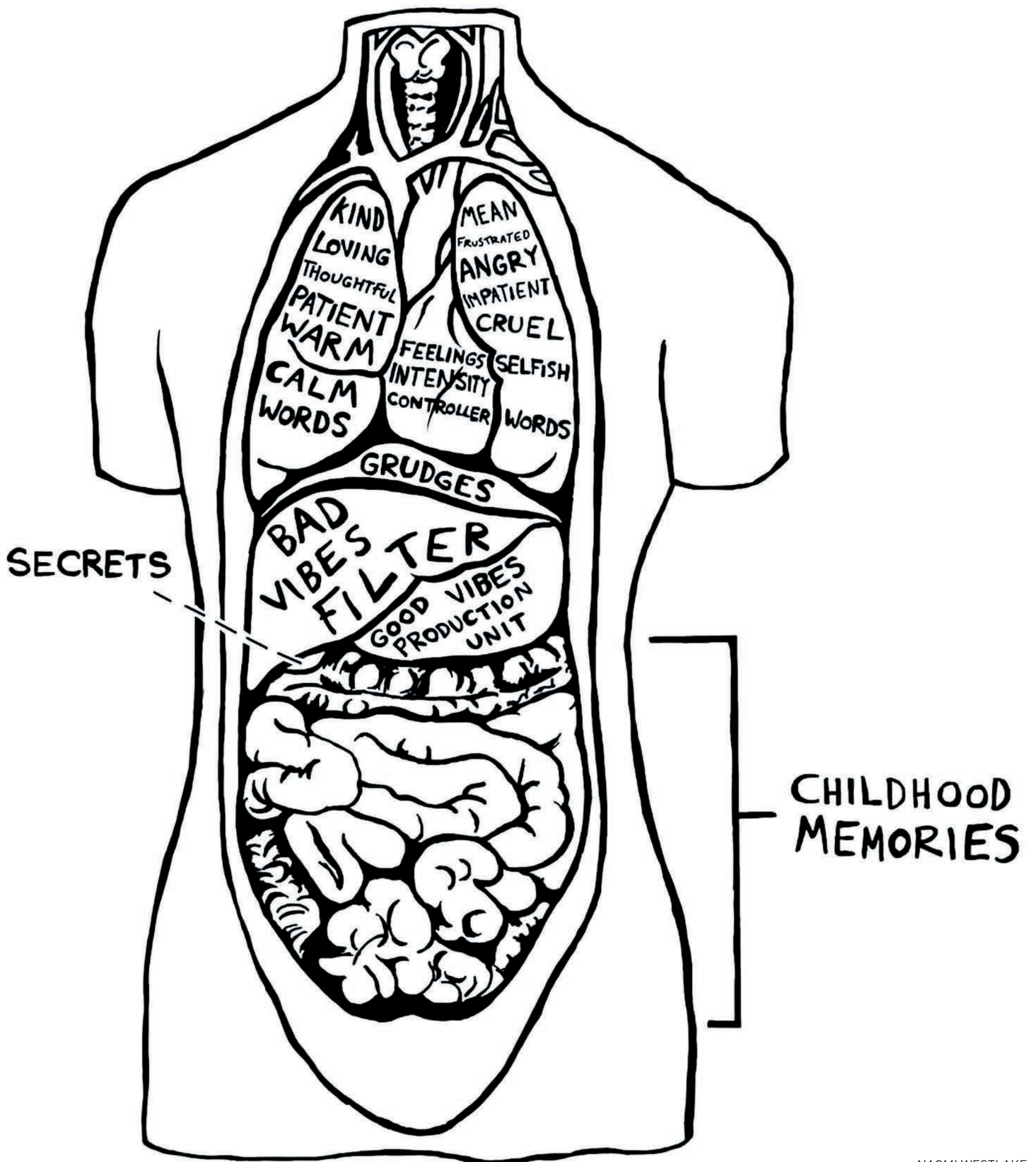


BEAUTIFUL BLEED

MARCH 2018

ISSUE FOUR: THE PATTERN

FREE





 ISSUE FOUR: THE PATTERN

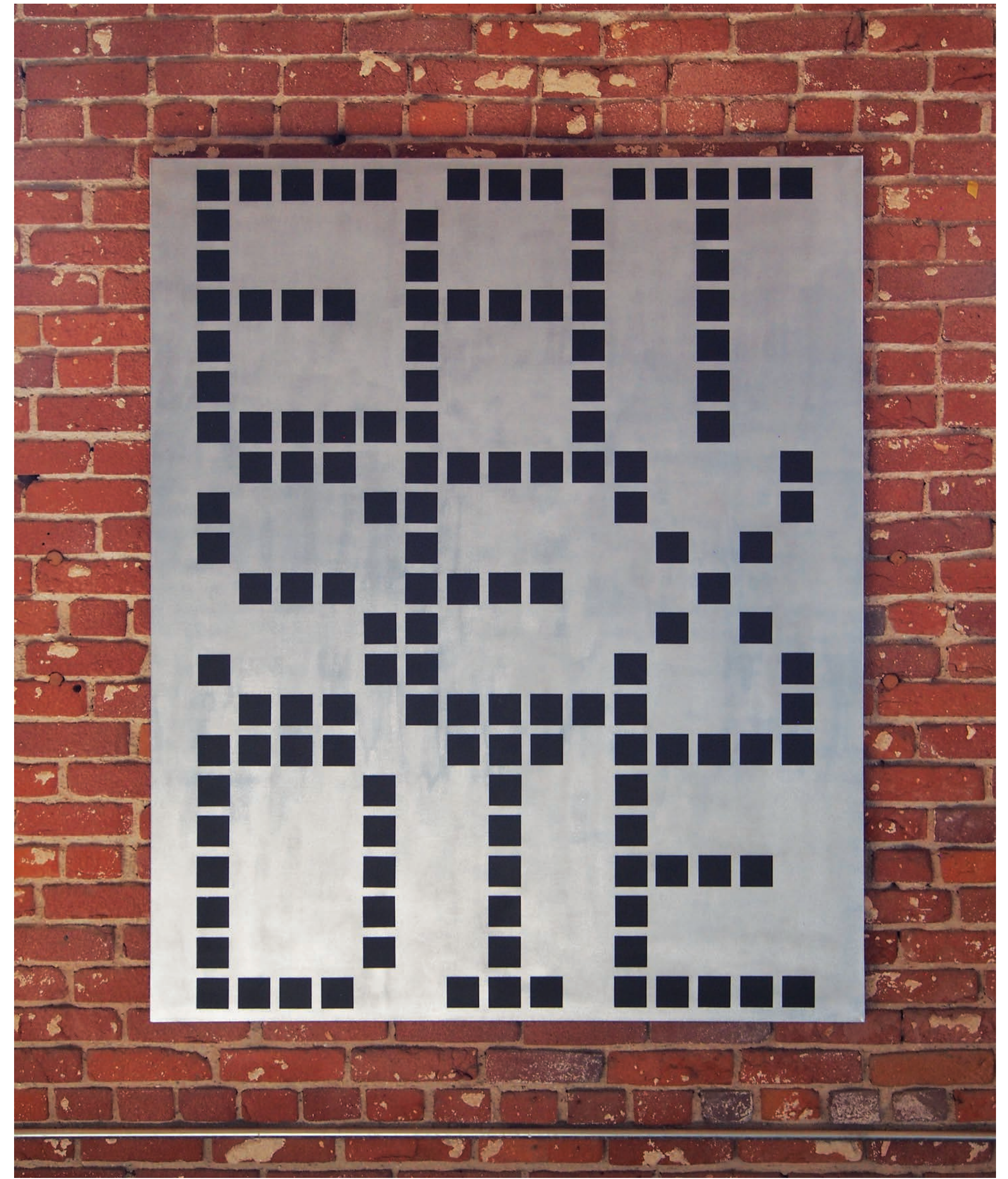
Each issue of FULL BLEDE invites contributors to expound on a theme. In Issue Four: The Pattern the broadsheet's collaborators explore sameness. It is the largest issue yet, with over 40 artists and writers. In the work you will find systems of recurrences, whether found in nature, society at large, or personal behavior. Works reveal repetition in our physical environment but also in habits, relationships, and personal routines. They elaborate on coherence and find that in some cases it yields the complete opposite: chaos, mess, and wholly unique

experiences. Regemented actions sometimes result in thrilling randomness, other times in monotonous comfort. Enjoy this collection of objects, reproductions, illustration, painting, sculpture, collage, prose, musings, and fabricated correspondence exploring The Pattern. Thank you for your support and long looks.

