

COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

No. 12 Pattern

Summer 2013

COMPOSITE INFO

No. 12 Pattern

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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There is a theory and a pattern to everything. When you find things that have been tried and true for millennia, you can bet that they are going to happen tomorrow: the sun will rise, the best actor award will go to that leading man portraying mental illness or a historical figure, and if you wait three months, another issue of Composite will be released. While I can't guarantee that Will Smith* would give that last one as an example, as a student of patterns, I can only assume he'd silently nod in agreement. True to form, we bring a close to our third year of publication with this, our 12th issue, Pattern. Boom!

We at Composite, however, can't handle the complexity of such equations all the time. We've actually broken a lot of our own patterns with this issue: we've included a record high fourteen artists, we've broken the 100 page mark for the first time, we've included poetry AND a one act play, and in hopes of bringing even greater justice to our visual work we've increased the file resolution (thank you for your patience with the extended download time). These fourteen artists and authors have contributed work that, maybe more than any issue in our past three years, fulfills one of our core hopes for Composite when we first began to brainstorm. While drinking whiskey left behind by Kara's old roommate, we talked about wanting to show really diverse work that still maintained cohesive consistency in each issue. Within this issue, we have work that exists on the farthest poles possible for the theme. Process is provided and paths are traveled, from emotionally loaded valleys to lighthearted highs.

I doubt this issue is contributing to the search for mathematics yet to be discovered, but at the end of three years, if Will Smith is a six, I give it an eight and a half.

Zach Clark

Composite Editor

*In case none of this makes sense to you: www.vulture.com/2013/05/will-and-jaden-smith-on-working-together.html

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We exist in a world of algorithms and codes. Defined systems are involved in almost every interaction and activity we participate in daily: a strategic placement of zeros and ones allow us to make calls, search the Internet, watch the nightly news, and play Angry Birds. Before technology existed as it does today, tapped dots and dashes allowed people to communicate over long distances. We also communicate through music in patterns of meter and rhyme. We frequent the same locals. We are creatures of habit; we live within a pattern.

Beyond any of our human constructs, nature follows a pattern all around us. Withstanding a repetitive variation, the sun will rise and set expectedly everyday. Seasons progress, spring summer fall winter, as they have since we began recording them. Everything is born, and everything dies. Codes in our DNA—mapped successfully through the Human Genome Project—make it possible for us to know one in every two-hundred men alive today is a direct descendant of Genghis Khan, circa 1200 AD. A cicada will lie dormant for seven years, only to come to life with millions of their cousins to breed, plant their seed, and die a month later.

Pattern

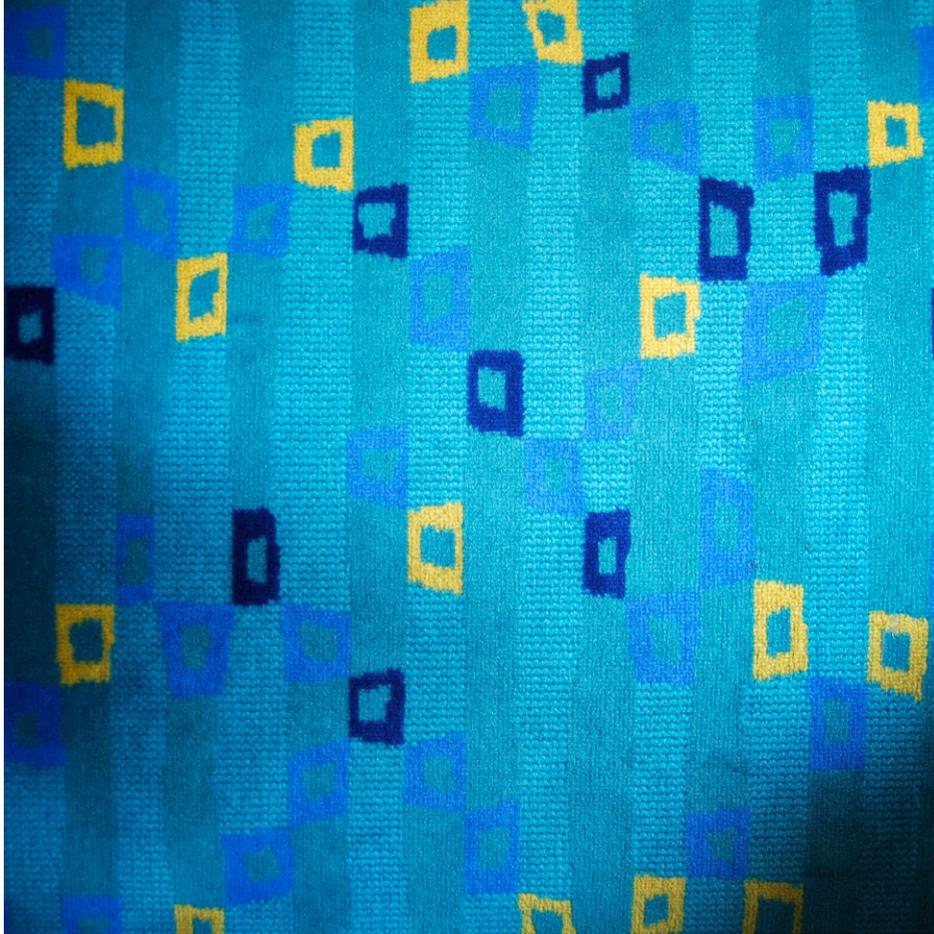
The truth is we find comfort in the pattern. This sentence is a pattern. Our entire knowledge base is constructed around the Scientific Method, a system that strives to find natural patterns while eliminating as many variables as possible. We plan our life around what we expect to happen based on what has happened in the past. We arrange our living rooms and bedrooms with some semblance of symmetry in mind. We avoid wearing plaid and polka dots together, because it looks funny.

Ludwig **Abache**

Great Pattern Collection



From top (left to right): Milan Malpensa Airport Free Shuttle Bus, Linija br. 32 Rijeka in Croatia, Potsdam Havelbus Linie 607, Linz AG Buslinie 25, Egged Israel Transport Cooperative Society Ltd., EMT Madrid Línea de Autobús 174, Deutsche Bahn Regional Bahn RB 16318, Transport for London Bus Route 78 and Transport for London Bus Route 148



MV 483 Ljubljana

I like to collect. I am also interested in the mundane, ordinary things that we deal with on a daily basis, like these seat textile patterns which we can see regularly during our commute. Regardless of their colour or design (which, at times, can be extravagant) they seem to be just there, invisible, until one day our eyes are caught by them and we can get lost in their forms, trying to figure out their inner logic.

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The world of textile pattern design for public transport systems has given us some design classics, like the London Underground patterns designed between the 60s and the early 90s. However, numerous other patterns that we find in other transport systems are considered by many people to be quite ugly. They are designed to hide even uglier things like dirt, grime, food stains and all sorts of body fluids. Designers resort to exuberant shapes and screaming colour combinations to tackle this challenging environment.



SBB CFF FFS. EC Transalpin, Switzerland
On following: Südtirol Mobil, Citybus Bressanone / Linea

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Ludwig Abache

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Although the design value of specific patterns can be put into question, something extraordinary happens when the patterns come together as a collection. New patterns are formed, colours are recombined and beauty emerges.



From top (left to right): S-Bahn Berlin, Tram Linie 27 Munich, Trenitalia Regionale 2°classe, Berlin S-Bahn RB14_Airport-Express, Baden-Baden Bus Linie 212/201, Deutsche Bahn ICE Sonneberg, London Underground central line, Transport for London Bus Route 149 and Wiener Linien U-Bahn U6.

Ludwig Abache



Nord-Ostsee-Bahn, Hamburg

This collection will never be complete and it is difficult to be realised by a single person. In order to grow it I created a depository website 'The Great Pattern Collection' where anyone is welcomed to contribute.
www.thegreatpatterncollection.com

Amber Sparks

The Logic of the Loaded Heart

If John is three, and John's mother is six times his age, how old was John's mother when John was conceived in the back of Al Neill's pickup truck after a Styx concert in Milwaukee, Wisconsin? If John's parents spend 100 times zero days being actual parents to John, how many days total is that?

Extra credit: please calculate the probability that at his mother's current age, John will drop out of school and work in a burger joint while playing guitar in a heavy metal band called The Slaughterhouse Four.

If John 's father goes to prison for attempted robbery of the Rocky Roccoco's Pizza in Delavan, please calculate the probability that Slaughterhouse Four will open for Def Leppard at the Minnesota State Fair in what will be the brightest shining moment and impossible dream of John's life?

At 36, John has three ex-wives, one wife, and nine children. (Holy shit, John.) If John still works in fast food, and his youthful good looks have sunken like a shipwreck with the passage of time, how many women in this bar will go home with him tonight?

How many women will go home with him tonight if John's band, now called Shards of Death, is playing tonight at this bar? Does that number increase or decrease if John is wearing a t-shirt that says, "Swallow or It's Going in Your Eye?"

Amy has had five Amstel Lights, and her blood alcohol level is .08. If John is fifteen years older than Amy, how many hours will it be until she wakes up in his apartment, hung over and horrified by her impaired decision-making the previous evening?

If John's wife comes home from her night shift at Perkins at that exact moment, and her anger level is rising at a rate of three millimeters per second, what is the volume of John's wife's anger after the approximately fifteen seconds it takes John to put on his pants?

Extra credit: How many minutes until John's wife threatens to take the kids and the money and leave?

John hires a man to kill his wife, and agrees to pay him thirty percent up front, and the rest when the job is completed. If the total amount is \$100,000, how much will the hired man get up front? And how many years will the judge subtract from John's sentence if he was high on crack when he ordered the killing? Bonus question: If John has \$11,000 and agrees to pay a contact killer \$100,000, how long does John have to live?

Bonus Extra Credit: If John’s mother at fifteen and his father at twenty were given extraordinary foresight, would they have fallen in love?

John’s band has had four names – but not at the same time. The first year, John changes his band’s name and then he changes it again at evenly spaced intervals over the course of twelve years. How many years separate each name change, and how many years will the names “Viking Fists” and “Ogres’ Blood” cause the judge to add to John’s conspiracy to commit murder sentence?

Bonus Extra Credit: If John’s mother at fifteen and his father at twenty were given extraordinary foresight, would they have fallen in love? Would they have stood in line, in the raw

cold and rain, for those Styx tickets? Would they have listened to the aspirational lyrics of “Come Sail Away” and thought, we could set a course for the open, virgin sea? Would they have climbed into the back of that pickup truck in the afterglow, nails and bolts under bare skin and school and plant shift notwithstanding? Would they have purchased extra condoms at the five and dime? Would they have wanted to preserve all they had—or would they have taken a chance, anyway, and given away their future because when love sings down the microphone and strikes you, who can say what would happen if you failed to swoon and fall at its feet? Who can say whether A leads to B leads to C or takes another path entirely? Who can say why the loaded heart defies all logic, like an unfinished word problem, like a riddle written in the human dust of a crowded barroom?

Edra Soto

Graft

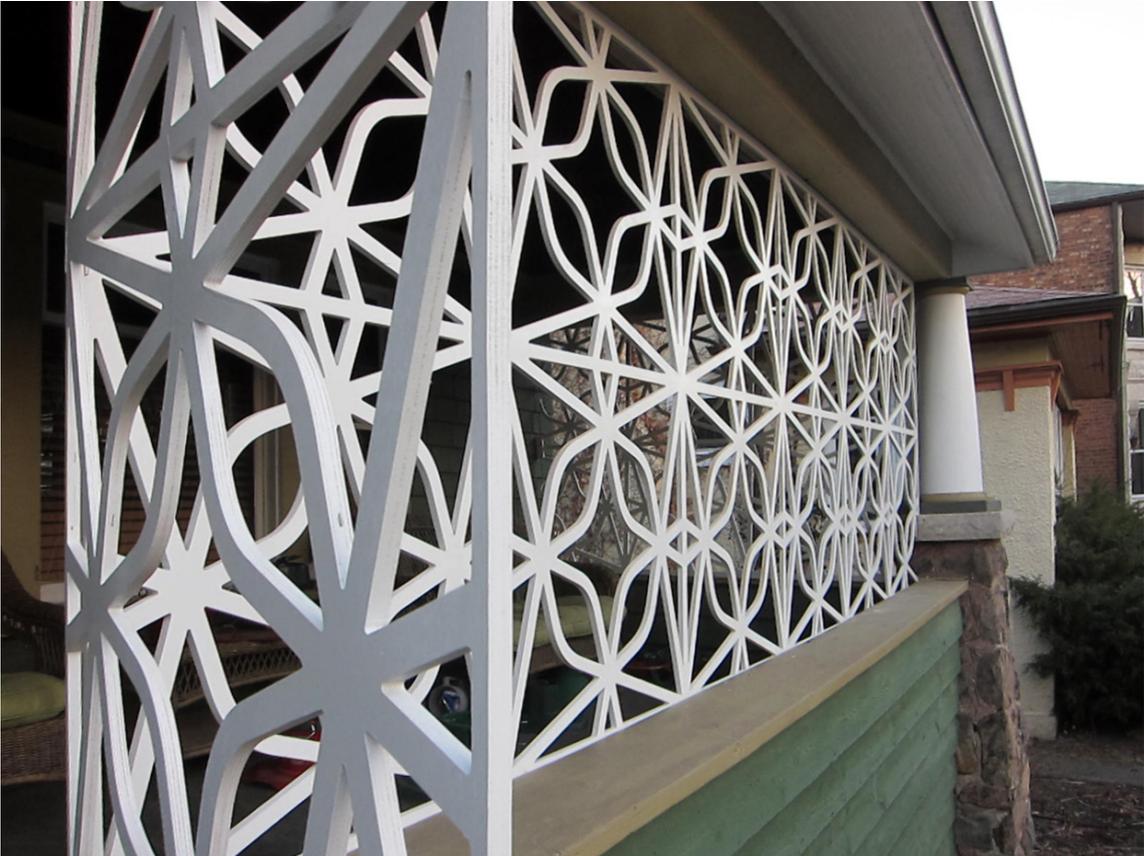


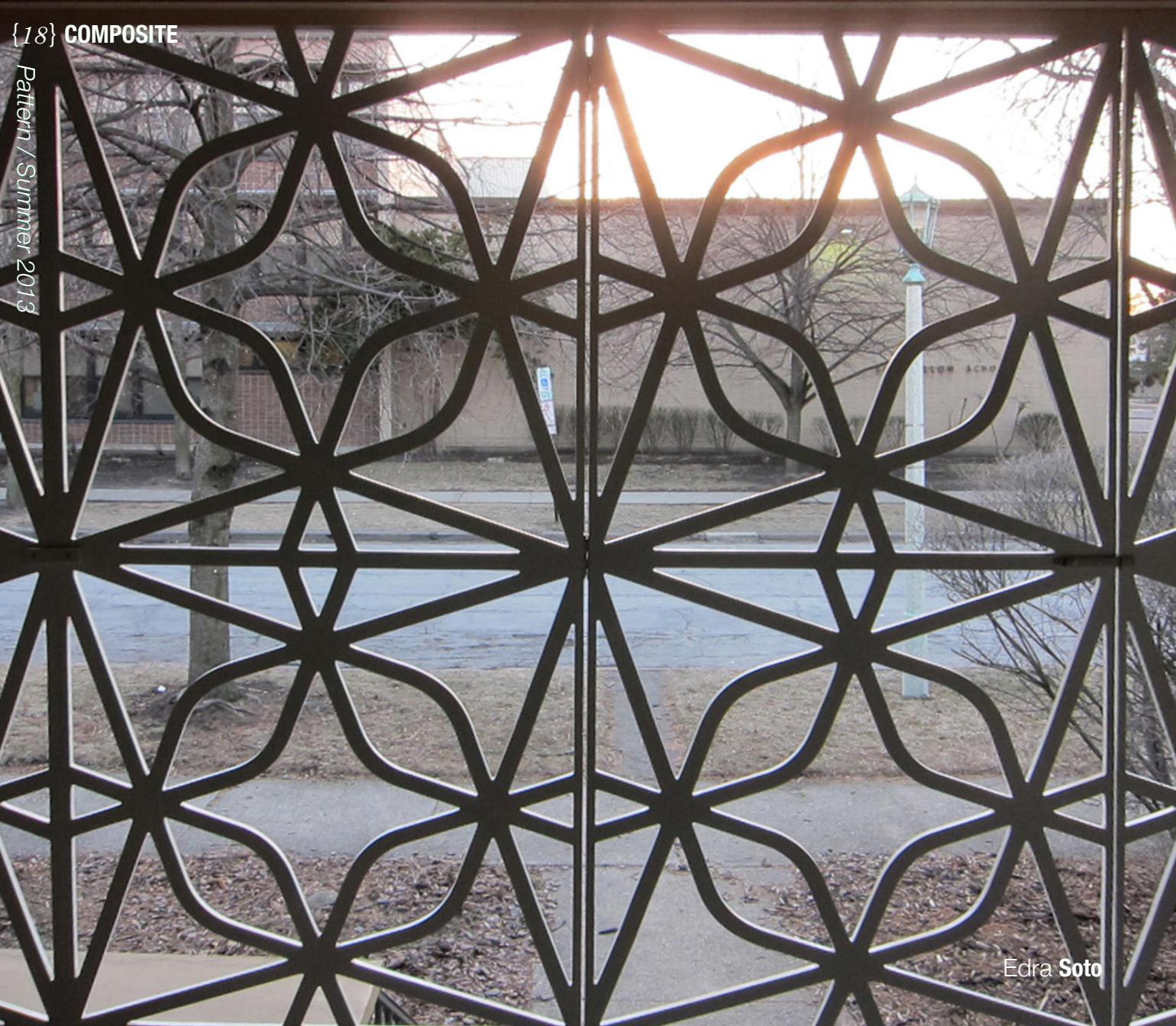


Iron screens became ubiquitous in the architecture of post-war Puerto Rico due to the security they provided and their ability to allow for cross ventilation. Spanish design elements added character.

Today, these iron fences are not only viewed so much as a protection devices as they are a language that pertains to the island's visual culture. Graft alludes to the aesthetic, decorative, and nostalgic qualities of these iron fences by transplanting a similar fence outside its place of origin.

