



COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

No. 4 Doppelganger

Summer 2011

COMPOSITE INFO

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

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More information can be found through the following vehicles:

Website: **www.compositearts.com**

Email: **compositeeditors@gmail.com**

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We decided on the theme for this issue somewhere around six months ago. We'd only put out two full issues at that point and we were in the midst of working on our third. As a group, we'd finally settled on an identity we would be proud of—an identity that was unmistakably Composite. At the time, Doppelganger was little more than a clever idea and homage to a show a few of the Composite Editors had put on during their time studying at the University of Illinois at Chicago. For a long time, we weren't sure what to expect. And then, after Kith & Kin went to print, we started putting it together...

Once we began writing our theme statement, we started to realize that the doppelganger was a dramatically darker topic than we originally thought. Focusing almost exclusively on the imminent mortality of man, we started to question if this was the direction we wanted our magazine to go in.

There is an old idiom in writing—and probably in any art form, for that matter. It is the point where, “the story begins to write itself.” It breathes, its characters move about through rooms and scenes constructed by the mind's eye, thinking on their own, acting on their own. For those that have experienced this phenomenon, the loss of control is frightening. And yet, it is also exhilarating. It is the moment of inspiration when the Creator becomes simply the vehicle through which the story, photograph, or painting unfolds on its own, as if it were a noncorpum entity just waiting to be plucked out of the ether and placed on paper. We were anxious at the unknown, but we had to push on.

So with a little bit of courage—courage supplied by each others' support and faith in our little project—we did push on. And whether or not Composite has taken on a life of its own has yet to be determined; but, I dare say, we're ready for it.

Sincerely,

Zach and Joey

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Imagine seeing yourself. Not just a photo or your reflection—a representation—but imagine actually seeing yourself. “How long do you plan to be content?” you ask yourself, or it asks you.

It’s not you, right? That’s a strange question to ask anyway. You hear about being places that you haven’t been, or at least don’t remember having been. You weren’t walking through the field yesterday were you? That person was just in your imagination, a dream. Then, as quickly as it began, it ends.

Well, rather, YOU end.

Doppelganger

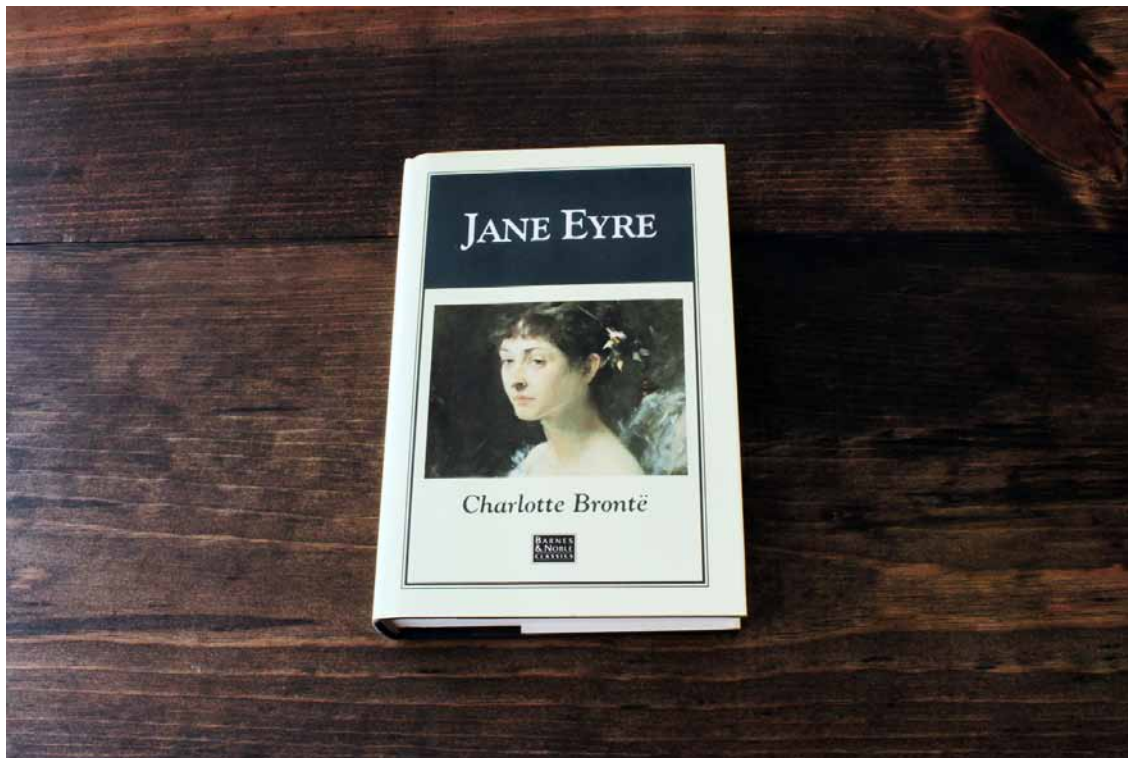
Welcome to the final days of Mary Shelley’s husband Percy, June 15-18, 1822. This isn’t a rare story. This is a story of ancient Egyptian clones, of alter egos, of Nordic twins, of being our own face of death. This is a story of the doppelganger.

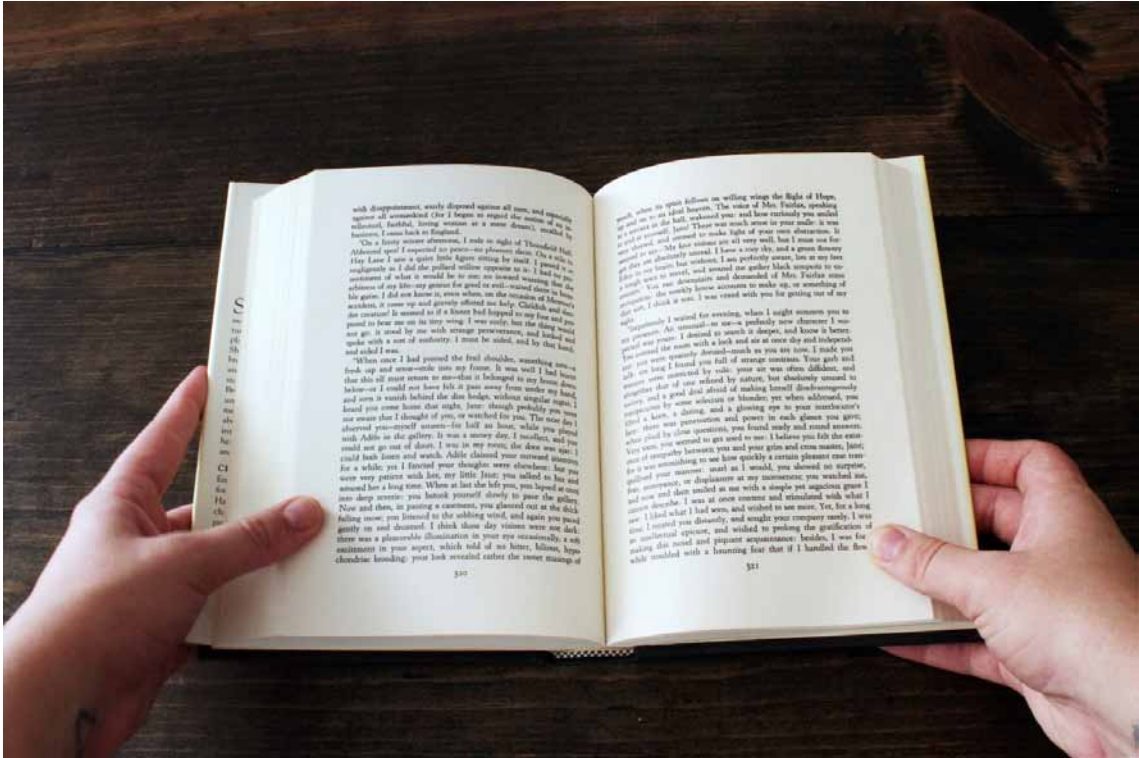
We commonly reference the much-popularized German character of the doppelganger when we see someone with a likeness to a friend or family member on the street—a possible commentary on our ability as a culture to reduce anything to minimal significance, but maybe it’s deeper. Maybe through the years, descendants from the old world, truly afraid of what it might mean, tried to laugh off or explain away that person they saw in the corner of their eye. It’s easier to brush off your cultural myths than stare your mortality in the face, your own face, possibly to a point of madness. If true, doppelgangers are all around us, residing in a place we can only imagine, yet barely fathom.

