

# COMPOSITE

{Arts Magazine}

*No. 14 Reprobates*

Winter 2013



# COMPOSITE INFO

## *No. 14 Reprobates*

**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'm the type of person who makes "best albums of the year" lists* and then discusses it with strangers and other people who might not actually be interested. I tend to indulge a little wrecklessly on fancy fatty foods and middle-of-the-night breakfast burritos. When I have a couple of drinks, I begin to suggest and make future plans with people I've just met, which I consider charming and personable, but my wife, and likely others, think of it more as a little forward... creepy even. I did all three of these just last night over the course of a single party.

I honestly want to be best friends with basically everyone I meet. But of course, friendship brings with it having to accept the friend who never shows up to brunch the next morning because he's asleep on someone's floor. There's the friend who always is convincing people to lend him money, even tho he will never pay it back — unless he becomes a famous musician that is. Others have gambling problems, or hook up with your girlfriend... while she's still your girlfriend.

None of us are perfect, and we hopefully know and accept no one else is either, so we put up with each other anyways. Probably because our shortcomings are part of what makes us interesting, what makes us willing to be honest with each other. This is essentially what our 14th issue is about; I'll trade my secrets and embarrassing moments for yours. Sometimes our character flaws are innocent and humorous, others push the limitations of our relationships, even past the point of breaking. But part of the collective human experience is understanding what we're all capable of, and living with each other anyways.

**Zach Clark**

Composite Editor

# CONTENTS

## *No. 14 Reprobates*

	<b>David Fullarton</b>	<b>6</b>
	The Craftsmen of Destruction	
	<b>Eva Langston</b>	<b>15</b>
	The Collection of Princess Langwidere or The First Head	
	<b>Hank Feeley</b>	<b>17</b>
	Reprobates	
	<b>Susan Doherty</b>	<b>27</b>
	The Spare	
	<b>Dagmar Hrickova</b>	<b>29</b>
	Childhood Memories	
	<b>Christopher Herron</b>	<b>35</b>
	HELLBRAND	
	<b>John Thomas Menesini</b>	<b>46</b>
	The Good Old Days	
	<b>Jake Myers</b>	<b>47</b>
	<b>Jason Zeimet</b>	<b>55</b>
	The Travelogue	
	<b>Jennifer Mills</b>	<b>62</b>
	101 One-Liners; Falling Flat	



For some it is a way of life and for some it is merely an occasional indulgence. For others.... well, they are just better at hiding it. We all have our guilty pleasures, our vices. We all have weaknesses that we can't say no to: that evening nightcap, one more drag off that cigarette, that Carlie Raye Jepsen song, that vintage couch from yet another estate sale, that warm body sleeping next to you.

We have the capability to control these desires, to harness them for our own good. An insatiable taste for animal fats and butters can carve out a refined palate and give you a tool for critical or creative success, but too much could stop your heart. An excess of opium with your wormwood could cause you to cut off your ear.

We are all scoundrels. We are all constantly making excuses. In the light of day, there are simple pleasures we partake in, all the while knowing that people are watching us, judging us, as we enjoy them—a bloody mary at Sunday brunch, or Tuesday at noon. But judgment is subjective. Right and wrong can

# *Reprobates*

be flexible. Should and Should Not ebb and flow by location, culture, and generation. One woman's casual relaxation can be another's abomination.

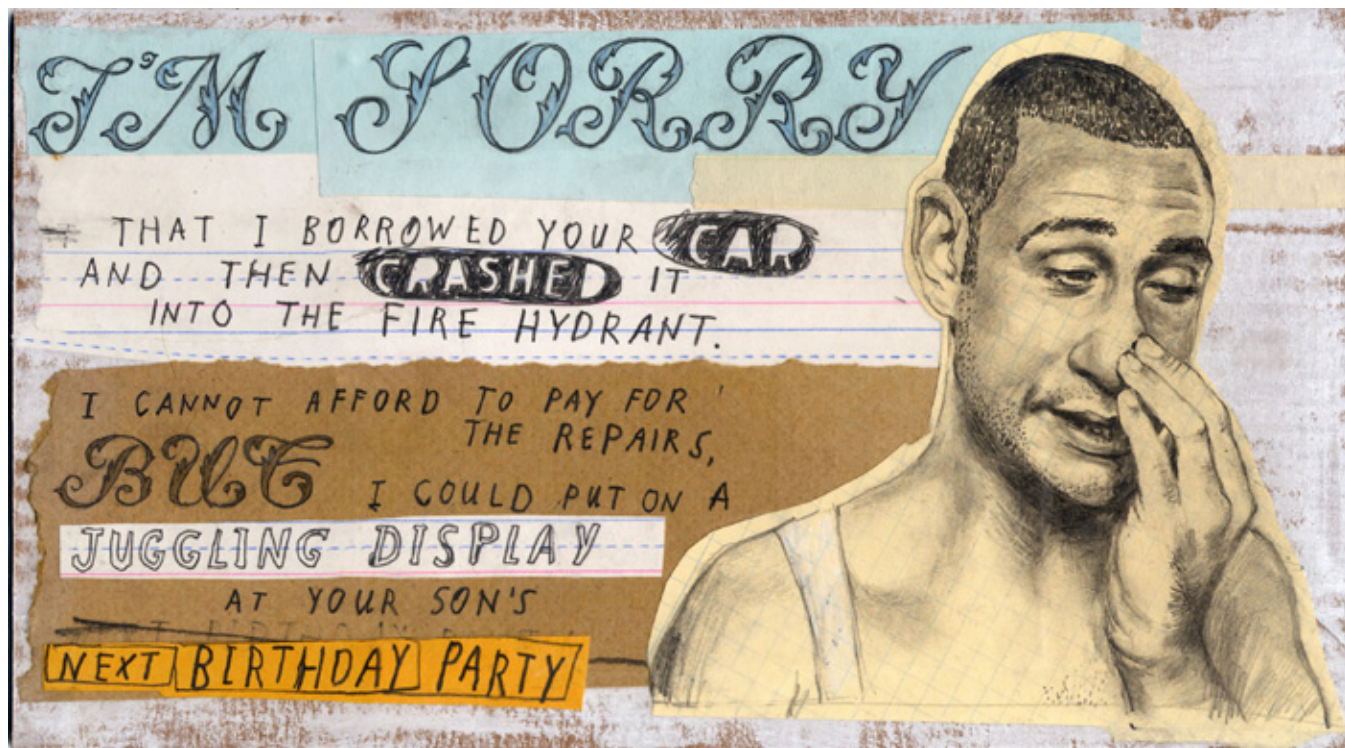
We are reprobates. It doesn't mean we won't partake, it means that if the wrong people find out—socially, professionally, spiritually—we're damned.

# David Fullarton

## *The Craftsmen of Destruction*



Naughty Or Nice. All works are mixed media drawings on paper.



Apology Number 12.



# THE RESULTS OF OUR EXHAUSTIVE BEHAVIORAL STUDY.



## WHAT I DID:

RAN A MARATHON

HOSTED A NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH MEETING.

ORGANIZED A SPONSORED WALK AND RAISED \$10,000 FOR ~~CHARITY~~ CHARITY.

GREW MY OWN ORGANIC VEGETABLES

KNITTED SWEATERS FOR THE POOR AND HOMELESS.

READ THE COMPLETE WORKS OF DOSTOEVSKY.

PICKED UP THE AGED AND INFIRM FROM THEIR HOMES AND DROVE THEM TO CHURCH.

BOUGHT ONLY SUSTAINABLE, LOCALLY PRODUCED FOODSTUFFS.

DONATED OLD MAGAZINES TO THE HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM.

FORGAVE ALL THOSE AGAINST WHOM I HAVE HELD GRUDGES.

## WHAT YOU DID:

JOGGED TO THE ALL-NIGHT GARAGE AT THE END OF THE STREET FOR A PACK OF MARLBORO LIGHTS.

RAN OVER THE NEIGHBOR'S DOG, AND DUMPED ITS BODY IN THEIR TRASH CAN.

TOOK PART IN A SPONSORED PUB CRAWL AND USED THE MONEY YOU RAISED TO BUY YOURSELF A NEW CELLPHONE.

