

COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

No. 9 Function

Fall 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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Composite Arts Magazine: ISSN 2161-7961

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With this, our 9th issue, Composite officially turns two years old. Entering into our third year, we're still looking for ways to work closer with more artists to provide interesting conversations for you, the reader, to take in. Over the last year, we've taken ourselves out of the conversation as contributors to expand the number of artists we can work with each issue. We've also begun to open up the submission process for visual artists along with literary contributors by calling for proposals, again, hoping to expand our circle of creatives. Lastly, we've purchased 32 brand new jets to modernize our fleet and provide you with the best service possible.

Looking back on where we've come from, we couldn't have picked a better topic than function to mark our anniversary. Within this issue, we've brought together 12 artists and writers all working in or with a certain level of ambiguity and contradiction. This is an inherent aspect of dealing with function in art; jewelry made from deadly objects, containers for containers, deconstructed and reorganized book hardware void of any defining characteristics of it's past life, fashion constructed with almost zero fabric. These projects all, in some way, mirror what we originally sought out to do with Composite. We think of ourselves as existing in the space between traditional print publications and the immediate new media of blogs. We're willing to admit, by trying to be both, we ultimately can be neither. However, like all of our artists, we're ok with this paradigm.

As a society, we give names to things so we are comfortable with them. With a title, we assign an assumption of its purpose and function. Sometimes though, the best solution exists outside of classification. How and if you'll use it is completely up to you.

Zach Clark

Composite Editor

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In our homes, we hang art on walls or place it on bookshelves. It's a commodity displayed as home furnishing aesthetic, helping to define our personal styles. The books arranged spine-out continue the same conversation: we've read some, and generally enjoyed them, except of course the embarrassing tomes we've never read and haven't bothered to get rid of.

But our personal statements as collectors and patrons are so much louder. We're constantly purchasing and supporting art, whether we realize it or not. The cookbook you read, the ceramic bowls you mix ingredients in, the ergonomically pleasing water bottle you drink from, the apron you wear and the clothes you're hoping to protect. Even the food you prepare holds merit. Behind each of these items is a skilled and accomplished artist, author, or designer.

This is not to say that "everything is art" however, quite the contrary. We purchase and use these objects because they have been intentionally created to serve a purpose and were successful in fulfilling said purpose. Chests of drawers of kings and gowns by Goethe have been in museums and artistic institutions for years now, but we still covet Eames' chairs as furniture, as product.

No matter the prestige, its function defines its meaning.

Function

This is also not to say that traditional fine art and literature is without purpose, or that a product can only have one, function based, meaning. In fact, an item's disambiguation or decomposition of meaning can create a new meaning in itself. Through re-appropriation, an item can lose any meeting it once had; a complete lack of function can bring an object back to its simplest state—an aesthetic catalyst to conversation.

Brandon Proff

Distractions





The iPhone (and many other phones like it) is an amazing device. Many times more powerful than the computers in the capsules that took the first human beings up to orbit the Earth—and eventually to the moon—it is a perfect example of how quickly technology has advanced in a matter of sixty years and allowed us to do things we couldn't imagine: from making phone calls to having access to the entire history of any subject you can think of in the palm of your hand.

