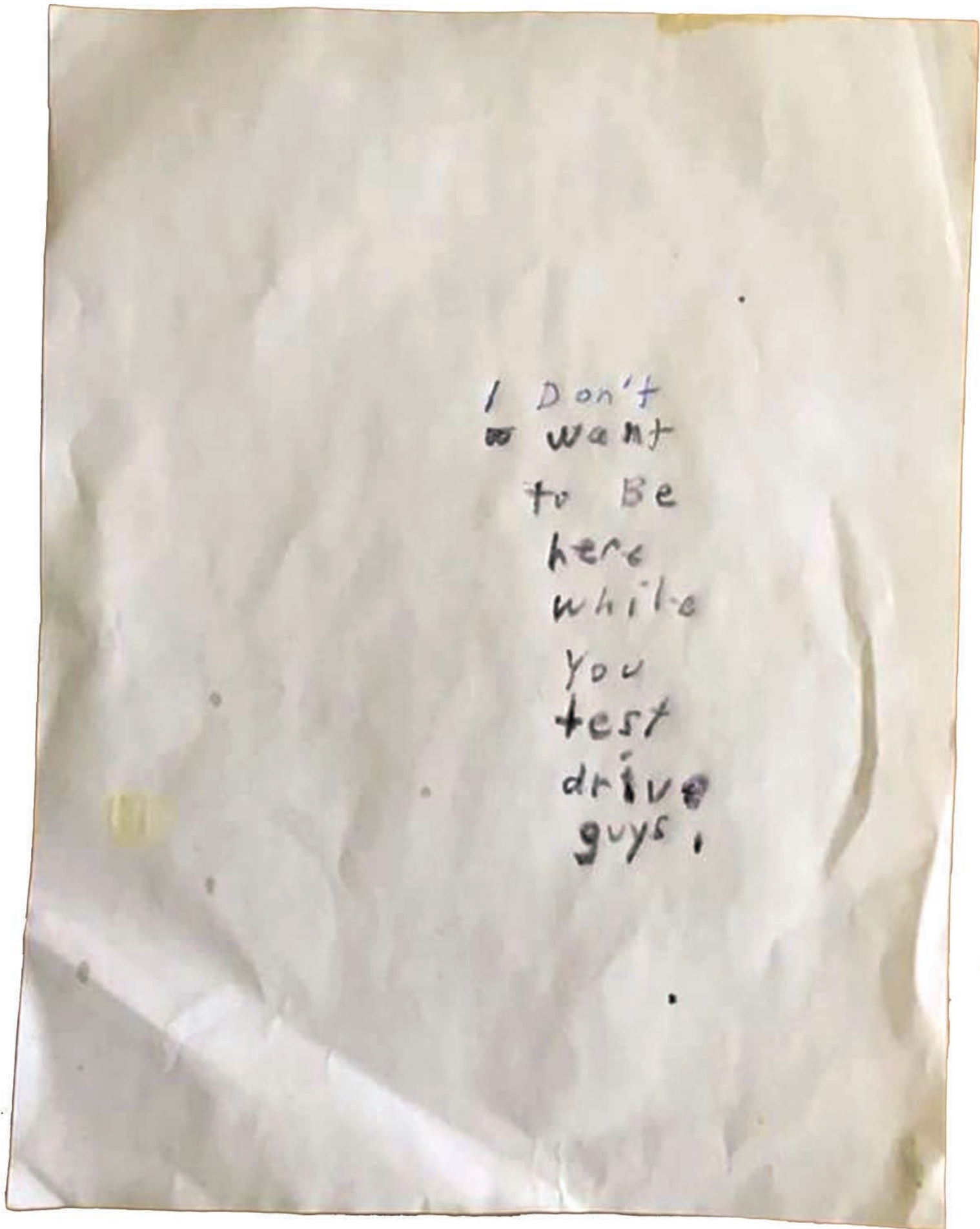


FULL BLEED

OCTOBER 2017

ISSUE THREE: THE IN-BETWEEN

FREE





ISSUE THREE: THE IN-BETWEEN

FULL BLEDE's third issue finds our collaborators exploring intermediate and liminal moments, places, and states of being. It's our biggest issue yet, with 30 artists and writers sharing their expression of The In-between. They do so via painting, photography, scanning, collage, sculpture, poetry, a prose poem, mixed media work, and a listicle. Some explore our physical environment: horizons with subtle

shifts in color, hazy flora and fauna, street scenes, quiet stairs, furtive encounters in forbidden areas. For others the idea of in-between is abstraction, modes of creation, mental states of being, limbo, and still others choose figurative expressions. The issue also features a candid conversation between four artists and a curator discussing their shared art space. All of our contributors share a poignant honesty in their work. Enjoy. Thank you for your support and long looks.

ISSUE FOUR PREVIEW

The fourth issue of FULL BLEDE will explore sameness, systems, recurrences, and configurations. That which embodies coherence or the appearance of interrelationships and common tendencies in our physical environment, minds, relationships, or society at large. Follow our Facebook and Instagram for details, call for submissions, and the launch date of Issue Four: The Pattern.

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Three is the magic number.

Issue Three: The In-between is the largest issue to date, with double the number of contributors from the inaugural broadsheet. It's a big, gratifying leap in a short amount of time.

Issue One: The Overshare was published in June 2017 on the occasion of an independent art exhibition featuring The Broad museum employees who are also artists (several of them were in the newspaper). Issue Two: The City quickly followed, launching in July at the dynamic artists' run space, Dalton Warehouse. Issue Three follows this tradition, debuting at Skibum MacArthur gallery in the art space Tin Flats. It is fitting that all three issues launched at an opening night celebration of a group exhibition; I think of the broadsheet as being a group show, in print form.

FULL BLEDE was born (in part) from my personal adjustment to no longer having a dedicated studio space within a larger artists-filled complex. Beyond the physical space, I missed the proximity to other productive, creative people that I admired. Publishing grew from an urge to reconnect with the art space studio vibe and artistic collaboration that I missed, albeit in print form.

The final push to publish came this past April. I was doing research on the pioneering Los Angeles-based feminist artist Nancy Buchanan, who at the time had an upcoming solo exhibition at Charlie James Gallery in Chinatown. I came across a story with fantastic images on East of Borneo's website about a project that Nancy contributed to: a tabloid newspaper called *Criss Cross Double Cross*, curated by another Los Angeles-based art hero, Paul McCarthy. (EoB is website and publishing house whose concerns are

primarily art and its history in consideration of Los Angeles. In other words: things that I love.)

EoB reported that McCarthy had published and distributed only one issue of *Criss Cross Double Cross* in Fall 1976, asking L.A. based artists to contribute in "a public forum for a community of artists who were centered on performative and conceptual practices, like McCarthy himself." Alongside Buchanan and McCarthy were an incredible line up including Bruce Nauman, Chris Burden, Cynthia Maughan, Newton and Helen Mayer Harrison, Guy de Cointet Suzanne Lacy, Allan Kaprow, Ulrike Rosenbach, Billy Adler, and Barbara T. Smith.

I couldn't stop looking at the pages. This is what I wanted to do. A broadsheet would allow me to collaborate with others, and I only needed 13" of space—for my laptop. The "I want to make a newspaper" urge has excited me continuously for the last 30 years, no joke.