SHOPLIFTED MEAT FROM SAFEWAY

GAVE THE HOMELESS VODKA DISTILLED IN YOUR BATHROOM WHICH RENDERED THEM ~~24~~ TEMPORARILY BLIND.

GOT BANNED FROM THE LIBRARY FOR INAPPROPRIATE USE OF A PUBLIC COMPUTER.

RANG THE DOORBELLS OF THE AGED AND INFIRM AND THEN RAN AWAY.

BOUGHT ONLY FOODSTUFFS REDUCED TO CLEAR BECAUSE THEY WERE PAST THEIR EXPIRY DATE.

HID A HALF-EATEN CHEESEBURGER BEHIND A MARTIN AMIS NOVEL IN BORDERS.

REPORTED EMPLOYEES OF THE LOCAL BAKERY AS ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS BECAUSE YOUR SCONE WAS STALE.



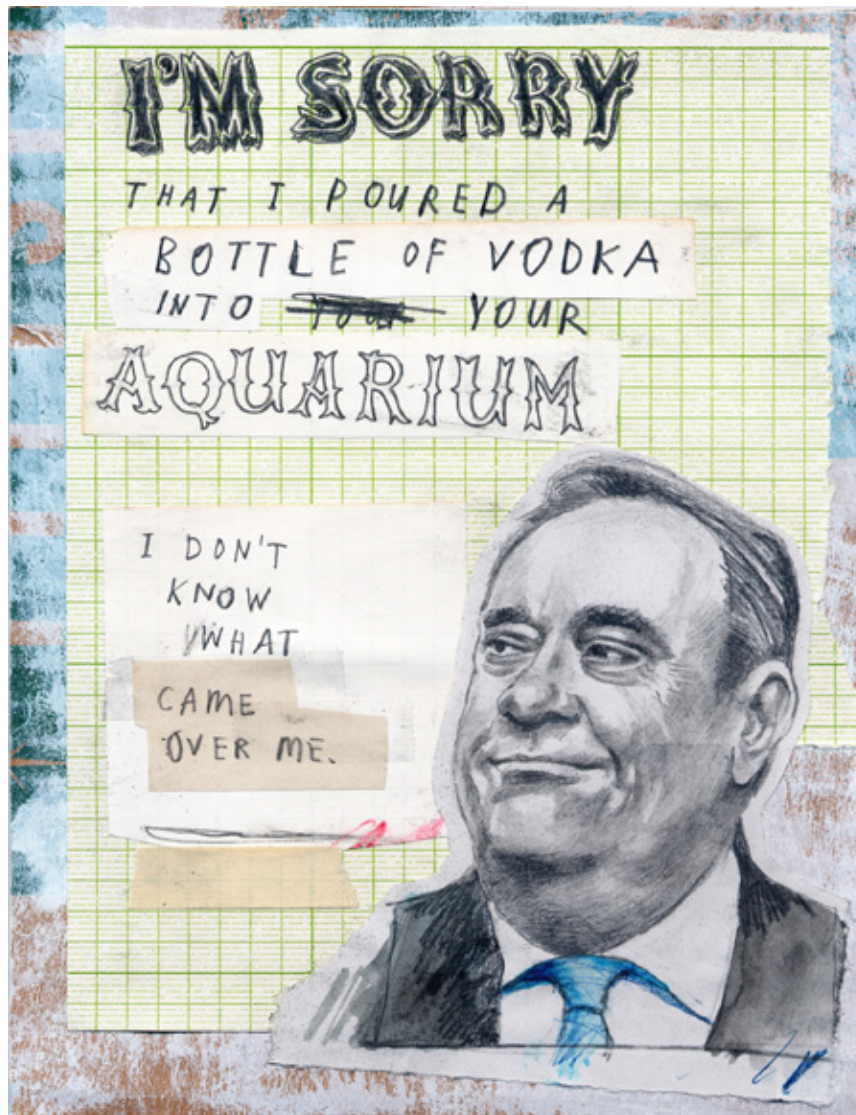
# DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

THEY WILL BE DIFFERENT FROM MINE.

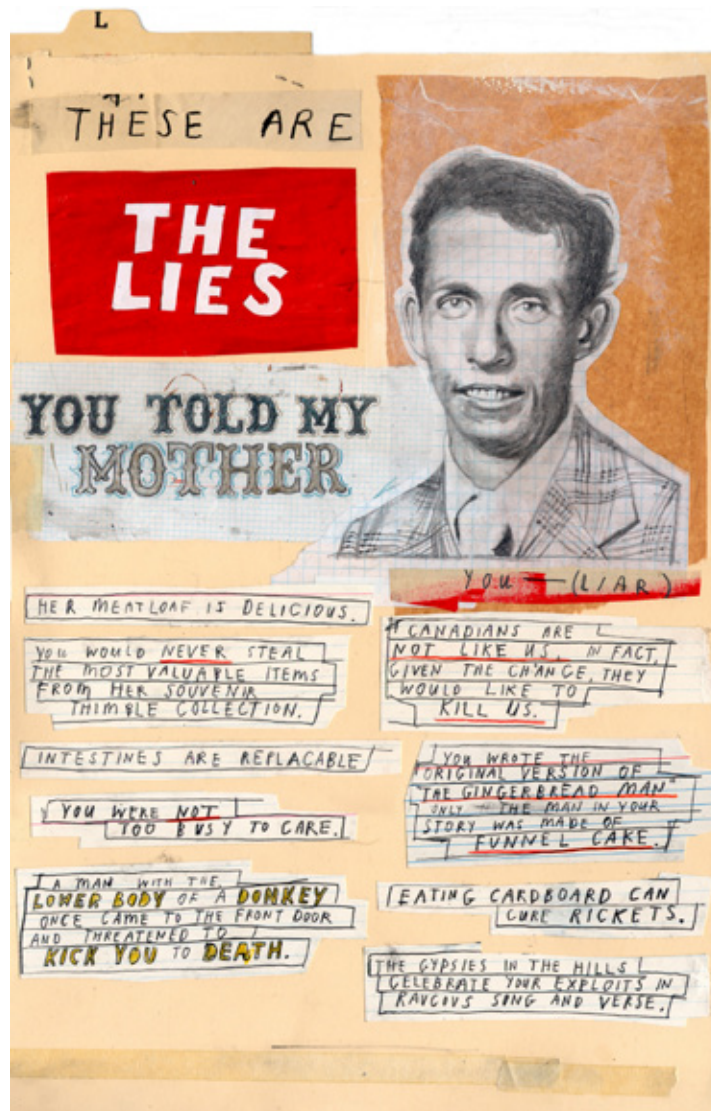




*Ask And Ye Shall Receive.*



Apology Number 7.



