the blood rush to my face. I walk home with the thumb drive inside my jacket pocket, and rub it like a worry bead.

I boot up my laptop, open the file and hit play. The room fills with orchestral music and a booming male voice that speaks in a classical form of Arabic—alhamdulillah! I can make out a few words here and there. Other voices join and mingle with the music. The program is designed to evoke another time and place. I cannot tell which voice belongs to whom, or if my grandfather's voice is among them.

22FULL BLEDEKOTTIE PALOMAISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATEISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATEFRANCESCA LALANNEFULL BLEDE23

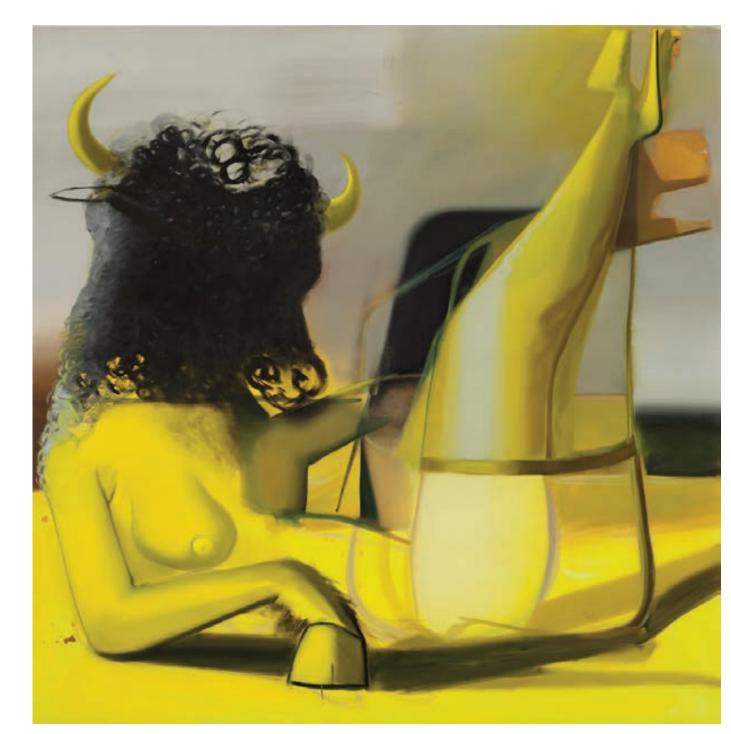




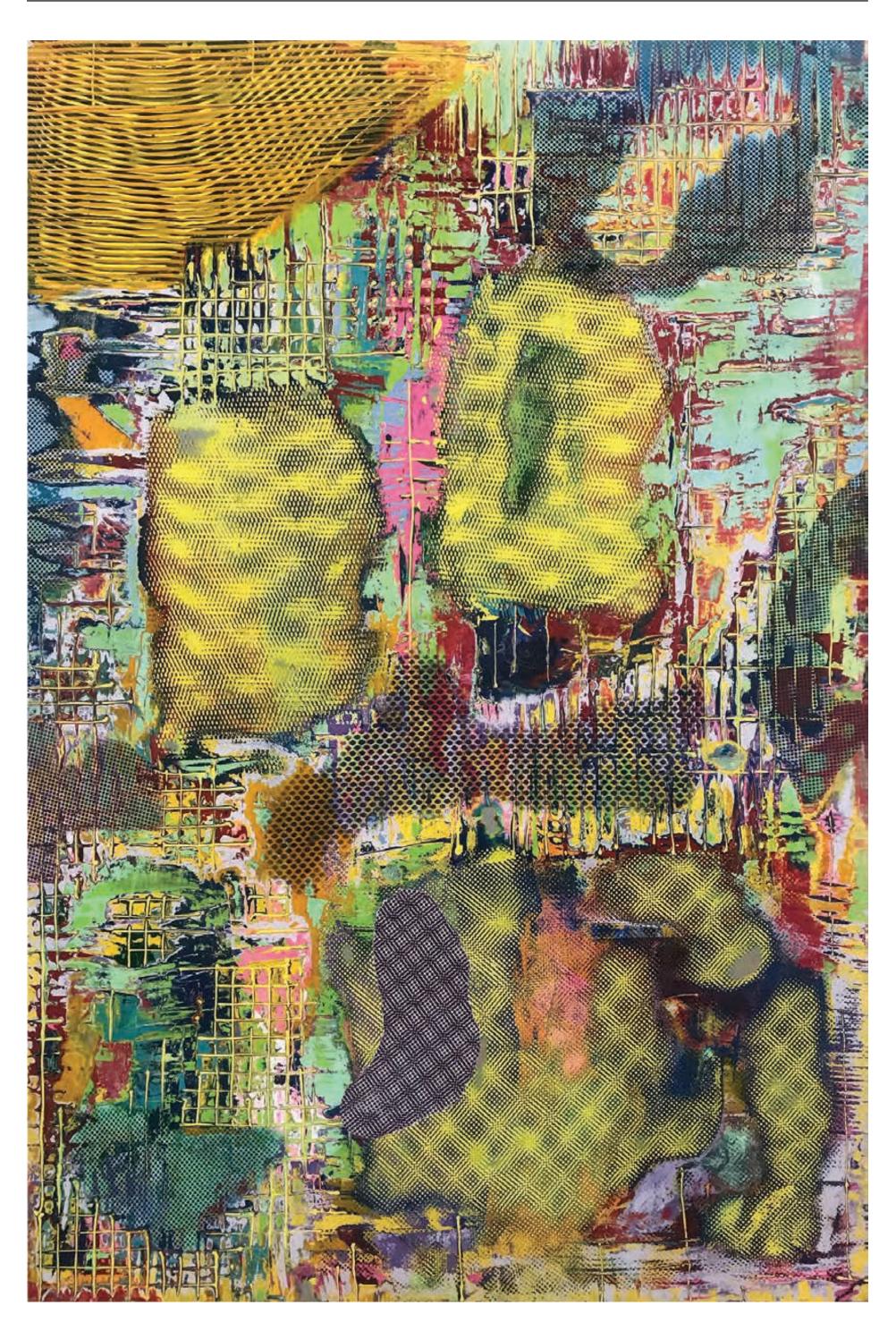
FULL BLEDE AUTUMN ELIZABETH CLARK ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE AUTUMN ELIZABETH CLARK FULL BLEDE 25



26FULL BLEDEKATHERINA OLSCHBAURISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATEISSUE SEVEN: THE CONTINUANTCHARLEY ALEXANDERTULL BLEDE27