 CONTRIBUTORS

Listed here by page, for more detail, turn to page 35. **Cover:** Naomi Westlake **2-3:** Colin Roberts +

Gou Shibata **4-5:** JP Kunst + Kathleen King + Karen Hockman Brown **6-7:** Lindsey Warren + Carolie Parker + Nadge Monchera Baer **8-9:** Luke Whitlatch + Inkwelder **10-11:** Julia Schwartz + Carolie Parker **12-13:** Camilla Taylor + Hayley Barker **14-15:** Aaron Zaima + Kottie Paloma **16-17:** Bonita Tanaka + Sarah Gonsalves + Robert Soffian **18-19:** Silvia Rignon + Codie Barry + Sydney Croskery **20-21:** Kofi Effah + Adrian Paules + Scott Hazard **22-23:** Megan Mueller + Daisy Patton **24-25:** Roberta Gentry + Valerie Daval + Kerrie Smith **26-27:** Anna Breining + Daisy Patton **28-29:** Adam Void + Adrian Paules **30-31:** Scott Greenwalt + Harvey Oppenorth **32-33:** Tristan Brightly + Geoffrey Todd Smith + Sara Clair + Diana Kohne **34-35:** Ching Ching Chen + Chelsea Dean **Back cover:** Molly Segal



 FROM THE PUBLISHER

I'm a good cook but only a mediocre baker. I'm scrappy and at ease when clearing out the fridge to concoct a delicious soup or an on the fly pasta with a creamy spinach sauce and braised chicken breast. But I often find baking plodding and overly serious. One must follow recipes. And how is it I can follow the same recipe over and over and each time it yields different results? Why don't Toll House cookies come out perfect every time?

I'm quick to whip up a white bean

and whatever-herbs-I-have dip, smear it on bread, add some veggies and create the most delicious sandwich. But baking a simple chocolate cake is slightly terrifying and only outstanding about half the time.

I was thinking about this when I was exploring Issue Four's theme: The Pattern. (Or maybe I was just hungry.) The quest for sameness, for perfection, is futile for me in the kitchen. Conversely, I love the orderly pattern of a grid and creating and following a style guide

when designing the pages of FULL BLEDE. In the kitchen I tend to ignore rules and rely on intuition.

I'm delighted in the contributors of Issue Four's considerations of pattern: some with repetition, order, and ritualistic execution, others exploring and exploiting behaviours, obsessions, illustrating the confusion that can come when seeking sameness. Each has deftly and honestly tackled the theme. It's an honor to display their work on these pages.—Sacha Baumann





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.

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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 Suite.

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More Enlightenment Ideas

I like a fine incision,
a field of moving rain,

flat black thunder

considering the body
is hard to inhabit,
considering (coldly)
the faculty of reason favors
whip, leash, collar,
and we don't know
what's down there

a soul, or
just more animal
than I care to handle.





Chapter 7/8 Closer than not

Dear Assessor,

It occurs to me that externally I'm in a constant state of incompleteness. I consistently leave large tracts of whatever I do unfinished. This extends to avocations, careers, education, relationships, daily tasks, you name it, I do most of each objective's resolution but not all. I used to have hundreds, but now maybe thousands of writings almost complete but not quite, as I'm prone to make a correction or two or three with each re-reading. Two weeks ago I set down to impose a deadline on myself for one if not two specific stories laying on my desk. Lost in my ability to make a final resolve I moved on to another thinking the next would be easier. I did that five times, I believe improving each but finishing as I started with none wholly conclusively done. And of course between these meticulous editorial shaving exercises I dashed off another dozen or so essays, commentaries and stories, thinking at the time, all or at least some complete which upon further review probably won't be. So end result, a couple made better, initial problem increased, to do list longer.

The development of the Internet and camera phones makes documentation of everything ubiquitous. Not so my years as a visual artist that relied on photographic slides and written reviews for evidence of existence. The artwork, performances, openings and installations without record are beyond counting. These orchestrations were real, very affective and effective once in their time that has now slipped below the ocean's surface. A few were retrieved, and some were retained, never lost, but the context and meaning, like the photos and data never taken or preserved are no more. I was, I am, I'm not.

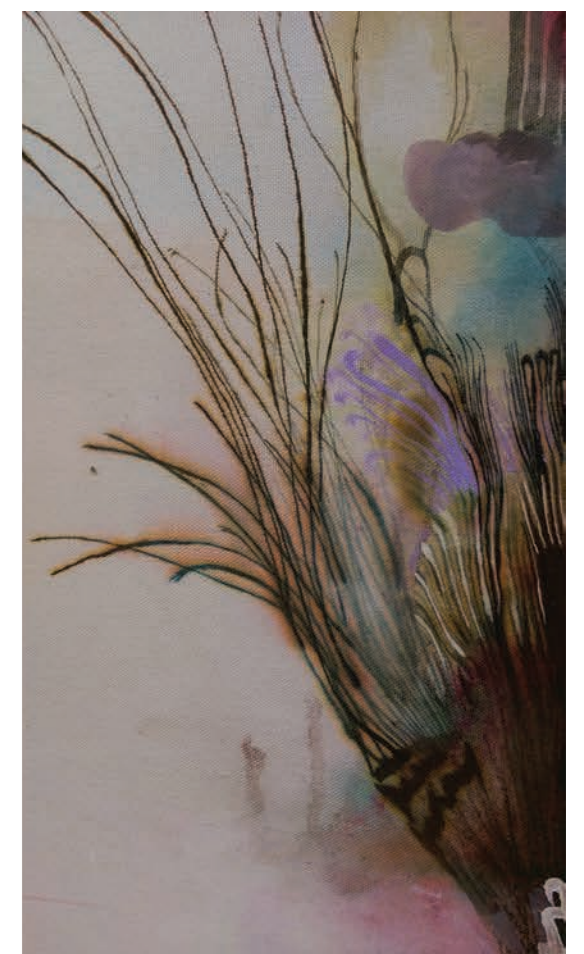
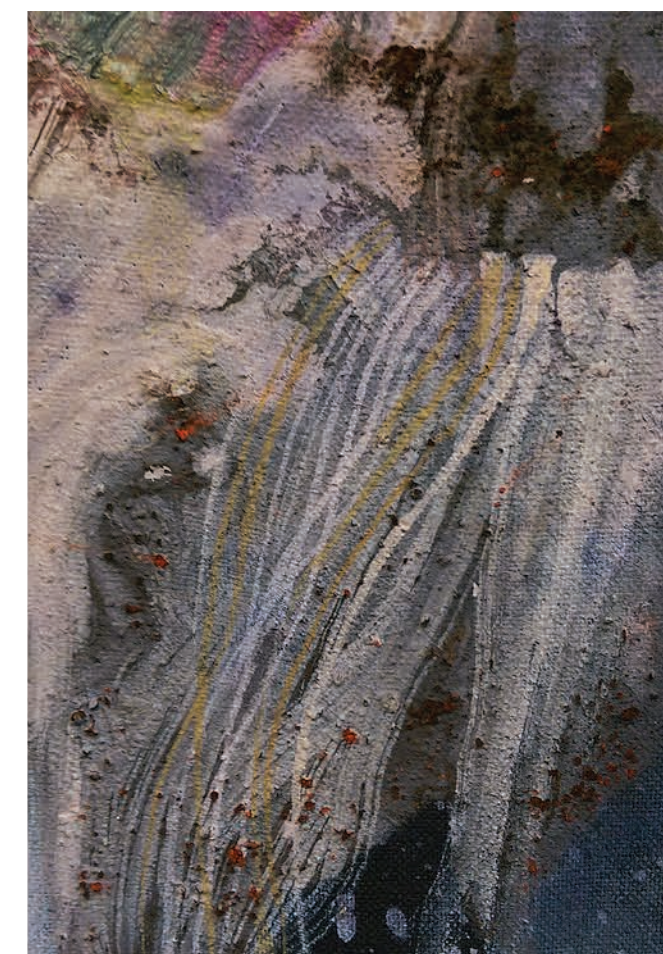
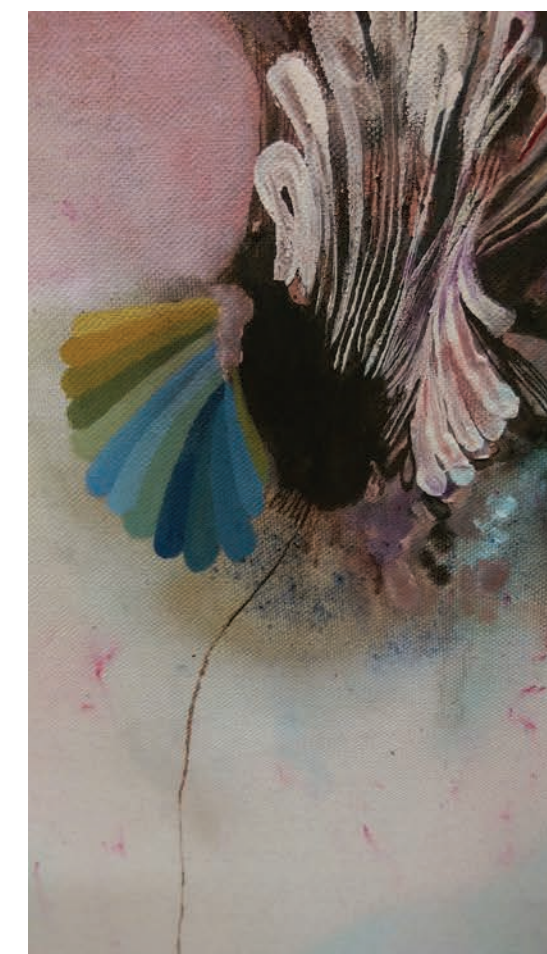
There was art I never bothered to sign, the plaques and dedications I chose to forgo, because some things are just less interesting than others. I never thought then or now my signature or lasting mattered. But the world leverages position and needs things whole and complete in ways profound, pragmatic and curious that I've just never mastered or embraced. Fortune belongs to the ruthless and the dogged, the visionaries and conquerors, the dedicated, in turns the relentlessly patient and impatient. Somehow in the way things work, the reward lies primarily in the consequence, rather than the doing. That's implicit and makes sense, and yet somehow it's something that doesn't overly concern me. The doing even sight unseen is enough.