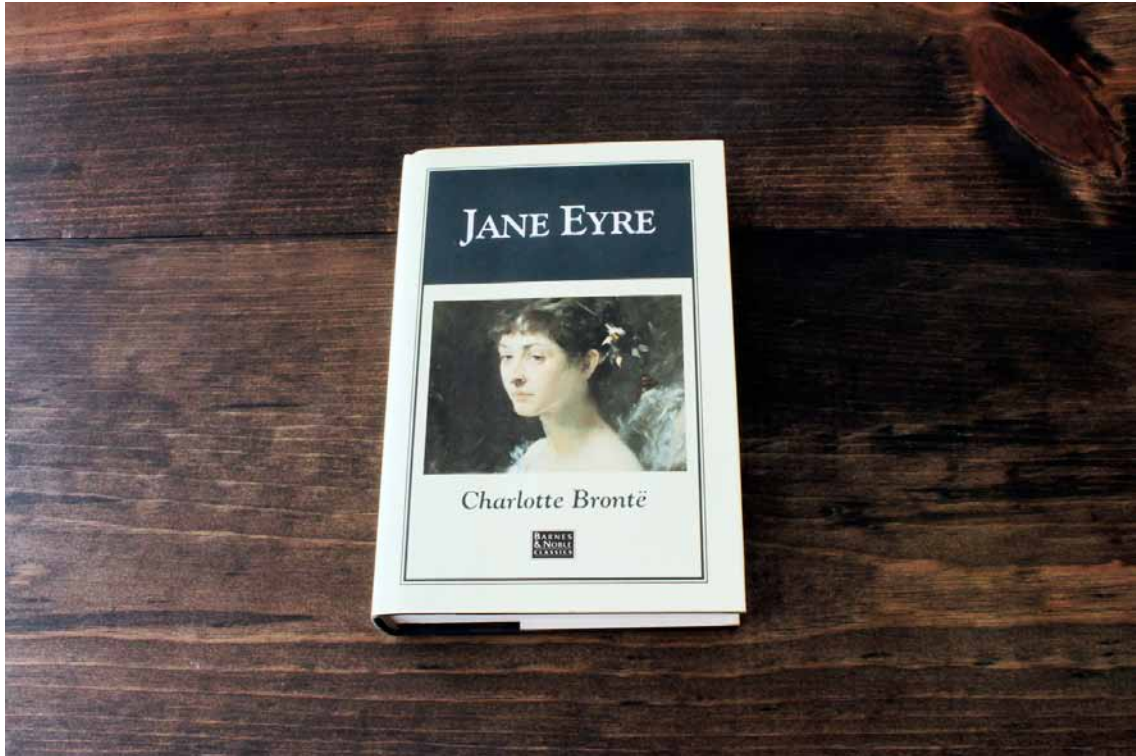
...Or maybe there’s nothing to it. They are called myths and stories for a reason, right?

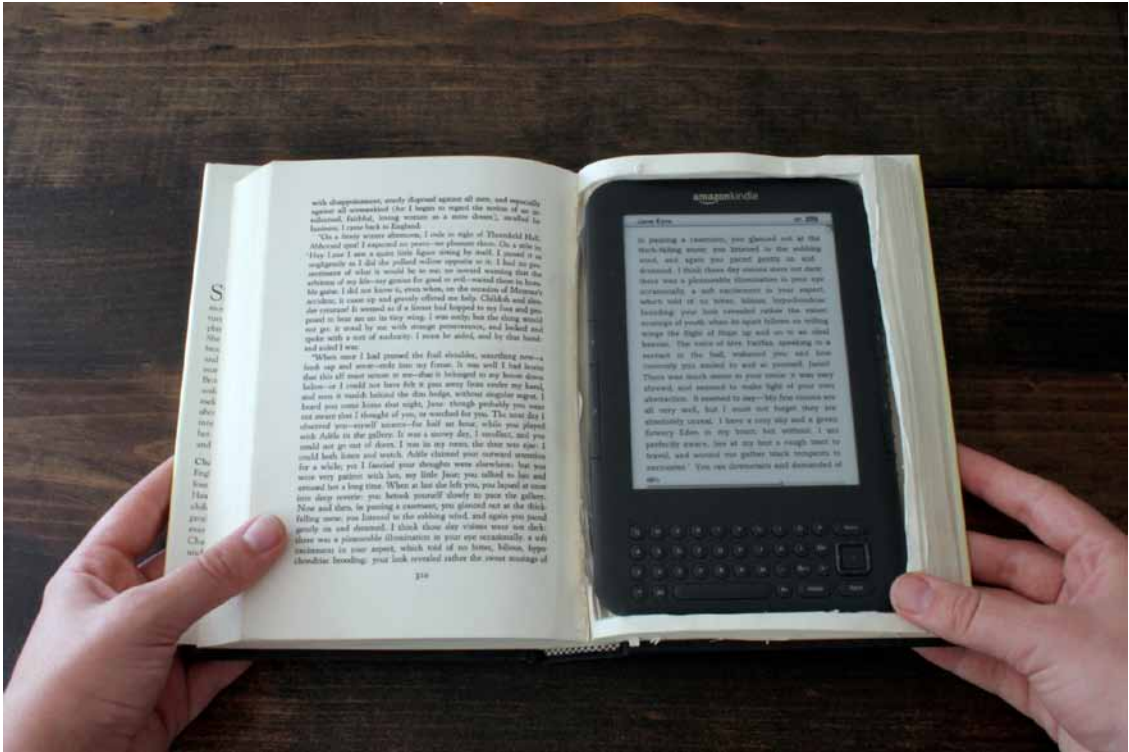
Kristen Pumphrey

Jane Eyre









with disappointment, slowly slumped against all men, and especially against all women (for I began to regard the notion of an unadorned, faithful, loving woman as a mere dream), myself but, however, I came back to England.

"On a stormy winter afternoon, I rode to meet of Thundersfield Hall. Addressed upon I expected no person—no pleasant then. On a ride to 'Hill Lane' I saw a small figure sitting by itself. I found it as unimportant as I did the pallid outline opposite to it. I had no premonition of what it would be to me, no inward warning that the substance of my life was given for good or evil, marked down to him, this man. I did not know it, even when, on the occasion of Milton's death, it came up and gently offered me help. Childlike and good, the creature seemed as if a horse had leaped to my feet and prepared to bear me on its tiny wings. I was sorry but the thing would not go. It would be met with strong persistence, and I asked and spoke with a sort of anxiety. I was to be asked, and by the hand, and asked I was.

"When once I had passed the final shoulder, something new—a look up and down—into my frame. It was well. I had heard that this of most women it was that it belonged to my house down below—or I could not have felt it just away from under my hand, and now it would have been the one badge, without singular regret. I heard you come home that night, Jane, though probably you were not aware that I thought of you, or wanted for you. The next day I showed you myself, scarce-for I had no horse, while you played with Alice in the garden. It was a sunny day, I wonder, and you could not get out of doors. I was in my room, the door was open. I could both listen and watch. Alice claimed your outward attention for a while; yet I fancied your thoughts were elsewhere: but you were very patient with her, my little Jane; you talked to her and around her a long time. When at last she left you, you lay upon your deep seat: you looked yourself slowly to gaze the garden. Now and then, in passing a summer, you glanced out at the thick falling snow; you listened to the abiding wind, and again you passed gently on and down. I think those day visions were not dark: there was a pleasant illumination in your eye occasionally, a soft excitement in your aspect, which told of no home, no home, happy shadowing: your look revealed rather the sweet meetings of

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in passing a summer, you glanced out at the thick falling snow; you listened to the abiding wind, and again you passed gently on and down. I think those day visions were not dark: there was a pleasant illumination in your eye occasionally, a soft excitement in your aspect, which told of no home, no home, happy shadowing: your look revealed rather the sweet meetings of

William Powhida

Infinite Regress



The photographs that accompany these words are of me. Well, sort of. They are photographs of a version of myself. I don't mean to be evasive, but the subject of the photographs is also an artist named William Powhida being portrayed by an actor named Richard Dacey. For a little over 24 hours, I accompanied Richard around Los Angeles and live directed him while I shot video footage and took photographs for a fictional movie trailer for my 2009 show at Charlie James Gallery.

