

COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

No. 13 Corporeal

Fall 2013



COMPOSITE INFO

No. 13 Corporeal

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

All artwork and literature is property of contributing artists.

All layout, design, and other content is property of Composite, 2013.

Composite Arts Magazine: ISSN 2161-7961

More information can be found through the following vehicles:

Website: **www.compositearts.com**

Email: **compositeeditors@gmail.com**

Follow us on Twitter: **[@Compositearts](https://twitter.com/Compositearts)**

Find us on Facebook: **www.facebook.com/compositearts**

About a year ago, I walked into the International Museum of Surgical Science (IMSS) to sample its curiosities. It lives in a gorgeous and historic old stone building that looks over Lake Michigan from Chicago's Lake Shore Drive. The building carries so much history and character, which shapes the museum's collection and brings a very present human feel rather than scientific sterility. I browsed the ancient surgical tools and bladder stones as big as, well, a full bladder, which were intermingled with permanent statues and murals. Here, an iron lung, there, a copy of Rembrandt's *The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Nicolaes Tulp*. As I admired how the surgical artifacts and artistic interpretations mingled together, I wandered up the next flight of stone steps. To my surprise, I came upon a space dedicated as a contemporary art gallery that holds rotating exhibitions throughout the year. The work was fascinating and just seemed to fit the museum so well. More recently, they have begun an artist in residence program, and I became intrigued that this scientific institution put such great effort and emphasis on the arts in their programming and education. I met with the Manager of Exhibits and Programs, Lindsey Thieman, and current artist in residence, Annie Heckman, to pick their brains (no pun intended). I suggested that we collaborate, and lo and behold, the Corporeal issue came to life! They had great enthusiasm for the project, and suggested many of their former artists to take part in the Corporeal conversation, including Jordan Eagles, Michael Reedy, Alison Carey, and Vesna Jovanovic. Annie also has contributed her own essay detailing her experiences with IMSS, navigating a unique artistic road with the collection and the staff. I want to give a big thank you to both Lindsey and Annie for embarking on this collaboration experiment with Composite Arts Magazine. Their perspective really enriched the artistic conversation and my own perspective on this organic machine, the human body.

Kara Cochran

Composite Editor

CONTENTS

No. 13 Corporeal

Maude Larke	6
Dancemistress	
Robert Amador	7
Carne Diem	
Anne Wolf	13
Anatomical Denim	
Linda Umans	19
three tiny bones	
Lisa Nilsson	20
Tissue Series: Anatomical Cross-Sections in Paper	
Annie Heckman	37
Feeling Weird in a Body	
AprilJo Murphy	46
Requiem for a Mole	
Michael Reedy	49
Expulsion	
Jordan Eagles	60
Hemoworks	
Marc Consolazio	76
Virtual Corporeality	
Vesna Jovanovic	81
Santa Fe Pareidola	
Alison Carey	90
New Kingdoms	

These bodies we're in, they are incredibly well-oiled machines. We function on a basic level with barely any effort: strolling across a courtyard we admire buildings without any attention to our feet; we breathe without thinking; our hearts keep a steady beat throughout the day and while we sleep. There are countless things we are able to do without ever having been taught how to do them: we go through puberty; women's breasts create nourishment, their bodies sew new life; men create fluids for those new bodies, those important new vessels.

With each new generation our bodies search for ways to improve their efficiency. We grow taller and live longer; we change constantly. Our hair grows and we cut it—sometimes, we keep it. Records exist. On the surface, old skin is dusted off every time we bathe; as we grow our insides are pushed outward, our organs enlarging. Our faces become more chiseled versions of our youth, bearing resemblance to those that made us.

Corporeal

We are strong, we are resilient, we are self-reliant, but we are not immortal. A pierce, slice, or pound in the wrong spot can end a life forever. As we live longer, our bodies have become susceptible to internal growth, the proportional decomposition of our most valued assets. Cancer crowds and attacks our insides; dementia erases our memories and the ability to perform the most basic of functions. Like any machine, we are not meant to run forever; our bodies will eventually fail. Sometimes, we donate parts of ourselves for another. Sometimes, our parts are dissected, studied, placed in jars, so the world can see how they work: how we work.

Maude Larke

Dancemistress

in an empty studio
she stands
listens
walks around
looking in

she paces;
her eyes rise
naturally
to the mirror

she stares
smiles slightly
and watches her image
as it springs
glides
pauses
turns

then stands still again

but the mind
is still whirling
through that turn

a memory of energy
a thought
to send other bodies spinning

a fusion
of sound and motion
to shame
the silence and stillness
for ineloquence

and finally
the blazing image
is born
from the body's wisdom

Robert Amador

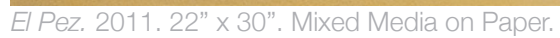
Carne Diem



La Ballena. 2011. 22" x 30". Mixed Media on Paper.



While preparing for an art show in the fall of 2011, I was admitted to the hospital for appendicitis. *I found the concept of living with a ticking time bomb inside my body—that may or may not ever detonate—humorous.* This event, along with vintage butcher and anatomy charts, inspired the ongoing series and show of the same name: Carne Diem.





California Bearial. 2012. 22" x 30". Mixed Media on Paper.



California Bearial. 2012. 22x30. Mixed Media on Paper. (Detail)

Robert **Amador**



Anne Wolf

Anatomical Denim



Cerebral Cortex. Recycled Blue Jeans, Hand Stitched.



Cerebral Cortex.
Recycled Blue Jeans, Hand Stitched.

This sculptural series began with the difficult experience of bringing my son into the world. Just before my second miscarriage, I watched a faint, tiny heartbeat on the ultrasound screen. A week later it had vanished. In the months that followed, I became preoccupied with my future child's heartbeat. I started to make hearts out of my old blue jeans, some of them saved since I was a teenager. This fabric that had held the wear of my everyday life for so long began, in my mind, to take on the quality of biological material—more like genes than jeans.

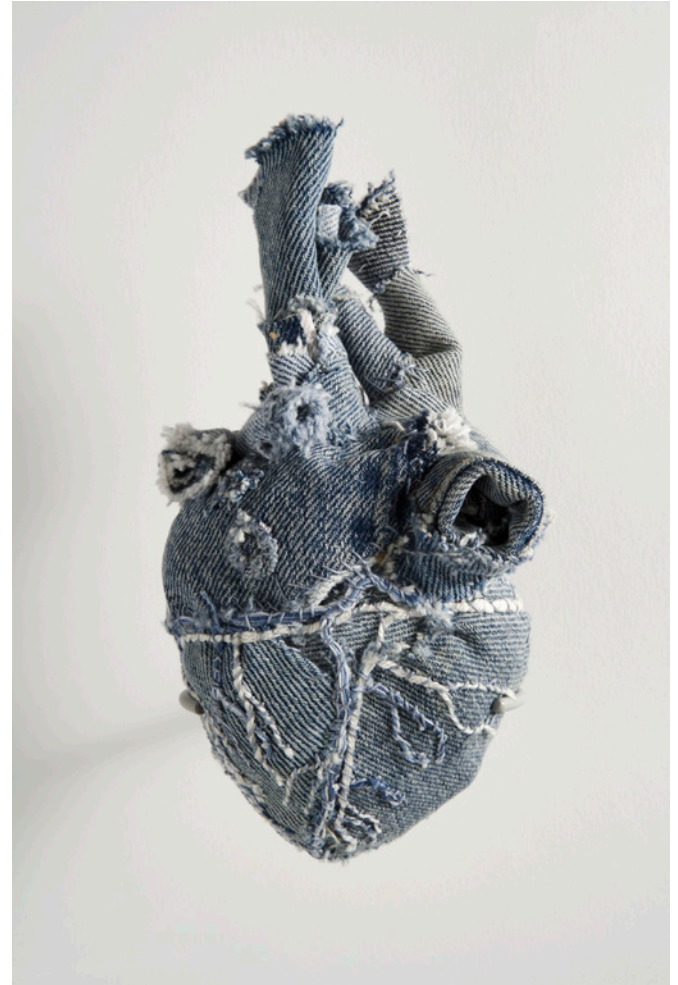
The series has continued to evolve into meditations on the strength, beauty and fragility of this human embodiment. Each piece serves as both personal milagro and object for reflective investigation.

The works pictured here are studies of the heart and brain.

The process of wrapping and stitching requires an amount of time that allows me to give full attention to the miracle and mystery of each part. Studying them in anatomical detail leads me to more questions. Biology and autobiography intermingle. Everything comes into play: my mother's loss of memory, the brain tumor that took the life of a close friend, my own aging body, my healthy son's (minor) congenital heart defect, the mending and re-mending of the emotional heart while the enduring rhythm of the physical heart continues over the span of a lifetime.

All photos by Sibila Savage.

Anne Wolf

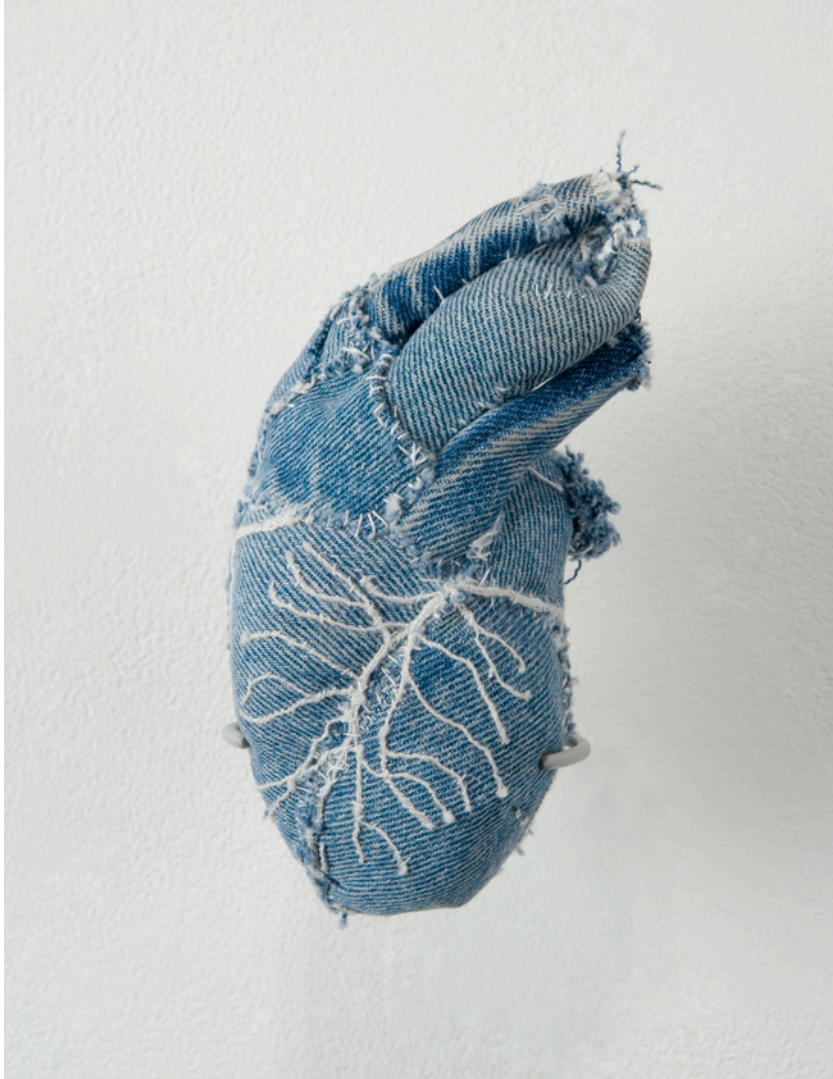


Heart 7. Recycled Blue Jeans, Hand Stitched.



Heart 1. Recycled Blue Jeans, Hand Stitched.

Anne **Wolf**



Heart 4. Recycled Blue Jeans, Hand Stitched.



Heart 3. Recycled Blue Jeans, Hand Stitched Denim.