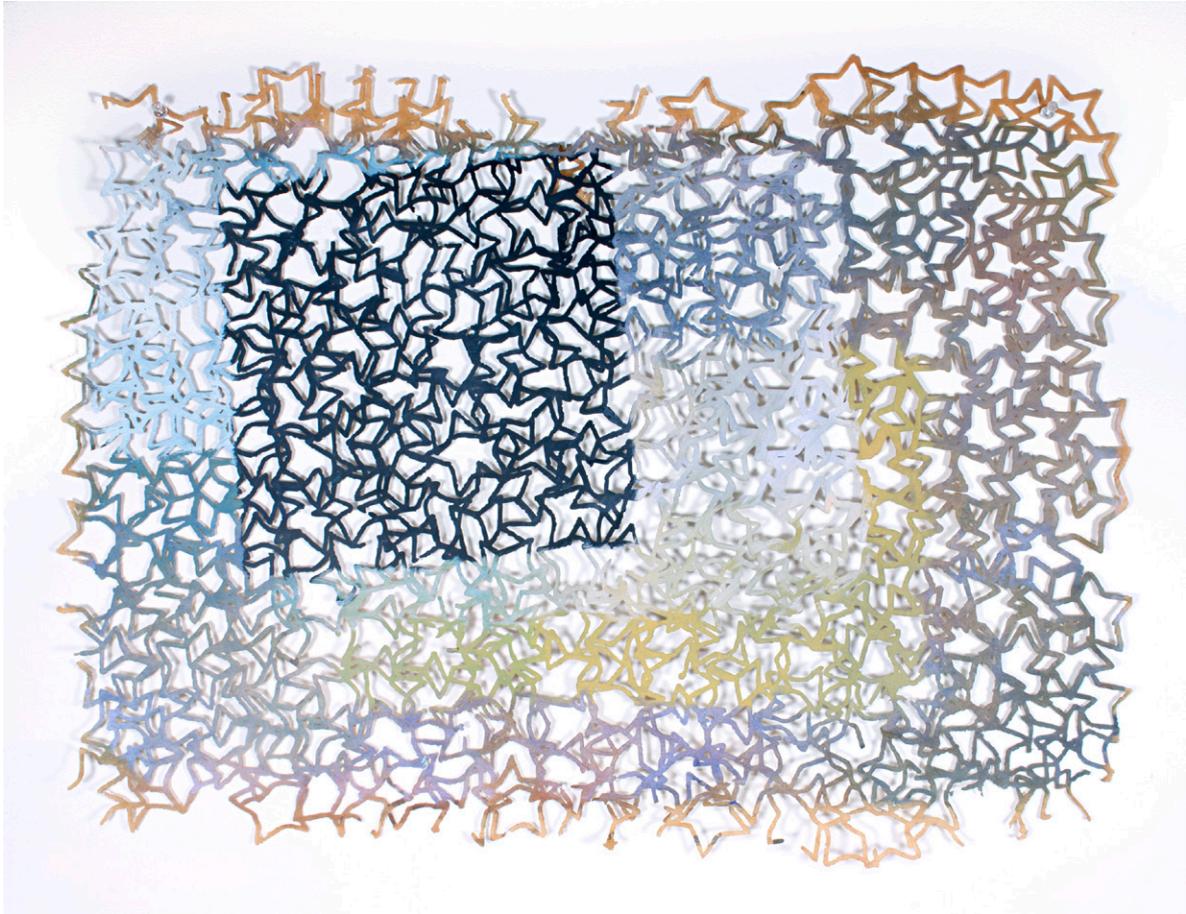
An even more in-depth transformation occurs when removing the fences' decorative designed patterns from its original context. The patterns retain a certain cultural relevancy in relation to contemporary aesthetics.

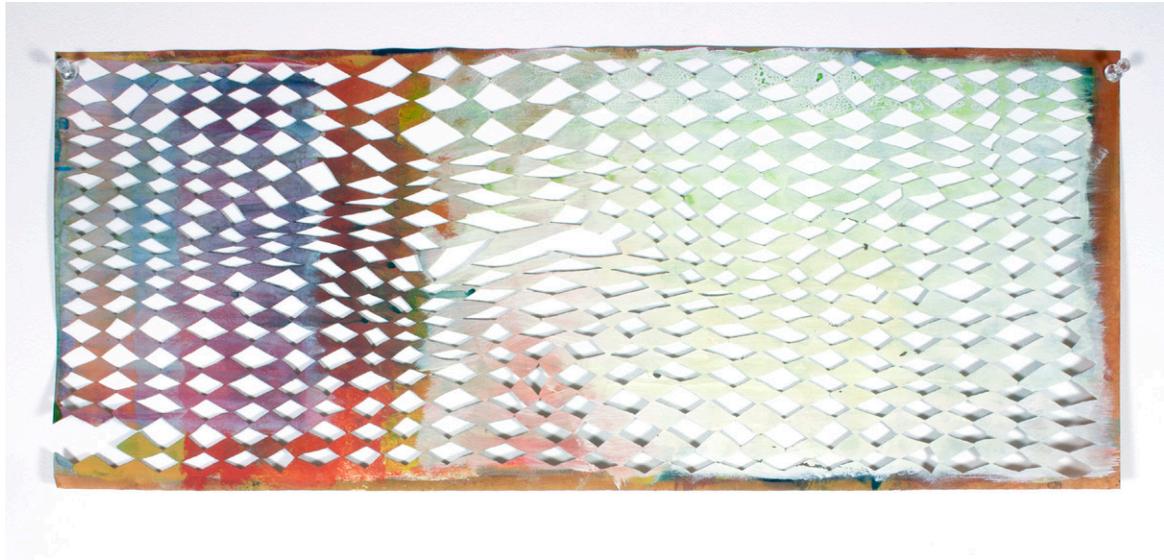




Tallulah **Terryll**

The Work



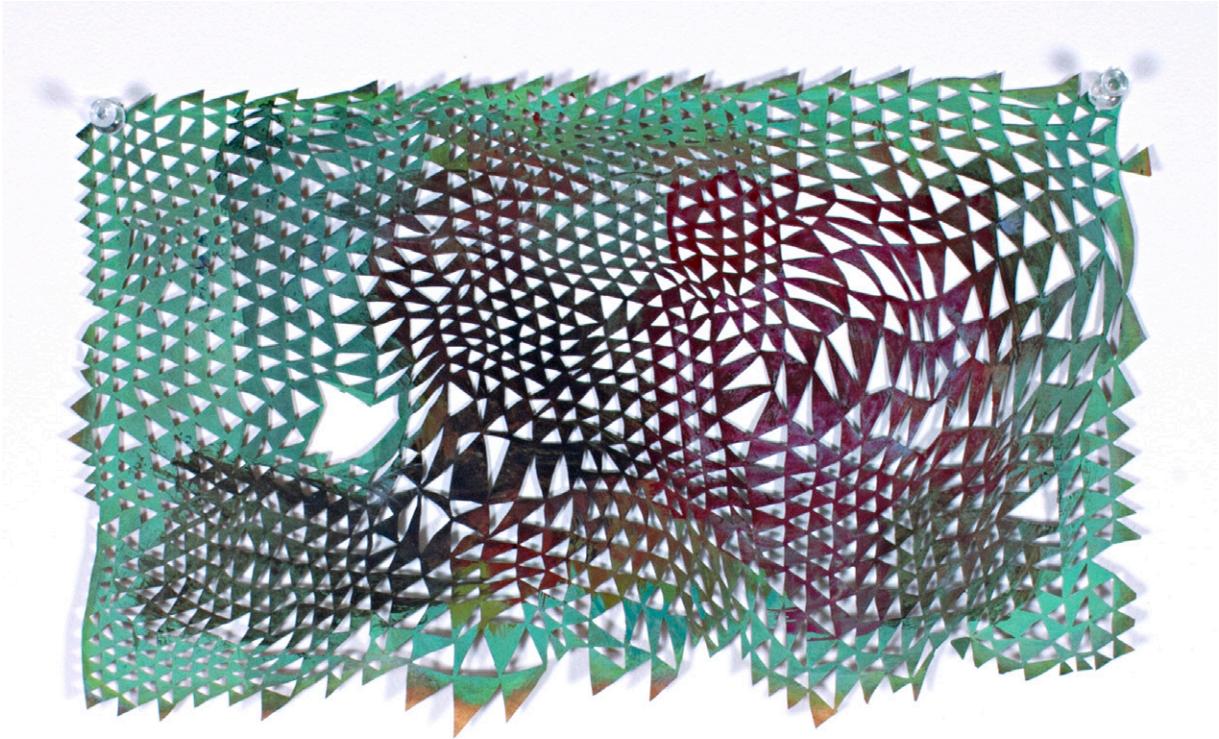


After falling in love with Japanese fabrics and enrolling in Japanese language courses in the late 1990s, Seattle native Tallulah Terryll spent several years living in Japan, teaching English at a high school in Nagoya and studying traditional print techniques. Anyone who knows Tallulah knows that she loves Japan – but not, I think, for the usual reasons. Tallulah is a level-headed, feet-on-the-ground, down-to-earth kind of person; unlike the typical Western *otaku*, I don't think she is bewitched by the grotesquerie and spectacle of Japan. I can't imagine a young Tallulah in Nagoya, squealing “kawaii!” (cute!) in that kittenish, high-pitched tone that is practically required of Japanese women; instead, I can see her having a calm conversation about ink or tea while learning the proper way to fold a kimono from someone's earthy, ancient grandmother.

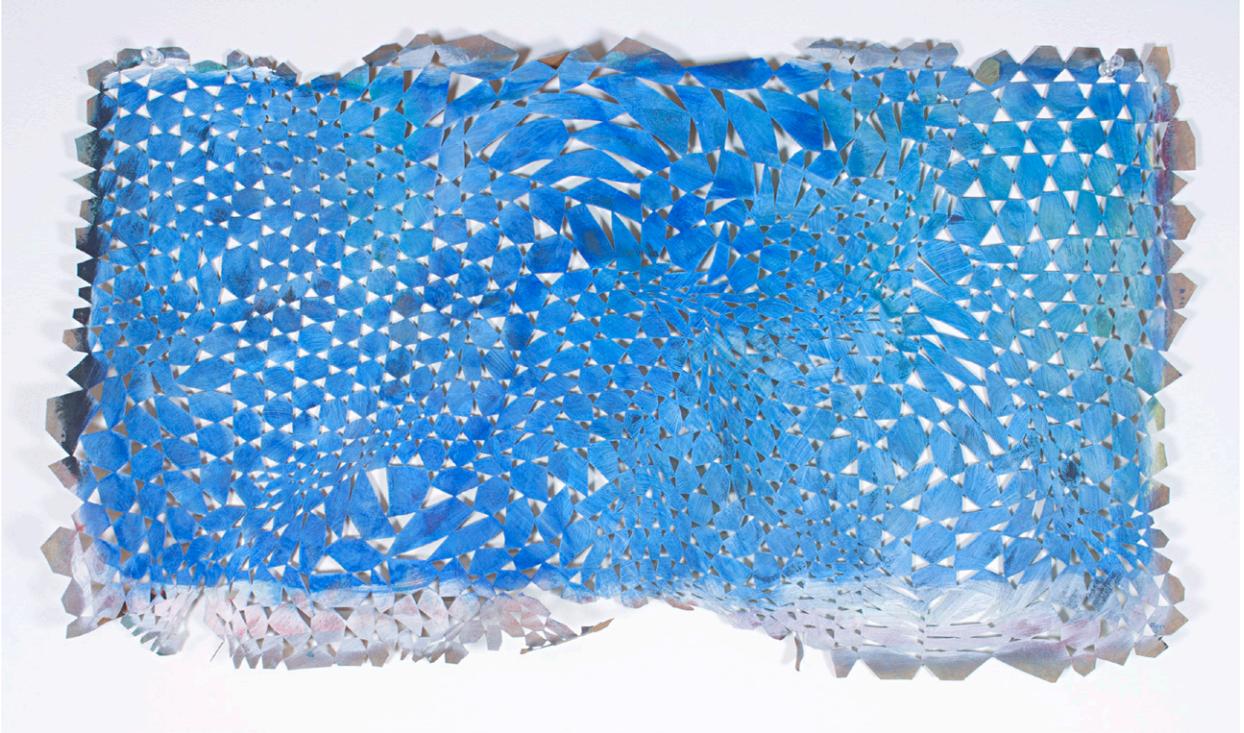
I think what drew Tallulah to Japan – besides its beautiful fabrics, tasty sweets, and the universal availability of beer, of course – is the practically supernatural degree of discipline that pervades Japanese life. ***In nearly every endeavor there exists a respect for doing things the correct way and using precisely the right tools.*** It is not considered extreme in the least by the Japanese that decades or even an entire lifetime of intense study, humility, and persistence should be required for an aspiring sushi chef, for example, to learn how to make a perfect batch of rice. Forever the apprentice, forever humble, an artist like Tallulah is never satisfied with her work – simply because she knows she will be right back in the studio again tomorrow, making something fresh.

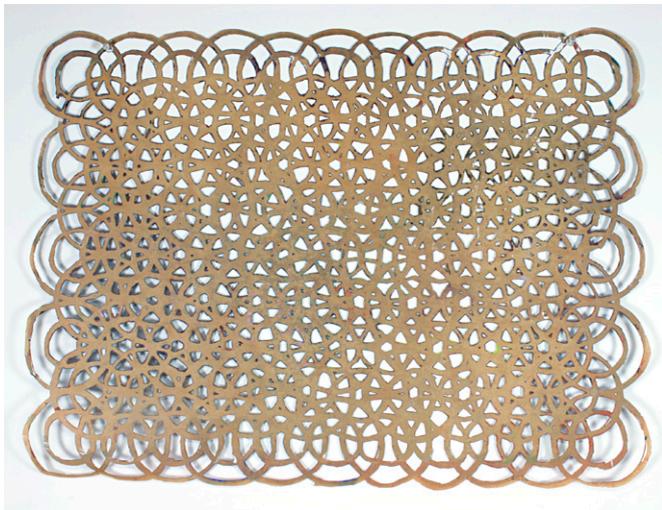
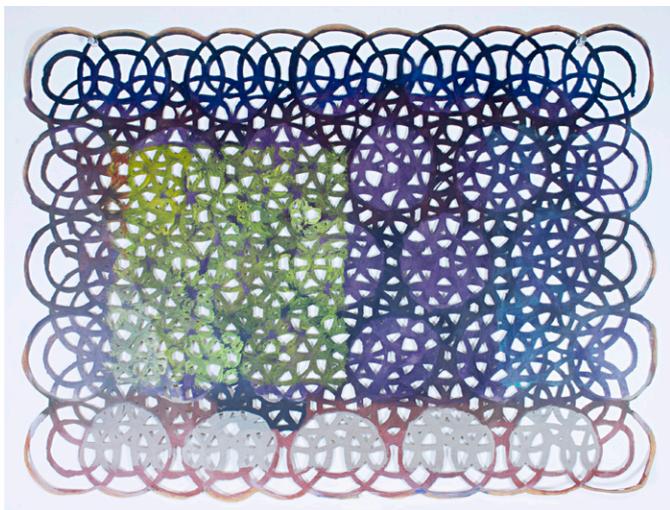
Tallulah Terryll



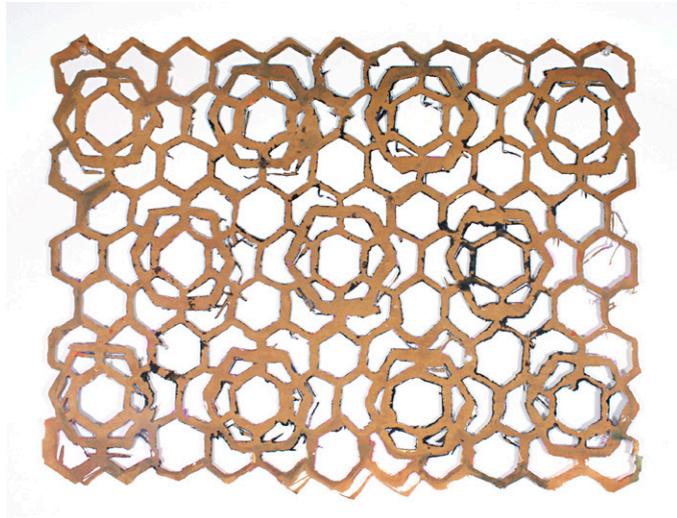
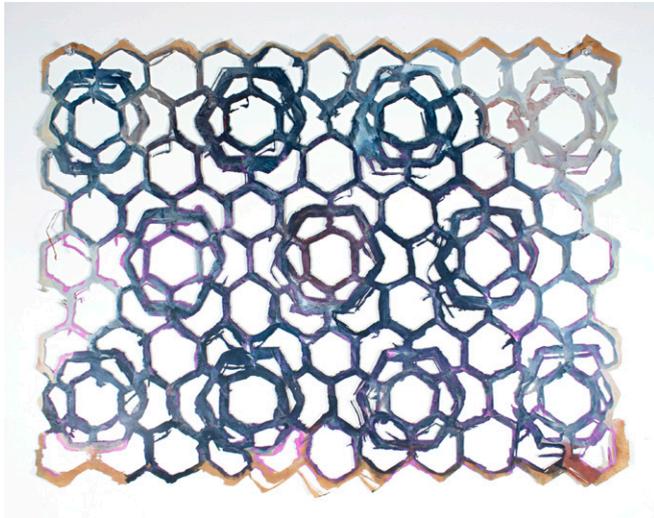


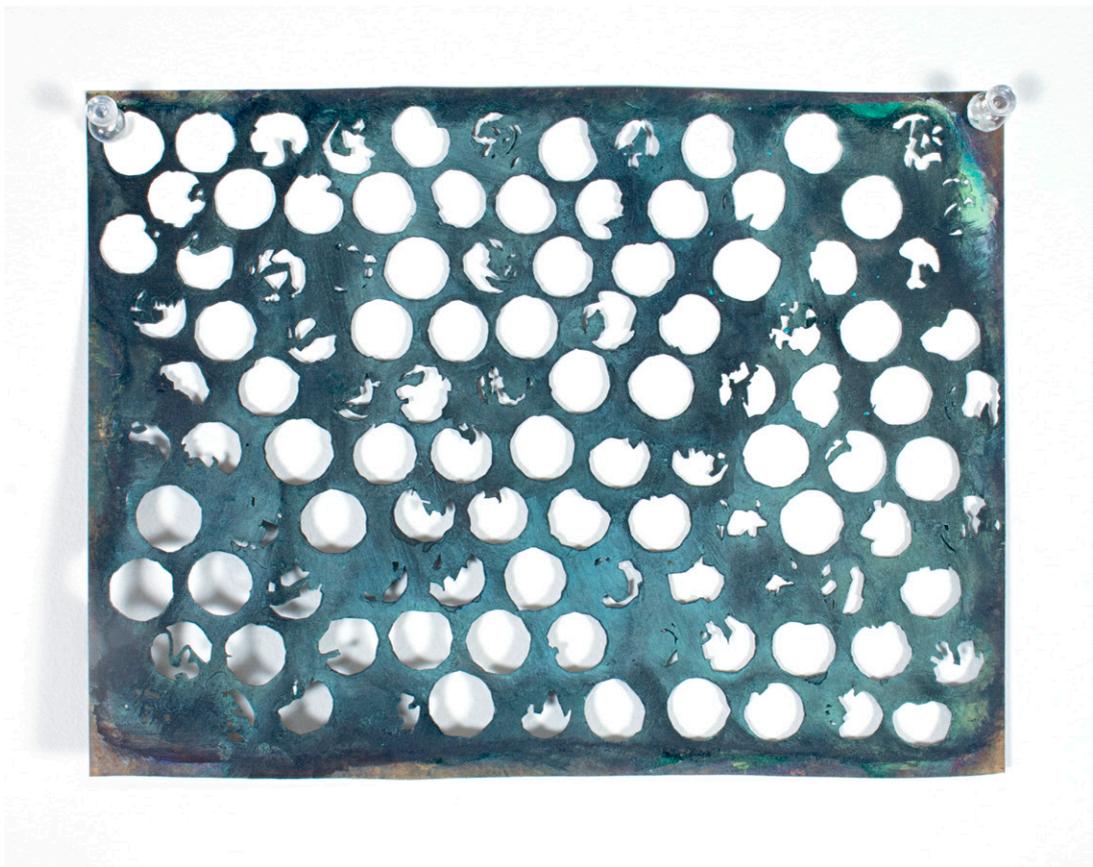
How I wish I could bottle and sell Tallulah's unflagging work ethic to the thousands of young hopefuls churned out by the increasingly franchise-heavy art school scene. Her's is an engine that runs very cool and stays the course at an enviably consistent speed; most importantly, she never stops. She has undertaken residencies at two monasteries, but when I invoke notions of spirituality to describe her daily studio time, she backs away. Although she sometimes approaches a meditative, transcendent state via her practice, she is guided not by reflection or prayer or mystic curiosity, but by the timeless repetition and ritual of simply doing.