During that time, Richard disappeared into the character of a deeply flawed art world, and I disappeared behind the lens of a camera. It began at 9 AM on a Saturday morning and I ran out of tape sometime around 2 AM, but I can't be certain. I'm not entirely clear what happened as the methodology I employed as a 'director' was immersive and participatory. Basically, I got really fucked up during the shoot.





I'm not a filmmaker, but I've always admired the Dogma film movement of the late 90's. Instead of creating entirely artificial situations for the shoot, I only used one actor, Rick, and shot on location around Los Angeles including Charlie James Gallery, LACMA, The Sunset Marquis, and Tony's Restaurant with non-actors invited to interact with the actor in the role of Powhida.



My friend and producer, Craig Platt, invited some of his friends to a dinner we hosted at Tony's Restaurant on the Sunset Strip and to a party we threw at the Sunset Marquis Hotel. Rick's friend, Rennie Solis showed up to take stills for the trailer. Miram Korn, a friend of Craig's, also arrived early to play in the pool with Powhida.



In effect, we had to stage very little, and Rick improvised each interaction we recorded while the non-actors reacted with shock, surprise, and humor to Rick's provocations during the shoot. All it took was permission to behave a little badly, which we did. That part required very little direction. We visited galleries and museums, swam in the pool, drank cocktails, ate dinner, cruised the sunset strip, and partied late into the night.

At some point in the early evening, after a few cocktails, the only thing artificial left was my desire to shoot what was happening in a way that would be usable in the trailer. Everyone was having a blast, particularly Rick enjoying the role of the 'bad boy' artist and everyone else responded to that energy—they soaked it up.

William Powhida



As the evening unfolded, the fiction and reality folded into each other. When we spilled out of Charlie James' convertible BMW at Tony's restaurant on the strip, I watched the public stop and gawk at Powhida falling out of the car, clutching the girls. While nobody knew who he was, they believed he was somebody important. Rennie and I appeared to be paparazzi capturing the emergence of some new celebrity.



While we waited for dinner the owner of the restaurant, Tony, came over to our table. In a priceless exchange, my art dealer (Powhida's art dealer) explained that Rick/Powhida was a celebrated New York artist visiting Los Angeles. Tony probably had no idea what Charlie was talking about, but he looked important, flanked by pretty girls and an entourage. It was at that moment that I realized I was nobody. We have a saying in Bushwick, "being a famous artist is like being a famous accountant." Still, I had orchestrated the illusion of a celebrity douchebag in the form of Powhida in public with enough reality to convince the owner of the restaurant that he was real. That reality, however tenuous, was something that I had never taken beyond painting or drawing. Sitting across from me wasn't Rick anymore, but a skewed version of myself responding to my name.



For me, it was a strange moment of infinite regress where fiction became reality, even to those who were aware of the conceit. *The identity of William Powhida became fluid and unfixed, shifting from myself to Rick, eventually superimposing itself over both of us, negating us in a way.* Critic and historian David Joselit once made the following observation about one of my paintings, “Powhida’s transit from live artist to objectified artwork is stymied by precisely those occasions Warhol designated the last truly social activities: sex and parties.” During the trailer shoot, precisely the opposite happened, Powhida made the transit from objectified artwork to live artist. Joselit also noted, “Powhida has captured the infinite regress of fiction and document, and object versus subject, which fuels not only the world of art but image worlds in general.” The shoot eventually fueled the entire trailer and these photographs where the live artist shifts back to objectified art work.”

William Powhida



While the impact of Powhida's shift from object to subject was incredibly productive, it was also unsettling. At the restaurant, when Powhida was acknowledged, however deceptively, as real to someone else, I felt a profound sense of detachment. I wasn't watching Rick act, but I was watching this version of myself usurp me. This wasn't helped at all by the fact that I had been drinking to be social and convivial, but as the evening progressed I drank to alleviate my increasing unease directing this version of myself. I felt as if I were becoming unnecessary and invisible. By the time we left the restaurant, I began to feel competitive with this other autonomous Powhida, and like him I got really drunk. There was nothing fictional left, just the party.

William Powhida





We returned to the Sunset Marquis and continued to shoot until sometime after 2 AM. Most of that is captured in the photographs and the video footage; I have incoherent recollections of those hours, until I found myself sitting finally with Rick on the patio alone. Powhida was gone, and Rick and I talked about morality and mortality until 4 AM as actor and artist.

When I returned to New York, I altered the direction of my show and added an entirely new painting titled "944" about an actor playing the role of Powhida who eventually replaces him in that fictional universe as the character William Powhida disappears, gone missing or perhaps dead. That painting was based in part on the intense experience of shooting the trailer. Now, I find myself about to bring Powhida back into the world this summer, live and in person, and the thought of it puts me on edge, but that feeling is also what can "fuel the world of art".





Erik Peterson

*What the Large Glass Company Carries
(Remains to be Seen)*



5 workers, 2 panes of tempered two-way mirror glass,
coveralls, patches, glass-handling gloves, Carrymate Grips
Each glass 48" x 72"
Performed on June 23, 2011



Two pairs of workers carry two four-by-six foot sheets of glass in parallel along downtown city sidewalks and crossing streets, reflecting the humorous trope of early slapstick cinema. These sheets of glass, however, are two-way mirrors, within which passers-by may accidentally walk. *Caught within the mirroring*, these pedestrians are reflected infinitely to themselves, while they are observed through the glass by all who walk outside the panes.













David Chathas

Selected images from
Elaborate Bodies



All images Digital Inkjet Prints. 2009-2011



[*Elaborate Bodies*] evokes being one in the same yet being pulled apart. ***A disconnect from one's own being.*** The feeling of being so close however separate through vast time and space. Resembling the polarities of magnets, attracting yet repelling, floating in the ether, hovering above one another. Elements of time travel, weightlessness, and fusion.