Linda Umans

three tiny bones

conduits to the inner ear
then the brain
then what

lady slipper bones
orchid stem with cup-lipped flower gets
the fur and buzz of a bumble bee
the drill of a hummingbird
the always good news of pollination

hard to think what my *malleus* has been party to
what it was fated by function to transmit
to the warmly articulated *incus*
before the *stapes* got it closer to terror, passion
hope, anx. (a beloved abbreviation
of a note-taking psychologist friend)

a comfort to know
that the orchid and I both harbor
a universal shape of reception
which is delicate and beautiful
whatever comes of it

Lisa Nilsson

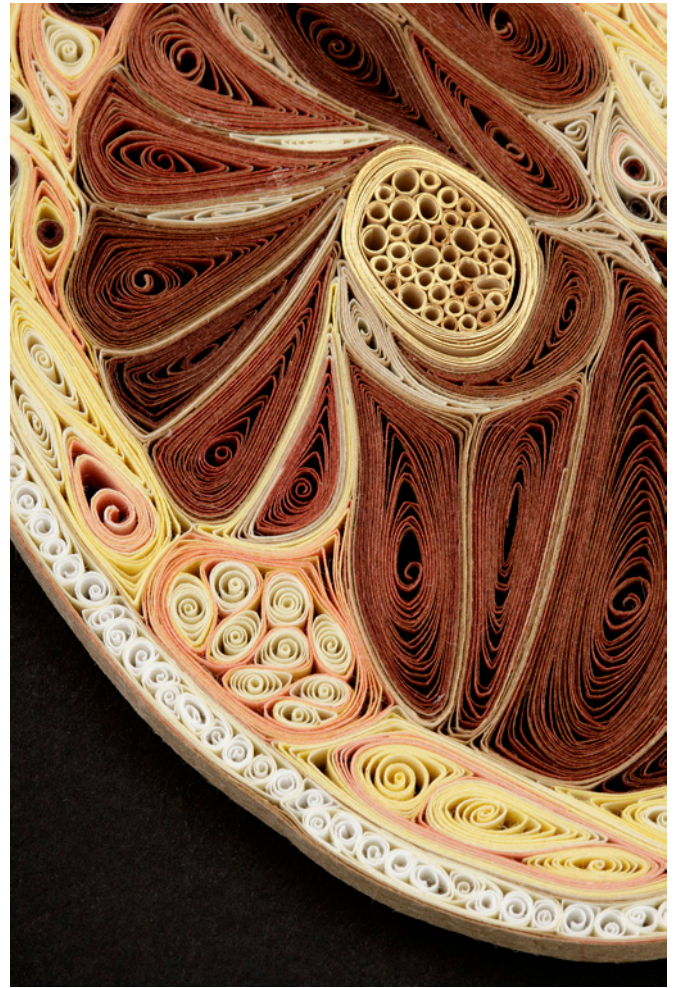
Tissue Series:
Anatomical Cross-Sections in Paper



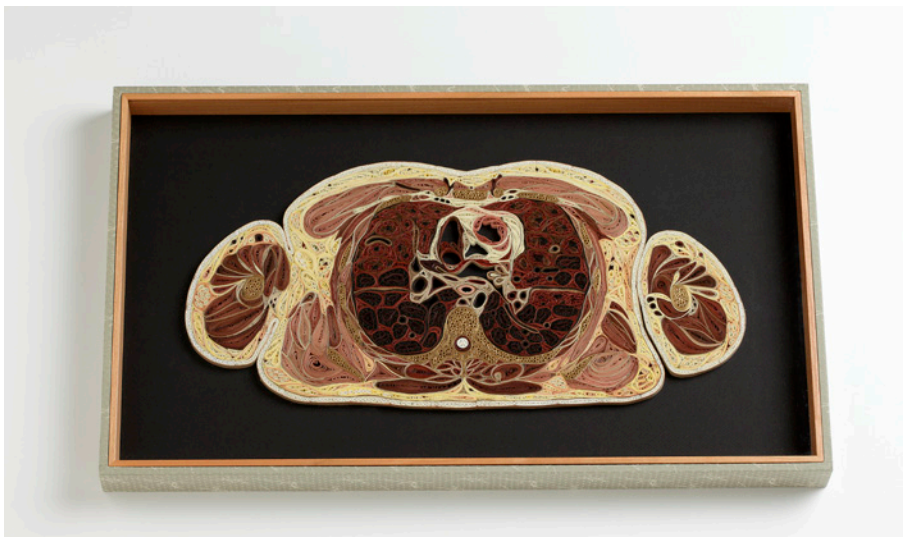
Praying Hands. 10" x 12" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



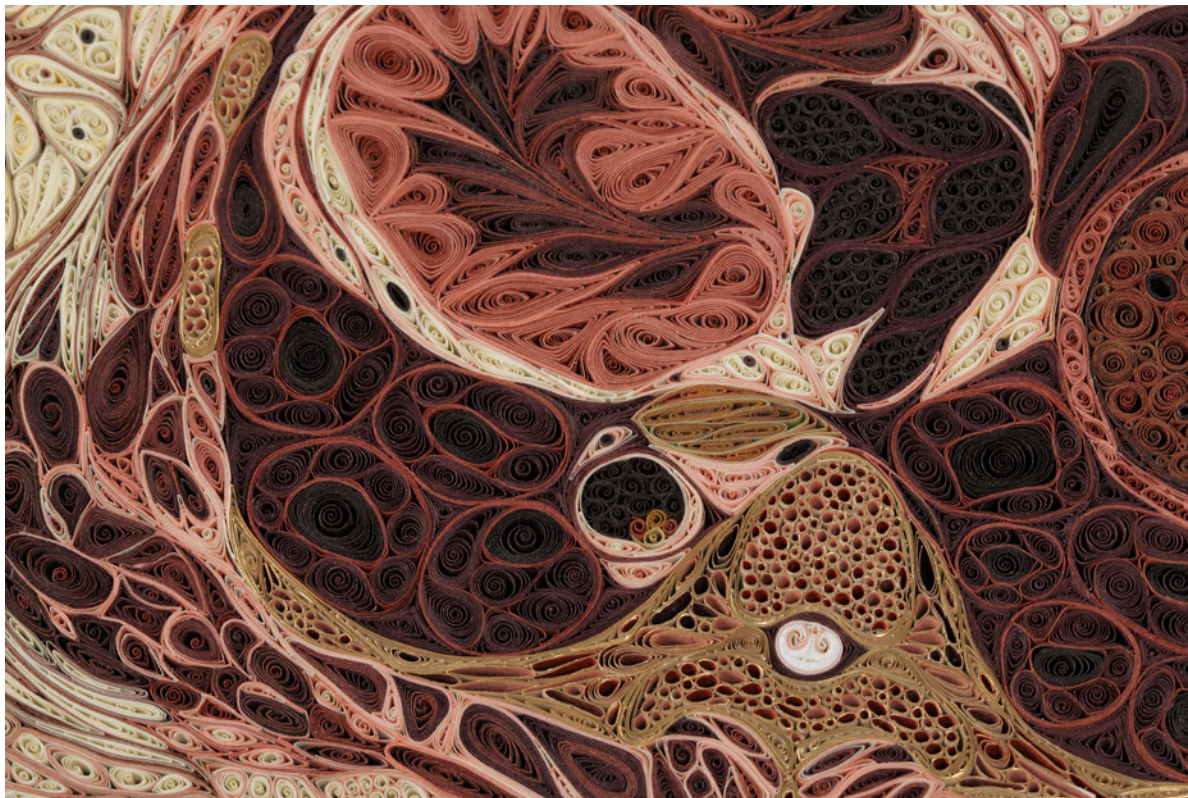
Praying Hands. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Male Thorax. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



T: *Male Thorax*. 21.5" x 12.5" x 1.5". B: *Female Thorax*. 24.5" x 15" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Female Thorax. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books

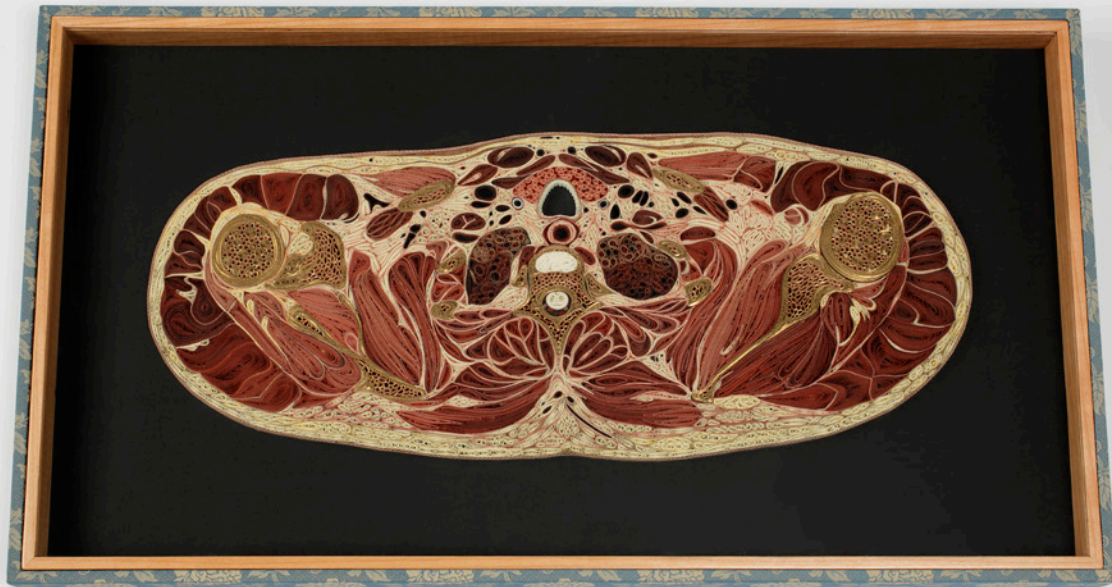
In making these sculptures I aspire to a treatment of the body that combines the sensual pleasure and graphic strength of an art object, the informative and analytical approach of a scientific specimen, as well as the reverential and devotional nature of a religious reliquary.

They are made of Japanese mulberry paper and the gilded edges of old books, and are constructed by a technique of rolling and shaping narrow strips of paper called quilling or paper filigree. Quilling was first practiced by Renaissance nuns and monks, who are said to have made artistic use of the gilded edges of worn out Bibles, and later by 18th century ladies who made artistic use of lots of free time. I find quilling exquisitely satisfying for rendering the densely squished and lovely internal landscape of the human body in cross-section.

Lisa Nilsson



Shoulders. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



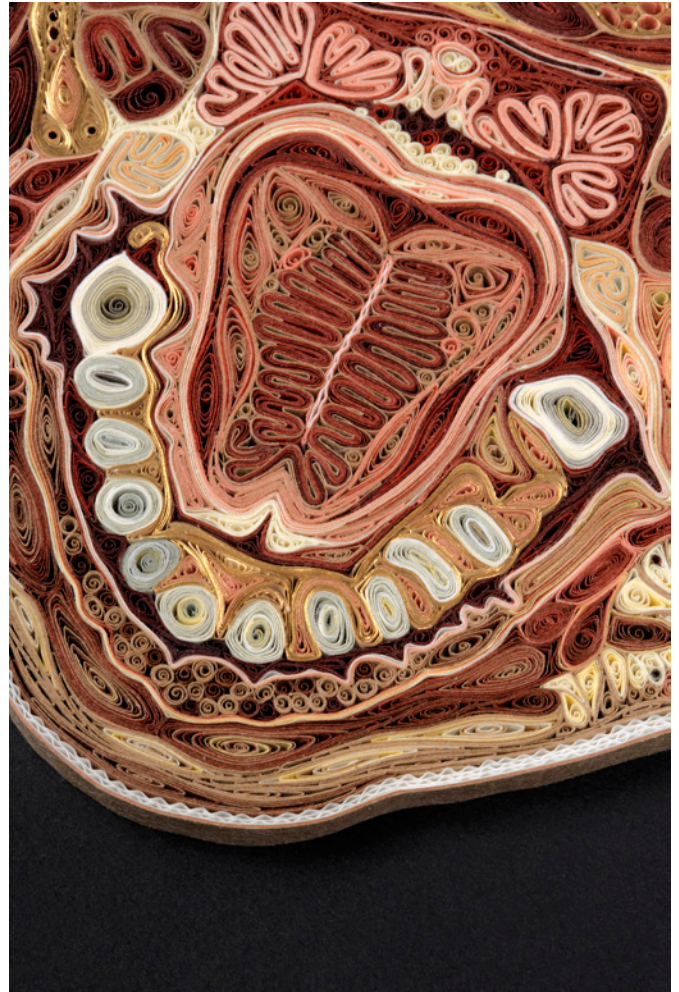
Shoulders. 22.75" x 12.5" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Head and Torso. 9" x 13" x 1".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Head and Torso. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Transverse Head-Tongue. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books

Lisa Nilsson



Transverse Head-Tongue. 14" x 11.5" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Angelico. 19" x 22" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Angelico (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books

Lisa Nilsson



Head II. 10" x 12.5" x 1.5".

Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books

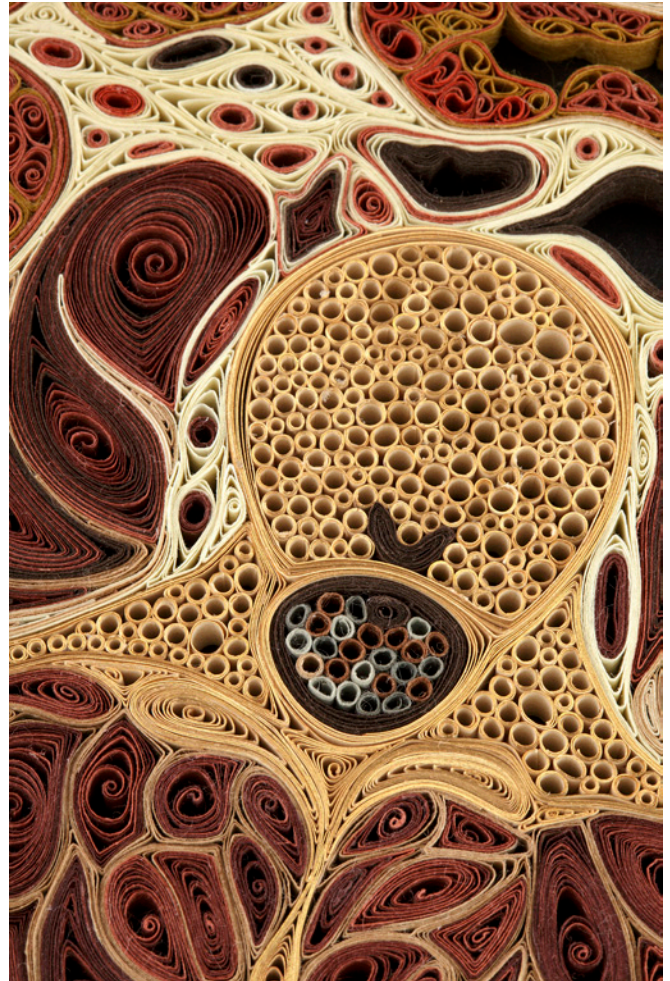
Lisa Nilsson



Head I. 11.5" x 14.5" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Head I. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



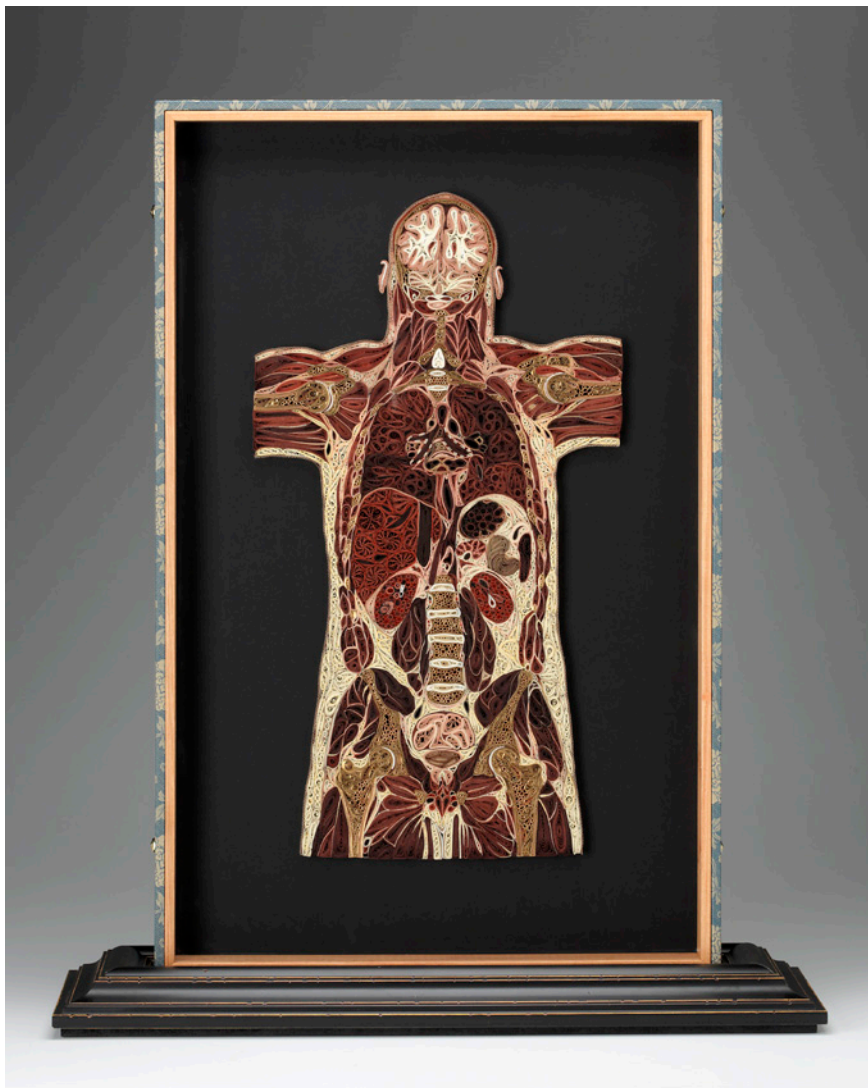
Abdomen. (detail)
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Abdomen. 15" x 12.5" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Male Pelvis. 23.5" x 15.5" x 1.5".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books



Coronal Man. 25" x 20.5" x 6.75".
Japanese Mulberry Paper and Gilded Edges of Old Books

Annie Heckman

Feeling Weird in a Body

Feeling Weird in a Body

Late in the summer of 2006, I collected ideas from everyone I met about where my work could find a home. Having moved back to Chicago after studying in New York for two years, I was in that phase of making that looks just like pacing around with lots of printouts and checklists and envelopes. Sitting in a bar with the generous Gisela Insuaste, who has since relocated eastward, I asked about different spaces where my work might fit in. Because my drawings, animation, and installation work were addressing death, with veins and blood vessels filling weird animated jellyfish in watercolors, and various other unfortunate animals, Gisela suggested looking at Lindsey Thieman's "Anatomy in the Gallery" program at the International Museum of Surgical Science.

The International Museum of Surgical Science is majestic and strange, in the sense that it is foreign, quickly passing out of time in its structure and look, and therefore one of the most valuable and intriguing places I have ever been. Wealthy Chicagoans chose this spot to remake Marie Antoinette's home at Versailles, the Petit Trianon, with an additional fourth floor, where the artworks now live alongside nursing and orthopedic exhibits. Even now, in this space I narrate some background track that is never really there: I'm a star in a film about an awkward, mesmerized person moving through the strangest place. In my fantasy, David Lynch would make a period piece, and this would be the location—checkerboard floors and high ceilings, elegant and ominous, with surgical tools and medical artifacts placed gently throughout a surreal space that is both institutional and domestic.

Would my work fit in there? At first: Not exactly. When I enticed her with a proposal about my flying dead bunnies and cats wrestling with jellies, Lindsey wrote to me with some encouragement, but at that time the work didn't match up with the museum's programming.

Feeling a Body in a Building

Years later, in 2009, I drew, cut, and built up a sculptural installation of glowing bones, a mournful requiem that appeared chilling or funny, depending on lighting and arrangement, and your particular flavor of irony. With this project, originally conceived in collaboration with curator Olga Stefan for an exhibit about decay and impermanence, I suspected there might be a closer kinship with the programs at the IMSS than there had been with my previous work. I wrote to Lindsey describing the project, and in 2010 we worked together to create an environment for the work in the smaller of the upper fourth floor galleries, a fully blackened space holding in a sprawling house-of-cards of glowing paper bones.

Lights blasted the work intermittently: darkness wrapped the work in a velvety space, barely holding you in, and hot lights revealed the trick, showing the whole thing as it was, stuck together with string and barely-balanced paper cut-outs. For me, this instability was terrifying; it was part of the work but it was not easy to let the look stop and start, to let people walk in on it in different stages and see the factory or the toy depending on which moment they chose. In a review at the time there was an implication I often find with my work, something along the lines of choices being concocted by a very young, unremarkable child, and Lindsey was strict in her support of the choice to let the work show itself and reveal its making. To me this is the one of the clearest relations to the body in our work together: the body is crusty and sticky and messy, and anything we do to remove that will eventually confuse us. This resolve on Lindsey's part to encourage me to show the way my illusions are structured has cut through many of my doubts as an artist.



You thought that you were alone but I caught your bullet just in time. 2009. Dimensions vary.

Paper, Graphite, Phosphorescent Paint, Lighting System

Annie Heckman



You thought that you were alone but I caught your bullet just in time. 2009. Dimensions vary.
Paper, Graphite, Phosphorescent Paint, Lighting System

Annie Heckman

In midwinter of 2010, Lindsey and I exchanged correspondence about further work in the museum, with skulls.

The Excavating History collective started to take over the visual logic of the IMSS sometime in autumn of 2011. Rebecca Keller, with her crew of talented collaborators, had embraced me as the designer and publisher of her book, *Excavating History: Artists Take on Historic Sites*, and invited me to join them in this residency project, in which they filtered into and through the archives of the museum and reshaped its narratives according to their discoveries. I was interested in trephining, the oldest documented surgery, the practice of putting a hole in the skull.



Peru, 1953 (Trephining Letter), 2013. photo: Nathan Keay. 2013.
The International Museum of Surgical Science. Curated by Lindsey Thieman.



Peru, 1953 (Trephining Letter), 2013. photo: Nathan Keay. 2013.
The International Museum of Surgical Science. Curated by Lindsey Thieman.

Feeling Weird Watching Yourself Watching Other People's Bodies

At this point artist Erin Obradovich discovered something in the basement, a delicate short film showing just such a process, a trephination performed with ancient Incan tools by a doctor proving a point about native practices in 1953. She digitized it and shared it with me, and I gleefully pulled up the film on my computer screen: precious. Followed by the response: It's a real person, and I am a huge jerk.

Struck by this slippage from researcher to spectator and back to a fellow human, I wrote this text:

Peru, 1953 (Trephining Letter)

The humans forgot about meeting you. They were obsessed with process.
But you're here: Your skull is an open eye on the table.

I thought that you'd be funny or afraid.
But it's not true. I think you're beautiful.

I was happy for you the whole time as the blood poured out in a tender stream.
You came back in a cosmic burst to teach us that the stable meaning we sought in our bodies was part of a wild joke in a gorgeous video game.

The humans were so happy.
They said that it was perfect, back on the planet.
[Annie Heckman, 2011]

This text became the pivot for a process that involved many layers of interaction, all of them pushed forward and sustained by Lindsey and later by her assistant in the office who has now moved into another managerial role at the IMSS, Emmet Liston. In some alchemy of collaboration, these two remarkable people would listen to me describe some weird dream, or a crazy structure that I wanted to build, or a letter that I couldn't quite remember, and would work with me earnestly and fully to create an exhibition from my rambling. Their commitment to the space, to the interactivity of the body and ideology, and to one another as partners in practice, allowed the work to unfold and become an uncanny exhibit, a room that buries me one layer deeper in narrative: I'm a star in a film about an awkward, mesmerized person moving through the strangest place, and from there I walked into an even stranger place that I have never seen before. This feeling that we are being watched, that our bodies are not ours actually, points to the sense that the knowledge of being viewed is at once being viewable and being removed from the direct experience of the body as a static enterprise.

Annie Heckman



From a statement I wrote at the opening of the exhibit:

Visibility and consent are at the heart of both surgical and artistic practice, and so they are at the heart of this exhibit. . . . [t]he museum unfolded to me: Lindsey brought me a golden brain-blob in a bell jar, an object with no anatomical referent, to sit near my desk. She pulled out a folder filled with articles on a trephination that had occurred in 1953 in Peru using original Incan tools, photos of secretaries in bright nail polish pointing to the holes in trephinated skulls, delicate colored pencil drawings of the stills in the film, which were originally intended for enlargement. With Lindsey's help I have worked through the archives, finding always as much fiction as fact: multiple narratives, the authoritative voice of guided tourism conflated with hallucinatory attempts to describe the gap between clinical presentations of the body's structure and our lived experiences of pleasure and pain. Nearly everyone in my file folder died along the way, and the story became as blinding and delicate as my original misconceptions about trephination. I had been looking for a distilled clinical explanation of a curious process, and found instead a new field of human drama at the heart of scientific advancement.

The body and its care became the site for all relations in these corners of discourse, simply because they are easier to map and grasp, and because it's more obvious when they appear to birth and die.

Annie Heckman

Feeling Weird Considering the Corporeal

Corporeal is used to describe the body, in relation to and distinction from, a mind or spirit. This makes no sense to me.



Eden's Boy at Teddy's Pool. 2011. 14" x 11". Drawing, Collage, Guache on Yupo.

Annie **Heckman**



The Cabin. 2013. 30" x 20". Pencil, Ink, Guache, Collage on Paper.

Annie Heckman

AprilJo Murphy

Requiem for a Mole

I am ending the day with less of my body. This sort of thing happens; the body is finite. A small piece of flesh on my right thigh, just beneath the hemline of my shorts, a tiny mound of brown – a mole – gone.

Nobody but me will miss it; nobody else even knew it was there. My body is a vast white sky dotted with flecks of brown. As if when I was being formed, somebody sprinkled some extra spices in. There are more than I can count, but I have my favorites.