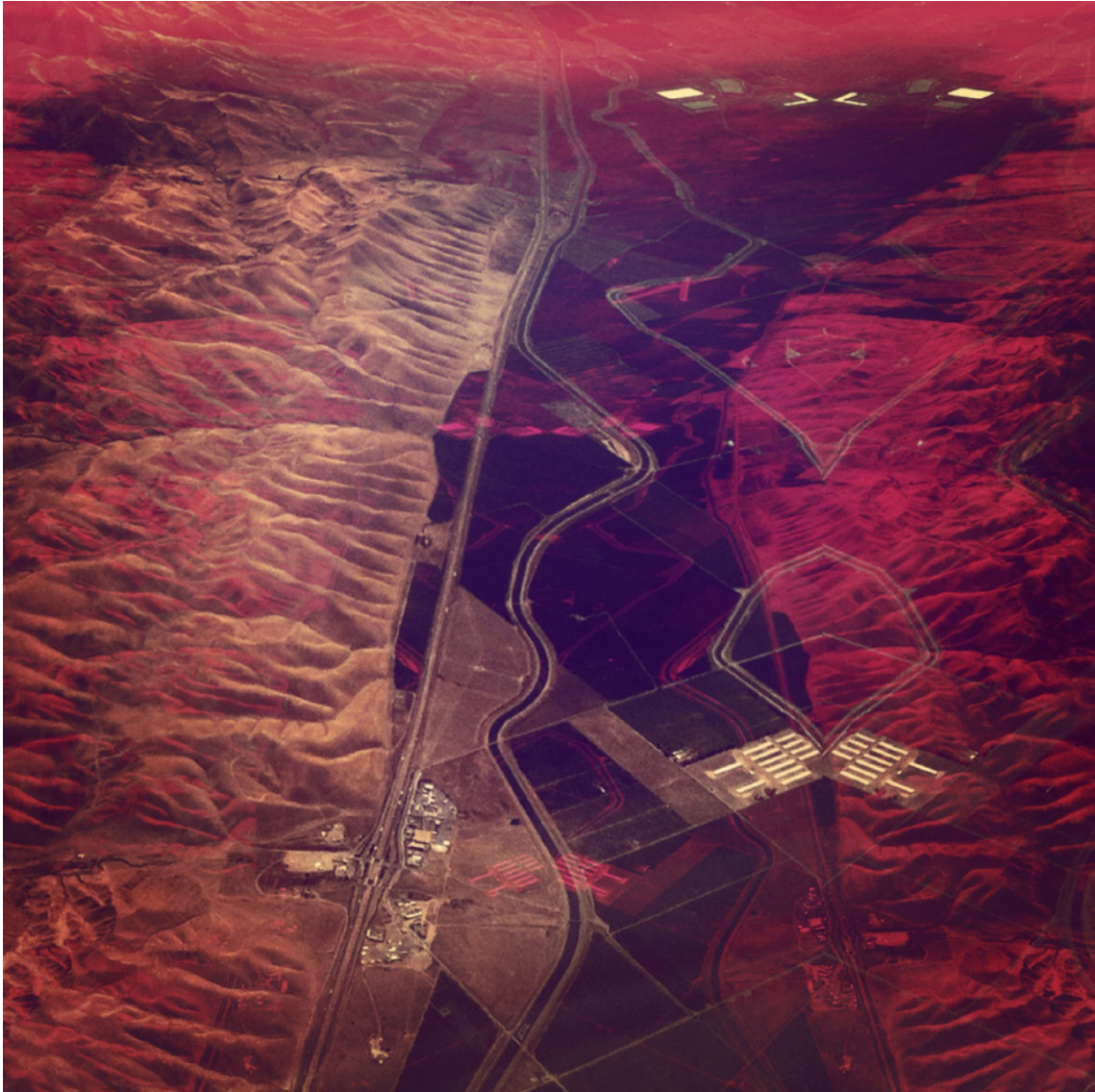
Brandon Proff



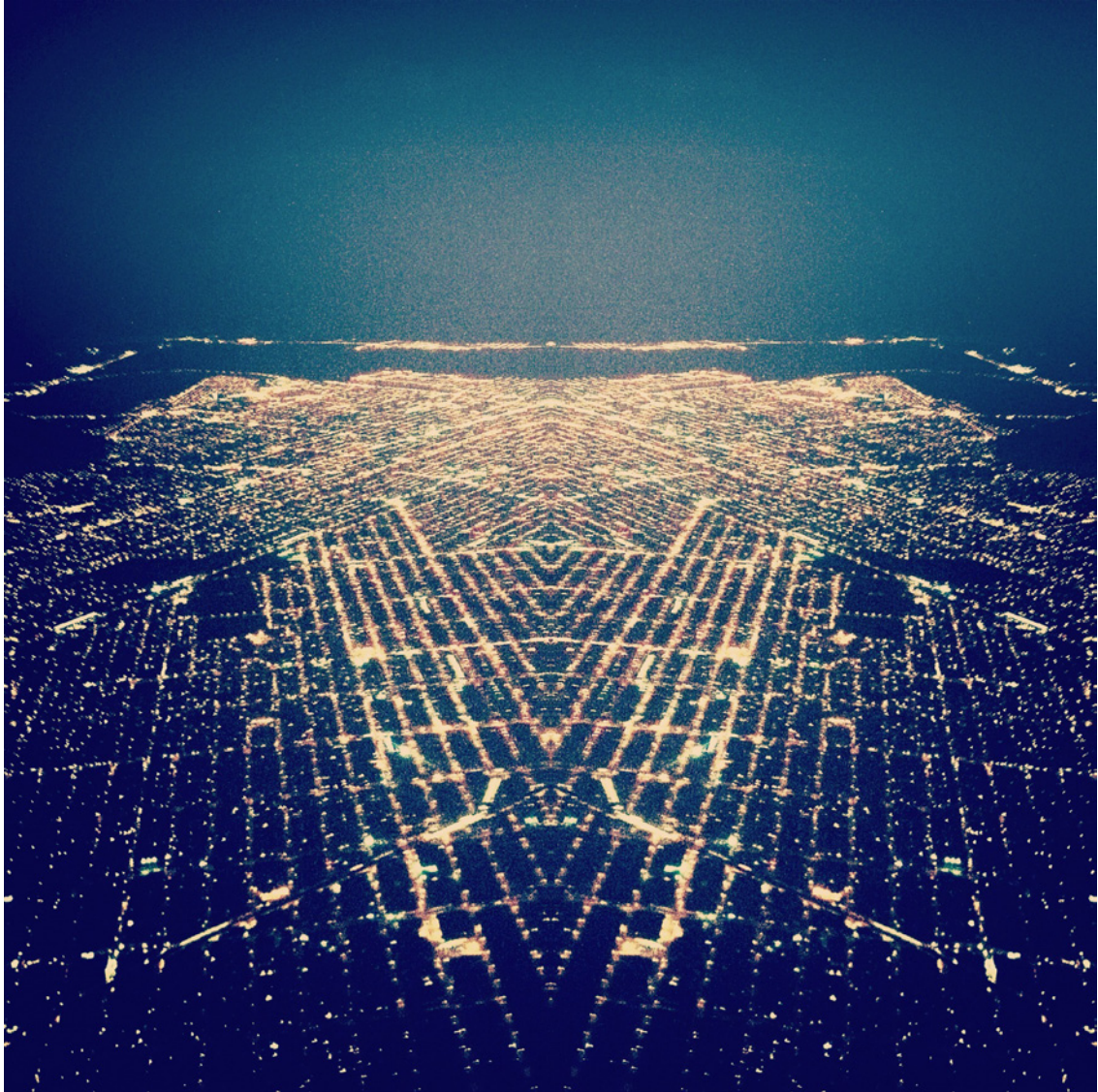
When I thought about what function means to me, I immediately thought of my phone. It's main function is to make calls and communicate with people. But, it is also a computer. As a graphic designer, the paradigm of, "I use my desktop computer to create my art and I use my smartphone to make calls" has blurred. This couldn't have been more true than the moment I realized I was able to distract myself from the fear of flying by creating unusual aerial photographs of the landscapes I was flying over using only the camera and apps on my iPhone. I stare 36,000 feet down to the ground and try to imagine what effects certain framing of the landscape would have. What it would look like if I cropped it this other way, or apply a certain filter to it.

Brandon **Proff**











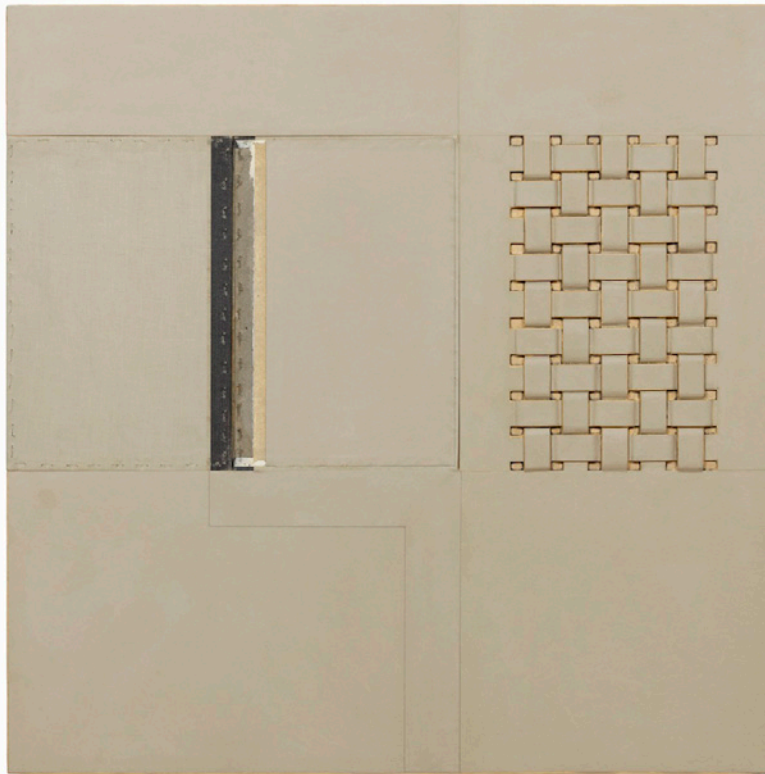
The function of my iPhone is multi-faceted. When I am on the ground it serves as it's intended function of cell phone. When I'm in the air, it's my escape. It actually makes flying enjoyable most of the time.

All of the images submitted were generated using only an iPhone 4S and a handful of apps on it, while I was flying between Denver, San Francisco, New York, and Austin.

Brandon **Proff**

John Fraser

Work In Relief



Confessional. 30" X 30" X 2 1/8". 2012

All works depicted are Graphite, Acrylic, and Mixed-Media Collage on Wood Panel Constructions.



Left-Handed Twin And Right-Handed Twin. Each Panel : 30" X 30" X 2 ¼". 2010

For an extended period of time, my work has addressed the basic tenets of structure, surface, form, material, and facture that I believe are central to being a maker of things. I remain interested in the materiality and formal relationships that exist between one thing and another, and of many things in concert, and I attempt to reconcile these concerns in a restrained, suggestive, and disciplined way.

Geometry has assisted in the organization of my compositions, and for me, a way to negotiate the process and control the passage of time. ***I employ found objects in my work because they are in and of the world, and possess a very real, latent energy.*** Working with found material involves a personal, critical act of selection, and I am sensitive to the humility of my chosen materials. My work is in response to an internal necessity rather than to external observation.

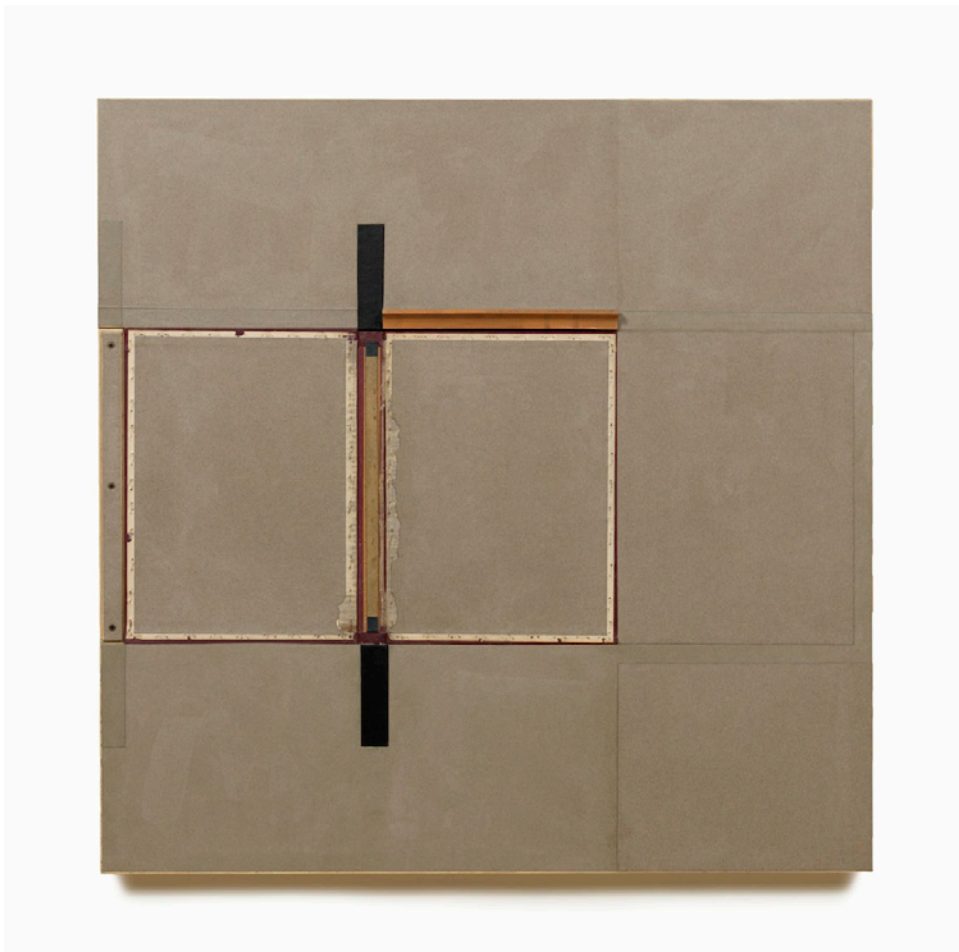
The architectural structures and spatial organization within my compositions are suggestive; a metaphor for a dialogue between interior and exterior, but are not limited to the forms we physically inhabit. The book covers and end-papers I employ in my constructions and collages specifically address the geometry and architectural structure of the book itself, the end-papers being fragile, again a metaphoric stand-in for all things temporary in nature.

