



COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

No. 7 You Are Here

Spring 2012

COMPOSITE INFO

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

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One's understanding of "home" has become a trope all too common within a twenty-something's dialogue. The questions of where you find it and how you define it re-sound even more in a time where people find themselves frequently relocating throughout their lives. Gone, or so it seems, are the days of buying a house with the earnings of your first real job and staying there for life. But still, the places we keep our stuff and sleep at night hold the keys to the way we understand and experience everywhere else. Our homes help inform us on everywhere that isn't.

There is a first step in every set of directions or a giant red arrow stuck to any map at a bus stop or mall. They tell us, "you are here", and in doing so, provide us with a starting point. Our familiar places, our homes, are that starting point for moving through the world. One needs this to feel homesick or grapple with the acceptance of a new setting, the emotional jump off point for Samantha Schubert's photography. Jenny Mullin's desire to investigate religions and customs of cultures outside of her own is directly contextualized by a personal understanding of home. Even without a specific intention, one need only to realize they are NOT home, much like the character to Zarina Zabrisky's story, to understand the privilege of having one. However, one does not even need to leave to gain understanding. Having a base allows you to invest into deeper nuances of a location, such as Ellis Calvin's maps, or Serhii Chrucky's photos, both bodies of work a casual visitor might not be able to tap in to.

Few feelings in life compare for me, to the surprising comfort found the first time you return to a place you never thought you'd feel content, but suddenly do. Which is to say, constantly evolving or always staying the same, home not only offers you a starting point, it allows a return destination, the place your art hangs, books sit, and life is lived.

Zach Clark

Composite Editor

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Location is integral to the art one makes. A painter in San Francisco is almost certainly making work different than one based in New York. A stack of maps in an artist's studio is not only a record of where they've been, but also a resource of visual language and design capable of returning them immediately to where they've just been, both literally and emotionally, like a waking dream just barely remembered but never forgotten.

New locations and cultures have the power to make us question our morals, identity, and way of life. They shatter the bubbles and prejudices that come with a life of seclusion; but most importantly—no matter differences in faith, worship, language or way of life—traversing the map of the world gives us insight into the human condition and gives us a taste of the mysterious, the unknown, and the excitement of discovering something new.

You Are Here

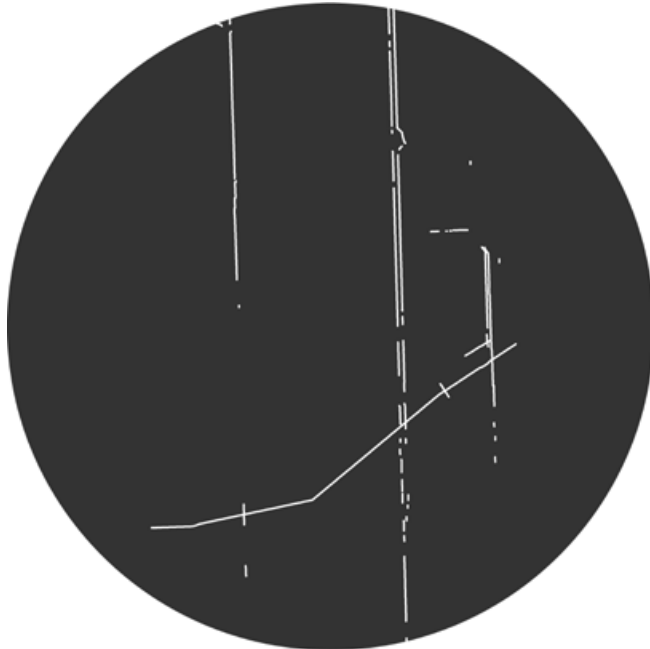
Your location can give you landscape, community, or an artistic culture to refer to. Most importantly, where you are, and where you've been, gives your work it's very content, context, and meaning.

Ellis Calvin

Cities and Names



City of Flora

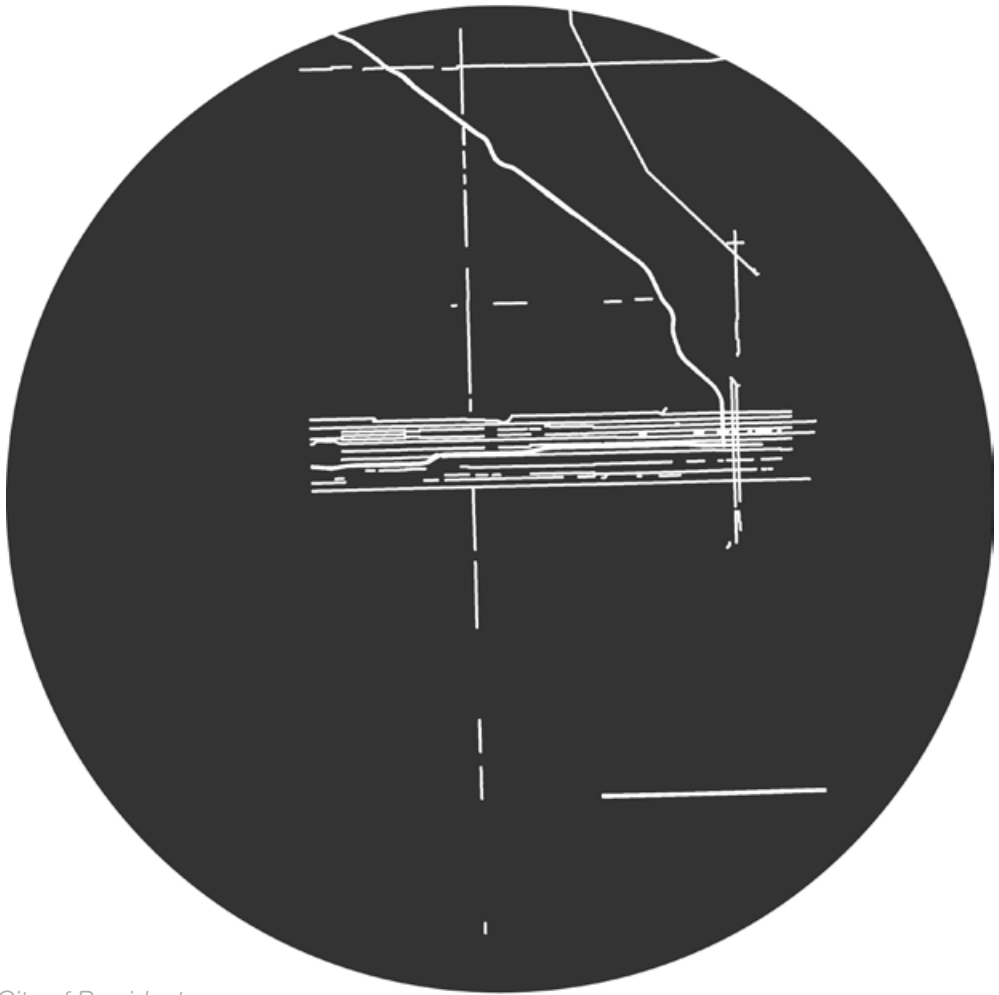


City of Canal-Builders



City of Women

Maps are, by definition, missing a lot information. By stripping out almost everything, maps leave you with only the information necessary for their purpose. These maps show only streets in Chicago whose names share a common theme. Street names have a subtle effect on the way we experience the city. At different points in history we have named streets to describe the landscape, to honor important people or institutions, and to evoke bucolic scenes or far off places. Over time the trend has moved away from geographically or historically significant street names to names that are principally chosen to “sound nice,” but no street name is meaningless. Sometimes, the origin of the name is famous enough to be widely known, but usually the origin is unknown to the general public. Regardless, the names and patterns paint our experience of the urban landscape.



