

BEUTLE

OCTOBER 2018

ISSUE SIX: THE PARAPRAXIS

FREE





ISSUE SIX: THE PARAPRAXIS

Each issue of FULL BLEDE invites contributors to expound on a theme. In Issue Six: The Parapraxis, the broadsheet's collaborators explore slips, mistakes, and subconscious signifiers. For some parapraxis leads to fresh discoveries and new methods of making. For others it causes squirms of unease or bouts of laughter. Slips in seeing and making reveal hidden proclivities and desires. Enjoy this collection of prose, poetry, and visual artworks. As always, thank you for your support and long looks.

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

On a recent morning I made my favorite breakfast: scrambled eggs cooked with spinach, a sliced Granny Smith apple, and coffee in a beloved green mug. For lunch I packed a big scoop of leftovers: spicy, chunky marinara sauce made with red bell peppers and cherry tomatoes. Later that night I cooked roasted salmon with mashed sweet potatoes, enjoyed with a tangy mango soda. Without thinking about it, I had indulged in a monochromatic meal Monday. The end-of-the-day realization delighted me.¹

When explaining Issue Six: The Parapraxis during the submission phase I always started out by saying it was about slips, but I never used the “F” word.² I didn’t want to be too prescriptive or programmatic, two things that struck me as the complete

opposite of parapraxis. I shared this thinking with a colleague, when he asked how the issue was coming together. He retorted: “Para-praxis has been para-lyzing.”

He was partially right—the theme proved complex. And also incredibly simple. Everyone does it. And once you start looking for parapraxis, you find it everywhere.

In the moment, slips are undetectable. Discovery can be painful, hilarious, profound, ridiculous, infuriating. Some would rather not dig too deep into subconscious signifiers that appear *ex post facto*.

When talking through ideas with contributors, I shared an example of recently looking at stored-away artwork that I had created a decade earlier, seeing so clearly that it was about my unease in a relationship at the time of its creation. Parapraxis can be *t.m.i.*, even (or maybe especially) for yourself.

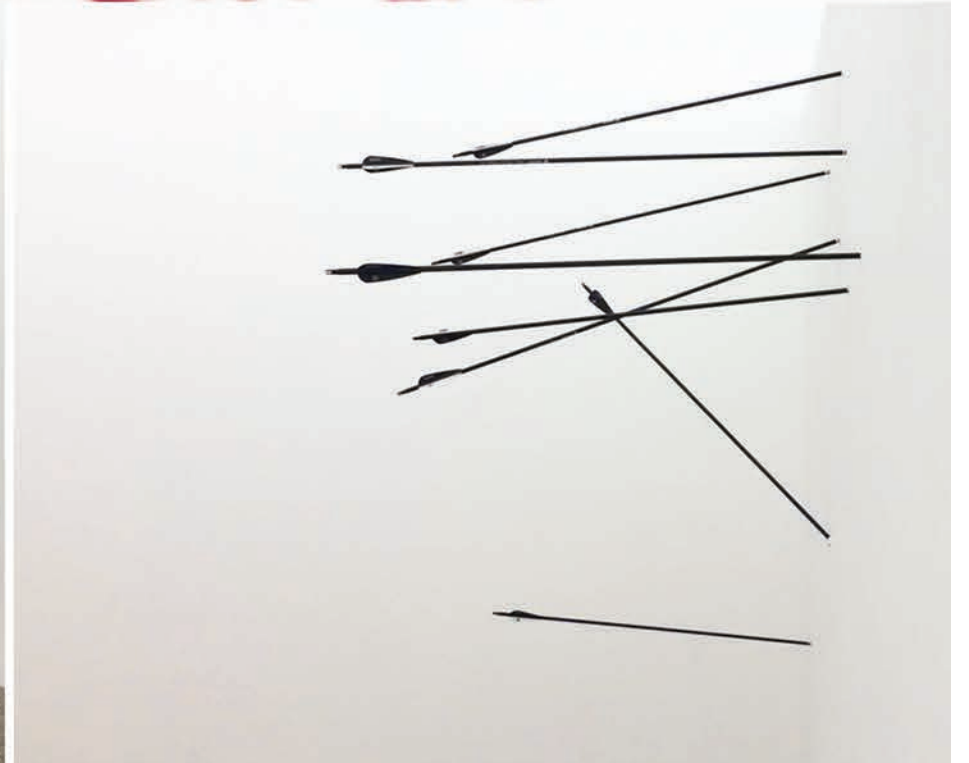
Many artists I spoke with told me they count on parapraxis, creating situations in the studio that encourage mistakes, uncertain influences, or seemingly unpredictable results. “I don’t set out to draw anything. / I keep a clear mind, and move the stick around and around ‘til something comes to the surface.”³

Others expressed their belief that there are no mistakes: all action is intention. Parapraxis can be confrontation, exposing those who “choose to forget what should be known.”⁴

I am grateful for the humor, anger, dismay, and ecstasy of all of the Issue Six: The Parapraxis contributors.

—Sacha Baumann

¹ I was surely influenced by Sophie Calle’s “Chromatic Diet,” which sits on a shelf next to my dining table. ² Freud. ³ Daniel Gibson, see page 39. ⁴ Jaklin Romine, see pages 31 + 33.



Goodnight Irene of Rome

Saint Sebastian didn't die
by arrows, he was clubbed to death.
Bernini, Botticelli, even Louise Bourgeois,
Everybody filling him with arrows.

He looks so sexy up there,
all clean faced, eyes rolling back in his head.
But also yea, shot full of arrows.

Archers all the way from Mauritania,
and a woman named Irene of Rome
sees he's still there. She's the widow
of a lesser martyr.

"He was buried alive
in a sandpit, there was no saving him,"
says Irene.

What does she do to his poor body?
How does she save Sebastian?
How long do they stay in her house,
just the two of them, before they argue?

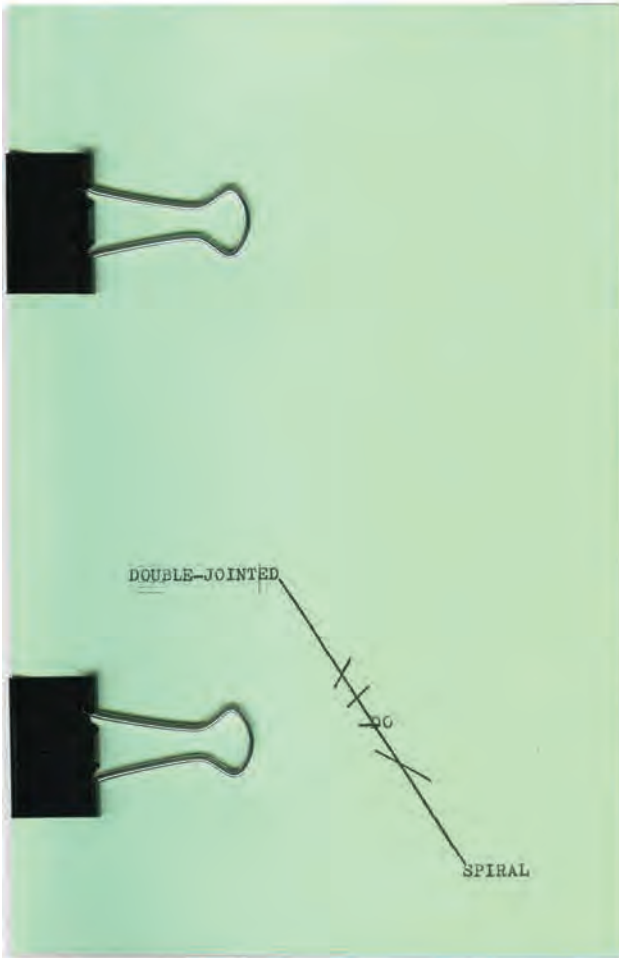
"I hate when you do things like that,
you're such a martyr!"

So he leaves.

Out in the street singing Huddie Ledbetter's
classic, "Sometimes I live in the country,

sometimes I live in town, sometimes I have
a great notion to jump in the river and drown ... "

And instead of staying on brand -
death by arrows -
he gets fucking clubbed to death
when he could have just stayed home



