

# FEEL BLEED

JANUARY 2019

ISSUE SEVEN: THE CONTINUANT

FREE



JAKLIN ROMINE






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## THE CONTINUANT

Each issue of FULL BLEDE invites artists and writers to expound on a theme. For the seventh issue the broadsheet's contributors explore that which retains its identity even though its states and relations may change. 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 Continuant, turn to page 42-43. Visit [fullblede.com](http://fullblede.com) for contributor website links and free downloads of past issues.

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

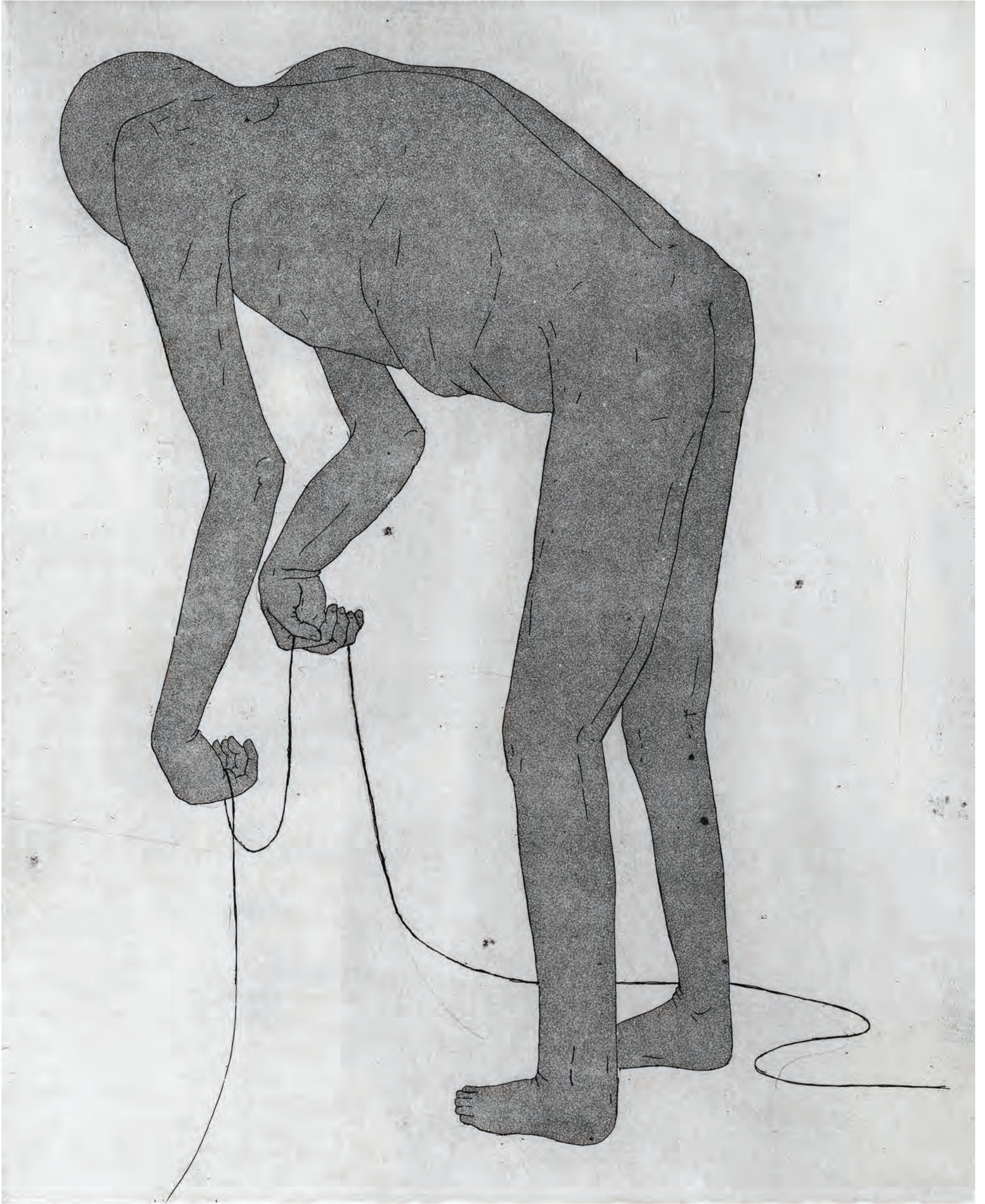
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## FROM THE PUBLISHER

I'm interested in the essence—whether that it's a person, community, or state of being—and how intrinsic characteristics remain, even as external states shift, fade away, adapt. FULL BLEDE Issue Seven: The Continuant emerged from musing on what is essential in the wake of mutability. And because I'm an optimist at heart (thanks, Mama), I was also thinking about perseverance.

Many of the contributors identified continuant as being integral to their work. I asked each to write about the issue's theme in relation to their submission, which I've excerpted here. For the full text and to read all 38 of the contributor's statements, turn to page 42.

—Sacha Baumann

"No matter how many variables in my life change, I am my own continuant and have learned, that I cannot run from that. As an artist, it is important that I don't." —Lydia Maria Pfeffer

"I utilize fragmentation and placing, creating a morphing change, a new, as collaging allows. I compose utilizing symbols from the cityscape in Los Angeles where I have lived my entire life and of my parent's life in El Salvador, essentially creating an image depicting the hybridization of our culture." —Elmer Guevara

"My abstract portraits emerge from their source environments into an experiential world that for a time is no longer a thing, but a You!" —Coleman Griffith

"What if we are in-between places, processing shifts from past versions of our self— holographic overlays not quite matching up with our present tense?" —Wylie Garcia

"When its original purpose is removed can it become something else? Applying a new value to the objects through my aesthetics I test that theory." —Nicolas Shake

"A continuant person embodies, at the very least, the whole of their conscious and unconscious experience and perhaps even their parallel experience, potential experience and shared experience. In my paintings, this broader sense of continuant takes physical form. Though our minds distinguish individuals, each figure coincides with, is inseparable from, and expresses the other." —Marty Schnapf

"My (our) bodies shift shapes every day but for some reason we always want this 'ideal's shape. This series is about the plasticity of the body, my body." —Kristine Schomaker

"The reciprocating metamorphosis from within and without..." —Gary Brewer























## Arrival

We are flying on the edge of a storm, the barren wilderness of the Western Desert lying somewhere beneath us. I look past Hoda through the small oval window at the clouds of burnt grey dust gathering and churning in mid-air. The plane shudders on violent gusts that appear to follow no pattern, and our fellow passengers begin to pray, some loudly, others murmuring to themselves while clutching their armrests. I look at Hoda, and her face is lit up like a kid at a circus. The plane circles again and again, and finally touches down, taxis and lurches to a halt. The passengers stop praying and jump up to stand in the aisle with the fasten seatbelt lights still on.

We descend the rolling staircase with our carry-on bags to stand on the hot, sticky tarmac, and shade our eyes to scan the crowd. At last, we spot the small group waiting for us near the airport building: Uncle Magdi and Aunt Zeineb, their daughters and two grandchildren, my mother's cousin Zahia and her grown daughter Jehan. They came in two cars. We all talk at once, gesturing and exclaiming, whirlpools of dust spinning at our ankles as we hug and pull apart, and then squeeze into Magdi's little black and yellow sedan with Hoda in the front seat.

We merge into traffic. Magdi is unfazed by the trucks, cars and motorcycles swerving and honking their horns. He gives us the tour and laughs at his own jokes, just as he did when I visited two summers before. We drive with the windows rolled up, and the early morning sunlight glints off distant buildings as we hurtle through the outskirts of the city.

By the time we arrive downtown, the winds have died. I notice that the dust has left a brownish deposit on the tired awnings of cafes and in the creases of tablecloths. It thickens the fur of stray animals and the hair and clothes of children who, having escaped their mothers, run outside to play in the street. But by late morning, people have wiped all the surfaces and everything looks more or less clean, and I think this is a miracle. Old men sell gleaming lemons from carts and cucumbers from baskets. A woman with the profile of a bird flicks grit from a wooden tray of cooling bread, and a man in a spotless white suit pulls plastic buck-

ets of gladiolas and purple heather onto the street from inside his flower shop.

We spend the day at the apartment on Kasr el-Nil Street. It is dark and pleasant, high ceilinged, and the marble floors are cool underfoot. Zeineb puts out small dishes of salads and bread, and later, tea is served. The grandchildren take turns sitting on our laps.

When Hoda and I are too tired to stay awake, Magdi and Zeineb drive us to their spare flat in Heliopolis. They show us how to coax a dial tone from their phone and how to light the stove, they warn us about the tap water and then leave us on our own. Hoda stands on the balcony with her camera, looking out at the darkening sky with its twinkling lights, the city spread before us.

At dawn, the muezzins perform the call to prayer all at once but not in unison, their voices amplified through loudspeakers perched on minarets across the city. The sound is electronic and also ancient, and the voices come together and separate, rushing toward us before slipping away as we strain to disentangle them.