City of Presidents

Regin Igloria

7:30 a.m. Meditation Drawings



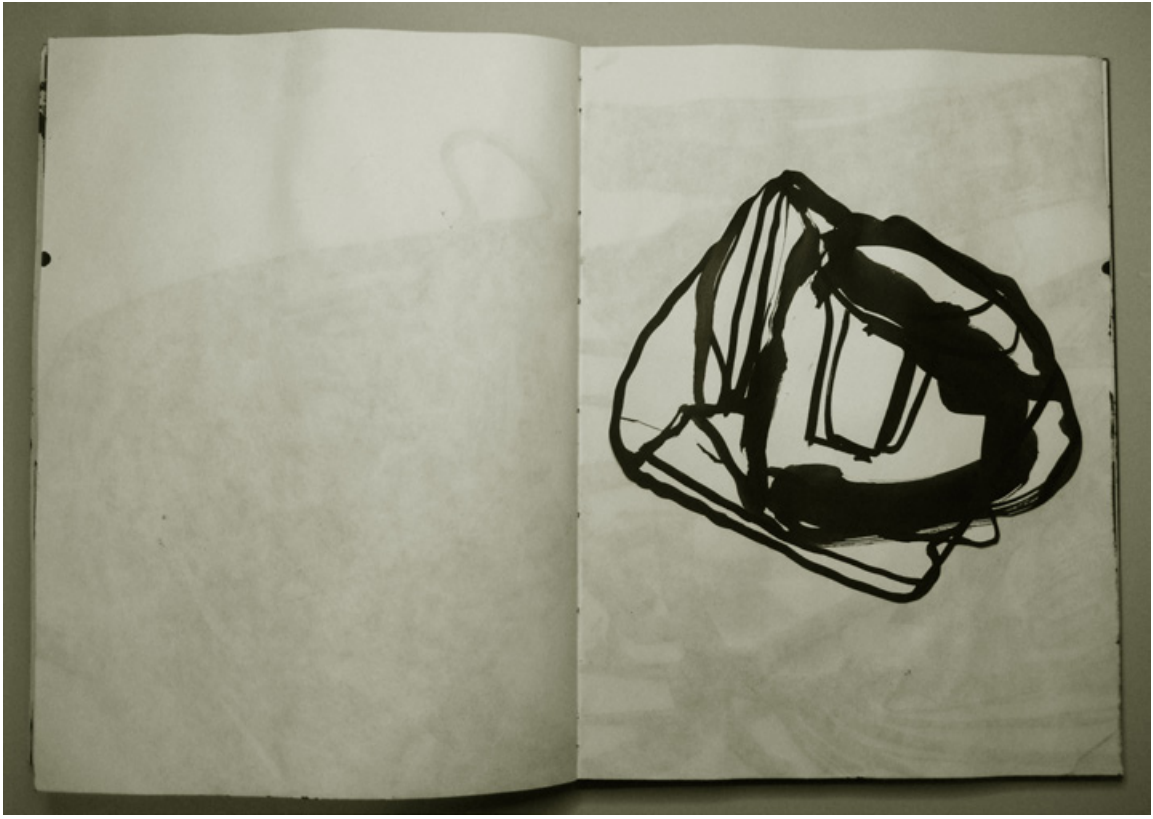
All pieces are ink on paper, bound in artists' book.
12" x 18" (opened). 2011-12 and ongoing.

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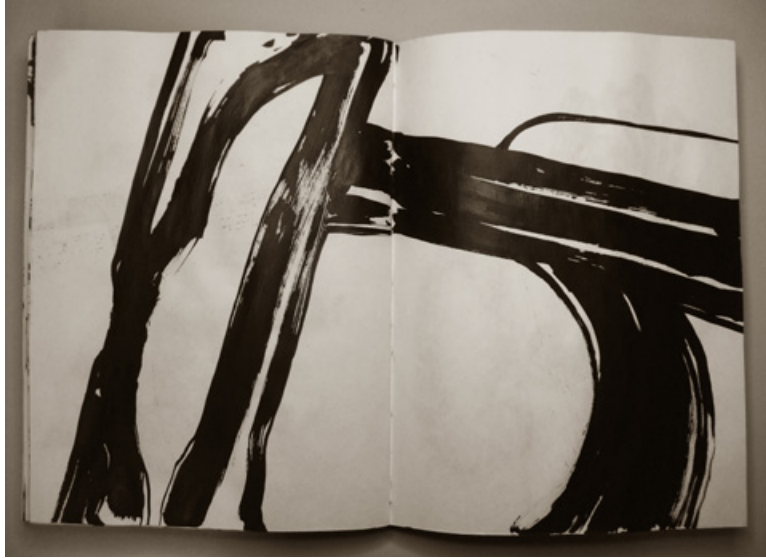
Regin Igloria



Drawing is a process that mimics my physical exploration of nature. As I take methodical, sometimes arduous steps in creating marks on paper, I allow myself to find the joy I would find on an outdoor hike. Brush and ink serve as walking legs in an interminable landscape. Slowly, with almost guaranteed frustration and inevitable weariness, I move forward to find happiness.

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Regin Igloria



My current drawings in books are done as a morning ritual: pouring ink into a bowl, then using a bamboo brush to make marks that begin as exercises in form. I limit myself to the amount of ink available in the initial pour, simplifying thoughts as much as possible while I draw, then I stop. The daily routine follows.

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Performance Hikes:
100 Hills
San Francisco, CA
2009



Mt. Hood for Good
Portland, OR towards Mt. Hood
2010

My performance hikes begin in a similar vein, where I have created certain limitations on how far I walk or the direction I move based on simple resources. Distance is critical in both exercises, where finding a place to start defines where and when it ends.

Jared Carter

If I Get Lost at Sea

I'm going to sail away and come again another day
If I get lost at sea, I'll listen for the clocks at noon,
And I'll send a message in a bottle, solving all the problems they don't understand
And I'll trust the waves to bring it to land

But there I go relying on hope again
This may very well be the end
I wonder if I'll ever see you again
But I can only wonder so long

I'm going to sail away and come again another day
If I get lost at sea, I'm sure I'll find new friends soon
Cause I'll find an island full of lepers, cause I know that they would understand
And I will dream of life on mainland

But there I go relying on hope again
This may very well be the end
I wonder if I'll ever see you again
But I can only wonder so long

I'm going to sail away and come again another day, but
If I die at sea, you won't have to bother burying me