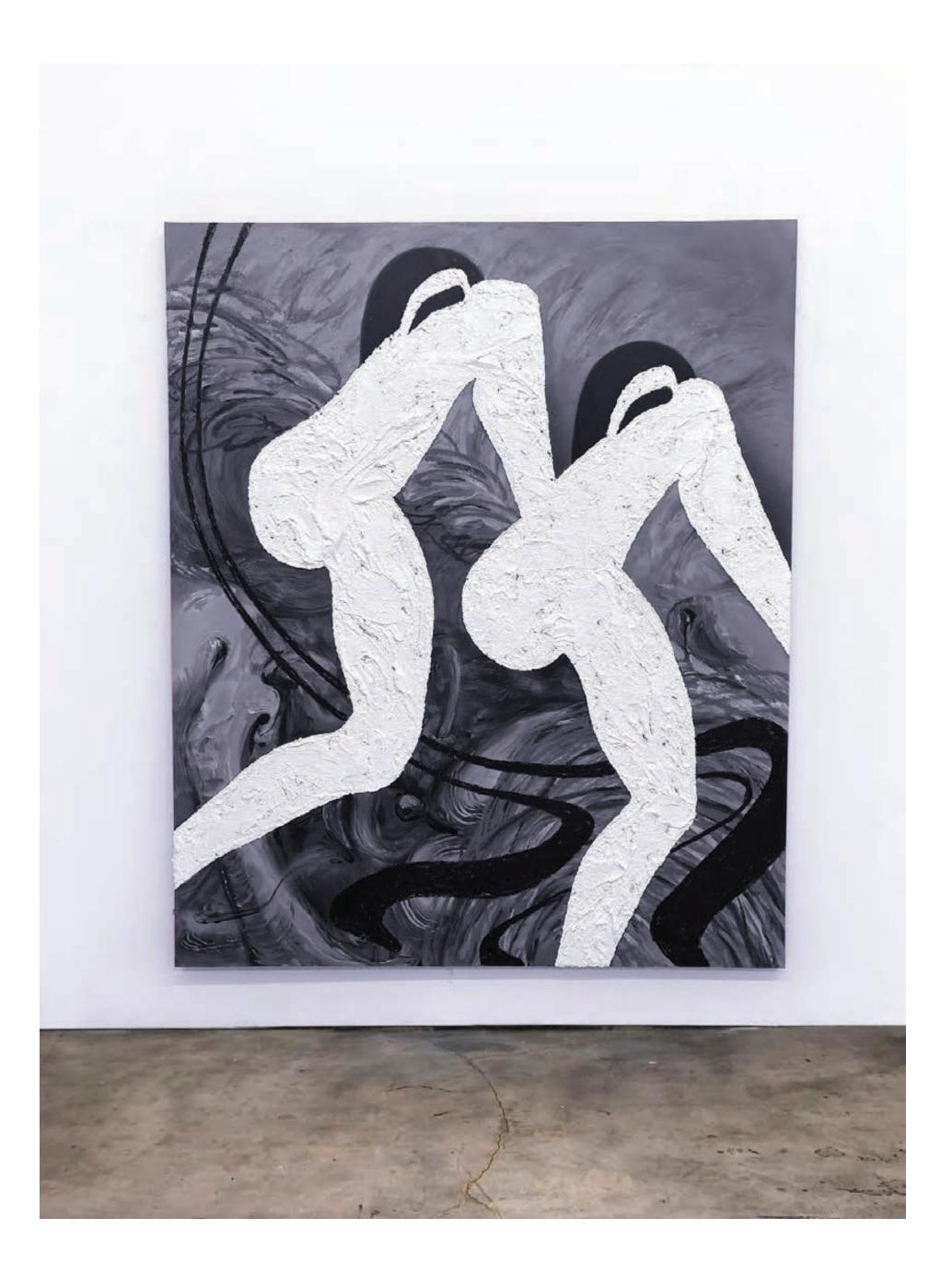






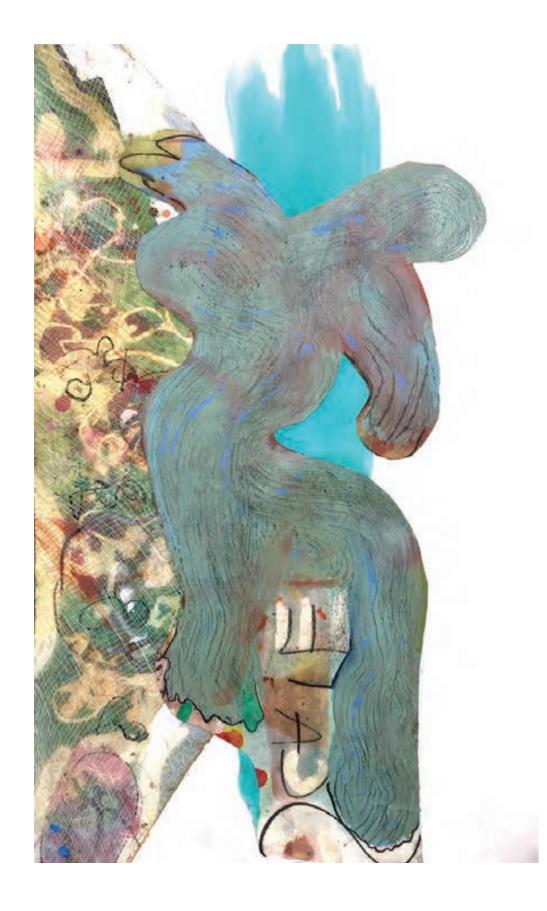




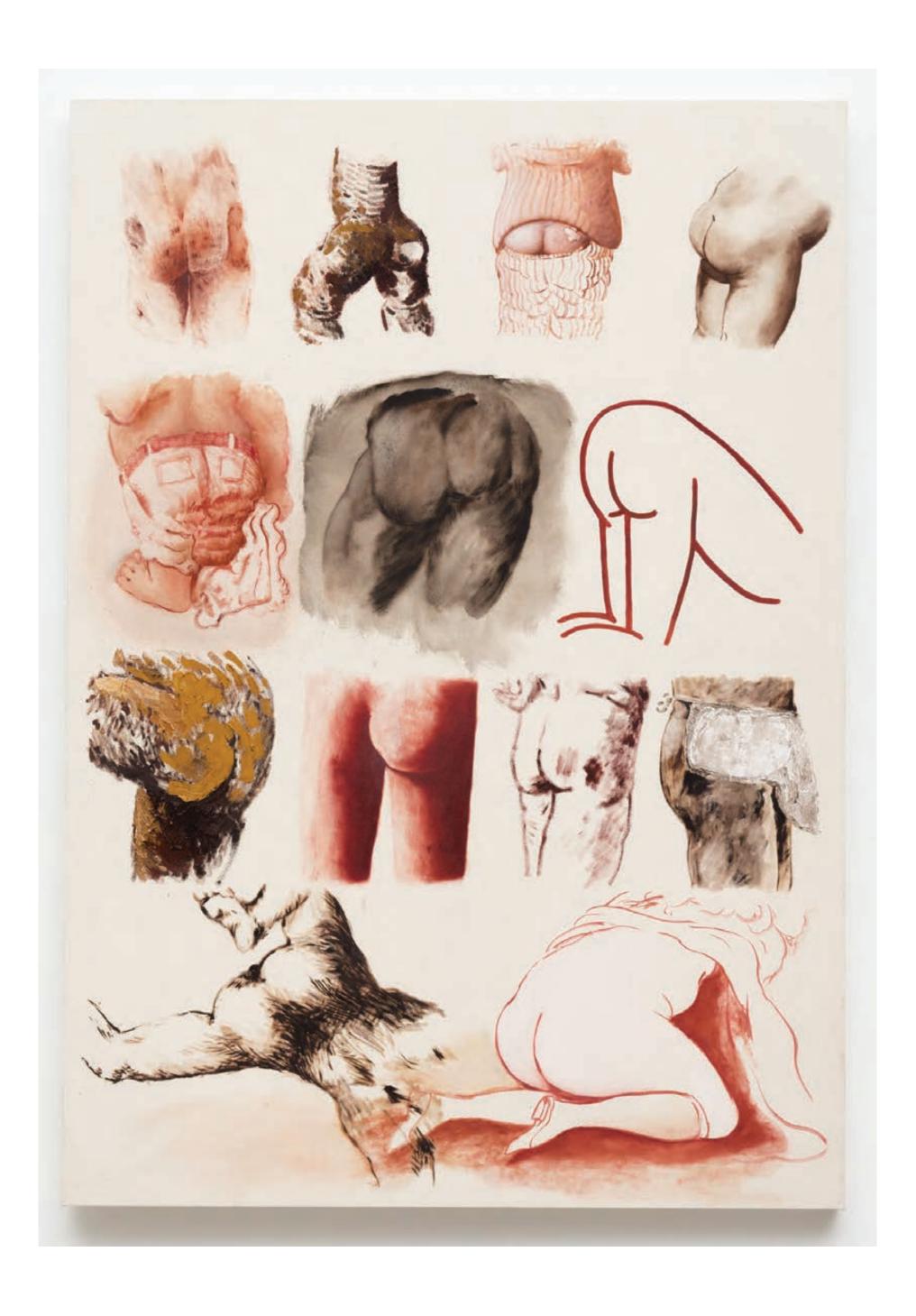


Live Goddess

Ishtar lifts her glorious eyes and says, "come to me, Gilgamesh, and be my bridegroom."
He turns her down. He doesn't want her demons of the storm as draft mules.
She left her husband Dumuzi in Hell, struck Ishallanu and crippled the Abyssinian roller.
Now he sits in the garden all day crying "kappikappi, my wing." One student asks me privately, "Why is this part of our education?"











