fnewsmagazine
The School of the Art Institute of Chicago
arts, culture, and politics
MAY 2018

LIFE

TAYKHOOM BIVIJI
PAGE 20

AFTER

CYNTHIA ROWLEY
PAGE 18

MARCELA TORRES
PAGE 16

SAIC

SOPHIE LUCIDO JOHNSON
PAGE 14


mouthfeel
BLICK
art materials
PROUDLY SUPPORTS
SAIC
SHOP OUR CHICAGO STORES!
CHICAGO LOOP
42 S STATE STREET 312-920-0300
LINCOLN PARK
1574 N KINGSBURY AVENUE 312-573-0110
EVANSTON
1755 MAPLE AVENUE 847-425-9100
ENTIRE PURCHASE OF NON-SALE, IN-STOCK ITEMS
10%
STUDENTS AND PROFESSIONAL EDUCATORS ENJOY 10% OFF EVERYDAY PRICES!
ASK AN ASSOCIATE FOR DETAILS. TERMS & CONDITIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

fnewsmagazine

F Newsmagazine is a journal of arts, culture, and politics, edited and designed by students at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The print edition is published eight times a year and the web edition is published year-round. Visit www.fnewsmagazine.com for more.

On Friday April 20, 2017, the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) community lost Associate Professor James Yood. Yood, who began teaching at SAIC in 1987, was a full-time faculty member in the New Arts Journalism program, which he directed for ten years. A longtime art critic and Chicago historian, Yood contributed immensely to the school community during his 30 years as a faculty member. The school will hold a memorial for Yood in the fall. SAIC Faculty member and wife of Yood, Lorraine Peltz, and daughter Lily ask that in lieu of gifts, those affected by the loss of James donate to SAIC. Students who would like to talk to someone are encouraged to reach out to counseling services at the Wellness Center at 312.499.4271; faculty and staff may reach out to Employee Assistance at 800.311.4327.

FELLOW KIDS

Letter from the Editor

The May print issue of F Newsmagazine is the last one I will be working on as managing editor and boy, has it been a doozy. From missing content to last minute design changes, working on this paper was the true definition of a labor of love, emphasis on labor.

During my tenure on F, I have eaten more Exchequer waffles fries and Dunkin Donuts doughnuts than I have in my entire life, and even though my irritable bowel might feel differently, I wouldn't trade it for the world. Being a member of the F team and seeing this group of hardworking, creative, and wildly talented hobgoblins pull together a fine piece of media for the SAIC community has been both inspiring and overwhelming. It really does take a village, and our staff is the best kind of village.

Till next time,
Irena Frumkin

Letter from the Art Director and Who?

I only have this to say for departing words: Ted Cruz is the Zodiac killer. It's like you weren't even paying attention. The evidence is all right here. I don't think this is going to work anymore. You've changed ever since that night. Maybe we should start seeing other jobs. But before I go, please, for the love of God and all that is holy, remember: just wash your assholes, people. It's the least you can do. Also, Klavika, designed by Eric Olson of Process Type Foundry in 2004, is an excellent typeface. Maybe one of the best, come to think of it. It's engineered but sensitive all while remaining shocklingly versatile. *Don't you delete this, Annie. You leave this. You leave this right there. For everyone to see. I want them so see it, Annie. I want all them to see it.*

See you space cowboy...
Annie Leue & Sevy Perez

READ ALL ABOUT IT

NEWS
04 **Combat Fatigue** | Emily Rich
Where's the United States' modern anti-war movement?

ARTS
06 **Unearthing Nickel** | J. Howard Rosier
The legacy of Richard Nickel is finally being properly preserved

09 **Bean There Done That** | Grace Wells
Houston is better than Chicago, says Grace

10 **Still Waters Run Deep** | J. Howard Rosier
The Matthew Rachman Gallery brings still lifes into our time

SAIC
12 **Uncomfortable Truths** | Sam Heaps
A recent symposium unearths WWII-era traumas still relevant

13 **Where Are They Now?** | F Newsmagazine Staff
Life after SAIC for four of our favorite alumni

22 **Not So Strategic** | Emily Rich
What's the "plan" for SAIC anyway?

F+
24 **Slipped Disk** | Daniel Brookman
Floppy disks are more than just the save icon

25 **The Message** | Sam Heaps
Sharing trauma in the time of #metoo

ENTERTAINMENT
26 **Pussy (Riot) Poppin' at SubT** | Olivia Orzechowski
Olivia embraces a different kind of Russian interference

29 **Can't Teach an Old Dog New Tricks** | Manisha A.R.
The role of cultural appropriation in Wes Anderson's "Isle of Dogs"

COMICS
30 **Contributors** | Bridget Bilbo, Oberon Coverdale, Sofia Diaz, Sky Gelbron, Brooke Lord, Olivia Uzquiano, Katie Wittenberg, Krutika Surve
Submit your comics to us! Email comics@fnewsmagazine.com

WORK AT F NEWSMAGAZINE. FOR REALSIES. WE'RE NOT DESPERATE AT ALL.

SAIC's award-winning student newspaper, F Newsmagazine (that's us), is accepting applications for the following positions. Work to begin summer or fall. SAIC students only. Sorry, dad.

To apply for any position other than art director or designer, send résumé and work samples to Paul Elitzik, our beloved faculty advisor, at pelitz@artic.edu. Paul really is excited to meet you. He just said so.

Art Director
Must be fluent in Adobe Creative Cloud print programs, have excellent leadership and organizational skills, and exemplary visionary and analytical abilities. A working knowledge of art and design histories and emerging trends preferred, because, you know, we like to stay relevant or something. 20 hours/week, $13/hour. To apply, send résumé, work samples, and part of your soul to Sevy Perez at cperez5@artic.edu.

Designer
Design articles for print, conceptualize and/or make illustrations and infographics for print and web; cry and work simultaneously. Adobe Creative Cloud skills necessary as well as an appetite for collaboration with writers, editors, and other members of the design team. 10 hours/week, $12/hour. To apply, send résumé and work samples to Annie Leue, at aleue@artic.edu.

Managing Editor
Skilled writer and editor wanted. Stern but fun. Graduate student or advanced undergrad. 15–20 hours/week, $13/hour.

Webmaster
Manage and develop fnewsmagazine.com. HTML, PHP, familiarity with WordPress or similar CMS and Javascript a plus. 10–15 hours/week, $13/hour.

Arts/Art Criticism Editor
Skilled writer and editor, art critic, and cultural journalist. 10 hours/week, $12/hour.

News Editor
Write and edit news and feature articles about political and social issues and events. 10 hours/week, $12/hour.

Photo Editor
Advanced photo skills. Photojournalism experience a plus. 10 hours/week, $12/hour.

Multimedia Artist
Skilled in photo, video, sound, collaborate with editors and writers to create multimedia features for F's award-winning website, fnewsmagazine.com.10 hours/week, $12/hr.

Social Media Manager/Engagement Editor
Manage F Newsmagazine's social media platforms, analytics, and outreach. Help us understand why nobody reads anymore. 10 hours/week, $12/hour.

Advertising Manager
Manage sales and billing for F's advertisers. For advanced undergrad or grad student. Requires advanced communication and organizational skills. 10–15 hours/week, $12/hour.

Freelancers and staff writers, school news reporters, art critics, photographers, videographers and comic artists always wanted. Pay is per contribution.

Combat Fatigue

In a time of global unrest, the U.S. anti-war movement is conspiculously missing in action

By Emily Rich

The United States bombed Syria last week — which is a sentence that would probably be true any week, but I'm speaking specifically about the bombs dropped on Damascus on April 14. When this bombing was just a threat, Chicago-area activist Andy Thayer helped organized a protest in response. In a Facebook Live video, to a group of maybe 30, he said: "We should be honest, there's not a lot of us." Since the rise of Black Lives Matter and the election of Donald Trump, there's been a notable uptick in demonstrations and protests across the U.S. From protesting police violence against black people, to protesting the dismissal of science, citizens of this country are marching for causes in large numbers. But there's a conspicuous gap: Where is the anti-war movement?

The United States military is actively engaged in three countries — Iraq, Afghanistan, and Syria — and deployed in many others across the globe, notably Japan, Germany, South Korea, and Italy. This list is only scratching the surface.

According to "Ecologies of Power" by Alexander Arroyo and Pierre Belanger, the United States Department of Defense uses 8.5 billion gallons of fuel annually, which makes it the largest institutional consumer of energy in the world. More than 75 percent of that fuel is used in transporting more fuel.

We have made it so that our economy relies on military engagements regardless of cost. The military industrial complex President Eisenhower warned us about is not only going strong; it's expanding and thriving to our detriment. Because when our economy is intimately tied to our military, it's only a matter of time before we find ways to justify war crimes in order to boost our Gross Domestic Product (GDP) — if we haven't done so already.

You might be thinking, "Doesn't that answer your question? If it's in our best interest economically, why would we protest military conflicts that we can't technically call wars because Congress didn't approve any declaration of war for them?"

To which I respond, do you hear yourself? The economic reliance on war in the United States, paired with the protests that were seen during the heavily-televised Vietnam War, certainly dissuades the media from covering our current conflicts with any depth or urgency. When was the last time you heard about U.S. military involvement in Afghanistan from the news, instead of a big-budget Hollywood movie or a deep dive into a political podcast?

At one point during coverage of the April 14 bombings, news anchors needed to contextualize our presence in the Middle East so much that the map was mostly red scribbles. Presumably, they had not been keeping everyone up to date on our military's movements in the area.

This lack of media coverage could also explain the anemia of our current anti-war movement. The protests around the Vietnam War were mobilized by news coverage. When people see acts of war as they're happening, people stop thinking war is a good idea. We don't have that anymore.

At the risk of making it seem like I'm asking, "What's the Vietnam War got that we ain't got?" There was also an active draft then.

None of our current troops were drafted. Every person who is in the military is there voluntarily, and although this doesn't lessen the effect their presence overseas has on their families and loved ones (or the people overseas), it does affect the public response to their military engagements. No one's life is being put in danger who didn't sign up for it (except the people in the countries where our military is actively engaged).

This, of course, is a dire misrepresentation of how our military recruits and the hyper-capitalist system in which it functions. Military recruiters come to campuses promising debt forgiveness and tuition for those who enlist. This program would be admirable if every person were equally able to afford college tuition in this country, but that isn't the case. Overwhelmingly, enlistments come from those who otherwise can't afford education in the United States. In a world where a college education is all but required for economic success, that doesn't sound like much of a choice to me, but that's a subject for a whole other article.

Where is our modern day anti-war movement? Our wars have not become more just; they aren't suddenly bloodless. Our coverage of war has changed, our economic structure has changed, our draft has changed. Our times have changed, but along the way, we have lost something crucial.

Because if we don't question the military conflicts we engage in, if we don't protest them when we cannot justify them, then what kind of country are we? What, as a people, are we implying we are comfortable with? Where is our anti-war movement?

Emily is a second-year Writing MFA student. She's a playwright, photographer, and teaching artist by day, preferably asleep at night.

Illustration by Rohan McDonald

The once obscure legacy of Richard Nickel
is being rediscovered through the diligent work
of a local curator-historian

Unearthing Nickel

By J. Howard Rosier

Images courtesy of John Vinci

This past April marked the anniversary of the death of architectural giant Louis Sullivan as well as Richard Nickel, his greatest steward. Sullivan, founder of the Chicago School of Architecture, known for its cladded steel-frame skyscrapers and dramatic grid of bay windows, died a penniless alcoholic on April 13, 1924. His funeral was paid for by Frank Lloyd Wright, a mentee of Sullivan's whose tutelage influenced Wright's own Prairie School.

Nickel also died on April 13, but in 1972, after the old Chicago Stock Exchange collapsed on him.

The building was designed by Adler & Sullivan, the late architect's firm. Nickel, a photographer turned preservationist responsible for documenting much of Sullivan's achievements, went with a small team to salvage some of its pieces for posterity.

Four generations on, this symbiotic relationship of influence conjuring stewardship is alive and well. Both through individuals and institutions, Nickel's legacy is being preserved.

Bianca Bova is currently a communications consultant at the Illinois Institute of Technology's (IIT) College of Architecture, located in the Bronzeville neighborhood on the city's South Side. Bova was taken to a Louis Sullivan exhibit at the Chicago Cultural Center by her father when she was young.

"It was kind of the first inclination of civic responsibility," she says, "where the people responsible for a place are the people who live in it."

After keeping a pamphlet tacked onto her bedroom wall for "way too long," it became apparent to Bova's family that she had an interest in architecture.

Bova went on to curate shows for Gunder Exhibitions, the now-shuttered contemporary arts gallery which operated out of the Berger Park North Mansion (AKA, the Gunder House). She's also responsible for "Girlhood," the recent Alyce Haliday McQueen show at Wedge Projects. Intersecting with these tasks, however, was research taken up at the Ryerson-Burnham Library at the Art Institute of Chicago (AIC).

Three years ago, Bova was putting together a proposal for a Richard Nickel memorial. (The concept was presented to the city and is currently under consideration.) Her current employer, IIT, happens to be where Nickel discovered Sullivan's work at the age of 23 while studying under the photographer Aaron Siskind — the same age Bova was when she began her research on the preservationist.

Long acknowledged for its shepherdship of Chicago's architectural movements, IIT boasts multiple presciences. Architect and New Bauhaus proponent Crombie Taylor was the school's Director back when it was referred to simply as the Institute of Design. He was instrumental in saving several of Sullivan's buildings from demolition. Decades later, Mies van der Rohe, the arch minimalist, helmed the College of Architecture; today, a drive down State Street reveals that his sleek, stripped-down campus remains mostly intact.

While researching, Bova began discovering discrepancies between Nickel's public perception and reality, claims easily rebuffed by a simple perusal of his work. The discrepancy revealed a sequestered humanity in architecture and design.

Nickel's assessment of Sullivan displayed humanism manifested in "a fusion of geometry and nature." For Nickel himself, the potential for loss, rather than saintly moral conviction, was what propelled him.

"There was no incentive," Bova says, "just a situation in which something needed to be done, and there was no one to do it, so he took it upon himself."

In a photograph of Nickel on top of the Garrick Theater (right), "he's wearing a topcoat, the wrong type of shoes, no gloves, no respirator. He just showed up and did what needed to be done."

Bova also takes issue with the perception of Nickel as an anti-social, humorless loner.

"He certainly didn't have a high tolerance for the frivolity of popular culture," she says, "but he was far from anti-social." Nickel was often invited to cocktail and dinner parties, and regularly attended the symphony, the opera, and museum openings. He also loved to travel and to sail with friends.