Moments later I become aware of something, a sensation on the pillow beneath my cheek and a gluey substance coating my tongue. My eyelashes feel strange. I sit up and look around, and it hits me that Hoda and I forgot to close the shutters the night before. The winds returned, following a pattern after all, gusting into the apartment, bringing the dust, which settled on every surface while we, exhausted, slept.

I pull myself out of bed. I find rags under the sink and a bucket, and I begin to use them. Hoda is already cleaning, and I see that her expression has changed. She is no longer a child at the circus, she is my mother again.

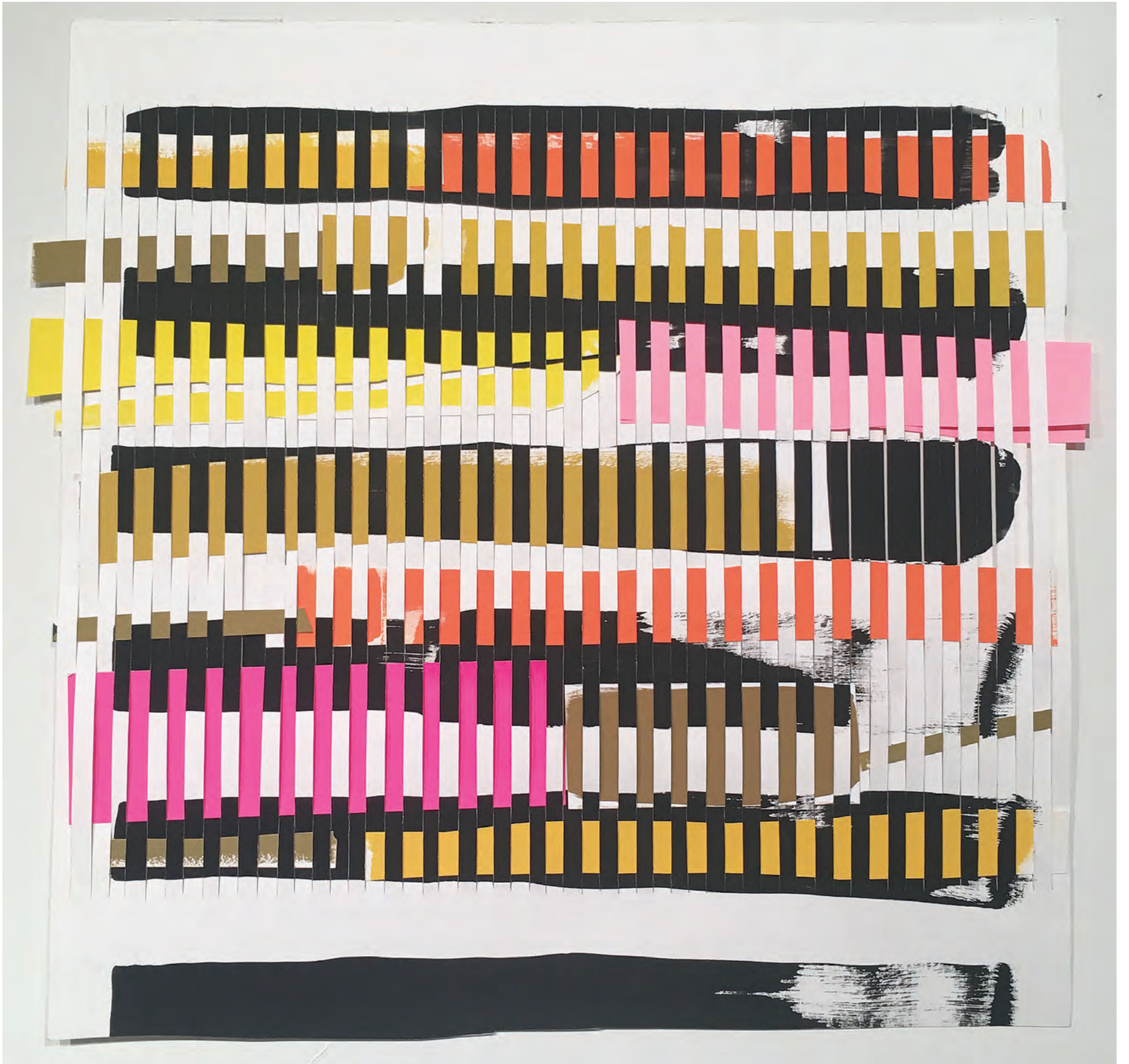
We spend the morning wiping everything down, the slats in the shutters, the refrigerator door, the telephone cord. We change the sheets, shake the curtains, beat the rugs over the balcony railing, wipe the chairs and the picture frames, and wash the tea glasses we left out. As we clean, my dislike and distrust of the dust begins to fade, and I see that it has reinvented everything in stone, and that by inhabiting our bodies, it has transformed us into living monuments.

After a few moments, we have washed it all away, reclaiming everything, including our own skin. Hoda lights the stove as I fill the kettle, and we sit down on the freshly polished chairs, the city having quietly indoctrinated us in this timeless and most mundane of routines.

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It was easier to treat Egypt as a memory. It was better to never consider returning, and so this trip, our adventure together, came as an anomaly. It went against the flow of Hoda's adult decisions and her time-tested sense of limitations. The family routines, the local dramas of childhood and teenage years, these still existed for her, but they shimmered at a distance. Detached from her life in New York, their truth had been cordoned off. And yet, the fact of that world persisted, it emanated from mementos and snapshots, and the half-remembered stories that she, Ramzy and Safi told and re-told. Hoda bloomed from a frumpy teen, expanding in ways that would have once been unimaginable. Her former self and her life in Alexandria had begun to dissolve, its force ebbing from the moment she abandoned it. Everything: her house, her street with its majestic plane trees, her local landmark Wabour al-Maya, her father's beehives, her girlfriends, her dog Spotty, her school, the shrapnel she collected during the war, the public gardens and monuments where she and her friends walked and photographed each other, the Coptic cemetery where she buried her mother "in haste", the sweeping arc of the Corniche with its cafes and the warm stones of Italianate apartment buildings that reflected the sunlight coming off the Mediterranean, the tram rides and the monthly trips by donkey cart to their apiaries in the Delta, their cabana at Stanley Beach, the shops where she and her mother bought shoes, the ubiquitous ruins from ancient worlds—everything she knew, the small things that embodied life, ebbed from her grasp and began to dematerialize from the moment of her departure. Years later, without meaning to, she instilled these ghosts in me, and without realizing it, I found ways to reanimate them.





