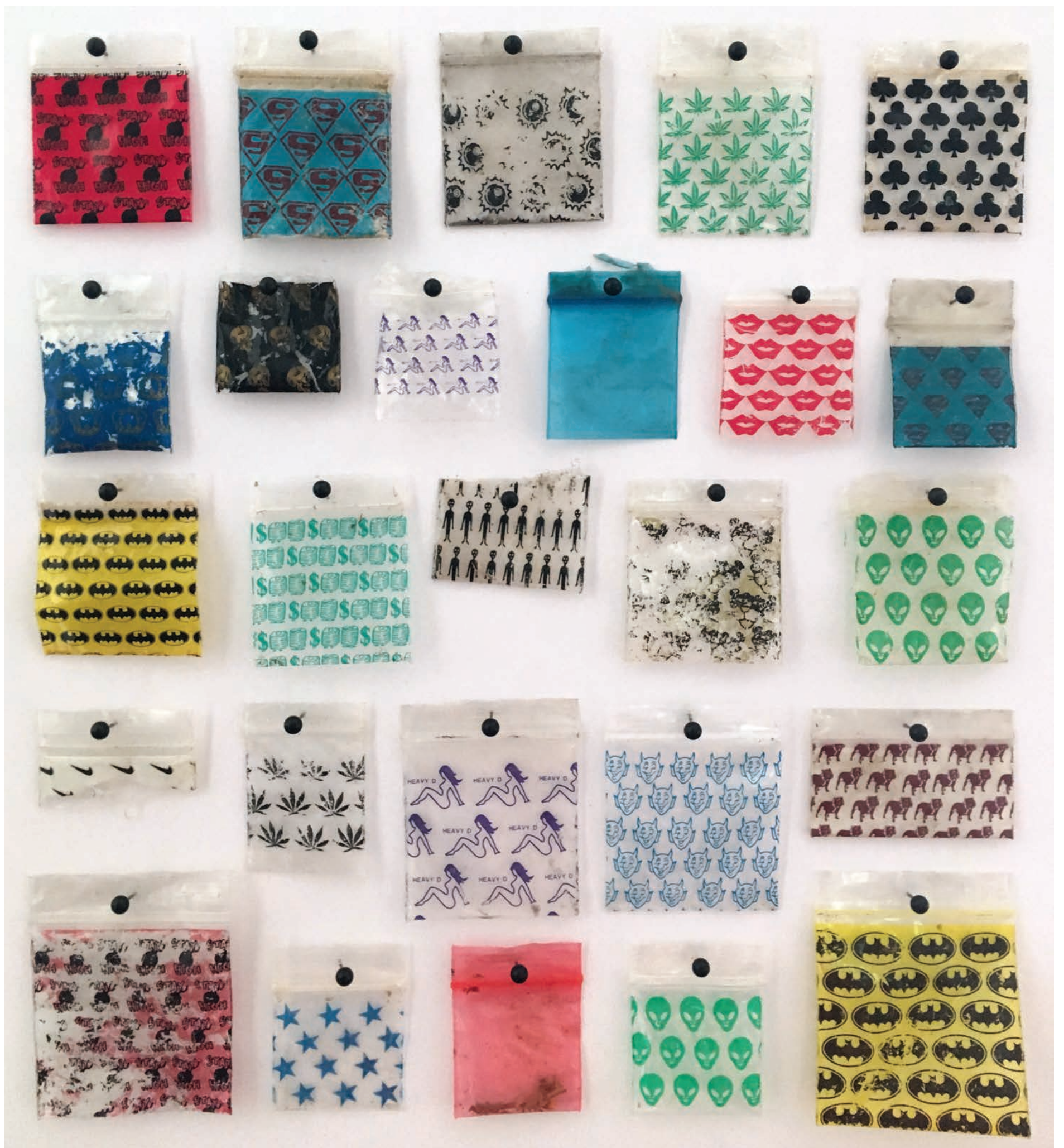


# BLEEBLE

JULY 2017

ISSUE TWO: THE CITY

FREE








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## ISSUE TWO: THE CITY

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"But a city is more than a place in space. It is a drama in time."

— Patrick Geddes

FULL BLEDE's second issue finds our talented group of collaborators ruminating the urban condition: how we move, work, live, interact within, survive, enjoy, and view metropolises.

For some the environs are decay, trash, sadness, chaos, for others it is a solitary, quiet place amidst the noise. For many it is community, beauty, and indulgence. Whether dark, bright, isolating, inviting—each of our 21 contributors has a unique expression of The City. The broadsheet is delighted to share their words, design, painting, and illustration.

We all thank you for your continued support and long looks.

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### ISSUE THREE PREVIEW: THE IN-BETWEEN

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The third issue of FULL BLEDE explores grey areas—the intermediate and liminal moments, emotions, states of being, and environments in our lives. Follow our Facebook and Instagram for details, call for submissions, and launch date.



## FROM THE PUBLISHER

To know me is to know I love Los Angeles.

While considering my contribution to FULL BLEDE Issue Two: The City, I looked to my daily experiences navigating this city I love. My favorite hashtag: #dtla, where I live, work, create, explore. My second favorite: #dtlawalkabout, which I enjoy on the regular with my pit bull, #meauxmeaux (a close third).

Most mornings the pup and I take an early walk, starting down the alley by my loft, checking out the changes from the day before. New tags, some trash, random furniture, a small mountain of bur-lap coffee sacks left out for the taking by Stumptown. Once we startled a duck walking down the broken pavement. On the corner is a busy foundry with a big, creaking fan that diffuses burnt, chemical fumes. Meaux and I both sneeze. We pass an empty (but with development at such a rapid pace, not for long) lot, several fabric mills, and a chop shop. Meaux usually pauses at their open fence, hoping the owner and his nephew will notice her as we pass. They both have bully breed dogs and will give her an ear scratch and a slap on the butt.