"He had the abstract moral authority of someone who sincerely loves art," Bova adds, but there were "moments in which his frustration and regret was made manifest — times when the tone-deaf civic response overwhelmed him. He was, by all appearances, quite average in most regards."

But the story of average citizen rolling up their sleeves and getting to work can't escape martyrdom, even in The City of Broad Shoulders. After all, being crushed while attempting to preserve pieces of a treasured, demolished building perpetuates a motif of selflessness — a willingness to sacrifice one's life for art. Paradoxically, framing it as such strips away the personhood of both the preservationist and the preserved.

"[Nickel] becomes a very convenient symbol, Bova says. "I don't think for one instant that Richard would want that label attached to him."

Solving the disparity proved simple by allowing Nickel to speak for himself. Bova is currently at work on a Richard Nickel biography intended to serve as a "corrective measure against the misconceptions that have been perpetuated, both personally and professionally."

"It will draw primarily from his own written accounts of his work, personal letters and memoranda, and contain as little opinion as possible," she says.

Outside of the Ryerson, Bova has been working within Mana Contemporary's archives, going through research files from "The Complete Architecture of Adler & Sullivan," the book Nickel co-authored with Siskind. But meeting Nickel's former classmates and colleagues led to something larger.

Tim Samuelson, Chicago's official Cultural Historian, worked for Nickel as a teenager. This May, he'll be announced as the Director of the Chicago Architectural Preservation Archive (CAPA), a center containing salvaged/collected research about the city's rich architectural heritage. Bova will be named Associate Director.

"Richard Nickel and his practice are central to CAPA," she says. "It's devoted to documenting and preserving the legacies and archives of the early urban preservationists who gravitated around him. He was, for better or for worse, often at the center of things."

J. Howard Rosier (MFAW, 2018) is F Newsmagazine's arts editor. He is probably wearing a blazer and cradling a stack of papers.

Richard Nickel on the upper stories of the Garrick Theater building (located at the corner of Randolph and Dearborn Streets), extracting a quarter section of exterior terra cotta ornament. Nickel had been contracted by the City of Chicago in 1961 to document the building, after efforts by early preservation organizations and prominent architects failed to prevent its demolition. He then led a salvage crew which included John Vinci and David Norris. Elements they recovered remain on view at the Art Institute of Chicago and in other museum collections internationally.

Richard Nickel knocking plaster from the back of two unidentifiable, ornamental terra cotta panels c. 1970. Though salvaging was secondary to Nickel's practice as an architectural photographer, his extraction work is noted for its clean and meticulous execution. Nickel often had no choice but to steward the salvaged materials himself, storing them at his home in Park Ridge until it became untenable. In 1965 he sold the majority of his collection to Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville, where it remains with selections periodically on view.

SAIC | OFFICE OF STUDENT AFFAIRS

From all of the staff and faculty in the Office of Student Affairs

Congratulations Graduates!

Commencement: May 14, Wintrust Arena, 200 E. Cermak Rd

Join us at these upcoming Student Programming Board Destress Week events:

May 1 - **Zumba!**, 4:30-5:30pm, MacLean Movement Studio, 1302A
May 2 - **Breakfast for Dinner,** 9:00pm until supplies last, Neiman Center, 2nd floor
May 3 - **Build Your Own Trail Mix**, 4:15 until supplies last, Neiman Center, 2nd floor
May 7 - **Animal Therapy with Canine Therapy Corps,** 11:30am-1:00pm, 2nd floor Neiman Center

Relax and take care of yourself at these Care Week events brought to you by the President's Office and Student Affairs:

April 30-May 4, 11:30am-1:30pm will include refreshments and snacks, self-care giveaways, and interactive games, 10-minute back massages and 5-minute hand massages.
All programmings is free for students, staff, and faculty.

Monday - Neiman, 2nd floor
Tuesday - SPERTUS, 4th floor lounge
Wednesday - Sullivan 12th floor, near lounge & 1255
Thursday - Columbus Lobby
Friday - MacLean 14th floor lounge

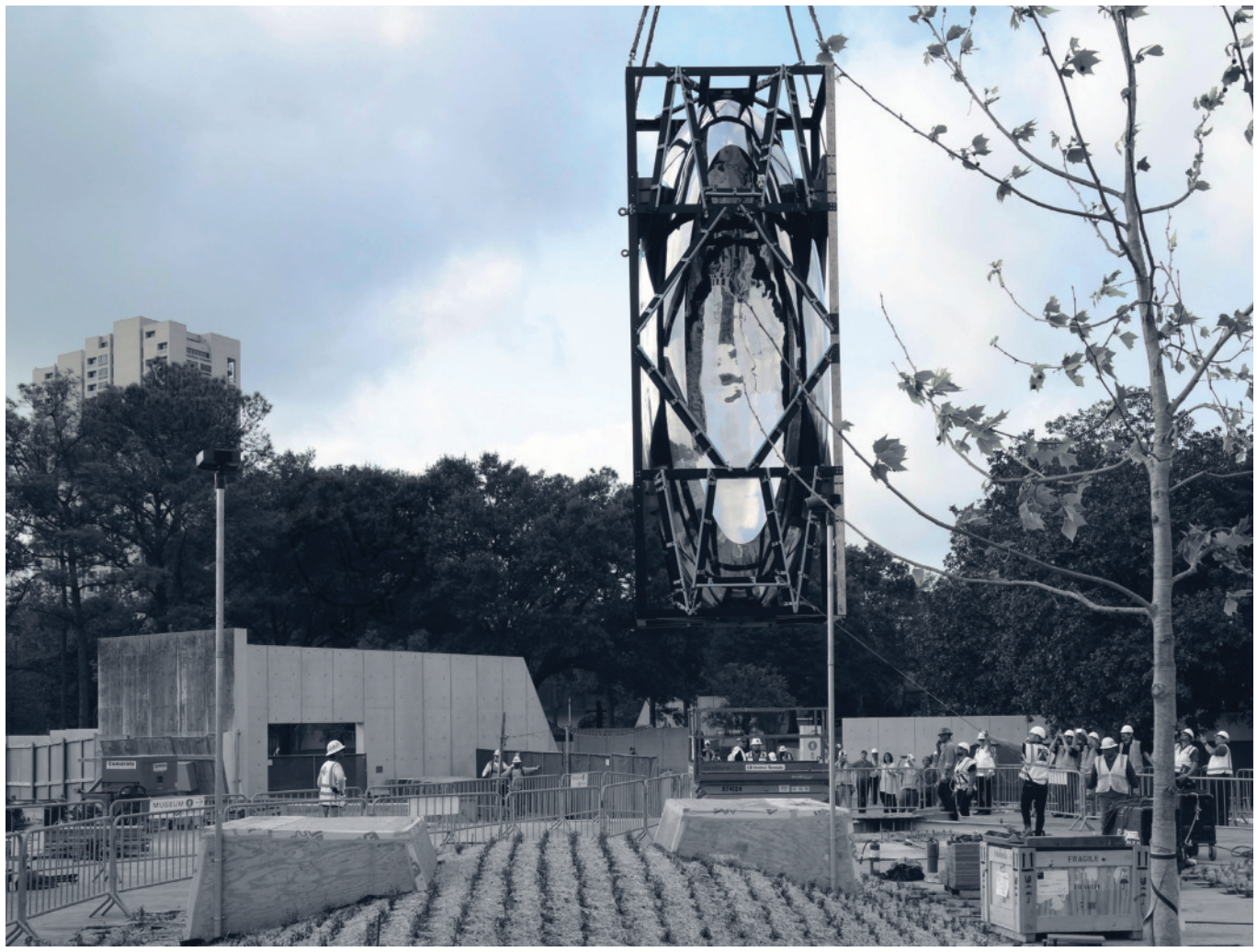
Wednesday, May 2 - **Gong Meditation Workshop,** taught by Benjamin Savage, 4:30 - 5:30pm in Sharp 327.

Questions about anything SAIC? Get answers from studenthelp@saic.edu.

Unoriginal Chicago Tribune Doesn't Know What it's Talking About

It's okay Houston, we've all bean there

By Grace Wells



The installation of "Cloud Column" | photo by The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston

Kim Janssen, a writer for the Chicago Tribune, penned an article on March 27 titled "Unoriginal 4th Place Houston Gets its Own Bean Sculpture … Whatever" about an Anish Kapoor sculpture recently purchased by the Museum of Fine Arts Houston (MFAH).

Janssen begins by saying, "it's no secret that Houston is coming for Chicago's status as the nation's third-largest city. But couldn't it be a little bit more original about how it does it?"

Many responses have emerged including one from Lisa Gray of the Houston Chronicle, who published a charged email exchange between her and Janssen. As a Houstonian studying art in Chicago, I have a few thoughts.

On Anish Kapoor

Janssen clearly didn't do any research before picking Anish Kapoor as the battle to fight against Houston. Kapoor is terrible. He monopolized color in 2016. The man who does the capitalist equivalent of refusing to share his crayons probably isn't the person you want to claim as your own, Kim. And hey, MFAH, probably not the best choice for the campus of your new art school. Next time, consider someone local.

On Kim Janssen & the Chicago Tribune (and Chicago as a whole, too)

Let's start with the use of the word "unoriginal." A sculptor installing two pieces from one series in two different locations isn't "unoriginal"; it's pretty fucking normal.

Additionally, if I had a dollar for every time a Chicagoan bitched to me about the Bean I'd be able to comfortably afford my ridiculous rent. Like eating deep dish when your relatives come to visit, Chicago only wants to claim the Bean when it's convenient. Chicagoans don't go to the Bean. They don't spend time there. Most people don't even know its real title, "Cloud Gate" (2004), let alone the artist who made it or the other works in his collection.

On Houston

I'll be the first to admit that my relationship to Houston is complicated. After all, I moved away. But goddamn, if I didn't confess my love for the city, I'd be lying. Houston is incredibly diverse, offers delicious food, and is home to one of the most important ports in the country (not to mention our extraordinary medical center and NASA).

Growing up in Houston was wonderful, strange, and sweaty. I hoped for flash flood warnings and AC malfunctions to get out of school early and learned how to drive through some unfathomable weather. I learned to be politically resilient as I stood with my neighbors to fight for Prop 1, and watched the election of one of the first openly gay female mayors of a major city (Chicago has only had one female mayor ever). I have stood by as Houston grew larger and more blue. I watched from afar, with a heavy heart and fear for my family, as my city faced Hurricane Harvey.

Janssen writes that "Houston's version of The Bean differs in one respect from Chicago's: the uptight Texas bean is designed to stand upright, not lie on its side like the chill Illinois bean."

While I think the assertion that one bean is "chiller" than the other is flawed, when it comes to the arts Houston is, in fact, uptight. We're not an arts city; we're a STEM city.

I was privileged enough to attend arts-oriented schools as a kid, visit museums, see the Art Car Parade, and walk to school down a street in Montrose that was full of creatives. Most Houstonians aren't.

I see in Houston a city that wants to be an art city, that wants to be creative. To do that, Houston needs to step up their support for school arts programs. Houston needs to start empowering artists, curators, and directors of color; our population is not predominantly rich and white, but we sure do give those oil and gas men a lot of creative control.

Houston is a great place to live. It's a beautiful blue bubble in Texas that I'm proud to have grown up in. And as the second fastest growing city in the country, Houston needs artists; that's why Janssen sees us as a threat.

At the end of the day, none of this is within Kim Janssen's area of expertise. Jassen has no understanding of the dynamics of Houston or who we are. He doesn't know what we've been through or where we've come from. He doesn't know our successes and our failures. He only sees us, through Chicago colored glasses, as a threat.

So Janssen, why don't you crack open an Old Style and kindly fuck off. When you're ready to have an informed discussion on art, sculpture, and our respective cities, I'd be happy to talk over some Shiners on a porch, any time of the year.

Grace is School News editor at F Newsmagazine. She didn't know what else to put in her bio, so just picture her chugging coffee somewhere.

Still Waters Run Deep

‘Still Moments’ at Matthew Rachman Gallery brings still lifes into our time

By J. Howard Rosier

Still life paintings are one of those aesthetic practices avoided by a majority of artists. A vase, a bowl of fruit; a dinner table with disheveled place settings, all rendered gorgeously in their silence, as if a spotlight were thrown on them for investigation. In modernity, their technical mastery is offset by courtly images of old masters operating within a closed system. In their function of the elite recording themselves, perhaps portraiture is the only genre rivaling it.

However, unlike portraiture — which has seen a revival in recent years due to an increased desire for more diverse representation in media — the still life remains in hard times. It’s more difficult to implicate broader significance in a flower bouquet than in an undocumented immigrant or an unarmed black person killed by police. As a concept, the still life requires a sincerity in application and an appreciation of surface images that “the demands of the times” are justifiably losing patience for.

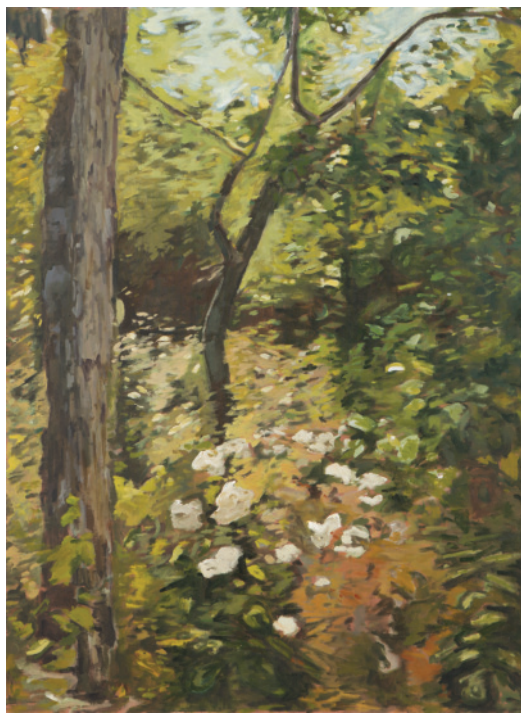
In the words of Susan Sontag, style is a means of insisting on something. “Still Moments,” which closed in April at Matthew Rachman Gallery, manages to combine two unique yet thoroughly accomplished artists emphasizing the bracing and fleeting nature of memory.

Tom Judd, who’s currently based in Philadelphia, lived in a modernist home in Mount Olympus, Utah, as a child. At the age of six, his family moved to the suburbs of Chicago for a year. In interviews, he’s described this experience as traumatic, and his affinity for painting modernist structures functions simultaneously as a preservation and an inquiry into whether or not anything can be preserved — a monument on shaky ground.

