

COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

No. 5 Omnivorous

Fall 2011



COMPOSITE INFO

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

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I've recently begun the quest to master making quiche. Quiche, as it turns out, is much more than eggs with some other ingredients thrown into a pie pan. It's a delicate balance of custard and egg, set on a base that exists somewhere between piecrust and biscuit dough. It's also delicious, and for anyone that says otherwise: I question if they've had real quiche at all, or if they've been eating grocery store omelet disguised as quiche their whole life.

Quiche is a pertinent topic for this issue for a few reasons: it's food, it's delicious, it's a fantastic metaphor for balance, and it allows me to use other people as an example of my own personal stubbornness. We opened up our submission process for literature to allow unsolicited submissions, a change I approached quite begrudgingly. Looking back, I for the most part, don't know what I was so opposed to, much like those poor souls with predetermined negative opinions of the aforementioned savory breakfast (or lunch) item. I thought it might bring down the overall quality level of our magazine, that we wouldn't receive anything worth reading, or it might simply just taste awful.

What happened was actually quite the opposite. We received work that was fantastic and actually helped round out the conversation our arranged contributors had already started with their work. This brings us to balance. As with every issue, we had pre-determined thoughts about how it would turn out, and once again we were surprised. We ask our contributors for each issue because we are in love with them or their work—often both. Contributors have total artistic freedom as to what they submit. No matter what happens in their life during the three months cycle of the issue, we have confidence that their work will exceed our wildest expectations.

Still, we were worried the delicate balance we try to maintain between visual and written work would tip too far one way or the other, and our readers would suffer. But, we forgot the magic that can happen when you throw solid ingredients into a liquid based, and bake it at 375 degrees. You end up with a solid object that has found consistency and balance... and tastes amazing even cold.

Zach Clark

Composite Editor

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Three culinary students sit down on the bus after a long day of classes. While two fidget with their cell phones, the third takes something out of his bag, wrapped tightly in white paper. He begins to unwrap it with the delicacy of a 120-year-old antique, eventually unveiling a small yellow pastry. He breaks it in three pieces to share with the others. The student responsible for the savory pie begins to explain how this specific one did not contain caramelized onions due to a classmate's allergy.

The three begin to discuss all the possibilities of this seemingly new pastry; all the re-imagining they could do with the Jamaican beef patty, a ubiquitous post-bar greasy snack prevalent in Caribbean and Latin neighborhoods. The entire food truck craze that is currently sweeping the nation is built on the same premise: how do we take traditional food, do something new with it, and change how people think of it?

This set of questions can be applied directly to the process of an artist. How do we make a painting or write a poem that's relevant? How do we change the way people interact with art?

Coincidentally, food has influenced how artists answer these questions, moving worlds beyond Cezanne's still lifes of brilliant apples and oranges. Due in no small part to the increased attention we all pay to the things we are consuming, food has become not only the subject of the art, but the process and vehicle by which we ask people to consider art. From Rikrit's dinner parties, to cooking reality television, to intentional urban farming, food has helped Creatives reframe the entire discussion of how we look at art, consumption, and relationships.

Omnivorous

Shellie Brickley

Mamma's Roasted Chicken

1 Whole Chicken
1 Cup Whole Grain Rice
2 Carrots
2 Celery Stalks
1 Medium Yellow Onion
4 Garlic Cloves
1 oz. Fresh Rosemary
1 Stick Unsalted Butter
1 Cup Fresh Green Beans

Olive Oil
Salt
Pepper

Preparation:

Roast Chicken

1. Preheat oven to 350* degrees F.
2. Grease roasting pan with a light coat of olive oil.
3. Rinse chicken in cold water and place in roasting pan.
4. Crush 2 cloves of garlic and put inside chicken.
5. Tie legs of chicken together with a piece of string.
6. Mince rosemary.
7. Melt the stick of butter.
8. With a pastry brush, brush melted butter all over chicken.
9. Sprinkle salt and pepper to taste and minced rosemary over the chicken.
10. Cover roasting pan with lid or aluminum foil.
11. Place in oven – Baste the chicken with butter every twenty minutes for 1 hour then remove lid or foil and let the skin of the chicken brown for 10 – 15 min.
12. Allow chicken to rest for 10 minutes before carving and serving.

