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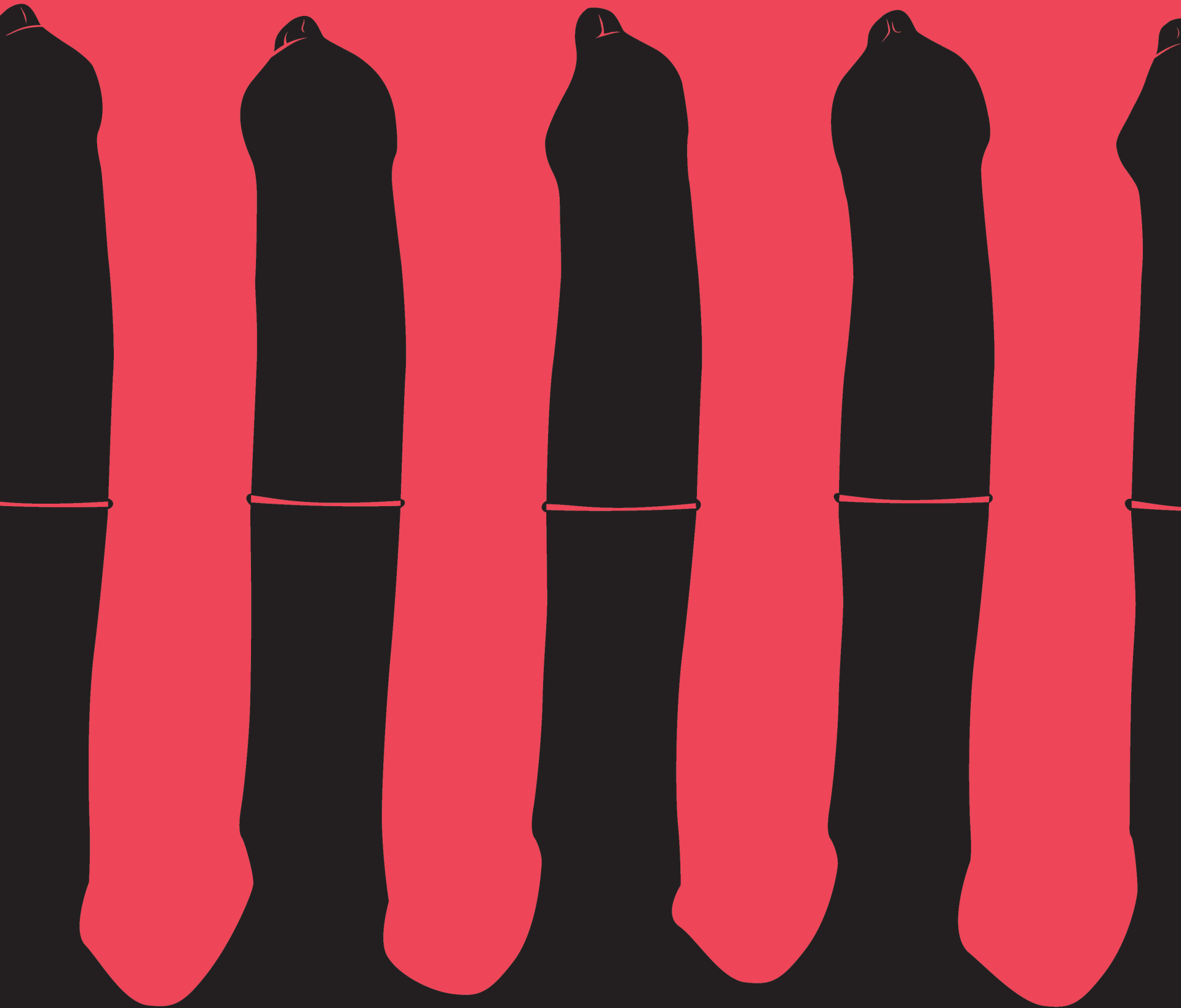
A STUDENT JOURNAL OF ART, CULTURE AND POLITICS

FEBRUARY 2012

NEWSMAGAZINE

THE SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE
OF CHICAGO

*Condoms are used by less than 30% of adults in the U.S.
Happy and Safe Valentines Day*



*Condoms are used by less than 30% of adults in the U.S.
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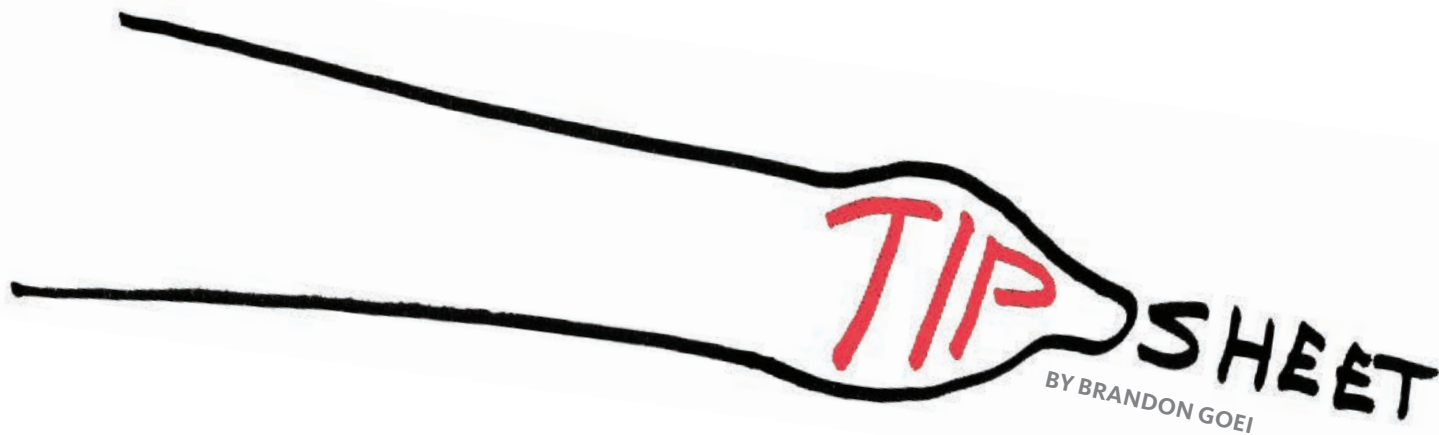
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When it comes to safe sex, you’ve got options. In fact, you’ve got so many options, even your options have options. Case in point: condoms. One stroll through the “Sexual Health” aisle at the local pharmacy will leave kaleidoscopic visions of jimmy hats and love gloves dancing in your head.

Not many people realize it, but when there’s a big selection at hand, a choice becomes a defining statement, like a drink order. So when you’re making that mad dash to secure the final element between a sure thing and a night of relating to “Forever Alone” memes, make sure to keep the following list in mind.



