

COMPOSITE

Arts Magazine

Issue #1: Tourism Fall 2010

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*Featuring work by:
Jordan Bone, Timothy Burkhart,
Pamela Fraser, Vincent Glielmi,
Scott Lawan, Silvia Malagrino,
Kaitlin McGaw, Rebecca Mir.*

WELCOME TO COMPOSITE,

I wake up around 5 a.m. to make breakfast and take my wife to work. I pick her up around 7 p.m. We live in Austin, Texas right now for her work. Austin is a place I thought I was familiar with due to my trips through here on tour, and a place with such seasonal weather patterns that my complaints about Southern California's seasons no longer seem valid. (Yes, I said complaints. The Midwest is in my bones and I need below freezing weather for 1/3 of the year to feel normal apparently.)

This is the farthest south I have ever lived, and the length of a day during this transitional time differs almost an hour from those back home in Chicago, which was something I had not seemed to notice until just the other day. Suddenly it was dark when I left the house, and was almost dark before I got home, an inevitable seasonal shift that the near triple digit weather seemed to evade from my senses.

This is what tourism really means to me. When I travel, I'm not one to head straight to monuments and popular sites, but rather I enjoy walking the streets and neighborhoods much like I would back home, trying to understand what life would be like for me in this foreign place, trying to catch the differences. I fully admit to being one of those ashamed tourists trying to blend in, act natural, and praying they don't look down on me for the giant camera around my chest.

In a way, this is actually a perfect metaphor for what we are trying to do with Composite. Bringing groups of artists together to show their work in unison is an everyday aspect of an artistic practice, yet the constraints, stipulations, and venue we give to our contributing artists and ourselves makes the entire experience a little bit foreign. Our circulation method, the PDF, and our predetermined topics create challenges, admittedly both good and bad, for all parties involved. Some of our contributors have submitted pieces from in progress projects, others worked outside of their traditional medium, others still recently completed fitting work or created an all-new body of work specifically for this issue.

For the staff, this entire process has been quite foreign. Even with decent amounts of layout, design, and publishing experience among us, bringing this idea that came up over lunch to fruition has created many a learning experience, and most likely will continue to do so.

Nevertheless, here it is, Composite, Issue #1: Tourism! I speak for the entire staff that we are incredibly honored and thankful that such talented and amazing artists agreed to come along for the journey on the beginning stages of this voyage. We hope that you, the viewer, will enjoy what's in store and come along for the ride.

Zach Clark
Composite Staff

ISSUE #1: *Tourism* / CONTENTS

Tourism	4
Silvia Maligrino	5
Xavier Duran	10
<i>Sortie</i>	
Jordan Bone	18
<i>Sayonara Nippon</i>	
Kara Cochran	21
<i>Worlds Largest, USA</i>	
Vincent Gilimi	24
<i>At Attention</i>	
Pamela Fraser	30
Excerpts from <i>Philip Hayson presents: Pamela Frasier: a project by Martha Paxton</i>	
Scott Lawan	39
<i>Worst Vacation Ever</i>	
Rebecca Mir	49
<i>Exploration (in two parts), Part 1 from Between Mountains and Sea</i>	
Zach Clark	58
<i>Migrant, Excerpts from Local/Tourist</i>	
Timothy Burkhart	62
<i>Beaches</i>	
Kaitlin McGaw	68
<i>Those Left Behind</i>	
Suzanne Makol	70
<i>The Tourist</i>	
Contributor Bios	77
Composite Info	78

TOURISM

Invariably interested in the places we aren't, transience has become today's norm. It is rare now to find someone that is content to simply live and die in the same town. Whatever the reason people find to get on a plane, a boat, or in a car, we are a people of tourism. There are global icons, famous places and objects that are widely known and can be easily called to mind. Such destinations have an aura about them, if for no other reason than people are going there, seeing it, and talking about it. Countless magazines, books, and TV shows are dedicated to documenting the world for the people at home to see. Those who are lucky enough have the opportunity to go out and see those places in person. The entire economy of some countries relies solely on the income of tourism, and here in the United States, many people depend on the roughly \$100 billion that the industry brings in annually.

All of this traveling results, hopefully, in a population that is more educated and aware of the world around them. More often however, big city folk will argue that it just clogs their streets with people who can't walk in a logical manner. A seasoned New Yorker will avoid Times Square at all cost, one of the largest tourist attractions in the most heavily visited American city. The real irony here is that they had to go to Times Square to know they don't want to be there. And they have. And they definitely stopped to look.

Silvia Maligrino

"I love to travel, and love to take pictures. I have around 300,000 still images in my computer. Only a few of them make it into an art work. I collect different kinds of images which I process later in sequences for the screen.

I am drawn to the "instant," the decisive moment, the interruption of the flow of time and the slicing of space. In my photographs I quote, make references, and issue notes to myself - a kind of writing with light and time. I need later to reassemble the fragments and create a certain order but not following principles of cause and effect. The path I took to make the photographs becomes a new path, a new configuration - a configuration anchored in history, but moving into new zones of ambiguity and mystery."



"Urbanisms" – Cinémeditations.
Still from screen, work in progress.



Toledo, Spain, 2006



Rome, Italy, 2005



Chicago, IL, 2010



The Balkans, WWI, anonymous snapshot.

Xavier Duran

SORTIE

"The phrase book is the companion and friend of tourist and traveler alike. These books contain concise phrases for the visitor in acquiring information in a foreign land while keeping politeness and diplomacy. Sortie is a short dialogue (literally) that deals with the taboo of the American in a foreign land and engaging in political placation. While the tourist may not have a direct link with the actions of their home country, Sortie empathizes with the ardent emotions felt towards the tourist by the resident of the country by providing apologetic phrases and an exit from the conflict."

Je suis Americain(e)

(I am American)

Bush n'a jamais été mon président

(Bush was never my president)

La guerre était une erreur

(The war was a mistake)

Nous sommes un pays divisé

(We are a divided country)

Excusez-moi de vous derange mais...

(Sorry to bother you but...)

Où est la Tour Eiffel?

(Where is the Eiffel Tower?)

Sortie

(Exit)

Jordan Bone

Sayonara Nippon

“Ack! Baka! I think I just snorted beer out my nose.”

The men in the booth behind us looked over their shoulders at my outburst and loud sniffing. I rubbed my nose vigorously with my forefinger, still holding the extra-large beer mug while the guys laughed around me. Only Jack was actually paying attention to me—everyone else was still focused on Tim and his running jokes. Jack took a long draught from his own mug, finishing it off, and slapped the table as if to draw me out of my private battle against stinging nostrils and watery eyes.

“Alright, mo ippon? Not sure I’m using the right counter, but you get the idea. You want another beer or are we going to get shots?” Jack asked, unconcerned that he was now eight drinks in to the evening, and not past midnight either.

I nodded toward my beer mug as I attempted to blow my nose with a tissue I had hidden somewhere in my messenger bag. There were never any kinds of napkins or tissues available in Japanese restaurants that we patronized. I suppose it had something to do with the way Japanese culture treated nose blowing as a disgusting act to perform in a private restroom, definitely not in public. I was warned early on, before we all left for our study abroad trip to Kyoto, that if I ever went on a date with a Japanese girl I shouldn’t blow my nose in front of her. I might as well ask her to watch me use the toilet, our culture coaches said. At that moment I didn’t care where I was, so I held my head low and blew as hard as I could, trying to get the tingling feeling out of my nose. The izakaya we were at was busy, but the waitress saw me as she walked past with a massive tray of large beer mugs for the young JPs in the booth behind us. I’m pretty sure anyone within earshot could hear the trumpeting blast as I tried to expel all the alcohol unintentionally introduced to my sinuses.

I jumped back into the conversation just as Collin was talking about his language sensei.

“She’s horrible,” he said, “I mean, she definitely knows her own language, and she’s very fluent in English, but she’s just an awful teacher. It’s crazy; she’ll just throw things out at the class and be like, ‘learn this tonight, and remember it for the final.’”

“That doesn’t sound too bad,” I interrupted.

“But that’s why it’s so bakana that she never practices any of it in class with us. No one’s going to learn if she never speaks with us.”

“Oh, that is worse.” I must have missed his original complaint. I didn’t want to be dropped from the conversation, so I added, “My teacher is probably the exact opposite. He talks with us all the time. It’s awesome though, because he seems to know exactly how much nihongo we can understand, and goes slow enough that we can all talk back without being rushed. Way better than our sensei in Wisconsin.”

Jack, back with two more enormous mugs of cheap beer, sat down and jumped into the conversation. “No doubt, I have Kitagawa sensei, but Sato is the mega-sensei. I met him last week in her office.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard he’s good. Makes me wish I hadn’t done so well on my entrance tests to get into level four,” Collin lamented. Jack and I were in level three language and level two writing. Collin, probably because he was fluent in two languages besides Japanese already, had tested into level four language and level three writing. Apparently, Sato sensei was famous enough to warrant a drop in esteemed class ranking.

“I really do like Sato,” I said. “I kind of feel bad, though. He was supposed to meet some of us last night at a bar by the daigaku. I guess no one showed up. I was talking to Mike about missing so we could all go to Osaka,” I motioned with my beer around the table, “he told me that Ally and him got held up at dinner and ended up late. The bar tender told them Sato came in on time and drank a beer alone, then left when nobody showed.”

Tim patted me on the back, “No worries, Daniel san. You weren’t planning on going anyway. Not your fault. Besides, Osaka was fun, right?” He winked at me and the other guys whistled and beat boxed porno music to make fun of me. Liz and I had hooked up the night before, and even though I would never see her again the guys weren’t letting me forget it.

In the meantime, Collin had begun his social faze of the festivities. He was trying to ask the booths around us if they would take a picture of our group.

“Sumimasen, shashin o tote kudasai?”

Eventually, after being denied by the businessmen behind us, and the people at the bar, a booth of college students on the other side of our partition agreed to take the picture when Collin got on his knees and peeked his head over at them. They didn’t speak much English, but Collin and I were able to get a conversation going with the little Japanese we knew. It was a strange sight, kneeling on our bench with only our heads looking down at the shocked but mildly amused faces of the Japanese students that were our evil twins. We got a lot of people pointing and talking about us, I’m sure, but only the table behind us seemed put-off. Of course, all good things must end, and we stopped chatting with them when our waitress brought over a bartender to tell us not to talk to the other booths.

We chatted over a few more rounds, and Collin took pictures of the izakaya with his disposable camera, grinding the wheel and clicking blinding flashes in the smoky dim light. One of the men in the other booth, a stubble-faced guy with stumpy fingers, asked us in relatively decent English if Collin could stop flashing his camera everywhere. We got him to stop pointing in their direction until his film ran out a few minutes later. None of us wanted to force Collin to do anything because he was always belligerent when he drank. Better to redirect his attention than to try and butt heads with him. Of course, even after he ran out of film he kept winding the camera and clicking the button, but we didn’t care, we had more important things occupying our heads.

It was our last night in Japan, and we wanted to get hammered before we had to go back to the States where most of us were still a few months shy of the legal drinking age. Jack had broken up with his Japanese girlfriend so that he had the last few nights free, and I had skipped both my final class at the karate dojo and dinner with my host parents so I could drink with the group that last night. I had been living in my host parents’ house for most of the six months we attended the Japanese university, we called it daikgaku, but I hated being around because my host mother was constantly sick. I didn’t quite understand when they told me, but I thought it might have been cancer, though I was never really sure. Given the choice between a painful dinner table where my host mother interrogated me about America and the noisy appetizer bar I didn’t hesitate much over my decision.

Still, talking about Sato sensei had me thinking about missing him the other night, and I couldn’t quite get it out of my head. I mulled over my time in his class for a while, remembering the extra hours he had given to help me find a karate dojo and volunteer as a character in our group film project. In the end I could only let it go; I would not be seeing him ever again, and I knew I would never attempt to send him any emails or letters.

I suppose I never sent any letters to the people I met in Japan. It didn’t seem so important after I left, and I really didn’t want to write to people in Japanese; I only knew a few people that could read English well. I knew my karate sensei wouldn’t have been able to read a single word. I practiced karate in the States, so I didn’t have too many problems understanding what he wanted me to do, but I don’t think he ever spoke a word of English. I was only a student in his dojo for a short time anyway, because I constantly hopped around to different dojo looking for the best one. I really doubt that we were close enough to become pen pals. Still, even if he had asked to be polite, I doubt I would have ended up sending anything.

Anyway, we spent hours at the izakaya that night. We were all fairly familiar with the local drinking spots by then, and nobody wanted to bother walking around looking for someplace new. That particular snack bar was our favorite, and we were planning on staying until they kicked us out. Even I got sloppy that night, and I vaguely remember butchering a Japanese drinking game I had supposedly learned. We all ended up shouting incoherent words none of us knew and banging our glasses on the table before downing half of our beers. It was fun, at least. Granted, it might have been too much fun for the other people in the bar. The izakaya tended to get pretty quiet around midnight, and we weren’t exactly slowing down with everyone else. The booth behind us was almost uncomfortably silent, and we made fun of all the crazy JPs in English.