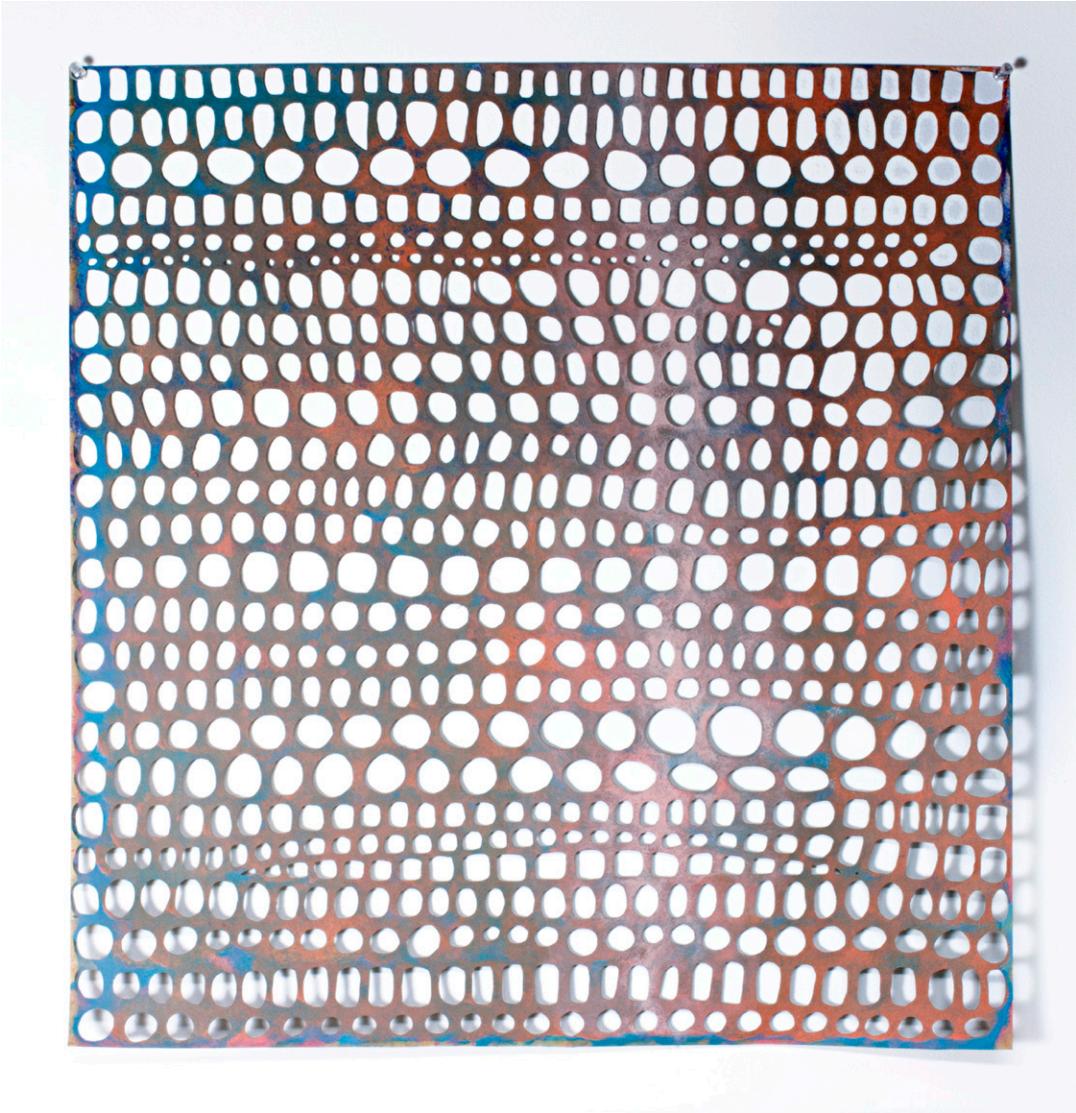




The steady rhythm and pattern of Tallulah’s daily studio practice may prove more crucial to her artistic identity than those signature patterns of stenciled shapes that make her work so easy to recognize. I don’t see Tallulah’s practice as consisting wholly of the works on paper or panel that she hangs in galleries; these final products, like the stencils which were used in their making, will always play second banana to The Work. Each of her hundreds of individual art pieces, the thousands of individual glyphs or shapes within those pieces, all of the hundreds of thousands of cuts and strokes required to create those shapes – in time, these countless objects, movements and actions merge, subsumed into one singular, continual activity.







Tallulah **Terryll**



There is a song called “Work” on a concept album Lou Reed made with John Cale called *Songs For Drella*, on which all of the lyrics pay loving (if acerbic) tribute to their recently passed friend and mentor, Andy Warhol. In the words to “Work,” Reed describes Warhol’s phenomenal work ethic, contrasting it with the devil-may-care attitude of his own younger self. I have often thought it could just as easily be a conversation between Tallulah and me (after all, she does get to work much earlier than I do):

*He'd get to the factory early.
If you'd ask him, he'd have told you straight out:
It's work.*

*No matter what I did it never seemed enough.
He said I was lazy, I said I was young.
He said, How many songs did you write?
I'd written zero – I lied and said ten.*

[...]

*Andy said a lot of things.
I stored them all away in my head.
Sometimes when I can't decide what I should do,
I think what would Andy have said.*

*He'd probably say: you think too much!
That's 'cause there's work that you don't want to do.
It's work.*

The most important thing is work.

Clinton **Van Inman**

New Beat Poems

SYLVIA

I hear they have placed
A pretty blue plaque
High above your flat
So that tourists can find you
And say that this is the spot
Where you killed yourself.

Lucky girl, you modern Sappho
To take the quantum leap
Like a comet to take your place
Among the darkest regions of empty space
With a brilliance that few can keep
And even less the mind to know
Where no dull planet can perturb you
As fallen flowers have no faces.

RABBIT FOOT

I bet you never knew
How lucky you'd become
As they chopped your paws off
And painted them blue
To make a nice little
Key ring out of you,
You lucky charm, you.

Don't think we're really mad
But just the same
Our eyes are now fixed on
Some bigger game
Than those little paws,
Like ivory tusks and tiger teeth,
Alligator skins and eagle claws.
Perhaps someone will do this to us one day
When they reach out from outer space,
Perhaps we too will be their lucky race?

FRANKENSTEIN

Color coded complete with picture I.D.
We'll teach you to be like us.
Give you a turtle neck or bow tie
You will be our kind of Mensch
We'll give you a new brain, doesn't
Matter whose for they are all just the same,
Complete with certificate of authenticity
Credit rating and charge account,
Security, savings, and even disability.
We'll teach you how to walk and talk
In circles as if you had some sense.
We will give you some brand named shoes
And even change your name to Frank or Frankie.
But why are you still reaching for
Flowers?

THE REAL MISSING MASS

They say that most of you is missing
Perhaps even your private places
Something more than just an arm or leg
And deeper from your darkest spaces.

Researchers conclude as much as ninety percent
Lost deduced from a long line of X's and O's
But it takes no greater science to tell me
Of your muted mysteries no one knows.

I too have peered down your opaque passages
Have felt your fractal pulse dimensionless
Have seen your eyes hidden in a veil of stars
And knew then that you were quite figureless.

Like staring at the stars
You cannot be seen directly
Or your skies blue only from a distance
Because you are a tease only.

HUMPBACK SONG

Once a slug only I squirmed
In your swollen, stillborn seas
And felt the perpetual pull

Of midnight moons across my back
As I floated face down adrift
In your Paleozoic tides.

Only in fleeing am I free
My fins protect me from
Your invertebrate claws.

My humpback song will find
Deeper, purer waters beyond
The needle of your compass point.

Far from your perfect
Perpendicular shores that could
Never square me.

Annie Albagli

Print



*Untitled [triangle/space] Series, installation view. each print is 30" x 22".
Pure pigments and transparent base on arches paper, unique screen prints*

For the past few years, my work has been an ongoing investigation of invented Edenic spaces that depict the intersection of Heaven and Earth. *As I move from place to place, I realize how the work responds to the changes in the urban and natural landscape of my surroundings.* These influences range from simple signage in a new West Bank settlement to the juxtaposition of overgrown gardens or paved over lots found in Oakland and Berkeley, CA. When investigating these invented spaces in my work, I create compositions which utilize forms from my environment. I then create a series of unique screenprints, which allows me to investigate this space with different colors, layering, and blocking techniques. These techniques serve as a way to discover, for example, what a 24 hour period might look like in this space.



Untitled [triangle/space] Series, installation view. each print is 30" x 22".
Pure pigments and transparent base on arches paper, unique screen prints

While this was the initial impetus for using the screen print process, my prints and objects have recurred into a world of geometric forms, where one print responds to another, which responds to another, and so on and so on. I use the opportunity to repeat my images through the screen print process and play with color, layering, and composition. The repetition of these images and forms inherently create a series of patterns. Though, I hope, through the slight variations of color and process, reflected in the final print, the viewer loses themselves in each print differently.

This way of pattern making has now extended itself into developing a process to print on plaster in order to create tiled and patterned forms. Using pure pigments to print with and the mesh from screens as my matrix, the forms can repeat so that the tiles fit together while still allowing for variation as the printed forms degrade from constant usage. The recent prints on tiles (shown in images 6, 7, and 8) are glimpses into the future of my work, which will be exhibited at the RoyalNoneSuch Gallery in Oakland, CA in July. This new method of experimentation with my media and process allow me to continue to form patterns with materials that have a different significance and implication than a print hung on the wall.



Untitled [triangle/space] Series. Each print is 30" x 22".
Pure pigments and transparent base on arches paper, unique screen prints



[work in progress!]. Each tile is 18" x 18". Pure pigments on plaster, unique screen prints

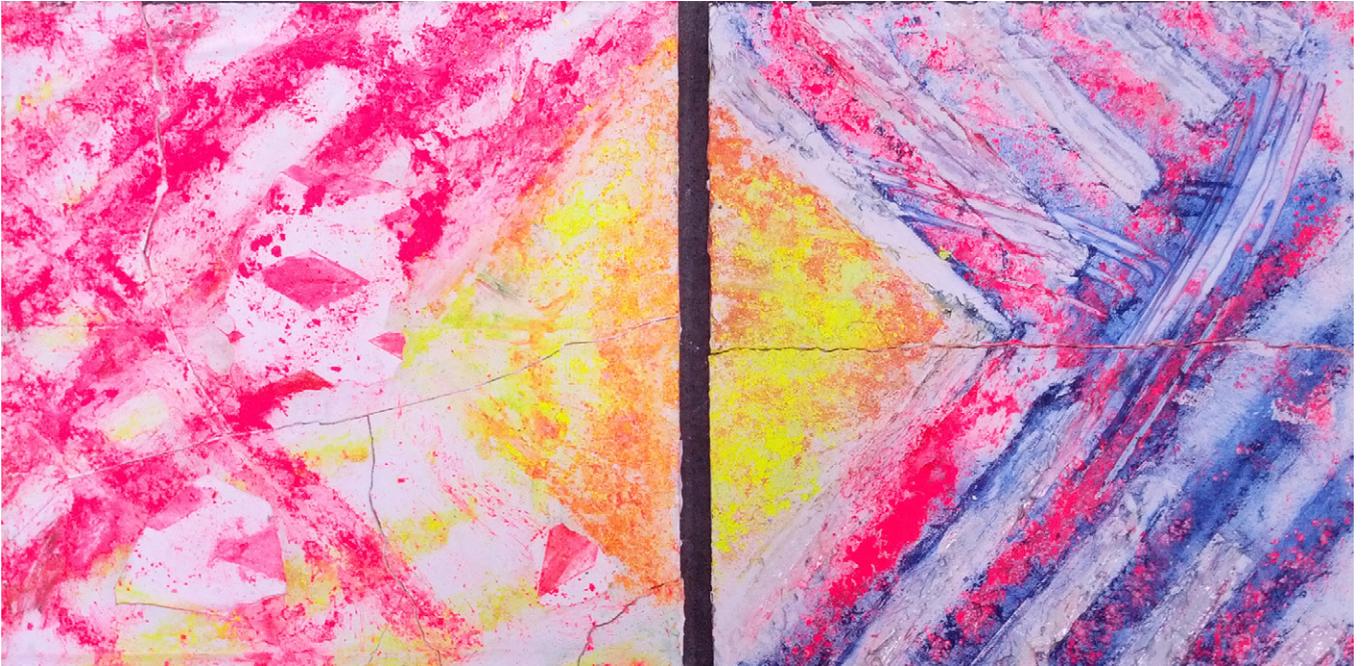
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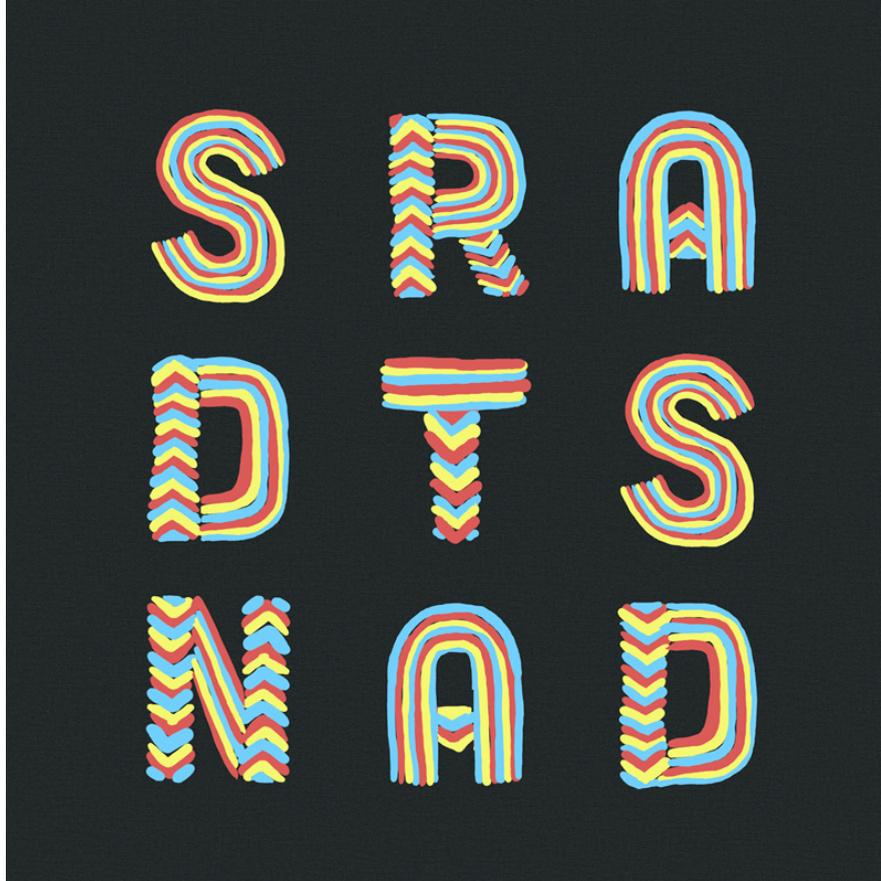
[work in progress!]. Each tile is 18" x 18". Pure pigments on plaster, unique screen prints

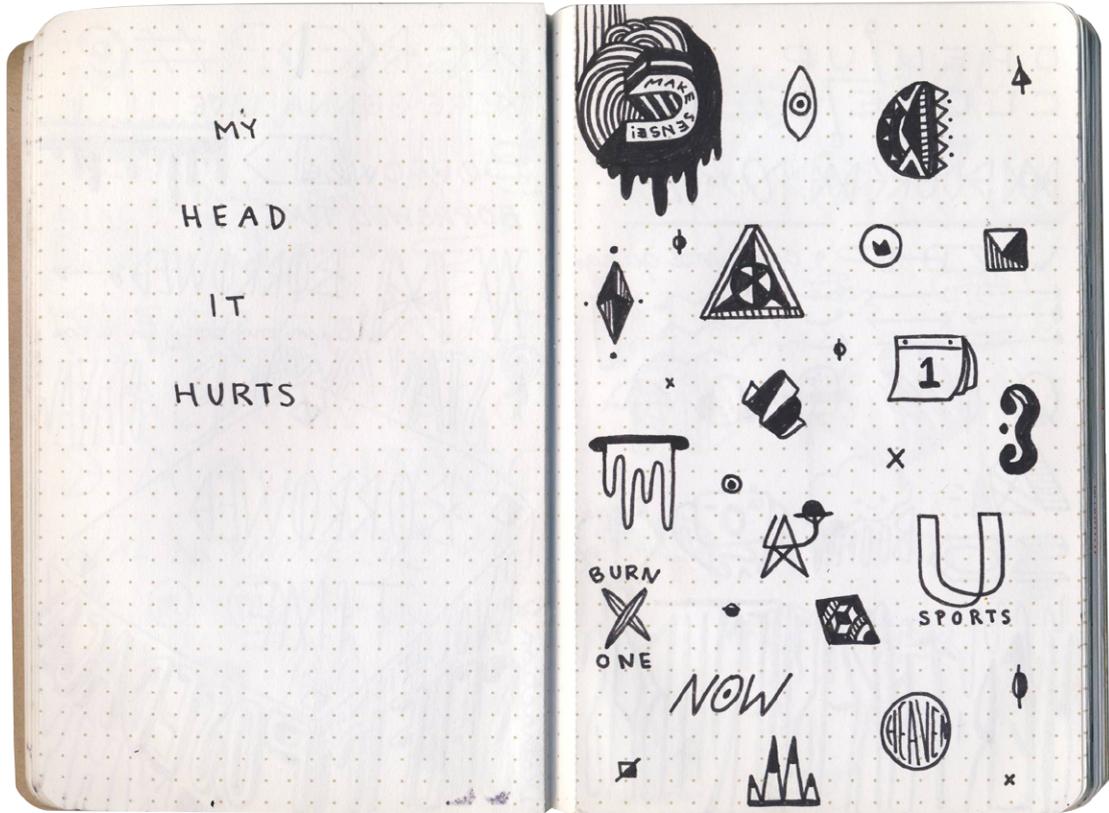
Annie **Albagli**



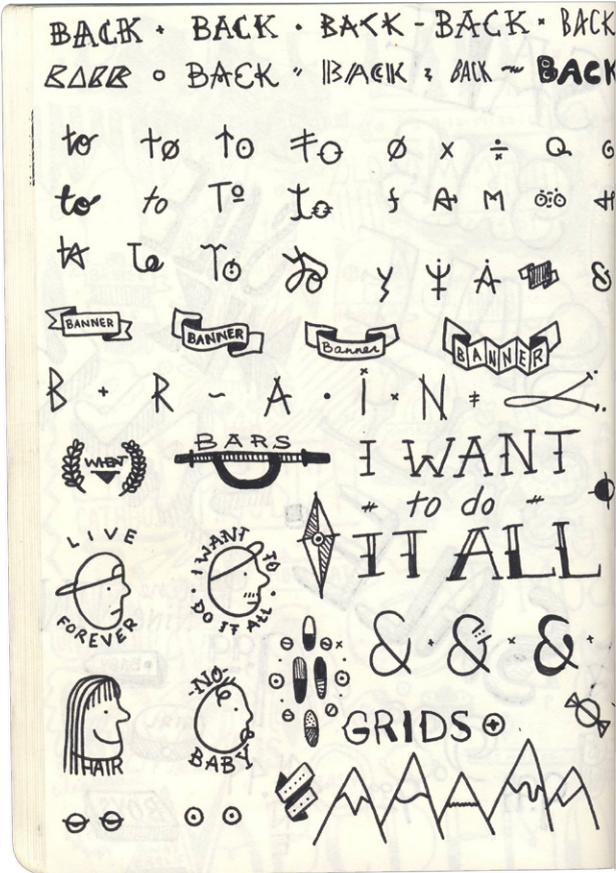
[work in progress!]. Each tile is 18" x 18". Pure pigments on plaster, unique screen prints