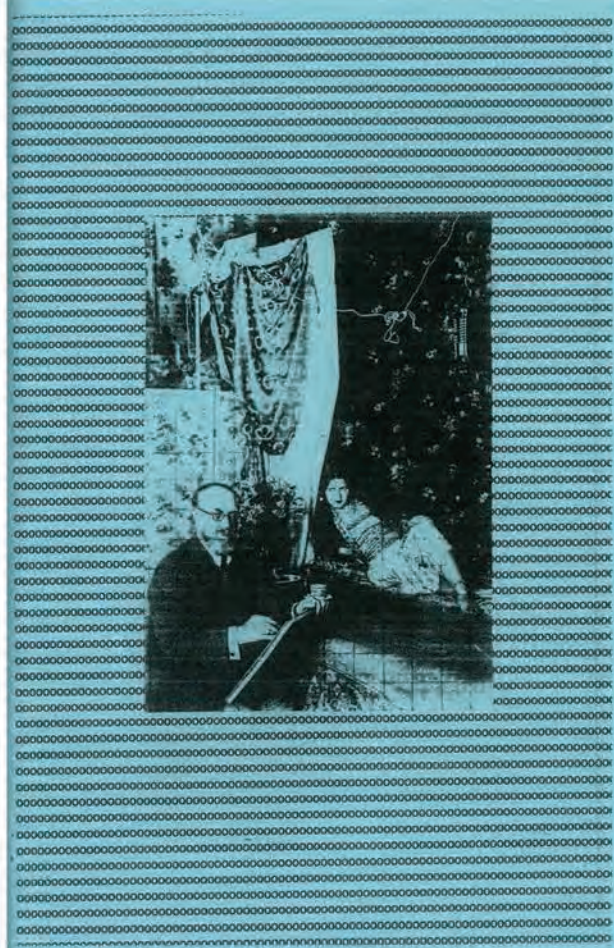
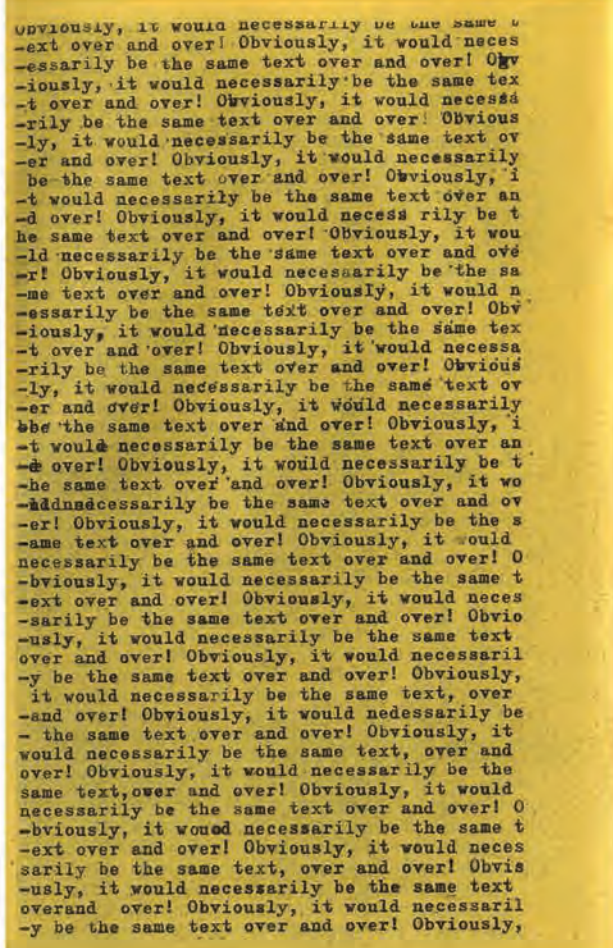
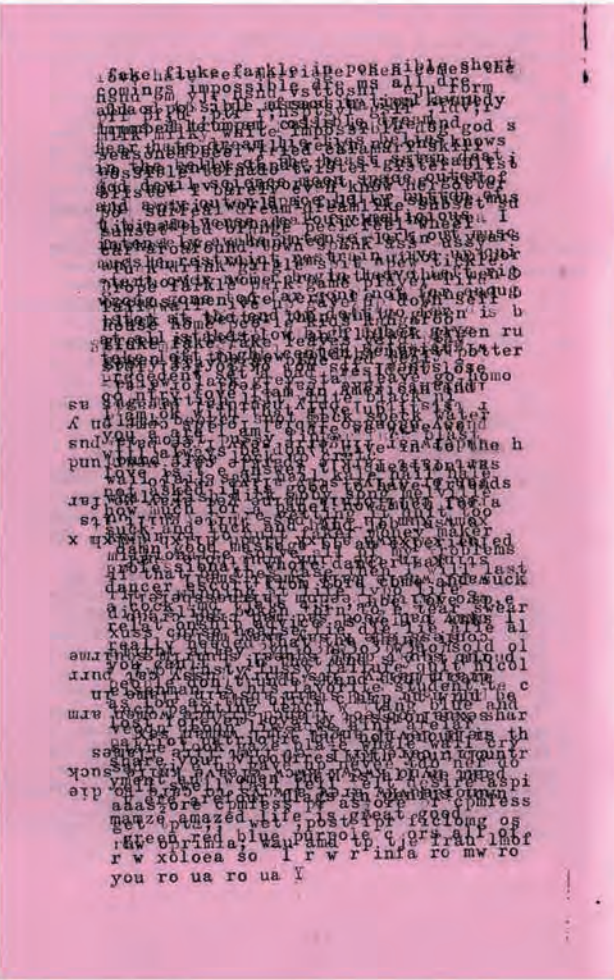
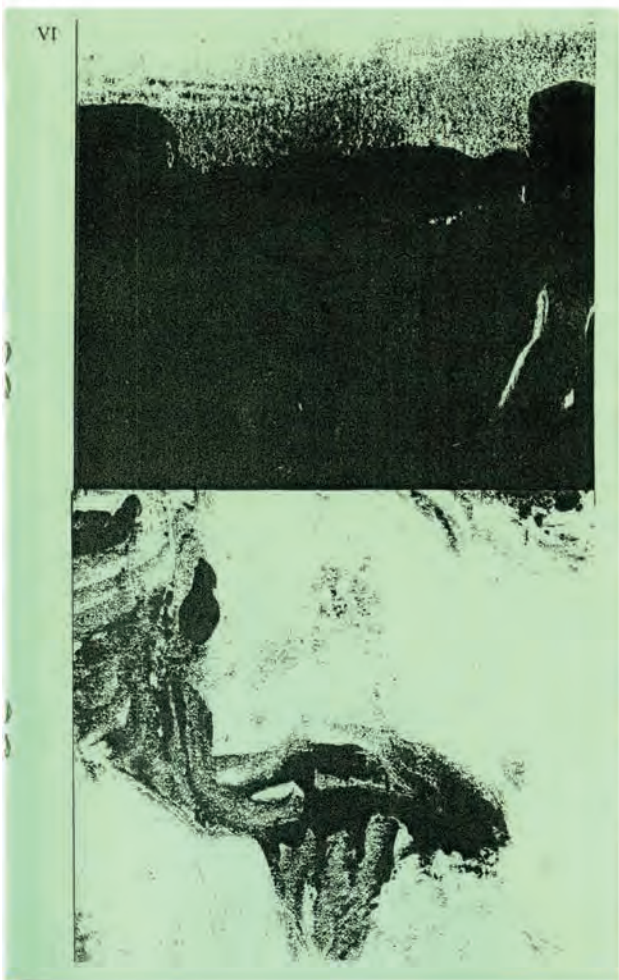
1. MURDER
2. peach
3. mustard
4. a good digital camera
5. rubber cement
6. empty beer bottles
7. cigarette butts
8. a scrap of paper with some writing
9. a broken pencil
10. pencil shavings
11. a baseball cap
12. kittens for sale
13. an empty crate
14. stacks of boxes
15. porcelain dolls from a bygone era
16. a pornographic gaze
17. loose change
18. a \$5 you forgot about turns up unexpected
19. un-sent thank you notes.
20. a friend from a long time ago
21. a repressed memory
22. an abandoned goal
23. an old typewriter covered in dust mites
24. a good dream
25. a good daydream
26. free samples
27. a board game you never seem to play
28. tools you may need at some point
29. a book you bought and never opened
30. a book you stole and read cover to cover
31. stray cat
32. a very short story writing group
33. anso-called "life hack" for extending the
34. jargon or argot?
35. the firmament (ehh...)
36. a white male painter
37. Lee Harvey Oswald saying he's a patsy
38. One of the many "what the fuck" historic
39. The Forrest Gump soundtrack on loop
40. My doppleganger
41. A comment deleted for its terseness
42. A Facebook friend you have never met

IV

LIST OF NOUNS AND OTHER WORDS/PHRASES ETC.

Not Art.
 dark, nothing, water, Bumba, pain,
 weteh, the sun, vomit, ligh, heat, wat
 water, black, edges, world, sandbanks,
 reefs, things,
 moon, stars, night, light,
 pain, strain, nine creatures,
 lopard, eagle, crocodile, fish, tortoise,
 Tsetse, lightning, heron, beetle, goat
 men, white,
 creatures, birds, air, kite, serpen s,
 iguan, goat, horns, insects
 grasshoppers,
 white ants, lack earth, sants, creator
 son, plant, trees, grasses, flowers, pl
 plants,
 lightning, troublemaker, trouble, sky,
 mankind draw firedrill, creation,
 villages, wonders, Ancestor, brotherhood
 "behold these wonders. They belong to yyou."
 BUSHONGO * BUMBA VOMITS THE WORLD.

1. A view of a lake seen between trees and two cabins.
2. Smiling blond child standing next to a fallen stroller and public trash bin.
3. Two pugs looking up at me expectantly from atop a hardwood floor.
4. An advertisement for an outdoor sofa photographed in front of the ocean.
5. view from a Malibu hills garden patio with aloe plants, an antique bathtub, and an American flag bath towel.
6. a steel pretzel-like abstract sculpture leaning against a freight elevator door.
7. A graph of relative pollution levels (air) of major cities worldwide.
8. a young woman in a form-fitting white dress seen in three quarter view from reverse with blurred arms raised in the air leaning forward in an interior next to cupboards.
9. Washed-off remains of sidewalk chalk on concrete.



Idea: crying superman -- 12-15 feet tall.





#80 - Woman Eight/Boomerang

Pen in hand, she begins to write a letter, but hesitates. She cannot recall to whom it should be addressed.

Her fingers search across the numbers on the phone but are unable to form the sequence.

She meanders through the city in grand looping paths because she has no clear destination.

A tiny light-filled stone is rolled between her warm fingers transforming it into a glowing opal. She doesn't know why.