Kathryn Rodrigues

Reading / Waiting



Reading, C-print, 11"x14", 2011



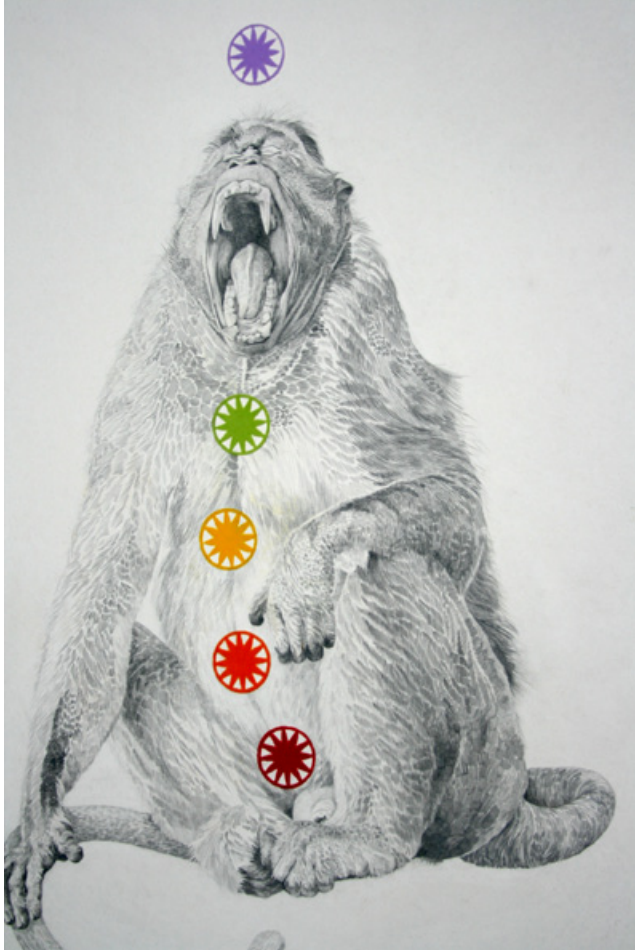
Waiting, C-print, 11"x14", 2011

My work is both an investigation of, and a reflection on, the collection of experiences and memories that have shaped my identity thus far. By the time I was beginning high school, my family had moved ten times. This transient lifestyle left me with a deep interest in geography, maps, landscapes and cultural identity. I see travel as being the intersection of these subjects. *These experiences are able to conjure ideas of home and abroad*, the known and unknown, separation and closeness, belonging and longing. It is precisely this ambiguity that intrigues me. By referencing both visual and symbolic aspects of travel, I have recreated the process of being a traveler, tourist and observer throughout my life.

Kathryn **Rodrigues**

Jenny Sidhu Mullins

The Dharma Project



This series of work was born out of a sort of agnostic's holy pilgrimage to India. I had long been interested in east/west cultural relations and specifically the relationship between India and the US. While this interest originated from my personal background as an American married into an Indian family, I soon became involved with the western idea of India as a social imaginary. ***I wanted to explore the western myth of India.*** After applying for a Fulbright Grant, I set out on my journey to India, intent on researching popular western and eastern spiritual enclaves. I visited a huge array of places including McLeod Ganj, home of the Dalai Lama in exile, Amma the Hugging Mother and the Sikh Golden Temple among others. I immersed myself in these spiritual tourism environments, even participating in a ten day silent retreat. The results were varied, fascinating and ultimately human, debunking not only the oversimplification of India as a culture, but my own personal expectations as a cynic.

Monkey Chakra (No. 1-4)

Graphite and Flocking Powder on Mulberry Paper
32"x29". 2011





The Dew Love Dharma Tent
Acrylic and Gouache on Stretched Paper
8'x6'. 2010

Jenny Sidhu Mullins





Jenny Sidhu Mullins

Matt Galletta

Made in Malaysia

The words are hovering over your face. Black letters stamped onto blond wood. It takes a dozen heartbeats for you to realize you're awake, twice as many to realize you're on the floor, underneath the table you bought at the Salvation Army way back when you first moved in together.

Made in Malaysia.

It was one of the few pieces of furniture she didn't take with her. Must've never liked it. Not that you would have noticed. Everything seemed fine; how many times have you said that in the past six months?

Made in Malaysia.

You've got no idea where Malaysia is, no hope of picking it out on a map. But you're sure it must be a paradise.

Malaysia. A land where it's always sunny. You picture toucans, sand, drinks with pineapple. Malaysia, where there are no rent bills, ex-wives, student loan debt. No dead-end video rental store jobs. No video stores, even. Just sand and drinks and endless sun.

Malaysia.

There's a smarmy English major that lives in your head, constantly correcting people's grammar, raging against newspaper typos, making bad puns. She hated that smarmy English major.

The smarmy English major living in your head reads "Malaysia" as "malaise."

"Malaise," he recites. "A generalized sense of discomfort, illness, or lack of well-being."

As the hangover headache begins to catch up with you—memories of the previous night's embarrassments resurfacing, the crusty stale taste in your mouth coming to your awareness—the smarmy English major chuckles and strokes his pretentious undergraduate beard.

"You've been living in Malaysia longer than you think," he says.

Samantha Schubert

Learning to Love the State I Am In





Learning to Love the State I Am In highlights the sudden and unpredictable changes of the landscape in the city. Having spent my childhood amidst the dense and beautiful woods of upstate New York, I developed a keen interest in being part of and observing the natural environment and the unconscious repetition that surrounds oneself. As a stranger to the urban environment of Baltimore, ***I focus on integrating one's self into the materials and environments found around the city.***

Samantha **Schubert**





Inspired through numerous walks throughout the city, the series highlights the inevitable disconnect that occurs between the animate and the inanimate. I am interested in making usable the strange and often-overlooked spaces found in the built environment. I physically engage with the landscape and photograph myself activating the space. I use my body to touch and physically connect with the built environment. Throughout the series I have concealed my face to emphasize the physicality of my body in relation to the space. While the moment captured is itself ephemeral, in the end, one walks away more self aware and integrated in the delightful strangeness of the urban environment.

Samantha **Schubert**









Deb Sokolow

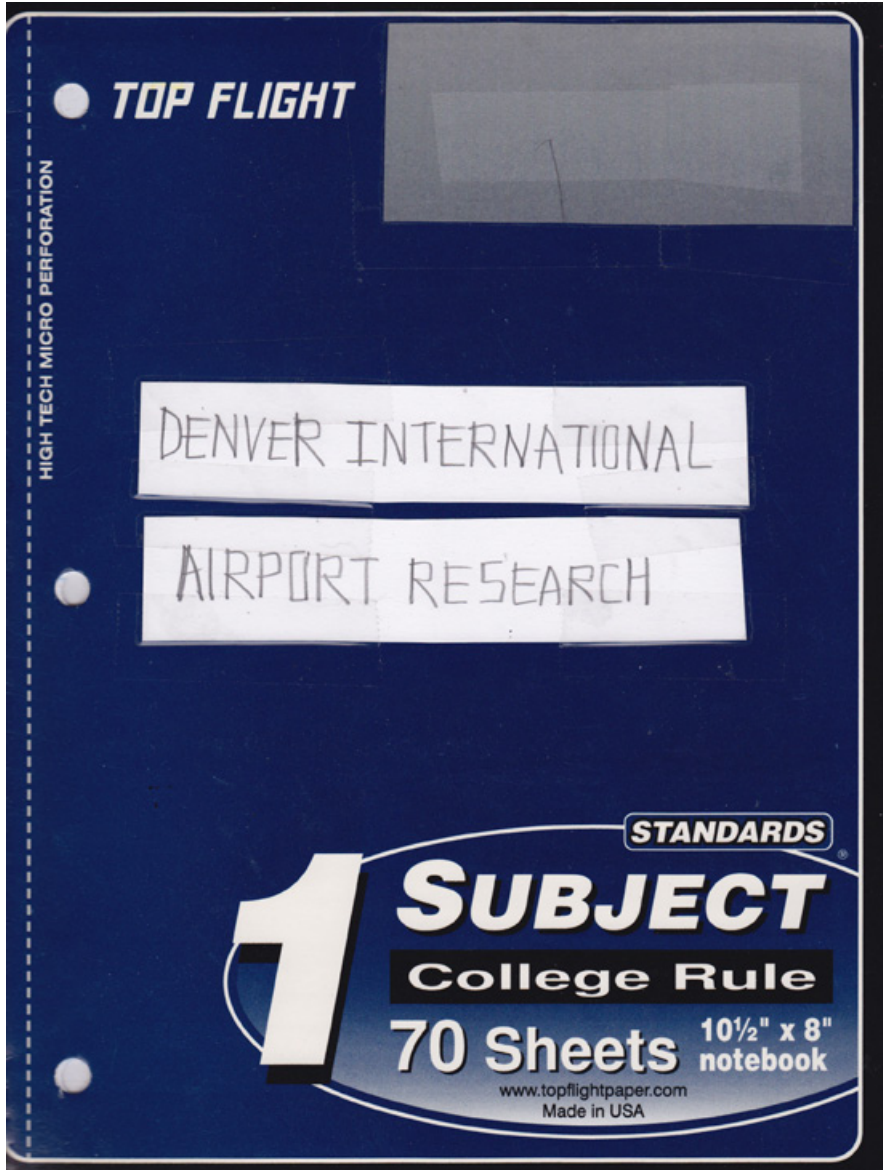
Denver International Airport Research Notebook