Jillian Fisher











Jami Nakamura Lin

History

Today – Thursday, February 24, 2011

6:57 PM

[janesville craigslist | accept title of posting: "crib, bassinet, baby clothes for free"](#)

6:57 PM

[janesville craigslist | create posting](#)

6:56 PM

[janesville free stuff classifieds - craigslist](#)

6:56 PM

[craigslist: janesville classifieds for jobs, apartments, personals, for sale, services, community, and events](#)

6:55 PM

[give away baby things + janesville - Google Search](#)

6:55 PM

[give away things - Google Search](#)

3:53 PM

[Create an Appointment | Marcia Hartfeld, LCSW](#)

3:51 PM

[Home Page of Marcia Hartfeld, LCSW](#)

3:50 PM

[Outpatient Therapy- Grace Connections Clinical Care](#)

3:50 PM

[Grace Connections Clinical Care](#)

3:45 PM

[Gmail - Inbox \(137\) – eliza.connelly@gmail.com](#)

3:45 PM

[Janesville Yellow Pages- Therapy](#)

4:02 PM

[Janesville Yellow Pages](#)

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Yesterday – Wednesday, February 23, 2011

No browser activity

Tuesday, February 22, 2011

No browser activity

Monday, February 21, 2011

1:19 AM

[Gmail - Inbox \(86\) – eliza.connelly@gmail.com](mailto:eliza.connelly@gmail.com)

Sunday, February 20, 2011

No browser activity

Saturday, February 19, 2011

No browser activity

Friday, February 18, 2011

11:19 PM

[phone number for john saltz OB/GYN- Google Search](#)

11:02 PM

<http://www.momswhothink.com/pregnancy-complications/signs-of-miscarriage.html>

11:02 PM

[symptoms of miscarriage at 23 weeks - Google Search](#)

10:21 PM

[Understanding miscarriage | BabyCenter](#)

10:12 PM

[Preterm labor and birth | BabyCenter](#)

10:05 PM

[Ectopic pregnancy | BabyCenter](#)

10:05 PM

[Abdominal pain during pregnancy | BabyCenter](#)

10:04 PM

[pelvic discomfort during pregnancy - Google Search](#)

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10:04 PM

[pelvic discomfort - Google Search](#)

10:04 PM

[cramping - Google Search](#)

Thursday, January 6, 2011

4:59 PM

[Babies"R"Us - Baby Registry | "Robin's List! 6/12/11!"](#)

4:28 PM

[Babies"R"Us - Baby Registry | Create a Registry](#)

4:27 PM

[Baby Gifts - Baby Registry at Babies"R"Us](#)

4:27 PM

[Babies"R"Us - Baby Registry, Baby Gifts, Car Seats, Strollers & More](#)

4:27 PM

[Toysrus.com Home - The Official Toys"R"Us Site - Toys, Games, & More](#)

4:26 PM

[babys r us coupons - Google Search](#)

4:26 PM

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4:12 PM

[Gmail - Inbox \(3\) – eliza.connelly@gmail.com](#)

4:11 PM

http://www.allaboutbirds.org/guide/american_robin/id

4:11 PM

[Google Image Result for http://www.allaboutbirds.org/guide/PHOTO/LARGE/american_robin_8.jpg](#)

4:10 PM

[robin -batman - Google Search](#)

4:10 PM

[Google Image Result for http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/en/thumb/6/67/BatmanRobin.jpg](#)

4:10 PM

[robin - Google Search](#)

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4:09 PM

[what does the name robin mean - Google Search](#)

3:56 PM

[Robin | Name Meaning & Origin | Boy or Girl Name Robin | Baby Names World](#)

3:11 PM

[27,000 Baby Names, From Rhea to Rosalinda, Meanings and Origins at Baby Names World](#)

2:57 PM

[27,000 Baby Names, From Rachael to Reyna, Meanings and Origins at Baby Names World](#)

2:48 PM

[27,000 Baby Names, From Paige to Portia, Meanings and Origins at Baby Names World](#)

2:48 PM

[Baby Girl Names | Girl Names | Girls Names | Girls | Parents Connect](#)

2:48 PM

[baby names girl - Google Search](#)

Wednesday, November 17, 2010

7:06 AM

[YummyEarth Organic Lollipops, Ginger Zest \(60 Count\), 12.3-Ounce Bags \(Pack of 4\):](#)

7:06 AM

[Preggie Pops | Morning Sickness Help](#)

7:06 AM

[ginger lollipops - Google Search](#)

6:57 AM

[Morning sickness: Lifestyle and home remedies - MayoClinic.com](#)

6:50 AM

[Morning sickness - MayoClinic.com](#)

6:50 AM

[how to manage morning sickness - Google Search](#)

6:49 AM

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6:13 AM

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Monday, October 4, 2010

3:55 PM

[Gmail - Inbox \(No New Messages\) – eliza.connelly@gmail.com](#)

3:43 PM

[Gmail - Inbox \(2\) – eliza.connelly@gmail.com](#)

3:03 PM

[Worry About Pregnancy](#)

2:51 PM

[Early Symptoms of Pregnancy](#)

2:39 PM

[Pregnancy Information, Free Pregnancy Tools, Week by Week Calendar](#)

2:34 PM

[What to Expect Registration](#)

2:33 PM

[What To Expect When You're Expecting, Pregnancy, Baby, Babies, Toddler, Parenting -- WhatToExpect.com](#)

2:33 PM

[what to expect when you're expecting WEBSITE - Google Search](#)

2:32 PM

[Amazon.com: What to Expect When You're Expecting, 4th Edition \(9780761148579\): Heidi Murkoff, Sharon](#)

[Mazel: Books](#)

2:32 PM

[what to expect when you're expecting - Google Search](#)

Wednesday, September 15, 2010

10:22 PM

[How Often Are Pregnancy Tests Wrong? | eHow.com](#)

10:22 PM

[how often are pregnancy tests wrong - Google Search](#)

8:09 PM

[Store Details | Store Locator | Walgreens](#)

8:09 PM

[address of walgreens janesville wi - Google Search](#)

{50} COMPOSITE

Pattern / Summer 2013

8:05 PM

[How long does it take after conception for a pregnancy test to tell whether or not your pregnant? - Yahoo!](#)

[Answers](#)

8:05 PM

[how long after you have sex can you tell if you're pregnant - Google Search](#)

7:55 PM

[WebMD | Pregnancy](#)

7:55 PM

[WebMD | Asherman's syndrome](#)

7:53 PM

[WebMD | Polycystic ovary syndrome](#)

7:53 PM

[WebMD | Imperforate hymen](#)

7:53 PM

[WebMD | Reasons for Missed or Irregular Periods](#)

7:55 PM

[WebMD | Menstrual cycle](#)

7:52 PM

[WebMD | Health Search](#)

7:52 PM

[WebMD - Better information. Better health.](#)

Jennifer Hines

Balance

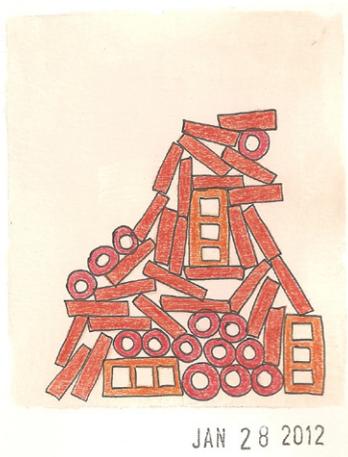


Date drawing, 2-19-2008. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Pencil and ink drawing on painted ground

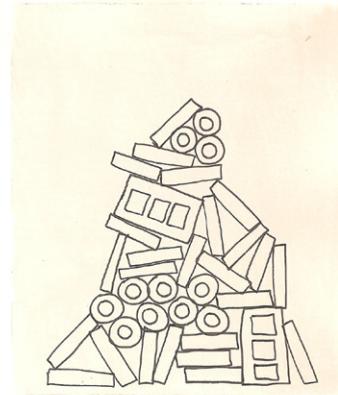
I am interested in exploring narrative as a key element both in the formation and the reading of our identities. *Human nature defines our way of understanding things outside of ourselves by creating a narrative to make sense of the disparate elements.* Each person's narrative to a situation is unique because these narratives are created by filtering what we encounter through our own prior experiences and identities. By using my own personal experiences as a springboard to start a discussion, I create an arena for voyeurism and reflection from the viewer that in turn prompts questions, comparisons, and sheds light on the human experience.



Date drawing, 4-1-2010. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Pencil and ink drawing on painted ground
Date drawing, 11-25-2011. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Pencil and ink drawing on painted ground



JAN 28 2012



Date drawing, 1-28-2012. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Pencil and ink drawing on painted ground

Date drawing, future 2. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Pencil and ink drawing on painted ground

We reveal our identity and form personal narratives by how we balance the external forces that we encounter on a day to day basis. Balance can mean physical balance, such as how we keep our bodies upright on the ground, but can also mean mental balance and how we manage and adjust to living in our environment. ***This balance is formed by how we sort, filter, and stack these external forces, such as our life responsibilities, emotions, observations, tasks, and confrontations into manageable packages to keep ourselves sane and well-adjusted within the expectations of society.*** When we are confronted with an experience, we have to take it in and process it, which means finding a place for that experience inside our minds and body, or else we have to consider it and reject it as not imperative to our survival. Processing these stimuli is a coping mechanism, and an instinct that our bodies use to balance our anxiety, stress, and obligations. This exchange takes places in a split second, often without thought, as we are confronted with endless stimuli every day, including all the things we see, touch, observe, feel, and interact with. If all of these exchanges took physical form as a brick or block, the visual manifestation of our personal balance would be architectural and overwhelming, but our mind processes each block and keeps our lives balanced and allows us to live in the world. How we stack these experiences inside or outside our bodies and the patterns that are created as we sort and filter them into manageable configurations becomes a symbolic representation of our daily struggle to maintain normalcy in a social environment. How we choose to balance these encounters is unique to each person, and in turn reveals aspects of our identities that can be shared and examined in order to learn more about humanity and personal interactions.

Jennifer Hines



{ 54 } COMPOSITE

Pattern / Summer 2013

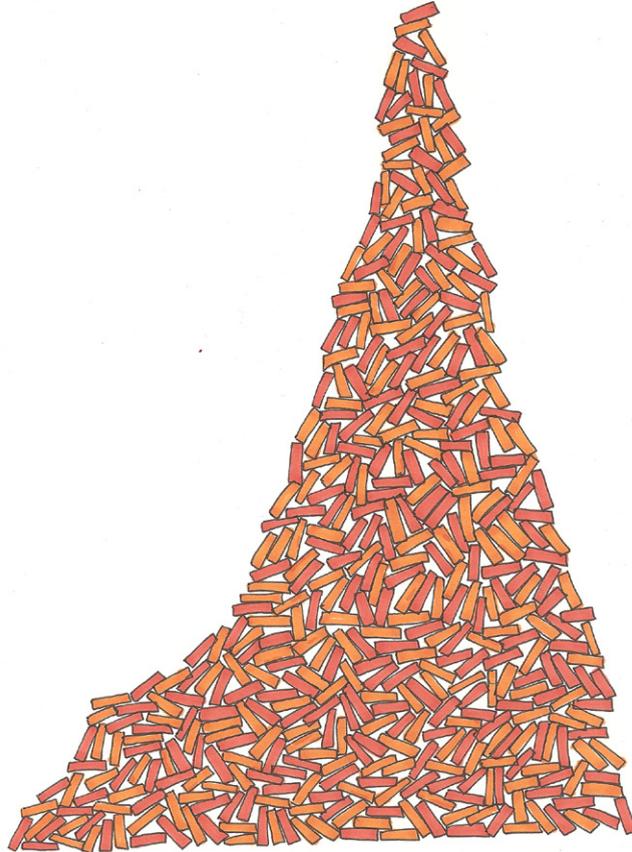
Jennifer Hines



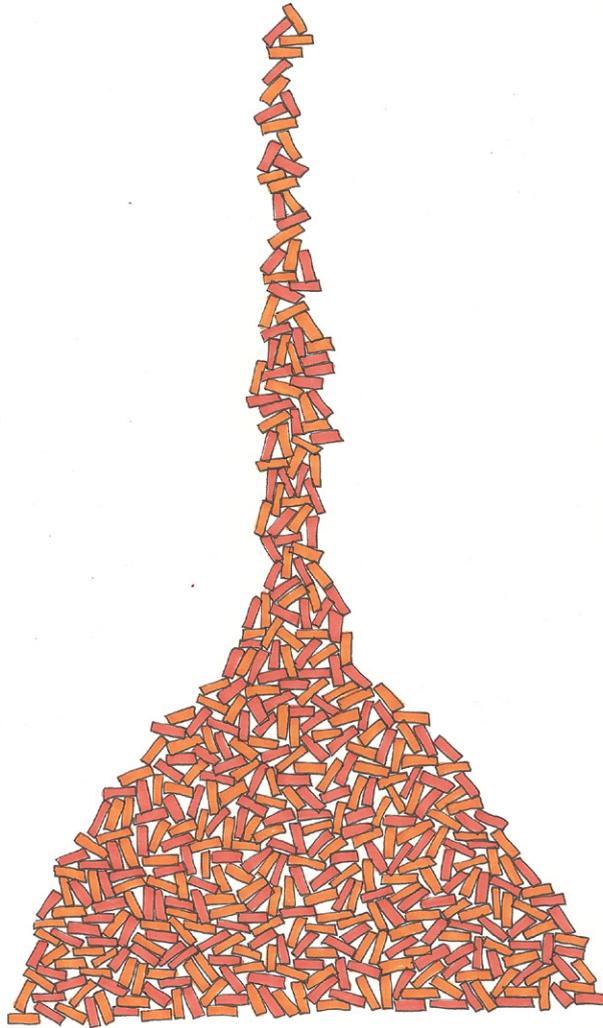
Balance fill 2, 2012. 12" x 12". Ink drawing
on previous: *Balance fill 4*, 2012. 12" x 12". Ink drawing



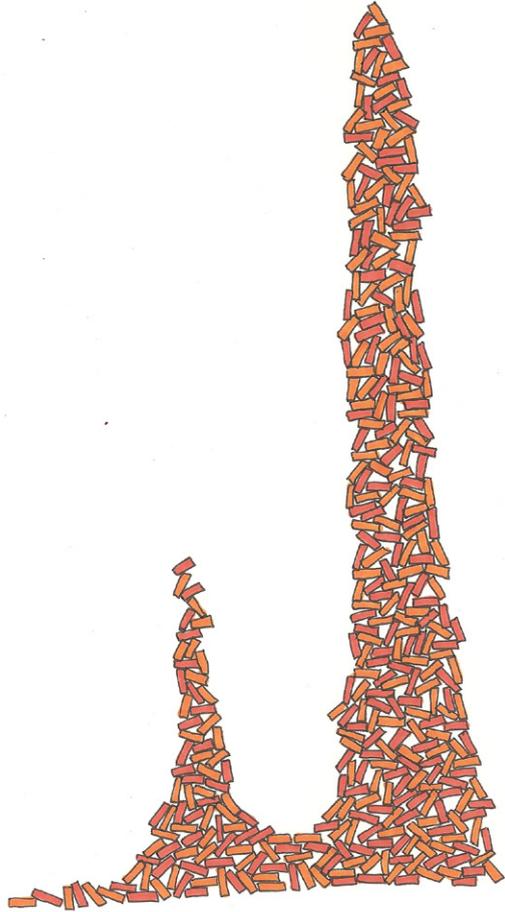
Balance fill 1. 2012. 12" x 12". Ink drawing



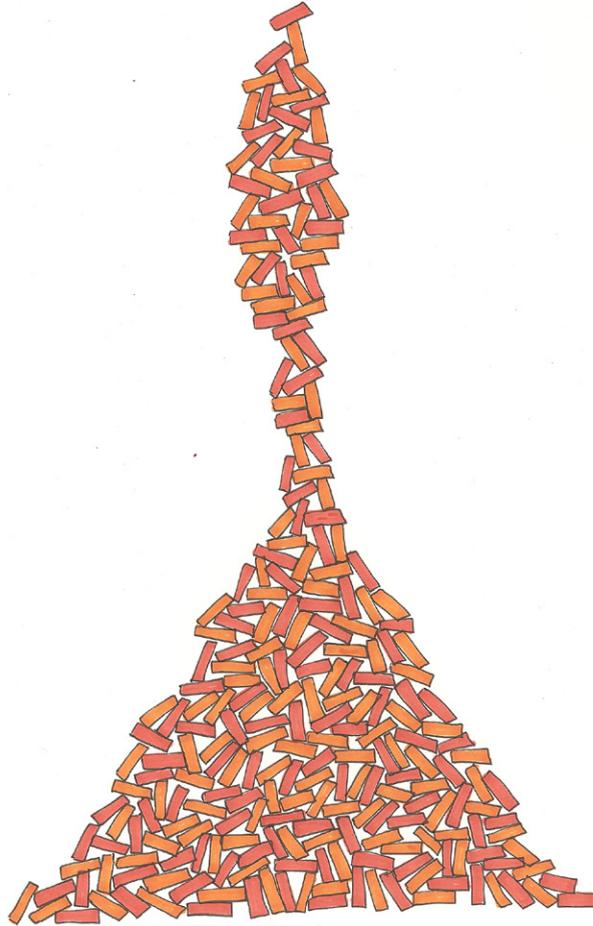
Impossible mountains 2. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Ink drawing



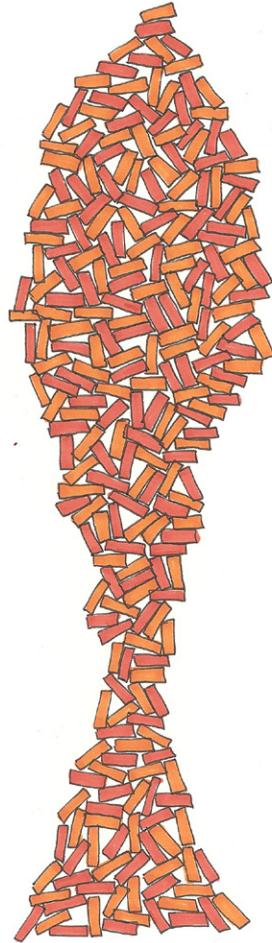
Impossible mountains 7. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Ink drawing



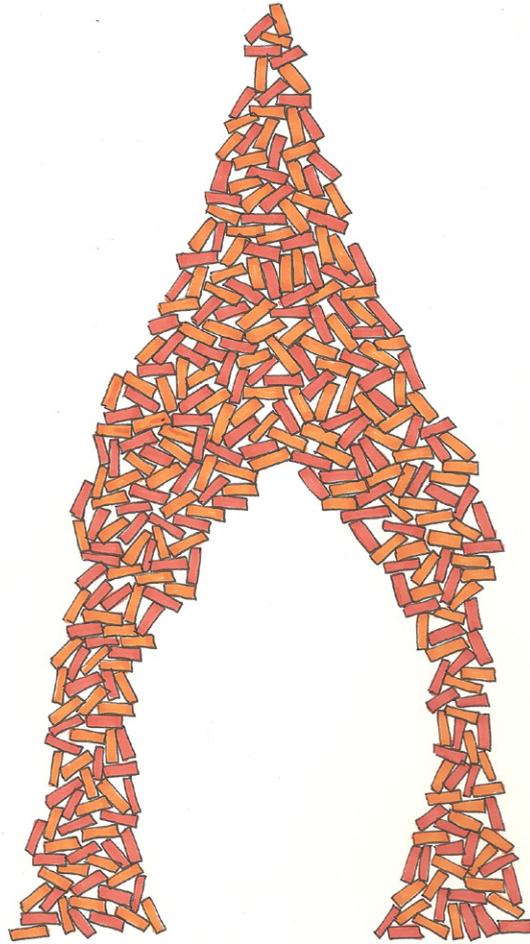
Impossible mountains 8. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Ink drawing