My ongoing objective is to make something that can arrest time, and to offer the prospective viewer an object worthy of study and reflection, providing a place for contemplation, a visual experience, or just an opportunity for seeing.

John Fraser



Colonnade. 20" X 24" X 1 ¾". 2012



One Way In, One Way Out. 30" X 30" X 2 ½". 2012



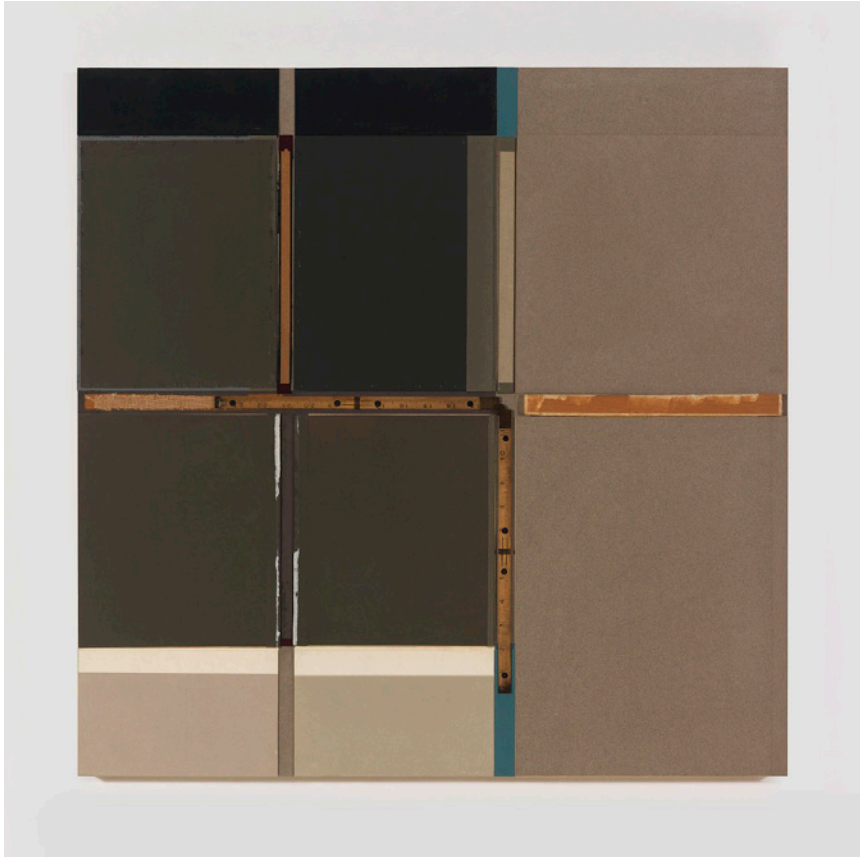
Bildtafeln. 30" X 30" X 2 ¼". 2011



For All We Know (For Polly). 48 1/4" X 30" X 2 1/4". 2011



Grey Interior II. 28" X 28" X 1 5/8". 2008-2012



District. 30" X 30" X 2 1/4". 2012



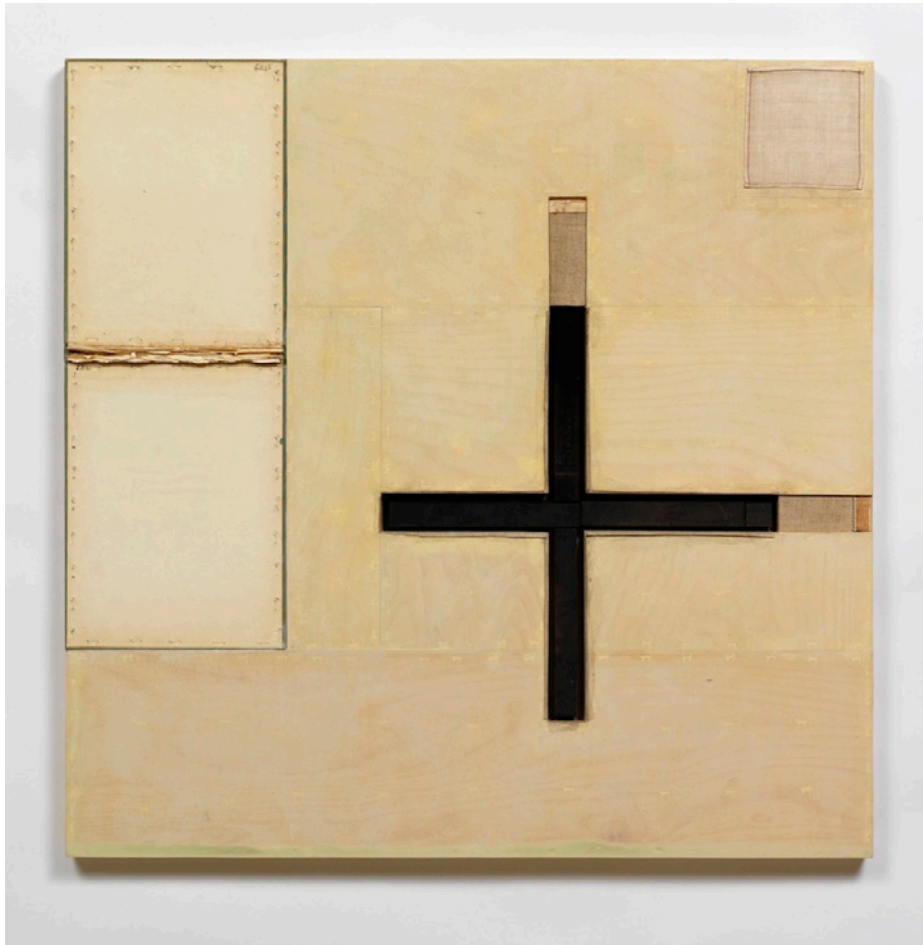
Where And When Window Meets Wall. 30" X 30" X 2". 2012



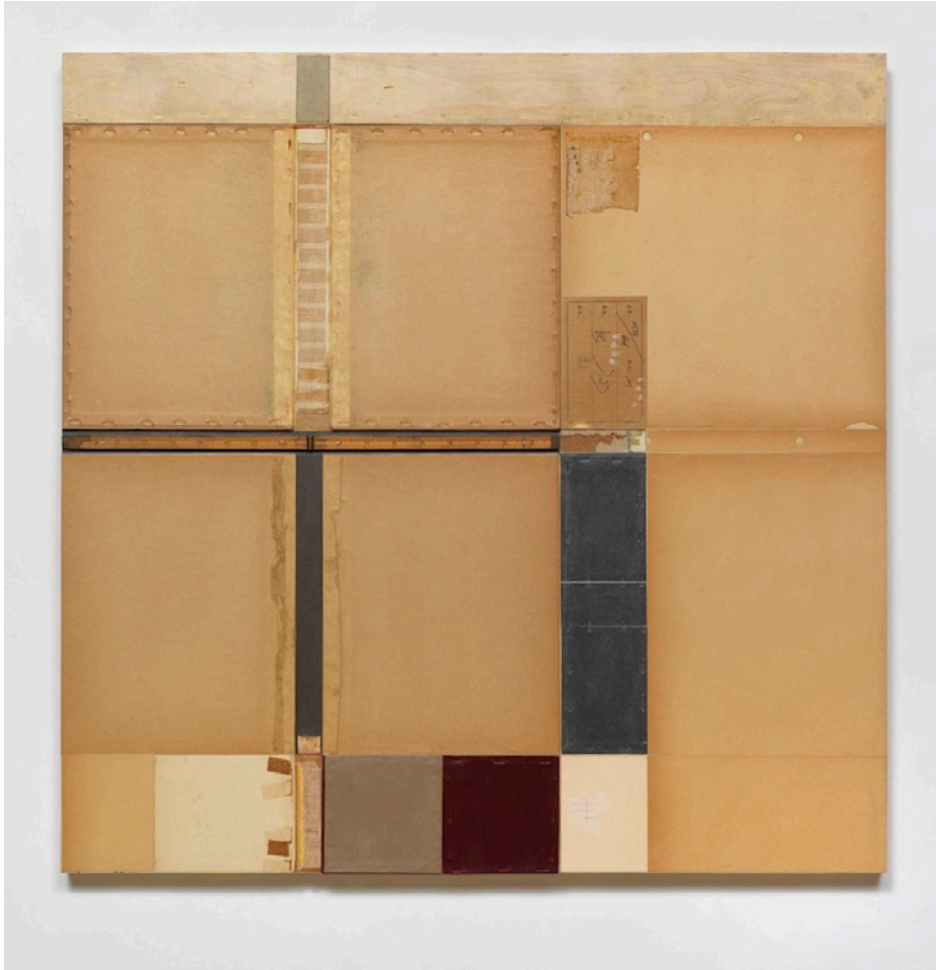
Twice Measured (Two Parts). 45" X 30" X 2 ½" (Overall). 2010