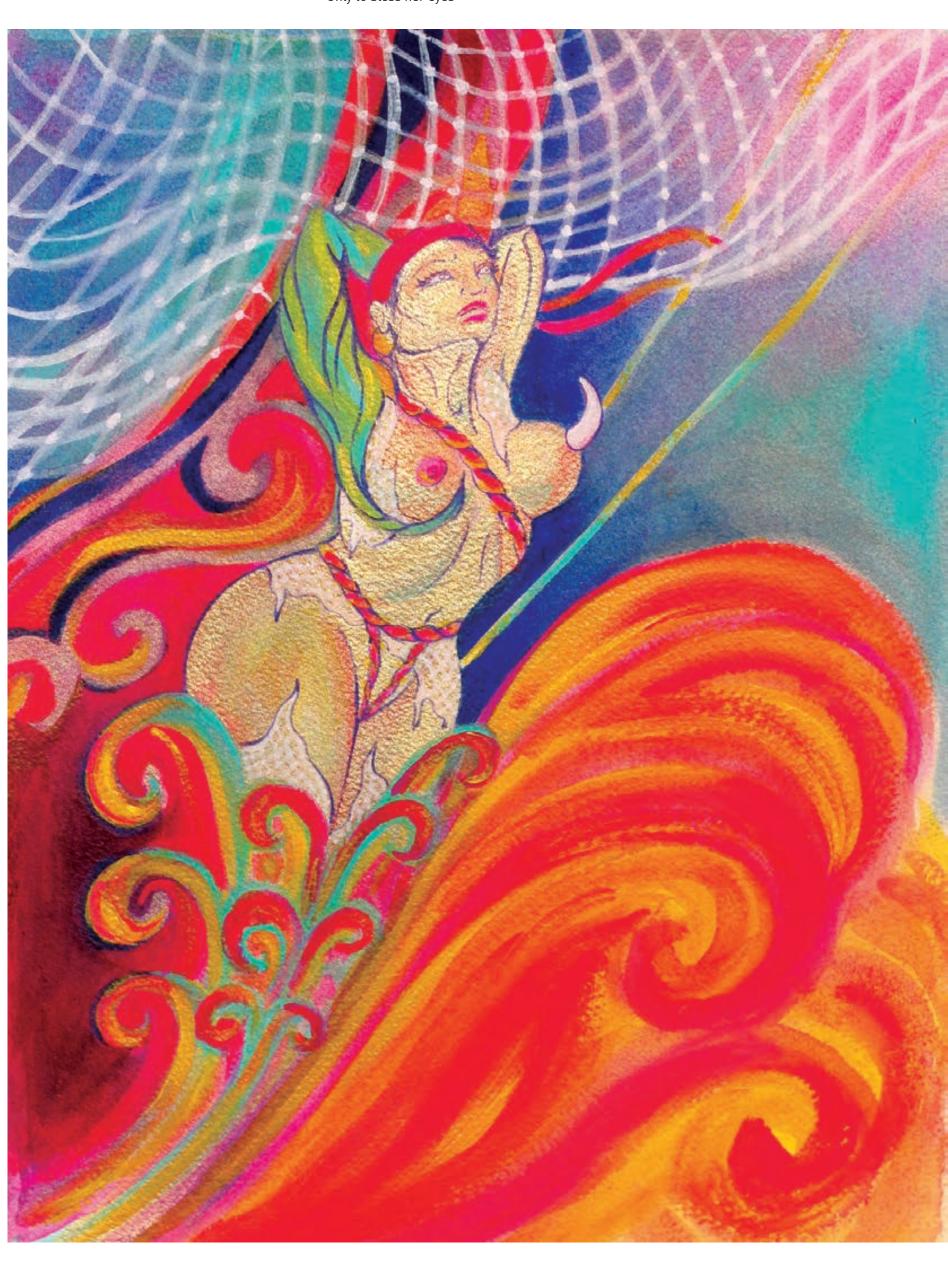
36 FULL BLEDE NELLY ZAGURY ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE SULL BLEDE 37

THE PIRATE WOMAN & THE SIAMESE CAMEL SONGS OF MY FANTASY, ACT II

In the apocalypse waves
The last Woman emerges
Prow of a crumbling ship
Turns turtle on the damned trick
Warrior of an ocean of blood
Heart in cannon against the flood
Survivor of the miscarry's legend
To her erotomania tight and bound
Cursed nipple with hysterical hook
Lands on the sand like a fucking crook

Cheating alligator
Chatting her through the shore
Crock of shit weeping to the core
I am here for the Eldorado Senor
The crew of nasty crabs
That covers her from blizzard
Free fight on her anus
To conquer the Mount of Venus
Aztec turtles in procession
Offer cactus and watermelon
Ready to get circumcised
Only to bless her eyes

All the creatures of this planet Scratch and fall for her racket Coz her cameltoe comes from above Parades of shrimps sing "mazaltov" Paranoid chick from hips to toe Aphrodisiac piranhas on the low Most compelling in her headspace It's all about that little death



Thirsty for that insanity wand Leather boots on burned sand Delusion of distant animal Mirror of watercolor ball Fantasy of a predator duo One monster two solo show The Siamese Camel approaches her breast And blaster with his criminal breath: "We're down to give you milk for free If you deal with that slow & furious journey Chérie Chérie I take care of your bootylicious needs I mean delicious feeds Bro brings corny courtesy Making sure you get butterfly in belly Bully Welcome to the chill Fall limp into the hill Masculine ill Press the hump like a buzzer Boo

By Neptune! What is this Berber bum?
Swaying her mane of sea scum
2 in 1 as a shampoo with libido
This monster will untangle my ego
The nympho mercenary
Sister shipwreck's fantasy
Throws herself like a squid
And plants her dagger for the fluid
Kneeling down to drink the semitic cream
She jumps on that anamorphic dream

Be the boss of the Foo"

Anchor thrown on pathological reverie She sets sail toward tropicality The moon is burying her horoscope As comets clash the pope When blood flows every month Stars do not count Heart parenthesis or g-spot
Drunk beast tips double shot
Alpha male of an illiterate vessel
He gives his head or his tail
To keep her captive the schizophrenic
Like a cosmos map divides the infinite
Ass between two mountains
The pirate streaps with pain
Figurehead becomes swinger
An odyssey of anger
The 3rd eye erotomaniac
Gets blue in the tarmac

This trilogy in 69
Attracts the dark genuine
Fluorescent scorpio
Senses the memento
Faithful messenger under opium
The sign gets down on the podium
Claws for M.I.C
Ether for karaoke
"Mistress or mediterranean mother
Your abysses are under water!
This soap opera is out of track
You never make love with your heart in the black!"

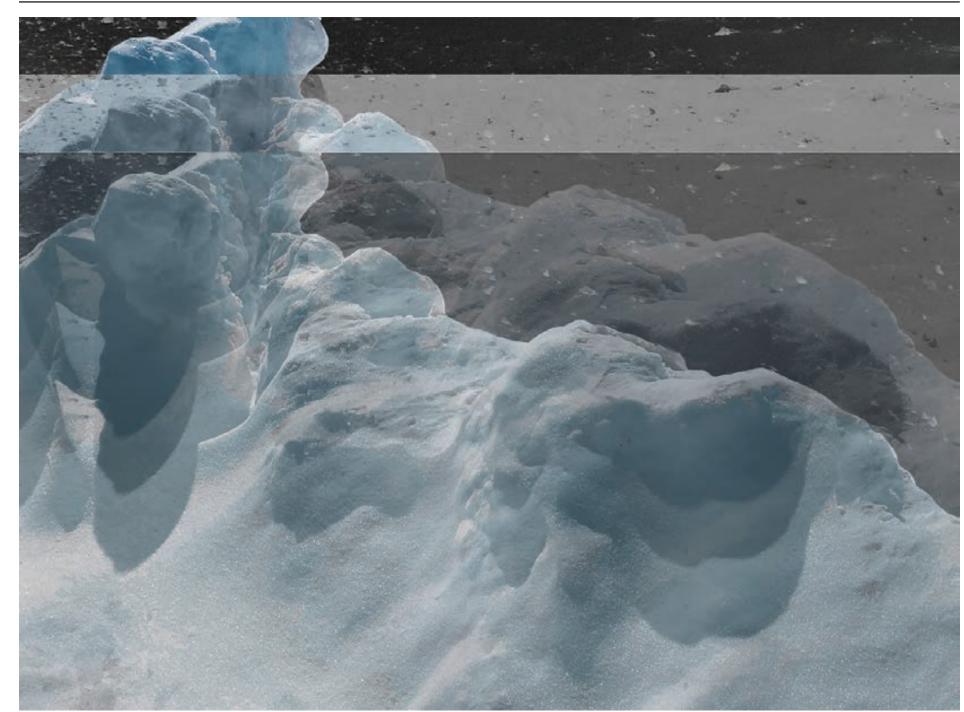
The woman sharply bitten
See the camel with no fun
Truth in that poison
Real is the venom
That chimera, two men paralyzed
United to give half of their size
Polyamorous illusion
Pipe dream conclusion
Two opposite headed raft
At the same spot from the start