Rice Pilaf

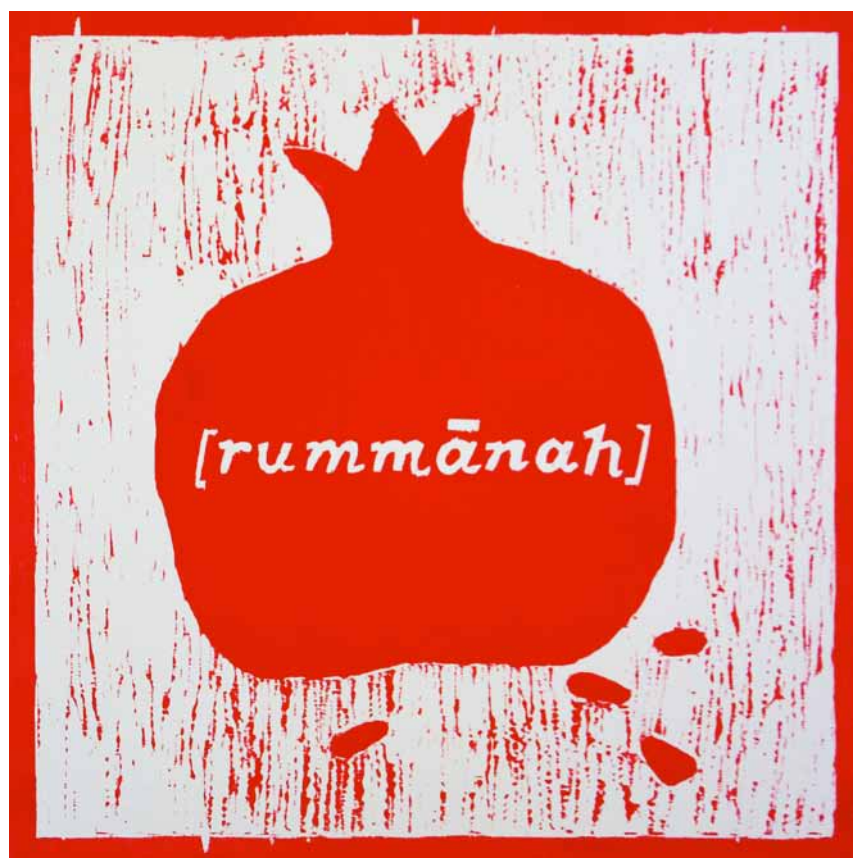
1. Rinse off rice in cold water until the water runs clear.
2. Mince 2 cloves of garlic.
3. Small dice the carrot, celery, and onion.
4. Sauté the garlic in one tablespoon of olive oil on low heat; avoid browning.
5. When garlic is soft add one tablespoon of butter.
6. Add carrots, celery and onion. Sauté until soft.
7. Add rice and cook for one minute.
8. Add 3 cups of water and cover pot.
9. Cook rice until all water has dissolved and rice is tender.
10. Add salt and pepper to taste.
11. Fluff with a fork and serve.

Steamed Green Beans

1. Snap off ends of the beans and discard.
2. Cut the green beans in two inch pieces.
3. Boil two inches of water in a deep pot.
4. Using a colander or steamer net; steam green beans for 5 – 7 minutes or until tender.
5. Toss in salt and pepper to taste and serve.

Carolyn Kimball

Arabic Woodcut Series



Rummanah. Woodcut. 12"x12". 2011

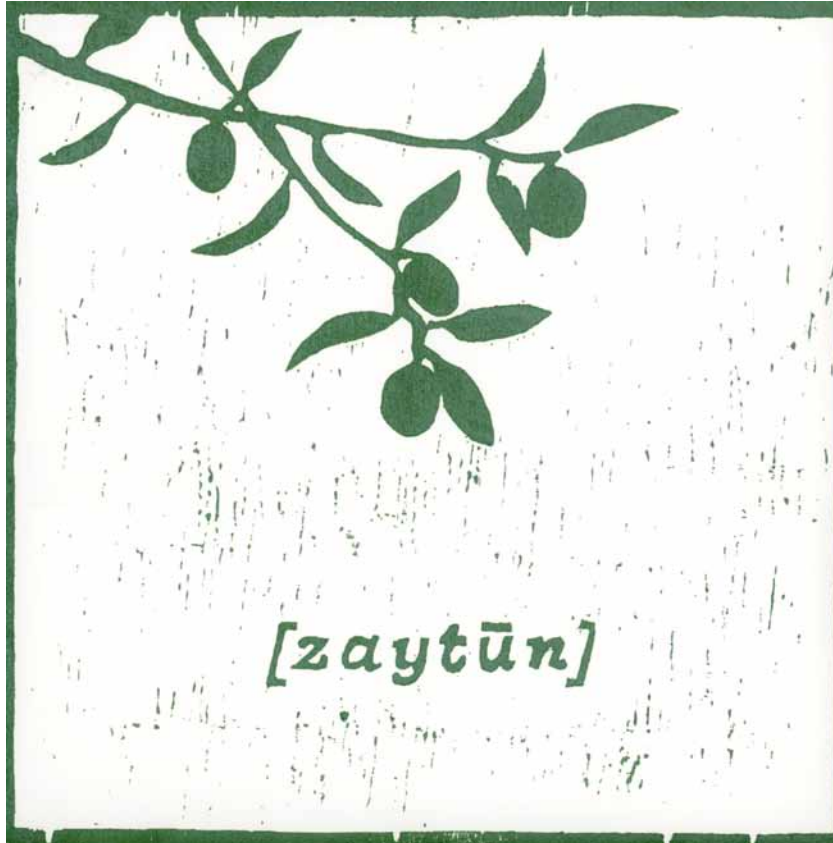


Burtuqal. Woodcut. 12"x12". 2011

Traveling in the Middle East with my husband inspired this series of Mediterranean woodcuts. *I loved seeing familiar fruits enjoyed in another culture.* The act of sharing a meal together is a human experience everyone can relate to, allowing for a delicious bridge across cultures, language and nationality.



Sabir. Woodcut. 12"x12". 2011



Zaytun. Woodcut. 12"x12". 2011



Laymun. Woodcut. 12"x12". 2011

Suzanne Makol

Fulton Market



I first experienced Fulton Market when I worked for a family who lived there. The fact that there are condos alongside meat packers illustrates the change the neighborhood has experienced over the years. It's full of old memories alongside new developments. With the addition of restaurants like the Publican on Fulton Market, you can see the evolution of our relationship with food even on one street.