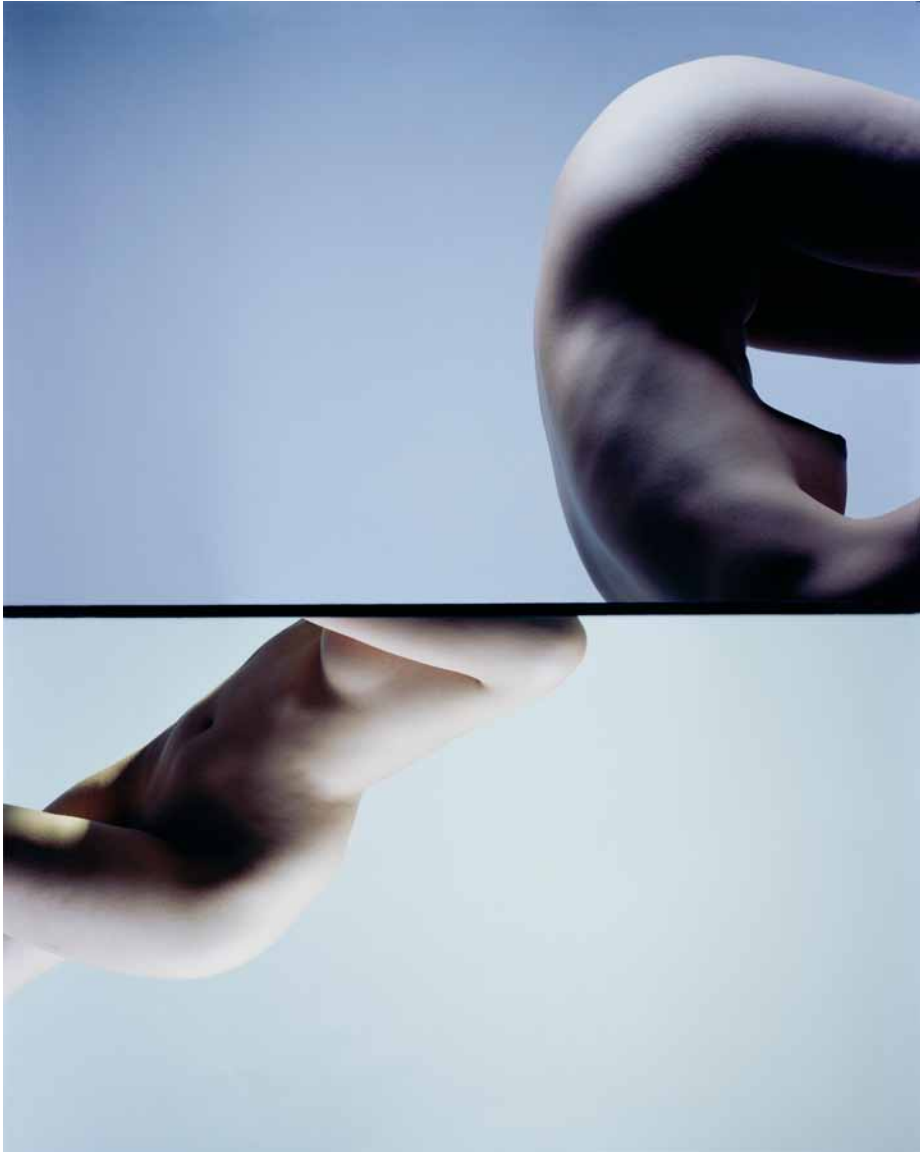












Composite Editors

We at Composite stress often the collaborative nature of our project, from working with artists and authors to compile the content, to working together to put it all together. For *Doppelganger*, we decided to take collaboration a step further into our own practices, combining forces on a group project. Through several proposals of what exactly this would look like, we came to an exquisite corpse of sorts; each member creating a piece in reflection to the previous.

Content[ion], by Zach Clark, was the jump off point for the project. Based on the multiple placed symbolisms of yellow—caution, friendship, resurrection—the piece is comprised of 583 yellow dots, 291 of one supplier’s medium yellow ink, 292 of another’s. Although only one number off, the slight tipping point defines it’s inherent nature, much like the ions constantly surrounding us everyday.

From there, editors Kara Cochran, Joey Pizzolato, Suzie Makol, and Xavier Duran progressively reflected on the outcomes, bringing together five separate pieces that, while unique to each artist’s style, continue to talk to each other, even after the distortion of ideas that comes across in the game of telephone.

Limited run, silkscreen print versions of each artists’ work will be sold at the “In 3-D” show and online based on availability to help fund Composite’s day to day costs.

Zach Clark



Content[ion]. 1 color(s) screen print.

Kara Cochran



Apoptosis

Joey Pizzolato

Contagious

Bum, bum—how does it go?

Bum, bump—what? The man repeats as he beats the palm of his hand on the table.

She looks at him, spinning a small sheet of paper on the table in front of her.

What are we going to do? She asks.

The man sits there, rubbing his temples with his fingers now. Two small bells jingle in the room behind him.

Bum, bump...how the hell does it go? That song. That song, how does it go? He asks again, this time causing the table to shake.

Forget the fucking song. What are we going to do about this? She asks again.

I don't know.

You don't know?

No, I don't know...

She sighs. He lights a cigarette. She looks to the other room. He watches the smoke flutter through the air.

What are we going to do?

You know what we have to do.

He puts out the cigarette.

The bells encroach on them, dash under the table. She feels the whisk of fur on her ankle, looks down in time to see Conner bat his tiny paw at Chloe. She falls over, gets up again. Chloe's hazel eyes, bright and glowing as a full moon, glance up at the girl, and then, like a house of cards against a brisk breeze, she tumbles on her side.

The vet says it can be contagious, the girl says.

What’s contagious?
The spots. The ones on her brain.
How can spots be contagious?
I don’t know.
You don’t know?
No, I don’t know...

We’ll separate them.
But they love each other. Look at them. How can we do that?
We just have to.
And then what?
You know what.

He picks up Chloe—all four pounds of her—and takes her into the room, slams the door behind him.
And Conner looks confused. And the girl is biting her nails. And then Conner is at the door, reaching his paw under the door for Chloe. And she is reaching her paw under the door at Conner. And the girl climbs off her chair and squats under the table, biting her nails until they are bloody and raw, dreaming of warm summer days and getting her palms read in the park, dreaming of a time when decisions weren’t already made for her.

Suzanne Makol



Contagious

Xavier **Duran**



In Summation

Peggy Frykholm

*Everone Always Worried About Telling Us Apart,
But We Always Knew Who We Were*



One Or The Other 1



One Or The Other 2

My twin sister and I were color coded at birth. Rather than the traditional baby colors of blue and pink, we were assigned pink and purple. The colors were meant to be a device to help my parents tell my sister and I apart in infancy, but became determining factors for our personalities as well. *Purple was meant for the child that would be reserved and pink was intended for the one that would be outgoing and boisterous.*

In some ways nurture beat out nature and my sister and I have honored our assignments. Subconsciously, our parents promoted our colors. I became quiet because I was encouraged to be reserved, while my sister was praised for voicing her opinion. As adults, I've noticed the expectations of our personalities have change drastically as we have moved away from home and begun pursuing independent lives. Sometimes I catch her being a little self-conscious and I notice that I can be very outgoing.

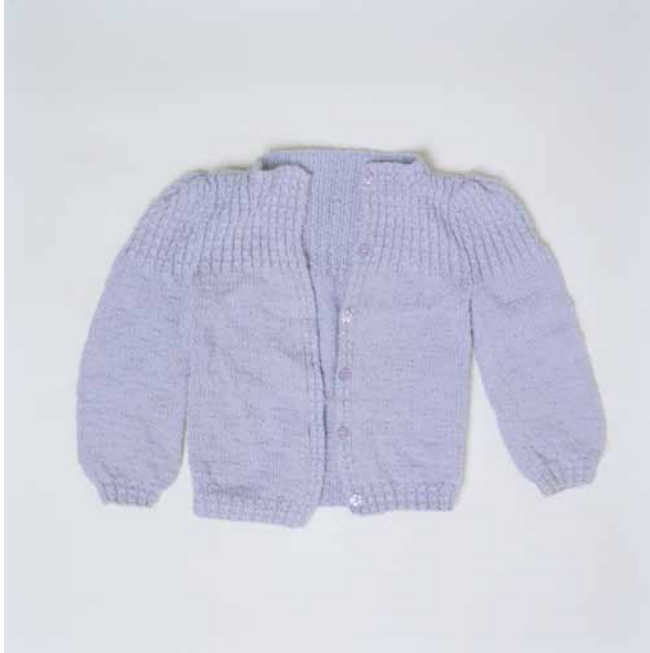
Initially I was interested in photographing the differences imposed on us by our parents when we were children compared to our self inflicted physical changes and socially adapted traits as adults. I thought it would prove something. So far I'm only convinced that as individuals we are more complicated than a simple dichotomy will allow.



Purple Socks



Pink Socks



Purple Sweater



Pink Sweater

On Following: *Together*

Peggy **Frykholm**



Marcella Prokop

No Single State Of Being

...when I awoke in the middle of the night, not knowing where I was, I could not even be sure at first who I was; I had only the most rudimentary sense of existence, such as may lurk and flicker in the depths of an animal's consciousness; I was more destitute than the cave-dweller; but then the memory- not yet of the place in which I was, but of various other places where I had lived and might now very possibly be- would come like a rope let down from heaven to draw me up out of the abyss of not-being, from which I could never have escaped by myself... —Marcel Proust

We need ego to function in the world, to carry out tasks, to get us to work on time, to do the laundry and to master new information. But we have a tendency to overvalue its reality, obscuring a more expansive view of the kinds of connection of which we are capable. —Mark Epstein, MD

A lull of voices hums around me with the unsettling rise and fall of untuned radio frequencies. A male voice, not yet dialed in clearly, swoops and dips around me, prompting something like comfort. The voice is warm summer sun and the grit of a gravel road that dips and bends, leading me home, pulling me forward. The other voices toss about the room like snow, mere shadows. In my unconscious state I don't understand the power of memory, but something in my body recognizes this voice, so I follow it, for the presence it offers me.

It is December 30, 2004. I've been asleep for three days, since the neurosurgeon at the Wyoming Medical Center pulled a bloody snarl of abnormal tissue from my bleeding brain. My parents have passed the time playing cards or praying, waiting to see if I will awake as their daughter, active and eloquent, or as something different, some kind of monster. I—we, really—have lived through a cerebral hemorrhage, and among other changes, the survivor of a stroke can face severe states of aggression, sorrow, or zero inhibition. The switch can be as gruesome as the Hyde/Jekyll transformation, and until it happens no one can predict the outcome.