When I was little kid in Santa Cruz I would make photocopied "newsletters," one-off zines and flyers and tack them up around my neighborhood. When I was 10 my family moved to Alaska. As a preventive measure I started to cover my mini-publications in clear plastic wrap before I tacked them up, in hopes they would survive the elements. By the time I got to high school I joined the school newspaper team and helped produce their newspaper. In the middle of my sophomore year I moved to Park City, Utah and right away I got an after school job at the local newspaper, the *Park Record*, doing paste-up. As a senior I took over as Editor and Designer of Park City High School's paper. Later in college I studied Graphic Design. (I never stopped making zines and flyers and I still tack work up on telephone poles—basically my art practice has not changed since I was 7 years old.)

At art fairs, books shops, and galleries I'm always drawn to smudgy newsprint publications. If you've been to any of my studio spaces you've seen the stacks I've collected over the years. Newsprint in various forms is also one of my favorite materials for creating collages, especially men's "cheesecake" publications from the 1950s. I love the imperfections but also the subtle elegance and fragility of old newsprint.

I am deeply grateful to all of the writers, designers, and artists who have contributed to FULL BLEDE. They are amazing, every single one. I admire their hard work, daring, and output. And ultimately: their generosity for sharing their work with me. And you.

— Sacha Baumann

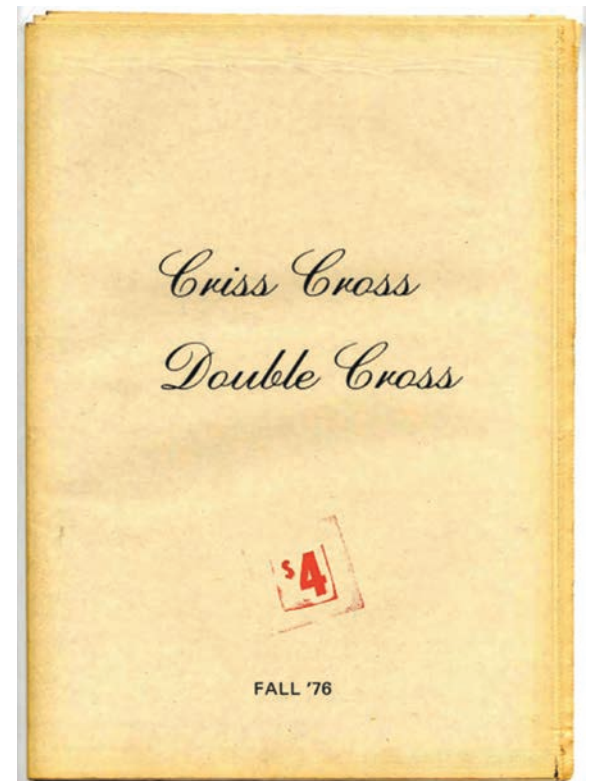


Image via East of Borneo: "Criss Cross Double Cross: Vol. 1 Fall '76." Published and distributed by ©Paul McCarthy.



Rubbings

Tova Carlin

Chris Domenick

Em Rooney

Luke Stettner

October 28 – December 23, 2017

located at Tin Flats
1989 Blake Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90039

Skibum MacArthur**ltd** losangeles**Stephen Neidich***not necessarily necessary*

21 September - 4 November 2017



LOST ∞ FOUND



COLOPHON

FULL BLEDE is a free contemporary broadsheet independently published, designed, and curated by Sacha Baumann. The name is a nod to the newspaper terms “full bleed” and “lede”—expressing our intent to publish content that is intriguing, unadulterated, and beyond the edge of standardized borders of convention.

INQUIRIES / SOCIAL MEDIA

Visit fullblede.com or email fullblede@gmail.com.
Instagram: @fullblede / Facebook: FullBlede.

SPONSORSHIP / DONATIONS

Donations help make FULL BLEDE possible. Click the DONATE button at fullblede.com. All monies collected go towards off-setting printing costs, thank you. Sponsorship opportunities are also available, please email fullblede@gmail.com.

SUBMISSIONS

FAQ, guidelines, and submission form may be found at fullblede.com. There is no fee for submissions.

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.

COPYRIGHT

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. 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.

Elephant

A thin black palm stands as still
as a keyhole against the flat
violet fog before dawn. The door
is the gap where the blind used to be.
Thumb digs into forehead, watching
through the window in the dark, contemplating
whether to get up for water. How many
houses have I searched for evidence
troubled into form, only to find
no one to give it to should I? Go
from room to room and from time
to time hear a radio on, static, or the news hour
trespassing into witching hour, mind trespassing
into mind. Limitations of proof are inherent
in the concept of proof. Notice, say,
a camera lens in the eye of a wooden elephant
at ease at the top of a bookcase. It is enough
that it sits, that what it records is nothing
but behavior altered by the question
of who watches.



ALONE



Dis / placement

Walking down my street

I saw

For Rent...

For Rent Increase...

For Rent, Now Lease

Change.

Spaces where I use to navigate aint the same

How to navigate through socioeconomic displacement

Use to label me guilty by associations

But to navigate gotta have associations

Form associations.

Educate.





Passengerside

At the bus stop, a man with thin arms held up the hem of his shirt to dab the blood on his belly, which was not a belly. The woman in the passenger side of the car held aloft between forefinger and thumb a spidery brush to paint her eyes with, tilting back her head and squeezing her lips out in concentrated self-assessment before the mirror in the ceiling flap. Her husband the driver, believing falsely that he saw the thin man first, pointed vaguely beyond her window and made a comment. Without putting the brush down or shifting her regard from the version of herself in the flap, she told him she already knew and couldn't watch.

But what she meant was that she couldn't watch in the movie-screen manner with which her husband watched, that if she watched at all it would be with panic, rage even, not because the man—or, rather, the sight of him—was corrosive to some desperate preservation of innocence or contempt, though she was known at times

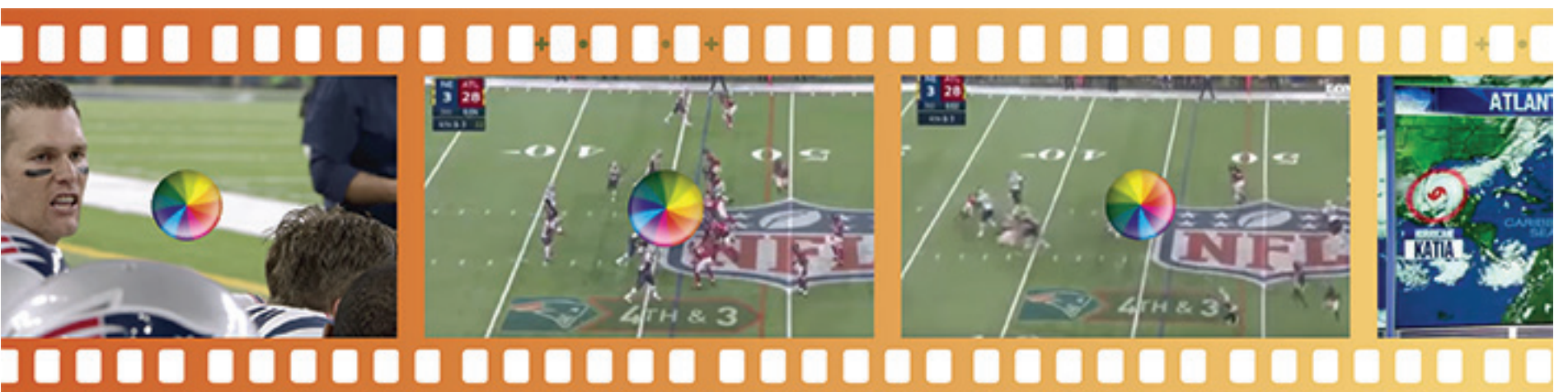
to cling alternately to either, but because even the thought of the wounded man caused her to think of her mother whose knees had filled with fluid and pulled her down in full deference to the level of beds and chairs.