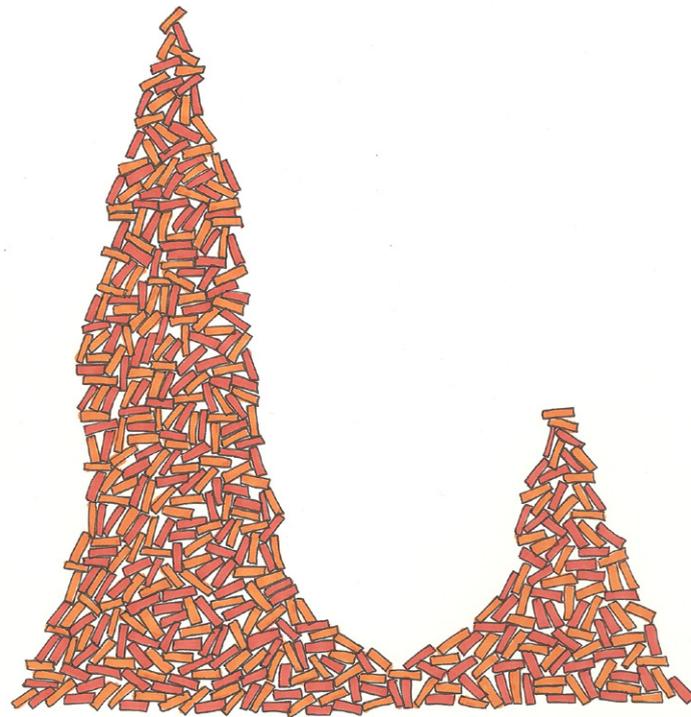
Impossible mountains 3. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Ink drawing



Impossible mountains 4. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Ink drawing



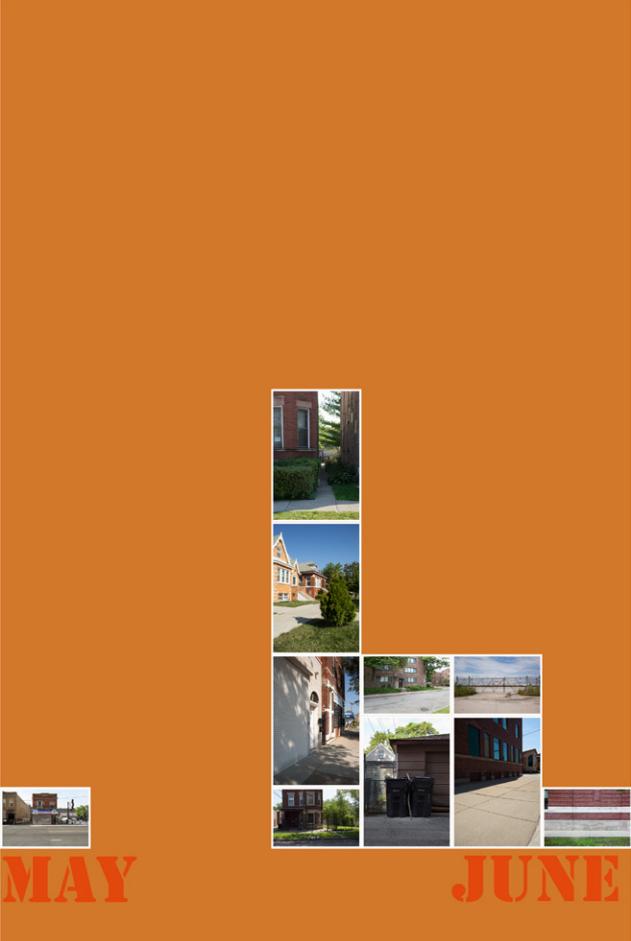
Impossible mountains 5. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Ink drawing



Impossible mountains 9. 2012. 6" x 9.5". Ink drawing

Krista Wortendyke

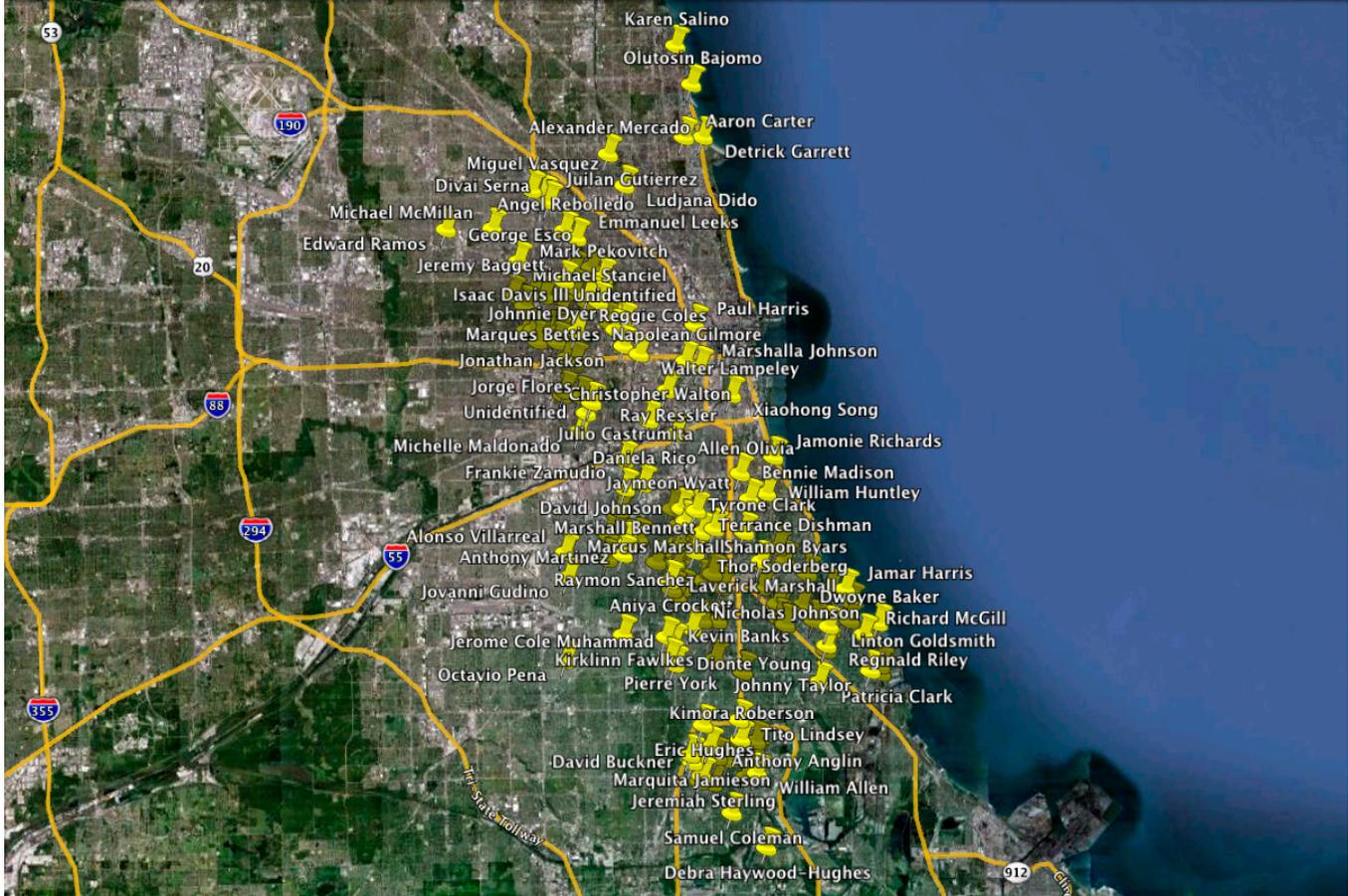
Killing Season Chicago



MAY

JUNE

Beginning on Memorial Day and ending on Labor Day of 2010, I tracked the homicides within the city limits of Chicago. Once the crime scenes were processed and the red tape was taken down, I visited and photographed the site of each murder. There were 172 homicides within that time period of roughly three months. The resulting physical piece is a 65-foot long installation of the photographs against a caution-orange background placed in a chronological graph. The form draws attention to the homicides and their frequency in a schematic way. Moving left to right in the piece, there is one column for each day the project spans. Stacked photographs in each column reflect the number of homicides that day as well as document each crime scene. ***From afar, the arrangement mimics a city skyline and begs the viewer to consider whether this violence is part of the fabric of the urban environment.*** The sheer number of images coupled with their small size (5.5" x 8.25" and 5.5" x 3.67") forces the viewer to come in and take a closer look. What they find are quiet, peopleless images of sites that all look vaguely familiar; sidewalks in front of two-flats, garages in back alleys, gangways, playgrounds and street corners. What they will also find is the occasional scraps of red or yellow tape, RIPs scrawled on walls, piles of stuffed animals, impeccably arranged empty liquor bottles and a metal cross nailed to a tree. These small clues indicate that these are not just arbitrary locations, but the settings of murders.





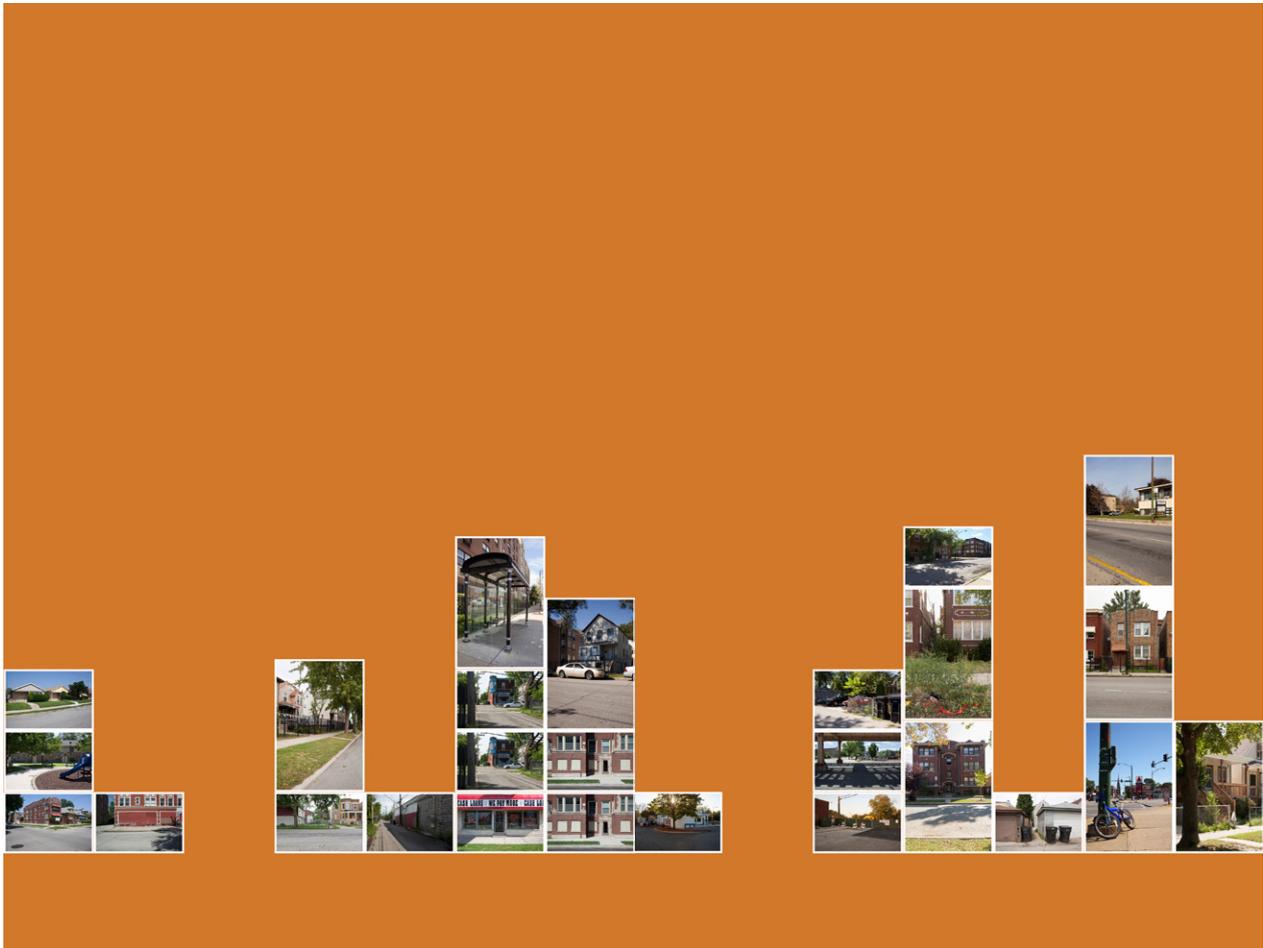
Christopher Walton, 30

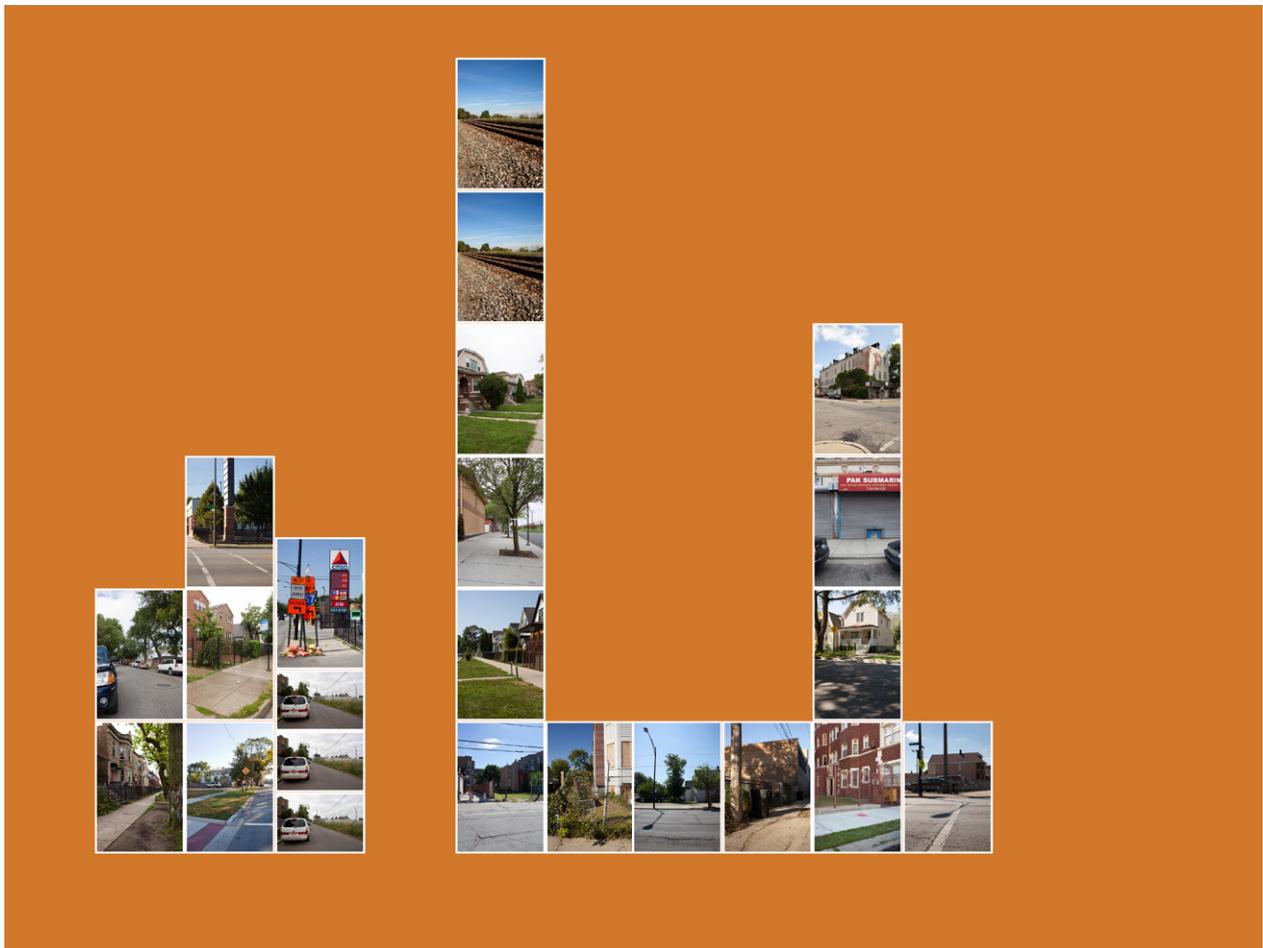
Walton was shot while sitting in his vehicle in the Little Village neighborhood on the 1st of June. He was found at 10:33 p.m. at 2215 West 28th Street in the driver's seat of his vehicle with gunshot wounds to his head. He was pronounced dead at 11:17 p.m. at Mt. Sinai Hospital.

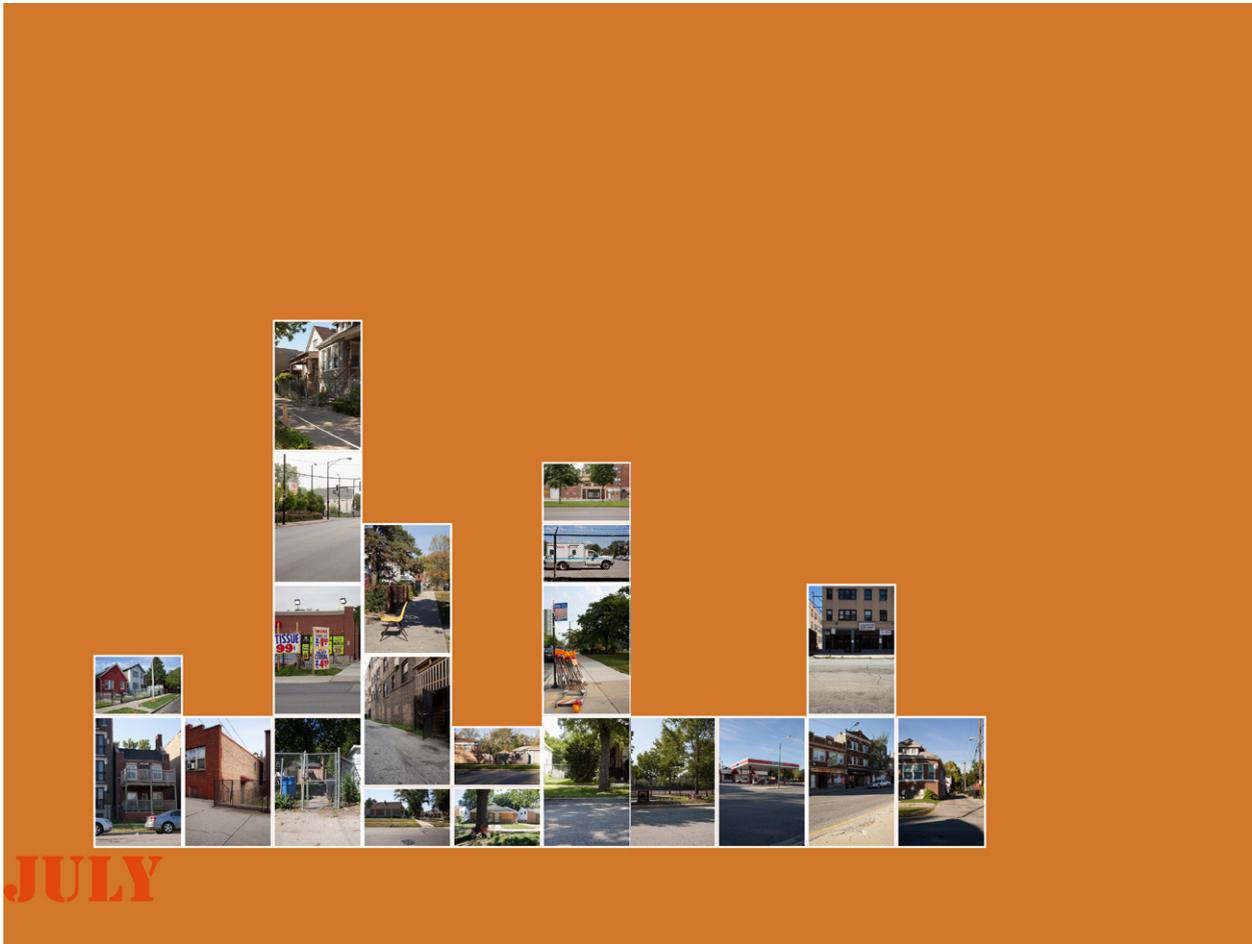


Jeremy Baggett, 15

On June 2nd, Baggett and a friend were at 4200 West Thomas Street near Piccolo Elementary Specialty School in the West Humboldt Park neighborhood at about 9:30 p.m. when it started to rain. He and his friend scambled to their bikes to ride home when a black van came up and two people inside began yelling before shots rang out. Jeremy fell off his bike and collapsed on the sidewalk. He was shot once in the head, once in the neck, and three times in the chest. He was dead before the ambulance pulled up. He was a sophomore at Orr Academy High School.