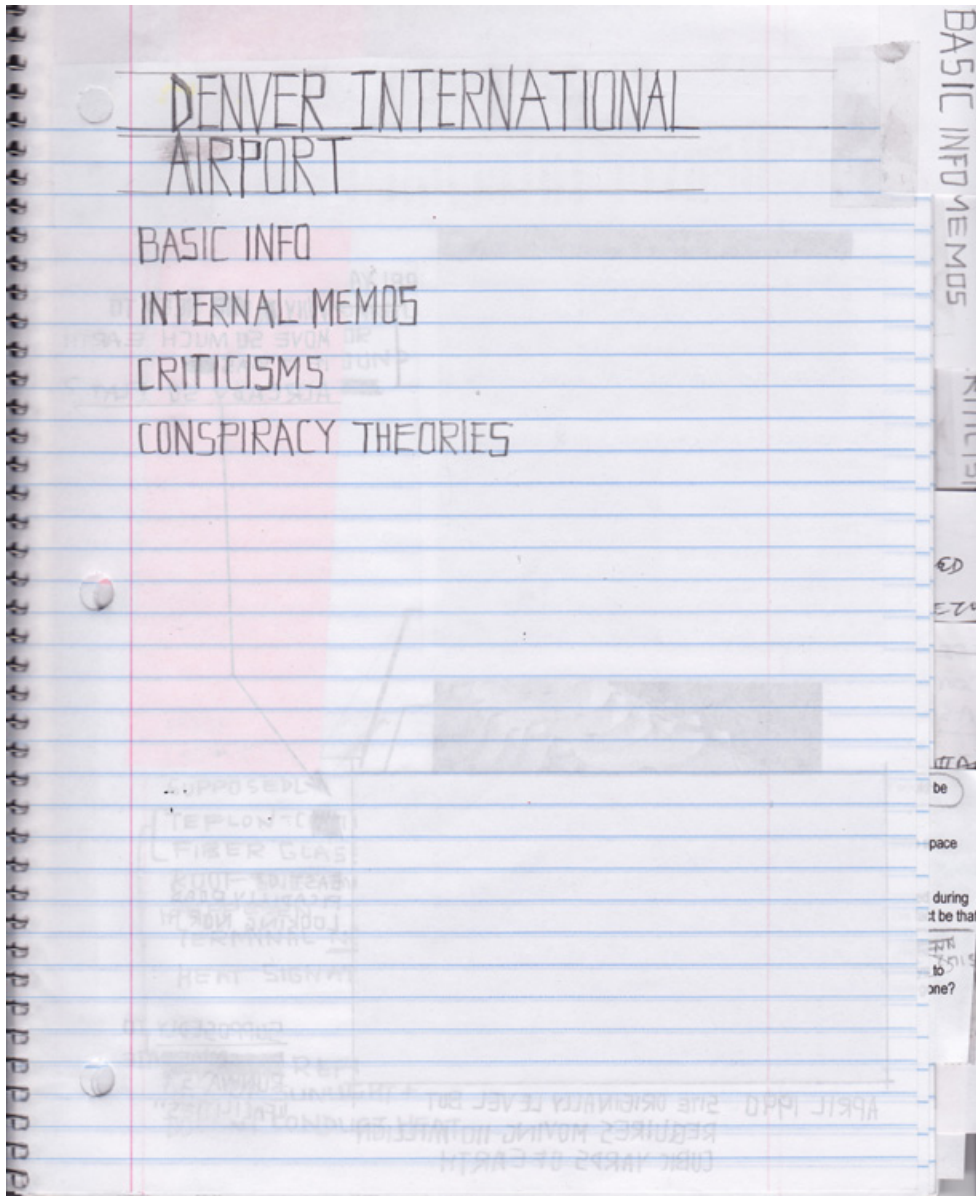
While researching conspiracy theories, I stumbled upon several references to the intrigue surrounding Denver International Airport and the possibility that a large, covert military base and a mammoth bunker for the New World Order might exist beneath the airport's grounds. In 2010, I began a year of research, analyzing city and internal memos from the files of a former airport employee; uncovering anecdotal information regarding missing funds and inconsistencies with construction of the airport in the early 1990's; gathering information on the supposedly decommissioned Rocky Mountain Arsenal site conveniently located next to the Denver Airport which was used to manufacture and store chemical weapons; and monitoring both conventional and unconventional conversations on the Internet and amongst conspiracy theorists about the airport. This research culminated in a one-day, round-trip flight from Chicago to Denver in June, 2011 to investigate the airport and grounds first-hand, arriving in the morning and returning late that night. I had sixteen hours at the airport to collect data and conduct field research, as well as explore the grounds in a rental car. These pages are from the notebook I kept.

Denver International Airport Research Notebook

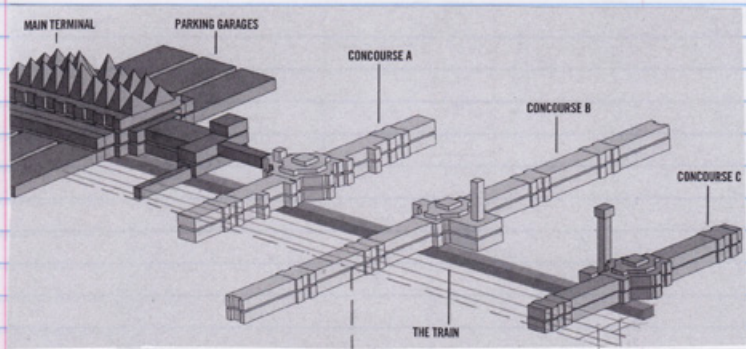
graphite, acrylic, ink, collage, tape and glue on paper; spiral bound notebook

10 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches. 2011





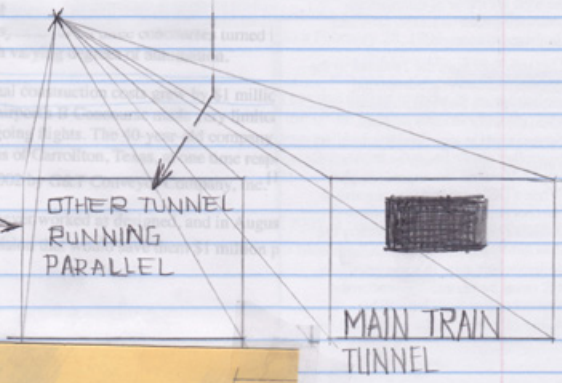
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ALSO KNOWN AS THE "GREAT HALL"
 (SAME TERM MASONS USE TO NAME THEIR MEETING PLACE)
 MAIN

the airport will have on the nation's air traffic flow. And as airlines orient themselves to DIA's operating advantages, businesses are very likely to follow suit. Part of the economy's shift toward global relationships in manufacturing, marketing and services entails that businesses become increasingly dependent on executive mobility, and on having prompt access to high-value components.

Generous federal support for DIA points to the positive effect that FAA planners expect



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THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1990

Ames given 2nd contract for grading at new airport

By Bill McBean
 Denver Post Staff Writer

Ames Construction Co. has won its second major contract for grading and drainage at the new airport, bringing its work on the project to nearly \$76 million.

Ames' bid was \$28.62 million for grading of the east westerly of the airport's north-south runways and grading of air cargo and maintenance areas.

If it's approved by the federal government and the Denver City Council, the contract will boost the total Ames work at the new facility to \$75.8 million. Ames won the

airport's first grading contract last year.