There was a shadow of routine to the way the man had dressed the wound, the way he folded and refolded the paper, as if the folds were numbered and ordered from first to last used, the surface-to-blood ratio amply allocated between creases. The math seemed known to him. The flatness of pace. The way awareness of the wound's meaning didn't seem a necessary part of the proceedings. The man with thin arms lowered his shirt and tossed the red wad into the bus stop garbage can as if the street wasn't home. As if a bus were coming.

There are moments when two opposing gazes will meet and yet not meet, through a car window, say. Moments thinly per-

ceived, if at all, remembered and forgotten even as a car passes spookily into the wide open limbo of intersection. Time freezes and zips away. How one stares into one's lap while the word for lap, and therefore the lap itself, vanishes forever. How the mascara brush hovers as fractions of seconds are sliced infinitely inward near the eye, so that the eye and the brush exist in a singular compression of minor absences. How the black rubber seal, which has come unglued beneath the lower part of the passenger side car door breathlessly unfurls like a broken rib two feet out into space, yet never makes contact with the glittering blacktop. How a driver side fender can sink into a perfect crater of melting filler, hiding and revealing its history. And also, how a mother, before motherhood, might stand outside smoking a cigarette with an Air Force boy as the stars come out, awaiting permission that is always and never given.

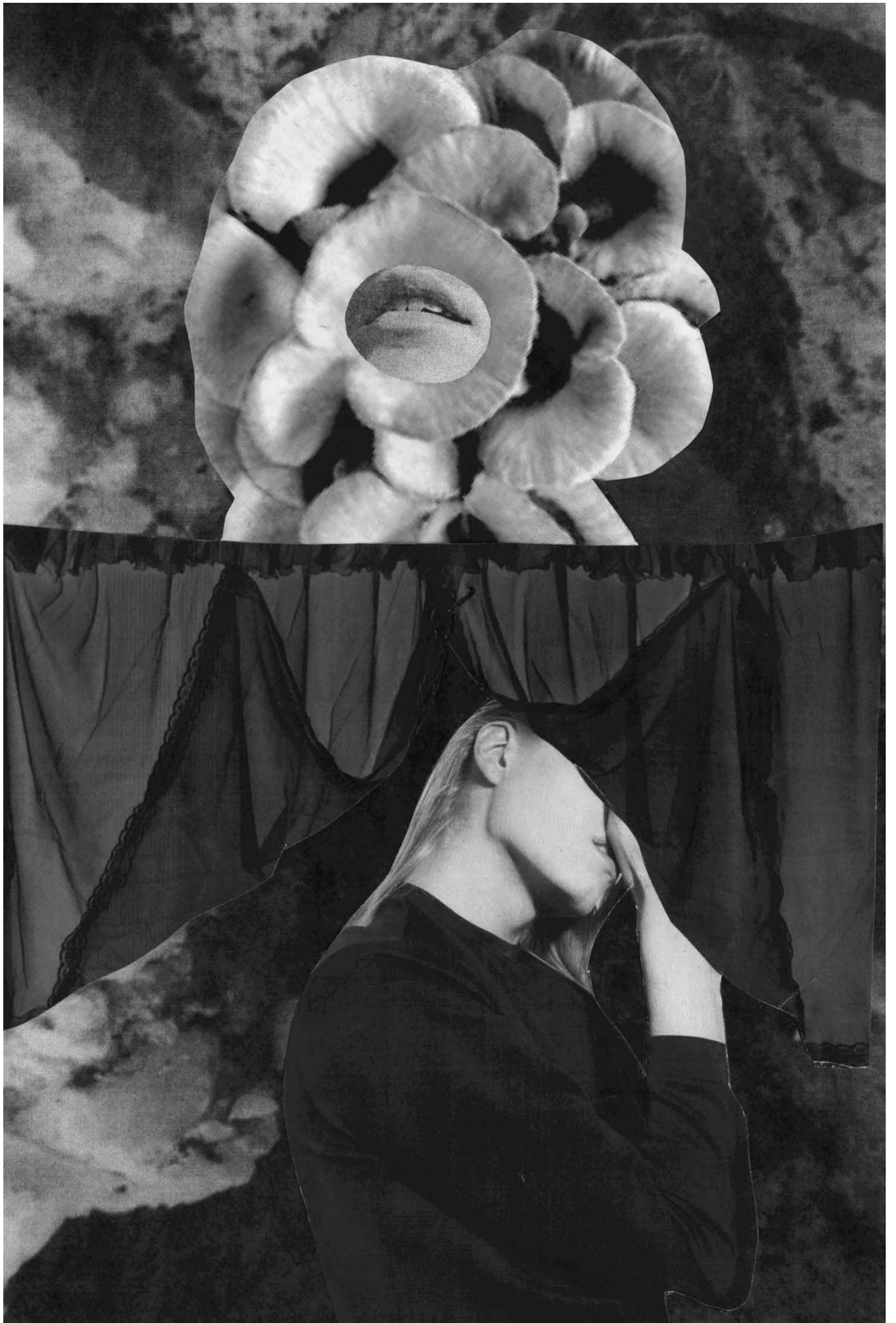




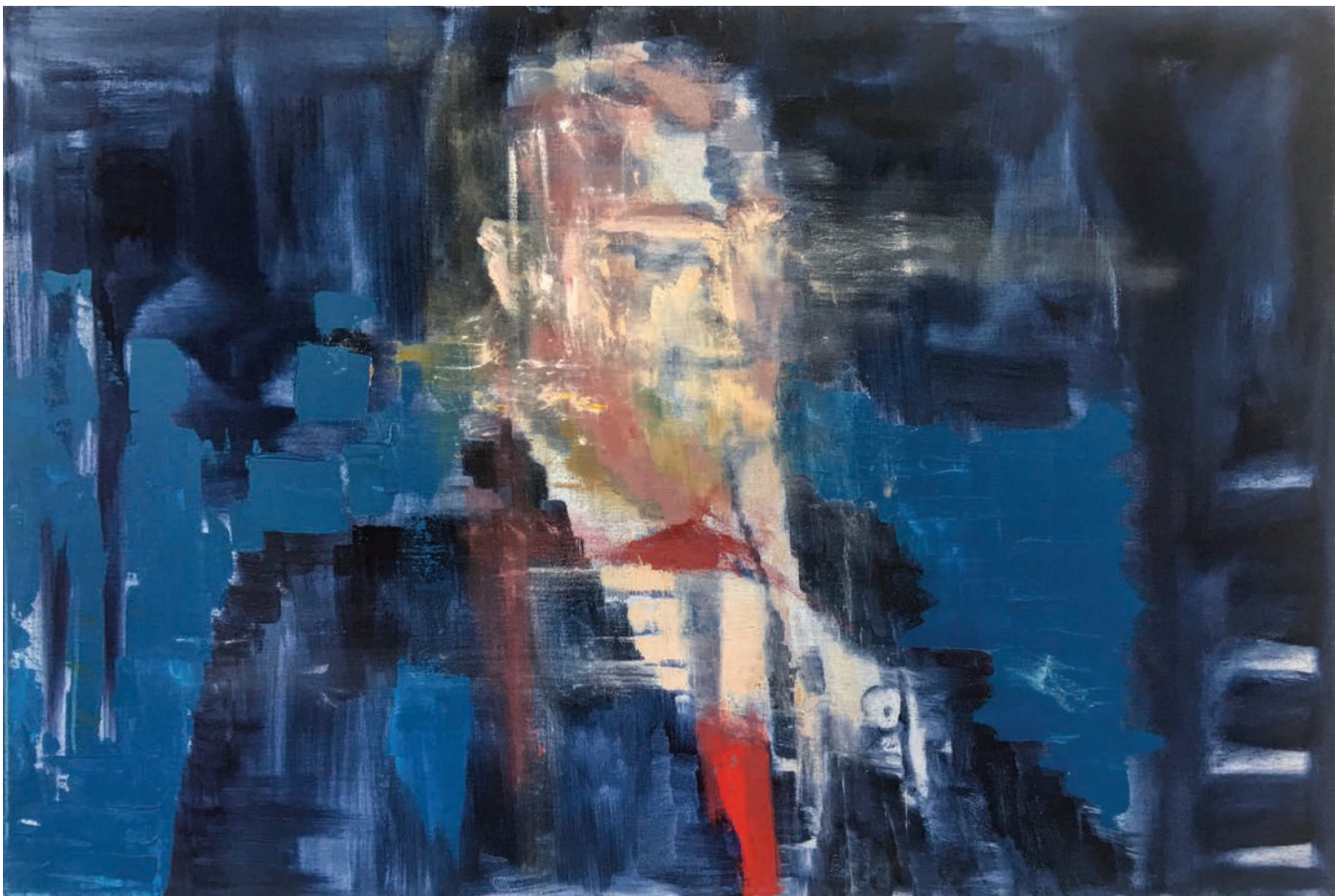






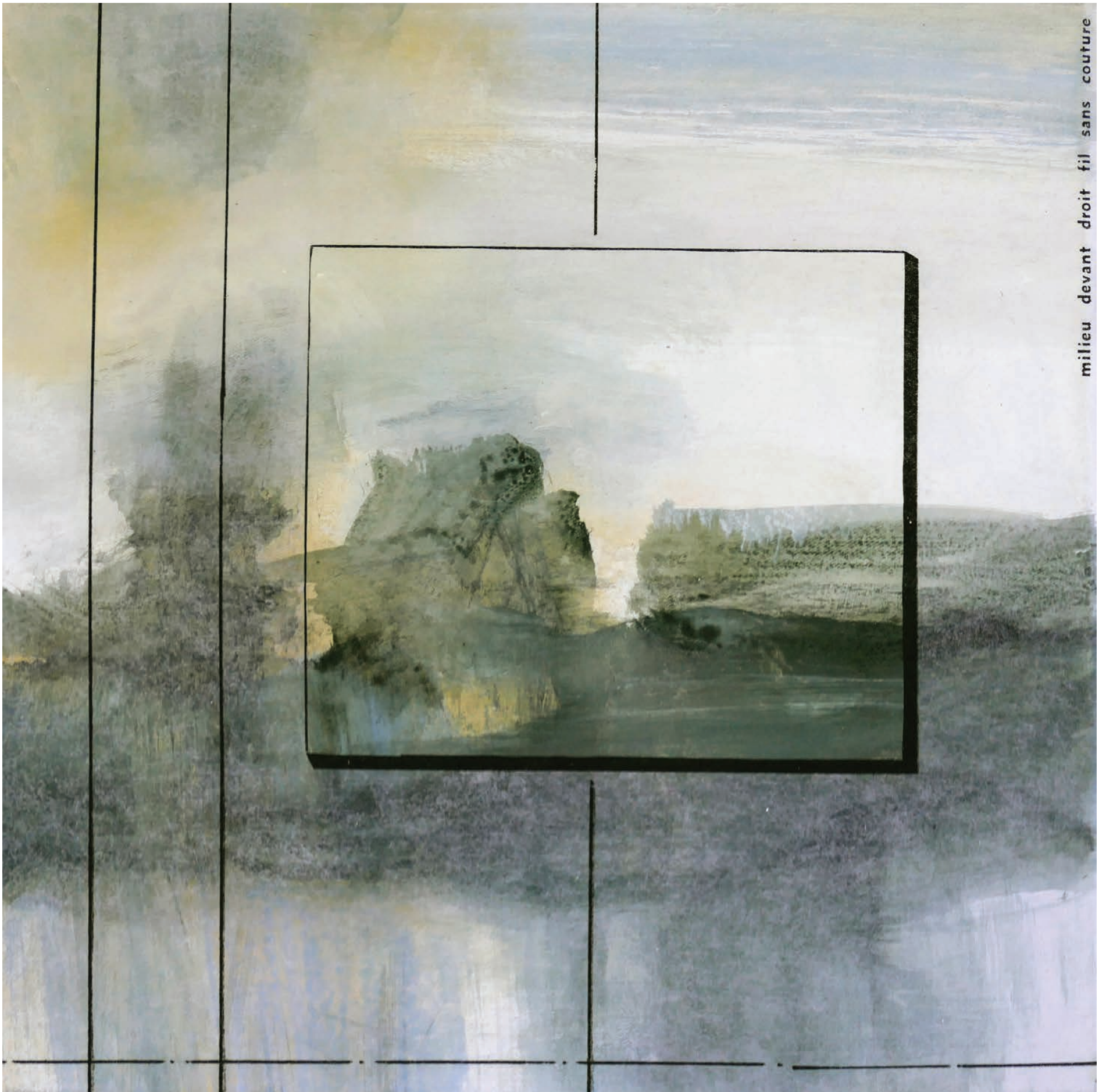






Liminal: The Blank version

I hear the couple close beyond the hedge
ululate and squirm in mutual joy,
The pretty one beside her toothsome boy.
Then I know there are live souls here.
But now they hiss and call as cats
In vicious ire and angry clatter,
they bawl and bay and bruise and batter.
My lovesick soul plots a lonely course: I
beg my heart to live and give with vigour.
To feel screams of joy and pain, not one
who feels and acts so noble and aloof.
My mind jumps upon itself: he thinks and
drinks in aphorism:
To Live is means to an End.