On my long middle toe there is a warm chocolate dot. It peeks at me in summer months when my shoes open out into the world. On my left ring finger, a pale beige shadow that would sit squarely under the rock of an engagement ring. It reminds me that I am wed to myself always first. Between my breasts, a tender speck of dark coffee only tasted by lovers' lips. My markings, my body, are a language that only I can read.

When I learned that the Southern Hemisphere had different constellations than the Northern, it felt as if the Earth shook beneath my feet. To imagine looking up at the night and not seeing the familiar figures – Cassiopeia on her upside down throne, the three bright lights of Orion's pants – to not see the tapestry of stories I learned as a girl, but instead be humbled by an utterly different vastness so wide and alien and unrecognizable – the very thought makes me feel small lost. It is so easy to forget that we are just specks on a larger body ourselves.

The wound on my leg will heal. The skin will grow back a starker white, the recurring scar will be the ghost of the mole that was there before. Then, that specter will fade too. This marking, the small mound of brown that dotted my leg all of my life, will only exist in my memory.

This is the second time I've had such a procedure. The first removal, nearly a decade ago, was a large smudge on the right border of my face, on the last delicate curve of chin beneath my ear. It was the kind of marking that some would call a birthmark, or if you were my mother a "beauty mark," and it was large enough for others to see. At least once or twice a year, a well-meaning stranger would come up to me and say "Excuse me," always reaching at me, to wipe the blemish away, "You have some chocolate on your face."

It was embarrassing and ugly and I did not like it.

*It was a floating
volcanic island, a
thing that had roots
deeper in me than
I'd ever known.*

The first girl I loved had a sense of humor. In the dark, when she traced her fingertips over the ridge on my chin, I told her about my eternal struggle with strangers who mistook my skin for sloppiness. Between the kisses I stole on the bottom bunk of her bed, I would have told her, given her, anything. She took the idea and ran with it.

For weeks afterward, as I took my seat in Mr. LaDuke's eighth period American Government class, she would lean into the space between us and stage whisper, "Excuse me, miss." "Excuse me! Ma'am!"

My face turned redder and redder the louder she got.

"It appears you have some leftover chocolate on your face!"

When I couldn't take it anymore, or it seemed that Mr. LaDuke was perilously close to noticing the commotion, I'd throw pen caps at her.

She was beautiful. She had dark brown hair that flowed down her back, greenish eyes, and little fireworks of freckles on her face and neck. I longed to press my lips to each of them and learn what our special breed of love tasted like. God, she was beautiful. And funny. I was not the only one who noticed. She was more popular than me, and in our high school we traveled different social orbits. But at night, she was mine. I felt so lucky to have found her and so proud. I wanted everyone to know. It was young and strong and foolish.

But she didn't. Our secret sleepover tenderness was something she was afraid of. It would expose too much. When I asked her to be my girlfriend, in the daylight where all could see, she said no.

A decade later, I understand. We were the only girls who liked girls that either of us had ever met in our chilly Northern town. It would have been insane to be out. We did not live in a world where we could be together.

But I didn't understand, then. When she said no, I thought she was ashamed of me. Because I wasn't popular. Because I was ugly. Because I had a face that people thought was a mistake.

I wish I could say I took a high road, but I was a seventeen year old girl. I hid in plain sight. I started dating a boy from a neighboring town and hid my big gay blotchy face under his, especially when she was around.

Around this time, my Nana, who had spent some time around dermatologists, decided that my beauty mark was a sign of future melanoma and each day it remained on my face was reckless. It needed to go. But sometimes we only love ourselves when someone else sees the light through our cracks.

The world may not have known that my lady had brushed her lips across mine in the dark, but my mole was there. It had felt her secret tenderness.

I refused, telling Nana that my twin brother had a nearly identical mark on his neck – my mother too. She'd never pestered any of them about it. I suspect my refusal only increased her desires. She needed to save face by changing mine.

AprilJo Murphy

Graduation was approaching and Nana put her foot down. If I didn't do anything about that cancer spot, then she would not have anything to do with me. Not only would she not come to the ceremony, but she threatened to sever my little branch of the family tree forever if all I was going to do was stand back and let it wither.

The procedure was quick, painless. The doctor numbed the whole right side of my face and cut into me while I sat wide-eyed and drooling. It was a strange feeling, being dull to the pain but still feeling every tear in my flesh, the pressure of the blade as it went deeper and deeper and down.

After it was done, I marveled at the piece of me floating in the biopsy container. The mole was much larger than could be seen from the surface. It was a floating volcanic island, a thing that had roots deeper in me than I'd ever known.

I asked the doctor if I could keep it. He laughed, made some joke. Certainly not.

What could I have said? That I had vague plans of giving it to the girl who spurned me? That it was easy to give someone your metaphorical heart, but to give someone a literal piece of you seemed realer and truer a declaration of love than any poetic flourish? See, I could imagine myself saying, how deep your touch goes?

In the end, the girl I loved gave the mark back to me. It was on one of the last days, when we were all waiting for ceremony because the big choices had been made. Colleges and prom dates were chosen, the future looming above us like an alien sky, full of characters we hadn't learned to recognize yet, giving us only the light of our hopes to navigate the murky dark.

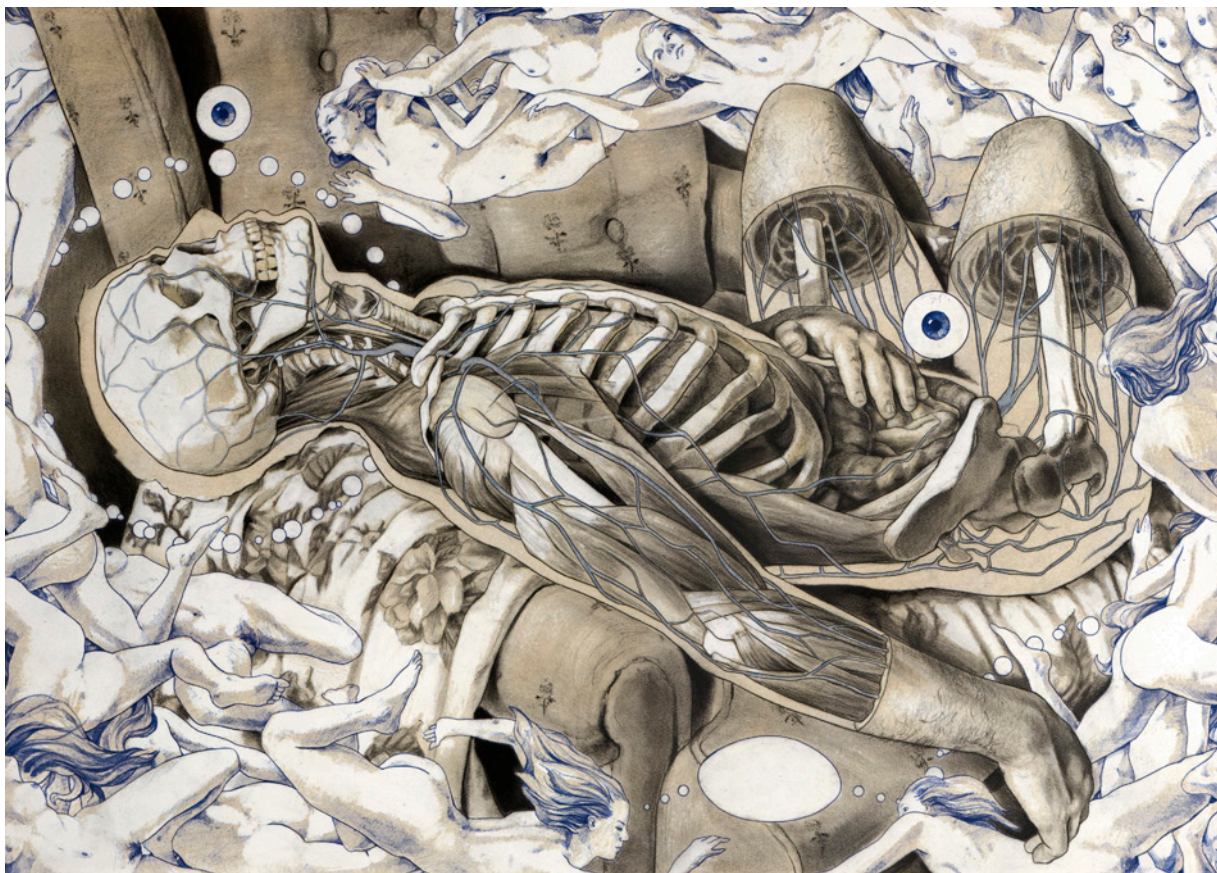
She leaned over, traversing the space between our desks, and slipped me a note. Inside there was a poem written in a splotchy circle, the words cramped and circling each other – chocolate, sweetness – until they formed the beauty that was now only stitches on my skin.

I have never believed that love is a finite resource. That we only can give ourselves away, piece by piece. That if those who we give ourselves to discard us, we are somehow less than what we were before. Instead, I believe our loves guide us. We learn to recognize the stars in each others' eyes, how to understand the ebb and flows of our tides, until one day we find solid ground.

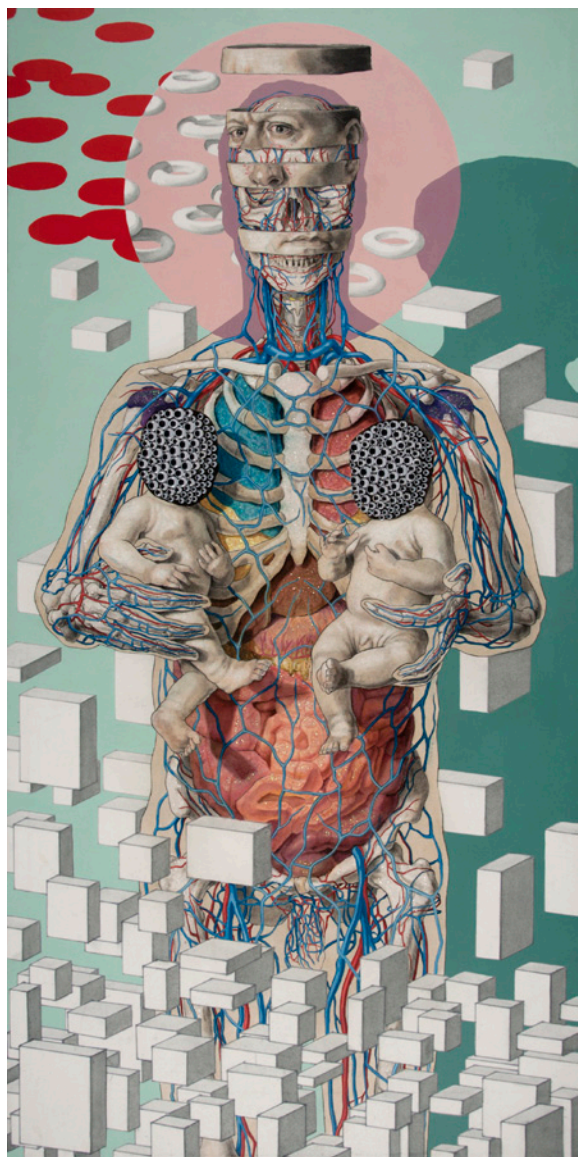
Tonight, as I tend to the hole in my thigh, I am grateful. My body is a map full of constellations I'm still learning to read, but between the scars, marks, and ink, I know it will eventually lead me home.

Michael Reedy

Expulsion



Every Last One. 43" x 31". Mixed Media on Paper.

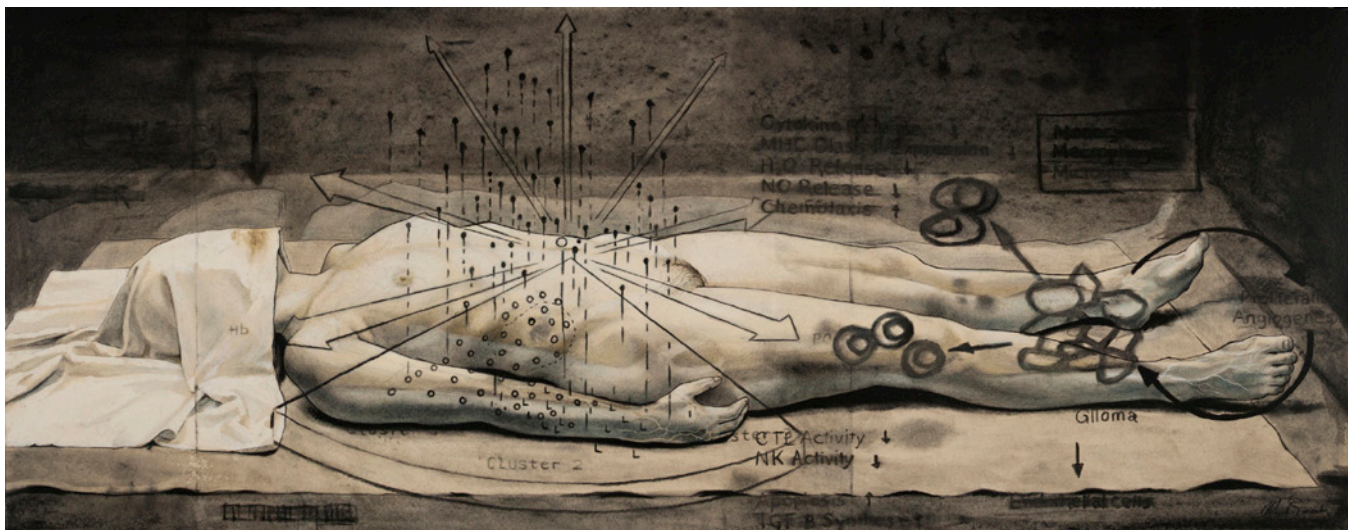


The human figure has been central in my paintings and drawings for the last twenty years. My most recent works explore themes of life, death, and the human condition. This renewed curiosity in the physical limits of the body, and its ultimate failing (both outwardly and inwardly), has been paired with prior interests long rooted in depictions of the body that fall outside the canon of art history (medical imaging and cartooning). Here, the ongoing references to anatomical illustration, and its benign approach to depicting pain and death, and cartooning serve to both underscore the comedic tragedy of physical existence and the frailties that increasingly define our sense of self as we age.