The graffiti in the alley, like everywhere else in the neighborhood, is incredible. Lots of wild style writing, a devil from the Conquian card game deck, a creepy skull, and declarations ("Fuck you fat security guard, we came back!"). We cross a side street to get to Viertel's parking garage. I love the garage, and so does the dog. It's super shady, the attendant gives her water on hot mornings, and it houses many stray cats and pigeons to mock-chase. Viertel's isn't a traditional lot, but really just a massive tin roofed shelter full of graffiti and a bunch of fancy cars (which seems strange for such a dilapidated part of the Arts District, but it's down the block from HyperLoop, the well-funded tech startup).

We pass a strong-smelling seafood distribution plant (another dog favorite) and head out to the main drag of South Santa Fe Ave. I often will leave a bag full of bottles and cans I've accumulated through the week at a special spot I've worked out with my friend Gary, who lives on Skid Row a few blocks away. We keep walking, past the strip club,

with its well tended, flowering parkway (thank you, neighbor!), checking out the changes in the neighborhood. Seemingly overnight are dramatic demolitions and refurbishments of once abandoned old industrial, bow truss and brick structures.

I love all of it.

(Well, almost all of it. I try not to get NIMBY about my neighborhood, but I'm not crazy about the layers of Pepto Bismol pink paint the Museum of Ice Cream applied over some really great graff-covered buildings. And the big selfie taking crowds the pop-up attracts. And the brightly colored plastic sprinkles that litter the sidewalks for blocks around the place. This I do not love.)

A bit later I'll hop on a bus from my stop near Piz-zanista (best pizza downtown). I catch whichever bus comes first, but I admit, I hope for the 60. The 18 or 62 go through Skid Row, a harsh dose of reality that I'm not always prepared for in the morning. The routes down 5th Street are intense and sad. Skid Row is a maddening marvel of trash and poverty but also goodwill, charity, and community. I never forget that this too is my city, not to be dismissed or ignored. If I'm on the 7th Street route I'll snap a picture of Dr. Lee's billboard on the corner of 7th and Main. Another favorite hashtag: #smileinthesky. It sets the tone for the day.

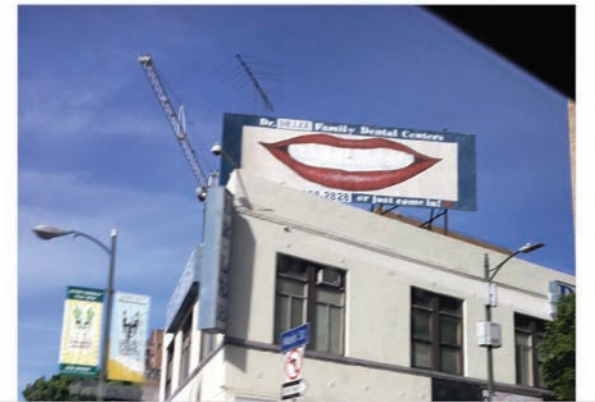
If my pal Harlan is driving I'll stand by the front door and we'll chit chat as the bus creeps towards my stop in the core of busy downtown. "I don't see brake lights in front of me, I see overtime pay!" On my hike up to my job on Bunker Hill I pass stellar art. I'm grateful that the Department of Cultural Affairs mandates that both city and private construction budgets include funds for public art projects. Sculptures by Rauschenberg, Calder, Nevelson, Dubuffet, and other of my art heroes are on view for all citizens in courtyards of highrises housing banks, financial services firms, and law offices.

At the end of my work day I may grab a Metro Bike for the downhill ride, hop back on a bus, or indulge in a Lyft. (I have a car and a Vespa, but why drive downtown?) Back in the Arts District



sacha baumann  
@Sacha\_Baumann

Standing room only Sunday morning bus ride and the  
#smileinthesky #dailydrlee  
#mycommute #onthebus #dtla



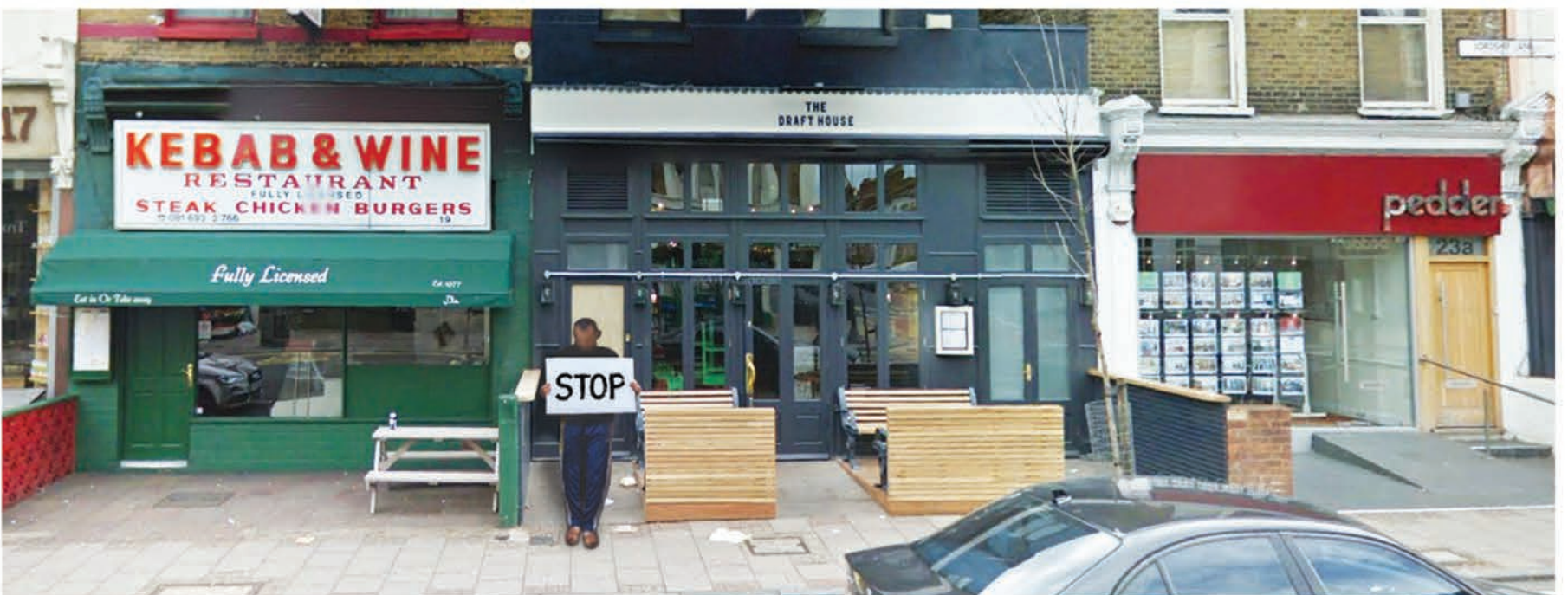
I'll pop into the Wine Stop or Silver Lake Wine for a bottle to go with dinner. Depending on the night I might head back out, to go to an art opening in the neighborhood. Or I'll enjoy an early evening #dtlawalkabout with the pup, this time crossing river and getting a few snaps of the gorgeous city views as the light changes.

