



COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

No. 10 Interact

Winter 2012

COMPOSITE INFO

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Composite is a quarterly electronic magazine showcasing the work of artists from multiple disciplines, each issue focusing around a specific theme.

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A typical pedestrian conversation about art is probably about paintings. Students go to Art School planning to learn how to draw, how to take pictures, maybe how to sew. The caricature of the artist and author is a tortured, self-involved dreamer who probably has a drinking problem. Whatever the splashes on the canvas or words on the page may be, popular stereotypes suggest they are likely not interested in creating to strengthen and encourage relationships.

With this issue, and honestly, a lot of our issues, we've brought together a collection of creatives looking to move beyond this. Call it Social Practice. Call it Relational Aesthetics. Call it Post Modernism. Whatever you choose to call it, more and more artists are interested in working in a context that exists way outside of the normal vernacular, and it's usually because they place a priority in working with and directly for others.

To us, Composite is an example of this Ethos. We're all active artists and authors. I'm a painter who is constantly annoyed with how little time I spend in a studio I actually pay rent for. Joey is an MFA writing candidate. Kara, Suzie, and Xavier are trained photographers, with only Xavier trying to get an honest future working towards a Masters in Library Sciences. We're all working to chip away free time to work on our own art. However, over the last two years, I've had to wrap my head around the idea that the majority of my practice now exists outside of a studio, not actually creating much of my own.

At risk of sounding like the tortured archetype, I'm fully aware we're not alone. Plenty of fellow artists have left the dark rooms and wood shops to focus on maintaining residencies, curating work, running blogs, and helping others to pull off whatever crazy plans they have. We're proof that pre-school worked. Artists today realize there are too many of us to all be Jeff Koons, so we'll focus on sharing and working together to create the experiences, conversations, and cultures we're interested in.

Zach Clark
Composite Editor

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Cover: Happy Collaborationists present Claire Ashley's Ruddy Udder Dance
(August 2012, ACRE Residency) Photo by Josh Korby

In the second half of the 20th century, visual artists became interested in doing more than making objects and pictures. Here, writers have been ahead of the curve, as plays have been performed for roughly 2,500 years. Where the Bauhaus, Fluxus, and Happenings brought performance into the fine art vernacular, the rise of new media required artists to continue playing catch-up, working with photo, video, and sound to create new ways of capturing, creating, and experiencing art. But still, art remained largely about the individual artist's opinions, emotions, and experiences.

This all began to change in the 70's and 80's. For as little concrete cohesion Postmodernism was able to give us in both the literary and visual arts, it did largely set in motion the idea that art's content could be user guided and experienced. The "death of the artist" supports the viability of audience-influenced and generated art. We became active participants rather than just viewers.

Today, we see Creatives working in collaborative collectives outside of any one defined medium. Social Practice has become more about a shared experience than personal expression. The role of critic and clearing-house has given way to more accessible forms of distribution and curatorial practice through self-publishing, blogs, and podcasts. We've become more interested in mining for information and sharing it openly, hoping to complete the one-way conversation present in galleries and museums. We're looking for interaction.

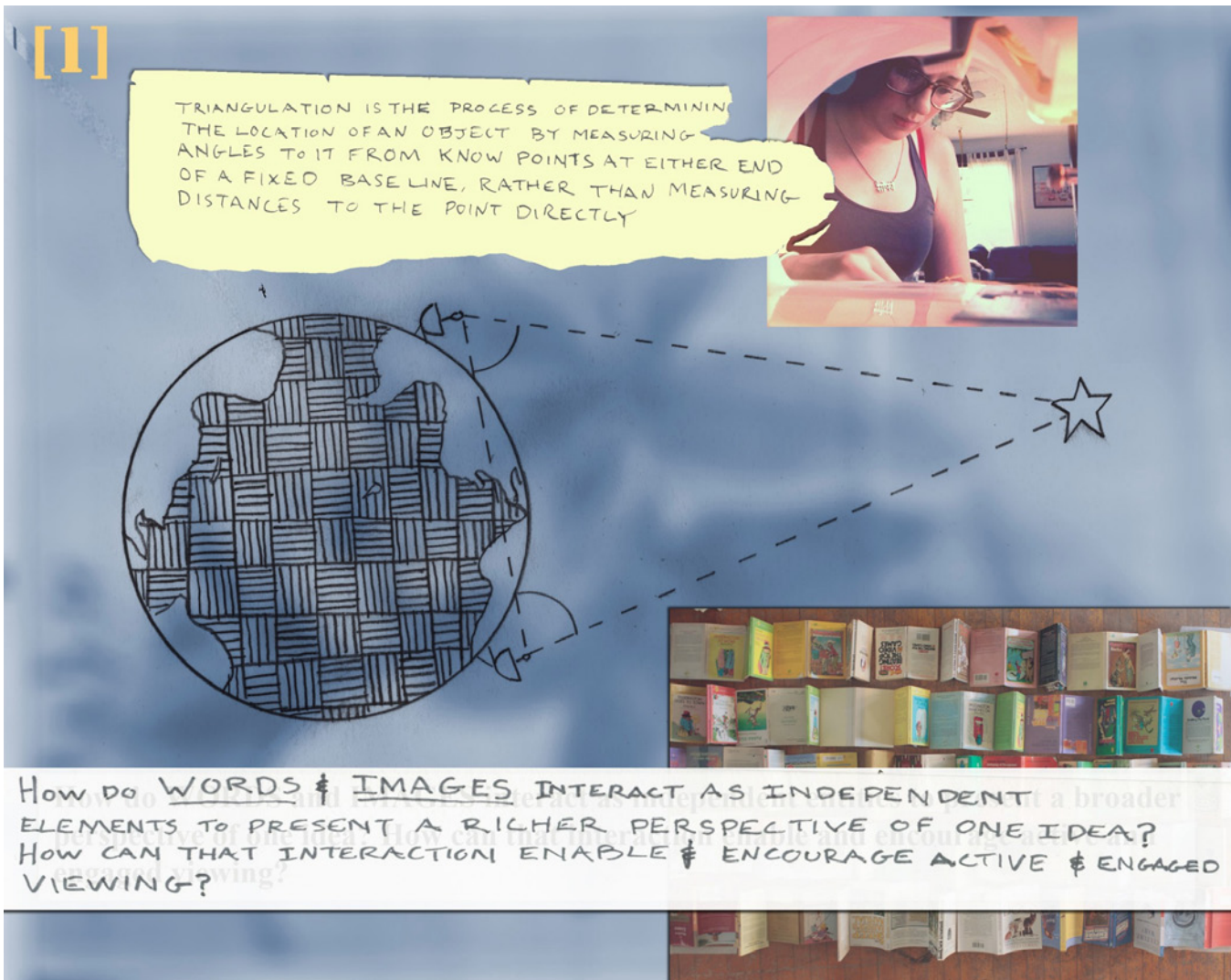
Interact

In lieu of death, we've become more humble—maybe. We recognize we don't hold all of the answers, and that opinions and perspectives outside of our own are vital to our understanding of the world. By getting out of the way, we hope to spark a dialogue that others can engage with; and in doing so, we guarantee that entering into the 21st century the Creative will remain alive and well.

Tiny **Circus**

The Last Thing We Made





[2]