In each instance, I believe the unsettling presence of the open body presents complex questions of gender, pleasure, pain, interpretation, and reception, and results in works infused with a sense of scientific aura, moral lesson, and morbid entertainment. Consequently, my hope is that the viewer will be seduced into disregarding the boundaries between interior and exterior, between looking and feeling, and between the real and the pictured body.

The Fall. 24" x 50". Mixed Media on Paper.

Michael Reedy



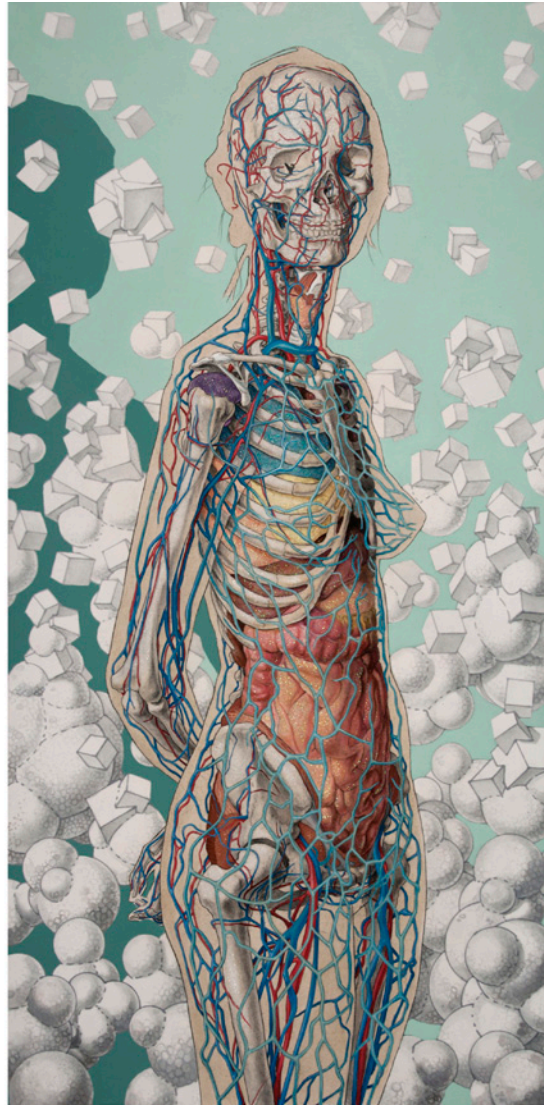
Cluster 2. 25" x 66". Mixed Media on Paper.



Cluster 1. 25" x 59". Mixed Media on Paper.



Expulsion (e). 46" x 46". Mixed Media on Paper.



Michael Reedy



Let's Go. 46" x 32". Mixed Media on Paper.



Malum (e). 28" x 39". Mixed Media on Paper.



Malum (a). 30" x 40". Mixed Media on Paper.



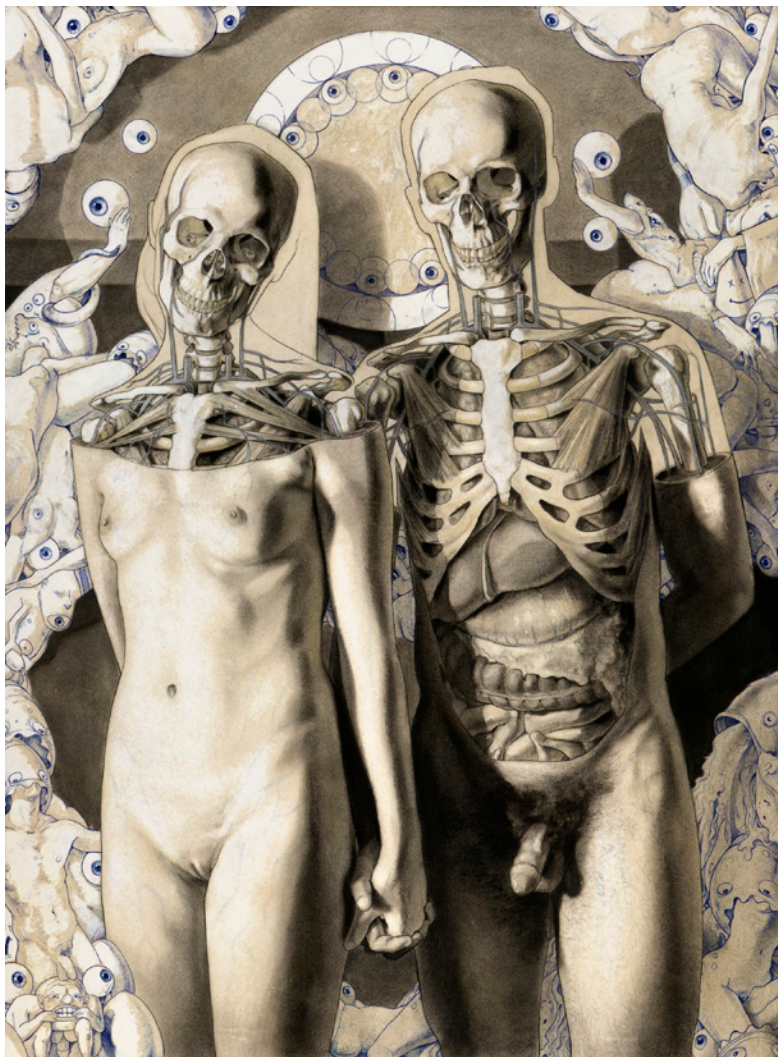
She Knows How to Use Them. 43" x 35". Mixed Media on Paper.

Michael **Reedy**



Don't Worry Baby. 43" x 33". Mixed Media on Paper.

Michael **Reedy**



Once Removed. 32" x 41". Mixed Media on Paper.



See Some. 24" x 43". Mixed Media on Paper.

Michael Reedy



Self Portrait (a). 20" x 27". Mixed Media on Paper.

Michael **Reedy**

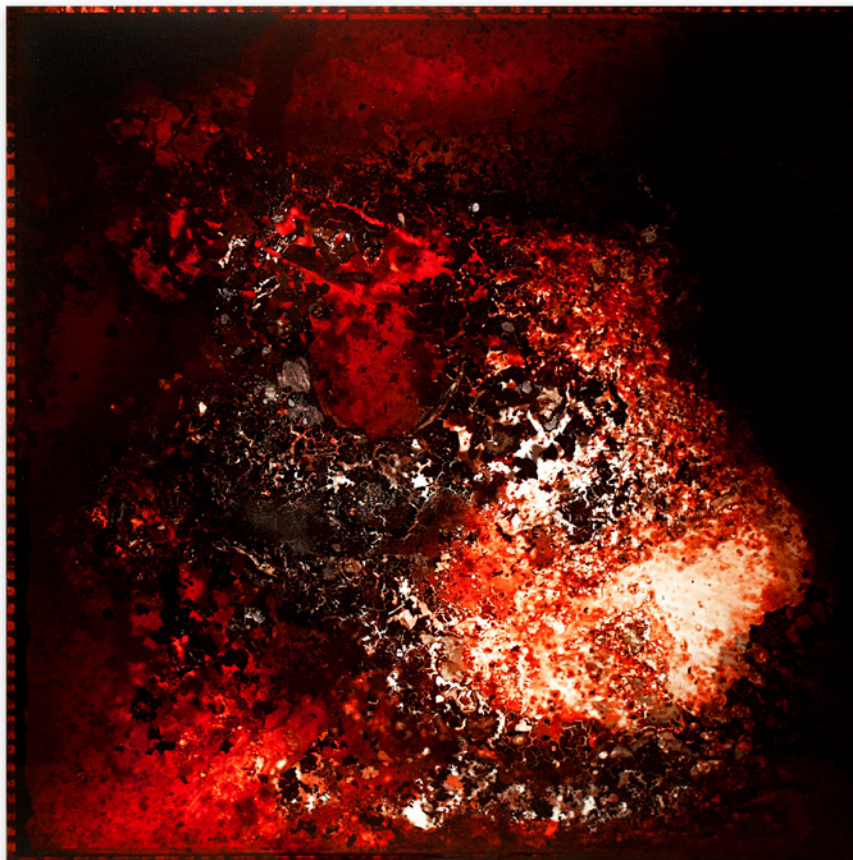


Self Portrait (b). 20" x 27". Mixed Media on Paper.

Michael **Reedy**

Jordan Eagles

Hemoworks



LFV. 2011. 36" x 36" x 3".
Blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.





BARC6. 2011. 20" x 40" x 3".
Blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Blood, procured from a slaughterhouse, is the primary medium in my works. Through my experimental, invented process, I encase blood in plexiglass and UV resin. This preservation technique permanently retains the organic material's natural colors, patterns, and textures.

The works become relics of that which was once living, embodying transformation, regeneration, and an allegory of death to life.

I use various mark-making methods, including layering the blood at different densities, as well as heating, burning, and aging the material. Copper, a conductor of electricity, is sometimes mixed with the blood, imparting a unique, fiery energy. Blood-soaked gauze, stretched over the surface, creates another textural layer that serves as a map of memory and an homage to ancient wrapping rituals. In some instances, blood that has decomposed for years forms dense masses that are ground into dust and tossed into the works, as a sign of passing and change.

When lit, the works become translucent, cast shadows, and project a glow, appearing as if they are illuminated from within. The materials and luminosity in these bodies of work relate to themes of corporeality, mortality, spirituality, and science—invigorating blood as sublime, while evoking the connections between life, death, body, spirit, and the Universe.

Jordan Eagles

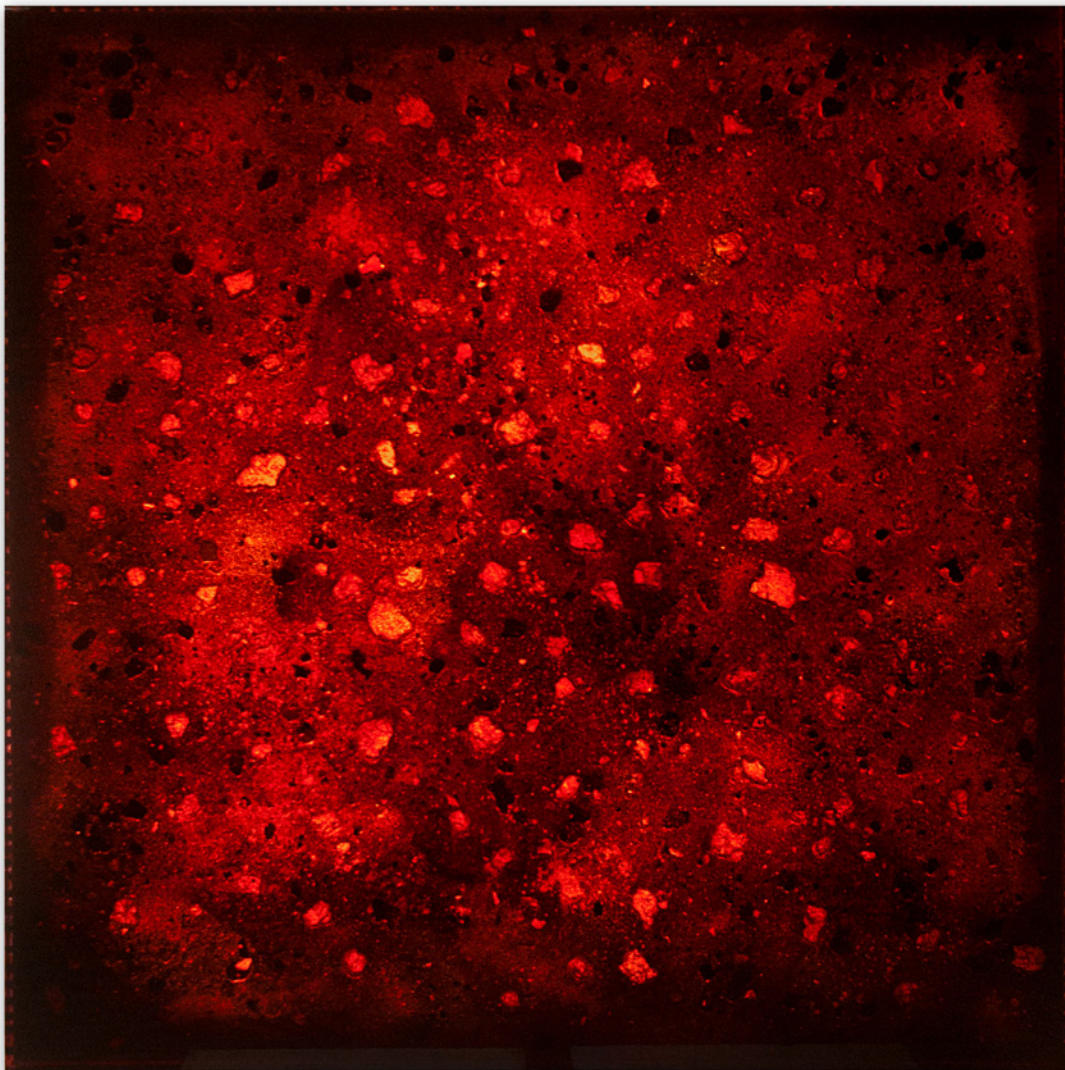




Life Force. 2012.

Blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Jordan **Eagles**



BDLF1. 2012. 48" x 48" x 3".
Blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Jordan **Eagles**





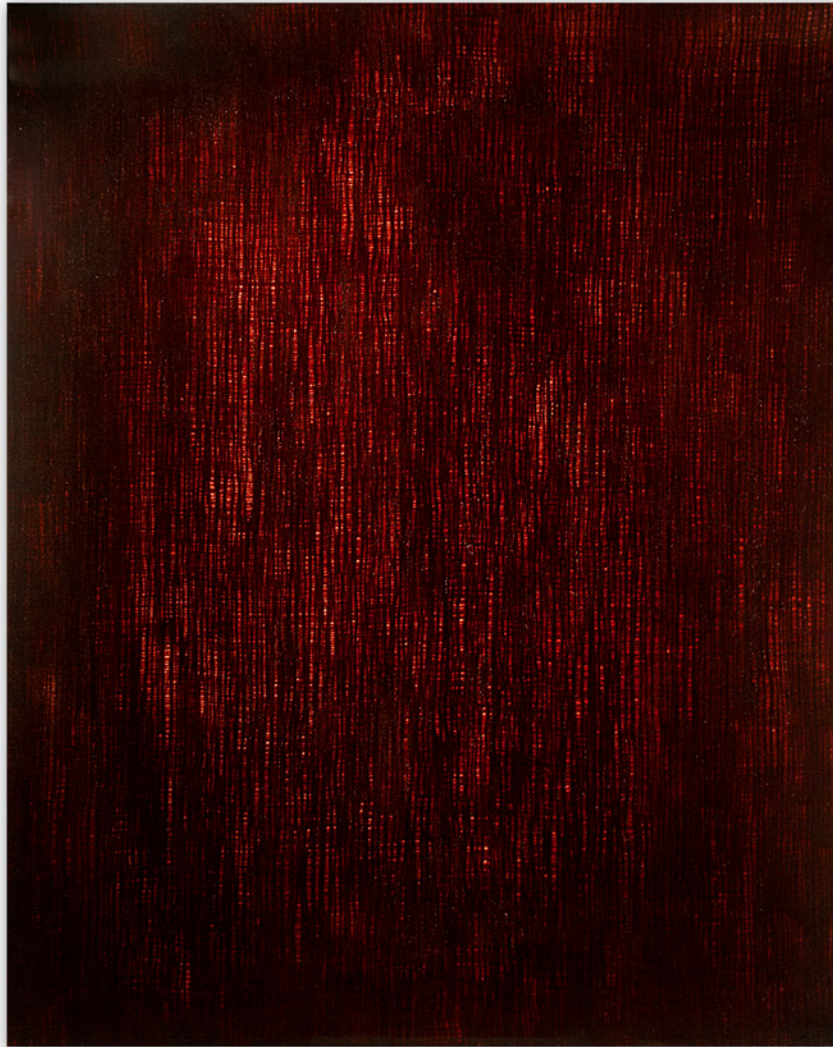
ROZE 17. 2012. 48" x 60" x 3".
Blood preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Jordan **Eagles**



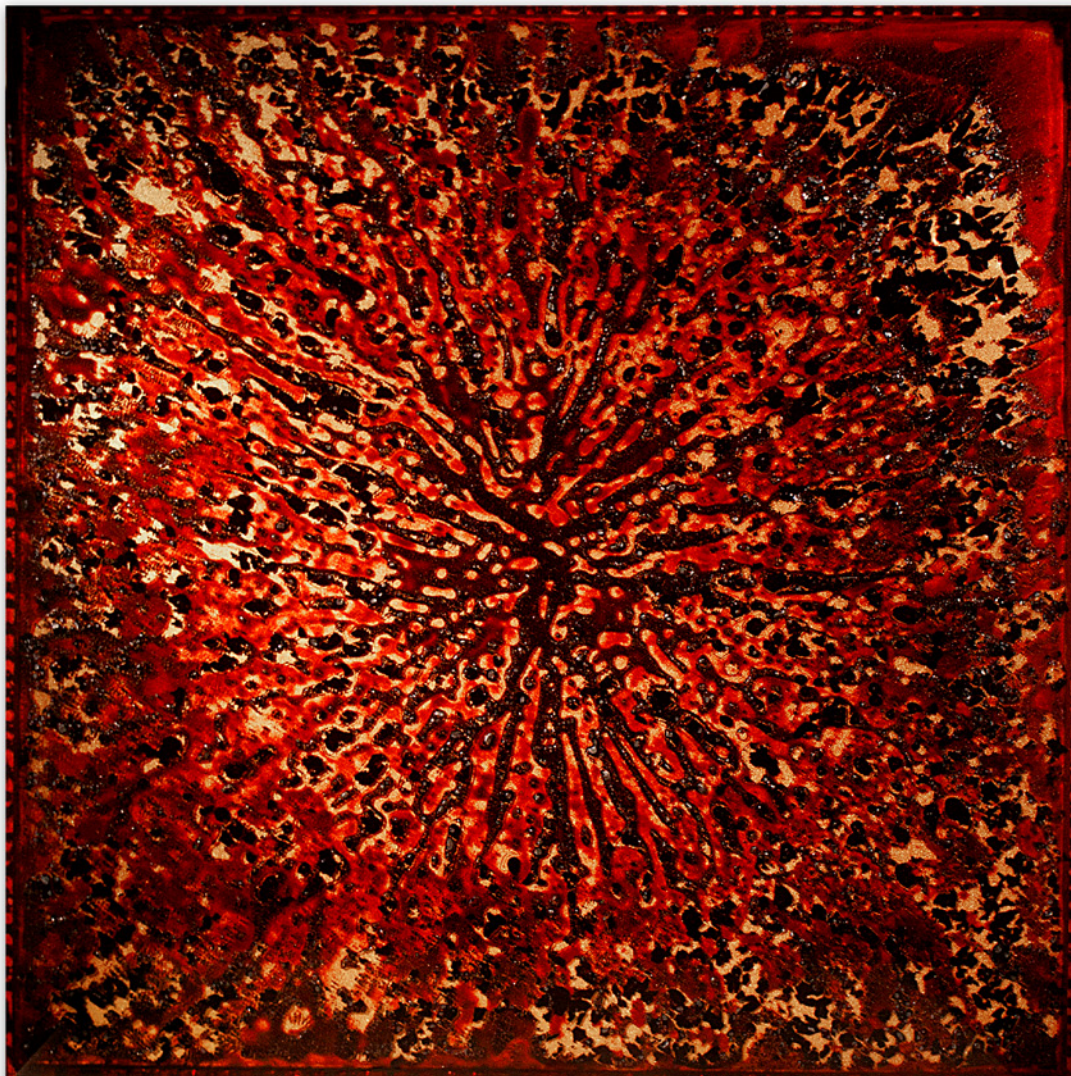
ROZE 14. 2012. 48" x 60" x 3".
Blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Jordan **Eagles**



ROZE 18. 2012. 48" x 60" x 3".
Blood preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Jordan **Eagles**



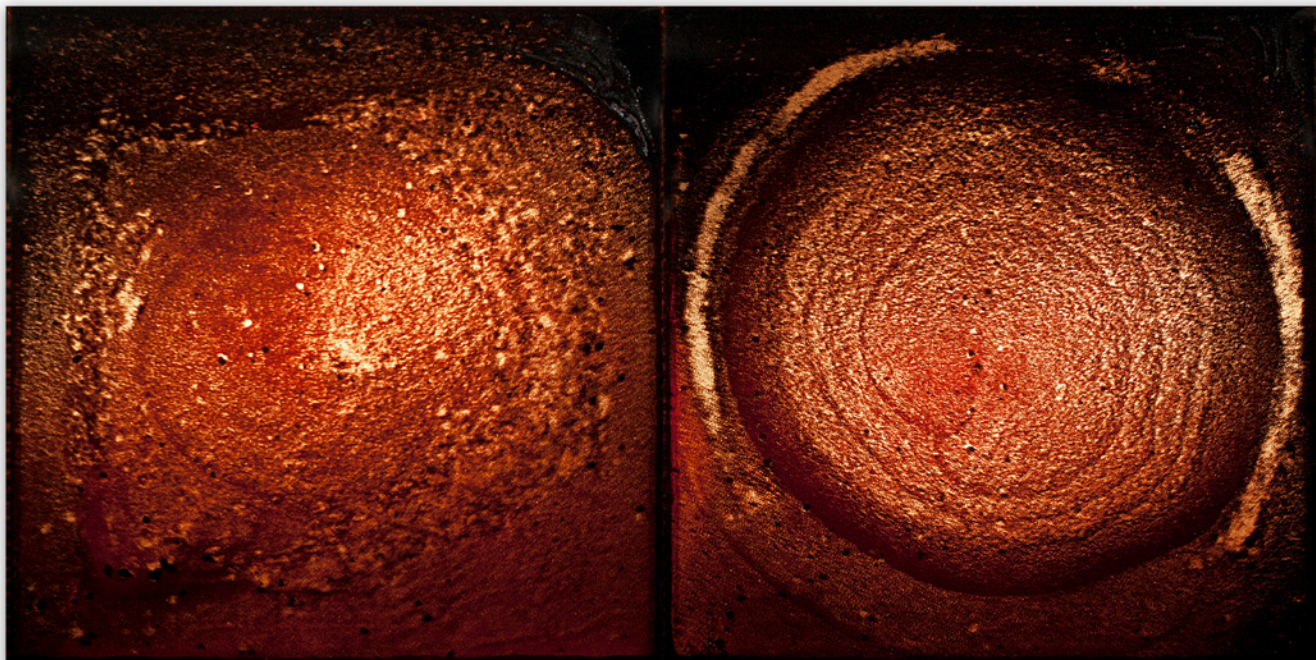
HF1HR-2. 2012. 36" x 36" x 3".
Blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Jordan **Eagles**



Life Force 2011-1. 2011. 36" x 36" x 3".
Blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

Jordan **Eagles**



Red Giant 7-8. 2012. 36" x 36" x 3" (each).
Sun dried blood & Copper preserved on Plexiglass, UV Resin.