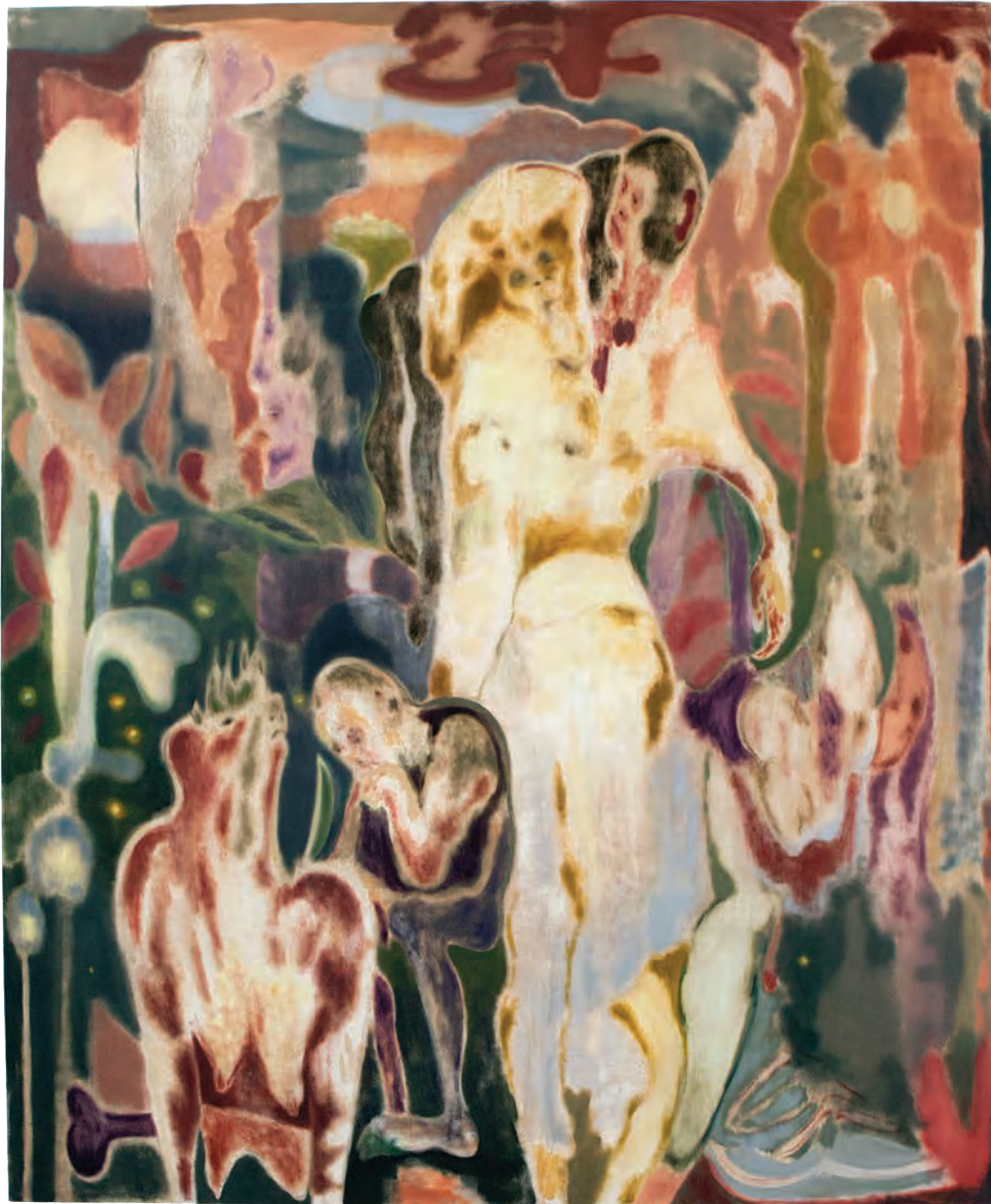
With a gasp of air, time moves backwards.

My fists are pushed stiffly into my pockets. I release my own hand. There is a fiery opal on my finger, a gift from my father.

I walk to the museum to visit a friend, a painting, which has hung on the same wall for decades.

My fingers softly tap out a series of digits to hear a familiar voice on the line. Is it you?

I type out these words. Hit send.

















aanthony

même si on ne voit pas ensemble
la beauté de la forme de l'homme

avec mon doigt j'veux esquisser
une ligne tiède vers la mer
sous l'étui du soleil clair
car un coeur sanguinaire

lui qui se levait seulement
quand le jour était un point
avant l'aube me démasquait
ce qu'il ne donne je prenais

even if we do not agree
on the beauty of men

with my finger I want to sketch
a warm line towards the sea
under the gaze of the full sun
because of a bloodthirsty heart

he who rose up only
when the day began
before dawn unmasked me
what he gave I took



4



5



6



7

Methods of breaking the panic-stricken grip of a drowning person are shown in (4), (5), (6) and (7)

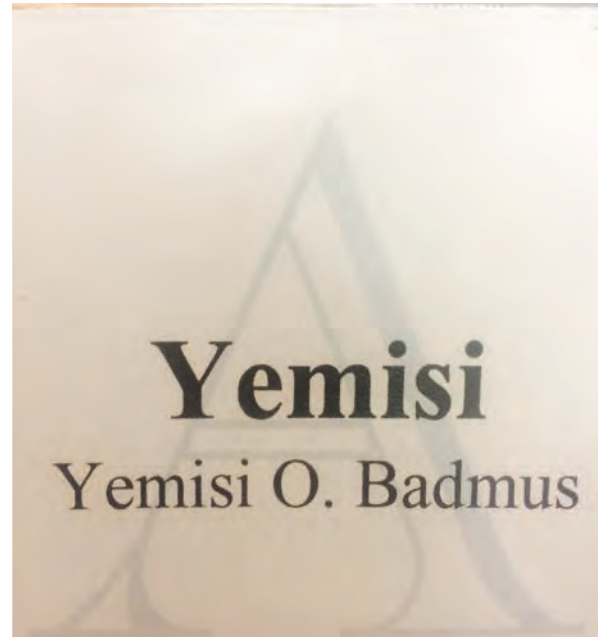
O.BADMUS

There it was, O.BADMUS, printed in black ink on a white name tag, alone, on a blue tablecloth. Throughout my life, I've encountered numerous misspellings and amalgamations of my Nigerian surname, OYENIYI. OYENIYI originates from the Yoruba people of southwestern Nigeria.

When I saw YEMISI O.BADMUS, instead of YEMISI OYENIYI on the name tag, I was momentarily taken aback, shook in my skin. "How did they come up with O.BADMUS from OYENIYI? I hadn't noticed the . between the O and B at first. When I did, I considered that whoever transcribed my name from the attendee list may have confused my name with another name on the list. Two months prior to the art lecture at the Peabody Museum in Andover, Massachusetts, I registered with YEMISI OYENIYI, the name I use most. My official name is OLUWAYEMISI OYENIYI. The online form has two separate fields for names, official and preferred. I considered that the O could be for OYENIYI but still, I was not able to connect any dots for how BADMUS appeared in print beside YEMISI.

This was clearly a slip of text, print and meaning. When I first thought about O.BADMUS, it was within the confines of my subjective, personal experience and vocabulary. I interpreted it as a knee jerk response without deep thought. I took the error which was beyond a misspelling more as a personal affront and disregard for names unusual for the American traditions. It triggered the re-naming and nick name tendencies that I have confronted often when people see or hear my name.

The artist who spoke at the event was beside me when I found my orphaned name tag YEMISI O.BADMUS. She had concluded her lecture and was available to answer questions and talk with the attendees. Intrigued by my sudden outburst over the name tag, she remarked, "That is very odd and more than a typo." She explained that she collects discarded items which contain typos, misspellings and



mistakes. I took a picture with my phone camera and handed it to her, "Here, you are welcome to have it."

That was the beginning of our friendship. We became fast pen pals through emails and she addressed her messages to me with O.BADMUS.

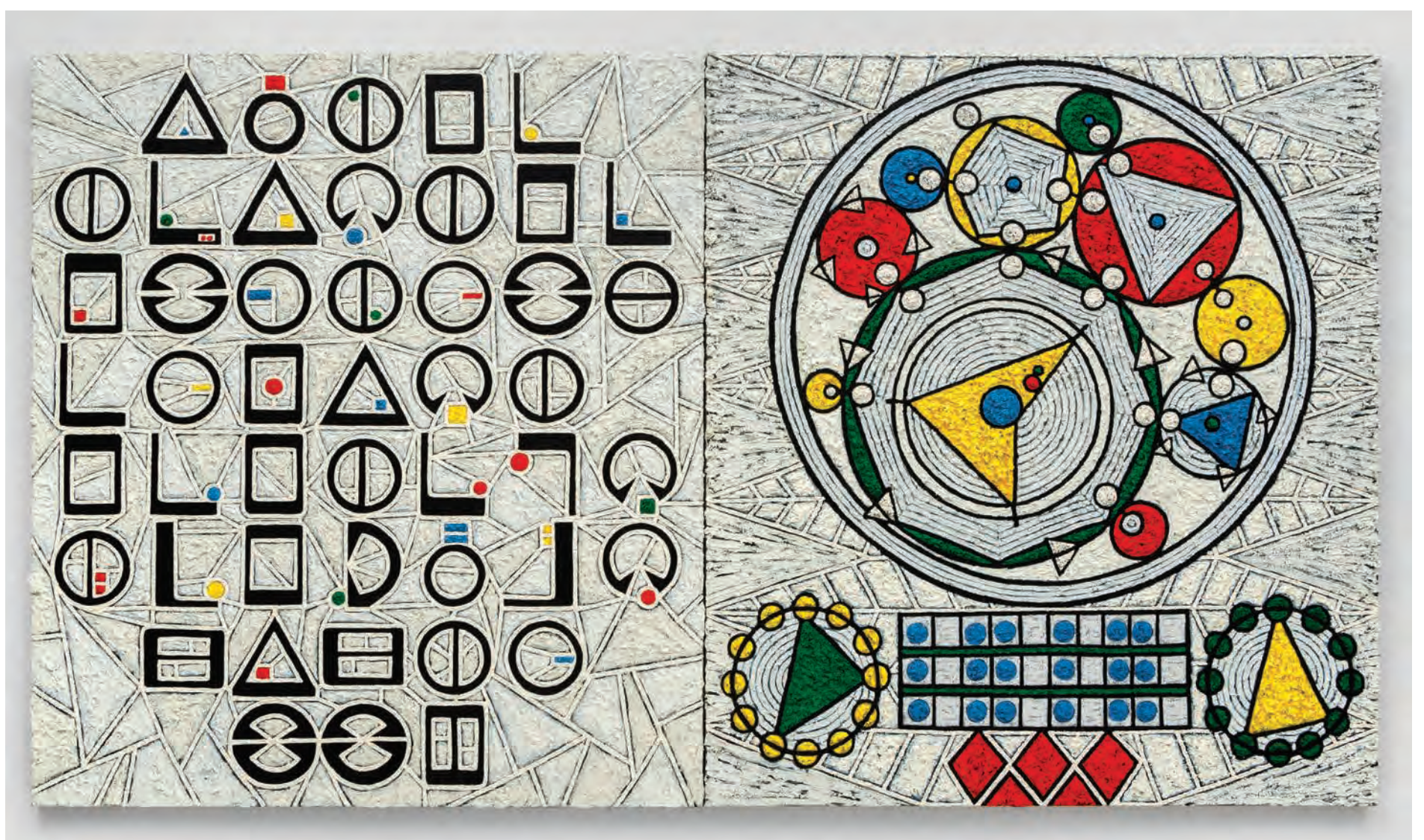
It wasn't until recently when I delved further into the meaning of the word BADMUS that I discovered the possibility that misspellings, typos and substituting