Process

1. Pick a subject.
Anything you want to
talk about.

2. Talk to people about
the subject.

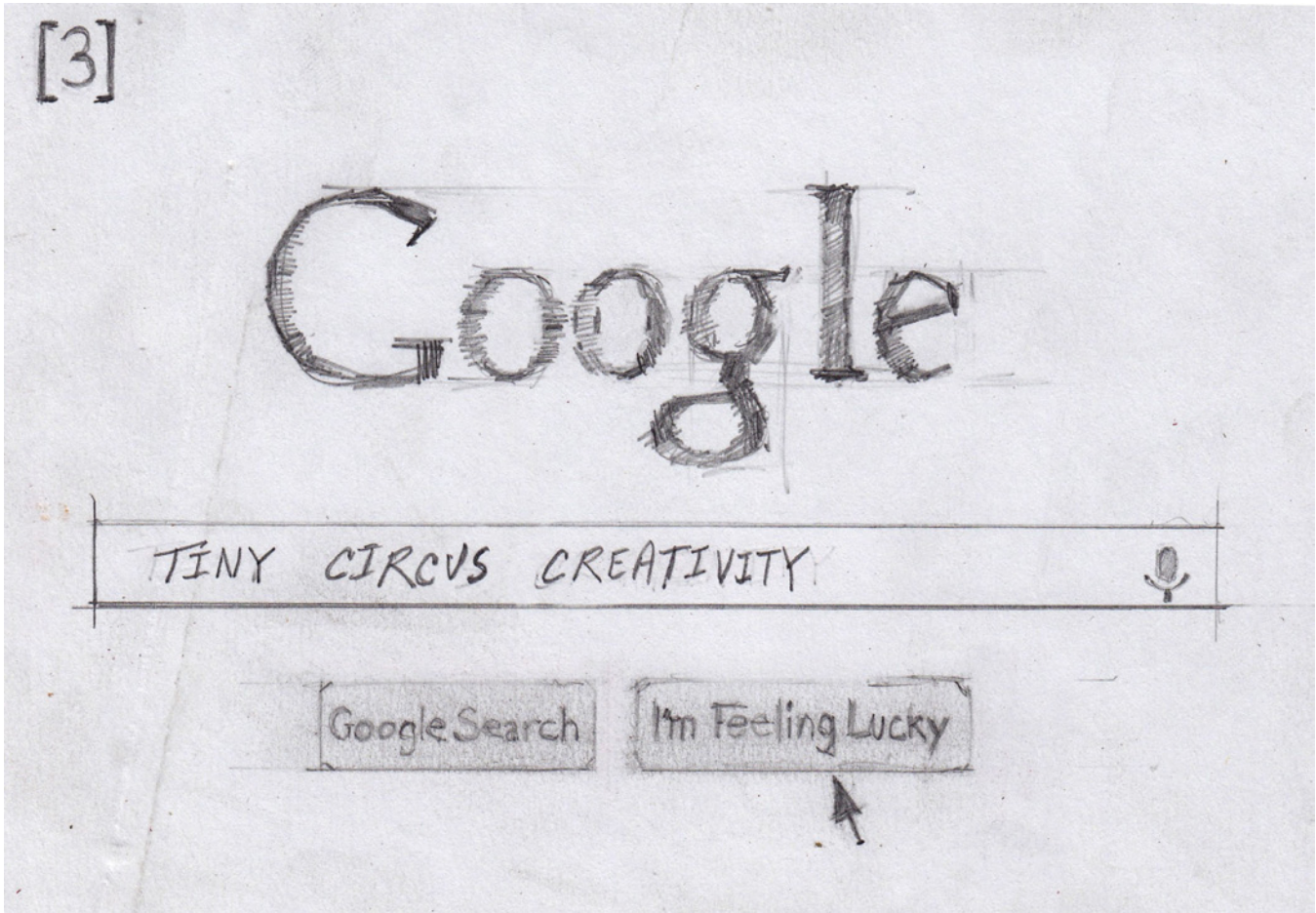


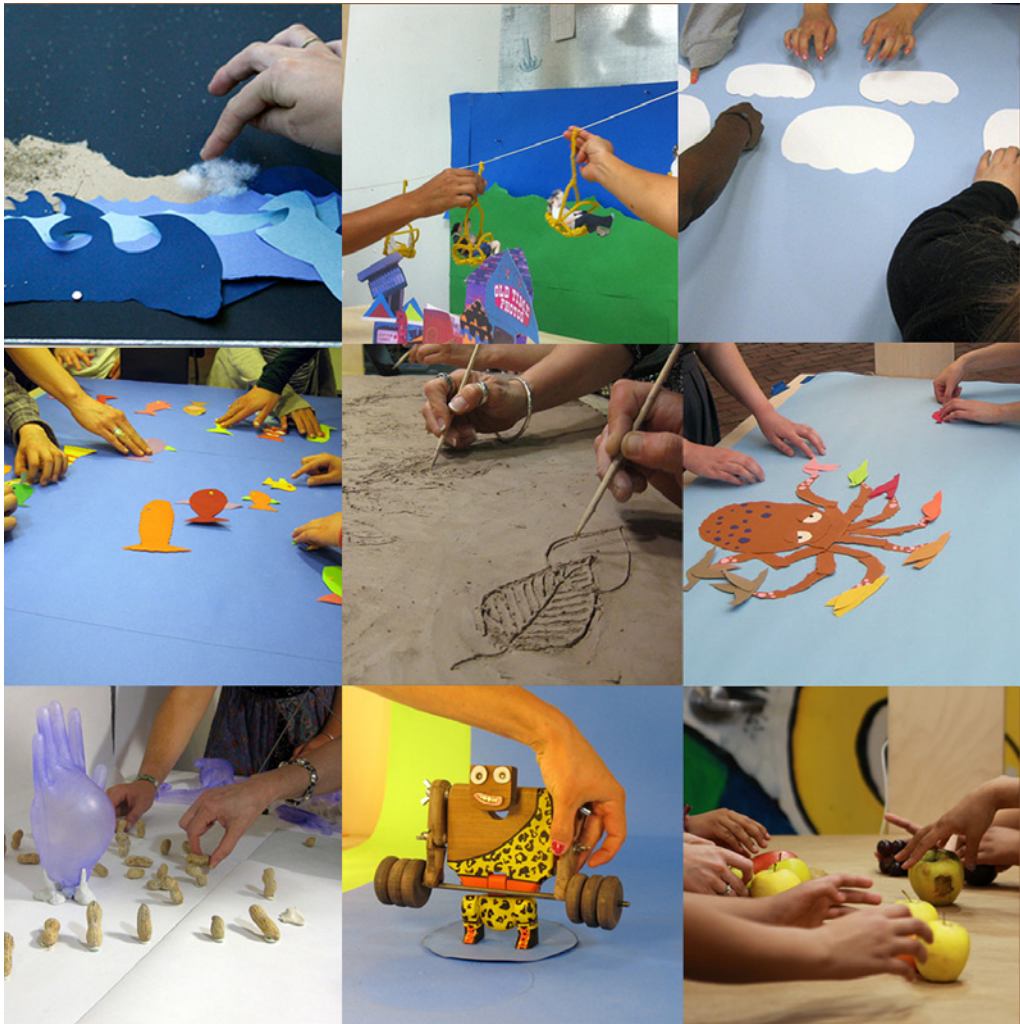
3. Listen to the
audio as a group.
What do you hear?
What are you
discovering about
your project? Are
there patterns?

4. Create a thesis for
your piece that emerges
from conversation about
what you heard in the
audio.

5. Create audio and visual components
independently with the thesis in mind.







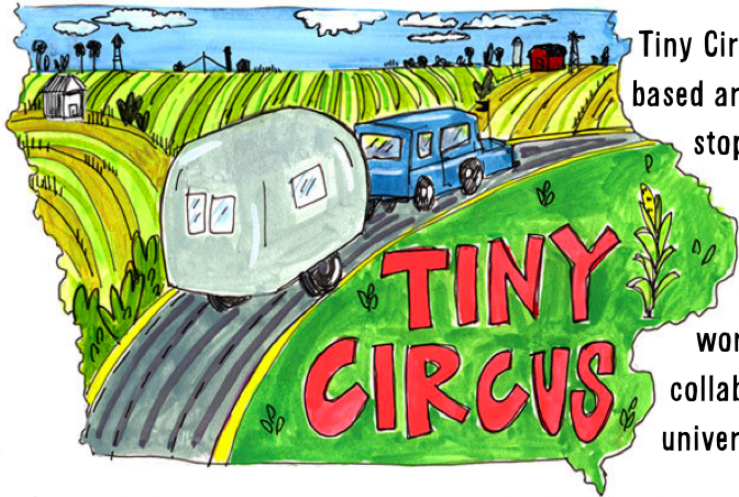
[4]
ALL
HANDS
ON
DECK

⁵ Our “problem” is a passive, disengaged audience.

As viewers, we are all less likely to be passive and bored if we have to do a little work. In this case, the work is the act of bridging the words and images that we perceive. This connection-making is a creative act; an internal engagement with the medium. The process of making connections deepens the audience’s pleasure and understanding of the animation.

In filmmaking, we are often drawn to the idea that images and sounds need to be literally paired (if someone mentions a cream puff, we imagine a cream puff!). This is a limitation. To work through it, we must have a clear idea of the thesis that both the audio and visual will address; then we must consider the audio and visual elements creatively and individually. When the animation is created with a specific vision, the audience is set up to effectively make connections in the process of viewing.

[6]



Tiny Circus is a collaborative and community-based art project. The Circus uses the medium of stop-motion animation to create and tell stories. Animations are made during a summer residency where Circus members live and work collectively, or during a tour of collaborative workshops for all ages in schools, universities, festivals, museums, or galleries.

Our collaborative process was originally used to make animated “histories” and “traps” (creative explanations of objects, occurrences and ideas through imaginative storytelling). Recently, we have begun making animations with audio collected through community interaction. This new process allows us to explore complex concepts and create animations driven by the audio with independent visuals.