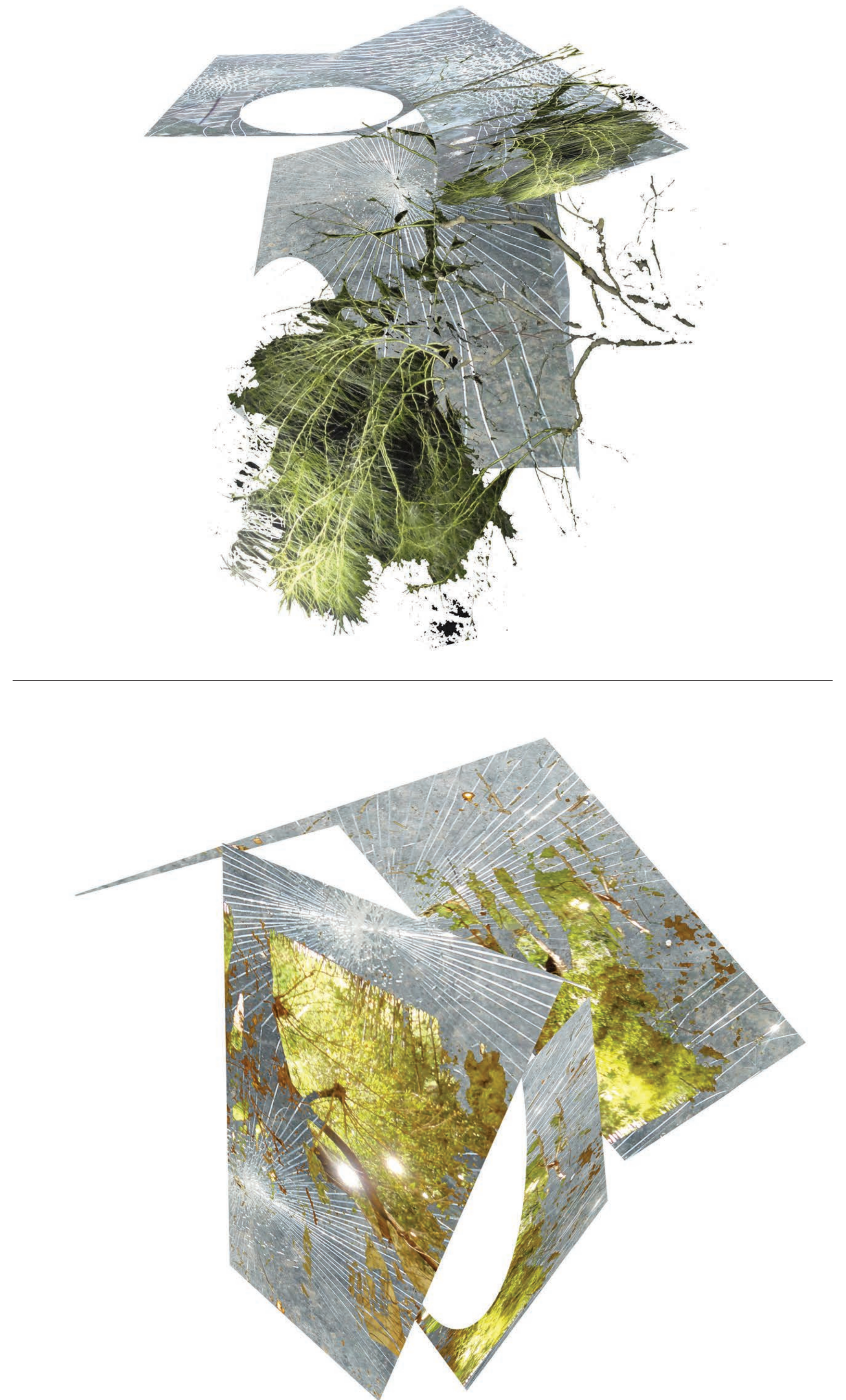
In numerous domains I don't share the same fears of many people, nor their goals and consolations, nor their clarity, their ease and reassurance for grouping, popularity, allegiance and agreements. When joined by too big a mass, too specific a value, directive, direction, definition or perspective the more guarded and suspicious I become of them and myself. As a child student my more often than not moniker was the one of great potential under-achiever, not to be confused with slackers who's term came about much later, meaning something similar but not exactly the same. I get lots and lots of stuff done, I just don't hang around for the glory and satisfaction, the practicality of the finish. Bottomline I enjoy striving more than accomplishment. I get that the world stares at the missing part and wishes to describe my complicity in the gap and void's existence as a manifestation of some malignancy on my part, some failure to launch, to assert or gain, some fear of imperfection or scrutiny, all

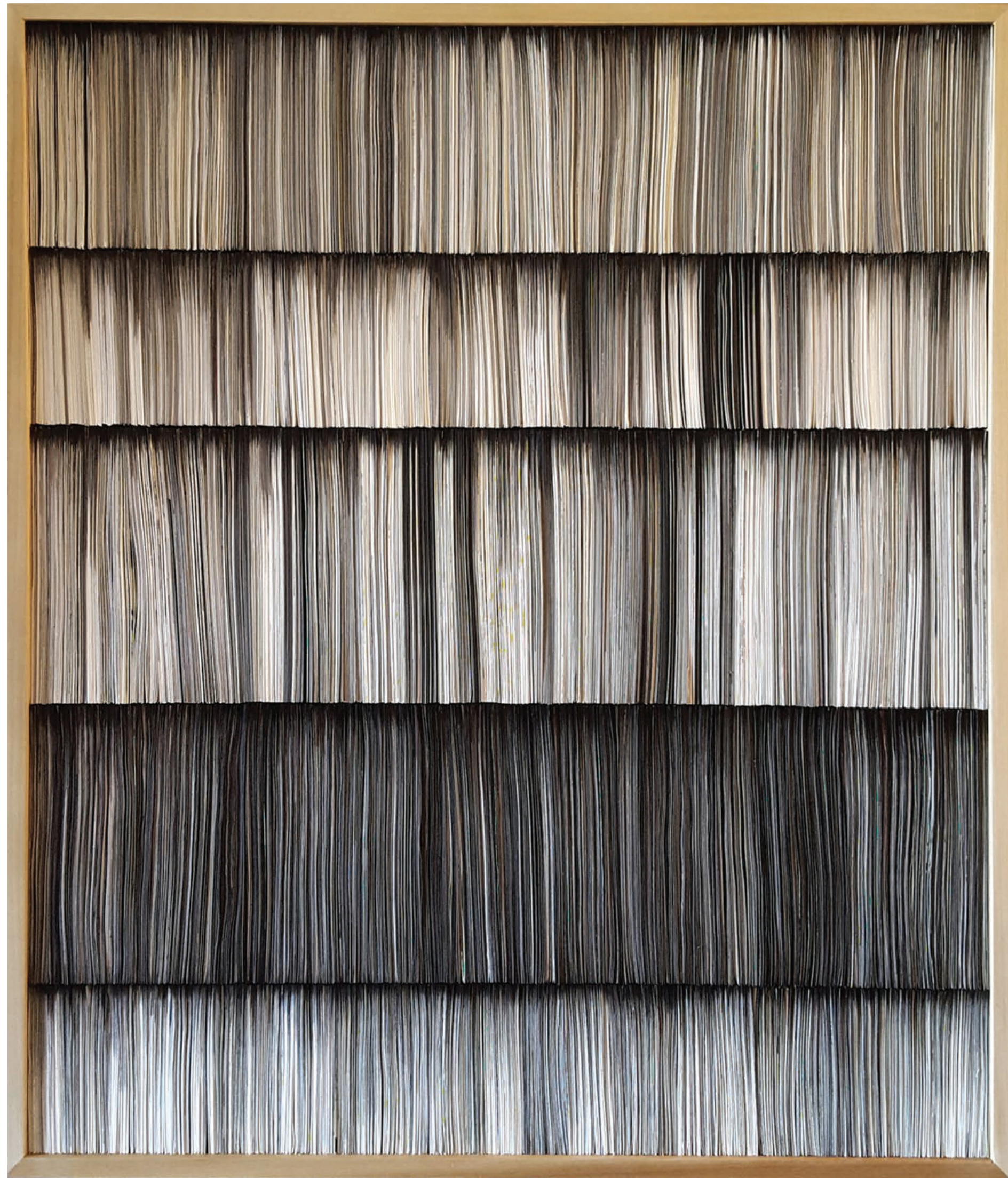
softer gentler ways of saying voluntary slavery bound to self destructive tendencies. But me I see and feel it otherwise, fully cognizant of the occasional longings and wistfulness now and then for other outcomes and other ways of being. Just as it is impossible to know and feel the world without sorrow and regret for suffering and impoverishment, for pain and loss, for how things could or might be but are not, various migrations and decisions carry both risk and reward, some anticipated, some discovered, some deferred, some consciously or unconsciously invited. Questions and desires, the spaces unfilled are not negations so much as proof of life. The striving is where I find the maximum learning, intrigue, wealth, peace and wholeness, it's the completions that feel nice, comfortable and harshly partial, like a pretense intended to distract from the inevitable. A misdirection of the finality of erasure. The future, a billion times wider and longer than any present situation and conditions is unavoidable and unwaveringly absolute. Mortality confirmed. Trying my best not to swallow my tongue, I prefer to face it straight on, yes I have and will always be an amalgamation of nothingness, and for the time being, as long as I have this fear, doubt and choice, this ability to assert as I wish regardless or despite consequence, because this is exactly what I care about most for they, we, me and us, that's something. Something worth feeding, preserving, pursuing, improving. Approval ambivalent, I amass my freedom as best I can, no further explanation necessary.