Lambskin

These little doozies eschew the modern advances in synthetics (latex, polyurethane and an assortment of hypoallergenic alternatives) for a natural material — sheep intestines. So if you’re hopelessly nostalgic or fashionably old-fashioned, maybe it’s time to add a whole new level of crusty, granola weirdness to your sex life.

Verdict: Remember “Lamb Chop’s Play-Along?” Now it’s even creepier.



Ribbed for Her Pleasure

The world is rife with advertising gimmicks. Some are good, most are bad, but some hit that awkward spot right in the middle, which is inhabited by light beer and the Shake Weight. “Ribbed for Her Pleasure” condoms make easy neighbors with their phallic/flavorless friends since, really, what good could a few rows of latex speedbumps really do?

Verdict: Thoughtful, but naive. Invest in a “Pleasure Ring” just for good measure.



Ribbed for Her Pleasure (flipped inside-out)

So, not only did you buy in to the marketing, but you’ve managed to completely negate an honorable mindset of sexual altruism. Nice. Your business is yours, I suppose. Just don’t try this with Durex Performax or Trojan Extended Pleasure — condoms with numbing agents in the lubricant — unless you’re in the mood for some awkward pillow talk.

Verdict: “Is it in yet?”



Spray-On

At first glance, spray-on condoms seem like a neat, futuristic idea that pushes the concept of non-intrusiveness and the “perfect fit” towards a new ideal. In reality, it’s a horror show of high-priced latex refills and applicator capsules you stick your dick into. The real deal-breaker, however, is that it takes two to three minutes to dry — just enough time to field a few inevitable questions and kill the mood entirely.

Verdict: The “pinch-and-roll” is quick, quiet and simple. The “insert-spray-spray-spray-wait” is none of those things.



Flavored

Why don’t they make BBQ or Cool Ranch flavored condoms? Because that would be gross, plain and simple. Strawberry, banana and fruit punch, however, are all covered. There’s a line there that shouldn’t be crossed. I guess there’s not a lot of room for growth, innovation or savory flavors in the artificial dong -flavoring market.

Verdict: For fans of the sting of Hot Cheetos or the pucker of Sour Punch Straws, this might add a bit of the same strange kick to your bedroom pursuits.



Magnum XL

C’mon, who are you kidding?

Verdict: Dream on, Casanova.

Audiophiles

BY BRANDON GOEI

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A Short Voice the Sea to Cross-Roads of Love*

This month, on account of the greeting card holiday at hand, we explore the realms of foreign loves — in language, in content and in means. These 11 tracks range from lyrical diabetes set to music to the grimmest guttural howls this side of Valhalla to the hammiest soundtracks for your failed pick-up attempts, which will undoubtedly meet your purposes as we approach Valentine's Day.

*Ah, the wonders of internet translators.



“Feed Me with Your Kiss”

by My Bloody Valentine

Origins: The back of your rattling skull. Veteran MBV fans will tell you that the experience of their live shows is comparable to sitting on the wing of a 747 while it takes off. “Feed Me” catches the band in the pre-“Loveless” days — in a squelching, arrhythmic, atonal mode, but still manages to work in cutesy boy/girl dynamics.

“Paloma Negra”

by Chavela Vargas

Origins: Mexico, the darkest corners of your haunted soul

This song from Chavela Vargas starts off innocently enough, very much comfortable in the sound of traditional Mexican folk music. The sad story of a lover driven crazy by her partner's infidelity begins to take shape as the singer whimpers her lament. When the first chorus hits, however, Vargas summons some visceral beast that comes forth to shout some statement of intense desperation.

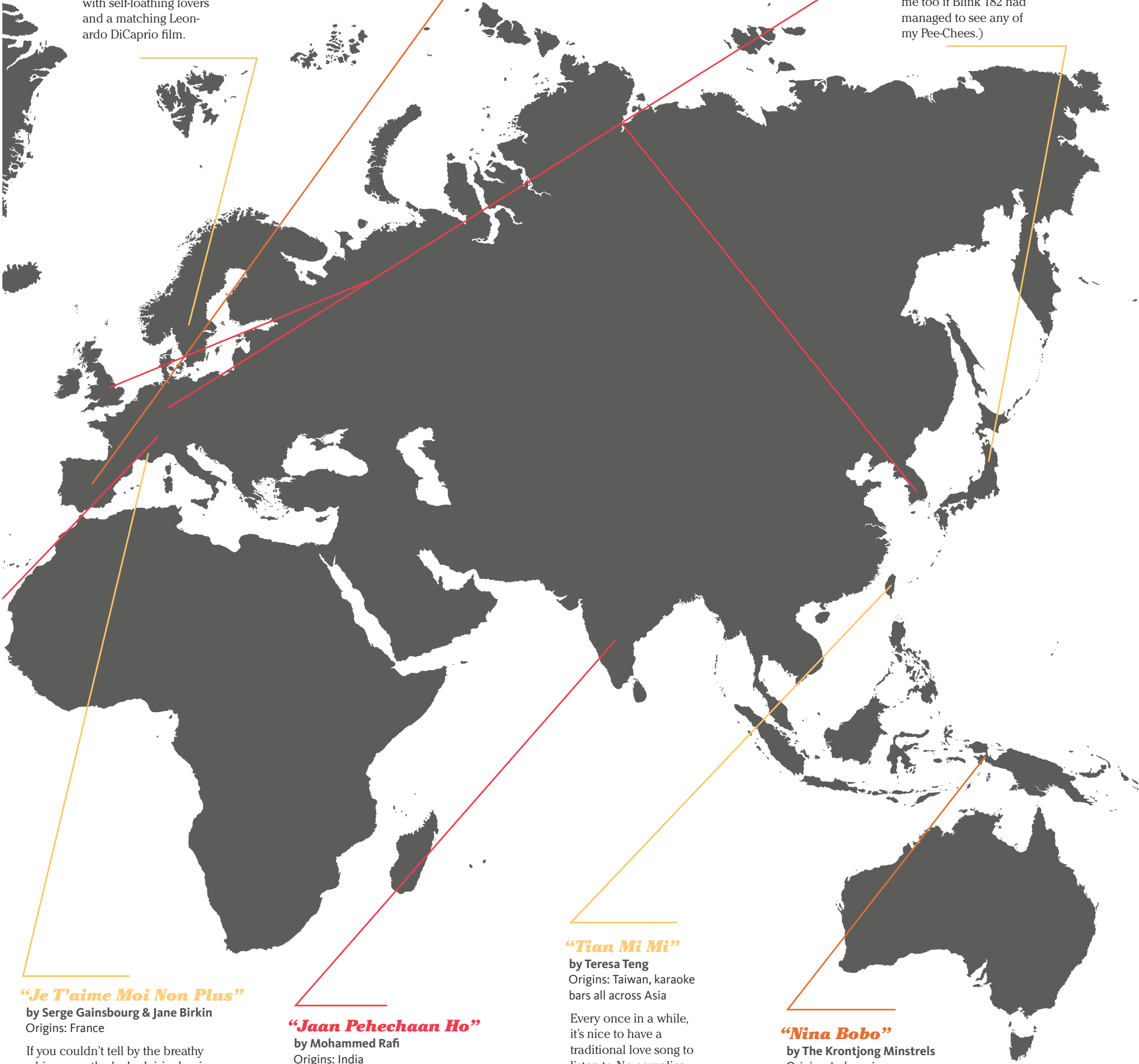
“Oh Yeah”