Stephanie Bassos & Timothy Burkhardt

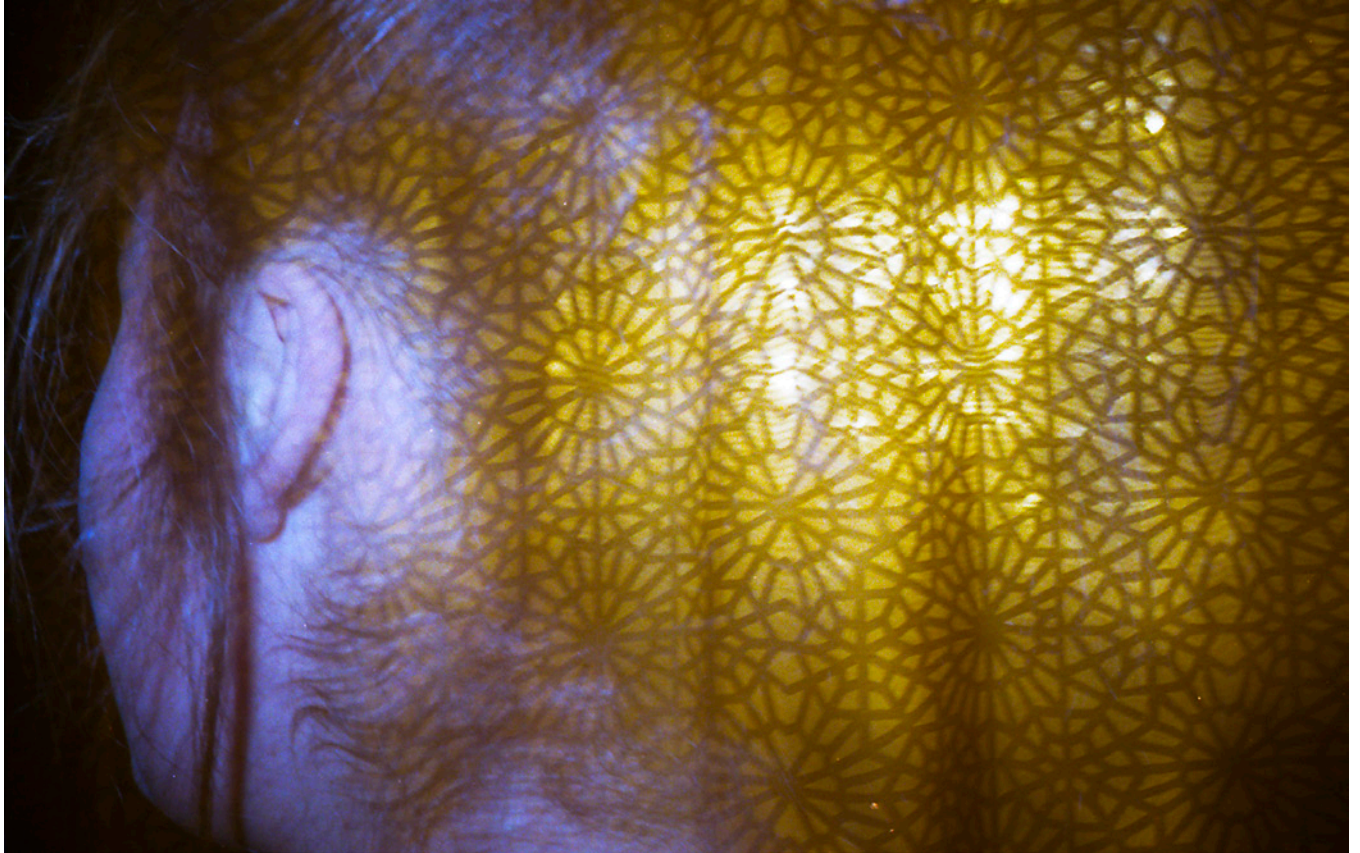
People Vs. Places



People Vs. Places is a photographic collaboration between photographers Timothy Burkhart and Stephanie Bassos. *This double exposure snapshot project allows us to step back from having full control of the image-making process that we embrace in our own personal works and trust in one another*—as well as our camera—to make a cohesive (or incohesive) image. The project allows coincidences to happen naturally on film and shift our perspective on what makes a successful photo while combining our two photographic styles into one uniform project—a feat we couldn’t quite figure out how to accomplish beforehand. Stephanie has a love for portraiture and photographing people, and Timothy has a knack for exploring space and scape, so we had to put our interests into one photographic process. Stephanie exposes a full roll of 35mm film to only “people,” and Timothy reloads the film again into the same camera to expose only “places” and locations to the same roll; this is the simple formula we stick to. Without any discussion of what was shot on the roll, we rely on serendipity to take over and bring the aspect of excitement and mystery back into the shooting process. All of the images within the project are done on film and are not composited digitally.





















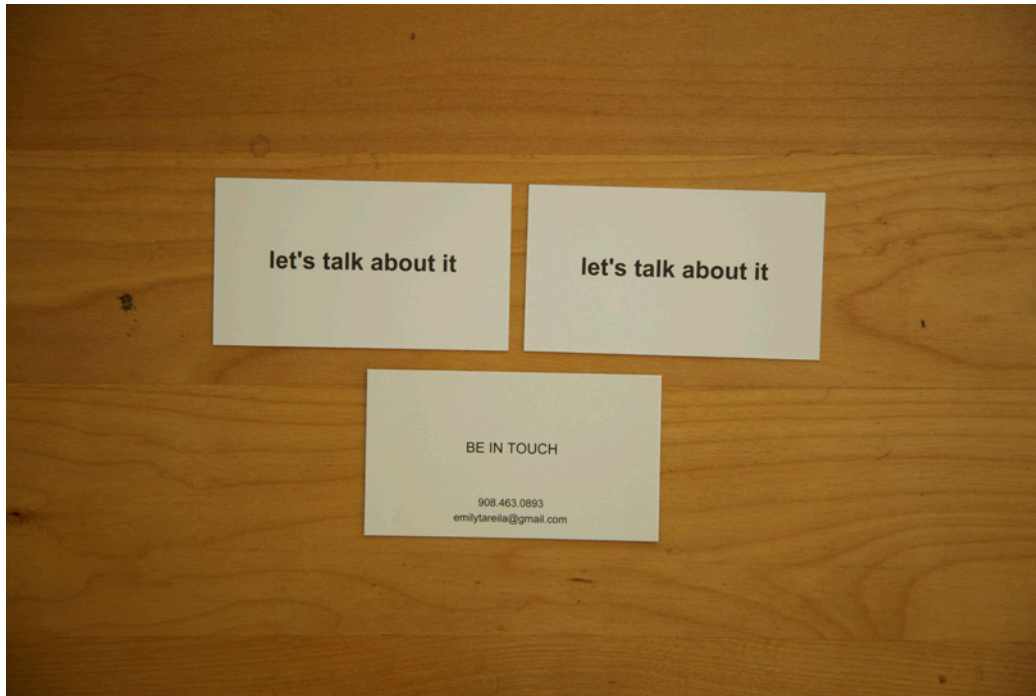
Stephanie **Bassos** & Timothy **Burkhart**



Stephanie **Bassos** & Timothy **Burkhart**

Emily Tareila

Lets Talk About It



I am always thinking about the way things fit together: people, conversations, experiences, words, research, stories, colors, shapes-- how moments take form and hold each other. This inherently provides a multifaceted practice that includes drawing, photography, writing, zines, embroidery, consultation, congregation, cooking, sharing, and songwriting. I make careful lines and find deep satisfaction in marking moments that I overhear, that out of context could be heavy or humorous or tender or, in the best cases, all three.

But I'm also always thinking about how these parts fitting together can create a dynamic chord: from an individual piece to a body of work to the whole artist to a community of artists to a geographic aesthetic to a historized movement and so on. How do these parts transcend the individual to a larger dialogue? How can we make sure these dialogues are critical and productive? How can we help each other get there?



Working with Denali Schmidt, Mia Christopher, and Cory Scozzari (clockwise from top)



When I relocated to the Bay Area in 2010, I was consistently having conversations with people that ended in, “Oh wait let me write that down in a list for you...” or “What was the name of that article you mentioned?” or “Holy cow you really need to meet so and so!” People seemed to be surprised that I was going to look something up they said later, that I had every intention of following up after our conversation in a crowded gallery had ended. I was craving a different kind of dialogue, a criticality about work that I hadn’t had since leaving undergrad. And, without the built-in community and structure of an institution of higher learning, how were artists finding that critical discourse needed to push their practices forward?

Emily **Tareila**

WHERE ARE YOU FROM & HOW LONG HAVE YOU LIVED HERE?

WHAT ARE SOME BURNING QUESTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN ON YOUR MIND?

WHAT IS SOME WORK OR MUSIC OR READING THAT HAS STUCK WITH YOU RECENTLY?

WHAT KIND OF RESEARCH HAVE YOU BEEN DOING RECENTLY?

HOW DO YOU FEEL PHYSICALLY WHEN YOU ARE MAKING WORK?

WHERE DO YOU FEEL LIKE YOU HAVE THE MOST OPEN BRAIN SPACE?

WHOSE WORK DO YOU FEEL AS THOUGH YOU'RE IN CONVERSATION WITH? WHY?

WHAT ARE SOME GOALS OF THIS WORK? DO YOU NEED THOSE GOALS?

WHERE DO YOU THINK THE CENTER OF THE WORK IS? (AESTHETICALLY & CONCEPTUALLY)

WHERE ARE THE OBVIOUS REFERENTS IN THIS WORK? WHERE WILL PEOPLE GO? (ARE YOU COOL WITH THAT?)

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE BRAVE?

WHAT ARE THE COLORS, SHAPES, SUBJECTS, THEMES THAT YOU CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE?

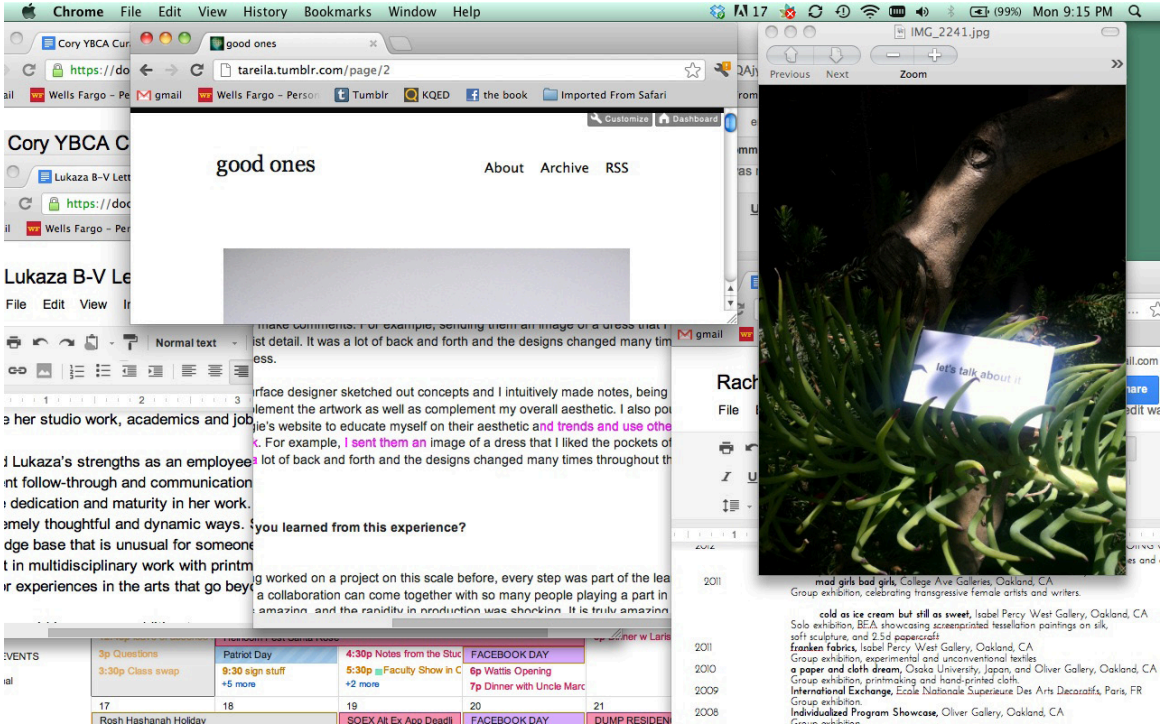
WHAT ARE THE RE-OCCURRING COLORS, SHAPES, SUBJECTS, THEMES THAT YOU ARE CHOOSING TO IGNORE? WHY?