Tin Flats: An In-between space



Tin Flats is an artists run space in the Frogtown neighborhood of Los Angeles. The 10,000 square foot building houses the studios of five artists: Andrea Marie Breiling, Conor Fields, Chandler McWilliams, Stephen Neidich, and Isabel Yellin. It also features a 1,500 square foot exhibition space: Skibum MacArthur, run by Kibum Kim. FULL BLEDE publisher Sacha Baumann sat down with the group to speak about their shared hybrid art space (Fields was not in attendance). The group met on a beautiful September afternoon on the makeshift porch alongside the studio's parking lot, speaking casually for about an hour. Aliza Zelin Neidich has loosely edited the conversation here.

Stephen Neidich So this kind of all started with Noah Davis, who was good friend of mine. Noah started the Underground Museum, which began as his studio where he did these kind of incredible shows, and it was this just amazing space. And he'd sort of use it for everything. His goal was to bring a museum quality space to his little space in the hood.

I was always under the impression that it was incredibly difficult to be an artist and have a space and be able to run them in unison, and Noah kind of showed me that wasn't the case. So we started looking at spaces together. And when he died a couple years ago it sort of became me just looking, and I knew I'd lost a lot of force without him, just in his personality and the way he looked at things. So when I finally got the building and started to sort of think about how to make this work, I had to think about people who would all bring something to the table, and find a group of people where everyone was interesting and dynamic. That was the original basis, and then there are tons of ideas about where we want the space to go.

For example, we did our first screening where we showed the Eva Hesse documentary, and that was a huge hit. And we've had a couple of key openings. And we're going to start pushing it to education and just kind of different stuff. You know, I've sort of tried to bring in a group of people who can all help me, and curb my ADD and make all these things happen."

Kibum Kim Yeah, I think that's interesting

to think about what we're doing and what we have been thinking about with this frame of in-between. Because, in some ways I think we're kind of an in-between space in that it's not necessarily a non-profit institution or a commercial gallery. It's individual artists having their own individual, separate practices. It's not an artist collective. You know?

But at the same time, there's a collaborative aspect to it. And it's public facing, but also, I think, the primary, most important part is that each artist has their own physical space to work out of.

We are kind of figuring out and collaborating, recalibrating how we work together, what we wish for the space. Before we moved in, I think we didn't really fully realize and we're still learning what the potentials are. You know? And what kinds of people have been paying attention. We were so surprised by the first opening when hundreds of people showed up. And I do think it's a very compelling kind of physical space that we have with the studios, workshop and exhibition space. People are interested."

Sacha Baumann And it sounds like there's not necessarily an end goal, it's just being productive, doing your work, being public facing at the same time.

Andrea Marie Breiling I do think there is something interesting about the in-between and what sort of sets us apart. Because I do think that there are so many places that are coming to life that promote these different ways of making art or that aren't in an institutional position, or that are more experimental. I mean, I think that's what makes Los Angeles a little bit different than New York in a lot of ways is not only that but then the community that it brings and how important community is to Los Angeles. Which then makes me think about generosity. Because I do think, tying Stephen in, there's something about finding a space that's in a really pulsating part of Los Angeles where you can get people to come and want to experience even just the environment itself, and then the art, and be next to the river. But, I think to me, what's different is that there is this desire for Stephen...and I'm speaking my opinion...to create a place that is, like, kind of rooted with generosity.

But we all come from some sort of support system, whatever that is in different realms of support. But, so how is it with that and still nurturing our own practice- can we cultivate and give back to the community as a whole? And to me, that's what's exciting about being in a place like this.

And we're having a good time. People want to be here.

Isabel Yellin I feel like Stephen always says, "Even if I don't know what I wanna be doing, I know that I love hosting people and having events, and that I'm good at."

Andrea It's true.

Stephen I know how to throw a party.

Isabel With community, there's a comfort aspect to it, with this screening especially, there was a comfort to that. And, it reminded me of outdoor screenings at Bryant Park.

But also...I think balance is another key. It's something that we're all wrestling with, with this space. You know, a lot of us have day jobs too, you know, to tide us over, plus our lives, and then taking on the space and wanting to contribute to it. So, it's definitely been a balancing act. Which I think is the challenge of it, in a good way.

Stephen I think we haven't gotten to the point we want to yet but we're starting to. This November we're going to begin collaborating with Slanguage Studio and start hosting an open drawing workshop every Friday night.

Kibum It's an organic process. But I think maybe, uh, a key thing is...yes, like, we all voice our opinions and try to contribute to the conversation that forms the direction. But also we are looking for the feedback from the community. So, yeah, it's something like the film screening, like, you know, I think most of us were taken aback by how lovely it was, like, even beyond our own expectations.

Stephen I mean, I think that one of the things that comes with having just the amount of space that we actually have are options. We can have our show up at Kibum's, and we're still not limited to be able to do something else. You know, the screening doesn't have to interfere with the gallery. We have an outdoor space, we have an indoor space, but it's all contained. We're in a very special area of Los Angeles that is going through its changes for sure as most of Los Angeles is starting to. And that's obviously a very delicate thing to be part of.

But it's such a magical place. Chandler, Connor, and I had studios together on 15th and Santa Fe for three years before we were here. And obviously, it's quite a drastic change to be leaving your studio and walking out to Santa Fe Avenue, and leaving your studio and going out to Frog Town, which is a really special place. I think that's kind of something that we wanted to share with our friends and to share with other artists. And, you know, ultimately, yes, this is our kind of sharing and giving back to the community. But it starts from the fact that we're able to do that. I'm a big advocate of you're able to do something, you should be doing something with it."

Chandler McWilliams But I do think we're all almost overly concerned with not bringing that cultural capital back onto ourselves. And so that's led us to make choices...like, when we first met in the building...of having a mission statement that we're gonna do this, and this, and this, and this, and change the world. We're like, "Let's just take it slow, and we'll find moments where we can intervene and where it will be important." And we don't have to make a statement and then live up to it. We can convince by our presence. We can make the right choices as those choices appear.