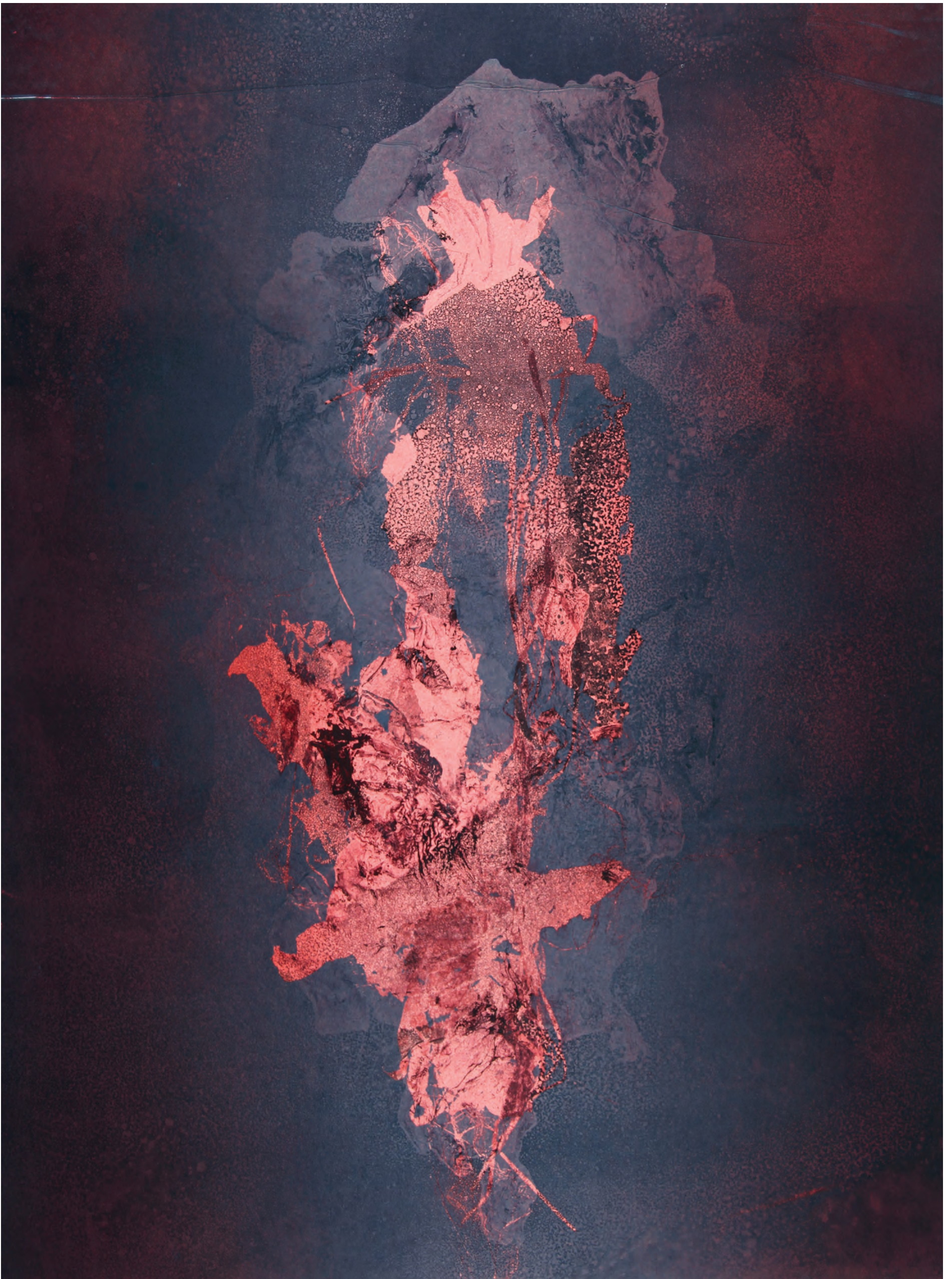


















## Quicksilver Oracle

The quicksilver nature of life on earth and of our inner lives is the mythic content that Proteus represented to the Greeks. We are shape-shifters; when major events occur in our lives it alters the neurocircuitry within our brains, we change and adapt to comprehend a new reality. We become renewed with each profound and novel experience that reaches the depths of our soul and consciousness.

In the deep currents of mythology these existential realities are expressed. As artists we strive to create metaphors whose edges are supple enough, so that they can morph and yield to the changing circumstances of our world. A piece of red coral is a talisman against the evil eye created when Perseus washed the blood of Medusa's severed head from his hands in the Aegean Sea, turning the seaweed to red stone. It later became a symbol for the blood of Christ and remained a

protective amulet into the 20th century.

Magic and metaphor are animate objects of mind; they are a part of our language and express the need that we have to connect to one another. We are social animals and we have an existential need to create symbols, language, and metaphors to bridge the gulf between us.

Coyote, the trickster in Native American mythology, tears the earth open, the earth and the sky invert and a new world blossoms forth. The metaphoric language of art yields to these forces of change; a symbol to one generation can change its meaning to another, but the spiritual resonance of the work of art fills the psychic space with meaning.

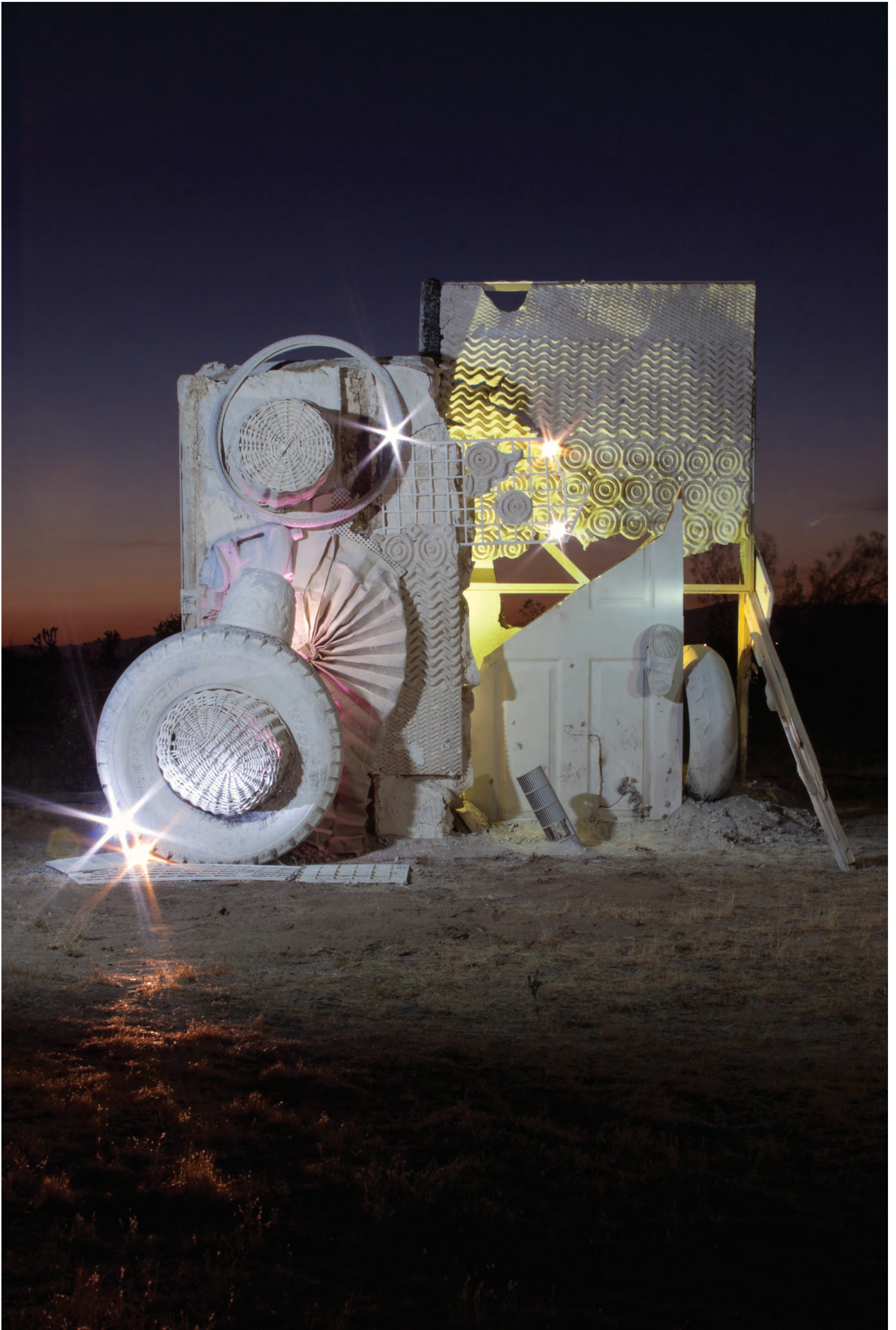
To be one and many, fixed in the center and collapsing; spreading out to the farthest edges of existence. This is the human condition.



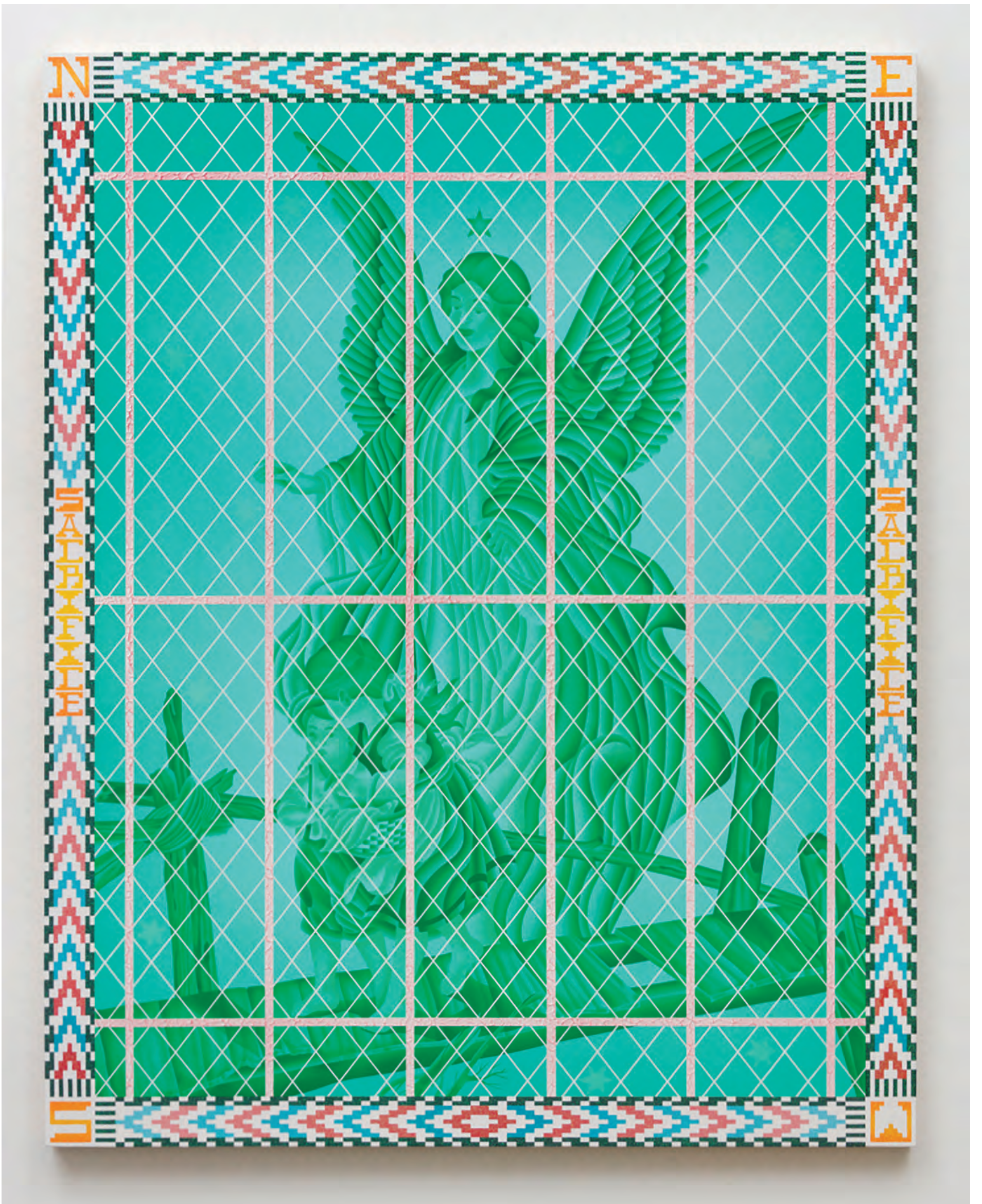


















## laramie

parfois, le temps sans toi est perdu

mais je me demande pourquoi n'est-ce pas  
toujours

et pourquoi est-ce qu'il y a la paix

entre nous?