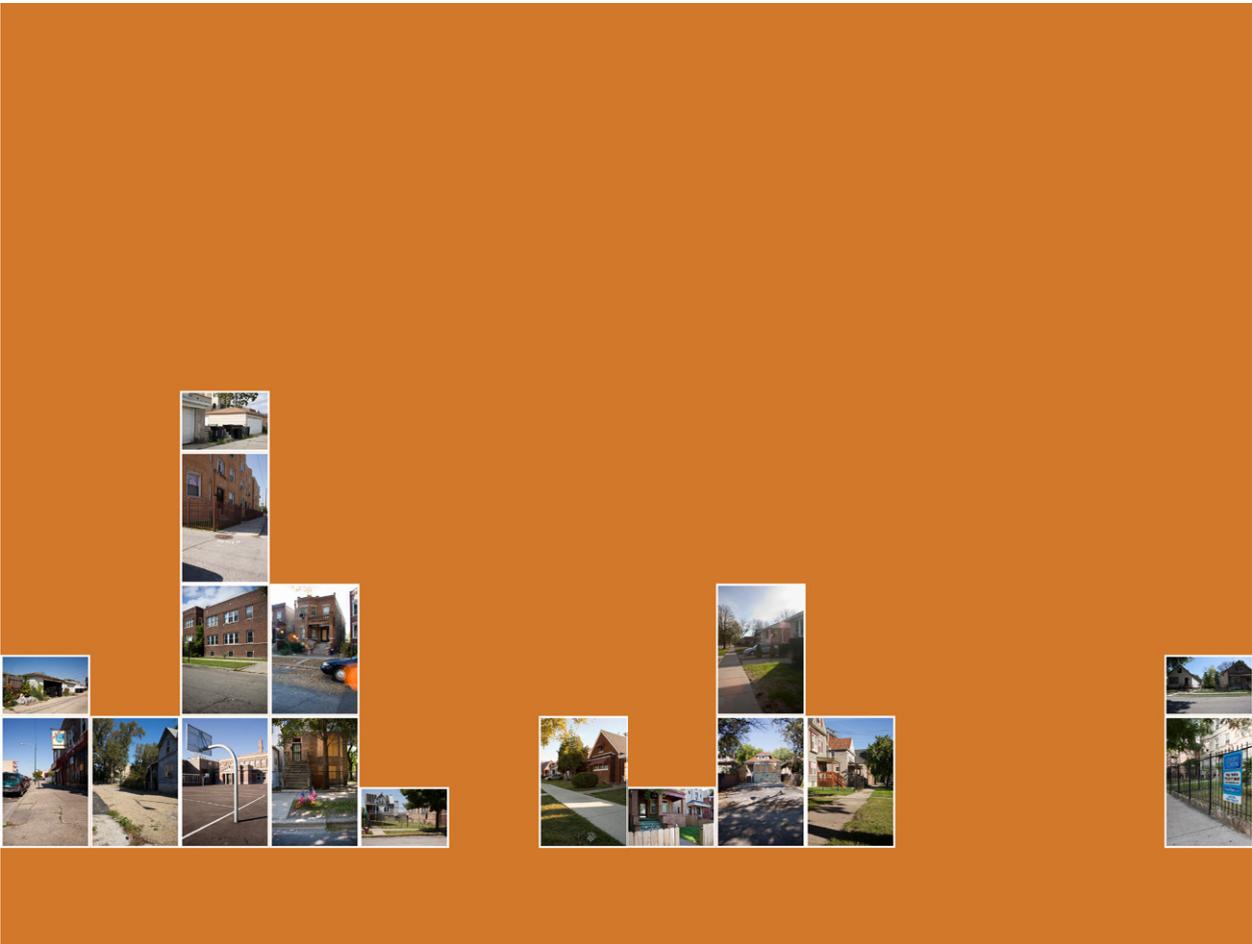
Xiaohong Song, 50

At 1:43 a.m. on July 3rd, Xiaohong Song got off the bus following a trip to a casino boat and was approached by two male suspects in the Chinatown neighborhood. They grabbed him from behind in an attempt to rob him, causing him to fall and hit his head on the sidewalk in front of 230 West 23rd Street. An autopsy showed that he was strangled to death.



Detrick Garrett, 29

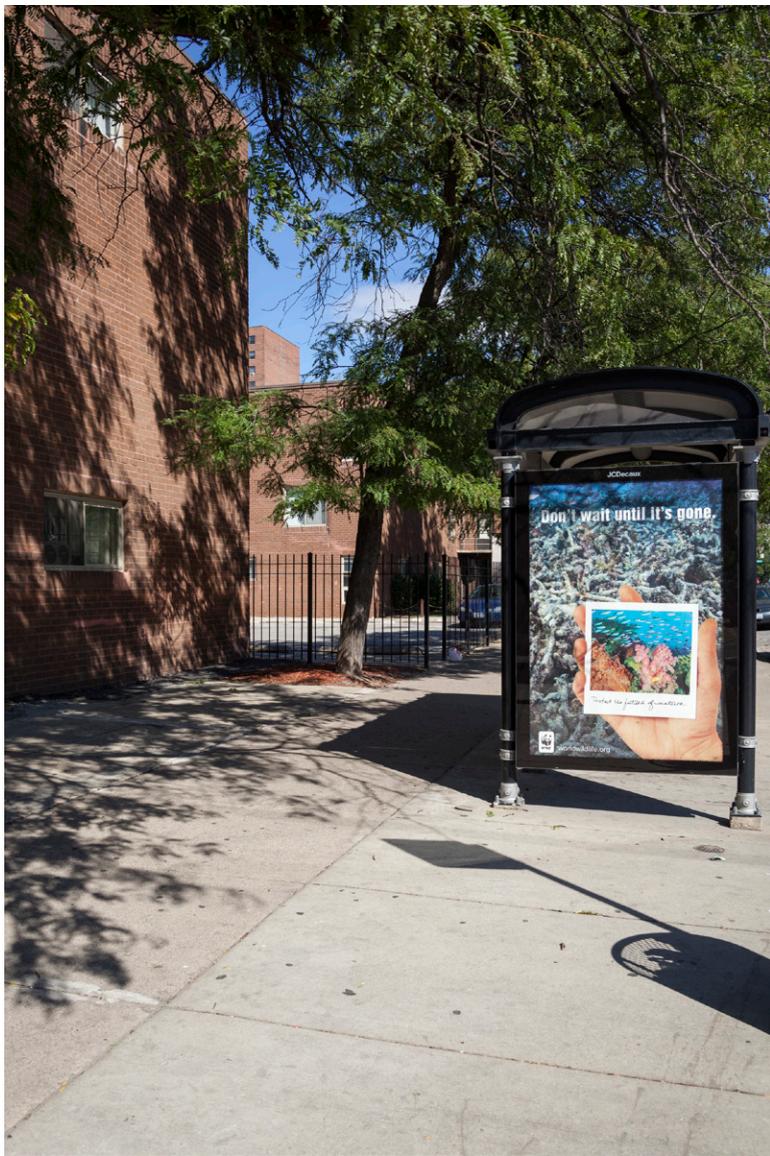
At about 1:26 a.m. on July 7th, officers responded to the scene at 4531 North Clarendon Avenue in the Uptown neighborhood on Chicago's North Side and found Detrick Garrett shot several times. He was taken to Advocate Illinois Masonic Medical Center where he was pronounced dead at 2:04 a.m.





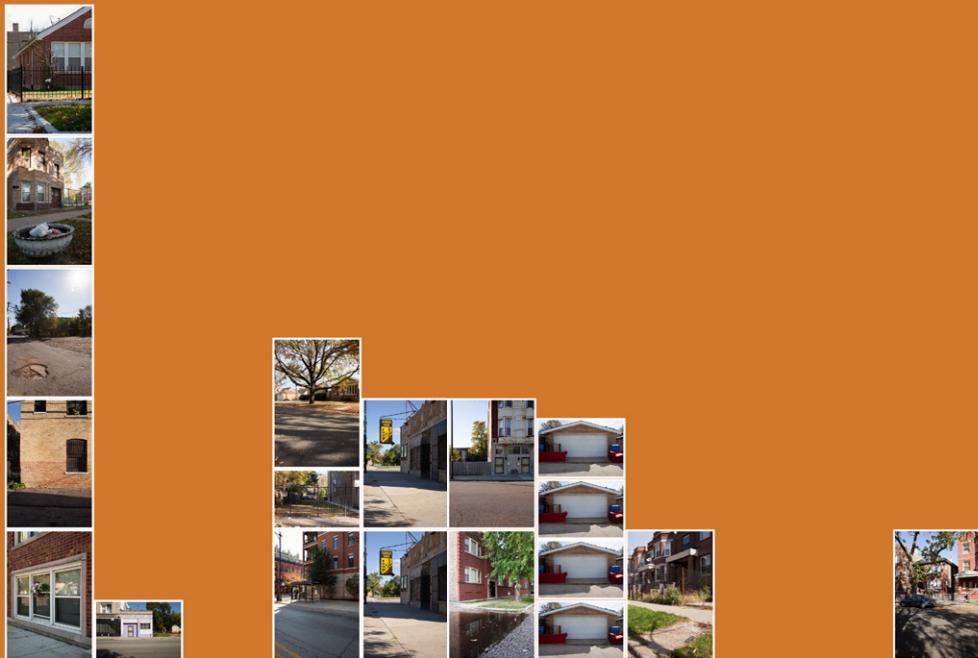
AUGUST





Damien Turner, 18

At about 12:08 a.m. on August 15th, officers responded to a man shot at 6058 South Cottage Grove Avenue in the South Side's West Woodlawn neighborhood. They found shell casings on the sidewalk and Damien Turner shot in the back. He was pronounced dead at 1:23 a.m. at Northwestern Memorial Hospital.



SEPTEMBER

John Brown Spiers

The Spirit With Which He Intended

The tax collector loved to bake. He was often told about it.

“To assuage guilt,” the taxpayers said. They had all received his gifts.

“No,” he responded; “it’s just me.”

Then blueberries ripened, and pies followed. He bartered muffins for electrical work. His strudel won county and state.

The taxpayers, though proud, remained incredulous. “You must have some ulterior motive.”

“I promise you, sharing is fun.”

“We have our doubts,” they munched.

“Have a scoop of mango sorbet.”

The truce continued into the fall. He was a master with pumpkin. Chestnuts were second nature to him. Marzipan an extension of his soul. Chocolate flowed through his simple veins. Daily he concocted, corrected, and reconceived. The cakes rose, multiplied, then: vanished. The moans echoed along cavernous streets: “We don’t need to see Heaven. What we need are more scones!”

He was happy to oblige them. His off season meant more experiments. He arrived at functions without fanfare. Stood in doorways and on tables. “These are cinnamon caramel apple doughnuts. The harvests were grand this year. And try an apricot butter tart.”

“Try marrying my daughter!” they kidded. They crowded and cozied his home. He demonstrated techniques while they chewed. They inquired and praised without restraint.

Still, no one was fully persuaded. They could not trust his goodwill.

“A tax man needs his release.” They patted his arms with finality. “We understand it’s all for you. We don’t hold it against you. Good Heavens—we’d act the same.”

And the taxpayers returned to drudgery. They shuffled homeward in the cold. The night swallowed them like soup.

“It isn’t that—please believe me.”

“To assuage guilt,” they remembered, sympathetically. “Your job demands most of you. The sense this makes is perfect.”

And the taxpayers returned to drudgery. They shuffled homeward in the cold. The night swallowed them like soup.

But then came time for taxes. The goods—and their maker—vanished.

“Where did he go?” they cried. They missed the pastries of yore.

So they gathered, outside his home. “You no good selfish tax man!”

Their faces gone pale with fear. “What more could you possibly need?”

What secret knowledge did they lack? “You’ve taken our money so precisely!”

How could he come and go? “Must you also steal our treats? Must you withhold those, as well?”

The tax collector heard them all. Each shout brought a weary sigh. He paid taxes, too, and first. He yearned to handle crust again. But there was work to do.

So he stacked and counted daily. He delivered, despite the hard stares. He hadn’t won them over yet. It was winter—the perfect weather. He chafed against the constant irony. He would start over next year.

Susan Goethel Campbell

Aerial / Winds Aloft



Aerial #15. 2011. 25" x 39". Relief print with perforations



Aerial Landscape #2. 2011. 25" x 78". Relief print with perforations

The core of my work is driven by ideas about landscape and the engineered environment. ***I focus on the collective properties that emerge from the intersection of nature, culture and technology.*** In 2008 I started to incorporate atmospheric data about wind, air pollution and large-scale weather events into my woodblock prints.

I was interested in how our perception of landscape is mediated by technology and the built environment.

The graphic elements in my prints are based on upper air soundings, plume animation stills, and winds aloft charts. I extract gestures from the data and translate the linear elements into tiny hand-punched holes. The repetitive perforations allow light to pass through the printed tonal fields. When incorporated into aerial views of urban landscapes, the movement becomes its own ambiguous natural phenomena.



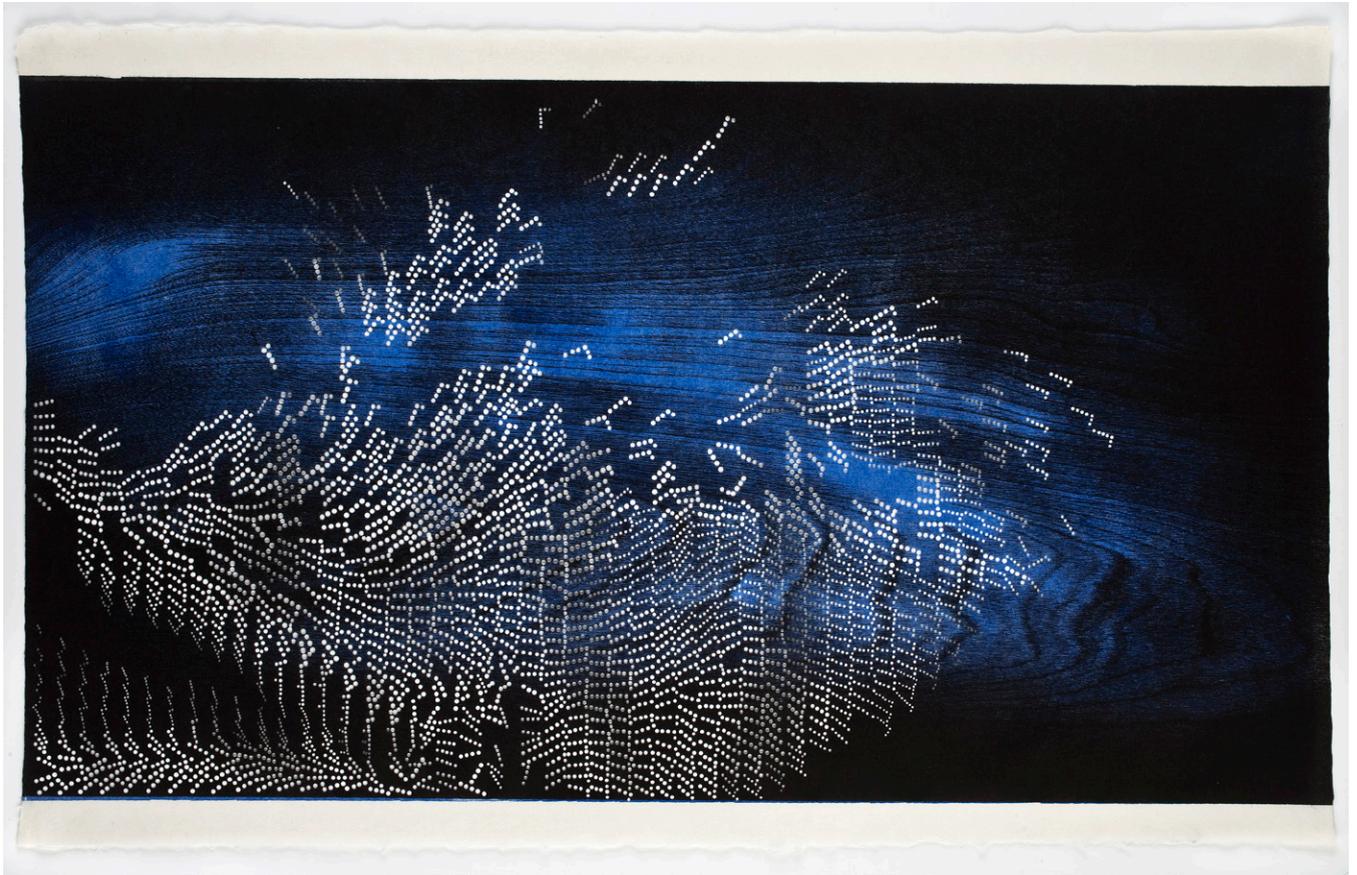
Winds Aloft #4. 2009. 25" x 39.5". Relief print with perforations



Winds Aloft #3. 2009. 25" x 39.5". Relief print with perforations



Winds Aloft #2. 2009. 25" x 39.5". Relief print with perforations



Winds Aloft #1. 2009. 25" x 39.5". Relief print with perforations



Aerial Landscape #1. 2011. 25" x 78". Relief print with perforations



Aerial Landscape #3. 2013. 25" x 78". Relief print with perforations

{88} COMPOSITE

Pattern / Summer 2013



Susan **Goethel Campbell**



Aerial: Other Cities #5. 2012. 25" x 39". Relief print with perforations
On Opposite: *Aerial Landscape #1*. detail