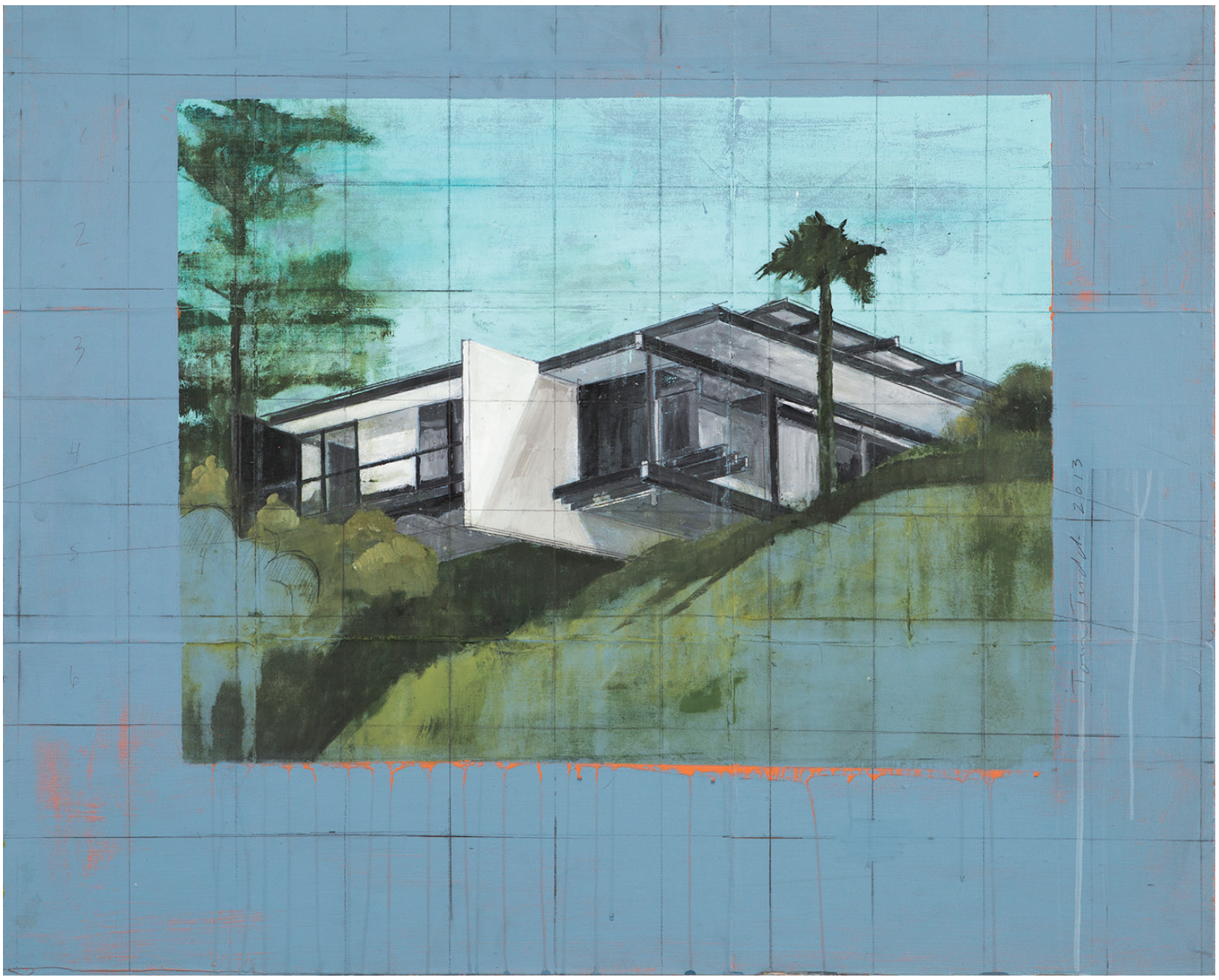
In fact, the houses are the only thing Judd seems sure about; in “Neutra,” skies are rendered through light blue brush strokes failing to saturate the entirety of upper parts of Judd’s composition, while in “Breuer #4” and “Mouro,” the texture of grass and foliage is achieved through sharp strokes and insistent pressings, or barely scraping green across the foreground. (Clay and rock formations are achieved similarly, in pale pinks and shadowy grays).

Clearly, effort has been put into constructing these scenes, but in a manner that doesn’t call to mind exactitude. The efficiency of their construction gestures towards getting the approximate details right, rather than remembering every pebble or counting every branch on a tree. However, in all of Judd’s paintings, the houses are drawn precisely, with clean lines and dense saturations establishing their solidity.

At least until the paint drips down the rest of the canvas. Outside of how environments are rendered, Judd’s paintings also challenge still life forms through showing the skeletons of their conceptualization. Numbered grids,



TOP TO BOTTOM: “Treetops,” Slater Sousley; “Brueur #4,” Tom Judd; “The Woods Beckon,” Slater Sousley; All images courtesy of Matthew Rachman Gallery.



"Neutra – Montana," Tom Judd. Image courtesy of Matthew Rachman Gallery.

Sousley captures the feeling of stumbling through nature's expanse.

resembling blueprints, are the speculative outlines on which images are constructed. Judd's signature, the dates of the paintings, and his notes are scattered throughout the composition's edges. Combined with the fleeting nature of the environment around the houses, the paintings are profoundly speculative; in a sense, one isn't sure where imagination ends and where physical forms, existent in the world, begin. Another way to look at it is that the line is so porous that it's impossible for imagination and physicality to remain in their respective camps. Perhaps this is best evinced by "Farnsworth House," a black and white piece whose black surface resembles a night sky, with chalky grid lines calling to mind constellations of stars.

Similar to Tom Judd's fixation on houses, Slater Sousley, who received his BFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), appears committed to rendering woodsy, outdoor scenes. The comparisons end there: Whereas Judd uses his gifts to render metaphysical movement, Sousley's interests lie in the physical. His paintings, at first glance, have the appearance of camouflage, built with smudges and smeared brush strokes of paint. This is part of their game, though; their grandeur. Through a precise juxtaposition of concrete and abstract structures, Sousley captures the feeling of stumbling through nature's expanse.

The vantage point is always close up; the images, a little out of focus. Angular bursts and slashes cut throughout like branches blown in the wind. The reach of trees and bushes is overwhelming, until — as in "The Woods Beckon" — you come across a gargantuan tree trunk. Solidity. Relief. Another whorl of autumnal browns and greens ("Overgrowth on the Bank"), until you're overtaken by "Treetops," an angular spray of fir needles crowding the wobbly space of birches and oaks.

Precision versus expression is a classic artistic consideration — a conundrum of which still life painting possesses a large stake. It's a testament to Sousley's technical acuity that he's able to deftly traverse the ground in between. How else to explain "November Brush," a green-and-cream painting, with streaks of brown and shadowy purples coming together to form a bush we've stooped down to examine, other than to say that he precisely expresses experience?

Outside of revitalizing still life painting, the exhibit was doubly impressive due to the youth of its curator. "Still Moments" is the first exhibition organized by Martha Morimoto, who received her BFA from SAIC. She deserves a great deal of praise for her thoughtful and elucidating work, as well as a coterie of eyes on the lookout for her future projects.

J. Howard Rosier (MFAW, 2018) is F Newsmagazine's arts editor. He is probably wearing a blazer and cradling a stack of papers.

Uncomfortable Truths

A recent symposium unearths WWII-era traumas still relevant today

By Sam Heaps

Towards the end of the two-day symposium "Necessary Discomfort: 'Comfort Women' in Art and Activism," which took place at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) in early March, Suellen Semekoski, a professor of Art Therapy, thanked those in attendance. "It's hard to get people to come to something about discomfort because we have it now in spades." It's true: Violence against women is still common across the world. The modern relevance of these wartime atrocities was ever-present throughout the talks.

For those unfamiliar with the term, "comfort women" is a euphemism used to describe women and girls used as sex slaves by the Japanese Imperial Army during WWII. (The phrasing is often challenged in the symposium.) Most of these girls and women were forced into sexual service from their home nations of Korea, China, and the Philippines, among others. Though the numbers are still being debated, estimates range from 20,000 to 410,000. There are still survivors, and beginning in 1991 with Kim Hak-Sun, they've begun to tell their horrifying stories.

The symposium started with Dr. Elizabeth W. Son's presentation on the use of theater to tell these women's stories. She discussed two plays. "Nabi/Comfort Women" takes a look at women in pain from the trauma they've experienced, and holds families and societies responsible for hearing their stories. The translated "Nabi" takes a more personal approach. Its author questions the act of testifying another violence against survivors. Can plays help alleviate that burden?

The second play, "The Trojan Women: An Asian Story," begins with Helen telling the women of Troy to accept their fates as their city is conquered. Through stylized marionettes, it uses the lens of the Trojan War to expose the cyclical brutality of war-time violence against women.

The next two speakers, Jennifer Dorothy Lee and Sandra Shim, discussed the problematic role of women as national symbols and the Statue of Peace, respectively. Shim shared many details about the statue, which is often placed outside of Japanese embassies in order to pressure the Japanese government into offering a formal and sincere apology.

The final act of the first night was a poetry reading by Emily Jungmin Yoon, author of "Ordinary Misfortunes" and the upcoming book "A Cruelty Special to Our Species." Some of the most moving moments of the symposium came from her readings of her long poem "Testimonies" — a series of shorter sections each named after a "comfort woman" and based on their stories.

It is while listening to these poems that I am drawn again to the backdrop chosen for the evening: A single pair of women's shoes surrounded by men's boots. It nauseated me as I listened to the women's stories — how they were kidnapped, raped repeatedly; and forced to live in shame if they survived.

At the beginning of each day we were asked 'Why are we talking about this now?' The answer is that what happened then is happening today.

The second day began with Dr. Kyeong-Hee Choi discussing an artist and survivor who expressed her experiences through her art, and the writer Park Wan-Suh. She began by questioning the relationship between the public's understanding of comfort "women's" — really just girls' — maternal bodies. If they did not die, the "comfort women" became infertile. Many women had their stomachs slashed in violent abortions. For this and other reasons, including venereal disease and physical trauma, they were forever robbed not only of their innocence but of future motherhood.

Dr. Kyeong-Hee Choi was followed by Arianna Hess, an MA student at SAIC, who presented on the artwork of Tomiyama Taeoko, a Japanese artist filled with guilt over the knowledge that the "comfort women" existed. She explored this idea of guilt — guilt being its own kind of trauma. What do we do with it?

In her presentation, Hess alludes to her own history of trauma. Sitting in the audience, I was grateful someone had said it. The presenters and organizers were all careful to frame the information given in the symposium as potentially triggering, but even after the warning, I was shaken by the experiences and information we were asked to digest. My own past sat in the empty chair next to me, inching closer every hour.

At the beginning of each day we were asked "Why are we talking about this now?" The answer is that what happened then is happening today. #Metoo hung in the air as we listened to the difficulties survivors had, and still have, coming forward. The cycle of violence against women during times of war was visited and re-visited. The complicity of Korean society as well as the Japanese military was discussed. The responsibility we all have, to remember these atrocities, was explicit.

The symposium ended with a walking meditation led by Suellen Semekeski. All attendees filed one after another to walk slowly with the memory of the "comfort women's" pain.

While we were walking, the Statue of Peace in Chicago sat still inside a box. It is unable to find a home where it will be visible, due to political disagreement. This symposium was a time for pain to be seen and heard in a way that's often ignored — or boxed away.

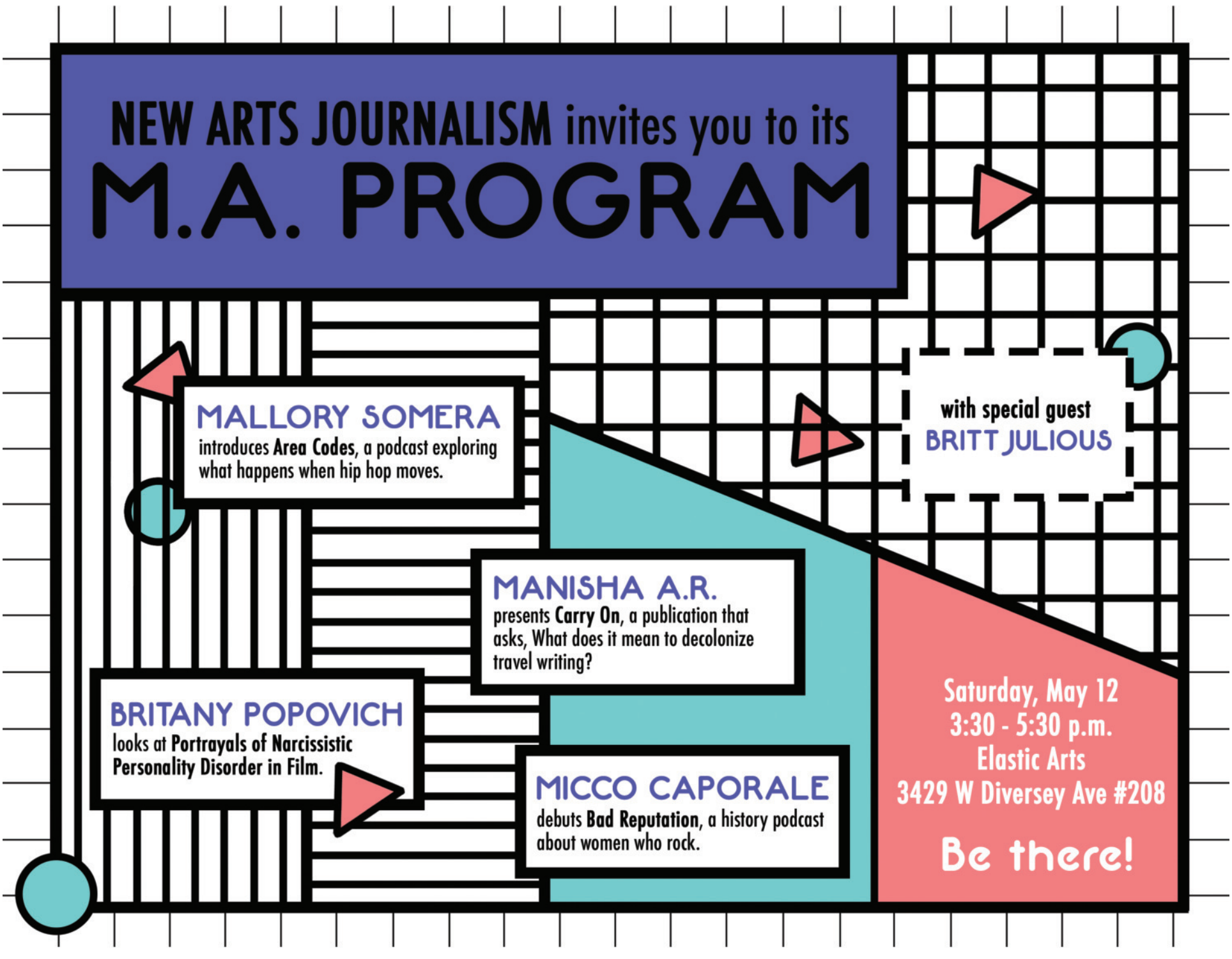
Sam Heaps is 10% into Star Trek Voyager and 90% into spending time with her dog. She is currently pursuing her MFAW at SAIC and previously worked as a contributing writer for & Of Other Things Magazine.