Around one o'clock in the morning, we were all feeling good and talking about our favorite memories of our trip. Jack was in the middle of talking about his former girlfriend, when it finally happened.

"Sumimasen, Please no kamera."

It took all of us a few moments to catch up, to what was going on. By the time we had, it was too late to stop it.

"Hey, sorry," Collin said to the group of Japanese businessmen behind us, "There's no film, it's alright." He clicked another ineffective shot at them to make his point. That's how Collin got a black eye in Japan.

I don't exactly remember seeing Collin get hit in the face, but I do remember the first two things that ran through my mind. The first—we were always told that if we ever ran into violence while we were studying abroad that we should get away as soon as possible and avoid confrontation until we could get to the university. The police would inevitably take the side of whomever they could most readily understand, and groups of poorly spoken gaijin men were not likely victims. The second was—fight!

And boy did we.

Or, I guess I fought and the other guys did their best to participate. I tackled the guy hitting Collin, and knocked him out cold when his head hit a table on the way down. Before anyone else could move I was blocking punches from two other Japanese men in suits, and Tim and Jack were holding back a third. Collin, somehow forgotten, ended up throwing light wooden plates at the men coming after me. It didn't do much good though, because we were all so drunk that half of the plates were hitting me. When I couldn't take it any more I dove through my sparring partners and grabbed Collin, yelling for Jack and Tim to follow.

"Time to ikimasu! Let's get out of here!"

I felt like a middle school student again, running for my abused red bicycle in the alley, pulling Collin along with as he tried to stop his nose from bleeding everywhere. Everything happened so fast I don't think anyone in the izakaya was even chasing us. We all grabbed our rides and pedaled around the back way, wobbling ridiculously as we tried to balance on two wheels. Tim and Collin lived on campus nearby, so they split away early, and Jack had to circle around the long way to avoid trouble on the way back to his host family's house which was in the opposite direction of our escape. I had to pedal halfway across the city and into the suburbs to finally get back home at two-thirty and wake up the dog while trying to sneak toward my room quietly.

I threw my bag on the desk my host parents had provided for me, and sank to the tatami floor, not even bothering to unroll my futon to sleep on. My clothes were all hanging outside the closet, ready for me to pack early in the morning so I could catch a flight out of Osaka International to Chicago.

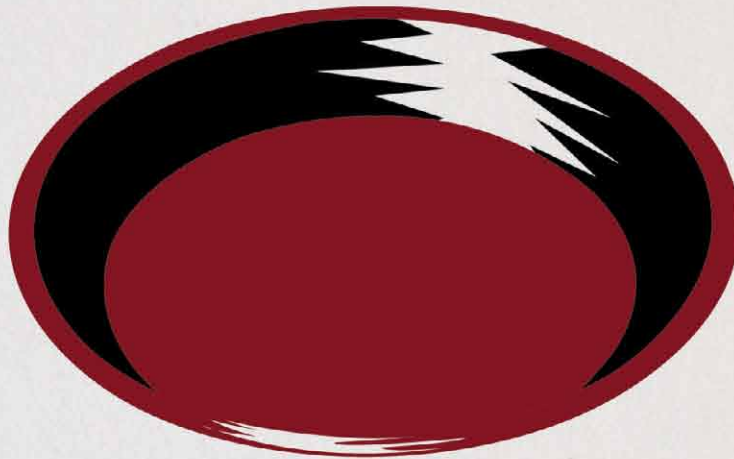
As I finally fell asleep with my clothes on, staring out my window and listening to my host mother walk around the kitchen, unable to rest, I could only think that I was glad I didn't have to deal with any of this in just a few hours.

Kara **Cochran**
Worlds Largest, USA

WORLD'S LARGEST CHERRY PIE PAN

Traverse City, Michigan **USA**

As American as Apple Pie!



Diameter: 17 feet, 6 inches

WORLD'S LARGEST CATSUP BOTTLE

Collinsville, Illinois **USA**

25,600,000 Servings of the Tangy-est!

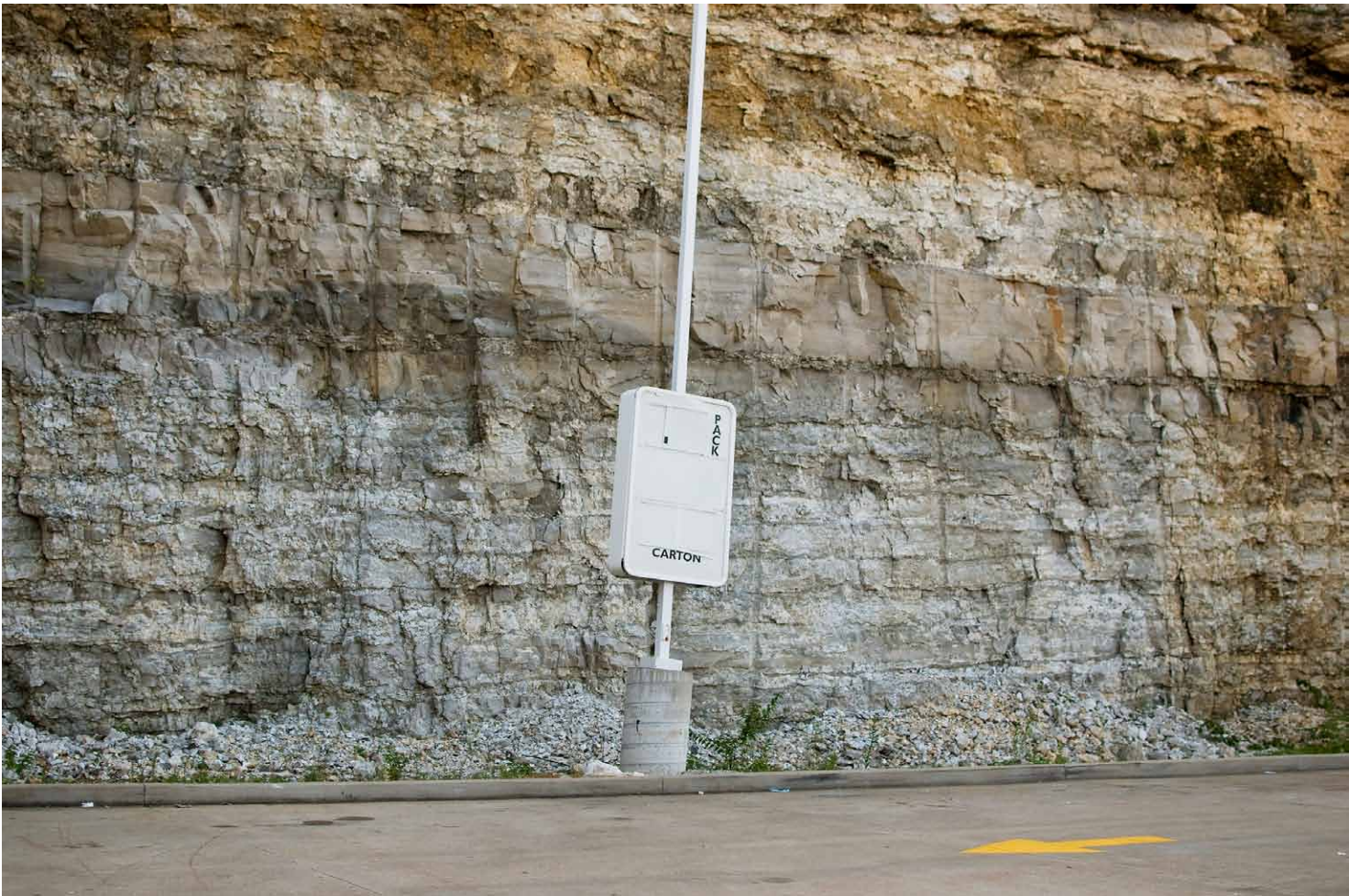


Height: 70 feet, 1 inch

Vincent Glielmi

At Attention

"Monuments found during intervals of rest and refueling along a thousand miles of Midwest interstate."

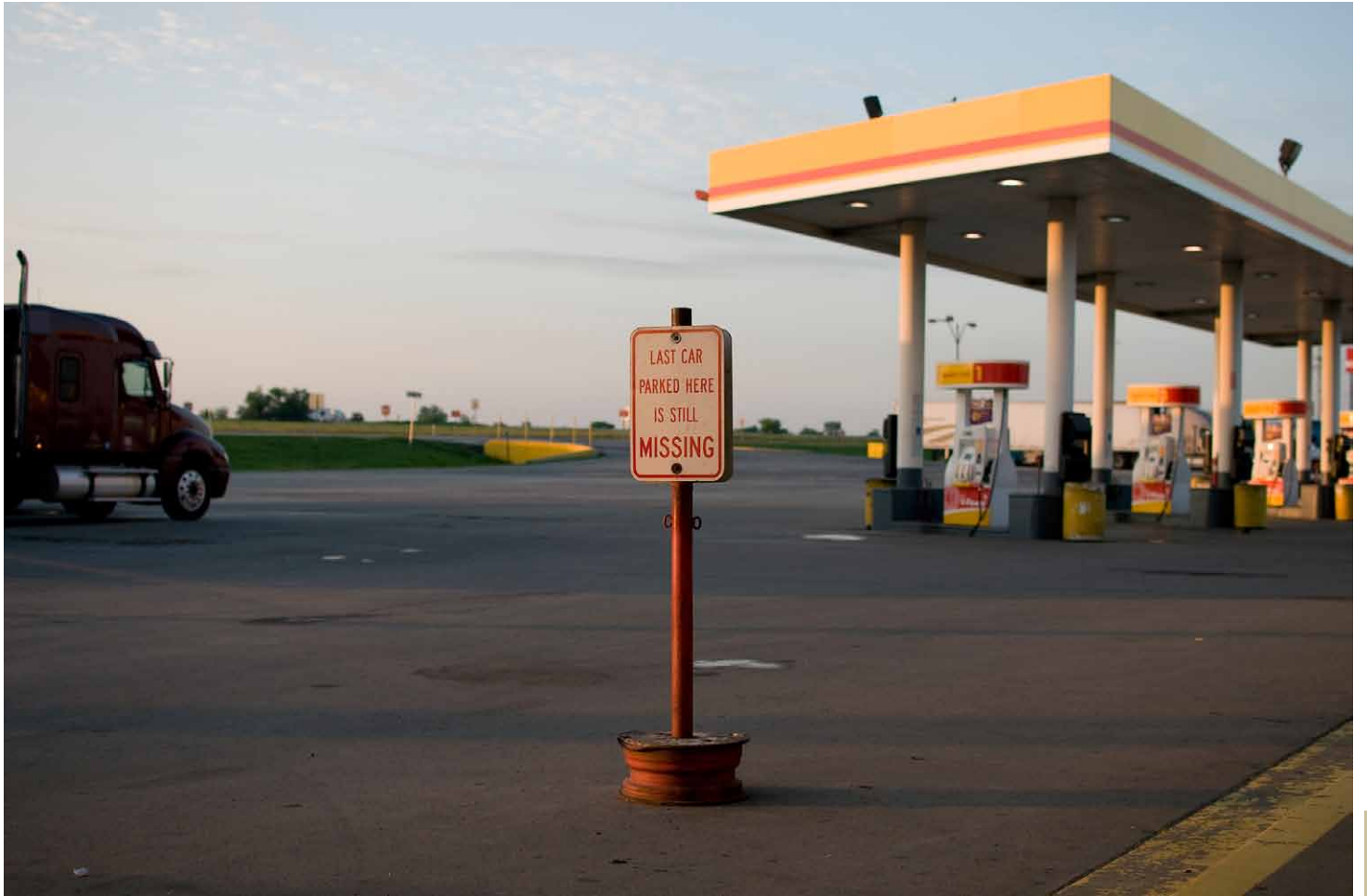


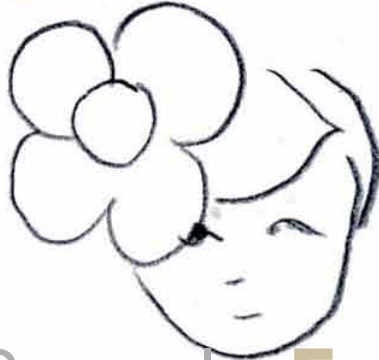
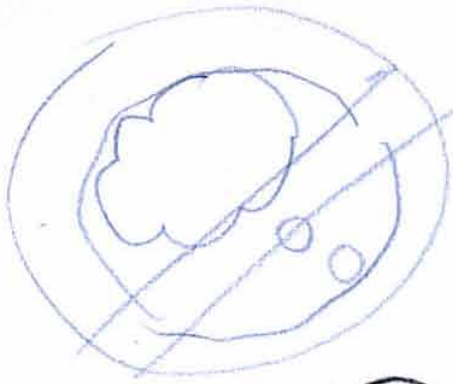












Pamela Fraser

excerpts from

Philip Hayson Presents:

Pamela Fraser:

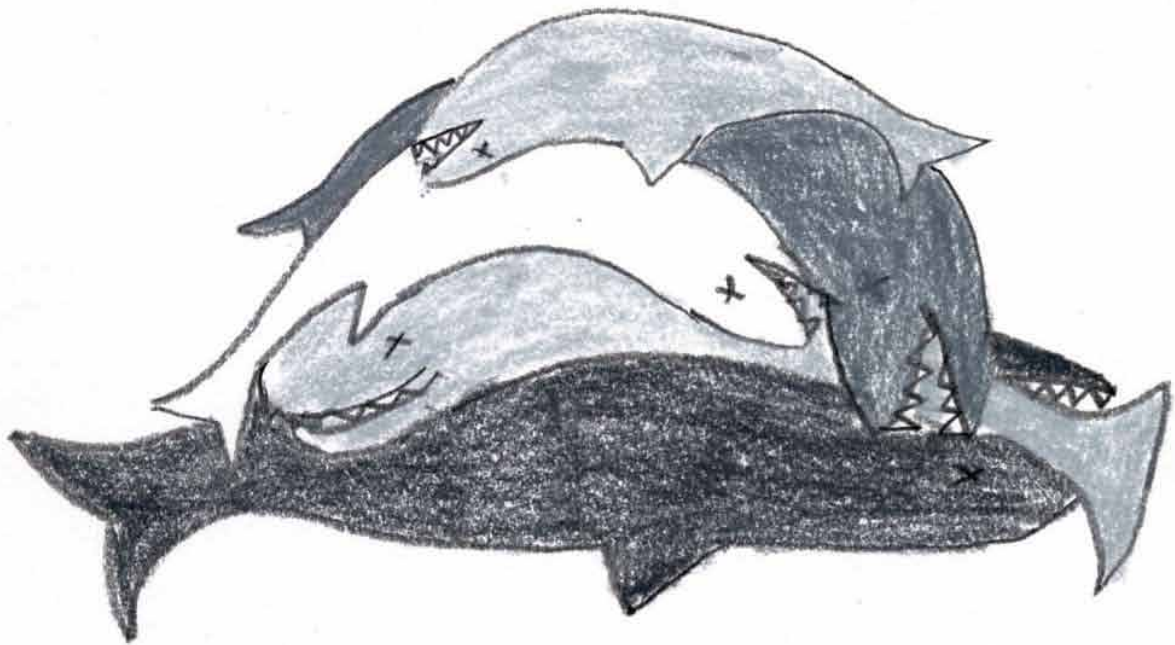
A Project by Martha Paxton

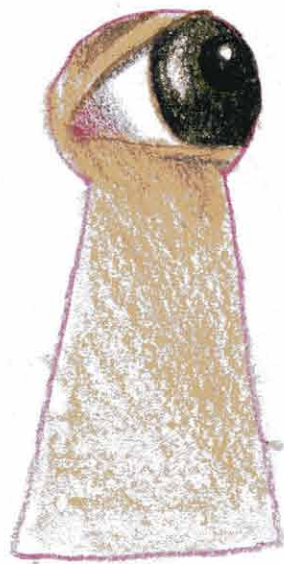
"[These nine drawings] are part of a larger series I am working on-in collaboration with my husband Randall Szott-entitled *Philip Hayson presents: Pamela Fraser: a project by Martha Paxton*. This will be a series of over 100 drawings that are inspired by the act and scene names of the television show *Frasier*."



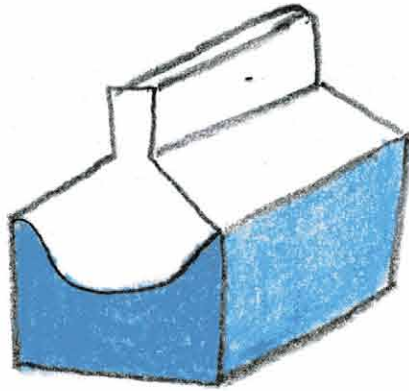




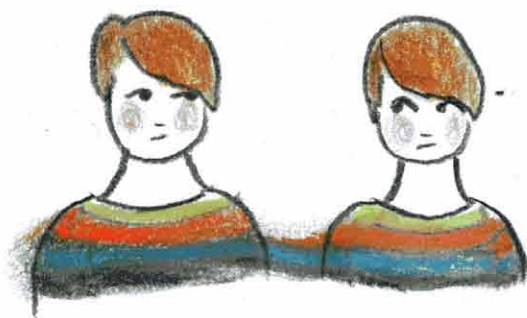










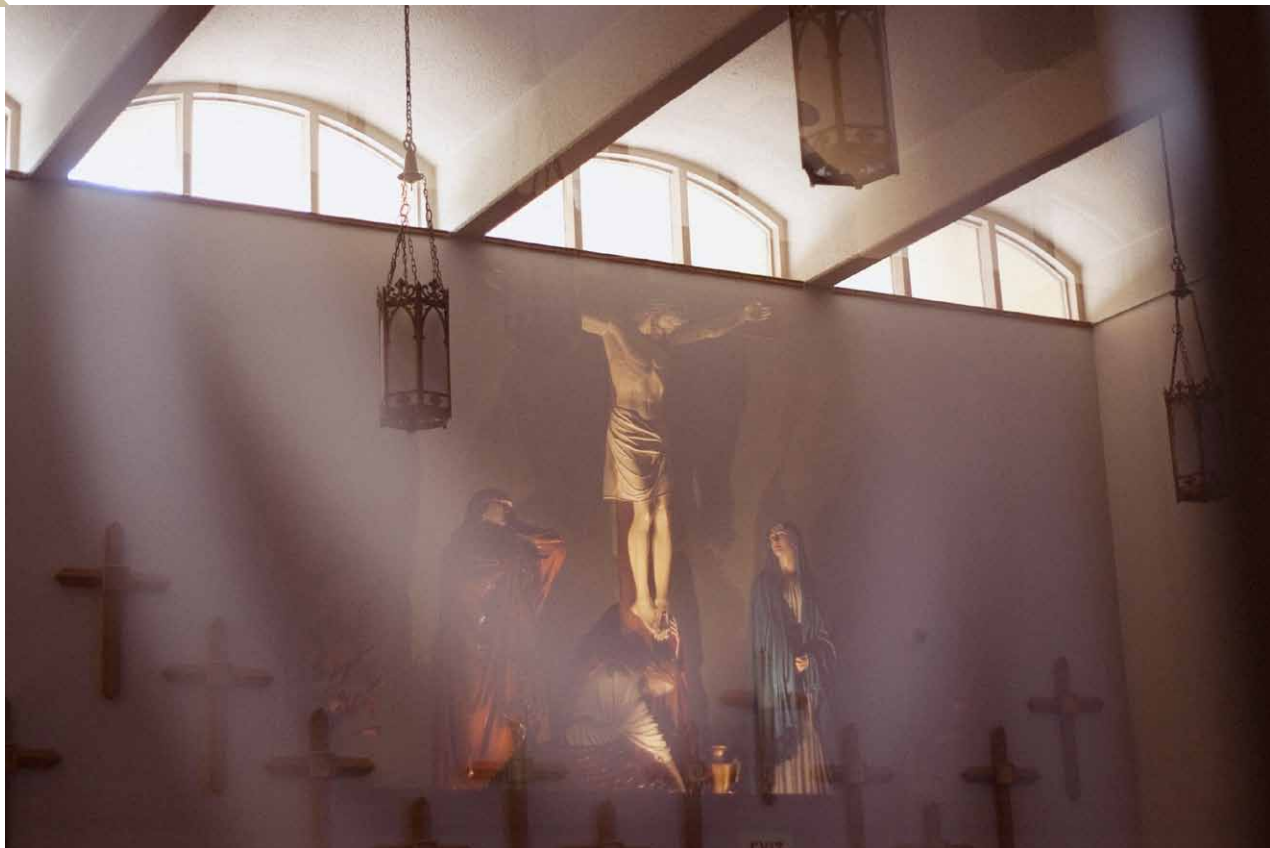


Scott Lewan

Worst Vacation Ever

"An illustration of the romanticized, American desire for "hitting the open road", 'Worst Vacation Ever' documents the mundane and trivial pursuit of seeking adventure, looking for love, and finding oneself as typical ideas associated with traveling by automobile to a randomly appointed destination. These attempts at finding fulfillment in one's life through various extracurriculars such as speeding with the windows rolled down, screaming 'til your throat bleeds, blaring music, spontaneous exploration and the overall juvenile desires for random recklessness ultimately lead to the internalized, unsatisfactory feeling of ennui and the unanswered question of, "why the fuck did I agree to this goddamn shit?"