Night revolution
Stars in convulsion
Betrayal from the planetes
To female outbreak
The mad pirate out of revenge
Now immortal in trance
Brings out her sword
To clean-cut her last word
Deflating the heart's hump
That joker duo is dumb

Far away, glitters on the sea
The splendor of a forbidden dynasty
Silver sirens whisper the future
"Strong pirate, sweet freedom, divine adventure"
Our marginal lover of liberty
Enchanted by the taboo symphony
Embarks for this deep territory
The island of Lesbos, surely













TING YING HAN

String of Pearls

It was a rainy day in March when we brought her there, when she left me, or did I leave her? The all too familiar sounds of sirens faded as the rain beat fast against the car window. We told her we were bringing her to a resort, a resort with palm trees, sunny skies, beach chairs and muscular life guards. Matilda was quiet and hadn't fussed when my mother, her daughter, Sandra, tucked her into her camel wool coat and I, her granddaughter, accompanied her, cradling her arm into the waiting elevator. I closed my eyes, inhaling the smell of her talcum powder as we descended to the lobby. She clutched her handbag close as I led her to the yellow taxi. She stared out the window as the taxi crossed Malcolm X and Lennox Avenues. When the driver turned left onto Frederick Douglas Blvd, she tapped her daughter's shoulder, "Where are we going, Sandra?"

In this moment, I felt the void and I was suspended between them, like an umbilical cord. "We have to make a stop first, Mom," Sandra said firmly.

My mother looked out the window. My grandmother looked down and folded her hands. I was wedged between them. I felt the shame for both of them; the shame Sandra felt for bringing her mother to the Amsterdam Nursing Home and the shame Matilda carried for being a burden for her daughter. Even though Matilda was mostly unaware of where she was and what was going on around her, there

were moments when it was clear that she knew what had happened to her and what would continue to happen to her.

Alzheimer's had come to my grandmother gradually as we discovered pamphlets for memory loss when we cleaned out the apartment she had inhabited for over 30 years. She had never mentioned memory loss and we didn't suspect that she was losing herself even when she asked Ellen, my older cousin, to balance her check book every month. We thought it was because Ellen was an accounting major and that Matilda's vision made it difficult for her to read the numbers. Matilda wasn't diagnosed with Alzheimer's until she was 75, after several incidents of neighbors calling Sandra to inform her that my grandmother was often confused and

We had packed one suitcase for Matilda. That's how we coaxed her into believing the lie. The driver set the battered Samsonite on the curb and he and Sandra haggled over the fare. A man and a woman dressed in green uniforms greeted us. "Hello Matilda", the woman said while the man carried her suitcase away. "We have a room with a view waiting for you."

Sandra held Matilda's hand for a moment. I felt the void disappear. Matilda and Sandra looked at each other and I saw the love between them. In one look

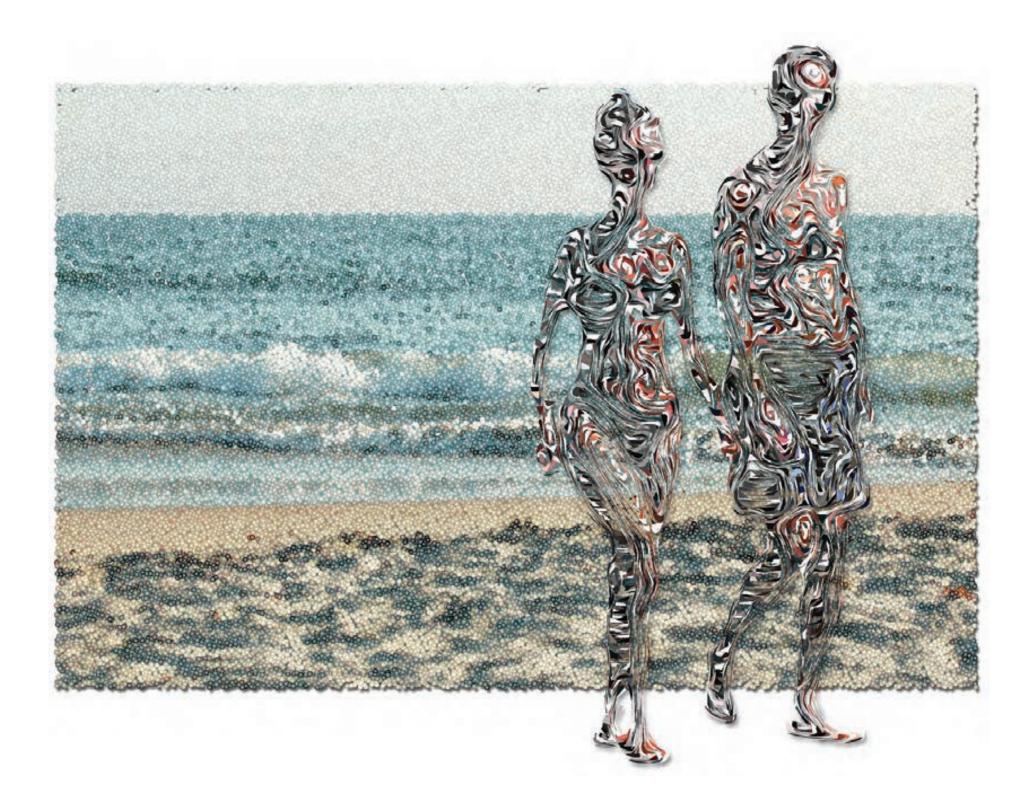
I spied the love of a lifetime between a mother and a child, a child and a mother. Matilda squeezed Sandra's hand.

A ray of afternoon light cut through the west facing window as we entered her room. While Sandra and Matilda unpacked and arranged clothes in a dresser, I carefully placed family photos in the plastic frames we had purchased the day before, pictures of me and my cousins, of her daughters, Sandra and Jewel, and a younger Matilda in her fifties.

"Lunch is being served. You must be hungry Matilda." the woman said, as she guided us down the hallway.

"This is a nice hotel, Sandra." Matilda said.

She turned back towards me, grabbed my hand. I felt her drop something into my palm, smooth, firm and round. A memory of her scolding me at her dresser for playing with her string of pearls flashed through my mind. She looked at me, her eyes brimming with tears. I knew we wouldn't see each other again. She knew it too. She had taken me for Sandra for a split second before she saw through me to her daughter. I saw through her to her mother, Masie, my great grandmother. A current of memories flowed through me like a river. I felt suspended in the expansive womb of my ancestors, connected to a multitude of umbilical cords.