A
Jemm
Family
Portrait

JEMM
A Chicago Tradition

Chicago
BEEF PATTIES
with Special Seasoning
Net Wt. 4 Oz.

STEAKHOUSE
with Special Seasoning

**American Beef
Patties**

PEPPER BEEF PATTIES
with Special Seasoning

DELUXE BEEF PATTIES
with an Extra
"Turned Out" Seasoning
Net Wt. 4 Oz.

DELUXE BEEF PATTIES

NO
PARK
LOW
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- 1. Untitled
- 2. Intelligensia Coffee
- 3. Burger King
- 4. Untitled
- 5. Untitled
- 6. Shhhh...The Beer Is Sleeping
- 7. King Henry Blend
- 8. Cold Storage
- 9. Oil
- 10. Spray Cleaning
- 11. Portrait of A Jemm Family Portrait
- 12. Stacked
- 13. Jesse's Meats
- 14. Untitled
- 15. Bleach-Forgive
- 16. Untitled
- 17. Oysters at the Publican
- 18. Charcuterie Plate at the Publican

Christopher Turre

Arcade Brewery

In 2010 I began working on a project entitled “Public Brewery”. The series aims to create and sustain communities around the creation of beer, one of the oldest forms of communal drink within written human history. Upon inception, my goal was to go on personal excursions, collecting ingredients in the wild and making beers based off of the experiences from those journeys to share with public audiences.

My first excursion lead me the Kickapoo River Valley in La Farge, Wisconsin. I hiked five miles into the wilderness where I came across a natural spring. I lived off of the spring for three days, collected water from it and made a beer reflective of the crisp and clean waters, known as the Kickapoo Kölsch. When I began to exhibit this beer, I found the conversations with the public fascinating. People began to tell me about their own autonomous endeavors, their favorite beers, and ingredients that they grew/harvested which they then wanted to contribute to the project.

During a tasting I put on at the 2010 Guerilla Truck Show, a man (Vincent) approached me, looked at what I was doing and said, “Come to my house on Saturday and bring a ladder”. It was strange request, but I decided to go. Upon arriving at his house, I found a cherry tree bursting with beautiful red fruits he desperately needed picked. After collecting the cherries from backyard tree in Humboldt Park and producing a Humboldt Park Cherry Pale Ale, I realized that I wanted to explore this aspect of communal exchange in the project further.



Cherry Collection in Humboldt Park, Photographer: Tristan Tanner



Hydrometer test from very first Wort Workshop held in Tourre's home, Photographer: Joseph Rynkiewicz

In May of 2011, I was invited to participate at the Spoke Residency (Chicago), transforming their project space into an experimental DIY brewery. *Throughout the duration of the month-long residency, I created beers with local honey, sodas from fresh lilacs, and held weekly "Wort Workshops" in which the public was invited to participate in brewing batches of beer with me.* The closing event invited all participants and the public to taste the fruit of our labor.



Lilac Preparation from Spoke Residency (Lilac Soda), Image of Artist



These series of wonderful experiences and events created a desire to make this project even bigger. The impact of the craft beer industry was beginning to blossom in Chicago, but there was still plenty of room for newcomers. I decided to transform my art practice into an entrepreneurial endeavor. At that time, I was still part of a struggling noise-rock band, Careful. My friend and bandmate, Lance Curran, was immediately excited when I described my brewery idea to him. He loved it so much, he asked to be a part of it. Soon we were partners creating a brewery centered on crowd-sourcing every aspect of the beer-making process; from package design to what goes into the bottle. As we like to put it, communal brewing, from conception to consumption. Arcade Brewery was born.

Our mission and vision has already begun to turn some heads and get interest from fellow brewers in the Chicago craft scene. Our approach to brewing is different as we look to dovetail subcultures together to holistically create our own mainstream. Arcade will create public events, feature prominent artists on our packaging, and create a social engagement unlike any other brewery in the world. We are looking to be the first brewery started and run as a for-profit art project – unlike most business models – allowing us to be refreshingly transparent and communal in our approach.

Christopher **Tourre**

Jonathan Power

I opened a restaurant in August
with a newborn at home (she's the cutest)
when I'm not busy cooking
at diapers I'm looking
to say that i'm tired is the tritest.

Matthew McWilliams

Hour Glass 2011





Bourbon slowly drains between whiskey bottles connected at the stem.

Kenneth Pobo

Graham Crackers

Prom Queen Melody Hill, Class of '72, has a life of graham crackers and milk at 10 p.m. She works as an accountant for a Ford dealership. Her dreams have many cars, shiny ones, scuffed ones, some with big hearts painted onto the roof. She is certain that all of them could devour her while she coaxes a tax form to be kind. The salesmen never ask about her dreams. A couple, both married, have asked her out, but she always refuses. They remind her of her father, another brash, confident man who came home from his bartending job every night but was more absent when he was actually in the house. Guns obsessed him. Before he died, he gave her a pistol engraved in gold. She keeps it behind her books on *Caring for Perennials* in her bookcase.