As I push toward consciousness in the jaundiced light of the ICU, I don't know about any of this, don't even remember that this surgery has happened. I don't remember the headache that sent me to the hospital four days ago, the day after my twenty-second birthday, or that we were ice fishing earlier that morning. But upon waking—fully waking, that is, not the flicker of eyelids and full-body shudders that animate my body ever so often—upon my resurrection I will remember who I was. I will remember the life I left in Washington, D.C., where I had spent part of my 21st year as an intern at NBC. I will remember the new apartment I began decorating a week before in South Dakota. I will remember that I am a writer, most passionate about my craft in the evenings; I will remember my last night of human love. But the things I once believed made me “me”—my intellect and drive, my wit, even the grace of my body—these traits will no longer belong to me. Without yet knowing it, everything that makes up my personality—what some spiritual luminaries refer to as my “ego”—is lost to me.

Without yet knowing it, everything that makes up my personality—what some spiritual luminaries refer to as my “ego”—is lost to me.

“So what was it like, waking up in the hospital?”

My best friend Kristen and I are walking down a sloped sidewalk miles from our apartment when the question comes up. She is long bouncy steps to my uncertain shuffle, and in the breeze her ponytail remains collected, while my just-past stubble hair whips erratically. It is June now, and the hospital is six months and three states behind me. I can walk and drive and type again, so I have celebrated a six-month anniversary of being “alive and fucked up but not dead.” Time, over which I have no control, feels like an accomplishment, and I find great importance in everything: the dappling of sun on leaves above, the way their shadows drop burnout patterns on the concrete below us; even the humid warmth of the wind delights me. I moved back to South Dakota, where I had gone to college, last month, and this, especially, felt momentous. I have become once again what my doctors and rehabilitation specialists call “independent.” I am proud of myself, but as with so much else, I have had to relearn the values and definitions of this word.

Driving scares me, my college retail job drains my energy after a paltry four hours, and I can no longer learn and retain new information with the ease I once had as a journalist. I rely on Kristen for

many things—getting groceries, making me take a pill when my head is pounding, sometimes even driving me to work when I feel too blurry. I rely on my doctors and parents and my other friends for yet other activities and encouragement. I am a different person to each of them, with different needs.

This troubles me.

In our country we pride ourselves on our independence, declaring it to be one of the great tenets of our society. Individualism is another point of pride for most people, and the young, especially, believe in its credo. But after leaving part of myself back in the hospital, each of these buzzwords creates a slight static fuzz in my head, and I'm not sure I can define myself anymore with this language, as I hardly know how to apply it to myself.

I didn't lose the ability to speak or understand words in the stroke, but I don't have the vocabulary for answering Kristen's question. I have changed minds and lives and bodies, and this new person is still trying to fit into the world around her. The woman back there, at the hospital in Wyoming, she was someone else, and no matter how verbose or brief I am, explaining this to people is impossible. For those who knew me before, I am simply a slower, more reserved version of me. For those who never knew me, I seem "normal." Either way, I can't convince anyone that at the core of my being, the ethereal stuff of mind, I am no longer her, the woman I used to be. The sensation I have is that of being, or having, a double.

No, I don't have a double, that's not it, exactly.

Inexactly, because I can't quite decipher it, what I have is the feeling that the woman I was before was never actually me, but a dream, or a close friend, maybe. She was someone about whom I knew everything, her darkest moods and most childish secrets. I knew the way her knees creaked when she ran, the way she'd wiggle her toes around the coolest folds of a blanket. When she went to sleep on the operating table, she left her body behind, those knees and toes, but the spirit that took over that body, that's me, and things are different now. I'm the doppelgänger, a shadow who is—and isn't—the Me I want to remember. I'm like a patient in neuroscientist V.S. Ramachandran's book *Phantoms in the Brain* who feels as if she is host to some kind of spirit that isn't her: "Parts of her had forever vanished, lost in patches of permanently atrophied brain tissue." Or I'm like the patient suffering from Capgras' Syndrome who no longer recognizes or loves his father. The difference with me, as I learn how to love what I'm presented with as myself, is that I feel like the parasite, a foreign being residing in a foreign body.

Sometimes I think this sensation is residual, something left over from the trauma of a bleeding brain and a now-fractured memory. In Ramachandran's book, the works of Oliver Sacks and in

the medical journals, I've read of people who lose limbs and for years afterward feel the pain of a stubbed toe, a bumped elbow, where the absent party once tingled. So it makes sense that some piece of my mind holds on to the old me, and still feels her, because she was me.

It's true that while I lay there at night, snowy Aspen branches tip-tap-scratching at my hospital room window, I passed the few waking hours I had dreaming of my old life. I'd remember what I'd done in the past—the way I rubbed cool pyramid stones in Giza, or the way a salmon would sparkle in the sun as I tried to hold its fighting body. I could feel the wax of scales on my phantom fingers, smell the must and decay of lake water. These memories saved the part of me that needed a rope of comfort to bind me to this world, but now they are painful, constricting.

*...I tried to recreate
the world and the me
I'd known before.*

I remembered my past when I left the hospital too, and tried to get back into the routine of living. By sending my mind out into the image of my old body, or visiting the places that had once been familiar, I tried to recreate the world and the me I'd known before. I didn't want to manufacture some other sense of self, but in the mess of neurons and weakened limbs that had trapped me, that's what happened.

And attempting to explain this to others has been impossible.

"I dunno, Kristen, I guess the hardest part about being in the hospital was figuring out who I was. I mean, I felt like me when I woke up, because I didn't know any better. You know, just like waking up from a nap—you're still you, no matter what you've dreamt?"

"Yeah, I get that. So why did you not feel like you? If you could wake up and feel like you in the morning, why can't you do that now, too?"

Her voice is light but incredulous, and in the years we've consoled each other and laughed through silliness, her words have often felt like guidance from the sister I never had. I'd rather hear her say "that's dumb," in her characteristic, half-sarcastic way than hear complete acceptance. Her challenge to my idea—like the challenge of walking a little more each day, or reading a little longer—is what I need to quell this confusion and unite this mind with this body.

"I think it's like this—our minds, our brains—two separate entities, right? But housed in one place, the body?"

Kristen nodded, not quite sure where my tangent was going, but, familiar with my new, fractured

way of thinking, maintained her patience.

“Well, everything is fucked now, for me. All the stuff I used to do, the chick I used to be—she’s another person. Separate from me. It’s like she was my best friend, my BEST fucking friend, closer to me than you even, and she died. Or I lost touch with her. Either way, whoever you knew before—she isn’t me. Or I’m not her. Whatever.”

In the literature on out-of-body-experiences, body doubles—doppelgängers—one encounters mythological explanations, classic literary tales, and more current scientific findings. Folklore from all four directions has anointed the body double with the marks of evil and death. According to the OED, the first documented use of “doublegoer” in English was in 1831; doppelgänger was appropriated from the German words *doppel* and *gänger*—the words for “double” and “goer” in 1851. This “apparition of a living person a double, a wraith” has captivated artists ever since, sometimes appearing at the moment of death, always leading to a life that exists beyond the body, in story and song and poetry.

In 1823, just before his death, German poet Heinrich Heine captured the idea of duality in his poem *Der Doppelgänger*; the composer Franz Schubert later adapted Heine’s poem to music.

Also in the 1820s, English poet Percy Bysshe Shelley met a mirrored image of himself during a terrace stroll shortly before his death. And other writers including Robert Louis Stevenson, Edgar Allan Poe, Nancy Mairs and Virginia Woolf have contemplated the doppel state of existence and the “severances and oppositions of the mind,” which, according to Woolf, “has no single state of being.”

Except for Woolf and Mairs, both of whom deal with the feminine experience of mental illness and bodily limitations in their work, these artists have set forth an explanation by means of fiction.

In his short story “William Wilson,” for instance, Poe pits protagonist and antagonist against each other while encasing them in the same body:

It is difficult, indeed, to define, or even to describe, my real feelings towards him. They formed a motley and heterogeneous admixture; —some petulant animosity, which was not yet hatred, some esteem, more respect, much fear, with a world of uneasy curiosity. To the moralist it will be unnecessary to say, in addition, that Wilson and myself were the most inseparable of companions.