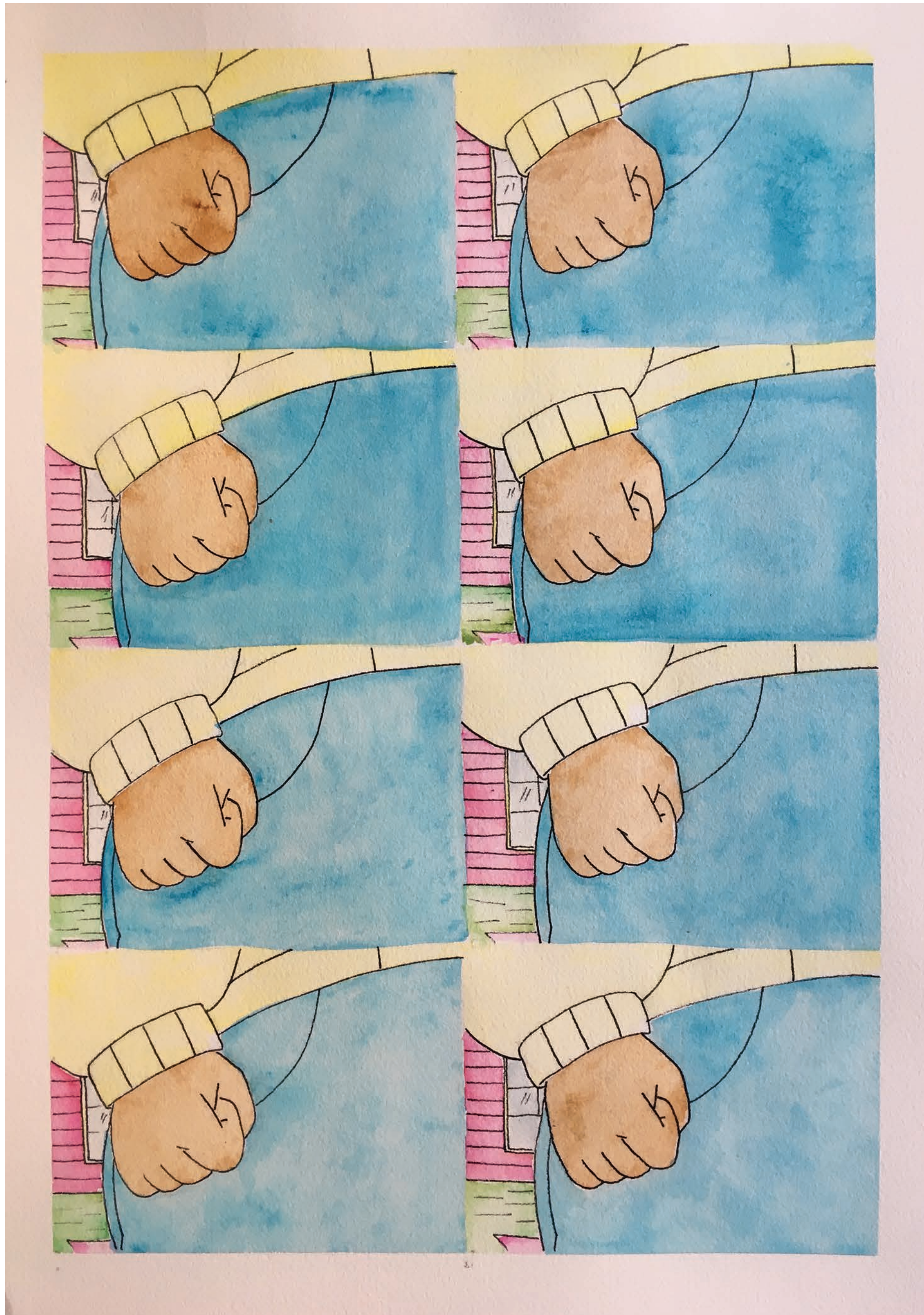
Incompletely Yours,

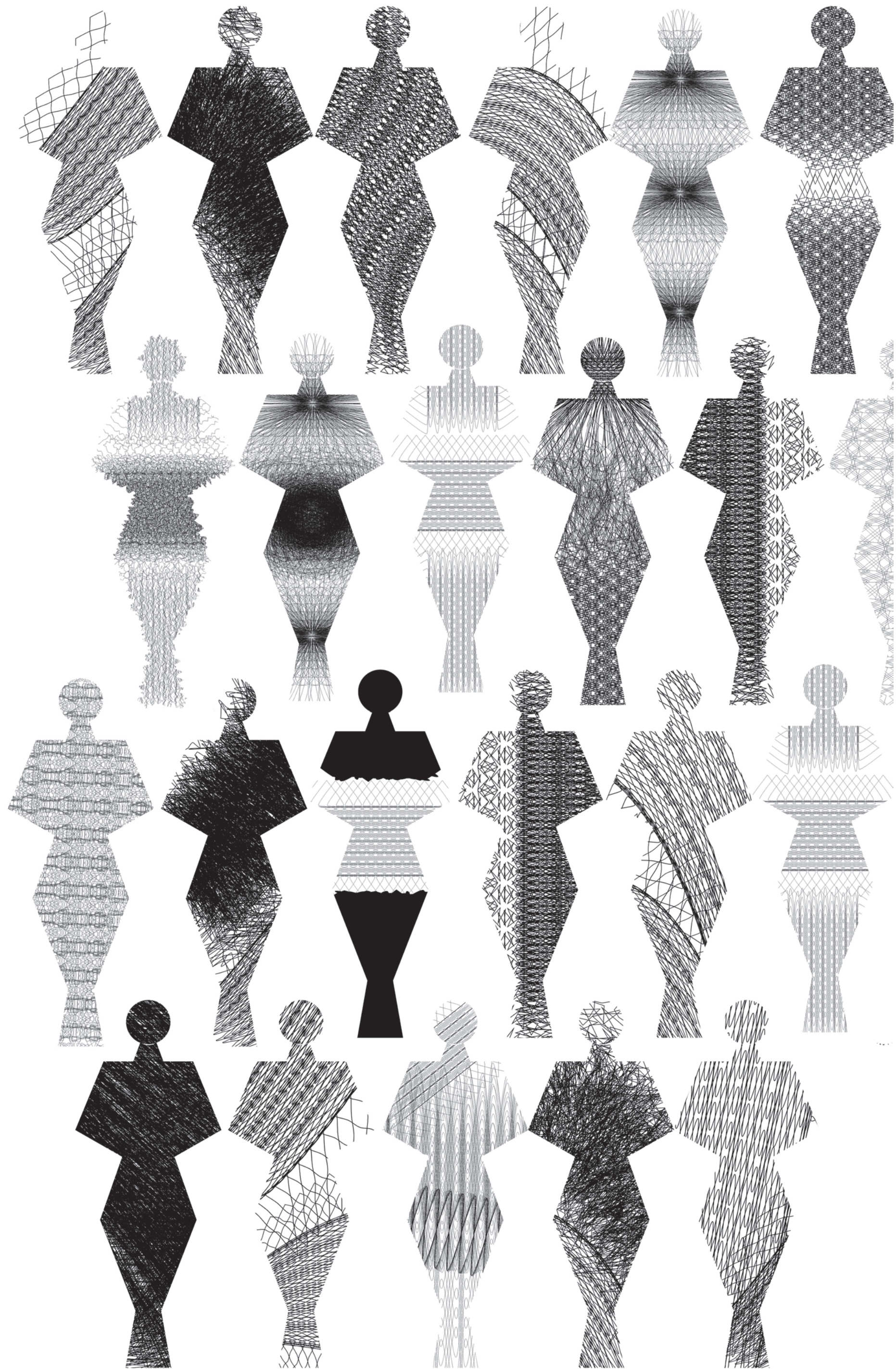
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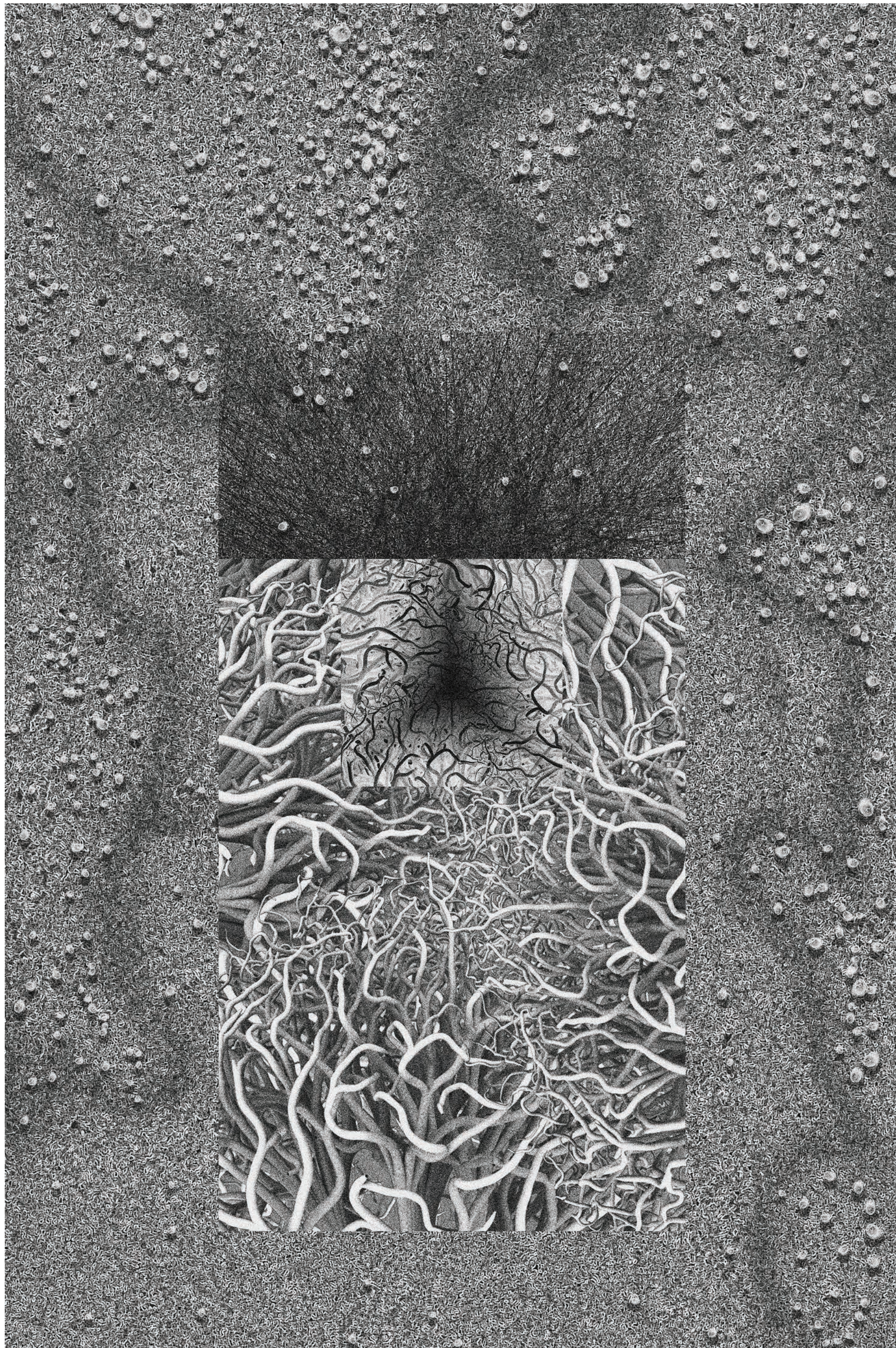