by Yello

Origins: Switzerland, construction yards in the 1980s

Fun fact: the vocalist for Yello is actually a millionaire industrialist, a professional gambler and a former member of the Swiss golf team. The song was also featured in “Ferris Bueller's Day Off” as the theme song for a Ferrari F250. Do I really need to keep writing?





“Lovefool”

by The Cardigans
Origins: Sweden
We live in a post-ABBA world these days, which means that while we can no longer rock matching sequined jumpsuits, we can enjoy the hooky earworms and beat-driven camp that make up the legacy of Swedish pop. “Lovefool” by the Cardigans supplies a great example of that legacy — complete with self-loathing lovers and a matching Leonardo DiCaprio film.

“Quando Quando Quando”

by Engelbert Humperdinck
Origins: Spanish (language), Outer Space (artist)
When I was twelve years old, I stumbled onto my parents’ dusty vinyl collection and found the name “Engelbert Humperdinck” scribbled alongside the visage of a mustachioed man. I instantly thought this was one of two things: 1) some porn star’s debut record, or 2) a joke. Turns out it was neither, but a serious musical career that had seemingly come and gone and left this guilty little pleasure, which intermittently lodges itself into my gray matter.

“Together in Electric Dreams”

by Lali Puna
Origins: Germany (band), South Korea (vocalist), England (original artist)
The skittering percussion and understated bass of this Human League cover takes the original shopping mall torch song and turns it into a gorgeously subdued hymn fit for the cyberspace schoolyard. In the four-and-a-half minutes it takes for the song to pass, each portion of its composition seems to settle and relax itself into a state of playful rhythmic harmony.

“Redd Kross”

by Shonen Knife
Origins: Japan
When I was a kid, if you liked a band, you wrote their name over and over onto everything you owned — folders, notebooks, shoes, limbs, for a start. Shonen Knife took their love of L.A. band Redd Kross and turned it into an amazingly catchy tribute song in perfectly broken English that actually managed to kickstart a real-life rapport with the band. (That would have happened to me too if Blink 182 had managed to see any of my Pee-Chees.)

“Je T’aime Moi Non Plus”

by Serge Gainsbourg & Jane Birkin
Origins: France
If you couldn’t tell by the breathy whispers or the lackadaisical swing beat, this is work from French pop royalty. The joke of the title, which translates roughly to “I love you... me neither” plays on the traditionally bittersweet nature of French romance in movie, music and literature. The highlight of my winter vacation: the awkward moment when my mother and I hit a lull in our conversation right as Birkin has an orgasm right into the microphone.

“Jaan Pehechaan Ho”

by Mohammed Rafi
Origins: India
Bollywood is all about love in all its incarnations — lost, found, forbidden, et cetera. “Jaan Pehechaan Ho,” also known as “That One Song From That ‘Ghost World’ Movie,” originally appears in the opening scene of Indian film “Gumnaam,” but you don’t need to know that to suddenly feel the need to dance to it.

“Tian Mi Mi”

by Teresa Teng
Origins: Taiwan, karaoke bars all across Asia
Every once in a while, it’s nice to have a traditional love song to listen to. No complications, no backstabbing, no infidelity — just simple idealized love. Teresa Teng’s “Tian Mi Mi,” which translates roughly to “Sweetie,” provides that fluttering sappy romance that very few of us are fortunate enough to know.

“Nina Bobo”

by The Krontjong Minstrels
Origins: Indonesia
“Nina Bobo,” which translates to “Lullaby” is a traditional Indonesian folk song sung in that country like “Hush Little Baby” or “Rock-a-bye Baby” is in the US. But just like the strange propositions found in those two songs (buying infants exotic pets and children falling from trees), the Indonesian analog focuses on a more sadistic lyric — “Kalau tidak bobok, di gigit nyamuk” translates to “If you don’t go to sleep, mosquitos will bite you.” How tender.



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BAD ON FILM— GOOD IN BED

Artists and writers detail their experiences “Fucking James Franco”

By Michelle Weidman

It is almost possible to review “Fucking James Franco,” a collection of short stories and poetry about fucking James Franco, without reading it. After all, it can’t be relevant to judge it on literary merit, although some of the writing is good. As a collection written by artists and curated by an artist it is more of an art object than a literary endeavor. Its wit and appeal lay in its conception and the assumption, both probably correct, that fucking James Franco is a commonly held desire. But, not reading it would defeat one of the most important potential benefits of the collection — pure and completely unadulterated arousal, although not necessarily the libidinal kind.

The collection of thirteen stories and poems was compiled and edited by artist and educator Sean Joseph Patrick Carney and published by Container Corps and Social Malpractice Publishing in Portland, Oregon. It offers a sometimes embarrassing, often disturbing and sporadically hilarious sample of creative considerations about what could or should be done to Franco if presented with the coveted opportunity.

Franco’s extensive art, entertainment and educational activities provide plenty of fodder for plot, setting and character descriptions. The most entertaining of the selections capitalize on the most well known Franco activities or somehow reference his forays in the art world. One particularly inspired example is an account of Franco preparing for his role in “127 Hours” by becoming intimately acquainted with his co-star — the fateful boulder.

However, the question remains why anyone would conceive and develop this project? Art and celebrity — the topic of many unpublished dissertations — has seemingly been a source of buzz since the US has had its talons in the art market. From Andy Warhol and The Factory to Mr. Brainwash (not to claim a coherent trajectory between), artists strive for, and used to readily acquire, celebrity status. The Greenberg-modernist separation between art and entertainment has been heartily challenged by the opportunities — both conceptual and practical — presented by the unique structure of American fame. Carney’s work elicits and celebrates the mutual neurosis and provocation of celebrity and art, especially where they merge.

So, why develop a book about fucking James Franco? Because Franco is an A-list celebrity and a self-proclaimed artist and aspiring intellectual positioning him at an odd intersection between popular desire and that other sublimating thing called art. But, most importantly, because he’s über-fuckable.