In literary studies we are taught that one mark of good fiction is the ability to prompt a suspension of disbelief in the reader. Implausible scene shifts, unexplainable metaphysical manifestations and paranormal activity are some of the tools used in execution of craft. A realistic resolution, however, or believable settings, characters and circumstances must be present at some point, to ground the reader in a tangible existence. The body double experience is unique here, in its ability to work very much the same way in fiction as in everyday reality: it is confusing and otherworldly, yet real. But Kristen and I, having studied journalism together, came from the school of facts, of truth and definable parameters. We needed a way to understand that this was reality, not some sci-fi story.

So much about this whole experience had been unimaginable or unknown to me (who, at twenty-two, worries about having a stroke?). So, even after leaving the hospital I had to research cerebral hemorrhage and the aftermath to understand my own body. When Kristen told me she couldn't understand my feelings of fissured existence, I had no solid way to explain them to her, no way to help her mind enter this dimension with me. Without the facts, my feelings were as shadowy as my own reality.

And then, in 2006, Swiss researcher Olaf Blanke was able to stimulate the left temporoparietal junction in a 22 year-old epilepsy patient and induce the feeling of being watched by a shadowy figure. I had developed a seizure pattern by then (not uncommon in stroke patients), and reading of Blanke's research in particular helped me feel for the first time in years, some sort of connection. "There's a lot of information coming in from your body to your brain," he reported in *Nature*, a scientific journal. "If you are talking on the telephone, for instance, you will hear your own voice, feel the handset in your hand, and have feedback from your arm muscles to tell you the position you are in. The brain integrates the information and forms a picture of where your body is and what it is doing."

For Blanke's patient, and for me, however, the garbled connections in our brains worked not to orient our own bodies but to create other planes of existence around them. I knew I wasn't the only person in the history of medicine to have this experience, but one of the problems with accepting a new or second life after a crisis—and to go on, one must accept that new life—is that the individual is no longer an individual. She becomes lumped in with the millions of other survivors who join the ranks each year. At the same time, even if a family member or friend has experienced a crisis, she is alone. I knew others were suffering worse things than I had, but I couldn't reconcile the feeling of being alone, and yet matched somewhere by the other me, the only other person who could ever understand what had happened.

On the most optimistic days during my recovery, knowing this was an opportunity to reinvent myself, I wanted to be a better person, care more about others, and be more forgiving. Surviving tragedy, if it teaches anything, teaches resilience in mind and body, even if the two no longer share a form. Now, at 28, I teach and tutor at a community college in South Dakota, having given up journalism to those with better short-term memories. This life is different than the one I imagined, years ago, at 21. But it is a life of my own. I sometimes miss that other woman, her spontaneity, her ease of laughter, but not as much, nor as often, as I did years ago. And recently, a student helped me understand the absolute truth of this lesson.

"It's kind of like going through recovery," she said, speaking of her own struggle with addiction. "You have these thoughts, this mind, that isn't yours, but you know it is. Or was. You have to figure out how to move forward, and get as far away from that old life as you can. Moving forward is the best option, and no matter what, we all have to do it."

Today, I know we all have doubles, in the photographic images and memories of our former selves that haunt or humor us. These images serve to take us back to former lives, and because good is the counterpart of bad, these doubles are not just the evil apparitions past traditions have imagined. The double's greatest strength, then, if we choose to see it as such, is to flash before us a projection of past happiness and serve as inspiration for creating that in the life we each now have.

Surviving tragedy, if it teaches anything, teaches resilience in mind and body, even if the two no longer share a form.

Nicholas Cueva

NicholasCuevaFiles



Burial

In the beginning there was everything that ever was, but very small, but that was all the room there was because there was almost no space either! In a very specific amount of time, the Everything that was small started to expand. The Everything that was expanding was a dust of the same sort of stuff, but the stuff was all still very small. The small things, because of the things that made it what it was, wanted to be next to more small particles. ¶ The small particles made groups, which made bigger groups until you get a whole atom. The atoms, which were a collection of arranged small things, were attracted to other atoms if the arrangement of the small things in them were in an arrangement that the two could be attracted to each other. Then these atoms and groups of atoms would interact in the way the arrangements in them allowed them to. Some wanted to be close to certain groups of atoms and vice-versa; and some couldn't be near other arranged groups, because of how complex the arrangement of the really small parts had become. Eventually we were left with atoms and the groups of atoms, which we named molecules. ¶ Then the molecules, attracted to other molecules make a big ball of themselves. But, because they all want to be close to each other they squeeze some of the really small things out and when they come out they go really, really fast. When the really small things go really fast we call that energy. When the balls get big enough and enough really small things are shooting out, we call that a star. ¶ Over time, after a lot of the very small

things have shot out of the big ball of atoms and molecules, and so the big ball loses mass. If the amount of very small things shooting out outnumbers the amount small things the big ball is still able to pull into the big ball, it gets smaller. Also all the missing very little parts make the parts of the molecules that are left need to fill the missing part, and so molecules combine with other molecules that need the missing part, and they make bigger molecules. As much as this happens, overall it doesn't happen that much. And when it does, it makes the molecule less likely to interact with the other molecules, except to be attracted to them. ¶ After a much longer time so much of the small parts have left and so much of the molecules have become bigger, the whole balance of the thing falls apart and the star explodes. So, with the explosions a lot of little particles are thrown out again, and like before they gather together because of the way they are. Once more, if enough of the right stuff gathers together, a star is made. It will shoot out more very small things, make some more big molecules and again will explode. If there are enough of these big molecules they can make a big ball. If the big ball moves around a lot it is either a meteor or if it's even bigger, an asteroid. But, if it is near a star and stays near the star, moving around it because it was moving past it at the same speed as the big amount of big molecules wants to move to the star. These big collections of big molecules moving around stars are called planets. ¶ The stars with planets still draw all the things around it towards itself because of how the little

things want to be together. But the planets sometimes get between the star and the thing it is pulling towards itself. When this happens, the planet gets bigger. Sometimes the planets get different groups of molecule because of how far away they are from the star. Bigger things have more of an attraction to the star than small things, so planets near the star usually have heavier things, but the planets farther away have more of the smaller molecules. Because the pull the star and the molecules have aren't as strong. ¶ So then the ball of heavier stuff near the star has the same sort of reaction all big balls of stuff have, they squeeze the stuff in the middle. Most of the bigger molecules, because bigger pulls more towards other stuff, end up being pulled toward the middle. Also like the stars the stuff at the center gets squeezed so much that it shoots out very little things, but because the planet is not as big as a star the energy of the very little things isn't as high so only the smallest actually shoot out. But because the big things aren't as big anymore they move out of the way of the bigger things that now want to take their place at the center because they are bigger and pull more. ¶ So this creates a flowing of molecules to the center and then away from the center of the planet. If the

big particles are don't have enough don't move, but very little things in energetic, and shoot off. But so many molecules small things aren't the other molecules shoots off just take into themselves. very energetic, we Only on the surface molecules close where there is not the molecules give things that they stay stay stable, they ¶ The molecules we call land and is where a lot of collected, and the somewhat lighter sky is the lightest enough for the on. ¶ Because molecules the there is often a wide planets. The so things have