Scott Lewan



Scott Lewan



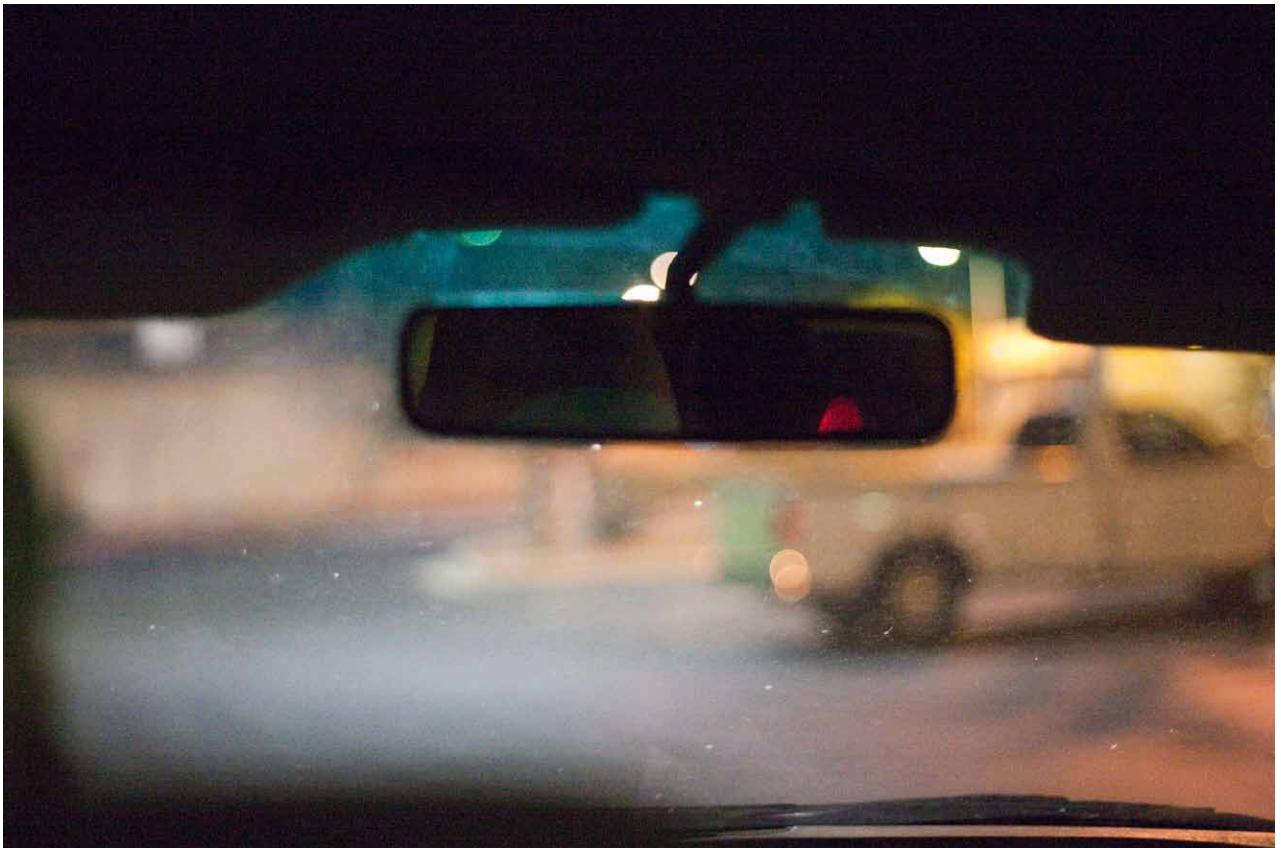
Scott Lewan



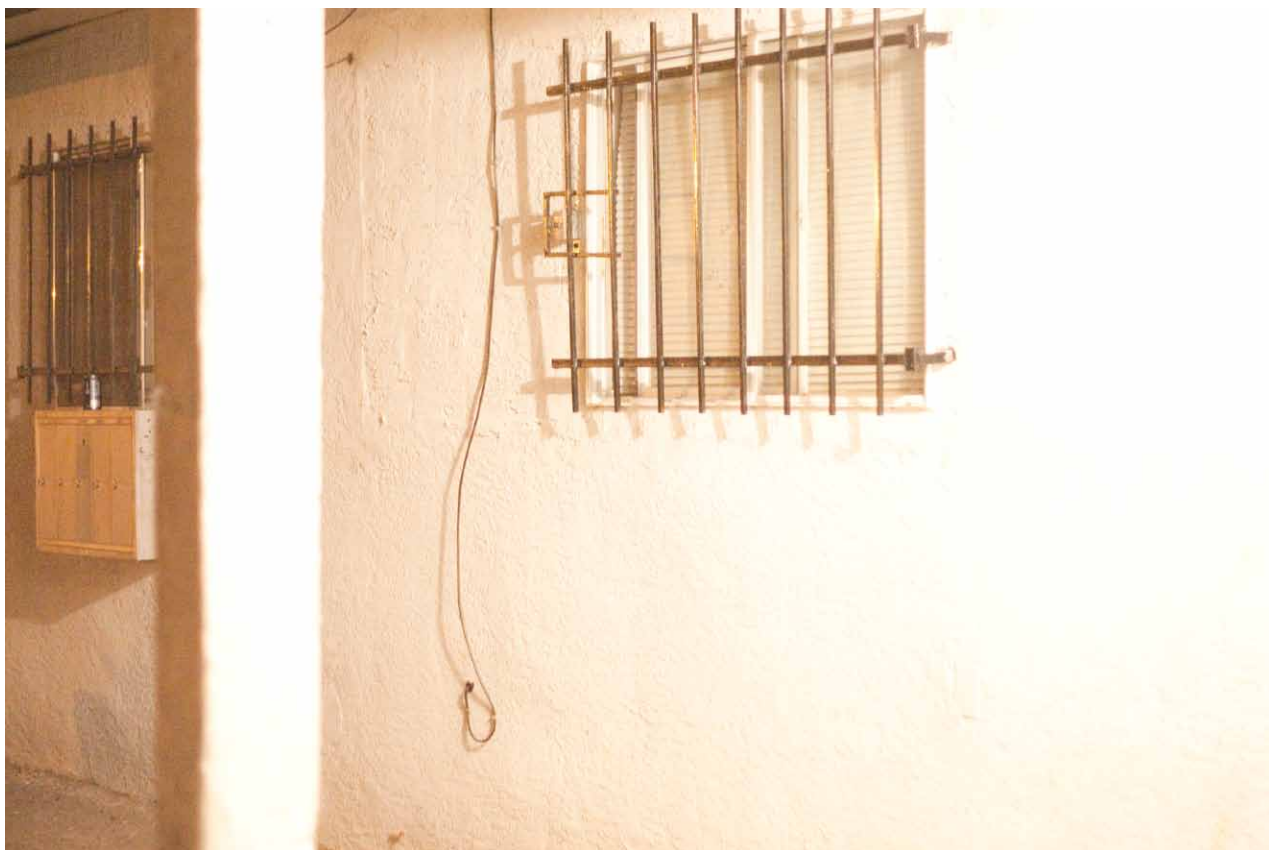
Scott Lewan



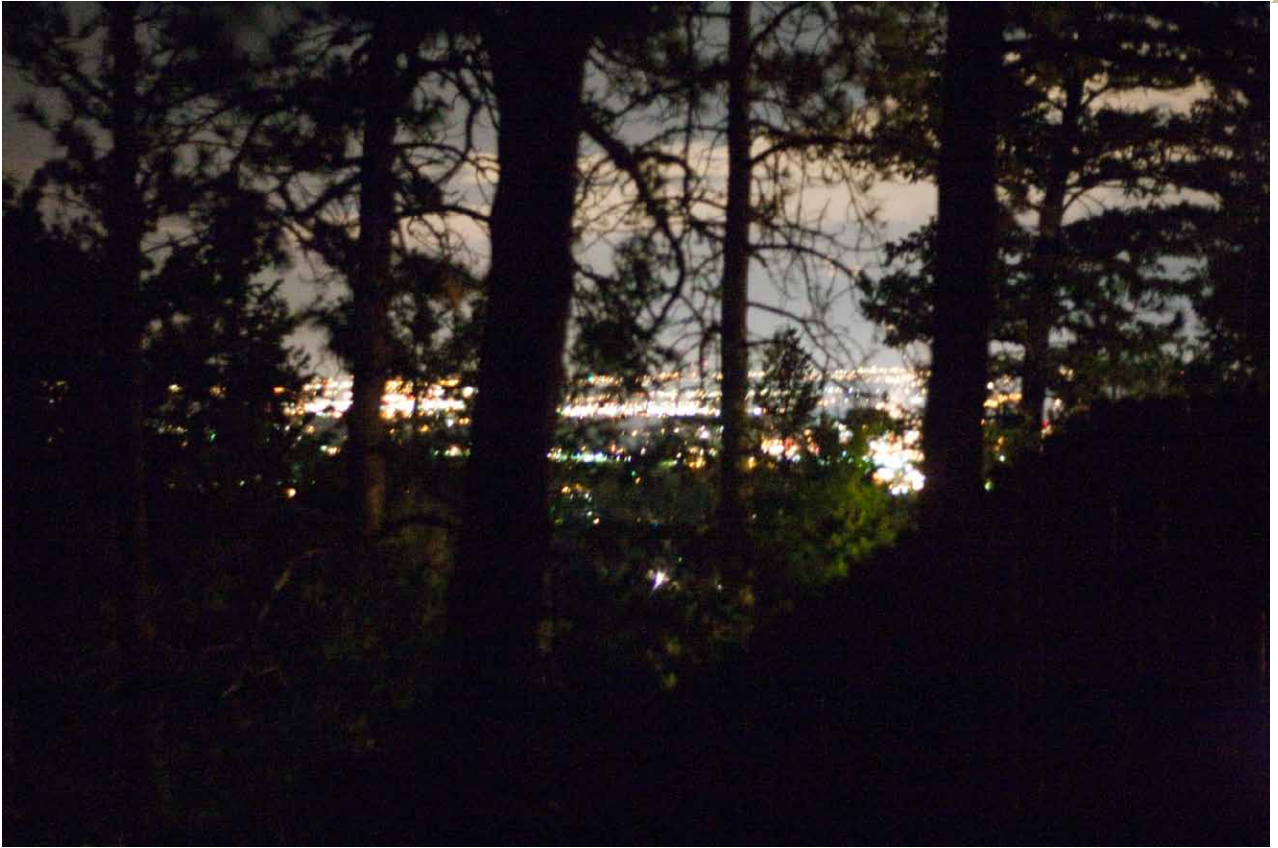
Scott Lewan



Scott Lewan



Scott Lewan



Scott Lewan



Rebecca Mir

Exploration

Excerpt from *Between Mountains and the Sea*

Forty-two years ago, in 1968, the Sunday Times Golden Globe Race challenged nine sailors to sail nonstop around the world, each alone. Over the course of the race, the participants communicated sporadically via radio, updating family and the Sunday Times of their progress. The public followed their stories in the weekly paper. Only one sailor finished the race. In 1969, Robin Knox-Johnson became the first to circumnavigate the globe singlehandedly and nonstop.

In 1987, Tania Aebi sailed into New York Harbor after sailing alone around the world. She began her trip at eighteen and finished two and a half years later, when she was twenty-one. Her trip was partially funded by articles she published every couple of months in *Cruising World*. She had some radio communication while she was out at sea, but most of her contact was made while ashore at various ports. Twenty years later and one year ago, after some emailing back and forth, I met her for coffee in New Hampshire.

As I write this, two sixteen year old girls, Australian Jessica Watson and American Abby Sunderland, are separately on quests to become the youngest woman to nonstop solo circumnavigate the globe. Both have blogs, to which they and their family members post updates almost daily, which I then read on my laptop. Their websites have maps charting their voyages via GPS tracking. Today Watson is in Australian waters and almost home while Sunderland is in the South Atlantic Ocean. They communicate often with family, fans and sponsors via email and cell phone. I haven't tried contacting them yet.

Sunderland's location in the South Atlantic Ocean is near the waters that Donald Crowhurst floated around during the Sunday Times Race in 1968.

Shortly after Crowhurst began his journey, he realized that his trimaran, Teignmouth Electron, was not going to survive the trip around the world. Unfortunately, if he did not finish the race, he would cause his family financial ruin. He stopped all radio communication, so no one would know his exact location, and floated around on the Atlantic for a few months. He waited for an approximation of the time it would have taken him to sail around the world. He faked his latitude and longitude positions in his logbook, in case they were looked upon his return. When he came out of radio silence, he found that he was in second place in the race. Then, it became clear that if he finished he would take the first place prize. He knew his logbook would not survive the scrutiny of the contest, so he jumped overboard with his chronometer. When his boat was found with the fraudulent logbooks, he became a public disgrace.

The level of communication on journeys and expeditions, not just across oceans but also to the tops of mountains and through jungles and deserts, has increased in the last few decades. With access to radio, television and internet, people everywhere can follow along with explorers as their expeditions take place.

Advances in technology are changing the way we move and communicate. Cell phones, wireless internet, and GPS have made it harder to get lost. Or easier to find where you are going. It used to be that going on expeditions meant leaving civilization behind. Now civilization is present on journeys. Trips to the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro are highly publicized and blogged about daily. Like the all star group that just reached the summit on Jan. 14th, with Jessica Biel and Emile Hirsch among others, which my sister blogged about a couple of months ago.

While I'm writing this at my computer in my apartment in Chicago, I am also listening to a live stream audio from PALAOA: Perennial Acoustic Observatory in the Antarctic Ocean. I can't really tell what I'm listening to. It sounds like a heartbeat, with someone way at the end of a hall walking back and forth, and some kind of light tapping almost like finger-snapping. I'd really like to hear a whale go by, or an iceberg calving.

Now that the Age of Discovery is over, and so much of the world has been explored already, there isn't much uncharted territory left to discover. Space and the deep ocean floors remain the great unknowns. I don't think I have enough money to go to either place.

Explorers are re-exploring. Re-creations of past expeditions are a common occurrence, sometimes with a camera crew tagging along. In 2005, Arctic explorer John Huston and a team of four Norwegians participated in a re-creation of the 1911 race for the South Pole between Roald Amundsen and Robert F. Scott. They used clothing, equipment and supplies from the period. The 1400 mile race took place in Greenland and was documented for BBC and the History Channel. True to history, Huston's team won again. This past spring, Huston and Tyler Fish became the first Americans to ski to the North Pole unsupported and unassisted. Classrooms across America followed their progress on the team's blog. During his lecture for the release of the North Georgia Gazette at the Whistler in Chicago, Huston warned that the ice was rapidly disappearing. The trip he and Fish just completed won't be possible for much longer. I meant to give him my mini comic about a foolish explorer and a melting iceberg at the release party, but he left before I found a chance.

The world is changing. We are changing the world. Effects of global warming are irreparably altering the face of this earth. The places that have been previously explored have changed in the last 5, 50, 500 years. They are not the same places as they once were. This leaves room for new explorations to occur.

Explorers spent centuries trying to navigate the Northwest Passage, with hopes that it could become a faster trade route. Amundsen finally succeeded in 1906. Since then, many more vessels have made the passage. Now you can travel it as a tourist on an icebreaker. As global warming is causing sea temperatures to rise and icebergs and glaciers to melt, the Arctic

Ice pack (or cap) during the winter months is smaller and smaller each year. The Northwest Passage is becoming easier to traverse. It might become a more feasible shipping route in the future. Unfortunately, with more traffic comes more pollution, causing more ice to melt. The Arctic is rapidly becoming a different place. While it is most noticeable in the Arctic and Antarctica, many other environments are changing and disappearing as well. At an graduate school interview, I was asked where I wanted to be in seven years, five years after graduate school would end. I stuttered some response about wanting to teach and have a studio practice and travel. What I meant to say was that I wanted to get a grant from the National Science Foundation or something similar so that I could travel to Antarctica and/or the Arctic before it melts. I'm not good at interviews.

Going to sea has long represented freedom. (Andrea Zittel has said this about the desert.) But that freedom is disappearing. Satellites monitor the oceans, ships have GPS, countries have extended their individual ownership over international waters. Russia planted their flag on the Arctic sea bed.

In his article "How to Become an Explorer" for the Independent Robert Twigger, a British writer and adventurer recently wrote: "Exploration is about recording an environment with fresh eyes – either because no one has been there for a long time, or because you have a different perspective."

In 1982, Julio Cortazar and Carol Dunlop set off on an adventure on the Paris-Marseilles freeway aboard Fafner, their VW camper. It was a familiar road but a new kind of journey for them. The drive from Paris to Marseilles usually takes ten hours, with a stop or two at a rest area. This time the trip included stops at all of the rest areas on the autoroute. They spent 33 days at these rest areas, without leaving the freeway. They wrote about the adventures they had with the landscape, various inhabitants of the rest areas, and their visitors. Their combined writing efforts became the travel odyssey *Autonauts of the Cosmoroute*. To my knowledge that was their last trip together, as Dunlop died a few months after their journey.

I started reading Cortazar in Philadelphia. I went to Philadelphia in search of adventure. My station wagon, Grace, formerly a pirate ship, was on her last sea legs and Philadelphia was as far as we could go. The person that H. is sometimes based on let me borrow *Hopscotch* and *A Manual for Manuel*. We read them in separate rooms. H. read in the kitchen, in the armchair. I read at the other end of the cave that I was sharing with him. He referenced my new addiction in a parenthetical comment in a short story he was writing at the time. I thought it really meant something. Years after, when I had just begun reading *Autonauts of the Cosmoroute*, I emailed him to see if he'd come across the book. He responded with a big yes, and a link to the review he'd written on the publisher's website.