Don’t expect too much arousal from most of the selections. Do expect interesting insight into how these particular artists and writers tackle such a potential glut of choices when faced with the question of how, why, when and where to fuck Franco. My biggest dissatisfaction was there was not nearly enough Daniel Desario. Come on! He is the origin of Franco’s sex appeal! My biggest satisfaction, without giving too much away, is how many people — at least in the writers’ demographic — think about Franco being fucked in the ass.

“Fucking James Franco,” edited by Sean Joseph Patrick Carney. Available from Social Malpractice Publishing (socialmalpractice.com), \$15

***“I took a moment to blow smoke
on his balls and take them
into my mouth one at a time,
until all three were given the
proper attention they deserved.”***

“Web of Desire” by Carina Louise and Micah Louis



LOVE GAINED, LOVE LOST



The written anguish of two unknown lovers, separated by distance, connected by longing

By Emily Vélox and Georges Negri

That gush that runs down your face and out the tear ducts in your eyes and from the nose you broke in fisticuffs. The bile that rises at the thought of infidelity and the jealous rage that runs green through your veins at every turn. The thick black soot at the bottom of your lungs — after a long drag, after a long night.

I'm coughing, so hard tears run down my face. I wipe my eyes. My car is pulled off to the side of the road, lodged into a median. The engine is smoking like a bingo hall at noon time. I cough and cut myself out of my seat belt with a pocket knife, crawling out the passenger side door. No one stops, though I stare at the smoldering black heap.

Those who weep alone from lack of love are the ones whose lives may be damned from the start. After all, love is a devotion, offered and accepted by both parties. It isn't a gift or a token, studding a finger dangling from a forlorn wrist. It's an affliction. It drains the body and the soul of reason like a joyful disease rendering the loved and loveless equally wretched with greed, envy and lust. It offers nothing in return for your worship. You might get laid or you might get loved, and only the luckiest get both.

Early morning sunlight creeps in through the basement window and I can see the silhouette of his face as he sleeps softly next to me. I am not a soft sleeper, twisted and sweaty. He looks like Batman, the new one. "That isn't romantic," I say to myself. "To compare your lover to a comic book character." What started out as a shrimp-eating contest led us here, to this moment. I wait for the seed of insecurity to germinate, the one that asks if I'll ever see him again, or if he'll tell all our friends terrible things about me.

Perhaps it is the fate of all seeds to wither in the sun, at least for a little while. The toiling of a young soul endures to earn its place is nothing new in the world of love. But sometimes it is a labor of lost efforts, trying to earn something through hard work, waiting patiently for the results like an idiot on a doorstep with a handful of posies. This hard work begets certain misery. It's always darkest just before it becomes pitch black.

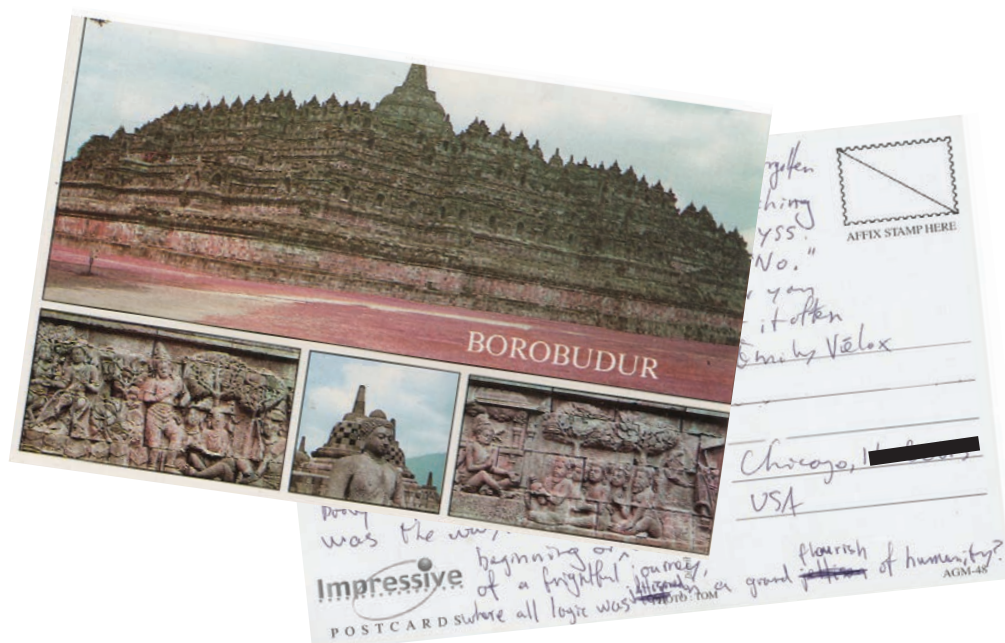
For a moment I am in the coughing sputtering heap again, clawing my way out on the side of a desolate highway, but gradually the light returns, and it's only his eyes I see, partially worried, partially quizzical, hands still clasped around my neck. He returns my sideways smile. We've been here for two days, the sheets soiled with sweat and dreams and a whole bunch of other stuff I can't really print here. We lay quietly now, when, using the top of my head like a microphone, he asks, "Are you worried?"

"Terrified," I respond.

This is how it ends. My only friend, forgotten daydream of love's steely gaze. Scratching with fearful abandon at the lonely abyss. Whimpering, whispering, piss-stained: "No." It doesn't have to be like this for you or me or the other cosmic souls, but it often becomes the route to mankind's frightful ruins — love gained, love lost, love festering in a prison of meat. When was the way lost — at the beginning or at the end of a frightful journey, where all logic was jettisoned in a grand flourish of humanity?

Things had seemed so simple before the wreck — maintaining focus, driving myself, but something was lost in that smoldering heap, that desire to always be moving forward. In that moment where I stopped moving so fast and so loud, I wanted him there — to be still, to be silent. I am quietly relieved that when we resume driving, he takes the wheel, quiet permission to sit back and take in the journey.

We've been here for two days, the sheets soiled with sweat and dreams and a whole bunch of other stuff I can't really print here.



THE HAPPY HOUSEKEEPER

An SAIC student tells all about her night job as a nude maid



Illustration by Joe Carpenter

By Sarah Hamilton

It's Sunday night, and I'm meeting Hazel* at Weegee, a Northside bar named after the famed crime scene photographer of the 1950s. She's already there, waiting quietly at a table. I apologize for being late, as always, and offer her a drink. She politely declines, and we cheerfully sink into a chat.

Hazel is an SAIC undergrad, in the final semester of her degree. She's spunky, talented, approachable, and, on the weekends, a nude maid. You know, the kind that cleans your house in various states of undress for a bit more money than a fully clothed woman would. I felt that it was important to approach Hazel with all the political-correctness of an uptight scholar: don't assume she's a victim, don't assume she doesn't enjoy what she does, and don't assume she's a prostitute.

