



VOLUME: THE FIRST ORIGINAL GANGSTERS

Preview Issue

Beautiful Mistakes
Summer '11



ISSN 2156-3438



From the Editor

The following is a preview of the first issue of this magazine.

The table of contents to the right shows the pieces that will appear in the full version when it comes out; the page numbers reflect those in the full version as well. Pieces that appear in both versions are highlighted.

Please enjoy this quick peek at our inaugural offering. Check back with us soon; we will have more information on how/where you can pick up a copy of the full magazine when it is available.

Many thanks.

Get in touch

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In the full Issue:

BM: WTF?	4
“Mundane” an argument for creativity by Chris Hamm	6
Film Fest 201X	33

Featured Artists:

Each artist's section has an introduction from us, followed by words of their own regarding their work.

Travis Rowe	8
It's an Addiction	
Transmission	
Chris Hamm	14
The Gulf	
The Venusia	
Wisdom of Trees	
Honor Her Memory	
Chris Jacobsen	19
Waking Hours	
Dan Rowe	23
Death [Part 1]	
Jesse Dowell	32
Details regarding his Noir Series	

What the hell is Beautiful Mistakes?

Originally, it was a high school project designed as a way for me to learn how to code in HTML. To put that in perspective, it was created back when HTML was a mysterious, obfuscated programming language; when most pages on the internet consisted on tiled backgrounds; bold, italic yellow scrolling text and un-mutable .midi versions of barely recognizable pop music played on loop when the page loaded. This was back when you still said, “The page’s address is; H, T, T, P, Colon, Backslash, Backslash, W, W, W, Dot, WHATEVERTHEHELL, Dot, COM.”

The first version of the site was just a place for me to put up my arguably pathetic artwork; scans from my ‘Intro to Art’ sketchbook and a few blurry pictures from family vacations. Riddled with spelling errors (actually, that part hasn’t changed); I think it limped in with a ‘B-’. Anyway, a brilliant idea struck me, “this doesn’t have to be a page just for my shitty work – I can put my more-talented friends’ stuff up here too!” Again, recall this was before everyone and their mother could upload their cell phone pictures to 18 different places at the push of a button.

So, **Susie Barnes, Brent Box, Matt Deckard, François Escoriheula, Morgan Finley, Chris Jacobsen**, and **Jim Vaughn** deigned to offer me their productivity and the site became something else. After high school, **Mike Clark, Jesse Dowell, Chris Hamm** and my brother, **Dan Rowe**, blessed the page with their collaboration as well. To me, it was the most brilliant thing I had ever been lucky enough to be a part of.

Then I got a job.

This put a cramp on my artistic efforts and severely limited the time I had to recruit new artists to the cause. I contemplated going back to school for an art degree, but the money just wasn’t there. Plus my wife and I had grown accustomed to eating; I just couldn’t bring myself to make the mistake of following my heart to do the job I’d always imagined I would have when I grew up.

That is why Beautiful Mistakes is changing again.

I want people who are faced with this choice to be able to choose the mistake. I want to enable artists to go for a degree that is “only useful for rolling papers” instead of going to law school. Not that there’s anything wrong with law school, if that’s your thing, I just cringe a little when I hear about someone toiling for their MBA because they can’t support themselves if they do what they love.

Beautiful Mistakes, the newly Not-For-Profit, will strive to lubricate the artistic process in any way it can. It is a new idea to us, so I’m not sure exactly how our activities will evolve with time. For now, we are targeting a yearly scholarship for students seeking an artistic degree and providing grants for limited artistic endeavors, but we will not be able to do that on our own. We need you.

How can you help?

Buying this magazine for one. We expect that it will be available once a quarter, in eBook and Traditional versions.

Submitting your work for another. we can’t put out new magazines without new content, and I can only write so much each month. Plus, I sincerely doubt anyone would want to read that crap 4 times a years.

For now, I advise that you hold off on making a donation (for a little). We are not yet tax-exempt, so if you chose to donate it will NOT be tax deductible. We’ll give you a heads up when our exemption comes in.

That aside, this is the first issue of the magazine. I wanted the first issue to pay tribute to the noble few who were gracious enough to donate their efforts to Beautiful Mistakes before it gave them a tax write off. The OG’s of BeautifulMistakes.com are included in the pages that follow; at least, the one’s I am still able to contact, and who were generous or foolhardy enough to let me use their work again.

Please enjoy them, as I have for many years.



Travis Rowe is me. I am he. Therefore, I won't be spending much time on telling you when and how I was recruited to the cause. I was here, pre-convinced, to share my work.

Does my work have a message? Not really. Most of it is the result of sleepless nights, many caused by eating too much fast food after an 8 hour shift followed by 4 hours of night classes; a semi-fevered, generally unpolished, sometimes heavy-handed attempt to translate thoughts into consumable bits.

Whatever, I like it.

OTHER WORK AVAILABLE AT WWW.BEAUTIFULMISTAKES.COM:

Art

- Originals
- Desktops
- Colorization
- Notebook Sketches
- Photography
- Copy Cat

Lit

- Vomitous
- Cold Story
- Evolution



For most people it starts out on a whim.

Or because a friend of yours is doing it and it seems like fun—because you want them to think you're up to it, that you're cool.

Maybe you only do it in a group, you know, to socialize.

Maybe it's all pretty bad from the get go and you do it on your own or at night when no one will see you.

You don't notice it at first, but eventually, you begin planning your week around it.

"If I can get off work early today, then I can go all evening and just pass out on the couch."

Sometimes your friends call you because it's time to go out—"Have some fun," as they call it. Worst case scenario: they'll convince you to do a marathon session, "it'll be great! We'll be out for 3 or 4 hours," You know, getting completely fucked up.

At first those sessions are awesome. You're out with friends, you're having a good time, going places, seeing things, letting off steam. Laughingly, you talk about the last time you went out. "Remember? You could hardly walk the next day. Classic."

Tomorrow, the first hour is likely the only thing you'll really remember –the feeling as your muscles settle in, getting used to the repetitions, the slowing numbness.

It's not long before things turn though. Your mind sends little warning signs, which you ignore, of course. Maybe you should call it quits – you have plans tomorrow, after all.

But you forge ahead, against your better judgment. The more you add, the less you can really feel it. Soon enough, another hour has slipped away... Maybe you're somewhere you don't recognize, and you have no idea how you got there.

Perhaps you're stumbling
Perhaps you feel nauseous
Perhaps you throw up
Perhaps you collapse somewhere on the
side of the road

At this point, you make yourself a solemn
promise, "I am never doing this again. I hate
what this is doing to my body... How did I con-
vince myself to come here? Who the hell are
these assholes that thought this was such a
good idea?"

Then, amazingly and against all odds, you are
done. Your body aches and creaks as you hob-
ble back to your car or back home. You drink as
much water as you can stand, down a handful
of pain pills, find somewhere to lay flat and start
to slowly pull your way back out of the dizzying
blackness.

If you get lucky then you only end up bed rid-
den for a day or two – the extremely fortunate
can still creep along like a wizened old man.
Each step, each movement reminds you of the
string of bad decisions that have been made.
You make a note to pick up more Advil as soon
as you can stand to be off the couch.

Ironically, maddeningly, incomprehensibly, as
soon as your legs stop complaining with every
step—sometimes even before that – you can't
help but wonder when you'll get the chance to
lace up your running shoes and start the whole
thing over again.