British Artist Tacita Dean has long been fascinated with Crowhurst's story. She has made a number of photographs, drawings and films loosely about him. She filmed and recorded audio at two lighthouses, one in Scotland and one in England. She chose to work with lighthouses because they "were human beacons on the edge of the immensity of the ocean,". *Lighthousekeeping* by Jeannette Winterson is one of my favorite books. I imagine that Winterson would agree with Dean.

Two films about Crowhurst, *Disappearance at Sea* and *Disappearance at Sea II* were made in and around the lighthouses.

In an essay in the Phaidon monograph of Dean's work, Jean-Christophe Royoux quotes Dean as saying "You can't date the sea. It's timeless." I'd like to tell her that I'm still trying. Maybe Winterson can write a book about it.

Dutch Artist Bas Jan Ader disappeared at sea in 1975. He set sail from New England in a twelve and a half foot sailboat called *Ocean Wave*. He planned to cross the Atlantic singlehandedly as part of his triptych *In Search of the Miraculous*. Three weeks into his journey, all radio contact was lost. Six months later his submerged boat was found off the coast of Ireland. Ader was never found. I sat on a park bench with a new friend on Friday afternoon. Moira told me that she was wondering if she would ever make it back to Vienna if this huge cloud of ash kept covering Europe. She would be stuck in Chicago. Would her funding take care of that? Or would she have to take a ship back? She told me about seeing Ader's photograph I'm too sad to tell you. We talked about *In Search of the Miraculous*. I assured her that whatever ship either of us ended up on would be larger than Ader's boat. I stood up and walked about six feet away from her. I pointed to the edge of the park bench that was furthest from me and said "This is how big Ader's boat was, from here to there. Just a little more than two park benches. It was 12.5 feet long. And we're all still so shocked that he didn't make it across the Atlantic."

In 1999, Dean traveled to the Cayman Islands in search of Crowhurst's trimaran, the *Teignmouth Electron*. A film of the same name was made with footage of the vessel disintegrating near the beach. The film ends with an aerial shot of the trimaran, taken as Dean was flying away from the island of Cayman Brac.

Dean described Crowhurst as suffering from "Time Madness". For several months, Crowhurst had been in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, with no contact to the outside world, and no idea of time. He was convinced that his chronometer was faulty. A marine chronometer is a portable time keeping device that can be used for celestial navigation. With a faulty chronometer and no radio communication, Crowhurst could never know the precise time or his exact location.

Last week, the National Geographic Society awarded Don Walsh with the Hubbard Medal for a trip that Walsh took fifty years ago. I heard about this on National Public Radio yesterday, while the PALAOA observatory was offline. On January 23rd, 1960, Walsh and Jacques Piccard entered the bathyscaphe *Trieste*, a pressurized diving capsule. They were off the coast of Guam, above the Marianna Trench in the Pacific Ocean. Walsh and Piccard then plunged seven miles to the Ocean floor, the deepest part of any ocean, known as "Challenger Deep". No one else has done this since. In an interview with Guy Raz from National Public Radio on April 17th, 2010, Guy Walsh said "This is one world record that a person should take no pride in holding for half a century, because that means people weren't out there exploring our oceans."

Bernard Moitessier, a French sailor and writer, left England on August 23rd, 1968, on his boat *Joshua* (named after Joshua Slocum, the first man to sail around the world solo). He, along with Knox-Johnson and Crowhurst, was sailing in the Sunday Times Race. In March of 1969, he rounded Cape Horn and had the best chance of winning of all of the contestants. After six months of being alone on the ocean, the thought of sailing back to England and dealing with the crowds, press and fame that was waiting was too much for him. He dropped out of the race and proceeded to continue sailing around the world, again. After circumnavigating 1.5 times, he sailed to Tahiti to meet his wife.

Moitessier wrote a book about this trip, *The Long Way*. I borrowed it from my father a couple of years ago. I remember that there were some drawings of his boat and it's layout. He wrote about being alone, the ocean and occasional seagulls. This man loved being alone in his boat on the ocean.

A year ago, I watched *Deep Water*, a documentary about the Sunday Times Race and Donald Crowhurst. I was surprised when Moitessier's name came up as a participant. By the end of *The Long Way*, I had completely forgotten about the race as his initial reason for being on the water for so long. The documentary included some gorgeous footage of Moitessier on Joshua, before dropping out of the race. About leaving his wife for the journey Moitessier said: "You've got to choose between your own life and a woman's and it's got to be your own life doesn't it?" Most of the time I agree with that statement. But then I get lonely and I change my mind.

A friend emailed me last night to tell me that he was sorry he had been out of touch for so long. He wanted to say hello and that he still thought of me. And he was planning to ride his motorcycle to the west coast.

Did I tell you that I was born to be an explorer yet? Well, I am.

Going on a trip, or a journey, or an expedition is something to look forward to. Then you have your experience. Sometimes harrowing. If you make it through, you have a story to tell later. (If you don't make it through, then someone else has a story to tell.) In your living room with tea or whiskey. Being home is more special. And in the back of you're mind you are always planning the next move.

Another book that I borrowed from my father was called *The Lost Sea*, by Jan de Hartog, a Dutch sailor. In the first story, a young boy runs away to become a sailor. First, he becomes a sea mouse, a stowaway on a ship. While on this ship, he overhears a liar (a sailor who tells good stories) tell the tale of a woman who sets off on an adventure to find her lost love. She travels through all of the underwater towns of Holland, searching for her sailor's wrecked ship. Years later, the boy who heard this story, returned to Holland, to the towns he grew up in. He found them greatly changed: the land that was once underwater had been reclaimed.

I am also a sailor and a storyteller.

**

The preceding text was written in January, March, and April of 2010. It's not finished yet. Stories never are.

Jessica Watson finished her sailing trip in 210 days, arriving home on May 15. She succeeded in becoming the youngest person to sail around the world singlehandedly. A week after her return she announced that she was dating Mike Perham, who previously held that same record.

Dutch sailor Laura Dekker won her fight with the Dutch courts for permission to begin her solo sailing trip around the world. She began her journey in August.

Abby Sunderland's journey ended much differently. Her boat was dismasted in a knock down with a huge wave in the Indian Ocean, resulting in a big search and rescue. Sunderland is now back home and writing a book with the author of Sarah Palin's biography.

This summer, I spent some time exploring the hills in south western Wisconsin. I found a tractor and a mountain.

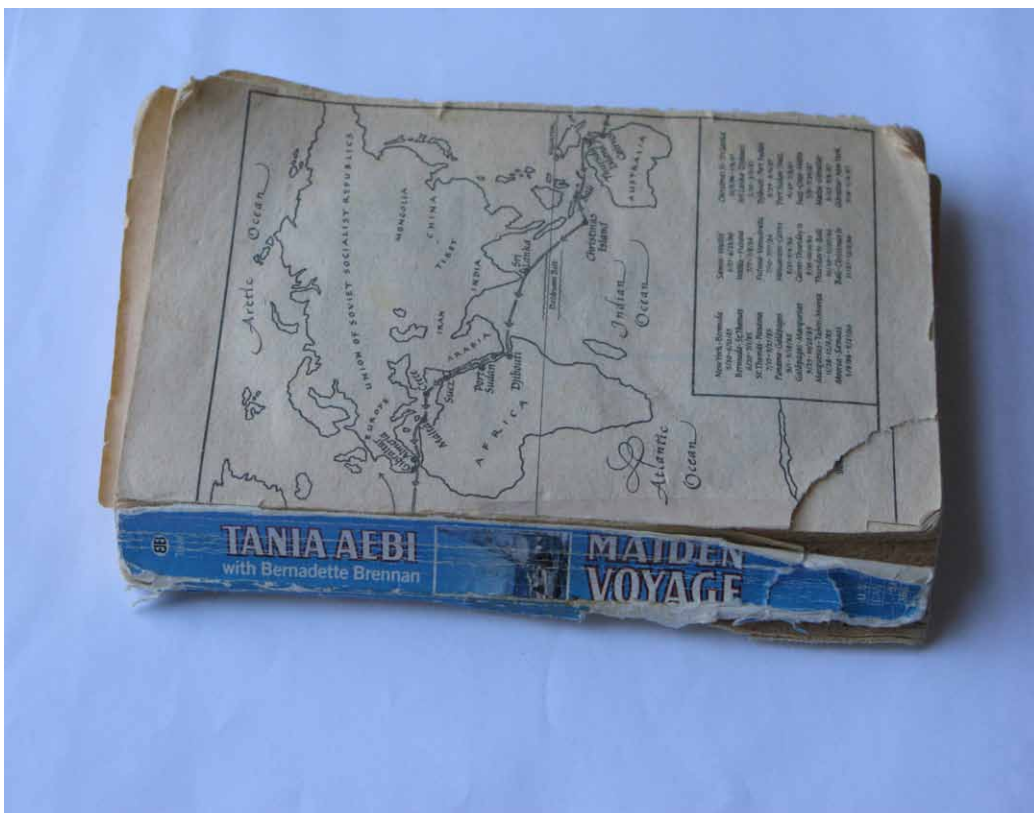
Moir is on her way back to Vienna. The volcanic ash is long gone. I will follow her there in December.

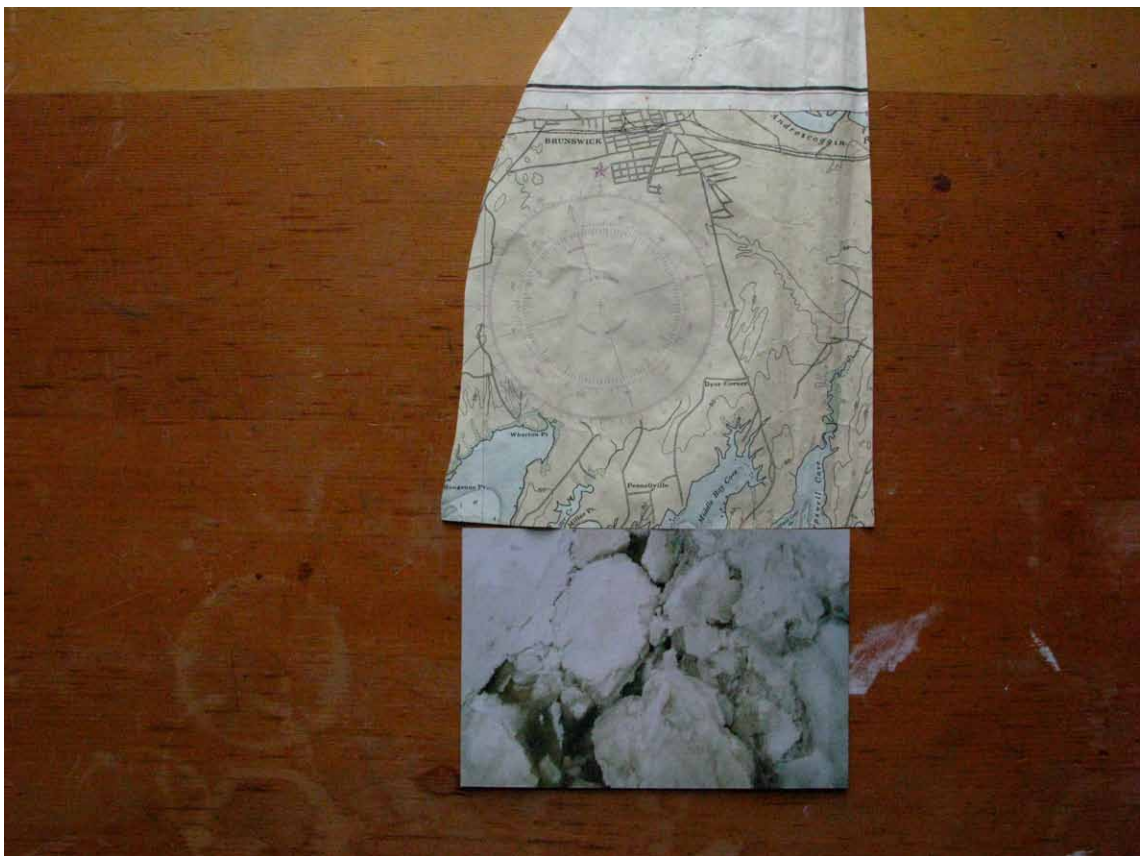
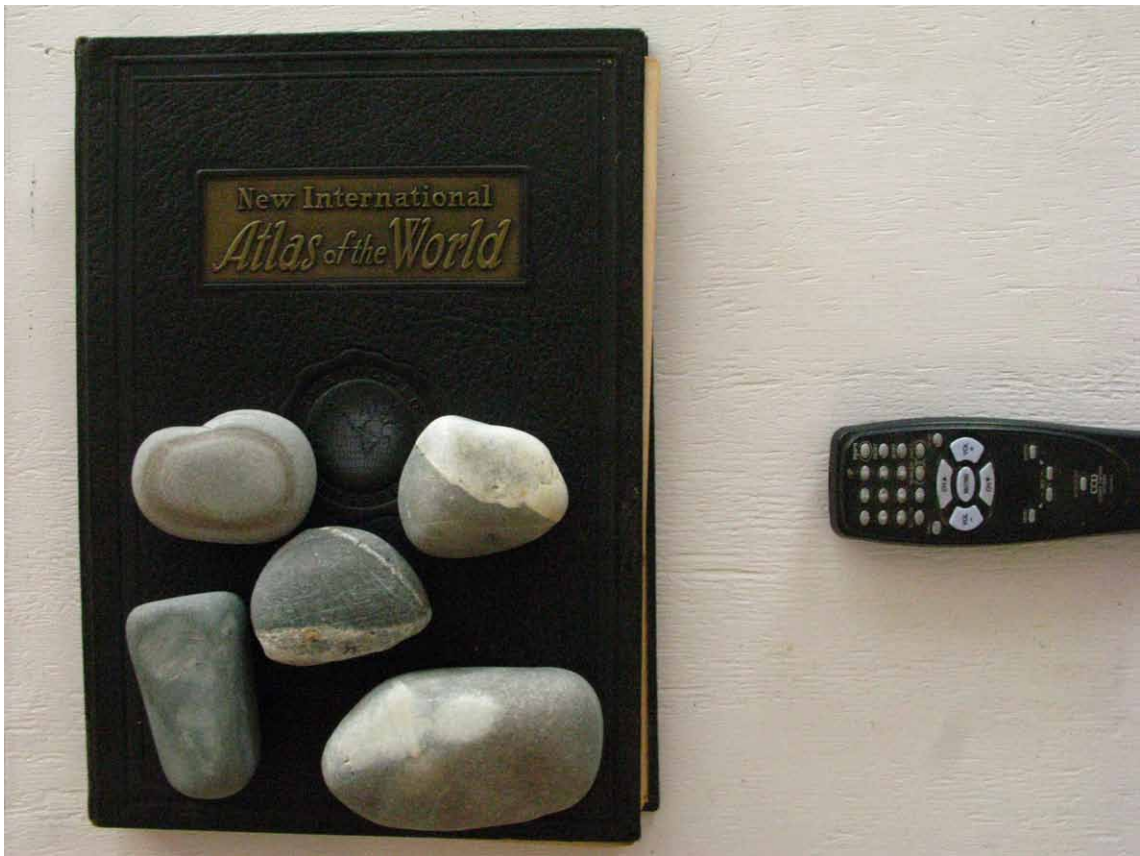
Yesterday morning I woke up thinking about New Orleans. When I checked my email, I had a message from an Italian with whom I recurrently flirt, asking if I would take her there to see what it is like after a hurricane and an oil spill. I said yes and asked her when. I'm waiting for her response.