#117 – Woman Forty-Four

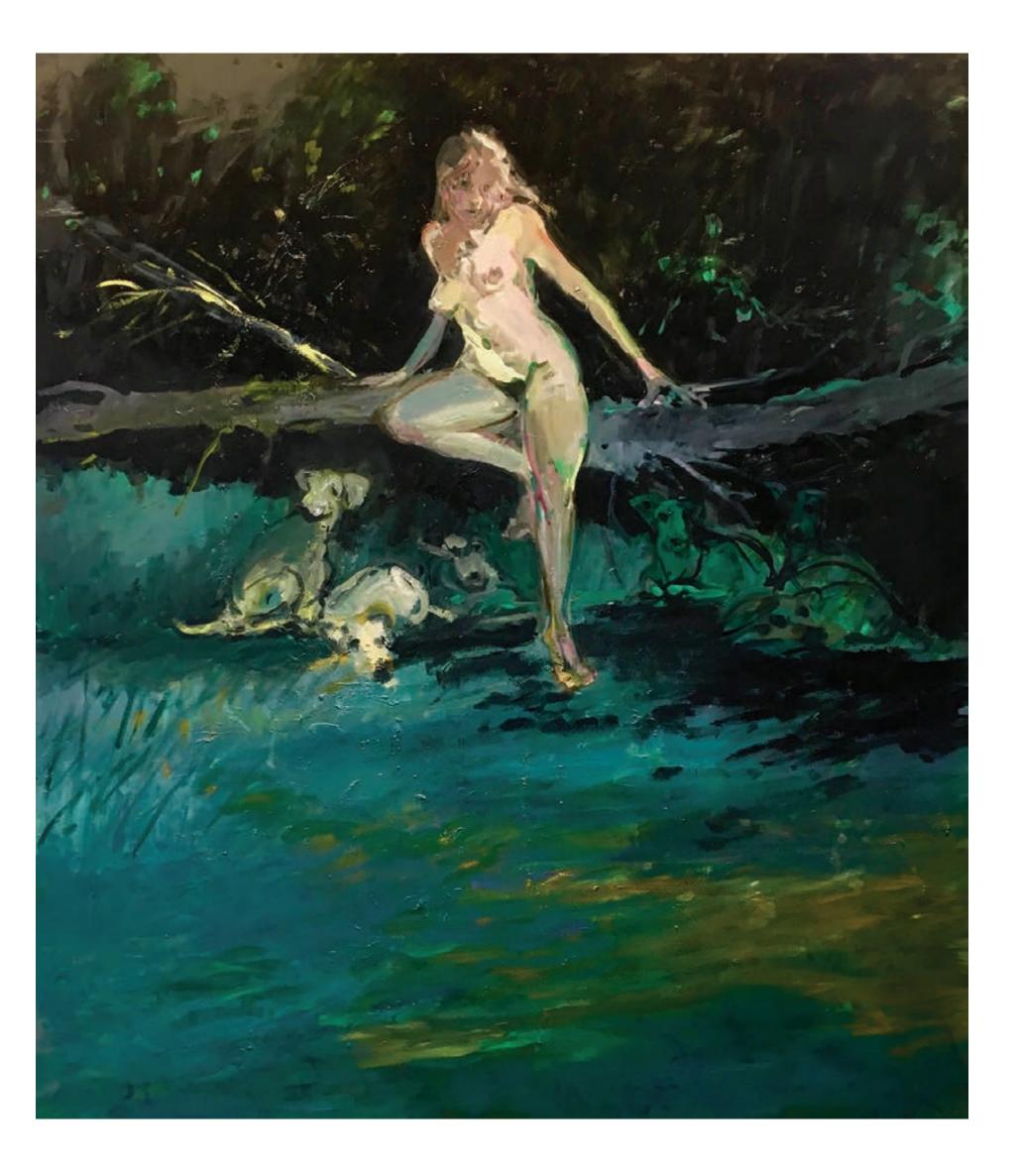
As she presses the door open, her body is met with a surge of heat releasing itself from the dark room.

The evening sun is low, but temperatures have risen.

She enters, observes the salt.
Just days ago,
transparent crystals shimmered like
a field of false diamonds.

And now, unexpectedly they have disintegrated into a soft, vague snowfall.

The bright white forms crumble at the touch, defying her attempts to coax them into a new landscape.



CONTRIBUTORS

46 FULL BLEDE

Contributors elaborate on their work in relation

to the theme: The Interpenetrate. MARK ACETELLI Aller de l'avant, 2019, oils, 78x59". The duality of Absence and Presence, how a person, place or thing my be gone, but that presence and feeling remains. Breaking down the figure or landscape to just enhance the essence of a particular thought or feeling. The absence of the physical form lends itself to a faded memory and the fragility of that form is the tangible to intangible. **CHARLEY ALEXANDER** Hurdlers, 2019, acrylic, modeling paste and aerosol on wood panel, 72x48". In my most recent body of work, I begin by building up many layers of modeling paste and acrylic paint over a wood panel. I use a power sander to peel away layers of paint, revealing my initial composition while simultaneously exposing the history of the submerged layers of paint. I use cotton lace and mesh as ready-made stencils. The final use of these stencils creates layers that weave in and out of the picture plane, thus obscuring the relationship between figure and ground while allowing the history of the painting to be both present and absent simultaneously. AMANDA MACIEL ANTUNES | Have Never Forgotten This Advice, 2018, photography print on paper, red thread, 5x5" inches. These are photo-print collages of digital photos originally posted on social media during my travels between my home of origin (Brazil) and my current home (USA). I call this on-going series Memory Dissolution as an act of taking a moment, to be fully present with the fleeting online images and by forcefully combining these intimate migratory memories into the life of a person I don't yet know. To take stock of what is happening with my ideas of home and permanency. To offer and demand multiple perspectives. To think that those things can be shared. Like a poem. SHAGHA ARIANNIA Son Of Gun, 2018, acrylic on wood panel, 24x18"The only thing is / a cunt and / a cock. / one chair, one window / one window, one window / one window, one window / and nothing more. Poem and translation from <u>The Persian Poems</u> by Kathy Acker. **NURIT** AVESAR Cradle, 2015, rice paper, oil paint, rust and pencil on canvas, 24x24". The work is a collage of mono-prints on transparent rice paper, cut and pasted in layers. The final image is a combination of interpenetrating shapes that creates a narrative image. <u>Cradle</u> is about belonging. The roots are merging, appearing and disappearing below the surface of a landscape that could be interpreted as a moving body of water. YURI BOYKO Transience VIII + Transience XI, 2015, both pigment prints, Hahnemuhle German Etching Paper, 44x36". Transience came about as a series eliciting passing moments. Moments in time, moments evoking the senses or our memories. Something that we can't put a finger on exactly: a vague recollection, a dissipating trail of a scent, or a dreamt scene that doesn't make sense and leaves us puzzled about the seen imagery. Or, to the contrary: a sharp, clear, but short-lived physical, mental, or psychic event that, in spite of its duration, stays with us for a long time. Each diptych represents interpenetration of uncertainty of interpretation and active manifestation. **DEBORAH BROWN** Branch, 2018, oil on canvas, 88x77". My work addresses The Interpenetrate through the depiction of a nude female figure who inhabits a liminal space, ambiguous in its location and implications. Throughout the history of art, the female figure is often objectified for the male gaze. In contrast, I mix familiar visual narratives with destabilizing twists in order to upend traditional readings of the female body in a landscape. In my work, the central figure adopts and sheds various implied roles without ever fully inhabiting them. Narratives are suggested yet never explicated, with elusive meanings yielding to an intimation of the archetypal. The figure cycles through a series of possible identities: perhaps a deity, a sprite, a warrior or an outcast. The confrontation between immediacy and historicity in my paintings imbues a sense of atemporality, leaving them to stand outside of any discern-2018, oil, acrylic spray paint, oil-stick, cornmeal on canvas, 72x60". My process consists of fully rendering figures in their environment. Once I've completed the painting, I then cover-up the figures never to be seen again in their original state. Upon discovering the main components of the paintings have been veiled, this is an attempt to inspire the viewer to look beyond the surface. The subject matter is physically and conceptually layered with an open-ended narrative. This is an exploration on how certain people can be physically present yet remain unseen. Invisibility is a common occurrence towards marginalized communities. AUTUMN ELIZABETH CLARK Playboy Ninetie Tricycle, 2019, Hahnemuhle matte photo rag, 11x24" The thrill and mystery of building bodies and forms like a jigsaw puzzle with layers of images, tricking the eye into seeing new forms, creation of new bodies and forms in space. Using aesthetics of film photography, such as multiple exposures, grain, and light leaks applied to photographic works to try to parse out the new relationship that objects and bodies have with each other, how they support and oppose each other. The violence that takes place as I am cutting and carving up images, bleeding colors and intertwining shapes to complicate the seduction of what is being presented to the viewer. **AKINA COX** What If the Matriarchy Has Been Here All Along?, 2019, prose. The work explores the slippage between our understanding of the past and how it affects our ability to imagine the future. I'm working on a project and exhibition of the same name with Bed and Breakfast (Jacqueline Falcone). SYDNEY CROSKERY "clouds must look the same I'm sure, since the 70's. like everything in America, is whitened and made easier and lazier and stripped of everything that is good. I like robots, You don't need electricity." 2019, oil on Linen, 30 x 30". Using a personal archive of contemporary artifacts, I examine society and culture by creating works that reflect modern complexities such as over-stimulation, consumption and perception. Through the anachronistic medium of oil painting, digital and analog artifacts are imported into the same realm to be rendered, erased, and revived, creating strata of moments that comprise our daily lives. The artifacts simultaneously obliterate, meld, and