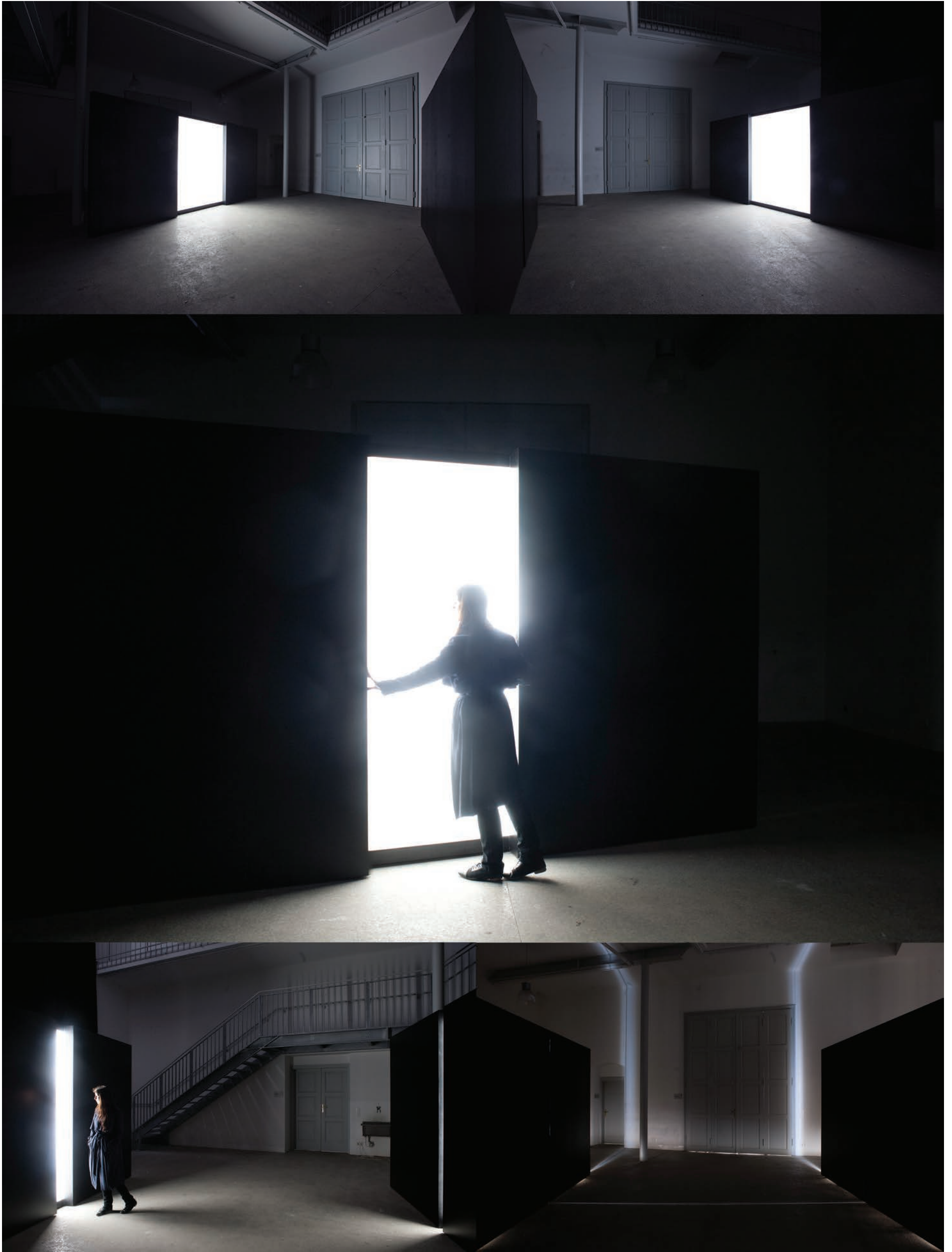
Isabel You can put that in.

Andrea Convinced by our presence.

Stephen It's a very organic thing.

Chandler It's nice to have people doing different things, and people making choices that you wouldn't make. And it also, I think, some spaces don't give credit to how much labor curating is. I love being able to just walk around that show sometimes when I'm here and thinking. And, like, as an art viewer, get to engage the work over this really long period of time. So, you get this other voice and this other kind of practice. And it really flattens the hierarchies between curator, gallery owner, and artists, and artist's curator. And those things get complicated in a strange way by being put back in their place instead of, like, dissolving all of these things. We get to both be what we are and have a conversation.

(Tin Flats continued on next page)



Tin Flats, continued

Kibum Yeah. And as Andrea was saying, I do think there is a sort of experimental enterprising spirit that belies all of this. And, you know, we are probably gonna do some things that fail. Like, people don't show up, or it's just...looks bad. Whatever.

But that, to me, is what is really special is that we are kind of nurturing this maybe together and figuring it out. But the goal is to

do something that is additive and compelling.

Stephen There's this amazing group of six of us, six people who kind of all have similar but incredibly different backgrounds, and experiences, and different visions, and different ideas. And that was really important to me from the start.

And everyone in here works. And that was really something important, that everyone's in here hustling, and everyone's

in here working. And everyone's got to be part of it. And people have jobs. People have lives. People have wives. Some of us have kids now. More than one of us. But it's kind of as long as that's at the heart of the space, I think it'll keep pushing forward. And that's so much of how Tin Flats started and how to continue, as a place to generate ideas, and incubate different things, and different shows, from a true white wall exhibition space to a fence on the river.

Elation

It filled me to bursting
The ecstasy of that moment
Bliss fired up my jaded soul
One sweet surge of life
At the bitter end of life
A glimpse of the answer
To the eternal question
What does it all mean?
It means this



The In-Between Life of Maria Antonieta Sanchez de Smith

Even my name is in-between. The last name of my father, the maiden name of my mother and the symbolic “property” of my husband. I have always lived an in-between life, starting with the baby chicks my mother was raising out of overwhelming boredom after my much older sister went off to boarding school. I guess you could say I started out in between a flock of poultry...and life. What follows is a very rough, and currently raw, 10-point outline of my “middle child” life.

1. The foundation of who I am relies on the trapeze act I have lived my entire life, straddling two nations, my birth country of Cuba, and my adopted home of the US. That is who I am at the core, a woman who has to act “American” when all she knows is “Cuban”. I have been forced to navigate two cultures, two rules of what “composure” means. I have had two languages, two parental rules of behavior. There was the one the American mothers had, the one my amazing non-US customs plugged in mother knew about, and the one I could get away with.

2. I already knew how to read when I started first grade in America, but I was still stuck between the reading group, turtle at first, rabbit not soon after. This was not a very PC naming by today’s standards. But back then, not unusual. Animal shaming for slow readers and animal praising for fast readers was accepted.

3. Miami was fun...but it too was an in be-

tween. Soon we would go to Baton Rouge before we finally landed in Houston...the ultimate in between.

4. Houston was wonderful and exciting, no horses on the street, usually (it is the 4th largest city in the country). School was amazing, but still in between. You are never finished. In between jobs, in between internships, in between majors, in between friends, in between men. We were in between crying for friends who died in Vietnam and protesting so no more of them did. We were in between sending off women to New York for one of the few states who offered legal abortions and protesting until Roe v. Wade became real.

5. Then I got married...and my chasm of in-between expanded. Now, I was going to a NEW country, a little bit like the other one, but very different in some ways. Now I was in between a job in TV News and writing for a small-town newspaper, in between having a very active social life to living in an oilfield camp in far Eastern Venezuela. We stayed until the boat sank....and the weekends were no longer fun! Details in future tomes.

6. Then I started having children, 3 to be exact. For six years, I was always in between pregnancies, some where I looked cuter than others. I didn’t have too many terrible twos but the in-betweens of their challenges and successes made up for it.

7. And just when I thought there was light

at the end of the tunnel, the ultimate in between grabbed me by the shoulder and metaphorically slapped me across the cheek. One calm Sunday morning I found there was a third “participant” in my marriage of 30 plus years. Byeeeeeeeeee was in order at this point. Mama doesn’t accept this particular drama.

8. Now the in-between was moving at warp speed. No longer in a big home in a fufu Houston hood, full of families and children riding bikes, I find myself in the Rossmoyne section of Glendale, downsized in an adorable bungalow with “amazing flow”. It’s a little homier, but I have way more peaceful space in my king size bed.