Dinosaur

interact in different combinations over time. Because molecules are attracted to other certain molecules in other certain ways, we get rocks. Rocks can be made from a combination of a lot of the same thing, or different things. Because of the stability of the surface is dependent on the connections molecules make with each other, rocks don't change very much over time, and the inherent geometry of the groupings of the very, very small stuff allow for complex connections and for very, very rare collections to be made. ¶ Some of these connections are stable for long periods of time. Sometimes the connections have short periods or certain conditions before they come apart. Sometimes, because of the grouping geometry of some of the connections, some that are easy to come apart are easy to put together. ¶ If there is a longer lasting connection between molecules that had some order, like A-B-C but all the parts have other less long lasting connections that they were able to make, then something very unique happens. For instance, if an A is hooked up with a B, then it still wants to connect with C, but only for a little while; and if a B is connected to an A and a C it still wants another A but only for a little while; and C is hooked up with a B it still want to another B, but only for a little while. Then it's going to pull the molecules it can, and connect with the ones it can. ¶ So if there is one of these A-B-C molecules, it will bring another C to it along with another A and another B, and because the C and the A and the B come close to each other they get pulled to connect. So this A-B-C molecule makes C-A-B molecules. But the connections between the A-B-C molecule and the C-A-B molecule can fall apart easier, and so they can separate. But the C-A-B molecule has the same property as the A-B-C molecule and draws parts to itself as well. So even if there is only one A-B-C molecule, it will make C-A-B molecules, which will intern make more A-B-C molecules. It requires conditions to remain pretty constant and stable, which can happen on the surface of a planet. ¶ This is a very rare

far enough away, they of a pull and so they they still have a lot of them and so are very some very small things because there are still around, and the very shooting off that fast, around the one that the very small things When molecules are say that they are hot. of the planet are the enough to the area much of anything, can off the more very small stable. When things don't move that much. on the surface are what sea and sky. The land the really heavy stuff seas are where the stuff winds up, and the stuff that is still heavy planet's mass to pull of all the different exploding stars put out, range of molecules on surface is stable, and more of a chance to

thing in the whole universe, because it is the only thing that copies itself. It doesn't do this because it wants to, but because it has to if it can. So this begins to happen wherever these smaller molecules are. Many complex molecules are made, make others and then fall apart. But sometimes there is another molecule or sets of molecules needed, made and then discarded. ¶ So we make the thing one step removed. So now the A-B-C needs a D-E-F to make a C-A-B, and vice-versa. So there are a lot of D-E-Fs being made by the A-B-C, but once they disconnect from the A-B-C and the C-A-B, they don't create more of anything. They are the waste of the process. ¶ But if the D-E-Fs want to connect with each other and remain stable, then they will collect. If the collections of the D-E-Fs protect the A-B-C molecules from being made unstable by the environment, then more A-B-Cs will be made. It could protect but also keep the collection that the original A-B-C first came from which most likely is rich in As, Bs and Cs. ¶ Another thing these D-E-F's can do is contain the A-B-

C's. If the way the D-E-Fs arrange themselves due to the structure they have allows for a group of A-B-C's to remain safe from the world, but allow more A molecules, B molecules and C molecules in, then the A-B-C molecules will make even more of themselves. When molecules are arranged in relationships like this with each other, we call them cells. If a cell gets too big, the way the D-E-F formation is structured collapses but because of its structure it doesn't fall apart, but just closes back up but now with two identical parts, to D-E-F bags full of A-B-C molecules making more of themselves. ¶ If the D-E-F molecule formations have some ability to move, using the energy created when the molecules inside interact, then it is possible for the cell to leave the area where it was made. If the cell comes to an area rich in all the parts it needs, it will copy itself more and more. ¶ The more stable it is, the longer the chain can be. Water is one of the more stable elements that also allows for the introduction of materials. So instead of A-B-C, there may be a chain A-B-C-A-A-B-C-A-B-C-C-C, or much, much longer. But the longer chain also means more parts thrown off in the copying process. But because the copying process isn't as stable as the chain there are varying byproducts. If the byproducts keep the chain safer and give it more molecules to work with, the more it will copy the whole cell and the more cells there will be. This chain of molecules is called DNA. ¶ So it takes energy to make some of these connections. Sometimes the energy can come from other molecule usage, but sometimes some of the energy comes out of a star. If there were cells that could use energy from the star or from the center of the planet, they wouldn't have to find as many molecules to take in, and wouldn't have to move as much. ¶ If the DNA allowed for the cell to have the structure that allows it to absorb another cell and use the materials and energy in it, then the cell would grab a lot of at once and be able to copy itself quickly before the stability of its parts stopped. When the processes of a cell stop we say it dies. If the cell is still able to make copies, then we say it's alive. ¶ Then, let's say a cell's waste from copying it's DNA makes the process of spitting more difficult. The cells remain connected, and have to spit again before making an actual copy. The cell pair would be more stable. If one part dies before being able to copy itself, then other one can reproduce the missing part to the pair and the chances for reproduction have increased. ¶ So then grouping of cells together allows for more of the cells to be successful in copying themselves. Larger groups can have a longer life and more opportunities to reproduce. If the relationship between the two cells allows for the exchange of materials, the cell may also have more stability. If, for instance, there is a group of two cells. If the DNA allows for one cell to get almost all the byproduct that protects the cell and gets it energy from the star, and the other gets all the byproduct that is used to get more material,