Kiewit Western won a third grading and drainage contract, worth \$23.8 million. But that document hasn't been approved by the city council and it faces a tough public hearing over allegations Kiewit Western solicited minority subcontractors to get the bid, then didn't use all of them.

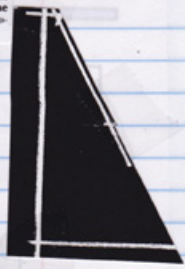
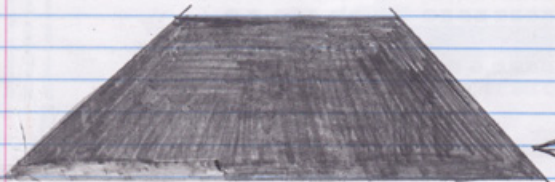
Ames said 12 percent of its work will go to minority contractors.

The city's budget for the job was \$42 million, meaning the airport work continues to run considerably under budget. Aviation Director

George Doughty said. However, Doughty couldn't provide exact figures for how far under budget the \$2.3 billion project is.

Coming in second on the bidding was Holloway Construction Co. of Wixom, Mich. with a bid of \$33.3 million. Kiewit Western had the third lowest bid and the Tarcobellson partnership came in last.

Tim Smith, director of marketing for Ames, said the company was able to submit the low bid because it already had its equipment on site and because it could refine cost estimates based on its ongoing earth-moving operations.



Rent A Car:

- Drive around grounds outside Denver International Airport, the grounds are endless, many blocked roads, no trespassing signs.
- Drive past air vents in ground with barbed wire facing inwards... as though to keep something or someone inside from escaping?
- Drive northwest of airport, at edge of airport grounds on tower road, encounter a large, mammoth, man-made pyramid. Not sure what to make of it.
- Witness never-ending caravan of trucks driving past these signs, carrying loads of something... driving into the interior of the airport grounds, but nowhere near the airport itself.
- Where are they going?
- take a picture of truck procession,
- this is when the white truck starts following you.



AA

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INTERNAL MEMOS FROM MR "H"
(INSIDE CONNECTION)

Director, Mayor's Office
FAX

3/4/94

It has been several months since [redacted] and I have met with the Steering Committee concerning the status of [redacted] DIA, and I am writing now in view of the recent set-back with the opening of the airport.

As I remember from last Steering Committee meeting the status of our project was Rejected and that we were to meet with [redacted] (sometime) in June to discuss the matter [redacted] and possibly improving it status.

Therefore, my questions at this time has to do with 1.) does the May opening date for DIA affect our June meeting with [redacted] 2.) is there any specific dates set for our meeting???

Also, as the term REJECTED is [redacted] and my question is how do [redacted] This matter has never been made abundantly clear to me and I believe that as the opening day for DIA gets closer, it is important [redacted] to know where [redacted] stands with the entire airport [redacted] and [redacted] whatever planning [redacted] part would be [redacted].

DIA [redacted]

cd/ [redacted] [redacted]

Denver men say their car was searched and pictures stolen near DIA

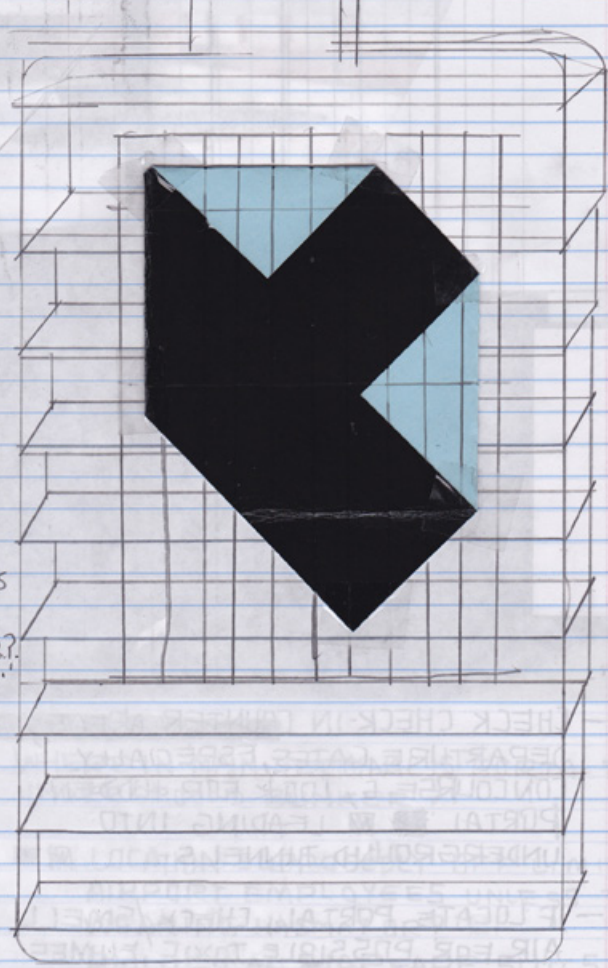
July 15, 2009

A poster who goes by "alexassguy" on abovetopsecret.com says that his car became mysteriously disabled after he and his brother discovered a strange videotape disposal area in a remote area near DIA. When they returned an hour later the car had been searched and the photo card containing the pictures they had taken were missing. He also reports seeing odd equipment and "underground markers" sticking from the ground.

Here is what he wrote:

About a month ago, me and my brother (who lives about five minutes away from DIA in a suburb called Green Valley Ranch) decided to go driving around the backroads around DIA to scope out some cool photography spots. After driving for a bit, we found ourselves on a dirt road approximately a mile away from the airport (which was in plain view of our position.) He is (or was) rather "unsavvy" to the conspiracies surrounding DIA. I was filling him in on the way, while observing many, many strange things about our surroundings - namely, the absurd amount of comm equipment surrounded by small buildings jutting out of random fields, as well as more "underground markers" (indicators of buried pipelines, cables, etc.) and just plain wierd tube-type apperati than I have ever seen. We stopped to look around, and discovered a trash dump site about 50 feet off of the road. I instantly snapped into "ATS Investigator!" mode and started poking around. What I found freaked me out.

8 LEVELS DOWN UNDERNEATH
AIRPORT COMPLEX



(BUT)
22 MILES
IN
DIAMETER?

28
8



~~WHERE~~ WHERE IN MAIN TERMINAL IS PORTAL TO UNDERGROUND BUNKER?

OR THE LOCATION SUPPOSEDLY OFF LIMITS TO AIRPORT EMPLOYEES UNLESS THEY'RE WEARING HASMAT OR? BI BIOLOGICAL WARFARE SUITS?

Zarina Zabrisky

There is Always a Way Out

I lost my wallet. It probably was stolen but I didn't notice when it had happened. I was too busy roaming Dormini: uphill through the Gothic downtown and downhill to the Jewish ghetto and all the way into the concrete outskirts, from medieval gutters and gargoyles sprinkled with pigeon droppings to the Museum of Funeral Carriages, taking a break basking in the sun by a singing fountain and climbing crumbling stairs again to look at river from the top of the hill. Dormini steamed with August heat like an iron. My head swam in its ancient dust and pollen.

The bell tolled five in the afternoon, when hot and thirsty, I plopped down on the cobblestones in the soft shade of the Cathedral.

"Young lady wants drinks?" asked an old man with leathery face, sunken cheeks and a bone yellow carnation in his button hole. He pushed a rattling cart with sparkling bottles and jars.

"Thank you. I'm dying for something cold," I said.

I reached into my purse without looking. I couldn't feel my wallet. I looked inside. I took out my passport and tickets. A compact powder box, a hairpin, lipstick and an open pack of mint chewing gum. A few olive-yellow coins, worth ten dollars, maybe, if that. I turned the purse upside down and watched dust dancing in the sun. The wallet wasn't there.