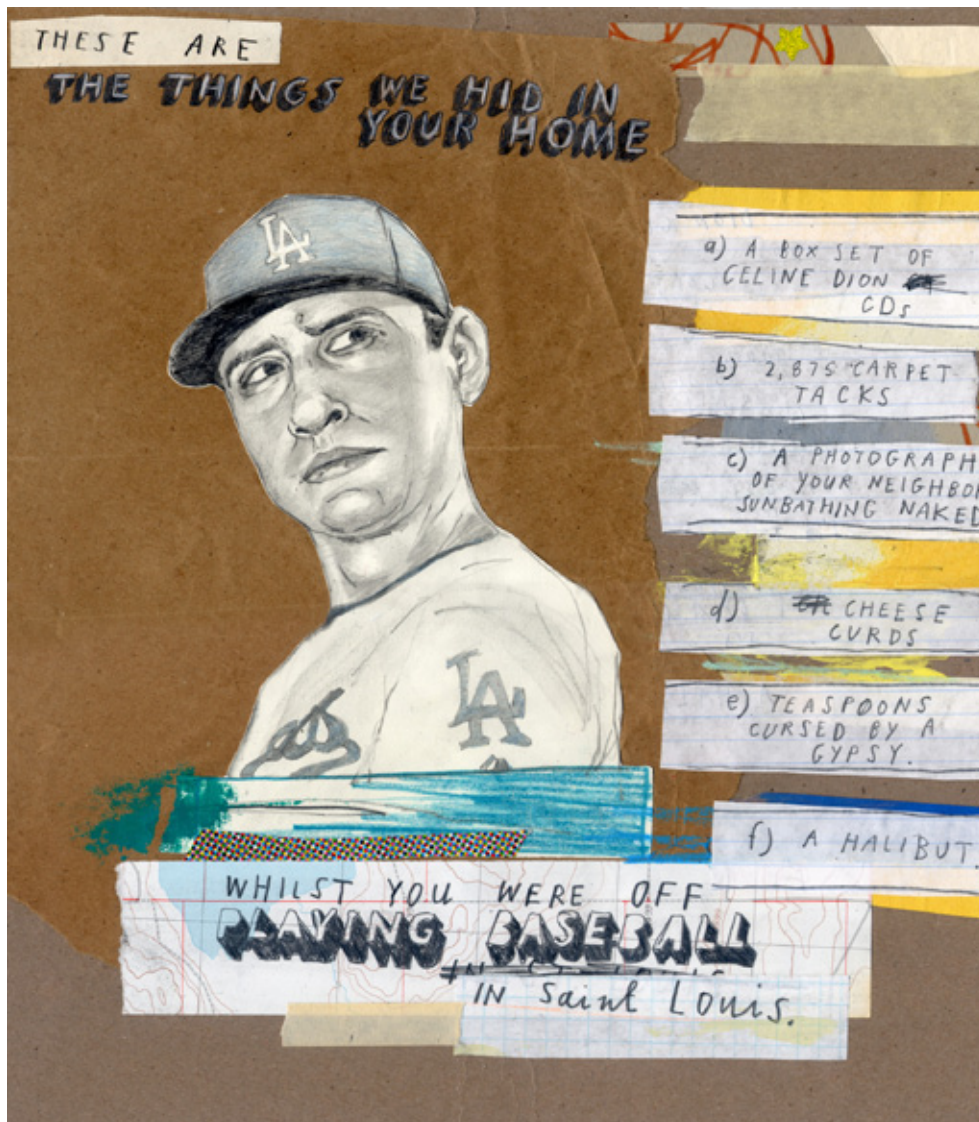
The Craftsman of Destruction.





The Morning After.





Hidden Attributes.



*Silent Night.*

# Eva Langston

## *The Collection of Princess Langwidere or The First Head*

*As an angry child she chopped the head off her favorite palace chicken.*

Watched it run frantic, white feathers dripping red,  
Fine ink spilled on a quill pen.  
It lived for years on instinct alone –  
Tried to preen and peck with its severed neck.  
It gurgled clucks from an open stump and laid eggs upon the throne.

As an ugly teen she was locked inside where she devoured medical texts.  
She learned of a second, secret brain,  
Neurons of hunger, survival, and sex.  
A brain inside the human gut --  
Here was the root of all knowing.  
She touched the flesh of her thumping neck and thought of Marie Antoinette.

Her first test was a young servant girl. Her second, an old crone-wife.  
“Blink your eyes, if you’re still alive.”  
They died under the gleaming knife.  
The last was a girl just beginning to bleed,  
Who screamed for days after the chop.  
And the princess grinned like a she-wolf might with entrails between her teeth.

She put the head back on the neck, tied a green ribbon 'round it tight.  
“Never let a man pull this off,” she warned,  
“And believe me, dear, one might.”  
She sent the girl away, feeling tired,  
But an idea stirred inside her.  
She would begin a collection, and she knew the first head she desired.

The head would come to her quickly; proper lure was all she would need.  
So her murder of crows found the first piece of bait,  
Hanging in a dry field of wheat.  
The second was rusting in a grove of pines,  
The third found hiding in the forest.  
And once she had them all locked away, it was only a matter of time.

Soon Dorothy came and was easy to kill – the pigtails gave a nice hold.  
The princess placed the head on a velvet cushion,  
In a cabinet of glass and gold.  
She admired the soft, rosy skin  
And the dumpling cheeks of her prize.  
The eyes were oh-so innocent, as were the thoughts that lay within.

To have Dorothy's head on her shoulders: this was the princess's plan.  
Her stomach twisted in terrible knots,  
But she grasped the ax with steady hands.  
She knew what was needed to make the switch—  
She hacked through her own flesh.  
She'd forever have the sweet face of a girl, but deep down the gut of a witch.



# Hank Feeley



*Bossman*



Oh No

This body of work comes at banality, hypocrisy, villainy, unscrupulous behavior, and mass hallucination in different ways: *the dichotomy between what we can know and how we live*, as magnified by the never ending stream of the information age; the inanity of posturing, one-upmanship, and power politics that we see at all strata of society; and the seductive abstraction of our deepest and basest animal instincts. Executed, of course, with color, composition and goodwill to all.

Hank **Feeley**



*Handwriting on the Wall*



*Pass the Hat*





*Solomon and His Brothers*





*The High Mucky Muck*



*Blowing Smoke*



*Going to a Meeting*

Hank **Feeley**





*Happy Birthday*

Hank **Feeley**





*Scream III*

Hank **Feeley**



*The Last Meeting*

Hank **Feeley**





*Tomb of the Unknown Fool*

Hank **Feeley**



# Susan Doherty

## *The Spare*

*The third time I broke into David's apartment, I swore it would be the last.* Besides, I wasn't really "breaking in." That would imply some nefarious motivation, such as stealing. I merely wanted to return the key, the copy he'd forgotten I had, the one I'd kept in my purse in a little leather zip-up pouch, along with hand wipes, Benadryl, and a tampon. My "Be Prepared" pouch, just like the Boy Scout motto. I stood still as the door latched behind me, allowing the silence to descend. Nothing but the ticking of the clock on the mantle. I knew no one was home, but I waited, just in case. I inhaled the familiar scent, the perfume of an old building, years of dust baking on radiators.

Then Her presence hit me. The fresh flowers on the sideboard, the bowl of fruit on the kitchen counter. As if David ever ate fruit.

I slid the key onto the polished mahogany side table, next to a small pile of mail. I imagined David finding it when he came home, his thick eyebrows furrowing together as he picked up the key, squinted at it, turned it over in his fingers.

The first time I snuck into the apartment, I took a wineglass off the drying rack and smashed it in the sink. The second time, I was more restrained. I moved the recliner in the living room over a few feet, rearranged the throw pillows on the couch, and threw out one of the magazines on the coffee table. Who reads Golf Digest, anyway?

This time, however, I vowed there'd be no hijinks. Just one last look around. I knew I'd never come back, not once the baby arrived. I'm not a creep, after all.

I did my usual circuit, like a rock star on a farewell tour. There was the ceramic lamp that we'd picked up at a yard sale on the way back from an afternoon of trudging around the Concord battlefields. There was the red throw that I'd found at Asian Imports in Porter Square, now looking faded and worn. Apparently David was still using it as a blanket, even though I'd repeatedly told him it was a decorative accent. There was the hurricane lantern from Crate and Barrel that I'd bought him as a birthday present, a perfect anchor for the console table behind the sofa. Large, solid, weighty.

The bathroom was cleaner than usual. No piles of David's laundry bunched up on the floor. She must have started hen-pecking him already. I noticed the two toothbrushes in the stand. I thought about

switching them, moving them to opposite sides of the small white ceramic cup. I imagined David, reaching out, grabbing the wrong one and saying “Hey, what the....” But I reminded myself, no hijinks.

I walked down the hall and into the room that had been my office for seven months, now painted yellow. It felt familiar and foreign. Green curtains with ducks adorned the window I used to gaze out of while waiting for David to come home from work. Gone were the cork-boards where my thoughts, sketches, cutouts from home magazines used to get pinned, organized, reorganized. Instead, insipid landscape watercolors, one with a rainbow, had sprouted. Where my desk had been, there was now a white bead-board bookcase, empty save for a small stuffed rabbit on the top shelf. I picked up the animal, stroked it’s plush fur, then placed it on the window seat.

I walked back into the living room. A photo of David and Her was propped up on the mantle. For a guy who didn’t want to be in a serious relationship, he looked pretty happy. A small black and white Polaroid was next to the photo. An ultrasound picture, I realized. And I was the one accused of making things too complicated? A redness inside me started to rise up. I wanted to do something, break something, scrawl a note in lipstick on the mirror above the fireplace.

The sound of the phone startled me. I walked across the room and peered at the display. David’s mother, according to caller ID. I thought about answering — I always liked her. Instead, I let the electronic ring echo in my ears. Again. Again. Again. I shook my head and turned to leave. “Goodbye, Fayerweather Street. Goodbye, David.”