Rebecca Mir - September 2010



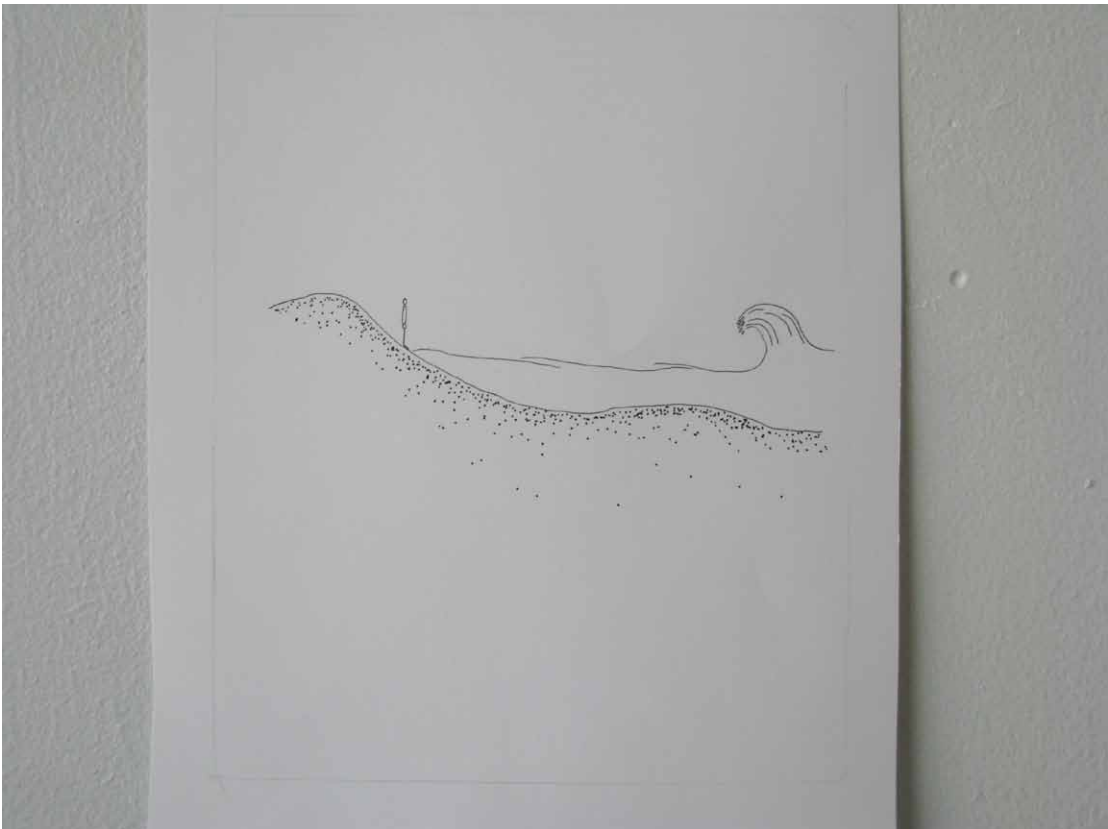
Exploration part two



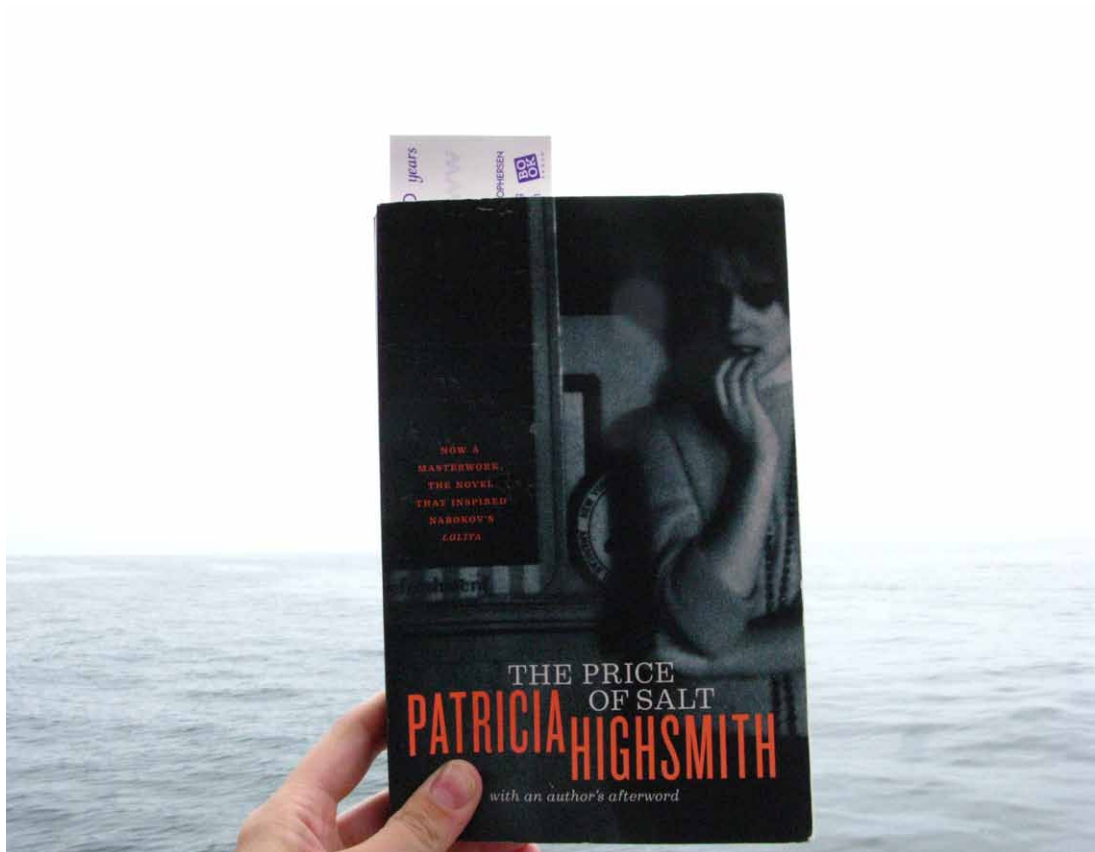
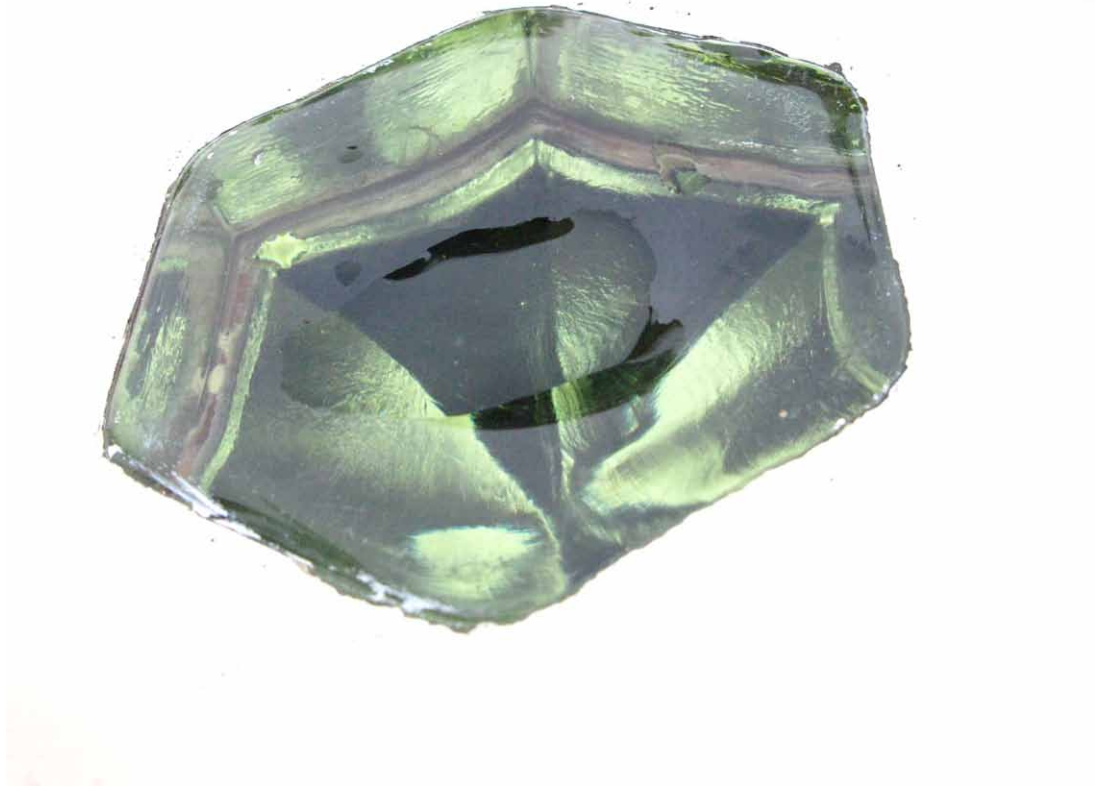