My first question: Do you consider yourself a sex worker? "I would say so. I would say that I am because for a lot of my clients, it's overtly sexual to them," she explains. "I mean, I'm not giving blow jobs on the couch, but I think I fulfill a similar role — a need for companionship, a need for some kind of exhilarating and titillating moment. I feel like the clients open up to me in ways they wouldn't to a normal maid."

Excellent. This will allow us to have a deep, meaningful conversation about the trials and tribulations of being a sex worker. I am unnerved, though, by Hazel's complete honesty. There's no dancing-around-the-issue, no need for explanation.

Hazel has just come from a job and explains to me that she doesn't seek it out much these days, due to the time commitment that school demands. "I started this summer through the cleaning stuff," adding that she also does some light fetish modeling.

What ground rules or boundaries did Hazel set for herself? She shrugs. "I actually didn't think of ground rules before; I didn't think I would have to. I thought it would be totally, 'I'll

take whatever happens and I'll just deal with it then.' I do have three pretty basic rules: no photography, no video, and no inappropriate touching while I'm naked. Everything else is totally fine. You can touch yourself, it doesn't bother me."

She meets her clientele through Craigslist, in short and vague ads that invite people who are interested in her to write in, telling her more about themselves.

"I find your methodology interesting," I say, after a pause. "Most people can't sell their car on Craigslist to someone who's not totally creepy."

"The big thing is, I'm a pretty big creep," says Hazel. "So I know what a creep is going to be like."

"What's your definition?"

"I'm pretty sleazy," she explains, smiling. "If I were born a man, or if I became a man, I would be the kind that no one would want anything to do with. I'd be the kind that would take a girl to the movies then stick my dick in the popcorn, so when she reaches in she would grab it."

"I'm really good at vetting people online," she adds. "I've been doing Craigslist stuff for a while and I'm good at reading people on paper."

"Have you ever been in a difficult, dangerous or uncomfortable situation?" I ask. "Has anyone ever crossed the line? Have you ever felt uncomfortable?"

"There was one person," she replies, "but I didn't really feel comfortable around him to begin with. He was really sleazy. ... I guess the way I would describe him to someone would be that he seemed like that weird kid in high school, who decided to overcompensate by making a lot of money and indulging his weird interests. He lives in this Gothic manor, with 18th century-styled furniture. It was like he was living out some Goth fantasy that he'd had while he was in high school."

That would be a lot of dust, I note. She laughs. I'm starting to get a bit baffled: the classic "weirdest/grossest story

"I'm pretty sleazy," she explains, smiling. "If I were born a man, I would be the kind that no one would want anything to do with. I'd be the kind that would take a girl to the movies then stick my dick in the popcorn..."

moment" questions are not lending me the existential war stories I was expecting, but then I realize Hazel doesn't see herself as a warrior. She doesn't find her work taxing, or particularly sensational, either. She regards it with the sort of pleasure with which one might treat having drinks with friends after class — great, but nothing to get excited about.

It's getting desperate in here: I start telling her strange stories about dancers I knew, escorts who gave inspirational lectures in old massage parlors in New York City, but she's unflinching. Yeah, her last client invited a guy over to watch her clean with him. Another time, the client had sex with his girlfriend in front of her. Once she decided to have sex with a client because he asked and she likes it. Wait, what?

"He was really uncomfortable about it before he asked me. I had finished cleaning and he was, like, 'Oh, do you do... other things?' And I found him attractive, so I was, like, 'I don't normally, but you're kind of cute, so I wouldn't mind.'"

"Have you ever considered becoming an escort?" I ask. "You're young, and not an idiot, and you're pretty — you could make a lot."

"And no gag reflex. Lottery! I won!" she laughs, then adds, "I think that the only thing that would make me uncomfortable is having that much money."

I can think of comfortable things to do with that much money, but it's not my ass on the line. I also can't judge too harshly; I saw a lot of women in New York City get charmed by the money, only to find themselves having to make difficult choices when money got tight. Hazel has taken herself out of that economy, maybe the same way that artists (as Hazel is an artist too) choose not to become commercial artists. As many SAIC students graduate this spring, Hazel's story reminds me that if you find something you love to do, and someone is willing to pay you good money to do that thing, you should do it.

I drop Hazel off near her house after our interview and I consider my paradigms adequately shifted. She isn't a victim; she loves what she does and she's not ashamed of it. There's no intellectual hipster irony here, no obscure justifications of 'research' or 'a friend dared me': just the complete, unadulterated joy of cleaning.

*name has been changed

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Laura Letinsky, *Rome*, 2009,
Chromogenic print. Courtesy
of the artist and Yancey
Richardson, New York.

Arts Ticker

Legendary Jazz singer Etta James died on January 20. The singer, whose most popular hits include “At Last,” “I’d Rather Go Blind,” and “Roll With Me Henry,” died of leukemia in Riverside, California. In her obituary in the Guardian, James was cited as an important influence for such superstars as Beyoncé and Adele. She was 73.

The New York Times reports that a federal investigation has been launched after several art works by major artists such as Jackson Pollock and Robert Motherwell were alleged to be forgeries. The 15 works in question were sold by a little-known Long Island Art dealer, who had access to works from a secret collector.

The Eastman-Kodak company filed for bankruptcy on January 19, according to the New York Times online. Kodak, whose name is synonymous with the development of amateur photography in the late 19th and early 20th century, has been facing obsolescence as digital photography has become the standard. Citibank has given Kodak \$950 million to continue operating while Kodak sells off some its patents to raise funds.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has hired Sheena Wagstaff, the former chief curator of Tate Modern, to oversee a new department devoted to 20th and 21st century art. The new department will be housed in the Marcel Breuer building, formerly occupied by the Whitney Museum of American Art.

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The Rainbow Behind the Junk

Smart Museum collaboration strong start for Thresholds series

By Maura Lucking

Overwhelming, exuberant and a little alarming, “Uppers and Downers”, a new collaboration between Chris Vorhees and SIMPARCH, quite literally takes over the lobby of the University of Chicago’s Smart Museum of Art. The installation consists of a row of featureless Formica cabinets flanking the Smart’s rectilinear lobby space that erupt into a rainbow-hued arch reaching skyward (or atrium-ward, in this case) with cabinet doors flung open as if to evoke glowing rays of primary-colored illumination. Both sets of cabinets are under-lit with neon, underscoring the effect. But the subtler, and far more treacherous, feature of the installation is its “downer,” a working sink installed to the far right of the earth-bound cabinets, faucet on and water overflowing across the counter space and dribbling off its precipice to the ground (and exposed neon lights) below.