Formation. 23 ½" X 23 ½" X 1 ½". 2010



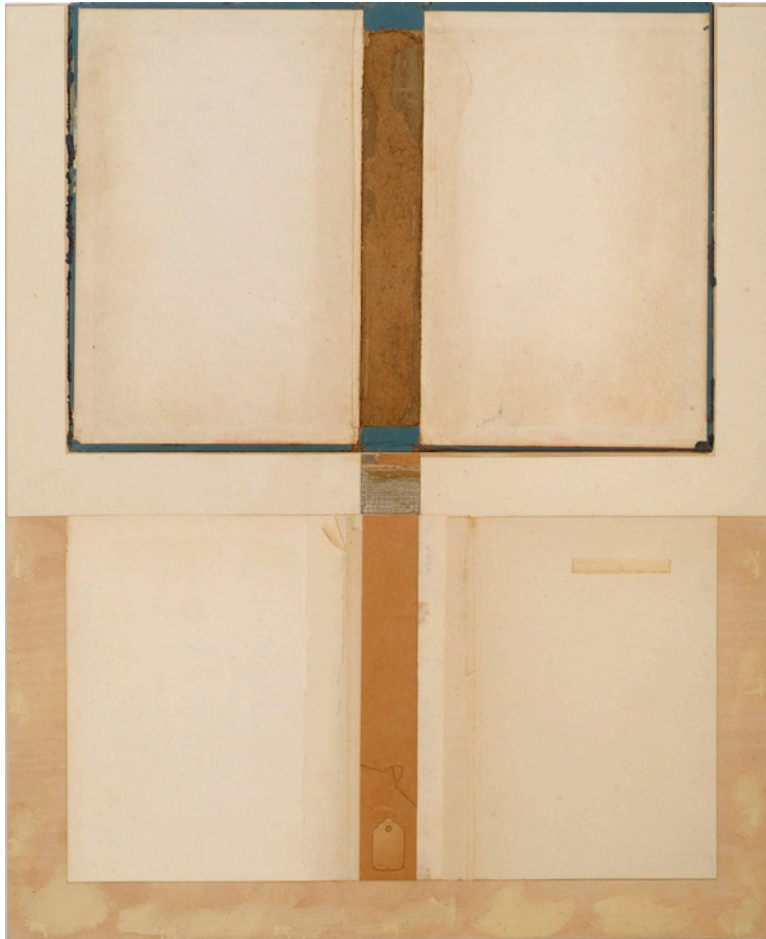
Composition With Black Positive. 30" X 30" X 1 ¼". 2009



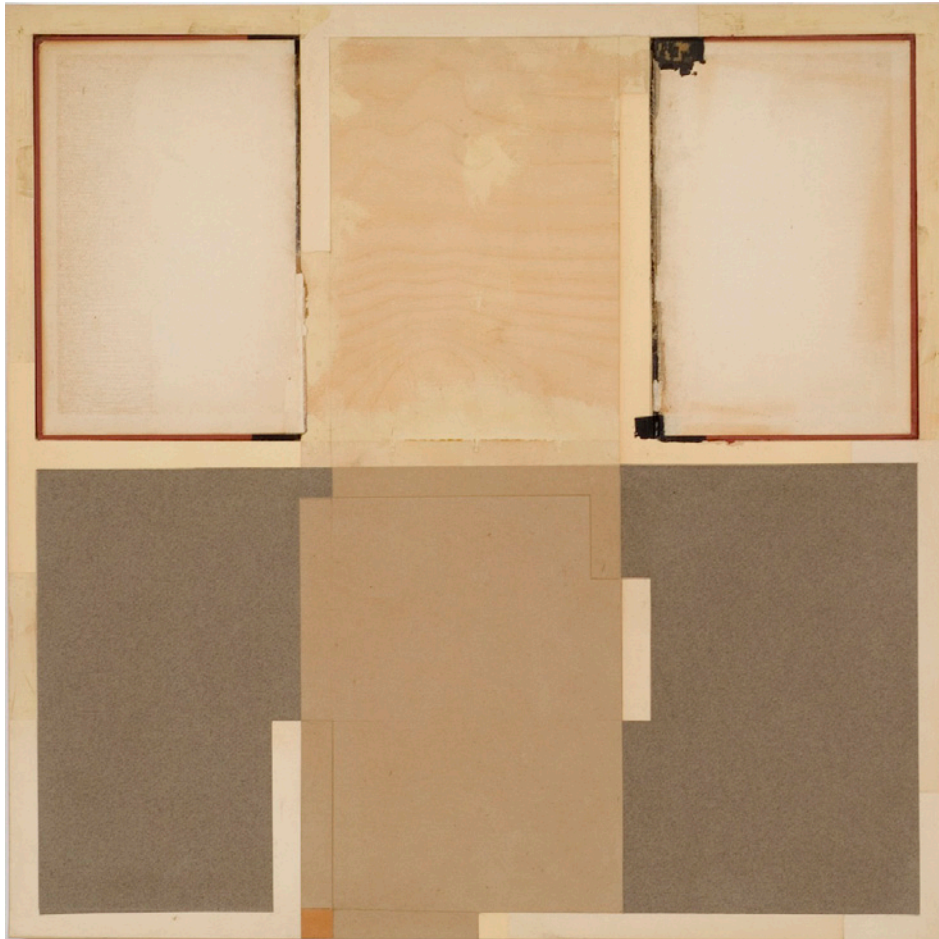
Tan Intersection With Burgundy Square. 30" X 30" X 2 1/4". 2010



Cul De Sac (Blue Vertical), 30" X 30" X 1 ½". 2010



Window Wall. 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ " X 14 $\frac{5}{8}$ " X 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". 2007



Renovation : Plan. 20" X 20" X 1 ¼". 2007

Andrea Spofford

Crystal

To begin: The boys wear jockstraps and call themselves “boys.” They are all young, over eighteen and under thirty, thin and lithe, lightly muscled, with eyes in blue and green and brown. They wear athletic socks and soccer cleats, brightly colored tennis shoes, Timberlands and hiking boots. A few wear dog tags, or leather collars, even fewer pendants on long chains. Their hair is cut short. They are handsome. They are tall.

To begin: You are in the Crystal Room with your friend and his boyfriend and both are twenty-eight but one looks much younger. They call it the Crystal Room because all the chairs are Lucite, stage plastic. Everything is neon.

To begin: Try to wash your hands in the bathroom sink. The sink is full of toilet paper and empty toilet paper rolls and something that looks like blood. Your hands feel very dirty. The boys are waiting outside because one of them has coke and offered you some. You are one of three women in the building. One of the other girls likes the boys with the dog tags. The third is someone’s fiancée.

To begin: I am from Singapore. I am from Venezuela. Do you speak Spanish? I am from Chicago. I am from Los Angeles. Where am I from? I am from Colorado.

To begin: You take Codeine and Soma and wonder why you can’t feel either and the girl, the one who likes dog tags, offers you another, your choice.

To begin: You start at Café Too, uptown. From there Boy’s Town and three bars where you order: vodka tonic, peach lemonade, vodka tonic with extra lime.

To begin: There is one with eyes so open you are certain he is high, though he is not the one with the coke, the one outside the bathroom, the one who knows you are here with friends, friends that have twenty one-dollar bills each, who walk up to each boy and draw him close, pushing the cash upon him while he shuffles from one foot to the other. He says he is Tony, you are “a beautiful girl,” and he would like to meet you later. You want to wash your hands.

Kong Screenprinting





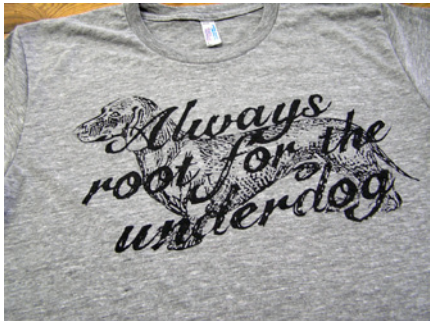
There are few things more commonplace than a T-shirt. Chances are you have purchased one in the past month; and it's not a stretch to say that nearly every person on Earth owns one. Their worth fluctuates: they are, at once, given away and sold for hundreds of dollars. In one instance, the shirt can be a token of attendance at a Regional Sales Conference, destined for the back of the closet or the bottom of the drawer. In another instance, the shirt, the other can be prized as high fashion, art, and possibly never put to its intended use: to be worn.

At their core, there is little that separates them. Both are physically the same: they are both made of fabric, often cotton or other natural fiber, woven and sewn into a shape generic T shape, with arms and a neck hole. Both are adorned with ink to give it varying degrees of life.

But, by putting careful thought into the design and the message the creator wants to convey, a T-shirt can become more than just something worn as an afterthought.