Illustration by Catherine Cao

F Newsmagazine • May '18 SAIC

Where Are They Now?

With the reality of graduation nipping at some of our heels, life after the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) seems as daunting as it is inevitable. Attending an art and design school is a huge gamble — we know this; and with the familiar chorus of "But how will you get a job?" playing constantly at full volume, the choice to follow your arts-adjective dreams is often a difficult one. ✈ But there are people out there — many people, in fact — who've gone through the art school system and are better for it. F Newsmagazine reached out to four SAIC alumni and asked about their life and work after attending the most expensive art school in the country. This is all to tell you: don't give up hope (but start preparing for those loan repayment reminders). ✈ Featuring writer Sophie Lucido Johnson, performance artist Marcella Torres, fashion designer Cynthia Rowley, and activist Taykhoom Biviji, we're uncovering the claim that SAIC is the most influential art and design school in the country. Turn the page for more.



live, love, Lucido Johnson

Sophie Lucido Johnson, former F Newsmagazine editor, graduated from SAIC and landed a book deal

By Irena Frumkin

Illustration by Alex Kostiw

Sophie Lucido Johnson is a woman. She lives in Chicago, and she is publishing a book — an illustrated memoir about polyamory — that is due to be released on June 26. Publishing a book is kinda sorta a big deal, especially when you've been hustling nonstop to achieve what most writers only dream of. Lucido Johnson took a break from her high profile life as a great American author (and inspirational high school teacher) to talk with F Newsmagazine about life, relationships, and publishing.

First of all, how are you?
I'm ok. Honestly, not great. I just bought a house with my fiancé and the roofer caught it on fire. (He was trying to use a blowtorch to melt some ice, you know, like you do.)

This was over a month ago, and I've been just chin-deep in the whole bureaucracy of insurance companies and roofers and people who manage properties and contractors. Everyone is trying to swindle me all the time and I wish I was badass and strong about this, but I'm just crying constantly.

So, when you aren't dealing with the flaming hurdles life throws at you, what do you do to keep busy or pay rent?
I write illustrated essays. I do this because I like to write and I like to draw, and I have always liked to do those things.

I teach at SAIC and at ChiArts. I do this because teaching allows me to get out of my own tiny little universe, which feels so giant and all-consuming when I'm left alone with my thoughts.

I bake pies for my friends and family. I do this because I love pie and I think it is an important religion.

I spend ample time with my two cats, Puppy and Norman. If you met them, you would immediately understand why I do it.

I tune pianos. This is a new and liberating thing for me, and so far, I have only tuned one piano. But it went exceedingly well. I think we are taught that things like changing tires and tuning pianos are hard and so you shouldn't try to do these things yourself. I am learning that everything that people have told you you can't do is a thing that other people can do; and if other people can do it, then so, probably, can you.

Tell us about your book! When is it coming out? How can I get one?
My book is called "Many Love: An Illustrated Memoir of Polyamory and Finding Love(s)." It is coming out on June 26. The launch party will be at Women and Children First in Andersonville on June 29 at 7:30 p.m. You can buy one there, or pre-order on Amazon, Barnes and Noble, Powell's; all those online places where people buy books.

What inspired you to write "Many Love" aside from, duh, personal experiences?
When I got to SAIC, my advisor Jill Riddell asked me what I wanted to work on. I said, "I really can't write anything that takes longer than a sitting to write. I'm a quick writer, and if I stop writing something, it dies. I can't resurrect it." Jill said, "You are a person who, given a beach, sticks to the shore and is very good at collecting shells." I was like, "Huh?" She was like, "I want to encourage you to get in a boat and go deep into the middle of the water, where you can't see land anymore and everything is disorienting and you have no idea what you're going to get out of it." I was like, "Again, what?" And Jill said, "You should write a book."

And so the next week I came in with a bunch of book ideas. I was thinking about polyamory a lot at the time, and I decided that that was the one I wanted to pursue.

Tell me a little bit about the process of getting a book published. (You don't have to go into the nitty gritty and you don't have to give away trade secrets.) What has your own personal experience with this process been like?
LOL. "Give away trade secrets." Listen, if I could say something that hasn't been said before about how to get a book published, I totally would. I have an agent. I wish I could tell you how I got this agent; she found a piece I wrote for Jezebel and emailed me and we talked on the phone and before you knew it, I had someone to send all my writing to. I think if you're selling a book — and you're trying to sell to a major publisher — you kind of need an agent. Some agents take unsolicited submissions, so it makes sense to shop your manuscript around to agencies who will advocate for your work rather than publishing houses.

When did you know you wanted to be a writer? Did you ever really "know"?
I was four. I wrote a book called "Princess Pony Goes to the Dentist." I read it to my sister, who was a baby. She basically thought it was good, and I declared to my mom and dad that I was going to be a writer.

> Never in the history of time has love stood still.

"Many Love" describes navigating the word with multiple partners, but you are currently planning for your wedding. How do you reconcile more "traditional" forms of so-called relationship landmarks — such as marriage — with polyamory? As in, how do you stay true to yourself?
Oh, I don't know. We're getting married. I want to tell everyone in the world that I love this person, and I want to promise him that I will stick by him no matter what happens. This has nothing to do with sex. But, I'm excited to have a jazz band and a bunch of tacos and be around everyone I love. My mom is making my dress. We won't have bridal parties or a big ceremony, but it will be nice. I'm just going with the flow of this relationship, and letting it change as it naturally changes.

How did you meet your fiancé?
I kind of stalked Luke for a few years in New Orleans. I thought he was super-hot and I'd see him at events. At a storytelling show, I smelled his hair. Once, he showed up at the school where I worked. I followed him around the school trying to make eye contact, to no avail. One night I found him on Tinder and nearly dropped my phone. I swiped right and held my breath, and because God is kind, it was a match! I sent him the world's creepiest message ("I've been stalking you for several years and I know where you live"), and he responded! When we went on our first date I thought he was arrogant and I disliked him. But he was persistent and our second date was amazing. He is amazing. He is a literal earth angel and I thank the Mysterious Universe every day that somehow our paths crossed.

Are we invited to the wedding?
Yes — OPEN WEDDING! New Orleans, October 13. See you there!

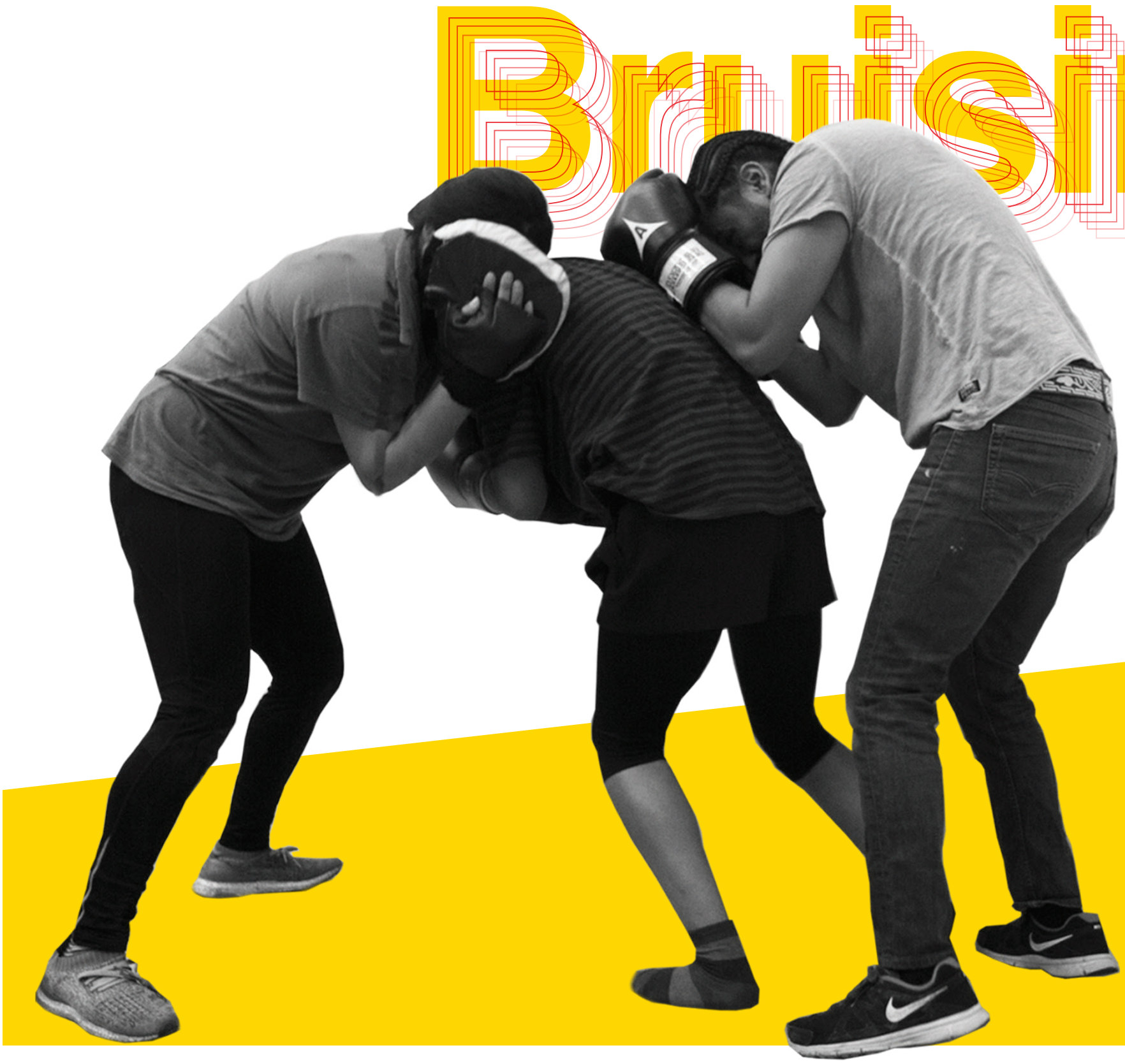
Any advice for aspiring writers/illustrators?
Just keep making the thing you like to make. Don't ask anyone to pay you for it, but do publish it. Do it all the time. Put up the stuff you think sucks. Make things constantly. Call this "practice." You'll improve, and someone will notice. When you do submit your work, you'll have a whole portfolio of the shit you did just for yourself, and people will like that. If ever you're thinking, "I want to get paid for this," you're doing it wrong. The getting paid for it just kind of comes. As soon as you want to get paid for something, you stop loving it. I wish this wasn't true, but it is. For this reason, you should find a tolerable day job that doesn't require too, too much of you, so you can spend your evenings and weekends making things just 'cause you want to.

Any advice for aspiring polyamor...ists(?)?
We often ask love to stand still. Never in the history of time has love stood still. Embrace this reality; enjoy that things change. Relationships are strange and funny and always beautiful and always painful. If you enter into them with that knowledge, the pain can be kind of beautiful, too. Re-evaluate constantly and don't be afraid of communicating what you need. The people who are right for you will be able to hear what you need and accommodate you. Trust me: there is someone out there who will say "yes" to your particular crazy, and you'll be so glad you were honest from the get-go.

Finally, how many is too many?
Sugar cubes: 2.5
Ducklings: 38
Snacks per day: seven
Shepherds per flock: two
Girl Scout cookies: about 12 Thin Mints, eight Tagalongs, or four Samoas
Partners: It varies from person to person. I have never been able to seriously date more than three.

Irena is F Newsmagazine's managing editor. She is incorrigible.

Sweet Science of Bruising



Images courtesy of Marcela Torres

special
F Newsmagazine • May '18

Recent SAIC graduate Marcela Torres' life and work are informed by the science and rhetoric of the physical fight

By Irena Frumkin

Marcela Torres is a fighter — literally and figuratively. As a performance artist, she works with the body in times of violence and extreme physical stress in order to create space for healing. Otherwise, she can be found working at the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago (MCA) and teaching at Gallery 400. Torres has crossed artistic boundaries and broken societal molds in order to emerge into the person she is today. She is also — you guessed it — a graduate of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC).

What do you do?

As of late, I've been calling myself a "social strategist" as an umbrella term to describe how I put action out into the world. I largely consider how theory and practice can operate to reconfigure social structures that better daily living conditions for those under stress. These models are then experienced through my art-based projects, teaching, and work as an organizer. As an example, I use tools from teaching youth to make complex ideas manageable within my performances and visual work, providing accessibility and non-hierarchical legibility.

The work I've made in the last few years focused on locating personal strength through self-confidence and emotional resilience specifically for the bodies of people of color in America. I wanted to inspect violence and fighting as a control, and I began to train in Muay Thai, boxing, and jiu-jitsu. This knowledge base provided me a foundation of technique, audience, and objects in which to create metaphors for racial dynamics, personal narratives, pain, and healing.

I've created performance art works such as "No Contest," "Favored to Win," and "Theater of the Unexpected." I've also created self-defense workshops that use training to locate personal methods of understanding anxiety or insecurity and mitigating it.

What did you study at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) and when did you graduate? What was your experience like, overall?

At SAIC, I received my MFA in Performance and I graduated in 2017. In attending SAIC, I wanted to be part of an ambitious group of artists who were making fun projects and were confident enough to be supportive of one another. I tried to be really open to vulnerability and learn to not only be a good artist, but a good communicator. Things were definitely hard, but I think I learned so much and had a very solid experience where I gained a community of curators, performers, makers, thinkers, and general cuties that fulfill me.

What has your post-graduation experience been like?

The first six months after I graduated were difficult. I knew what I wanted, which was to join a great institution as a programmer or educator and have an extensive artist career that let me travel and experiment. Yet making that possible was really difficult; I questioned my abilities and self worth. When things started to actually happen, I became excited and it boosted me into turbo speed, reminding me of who I am and what my strengths are. Now that I'm almost an entire year out of school, I've reached a good place. I have enough agency and time to pursue work thoughtfully.

What informs your practice?