And...repeat. With variation: walks around the flower mart, pup-pup cooldown splashes in the LAPD headquarters fountain, taking the Expo line to Culver City, chats with neighbors, volunteering at Downtown Women's Center, bike rides in Frog Town, Dodger games, nights at home cooking a meal made from farmers market finds.

For me navigating through my city is about being an active citizen: walking, talking, exploring, engaging, participating, making, working. It's also frustration, sadness, and weariness, which I endeavor to change or sometimes just endure or accept..but ultimately, for me, Los Angeles is all love.

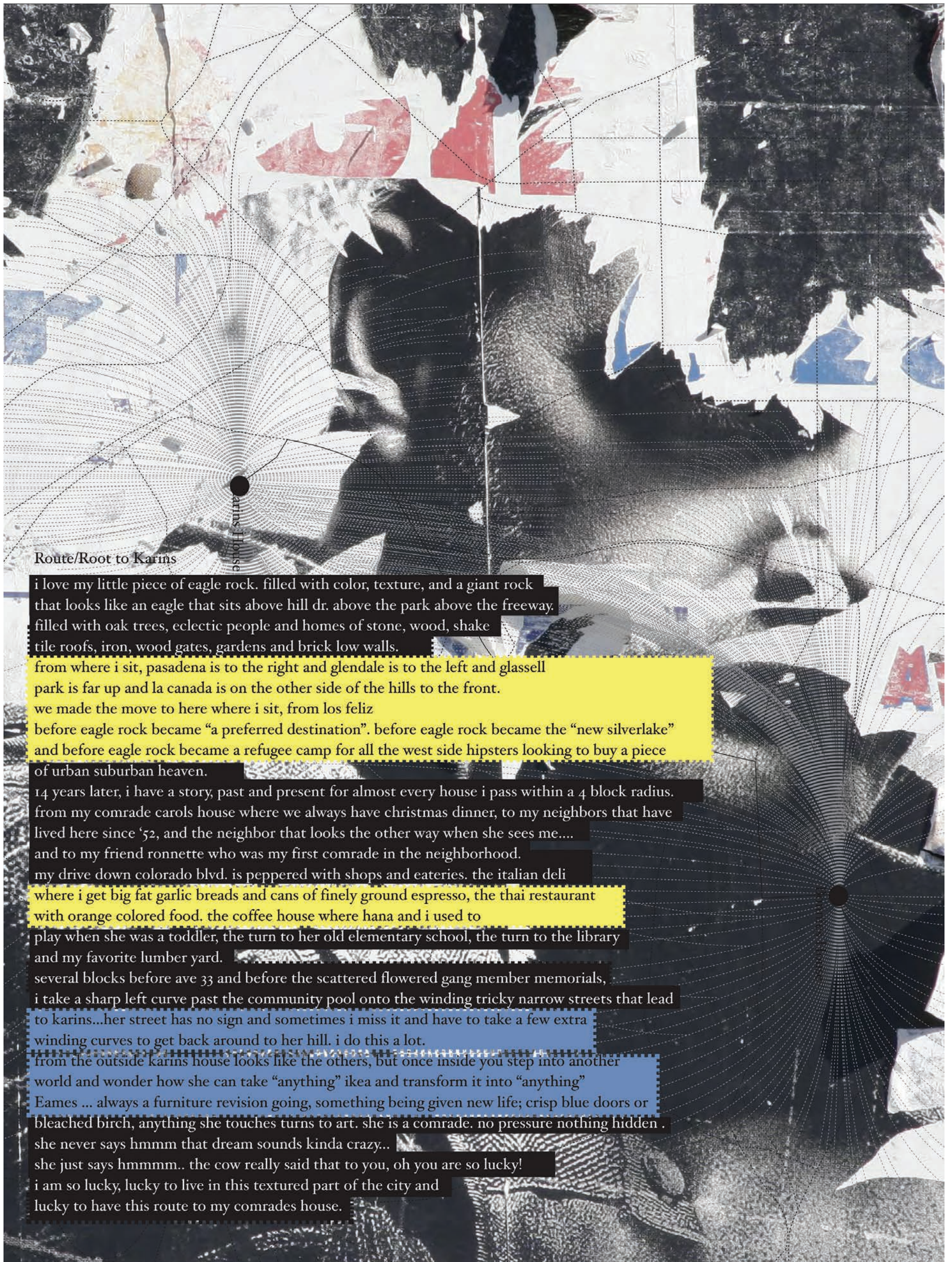






**BUT YOU CAN HELP DECIDE WHAT IS PROGRESS AND WHAT ISN'T**





### Route/Root to Karins

i love my little piece of eagle rock. filled with color, texture, and a giant rock that looks like an eagle that sits above hill dr. above the park above the freeway. filled with oak trees, eclectic people and homes of stone, wood, shake tile roofs, iron, wood gates, gardens and brick low walls.

from where i sit, pasadena is to the right and glendale is to the left and glassell park is far up and la canada is on the other side of the hills to the front.

we made the move to here where i sit, from los feliz

before eagle rock became "a preferred destination". before eagle rock became the "new silverlake" and before eagle rock became a refugee camp for all the west side hipsters looking to buy a piece of urban suburban heaven.