support one another, with unrelated objects simultaneously

CONTRIBUTORS informing and confusing in both visual and conceptual ways. The individual works are interpreted after completion relating more to an anthropological process rather than an artist one, with content formed and deciphered from the data stored in the personal archive. What results is a nonsensical text attributed to the works that mirrors the absurdness and beauty of the present. LAUREN DAVIS Untitled, 2019, digital collage, 11x17". My work is meditating on the ambiguity of nature being both a tool for our oppression and liberation. There is humanity in nature it is organic, lush and harmonious and above all else healing. But nature has also been weaponized against black and brown people who have either not had access to it, or who are able to exist within it but only from a fetishized gaze. This tension and objectification asks the question: where can we be whole? NATASHA DENNER-STEIN The Smell of Big Money 2018, poem. The "you" character ascends to the heights of The Getty and feels drawn to plummet down, to jump off, to end her life. She stops a minute and reflects on the art and beauty and is held onto life. Art, architecture and beauty have interpenetrated her life enough to fight the negative forces of the real world which have also interpenetrated her with the reality of the 21st Century world. Her body is the battleground of imposing interpenetrations. Complicating this scenario is the fact that huge fortunes have enabled the beauty of The Getty to exist: an anachronism of sorts. To understand this equation: the admixture of money, art, politics and ego is to understand America and how America works; the ways in which we interpenetrate our residents. May God Bless America and also may God Save Americans. YASMINE DIAZ Whose Arabia Felix?, 2018, collage and glitter on paper, 18x24". I made this collage thinking about how Yemen and Saudi Arabia have been reflected in U.S. media over the past few years. Yemen has been dubbed Arabia Felix (literally fertile Arabia) because it receives more rainfall and has lands much greener with more fertile soil than it's peninsular neighbors. Years of drought and the current war have crippled the economy, resulting in levels of severe poverty and a massive famine that is largely being ignored by the rest of the world. Meanwhile, Saudi Arabia has continued it's campaign of air strikes into Yemen (aided by US-supplied bombs and intelligence). Over the course of the 4 year war, much more attention has been given to Saudi royalty's reformative changes and supposed newfound progressive stance towards women. How has the interpenetration of U.S and Saudi relations affected awareness of the conflict in Yemen by the American people? KAYE FREEMAN The Fox Wedding, 2019, oil paint on canvas, 74x81" The painting relates to the Japanese Myth of deception. It refers to when the sun is out during the rain. That is the time of The Wedding of the Fox. It's about deception and things not being what they really are. It's about how we allow truth to become interpenetrated by falsehoods which then become the truth. I felt that in this time of "false truths" it is an important myth to ponder on. This painting is part of a collaborative book project I am working on with Poet, Natasha Dennerstein, Turn and Face the Strange which will be published by Norfolk Press. SIENNA FREEMAN Myself on the Wall, Made from Images of You, 2018, found images, photographs, pigments, board, 62x24". My recent collages and sculptures are inspired by revelatory moments when the imaginary-visual and the material-haptic bump up against each other, those instances when you perceive yourself as both connected to and removed from your own sense of being. I am particularly interested in what it means to consider cloth and skin as metonymic in this work: satin often stands in for the body, while the representation of satin stands in for self-image. A single stock of satin fabric could be used to sew a wedding dress, an infant's christening gown, bed sheets, or the lining of a casket. It could be used to swaddle or suffocate, constrain or comfort, protect or shame our bodies. There is fruitful terrain in the rifts and overlaps that interpenetrate such parallels and dichotomies. They remind us that we are all caught in concurrent states of both predictable and erratic transition. JOY AMINA GARNETT Photograph of the author's grandfather with a friend in his apiary in Khorshed, Egypt, ca. 1935, courtesy of the Abushady Archive. <u>Hive</u> Inspection, 2019, excerpt from a family memoir. My grandfather in is one of the elusive figures in the wide landscape of this memoir, which draws on fragments from the family archive and anticipates the contradictions and gaps that yawn between them. And like every short piece that comes together to form this larger project, it contains "to a greater or lesser degree the ever-changing forms and contours embodying my own response" to a given idea or discovery about my family story and our Arab American history. **GLENN GOLDBERG** The Possible, 2018, watercolor and ink on paper, arts with "this" and then adds "that" / this does not belong to that / this and that have not previously existed / this and that are formed by parts of what is // to be / to live inside of something / to have something live inside of us // several forms of this and that are included /they exist together as never before / it is preferable to not attempt to name / we are asked to accept a new condition // if you change, i change / when anything changes, everything changes / everything is changing // isolation is impossible / we bear with each other / we speak in silence // to dream of love freed from the notion of understanding KRISTI HEAD Femme, 2018, oil on canvas, 30x38". A being who resists, withholds, and stays stagnant, collects blocks and patterns -Like chaos. Rigid, repetitive and contained. Breath is lacked, and connection challenged - Only the intense buzz of isolation remains. When that being surrenders to illumination. definitions vanish, edges and lines disappear - Everything is perfectly unknown with the clarity of trust. She becomes one with light. KAREN HOCHMAN BROWN Past Appearances, 2018, digital, 4560 x 3360 pixels, 19 x 14 inches on paper in an edition of 5. <u>Anonymous At The Beach</u>: A solitary day at the beach / I am anonymous, but not alone. / The charge and retreat of the tide, / Back and forth with private conversations in public view. / They are anonymous, oblivious to my gaze. // I document the transient nature of anonymity. / Figures allow for waves to penetrate; / Shadows belie the paper ground. / Flesh becomes photo becomes digital. / I am the subject, and

I am the witness. / You are anonymous, observing all.