This type of surrealist meditation on the role and significance of the built environment is what both Chris Vorhees and SIMPARCH artists Steven Badgett and Matt Lynch have pioneered in their Midwestern practices over the last decade. SIMPARCH has been active since 1996 creating large-scale, interactive works that question the role of site, function and sustainability in a quasi-architectural practice that blurs the line between digital culture and DIY. Former projects have included their breakout work, “Free Basin” (2000), a sinuously sculptural and fully functional skate pipe, was commissioned by U of C Professor Hamza Walker for the Hyde Park Art Center and was later recreated for Documenta XI (2002). The two artists, based in Chicago and Cincinnati, have a long history with the University of Chicago, with a prior installation and soundscape at the Renaissance Society in 2001 and one of many earlier collaborations with Vorhees included in a 2009 Smart exhibition. Cincinnati-based Vorhees creates experimental furniture, typically in the synthetic materials of Cold War Americana, which is in equal turns playful and deeply satirical.

“Uppers and Downers” is no exception, as the work functions on a multitude of levels to question ideas between domesticity, American life and imagined utopias. The imagery of a rainbow arching above a waterfall certainly has Arcadian overtones, yet imbued with cynicism as the work in

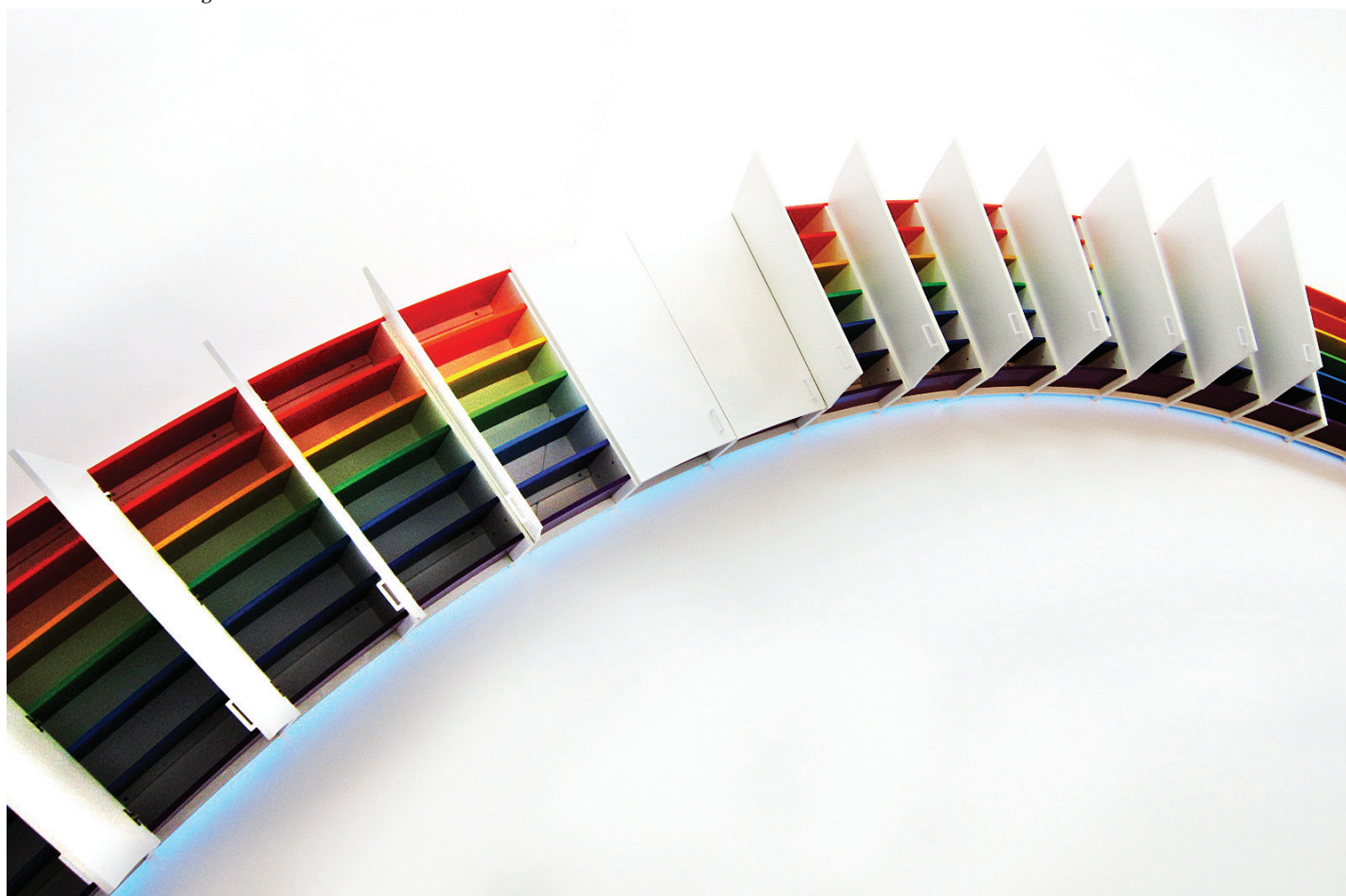
question inherently refers to the breaking down or abandonment of systems: faucets that do not work and cabinet doors that will never close. The poignancy of this discord seemed especially apparent during my visit, when technical problems had shut down the waterfall and the cabinets had been repurposed as, of all things, cabinets, holding cleaning materials and caulk guns in their hollows. This cyclical reinvestment of function gives the work some semblance of a happy ending after all, an unforeseen, latent potentiality of which the artists would surely approve.

Smart Museum curator Stephanie Smith, who conceived of the museum’s new Thresholds series of which Uppers and Downers is a part, speaks of the work through the relationship between domestic landscapes and over-consumption. Seen through this lens, the work bifurcates further into two distinct paths: that of hiding one’s accumulation behind the façade of neatness that closed doors allow or of flinging the doors open to expose the rainbow behind the junk. As they say, the cabinet is the window to the soul. Or, something like that. In the context of an organization like the Smart whose very mission is based around collecting, this modern day curio cabinet is charged by the objects missing from its shelves but available just a few steps away, beyond the gallery threshold.

“Uppers and Downers” at the Smart Museum through Dec 16.

*Smart Museum of Art
5550 S. Greenwood Ave
Check website for hours
smartmuseum.uchicago.edu*

Vorhees creates experimental furniture, typically in the synthetic materials of Cold War Americana, which is in equal turns playful and deeply satirical.



Chris Vorhees and SIMPARCH, Uppers and Downers, 2012, LED lighting, metal, plumbing fixtures, PVC sheet, water, and wood.