il est aussi calme que la neige au dehors

mais la froideur ne m'échappe pas

même parmi nos lits

now and then, the time without you is lost

but I wonder why not always

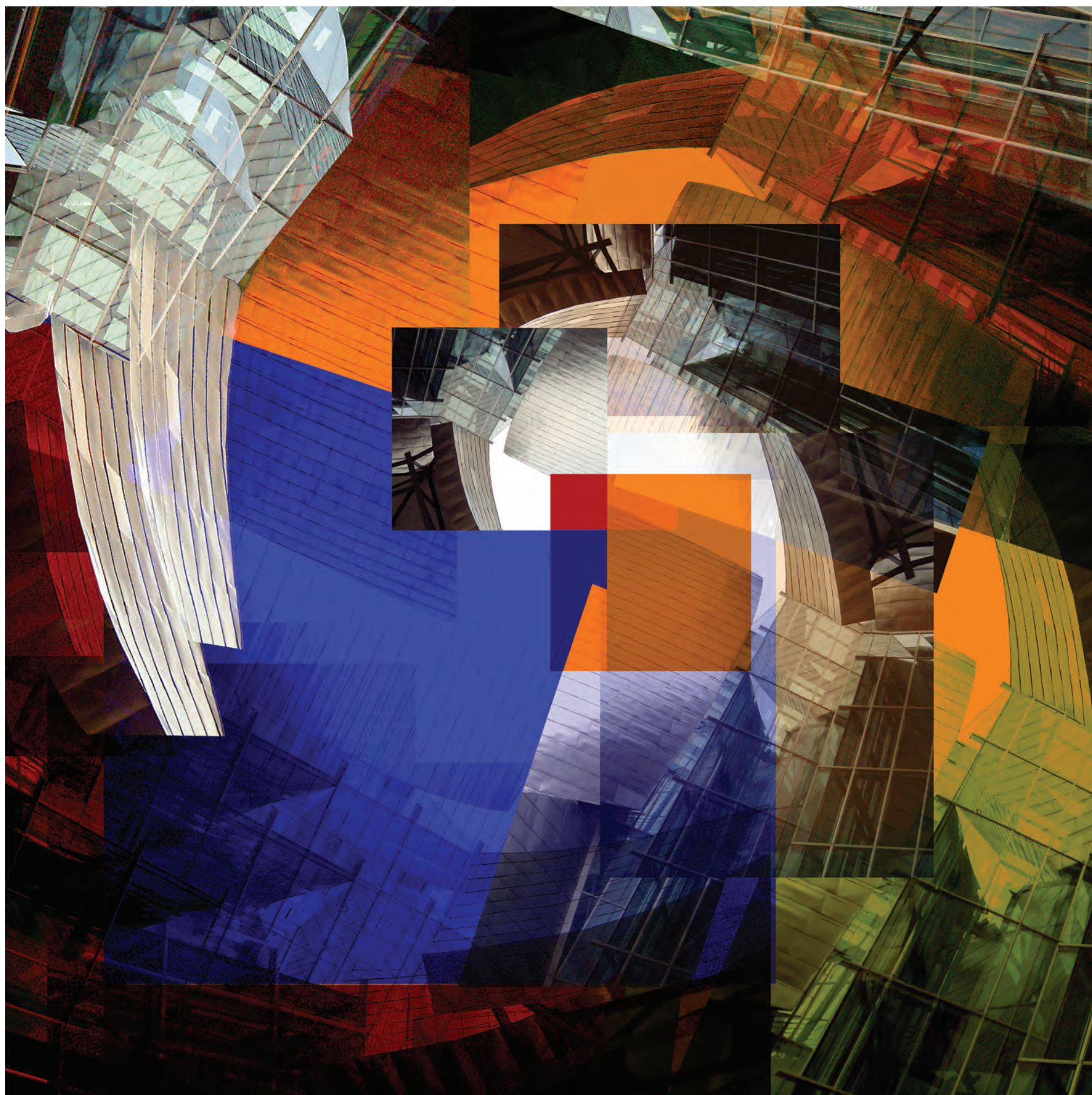
and why is there peace

between us?