WHAT DO YOU COLLECT?

WHAT DO YOU THROW AWAY?

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL OK ABOUT WALKING AWAY?

QUESTIONS I ASK



I began my free artist's consultancy service, Let's Talk About It, last spring. *I conduct studio visits, try to connect artists to each other, suggest different modes of inquiry and research and help artists market themselves as best as possible to access opportunities.* Sometimes I meet with one person one time, or I work with someone while they're trying to apply to school or for a residency, or to write about their work. After a session, I email notes and supply links, ask follow up questions and keep my own record of our interactions. For a long time I considered making a blog or a zine as a record of these visits, but ultimately the interaction is really just between the artist and myself.

We talk so often about the importance of a sustained practice while working a day job simultaneously, how we need to be showing work constantly, how we need to be producing producing producing. I work with folks on how to make their resumes look top notch so they can snag that day job they're after or gain access to the woodshop they need for their next project. I've become increasingly more interested in talking and working with artists to apply their lens of making to other facets of their worlds, how these spheres of influence and engagement can work with another to create something more dynamic.

Emily Tareila



I am interested in how people speak about themselves, their practices, their work –and how we can begin to listen to each other and create environments, platforms and opportunities for thoughtful discourse. My work hopes to support communities of artists to come together, to become interested in each other, share resources, connect and collaborate.

Emily **Tareila**

Richard Downing

History Dream #14:

Touching Marilyn, Touching God

“Bullshit is an acquired taste, I suppose.” Andy spoke without irony as he put the finishing touches on another soup can.

“I suppose. But not here. Here taste is a given thing. By God.” Michelangelo meant what he said, especially if there was a chance Pope Julius was in earshot.

Andy knew his can would be painted over soon enough. “But you should leave one. Just one.”

“Andrew”—though it seemed odd, Andy liked it when the master referred to him in formal tones—“Andrew, Andrew, you cannot have God touching a soup can.”

Andy looked up—at the ceiling, at God touching a soup can, his—Andrew’s—soup can. “Apparently you can,” he said to the man who no longer stood before him.

Michelangelo had already started to ascend the scaffolding to the ceiling. “Even one and the Pope’ll have my ass and yours.” And just like that a Campbell’s Tomato Soup can—the first one he could reach, not the can touched by God—had become another cherub.

“I give you high marks for technique, Michelangelo. Your cherub looks just like what I supposed a cherub should look like.”

Michelangelo did not acknowledge the compliment. He knew that no one else—past, present, or future—“No one else can paint a cherub that so closely resembles a cherub.”

“But, pray tell, why on earth does the world need another picture of another cherub?”

“Because the...world”—Michelangelo was careful to draw out the word “world”—“has commissioned another cherub. And a picture of man. And of God. Touching man.”

“But no soup can.”

“Yes. No soup can.”

“How about an angel? Full size, I mean?”

Andy's question surprised the master. "Why not an angel?"

"Full size?" Andrew's eyes widened as he spoke.

"I don't see the harm in a...larger angel, Andrew? Do you mean on the ceiling?"

"Where else but up above?"

Michelangelo chose to ignore what he thought was sarcasm. He had reached the top of the scaffolding and the most offensive can. "Can you paint an angel, Andy?" Two bold strokes of azure blue from Michelangelo's brush (a camel hair flat, extra-wide) and the soup can became sky. "Do you even know what they look like? It must be perfect, you know. Flawless. The angel I mean."

"I know what's right behind the wet spot in your sky. I still know what that looks like."

For a moment Michelangelo lay silent, his back on the scaffolding. "We're talking about angels here, Andrew."

"She should be lush." Andy adjusted his wig.

"Lush, Andrew?"

"Lush."

"Lush."

Michelangelo began to paint the man who would touch God, be touched by God.

[Later Andrew will remark that he finds Michelangelo's man to be attractive, even cute—"a little limp in the wrist but great abs." That will be the end of Andrew's apprenticeship. But for now...]

"Are you even listening to me, Andrew?" Michelangelo had already blocked in his man.

"Do you even know what an angel is supposed to look like?"

Andy squeezed some red onto his palette. "For the lips." Yes, he knew. "Slightly parted." Yes, he knew how his angel would look.

Bill & Mary **Buchen**

Invention, Percussion, and Urban Spaces



I've studied music and percussion since I was seven years old. In 1971, I married an artist Mary Buchen in Minneapolis, Minnesota. We always loved the music of our time: Miles Davis, Jimi Hendrix, Carlos Santana. One interdisciplinary artist really attracted our attention, the composer and instrument maker Harry Partch. Mr. Partch used found objects like rocket nose cones and Pyrex beakers to make an amazing sculptural array of melodic percussion and, in addition, he invented his own scale and composed for it.



We worked various jobs as musicians and servers in Country Western bars (Launching Pad) and saved money in 1975 for a three month trip to Brazil. This experience exploring the percussion of South America was very transformative. Upon our return we formed a band with instruments we had designed, invented and played in concert throughout Minneapolis and eventually in New York City, where we moved in 1977.

We moved to the East Village neighborhood of New York City where we still live. It had—and still has—a strong Latino culture and the nights were thick with August heat and the sounds of timbales, congas and clave on the cowbell. At the time we were reading a book called *Music, Science and Physics* by Harry F. Olsen. It had revolutionized the way we look at a drum set! All of a sudden cymbals were “plates fixed in the center” and drum heads were “membranes fixed on the edges.” One day we were walking and saw our neighbors play an impromptu jam session on a mailbox. It was like a bolt of lightning hit, a eureka moment, a tipping point. They weren’t mailboxes. They were “plates fixed on sides.”



We spent many hours at the Musical Instrument Shelf at the New York Public Library and the Musical Instrument Room at the Metropolitan Museum of Art researching musical instruments. Visionary thinkers and sculptors like Buckminster Fuller, Ismael Noguchi, Constantine Brancusi and I.M. Pei were very influential. We devoured every book we could find on musical instruments from around the world and dreamed of sounds from Indonesia, Africa, Thailand, Burma and India.

The result of this research was an ensemble we formed called Boneworks, which was our first big break in New York. We performed compositions based on African rhythms combined with minimalist percussion. The instruments were sculptural, anthropomorphic xylophone shapes as well as harps made from antlers. We were awarded grants to perform the work at the Kitchen in NYC and other venues. Then the director of the American Craft Museum Paul J. Smith came by our loft after the show and said he'd like to put our work in a new exhibition he was having based on musical instruments. We asked, "Which work?" He said, "I'll take it all and make you artists in residence for three months." This was good news, as we were down to eleven dollars in our bank account and just had gotten a miraculous unsolicited grant from a fund set up by John Cage and Jasper Johns!



Later that year we were asked to make an artwork in the Niagara River Gorge at Artpark in Buffalo, NY. We had been reading an amazing book called *The Tuning of the World* by R. Murray Schaeffer, and it influenced us to make a wind harp that referenced bridge structures found on the Niagara River at Art Park. ***The work, “Wind Bow”, was our first public artwork and set the stage for the next thirty years of work: permanent outdoor works based on sound, architecture and design.***

In the early 90's we received a commission for \$180,000 to build a sound playground at a new New York City school in the Bronx. We designed the whole project on the small underpowered Mac, which was a lot like building a ship in a bottle. We read books on architectural drawings, how to make concrete forms, landscape architecture; and, around the time of this amazing opportunity, we came up with the idea of Sonic Architecture. In the early 80's, we got a grant for music composition from the New York Foundation for the Arts and spent it all on a Mac Classic. \$3500 for a beige box that had 612k of ram. We acquired a program called Mac Draft, and that was the beginning of our design practice, and we've been designing interactive artworks for the public since.



Bill & Mary **Buchen**





Maria Hofman

The Waiting Room with Grandma and Great Grandma

We are in Petra. Alma stumbles,
a zombie in a dark, dank basement.
There's something about her eyes,
darker than the caverns where you brought me as a child
where the hand in front of my face became black space.
Like water from stalactites, the nightmare drips into my soul.

This is no Petra. This must be a place for lost souls.
I remember she is dead. There are no angels here, only stumbling
zombies and the ones they loved in confined space,
leading them to the elevator by the rocks in the basement.
Together, we guide her through the darkness as though she were a child.
You say keep your faith with a glance of your eyes.

This does not change what you believe. Trust not what you see with your eyes,
There are no buttons in this elevator, now filled with three souls.
The sea-glass box, clear as crystal, lifts. I fight back soughs of a child.
It seems to run on my fear as it rises. My heart stumbles
as we lift toward the red sun and leave the basement.
The doors open, and we are in a clouded space.

No, it's only red dust, like the pictures I saw in your storage space
of you and Dad in the Petrified Forest, the rocks only a little lighter than your eyes.
We are in an outdoor waiting room above the basement.
The dead, undead, and living in dead silence, souls
still, reverent, terrified, not even a murmur or stumble.
Walking towards me is a beast of a man who was never a child,

a beast with feet glowing like bronze in a furnace, the cry of a sick child
steaming from his pores. Each body moves to give him space.
He has the face of a stately man and never once stumbles.
His body is covered with grimacing eyes.
His hair is coarse like a lion's mane. I wonder if he was once a dead soul.
Horns of an ox as a crown, he is more appalling than the zombies in the basement.

Lining his back are six eagle-wings to fly him to and from the basement.
Flashes of lightning and peals of thunder escape dark lips, small like those of a child.
He sings the chorus of dead souls:
who was, and is, and is to come. He summons me to a space,
to a black and gold book of names. I scan it anxiously with my eyes.
Alma's name appears in blood letters, and I sign beside it as my hand stumbles.

At the sight of the beast with a bronze scepter, I stumble.
Bejeweled with onyx and rubies, his scepter hypnotizes me. I long for the basement.
Kept in place, I turn about with the magic of trepidation in his many eyes.
As I examine Alma's thick, crimson name, the pages begin to turn. I wince like a child
The breeze brushing off the pages blows against my lashes and toward empty space.
At the sight of your name, Judith R. Hofman, in the list of condemned souls,

I cannot sign. I will not sign. You stand behind me to steady my stumbling hand.
I sign your name, wishing you had waited in the basement.
I watch you as I sink back to earth, until the rocks block you from my eyes.