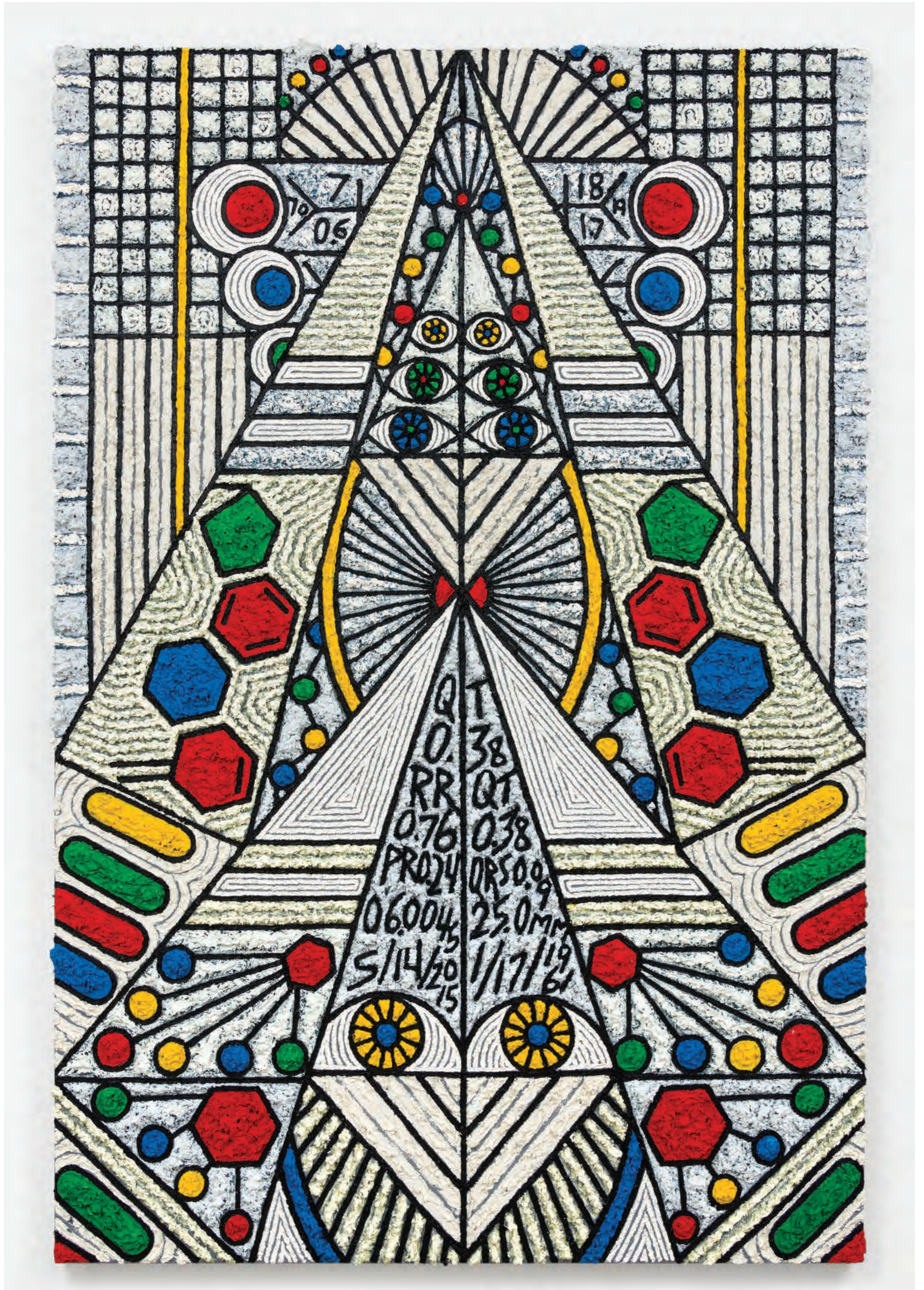
names may arise from a larger collective unconscious of intentional manifestations. BADMUS was not original like I thought. An intentional collective unconscious manifestation is BADMUS, which is not unique or singular. Nothing exists within a vacuum and parapraxis may not be a uniquely singular or specific manifestation of an unconscious intention but instead an expansive, infinite assemblage of unconscious and intentional relationships and connections which preexist with or without our awareness.

I discovered that BADMUS has an arabic origin and within the Yoruba language, it often manifests as GBADAMOS. Upon googling BADMUS, an image of Nigerian actress, ENIOLA BADMUS, appeared along with a meaning of the surname provided by kalabrians.com:

Your surname of BADMUS: indicates that you are a very capable, systemic and thorough person with many talents for mechanics, accounting, computer, teaching, law, construction and similar fields

Could it be that there is an endless unconscious portal of surnames which align directly to each of us? Is BADMUS just the beginning for me or are there more? I do not know how BADMUS arrived in my consciousness or what it means for me, as an individual. In the greater world, it represents being part of a family beyond my given name. It may bring me closer to others who are talented mechanics, accountants, teachers or lawyers. Whatever its relevance, I've no doubt it was destined to find me.







Tu

I woke up saying your name
 Still asleep I walked to the kitchen for water
 My throat dry
 My eyes closed

How long had I been calling for you?

I returned to my bed and found your name still caught in my sheets
 Trying to understand how it got there
 I pulled the covers towards my body and got carried away

What should have sunk with time rose to the surface too quickly
 Like a deep sea diver who's desire to return to the land takes precedence over his
 own life
 I swim frantically to the shore in search of you

Back on land but beneath the clothes that cling to my skin
 I feel for you
 I find you in between
 Not you
 of course
 But just your name
 Hanging in the air
 Hovering over me
 The heat of the sand on my back
 And the sound of your voice ringing in my ears

I hear your name again
 Coming from my lips
 Over and over again

#53 – three bowls

Mute objects kept, remembered, packed away and forgotten, displayed, broken, photographed, imbued with meaning and importance, given away, cherished for generations, in effect, whisper to our past and present.

I have very few things from my grandmother's house, considering the extent of her possessions, but I did inherit three bowls that are wrapped in plastic, tucked into a cardboard box and stored in my dark attic, hidden from view.

I haven't looked at them for years but recall that the largest bowl is a dull mustard yellow with a rough surface. I visualize the tracings of a utensil, etched circular lines drawn around the interior, that I may have failed to notice previously.

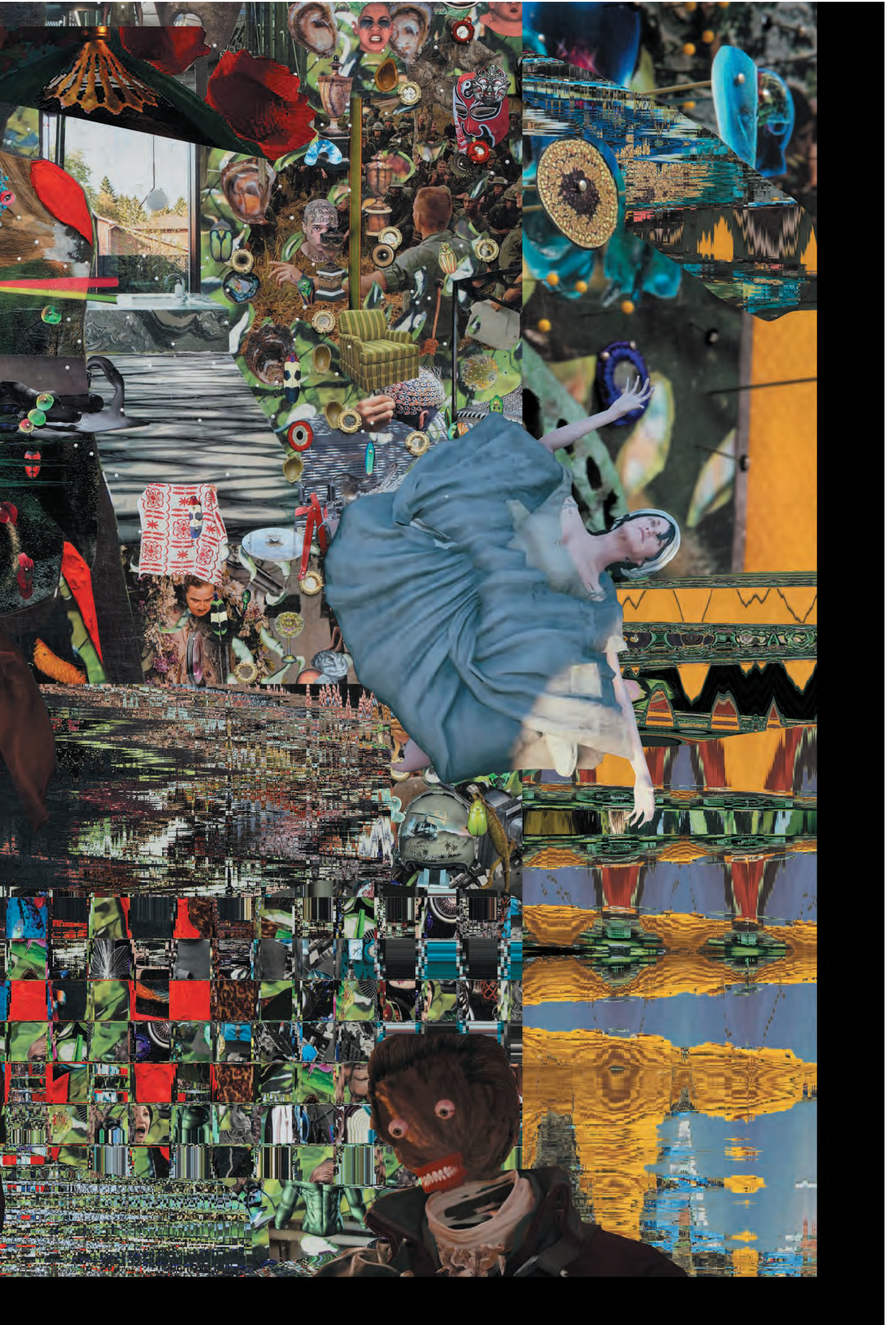
There is a smaller pale pink bowl and a jade green bowl that is smaller than the pink one. The pink and green bowls have smoother finishes than the yellow one and they all nest inside of each other, like three sisters.