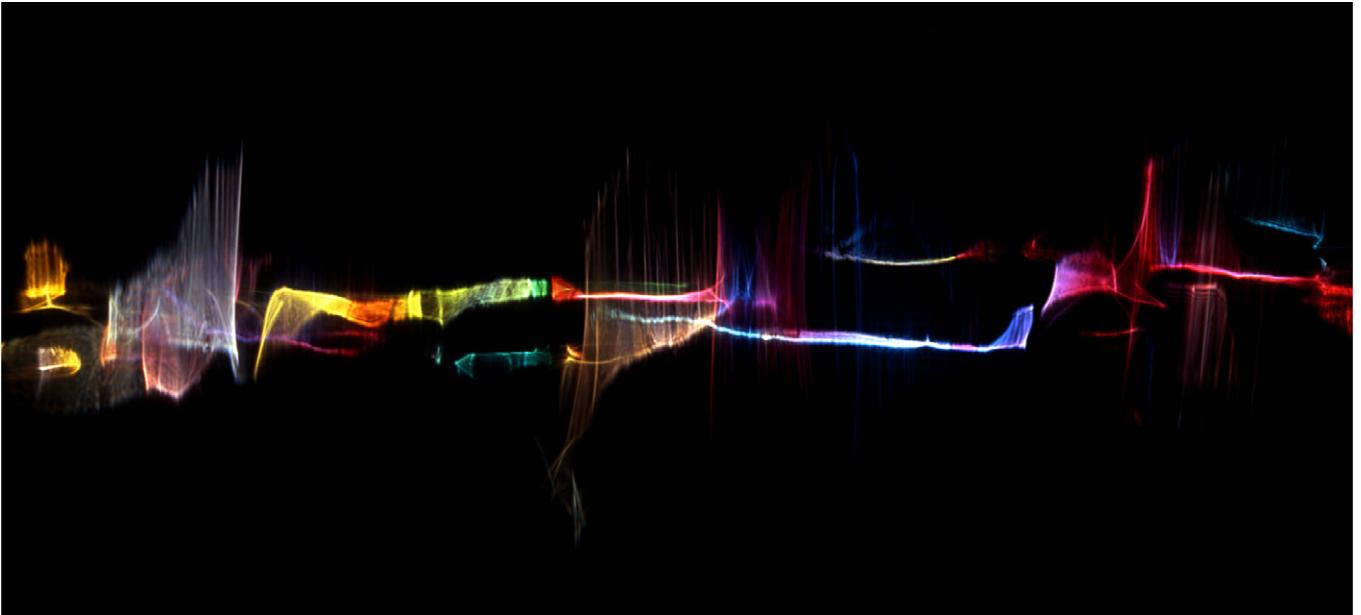
Aerial: Other Cities #1. 2012. 25" x 39". Relief print with perforations



Aerial #13. 2011. 25" x 39". Relief print with perforations

Alan Jaras

Refractographs



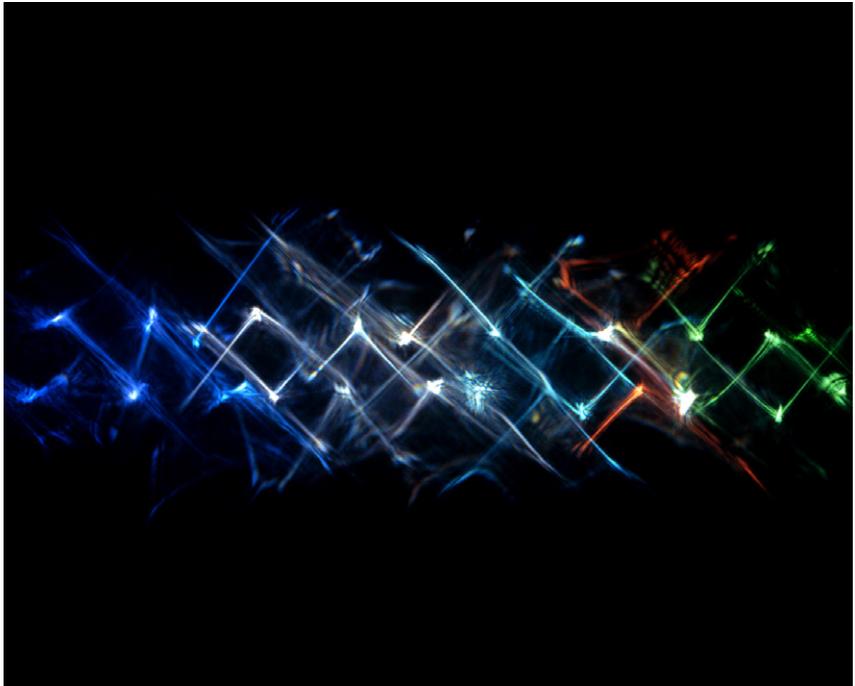
Multiple Events

During my career as a microscopist, specialising in material science, much of the work is concentrated in the interpretation of microscope images and extracting information. From this visual information, the nature and properties of the material under investigation could be better understood.

In optical microscopy, objects or specimens can be examined under many different types of illumination with each type providing a piece in the jigsaw of knowledge. Together with information from other exploratory scientific techniques, this all leads, hopefully, to a full understanding of the “truth” of the material or problem under examination. All the instruments will have been “calibrated” against national standards and the optical lenses will be colour corrected without distortion. The combination of observations and results are expected to reveal unambiguous interpretations (especially if the law and criminal courts are involved) leaving little to the imagination.



Untitled



Frozen Light

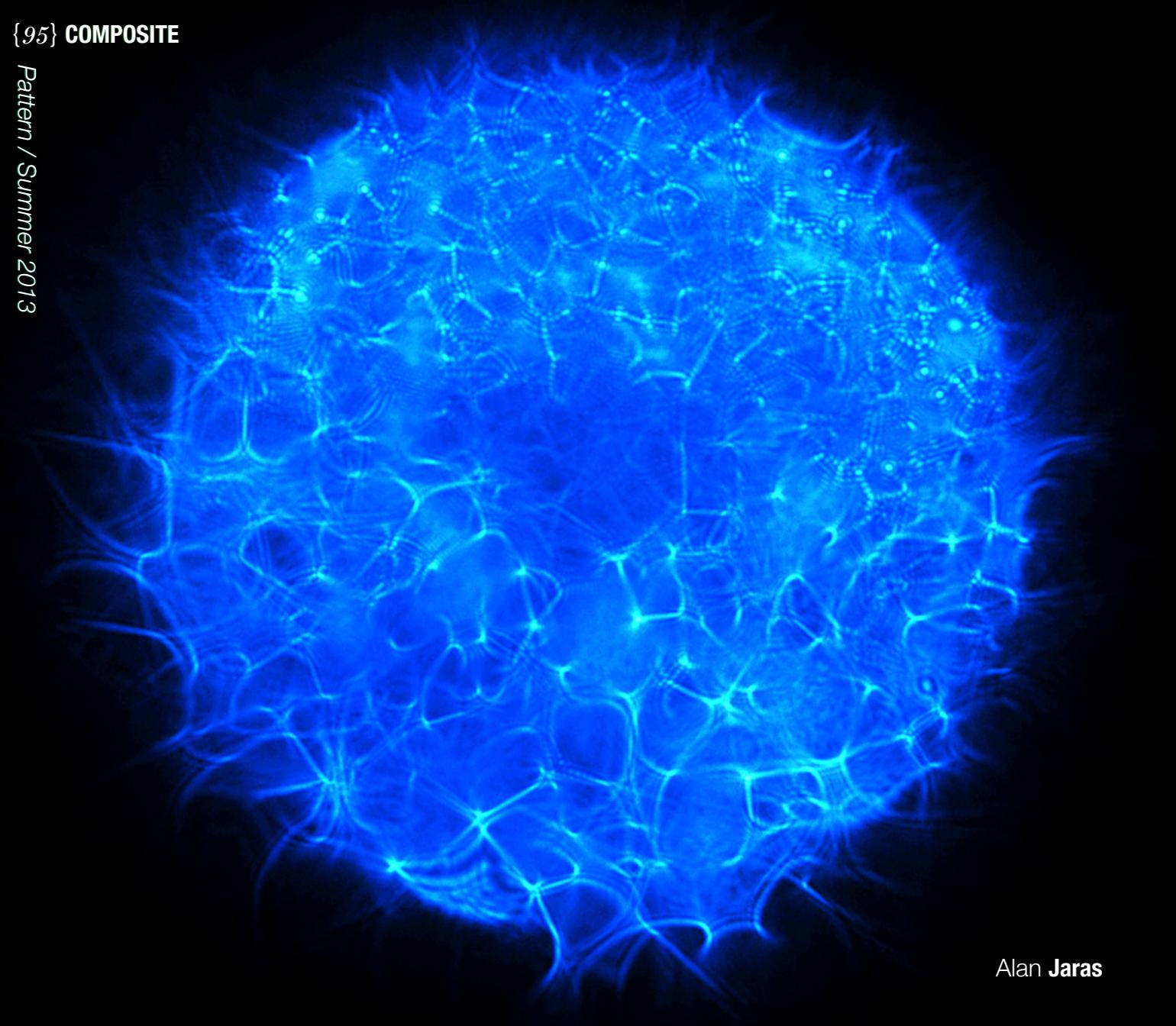
Now retired from microscopy as a light artist, I take a different view and I explore a new and strange photographic world: that of abstract refraction patterns. It's a world I discovered when experimenting with photograms in the 1960s, but, like a latent image, its exploration and full development lay dormant for over forty years. *These complex patterns are formed by a single beam of light after it has travelled a tortuous path through a 'refractive object' that I have either found or created.* This is a style of "lensless photography" where the object replaces the camera lens and the patterns are recorded directly on to film using an analogue 35mm reflex camera – a technique where a distant point of light becomes the photographic subject. In this newly created world the imagination is free – there is no scale included – so the same image can be interpreted both as microscopic or astronomic. In the mind, I treat light as a material where it can be solid or liquid, or even be grown. It forms strange shapes or lifeforms that are only controlled by the limits of the imagination. The images I create I call "Refractographs," sometimes I give them titles, as an indicative interpretation, sometimes it's just a reference number. Different people see different things: reality or imagination – one of the differences between Science and Art.