DENAE HOWARD Chorus Series, 2017, Instax Mini Photos,

2x3". Singled out representation—taxonomy with a tendency

ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE of ambiguity. Metaphor as body and form/collisions of systemic programs and self-righteous awareness—prolonged / understanding of consciousness as it deals with the real. Influenced by misguided praise led by fear and mysticism. Confused reinterpretation of figures—grounded in expressions of the body led with emotion. A notation of forms at this moment, all of which have been capitalized on... KIM KEI, Does She Have a Face, 2018, pigment print on paper, oil, and acrylic, 24x48. I'm most often drawn to moments that make me ache. A women passed me in a threshold. She had two bandaids on her face. They were both unstuck on one side, so they fluttered as the wind pulled through the doorway. I experienced conflicting impulses of wanting to tend to her, peak at what was no longer concealed, and look away because the moment seemed too intimate. This encounter held the fragility and resilience of the body, tattered, yet somehow hopeful. I'm finding connection to The Interpenetrate through the skin as it is the point of contact where the internal meets the external. FRANCESCA LALANNE Underconstruction: Substratum, 2015, plaster, mesh, glitter, ink, on wood, 24x24x3". Interpenetrate is the invasion of something that needs to exist within a confined environment and space. My work relates with the idea of interpenetrate by always finding the figure within a structure or space. The figure is symbolic of our human tendency to want to relate and connect to our surroundings, but also our tendency to create things, objects, and forms that serve us. Architecture is the perfect example as it exists purely to serve the need of shelter for a human and/or a body of humans. In my work, interpenetration occurs literally with the overlapping of figures and structural elements. It occurs conceptually when the viewer can apply the vocabulary of architecture towards his or her own self. **ELIZABETH LEISTER** #117 - Woman Forty Four, 2018 poem. "As much as we like to tell ourselves that one thing or the other must be the truth, that it's all either standing still or flying by, it's 'Giancarlo T. Roma, "The Waters of our Time" **TAHNEE** LONSDALE We Kneel, 2019, spray paint and oil on canvas, 70x64" A big hand inside her. / He sits heavily on top./ Lopsided head rests on an arm. / They can't be separated they are sewn together. / Bending over she nearly touches him. / Where she once was there Is just an outline. / Her body folds over hers. / Finger tips meet. He sits like a chair waiting to hold her. / She is underneath and he is merely balancing. Once so clearly defined, is now ambiguous. / Waiting to take on a body. / Wanting to conform. / Resisting release from their origins. / Yellow like my childhood bedroom, they embrace. JOSEPH MASOTTA White Flag: Scar Tissue, 2019, encaustic, paper, cheesecloth mounted to panel, 36x40" "White Flag" is the ancient symbol of truce or ceasefire. But consider, "White Flag" also represents capitulation. The neutral banner symbolizes that point in a conflict when one side has soundly defeated its opponent. There is a victor and a vanguished on the field. "Scar Tissue" is the site of a wound. It is a mark on a body that locates an injury. Trauma becomes indexed onto the surface of events. The ghost figures inhabit the landscape of surrender. A fabric ground sets the texture of the work. Relief contours of human beings permeate the painting's surface building a tactile image of the anonymous crowd Rendered with anemic color, the forms and contours of White Flag personify the cost of conflict. SARA MCAULIFFE Inverted Memory: Snow, 2015, digital composition, dimensions variable. The two memories congealed. It was no longer possible to distinguish where one began and the other ended. Perhaps a common trait unified these two moments in time - the smell of the ocean air, the sound of a train in the distance, the feeling of snow dissolving on skin. One could not think of one without thinking of the other. The years that lay between dissipated, leaving a singular memory – tangled and woven together. In these complicated spaces between memories, personal and shared, is where the interpenetrate resides. JOSHUAMILLER Utility and Apathy, Human Asses, 2016, oil on canvas, 60x42.5". Analytics, information graphics, focused search results, and money shot compilations. Paintings for an Age of Reconfiguration, of old information. DAKOTA NOOT That's a Mouthful, 2019, colored pencil, crayon on paper and foamcore, 17x14". I want to blend human and animal. interpenetrating one another. By blending the images of farm animals with the human body, I hope that viewers question the source of their food and their own relationships with animals, whether friendly, comical, or violent. On the other side, the human body can be eaten and exploited like an animal. I hope to blur these differences in my art. LAURIE NYE Venusian Spring, 2018, oil on canvas, 48x40". Interpene trate is a heady and suggestive word. It sounds to me like it describes a mutual need, interdependence, collaboration, omplete dissolve of two or more forms or ideas. In my wor the mutual relationship involves hybridity of nature and human, human and machine, femaleness and prescience, vulnerability and power, vision and symbol. In a world in which everything feels contaminated and exploited, hybridity serves as a form of potential for a metamorphosis into a new. purer form. **KATHERINA OLSCHBAUR** Minotaur, 2019, oil on linen, + <u>Untitled</u>, (<u>Figures</u>) <u>Trouble in paradise</u>, 2018, oil on canvas, both 78.75x78.75". Excerpt of Aaron Moulton text: "Embodied in her work is a metamorphosis of materiality where we see the primordial soup swirling with an entropic indeterminacy. This is the transitory zone where the slime lives, fantasies and fictions of sexes intertwine. Her compositions depict a mirage of figuration, of beings in formation, of perfect imperfection. Limbs emerge struggling for status where hoof morphs into hand or testicles become the floral fecund rot of day-old oysters. Her gestures are both highly technical and emotional. There is an alchemical surrender in this avant-garde of survival of Olschbaur's canvases: a building up and destroying the figure. Minotaur, Telamon, High heel, or Golem; they oscillate in and out of focus, becoming and unbecoming as if Dr. Moreau chose to use a paint brush to divine his beasts. They are Avatars in the next step of our evolutionary chain, they physicalize the population of a soon-to-be discovered land.' YEMISI OYENIYI String of Pearls, 2019, short story prose. String Of Pearls is a reflection on the interpenetrate and the way it reveals itself in the unspoken ways family communicates with the individual, through memory. In my case, the memory of

bringing my grandmother who suffered from Alzheimer's to

ISSUE EIGHT: THE INTERPENETRATE a nursing home was and has been the single episode which made me aware of a deeper connection to her. A bittersweet day, shortly before my 25th birthday, the emotions of that day still haunt me and penetrate me at my core. A few years prior to that day, I had noticed that she began to share vivid and sometimes disturbing memories of her childhood in South Carolina during the 1920s. <u>String Of Pearls</u> describes the spaces between generations and specifically between my grandmother and mother. I found myself wedged between them as their roles shifted from mother to child and child to mother. I was and continue to be that which interpenetrates and that which is also interpenetrated. KOTTIE PALOMA Composition of a Daydream #5 2019,12x9", pen on paper. This work is part of a drawing series based on the subconscious elements of life that we collect throughout the day without knowing about it. To understand these thoughts each element must be dissected and then pieced back together to gain the wisdom of what we don't easily understand. JUSTIN **PAPE** All my relations, 2019, gouache on wood panel, 9x12 "The Universe is not a collection of objects, but is an inseparable web of vibrating energy patterns in which no one component has reality independently from the entirety. Included in the entirety is the observer." — Paul Davies CAROLIE PARKER Live Goddess, poem 2016. The Epic of Gilgamesh is a classic literary exemplum of the consequences of transgressing boundaries. Ishtar's distilled female rage on being spurned by Gilgamesh corresponds to his singular quest for immortality in response to her murder of his lover, Enkidu. Reciprocity, but not the perfect union. According to Hegel, consciousness tries to make what is other than itself its own, which is basically how desire works—part of our general education, whether or not we read the ancient Sume rian text in school. Poem is from Mirage Industry, a collection available at the Norton Simon Museum Store. Courtesy of What Books Press. DAISY PATTON Untitled (The Riverbed], 2017, oil on archival print mounted to panel, 80x68" Forgetting is so long uses abandoned anonymous family photographs, enlarged to life-size, and painted over with oils. Family photographs are sacred relics to their loved ones, but unmoored the images become hauntingly absent. Taussig states that defacing these types of objects forces a "shock into being;" suddenly we perceive them as present, revered, and piercing. By mixing the two media, I lengthen Roland Barthes' "moment of death" (the photo) into some semblance of purgatory. Not alive but not quite dead, each person's portrait straddles the lines between memory, identity, and death. In these paintings, the figures push through swaths of paint, buried yet still emerging through these color fields and lush foliage. Space and time are displaced, bringing the figure to our present. Floral pattern encircles figures in a loving embrace, a reminder that we are connected and immersed in the larger cycles of life and death. MAX PRESNEILL MiT#11, 2018, oil, enamel, embroidered patch, fabric, vinyl stickers, engine oil on canvas, 68x92". The basis for my paintings has always been essentially about mortality but as seen through the contradictions and merging of disparate elements. This interpenetration occurs when the histories of abstract mark making are placed in relationship to specific imagery, signs or symbols and have a fluidity of conceptual position. Colloquialisms and urban vernacular appear alongside art history, references to Brutalist architecture, comic books, skateboards, motorcycle gang life, This allows for an extended and negotiated dialogue between ideas of the political, via class division, as well as the meanings contained and shared through subcultural resistance and tribalism. The paintings share my biography of being an immigrant, of participation in activism as well as rebellious sub-cultures. They are built of these separate underlying elements, and like the Frankenstein monster, the sum adds up to more than its parts, to breathe symbiotic life into a creature with a will to live. GABBY ROSENBERG Blending Blobby Confusion, 2018, acrylic, oil, spray paint on canvas, 40x30". This series of paintings depicts an uneasiness due to the unexpected attendance of, and inevitable merging with, a parasitic entity. The figures experiencing the effects of this presence are each like Frankenstein in the sense that patches, scrapes, stitches, and exposed flesh make them up; patchwork loosely prevents the skin from bursting open. There are clear tears and wounds, making the fusing of forms easier for the parasitic figure, ultimately exposing how vulnerable the body is. These works deal with having a vulnerable body and what it is like to interact with recurring aggressions while having open wounds. Further, they explore what it is like to get lost within a body with the only other visible thing in the frame being negative and destructive. The parasitic entity is symbolic of fear: of words, physical, or emotional danger, or a recurring out of body threat that seems to frequently slide into frame. AMMON ROST Dear Volcano, 2018, oil, flashe, spray paint, 72x66" Using an improvisational method, my process opens a portal to the subconscious and broadcast the hidden self onto canvas. By creating each composition in the moment, the paintings take on a life of their own. This practice, seeks the manifestation of a fragment of the unconscious world. Contrast between raw brush strokes and careful lines conveys an elusive spirituality; the language of bold forms and colors gives voice to primal emotion. The work is a meditation on romantic relationships, and a fascination with its temporality. How can an emotion that was center stage, fade to an unrecognizable trace? Rost paints symbols that hold sentiment, by abstracting and reshaping objects, numbers, places, names. Relishes and playing with the power certain imagery can trigger - are able to unpack a set of emotions, memories, very quickly. There is restraint not to overpaint, and spacing between each image to communicate essence. Rost's work can be experienced as a perfect poem, renewable, and always bitter sweet. JULIA SCHWARTZ late night tussle while outside bullets fly, 2016 oil on linen 40x36" I am a thing in a place, I am a face in a place. The place is the moment, the situation, the existential situation- bad weather, bad dream, bad president, bad grief. (it can also be good but often bad) The face is the human part of the work, the feeling part. If the face (the painting or sculpture) doesn't look back at you when you look at it then it doesn't work. But the face