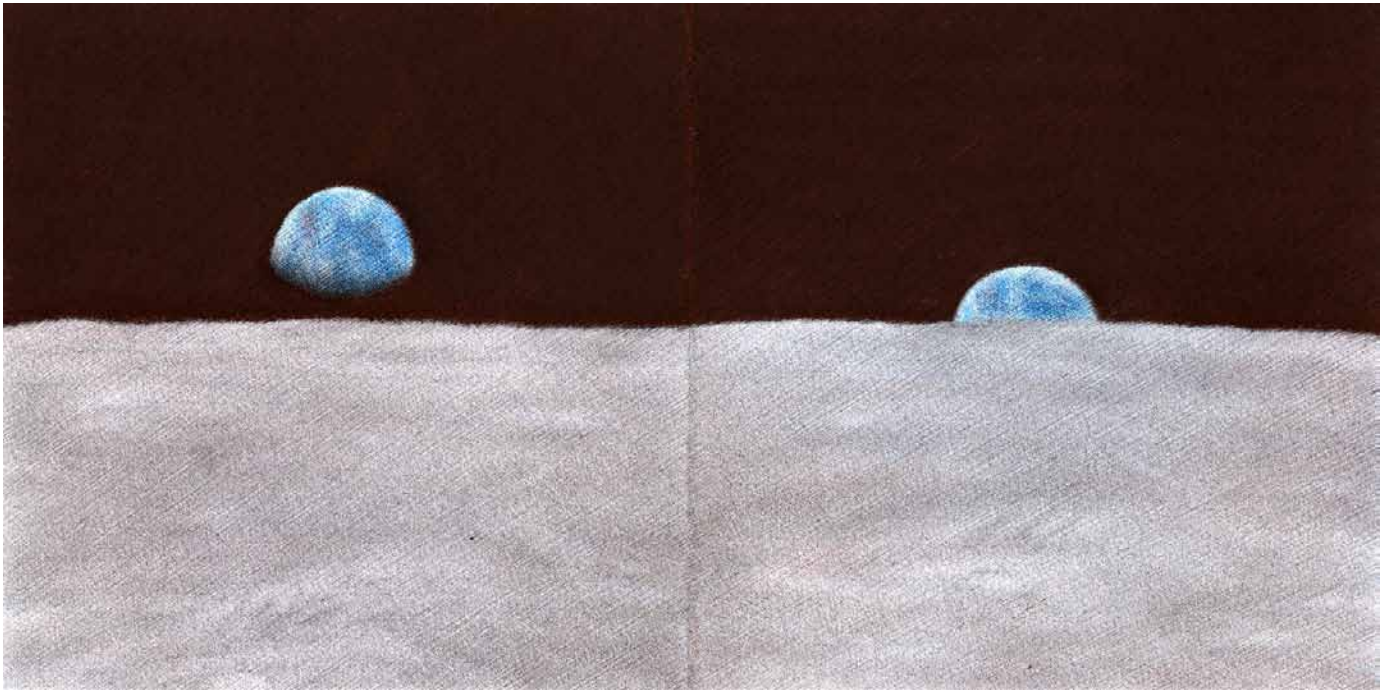
God

then this two celled thing could position itself such that it couldn't be taken apart by another cell while it could take material from the environment. But because the cells are joined they both get the benefit and can reproduce. The more of these cell pairings they are, the more they can protect each other. ¶ Then let's say this kind of beneficial arrangement is larger, like a hollow ball. Cells on the outside, tough. Cells on the inside able to absorb material. This collection of cells has a much higher lifespan and therefore the ability to live. But it has to chance upon the material it takes in, which is risky. ¶ But if a group of cells that usually take apart a cell changes and just holds onto a cell that gets its energy from the star, then the group of cells can collect some excess materials from the sun. It will still use the parts from other cells and the raw material from its environment, but will be able to last longer if those things are not available for a while. Again, it will have more ability to copy itself the more efficient it gets energy. ¶ At this point the cell group that we are describing is an animal. If this collection of cells has in its arrangement the ability to move it will find success in attaining source of material isn't where it was. ¶ The problem of animals is that the cells in the animal don't have the ability to absorb the light and really use it. So much of the energy from the star actually destroys the animals, so it's better for them to be exposed to less light. But, the source of food for these animals is the cells that use the star. So if there were animals that could move, the best way for them to move would be away from the sun in the day, and towards the surface of the ocean at night. ¶ Part of the parts that the DNA was making was reactive to light. The ability to react to light allowed the animal at some point to copy a version that moved away from the surface in the day and to the surface at night. This animal was more successful in producing more of itself. ¶ Animals that are able to grow bigger have more options for eating. If a cell is able to react to physical interaction and direct itself to food, it reduces the random nature of its consumption. If a cell has a part that extends more than the rest of it, it has a larger area that it can react to, and may be able to feed more. An animal that can distinguish between a physical interaction between a thing larger than itself and a thing smaller than itself will have the chance to also have a reaction towards food and away from a predator. ¶ But this sort of interaction is risky. The animal has to interact with lots of animals, and has to be touching them in order to eat or avoid. If there were an animal that could use other things in its environment to react to in order to get to food and to avoid predators, that animal would have to do much less work and have less risk. ¶ First, the animal that can use the introduction of particles in its environment and react to them will have more success. Both food and predator are not closed systems and produce residues. If the animal reacts positively towards the increase of some output that the things it eats makes, then it would be more likely to attain more food and have success. Likewise, if the animal reacts negatively to the odor or output of a predator it will avoid, it will have more interactions and have more opportunities to make more of itself.



Meteorite

Mike Nudelman



Behind and Ahead . Ballpoint Pen on Paper. 2011. 11" x 14"



The Only Reason for Time is so that Everything Doesn't Happen at Once (After Bean and Leonov).
Ballpoint Pen on Paper. 2011. 11" x 14"

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 4 Doppelganger

David Chathas is a artist and designer living and working in Chicago. David has lots of side projects that he wants passionate people involved in. You should email him at davidchathas@gmail.com to find out what he's working on or go to his website www.davidchathas.com to see more work.

Nicholas Cueva was born in 1983 in Los Alamitos California, attained MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, and currently runs the art space MURDERTOWN. Find out more at www.nicholascueva.com.

Peggy Frykholm lives and works in Oakland, California. She considers herself a photographer, but also dabbles in writing, drawing, printmaking, and curating. You can see more of Peggy's work on her blog: peggyfrykholm.blogspot.com

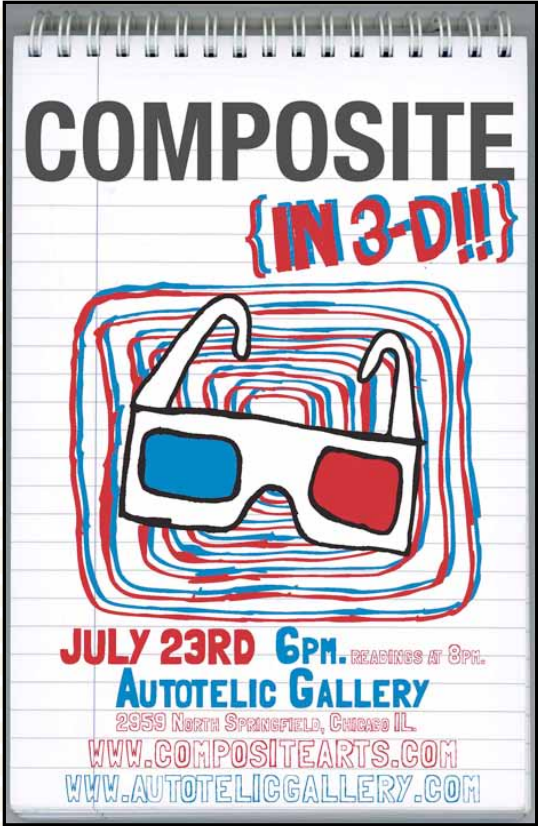
Mike Nudelman was born in 1985 in Smithtown, New York, received a BFA in Printmaking from Cornell University in 2007, and an MFA in Painting/Drawing from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2009. He has exhibited work at numerous Chicago venues, including the Union League, Sullivan Galleries, Devening Projects + Editions, Julius Caesar, Hungryman Gallery and Zrobili. His artwork is represented by Thomas Robertello Gallery.

Erik Peterson is an artist and interdisciplinary game designer living in Chicago. Born in Madison, Wisconsin, he graduated with a B.F.A. from Washington University in St. Louis (2004) and a M.F.A. from the University of Illinois at Chicago (2010). His work has been shown nationally at the Orlando Museum of Art; University of Nebraska - Omaha; University of Arizona; Peggy Notebaert Nature Museum, Swimming Pool Project Space & Happy Collaborationists in Chicago; and RockPaperScissors in Oakland. Peterson's commissioned and pro-bono public sculptures can be found in parking lots, abandoned sites, municipal pipes, and reservoirs throughout St. Louis, Daytona Beach, Chicago, and Florence, Italy.

Marcella Prokop is a Nebraska native and a vagabond at heart. She holds an MFA from Chatham University, teaches literature and leads creative writing workshops in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Her work has appeared in PANK, The Christian Science Monitor and is forthcoming in The Fourth River Online.

William Powhida (b. 1976, New York) is a G-E-N-I-U-S and habitual critic of the art world. Powhida lives in Bushwick, has a studio in Williamsburg, and exhibits in Chelsea. He studied painting at Syracuse University where he easily received a B.F.A with honors and scored an M.F.A. from the cheap-assed famed Hunter College Program. Getting an honors there was a joke. He has exhibited internationally in New York, Los Angeles, Seattle, London, Madrid, Miami, Chicago, and Copenhagen. Currently he is represented in New York by Postmasters gallery, Seattle by Platform Gallery and Los Angeles by Charlie James Gallery. Follow him on Twitter @powhida if you can handle strong language. Find out more at www.williampowhida.com.

Kristen Pumphrey is a crafter/blogger in the process of relocating from Austin, TX to Long Beach, CA. She makes book safes, candles and other home decor for her crafty business, Pommes Frites (www.shoppommesfrites.com). When she's not carving up old books and putting flasks inside them, she can be found eating tacos, swimming, and going on brewery tours - and documenting it all on her blog. (www.pommes-frites.blogspot.com).



In celebration of a year as a group, Composite, in collaboration with Autotellic Gallery, are departing from their two-dimensional digital format to hold their *first physical show, In 3-D, on July 23rd, 2011.* This one-night-only show will be a chance to experience and view work by several Composite contributors, including work by visual artists and live readings. *In 3-D* will also serve as a fundraiser to help meet the financial needs of the completely free publication, through donations and sale of limited edition prints by Composite's editing team.

Saturday, July 23, 2011.

6 pm. Live readings at 8pm.

Autotellic Gallery

2959 North Springfield

Chicago, IL

www.autotellicgallery.com

Featuring Work By:

- Peter Frederiksen
- Vincent Glielmi
- Kirsten Leenaars
- Mike Nudelman
- Erik Peterson
- Raychael Stine
- Christopher Tourre
- Christian Vargas

Live Readings By:

- Jordan Bone
- Lauryn Allison Lewis
- Marcella Prokop
- Garrett Seelinger

COMPOSITE INFO

No. 4 Doppelganger

Coming Fall 2011: Issue No. 5 Omnivorous. *In the past, food has been considered a staple of our sustenance: we eat breakfast in the morning, lunch in the afternoon, and dinner in the evening. Yet, universities specializing in the Culinary Arts and the students they embody have begun asking the same questions that artists have asked themselves for centuries: How do we break from these traditional forms, create something new and relevant, and change the way people think about both food and art. In their essence, they're not so different...*

Composite is the brain-child and uncompensated project of:

Zach Clark Is an Oakland based artist who used to be told he looked like Conan O'brian. He then grew a beard. His work can be viewed at www.zachclarkis.com.

Kara Cochran's doppelgangers lie in rolls of film. But they seem to be friendly. Her work can be seen at www.karacochran.com.

Xavier Duran is starting with the man in the mirror. He's asking him to change his ways. You can view his work at www.xavierduran.com.

Suzanne Makol is building up the courage to look her doppelganger in the eyes. Her work can be viewed at www.suzannemakol.com.

If **Joey Pizzolato** had a doppelganger, he'd make it do all his chores. 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, there is a donation area on the website. Anything helps, so thank you in advance.