9. Here comes the in between hammer again. I leaped into the job market again. I dipped my toe into a part time gig. I left the “leisure life” of daily shopping and reading and netflixing, no chill, to spend days looking at pretty art.

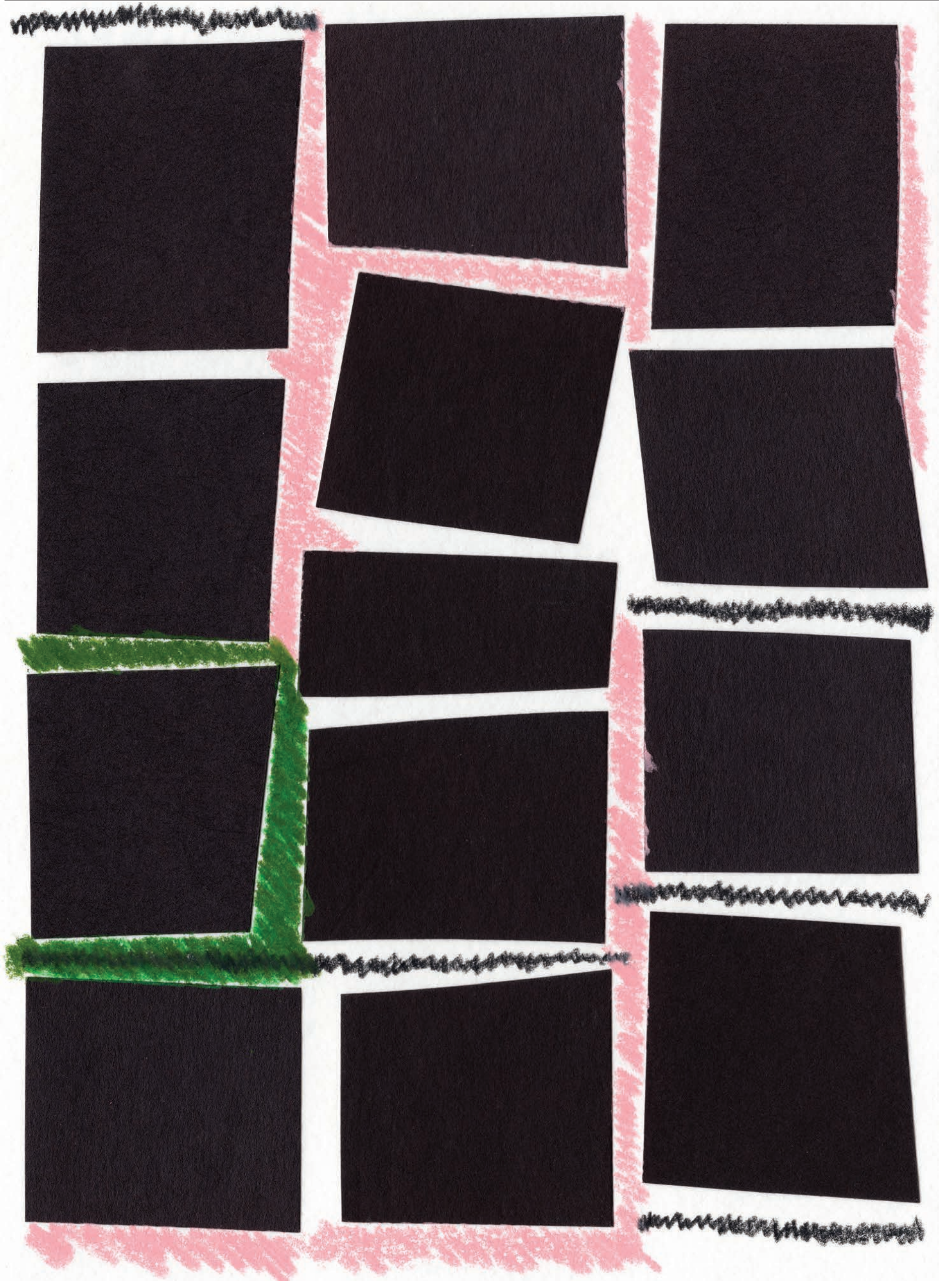
10. My in-between now is between today and tomorrow. Like my mantra band says, “Everything Will Be Alright.”

For me the in-betweens have been an opportune time to pause, take a deep breath, have confidence in the future and do something to keep moving, cause if you stop, like a shark, you might “die”. The in-between is a spot, like Robert Frost’ fork in the road, where sometimes you have to camp out for a little bit.









YOU PUT ME IN
GENERAL POPULATION

CONTRIBUTORS

BY PAGE + SPREAD

Front cover: Kenton Parker, **Pages 2 +3** Esteban Schimpf+ Issue Preview + Sacha Baumann + Molly Segal, **Pages 4 +5** Skibum MacArthur + ltd los angeles + Drew Van Diest + Kenton Parker, **Pages 6 + 7** Megan Mueller + Colophon + Joshua Hagler + Diana Kohne, **Pages 8 +9** Kenton Parker + Jenna Bao + Aaron Estrada + Toshee, **Pages 10 + 11** Astor Bonder + JP Kunst + Joshua Hagler + Toshee, **Pages 12 + 13** Nadge Monchera Baer + Marc Fellner-Erez + Nevena Binney, **Pages 14 + 15** Camilla Taylor, photographed by Mike Reynolds, **Pages 16 + 17** Cindy Rehm + Jonny Elder, **Pages 18 +19** Jason Ramos + Tristan Brighty + Valerie Daval, **Pages 20 + 21** Tin Flats edited by Aliza Zelin Neidich + Ye-kyu Lee, **Pages 22 + 23** Colette Dartford + Megan Van Groll + Maria Sanchez + Raymie Iadevaia, **Pages 24 +25** Rachel Jones + Jason Ramos, **Pages 26 +27** Traci Larson + Kenton Parker + Contributors + Lindsey Warren, **Back cover** Molly Segal.

BY CONTRIBUTOR

Nadège Monchera Baer [Hummel](#), colored pencil and acrylic on Dura-Lar, 49 x 40 inches. **Jenna Bao** [Poppy's Morning](#), acrylic on canvas, 12 x 9 inches. "A young poet wakes up from his dream-state. A suffocating wave of fear overwhelms him in between the transitioning moments, causing narrative to slip away like sand. He has not achieved clear consciousness nor fully exited his fictional journey, but rather, stuck." **Nevena Binney** [Seemed So Far Away](#), oil on canvas, 60 x 72 inches. "Confrontation with war/death at an early age in Belgrade influences my work. I depict abandoned places, cold concrete architecture, dirty garages and streets which resemble the destroyed buildings. The destruction I witnessed has a parallel with some of the destruction we all witness in our environment. I use masks as a way of creating a 'Universal human.' My subjects, devoid of their once vibrant character, represent this larger state that we find ourselves in. Structures, societies and lives that are in a state of an in-between. Still standing, but damaged. Close to falling. And yet with so much promise." **Astor Bonder** [Dios Te Vendiga](#), glair, graphite, and gold leaf on paper, 17x16 inches. "Work attempting to navigate the ways which we are policed both in and outside alternative." **Tristan Brighty** [Liminal: The Blank Version](#), poem. **Valerie Daval** [Zen Window](#), acrylic on fabric on canvas, 12 x 12 inches. "Art as a medium of the ineffable is a persistent mystical search and a pursuit of the self in which the act of creation is shrouded with mystery. Deeply inspired by the 'living' and the arts such as poetry, music and dance, my work aims to be improvised, intuitive, meditative and contemplative. In my painting, the canvas is always regarded as a space of elaboration of a landscape, essentially based on space, shape, color, gesture and light. The work is composed with a selected piece of sewing pattern, used as a graphic support to create a kind of "in-between" inside/outside state." **Colette Dartford** [Elation](#), poem. "I was challenged to write a poem about the meaning of life in less than 50 words." **Jonny Elder** [P3](#), oil on canvas, 24 x 30 x 2 inches.