14 years later, i have a story, past and present for almost every house i pass within a 4 block radius. from my comrade carols house where we always have christmas dinner, to my neighbors that have lived here since '52, and the neighbor that looks the other way when she sees me....

and to my friend ronnette who was my first comrade in the neighborhood.

my drive down colorado blvd. is peppered with shops and eateries. the italian deli where i get big fat garlic breads and cans of finely ground espresso, the thai restaurant

with orange colored food. the coffee house where hana and i used to play when she was a toddler, the turn to her old elementary school, the turn to the library and my favorite lumber yard.

several blocks before ave 33 and before the scattered flowered gang member memorials,

i take a sharp left curve past the community pool onto the winding tricky narrow streets that lead to karins...her street has no sign and sometimes i miss it and have to take a few extra winding curves to get back around to her hill. i do this a lot.

from the outside karins house looks like the others, but once inside you step into another world and wonder how she can take "anything" ikea and transform it into "anything"

Eames ... always a furniture revision going, something being given new life; crisp blue doors or bleached birch, anything she touches turns to art. she is a comrade. no pressure nothing hidden.

she never says hmmm that dream sounds kinda crazy...

she just says hmmm.. the cow really said that to you, oh you are so lucky!

i am so lucky, lucky to live in this textured part of the city and lucky to have this route to my comrades house.





## COLOPHON

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

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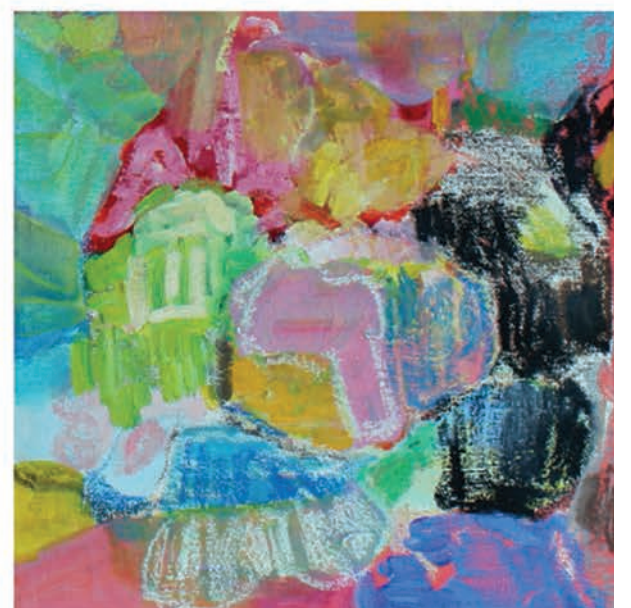
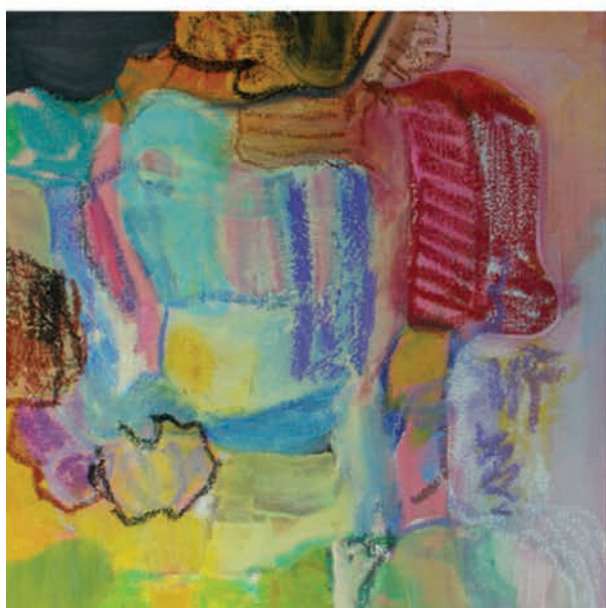
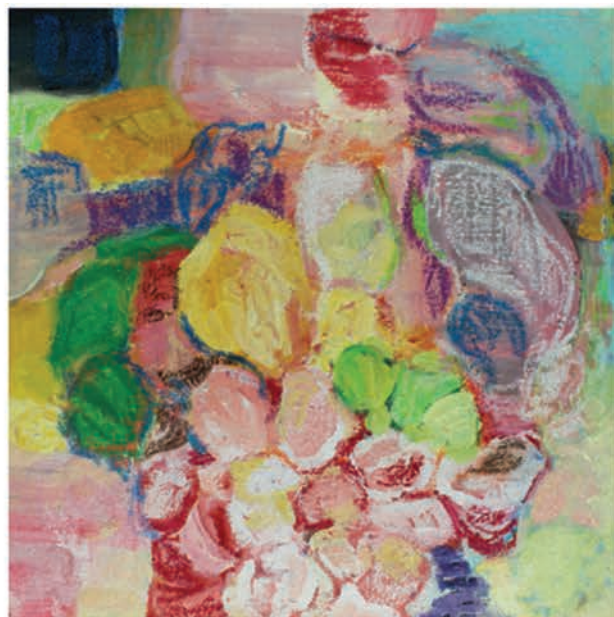
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We use Lush Display for the masthead, Museo Slab for subheads, and Din Regular for body type.