Challenging an Epoch

A conversation with iconoclastic architect Stanley Tigerman

By Annette Elliot

It was the uncompromising and individualist hero of Ayn Rand’s novel “The Fountainhead” that inspired Stanley Tigerman to become an architect. “I read the book when I was about 12 or 13,” Tigerman remembers in his 2011 autobiography “Designing Bridges to Burn.” “And I thought, this is what the fuck I’m going to do.”

Having flunked out of MIT, Tigerman returned to school years later to complete an accelerated bachelor’s and master’s degree at Yale in two years.

“When I saw in the Yale Daily News that Ayn Rand was giving a lecture, I got my buddies in the master’s class and we went to see her. Afterward, stupidly, forgetting her well-known antagonism towards selflessness, I went to introduce myself. I said ‘My name is Stanley Tigerman, I’m at the graduate school in architecture. Reading your book as a child really impacted my life and I just wanted to thank you for getting me here.’ And she looked at me in that New York snotty way, up and down, and said, ‘So what?’”

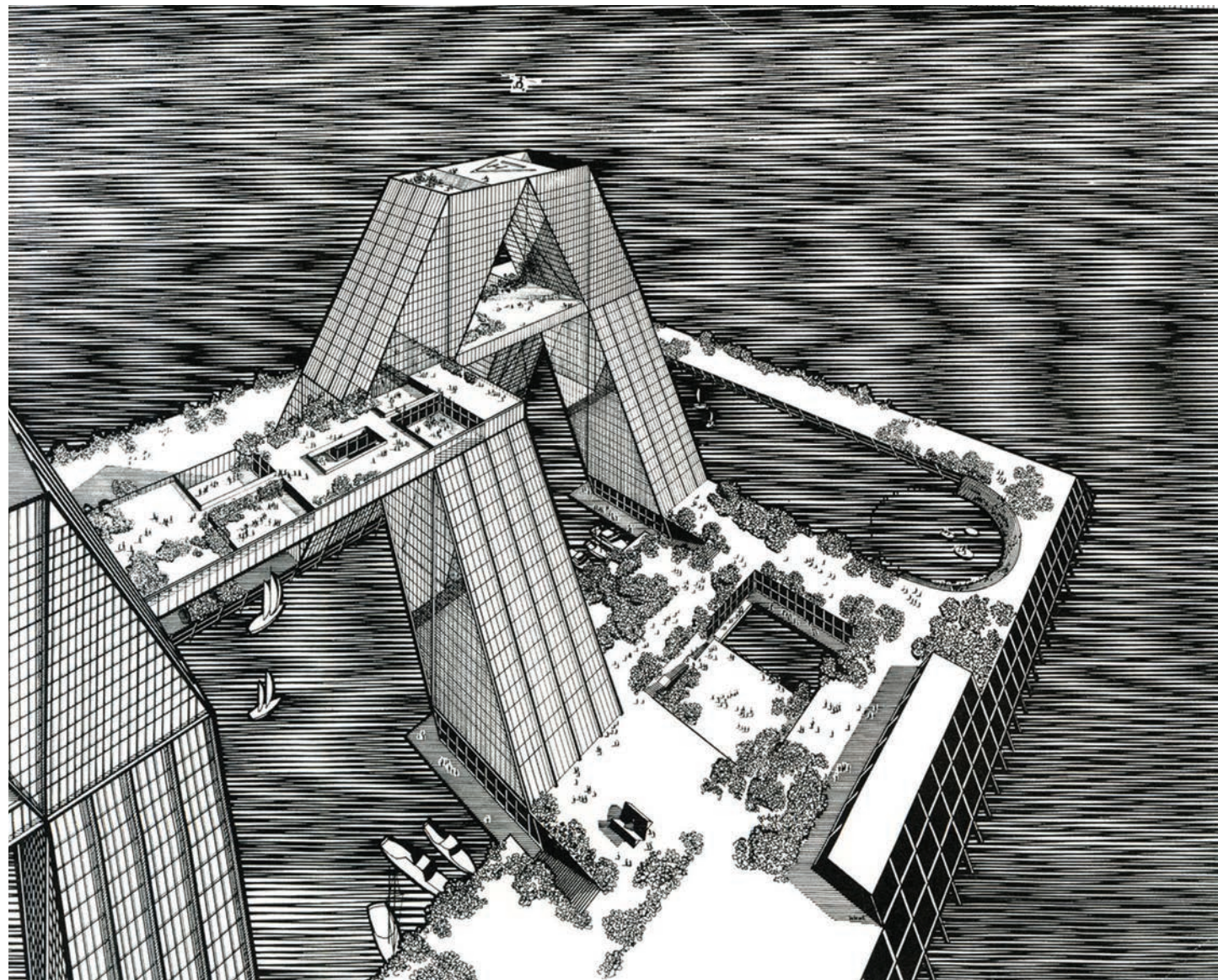
At the ripe age of 81, Tigerman is Chicago’s

notorious black swan of contemporary architecture. His bold iconoclasm and eclectic style challenge the established modernist tradition and have opened Chicago to a new generation of architects. “Tigerman will be remembered for insisting that architecture is not only about aesthetics,” writes Yale curator Emmanuel Petit, “but also about ethical responsibility.”

It was a dreary Monday afternoon when I made my way through the empty streets along the Chicago River to the office of Tigerman McCurry architects. We sat down over coffee at a table piled high with stacks of books — “The Architecture of Exile,” “Versus,” “Building After Auschwitz,” “Cultural Amnesia,” “MetaMouse.”

“I’ve always felt myself an outsider, *ein Ausländer*, if you will,” Tigerman explained. “In Genesis 12, God commands Abram to ‘Go forth from your country.’ It’s like parents pushing a child out of the crib into an unfamiliar place called adulthood, which, because it is alien, forces you to find your own way. So all of us émigrés that came out of Europe made for ourselves in the United States a name — we created anew.”

“Would you design a concentration camp? Would you design a villa for a dictator? Would you design housing in a metropolitan area at a density greater than you knew to be functional? And how much money would it take to change your mind?”



Stanley Tigerman, *Kingdom of Atlantis*, perspective, ink on vellum,

A descendant of Hungarian Jews who emigrated to America, Tigerman was born and raised in Chicago. His family was poor — his father swept leaves in Lincoln Park, while his mother was a government service clerk. In the evenings, he would follow his grandfather to the smoke-filled Hungarian coffeehouses on Chicago's west side to play pinochle, schmooze and sip schnapps.

"The place of my birth always felt alien to me. Part of it is because I am a Jew and part of it is because my parents were very poor, so when I went to the Reform Temple Sholom, I was the poorest kid there. Being a poor Jew compounds it — you face not only anti-Semitism but anti-poverty."