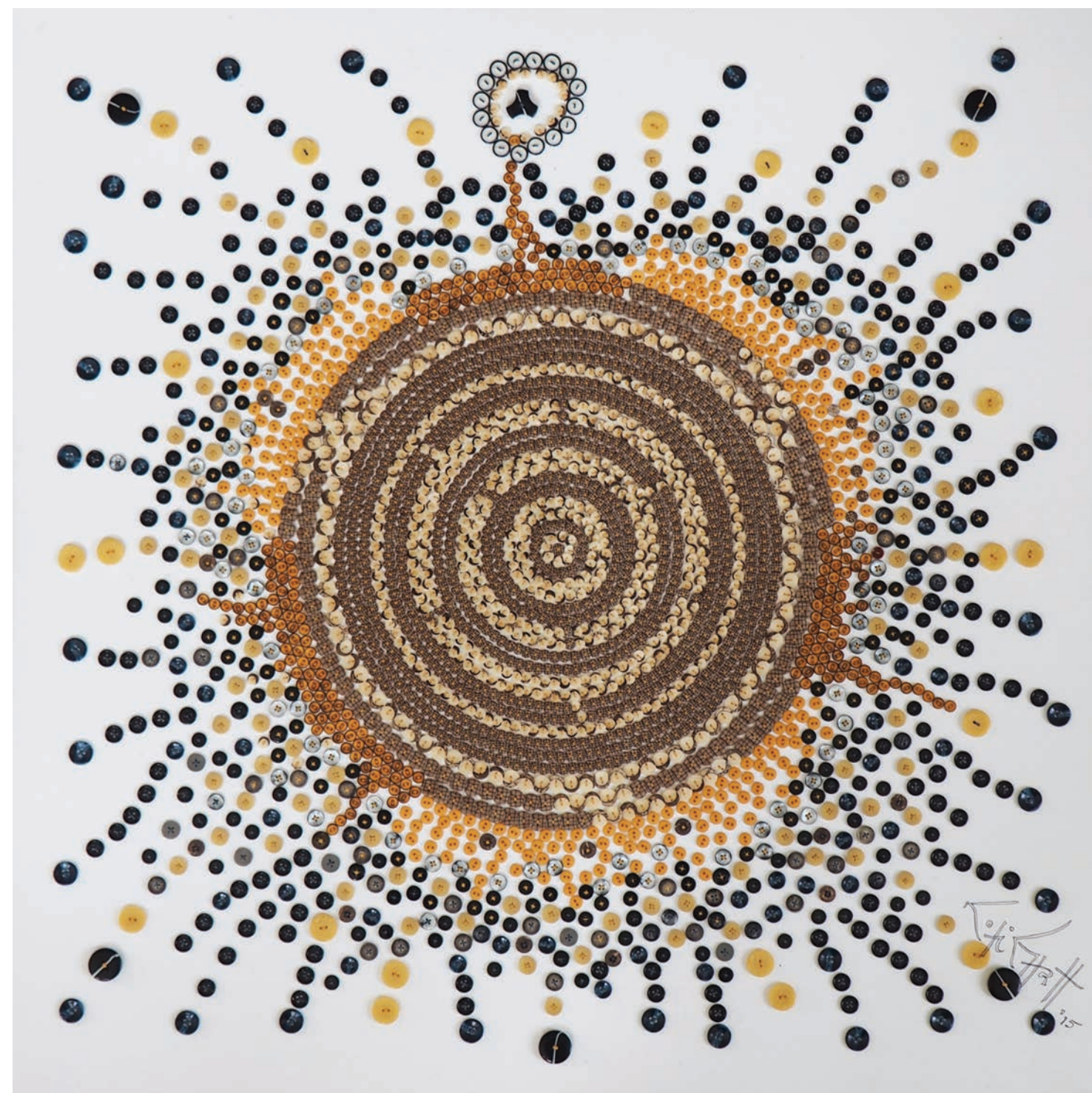
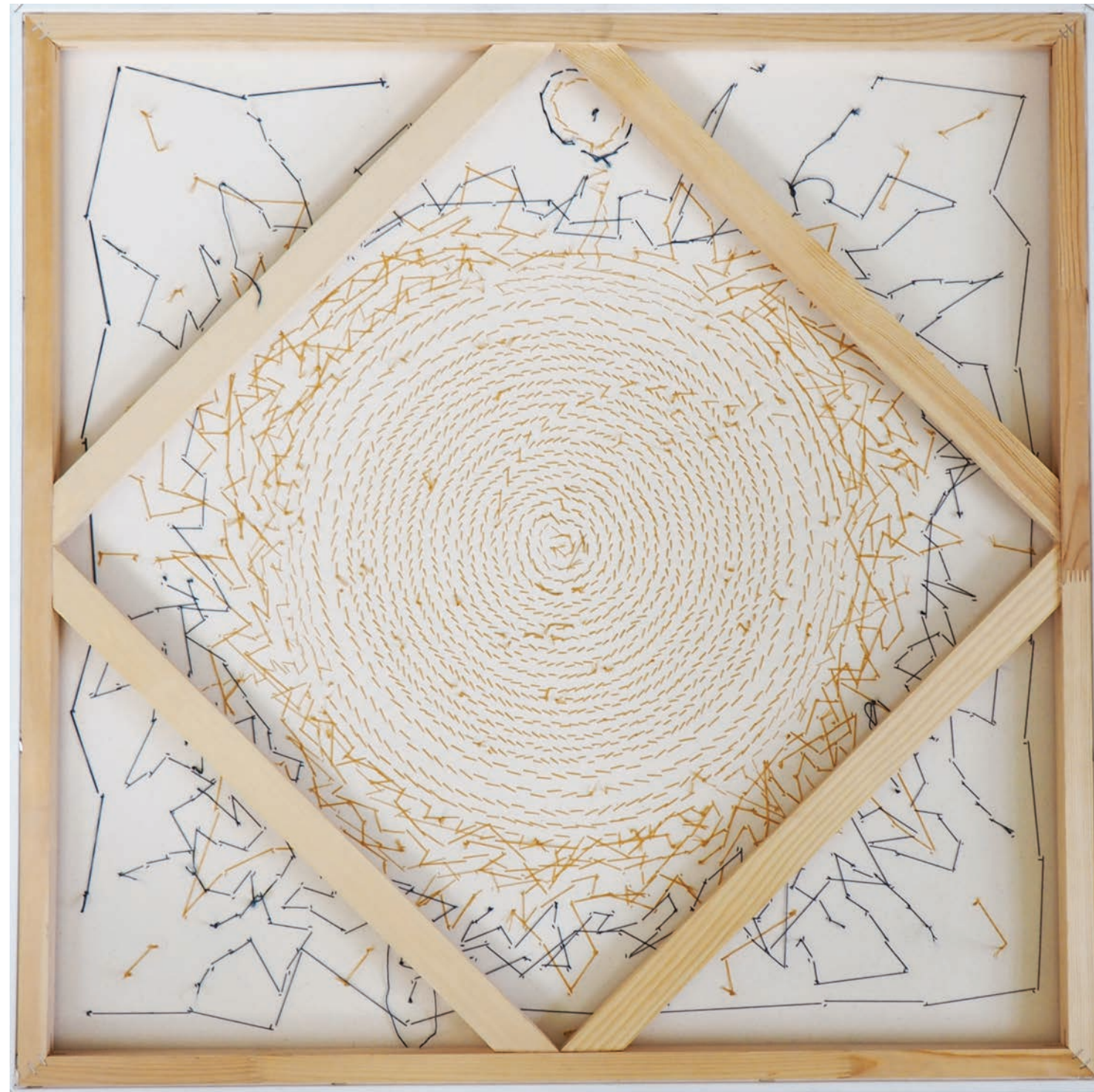


Difficulty

Once,
 the National
 Enquirer
 Had a piece
 About
 A woman, distracted, and
 Pregnant,
 Who drank wine every day
 Mulched
 With the cork, floating in her
 Cup
 Presumably at the end of her rope.
 Why
 She would do this I do not know
 But
 Every day she pushed herself through the concoction, unstoppable.
 Subsequently
 Her baby was born with a spine made of cork.

But other than that it was fine.





The Work

The work is intuitive.