The pink bowl could be smaller than the green bowl because I cannot remember and all three have decorative borders, maybe a sequence of flowers or shapes, that wrap around the top edge of each bowl but I have forgotten what those look like too.

Low murmurings from objects that are not clearly seen or recalled.





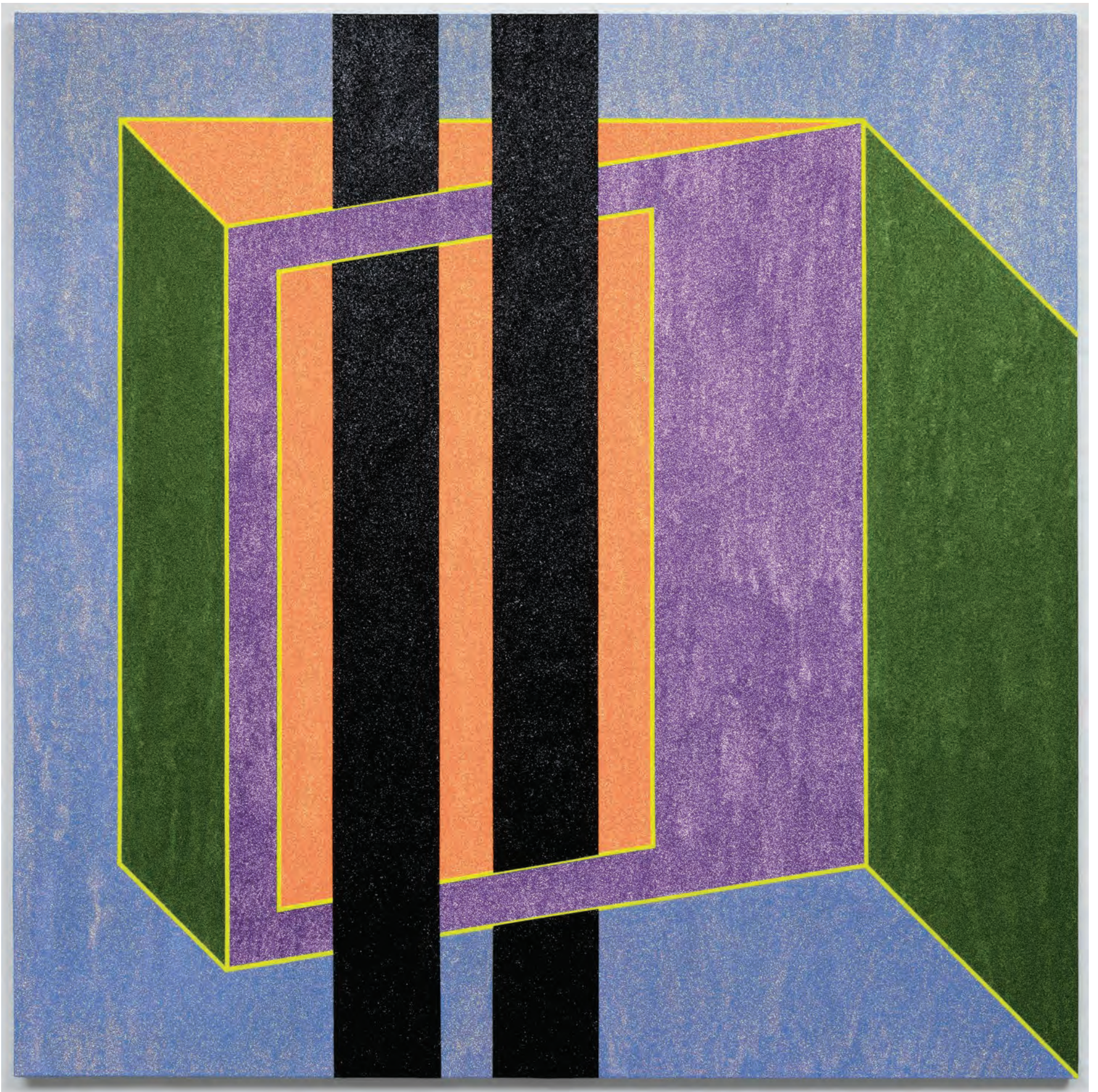






Pirouette

Don't let me look into your eyes,
Or I'll fall into this dance again.
A filtered gender magnified by spotlight,
in unhappy curls and misaligned gestures.
Pink and blue are never neutral colors.
But I wear a pink with coffee and grease stains,
And I wear a blue that shines with stardust.



Anymore Ever Was

She told me “you’re not straight anymore” and the sound of her voice made me wet.

Anymore.
Ever was.

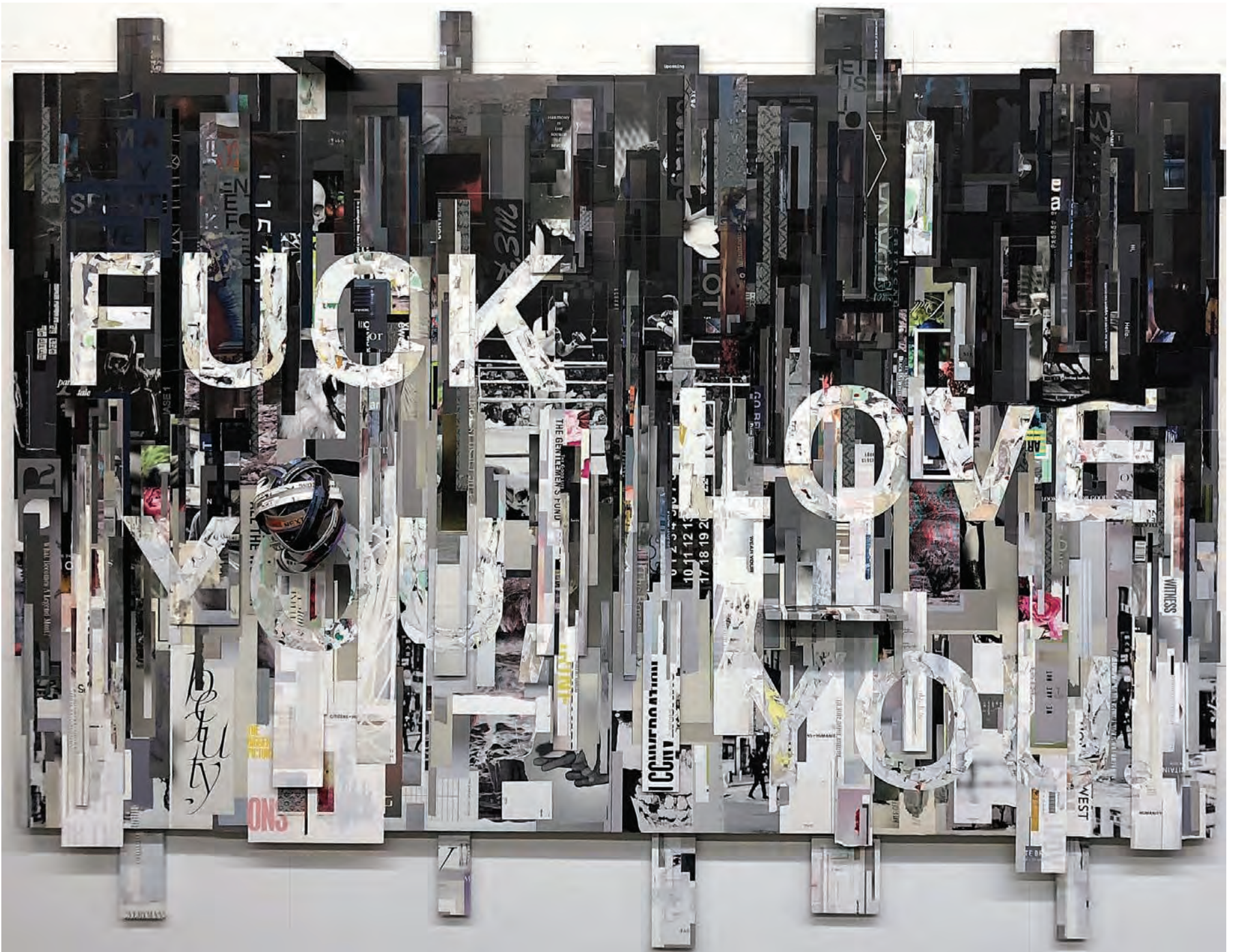
I ask myself questions but my friends ask me more.
I guess I’m the most sexually interesting person they know because I’m not straight anymore.


I wonder if she’ll leave me because of this.
Because I need to learn what it means to be queer.
Because my life is so fucking straight even if I never was.

I’ve always stared at women
Wanting to drink them in with a fleeting glance.

They said I was straight but I’m not anymore
And I want to go back and see all those women
And taste their pussy
And hold their bodies in my bed
And call them baby.