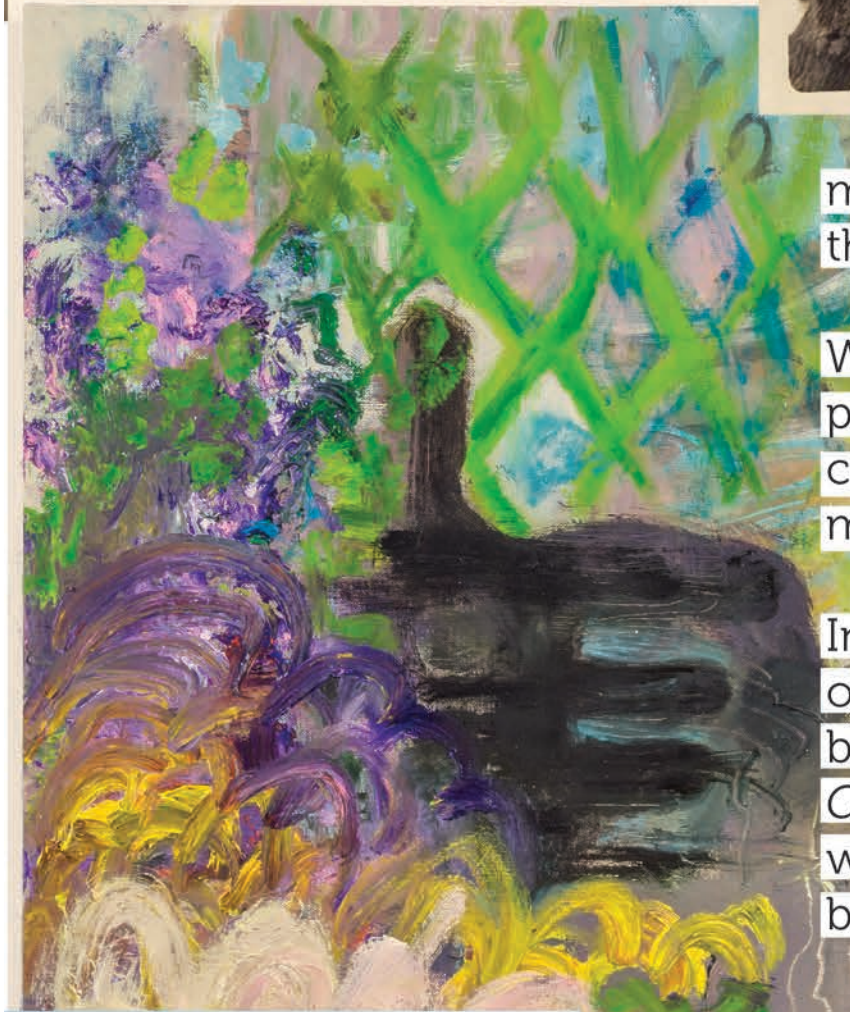
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Thank you for your long looks.





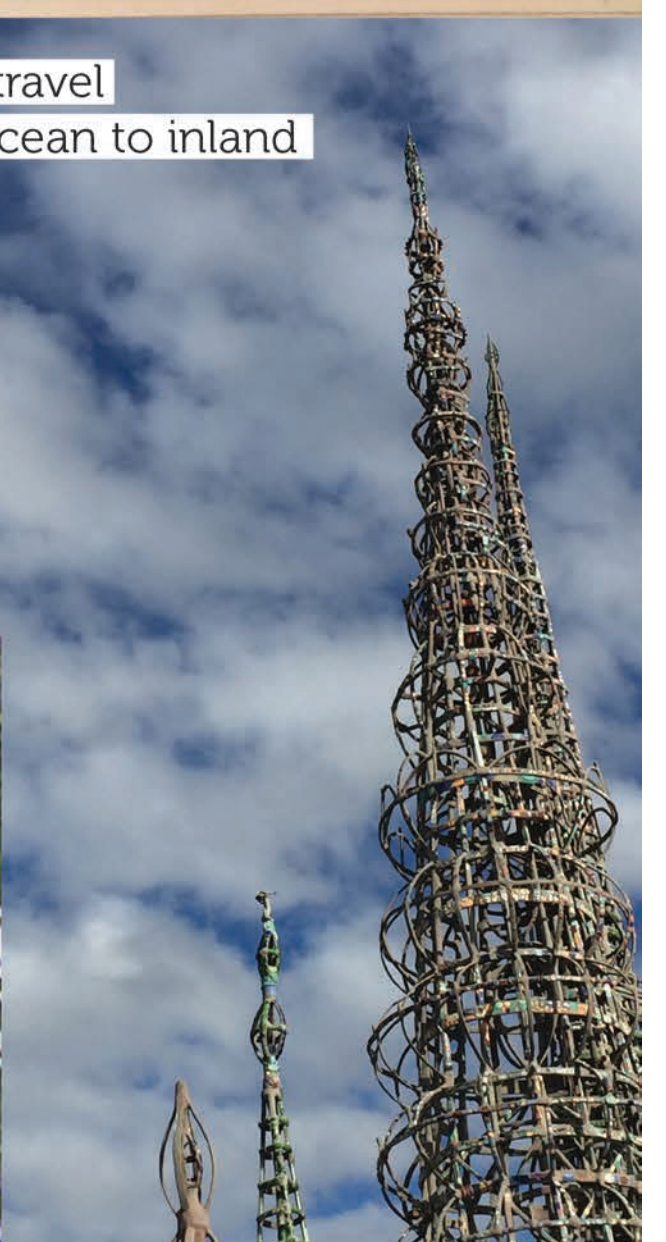




my present day L.A. mirrors  
that of my childhood.

Watts Towers  
purpleflowers  
cats  
making art in solitude

In between times I travel  
on freeways from ocean to inland  
broken glass  
Golden Hour  
white soup  
bright star





Three Distractions...