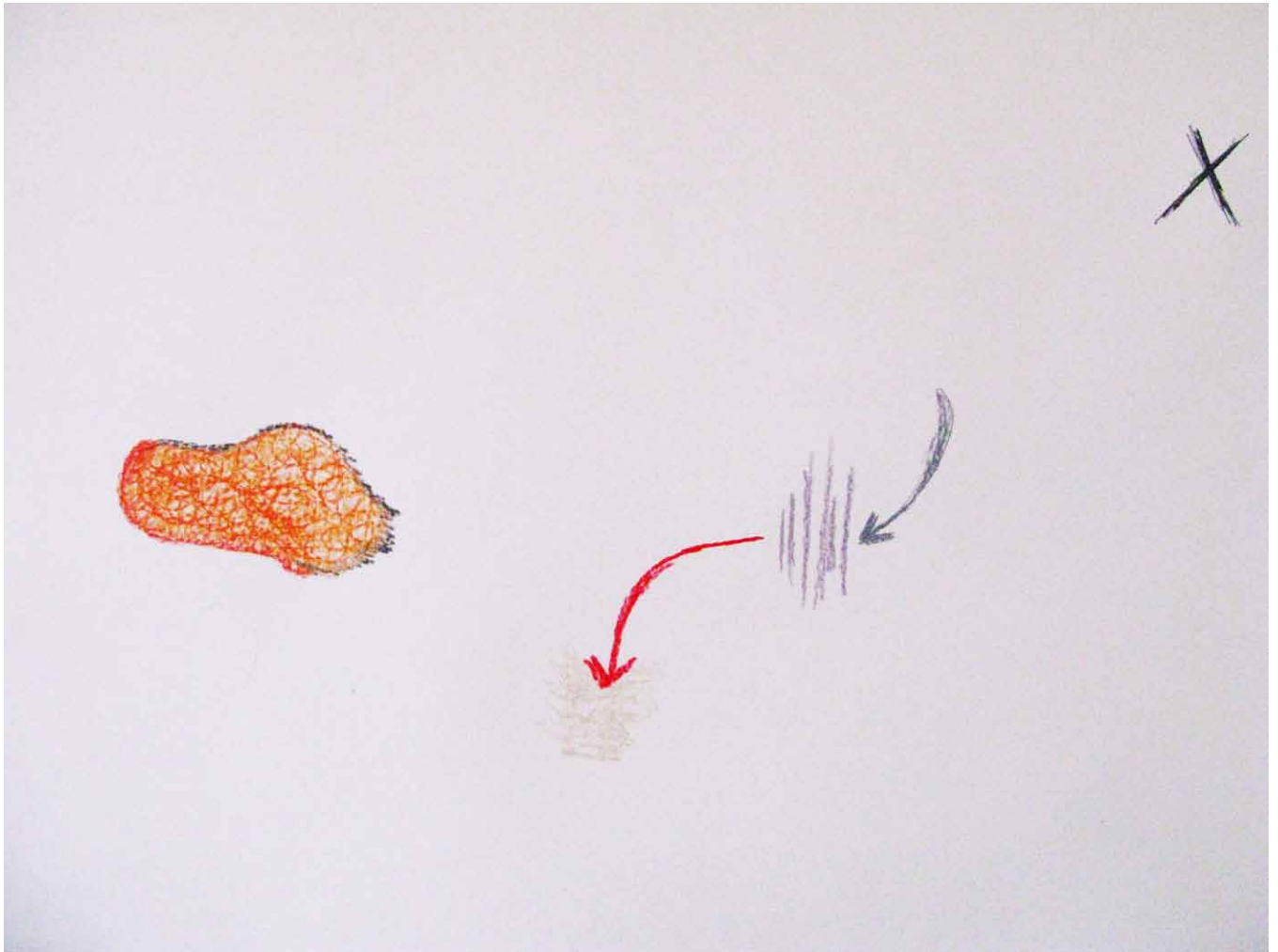
Rebecca Mir



Rebecca Mir



Rebecca Mir



Staring at the Sea / Maiden Voyage

A New Atlas / Compass Rose

Deliver / Kissing/St. Ann

Waves / Wave

Pineapple Ketch / I Looked Throught for a Sign, But There Were Too Many

The Way There



Zach **Clark**

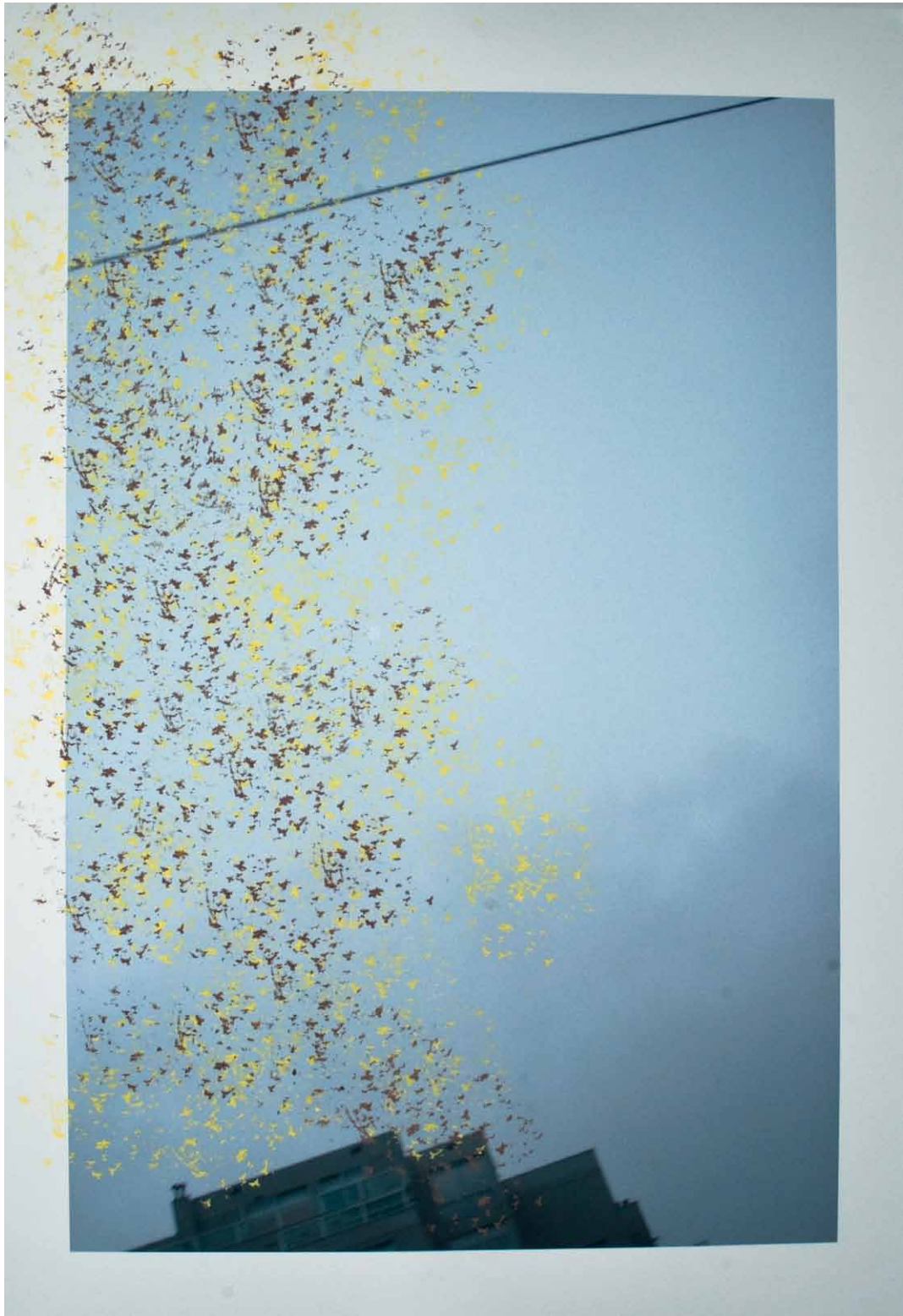
Migrant

Excerpts from *Local/Tourist*



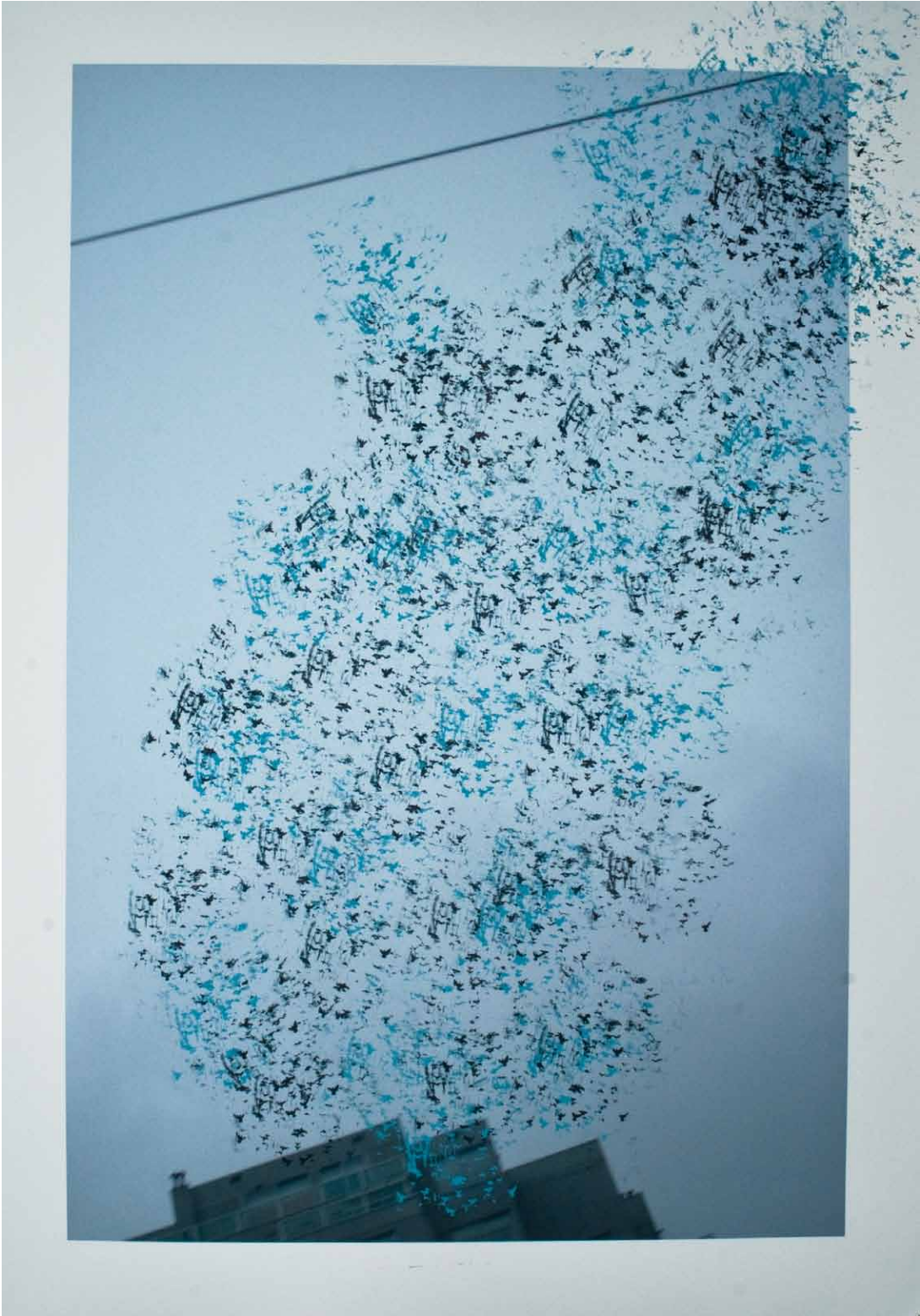
Piccadilly

Zach Clark



Vancouver 1

Zach **Clark**



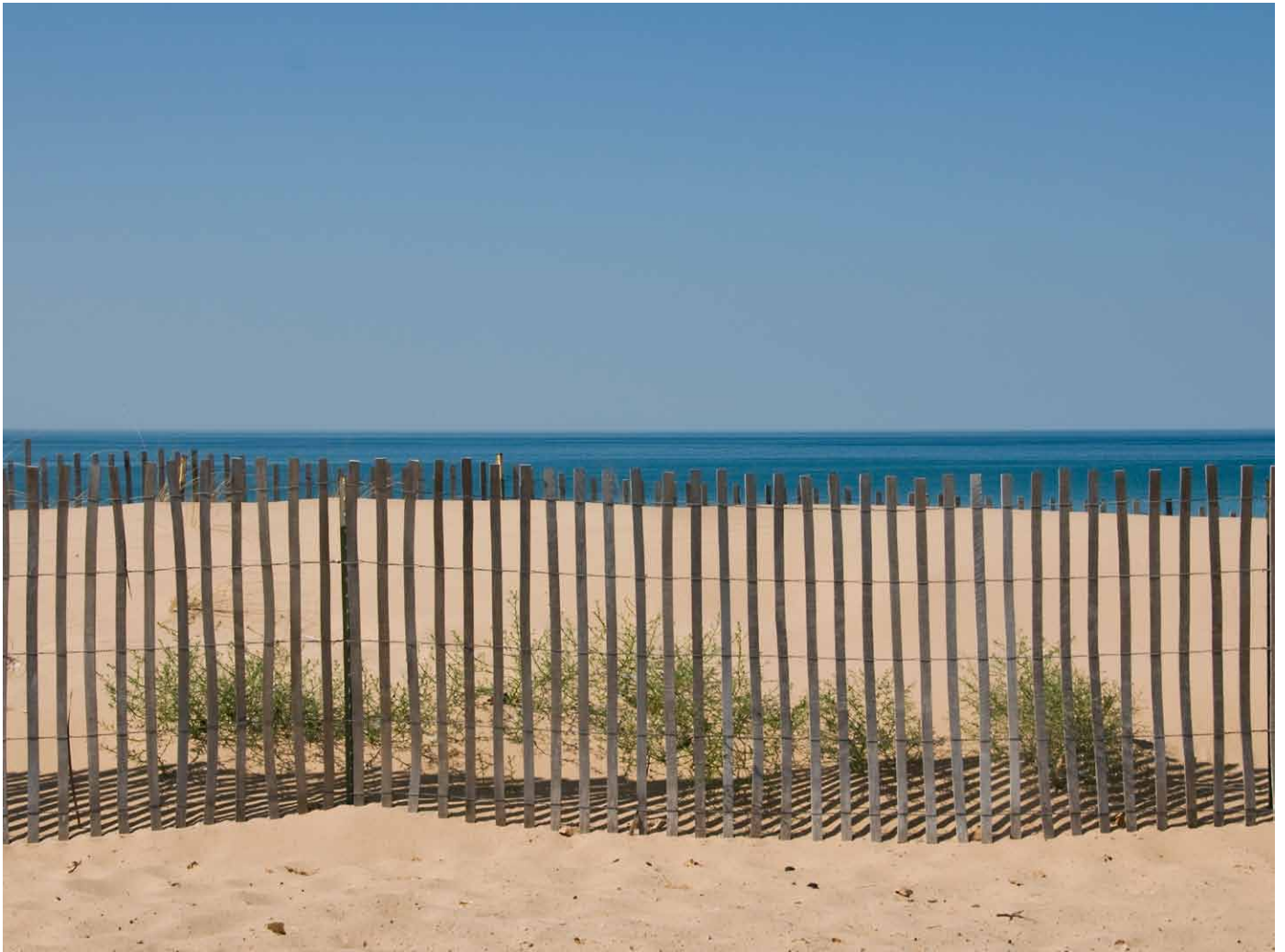
Vancouver 3

Zach **Clark**

Timothy **Burkhart**

Beaches

"Beaches are places where millions of Americans retreat to vacation in the summer season. In the Midwest they are often manufactured locations that are exploited only a few months out of the year. These spaces are filled with objects that are there to serve a purpose to beach goers; they are also spaces masked with the remnants of people that have pillaged the site. What happens when the people are taken out of the equation? How do these objects or remnants interact with the beach now that humans aren't around to frequent the land? These are questions that I contemplated while working on this project."