The old man smiled and I noticed that his teeth were extraordinarily long.

"Your pocket?" he said.

I didn't have pockets. I wore a silk summer dress—no underwear, no bra, no belt—nothing to look for the wallet in. I didn't carry a cell phone. I had no one to call, anyways.

I didn't like him staring at me. His eyes were dark and deep like the eyes of a Greek oracle I saw on a half-ruined mural in Athens. I picked up a coin, 1 Lls, from the crack between the cobblestones, and almost shoved it to him. He took it with his spiderlike fingers and laughed.

“Shaved ice, please,” I said.

He handed me a small pink cup with jade-hued translucent ice, nodded and pushed his cart forward, jingling and clattering, walking away from me and singing a strange song with no words. I sat on the stairs, licking the melting coldness and feeling the warm wind in my hair. The ice had a strong aroma of mint, lime, lavender and, strangely, evergreens, but it wasn’t refreshing. It was rich and slippery, and made my head heavy.

I watched ant-like people slowly crawling on the bridge and disappearing in the dollhouse doors with white walls, tiny dots hovering over the waves of coral roofs, sparrows or just flies—I didn’t care. Somehow, I didn’t care about much. I knew I had to worry, to go somewhere or do something but I had hard time remembering where or what. I vaguely remembered that I had round trip tickets to the beach town and a print-out for my flight AL-323, AirLimbosia, Dormini—home. The strange song sang by the old man still rang in my ears. I decided that it was ok. There was something good in losing all my money, but I couldn’t focus and understand what it was. I would figure it out later, I thought.

I picked up my honey-yellow suitcase at the hostel. My grandmother had stored love letters in it for decades and the lining smelled like her musky perfume. I decided to walk to the railway station.

I walked by a balmy cemetery with mossy gravestones, the Princess’s Palace nicknamed Cucumber Palace—I’ll never know why because I didn’t go in. I walked past Guillotine Square, where in 16th century the Limbosian hero De La Romba was almost executed. I touched De La Romba’s bronze knee for good luck. His knee shone from so many hands touching it. I read a poster: about to be beheaded, De La Romba fell on one knee, bowed and screamed, “I love you,” to his mistress Marquise X. The rotten boards gave in under the weight of his body. De La Romba fell into the city sewer, lost consciousness and was washed into the river where he came to right in time to swim to his survival. According to the legend he cried, “There is always a way out!”

De La Romba became the head of the Great Limbosian Revolution, overthrew the Emperor and married Marquise X. at Guillotine Square. I liked the story and the statue. De La Romba’s face looked thin and inspired, and the bronze fly perched on his epaulette—a symbol of Fortuna Merda Bonita, or Fate in disguise. From there I turned around the corner and made my way through a crowd of gypsy beggars. I dropped a coin into the hat of a very young woman with a baby suckling on her bare breast. A little girl played a violin by the mother’s knee, a tune sad and pure cutting into my heart. The young woman looked up at me—her face didn’t look Gypsy, I thought, it looked Japanese—and said, “Kyuu

sureba tsuuzu.”

“What is it?” I asked, looking at her very long black hair.

“There is always a way out,” said the little girl, without any accent, looking past me at the monument.

I took an old train to the beach town. Neat green fields rolled by. Golden cows flickered by as the train rattled on. An old lady in a cranberry-pink hat and white jacket sat next to me, looking straight ahead, without blinking. She looked like a retired ballet teacher.

I could sell something to get by. But what? My multicolored thread bracelets—one thread for each city I visited? I stole my hoop earrings at the Grand Bazaar in Grizny. My anklet, bought from a street peddler in Ambidam, was made of glass. I had a few summer dresses, a large straw hat and a shawl. A few books with underlined texts and notes on every page.

“Your mother’s watch,” said the lady next to me, without turning her head.

I probably spoke out loud without noticing it. I looked at my wrist. But how did she know it was my mother’s watch?

“I have never taken it off since the day she died,” I said. “It doesn’t work.”

The old lady didn’t look my way, and kept looking ahead. Maybe, I dozed off and dreamed that she spoke. I’d never sell it, I thought. I rubbed my eyes. I felt that I was forgetting something. Something important.

The town was just as I expected it. The air was alive. Salty and sweet, as if filled with champagne and sweet desserts. Everything around sparkled—the tile verandas, the crystalline underlining of palm tree leaves in the breeze, the plumage of silver durrets, the unique peacocklike birds that survived only along Limboisian coast, read the sign by the train station.

Roses were everywhere. Lemony and honeyed, crispy and fragile, they looked like cupcakes in a bakery. The scent drenched narrow streets and shadowy alleys. The flowers attracted rare butterflies, dragonflies and Limbosian fireflies, a unique species that inhabited the beaches at night, read another sign by the bench in a park.

I walked down the wide alley of the park between the pyramids of cypresses. I had nowhere to

I watched ant-like people slowly crawling on the bridge and disappearing in the dollhouse doors...

stay, but it was warm so I decided to sleep on the beach. I didn't feel hungry, so I decided to save 5 LIs for my breakfast.

Around eight at night the air turned lilac and dense like hot chocolate. I walked down the endless stairs to the ocean and stopped. The ribbon of pure light shimmered along the water. It looked like it was made of fallen stars. I took my sandals off and stepped on the beach. The sand teemed with the fireflies. They crunched and felt wormy.

I realized that I didn't feel hungry at all. I decided it was stress but I didn't feel thirsty, either.

I went back to the embankment and curled on an antique bench, my suitcase under my head. As soon as I dozed off, a policeman in a white uniform with golden buttons emerged by my side. His face hardly moved, and his eyelids were heavy. Silently, he pointed at the sign in five languages: "No camping". I thought he'd ask for my passport but he just kept standing there, staring

into space.

I walked to the square downtown. It was well-lit and women were dancing a dance that looked like Flamenco. I noticed that people hardly talked to each other in that town. I started to get dizzy. My eyelids got heavy and I sat on the bench until dawn, dozing away.

The next day I spent sleeping in the shade of the chestnut tree in the park. I realized that I didn't feel hungry at all. I decided it was stress but I didn't feel thirsty, either. I went swimming. The water felt good, and I closed my eyes. When I opened them again, my suitcase, purse and sandals had disappeared. I saw footprints in the golden sand, next to my white dress and my torn straw hat. I could see two teenage boys far away, running, and I thought I saw my belongings, but the sun was bright, I wasn't sure, and I was too weak to run. I went back into the ocean and reached my arms and legs to the side, like a star-fish. I had no money left. My tickets were gone. Something was really odd. I looked at my watch and got out of the ocean.

I walked around until late in the afternoon. I found a jewelry store. It was a small dark room with a glass counter in the shape of an L and a sharp resinous smell. A brass telescope, porcelain figurines of ballerinas and a stuffed tiger head, teeth scowling, fuzzed with dust. A stout woman with dark skin, a coil of copper hair and a sparkling ring on every finger, nodded to me.

"Good morning," said the woman. She had a strange accent, not Limbroisian, maybe Turkish

or Greek. She sounded heavy and spicy.

“Dubroshvam,” I said, the only word I knew. “Do you speak English? Can you please take a look at my watch? How much?”

The woman grabbed my wrist, glanced and looked away. She moved a bordello-red lamp closer, pulled my watch off my wrist, put black-rim glasses on her massive nose and stared at the watch. Her tar-black eyes were underlined with kohl.

“Gold and diamond,” I said.

“No tick-tock,” she said, puffing as if she had a pipe in her mouth.

“No,” I said. “How much you pay?”

“150,” said the woman.

“No,” I said.

Then something happened like in a dream. There was a movement in the air, under the ceiling as if the wind came through the small window and shifted an invisible curtain. Or maybe a cat jumped on the shelf. I looked up and saw a crystal chandelier swinging. The moment I looked down at my watch, it was gone.