Romy Scheroder



Mirror, Mirror. 2010. vintage woods chairs. 23 x 24 x 16 in.

As a sculptor and conceptual crafter, my process involves removing the functionality from vintage chairs and exaggerating their physicality by exposing underlying structures and raw materials. I transform their utility through a complex process of cutting, altering, sanding and reassembling—all of which is done with the use of a small collection of hand tools.

I am attracted to the chair as a medium because it is suggestive of the human body—the female form in particular—due to its connotations of domesticity, utility, and the possession of both emotional and physical attributes. The use of the chair body has allowed me to work intimately—exploring my background and west Indian identity, while also allowing me to speak about broader issues of gender, culture and the body in physical and social space.

Since moving to New York, I have become more interested in examining the body in public space and how the body communicates its emotions when space is compromised.

In selecting a chair, I look for lines and forms that resemble the human form such as soft curves, delicate joints, and visually attractive textures. I use these elements to conjure a variety of emotions in the viewer, such as disquiet, sentimentality, and the sense of the strangely familiar.



Moco Jumbie. 2009. Vintage child's high chair, wood dowels, polyurethane. 56 x 27 x 17 in.



When She Comes. 2011. Vintage wood chair. 12 x 32 x 15 in.



As Above, So Below. 2010. Vintage wood chair. 12 x 39 x 15 in.

Romy **Scheroder**



Thou and I. 2011. Vintage wood chairs. 52 x 43 x 20 in.

Romy **Scheroder**

Autotelic



I remember one late night several years ago, my very dear friend Evan Carrison, now my partner and father of our child, posed a ponderous question to me over our third or fourth beer in my Lakeview attic apartment: what separates us from other animals, the apes, and everything else? Is it our sense of happiness? Language? Our superior intellect? I couldn't say with confidence. ***With a burst of vigor he explained to me that it was culture.*** Art: our ability to communicate across barriers like language and space. As humans we possess the consummate ability to facilitate ideas to one another in meaningful ways. Nothing we do in life will be as important as our ability to communicate with others. This idea in itself is simple and bears little purpose aside from giving us a sense of connection to those outside of ourselves. That being said, there is no mention of the merit of an individual's sense of noteworthiness among others. The interaction bears significance and the connection between two or more parts is more meaningful than one that stands alone.



To be autotelic is to deem your work and activities fulfilling in and of themselves and as such, rewards like money, power, fame, and comfort are inconsequential to your happiness or sense of success. Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, author of *Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience*, writes:

An autotelic person needs few material possessions and little entertainment, comfort, power, or fame because so much of what he or she does is already rewarding. Because such persons experience flow in work, in family life, when interacting with people, when eating, even when alone with nothing to do, they are less dependent on the external rewards that keep others motivated to go on with a life composed of routines. They are more autonomous and independent because they cannot be as easily manipulated with threats or rewards from the outside. At the same time, they are more involved with everything around them because they are fully immersed in the current of life.

The space we created at 2959 North Springfield Avenue stood to function as an arena where one could experience this kind of flow, a place where individuals could initiate a dialogue without the fear or anxiety of necessitating financial reward or even notability. Instead, we wanted to provide a platform, a safe space, where the exchange of ideas could be appreciated as a sovereign theme. To make work in an autotelic sense is to make work because the making has value, not because the work product could be of value in other ambits.

We opened Autotelic in November of 2010 as an exhibition space. Over time, Autotelic has taken many forms, but our goal as administrators has remained the same: we want to give creative individuals a place to collaborate, exchange, interact and network with one another. Writers, actors, artists and musicians are welcome to participate in the space. Above all, we believe the community aspect of art-making is essential to building a sustainable art practice. *Art is no longer all about the product: it's about the exchange that happens before and after.* By making Autotelic not only in literal space, but developing a state of mind to accompany it, we can allow ourselves as makers to participate in each others' processes in a variety of ways. In doing so, we are forced to redefine "making" and consider the initial idea and brainstorming a part of the process of creation.

Autotelic still exists in a storefront on the corner of Springfield and Wellington in Chicago, Illinois. Instead of an exhibition space, Autotelic stands now as a shared studio—housing seven local artists' studios and a meeting space. I would like to say that Autotelic functions as a form of social sculpture—the storefront very much represents the sense of orchestrated collaboration that happens behind the scenes of what can be a very commercial field. The artists that work in the space can exist as a borrowed audience for one another—an audience that abides the opportunity to participate in the making of one another's development as makers of art and ideas. In this way, Autotelic's core purpose is to encourage interactivity with its interior and contextual community.



Autotelic

Karen Lillis

The Secret Life of Magazine Covers

It took us a long time to interact outside of the bookstore, Irina and me. I guess we were both hermits by habit at that point. We got our socializing taken care of on the clock—with each other, with other coworkers, or with customers. Then we hurried home to read and write. We hurried home to our respective apartments to get out of over-stimulating retail and over-stimulating Manhattan, and to get back to familiar comforts. For Irina, home was a partner in Queens; for me it was cats in Brooklyn, solitude, my journal.

Tonight we were going to attend a Russian poetry reading after work at a bar called Remote Lounge. Remote Lounge was a spot I didn't pay much attention to. If I thought about it at all, I thought of it as the bar that looked like the "Wild, Wild Life" video, that scene in the Talking Heads movie with all the television sets behind the stage. The bar, when you passed it on the Bowery, had a wall of video screens like that, a grid of televisions facing the sidewalk: fuzzy with static, jumpy with animation. Otherwise, I only knew Remote Lounge as the kind of bar I would never go into. I remember a native New Yorker friend once saying she never went to bars that native New Yorkers didn't frequent. I didn't have that rule, not consciously, but my aversion to Remote Lounge was something akin to this. I didn't need to cross the threshold to know that it was bright and sterile, priced too high, and full of fakes and suits.

Irina and I were heading to a poetry reading hosted by a small publisher named Koja Press. I thought of Koja as the mirror image of Ugly Duckling Presse. Koja was run by recent Russian émigrés who sometimes published American-born New Yorkers, and Ugly Duckling was headed by a Moscow-born New Englander who published bilingual editions of Eastern European poets. I was under the impression that Koja published primarily in Russian and Ugly Duckling published largely in English. The poets of Koja were translating the Beats into Russian, and the writers at Ugly Duckling were translating Russian absurdists for Americans.

It was in the basement of an excellent bar that I had been introduced to Koja Press: an uptown, downscale watering hole known as Siberia Bar. Though the owner was an Irish-American from West Virginia, the original location of the bar was rumored to have been a KGB drop off point back in the day, and Soviet paraphernalia dotted the walls of the otherwise thrashed space. Indeed, "downscale" doesn't begin to describe Siberia, a windowless dive bar in Hell's Kitchen where art school bands frequently blasted the bomb shelter of a cellar space and a rotating cast of misfit patrons celebrated at the upstairs bar like every night was the end of the world. The entrance looked like a backstage door, unmarked except by a red light bulb. The jukebox was known all over town, and a toilet (taken hostage from the original bar after eviction) hung from a chain above the bar. To weed out the worst of the TIME OUT NY crowd, Siberia had instituted a strict policy of no cursing

and no hitting on women. Journalists drank for free.

In 2001, sometime after Siberia Bar had been kicked out of its original location (infamously inside a 50th Street subway station), Ugly Duckling Presse began hosting a series of Small Press Nights as part of Siberia's "Cellar Series." Ugly Duckling was a fledgling indie publisher run by a collective of Barnard and Columbia University graduates, including my poet friend Julien. In addition to publishing poetry in translation, they were responsible for the 6 x 6 poetry journal we showcased on the consignment shelf at St. Mark's

*In the wake of
9/11, I decided
that I didn't
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alone.*

Bookshop, poetry monographs by up and coming New York poets, the broadside called Emergency Gazette that sometimes showed up as a freebie in the bookstore's vestibule, and "anti-readings" they did at St. Mark's Church, among other venues. In the wake of 9/11, Ugly Duckling was associated also with New York Nights, a free newspaper of poetry and anti-war sentiment, launched by Julien and his girlfriend Marisol.

It was September 11th and New York Nights, in fact, that got me to the Siberia Bar. In the wake of 9/11, I decided that I didn't want to die alone. Decided that I was not only "in between relationships," but that my hermit lifestyle was ensuring that I stayed there. Decided that my world sometimes seemed as two-dimensional as the magazine rack across from which I sat at the bookstore, with its glossy faces fronting pages I never browsed. Decided that the information desk I sat behind might be creating a permanent barrier between me and other people. Decided that I had better start leaving my house every once in a while, maybe to meet someone, maybe to let some outside energy interact with my carefully cultivated interior.

When Julien told me about Small Press Nights, it sounded like a good place to start, so Siberia was the first spot I sought out after 9/11. Koja was the featured press that chilly October night, when New Yorkers were still acting like open-hearted strangers. This didn't completely erase my social anxiety, but it helped. I lurked around the edges of the room and listened to the poetry, talked to a couple of writers I recognized. I enjoyed the Russian poet with the killer stage name (although I think it was his real name), Igor Satanovsky, who perfectly blended downtown spoken word style with a Russian absurdist sensibility and a St. Petersburg cabaret flavor as he interwove cultural references from the two empires in a staccato delivery: "ATM! MTV! KGB!" I browsed the merch table, where Koja poetry books, chapbooks, and Koja Magazine were on display. I met Matvei from Ugly Duckling, introducing myself as a friend of Julien's, and we talked small presses. I must have told him about my xeroxed literary press and the upcoming anthology, because he invited me to have a release reading in the series.