It is this tiny separation that makes the two worlds apart.

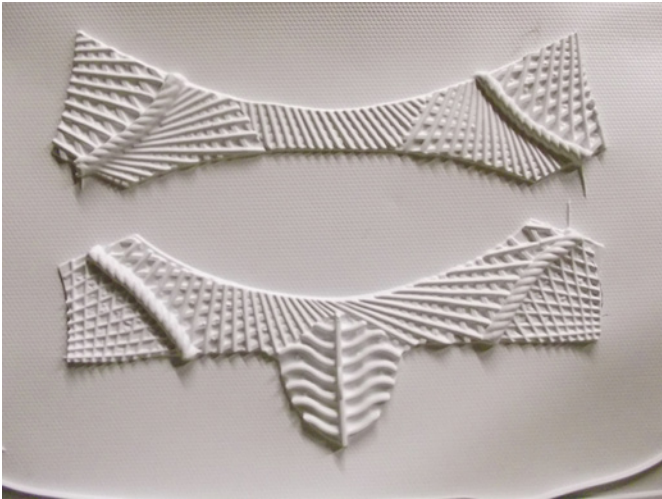




James Zormeir

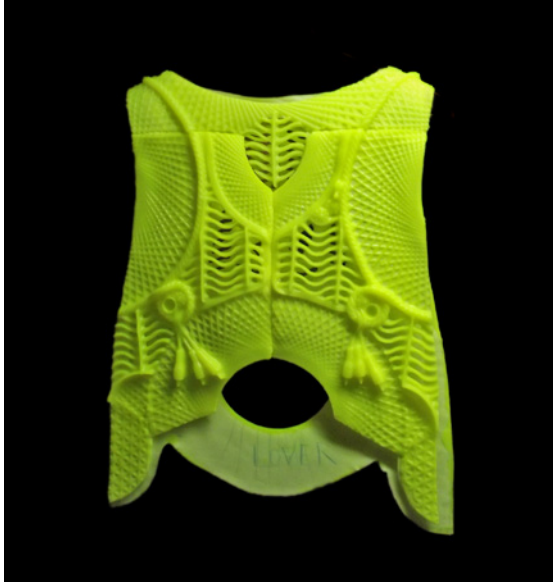
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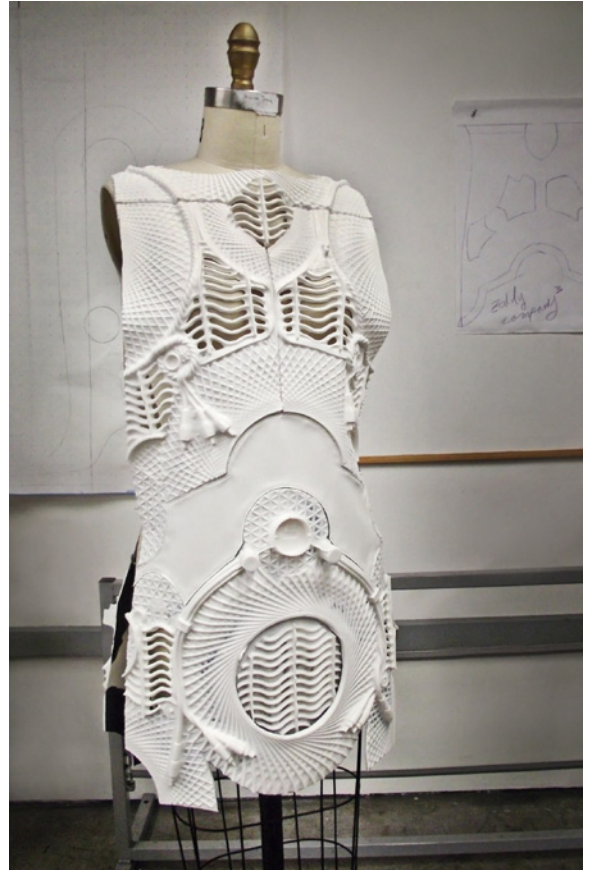


In the name of progress, technology will continue to develop and morph the landscapes of today and the not so distant future. *As the mind of humanity evolves so will the requirements of protection, utility and aesthetic.* My current work is only the beginning of a lifelong navigation between the world of rational development and fantastic unknowns.





The making of plastic molds and casted silicone garments represents an exploration of perceived material functions and imagined possibilities. In the future what is considered clothing and its function will be very different from today. In beginning to reconfigure the manufacturing process, materials, and visual makeup of garments I have been able to start to see what the future of technological integration between device, garment, and anatomy will become.



Robert Mertens

Post-Apocalyptic Sacra



"The Great Absence" The skyward sieve and the tendriled siphoning. VHS Tape, Various Electronics, Electrical Wire 12 Harness Waffle, Double Cloth Weave, Macrame and Crochet. 2012

Lying somewhere between speculative fiction, archaic histories, and relic-like sculpture, my work explores notions of mysticism and discovery. I use the woven order of various fiber art processes to corral the chaotic overabundance of media devices and I regard this techno-detritus as a new raw material. Emerging from this new resource is a contemporary eschatological mythology.

My work addresses media excess, technological conquest and subsequent archival abandonment by memorializing and sanctifying media detritus through rituals and mythological branding. *In other words, I create shrines or sacra containing a fictional narrative of a future culture, which is based on the overabundance and constant progression of contemporary Western society.* It is important to look to the media scrap pile as an anthropological source to speculate our trajectory. Traces of histories are quickly being left behind on old hard drives, lost broadcast waves and miles of magnetic tape. Each material contains the potential of personal stories, scientific research, news broadcasts and countless other narratives. This detritus symbolizes the mystery and revelation possible in objects.



"The Great Absence" The skyward sieve and the tendriled siphoning (detail). VHS Tape, Various Electronics, Electrical Wire 12 Harness Waffle, Double Cloth Weave, Macrame and Crochet. 2012



Since my arrival to the Pacific Northwest, I have advanced my skills with fibers techniques specifically in weaving. My focus has been on the ancient and spiritual aspects of these techniques due to their traditional applications in domestic and non-western High Art. Techniques such as macramé, knitting, weaving, and beading have pre-historical origins that, in many cases, were tied to sacred or mundane rituals. This is precisely why I've chosen to work within this language; the understanding of skilled and material history highlights an aspect of ritual function in my work. When the ancient technique becomes connected to contemporary emblems of progress and waste, I arrive at the space I'm aiming for, the archaic past unified with the speculative future which reestablishes an element of functionality.

My work is an urgent plea for re-imagining our collective future and embracing aspects of our technological progression rather than forgetting its past.

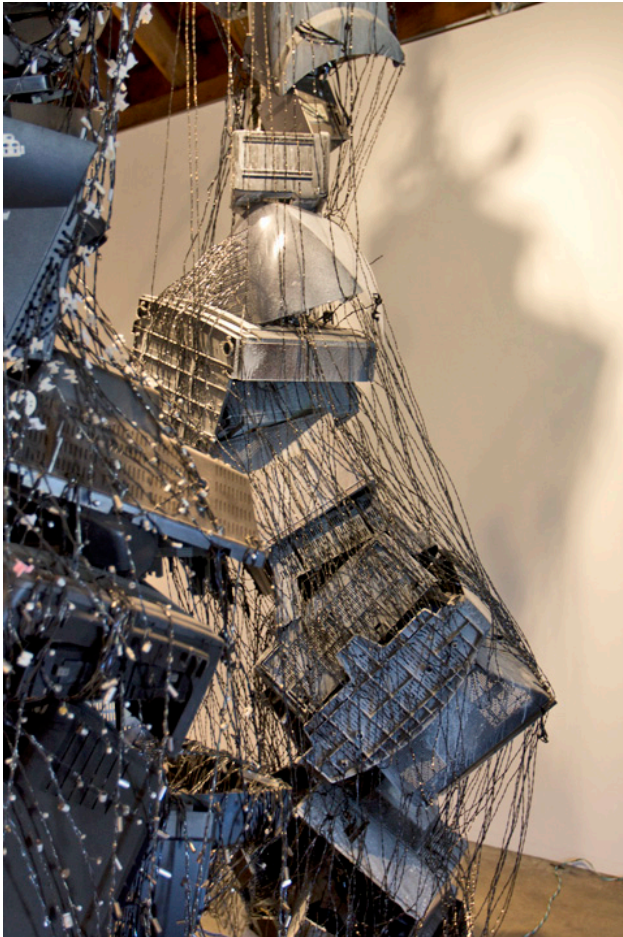
"The Mission Lines of Membering" The collar and wings of the darkness after.
VHS Tape, Flexible Conduit, Electrical Wire, Needle Weaving, Macrame and Crochet. 2012

Robert **Mertens**



"Polarity Temple" Altar and towers to the great transmissions.
Rectifier TVs, Electronic Components, VHS Tape, 12 Harness Waffle Weave, Beading, Crochet. 2012

Robert **Mertens**



"Polarity Temple" Altar and towers to the great transmissions. (detail)



"Polarity Temple" Altar and towers to the great transmissions. (detail)



"The Radio Sky Lines" The vibrations of the waves above. Cassette Tapes, Crochet. 2012



"The Radio Sky Lines" The vibrations of the waves above. Cassette Tapes, Crochet. 2012



"The Radio Sky Lines" The vibrations of the waves above. Cassette Tapes, Crochet. 2012

Elizabeth **Copland**

Craftsman's Tea Set





Craftsmen Tea Set, clay. 2012



Tea sets are delicate relics, carefully painted and saved for special occasions, quiet rooms and dainty hands. *I wanted to create tea set for the working man, whose craft often goes unnoticed or unrecognized.*

This set is a reflection of three hardworking men in my life: my father is a carpenter, my grandfather was a welder and worked as a pipefitter, and my great-grandfather was a bricklayer. These simple hand-built cups reflect the materials that are used each day to build the foundation of our buildings, our homes, and our cities. Though fired clay can be delicate, these cups are hearty and meant for weathered hands.