It occurs to her that old age is creeping up. At 57, she hears its footfalls by the water cooler or just behind the check-out lane at Windrap's Foods. Delia, her favorite cashier, died. A stroke. At 49. Max, one of the bagboys, told her. He snapped his fingers and said, "Just like that. Poof. Gone. And now my boss is angry because he can't find anyone to replace her." Max is her favorite bagboy despite his careless tossing of the graham crackers into her bag.

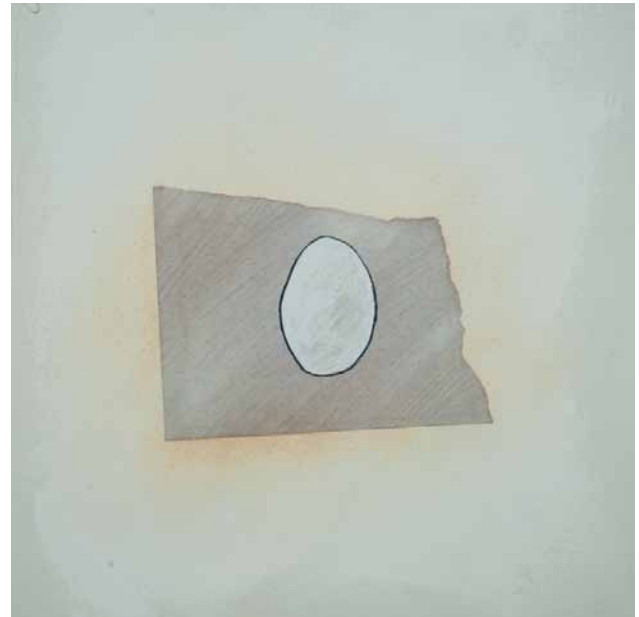
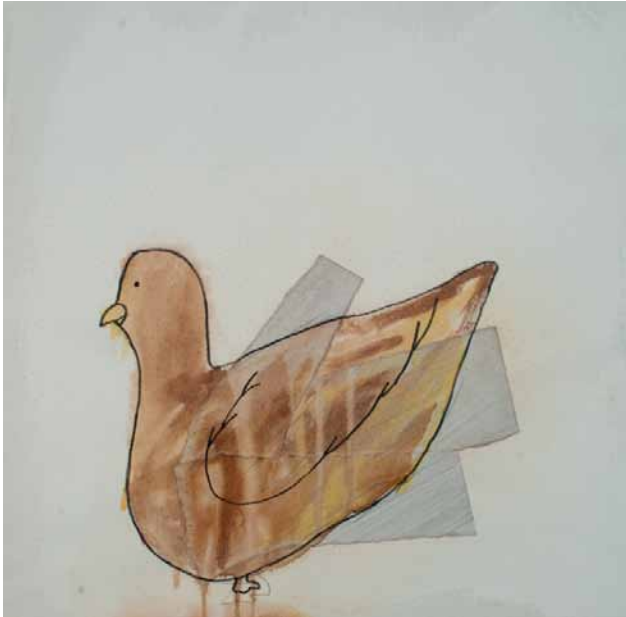
One Monday, she decides not to show up for work and not to call in. She doesn't see this as a foolish or rebellious act. Melody is ready to risk it all and rob a bank, alone, using her father's pistol.

It goes badly. The teller gives her no money and she's quickly escorted into a police car. Lawyers and doctors bicker over her mind, pummel her with questions. It's safe to say, "I don't remember." The jury doesn't believe her.

Melody goes to jail. It seems familiar. In her cell, her dreams have many tables, no crumbs from crackers.

Zach Clark

Dozens



All pieces a combination of acrylic, ink, watercolor, charcoal, graphite, and paper on canvas. 12"x12", 2011.