Just as the door was about to close, I reached in and swiped the key off the table.

***“I wanted to do something, break something, scrawl a note in lipstick on the mirror above the fireplace.”***

# Dagmar Hrickova

## *Childhood Memories*



*Emptiness.* Oil on Linen. 40x30 cm.





*Childhood Memories.* Oil on Linen. 50x50 cm.

Dagmar **Hrickova**



*Rain.* Oil on Linen. 120x70 cm.



*Waiting.* Oil on Linen. 120x80 cm.





*Restlessness.* Oil on Linen. 80x80 cm.

Dagmar **Hrickova**



Dagmar **Hrickova**

# Christopher Herron

## *HELLBRAND*



### *The Concept*

Hellbrand explores the theme of humans behaving badly. It uses the tactics of corporate branding and political propaganda, most notably the repetition of iconic visuals and central motifs.





## Overview

The project started several years ago as a promotion for the artist's graphic design business, in which Hell was rebranded as a family-friendly tourist destination ([www.helltravel.com](http://www.helltravel.com)). The Hell rebrand included a halo in the logo, and the tagline Simply Heavenly.

The project was a satire of the recent whitewash trend in marketing campaigns for destination and corporate brands (especially Las Vegas and corporations in the petroleum and financial sectors, among others).

After launch of the promotion, the concept continued to evolve. What if the whitewash could be done in a more nuanced, less cartoonish manner? What if the messaging was a thin veneer for darker truths, sculpted to mirror governmental and corporate communications?

The new Hellbrand is the embodiment of an inverted morality in which vice is celebrated as virtue. It is a hype machine that carefully manages its messaging with unwavering consistency.

Hellbrand's outward brand positioning is "a celebration of the more colorful aspects of humanity," but at heart, it is cynical, misanthropic, and hypocritical. The glass is completely empty, but it is proclaimed to be full. As such, Hellbrand reflects the world we live in - a world in which decadence and depravity are often respected and even admired.



### Verbal and Visual Development

- A number of constraints were imposed early on. Hellbrand would:
- 1) avoid traditional Hell imagery (devils, fire, pitchforks, etc.).
  - 2) not use any color. It would be black and white, with shades of gray.
  - 3) reflect the industrial age. It would be hard-edged, and cold.
  - 4) employ the methods of political propaganda and corporate marketing.



### *The Logo*

As the anchor of the entire Hellbrand campaign, the logo needed to have a strong visual presence. The inverted star was chosen because it provides a link to traditional occult imagery, but more importantly, it is perhaps the most ubiquitous symbol of corporate, political, and military entities, when used in its upright form. It is a traditional instrument of propaganda, in this case, literally turned on its head.

Christopher **Herron**





### *The Fall-Star Graphic*

The Fall-Star was created as an iconic standalone symbol with enough visual detail to distinguish itself from star symbols used by other brands.

Christopher **Herron**



Seven Sins T-shirt



Greed T-Shirt

### **The Seven Deadly Sins**

In the western tradition, sin is seen as human activity that runs counter to divine will. But it can be argued that sin is a core aspect of human nature; it is a series of natural compulsions that provided our species an evolutionary advantage in a pre-civilized world. These traits have run amok now that survival of the species is not a daily concern.

The seven deadly sins have been explored in the arts for centuries. Here they are rendered as mathematical symbols similar to the icons used by governments and corporations for wayfinding, interactive navigation, and illustration of important ideas.

Christopher Herron

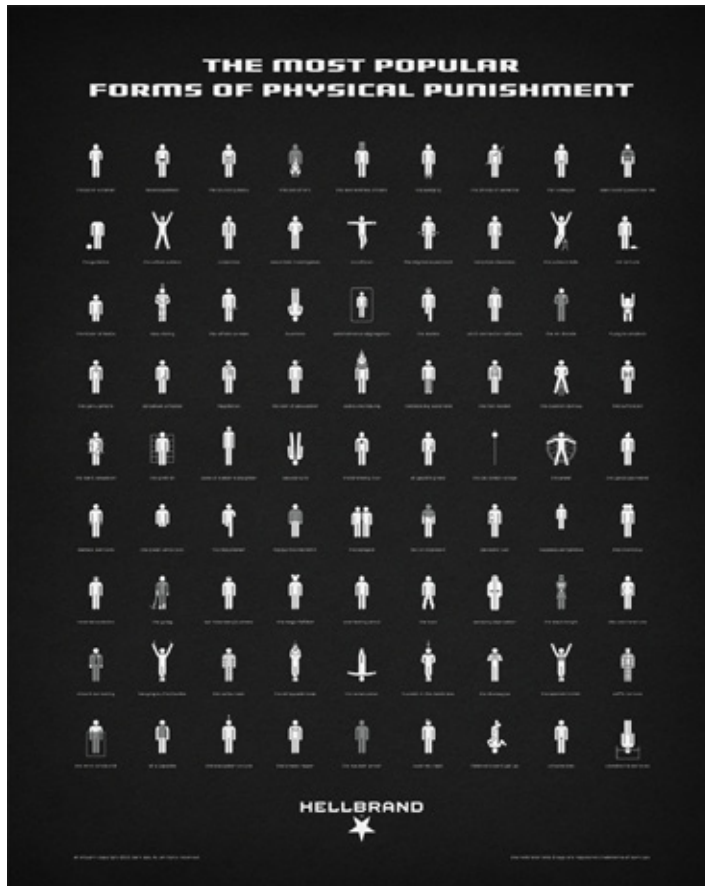


(left to right): *The Financier*, *The Senator*, *The Pedophile*, *The Killer*, *The Caporegime*. 8.5" x 11" laser toner on paper.

## Wanted Flyers

Using the framework of traditional FBI bulletins, the Hellbrand Most Wanted are sought for induction into the Hellbrand Hall of Fame. Miscreants are celebrated as heroes, and their misdeeds as accomplishments.





Poster, 16" x 20" ink and aqueous coating on paper

## Poster

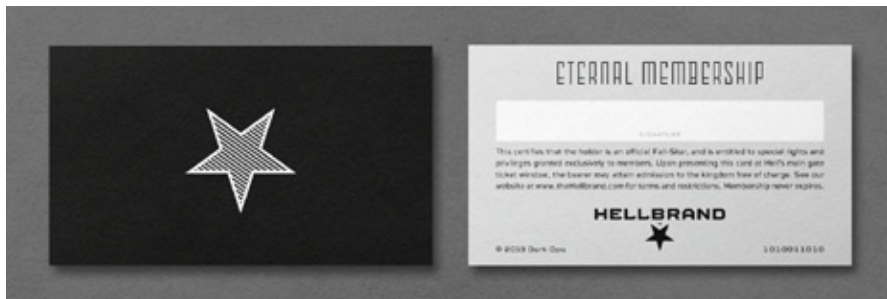
Acts of violence are portrayed as something desirable. In contrast to the Wanted Flyers, the Poster dehumanizes victims by rendering them as generic human forms. Their suffering is trivialized by use of quantity and scale.



### T-Shirts

Togetheress, Crest, Manhole, Fall-Star, Mercury Rising, True Love

Christopher **Herron**



### Merchandise

Stickers, 5" x 3" and 2.5" x 2.5" ink on vinyl  
Membership Card, 3.25" x 2" ink on paper with laminate  
Dog Tags and Buttons.  
Shooting Target, 8.5" x 11" toner on paper

Christopher Herron





*Digital alteration of a photograph by Sten Rüdric.*

***Hollywood***

Sweet decadence and depravity.