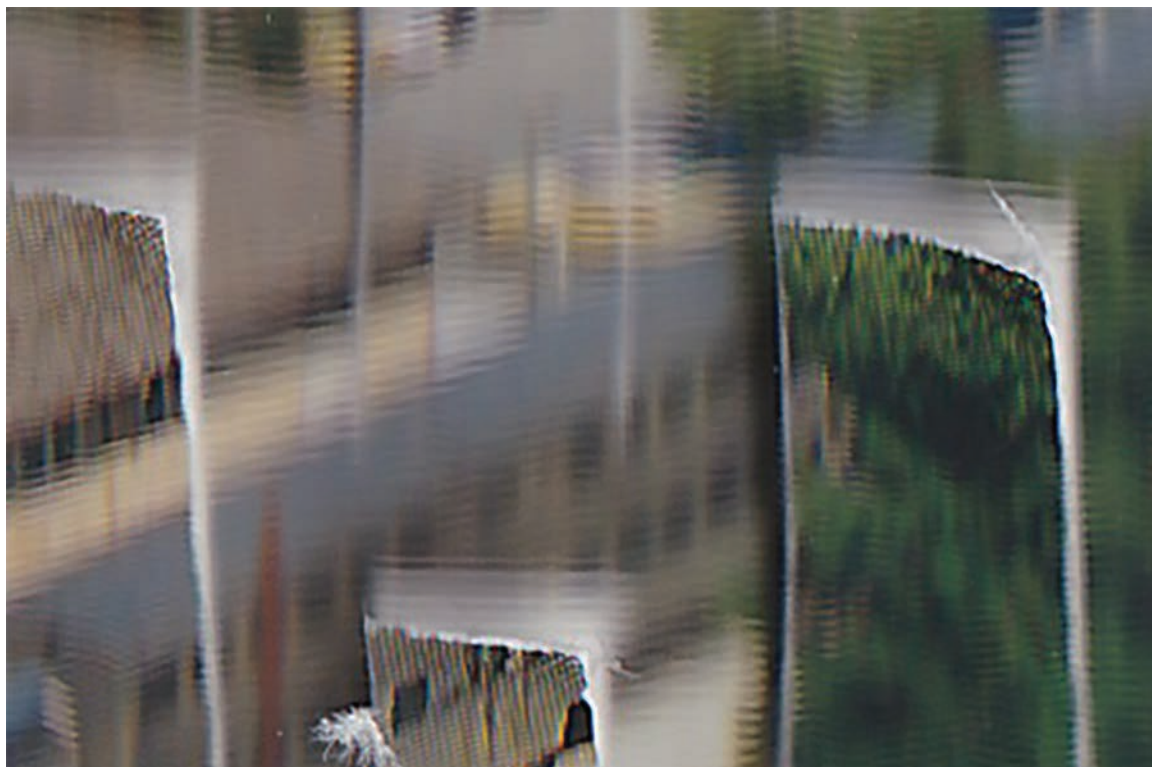
The city offers sweets,  
A Venusfleigenfelle\*.  
I feel the sun set.

Night, it softly rains..  
windows glow and beckon  
I await your smile

(after Masaoka Shiki)

There is no queue of people waiting at the  
gates of patience.  
As Moroccans say!

\*venus flytrap













# DALTON WAREHOUSE

**Presents...**

*Illuminating Threads:*

**Megan Mueller, Vivi Fragou, Alyss Estay + Zach Storm**

curated by Lydia Maria Pfeffer



**July 28 - August 18th**

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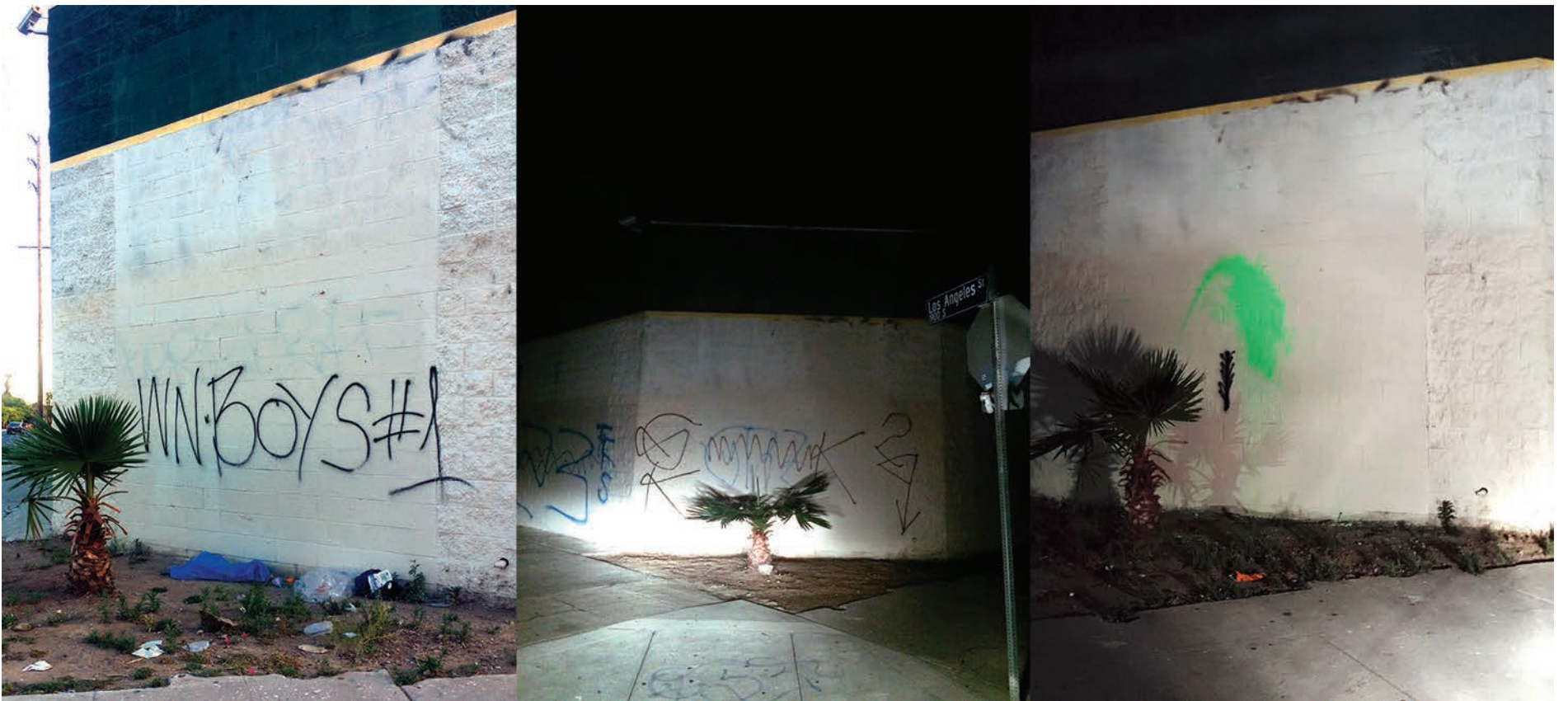
## Kingman Island, Anacostia Watershed

Invasion is what made you, 1916.  
 Dredging as prophet  
 a way to puncture what wasn't ours,  
 build what never could be ours.  
 Feeling the air to be wide and free  
 a man in charge believed this gave us power we  
 never would have had.  
 We felt this made the ground  
 ours. Ours for commercial use then tourist attraction  
 then as save the last wild bit of the city.  
 In our names say of earth.  
 We were made of ground  
 until we believed we could make ground.  
 Land is us holding out cupped hands.  
 Valleys of mirrors for sparrows  
 to drink and water like  
 sand through our gaping hands.  
 No water for sparrows to drink.  
 I don't know who borrowed you first,  
 who first turned their back  
 and when charged with facing you again  
 you were no longer you  
 and we were no longer us either.