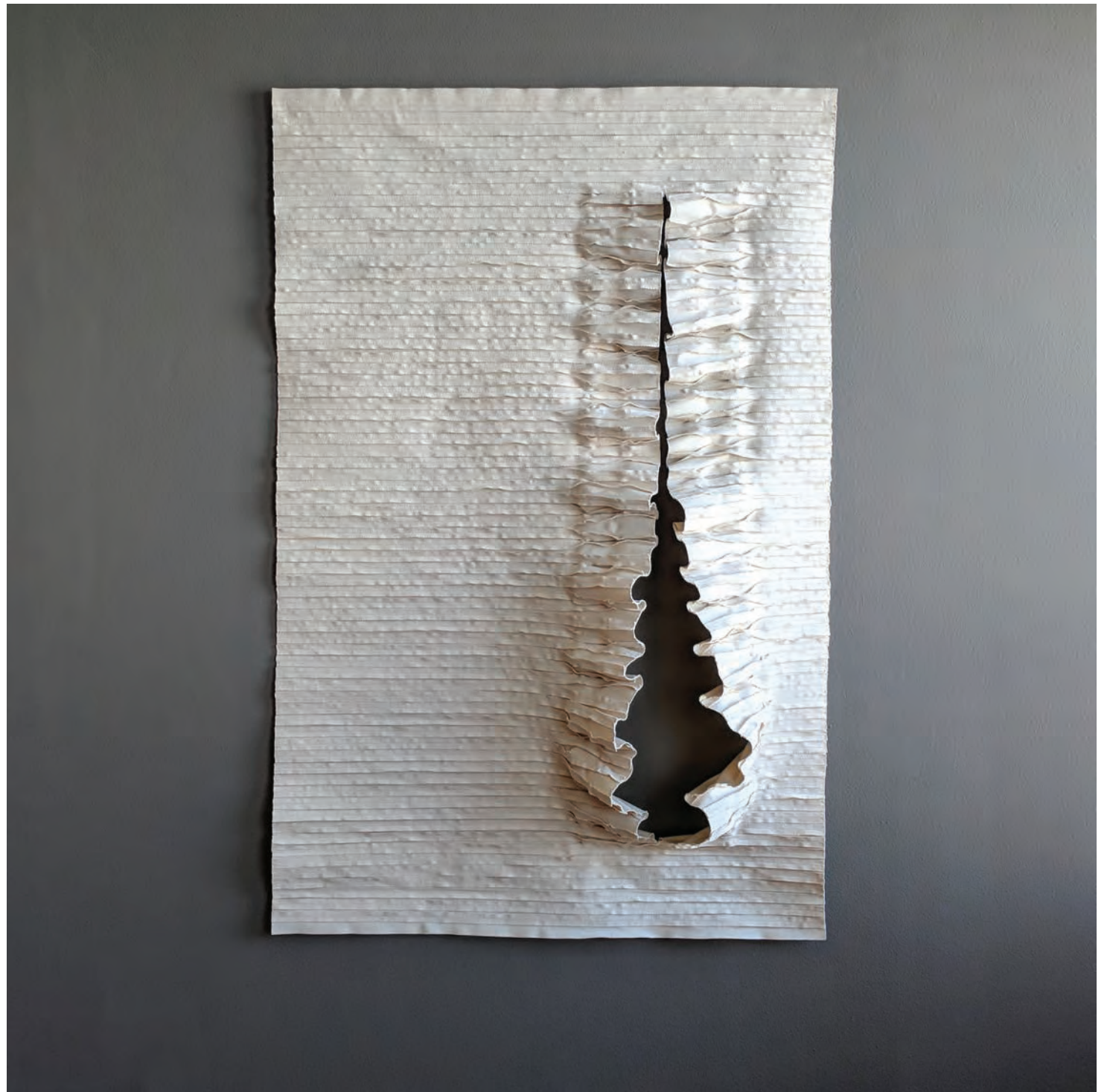


a gun is not a gun
a person a gun
a gun is not a gun
a school is a gun
a gun is not a gun
a movie theater is a gun
a gun is not a gun
a supermarket is a gun
a gun is not a gun
a parking lot is a gun
a train is a gun
a gun is not a gun

a gun is a gun









Casseography

 marriage
home

 wealth

 danger

 Risk

 good
news
out of
control

 happiness

 Luck

 happy
event

 Love







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

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SUBMISSIONS

Visit fullblede.com for submission information and for frequently asked questions. You may also email any questions to fullbled@gmail.com.

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: Photoshop, Illustrator, + InDesign.







NO! she said that doesn't mean YES he
said sliding on another slick emotional mean
meme thing he thinks & she Damn he's
being a dick here we go again under her
breath I feel did you say your uh he
thinks he asks & super nice morsel stuff
comes out & to again him self nice ass uh
sass what's with your sag bag mr she eyes
bull darting thinks be careful he fingers
fiddling at heart steamy hope beds heads
blow know suck in worlds private reality
swims & dives thrives inside wow he leers
looks she scoffs listens he stumbles grips
a menu she cannot spell toast his name
again she is really hungry he too this is
connecting this leg my leg his or hers
under the table hoping ice pelting melting
lips music wearing she swears her place
his I'll have the red not bad here same for
me please thin duck such skin fuck touch

attention

I step away from my shivering life
through the clumsy possibility
of a blank page

each day, when no one is looking
I sit with ink and cotton
strings of indigo light
drip from my pen

the aim is not an edifice
it is hearing the wind
as it ruffles the dried leaves in the yard

watching pages of books
flutter open and lie flat again
without being touched
by human hands







CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors are listed alphabetically here and on page 2 by page number. For more information about these artists and writers, visit fullblede.com.

CHAD ATTIE Naomi, 2018. Mixed media collage and photographic inkjet print, size 40 x 40 inches. "The concept of chance is extremely important to my work. Earlier works often began with stacks of paper interspersed with sequestered images that carried an emotional charge for me. I used a carpenter's drill to dig down, hoping, anticipating to excavate something meaningful yet impossible to plan. I loved the mercurial chance of it all and not having complete control. There were always new and unexpected connections I never could have orchestrated, or even imagined. Sometimes it was painful to know that there were gems of images that would remain hidden. The finished product utilized a process that furthered my journey of discovery and vulnerability. Intention often took a back seat to chance. Eulogies work in an opposite way: instead of digging down, I am building up. I begin with images that have meaning to me, and through layering create relationships. As in the earlier work, the relationships are undetermined, and subtle unexpected connections are what make the work intimate, unpredictable, and often heartbreaking."

NURIT AVESAR Icarus, 2018. Mixed media, paper, cheesecloth, thread, window screen, film, acrylic paint and graphite, 48 x 70 inches. "This body of work is about the policies of the current administration that are being promoted by manipulation of fear and prejudice and will cause long lasting environmental disasters and human suffering. My work is process based. I begin by painting on paper or canvas. I then adhere fabric, thread and other material to the first layer. I cover and paste a second sheet of paper on top. Next, I sand that compound surface and continue to manipulate the distressed surface, tearing away segments, adding and collaging rust, graphite, paper, as well as paint on top. I often repeat this process of multi-layering and sanding several times. The final images are surprising visuals combining the faded, ghostly sediment images of the initial layers – sanded and torn – with the brighter layers that have been added on top. Those intriguing and complex surfaces convey vulnerability along with dynamism. Manipulating and destroying finished paintings in order to create new ones invokes the reexamination of cultural legacies, history and abuse of power."

CODY BAYNE Heart Blob + Untitled/9X, 2018. Each: mixed-media: paper, marker, acrylic paint, oil stick, latex paint, spray paint, charcoal, gel medium on merchant poster, 30 x 22 inches. "In Heart Blob, Parapraxis exists in the title, playfully referencing 'heart throb', and also within structured "process" rules, which allow for happenstance, thus unconscious narratives emerge within the composition. Ex.: The shape of the half face is mirrored and flipped in the red blob. The red blob suggests a heart shape. The shape influences the title. The letters C & B emerge within the composition reflecting my initials. A hand reaches for a "hammer". The word hammer lingers above the eradication of information suggesting removal of content. By creating repetitive visual cues, parapraxis is engaged. A narrative is created, without intentionality, unstructured within the works, in turn, creating structure, becoming most evident when combined panels form a grid. Context is created between multiple panels that isn't applicable when viewing a single piece. A parapraxis is established in the way a viewer engages the works allowing their unconscious to create meaning."

ALEXIS BOLTER Tu and Anymore Ever Was, both 2018. "This writing explores a desire that I once believed to be absent from my life. There are desires we believe have left us but then suddenly reappear. Were they ever really gone? Where did it live all that time?"

TANYA BRODSKY Roommate, 2017-18. Found rolling gate (modified) sandblasted, sock, 23 x 38 x 75 inches. "Much of my work is focused on slippages in the use and use value of utilitarian objects. Crashing a car into a fence reveals the fluidity of sculptural form, obscured in the properly functioning object. It also nullifies the question of which side of the fence one happens to be on: always an added bonus. "Roommate" began as a fence that had been crashed into and mangled, which I encountered in a pile of rubble at the scrap yard. My job became to follow the logic of transformation and alteration, removing and adding to subvert its fence-ness, but retain the reference to it. The sock emerged as both an anthropomorphic gesture, and a joke on the other kind of accidental discovery one experiences in college dorms."

KELLY BRUMFIELD-WOODS Making Good Time on La Cienega, 2018. Glitter and acrylic on canvas, 60 x 60 inches. "Slamming together two colors that shouldn't stand so close is thrilling. The stranger, the better. But once in a while, I'll get into my "elegant mood", and that's when I'll pull out the blacks, the silvers, the golds and the blues. The fluorescent

reds and hot pinks will thicken in their bottles while they await my return. Earlier this year I was forced to take a closer look at those "elegant moods". I won't go into boring details, but I know what was happening in my life during each "elegant mood". It's a very full life and when things get a little messy, as they can, I recognized that I go darker with my pieces. It's not a surprise except I hadn't given it any thought until I went through my inventory. I like the "elegant moods" just as much as I like the colors, and though I'm newly aware of timing of them, it doesn't mean I'll avoid them in the future. Not at all! But next time that "elegant mood" gracefully snakes its way onto the canvas, I'll give it a wink, aware we're on this ride together, and those fluorescent reds and pinks will patiently wait, knowing I'll be back soon."

ISMAEL DE ANDA III Weathered Wallpaper Window Within + Sangre Arena (Blood Sand), 2018. Each: digital collage, 9.8 x 15.5 inches. "Parapraxis occurs in my work, by celebrating errors, misinterpretation, and re-interpretation of speech and memory, particularly within conflicting oral accounts of my family's history of my maternal ancestral home in Presidio, Texas, a desert farm on the banks of the Rio Grande River at the U.S.-Mexico Gateway. Much of its history is kept in the memories of family members, relayed verbally in multiple languages. I attempt to visually manifest the slippages of these spoken stories in my artwork as a dreamy subconscious desire to rescue or resuscitate my family's fading/flowing history as an archive of physical memory. Much of my aesthetic is inspired by the improvisational skills and techniques employed by my grandfather as he maintained the farm and the floral decor my grandmother favored along with her miraculous garden that thrived in such a seemingly harsh landscape."