# John Menesini

## *The Good Old Days*

### *men were men thus*

performed appendectomies  
on themselves  
while they delivered babies  
& smoked Chesterfields

women were hysterical  
& made pies  
which were stolen from windows  
by hobos

amphetamines  
were freely prescribed  
to combat lethargy

or lost hope

titfucks  
were 10 cents

if you  
fancied

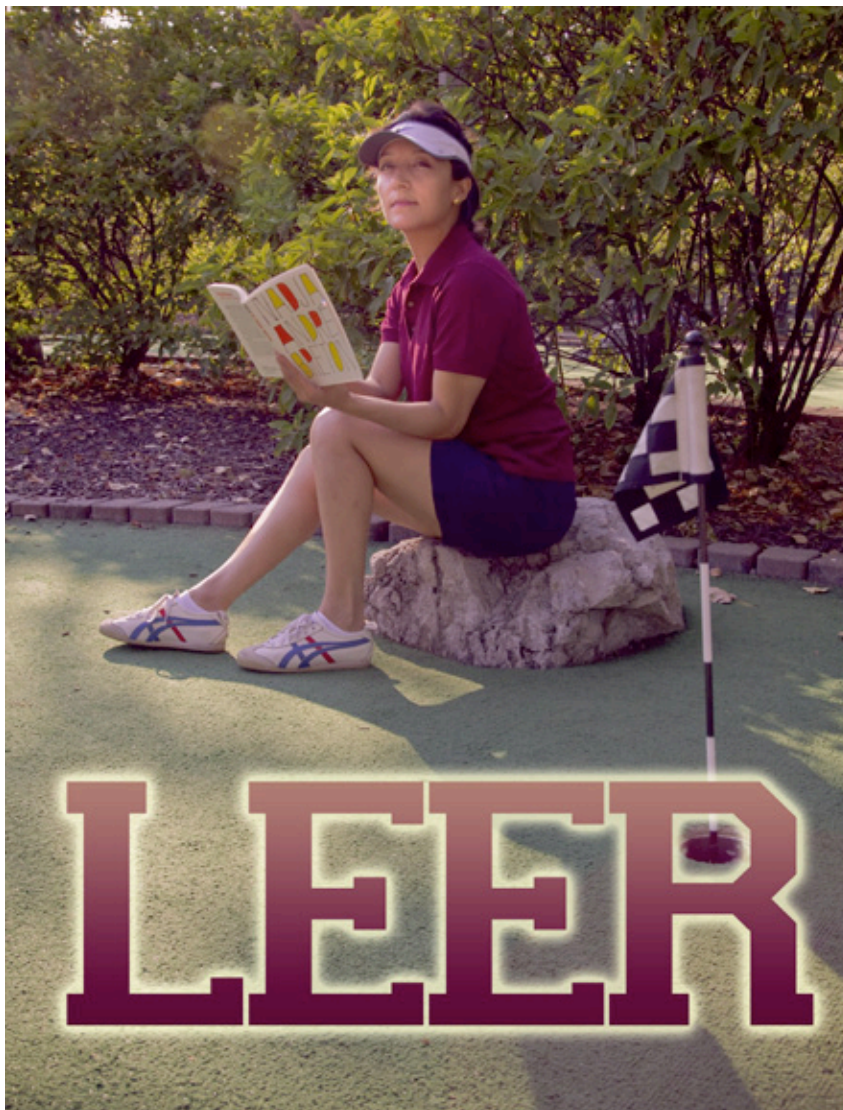
& we drank whisky  
all daylong  
for no reason  
at all

# Jake Myers

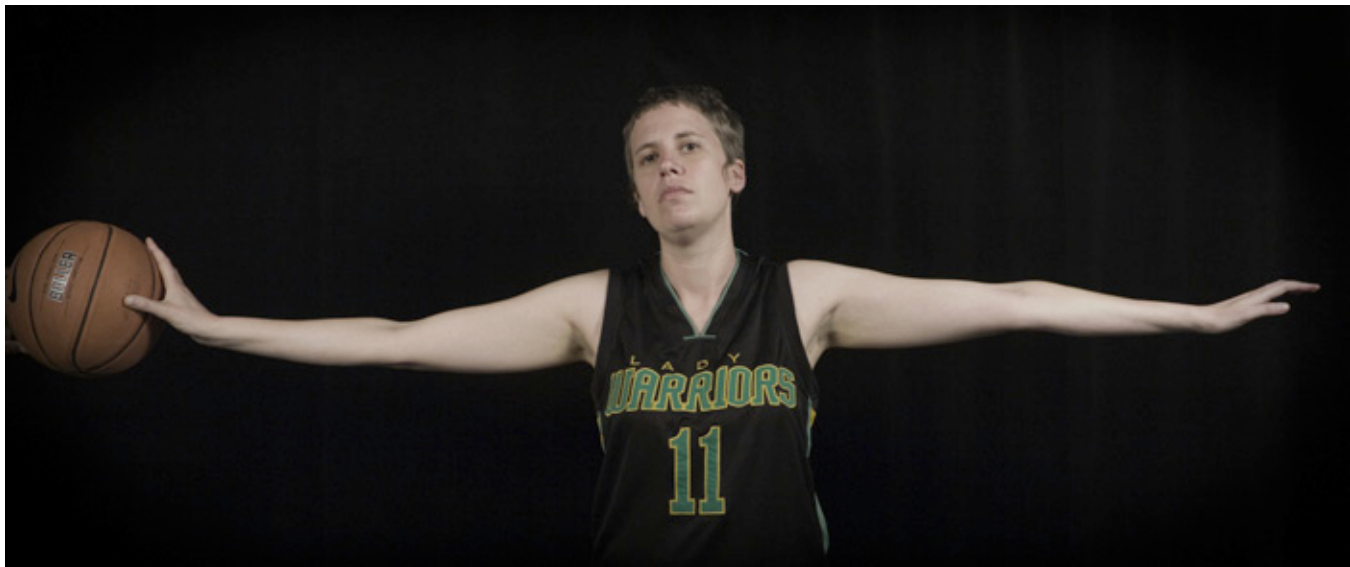


*Read Poster*





*Read Poster*



Jesse Mclean "Wings"



Los Angeles 1984 Volleyball



*Eric Fleischauer as Tom Selleck*

Jake **Myers**





*Twin Planet "A Hero For Earth"*



*Twin Planet "Meltdown"*



*Twin Planet "Sad Dad"*





*Twin Planet "She's Gone"*

# Jason Zeimet

## *Roadside Nostalgic Americana*



***Obsessive folk artists, hoarders, eccentrics, outsider artists, or weirdos.*** Whatever current artistic sub-category these folks fall under at any given time, there seems to be one common theme amongst these self-reliant, self-taught, self-motivated artists whom I have met throughout my travels. What may have started innocently enough as a “garage hobby,” quickly became an odd, but healthy obsession that for one reason or another has rewarded each of these artists, whom are all over the age of 70 (95, 85, and 70, to be exact), with an almost-supernatural length and quality of life. They can be found throughout an ever-shrinking minority, which I deliberately make a point to seek out when I travel throughout the country; a small niche which I would call the “Roadside Nostalgic Americana” art culture.

In almost every instance, these artists have but one goal in creating their art: personal satisfaction. Before even starting on a new piece, they seem to relish the notion that that their work will be at-best ignored and at-worst maligned by the artistic community, and very likely, a complete financial loss. However, each of them will enthusiastically share their creations with any who are interested, or who may just have happened upon their hidden studios by accident or word of mouth. These artists make little attempt to profit from their work, the very notion that something so personal to them could be sold is laughable.



Barney Smith, "Toilet Seat Artist" in Alamo Heights, TX

*Barney Smith is a 95-year-old retired plumber* who has been decorating toilet seats since the early 1960s. He gently refers to himself as the "curator and creator of the world's only 'Toilet Seat Museum'." In his artistic "career," he has crafted over one thousand toilet seat sculptures, each of which has a very personal and sentimental story. Barney has chosen the canvas by which he tells his life's story to be a wooden, discarded, "manufacturer-damaged" toilet seat. His works have never been featured in a gallery, nor has he ever sold a single throne. Each one of them sits proudly on display in his garage in Alamo Heights, Texas.



Barney welcomes visitors into his garage and enthusiastically shows off his seats, which are decorated with everything from Sadaam Hussein's actual porcelain toilet from the hidden bunker in which he was discovered, to Teen-age Mutant Ninja Turtles, to marijuana leaves. Barney's wife of seventy-four years has come to expect that every single day, her husband will walk out into his shed and decorate a toilet seat. "Without my hands having something to create," Barney says with a sincere smile, "I would have disappeared into dust a good many years ago. I will never stop decorating toilet seats. Not many people know what they were put here for, and God knows He didn't put a lot of folks on this Earth to decorate toilets. But He found me, and through it, I guess I found Him."