it's as calm as snow outside

but a coldness does not escape me

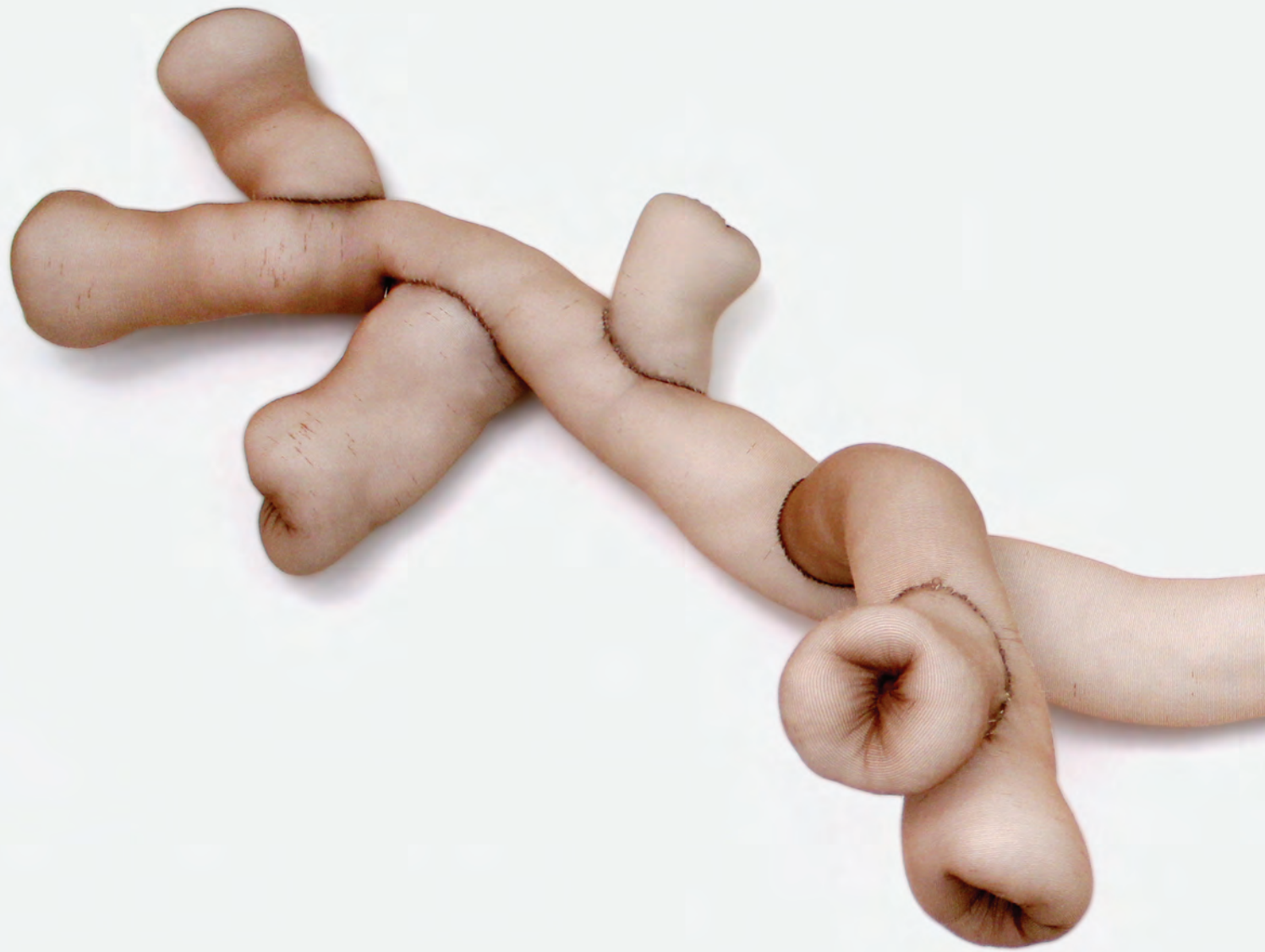
even among our beds











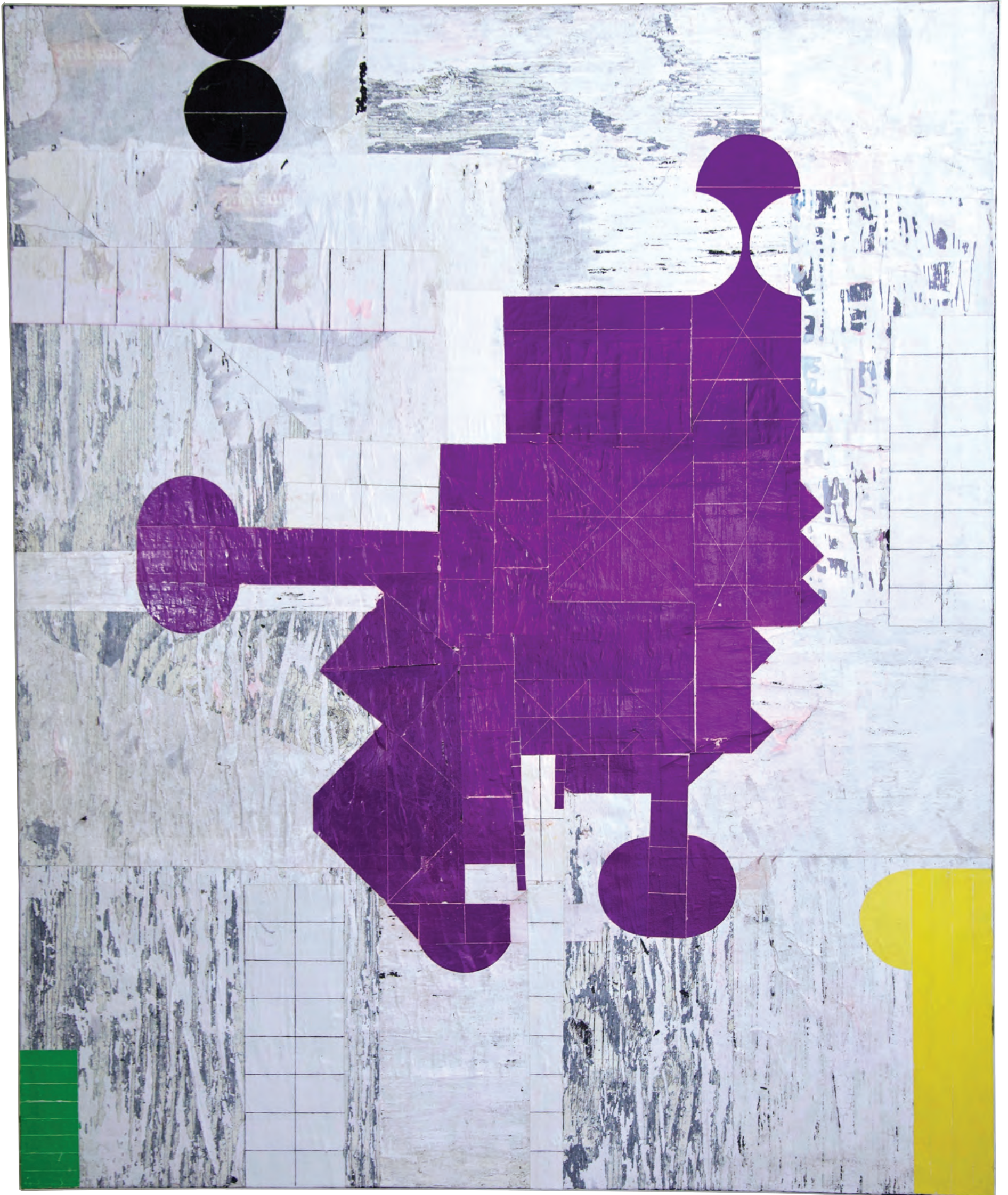






















## Iya

It was a balmy night and I was eating  
potatoes and quark.  
A whisper like a breeze said, "It's time to grow up,  
time to take care of yourself."

Iya appeared without warning, without  
invitation, I felt a tight squeeze, a loving  
embrace. It caressed familiar like an auntie.

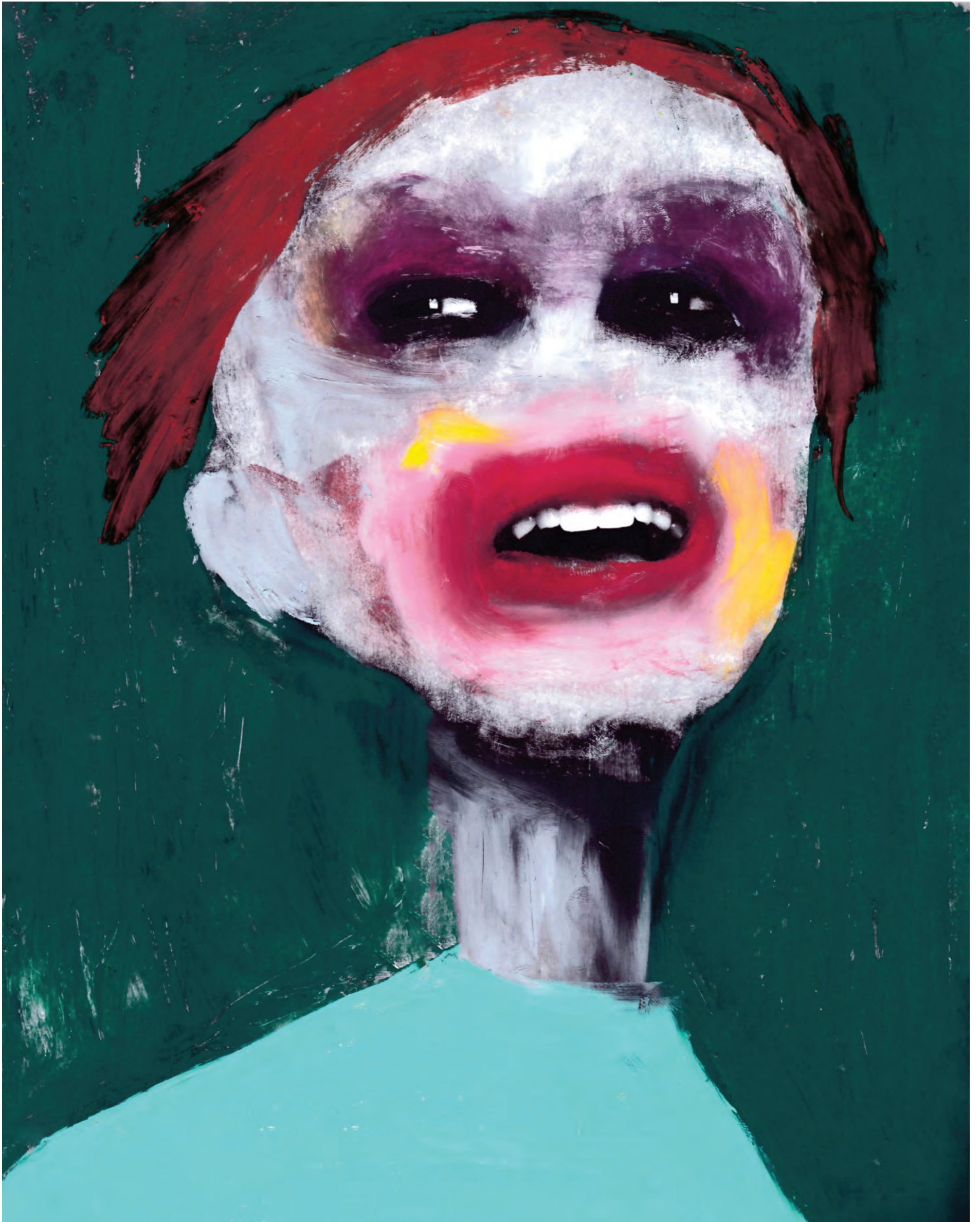
I was twenty six. She was fifty two.  
Iya, the mother of me, insisted that I was  
playing house.

Wise and calm, she told me about the others.  
There was Sila, Omo owo and Omo abo.  
Grandmother, infant and child are  
parts of me. They are the same and different.

They are all me.