{ 75 } COMPOSITE

Corporate / Fall 2013

Jordan **Eagles**

when the going gets tough
the tough power down

FLAYED.

raw hands, clenched fists
washed and wrought and scrubbed
what you want resides just barely under the skin
microchip/arthropod/carcinoma (*?*)
it's blue-black, visible, but you can't dig it out
so you rip it all off through tears
tearing and clawing and nothing makes it (them) go away
toeing the thin line between both the fear and allure of trepanning
worrying about things you've never worried about
words clashing/crashing/colliding upstairs
whenever they want
they do whatever they want
static and drums and a pummeling pulse
with wasps and drills and ghosts inside you
you'll never feel the sweet solace of sleep again

everything is fleeting
with occasional hoax recovery perception
before a rapid return to apocalyptic dystopia in thin bone shell
so quickly the quiet goes, the teeth hide
god it was just a matter of seconds
nothing lasts
nothing stays
they never tell you that part
 never
they never tell you how the tinman had quadruple bypass surgery weeks later
or how rick blaine became a homicidal serial rapist
they tell you to stay gold but you can't
you are more jeremy than ponyboy
pacing, wearing holes in the floor and hearing wolves at the door
 slowly losing it all
 sound
 mind
 body

stop waiting for that ending metaphor revealing how it will all be okay
there isn't one
this oak tree is rotting inside
and if that depresses you
you've only reached the tip of the iceberg
for i am the kola superdeep borehole
forever digging and clawing and getting nowhere
go ahead, try to get inside and advance
you'll just end up giving up

this is not your fault
this is not your fault

SOMATIC.

the body is a temple
a neglected and buckling ziggurat
calcium column splinter shift
patellar edema - check it, paleface
pre-vomit hot flash
 who's on sawdust patrol?
structurally unsound ground pound POW!
one for the flawed foundation festivities
checking in but not alone
- - - get in line, buddy
purple drank bonestown massacre

the body is the ultimate machine
a complex contraption in inordinate disrepair
rust belt bolt mound, rattle can ribcage
praying for more augmentation
praying for the ghastly glow of mechanical crab mandibles
praying for steel & glass & high tension wiring
praying for neon chromatophoric skin grafts
praying for ornithological ocular implants
praying for a life lacking wrist pins & shin splints
praying for the AI to render prayer ineffectual
do cyborgs pray to an electric god?
singularity, take me away

the body is a slave to its impulses
hypersexual circulatory wattage blast
chemi-urges oozing at a sweaty fever pitch
saline and semen and critical massssssturbation
inexhaustive joy, pitter-patters coursing
heliocentric über-devotion explosions
marcy playground acid trip, cocaina cattle call
even the antichrist needs a body double
pulse-pounding white-knuckle homicide ridealong
blood-stained teeth and nails
visceral pangs of regret and repugnance
frantic searches for that elusive omnipotent aphorism
 to give us meaning
 to give us restraint
 to give us canonical somnolence
 to give us more than eat / sleep / fuck / kill

the body is the capital of revolution
combatting the revolution of capitalism
apocalypse wow!
somewhere between the trading floor and the killing fields
lies a negative net worth nonpareil
molotov cocktail tommy john surgery
state-of-the-art insurgency microfracture
never returning to one hundred percent again
wall street pup tent
virtual corporeality
stiff neck
 stiff competition
stiff drinks
 stiffed with the bill

the body is the prison of the soul
gray & black vertebrate cage
dancer in the dark matter
undulating dulcet tone recitation
harmonica solo tin cup clang clang
tinnitus banshee broadcast in a conch shell
san quentin, un chien andalou
eyeball sliver cabin fever
painstaking stain making
recurring night terrors
rapid atrophy, rotting in the dark
from here to eternity
osteogenesis imperfecta with no chance of parole

the body is sacred
the body is scared
the body is scarred

Vesna Jovanovic

Santa Fe Pareidolia



Ojo Caliente. 2013. 16" x 25". Ink, Colored Pencil, and Graphite on Paper.



Hygroscope. 2013. 24" x 18".
Ink, Colored Pencil, and Watercolor Pencil on Paper.

I began the Pareidolia series by spilling ink on paper and drawing forms that I saw, starting with images of laboratory equipment and eventually shifting toward human anatomy. The nature of paper and its potential to embody corporeal themes never ceases to captivate me, while the randomly spilled ink reveals my ongoing desire to abandon structure and leave some things to chance.

Since I began this series, my focus on human anatomy has expanded to include various contexts, such as architectural, environmental, and interspecific (between species). My own body and my interest in science continually guide the work. Arising out of notions of embodiment and personal experience, my work provides an alternative approach to the scientifically objectified body. ***I am interested in a representation of anatomy beyond the merely physical, one that includes how the body is socially constructed as well as how it feels and what it means to have a body.*** Instead of addressing the body as a machine-like component of the human entity or an object for public debate, I present it as an individually lived, subjective experience. My work serves as a reminder of human fragility, mortality, and subjectivity; it frequently elicits visceral responses from viewers, many of whom tend to enter the work from their own bodily experiences – through aging, insecurity, and illness.

Vesna Jovanovic



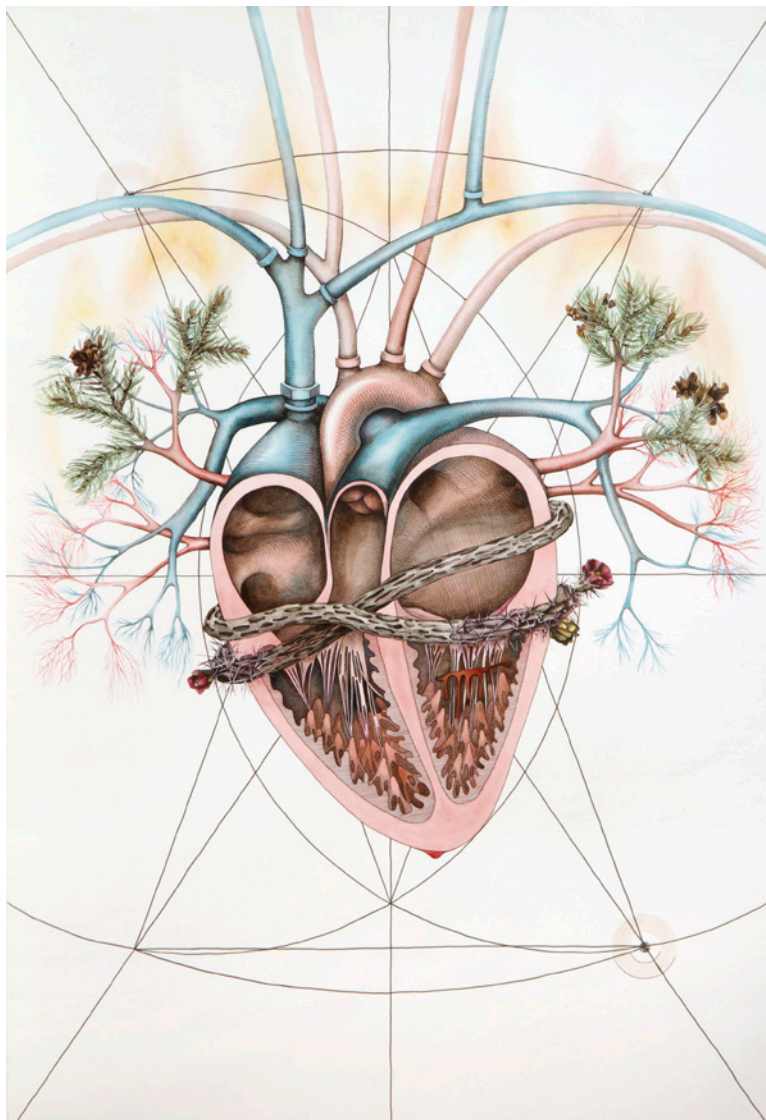
From a conceptual standpoint, I approach these ideas through the deliberate use of medical illustration, a visual form that is otherwise known to effectively reduce the human body to a diagram. Scientific drawing requires an impersonal, objectified representation that provides a clear model of structure and function. In contrast, I present personal experiences and sensitivities in order to address the perception and value of the human body in an increasingly technologically mediated world.

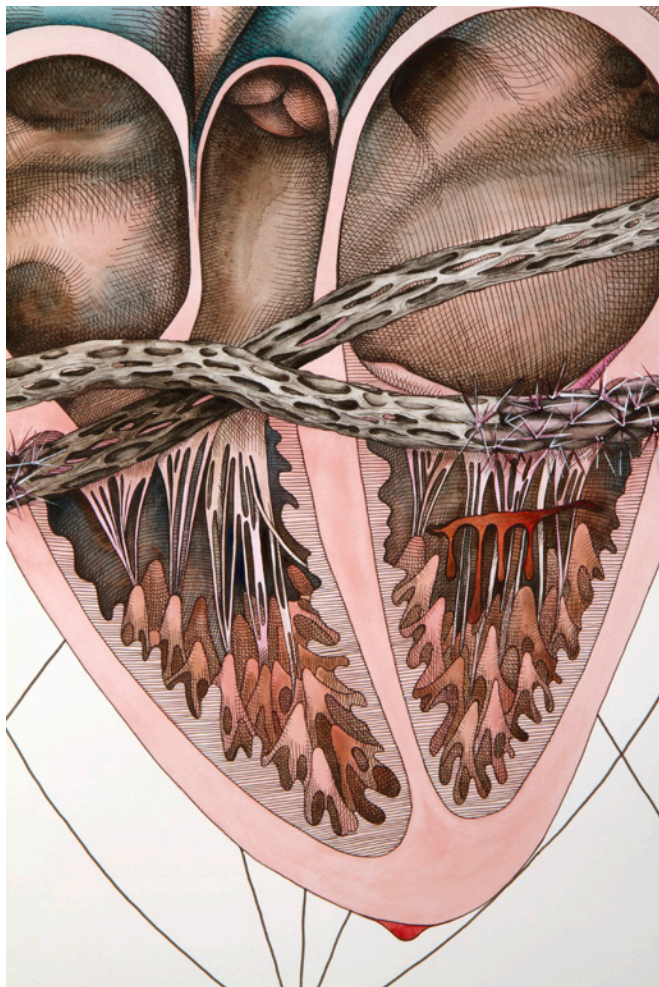
The selections presented here were created in 2011 and 2013 during two residencies at the Santa Fe Art Institute, which is located in the high desert of New Mexico (about 7200 ft altitude). The reduced barometric pressure, low oxygen, dry air, strong sunlight, smoke plumes, and various other environmental factors immediately affected my body as I embarked on exploring the culture of the city and surrounding area. This selection of drawings reflects some of my experiences in New Mexico.

Both residencies at the Santa Fe Art Institute were partially supported by Individual Artist Support grants from the Illinois Arts Council, a state agency.

Cordis. 2011. 60" x 40".
Watercolor and Ink on Paper.

on previous: *Cutaneous Strata.* 2011. 14" x 17"
Ink, Graphite, Colored Pencil, White Pencil, and
Watercolor on Paper.





Cordis, Detail.

on following: *Pulse-Echo Principle.* 2013. 18" x 24". Ink and Pastel on Paper.





Efflorescence. 2013. 35" x 23".
Ink and Colored Pencil on Translucent Polypropylene.



Hydropsy. 2011. 18" x 14".
Ink, Watercolor, and Colored Pencil on Paper.



Smoke and Sunset over Jejunum. 2013. 17" x 22". Ink, Gouache, and Graphite on Paper.

Vesna **Jovanovic**



Pleural Drought. 2011. 30" x 22". Ink on Paper.

Vesna **Jovanovic**

Alison Carey

New Kingdoms



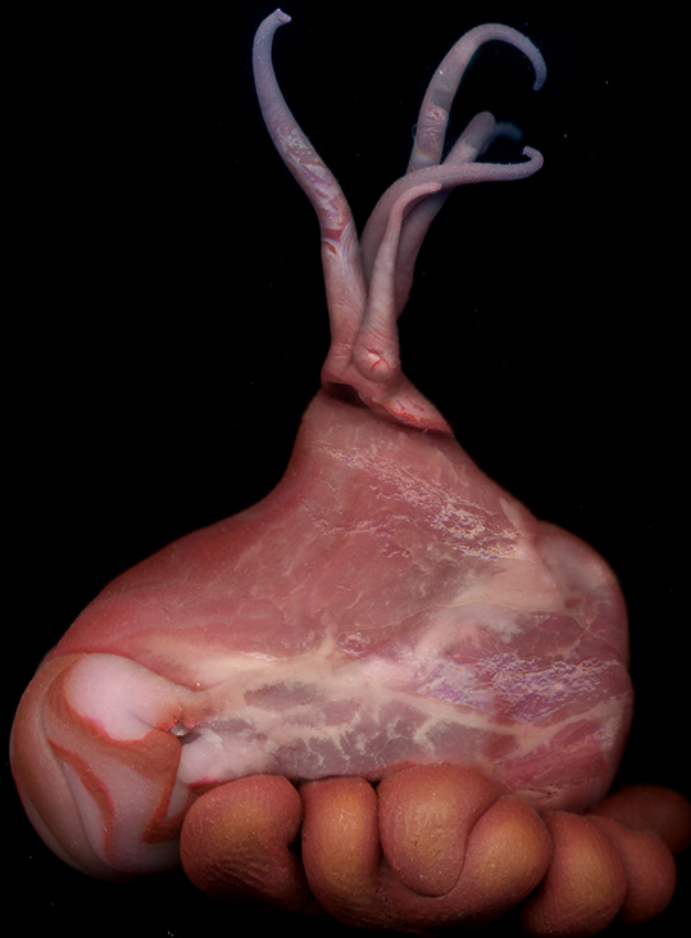
Desert Survival. 2009.



Graze. 2009.