"I developed a printing process I call canvas to canvas printing. This allows for mark makings that are fluid to be transferred to another canvas. The in-between state of being (marks) is slowed down during the removal of paint. The final composition soaks in the oil paint and leaves the emotion stained to the raw canvas." **Aaron Estrada** [Dis/ placement](#), poem. "Documentation." **Marc Fellner-Erez** [Spinning Wheel of Death](#), size variable. "Reels of film that hold a single frame of a person or persons stuck in mid conversation, frozen in the middle of a thought. Perhaps before they reveal a secret or are about to lie or ask the tough question or are about to say their catch phrase, whatever. It's about the moment between." **Joshua Hagler** [Passengerside](#), prose poem. [Elephant](#), poem. **Raymie Iadevaia** [Sharp Things](#), gouache and graphite on paper, 11 x 14 inches. "This painting is about the moment before the cat scratches. It's a limitless mania, the points between points, a rupture between the sharp and the dissolved. Dizzying and tense, the cat supine and pounced." **Rachel Jones** [The Horror Is Real + The Magic is Real](#), mixed media, 19 x 12 inches and 18 x 16 inches. "Stitched together from found photographs (purchased from master gleaner Mark "The Photo Man" Kologi at the Melrose Trading Post), these text banners speak to the simultaneity of horror and magic, particularly in terms of capitalist logic. Their construction is both raw and delicate, with associations to traditional textile arts and assemblage/femmage, and the use of craft-store rhinestones as a hyper-accessible symbol of opulence that fools no one (but still appeals)." **Diana Kohne** [Glendale Rail](#), illustration/painting, 7 x 11 inches. **JP Kunst** [El Intermedio](#), oil on canvas, 18x24 inches. I'm exploring my experience living in the in-between. I explore both my identity as a Chicano and gay male living in America. Understanding that my whole identity as a human being and how living in the in between of cultural constructs creates a unique identity where you can transform yourself and use parts of yourself to survive in the modern world." **Traci Larson** [The In Between](#), cut paper collage with colored pencil, 5 x 7 inches. "The in-between is: tension, yearning, doubt, drifting, dwelling, roadblocks, spark, exchange, discovery. Made on 9/14/17 as part of my daily image-making experimentation practice that I share on Instagram as #dailydoodle on @treysa." **Ye-kyu Lee** [Black Boxes](#), light installation, mdf, 400 fluorescent lightbulbs, film screen. "The installation explores the ideas of human interaction with space, of the true meaning of being here in the moment. It functions as a bridge, which spans the themes of time, space, and human existence in the name of art. Light was chosen to express the subject because of its fragility and non-material character. The space between the two boxes was the playground for interaction, where light could meet and the viewers could gather. The act of opening the doors gave the viewers the power of exploring a work of art by themselves. When the doors opened, the viewers found themselves somewhere in-between." **Megan Mueller** [Untitled \(unknown bush scanned on Douglas Street\)](#), image scan, 11 x 8.5 inches. **Kenton Parker** [I don't want to be here while you test drive guys](#), [Lost & Found](#), [Alone](#), + [You put me in the general population](#), ink on paper. "Free writing experiments where I don't think I

just write about whatever I feel at that second. No revisions and no tip toeing." **Jason Ramos** [Jan Hooks I-II](#) and [Rodney Dangerfield I-III](#), oil on canvas, 36 x 48 inches each. "Moments of image de-stabilization reveal veins of intuited abstracted logic in visual flux. Static-filled and ephemeral, each subject's existence is now relegated to the half-life of memory, perception, and data." **Cindy Rehm** [Black Curtain](#), collage, 9 x 14 inches. "[Black Curtain](#) is inspired by historic writings on Victorian mediumship. I looked to the liminal space of the trance as a rich site for the creation and vocalization of female narratives, that speak to the fragile boundary between interior and exterior bodily experience." **Molly Segal** [More Like Wrestling](#), watercolor on paper, 5 x 7 inches + [California Dreaming](#), watercolor and gouache on paper, 47 x 60 inches. "What is the cost of intimacy? I'm interested in the places where boundaries begin to blur and bleed. Where we become impossibly interconnected with others and what happens when that connection is lost. So often, the things that give us strength leave us vulnerable and we find that our reserves are finite." **Esteban Schimpf** [Melt No.1 \[Tzef\]](#), archival pigment print, 44 x 55 inches. "There is a nothingness to my figures. They are no one and everyone at the same time. I don't aim to portray a persons' personality or essence. I seek only their humanness and therefore their oneness with the rest of us. I am making these sculptures so that we can see ourselves even though we are looking at someone else. Sometimes I portray the body under total subjugation because in this strain of my work I am making images of a fallen world. I'm specifically thinking of the works I have made of melting figures. Although mankind has mastered denial, the future of the Earth is dark. Like candles, we are literally going to melt to death." **Camilla Taylor** [You will always hesitate](#), stoneware, graphite, linseed oil, synthetic hair, wrought iron, stainless steel, 34 x 43 x 4 inches. "The hands are strong, capable, slightly oversized. But they are contingent upon the weakest parts of the body, the hair. The piece is of a gesture that is ambivalent, the action undertaken with the the understanding of failure." **Tin Flats** [An In-between Space](#), was edited by Aliza Zelin Neidich. Tin Flats was founded in 2017 by Stephen Neidich. **Toshee** [No Vending](#), mixed media: acrylic, cotton rag mat, silver leaf, newspaper, junk food wrapper, resin, on deep-cradled wood panel, 36 x 36 x 2.5 inches. [La señora de las piñatas](#), mixed media: acrylic, sumi ink, newspaper, vintage map, silver leaf, resin, on deep-cradled wood panel 30 x 30 x 2.5 inches. **Drew Van Diest** [Self-Portrait](#), ink on inkjet print, 8 x 12 inches. "The inkjet printed substrate is one week's worth of my bipolar medication that I scanned in 2015. I relate to the in-betweens because my state of emotion has often been in flux." **Megan Van Groll** [Flush](#), oil on canvas, 24 x 24 inches. "I'm drawn to the manipulation of contrasts and contradictions—exploring the point where beauty becomes indiscernible from ugliness, exploitation from agency, darkness from light, and rage from transcendence. Expressions of fury and rage become the raw contemplation of our deepest fears; erotic desire or pleasure; sharp, crushing grief or despair." **Lindsey Warren** [Deserted](#), gouache on paper, 30 x 22 inches.