doesn't have to be a literal 'face', it's the feeling of embodied

emotion or human (animal) contact. That's why we can be

moved by the Mater Dolorosa and also by Piero Manzoni's

cotton wool. MOLLY SEGAL Dry Spell, 2018 (Detail), watercolor and gouache on paper. I think a lot about the costs and limits of intimacy. I want to poke around in the places where boundaries begin to blur and bleed. The drought ridden California landscape serves as a stage for these explorations. What does it mean to survive in a climate where our connections are fragile and our reserves finite? JOSHUA **WEST SMITH** my back to my mind's eye 4, 2018, archival pigment print, 20x30". Language is pattern. It weaves our world, and lays across it like a net. It accentuates and poeticizes while simultaneously obscuring and simplifying. Language is a beautiful and useful machine but it is, I suspect, built and run by mischievous elves. My hope is that I can make items that have a capacity to act, objects that shimmer with possibility under scrutiny, and things that enhance our perception after our backs have been turned to them. ROBERT SOFFIAN Slipping Off the Mountain, 2019, dye, ink, oil, gauze, charcoal, mixed media on paper, 31 x 18. The land we inhabit has a habit of penetrating our own private world since we are there most of the time. The other there we live inside is a less physical place. They weave together and pierce each other. In other words we penetrate both this cosmic ground and the substantial earth to get inside ourselves. The Tao speaks of the mountain in symbolic terms. Sometimes the situation places us at the foot of the mountain, on its slopes, inside her body, or having reached the peak. In this situation we have reached the highest place and slip off. Not to worry, even though it appears perilous there is beauty in the fall and remember the mountain will always be there. JENNIFER SULLIVAN In My Feelings, 2018, oil and oil stick on canvas, 60x48". I focused on the idea of The Interpenetrate in relation to the subject of intimacy, a frequent subject in my work. In the paintings I've selected, there is a blurring of distinct boundaries between self and other – a merging of forms. It reminds me of a moment from Jean Luc Godard's 2 or 3 Things I Know About Her. "I was the world and the world was me" says the titular "Her". LINDSEY **WARREN** Backyard 2018, oil on canvas, 36x44". My work employs an economy of shape and color to deliver limited spatial information, which represents the experience of seeing color and light at specific times of day. Through the use of silhouettes, the sky becomes the subject seen through the flattened dimensional objects, leaving the gradient to create form and to confuse the relationship between positive and negative space. **JOAN WEINZETTLE** Untitled, 2019, newspaper, marker, thread, 24x19". This is from an ongoing body of work that involves sewing and washing line drawings on a text surface. In this work I am responding to the border crisis in the news and merging drawn lines (referencing Marshall Island navigation charts) with free floating thoughts about national boundaries, state lines, gerrymandering, crazy quilts, mirrored vision, alternate realities and mapping. The distortion of line and the near total disappearance of the original surface/content/context is what engages me. ISAAC WHITLATCH Hawthorne, 2019, graphite on paper, 6x9". Developing asymmetrical work asks for a deeper Interpenetration for the artists mind and hand. Symmetrical work is satisfying but only asks the viewer to meet the artist at the halfway point, the old oak tree if you will. Asymmetry is Interpenetration as rational numbers transition into irrational forms. **TING YING HAN** The Verge of the playground, 2018, fabric, feather, PVA, rope, cable wire, dimen sions variable. If space is a material thing, then the architec-

ture serves as the boundaries. If architecture is the

that determines social and cultural structures. **MALIHEH**

ZAFARNEZHAD Behjat, Rostam and white demon, 2018, mixed media on canvas, 23.5x17.5". As consecutive, exhaust ed pursuit of permeation of an artist subconscious in a multi-cultural diaspora, my artworks are inspired by self identity, culture, personal life, childhood memories and gender oriented experiences. Old photographs and magazine mages are the fundamental essence of my featured artwork in their background, overlaid by painted symbols and motifs from Iranian and Islamic art of the 16th to 19th centuries, an attempt for challenging viewers to face unknown, far bygones of unfamiliar motifs, patterns and symbols in exploration of slight but priceless familiarises beyond the present. I would tend to exercise audience visions with depicting an exotic world bridged across a retrospective heritage and the present conventions, a vertiginous voyage of penetrating into the modernised 'groundbreaking' form conventions, diaspora, feminine and motherhood from the tradition, ground roots, natural celibacy and the miniature: a lifetime retrofit. **NELLY ZAGURY** Siamese 69, 2019, acrylic and metallic paint on rough paper, 15.5x20". "Interpenetrate is to me that 3rd space where fantasy and reality mix. Like in the dream, many layers overlap to explode boundaries. It's a world of psyche's freedom, full of heavy symbols and double meanings. The sexual connotation is also important to me as I use eroticism to reincarnate woman's desire and celebrate the infinite power of feminine imagination. I tell magical stories by survival, as Scheherazade in the Arabian Nights Inspired by the ancient erotic cultures, Pierre Louÿs, Alejandro Jodorowsky, Matthew Barney, William Blake and the classics of mythology, my influences come together around the importance of heritage and oral tradition, kitsch, folklore and surrealism. I evoke multiply lovers, polyam orous, swingers, and all the ways we invent to keep our sexual freedom. Behind the scifi revenge of a erotomaniac figurehead I intend to guestion: Is true love freedom? How not to be the slave of our impulses? Can Love be safe? Is the reality the fruit of my fantasy? I love the "balance" contained in "Interpenetrate". Every step, each medium matters because at the end, it all comes together and makes sens in that very strange blend, which is us. JODY ZELLEN Photo News 1, 2019, digital Collage, dimensions variable I am fascinated by the fact that surprisingly relevant content can be created through random juxtaposition. The works from 'Photo News" combine actual headlines with croppings of the images that originally accompanied them. They can be read as written, or as concrete poetry. They embrace imbiguity while simultaneously create meaning from found fragments. **COPYRIGHT NOTICE** All copyrights for images and text represented on the website and in print are owned by each individual contributor. Sharing is permitted with attribution. Permission to reproduce works, whether in print media or any electronic media, or any technologies not in current use, must be obtained by the artists through FULL BLEDE or directly from artist. Any unauthorized use by any person or entity will render them responsible and liable to the artists for appropriate compensation and other costs, regardless whether the person has profited or is responsible for such unauthorized use. **STOCKIST / SUBSCRIPTIONS** Each issue of the newspaper is launched in conjunction with an art exhibtion opening reception at a select gallery in Los Angeles. While supplies last the newspaper is also available at galleries and shops around L.A., details are at fullblede com. Free downloads of past issues are available on the website. Subscriptions are now available via Patreon at boundaries then it is nothing but the space of representation patreon.com/fullblede. All funds raised via Patreon go directly to help offset printing fees.