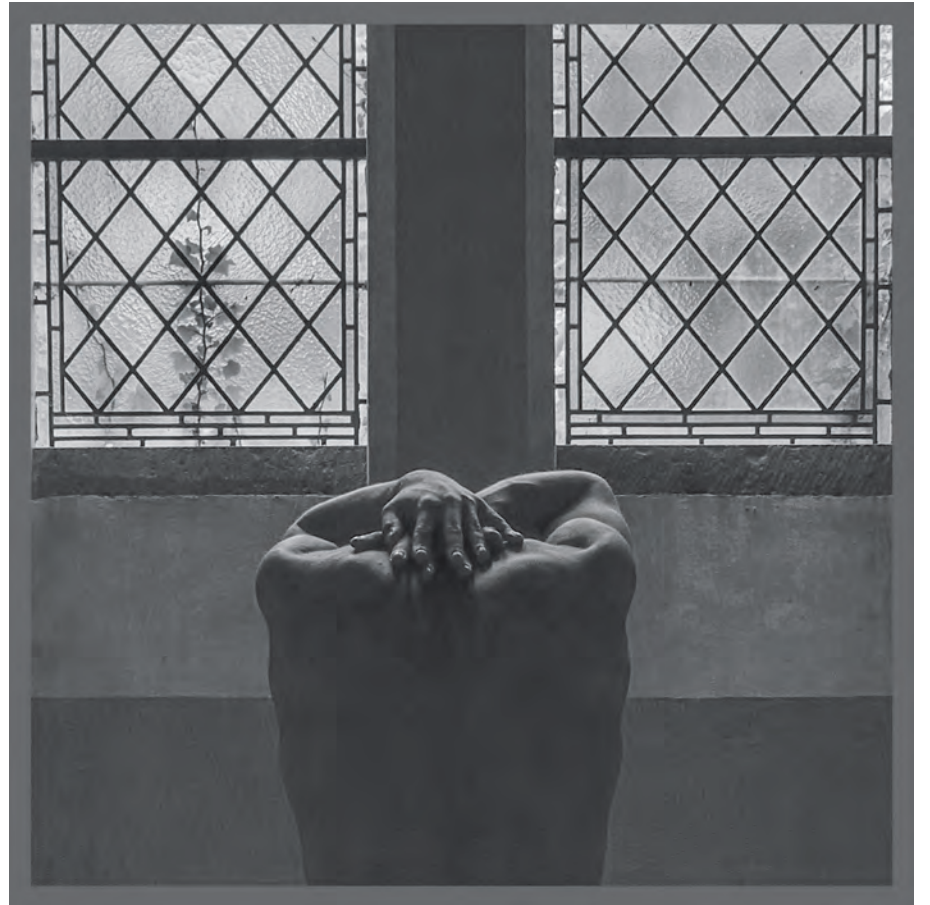








Recovering sensation  
Rediscovering experience  
Retrieving unknown  
Regaining unconsciousness





Reclaiming oneself...







## Generations

The Habsburg dynasty is a continuant over several centuries in European history. In my ongoing contemporary project, *Generations*, I have spent the last 8 years questioning the strength of such a powerful family.

In 2009, geneticists from Spain published new research allocating “inbreeding coefficient” numbers to individuals of the Habsburgs and I combined this data with their portraits from art history, creating several layers of copying. As I combed through many court portraits, I began to confuse cousins with aunts, brothers with sisters, grandmothers with grandchildren. They all started to look the same, because as this new data showed, they all shared an uncomfortable amount of the same chromosomes.

The Habsburgs were indeed human, but by their quest to gain more power across Europe through closely related marriages, they were producing a degenerated version of themselves.

















staring into the mirror  
gets tiring when  
the image starts to fade  
and all you see is  
eternal nothing











## COLOPHON

FULL BLEDE is a free contemporary broadsheet independently published, designed, and curated by Sacha Baumann.

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.

Each issue features collaborators expounding upon a theme and launches in conjunction with an opening or closing reception at a selected Los Angeles gallery. Free downloads of past issues available at [fullblede.com](http://fullblede.com)

### INQUIRIES + FAQ

Visit [fullblede.com](http://fullblede.com) for more information about the broadsheet and its collaborators and/or email [fullblede@gmail.com](mailto:fullblede@gmail.com).

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### 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.







## CONTRIBUTORS

Issue Seven: The Continuant contributors elaborate on their work in relation to the theme here, listed in alphabetical order. Turn to page 2 for index. For more information on these artists and writers, please visit [fullblede.com](http://fullblede.com).

**CODY BAYNE**

S.C.S. (Suprematism/Constructivism/Schematics) HARLEQUIN, 2018. Mixed-media [paper, paint, ink, gel medium] 52.5 x 43.5 x 2. "While searching Continuant Philosophies, a single question arose that seems to connect thinkers to what it means to be Continuant. DO OBJECTS PERSIST? In the Routledge Encyclopedia of Philosophy, I found the following answer to this question: 'The notion that things persist through change is, apparently, threatened by a certain view of time. On this view there is in reality no past, present and future, but rather unchanging temporal relations between events. It has been suggested that such a view is committed to the idea that objects have temporal parts, and these by definition cannot persist through time.' I argue that all Art, from the Palaeolithic cave paintings to fleeting interactions in Marina Abramovic's, The Artist is Present, serves rebuke to this notion."

**APRIL BEY**

Welcome to Atlantica (Baldwinism), 2018. Chinese (Ghana) wax fabric, hand sewing with Made in China thread and needles, glitter, jewelry chain, 48 x 36 inches. We Get Ahead in a Way That You Don't Get, 2018. Nigerian batik fabric hand-sewn into printed canvas with glitter, jewelry chain, 96 x 48 inches. "Welcome to Atlantica. My new work depicts banners that exist on planet Atlantica—another planet derived from my imagination of sustainably healthy existences. On this planet, James Baldwin still exists—like the Continuant his ideas and substance rule at the very same time his physical presence on Earth fades. This Afrofuturistic space shows Grace Jones smoking a cigarette in space even though fire can't ignite. Serena Williams is celebrated for her defiance and never asked to submit. Rules are bent altered and erased simultaneously on Atlantica."

**YURI BOYKO**

Salve, 2016. Archival pigment prints, 30 x 30 inches. Salve represents a journey of recovering, rediscovering, retrieving, regaining, and reclaiming the Self. The series leads through a process of individuation and silent navigation to a window of renewal. It was developed in Salve Mater, Leuvenjoel, Belgium, a psychiatric center for women, inaugurated by Queen Elisabeth of Belgium in 1927 on the lands donated by Viscount de Spoelberch to the University of Louvain. The buildings were designed by architect Josef Haché. The center was set up by the Sisters of Charity of Jesus and Mary from Ghent and was operational until early 2000s. It was abandoned for the next ten years and subsequently converted to condominiums. Salve was completed in dilapidated and crumbling interior spaces of the center a year prior to any sign of commercial activity at the property.

**GARY BREWER**

Quicksilver Oracle, 2019. Prose. Emergence of Form, 2017. Oil on canvas, 40 x 30 inches. "Shape shifting, transformation, metamorphosis. Though we remain ourselves we change and adapt as our world changes around us. The reciprocating metamorphosis from within and without..."

**ZOE CROSER**

LA-LIKE: Prospecting Palm Fronds (Sunset & Harvard), 2017. Unique bronze cast 67 x 18 x 14 inches, edition of 1. LA-LIKE: Destroyed Escaped Exotics (Lotusland) Archontophoenix cunninghamiana crown-shaft no.2, 2018. Unique bronze cast, 34 x 18 x 8 inches edition of 1. "'Ever since the Garden of Allah was torn down and supplanted by a respectable savings and loan institution, the furies and ghosts have made their way across Sunset to the Chateau Marmont. The Garden of Allah was originally the villa of Alla Nazimova, a great silent star, until one night when a fire swept down Laurel Canyon, and she was forced to decide what she wanted to save from her grand house—what, in fact, she wanted at all. And she suddenly knew that the flames could consume all she owned, she would leave for New York at once; there was no point in owning anything in Hollywood, and in this she had a curious premonition or grasp of "place." It's a morality tale of the unimportance of material things, though there are those who will say it's about how awful L.A. is.'—Eve Babitz"

**MICHAEL DESUTTER**

Balenciaga II - 2018, 2018. Collage, 8.5 x 10.25 inches. "Right now all the work I'm making is about taking the familiar and reshaping what the viewer sees in it. For these works in particular I'm fascinated by luxury fashion's place in popular culture. For these works, I've taken bits from current fashion advertising to create abstract movements. No matter how far I go in breaking down the original source, it's the recognizable elements that I hope the viewer connects with to understand there are many ways of seeing the world."

**JAMES DONALDSON**

Who Are You? + I Am Me., 2018. Watercolors, 20 x 30 inches. "This series Left Aware also includes I Know Me, Not Myself, and I wasn't Aware. In this complex world very few of us take the time and effort to connect with our unconsciousness. We are on autopilot, going through life without mindfulness. This simple, mundane, exercise of drawing my left hand has been elevated to a practice of awareness. Painting this series, alone in my garage, lead me to a discovery. I learned to see what I was previously overlooking; myself. As I have spent hours drawing my left hand I often wonder: If I drew it mirrored, would it be right?"

**KAYE FREEMAN**

Braggadacious Chattarunga, 2018. Oil stick and graphite on paper, 30 x 45 inches. "I call my paintings 'painted drawings' because the line is so integral in all that I do. Whether I'm drawing an abstracted nude or a landscape. This organic line is a constant in all aspects of my work and it's been that way from the beginning, because it references where we come from and go to in the end. The line that connects us all. The line is a direct conduit to how I might be responding to a subject or particular work. It's a line of energy that is in every single soul. I think it's super sexy."