New Kingdoms depicts a future Earth where humans have altered the course of evolution by introducing synthetically grown organisms into the environment. ***This aftermath of biotechnology takes place in a post-human era where man-made life forms have adapted to the natural world.*** Genetically engineered beings have infiltrated the Earth's surface, developing new habitats and ecosystems within the landscape.

Alison **Carey**



Arterial Graft. 2008.



Blue-Eyed Babies. 2010.

The sculptures in these dioramas are created to be photographed, and are made from a combination of flesh like materials that are inorganic or no longer living. These entities are without medical purpose and are benign in their existence. Contrary to my approach, there is the potential to use tissue engineering for unorthodox purposes. Particularly unsettling is the thought that someday it may be possible to construct autonomous, functioning “beings” that are able to survive outside the controlled facilities of a research laboratory.



Flesh Pods. 2007-2011.



Calcium Deposits and Matrices. 2012.

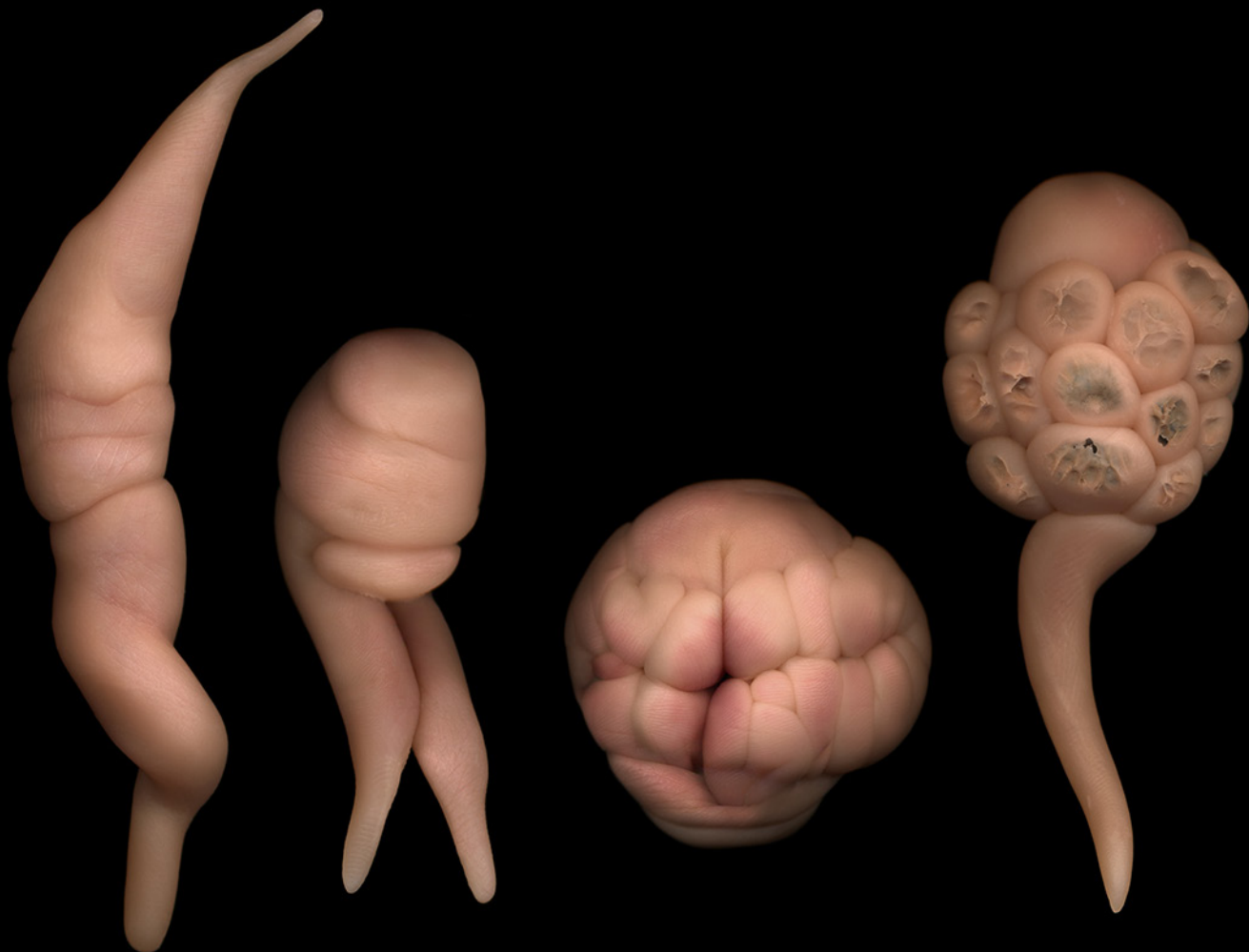


Multiply and Divide. 2010.

Alison **Carey**



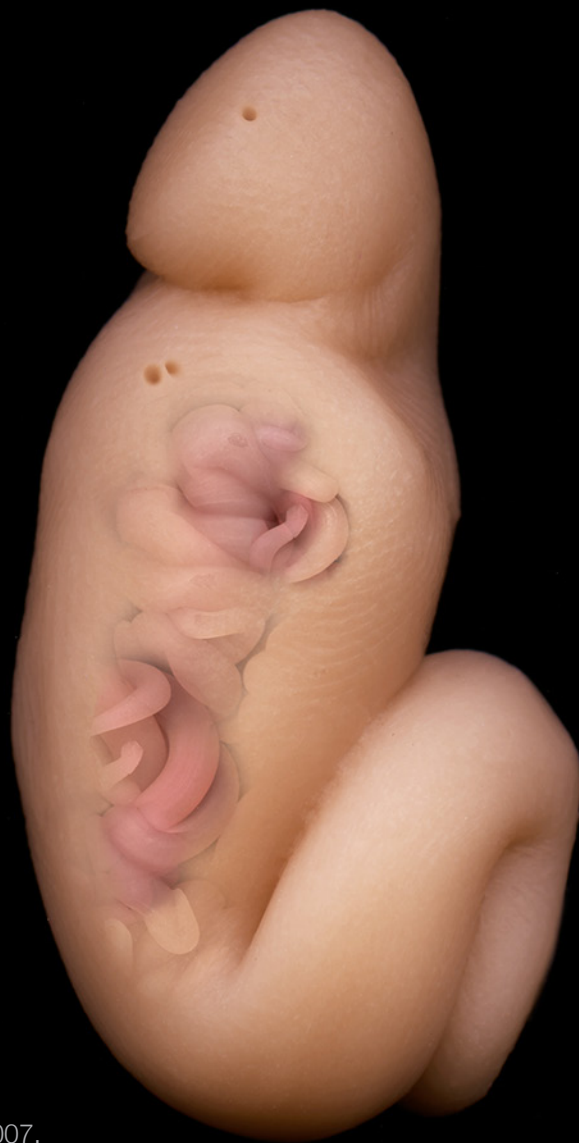
Blood Vessels. 2007-2011.



Skin Grafts. 2009.



Skeleton Stones. 2011.



Intestinal Growth in Specimen. 2007.



Cross Sections. 2008.



Generator. 2011.

As the entities in my photographs colonize the terrain, the evolution of these unique species usher our planet into a new biological epoch in the history of life. Through cycles of hybridization, reproduction, mutation, and extinction, survival of the fittest plays out in these scenes.



Radial Vein. 2012.



Organ Colony. 2012.

These photographs are shot in my studio where I build and sculpt the landscapes and fleshy forms that inhabit these dioramas. Next I paint a sky background on canvas and then the whole construction is illuminated with controlled artificial light and photographed. The sets are dismantled and the images are exhibited as archival pigment prints.



Unidentified Organ. 2012.



Flesh & Leaf Hybrid. 2010.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 13 Corporeal

Maude Larke has come back to her own writing after working in the American, English and French university systems, analyzing others' texts and films. She has also returned to the classical music world as an ardent amateur, after fifteen years of piano and voice in her youth. Winner of the 2011 PhatSalmon Poetry Prize and the 2012 Swale Life Poetry Competition, she has been published in Oberon, Naugatuck River Review, Cyclamens and Swords, Mslexia, Cliterature, and Short, Fast, and Deadly, among others.

Robert Amador is a painter, drawer, toy maker, and print maker currently living and working in Fresno, California. The lack of distractions, and ever evolving landscape inspire and inform his work. His work can be seen at www.robertamador.com.

Anne Wolf is a sculptor, installation and community artist who works with fiber, cloth, clay and natural and found materials. Her mixed-media sculptures and public, site-specific installations have been exhibited nationally and internationally. Her community projects have included "Seed Project" with the Emeryville Youth Arts Program and "Presence and Absence," in collaboration with Zen Hospice Project and the Center for Art and Public Life. She teaches at California College of the Arts in the Textiles program. Her work can be seen at www.studio-annewolf.com.

Linda Umans enjoyed a long teaching career in the New York City public schools. She is a native of Manhattan where she lives, studies, writes. Recent publications include poems in qarrtsiluni, YB, Terrain.org, The Broome Street Review, Theodate, DIALOGIST, Switched-on Gutenberg, and pieces in Mr. Beller's Neighborhood and Literary Bohemian.

Lisa Nilsson is a graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design where she studied Illustration, and more recently of the McCann Technical School's medical assisting program, where her lifelong aesthetic interest in anatomy and cool-looking medical things grew a bit more informed. She lives in North Adams, Massachusetts. her work can be seen at www.lisanilssonart.com.

Annie Heckman is an artist and educator whose work explores mortality through animation, installation, drawing, and writing. Born in Chicago, Heckman received her BFA in Studio Art in 2002 from the University of Illinois at Chicago, and her MFA in Studio Art in 2006 at New York University's Steinhardt School. She works with School and Teacher Programs at the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago and currently serves as Visiting Assistant Professor at DePaul University. Her work can be seen at www.annieheckman.com.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 13 Corporeal

AprilJo Murphy A 2012 finalist for the Richard J. Margolis Award, April Jo Murphy is a doctoral candidate in creative writing at the University of North Texas. She currently serves as the Web Editor for American Literary Review. Her writing has been published in Animal: A Beast of a Literary Magazine, Hippocampus Magazine, Mason's Road, and The Irish American Post. April is currently working on her first big project: Pangender Menace. She lives in Denton, TX with her dog Roan and can be reached at www.AprilJoMurphy.com.

Michael Reedy received his MFA in painting from Northern Illinois University in 2000. His work has been included in over 100 national and international exhibitions and can be viewed in numerous private and institutional collections, including Clatsop Community College, Minot State University, Shippensburg University, and the San Diego Art Institute. He currently lives in Michigan and teaches drawing at Eastern Michigan University. To learn more about his work visit www.mikereedy.com.

Jordan Eagles is a New York based artist who preserves blood to create works that evoke the connections between life, death, body, spirit, and the Universe. His work can be seen at www.jordaneagles.com.

Marc Consolazio was born and raised in Chicago, and has spent his whole life trying to capture the strange images and thoughts that pass through his mind and store them in word form - however perverted they become in the process. A graduate of the Art Institute of Illinois with a BFA in Digital Media Production, in his free time Marc enjoys basketball, Moe Szyslak quotes, and petting bunnies.

Vesna Jovanovic addresses the human body as a socially constructed and individually experienced event. Her practice involves both chance operations and traditional visual forms such as scientific illustration. Jovanovic holds degrees in ceramics, chemistry, studio art, and photography. Her work appeared in various publications such as Newcity, Time Out Chicago, Seed Magazine, Discover Magazine Blogs, and Art:21 Blog. She is thrilled about this opportunity with Composite, and invites you to view more work at www.vesnaonline.com.

Alison Carey has exhibited her work in museums and universities throughout the United States. Recent exhibitions include solo shows at the Griffin Museum of Photography and the International Museum of Surgical Science. Carey has an MFA from the University of New Mexico and is currently an assistant professor of photography at Columbia College Chicago. Photographs and sculpture from New Kingdoms will be on exhibit September 8 – October 5, 2013 at Riverside Arts Center Freeark Gallery, Riverside, IL. www.riversideartscenter.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.

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

COMPOSITE INFO

No. 13 Corporeal

Coming Winter 2014: Issue No. 14 Reprobates: *For some it is a way of life and for some it is merely an occasional indulgence. For others... well, they are just better at hiding it. We all have our guilty pleasures, our vices. We all have weaknesses that we can't say no to: we are reprobates.*

Composite is managed, curated, and edited by:

Zach Clark isn't squeamish, but is terrified of having blood drawn. His work can be viewed at zachclarkis.com.

Kara Cochran keeps her pulled teeth in a small bag in her dresser. Her work can be seen at karacochran.com.

Xavier Duran loves probiotics for digestive regularity. You can view his work at xavierduran.com.

Suzanne Makol wishes her lungs didn't overreact to pollen and cats. Her work can be viewed at suzannemakol.com.

Joey Pizzolato was once allergic to purple food coloring. He has since adapted. 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.