Then I met a Russian poet who wasn't reading that night, a cab driver named Sasha whose humble demeanor impressed me. In a scene full of egos (some charismatic, some entertaining, some unbearable), humility was a standout quality, a magnet. I was drawn to his face, which was framed by brown curls that fell past his jawline. His cheeks were sunken, his eyes were dark and deep-set. He was the skinniest starving artist I had met in a while, and his voice was low and inquisitive. We left Siberia.

We walked around for a long time, talking easily and stealing sideways glances as our feet carried us

forward through the Theater District, the Garment District. When we were finally ready to admit that we were cold, we ducked into the Howard Johnson's at Times Square, a bustling time capsule from the 1960's. Sitting in our orange booth, it was difficult to look directly at Sasha's face across a table without blushing. He got up to fetch us some wine at the bar and was gone for a long time, somewhere out of my sight. I started to worry that he had stood me up. But when he came back, he told me that the bartender was Russian; they got to talking.

For a few days, I was high on the feeling of meeting someone new, especially a mysterious and introverted Russian poet. Irina heard about it a lot. "Sasha this" and "Sasha that." A new crush made the work day pass quickly. I wondered what Sasha was really like, if and how I would see him again. But when he surprised me by showing up at the bookstore in the middle of my shift, I surprised myself by having a new rule: I want to go out looking for new life, but I don't want life to come looking for me. I didn't want someone to find me where I could be found, where I could be caught. I was on the high ladder shelving overstock when Sasha tugged on my jean cuff. He said hello in the direct yet demure way by which he'd introduced himself to me in the dark saloon basement on 40th Street. But I let him go coldly. I let him know with my lack of enthusiasm that I didn't welcome his impromptu visit. When a few more days passed and he seemed far away, I wondered how to go out and find him again.

It was months later, and Irina and I were headed to Remote Lounge tonight in part to see Sasha, who would be reading his poetry. The evening was a launch party to celebrate a new Koja Press literary magazine. Formatted like a newspaper (on slightly higher-grade paper), the publication was cleverly called MAGAZINNIK, named after one of the editors, Mike Magazinnik. With a nod to the graphic design of Soviet propaganda posters, MAGAZINNIK boasted bold graphics, off-kilter texts, irreverent drawings, stripped-down photographs, interviews, poetry, and prose—all in Cyrillic. This lit mag was another way in which Koja overlapped with Ugly Duckling in my mind. Each publisher devoted much detail to deeply retro aesthetics (Ugly Duckling books were often produced by letterpress), while at the same time borrowing a playfulness and conceptual bent from circa-1960's movements like Fluxus, the Mimeo Revolution, or Happenings.

My interest in the Koja Press aesthetic made it both fine and totally weird to follow them to Remote Lounge. When I heard about the venue, I thought of a new vibe that was starting to crop up here and there. If a sort of louche, dusty trashiness had been around downtown from the Beats to the abstract painters to the Peace Eye Bookstore to the Poetry Project to the Blank Generation to the junkies to the squatters to the zinesters, now a visual of sleek, slick success was starting to infiltrate the scene. Was it the creep of the computer? I would note the contrast about a year later when the editors of a new indie publishing house, Contemporary Press, walked into the bookstore in dark suits, ready to show us their nouveau-pulp line of Print on Demand titles with neon and black covers. They appeared like small press editors from Las Vegas, although there was a wink to it. Who knows, maybe it was even St. Mark's Bookshop itself that started the trend when they moved from a wooden-shelf bookshop on St. Mark's Place to a chrome and halogen look on 3rd Avenue back in the mid 90's. Incommunicado Bookstore on the Lower East Side had opened in 1999 with a similar look—chrome bookshelves in futurist design, behind which editors and graphic artists worked on Mac desk-

tops for Incommunicado Press, and later Soft Skull. Koja booking a reading at Remote Lounge seemed to be in this vein—choosing this ironic, incongruous venue that at the same time embraced the flashy future.

Irina and I walked into the reading and found out more about Remote Lounge than we knew before. Namely, that every barstool and every seat in the place was under the jurisdiction of a camera, and each bar patron had a TV monitor in front of them with which to view every other patron. Different buttons let people spy on their fellow bar hounds, flip visually through the bar, or start a conversation. On top of this, a Russian television station was filming the evening's event from numerous angles and broadcasting it to the motherland. Irina and I each had the same reaction, which was instant, total paranoia. We instinctively bee-lined to a corner that seemed safe, and stood there the rest of the night. We didn't dare move an inch to our right or left, for fear of becoming the object of a simulcast or some bar creep's gaze.

The bar was crowded with haute-trash Remote Lounge patrons, but Koja Press packed in their motley crew of writers and readers as well. With all the cameras, it felt like Small Press Goes to Hollywood. Irina and I might not have enjoyed the atmosphere the cameras created, but I had to admit: I could see why the editors did. It acted as a kind of hype to whip the readers and the crowd into a heightened frame of mind, a fake media circus, a laugh up the sleeve to keep spirits lively. It reminded me that the small press seemed to exist in this funny place. You could get a small group of your friends together, start a magazine or a publishing house, and it could add up to the most basic version of that: a good time, a cordial salon, a fertile exchange of ideas, a record of a cluster of talent. Or, it could go national, global. A hot title, a cool look, a dynamite new writer, a necessary conversation, a new energy, a zeitgeist, a legacy. You never knew whether you'd be overlooked as More of the Same, or become the next One to Watch. Stakes were small and huge at the same time, consequences could be negligible or cosmic. Ever since "HOWL" in 1955 was the eighteen-minute poetry reading heard round the world, hype had become a part of the equation, something to be embraced or ignored by poets and publishers, but always a choice to be made. The Koja Press crew seemed to find it laughably absurd and enjoyably useful at once.

*Irina and I each
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paranoia.*

Irina and I were excited about seeing another poet that night: a downtown iconoclast known as "Slava." Irina had known about Yaroslav Mogutin for a while, but I had learned about him at the bookstore just a month before the Remote Lounge reading. Irina had steered me to the February 2002 issue of INDEX Magazine, stacked on the lower level of the front table. A provocative photograph of Slava filled the oversized magazine cover. The image was striking not only because Slava was naked, but because everything about him seemed daring. His body was caught in motion like a film still; he was muscular and angular and tattooed and beautiful; he stared directly into the camera. But the image didn't prepare me for the article and interview inside, which promptly blew me away. The interview revealed Slava as a fearless new voice, an endlessly creative young artist who traveled light and stopped at nothing. At 28 years old, he was already a seasoned interviewer and notorious culture writer in the Moscow press. Born in Siberia, he had been run out of Russia for being an out-gay journal-

ist before the post-Soviet government was ready for such a creature. After he tried to marry his boyfriend in Moscow, literary organizations helped him become the first person to receive political asylum in the US due to sexual orientation. He landed in New York in 1995, soon gaining a reputation for unflinching poetry and outrageous confrontations at readings. Internationally, he was getting attention for working at the intersection of art photography, fashion photography, porn, and agit-prop. He refused the confines of politically-correct queerness, and he talked in the interview about his wish to “go beyond the idea of what a Russian dissident writer or artist is supposed to be.” His books were now a hot commodity in Moscow.

Above all, Slava seemed to have an incredible clarity about where he stood and where he was headed as an artist and a writer, even as he experimented with various media and collaboration. The sense I got from reading his words and reading his body language in the INDEX photo shoot was his commitment to exposing what was systemically hidden. Untruth, distorted reality, control by lies—this was the medium in which the Russian government worked. Slava’s medium, like so many Russian poets before him, was the reality under the official lies, whether that meant conveying the truth of the body and its desires; spotlighting subcultures (within subcultures) that were marginalized, abused, or invisible; or naming the effects of nascent, savage capitalism on Eastern Europe. Slava railed against the rule makers and the hypocrites, whether it was the newest Russian regime or the PC police of the gay community.

Standing in my corner at Remote Lounge, my pulse beat faster as I saw Sasha approach the mic. I loved hearing him read in his native Russian, a language of harsh consonants and lilting Y and L sounds. I followed the movements of his face and imagined the subtle wordplay and the fierce intelligence of his poems. I let myself get lost in his cadence. I cringed for him as the tacky bar patrons chattered over his reading, then admired him as he kept his concentration. I imagined picking up where we left off in Times Square, and what I might say to him later.

Slava’s moment arrived several readers into the night’s lineup. He grabbed the microphone and threw open a bathroom door, located just off the stage area. He yanked down his Adidas pants, sat on the toilet, and began bellowing a political poem that Irina told me translated to “The Shit of The Hague.” There was some commotion among the Remote Lounge staff, and before Slava reached the third stanza of his poem, the bouncers and bartenders were escorting us all out onto the sidewalk. The show was over; the hype quickly dissipated into an aimless (if amused) crowd on the street.

Irina lit a cigarette. I walked towards Sasha to catch his eye and compliment his reading. He looked at me and then moved away. I read the gesture clearly. Sasha would remain a beautiful magazine cover that would not be opened, at least not by me.

Since only a 24-hour diner could embrace us now, Irina and I walked east to Odessa, three avenues away from here.

Happy Collaborationists

The Audience is Present

All art is interactive. When you look at a painting it is an interaction that you can feasibly engage with, and it would be unreasonable to deny that visual arts have been interactive over the entirety of their existence. What is more interesting in the notion, which has been developing since Dada, is that interaction is an artistic medium that the artist can manipulate to create social sculptures. Sculptures where the final form and life of the work relies heavily on the actions and reactions of the audience to the artists' pre-established situational intervention.

Happy Collaborationists seeks out artists working in the medium of interaction; artists who build their practices from their point of contact with the audience. We create solo exhibitions for these artists and seek out places of public engagement for them to present their work, in part because our own artistic practice is routed in these same goals and challenges, and in part because we feel strongly that this medium is underfunded, under-supported and under-represented. So often people think of theater when they think of performance or interactive art, but we aim to present art that creates genuine experiences and opportunities for interactivity, not rehearsed presentations where the audience is expected to remain passive.