I come here today to ask you how to know what I can offer?  
 Sitting on a quarried rock with wind and spiders  
 under a freeway overpass along the Anacostia River bank.  
 Some of us are trails stained with purple blackberries.  
 Trails made of cement in a grassy round-about lined with bird  
 feeders.  
 Trails of bridges connecting a park entrance to the edges of the  
 muddy island.  
 Trails of laid out rotting logs and wood planks through  
 honeysuckle and poison ivy overgrowth.  
 Trails of cars through a monarch migration path.  
 Trails of duck and work boot prints in newly seeded wetlands  
 for restoration.  
 Trails of cattail, reed, fiddlehead, switch grass.  
 Some of us our trails of bags filled with Styrofoam and plastic.  
 Trails of lids and straws.  
 Trails of land waxing with sewage unfamiliar to the roots of  
 black haw or the cardinal or the catfish.  
 Some of us are towering cranes.  
 We are mock-wild and want to be beautiful.  
 Back to our roots, a restoration, and yet you're still here,  
 a land mass where there wasn't one, an evolution.









In her backyard

Maria has huge fluffy roses  
the color of lemon chiffon pie.

Maria has grass that is always cut  
and one over-groomed palm tree.

Maria has a lush terraced garden  
with guavas and lemons that never get picked  
and a footbridge that only gets walked on  
by neighborhood cats and squirrels.

Maria has a white trellis fence around her yard  
with spikes on top to keep pigeons and people out.

Maria doesn't like us.

Our yard has weeds and no gardener.  
Our trash bins are always full.  
Our cat climbs over Maria's spiked fence  
and sits on her footbridge.

We eat the guavas and lemons  
that fall into the street from Maria's trees.

We are renters.

We have broken things and sawdust,  
furniture in disrepair, too many un-new cars.

We hang our laundry out  
where she can see it,  
on a strange web of clotheslines held up  
by a broom handle and cable tensioners.

We have kids who pace on the roof  
to escape the heat and crush of the house.

We are renters.

Maria had her constant stream of handymen  
install a two-story brown mesh screen  
in her backyard  
to block our patio from her view.

Maria doesn't like us.  
We are renters.









Beauty and the Beast (excerpt)  
circa sometime before and after the moment

manifestations absorbing conflict released in the aftermath of balance trampled  
there is resolution and more unknowns yet to come in piecemeal forms of dynamic inertias  
laced with ever new poised and tipping, static but crumbling, arising disparities,  
this vista a chain of shattered links but another permutation of beaded strands unstrung,  
rearranged, flung ravel come to momentary rest  
earthquake, flood, landslide, inventions of man seeking, finding, gravities  
micro and macro disaster radiating chaos, emanations of disturbance,  
the new cracked seeds of alternate visual harmonics  
impossible to claim, to submit to order, to soothe, to understanding  
the meeting of will and natures colliding in opposing momentums  
spewing breakdowns of spontaneous choreography beyond prediction and coherence,

here is the beautiful and bestial, lying side by side, hand in hand, finger to claw, intertwining, commingling, all too human,  
all too inhuman, everything a fractal glimpse of something in continuance, definitive perspective atomized, orbit stuck in  
equidistant apogee,  
inversion, aversion, diversion intact, nothing learned that can't be forgotten,  
this and every devastating destruction in some assessment nothing more than a light housework cleansing.









## CONTRIBUTORS

**Nadege Monchera Baer** And Then, colored pencil and acrylic on Dura-Lar, 36x26 inches. Page 17.

**Jenna Bao** Chaser, Lenore, Fair Trolley, Tyler, Melissa...and Hokkaido Scallop, 10x10 inches each. "This series of work celebrates summertime in Southern California. A child chasing kites, a lady named Lenore at a cafe, county fair trolleys and the merry laughters of people, a girl and a boy Melissa and Tyler playing near Grand Avenue, a visit to local sushi shops for a taste of Hokkaido scallop...The city is charmed by the innocent season of summer, and everywhere we see a flare of color." Page 7.

**Sacha Baumann** #makemore (part of an ongoing series), paper collage on cardboard, sizes variable. "All year I've been making collages on cardboard, composed of scraps I cut from a single issue of Flaunt magazine. When I'm finished with a collage, I tack it up on a telephone pole in my neighborhood in the Arts District, free for the taking. It's been a nice way to still be making work as I adjust to no longer having an art studio. Like so many artists living in a gentrifying city, I lost my studio to development. These two collages show opposing moments in The City. One is quiet, maybe lonely amongst the skyline and mess, the other is layered with sights, sounds, smells, with some fronting and flash in the mix. The bonus of the #makemore project is that I can see the telephone pole from my loft, so I get the satisfaction of seeing the collage no longer there. Usually they are gone within a few hours." Page 13.

**Astor Bonder** Flagging, glair, graphite, and gold leaf on paper, 17x16 inches. "Work attempting to navigate the ways which we are policed both in and outside alternative." Page 7.

**Tristan Brighty** Three Distractions, poems. Page 9.

**Dalton Warehouse** Illuminating Threads, exhibition poster, sizes variable. "Dalton Warehouse is a collaborative studio and exhibition space located in South Central LA and run by artists: Daniel Schubert, Katie Kirk, Lydia Maria Pfeffer, Aubrey Ingmar Manson, Keith Tolch. Through a democratic system of curatorial projects and exhibitions, Dalton Warehouse engages with and expands a growing art community open to thought and provocation." Page 12.