“Not to sell,” I repeated. “Please give back.”

The woman smiled. A golden tooth sparkled in the dusk.

“Momento,” she said. “Artrito—”

She waved her clawed fingers in front of my face.

“Voila,” she pointed at the upper shelf of the open case. Tangled necklaces, golden chains, single earrings and rings shimmered in a pile like snakes. “Momento.”

She stuck her fingers into the jewelry.

“Voici,” she said, fishing out a tear-shaped earring. “Belissimo donna.”

She put the earring next to my face and giggled.

“No, thanks,” I said. “I want my watch. Tick-tock.”

“Davajto, davajto,” said the woman and moved her fingers in the pile of jewelry. “Braceletto! Gold. You take.”

“I want my watch,” I said, my voice starting to tremble.

“Momento more,” said the woman. “Zis.”

This time, she pulled out an engagement ring and said, “Tick-tock bad, 3 carat good.”

“I don’t want carat,” I screamed. “I want tick-tock!”

“No tick-tock,” the woman said, frowning. “Basta! Telephona militia.”

She reached for a black old fashioned telephone, but I pushed her back and dunked my hand into the case. I grabbed a fistful of chains and as I opened my fingers, I saw my watch. I squeezed the slippery metal, turned and ran out of the store and along the street towards the ocean, my bare feet burning on the cobblestones.

I slowed down and walked the path along the beach. The air was light and sweet. The ocean lay calm. Waves licked the shore like a cat lapping milk out of a saucer. On the right I saw red grass, like eyebrows of an old magician. I read a sign, crooked and scratched, with inscriptions in Limbroisian, Portuguese, Italian and, finally, English, “Welcome, New Deads. Enjoy the Afterlife. The fine for littering is 100 Lls.”

I looked back at the path and just a few steps away I saw my mother, smiling at me and waving her hand. I started walking towards her, without approaching, thinking that this town was all right. I’ll stay longer, I thought, walking towards my mother, moving my fingertips over the smooth glass of my watch. I’ll be ok. There’s always a way out.

Serhii **Chrucky**

Horizontal Control



Every image bears the residue of a series of choices based on both aesthetics and economics. Rather than having those possibilities float freely, the objective with Horizontal Control is to account for (control) the multitude of choices that go into making a photograph by setting up a number of pre-determined, non-arbitrary conditions. Using the Western landscape tradition as the departure point, the main considerations at play are:

- 1) Where to stand?
- 2) Which direction to face?
- 3) Field of view.
- 4) Quality of light/time of year.

Regarding each:

- 1) The camera is positioned as if it is a surveyor's transit above each U.S. Geodetic Survey and Missouri Department of Natural Resources control point (benchmark) within Missouri survey township 45, section 7. This encompasses most of the central section of the City of St. Louis.
- 2) The camera is positioned facing east, ideally with the lens axis directly along the line of "true east," although there were minor deviations due to operator error and/or framing concerns.
- 3) A Nikon DX format DSLR equipped with a 24mm lens was used for the entire project. This combination provides a field of view that approximates an individual's field of vision without perceptible camera distortion.
- 4) These images were made from February-March 2012. In St. Louis, the transition from late winter to early spring provides a condensed version of the year's weather conditions combined with dramatic east-facing light.









You Are Here / Spring 2012





You Are Here / Spring 2012



You Are Here / Spring 2012

























TITLE LIST

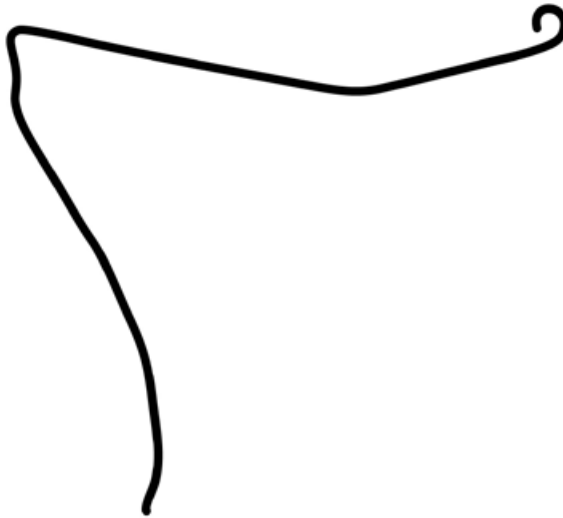
All are 24" x 16" matted and framed inkjet prints.

The title of each image is taken from the unique name, called the designation, that is stamped on the benchmark from which the image was made.

- 1) M 323
- 2) CSL-09A
- 3) CSL-13
- 4) B 311
- 5) CSL-11R
- 6) CSL-14
- 7) CSL-02
- 8) CSL-12
- 9) V 205
- 10) CSL-15A
- 11) CSL-11A
- 12) A 226
- 13) CSL-13A
- 14) CSL-10
- 15) U 205
- 16) A 311
- 17) CSL-02A
- 18) J 311
- 19) J 3
- 20) P 323

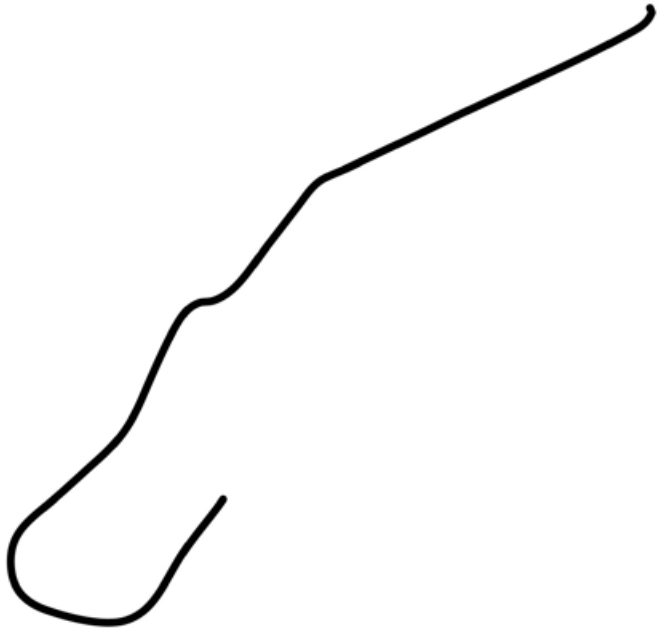
Xavier Duran

Path





AA77



UA175

{71} COMPOSITE

You Are Here / Spring 2012

A graphically minimal representation of the paths taken by hijacked airplanes in the September 11, 2001 attacks, "*Path*" engages memory and emotional responses to stand in for map legends in locating oneself during the tumultuous event.