KAYE FREEMAN Happy 110, 2017. Oil pastel and graphite on sketchbook paper, 6 x 8 inches. "Parapraxis is something that happens in your mind or speech but it happens for me in drawings all the time. I think it arises from my subconscious and from these slips I can begin to understand where I'm going with a work. This drawing was supposed to be about the frustrations caused by driving on a hot day surrounded by fender benders and breakdowns but deep in my subconscious I find the 110 a really romantic and beautiful structure. A happy place, full of happy accidents. I'm even quite fond of the potholes."

MARTIN GANTMAN Untitled, 2018. iPhone. "This from a series in which each image is taken almost on a whim. There is an element of danger in that – of exposure to one's inadequacies, to oneself and to others. They are not set up, nor are they conceptualized. There is always the risk of a conflicting element: a spec of dirt that would never be there otherwise; a misplaced stratagem; even a pleasant surprise. A simple yet elongated tree attempts to reach for what? And on its way, it enters an unexpected, even unrelated, force field. Really, there are two authentic, yet discrete, elements that unexpectedly give us a hint toward the another."

HELEN REBEKAH GARBER Macrocosm vs Microcosm, 2015. Oil on canvas 54 x 96 inches. Analgesic I, 2016. Oil on canvas 72 x 50 inches. "Promise lies in the male and female energies of our society co-existing on an equal and cooperative plane / A responsibility to respect the other's contributions to the whole while also recognizing responsibility for the destructive behaviors associated with our gender lies crucial / Rational, negative male energy has a biological tendency toward conquest, dominance and overt aggression / Alternatively, negative female energy has a biological tendency toward manipulation and passive aggression / Par dynamically, masculine energy is positively associated with analytical thinking, protection and competition / Relationally positive feminine energy is associated with community building, nurturing and intuition / Anecdotaly, similar ideologies have weaved a common thread through diverse societies / Xenogogues exist within us and among us / Is defining a set of ethical standards to guide us into a more advanced society possible without openly examining the contributions of our gender energies? / So?" Images courtesy of DENK Gallery.

DANIEL GIBSON Earthlings, 2018. Charcoal, sumi ink on canvas, 72 x 72 inches. "The work is made like as if I'm stumbling around in the dark, searching for a light switch. / I don't set out to draw anything. / I keep a clear mind, and move the stick around and around 'til something comes to the surface. / When I find it. I smile and say Thank You repeatedly. / Always grateful I get to do this."

LUDOVICA GIOSCIA The Persistence Of Ghosts, 2018. Mixed media, variable dimensions. "I see this digital collage as a manifestation of digested products resurfacing from the recesses of my guts, or perhaps from even deeper, from my unconscious. As they resurface, these images are distorted, re-imagined, re-dreamt. They have slipped many times to become psychedelic afterthoughts from another dimension."

WENDELL GLADSTONE Moon in My Mirror, 2017. Acrylic on canvas, 72 x 54 inches. "This painting evokes a dream-like space where the unconscious mind guides the narrative. Several initial ideas were com-

bined to arrive at something unexpected. The process involved a back and forth between letting accidents and chance steer the course, while also refining and reining the results into a framework." Image courtesy of Shulamit Nazarian Los Angeles.

ALFONSO GONZALEZ Smile Now, 2018. Mixed media, 92 x 47 inches. Cry Later, 2018. Mixed media, 49.5 x 47 inches. Wabash Street 2018. Mixed media, 92 x 47 inches. "These three pieces are an expansion of my earlier works. The basis began with a review of old sketchbooks and a deep examination of canvases I would use for palettes. My studies allowed me to take on an intuitive approach, fluid and flexible, and within that process I found myself exploring earlier influences—the urban industrial landscapes manifested in the textured and varied layers of my palettes. I started unraveling certain preconceived notions behind the realistic tendencies reflected in earlier pieces and became drawn towards a more playful and experimental subconscious. This culminated in a lighthearted appreciation of the innocence of youth as depicted in these works."

TM GRATKOWSKI Ombre Effect of a Dyslexic Heart 2018, paper on diptych wood panel, 75 x 96 x 9.25 inches. "The slip is acknowledged in the words themselves and the multiple subjective interpretations of how anyone may interpret and receive these works. Even the title infers multiple readings both literal and abstract. The words on the panels are I Fuck You / I Love You... ie: you can fuck someone you love -or - as an extreme expression of strong love it ma be like "fuck you I do love you so much -or- fuck you I'm mad at you, but I still love you., -or- you can fuck someone you love and you can make love to someone you love. et.al. the double meanings are only seen when you put both declarations next to each other- hence the diptych."

KYLA HANSEN Now, Now, 2018. Fabric, found objects, paint, 84 x 60. "Formally, I think something interesting happens to text, which is inherently two dimensional, when it is turned into something three-dimensional. Letters become shape and form. They move back and forth between being abstract and narrative. I see a comparison with the way objects move back and forth between being inanimate, and imbued with meaning. Objects and text in my work are both slippery in that way, offering opportunities for visual parapraxis. In my text-based quilts, language breaks down or builds into spray painted lines, clothing remnants and architectural fragments, mimicking the patched-together-nature of Mojave Desert ghost houses. I feel like my work is a jumble of objects, spaces, memories, stories, and text that pile up to become new forms; possibly revealing something about the way one makes sense of their environment consciously or unconsciously."

HAROLD HOLLINGSWORTH vu, 2017. Oil on wood panels, 96 x 60 inches. "The paintings starting point was another odd accident, It was going through a gesso start, and was laying on the studio floor. These often start slow, again, on a ladder working on another painting and this one laying below the ladder, on the floor, got spilled on, gray oil, well, there you go, let it lead off the bottom, used again to build a bouquet out of a chaos starting point."

ELLIOTT HUNDLEY Assassin's Creed, 2018. Digital 20.8 x 15.58 inches. "'amusing consequence of real-time cutscene rendering, NPCs equipped with AI, and a lack of certain failsafe measures' - Brenna Hillier www.vg247.com"

KIM KEI Mimesis, 2018. C-print, 18 x 30 inches. "My persistent parapraxis slip has been the unintentional, yet undeniable vaginal shape."

FORREST KIRK unlikely King, 2017. Oil and acrylic on canvas, 12 x 24 inches. "Put together like a puzzle this collage piece was constructed from found scrap and left over from other completed works."

DIANA KOHNE Burbank Light Pole 1.5, 2016. Drug-store photograph, acryla gouache, 4 x 6 inches. "I'll mix what appears to be the exact color in a reference photo, but when I test it, it's too warm or cool or too dark or light. I like how the photos turn out when I've finished with them. The painting this photo was intended as reference for was sacrificed as substrate for another artwork, and all that survives of this would-be painting in my Burbank Alley series is this lo-fi drug-store printout, and its test patches of paint, which are more appealing than the painting ever was."

ELIZABETH LEISTER #53 – three bowls + #80 – Woman Eight/Boomerang, both 2017. "The work almost always, consciously or not, points to the invisible. What has become hidden, buried, disappeared attempts to reveal itself through text or image. Time is the culprit. It disguises through faded colors or worn textures, dust, dirt. These unreliable recollections that I call into question, often do not offer the answers that I am searching for. A fountain of youth, one more moment with someone from the past, a holding on."

MARY LITTLE Inch series - Caughie, 2018. Unbleached cotton canvas, 75 x 50 inches. Unbleached cotton canvas, 60 x 40 inches. "In its intention my work is determined and precise, until it is realized. Exposed to light and gravity it takes on its own life."

AUBREY INGMAR MANSON Can I Melt Uncertainty into a Flower?, 2018. Ceramic, plaster, house-paint, 11.5h x 13w x 10d inches. "An unconscious desire to locate

comfort in the midst of it all. A growing desire that is played out to relinquish anxieties experienced within an omnipresent political system. There is the search for comfort, while also realizing the failure in truly being able to find it. To make sense of it all, here is this metaphorical stage of hand-flowers huddling together on the last polar ice cap where they have staked their claim."

JOSEPH MASOTTA *Allegory*, 2018. Encaustic and collage on linen with stainless steel, 20 x 32 inches. "The Freudian slip is irreversible. Once expressed, the parapraxis statement becomes truth. Once divulged, the reading cannot be reversed. Visual parapraxis operates as a mind field. When a powerfully misleading image is placed in memory, we are not able to unsee what we just saw. This collage, *Allegory*, contains the mirror image of two crowds with an overlay of ambiguous characters in opposition. Visual parapraxis illustrates opposing sides of the same coin. An original thought conforms to the norm, while a second slip-thought plays off the first to suggest a hidden meaning. A stainless steel blade divides and reflects the two sides. The mirror-blade acts as a fulcrum that establishes a broken rhythm as the viewer moves about. A doubling and tripling of images suggests a visual blunder. Blunders encourage anxiety. Visual slippage leads to misreadings. Activations between overlapping neural networks reveal unexpected associations."

CHANDLER MCWILLIAMS *These are also the conduits*, 2018. Hand embroidery, fabric, wood, 45 x 34 x 10 inches. "Nothing, a one/ another, a double, three/ or five, then/ more, at once."

SYDNEY MILLS *Avery (from PARTS: Cycle 2)*, 2018. C-print, 20 x 25 inches. "The series *PARTS: Cycle 2* copes the aesthetics of branding to explore ideas around bodily plasticity, modification and commodification through the staging of synthetic flesh-like membranes on acrylic product displays. In the studio, these membranes move and change shape as they adjust to the temperature and terrain of their environment. The shutter of the camera is only triggered when the membranes have shifted enough so that they appear to be somewhere between vaguely biological and uncannily humanoid."