<http://vimeo.com/hockney/traveloguesanantonio>



Barney holding a piece of Sadaam Hussein's Toilet, mounted on a Toilet Seat



Mel Gould, Creator of "Buryville" in East Cheyenne, WY

*An 85-year-old rancher from East Cheyenne, Wyoming named Mel Gould,* at this very moment, is probably fixing a giant oil drum that he painted to look like an elephant. One day back in the late fifties, for seemingly no reason at all, he decided to start digging up all of the crops in his backyard. Once he'd dug a hole 35 feet deep, Mel tells me, things got interesting. "I bought a camper, a WWII plane's cargo hull, and a school bus, and I dropped them down in the hole I'd dug. I welded everything together to make a series of tunnels. I call it 'Buryville,' and I've spent my whole life building wind sculptures on top of the farm that could generate power down to my little city under the farm. I've got all sorts of animatronic robots, self-playing guitars, and a tool shop down there. Drive by my farm, and you'd never know it's there. I don't ever advertise, and I don't understand how people have found out about me, but they're welcome to come and see me all the same."

Mel says that over the years he has had thousands of people down into his dark basement “city.” When I had the pleasure of being lured down there, I asked him why he’d chosen to do this, he simply replied, “If you paint a painting, or create one sculpture, you’re limiting yourself by putting an expiration date on that piece of art once it is finished. This town and its sculptures are living, and they will always be a work-in-progress until I am gone. If I ever looked at Buryville and called it ‘finished,’ I suppose I’d be finished. Everyone needs something to keep them busy,” he says through his well-worn grin.

<http://vimeo.com/hockney/traveloguewyoming>



A Kinetic Sculpture, which uses the natural Wyoming wind to power his underground city.





Bishop's Castle, a work of pissed off, indignant genius

Photo Credit: <http://amethystmstock.deviantart.com/>

*Finally, somewhere in the old gold-filled hills near Pike's Peak, Jim Bishop* makes art that he believes will make him immortal. Specifically, one very large piece of art, called "Bishop's Castle." This bizarre sight hidden away deep within the Colorado hills, weighs about as much as the Empire State Building, and has been created entirely by hand "using God's stones right here in His land." Out of the three, Jim is the only artist who accepts donations to help keep his life's work "in progress." Unlike his avuncular predecessors, Jim is a piss and vinegar political anarchist, and you'll know it the very moment you meet him. He has built his castle "for the glory of God and for the glory of myself... I will outlive any King or Pharaoh because I built this with my own hands."

Jason Zeimet



Jim turns 70 this year, and he can hand-lift heavy boulders better and for longer than any football player. He seems to have a sort of perpetual nervous inertia that helps fuel his creative energy. His anger with society, passion toward humanity, and natural artisan-ship are literally spilled over every wing of his castle. With zero formal artistic education or architectural training, Jim impossibly demonstrates an intuitive mastery in many different mediums, from masonry to mosaics to algorithmic engineering. He has been threatened with eviction by the local, state, and national government so many times over the last 45 years on account of his castle that his mind is overwrought with a natural distrust of everyone who comes to visit him, which makes for some absolutely incredible art. He is the raw embodiment of "outsider art," boldly confronting and proclaiming himself to be a, "true egotist, which, whether they'll admit it or not, is what drives all artists to create in the first place."

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NEeZX-qY78A>)

**THE CASTLE - OPEN FREE (EVEN WHEN FINISHED)**  
**THE COUNTRY'S BIGGEST 1 MAN PROJECT,**  
**WITH THE HELP OF GOD!**  
**THERE IS NOT A SINGLE ENCYCLOPEDIA THAT IS UP TO DATE!**  
**JIM BISHOP (CASTLE BUILDER) WILL WORK ON EXISTING MAIN**  
**KEEP TILL HE IS 50, THEN START THE CASTLE WALL**  
**AROUND THE 2½ ACRE PROPERTY. WITH GATE HOUSE &**  
**MOAT, & CORNER TOWERS. THE WALL WILL REQUIRE**  
**SEVERAL HUNDRED TIMES MORE ROCK THAN THE**  
**EXISTING STRUCTURE.**  
**THE COLO. STATE HIGHWAY ROAD MAP IS NOT ACCURATE**  
**THE BISHOP CASTLE FOUNDATION FOR NEWBORN INFANT'S**  
**HEART SURGERY IS TAX EXEMPT.**  
**WHEN GOD IS READY THE CASTLE WILL GET SOMETHING**  
**NATIONAL RECOGNITION. THE SYSTEM WILL HAVE TO COMPLY**  
**THERE WILL BE A TUNNEL & DUNGEON FROM THE GATE HOUSE**  
**TO THE MAIN KEEP.**  
**BY PUBLIC DEMAND (TRAFFIC JAMS) THERE WILL BE A PARKING**  
**LOT ON THE PUBLIC LAND. THE GOVT. MUST COMPLY.**  
**THE MAIN KEEP GROUND LEVEL WILL HAVE - COMMUNITY**  
**KITCHEN, FOYER & PATIO UNDER THE ARCHES, 2ND LEVEL**  
**MUSEUM & LIBRARY, 3RD STORY GENERAL PURPOSE HALL.**  
**WITH PIPE ORGAN & INTERFAITH CHAPEL. 3 TOWERS & 2**  
**CHIMNEYS OVER 110" HIGH. BEDROOMS IN THE ROOF RAFTERS**  
**FOR THE PUBLIC TO SLEEP A NIGHT FREE, ON A DRAWING BASIS.**  
**NO BLUE PRINTS, NO BUILDING PERMIT, NO INSPECTORS. IT IS NOT**  
**A BUILDING. IT IS A WORLD CLASS MONUMENTAL ART FORM**  
**A FIRST CLASS PROJECT DESERVING OF RESPECT!**  
**THIS AIN'T NO COMMERCIAL TOURIST TRAP!**

# Jennifer Mills

*101 One Liners; Falling Flat*



Installation view, 2013

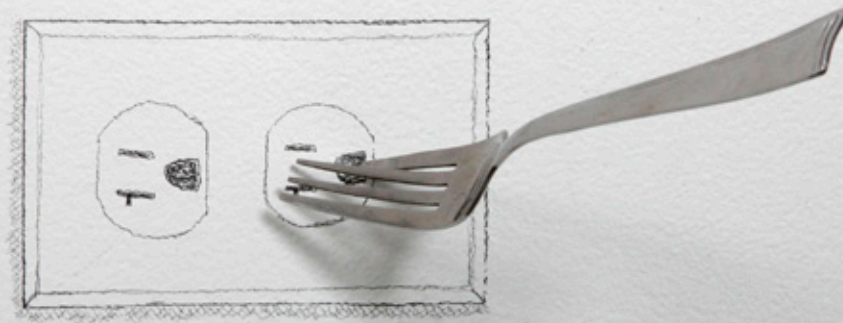


Joke #34, Hamburger Dog Toy, Hamburger Wallet, Hamburger Egg Timer, Hamburger Figurine, Hamburger Necklace  
 Hamburger dog toy, hamburger wallet, hamburger egg timer, hamburger figurine, hamburger necklace