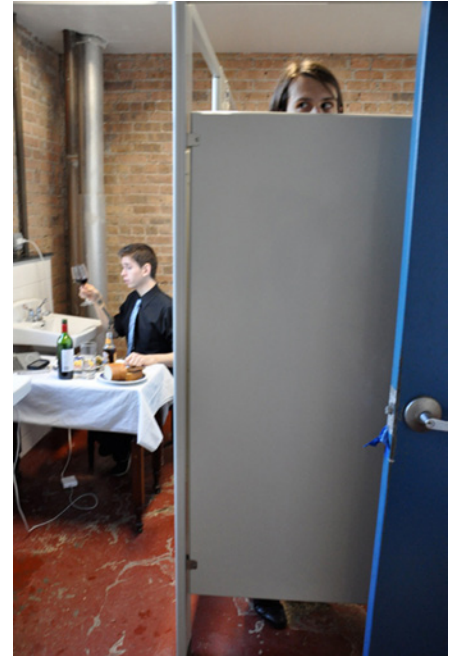
In the past two years it has become an increasingly important aspect of our curatorial project to find public arenas for artists we support to present their work to a pedestrian audience, and to give the artists' access to a wider demographic of individuals in order to elicit more diverse reactions. In the summer of 2011 we approached artist Jennifer Mills to work with us on BUILT Festival with the idea of transforming the shipping container into a restaurant, referencing her previous projects, (3.75/EA) and FRESH ART, where Mills had engaged in activities such as mass producing paintings of cheeseburgers and created one-on-one custom art works for audience members.

Mills responded by creating Le Bistrot Blue, "an interactive performance and installation that invited participants to engage in a real art collecting transaction as they bought and commissioned original and affordable artwork. Using the model of a fine dining restaurant, the performance focused on concepts like personal taste, an art experience, affordability and choice. Through these approaches, viewers could approach the idea of collecting and appreciating artworks from a different angle. Set in the parking lot of a grocery store in a city renowned for its food, Le Bistrot Blue offered viewers their choice of some very Chicago-appropriate and affordable paintings. Original watercolor paintings of gourmet appetizers were for sale for just a few dollars and reservations for a sit down, made to order painting experience from the three course Prix Fixe Menu were available in the container. Chef's choice recommended."

Le Bistrot Blue was open for the Friday night of the festival and Saturday through Sunday we flipped the container two to three times to present work by additional artists/artists groups every four to five hours. The foundation of our curatorial idea was to present a show not only for the festival attendees, but one for the captive audience of other exhibitors.



Happy Collaborationists present Jennifer Mills' Le Bistrot Blue (August 2011, BUILT Festival) Photos by Josh Korby



Happy Collaborationists present Industry of the Ordinary's Go-Betweens (October 2011, MDW Fair)
Photos by Melanie Boyna

For MDW Fair 2011 we decide to push this concept forward by transforming the restrooms with a curated series titled ATTENDANT. Our hope was that every time a fair goer or exhibitor went to use the restrooms they would encounter a different interactive work, so we transformed the bathrooms every four hours. Participating artists, Industry of the Ordinary, contributed a work titled Go-Betweens, where they set up a romantic dinner between a man and a woman with each individual in their perspective bathroom, the interaction was conducted between Skype on computer monitors.

In the summer of 2012 we were invited by ACRE residency to curate performance programming for each of the three artist sessions. Our goal was to present highly interactive work shortly after the residents arrived, experiences that would instantly bond the participants. For Session 2, Sarah Belknap and Joseph Belknap constructed an all out water balloon fight, with color commentary by Bad at Sports. For Session 3, artist Claire Ashley built up massive twelve-person inflatable dancing suit and Twelve residents spent an afternoon learning how to dance together in preparation for the final performance, Ruddy Udder Dance.



Happy Collaborationists present Sarah Belknap and Joseph Belknap's Erratics (August 2012, ACRE Residency)
Photo by Sarah Belknap



{61} COMPOSITE

Interact / Winter 2012

Happy **Collaborationists**



Happy Collaborationists present Claire Ashely's Ruddy Udder Dance (August 2012, ACRE Residency)

Photo by Josh Korby

On previous: Happy Collaborationists present Sarah Belknap and Joseph Belknap's Erratics (August 2012, ACRE Residency) Photo by Sarah Belknap



Happy Collaborationists present Claire Ashely's Ruddy Udder Dance (August 2012, ACRE Residency)
Photo by Josh Korby



Happy Collaborationists present Claire Ashely's Ruddy Udder Dance (August 2012, ACRE Residency)
Photo by Josh Korby



Most recently our curatorial practice has compelled us to return to the studio to construct performative works about our interaction with and subjectivity to each other and to the audience – specifically focused on concepts of generosity. This October we showed a piece at 6018 North Ave where we spent weekends holding a canopy above a seating area, an invitation to the neighborhood to utilize the space however they saw fit. ***We had many people stop and hold the work aloft for us, even construct poles to rest the structure on.*** An Iraqi woman and refugee worker made baked goods from her homeland to distribute in the space, and we did more than our fair share of babysitting the neighborhood kids. Last month we had work up at New Capital titled SUBMISSIONS. As New Capital will be closed in December 2012, SUBMISSIONS was an invitation to the public to submit artwork, project proposals, and/or other memorabilia during the duration of 24HRS/25DAYS festival. The mail slot was removed and the wall was sealed on Wednesday, December 12, 2012. The submitted ephemerae were left behind the gallery walls of New Capital – creating a collective time capsule.

Meredith and Anna present Canopy
(October 2012, 6018 NORTH)
Photo by Josh Korby

Happy **Collaborationists**



Meredith and Anna present Canopy (October 2012, 6018 NORTH) Photo by Josh Korby

We continue to pursue and collaborate on efforts to make interactive works more accessible to a larger audience. As resident curators for the Hatch program at the Chicago Artist Coalition we will present pARTicipatory, a group exhibition of works by artists Chaz Evans, Amber Ginsburg, Mothergirl, Jake Myers, Hoyun Sun, and Latham Zearfoss. We hope you will accept this description of our practice as an invitation to participate in art that should truly be experienced rather than explained.

Happy **Collaborationists**



Paper**JAM**

Touch



Touchlight on a Bus (B62, Brooklyn). 2011. Touchlight, velcro, bus.
Digital photographs by Hannah Lamar Simmons.

Touch (Off the Grid) is part of an evolving series of participatory *public street installations designed to engage the public in a contemporary, interactive art experience in the context of everyday life.* Through the use of ordinary battery operated touchlights converted to run off solar power, paperJAM aims to transform the everyday into something new, sustainable and creatively engaging.

Originally, paperJAM initiated the Touch project as a series of guerilla-style street installations around NYC, where formations of touchlights were adhered as temporary sites of interaction along public walkways, activating and illuminating paths otherwise obstructed, dormant, or poorly lit. Participants press the lights, turning them on and off to create patterns of illumination. Thus, the piece works by activating play and undergoes constant change at the hands of passers-by.



You Touch Me on Grand {Warm, Soft}. 2011. Touchlights, velcro, nice wall. Digital photographs of installation by Rebecca Kinsey.

These installations were spontaneous and unannounced, and were met with surprise and delight by the community. However, paperJAM quickly recognized the negative environmental impact of AA battery use in these early installations, and decided to convert the lights to a more sustainable energy source. They replaced the original halogen bulbs with LED modules (these use way less power and are much longer lasting than halogen) and rewired each light to run off a series of 12V batteries and solar panels.



Soft Touch on Bedford/S5th. 2011. Touchlights, velcro, nice wall.
Digital photographs of installation by Rebecca Kinsey.



Touch (Off The Grid). 2012. Installation of touchlights, converted to run off solar power, wood panels. Presented at FIGMENT NYC. Digital photographs by Rebecca Kinsey.

Touch (Off the Grid)—the solar powered version—was installed at FIGMENT NYC 2012, a participatory, non-commodity, community driven sustainable arts festival held on Governor's Island in New York. For the festival weekend, which attracted over twenty-thousand participants, paperJAM installed a wall of touchlight panels inside a tunnel in Fort Jay and also a satellite installation in a treehouse designed and built by Benjamin Jones and Sean P. Krause on the island for the festival and the summer-long sculpture garden.



Touch (Off The Grid). 2012. Installation of touchlights, converted to run off solar power, wood panels. Presented at FIGMENT NYC. Digital photographs by Rebecca Kinsey.



Touch (Off The Grid). 2012. Installation of touchlights, converted to run off solar power, wood panels. Presented at FIGMENT NYC. Digital photographs by Rebecca Kinsey.