This set also reflects the intimacy that these men had with their material choices, just as I have nurtured an intimacy with clay. I am drawn to clay because of the delicious imperfections: a forgotten fingerprint or drip of glaze that will forever leave the viewer connected with the object's maker.

I see my own history in these works, as my relatives saw theirs within their chosen mediums. Ceramics is about history, process, and physicality, and I hope to infuse my own history, process and physicality into these objects.



Lita Kurth

The Glass Artists

Glass art: so technical, so magical. It's even political, erotic.

To watch a glass artist at work, you cross a fantastic bridge in Tacoma, Washington. Where other bridges have wrought iron or plants, this one offers hanging baskets of glass, blue spurts of frozen ocean. You look up: riotous fish and seaweed of glass. You look down: a fragile jungle of turtles and dolphins. You walk on art.

At the end of the bridge, the glass museum awaits, a metal silo, IMAX-like. This is where you'll watch the show, in a theatre of red plastic seats as nice as leather. In the first row, the fire warms your cheeks. Stairs descend to the stage where police tape warns: Keep aisle clear Keep aisle clear Keep aisle clear.

Mysterious steel appliances line the stage like washers and dryers. A stylishly written sign hangs on a metal chain: "Don't Open." A tiny crystal colt sits on top of one appliance. Sweet, you think. Made here? Or a joke about kitsch? A table holds stacks of large glass "teardrops" that shine blue-black. Real art, for sure.

In a corner stands a fan as tall as a man. And directly in front, the kiln's center glows, a yellow-orange sun in the dim room: the "glory hole." Keep your associations to yourself. This world has its own terms. The setting is spacious, smelling of lightly-scorched wood, easy, attractive danger.

Onstage, two pairs of young men in shorts and tee shirts work unhurriedly. One thrusts the end of a rod, a little glass beehive on a stick, into a kiln. After a while (Does he time it or watch the glass's behavior?), he pulls it out, grasping the rod perilously close to the middle. No one's wearing oven mitts. Is it safe? Or are they reckless? You look for scars, red burns, and don't see any.

The man swings the rod like a drum major, the forged end glowing orange-hot, a giant, heavy match. He is Vulcan, the god of the forge, and now it seems right that Vulcan married Aphrodite.

Seated at a bench, he rolls the rod over iron arms. The glass on the end wiggles and flops. It might be many things. It might be broken in many ways. Still seated, he cuts the end of the hot glass with pliers. The excess falls to the floor, a foreskin.

Another artist steps up and blows into the long rod with molten glass at the end. Everything proceeds in smooth motion. No "Ouch!" or "Watch out!" or "Whoops!" Where's the first aid station? This is fire they're playing with.

A blow torch on a tripod flames continual blue, the center of this disco. Under the torch, the glass writhes,

***"He is Vulcan, the god
of the forge, and now it
seems right that Vulcan
married Aphrodite."***

blue flame on this side, orange on the other. It heats and heats in the middle, but never bursts into flame. How surprisingly glass cools from orange to black. Or rather, not black, but midnight blue, from orange alive to heaps of teardrops. A couple drops of cold water are all it takes to crack the end right off. How you get from beginning to end—that's the beautiful part.

The young man tosses the blowtorch back to the stand as if it were a hair dryer. There are many ways that glass does not break and hands do not get burned. Behind the bench, a drill sits on a shelf. Yes, you can drill glass. And you need to. Overnight it shrinks three percent. You've got to reduce the internal stress, release the trapped air. In a second oven, it will cool slowly all night. Later the hole will be covered over, and in some cases, drilled again and wired.

Safe and confident with the dangerous point of the drill, they trust their hands not to slip—is that it? To be so good you avoid error?

All the glass workers wear tee shirts and shorts, except for one man with dreads wearing long pants and sleeves. With chalk, he draws a beautiful circle on the floor. He draws it perfectly, then fixes it to even greater perfection. He lifts a globe, looking at Mexico, and charks another line on the floor, loops like a child's drawing of girls' hair. His own hair is ashen on top, scorched black beneath. He circles more locations on the globe. One is Iraq, it seems, one Oklahoma, and one Saudi Arabia. Is this political? Or merely where he wants the glass to flow? The globe is covered with wet newspaper. Molten red glass is touched to it. The man in long sleeves—Fred Wilson, the featured artist—holds the globe without a glove. The glass laid on the globe is stroked with a wooden paddle.

The glass crew works to Michael Jackson's Thriller, music that's recorded, finished, done. Every word, every note is out and cannot be changed, only repeated.

Back at the bench-with-arms, an artist is rolling a rod. Now he extends a wooden cup on a long stick and applies it to the molten glass at the rod's end, creating a perfect rounded shape. The wooden cup doesn't catch fire—only the pleasant aroma of scorched wood pervades—but inside, the cup is black.

Further downstage is another bench. At times, two sets of men, a sort of galley, roll rods along the arms. A man directs a blowtorch like a garden hose. He uses a little whisk broom to sweep the soft hot glass at the end of his pole.

Closer, Fred Wilson circles Texas on the globe, Venezuela, Zanzibar, Nigeria, the North Sea, Alaska too, all the oil-rich areas. It's political. A black-suited man with a white shirt appears on stage, talks to the artist. No doubt a patron of the arts—he lacks a tie.

Art helps us discover things. Today we discover that even a song preserved on vinyl can alter after all, because, when Michael Jackson resumes, someone in the room starts whistling. And that changes everything a little.

In the gallery, Fred Wilson's magnificent pool of ebony glass drips on the floor like blood from a structure above, and yes, although it's solid-hard, it looks like oil, telling you without words what the world will do for that product.

Last stop is the children's studio where you can make a kaleidoscope from a 35mm film container and bits of colored plastic. The artist there tells you: most glassworkers don't have eyebrows.

JAKIMAC









I started using bullets in my jewelry after a friend gave me a handful of them from a shooting range. I love the idea of reusing materials. ***This powerful brass object (sometimes silver or copper as well) that was once packed with gunpowder and fired out of a weapon at speeds of over 600 mph, lives a second life, as a dainty piece of jewelry.***

When I was in art school, I studied painting and drawing. I often painted dark subject matter, but the painting itself did not visually result in a “dark” painting. I did a series on cancer cells in which I painted them at macro scale, in bright pastel colors. The finished pieces resulted in abstract color fields rather than medically correct images of the cells. I can’t explain why, but I am obsessed with transforming, disguising, altering taboo and dark subjects into things of beauty.

It’s the same idea with bullet shells. Bullets can be used to kill, but the material they are made out of – brass — is one of the most common and versatile types of metal. Brass has also always been a main staple of any jewelry maker’s materials.

I use a lot of dark materials to make jewelry. I use leather, antler bone, bullet shells, bolts, nuts, and more. I like to use raw materials and work with them, whether it’s cutting, sanding, drilling, burning, sewing, riveting, etc.



















Tedd McDonah

Implied or Otherwise, Does the Work “Work?”



More Original Recyclures. Copper, preprinted steel (tin cans, lids, other various sources), commercial hooks and split rings. 4.5"X1.25"X1.25" (individually).

I have become the urban outdoorsman. As a child, I thrived in the outdoors. With limited oversight, and growing up in the country—sometimes on my grandparents farm, and sometimes at home—next to the Black River and low flood plains, and surrounding woods, I would play “hunter, gatherer” until I was called in for the day. Connections to the land were undetected back then. Realistically, I probably spent as much time watching TV as I did running through the woods, wading in the Black River, or watching my grandfather skin his trapped, and subsequently dead, animals.

Most activities around adults were restricted to observation. Activities in the absence of adults were the emulation of adult activities, i.e: grinding perfectly good farm machinery parts beyond repair. These were the acts that usually landed me in trouble, which led to the aforementioned sit-and-watch-and-be-quiet (observation). I was always eager to “do” with my hands.