In the past, I was on a mission to find self-value. Working out and fighting taught me what I was capable of. My work was fueled by my wanting to love myself and teaching others how to do it for themselves. Now locating what informs my practice is a harder question to answer. If I had to compile a list, I'd include emotional patterns present socially such as tantrums and fragility, soap, sewing leather, being in Latin America; historical wars and the mindsets they spurred.

I also really love instagram and I like to watch how people's relationships are present online. Like when people post a ton and then delete everything.

What or who are your influences?

Rafa Esparza, Maria Gaspar, Howardena Pindell; I just met Cat Mahari and wow.

How did SAIC affect you as a person, if it did at all? How did it affect your work?

SAIC was sort of like being in an art factory. So many "special" people all in one place, and it was difficult to ground myself. It taught me to trust myself and have strong skin.

My work completely transformed. I began to integrate all of my interest into my practice: weight lifting, zine-making, wrestling, social practice. My advisor in the final semester, Latoya Ruby Frazier, encouraged me to go big if I felt like I needed to. For my thesis, I made an entire conference that included two workshops, performance, sculpture, a publication, and a youth dance piece, and I curated four other people. Her confidence in me transformed a wannabe into a doer.

How has your work changed over the years?

Initially, my work was sculpture-based, then it transformed to performance in order to speak towards my actual racialized body. From there, it completely widend to be more about an organizational effort. I don't think of myself as based in one style or medium — I use and make with any and every medium and style. FREE FOR ALL.

Are you doing what you thought you would when you started at SAIC?

Yes, actually. There's a lot more work, but my day-to-day is involved with the concerns and actions I want to be involved in.

What would you say is the hardest lesson you've had to learn that SAIC didn't teach you?

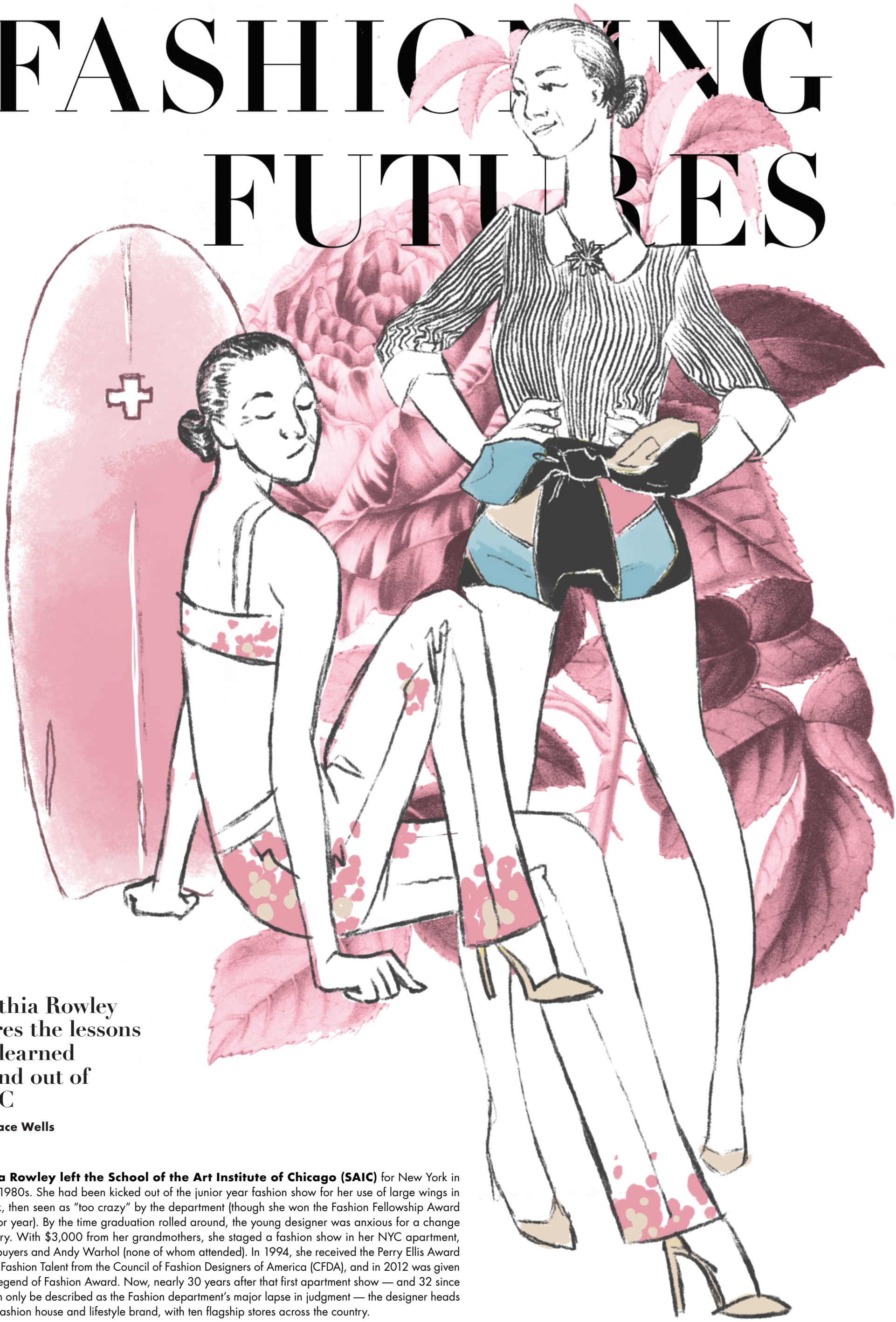
You don't get everything you want.

Words of wisdom?

Long-term game plan.

Irena is F Newsmagazine's managing editor.
She is incorrigible.

FASHIONING FUTURES



Cynthia Rowley shares the lessons she learned in and out of SAIC

By Grace Wells

Cynthia Rowley left the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) for New York in the late 1980s. She had been kicked out of the junior year fashion show for her use of large wings in her work, then seen as "too crazy" by the department (though she won the Fashion Fellowship Award her senior year). By the time graduation rolled around, the young designer was anxious for a change of scenery. With $3,000 from her grandmothers, she staged a fashion show in her NYC apartment, inviting buyers and Andy Warhol (none of whom attended). In 1994, she received the Perry Ellis Award for New Fashion Talent from the Council of Fashion Designers of America (CFDA), and in 2012 was given SAIC's Legend of Fashion Award. Now, nearly 30 years after that first apartment show — and 32 since what can only be described as the Fashion department's major lapse in judgment — the designer heads a large fashion house and lifestyle brand, with ten flagship stores across the country.

Illustration by Pierre-Joseph Redouté, Catherine Cao

What did you study at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC)? What was your experience like, overall?
When I first went to SAIC, I was an art major and eventually moved into fashion. I always made my own clothes so the combination of painting and sewing made this an organic progression. Of course, I had no clue about the industry and was making clothes with giant plastic wings coming out of the shoulders (remember when you guys cut me out of the show because my design was too crazy? No hard feelings).

How did you get to where you are today?
By keeping an open mind and taking risks. It's important to celebrate your successes, but even more important to have a vision for the future and work to make that vision a reality over and over, day in and day out.

When did you graduate from SAIC?
That's a complicated question. I thought I graduated in the '80s, and I won the fashion fellowship award. I took the money and ran to New York, then realized I was living a lie and never actually finished. Years later, I petitioned the school to see if I could take a class or two to actually finish and make my parents proud. I think it was 2006 when I finally got to walk across the stage with the undergrad class. Tony Jones, then president of SAIC, shook my hand and said, "Congratulations, Cynthia. Good luck in your career!"

What have you been up to since then?
All I ever wanted to do was make cool things, and my entire life has been a evolution on that theme. It's been a constant whirlwind of risk, reward, and repeat.

Greatest accomplishment to date?
It's all cumulative. There isn't one thing that can make you a star, just like there isn't just one thing that will take you down.

Greatest embarrassment to date? (Only if you care to share)
There's been a million! The most important thing is to keep a sense of humor about it.

What informs your practice?
The cultural zeitgeist plays a huge role in what we make. We design what we feel is authentic to our brand in the moment, but also what resonates with our audience. I like to say I'm a hustler, and I'm scrappy — in my book, those are both good qualities to have.

What are your influences?
Anything from travel and culture to music, art, home decor, people watching. Growing up in a family full of artists definitely jump-started my career. My husband owns an art gallery called Half Gallery, which is always inspiring.

How did SAIC affect you as a person, if it did at all? How did it affect your work?
Because the school is recognized for fine art, this bleeds into the fashion department in a limitless way. They're not stifled by conventional industry norms.

How has your work changed over the years?
Well, I'm not making clothes with plastic wings coming out of the shoulders! But there's still a sense of adventure and surprise in everything we do. I still have that feeling of curiosity and excitement with every collection.

How has your work changed since you left SAIC?
Growing up in Chicago, when people talked about their "Fall collection," to me that meant mohair sweaters, wool pants, and puffer coats. Until my first sales rep said "You know, the whole country doesn't have a Chicago winter!" We're known for our pretty dresses and rad wetsuits, and what happens in between is always something new.

Are you doing what you thought you would when you started at SAIC?
I was totally naive when I was in school, so I didn't know what the hell I was doing at the time, but I thought I did. And even if I did, the industry has changed so much and continues to change everyday. Growing up with a family full of artists, I thought it was inevitable that I would become a painter, but it's all very fluid. Instead of putting ideas onto a canvas, now it's on a body.

What would you say is the hardest lesson you've had to learn that SAIC didn't teach you?
When I was in school we were told that we were the creators and if we ever wanted to have our own business we would need to find a business partner that would finance our work. This didn't really make sense to me, that someone else would give me money so that I could polish my ego. Every day is a lesson in balancing art and commerce and both are perfectly equal in my world.

Words of wisdom?
Say "YES" to everything. — Warhol

Grace is School News editor at F Newsmagazine. She didn't know what else to put in her bio, so just picture her chugging coffee somewhere.

BREAKING

An SAIC graduate works towards justice

By Irena Frumkin

By the time he was graduating from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), Taykhoom Biviji (MA 2017) was not only looking for a job, but also worrying about his status as a resident of the United States. As an international student, Biviji is one of many SAIC alumni who've found themselves in the liminal position between job hunting in the U.S. or returning home. Luckily for Chicago, Biviji is sticking around and continuing his professional practice, which is informed by social justice and neighborhood rejuvenation. He took some time out of his busy schedule to discuss with F Newsmagazine all that inspires and motivates him.

GROUND

First and foremost, who are you and what do you do?
Taykhoom Biviji, and I am currently the research associate for Oaks of North Lawndale at SAIC.

Why do you do this work?
It aligns with my interest in social practice as well as the ethos of justice.

What did you study at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and what was your experience at the school like, overall?
I attended the MA program in Arts Administration and Policy. My experience was that grad school gave me phenomenal growth and an ability to better understand my own capabilities.

How were your post-graduation experiences different as an international student?
As an international student I am at the mercy of the U.S. Federal Government. Applying for jobs came with the caveat of it possibly being only a year-long engagement, since the Optional Practical Training (OPT) aspect of the visa allows only a year. That means a big part of the first year is spent with an insecurity or rather a sort of uncertainty on possible future employment in the United States.

How did you get to where you are today?
Meeting as many people as I could, hearing their stories and sharing mine; jumping on every possible opportunity.

Greatest accomplishment to date?
If you mean post-graduation, then a community event in North Lawndale on September 23 2017, that saw about 500 attendees for the launch of Oaks of North Lawndale. Overseeing the completion of an art project that saw the recreation of Pedro Reyes' "Palas Por Pistolas (Guns in to Shovels)."

Greatest embarrassment to date?
I turned up to work one day, and realized I had forgotten my work laptop at home.

What informs your practice (whatever that may be)?
Social justice.

What or who are your influences?
Kate Dumbleton, who is a faculty member in the Arts Administration and Policy program.

How did SAIC affect you as a person, if it did at all? How did it affect your work?
Man, graduate school whips you into a professional.

How have you, or the work you involve yourself with, changed over the years?
In the past 11 months I feel I have become more aware of what I can and can't do, and that has helped me make decisions about projects I handle.

How has your work, and how have you, changed since you left SAIC?
It's not been that long for me to have a real answer, but I will say I feel a lot more confident in my work. And I keep revisiting what I learnt in school and keep having 'Aha' moments.

Are you doing what you thought you would when you started at SAIC?
To be honest, when I started I didn't know what I was going to do after SAIC.

What would you say is the hardest lesson you've had to learn that SAIC didn't teach you?
I honestly can't think of something that would fit the full measure of the question. This is possibly because it's not been that long and I am still part of SAIC since I am working here now.

Words of wisdom?
Your ride is on its way.

Irena is F Newsmagazine's managing editor. She is incorrigible.

'Palas Por Pistolas' (Guns into Shovels) reproduced with Pedro Reyes at the kick-off for Oaks of North Lawndale | Image courtesy of Foundation for Homan Square

Not So Strategic

Thoughts on SAIC's strategic planning and a hope for a better educational future

By Emily Rich

Have you ever been gaslighted — made to feel like you're questioning your own sanity — by a survey? If you were around the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) the week of November 13-17, 2017, then the answer is probably yes. During the Week of Strategic Planning, each class was tasked with answering one of two questions provided by the Strategic Planning Visioning Committee. The purpose of these questions was to help shape and write the next draft of the strategic plan for SAIC, the goal of which is to improve the quality of education and life provided by SAIC over the next few years.

This goal makes it a lot harder to be critical about the Week of Strategic Planning, and yet, we should be critical.

For instance, under the title of "Reality Checks," a question for November 16 classes read, "If we were to make SAIC more affordable, what are you willing to do without?"

Considering the lack of transparency with regard to SAIC's budget, I don't think it ought to be taken for granted that tuition dollars are being spent in such a way that if I were to pay less tuition, I would have to go without some resource or another. The question assumes that SAIC is run, from an administrative viewpoint, perfectly.

I don't think SAIC is running perfectly. If it were, we wouldn't need the survey in the first place.

Ahead of the Week of Strategic Planning, instructors were sent a document titled "How to Facilitate a Focus Group." Aside from being vague, the document included survey questions for the entire week, each day given a focus and each question given a title, some of which were almost entirely incomprehensible — namely, Tuesday's "Echo curricular interdisciplinarity throughout organizational structure," a question about creating your dream department.

I look forward to seeing how the new strategic plan — titled "NEXT," released April 2018 — tackles creating a department that's just an echo chamber for our curricular "interdisciplinarity." Because that's what this survey essentially was.

Without transparency in the way SAIC is governed, there can be no accountability. How am I to know whether there's something I could do without? I don't know where the money is going. My dream department is one that shows me line items on the budget, with most of it going to my instructors and resources provided by that department.