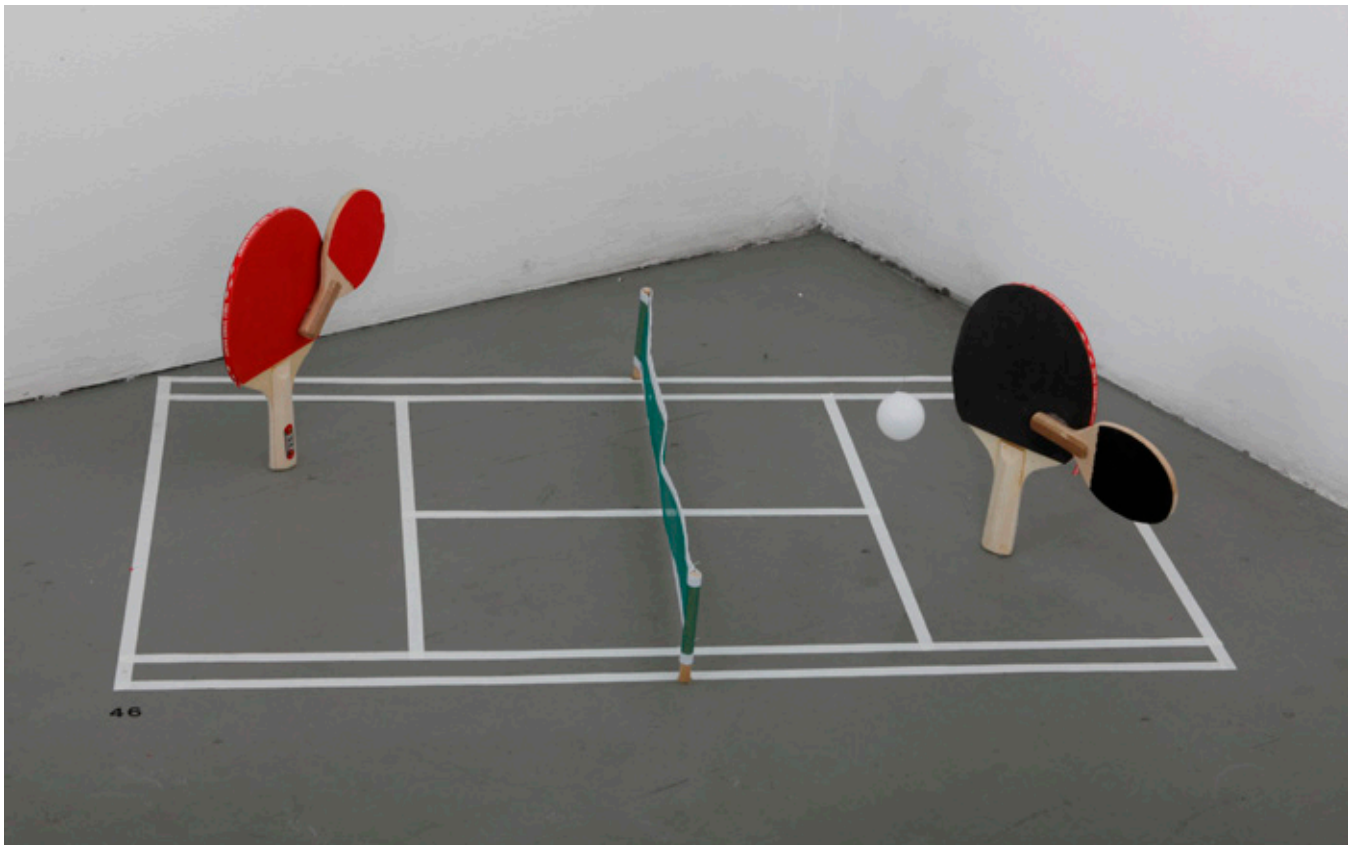
101 One-Liners; Falling Flat is an anthology of 101 visual jokes. Inspired by the format of a joke book, the works strive for nothing but a laugh—some succeed while others fail. The resulting taxonomy of jokes displays the multiple tactics in a comedian's toolbox. The objects range in their delivery from being crass to punny, witty to slapstick, smart to dumb. ***At its core, 101 One-Liners; Falling Flat is a madhouse of quips, jokes, bells and whistles.*** It's a rare peek into the bottom of the class clown's backpack.



83



Joke #83: *Don't Do That*  
Wall drawing and fork



*Joke #46: Cannibals*

Ping pong paddels, miniature pingpong set, artist tape, hot glue



Joke #14: Balding Spalding®  
Sanded basketball and Vinyl





Joke #66: *Your Hair Looks Nice Today*  
Paint Brush and Barette



*Joke #7: Perpetual Motion Machine and Motion Detector*  
Perpetual Motion Machine, motion detector, tin cup, 3 AA batteries