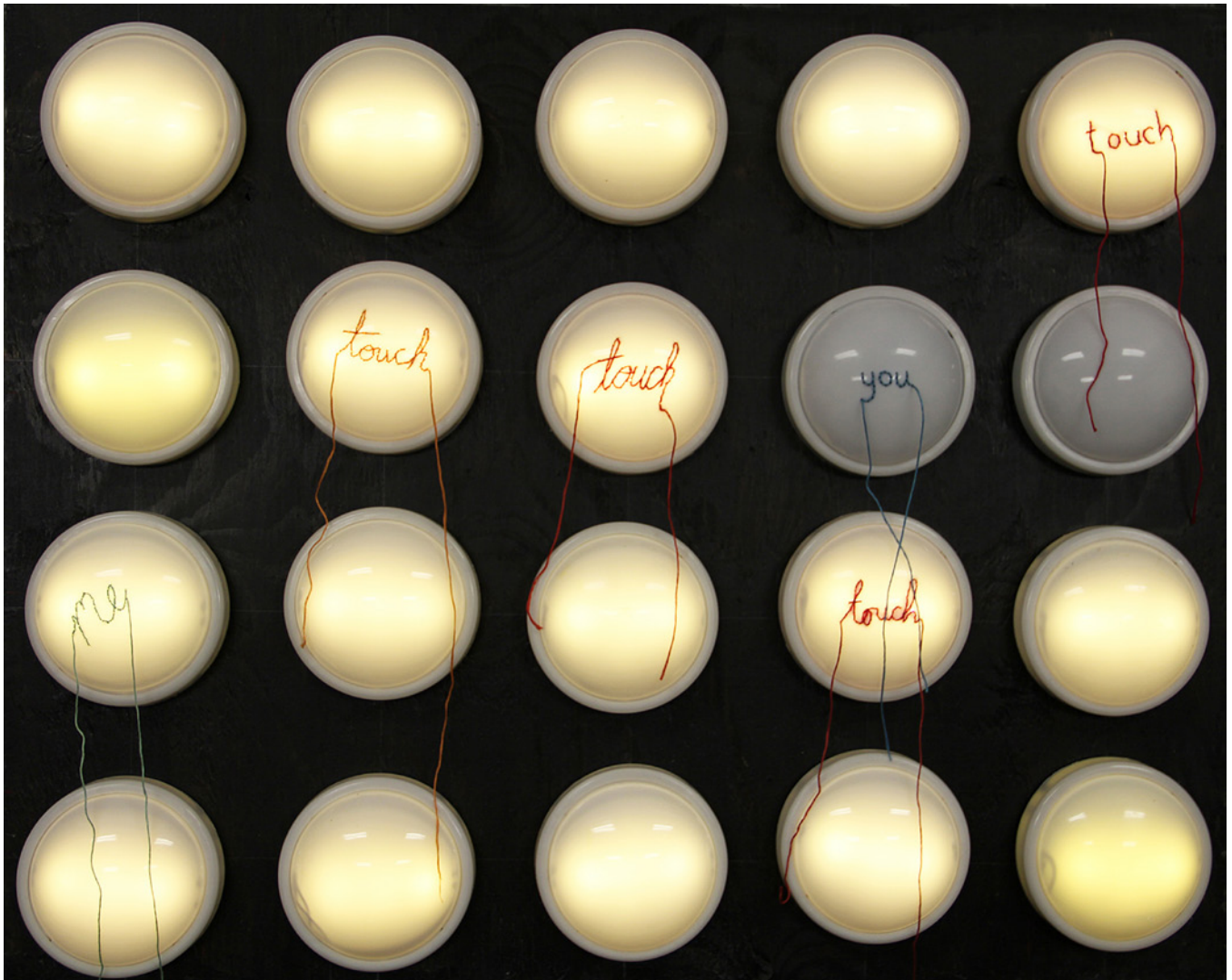


Touch (Off The Grid). 2012. Installation of touchlights, converted to run off solar power, wood panels. Presented at FIGMENT NYC. Digital photographs by Rebecca Kinsey.



Touch (Off the Grid). 2012. Installation of touchlights, in the Treehouse at FIGMENT NYC.
Digital photograph by Rebecca Kinsey.

As an extension of this project, paperJAM is currently in the process of developing an online web application that will involve an interactive version of the touchlights for web and other smart devices, incorporating not only light but also sound elements. Again, they invite user/audience participation which will shape/change the outcomes of the work. They also think this will have even less environmental impact than the physical installation. (No plastic! No soldering sweatshops!) paperJAM hopes to launch this new Touch project sometime in 2013.



Touch online project.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 10 Interact

Tiny Circus was established in 2008 as a collaborative and community-based art project. The Circus uses the medium of stop-motion animation to create and tell stories. Five Circus members in Jackson, Wyoming, New York City, New Orleans, and Grinnell, Iowa collaborated on the piece for this magazine. Learn more about Tiny Circus at tinycircus.org.

Timothy Burkhardt attended the University of Illinois at Chicago, and received his BFA in photography. He started shooting photos in high school, initially photographing his friends riding BMX bikes and soon after discovered the fine arts aspect of the photographic world. He currently lives and works in Chicago, and loves to travel when the opportunity arises. He is interested in space and scape and also the relationships people have with the spaces they inhabit. His work can be found at timothyburkhart.com.

Stephanie Bassos graduated from Columbia College in Chicago with a major in magazine journalism. She fell in love with photography her senior year in college, and has been shooting non-stop ever since. She specializes in portraits and has recently been doing more weddings, bands and album covers. She lives in Chicago. Her work can be seen at stephaniebassos.com.

Emily Tareila is an artist and facilitator living and working in the San Francisco Bay Area. She received her BA from Bennington College and is originally from Frenchtown, New Jersey. This winter, she will also be featured in the Greenhorns Almanac. You can also find more of her work at emilytareila.com.

Richard Downing is the winner of the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation's Barbara Mandigo Kelly Poetry Peace Prize, Write-corner Press's 2010 Editor's Award, New Delta Review's Matt Clark Prize, and New Woman Magazine's Grand Prize for Fiction. Journal and anthology publications include Potomac Review, Juked, Dire Elegies, Against Agamemnon: War Poems, and Prime Number. Four Steps Off the Path is a YellowJacket Press chapbook contest winner. Co-founded Save Our Naturecoast; PhD in English.

Bill & Mary Buchen design interactive installations for museums, galleries, and public sites through the United States. Large-scale public works include: sound parks and science playgrounds, and designs for urban and natural environments. Their pursuits center on the study of environmental phenomena examined through its application to science, architecture, ecology and world cultures. Their work can be found at sonicarchitecture.com.

Maria Hofman (the BLC) is enrolled as an MFA student at Spalding University. Her undergraduate degree is a B.A. in English Creative Writing from the University of Central FL. Maria Hofman is an English and writing tutor for Palm Beach State College. Maria also works as a student editor for the Louisville Review and has previously interned for the Florida Review. Maria's poetry has previously appeared in the undergraduate literary journal, The Cypress Dome..

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 10 Interact

Romy Scheroder is a Trinidadian born artist received her BFA in Ceramics from Florida Atlantic University and her MFA in Sculpture from the University of the Arts in Philadelphia. Her interest is in abstracting the original structure of the chair and reassembling its parts, the out come is a sculptural form left with a posture revealing its venerability and emotional chaos. She lives and works in New York City. Her work can be found at romyscheroder.com.

Autotelic is organized and operated by Evan Garrison and Andi Crist of Chicago, Illinois. Crist and Garrison are both independent artists that practice in mediums ranging from woodworking to digitally rendered pencil drawings. Crist received her BFA in Fine Art from Columbia College Chicago in 2011 and has exhibited in group and individual shows in the Midwest since 2009. Her work can be found at www.acrist.com. Garrison is currently working towards Bachelor's degrees in Studio Arts and Applied Mathematics at Northeastern Illinois University. Information about Autotelic's events and projects can be found at twofoldprojects.com.

Karen Lillis is the author of four books of fiction, most recently Watch the Doors as They Close (Spuyten Duyvil Novella Series, 2012). She is a small press blogger, an indie bookstore advocate, and a freelance writer. She is currently at work on her first book of non-fiction, Bagging the Beats at Midnight: Confessions of a New York Bookstore Clerk.

Happy Collaborationists is the curatorial collective of Anna Trier and Meredith Weber. "Happy C" provides exhibition opportunities for performance, installation and media works - including but not limited to solo exhibitions, public programming and private event planning. Together Anna and Meredith also collaborate on their own performance art practice under the name Meredith and Anna. Find out more at happycollaborationists.com.

PaperJAM is a collaboration between artists Rebecca Kinsey (Australia) and Hannah Lamar Simmons (USA). Rebecca and Hannah met while fulfilling a residency at the Art Students League of New York in 2010, where they instantly became immersed in dialogue over their shared interest in storytelling, movement and process. The pair come together from across the globe as paperJAM to continue the dialogue, exploring these ideas further, and to play with blurring some of the boundaries between art/everyday objects/artists/community/gallery/life through multimedia art installation. Through recent projects, Rebecca and Hannah have found a mutual curiosity with taking art out into the community, giving the audience/passers-by a chance to participate or engage with, even change their work. They are currently closing the gap between cross-continental distances within their studio practice by making art together online and via the post. Their work can be found at paperjamart.com.

COMPOSITE INFO

Submissions

Composite Arts Magazine is now accepting proposals from visual artists for inclusion in upcoming Issues. We began as an invitation only project, and during our second year, we began accepting submissions of written work. Moving forward, we want to open up the conversation we are having by allowing visual artists to submit work as well. We will be announcing issue themes two issues in advance, on the date the most current issue is released; for example, on the date of the Fall release, we will announce the Spring Theme. Proposals for the newest themes will be due within two months of their announcement.

One of our favorite aspects of this publication has always been providing a venue for artists to show work that exists as a form of experimentation, does not fit into their normal repertoire, or they have been unable to show publicly for one reason or another. We're hoping through this process we'll be opening up to artists we are unfamiliar with or provide a space for those we know looking to branch out in their practice.

Selected proposals are currently unfunded. However, along with publication of the project, we are here to support and work with all artists as much as possible and can provide the use of our blog, web hosting of project collateral, and any other resources we may have access to. Please specify in proposal what you may need from us. We are interested in cultivating relationships with artists through the process of their projects.

Proposals are open to all mediums as long as they can exist within the final publication in a .pdf format. Proposals can be for work yet to be made, work in progress, or work that has been completed. Work that has already been completed must be no more than 2 years old, and also must include a written proposal/artist statement.

WE ARE CURRENTLY ACCEPTING SUBMISSIONS FOR:

Visual art proposals for our Summer Issue; Pattern. Proposals are due on March 19, 2013.

Literary open submissions for Composite No. 11 Wilderness. Submissions are due on February 18th, 2013.

Instructions and theme statements for all open calls can be found at compositearts.com/submit.

COMPOSITE INFO

No. 10 Interact

Coming Spring 2013: Issue No. 11 The Wild: *Life always pushes up through the cracks. Over all of Earth's landmasses and its shallow waters, plants survive in the harshest conditions. The sheer diversity of life on our planet is mind blowing, and it cannot be tamed. And yet, we are in a daily struggle to do just that. When we look at the natural world, we see the reflection of ourselves, and the wild within.*

Composite is managed, curated, and edited by:

Zach Clark has accidentally entered a post studio practice. His work can be viewed at zachclarkis.com.

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