Not only was the wording of the survey questions presumptive and mildly distressing, the responses to the survey followed suit: in the First Year Seminar I taught, my students went from discussing how the scheduling doesn't work for them to ranting about the Contemporary Practices department, to lamenting that they were going to die in debt because SAIC is expensive, and their schedule doesn't allow for them to work enough hours to make food money. There were no solutions presented to the scheduling issue that they couldn't poke holes in; there were no students who disagreed on the basic trajectory of their lives should SAIC's scheduling remain the same.

It was an exhausting half hour.

Progress is not a zero-sum game. I think every student, instructor, and administrator who interacted with this survey wanted the same thing: for things to be better here. But if the survey was meant to start a dialogue, then it needed to cede certain points.

In certain places, it does this quite well. On Wednesday, "Our Commu-

Illustration by Katie Wittenberg

TOPICS ASSIGNED TO FACULTY TO FACILITATE STRATEGIC PLANNING FOCUS GROUPS

MONDAY

Innovate course schedule in response to core values and community goals
Right now, most studio classes meet once a week from 9-4pm; most lecture courses meet once for three hours. If we were to blow up our daily schedule what changes would be useful?
OR
Address technological innovation in curriculum and community
What is the role of the laptop, phone, and social media in your studies and/or practice? Do you want to take classes online in the future? What will the role of technology be in the SAIC of 2028?

TUESDAY

Echo curricular interdisciplinarity throughout organizational structure
Based on the courses you have taken, if you were to put together the department of your dreams
OR
Create the next great art school of the 21st century
Classes online in the future? What will the role of technology be in the SAIC of 2028?

WEDNESDAY

Strengthen sense of belonging and exchange throughout campus community
What is special about the SAIC community? If you have a special community at SAIC what is it? How did your find your group of friends? How would you advise a prospective student about how to find a supportive community? What events and activities could the school be offering to bring a greater variety of students together?
OR
Further diversity and inclusion efforts
SAIC aspires to embrace many different kinds of diversity. Who is not here who should be?

THURSDAY

Affordability
SAIC is expensive though the school operates as a non-profit. Tuition dollars are spent on faculty and staff, labs, facilities, books, special collections, galleries, support services, co-curriculars, buildings, security, and many other entities. If we were to make SAIC more affordable, what are you willing to do without? What else do you need? What could SAIC do to raise additional funds in a creative way?
OR
Deepen student experience with real world partnerships
What sorts of off campus learning experiences are most useful to a student at SAIC?

FRIDAY

Optimize scale of students, faculty, and staff
How big or small should SAIC be? Are your studio classes too big, too small, or just right?
OR
Invite alum into a lifelong learning community
Pretend you have graduated. How do you want to connect with SAIC? Do you plan to visit campus ever again or just learn about the school via social media? How do you keep up with friends you made at SAIC?

nity" was discussed, and the question about diversity was particularly apt: "SAIC aspires to embrace many different kinds of diversity. Who is not here who should be?" It's humble, it's aspirational; it admits that there's room for improvement, even if it is being asked to a student population that represents a certain lack of diversity (perhaps without even realizing it).

Bring more of that to the table in the future. Because when people in power admit that things aren't as good as they could be, that's when a dialogue can happen. That's when I feel as though my voice isn't falling on deaf ears.

Rather than a dialogue, the Week of Strategic Planning was an exercise in confusion. So, despite having a sprinkle of well-worded questions in the mix, the context in which I read them is that they're coming from a group of people who are asking for my help while also telling me there's nothing wrong. That's not a scenario that fosters trust.

Here's a strategic plan for future Strategic Plans: admit to a certain degree of failure, provide as much transparency as possible, allow students and faculty members to provide informed feedback, listen. Essentially, not what happened this time.

In the preamble to "NEXT," the Visioning Committee explains they "distilled the results of this extensive data collection into four main topics." A Venn diagram illustrates how they are going to address all of these topics simultaneously. This plan is meant to take three to five years to complete.

Upon opening the site, I was worried that it was only one page long, then relieved to discover it is partitioned into sections. I was just looking at the preamble.

It turns out, every section is only a few short paragraphs. It is surprisingly easy to read on a deadline. Immediately, I am struck with the follow-up to the tuition question, "Over the past few years, SAIC has reduced the cost of education to students through increased fundraising," it begins.

The plan itself is all "shoulds." Often, SAIC is referred to in the cultish way of "the School." For example, in the section titled "Enhance Belonging," we're given this gem of a sentence: "the School is a community made up of many communities that flourish best when they bloom in tandem."

There's nothing wrong with this sentiment inherently, but I do wonder about the ability to recognize diversity when a tandem blossoming is expected or idealized in this way.

I have to admit, I went into this plan hoping for something to surprise me, but ultimately, what I found was more bureaucracy. The vagueness of the language, particularly with regard to the actual plan, is disconcerting.

At the risk of being compared to Stalin, when I receive a five-year plan, I expect a full and thorough, year-by-year breakdown of what will happen when, and to what anticipated end. In other words, I expect an actual plan.

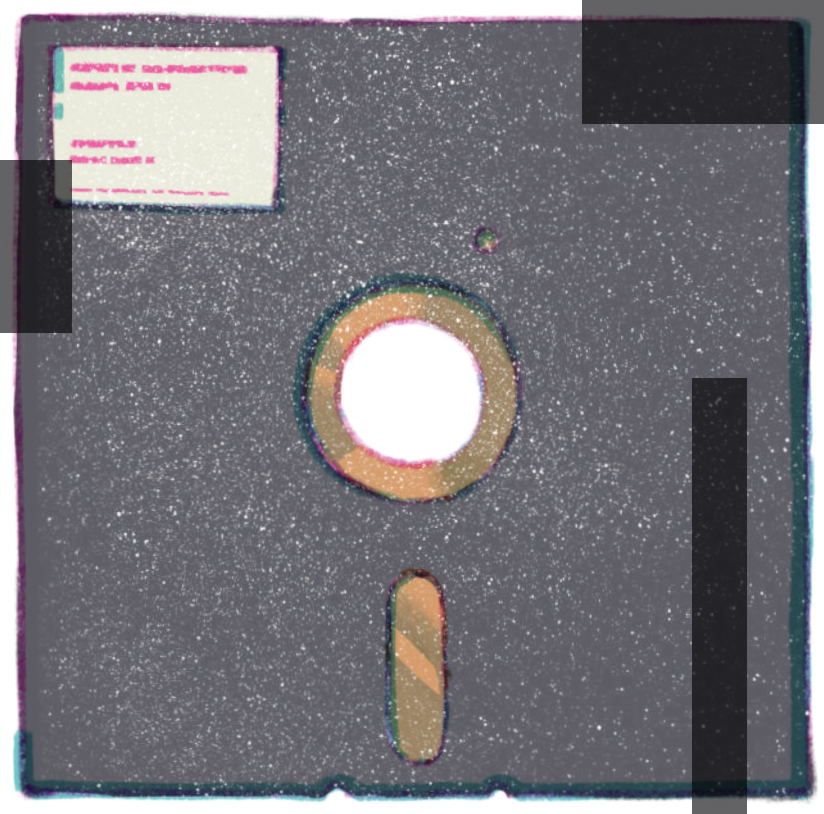
"NEXT" ultimately is a slim document that functions more to reveal the lack of transparency in "the School" than it does to provide hope for the future of our institution. Projected outcomes include students experiencing less trust for their administration while struggling to make ends meet, both financially and educationally.

Emily is a second-year Writing MFA student. She's a playwright, photographer, and teaching artist by day, preferably asleep at night.

Slipped Disc

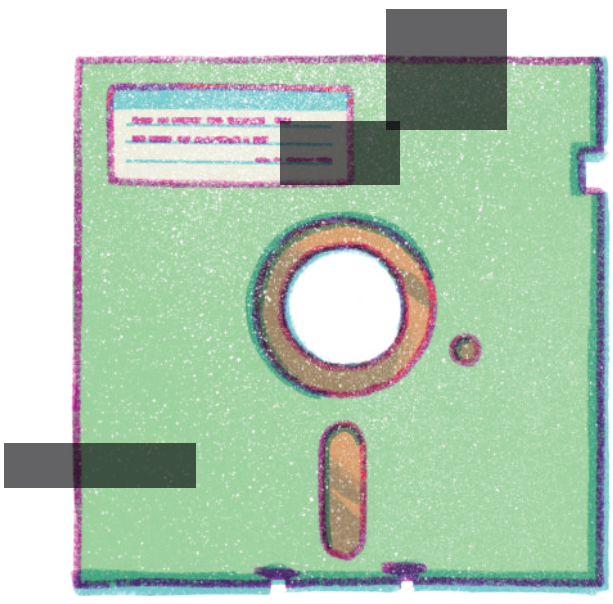
Floppy disks are more than just the save icon

By Daniel Brookman



There's a floppy disk that's been left in the office I work out of, simply labeled "CO-OP" in an unhelpful scrawl. I have no idea what's on it, and I probably never will. I'm sure it's immensely underwhelming, but it sits right in front of me as some kind of tangible record in itself. Once upon a time, people carried these slim rectangles around with them everywhere. Each one would come with a circular platter inside, magnetized to transport an entire catalog of documents.

As the second half of the 20th century began, the idea of the modern office came into fruition. Jim Henson's nightmarish short film "Paperwork Explosion," as commissioned by IBM in 1967 for Selectric Typewriter sales, demonstrates this all too well. In the film, the velocity of progress is swelling with no end in sight. Intercut one after the other, office workers drone on as if their attempts to hold on in the face of this progress have melded them together into a single, turbulent creature. Paper totally consumes the screen before we're given relief in the eye in the storm: Industrial computing arrives to bear the load, and the workers return to reassure us that with the information being handled mechanically, people will now have time to think. A prediction that the paperwork will simply shrink away.



The first available floppy disks were 8-inch media, manufactured by IBM in 1971 to distribute static code that clients could load onto their mainframe computers in an easier fashion than the equivalent stack of punch cards. The next year, Memorex introduced compatible disks with the ability to both read and write data. In 1976, Shugart Associates would develop a 5¼-inch "minifloppy" in response to the growing demand for a cheaper replacement to the 8-inch standard. A number of competing smaller-sized formats would then attempt to replace the 5¼-inch floppy, before a manufacturer's group decided to commit to a standardized 3½-inch disk in 1982. This new disk would replace the thin sleeves of the previous formats with a firmer shell, and floppy disks were floppy no more. The wobble was gone to protect data, but at the very least they came with a fun new metallic shutter you could fiddle with to break them, even if it took much longer.

As the popularity of the personal computer came head to head with the expense of hard drives and optical media at the time, floppy disks were allowed to far overstay their welcome. As the scope of software grew larger, it overflowed onto more and more floppies. Turning a corner in an adventure game would be interrupted with an apologetic message while the computer waited for you to insert the next disk. The 1993 Newtek Video Toaster 4000 would come packaged with a ludicrous 45 disks. Eventually though, the tide overran and the multimedia tributary flowed straight into an ocean of American Online free trial CD-ROMs with all the force of a dot-com barrage, each disc individually stuffed into mailing envelopes, children's cereal boxes, and store displays. Floppy disks gave way to CDs. CDs gave way to thumb drives. Thumb drives are giving way to a nebulous cloud.

The iconic 3½-inch high density floppy disk of the 90s held 1.44 megabytes of data, or less than a 10th of a percent of the average half-hour stream of HD video, let alone any of the very legally-acquired television programming sitting in my downloads folder. If you're lucky, the disk may have enough space to store a small MP3 or a couple of heavily compressed images. Still, text from 700 pieces of paper can disappear neatly into one of these tiny squares. This obsolete banality either recalls an unending torrent of paper, or states a prophecy that everything is to be shut inside smaller and smaller containers. It's a strange souvenir, somewhere in-between on the scale of all things.

Floppy disks gave way to CDs. CDs gave way to thumb drives. Thumb drives are giving way to a nebulous cloud.

Daniel Brookman is an artist and musician currently based in Chicago.

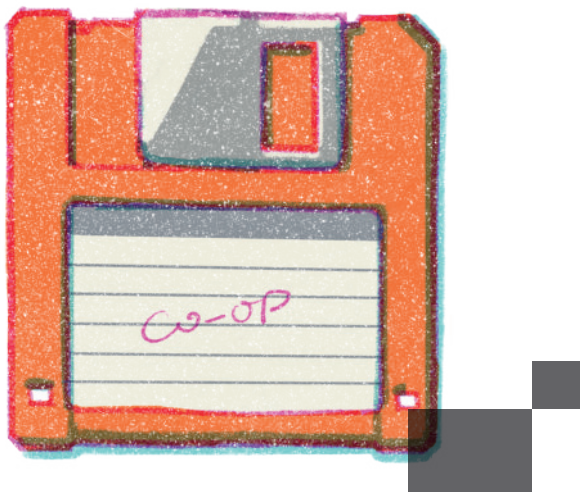


Illustration by Hannah Sun

The Message

By Sam Heaps

Empathy online in the wake of #metoo

I know many women who wait their whole lives to talk about their trauma. They count up the years, letting the secret fester and grow, learning to slow down their breath as the experience gains capital. Someday they will be able to share it with someone who can make the most of it. I understand. If you had to experience trauma — why give it away? If you've suffered this much, why not use it to your advantage, barter your suffering to the highest bidder? It is a way of taking control — and a way of cutting your losses.

I see #metoo and the women who have now given away their pain for free — sometimes the story being the only collateral you have over your abuser, donated to spread awareness. It makes me wish we all would have been louder earlier. I wish we had the strength to chose not to play along with patriarchal economics. I want to give everything away to protect everyone else, but then what would I be left with? How could I afford to survive?

The messages start rolling in on my Facebook — men living in Cairo who claim to have matched with me on Tinder — asking when I'll be in town. I currently reside in Chicago and only allow women to be filtered through my results, so this strikes me as odd. I show my friend — my Tinder has been hacked? She shrugs. I move on.

One man threatens me, am I his ex, why am I such a bitch, and can't I just respond? This time, instead of a shrug, eyebrows are furrowed.

Then Cindy (I've changed her name for this article) reaches out. First it's from a recently created and obviously fake Facebook account, and then it's from a friend's account. She's in a desperate situation, she doesn't know what to do, she's sorry she's reaching out to a stranger, we have a mutual friend — can't I please respond?

I'm easy to scam. Something about me makes it simple to algorithmically determine my vulnerabilities. I, often egotistically, always want to help. I am bored and always looking for adventure. And I'm fascinated — I'm sure if you looked at my history you would see a wealth of experiences no sane person would have if they weren't so goddamned fascinated. That stranger's car, that couple's hotel room, the back of that motorbike past midnight in Nepal; the list continues. I'm susceptible to the human experience.