**WYLIE GARCIA**

Walking Backwards, 2016. Acrylic on stretched canvas, 48 x 40 inches. "How do we attend to ideas related to connection and belonging? What if we are in-between places, processing shifts from past versions of our self - holographic overlays not quite matching up with our present tense? What if our fluctuating identities are really just radical place holders for grief, nostalgia, and self-acceptance; a way for communion and communication? These paintings are emotional landscapes that aim to ask such questions. By no means are they answers to these questions; but instead are a means to a metaphysical end."

**JOY AMINA GARNETT**

Arrival, 2018, excerpt from a memoir (in progress) of Egypt. Hoda, 1946., snapshot from the Abushady Archive. "Dust plays the part of The Continuant in Arrival Hoda, the story's protagonist, is an exile who visits home for the first time since she left as a teenager after the war. The narrator is me, her daughter. We arrive in a sandstorm, the dust infiltrating the air, the city, our bodies, while continuing an unspeakable and ancient geological moment that renders us temporarily mute. But we overcome the dust, the city accepts us and we face the day."

**COLEMAN GRIFFITH**

Lot and his Daughters, After Guercino, 2018. Digital collage on Chromaluxe aluminum panel, 20 x 20 inches. "My artwork work explores the phenomenological and ephemeral experience of existence through the fluid behavior and sensory impact of light. My current artistic practice explores themes of human experience through the poetic language of light. I create digital photographic collage compositions from known and unknown source locations to challenge the normative conventions of the dualism between subject and context found in art. Using light and contextual displacement of images I move the viewer to a new experience in a timeless space. My abstract portraits emerge from their source environments into an experiential world that for a time is no longer a thing, but a You!"

**ELMER GUEVARA**

The 44th Side of Vernon Posse, 2018. Oil and Acrylic on collaged wood cutouts, 54 x 67 inches. "Those who emigrate whether to forget or to take on a fresh start, are natural continuants. No matter how drastic the move is, one holds characteristics from the experience in the place of origin. Identity fragments like speech in the form of accent, ideas of living and governance are attributes which can signify the place one originates from. As war escalated in El Salvador, my parent's journey to the US birthed acculturation, hybridizing an allegory of multi-cultures, raising me with their culture. In my work, I utilize fragmentation and placing, creating a morphing change, a new, as collaging allows. I compose utilizing symbols from the cityscape in Los Angeles where I have lived my entire life and of my parent's life in El Salvador, essentially creating an image depicting the hybridization of our culture. My goal is to share our collaged identity and how we fuse and retain our culture."

**RIC HEITZMAN**

Unfolding Portrait, 2018. Ink on paper, 11 x 14 inches. "Continuant definition: 'a thing that retains its identity even though its states and relations may change' or 'in this sense continuants are extended only along the three spatial dimensions, not however along the temporal dimension'. On reading FULL BLEDE's description of continuant submissions I realized that is exactly what I have been concentrating on with a new series of drawings. Heads or Tales is a series of ink drawings of human heads while rearranging the placement, color, textures and elements of typical facial structures, 'along three spatial dimensions'. I challenged myself to produce at least three drawings a week; they are 11X14 inches, rearranging, twisting and distorting the elements of the human head and adding symbolic shapes and colors in the process."

**FEBRUARY JAMES**

Rudy, 2018. Mixed media on board, 11 x 14 inches. "'I've never known how to express the ego, nor describe consciousness. The more I think, the less I am; the more I am I, the less I think and the less I act. I don't seek myself as subject, stupid project; only things and others are found. Among these, a little less thing and much less other is my body. In order to speak fairly of it, I began long ago with The Five Senses: the skin, hearing's pinna, the two non-verbose tongues of flavors and kissing, the visit on the move of the world's landscapes... sensuality's delectable pleasures. Clever, hypocritical and lying, the speech that explores who I am—full of vanity when it fidgets within the hidden recesses of a warm and lazy interior—again becomes instructive and fair (I insist upon once again taking up this adjective) as soon as the body exposes itself to cold, danger or death, in the most intense of osseous, muscular, perceptual, metabolic, respiratory, sanguineous, total activities: neither the body nor speech, then, can dream, strut, cheat or lie. Let's go.'—Serres, Michel, 1999, Variations On The Body."

**KIM KEI**

Of Their Own Parting, 2018. Ink on paper 120 x 54 inches. The Last Wait, 2018, Ink on paper 24 x 36 inches. "In down time, I'll sometimes listen to an interview or lecture by Robert Sapolsky, a behavioral biologist. I find his tone of voice comforting, and I think I'm particularly attached to him because his mannerisms remind me of a friend who died last year. He describes studies that connect animal and human behavior to biological systems from daily effects like how long since a judge has eaten affecting parole decisions to inherited trauma. He challenges our sense of autonomy with stories of parasites and disease that alter our behavior. In this context, locating the continuant in ourselves seems slippery. While questioning free will is somewhat unsettling, ultimately, I find it builds empathy. There is a great Radiolab episode about this called, 'Blame'."

**CHRISTOPHER KUHN**

Chatty Kathy, 2018. Oil and acrylic on canvas, 60 x 48 inches. "Chatty Kathy is one of a few paintings that used to be another painting. They were finished and I was happy with them. Until, over time, I realized I wasn't happy with them and they needed to be re-worked. I reset the compositions by painting over each piece in a different color, then painted over the colored mark with a muted tone matching the hue of the raw cotton support or the white of the gessoed canvas. The original paintings are still there underneath. Parts of them peek through in between the brushmarks. But they are also something else. Something new, something different, harkening back to their earliest stages while revealing the history of decisions that fueled their creation."

**KAREN LOFGREN**

Like This I See You In Dreams (como lo cura, locura), 2018. Polyurethane castings of Amazonian medicinal plant leaves (la pataquina negra), aluminum powder, embedded wool, fiberglass, on cast aluminum. "The practice looks to knowledge in the blood to tap into content outside of the empirical known and beyond written history. I try to interpret the academic research aspects of the work into new forms in the studio that speak very much to the body and integration in space—connecting the ancient and the contemporary—meditating closely on information that is held by the cells of the body and moving through the ways we relate to other wild systems. For me, sculpture is constantly political, social, personal, and the perceptions of the body connect to things we have known, felt, lived, and left unspoken." Appears courtesy of Royale Projects, photo by Michael Underwood.

**ALINE MARE**

Mica Celled, 2108. Hand painted imagery on metal, 24 x 36 inches. "Through metaphor and inference—the work is continuant in that it keeps being built and being destroyed, while simultaneously drawn to natural and unnatural processes. It is iridescence and amber, reflection and transparency, in temporal states unknown to itself. Fossils, mica, mosses and roots appear and disappear, maintaining identities and persisting through change."

**JOSEPH MASOTTA**

Zero Hour, 2018. Encaustic and gold leaf on paper mounted to board, 24 x 36 inches. Spectacle + Blue Tribe, 2018. Encaustic on paper mounted to board, 24 x 36 each. "Modern Tribes: portraits of shared identity. 'Continuants...are entities that continue to exist through time; they may gain and lose parts, but at each point in time at which they exist at all they none the less exist completely.'—Barry Smith, Basic Formal Ontology. Within contemporary culture, tribal identity is becoming a common unit of social organization. In search of belonging, individuals are banding together through multiple social platforms to reinforce shared values as a distinct organism. Modern Tribes is an exploration, through group portraiture, of collectives that express a unique personality. These tribes consist of individual beings, but group identity creates a distinct other entity. This selection of paintings characterizes the collective and the individual simultaneously. What does each person contribute to the group and



what do they retain outside of the crowd? Where is that boundary between individuality and group identity?"

#### SYDNEY MILLS

Soft Tissue #5, 2018. Archival pigment print, 20 x 16 inches. "The Soft Tissue series explores ideas around bodily plasticity through the staging of synthetic flesh-like membranes that fall somewhere between vaguely biological and delectably consumable, ruminating on the organic life as material, editable, modifiable, malleable, disposable and hybrid."

#### JAIME MUÑOZ

Impossible Dreams + American Prayers, 2018. Acrylic and glitter on panel, 60 x 48 inches each. "I believe that the concept of identity is relative and reflects a multiplicity of possibilities. For me, it is a construct of both physical and metaphysical life exposures, and as a reaction, it creates an embedded code that exists within my mind, body, and spirit. This embedded code not only reveals aspects of myself, both positive and negative, but it also exposes something that transcends the individualistic perspective of one's identity. I also believe that specific characteristics of my identity are inherited through a collective existence both past and present. A significant aspect of my identity was systematically taken away from me through the European conquest and colonization of the Mexican North and American Southwest. In effect, my identity consists of a racial/cultural hybridity between the conquered native people of the Americas and the European conquerors. This oppositional perspective reflects a decolonial ideology that makes up a huge part of my identity as a maker of things."

#### YEMISI OYENIYI

Iya, December, 2018. Prose. "Iya is between a poem and a story, and emerged from my personal experience of loss when my father suffered a stroke at the age of 54 when I was 26, living in Freiburg, Germany. The stroke left my father paralyzed and speech impaired. It was a life changing event for me. I explored the theme of identity, its states and relations recalling this traumatic incident. Iya represents the mother identity which comforted me as I mourned the loss of my father as I had known him up until his accident. Iya is one of many identities which facilitates personal growth and changes for me. These identities manifest as different ages (infant, child, grandmother, sister) and appear at different times in my life. They are singular and separate yet are, both part and all of me."