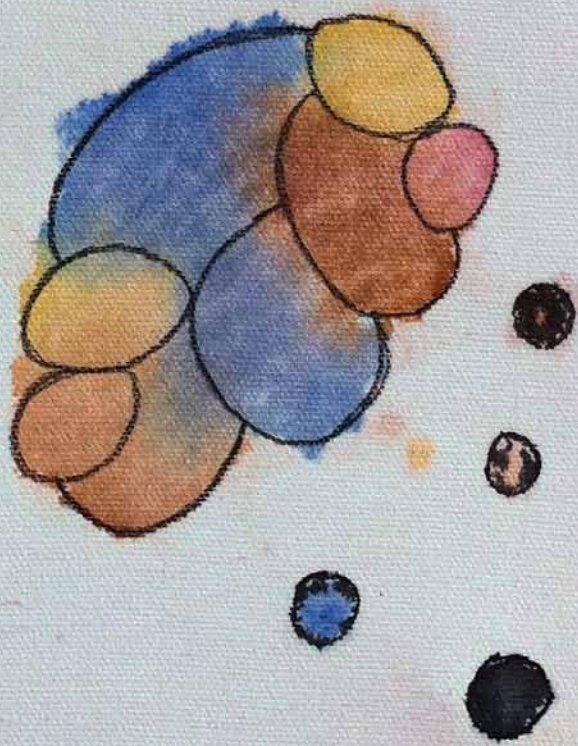


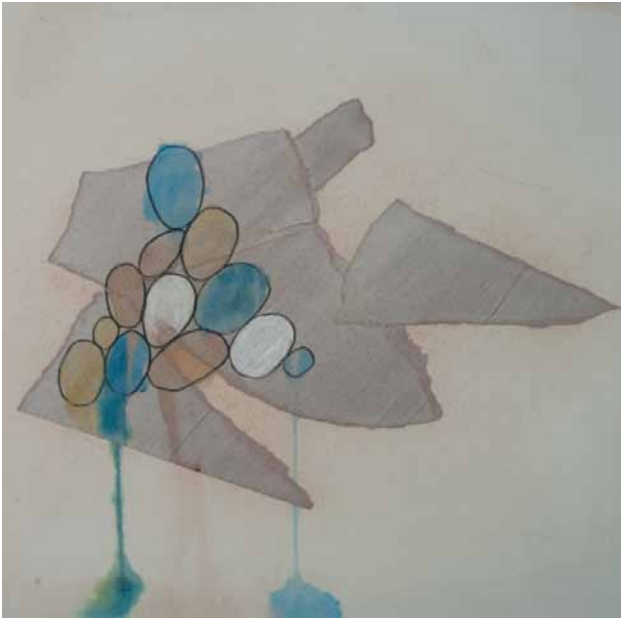
Defining my personal practice causes me to constantly question source and point of meaning in my work. Do I know what I'm trying to get my work to say as I make it, or do I not realize what its been saying until completion, a proverbial chicken or the egg.

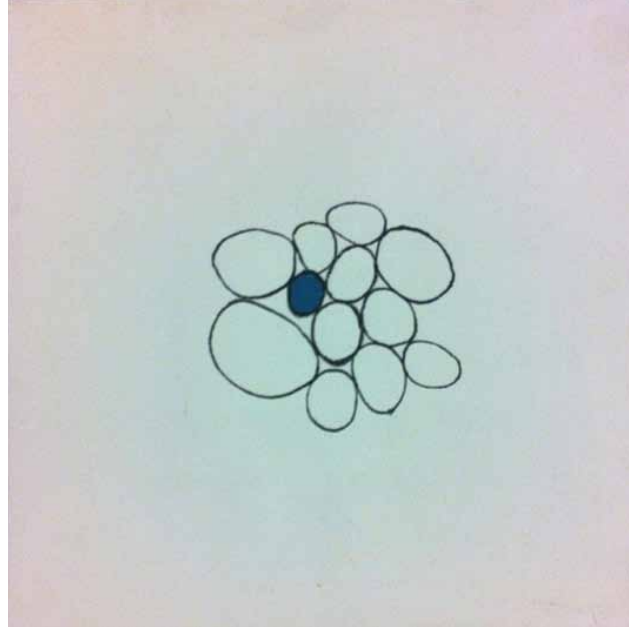
Conveniently, I began thinking about eggs for subject matter a while back. Immersed in work completely void of representation, I wasn't sure why eggs were coming to mind. *I began to think about the different varieties and sizes, moving to their binding culinary uses.* Quickly it dissolved into pure shape and the complete lack of color in the archetypal egg, moving finally to a set of patterns.

What has resulted are twelve paintings that serve twelve very different purposes, true to the nature of a carton of eggs. What they all mean, both separately and as a whole, still escape me, but the thought was there, and they've been created, so it will come eventually.













Lauryn Allison Lewis

How To Make It

Four nights after her husband did what he did, she lifts her embargo on cooking, realizing that in trying to punish him by not performing the task, she is also punishing herself. She makes macaroni and cheese from scratch: heavy cream, a combination of four cheeses, a pinch of dry mustard, homemade and delicately seasoned breadcrumbs for the topping. She takes special care to insure the sauce does not scorch. She rinses the al dente noodles under cool water so that they will have just the right bite once combined and baked with the recipe's other ingredients.

Out of the oven and after allowing the casserole a few minutes to rest, she serves her husband a large portion at the table with a smile, and steals glances at the expression of deep satisfaction on his face while he eats. He misreads her culinary generosity as a sign of her forgiveness, and for now that is just as well. She wills a memory of this meal into his mind. Fork empty and held aloft, she transmits telepathic thoughts and pushes them toward him across the table. After I'm gone, you will miss this so much it will make you ache. You will remember this meal and all the others and crumble under the cataclysmic force of your regret. No one's ever going to love you this way again.

A dozen years ago, when they were newlyweds, she had no comprehension of multipart food preparation. Eager to learn but pathetically unpracticed, she poached eggs to the consistency of tire rubber, sautéed fish so tenderly it remained cool and raw at the center, mistook cayenne for paprika and nearly killed several dinner guests on more than one occasion. Those first years, she covered everything with dried parsley flakes. She banged the pots and pans around more than was necessary so that her husband would know she was trying.

There was never a single, defining moment when it all suddenly clicked into place—one day she couldn't flip an omelet and the next day she could—but rather the subtle cultivation of a chef's well-informed intuition. She consulted written recipes less often; knew when the banana bread was ready to come out by the way it smelled, without needing to impale its filet with an investigative toothpick. She found appropriate moments to step away from the stove, her hovering unnecessary and sometimes detrimental. And although her developing skill set was not something her husband ever recognized, four

days after he did what he did, she stands watching the sink fill with soapy hot water and understands that in denying her recognition, his intention had been to make her feel insecure, keep her too eager and jumpy, waiting like a dog under the dining table for a scrap of praise to fall from his mouth. She sees how small and sad this makes him.

She will wield vodka cream sauce as a weapon, imparting a memory so delicious it will create a vacuous black hole within him that no amount of anyone else's cooking will ever be able to fill.