The work is made by systematic strategies.

The work is the intersection of subjective decisions and self-imposed constraints (that are subjective as well).

The work asserts the authority of the artist.

The work celebrates and questions the meaningfulness of expression.

The work celebrates and questions the meaningfulness of systems.

The work examines the locus of meaning.

The work is the result of a series of decisions.

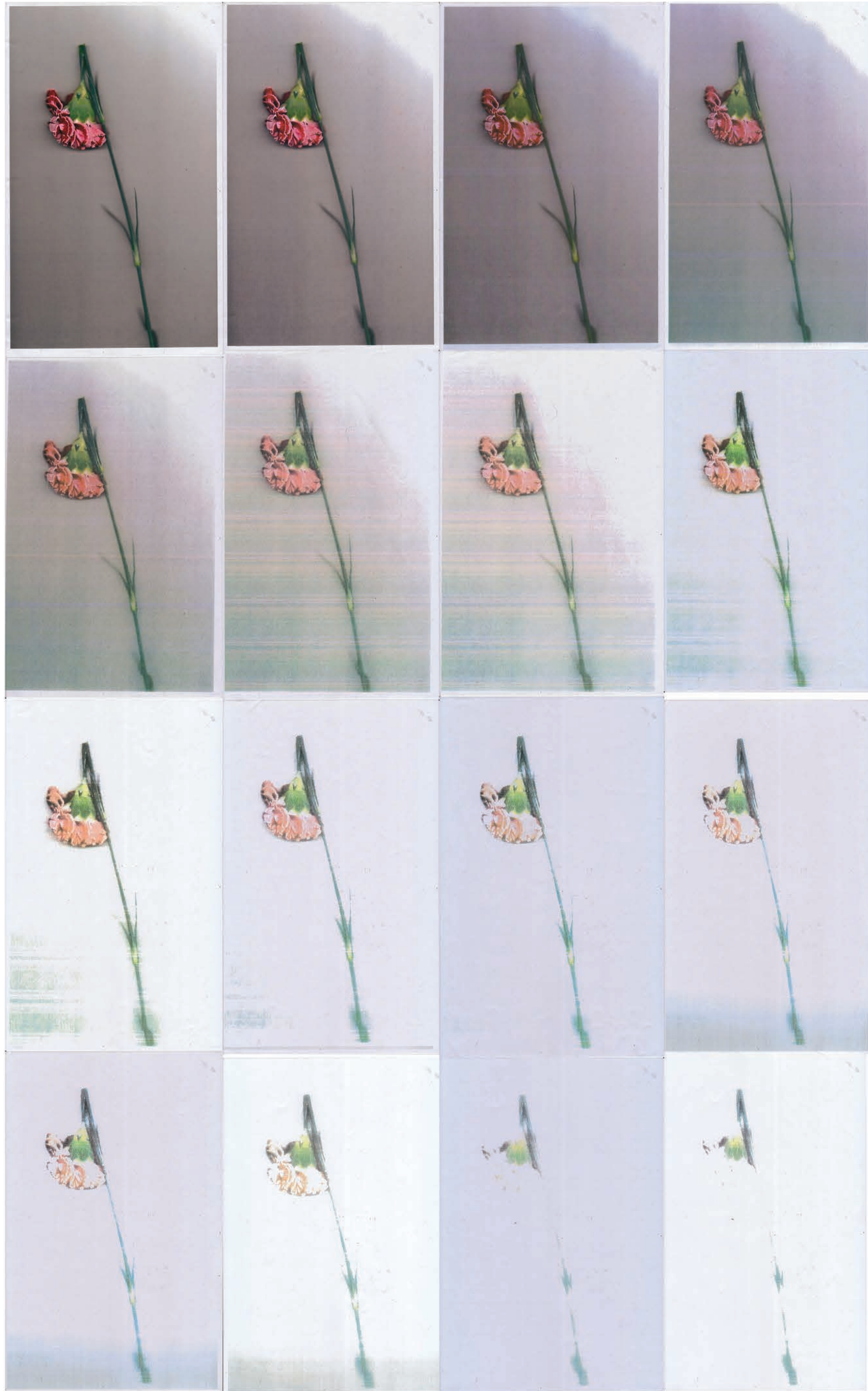
The work is the result of physical labor, but is not justified by it.