MAYSHA MOHAMED *Tasseography*, 2018. Hand drawn poster and photographs size variable. "There are four kinds of good luck: pure 'blind' luck, and three others that are influenced by certain behavioral characteristics. Altamirage refers to a special personal quality by which good luck is prompted as a result of personally distinctive actions (i.e. fortuitous events occur when you behave in ways that are highly distinctive of you as a person). Serendipity can be described as finding valuable things as a result of happy accidents. General exploratory behavior draws upon the principle that chance favors those in motion; and Sagacity is about chance favoring the prepared mind. The most novel discoveries occur when several varieties of chance coincide. (Adapted from "The varieties of chance in scientific research," by Austin JH, 1979.) Tasseography was an event that took place on September 28, 2018 at The Lodge in conjunction with my solo show, "Oar Tatig." Participants engaged in divination by interpreting Turkish coffee grounds. I hand drew the poster, coffee cup portraiture courtesy of The Lodge."

DEE BALSON MOLLETT *Fehlleistungen #2*, 2018, photograph, size variable. "Photo as a literal example of parapraxis. Freud said the unifying condition of all parapraxes is 'the suppression of the speaker's intention to say something is the indispensable condition of the occurrence of a slip.'"

MIKE M MOLLETT *thin duck such*, 2018, text and digital photo, size variable. "What? What we are thinking / we don't necessarily say. What / we say we aren't necessarily thinking. / Especially in conversation. Especially in relationships. Especially new ones. Especially with an objective in mind. Especially."

MEGAN MUELLER *outstretched* 2017. Xerox, 11 x 8.5 inches. "There is a man in a navy waterproof jacket. The hood of his coat is drawn tightly around his wet face and baseball hat. He is holding a microphone. He is struggling to stand up. He is outside. It is raining. There are strong winds. "You know, I haven't seen a lot of debris recently, but it was a couple hours ago...". The wind pushes him out of the frame. He falls into a bush, still clutching his microphone. "Hold on." He clings to the bush while the strong winds pass temporarily. The man stands back up. "Alright." He adjusts his ear piece. "Sorry about that, that was a heck of a gust." The wind pushes him back two steps. His stance widens. "I'll get back to your question, it was a couple hours ago that we saw some debris fall from the hotel." The man gestures to his right. "The wall was just sheared right off, then that debris fell down into the parking lot of the hotel. We actually started to see portions of the underneath of the outdoor walkway, it started to breathe a little bit." The man motions up and down with his hand. "What that's doing is, is going up and down, and eventually we can see that give." The weather channel launched May 2, 1982, making it 72 days older than me. I have never known the world without a 24 hour a day devotion to weather coverage."

LINDSEY NOBLE *Endorphin Sale*, 2010. Photography,

ink, and acrylic on wood panel, 8 x 12 inches. "There are two skulls that are representative of human beings interacting with each other. The white lines in the background represent the subconscious of the people intermingling with energy in between them and in the universe. The three orange/yellow neurons are representative of the outward conversation that they are having with each other. The neurons that is intertwined with the orange/yellow is representative of the parapraxis—the time where the subconscious has transferred from the internal and universal energy and infiltrated their actual conversation—where the person has revealed their deep dark thoughts without even meaning to. It just shows the power of the subconscious, and how it is omnipotent and ubiquitous, and how it ultimately has all control because it can come out of nowhere and infiltrate the world that you're trying to create and the perception you're trying to make."

YEMISI OYENIYI *O.BADMUS*, September 2018. Essay, story. "O.BADMUS is a personal and true account which happened to me a year ago at an art event in Andover, MA. The story explores both the theme of parapraxis, and intentional conscious occurrences within the expanded realm of the collective unconscious instead of the singular and subjective experience of unconscious personal slips. O.BADMUS is a typo or unconscious misspelling or renaming and in reconciling and making sense of this error, I discovered that the name BADMUS is personally relevant and significant for me. It may not be an arbitrary mistake like I assumed but instead an expanded manifestation of parapraxis in the infinite collective unconscious."

KOTTIE PALOMA *Goldhahn und Sampson Wish You A Happy Birthday From The American 99 Cent Store*, 2018. Torn paper collage, dirt, acrylic, glitter, printed text on paper, 79 x 60 inches "My collages are sort of the read between the lines of my text based paintings. The paper I use for these collages are from my paint pressings onto my canvases. My studio floor is covered in piles of this paper. I see the piles of paint covered paper as the words that didn't make it into my paintings. Conversations that never took place, words that self censored and mute into shapes and forms. From there I tear the paper into various shapes and collage them onto large sheets of paper working and reworking the composition and color scheme until I feel it is completed."

CAROLIE PARKER *How to Save a Drowning Person*, 2018. Digital composition, size variable. "I doubt the illustrator of this entry from the 1943 Edition of the Britannica Junior (An Encyclopaedia for Boys and Girls) set out to show anything more than how to rescue someone in the water. But this is mined territory. The "panic-stricken grip of a drowning person" is simultaneously erotic and macabre, love and death being old bedfellows. The medieval romantic archetype of either being saved by or saving another person is so powerful that it can't help but haunt these illustrations. (Color overlays suggested by vintage Harlequin Romance covers.)"

JAKLIN ROMINE *ACCESS DENIED/ COMMONWEALTH & COUNCIL / VISITORS WELCOME CENTER*, 2018.

Digital print, 55 x 36 inches. *ACCESS DENIED/ PAM RESIDENCIES*, 2018. Digital print, 36 x 55 inches. "This series takes a serious look at the art scene around Los Angeles. I use my body as a placeholder for all disabled bodies which sits up against an ableist art scene. I choose to recognize the continued ignorance of gallery owners and how they choose to forget what should be known. This unhappy incident, not accident, is when I show up to a gallery or performance space and I can not physically get inside on my own. So I sit outside for the entire opening, so that which remains unseen and unheard can be revealed. These spaces can no longer hide or go unnoticed for ignoring that my body has been and continues to be excluded."

MAJA RUZNIC *The Help*, 2018. Oil on canvas, 72 x 60 inches. "The figures in my paintings vibrate in and out of the background. At times, the horizon line, the plants and trees bleed out of the edges of a shoulder or dress, while other times, the moon clearly outlines the silhouetted figure. Slipping in and out of dimensions—both painted and imagined, the figures in my work—amorphous and porous, hesitate to commit to any identity. They are not solid, but instead are made of fog, our memories and desires. In constant flux, they are being formed and undone at once—looking for forbidden spaces to occupy and ambiguous shapes to wear. Like an uncensored slip of the tongue, they sneak out to exist, despite our collective repression."

JOSHUA SCHAEDEL *Plate 137*, 2018. Photograph, various dimensions. "I make commercial still-life photographs for a living. I often find myself laughing as I am asked to make momentarily relevant images through subtly recognizable child-like objects, cliché shapes and happy-go-lucky colors. These psychological tactics used in the advertising work I participate in, often make me think of my role within the media-machine of commerce. It is this thought that tickles me as the spectacle of the photo-shoot swirls around me as I am pressed to make ridiculous things a reality. Often times, I am asked for what is called "Plates" so that boundless options can be simultaneously ob-

tained, and no immediate decision needs to be made. I am more than happy to oblige because through the carefully chosen objects I have found that the plates somehow hold some strange magical truth that pushes back and asks unanswerable questions."

CAMILLE SCHEFTER *Goodnight Irene of Rome*, for *Objects of Pleasure*, curated by Mabel Moore at Post LA, July 29, 2018 and accompanying poem, September 2018. Installation: 14 arrows, monstera, heliconia, amaranth, pepper tree. "Most of my work, especially the sculpture has a slip or mistake somewhere. I look for them. Sometimes it's embarrassing for me, or for the materials, or the viewer. And then I embellish things enough so the honesty of the material or the idea is tolerable again."

MOLLY SEGAL *Your Freudian Theory is Just Astrology for Art School Bros*, 2018. Watercolor and gouache on paper, 45 x 34 inches. "I'm sure a Freudian would have a field day with the levels of disdain I feel towards their belief and practices."

AMY SHIMSHON-SANTO NEED TITLE, *Mandala to Unravel Deception + Attention*, 2018. "The poem *Mandala to Unravel Deception* was inspired by the form of Abraham Ben Abulafia poems my mother translated from the Hebrew. Written as mediations in the 13th century, they curled around themselves like a conch and began with a visual key. In this case, I've replaced the key with a gun. I made this mandala to unravel the absurdity we are hearing from the White House and the National Rifle Association that present guns as safe instead of murderous. *Attention* is a simple, curative poem. Writing helps me notice the everyday wonders of being alive. I've found refuge in poetry."

FRANK J. STOCKTON *Double-Jointed Spiral*, 2018. Printed and bound artist's book, 9 x 6 inches, 90 pages. "Drafted over the course of a year by typewriter and organized months later, *Double-Jointed Spiral* reflects the Parapraxis theme by embracing the tactile and un-editable nature of the machine's language. The experimental 90 page book of my studio notes (originally published as a zine) is divided into five chapters distinguished by color."

LINDSEY WARREN *2008-2018*, 2008-2018. Oil paint and dust on chipboard, 9 x 12 inches. "For 10 years I have saved the mistakes, the excess, the bits of process that go into making an oil painting. Motivated by tendencies towards hoarding, categorization and regret, I pile the skins formed by drying, discarded oil paint onto a board to achieve the feeling that nothing is wasted. The resulting sculpture is the opposite of my paintings: messy, dirty, unconsciously organized and not intended for viewing, but is often my favorite object in the studio."

HEATHER WILLIAMSON *Tell Me*, 2018. Pen and paper, 11 x 17 inches. "If I didn't keep slipping, I wouldn't of made this... xx-h-->"

HOLLY WOOD *aanthony*, April 2009. Poem. "a queer parapraxis written by a once tender lesbian that blushed too regularly at sweat beads crawling through a man's beard to own her own bisexuality." *Pirouette*, September 2018. Poem. "latching onto the action of "misperformance" as part of parapraxis, this was written as a quick sketch of a fading memory. a little girl misfit for femininity haunts me with her tap routine whenever i catch a glimpse of my masculine aspirations reflected in another person."

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