Four days after he did what he did, she resolves to repurpose her talent. Gone is the well-intended gift of it. Until the day she leaves, a day not far from now, she will bake to break his heart. She will wield vodka cream sauce as a weapon, imparting a memory so delicious it will create a vacuous black hole within him that no amount of anyone else's cooking will ever be able to fill. She is unmatched now and knowing this makes it possible for her to get through washing the dishes without crying.

When they had first started dating, neither found much time nor use for food. They were lovestruck and perfectly sustained by cigarettes and a few Oreos shared in bed in the middle of the night. They made love in the crumbs and awoke to find each other's bodies stippled with flecks of chocolate, which only made them laugh and want to make love again. Cold French fries and bottomless cups of black coffee from the all-night diner down the street were enough then. Cup o' Noodles was enough. Both came to the relationship bearing individual pancake recipes—adding blueberries made them gourmet and that had been enough.

Memories like these require constant monitoring now. If she lets them, they might grow and metastasize until pancakes and Oreos and Cup o' Noodles are ruined for her forever. If she isn't careful, she might never be able to enjoy the tasty discordance of cooling grease on an overly salted French fry. If she isn't vigilant, her attempt to wound with food could boomerang. She will put something once savored into her mouth and find it clay-like, lacking, or worse: bitter for any association her husband once had with it.

Turning from the dishes clean and drying on the rack, she takes inventory of the cupboards and brain storms ideas for the following night's meal, another to make her husband writhe in despair upon finding himself alone and with nothing but a cold oven and bed sheets to show for his betrayal. She imagines him a year from now, crying into a bowl of watery instant oatmeal, pining for the love and

food he'd once known but had never appreciated, and the thought brings her tremendous strength and satisfaction. She imagines spending the alimony he will be ordered to pay her on Gruyere cheese and vanilla from Madagascar and thick slabs of black forest bacon.

She imagines a new man.

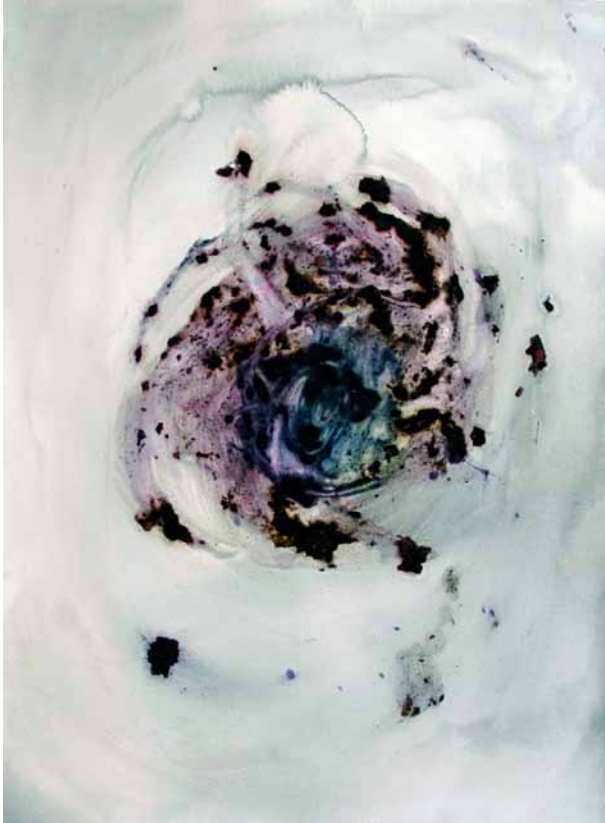
This man is substantially older than her husband, more solid in every aspect, lacking in false bravado and without any need for ego-coddling. This man found the solace to be had in being alone long ago, grew tired of crying into watery oatmeal, and so learned to cook very well for himself. He chooses his words carefully and uses them economically; far beyond the selfish need to hold forth and hear himself talk. He is sensitive to her sensitivity. He knows what she has been through and what she deserves. He knows what she is worth.

When she sets down a steaming, aromatic plate of something delicious before him, he will reach to quiet her dinner-busy hand just for a moment, a gesture of gratitude and an acknowledgment of her time and effort. He will say, "Thank you. This looks fantastic." To which she will reply, "It was my pleasure, sweetheart." And she will mean it. For the first time in her life she will say those words, and they will all be true.

Erin Washington



Negative/Positive (Big Bang). Blackberries and oil paint on canvas.
12" x 12". April 2011.



Nebulae. Blackberries and saliva on paper.
11" x 14". November 2010.

These words are a statement, they are not the same as painting (My paintings are not statements, they are evidence of actions)

Using fugitive materials (blackberries, lemon juice, fire, ashes, spices and saliva) I make abstract paintings of cosmic catastrophes and cellular pathology. Through the lens of ephemeral materials and beauty, I explore themes of vulnerability and fragility, often while oscillating between the macroscopic and the microscopic. These binary modes of operation speak of ambivalence, but the temporality of the work's making counters that ambivalence. The immediate process and present-ness work demands eclipses uncertainty (for the moment). These paintings and drawings are in a constant state of flux (colors and textures changing constantly), highlight the fundamental disharmony between the search for meaning and beauty and the apparent meaninglessness and messiness of the universe.



Positive/Negative (Spring Sky). Blackberries and oil paint on canvas
10" x 14". April 2011.