#### LYDIA MARIA PFEFFER

Whose Skull Is It? 2018. Oil on canvas, 64 x 60 inches. "The beings in my work are narrative hybrids, who help me navigate human relationships. They enjoy a world not bound to the morality or judgment of the one we live in. They're unapologetic about their physical and emotional existence. Being that they are an extension of myself, there is a great vulnerability that, when shared and understood, can lead to strength and empathy. No matter how many variables in my life change, I am my own continuant and have learned, that I cannot run from that. As an artist, it is important that I don't. Accepting that has given me the freedom to really sink my teeth into what fascinates and terrifies me most: life and love, the grandest of recurring misfits... and why not? Consider them beautiful, wild, sublime, torturous, wonderful, grotesque, cruel, absurd, pleasurable, everything and more...they are indeed omnipotent in the most wondrous way."

#### JAKLIN ROMINE

I DIDN'T FEEL THIS, 2017. Digital print on vinyl, 6 x 3 feet. "The basis of these photo media installations of active sculptural objects, are based on a continuum of physical change. I document the continuant that is my politicized body through its trauma. Most of my body, 75% of it exactly, I don't have normal sensation. However, my body has constantly progressed toward more trace sensations over the past 12 years. So the working series name 12 years of physical change with an SCI is also changing it's title every year. I've worked on it seriously for over 4 years. This series takes a close study of my inability to feel and the accidents that result in various scars, scratches, and serious nail bed trauma. I show them printed on fabric and on vinyl. The way I hang and distort the image to accentuate the body forms within the photograph, I am breaking the language between image and object-hood."

#### TESSIE SALCIDO WHITMORE

Dressed Myself in Green, Lord I Went Down Unto the Sea, 2018. Beach towel, artificial leaves, wire basket, wooden snake, plastic shell bathing suit top, rose quartz, 51 x 37 x 10 inches. "Cloud hands reaching from a rainbow / Tapping at the window / Touch your hair / So swift and bright, strange figures of light / Float in air // Who can stop what must arrive now? / Something new is waiting / To be born / Dark as the night you're still by my side / Shine inside / Gone are the days we stopped to decide / Where we should go, we just ride / Gone are the broken eyes we saw through in dreams / Gone, both dream and lie — Robert Hunter, Crazy Fingers"

#### MARTY SCHNAPP

Mnemosyne, 2018. Oil and charcoal on canvas, 63 x 57 inches. "A global consideration of individual identity must necessarily pull back from the impulse to describe through fleeting characteristics and perhaps

Smith's perplexing removal of the time axis from his definition of "continuant" is an endeavor to avoid this pitfall. However, his decision to do so seems rooted in a misconception of time as necessarily linear and divisible. It fails to consider the possibility of Bergsonian duration—a perpetual movement that inextricably links all aspects of identity into a single state of being. A continuant person embodies, at the very least, the whole of their conscious and unconscious experience and perhaps even their parallel experience, potential experience and shared experience. In my paintings, this broader sense of continuant takes physical form. Though our minds distinguish individuals, each figure coincides with, is inseparable from, and expresses the other."

#### KRISTINE SCHOMAKER

Plus Crowne Plaza, Ventura October 7, 2017, 2017, photography with cell phone, dimensions variable.

"My work focuses on my issues with body image, weight loss and gain, my eating disorder, society's perception of the body and the media's distortion of the body and beauty. My (our) bodies shift shapes every day but for some reason we always want this 'ideal's shape. This series is about the plasticity of the body, my body."

#### JULIA SCHWARTZ

helpless torso, 2018. Gouache and sharpie on handmade paper over discarded paper and plastic, 14 x 11 x 4 inches. "For a few years I have been interested in repurposing everyday domestic materials for artmaking- this includes book pages, cardboard, envelopes, and discarded clothes. Recently, I was reevaluating the accumulated papers of a lifetime, some connected to a personal loss and a larger archive related to my psychoanalytic education, papers that once read, usually stay filed away, entombed in cabinets and boxes. In a desire to recontextualize these works, I began destroying the papers and making new handmade paper. These eventually are transformed into three dimensional works with the help of discarded plastic and paper waste materials. The project was born in the wake of the Montecito mudslides, the figures took shape during the The Christine Blasey Ford hearing, and the final paintings occurred post-2018 election. From psychoanalytic treatises on depression to sculptural objects addressing power dynamics."

#### MOLLY SEGAL

Untitled, 2015. Watercolor on paper, 5.25 x 6.75 inches. "My work considers points of connection and the costs of limits of intimacy. I'm interested in the places where boundaries begin to blur and bleed. This sketch was a draft of a wedding invitation, the beginning of a messy shift of two separate entities awkwardly entering a lifetime partnership. The quote, 'continuants can preserve their identity even while gaining and losing material parts,' resonates with my hopes for marriage."

#### NICOLAS SHAKE

CSL: White + CSL: Green, 2014. Digital print, 45 x 30 each. "The discarded material holds an original propose that can never be fully removed, it had a life, a history, a family. When its original purpose is removed can it become something else? Applying an new value to the objects through my aesthetics I test that theory."

#### ARINE SULUKDJIAN

Self-portrait #2, 2018. Watercolor, screen printing, 12 x 15 inches. "Everchanging, shape-shifting, transmuting. The many selves that we call self, evolve somehow along a line that carries the traits we possess; biological, emotional, even circumstantial. Along that line, we become who we are. At one extremity sits the creature, very emotional, childlike, instinctual and wild. At the other, the rational human, cognitively sharp but tragically dark and sad. Isolated, they are continuants, together they form an idea of who we are. Coexisting almost never occurs, as they are free from any surroundings, hanging in thin air, with very few similarities. Symbols of life's duality. Who are we, but those changing faces? Who can we be but those vibrant colors and those endless tears? What can we be but the space that separates them and the darkness that holds them? Are we whole, or still missing parts of ourselves? Or are we just happily the sum of our parts?"

#### CAMILLA TAYLOR

Thread, 2015. Zinc intaglio, 10 x 8 inches. "Heraclitus wrote that you could not step twice into the same river. And as Plutarch says, you cannot encounter the same mortal being more than once, as like the river, we are a concept rather than a fixed thing. These three images reference the concept of the lack of fixity in self and identity. A friend told me that when she's old and has a memory disorder, she'd rather just die because 'That's not me anymore.' But if not her, then who would it be and at what stage in the continuum does a person become someone else? As a child, I had a major head injury and permanent amnesia, erasing the memories I had made and changing my personality. I'm both the same and completely new, the inevitable flux happened as it does to everyone."

#### KATYA USVITSKY

Severed Ties, 2015, nylon + fiberfill, 50 x 18 x 6 inches. "When I moved to LA from NY I was feeling particularly disconnected from the reality that I knew. I felt uprooted from the friends, family, and arts community

which had been a part of my life for over a decade. This piece is reflective of the freshness of those wounds, the severing of ties and the work necessary to establish new connections. The pantyhose I use in my work are a stand in for a fragile body that is able to evolve, adapt, and heal."

#### MICHELLE VAUGHAN

Margarita Teresa of Spain + Mariana Antonia + Mariana of Austria (clockwise from top), 2013. Digital prints on paper, 22 x 30 inches each, edition of 3. (Statement on page.)

#### ADAM VOID

Staring Into the Mirror, 2018, graphite + acrylic paint on paper, 7.25 x 8.5 inches. "After a recent visit to the Valley of Fire in Nevada, I was confronted with the physical markings of the Moapa people, who lived there over 2000 years ago. Signs were posted letting us know that 'the petroglyphs are not graffiti.' As someone who regularly marks on most surfaces, I was instantly connected through time's continuum to these people. These markings are a form of communication, beyond the life of their bodies, beyond their time, still anchored to place; a portal."

#### LINDSEY WARREN

Opportunity, 2017, ink on paper, 8 x 10 inches. Opportunity is from a series of atmospheric drawings that describe air and space in forms that are momentary and fleeting. While my paintings utilize color and light to describe specific places, the drawings are boundless and timeless, focused entirely on the form of elements of sky that are powerful, beautiful and in a constant state of change."

#### XIMÓN WOOD

Laramie, 2016. Poem. "Vibrating between states of wonder and hunger, this work reflects the continuant that is my life in love, but mine is a traveling love that refuses to stay in one bed or on one plate."

#### ALEXIS ZOTO

Fall Semester Weave, 2018. Bristol paper and gouache, 14 x 14.25 inches. Mixed papers, gouache and ink, 8 x 10 inches. "I have been making work and researching weaving. I think weaving is a continuant and I love the idea of this. I have been researching one aspect of weaving whose meanings had been erased and replaced with other narratives. Weaving usually tells a story and documents a moment. I am drowning in paper: my own, my students', papers from work, paper from my two kids and my partner's. These weavings document my moment, all the detritus floating around at this time. Like many of the weavers I interviewed, I like reusing and recycling to make art and something new."

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