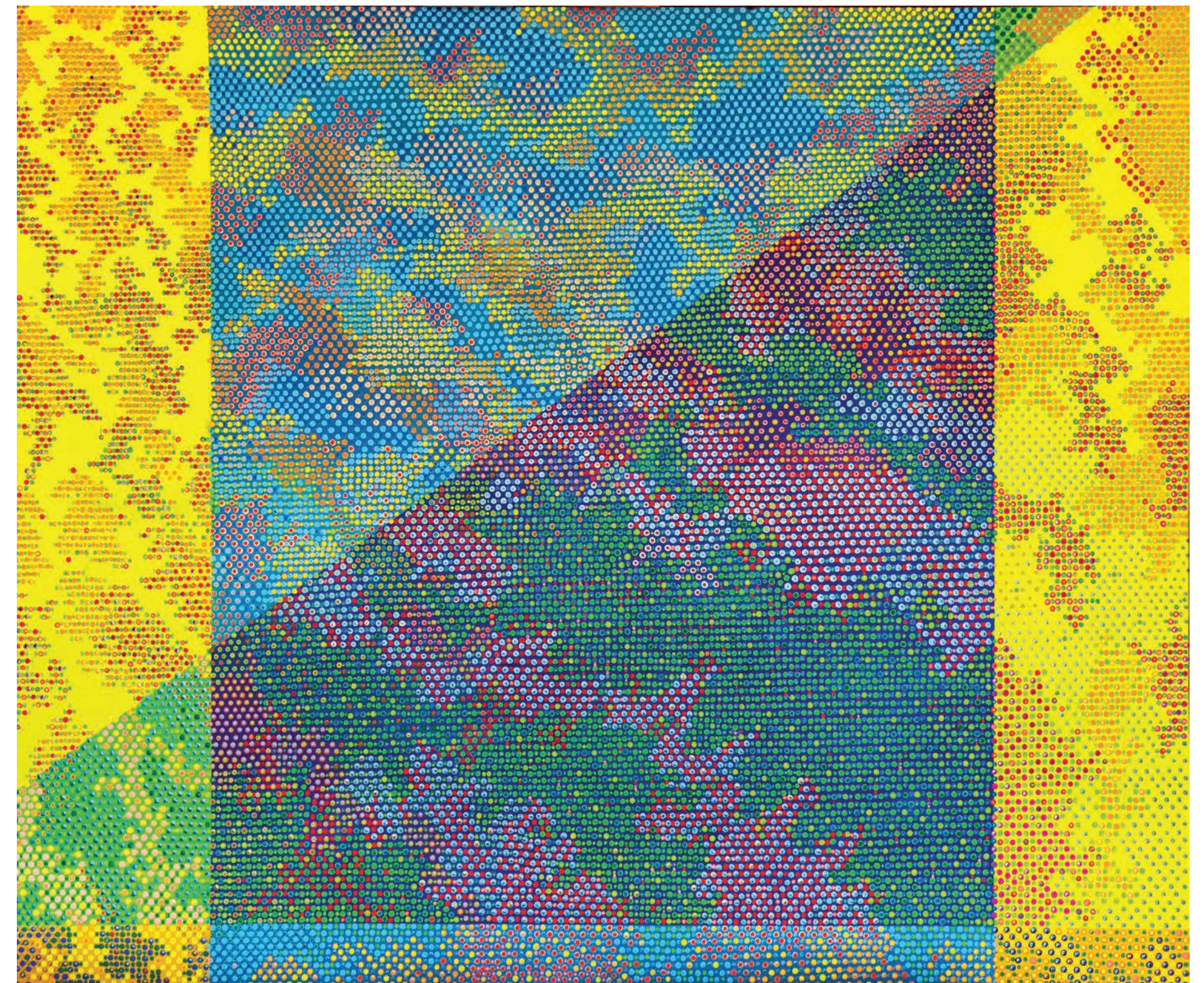
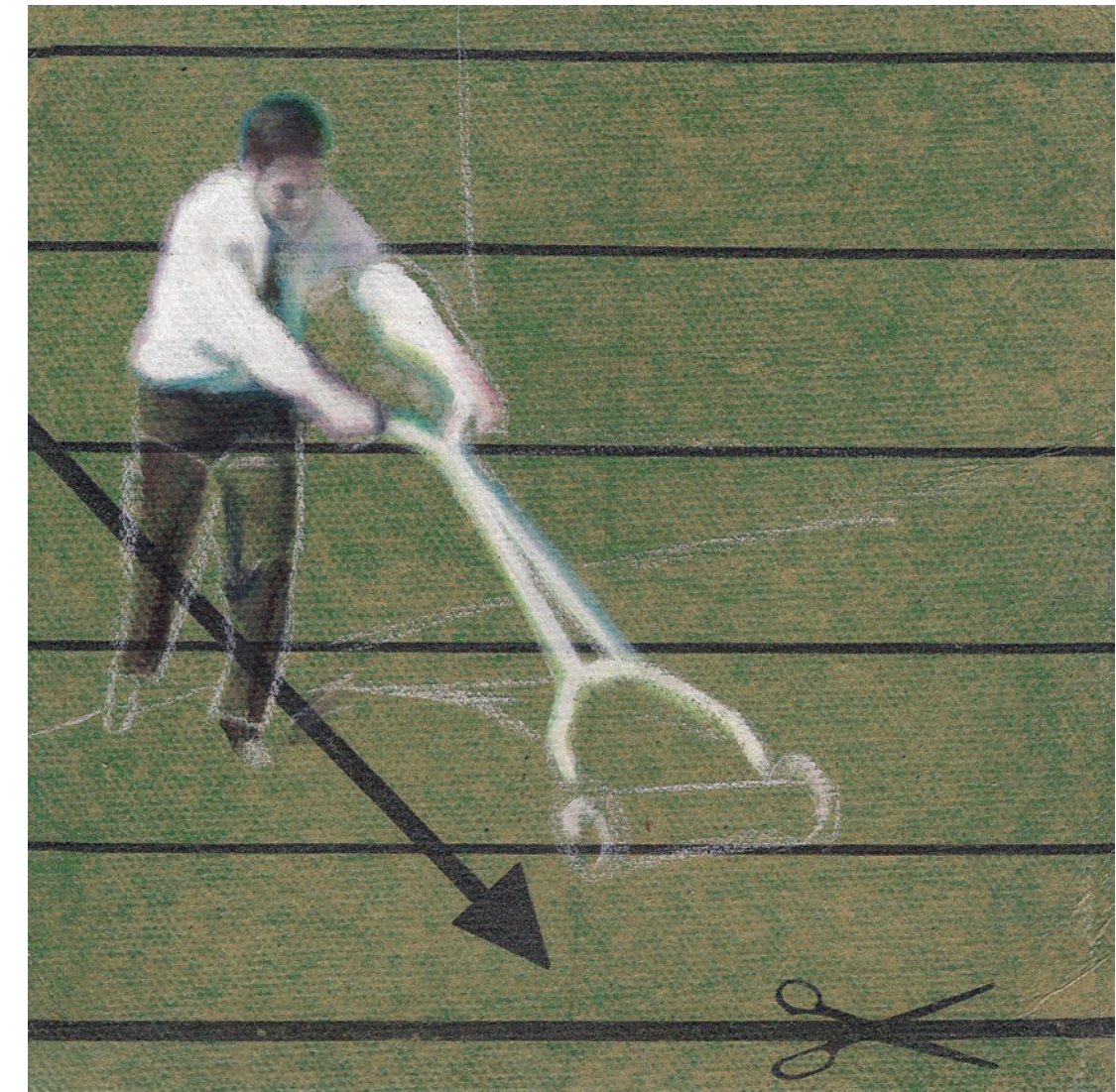
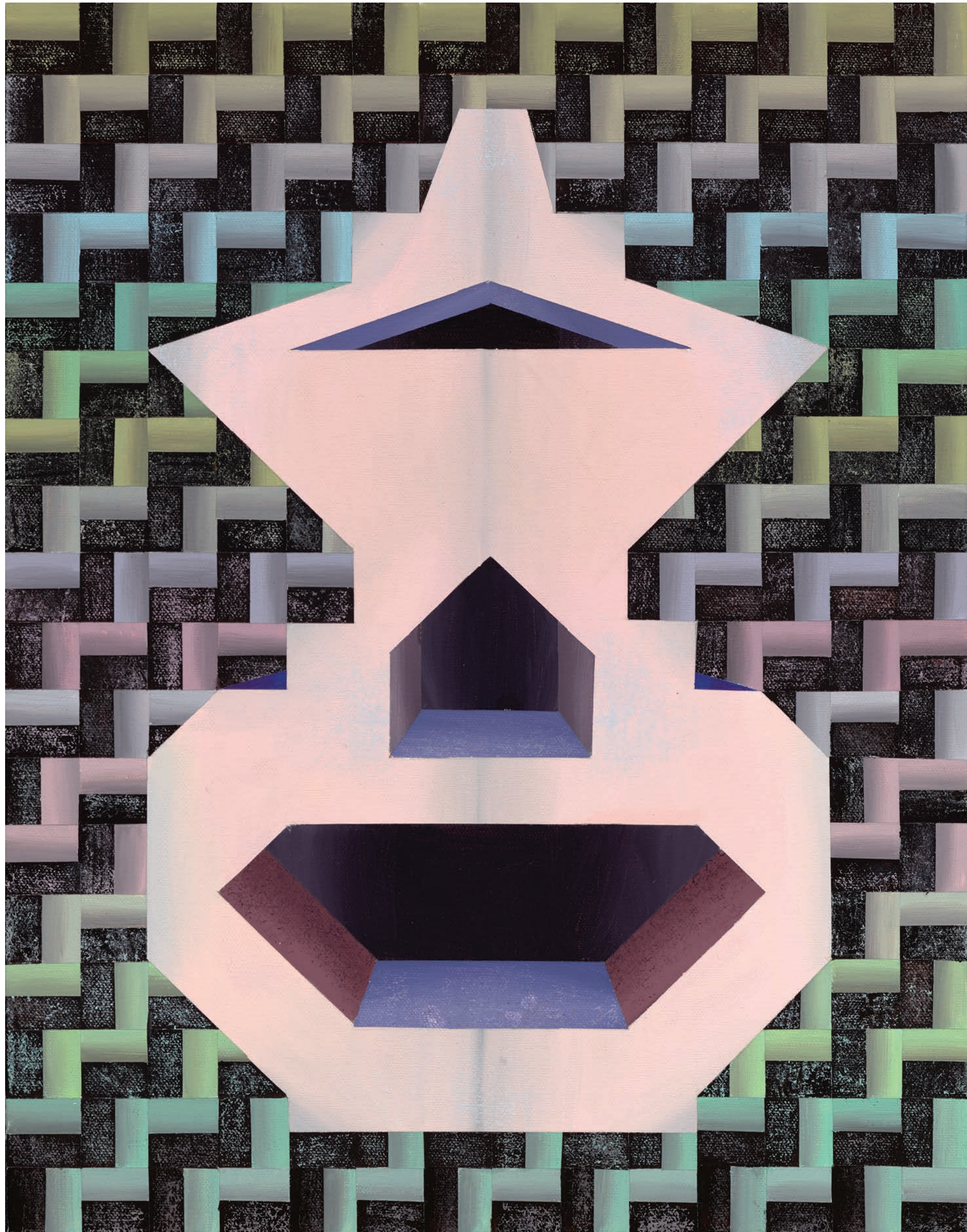
The work requires no justification.