Druplet. Blackberries and oil paint on panel.
8" x 8". November 2010.

Lee Price



Cocoa Puffs. Oil on Linen. 44"x62"



Strawberry Shortcake III. Oil on Linen. 67"x32"



Blueberry Pancakes. Oil on Linen. 60"x28"

Lee Price



Snack. Oil on Linen. 52"x40"

Growing up in a household exclusively of women has had an impact on my subject matter. My work focuses on the often complicated relationship between women and food. Painting scenes from an aerial viewpoint creates a sense that the subject is looking down on herself- frequently, watching herself in an act of compulsion.





Refuge. Oil on Linen. 44"x64"

On Previous: *Self Portrait in Tub With Chinese Food.* Oil on Linen. 44"x44"



Lemon Merigue. Oil on Linen. 32"x72"



Ice Cream II. Oil on Linen. 32"x65"



Asleep. Oil on Linen. 56"x38"



Boston Creme. Oil on Linen. 48"x65"

Anthony Battaglia

Alla Marinara

The onions and garlic are what make it, what really make it. You've got to do the first step right, of course, or the rest will fall apart.

Chop them up well, but not too finely. Do the onions roughly; if you spend too much time they'll only set you off crying again. The garlic you can simply crush a bit, but don't be shy— use plenty of it. If you're both eating, the smell won't bother either of you. Add a little olive oil.

You can do this in a little saucepan or even a frying pan if you're making a small batch such as we're making. My grandmother, who cooks for the whole family, cousins and cousins pouring into the room in an endless stream of Tonys and Nicks and Anges, uses an old cast-iron stock pot over a burner that keeps lit all day, burned thick black on the bottom from hours and hours of heat. But then my mother once made sauce in a wok, and what's more it was one of the greatest sauces in family history.

Here we're using whatever she has in her apartment— a shallow frying pan. It's not doing a very good job of containing the spitting oil whenever I add the moist onions. That's something you want in a pan I forgot to mention. High sides are good for preventing burns.

Now, once you've got everything in there— don't dawdle now, get it all in at once!— you've got some time to kill. But it's pleasant time, not like watching your pasta water boil. You'll want to have some good bread handy— the smell of the oil heating and the onions and garlic frying is sure to make you very hungry. It will expand soon and fill the kitchen and then, finding it needs more space to stretch its legs, reach first its thin fingers around the edge of the sitting-room wall and then after its heavy body, settling between the cushions of the couch to rest before making its final advance to the bedroom.

If someone were to come into the kitchen now he'd find you in a kind of daze for smelling it. The scent itself would first prick his nostrils with its acidity and then gradually mellow and begin its work on his stomach. But of course it is only you and her there, there is no third, and the smell can act only on you and perhaps a midnight straggler or two who, passing by the door or the window, detects the faintest trace and hurries off to find the nearest open restaurant.

Her: she's impressed by your skill, by the way you wield the knife and have chopped the

onions just right— not too fine— by the smell making her hazy. This is a good time to kiss her, if you haven't done it already, but be careful. The burner is hot and the pan is hissing and spitting viciously now, and when you feel her your mind will empty like an elevator shaft, a balloon filling in your chest will resonate with your heartbeat, drumlike, amplify your pulse to a series of impacts that shake your whole midsection, the way it does when you've woken suddenly. And if you don't take care not to lose yourself too much, someone could get burned.

Once finally you've kissed her, the room will begin to relax and the tension you weren't really aware of will dissipate. The smell has settled in by now and the kitchen is warm and bright. She closes the curtains against the snow falling outside and everything softens a little. Her smile has changed now, it's curved at the edges of her mouth like the fiddlehead of a green fern and her eyes, half-closed, are shiny and wet.

“Tomatoes from Florida”, the can reads. If your grandmother were dead she'd be rolling in her grave...

“Sit now, pour some more wine,” you tell her. “I'll do the work.”

She goes to the table and pours two glasses and brings you one. It's an expensive bottle, she says, a gift from her father. But you're not aficionados and anything in a bottle will do fine.

You keep thinking of her name pronounced some way you think of as French, like “gem” but with a soft “zh”. And you want to tell her how it reminds you of the French *je t'aime*, want to say aloud “*je t'aime, Zhem,*” to see how it feels, but you know it will only scare her off. What you're feeling is bigger already than it ought to be, but you're not ashamed of it— how could you be with that smell

rising labored from the pan and dripping heavy down the walls again?

Now she's smoked half a cigarette at the table and she's rolling and rolling the end of it along the smooth lip of the ash tray, but the red hot cherry won't break off and even when she thinks she's managed to put it out gently enough and sets it down for later it continues to smoke.

“Dammit!” she laughs out. She's trying to quit, you see. She only wants to smoke half because she's trying to quit, and if she smokes just half now and finishes it later she will have only smoked one rather than two. But you know she'll end up finishing that one and then smoking another anyway, maybe two or three more. She is what they call an addictive personality, and you think she'd have a hard time giving up anything.

But quick!— you've forgotten the sauce. It's nearly ready for action now: your cue is a sudden sweetness in its scent, the onions caramelizing. Some will tell you to add sugar to your sauce, but these are amateurs, and the capacity to smell the change and know what it means is in your blood and deeper than the recipe, encoded in all the years since il pomodoro made its way across the sea to Napoli.