UA93

Charles Williams

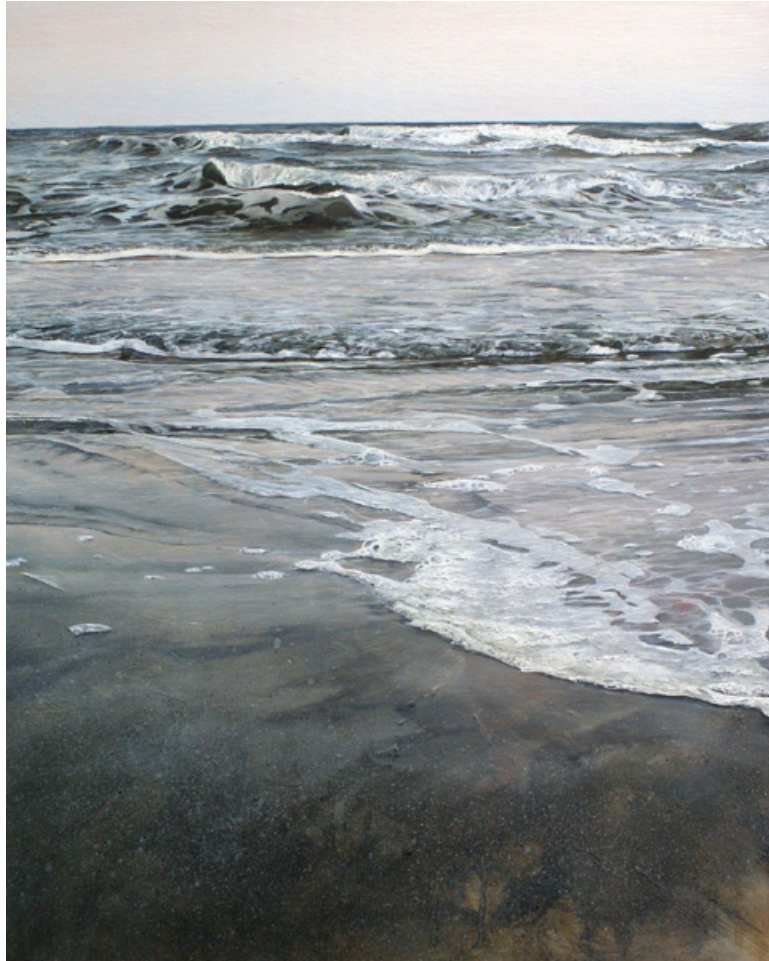


After Hours. 12"x24". Oil on canvas

I explore the relationship between human emotions and the natural environment. These parallel perspectives are the basis for my landscapes, channeled onto canvas. With each painting, each environment reflects the sense of what is present and real.



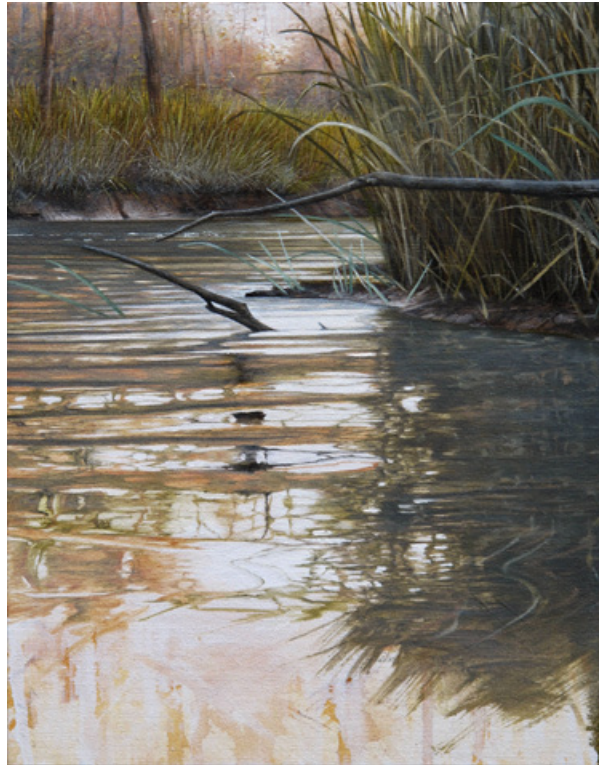
Absence. 30"x30". Oil on canvas



Breakage. 16"x20". Oil on panel



Mirrored Souls. 36"x60". Oil on canvas



Seconds Past. 11"x14". Oil on canvas



Standing Still. 36"x60". Oil on canvas



Will it Last. 12"x12" ea.(diptych). Oil on canvas

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

No. 7 You Are Here

Ellis Calvin is a graphic designer and urbanist living in Chicago. He has a degree in geography from University of Chicago and a great love of maps. You can find out more at elliscalvin.com.

Regin Igloria maintains a studio practice which revolves around teaching and serving as an arts administrator. He teaches studio courses at Marwen, a nonprofit youth arts organization, and has taught nationwide at various academies. He has exhibited his work internationally, most recently the ANTI Contemporary Art Festival in Finland. He received his MFA in Painting from Rhode Island School of Design and is represented by Zg Gallery in Chicago, IL. See more at reginiglوريا.com.

Jared Carter is a singer/songwriter living in Austin, TX. You can follow him on Facebook, YouTube, and Reverbnation.

Kathryn Rodrigues was born in Ft. Benning, Georgia. She received a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Photography from the University of Illinois and a Master of Science in Art Education from the Massachusetts College of Art. She is currently based in Chicago and a teaching artist at a nonprofit youth arts organization called Marwen in Chicago. You can see more of her work at kathrynrodrigues.com.

Jenny Sidhu Mullins received her MFA at the Maryland Institute College of Art in 2009. Her work is included in the American Embassy in Mumbai's permanent collection and is featured in several national publications including the 2009 edition of New American Painting. Mullins' work was most recently featured at SCOPE Miami 2011. See more of her work at jennymullins.com.

Matt Galletta lives in upstate NY with his wife, daughter, and cats. His work has appeared in PigeonBike, Tree Killer Ink, and elsewhere. Contact him at mattgalletta.com.

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Deb Sokolow lives in Chicago. She is currently researching a number of disconcerting topics for upcoming exhibitions at The Drawing Center in New York City and The Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art in Hartford. Sokolow has been a contributor to Creative Time's Comics and to Swedish art magazine, Paletten. She received her MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2004. See more of her work at debsokolow.com.

Zarina Zabriskey started to write at six. She wrote and burned short stories traveling around the world as a street artist, fur coat model, translator, kickboxing instructor, and a hot dogs brand ambassador. Her work appeared in a number of literary magazines and anthologies worldwide, including Full of Crow Quarterly Fiction, The Blinking Anthology (UK), The Applicant (Nepal), Escape into Life Literary Magazine, Red Fez and Wicked East Press anthology. When not busy writing, Zarina likes to set the world on fire. Read more at Zarinazabriskey.com.

Serhi Chucky produces non-fiction photographs. He received his BFA in photography from the University of Illinois at Chicago in 2010 and is currently working on an MFA at Washington University in St. Louis. See more at serhiichucky.com.

Charles Williams is from Georgetown, South Carolina and is a graduate of Savannah College of Art and Design in Savannah, Georgia. With his Bachelor's Degree in Fine Art, Awards include 2009 Hudson River landscape Fellowship and 2011 28th Annual Art Competition for the Artist's Magazine along with Honorable Mention from Southwest Art Magazine 21 Emerging Under 31. Williams' contemporary landscapes have exhibited in galleries in the southeast and now are represented by Robert Lange Studios. See more at cewpaintings.com.

COMPOSITE INFO

No. 7 You Are Here

Coming Summer 2012: Issue No. 8 (Glitch). *We want control. We are not being anal, we are not being demanding, but rather stating the quintessential want of every breathing thing on this earth. We want to have dominion and conquest over the matter at hand. But, when we are not given such a right, all hell breaks loose. Hearts broken, faith questioned, the validity of our existence comes to question. Maybe we have no control, no right to be creators of the decadent? But, perhaps this is needed to wake us up, to reveal the endured spirit that has sprinted after trial and trial, to show that the profane abomination, resulting from the loss of strict control, is glorious. The Glitch has made it perfect.*

Composite is the brain-child and uncompensated project of:

Zach Clark has a tattoo of Illinois that is often a topic of conflict. His work can be viewed at www.zachclarkis.com.

Kara Cochran is here with you. Her work can be seen at www.karacochran.com.

Xavier Duran is an intellectual nomad. Lulz. You can view his work at www.xavierduran.com.

Suzanne Makol enjoys making imaginary trips using Google Maps. Her work can be viewed at www.suzannemakol.com.

Joey Pizzolato wants nothing more than to return to the fairytale that is Prague. 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.