**suzanne eldredge** Untitled, (part of an ongoing series) cut and scanned postcards, 4x6 inches each. "I started making these pieces when I felt very out of place everywhere I tried to live, and as I continued to move, my original home felt less and less like a home I could ever feel comfort in again. It didn't seem to matter what offerings, location, or people the cities contained, or what goals or ideas I had for my life there. Eventually I went back to my city that no longer was home, and tried to stop, reboot. The final images felt like they portrayed the lack of understanding, the fading memories, the feelings and hopes I had when I would set off to a new place, or when I left. They take some time to process what is going on in them, and maybe are never quite clear. Perhaps these are thoughts others have had too?" Page 9.

**Marc Fellner-Erez** Los And Jealous 1, 2, +3, (part of an ongoing series) comics. Pages 14, 16, + 18.

**Verity Freebern** Los Angeles freeway system, 1981, ink on map, 9x7 inches, Los Angeles area, 1997 (military land), ink and gouache on map, 34x22 inches, + In her backyard, poem. "I've always loved paper maps — the physical manifestations of time and place that they represent; the beautiful organic shapes made by natural landforms; the visual patterns of the built environment. Since moving to Los Angeles six years ago, I've been fascinated by this immense city. Vintage maps have been a constant source of inspiration and perspective for my art and also for my personal understanding of this place where I've landed." Pages 3, 10, + 15

**Owen Guthrie-Jones** Progress, digital media, size variable. "Google Street View now allows users to travel 'back in time' and confirm that, yes, those premises in your neighborhood really have changed hands three times in the last ten years; less creeping gentrification, more ruthless, thundering steamrolling. For this image I use a quote from author and cartoonist Ashleigh Brilliant who is, like me, an Englishman now residing in California. This year marks the 50th anniversary of Brilliant's first in a series of humorous and inspirational quotes, or 'Pot-Shots' (as of now there are over 10,000 and counting), many of which are familiar to us from everyday conversation. This particular phrase reminds us that while we might be part of the problem we can also be part of the solution. It also points a finger at the decision-makers, urging responsibility and careful thought on the sort of decisions that ultimately contribute to tragedy, such as the recent Grenfell Tower disaster in London." Page 4.

**Lorraine Heitzman** Two Houses, Two Garages, cardboard construction and acrylic, 30 x 64 inches. "Architecture has a hold on me. I live with the memories of every house I have ever lived in as well as with buildings whose interiors I have never seen. I am drawn to the iconic shapes of classical and modernist architecture and smitten by the sight of lowbrow fast food joints. I may grieve the loss of a building or the character of a neighborhood but the memories survive intact." Page 19.

**Inkwelder** Beauty and the Beast, prose. Page 17.

**Sheila McMullin** Kingman Island, Anacostia Watershed, poem. Page 13.

**Hayley Quentin** Loop #1, oil on canvas, 40 x 30 inches. "A Los Angeles native, my art practice challenges the conventional representation of male beauty and eroticism in art. Earlier this year I started a series of paintings, Loop, depicting a single, solitary figure in an uncertain urban location. In the context of "The City" this series captures Los Angeles's inescapable feelings of isolation within a metropolis. By placing these vulnerable figures in a vague yet recognizable environment, I'm creating an ethereal otherworldliness that is both unreal and representational and isolates both the subject and viewer." Page 2.

**Daniel Schubert** 21st & los angeles, photographs, size variable. "Individual pictures of a volunteer palm tree along my daily commute. I document it whenever a new tag appears on its backdrop." Pages 14, 16, + 18.

**Julia Schwartz** Untitled, mixed media (clockwise from upper left): PDR painting (gouache on book page), letter to my ghost (gouache and white out on newsprint), night painter (oil on linen) + various photos. "Having amassed a storehouse of iPhone images, a record of wandering the city, I have become aware that these collected images are not only source material for the paintings I make but are themselves versions of earlier images taken decades earlier and recently discovered in family photo albums." Page 8.

**Molly Segal** In Appreciation Of Resilience, watercolor and gouache on paper, 9 x 12 inches, The Dance, watercolor on paper, 60 x 48 inches. Pages 15 and 20.

**Bonita Tanaka** Routes/Roots, graphic design, size variable. "4 routes /roots: I documented all the routes that I take. The routes that operate as a structure informing the habits of my daily life. I started to map each significant location/route that has become essential to my life. These habitual routes provide a root and anchor, creating stability through familiarity in the vast sprawling Los Angeles cityscape...I focused on documenting the most significant markers along the routes: eroded billboards, and used these images as a starting place for the work. As I unfolded the meaning of each route/root and let the material inspire my work, my writing developed from simple directions into poetic short stories about each route. I wrote as though I were speaking to a friend. I brought the final image iterations into the silk-screening technique and found this process brought the digital work into a handcrafted realm creating a partnership of mediums. The studio work became part of the digital designs and vice versa. This project was a journey with surfaces explored along routes taken, billboards photographed and interpreted through a variety of mediums from hand to digital pushed about and expressed upon different substrates. This is Tectonic Graphic Design." Page 5.

**Drew Van Diest** For Arturo Bandini, watercolor, pen, vintage postcards, size variable. Page 6.

**Lindsey Warren** Sanctuary, Welcome, + Overlooking, 44x36, 44x36, + 22x18 inches, oil on canvas. "Within the last year I began transforming the anger and anxiety I feel towards US politics and culture into loving portraits of LA. While trying to figure out how to react to the pervasive hatred and exclusion in the media, I am diving into what I love about Los Angeles. The light, the history, the sprawling density of diverse people and landscapes, the skies." Pages 14, 16, + 18.

**Aaron Zaima** Schools, Parks, and Clubs (alternate version), mixed media, size variable. "Taking an anthropological approach, I collect the littered, left behind, and lost remnants of subcultures and behaviors that are closer than we might think. These scavenged remains hold the stories of pleasure and pain. As we imagine the objects histories, we undoubtedly tap into our own experiences and tales of escapism." Cover page.