However, there's something about what this woman is saying to me that feels like she's targeted me for a particular reason, one that has nothing to do with my wild streak. She's appealing to my empathy, to stories she's heard about me. I won't judge her. I'll understand.

I see #metoo and the women who have now given away their pain for free — sometimes the story being the only collateral you have over your abuser, donated to spread awareness

And it is this final plea that intrigues me the most, and also keeps me from messaging her back for the longest. I do remember what it's like to be so desperate and trapped you're reaching out to strangers on the internet — and it's because of men, it's always because of a man.

I say this with respect for the increasingly non-binary nature of society and discourse. It is something I'm proud to be a part of, but also something that runs contrary to the bulk of my life experiences in which I have been victimized by men. Cis, social, and toxic men. And risking misandry — but risking dishonesty, if I cite them as otherwise — I must call them by their name.

When I finally reach out to her, it is with the memories of these worst parts of life running on a loop in my mind — not even the moments themselves but the in-between stuff. I'm thinking about smoking two packs of cigarettes outside my rapist's apartment, wondering where I can go next. I'm thinking of what I would have asked for, from anyone if I thought they would listen and hear. Certainly a conversation on Facebook is a small thing.

"Hi Cindy," I write. "What is going on?"

She tells me. We do have a mutual friend — she remembers photos of me and him in Tokyo. "You became a bit of an obsession — I would always say I'm not like Sam to him." Here, I think sadly of the women in my own life who have become "a bit of an obsession" for me. I think of the men who have used beautiful and strong women as points of comparison — as portraits for ways I was lacking. I have one ex who, after cumming, would roll off and sigh, that was so good, almost Kira. I was never as good as Kira. Never. No matter what I did, or what concessions I made to rise to her supreme level of sexuality. It is painful to realize I've been used in this same duplicitous way to hurt others without my knowledge or consent.

Cindy recently discovered her fiancé is a shithead and a misogynist, her words. He refuses to have sex with her, wanting to keep her pure for marriage — while simultaneously carrying on affairs with sixteen-year-olds. She's angry, she's afraid. She's trapped.

So, she does what any sane person would do — she decides to catfish him. I'm a bit flattered, I will not lie, she uses my identity as bait. "Could you understand?" She asks me.

Oh yes. I could and I do.

Ultimately, this is all I can provide for Cindy. I allow my image to roll like a worm on a hook and return to my life, wishing her luck, wishing beyond any desire I've felt in some time that I could do more.

It surprises me, her pain, and how similar it rings to me. My friend checks up on my scammers — I provide her with an update. She also knows how Cindy feels.

I ask, do you think every woman does?

Pause — the dot dot dot of incoming messages.

Probably. TBH.

Why don't we know that? What can we do to make the expense of sharing less of a sacrifice? How can we learn to share if we're still afraid?

I don't know. Right now my sentiments are concise. Anger. Loud wrath.

Sam Heaps is 10% into Star Trek Voyager and 90% into spending time with her dog. She is currently pursuing her MFAW at SAIC and previously worked as a contributing writer for & Of Other Things Magazine.

Illustration by Alex Kostiw

Entertainment Newsmagazine • May '18

Pussy (Riot) Poppin' at SubT

Olivia Orzechowski embraces a different kind of Russian interference

By Olivia Orzechowski

You've probably heard of the feminist punk protest band Pussy Riot. Known for their avant-garde, guerrilla -style performances that are usually held at protests, the band has become synonymous with Russian youth culture and rebellion.

Pussy Riot reached international notoriety in 2012 after its three main members, Nadezhda (Nadya) Tolokonnikova, Maria Alyokhina, and Yekaterina Samutsevic, were arrested on charges of criminal hooliganism after staging a protest at Moscow's Christ the Savior Cathedral on March 3, 2012, against Russian President Vladimir Putin's run for reelection.

Their subsequent sentencing to two years of "corrective labor" and imprisonment sparked outrage; many groups around the world gathered outside of Russian embassies demanding their release. They did not make their time spent in jail easy for officials, often staging hunger strikes and keeping up conversations with international journalists.

This show, which took place on March 7 at Subterranean, was part of their first North American tour, and one of their first performances at an official venue. Pussy Riot did not let the audience down in terms of their spirit and message. Their two openers, Nikki Lynette and Dorian Electra, started the show off on a powerful note: Lynette held up signs as she performed, visually proclaiming the statistics of people shot in Chicago, sexual assault, the life expectancy of trans people in America, and many other prevailing social injustices.

Electra played with concepts of gender in their music and performance, changing from a more "femme" appearance to a suit, as well as having their two background dancers "switch gender" halfway through their set by playing with costuming. Overall, the sets seemed to deliberately combine the spirit of protest and resilience.

As Pussy Riot finally descended the spiral staircase to the stage for their performance, they were greeted by cheers as they handed out their signature balaclavas to select members of the audience. Nadya Tolokonnikova, the head of Pussy Riot and the only member performing besides their anonymous male DJ, told the crowd that the balaclavas had been worn by various performers in their "Police State" music video, as well as when they were beaten by the police during a protest, apologizing for any dirt or blood stains.

Every so often, Tolokonnikova would take a moment to spread her message to the crowd, imploring they commit to invest in political activism, stating: "Friends, our message applies for both Russia and the United States (as) gender, and racial injustice, as well as censorship increases; we have a right to know what's up with our world. Stop excessive mass surveillance. Fight the destitution of power."

Before performing their newest song, "Elections," Nadya took to the mic once again to encourage the crowd against the growing corruption in both Russia and the U.S. As tensions increase between the two feuding states, the message of civilians fighting together internationally for human rights is a rare one, but perhaps it shouldn't be.

Towards the end of the evening. Nadya and the DJ came out with five more balaclavas, handing them to members of the crowd while announcing that those who received one would be allowed onstage to dance for the last song.

With hope in my heart, impassioned after a night of protest and music, I stood still in the crowd, hand out, willing her to choose me. We made eye contact and, entranced as I was, I attempted to communicate telepathically my desire to be a part of this moment. Eventually, she handed me the neon green balaclava.

Emboldened, I put it over my head and went up onstage. As the last song played, I was overtaken with their energy and desperation for change. Directly behind Nadya and her DJ, I watched a giant flag of freedom waved over the crowd while they danced to the Eurobeat. I danced too; as hard as I could, determined to enjoy this once-in-a-lifetime moment. Nadya and I danced together briefly with one of Dorian Electra's dancers, all of us smiling brightly at each other through our masks, a silent understanding and joy between us and the others onstage as the music overtook our bodies and filled our hearts.

After the song ended, even more of the audience rushed onstage, all wanting to take a picture and/or speak with Pussy Riot. Nadya seemed overwhelmed in the best way and determined to talk with everyone who wanted to see her. In that moment, she was not a performer but an activist, using the power of music to spread her message. The invisible barrier between performer and audience was broken. This was not a typical concert, and it was never meant to be. Pussy Riot uses their music to spread the message of rebellion against corruption, demonstrating that anyone can become a voice, a light in the increasing darkness in the world.

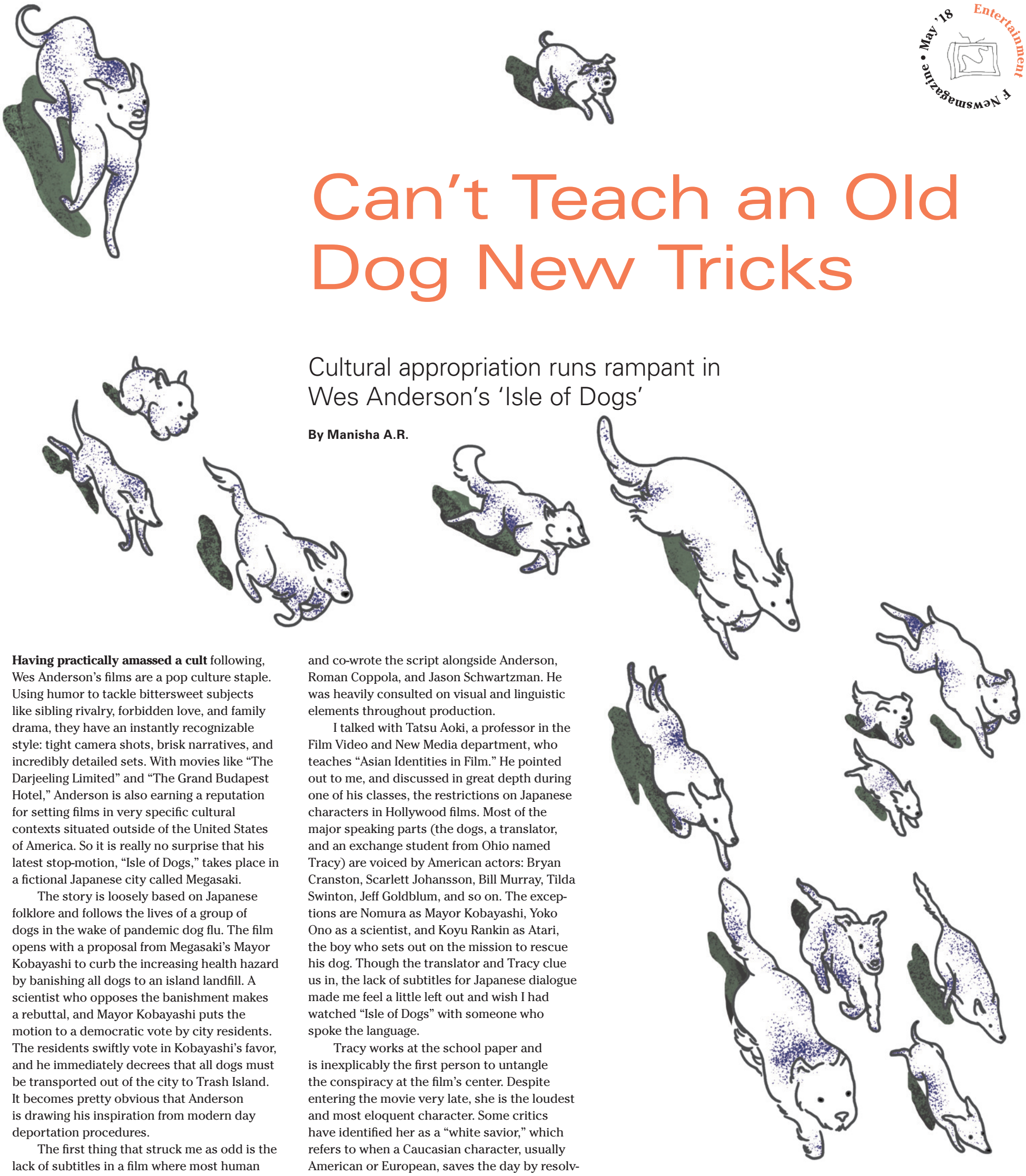
Olivia Orzechowski is a junior at SAIC in the FVNM department. They can usually be found sleeping on a couch on the 14th floor.

Bona Wang

Can't Teach an Old Dog New Tricks

Cultural appropriation runs rampant in Wes Anderson's 'Isle of Dogs'

By Manisha A.R.



Having practically amassed a cult following, Wes Anderson's films are a pop culture staple. Using humor to tackle bittersweet subjects like sibling rivalry, forbidden love, and family drama, they have an instantly recognizable style: tight camera shots, brisk narratives, and incredibly detailed sets. With movies like "The Darjeeling Limited" and "The Grand Budapest Hotel," Anderson is also earning a reputation for setting films in very specific cultural contexts situated outside of the United States of America. So it is really no surprise that his latest stop-motion, "Isle of Dogs," takes place in a fictional Japanese city called Megasaki.

The story is loosely based on Japanese folklore and follows the lives of a group of dogs in the wake of pandemic dog flu. The film opens with a proposal from Megasaki's Mayor Kobayashi to curb the increasing health hazard by banishing all dogs to an island landfill. A scientist who opposes the banishment makes a rebuttal, and Mayor Kobayashi puts the motion to a democratic vote by city residents. The residents swiftly vote in Kobayashi's favor, and he immediately decrees that all dogs must be transported out of the city to Trash Island. It becomes pretty obvious that Anderson is drawing his inspiration from modern day deportation procedures.

The first thing that struck me as odd is the lack of subtitles in a film where most human characters speak in Japanese. A disclaimer in the beginning states that only dog speech has been translated to English.

In Emily Yoshida's review of the film for Vulture, she surveyed a small group of Asian- Americans and Asian immigrants who speak Japanese on the subject. For the most part, they said the spoken Japanese was fine, but the sound was "muffled," as if it weren't really meant to be listened to. For the written Japanese, "It kind of made me think that someone had thrown these English phrases into Google Translate," one of the respondents told Yoshida. Others in her survey agreed there was something cursory about the use of the Japanese language and culture in the film — haikus, sake, taiko drummers, sumo wrestlers, cherry blossoms, and mushroom clouds evoke Japan, but without any depth. Any accuracy is thanks to the work of Kunichi Nomura, the Japanese actor who voiced Mayor Kobayashi and co-wrote the script alongside Anderson, Roman Coppola, and Jason Schwartzman. He was heavily consulted on visual and linguistic elements throughout production.

I talked with Tatsu Aoki, a professor in the Film Video and New Media department, who teaches "Asian Identities in Film." He pointed out to me, and discussed in great depth during one of his classes, the restrictions on Japanese characters in Hollywood films. Most of the major speaking parts (the dogs, a translator, and an exchange student from Ohio named Tracy) are voiced by American actors: Bryan Cranston, Scarlett Johansson, Bill Murray, Tilda Swinton, Jeff Goldblum, and so on. The exceptions are Nomura as Mayor Kobayashi, Yoko Ono as a scientist, and Koyu Rankin as Atari, the boy who sets out on the mission to rescue his dog. Though the translator and Tracy clue us in, the lack of subtitles for Japanese dialogue made me feel a little left out and wish I had watched "Isle of Dogs" with someone who spoke the language.

Tracy works at the school paper and is inexplicably the first person to untangle the conspiracy at the film's center. Despite entering the movie very late, she is the loudest and most eloquent character. Some critics have identified her as a "white savior," which refers to when a Caucasian character, usually American or European, saves the day by resolving a complicated problem usually affecting persons of color. Because she speaks English, she is also much more accessible to American audiences, so her heroism is easier to connect with than, say, Atari's.