I was not the hunter, fisherman, or trapper that my grandfather was. However, something in common with him stuck with me: the love of the outdoors.

I like to fish. I enjoy the quiet trolling motor sound, as I work my way around the water. Every now and then, a fish will give sport to experience and sometimes provide protein to the diet.

With a sincere interest in (fishing) lures in general, there is ample suggestion in my work of a duality present as it relates to the idea of the “alluring” at a humanistic level as well as the formal nod to traditional fishing apparatus of the upper midwest. Spoons, bucktails, “stick-baits,” lipless crank baits, are on my mind for manufacture for sport fishing, as well as decorative objects, or contemplative objects of art.





Winkin, Blinkin, and Nod. Copper/fine silver mokume-gane; copper/nickel silver mokume-gane; copper/nickel/brass mokume-gane; copper, vitreous enamels, peridot, sterling silver, commercial hooks and fittings. W: 7"X1.5"X1.5", B: 4.5"X1"X1" and N: 4.5"X2"X1" (all approx.)



Pace Original Recyclure. Copper, preprinted steel (tin cans, lids, other various sources), commercial hooks and split rings. 4.5"X1.25"X1.25"





Bad Mitten Musky Lure. Found objects, copper, carnelian, commercial hooks. 10.5"X4"X1.5"



Polkadoncer. Copper, sterling silver, fresh water pearl, vitreous enamels, foam, commercial hooks and fittings. 3.25"X3"X.5" (approx.).

Allie Marini Batts

His Boots

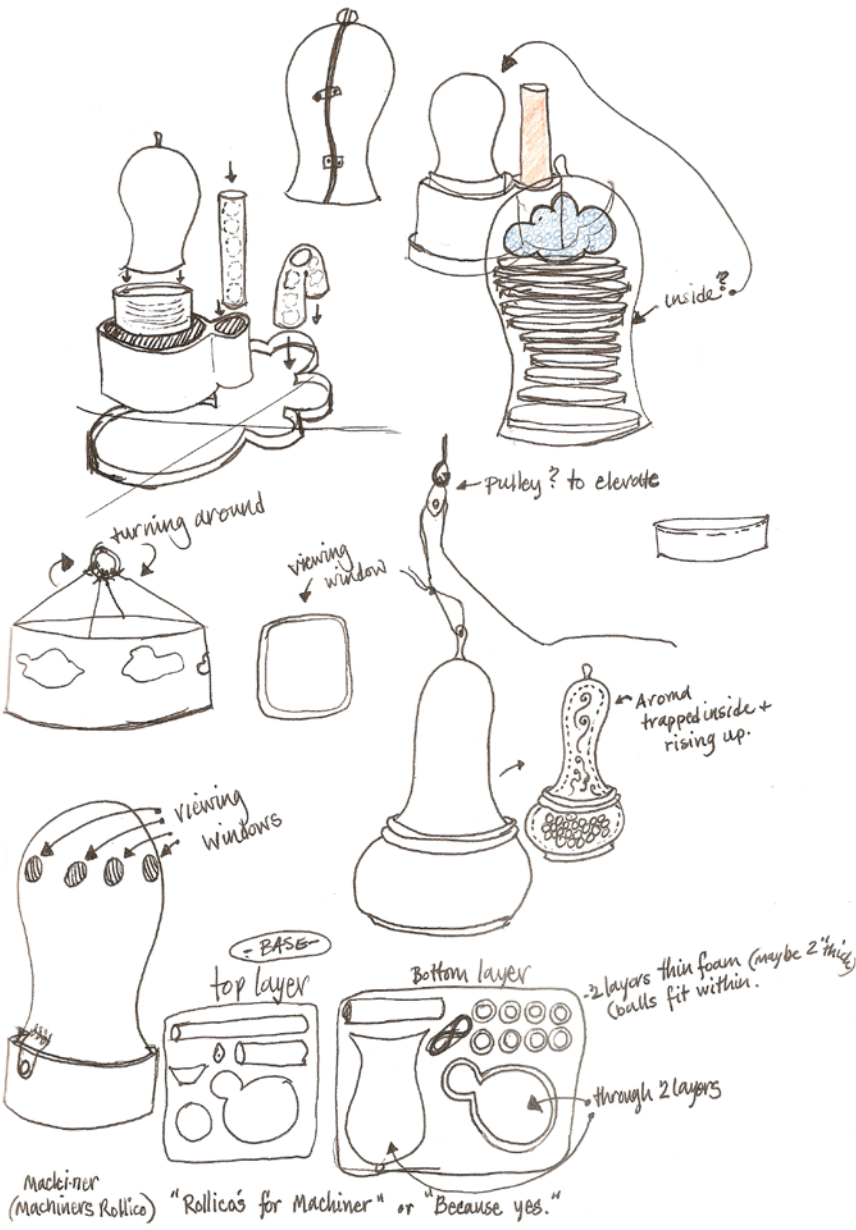
...have been resoled six different times, and I will willingly make the drive to the leathersmith six or six-hundred more times to have new soles stitched onto the bodies, buttersoft from use, scuffed from wear, stained with mud and oil and seawater. I found these boots for him, forgotten and dusty as they were, on the racks of a Salvation Army store when my love for him was still stiff as new leather, not broken in or comfortable just yet. Their color, a deep oxblood, filmed over in grime, no hint of the luster that would appear with a stiff polishing—the rich color of heart’s blood, the leather smelled of mildew, but thinly. A swipe of ammonia would take the dirt of disuse away and pitch it back into the bin. The boots were sized 10 D. I had no idea what it meant, I only knew his feet were sized somewhere between 10 ½ and 11—but for a mere ten dollars, the authentic leather and thick lug soles of the engineer boots were worth at least a try, because I wanted him to wear me on his feet, to break me in and make me soft in all the places I was stiff. I wanted to wear a blister on his heel and break it, so that once my pinch was done we’d be accustomed to each other and neither the bare skin of his feet nor my leather cover could ever remember a time when we’d been apart. I wanted him to reach for me when he dressed to go out, to make sure I was waiting by the door when it was rainy; I wanted to tuck or untuck the cuffs of his jeans and make sure he went out into the yard and the street with his feet protected, ensconced in rubber and leather boots that would keep rocks and glass and mud and pinecones from opening the soft flesh, or keep the soft and squishy things from working their way between his toes. I brought him home the boots and a tin of polish, a new pair of thick socks to protect against the blisters, and a set of foam inserts to mould themselves to the curve of his high arches. When he slid the boots on, I could barely contain my delight at the way they fit him perfectly, and for as many years since that I have gone to sleep with his boots at the doorway, I will always smile at the way I brought them home as though I carried a prize. They are his favorite boots, and he always reaches for them first when he dresses in the morning. Like me, the leather has softened into his favorite covering for his skin. The holes he wears in the soles are from their utility and the need he has for them in his daily adventures, and so no matter how many trips to the leathersmith they require, I will gladly take them each time, lest he replace them with a newer pair, which will not know the curves and arches of his foot the way that I do, nor will they love those details half as much.

Carrie Ohm

Because, Yes



Because, Yes. Medium: Porcelain, snaps, leather, felt, suitcases, foam, rubber. Dimensions variable



My work begins with objects. Sometimes it centers around objects and their functions. When stories start to integrate with and develop through these objects the work becomes exciting. The stories vary from piece to piece. Objects have manifested themselves into many pieces whose subjects range from relative scales of success and failure, to journeys and travel, to my own secret insecure inner hero, to memory, to desires, to perception, and to spectacle.

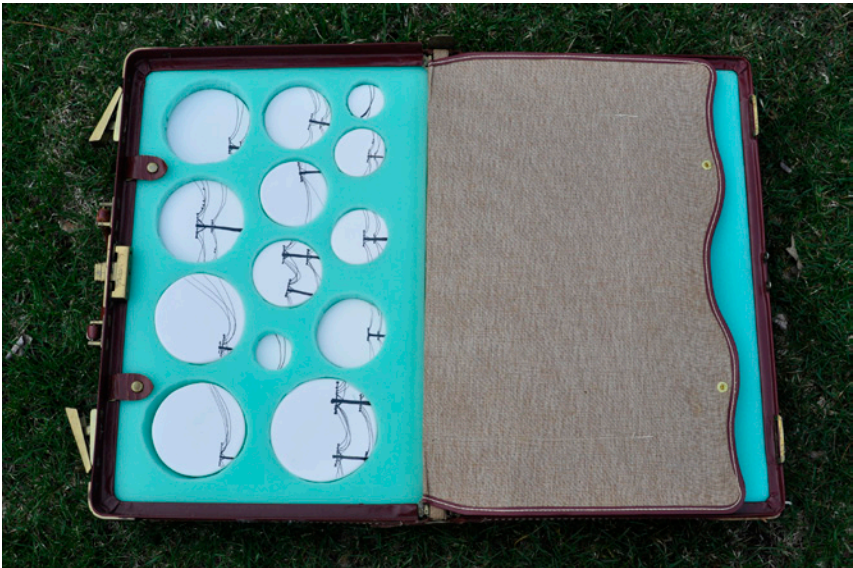
I like filtering stories through the notion of spectacle, anything bigger or better, synchronized, brightly colored and given special attention. ***I embrace all spectacles, especially the unassuming one that begins with simple changes in everyday activities.*** Two people brushing their teeth simultaneously can be as spectacular as shadows on a wall, a fire hydrant in the right light, a dance recital.