*Joke #65: Untitled Portrait in Chicago*  
10 lbs of Laffy Taffy®

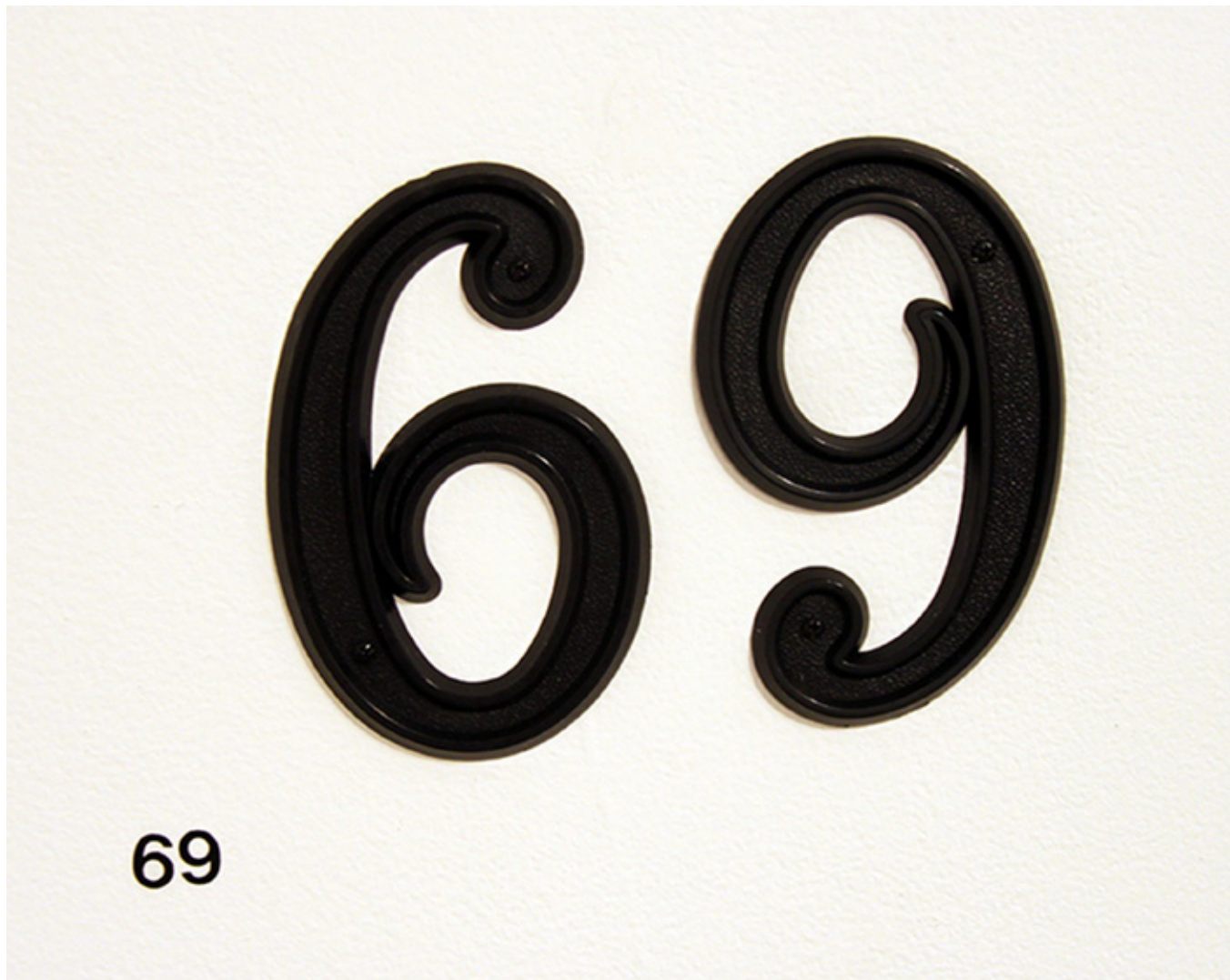


29

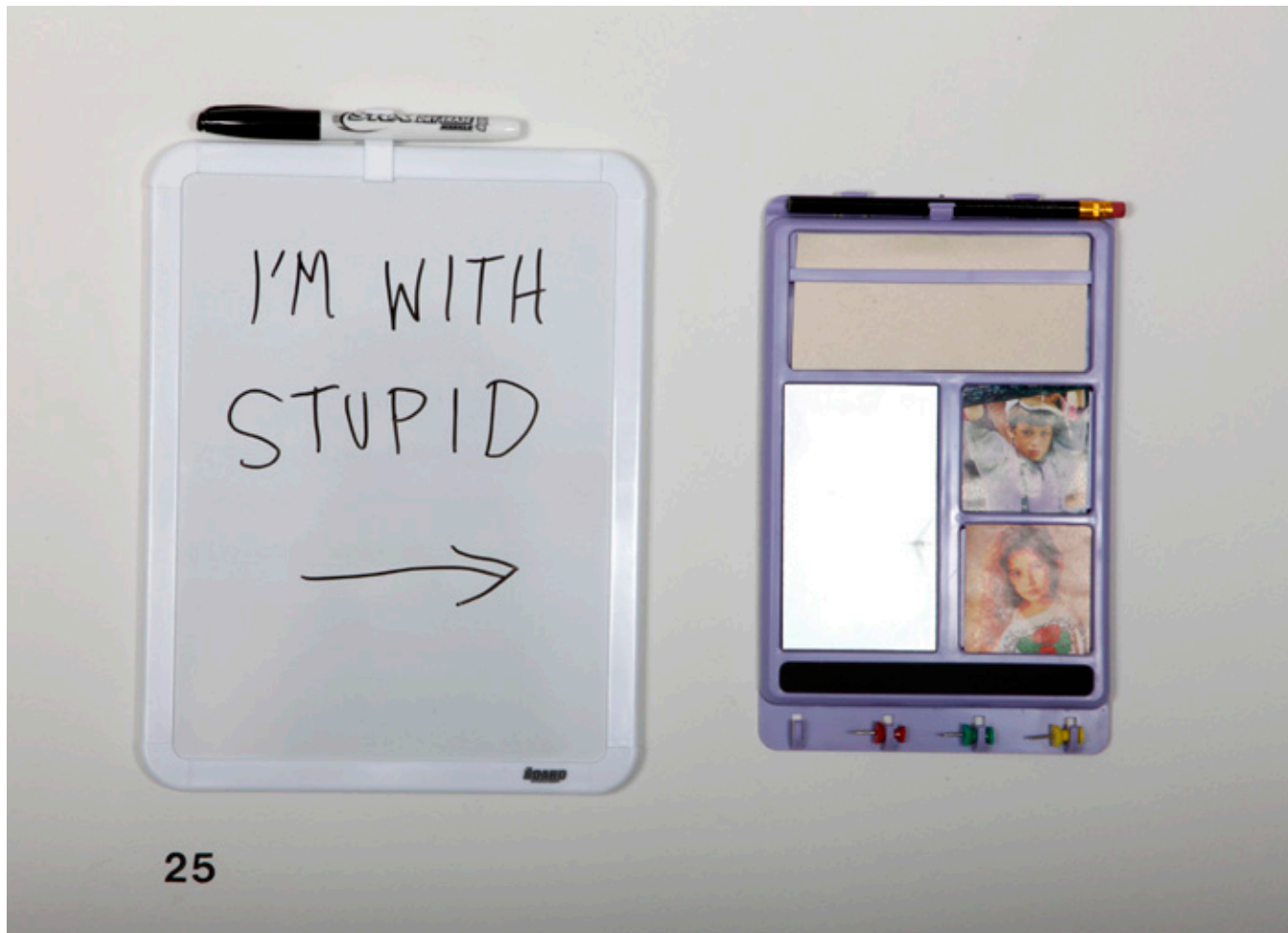
Joke #29: iLash2

False eyelashes, iPod® case, printed off graphics





Joke #69: 69  
Vinyl numbers, metal numbers



Joke #25: *I'm With Stupid*

Wipe board with dry erase marker, retro messaging center



*Joke #64: The Hat Is By The Vent To Hopefully Make Use of the Wind*  
Twirly hat, built-in vent

# CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

## *No. 14 Reprobates*

**David Fullarton** is a Scottish born, San Francisco based visual artist specializing in works that combine images with text. Fullarton's inspiration is the often overlooked banalities of daily life and the ways people manage to find joy and meaning in the minutiae. His drawings work as small vignettes, featuring a forlorn cast of misfits and reprobates who find themselves in compromising situations. His work can be seen at The Compound Gallery in Oakland, and online at [www.davidfullarton.com](http://www.davidfullarton.com).

**Eva Langston** received her MFA from the University of New Orleans, and her fiction has been published in The Normal School, The Sand Hill Review, and the GW Review, among others. Currently she works as a Skype tutor for Ukrainians and a math curriculum consultant.

**Hank Feeley** is a painter/sculptor moving between studios in Florida and Chicago. Paradoxically, he is a graduate of both Harvard Business School and The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He is represented by First Street Gallery in New York and Packer Schopf Gallery in Chicago.

**Susan Doherty** is a freelance writer who recently relocated to Colorado from Illinois. While she misses the deep dish pizza and the Chicago live lit scene, she is willing to concede that mountain life agrees with her.

**Dagmar Hrickova**, a Czech Republic born visual artist, has lived her life as somewhat of a nomad, taking inspiration from her ever changing surroundings to create conceptual and thought provoking art. Her art is dark and images are often left in an unfinished state; surfaces are scratched and streaked, giving them a sense of freshness and urgency. She's currently returned to New York from her assignment in South Africa.

**Christopher Herron** is a graphic designer specializing in corporate branding. He is fascinated by evolution, space exploration, stand-up comedians, and The Golden Girls, and is obsessed with beverages of any kind. His work can be seen at [www.chrisherrondesign.com](http://www.chrisherrondesign.com).

**John Thomas Menesini** is the author of The Last Great Glass Meat Million (Six Gallery Press, 2003), e pit ap h (Six Gallery Press, 2007), and endo Poems and Sketches 2007 - 2011 (Six Gallery Press, 2011). He also appeared in the anthology Honeysuckle, Honeyjuice: A Tribute to James Liddy (Arlen House, 2006). He lives among the filth & throng of Manhattan.



## CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

### *No. 14 Reprobates*

**Jake Myers** (b. 1985) is a Chicago-based artist, athlete and educator. Like most able-bodied suburban boys, Myers found validation in sports and expressing manly qualities. Eventually, Myers “woke up” and realized how strange these social constructs were and intentionally misbehaved in athletic contexts. He now creates work that pokes fun at athletic pageantry and failed hyper-masculinity. His work can be seen at [jakemyers.us](http://jakemyers.us)

**Jason Zeimet** is a Regional Sales Manager for a Major Food & Beverage Company. While on the road for his job, Jason also makes a web-series called #TheTravelogue, based on finding and filming “all of the hidden/esoteric places in America you never knew you needed to see.” He lives in Seattle, WA and Denver, CO with his wife Emily and cat Baby. Discover his series at <http://thetravelogue.net>.

**Jennifer Mills** received her MFA in performance from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago in 2011. Currently teaching in the Department of Contemporary Practices at SAIC, Mills is also an artist in residence at the Chicago Artist’s Coalition and a regularly performing comedian. Mills has widely exhibited her work across the United States and in Germany.

# COMPOSITE INFO

## *Submissions*

Composite Arts Magazine is now accepting proposals from visual artists for inclusion in upcoming Issues.

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

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

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

Instructions and theme statements for all open calls can be found at [compositearts.com/submit](http://compositearts.com/submit).

# COMPOSITE INFO

## *No. 14 Reprobates*

Coming Spring 2014: Issue No. 15 Still Life: *The still life, on the surface, seems ordinary and plain, yet artists have been creating these types of compositions for thousands of years. You could argue they are little more than fruit on a table, flowers in a vase, trophies from the hunt, or last representations of a loved one. Composite is looking for an answer to the questions of what the still life means today in the contemporary art world. How much further can we push Still Life, and how much further can it push us?*

Composite is managed, curated, and edited by:

**Zach Clark** is hungover. His work can be viewed at [zachclarkis.com](http://zachclarkis.com).

**Kara Cochran** puts dirty dishes in the sink and waits for someone else to do them. Her work can be seen at [karacochran.com](http://karacochran.com).

**Suzanne Makol** would prefer not to be judged by her Netflix queue. Her work can be viewed at [suzannemakol.com](http://suzannemakol.com).

**Joey Pizzolato** is ambidextrous. He can be reached at [joeypizzolato@gmail.com](mailto:joeypizzolato@gmail.com).

Composite is a free publication. If you like what we're doing and would like to help support us financially, you can donate on the website or at <http://tinyurl.com/Compositedonation>. Anything helps, so thank you in advance.