This is unfortunate because Atari is the true hero of the film. He is the only dog owner who goes in search of his dog, disobeying the law and risking his life. But for an English-speaking audience, Atari is never completely understandable without an interpreter, and this makes it hard to form a genuine connection with his character as a person. Ultimately, Tracy and the dogs outweigh the Japanese characters in terms of dialogue accessible to English speakers and direct relevance to the plot. The Japanese characters, like the cultural elements and the language, aren't treated with any real depth. Japan is used more as a prop or a costume rather than a whole culture worthy of accurate representation.

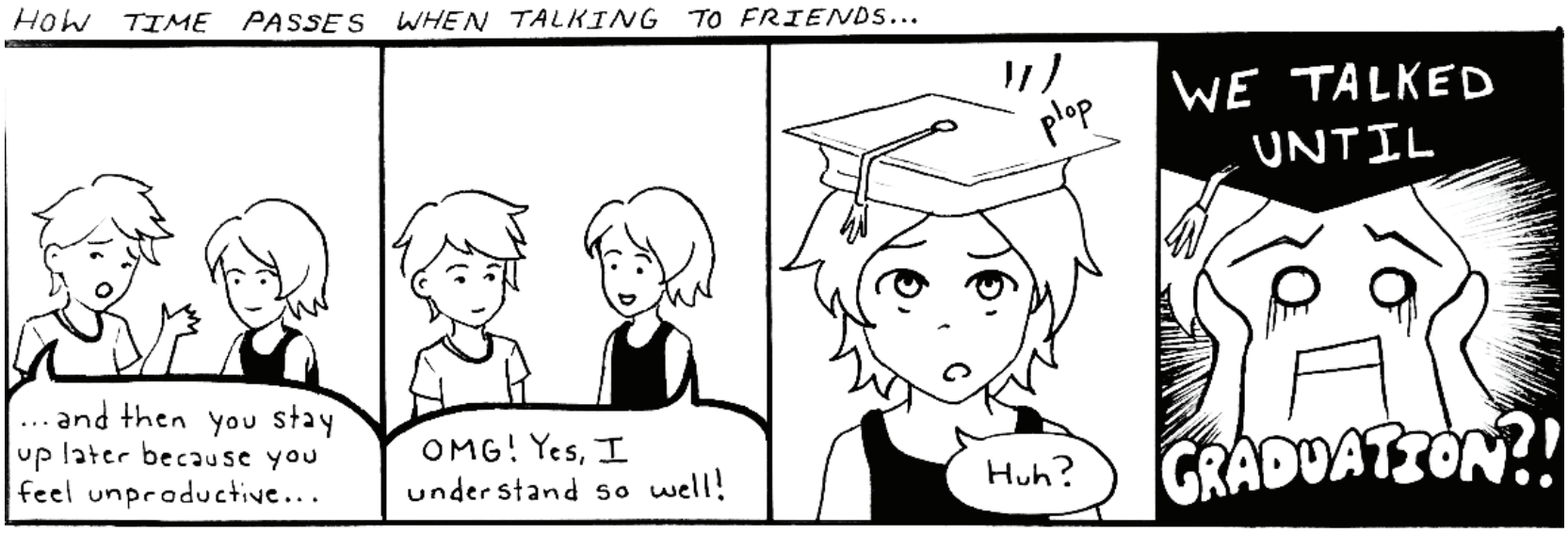
Japan is used more as a prop or a costume rather than a whole culture worthy of accurate representation.

I would like to throw in that the animation of the film is mesmerizing and the dialogue is crisp and hilarious. I also thoroughly enjoyed the pairing of Anderson's camera angles with music inspired by that found in the films of Akira Kurosawa, the iconic Japanese director. In these moments, culture and style meshed beautifully. But no, "Isle of Dogs" is not a stride forward in representation or inclusivity of other cultures. If only Anderson had presented Japan as fully realized in his creative vision, rather than put it into an aesthetic, carefully curated box. We all deserve better.

Manisha is a writer, bookmaker, and wine-based life form who is trying to working on her thesis, a radio show, her resume, and graduate from the New Arts Journalism program — all at the same time.

Illustration by Alex Kostiw

COMICS

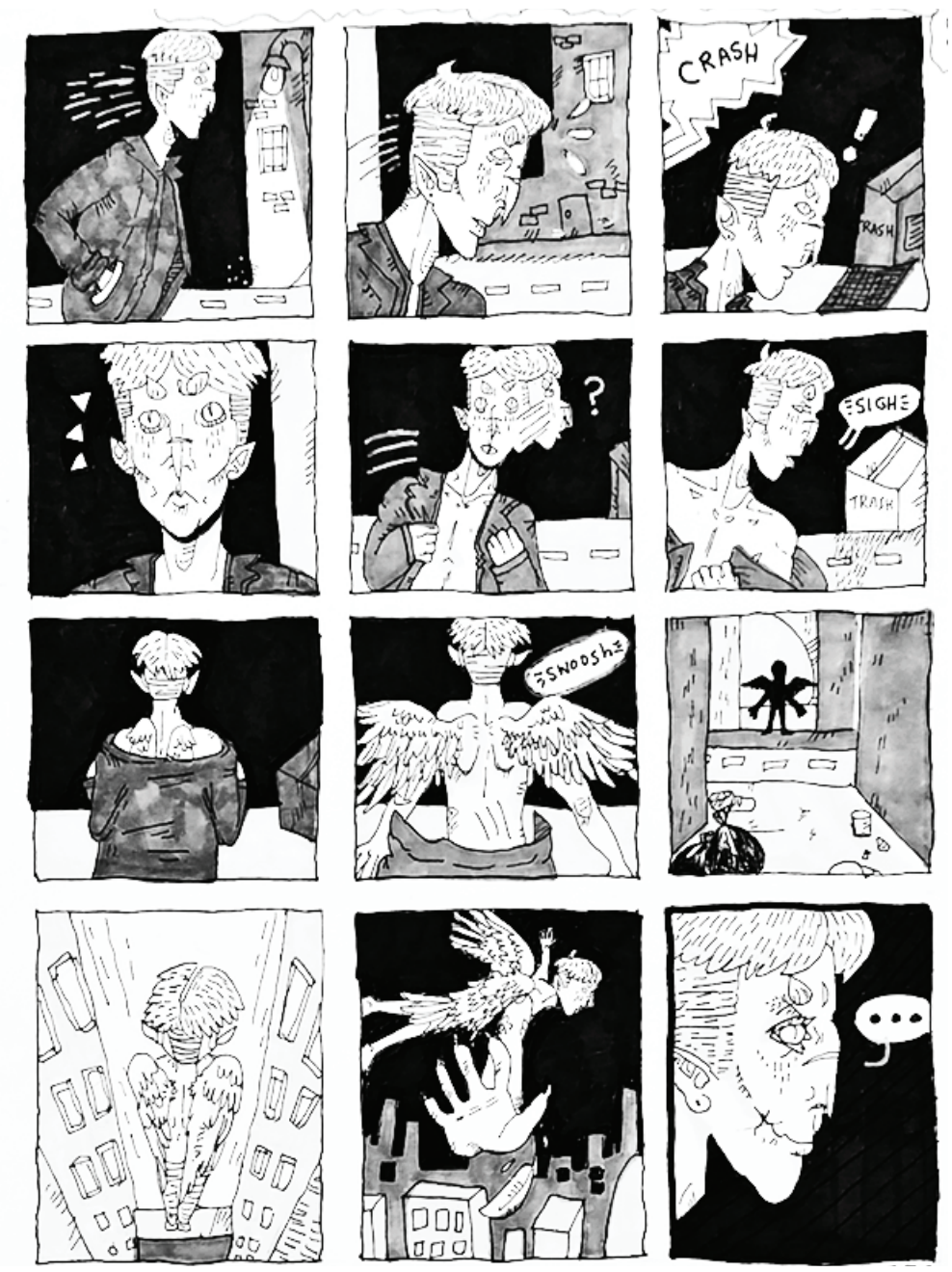


Sky Gelbron

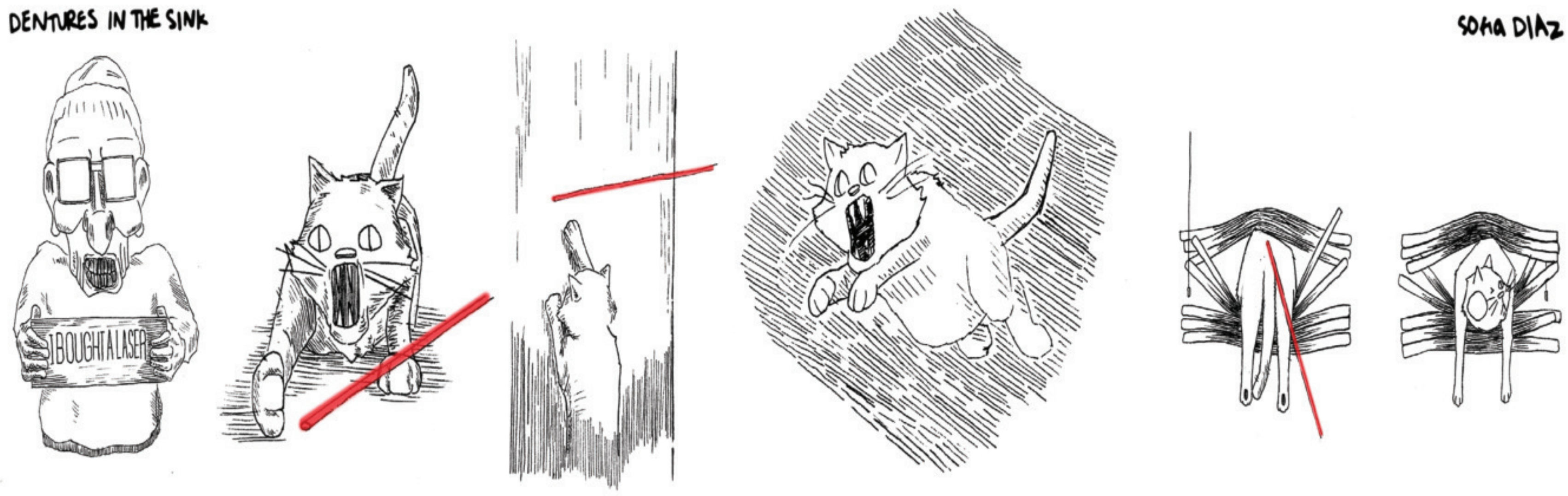
PEAR- COFFIN- FLOWER

Bridget Bilbo

HOAGIE : Page 1



Oberon Coverdale

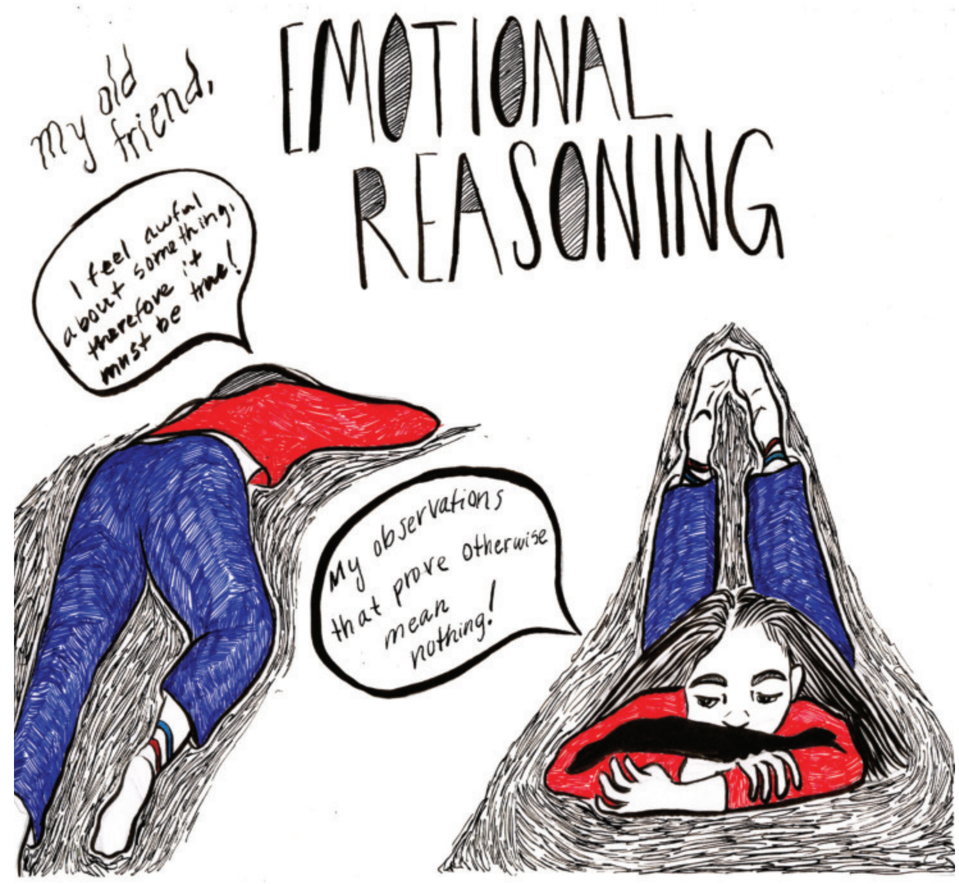


IN-N-OUT

Brooke Lord

TWINS

Katie Wittenberg



Olivia Uzquiano

KATE, BREAKER OF CHAINS

Sofia Diaz and Krutika Surve

SAIC SHOWS 2018

May

Fashion 2018
May 4
Reception:
Friday, May 4
6:00 p.m.
Runway Show:
Friday, May 4
7:00–8:00 p.m.

Film, Video, New Media, Animation, and Sound Festival
May 7–11

Department of Art Education George Roeder Master's Symposium
May 9
8:30 a.m.–5:00 p.m.

Apprentice Teacher Presentations
May 10
5:00–8:30 p.m.

Show Don't Tell: The 2018 Visual Communication Design Show
May 11
Reception:
Friday, May 11
5:00–8:00 p.m.

BFA Writing Program Reading
May 12
5:00–8:00 p.m.

Design Show
May 12–July 29
Reception:
Saturday, May 12
6:00–8:00 p.m.

New Arts Journalism Symposium
May 12
3:30–5:30 p.m.

Visual and Critical Studies Undergraduate Thesis Symposium
May 12
10:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.
Reception following immediately after

Post-Baccalaureate Studio Salon
May 12–14
Reception:
Saturday, May 12
4:00–7:00 p.m.

Master of Arts in Art Therapy Presentations & Exhibition
May 12
3:00–6:00 p.m.

MFA Writing Program Reading
May 15
4:30–7:30 p.m.

SAIC School of the Art Institute of Chicago

SAIC.EDU/SHOWS