The work does not aim to present an exhaustive list.

The work continues.













YES, NO, HIDEOUS

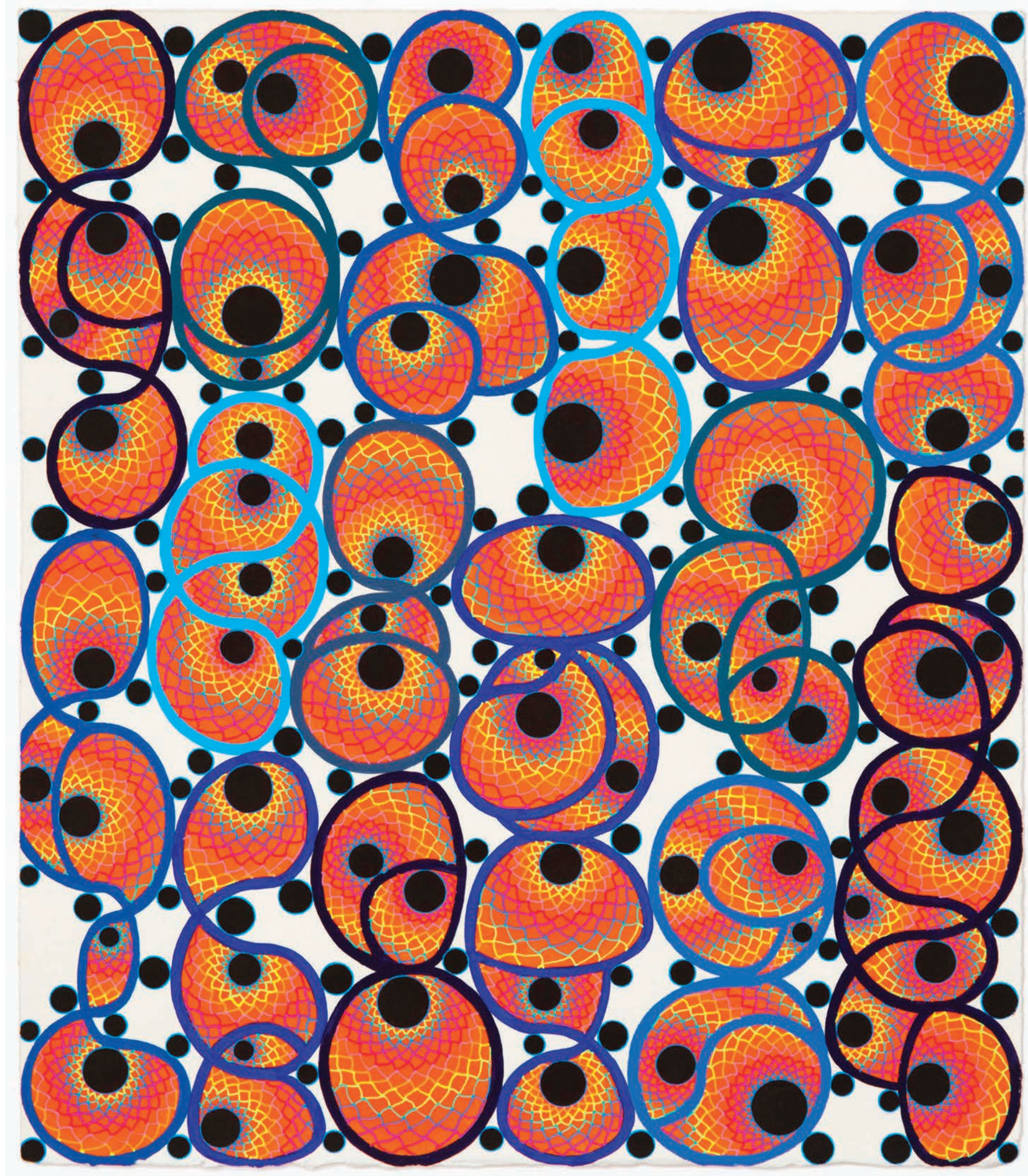
"I have measured out my life with coffee-spoons",
As Prufrock told us all.
This mortal sense recurs
In we who stay and live!

Each time it feels anew: the arc-en-ciel,
A rainbow of bright hopes.
That pale chimera steals hopes from upful souls
who feel its lift, and separate-

To fight the fight and carry on regardless,
is very human vanity,
yet bears repeating in playful tragic gyre
- a spin 'o' the Wheel.

Between the knowing and the not
is where we humans crawl,
keep kinship with our fellow crawlers,
all to ward off the coming cliff

But pleasures are the bonds that each one makes.
In time: surprise or slow fall we
down, up in any fashion bearing
To each but each will learn the End.



Rewind and Replay

For some time now I have been caught in the same web of occurrences. Three lovers have been encircling me. One desires nothing, the next needs everything, the third an embrace. I seek peace, I seek isolation, I seek connection. I cut ties. I focus on myself. I eat weed. I drink a bottle of wine. I read a book. Doomed like Dolores I once wrote on instagram. Trapped in the same narrative. Is there a way to change the script? I tried withering. I tried taking agency. I tried setting boundaries. Doomed to repeat the same narratives. "I just want you to be happy," she wrote in a letter. "Your stories make me sad," he once said. "I know all this, but can't seem to keep it from affecting me," wrote John Ashbery. There are no four seasons in Southern California. The mark of time is the dull equation of pull and push, of hot and cold. There is no lesson, there are no morals. There is only the repeating plot. I know what I want, but can't seem to keep it from affecting me. One day things will change, she thought to herself. One day the narrative will shift. I know this is not true, not for anyone, she thought to herself. "A valentine out of season," wrote John Clair.