Dome-lidded containers and variously shaped disks are carried into different locations carefully nestled inside two old suitcases. Along the journey, the items are unpacked, opened, stacked, filled and re-packed. Then they continue on their way. The stacks are clumsy and sliding, but, every effort is made to organize and contain these disks marked with reminders of the distance traveled.

A consistent theme focused on hanging on and letting go; but, recently shifted toward trying to control chaos. ***I am now on a desperate yet futile search for containers to contain the uncontainable.*** I attempt to organize, contain, catalogue and reconfigure. I dream of large, precarious stacks secured under custom-fit domes and lids that snap around and balloon over bulbous mounds. I want to slow time, record the clouds moving fast outside the window, memorize the birds and the curve of the wires from the passing poles and really embrace the journey by harnessing piles of trinkets, mementos, memories and expectations. To aid in my frustration, I set the perimeters just out of reach and when nearing a solution invent new problems to solve: a viewing window, moving parts, unsuspecting participants, fragility. To address my desires, I look to many places at once for something happening right in front of me. My simultaneous search for calm and adventure leave my wanderlust feeling like an extravagant buffoon. I want to love my buffoon. Together we can do some night driving. Why, because yes.

Carrie Ohm







CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

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Brandon Proff is from Spokane Valley, WA but it was just called Spokane when he lived there. He currently lives in Denver, CO with Hannah (wife) and Rem (Scottish terrier). He splits his time between a mobile UI/graphic design job and owning and operating a brewery. He routinely bites off more than he can chew and he loves it when he isn't hating it. His work can be found at BrandonProff.com.

John Fraser 's mixed media works on paper, and of other materials in combination, have been exhibited in one-person and group exhibitions throughout the United States, and in Munich, Germany, Tokyo, Japan, Edmonton, Canada, as well as in other countries throughout Europe. His work is represented by galleries in Chicago, Munich, La Jolla, Nashville, and Fort Worth. He received a MFA from Northern Illinois University, and his BA from Roosevelt University, and he has received Grants and Fellowships from Arts Midwest/NEA, The Illinois Arts Council, and The Robert MacNamara Foundation. His work can be found at johnfraserstudio.com.

Andrea Spofford is a native Californian transplanted to the south. She writes poems and essays, some of which can be found in 100 Word Story, Blood Orange Review, Rabbit Catastrophe, and The Coachella Review.

Kong Screenprinting is Bruce Braden and Ryan Burkhart. Together, they put over 20 years of design, print and business experience to work for their clients on all sorts of projects. They find inspiration in indy rock, humor, puns, good design, and the unique culture that makes up Austin, TX. They have a midwest sensibility and work ethic that is peppered with southern wit and charm. Their work can be found at kongscreenprinting.com.

James Zormeir is an artist who was born in Port Townsend, Wa, and grew up in a central Montana. His current work employs mass produced objects, castings, and industrial manufacturing techniques to create artesian articles, garments and accessories. Through fashion design James explores societal perceptions of garments and potentially what they may become in the future as manufacturing and material technologies develop.

Robert Mertens is an Oregon-based visual and recording artist. His interests combine Post-Modernism, Post-Minimalism and the Post-Apocalypse. He has received his MFA in Fibers (2012) from the University of Oregon and a BFA in Sound (2008) from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He owns and operates "The Weaving Room" a textile and audio recording studio in Eugene OR. His work can be found at robertmertensartist.com.

Elizabeth Copland is a Seattle-based artist, who creates both functional and non-functional artwork. With a BFA in Ceramics

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

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from the University of Washington, she has been working with clay for over 10 years and was initially drawn to the medium because of the fluidity, and the beautiful imperfections that accompany the process of the craft. Her work can be found at elizabethcopland.com.

Lita Kurth (MFA Rainier Writers Workshop) is a regular contributor to tikkun.org/tikkundaily, theReviewReview.com, classism.org and has been published in *ellipsis...*, *On the Clock*, *Blast Furnace*, *NewVerseNews*, *Vermont Literary Quarterly*, and the *Santa Clara Review*.

Jackie Capozzoli got her BFA from Columbia College Chicago in 2010. Stumbling upon jewelry design and leather working as a hobby, Jackie fell in love with the craft and started to design under the name JAKIMAC. The alternative accessory company, with grunge and rock-inspired pieces for both men and women, has been featured in numerous publications and is now sold in boutiques worldwide. Her work can be found at jakimac.com.

Tedd McDonah is a educator/metalsmith-at-large currently living in Columbia, PA. In 2001 he earned his Masters of Fine Art from Arizona State University. Tedd's work has been exhibited an The National Ornamental Metal Museum, Memphis, TN; Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, OH; The National Crafts Gallery, Kilkenny, Ireland; and Mesa Contemporary Arts, Mesa Art Center, Mesa, AZ. His work has been published in the *500 Metal Vessels*, *Ironwork Today: Inside and Out*, *The Fine Art of the Tin Can*, *500 Enameled Objects*, *The Encyclopedia of Old Fishing Lures: Made in North America*, as well as, *Niche Magazine*, and *UPPERCASE Magazine*. His work can be found at metalmonger.blogspot.com.

Allie Marini Batts is an MFA candidate in fiction at Antioch University Los Angeles, meaning she can explain deconstruction-ism, but cannot perform simple math. Her work has been recognized for distinction in several literary competitions and published in over 100 journals, none of which her parents have ever heard of. Allie blogs at kiddeternity.wordpress.com and writes books reviews for the *Bookshelf Bombshells* www.bookshelfbombshells.com. She really, really likes boots.

Carrie Ohm (MFA 2000, School of the Art Institute of Chicago) Recently, reluctantly, relocated to the Bay area in California after 14 years in Chicago. She taught ceramics for 8 years at Governors State University. Her work utilizes ceramic objects used in conjunction with mixed materials and is often involved in performance of some sort. Lately she spends most of the time chasing 2 young sons, swimming, settling in and exploring. Her work can be found at carrieohm.daportfolio.com.

COMPOSITE INFO

Submissions

Composite Arts Magazine is now accepting proposals from visual artists for inclusion in upcoming Issues. We began as an invitation only project, and during our second year, we began accepting submissions of written work. Moving forward, we want to open up the conversation we are having by allowing visual artists to submit work as well. We will be announcing issue themes two issues in advance, on the date the most current issue is released; for example, on the date of the Fall release, we will announce the Spring Theme. Proposals for the newest themes will be due within two months of their announcement.

One of our favorite aspects of this publication has always been providing a venue for artists to show work that exists as a form of experimentation, does not fit into their normal repertoire, or they have been unable to show publicly for one reason or another. We're hoping through this process we'll be opening up to artists we are unfamiliar with or provide a space for those we know looking to branch out in their practice.

Selected proposals are currently unfunded. However, along with publication of the project, we are here to support and work with all artists as much as possible and can provide the use of our blog, web hosting of project collateral, and any other resources we may have access to. Please specify in proposal what you may need from us. We are interested in cultivating relationships with artists through the process of their projects.

Proposals are open to all mediums as long as they can exist within the final publication in a .pdf format. Proposals can be for work yet to be made, work in progress, or work that has been completed. Work that has already been completed must be no more than 2 years old, and also must include a written proposal/artist statement.

WE ARE CURRENTLY ACCEPTING SUBMISSIONS FOR:

Visual art proposals for our Spring Issue; Wilderness. Proposals are due on December 17, 2012, the release day of Composite No. 10 Interact.

Literary open submissions for Composite No. 10 Interact. Submissions are due on November 19th, 2012.

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

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Coming Fall 2012: Issue No. 10 Interact: *The “death of the artist” supports the viability in audience influenced and generated art. We no longer are exclusively viewers, but active participants in work being created. Today, we see creatives working in collaborative collectives outside of a defined medium. We’ve become more interested in mining for information and sharing it openly, hoping to complete the one way conversation occurring for centuries in galleries and museums. We’re looking for interaction.*

Composite is managed, curated, and edited by:

Zach Clark refuses to utilize style sheets. His work can be viewed at zachclarkis.com.

Kara Cochran, putting the funk in function. View her work at karacochran.com.

Xavier Duran can’t stop, won’t stop. You can view his work at xavierduran.com.

Suzanne Makol makes photographs with both highly and hardly functional cameras. Her work can be viewed at suzannemakol.com.

Joey Pizzolato is action verbs and adjectives. 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.