Kaitlin McGaw

Those Left Behind

Like every other white female in her 30s, I read *Eat, Pray, Love* when it came out, and spent a week in a trancelike state imagining how amazing my life could be if I was Liz Gilbert. To have a year to indulge in international adventure with no budget, no firm plans, and no obligations to anyone, and to focus solely on taking care of one's soul; I believe a unanimous "hell yea" was heard coast-to-coast from women feeling trapped in their homes, relationships, lives and abandoned dreams.

When I started envisioning my transformation to international travel writer, the publishing deal and advance was the first easy-to-imagine dream. (So what that I was a singer? I'm sure the publishers would see the promise from my song lyrics and dusty college thesis and drop cash on me like the dying record labels once did on promising nobodies.) Next step to global bliss: wave goodbye to my apartment, piano, community, band, car, patterns and press pause on my musical journey. Leave it all behind. (Wait... even my cell phone? Huh. She really got by overseas without a phone for a year. Maybe she cut that part out to keep the intrigue.)

As for the destinations, I could certainly survive four months in Italy with amazing menus and hot men; that seemed like a foray into being a Carrie Bradshaw. The months of 4 a.m. yoga in India – that would be an adjustment. When I do yoga (a few times a year when on a back-to-tranquility kick), I'm reminded that I am built to play ice hockey, and certainly cannot twist into a knot or balance on a finger while sweating my ass off. Plus this ashram plan sounded like some sort of San Francisco retreat. I'm pretty sure the people who leave San Francisco to go find their guru or inner guru in these yoga studios in India end up running into each other and Facebooking each other there, all the same. But meditation was on my to-do list, so heck, I'd do it.

Ending the trip in Bali would be no problem – sounded like the quintessential vacation story. Riding a bike, meeting the local folks, falling in love – I believe this is where I was completely enchanted.

But then amidst my reverie of becoming Liz Gilbert, I felt this thorn. How did she leave everyone behind, and not struggle with that on her journey?

She lost me there.

The first time I truly left home was in 1998, to spend six months first traveling in Southern Africa and then studying in Cape Town. I was 20 years old, a fresh-faced suburban girl overly aware of my international, class and race privilege. I was not sure of what I would see or learn on the road, but I was decisive to not take any National Geographic-like postcard photos of the people I would meet along my travels. It crept me out when people would come home with pictures of the locals like game, and rote sets of storylines reflecting the ultimate authentic experience. Storylines that left me saying, "Yes, we know that kids beg from you at every street corner. That people burn trash. That dogs don't have names and collars and "LOST:reward" posters associated with them." Got it.

I would write a different story in my travels, as would my two male travel mates – a 6'4" white New Yorker and a 5'5" Korean-American. With our small backpacks and analytic banter, we traversed South Africa, Mozambique, Malawi, Zimbabwe, and Tanzania, listening and sharing observations, determined to not carry a big stick along the way. Granted, amidst my somewhat self-righteous consciousness of the collector nature of travelers, I nonetheless struggled with the urge to take home all of the expected gifts from my African experience. We analyzed handicrafts that seemed unique, haggled, and checked names off our list of the people we wanted to share it all with at home. I kept a journal to tell the stories one day of: the walls and fences that showed the intense love of Tupac, the Chinese food restaurant thriving in a dusty junction in rural Malawi, the strange realization when watching an African-American comedy in Zimbabwe that Americans condone women

looking unnecessarily provocative. All that to say, I regret not taking more photos. Somehow miles and miles of travel on the back of a truck sandwiched behind rice bags seems to lend itself to a visceral memory more so than a 4x6 snapshot might.

The trip was at a pivotal time in my life. I had become depressed at Harvard, and was becoming caloused in a negative pattern of thinking and judgment. I had lost my light-heartedness. I traveled to another continent to leave my depression behind, discover new ideas and happier ways of living. When I got to Cape Town to settle down into school, I learned one of my friends from home had just lost her mom, from a battle with cancer. My heart just sank. I had not been available or there for my friend, nor could I be for another few months. While I had spent the summer roaming and recuperating, I was completely ignorant to what my friend was going through.

In that moment I realized the cost of leaving. What I needed to do was leave home to grow, but in doing so I abandoned my connections and obligations to those I loved. I had always put my friends and family first. I went to college just three miles from my home, and we were tightly interconnected, a knot. That summer I loosened it – and suddenly wasn't so sure whether that was the right idea. To this day every September I mourn the loss of my friend's mom, and tied to that memory, I am reminded that I was not home to help her.

More than ten years later, I'm still trying to find this balance (maybe I should try yoga more often). It's not a complete duality, but here's how I see this choice: I can leave the common experience to learn something completely new or I can stay to learn from within the bounds of the community. I can put myself first even when it doesn't make everyone happy, or I can put others first even when it doesn't fit my plans. Perhaps that's how it all boils down, for the lucky person who can make these choices and compromises. On one hand, I see many of us striving to find peace, trying to feel at home in the world. We quit jobs to pursue music, we invest in school to try something new, we move to a new city or country to explore a part of ourselves that needs to be discovered. On the other hand, I see folks trying to find their way back home from the life they may have led thus far. Travelers moving home, people following their parents' examples for lifestyle, folks reconnecting with childhood friends.

Perhaps leaving ends in a journey to recover home. (Attention all publishers: this was the subject of my dusty college thesis on South Africa. So feel free to invest away!) When I left Boston for what I thought was a temporary move to San Francisco, I left much like I did for South Africa, with the hopes to discover a part of myself that needed to emerge, and the plan to turn around and come back. I didn't realize that music was what I was seeking, and that this community would be the richest soil for me to become the musician I am today. Ten years has passed, which means I'm now officially a local here. Still, I travel to Boston 3-5 times a year and call my friends and parents almost everyday. And now I don't know what is left behind; I'm torn between two cities. Thus I keep a doorstep in both homes, Boston and San Francisco; I'm split.

Because I haven't yet found gold, I haven't been able to travel internationally much since I moved to California. But there is so much to discover right here in my community, amongst strangers and friends. I'm endlessly curious to learn from the people I encounter – a man on the bus, a skater at the hockey rink, my neighbor's father visiting from Israel – I take in each story that people share with me and my horizons are constantly expanding. And I have barely paid a bridge toll to experience it.

I've seen the opposite, the insatiable traveler. The man whose credit card and appetite guide a quick purchase of flights, hotel rooms and a new backpack in the time it takes to run to the grocery store. Each trip boiled down to a habitual science, with a beginning/middle/end and a constant departure to the next. But with all of the trips and movement, where is the time to invest in love and the people that welcome you home?

Travel can make us wiser and more thoughtful people. There is more than strip malls and Project Runway to expand our minds, indeed. I've read and been inspired by the books on the four-hour work week and creating a renegade life path not bound to a country, city, house, or place. It's quite cosmopolitan to not have any commitments, to evade state income tax laws, and to be able to rattle off places one has lived like listings in a black book. But I am left thinking I can still expand at that level in my community by reaching out in my daily life to do something unusual, talk to someone I might never have met. And yes, I hold onto hopeful visions that my music will take me on the road to see and experience places like India, Bali, Italy and Ireland (this time maybe I'll bring my camera). Wherever I go, I want to stay connected to the community the way I do here in my new city. I'll just have to remember that part of that vast expansion of experience is that I will leave part of my heart behind.

Suzanne Makol

The Tourist

"Reflecting back on a trip, our memories are heavily influenced on the photographs we took along the way. In fact, showing off pictures to friends is commonly the first thing we do when returning from a trip. Instead, these pictures are reminiscent of the blurry, fading images more true to the way our brain actually recalls our experiences. Our mind recalls specific details with clarity, while blurring out other details almost entirely. Oftentimes it is the anticlimactic details we remember, rather than the famous monuments."

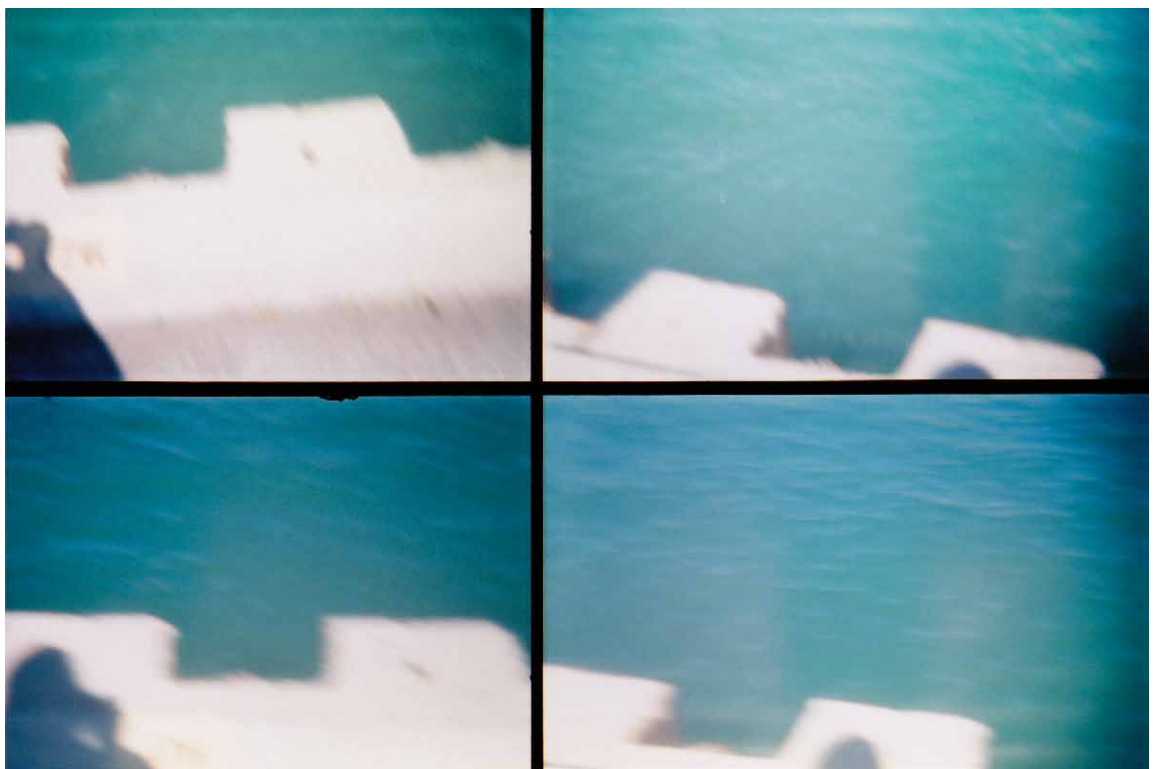














ISSUE #1: *Tourism* / **CONTRIBUTOR BIOS**

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ISSUE #1: *Tourism* / **COMPOSITE INFO**

Composite is a Chicago based quarterly electronic magazine aiming to showcase the work of artists working in multiple disciplines focusing around an issue specific theme.

More information can be found through the following vehicles:

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Composite is the brain-child and uncompensated project of:

Zach Clark is Chicago based artist with a complicated locational situation and a very healthy relationship with liquid and solid consumables. This month he is a temporary Texan. More information on his work can always be found at www.zachclarkis.com

Kara Cochran is a jack-of-all-trades. As a child, Kara raised rabbits in the country. She is the granddaughter of hog farmers. Kara lives in the City with Wolfgang the cat.

Xavier Duran visits language when convenient. Leaves when there isn't any good wine. You can view his work at www.xavierduran.com.

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