Untitled

{95} COMPOSITE

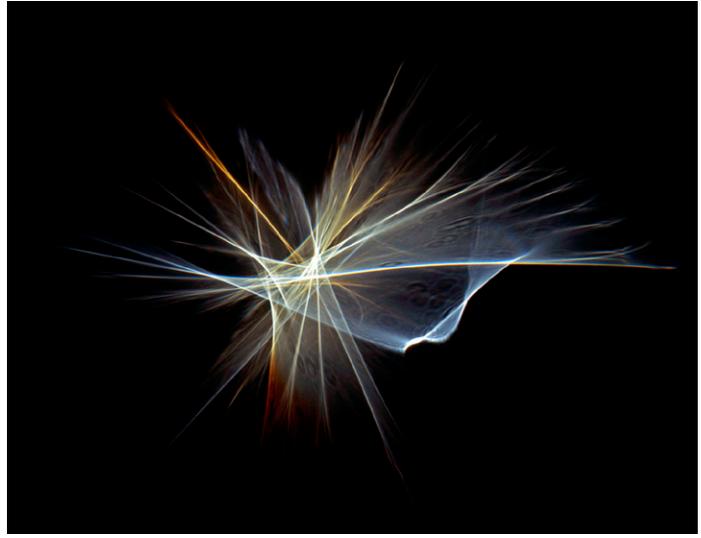
Pattern / Summer 2013



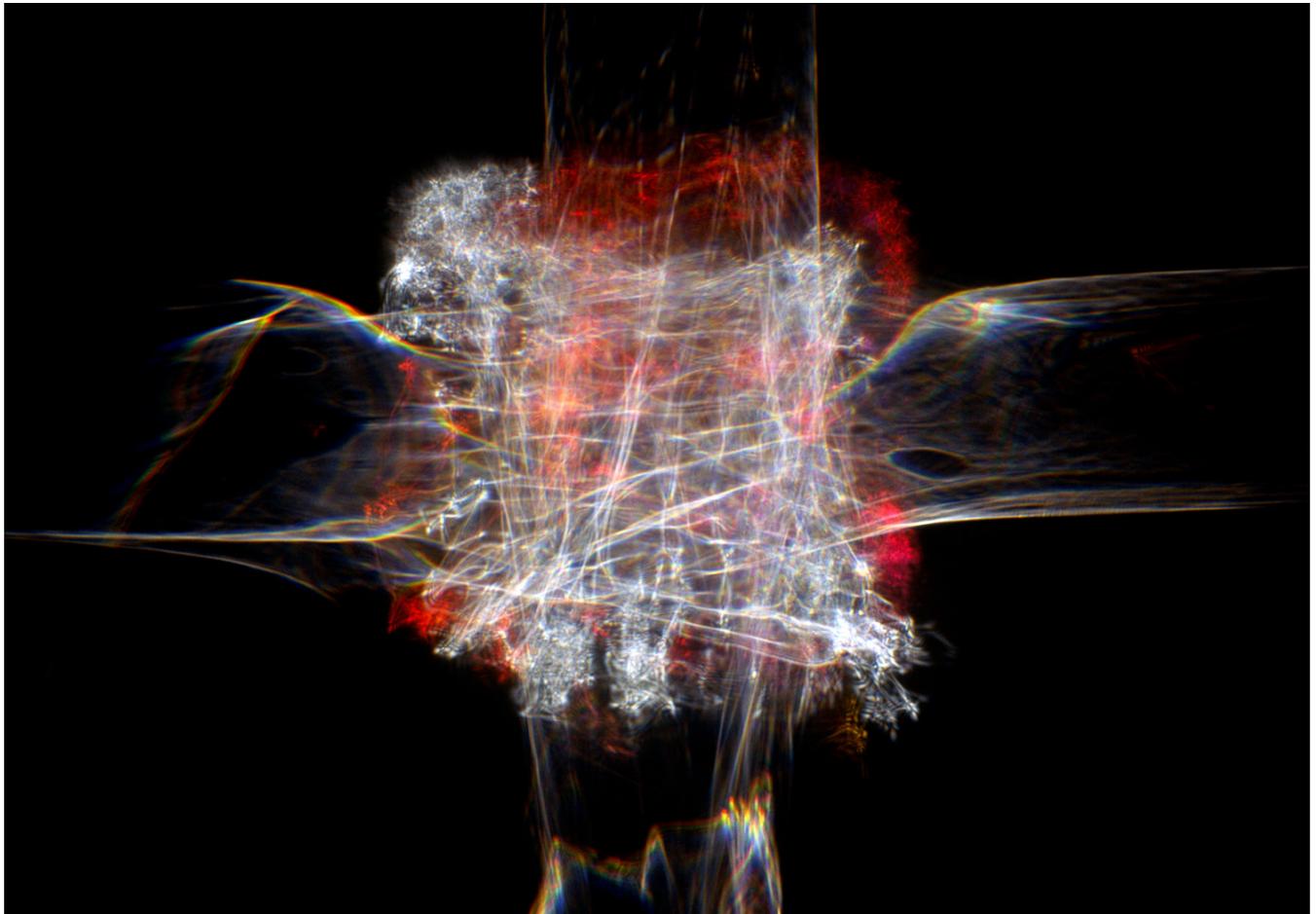
Alan Jaras



Untitled
On Previous: *Blue Orb*



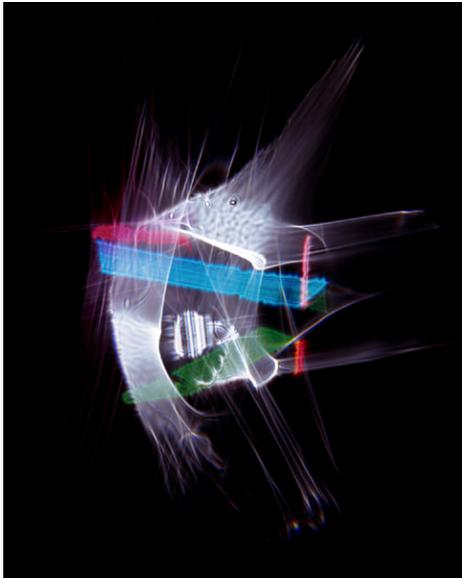
Top: *Genesis*
Bottom: *Blue Waves*



Crux Luminis



The Beginnings of Green



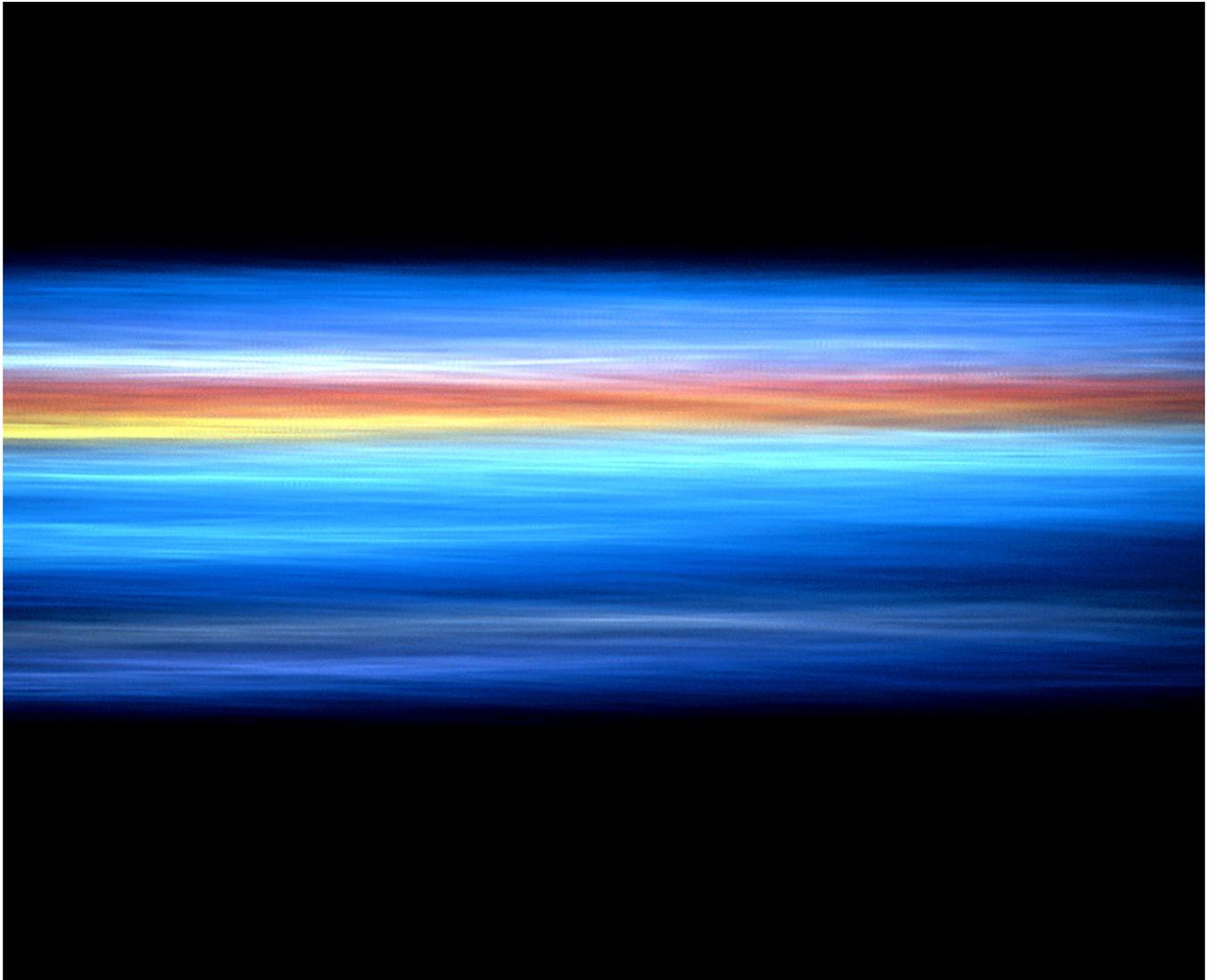
Lightform



Untitled

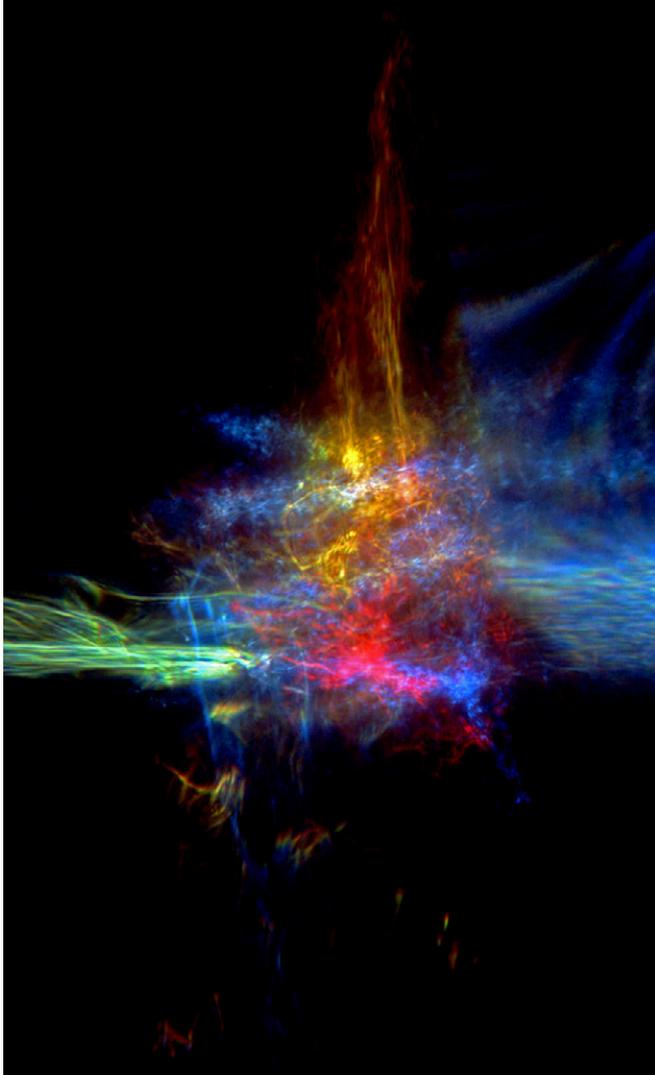
{100} COMPOSITE

Pattern / Summer 2013

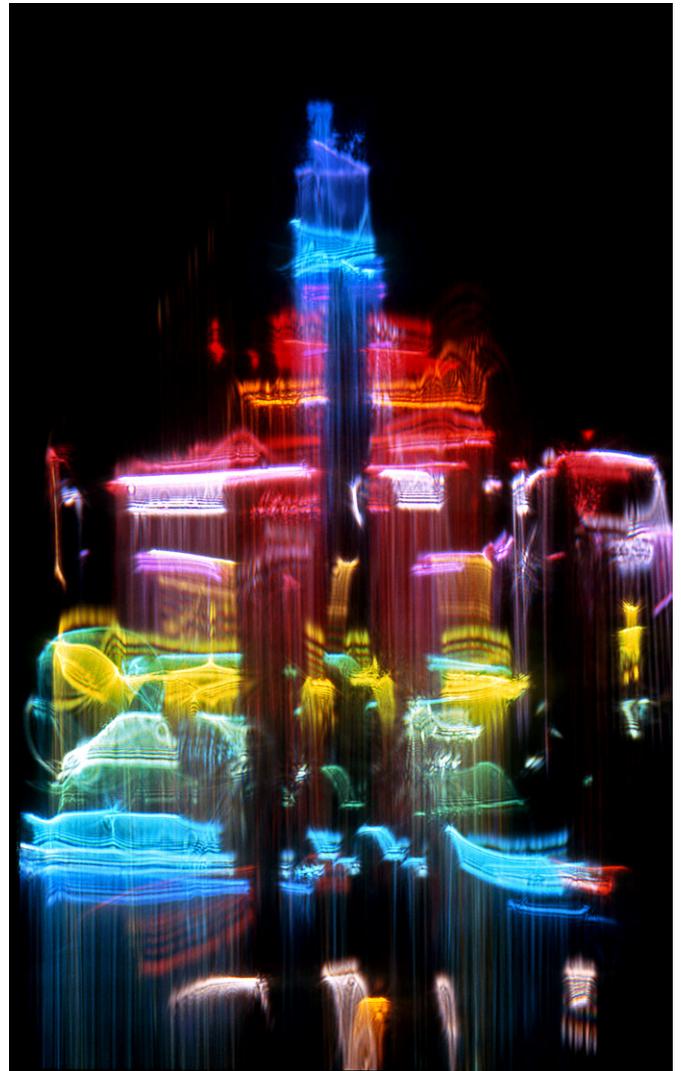


Streaming Light

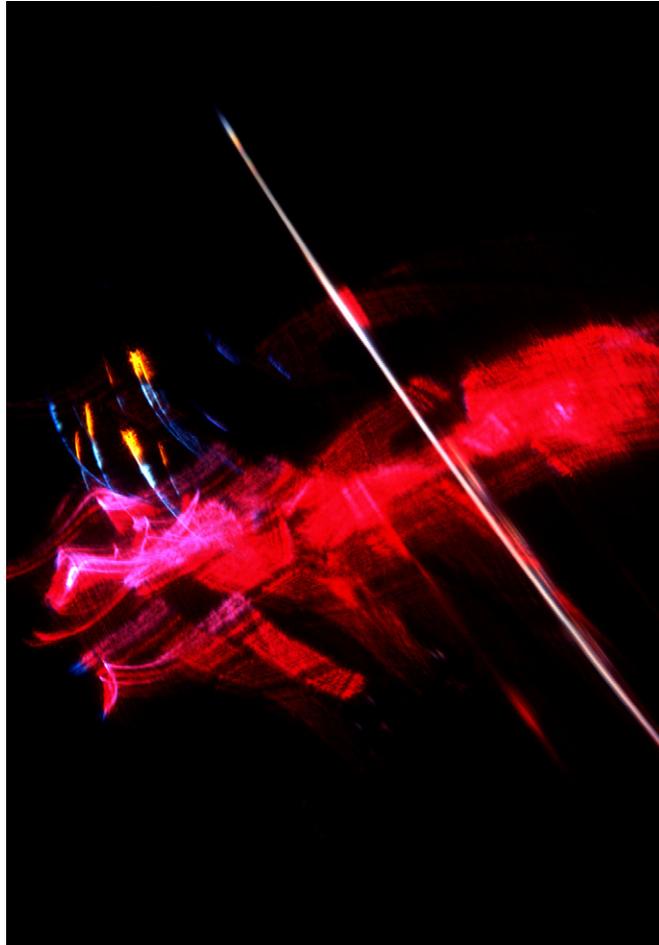
Alan **Jaras**



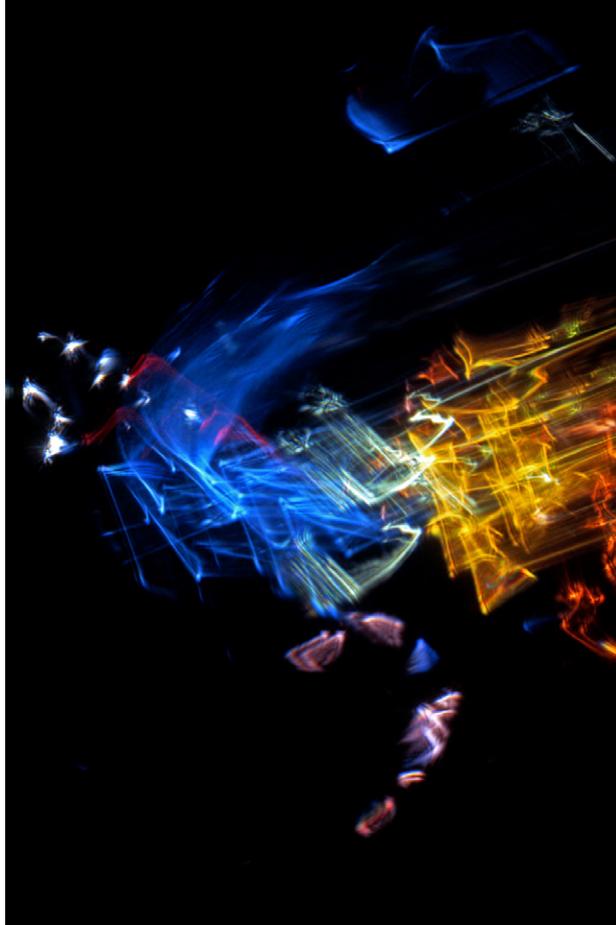
Untitled



Light City



Light Brush Strokes



Untitled

Nilupul **Bulathsinhala**

Bob and Mary: Shit Got Cray

Characters:

MARY

BOB

DELIVERY MAN

JANICE

Scene opens in the living room of an apartment. Mary is reading through mail that arrived earlier that day. Bob is standing across from her.

MARY. I don't see what the big deal is Bobby.

BOB. Big deal? You don't see what the big deal is? Mary, your little shopping spree last weekend cost us 3,000 dollars.

MARY. You're making it sound worse than it really is.

BOB. 3,000 dollars!

MARY. I only bought the necessities Bob. Just like you told me to.

BOB. Necessities? We don't need a canoe! We live in New York for goodness sake. (BOB *points to a canoe covered tightly in a large tarp*)

MARY. You never know. What if a hurricane hits? You'll be thanking me then.

BOB. That will never happen!

MARY. Anything can happen in New York.

BOB. This thing barely fits in our apartment!

MARY. Oh please. It'll look nice next to the Jet Ski that I just bought online.

BOB. Jet Ski? You bought a jet ski?

MARY. Hurricanes Bob!

BOB. You need to cancel that order right now. Jet skis and canoes aren't going to help us Mary.

MARY. I think you're right. We're going to need paddles. I'll look for some right away.

(Heads to the computer, but BOB gets in her way)

BOB. No, you have to stop this right now. I think you have a serious problem. You need to see a therapist.

MARY. Oh this is serious problem. I don't think they sell therapists online!

BOB. I can't argue with you anymore. I'm going out for a drink.

(BOB gets his jacket and proceeds to head out when there's a knock at the door)

BOB. This better not be what I think it is.

(BOB opens the door)

DELIVERY MAN. Is this the Campbell residence?

BOB. That depends.

DELIVERY MAN. Well I have a package for, uhh, Mary Campbell?

BOB. Nope. You got the wrong apartment. Sorry.

MARY. He's lying! *(Runs to the door and shoves BOB out of the way)* That's us. That's my jet ski. Where do I sign?

DELIVERY MAN. Umm, right here.

MARY. *(Signing the paper)* Ok.

DELIVERY MAN. Where do I put this box?

MARY. Over here. Next to the canoe.

DELIVERY MAN. *(Drags the box next to the canoe)* Wow. Looks like you guys are preparing for a hurricane.

BOB. Oh not you too.

MARY. Yes. Yes we are.

DELIVERY MAN. Well you can never be too sure. You might need some paddles though. Have a good day. *(DELIVERY MAN leaves)*

MARY. See Bob? Some people understand.

BOB. That man has obviously lost his mind. How are we going to pay for all these things?

MARY. Don't worry. I can handle it.

BOB. Please get rid of all this Mary.

MARY. I will if you really want me to.

BOB. Good. I'm going out with the guys. I'll be back in an hour or two.

MARY. Ok Bobby. Don't stay out too late.

(BOB heads out the door shutting it behind him. MARY goes over to the box and proceeds to open it. She takes off the Styrofoam and pulls out a large scale and dozen small packs of what seems to be marijuana. She proceeds to weigh out the individual packs when there's a knock at the door)

MARY. Who is it?

JANICE. It's me. Janice.

(MARY opens the door for JANICE)

JANICE. Did you get the stuff?

MARY. Oh yea. I got it alright. *(MARY takes her to the packs)*

JANICE. Wow. You have close to ten grand here. You're a lifesaver.

MARY. I'm just doing my job.

JANICE. I need an ounce. It'll get me through the week.

MARY. No problem. I'll give it to you for 350.

(MARY hands over a bag and JANICE gives her the money)

JANICE. What's up with the canoe?

MARY. Hurricanes.

JANICE. Really?

MARY. *(laughs)* No. Come take a look.

(They walk to the canoe and MARY takes off the tarp, revealing stacks of money piled up)

JANICE. My God! You made this much selling weed? Why's it in a canoe? Does your family know about this?

MARY. *(laughs)* Settle down!

JANICE. I'm so confused.

MARY. Nah, my husband doesn't know about this. I made a private account at the bank, but I can't take all the money at once. Till then, I'm using this canoe to hide it.

JANICE. I see.

MARY. He's not too happy about the canoe...and it's really hard to lie to him all the time.

JANICE. I bet it is. The underground business is hard work. Trust me, I know.

MARY. So, how is work?

JANICE. The boss is a real jerk. And the clients are a pain in the ass. If you know what I mean.

MARY. *(laughs)* Who's your boss again?

JANICE. Big Daddy BoBo. He's a nice guy, but he's a real dick when it comes to money. I guess a pimp's gotta

make a living too.

MARY. Do you make a lot of money?

JANICE. Enough to get by. Even though BoBo takes 60 percent.

MARY. 60 percent?

JANICE. Yeah. Well apparently he has gambling problem...and probably the shittiest luck. Are you doing it for the money?

MARY. Yeah. I quit my job at the office, but my husband doesn't know about that. I was bored and dealing is fun.

JANICE. *(laughs)* So I had this client the other day, and you wouldn't believe...

(The door opens and BOB walks through)

BOB. Mary, I forgot my...

(BOB looks at the canoe and the packs of marijuana speechless)

MARY. Bob!

BOB. Mary!

JANICE. Big Daddy Bobo!

BOB. Janice?

MARY. Big Daddy Bobo?

--Curtain--

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 12 Pattern

Ludwig Abache is an architectural photographer. His work can be seen at photographsofarchitecture.com

Amber Sparks is the author of the short story collection *May We Shed These Human Bodies*, and of the forthcoming hybrid text *The Desert Places*, co-authored with Robert Kloss and illustrated by Matt Kish.

Edra Soto (b. Puerto Rico 1971) is a Chicago based artist. She obtained an MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Soto's work has been exhibited nationally and internationally. She has been featured in *New American Paintings* and *The Museum of Cotemporary Art of Chicago*. Soto and her husband Dan Sullivan design, fabricated and currently run operations of *The Franklin*, an artist run exhibition space located in their home's backyard in East Garfield Park, Chicago. Upcoming exhibitions include *et aliae* at *Galeria Agustina Ferreyra* in Puerto Rico and *Front & Center* at *The Hyde Park Art Center*. See her work at edrasoto.com

Tallulah Terryll is a painter/ printmaker with a penchant for slow repetitive work. Terryll received her BFA from *Cornish College of the arts* in 2003. After a brief stint in Japan she moved to Oakland, CA where she lives and works. See her work at tallulahterryll.com

Clinton Van Inman was born in England in 1945. He received his BA from *San Diego State* in 1977. He's still teaching high school in Tampa Bay but plans to retire this year. He lives in Sun City Center, Florida with his wife, Elba.

Anne Albagli's work has been exhibited domestically and internationally. She has organized and executed public and social practice projects in the U.S. and the Middle East, including, most recently, *The Paradise Project*. This fall, she exhibited a site-specific installation, *Bridging the Light*, in the *Corcoran Gallery of Art* and unveiled an interactive installation at the *Art Museum of Americas*. Annie is currently in Residence at the *Kala Art Institute*. To learn more about her work visit anniealbagli.com

Jillian Fisher is a designer, illustrator and stuff-maker hanging out in Chicago, IL. You can find more of her work at www.sometimesidraw.net or follow her current, ongoing project at logosfornothing.tumblr.com.

Jami Nakamura Lin is an MFA candidate at the *Pennsylvania State University* and a nonfiction editor at *Revolution House* magazine. A *Pushcart Prize* nominee, her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Monkeybicycle*, *r.kv.r.y*, *Escape Into Life*, *Rock & Sling*, *Nanoism*, *Ginger Piglet*, *Niche*, *Airplane Reading*, *Thunderclap Press*, *Prospective*, and *Short, Fast, and Deadly*.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 12 Pattern

Jennifer Hines incorporates the idea of life balance and personal narrative into her artwork using images of the human body, symbols, and the written word. Jennifer has shown her work at various locations in the Chicago area and nationwide in solo, group, and juried shows, and has recently shown at Roman Susan Gallery, is an artist participant of the ongoing Feedback Series interdisciplinary art event series. Her work can be found at jenniferhines.net.

Krista Wortendyke (b. 1979, Nyack, New York) is a Chicago-based conceptual artist. She received her MFA in Photography from Columbia College in 2007. Her ongoing work examines violence through the lens of photography. Her images are a result of a constant grappling with the mediation of war and brutality both locally and globally. Krista is currently an adjunct professor of photography at Columbia College Chicago and Northeastern Illinois University.

John Brown Spiers is a teacher living in Athens, GA.

Susan Goethel Campbell is a Detroit-based artist. Her multi-disciplinary works have been exhibited in numerous solo and group exhibitions throughout the United States and abroad, including the Drawing Center and the International Print Center in New York and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Detroit. She is currently in an exhibition in Wolfsburg, Germany and will be launching a year-long project, Portraits of Air: Pittsburgh in June, 2013. See susangoethelcampbell.com for more information.

Alan Jaras has always had a fascination for visualising the invisible. A long career in industrial research as a scientist and photomicrographer enabled him to explore and study many aspects of the material world. Now retired, he has developed a novel technique of lensless photography to create 'Refractographs' - a new style of Light Art. Through this art form, and with continued experimentation, he now explores the strange and beautiful world of refraction patterns. See his work at alanjaras.com

Nilupul Bulathsinhala is a student at the Louisiana School for Math, Science, and the Arts. He will be graduating this year.

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 Composite No. 14 Reprobates. Proposals are due on September 16, 2013.

Literary submissions for Composite No. 13 Corporeal. Submissions are due on August 26, 2013.

Literary submissions for Composite No. 14 Reprobates. Submissions are due on November 18, 2013.

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

COMPOSITE INFO

No. 12 Pattern

Coming Fall 2013: Issue No. 13 Corporeal: *These bodies we're in, they are incredibly well oiled machines. We breathe without thinking; our hearts keep a steady beat throughout the day and while we sleep. With each new generation our bodies search for new ways to improve their efficiency. We grow taller and live longer; we change constantly. We are strong, we are self-reliant, but we are not immortal. Like any machine, we are not meant to run forever; our bodies will eventually fail. Sometimes, we donate parts of ourselves to another. Sometimes, our parts are dissected, studied, placed in jars, so the world can see how they work: how we work.*

Composite is managed, curated, and edited by:

Zach Clark is a student of patterns. At heart, he's a physicist. His work can be viewed at zachclarkis.com.

Kara Cochran's fingerprints (and toeprints) are all loops. Her work can be seen at karacochran.com.

Xavier Duran doesn't have the patience to remember the damn color sequence in Simon. You can view his work at xavierduran.com.

Suzanne Makol enjoys finding patterns in everyday life. Her work can be viewed at suzannemakol.com.

Joey Pizzolato sucks at Angry Birds. He can be reached at joeypizzolato@gmail.com.

Composite is a free publication. If you like what we're doing and would like to help support us financially, you can donate on the website or at <http://tinyurl.com/Compositedonation>. Anything helps, so thank you in advance.