Fast, now – she'll have to wait. She can watch you spring to life again. The tomato paste

first– in the small can. It’s February, and the garden is under a foot of snow– you’ll excuse us for using the canned. Besides, this is modern America.

“Tomatoes from Florida”, the can reads. If your grandmother were dead she’d be rolling in her grave. “Ah!” she would shout, “*salsa di pomodoro? No- salsa di mele americane! La marinara americana!*” The tomato juice is a medley, made with produce from California, Wisconsin, and Illinois, and seeing that she’s giving up: “*Beh! Allora, la rovina! Non mi frega niente.*” Pour it in anyway, your grandmother isn’t here. While you’re at it a little oregano, basil, a bay leaf or two. I know you don’t have fresh herbs, Zhem forgot to bring in the potted plants before the first frost. But you haven’t been true to the family secret so far, and why start now?– dried from a jar will do fine.

And now the sauce demands only time– don’t cover it or it will never thicken! This is your chance; you’re flushed with wine, both of you. Take her hand; leave the warm kitchen. The light in the sitting room is dim and sleepy, and the smell will carry far enough.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

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Lauryn Allison Lewis writes fiction, essays, interviews, book and bakery reviews. Her work has appeared in numerous literary journals, on the web, and in print. She regularly hosts all-night dance parties in her kitchen and has crafted a haute chapbook of her story collection, *The Beauties*. Lauryn Allison is a regular contributor at Literary Chicago, the managing editor of Curbside Splendor Press, and an assistant editor at Barrelhouse Magazine. For more info visit: laurynallisonlewis.com

Tony Battaglia is a writer and a graduate of Kent State University in Kent, Ohio, where he studied English Literature and Creative Writing. He currently resides in Kent and is at work on a people's history of the town to record the memories and stories of its oldest residents and families. In his spare time he attempts single-handedly to combat the murine hordes of hipsters which inevitably plague a college town, and does a job of work which involves encoding digital copies of land title... never mind. It's boring.

Shellie Brickley is a 26 year old graduate of Kendall College in Chicago, IL with a bachelor's degree in Culinary Arts and an undying passion for all things food. She has cooked for events including Lollapalooza and The Green Tie Ball in Chicago. Besides cooking, she enjoys playing rugby, spending time outside with her dog, and exploring Austin, TX, where she just moved.

Carolyn Kimball is a Kentucky girl, a printmaker, painter, knitter, gardener and kitchen mess-maker who currently lives in Austin, Texas. Carolyn graduated with a BFA from the Maryland Institute College of Art in 2003 and a MA in printmaking from the University of Louisville in 2008. She currently runs her Etsy shop, Kimball Prints, a community supported art-by-mail printmaking subscription, and helps manage the studio of the Women Printmaker's of Austin. Her work can be found at carolynkimball.com

Matthew McWilliams lives and works in Chicago. His upcoming Solo Show at Roxaboxen Exhibitions opens February 2011. You can reach him at matthewjmcwilliams@gmail.com

Kenneth Pobo has two chapbooks forthcoming by the end of 2011: *Deadly Chaps* is bringing out a collection of his micro-fiction called *Tiny Torn Maps* and Green Fuse Press is bringing out his chapbook of poems called *Contralto Crows*.

Jonathan Power is a Denver, CO based chef, husband, and father. You can currently find him showcasing his newest menus at www.cremacoffeehouse.net.

Lee Price received her BFA in painting from Philadelphia's Moore College of Art. After spending 11 years in Los Angeles, she returned to New York to study at The Art Student's League and the New York Academy of Art. Price's paintings have been the subject of numerous solo and group shows across the United States. She is represented by Evoke Contemporary in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Lee currently lives and works in Beacon, New York. Her work can be found at www.leepricestudio.com

Christopher Tourre is an artist, educator, self-proclaimed "social aggregator", and of course, beer lover and brewer. Born and raised in the countryside of Western Pennsylvania, Tourre earned a BFA in Sculpture from the Pennsylvania State University in 2005 and an MFA in Studio Arts from the University of Illinois at Chicago in 2009. Tourre's art projects have engaged communities from raising chickens in the Chicago neighborhood of Pilsen to building furniture with torn down houses at the Museum of Contemporary Art (Chicago). More info can be found at www.christophertourre.com and www.arcadebrewery.com/

Erin Washington, born in 1983, recently attained her MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Currently, she lives, teaches, and works in Chicago. See more work and news about upcoming shows at www.erinwashington.com

COMPOSITE INFO

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Coming Winter 2012: Issue No. 6 *Process. Art, in any form, is a shared experience found somewhere between artists' intent and viewers' perception. Scores of artists place a system of limitations or conditions on their work in order to create an outcome; and yet, this process is lost in the conversation between art and observer. For some artists, the process is just another step in the equation; for others, the entire equation is about the process.*

Composite is the brain-child and uncompensated project of:

my name is **Zach Clark**, and I'm a pizzaholic. My work can be viewed at www.zachclarkis.com.

Kara Cochran thinks that the best meal is a home cooked meal. Her work can be seen at www.karacochran.com.

Xavier Duran fucking hates high fructose corn syrup. You can view his work at www.xavierduran.com.

Suzanne Makol will artfully arrange a plate of food even if it is just for herself. Her work can be viewed at www.suzannemakol.com.

Joey Pizzolato will eat anything that doesn't eat him first. 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.