Tigerman grew up during the years of the Great Depression in a three-story boarding house owned by his grandmother. The house in Edgewater hosted a colorful cast of characters — Al and Bud, two black blue-collar workers, lived in the basement and small room behind the kitchen. The first floor was occupied by bachelor uncle Mitoh and the worldly young women he brought home each night. Harriet, the Jewish call girl, lived on the second floor and high in the attic, tucked under the third floor gable, Tigerman's grandfather smoked cheap cigars and labored over Talmudic exegesis in his dirty long Johns.

"In these surroundings," Tigerman reflects in his memoir, "I was exposed prematurely to a naked level of poignant cultural diversity rarely offered to cloistered, over-protected middle-class Jewish children."

The experience of estrangement cultivated a self-awareness, criticality and rebellion evident in Tigerman's rampant challenge of tradition and authority. In his 1978 photo collage "Titanic," Tigerman confronts the rigid hegemony of Mies van der Rohe. In an attempt to undermine "Miesolatry," the endless and sterile repetition of the German master's modernist designs, Tigerman sinks the iconic IIT architectural school Crown Hall in the waters of Lake Michigan.

"Stanley was trying to shake architecture," explains fellow architect Robert Stern, "but I suppose just as much as anything, to shake himself free of that influence."

Unlike Mies, who proclaimed architecture as "the will of the epoch translated

into space," Tigerman believes the architect should not only reflect his epoch, but challenge and mold it.

He advocates access to good design for those who rarely enjoy its benefits. "I love working for a group that normally doesn't receive the designs of an architect," Tigerman confesses. "I don't do marketing. So whatever comes in the door is what I get. But I'm happier when those who come in the door have real, not imagined, problems, where poignancy is built into the program of a building. That is more interesting as opposed to designing villas in the suburbs for rich princes and princesses."

Tigerman poses a series of questions to illustrate his insistence on the ethical responsibilities of architecture: "Would you design a concentration camp? Would you design a villa for a dictator? Would you design housing in a metropolitan area at a density greater than you knew to be functional? And how much money would it take to change your mind?"

In 1966, former Yale classmate Mazhural Islam invited Tigerman to East Pakistan (contemporary Bangladesh) to design five polytechnic institutes. With the support of the "American Trio" — Louis Kahn, Paul Rudolph and Stanley Tigerman — Islam proposed to reinvigorate the city of Dhaka as a modern center of architecture, politics, culture and economy.

Islam and Tigerman collaborated over the following decade on the design of the Bangladesh Polytechnic Institutes in five jungle villages surrounding Dhaka. The Bengali vocational training centers were built to develop East Pakistan's natural resources of jute, cotton and gas.

The two architects faced the challenge of translating American modernist architecture into the context of a subcontinental Asian rainforest. Unaccustomed to dealing with the local conditions of fungus, algae and mold, Tigerman turned for solutions to native building materials, such as teak and bricks made from clay found along the banks of the Brahmaputra and Ganges rivers.

Growing political discontent and nationalist fervor led to the 1971 Bengali war for liberation. East Pakistan's struggle for an

independent Bangladesh was met with the brutal resistance of West Pakistan.

"Through threats, searches and checkpoints, in combination with the presence everywhere of police and the army, the martial law authorities have created an atmosphere that is tantamount to a 'police state,'" declared Tigerman in a 1971 Calcutta press conference. The architect refused to work for a military government and officially resigned from the polytechnic commission.

Only after the establishment of the People's Republic of Bangladesh did Tigerman agree to complete the project.

Tigerman argues that architects should be held to a high level of public, social and ethical responsibility. His concern for housing the geographically marginalized black population led to the development of the largest low-rise, low-cost housing project in the U.S. He designed the 504-unit Woodlawn Gardens as a corrective to the Chicago Housing Authority's disastrous high-rise projects.

"We were limited by our own zealotry," Tigerman acknowledges in retrospect. "The desire to resolve need in and of itself led to a purely functional design devoid of humor."

Tigerman understands his architecture as a failed attempt at healing an incurable wound. "There is a deep terror to confront 'the other.' But what choice do you have as an ethical being but to look the other person in the eye and do something on their behalf, not your own."

A retrospective of Tigerman's idiosyncratic architecture opens January 26 at the Graham Foundation. "Ceci n'est pas une rêverie" (This is not a dream) exhibits a chaos of texts, sketches, cartoons, architectural drawing and models, spanning Tigerman's zealous, half-century-long career.

Jan. 26 - May 19
Graham Foundation
4 W Burton Place
grahamfoundation.org

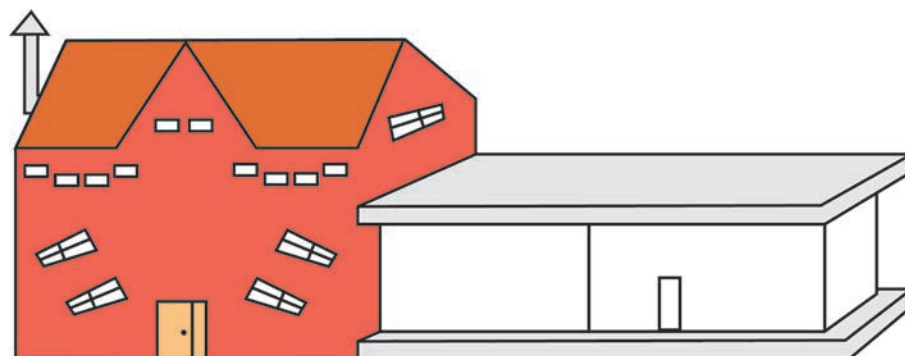


Illustration by Patrick Jenkins

An Arabesque in New York

Taking in the Met’s newly-reopened Islamic Art wing

By Darja Filippova

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York reopened its “Galleries for the Art of the Arab Lands, Turkey, Iran, Central Asia and Later South Asia” (herein referred to as ‘the Islamic galleries,’ even though it is neither wholly Islamic, nor Arabic) on November 1, 2011, after eight years of restoration.

As someone who isn’t an Islamic art historian, I take the liberty of not being critical of the titles, mis-titles and other such minutia. I found the exhibition itself to be immaculate: thorough, delicate, fascinating. The extensive museum wing, which houses 15 galleries, is crafted with careful aesthetic and cultural consideration — the doorways are arched and some display hand carving in the paneling. The Alhambra-like “Moroccan Court” (carving done by artisans in present-day Fez) shows the arabesque wondrously, weaving together architecture and space.

Like a moth, I indulged in the copies of the Quran on silk and paper throughout the galleries — both as full texts or as separate pages displayed to show various writing styles. In other rooms, manuscripts were shown behind glass, their heroes depicted in throngs of battle, intrigue, or in a lovers’ erotic embrace; shadow-less and framed with gold, they were floating against lavender skies and on turquoise grasslands. Along similar aesthetics were the illuminations of the journeys of Muhammed from 16th century Uzbekistan, the beautiful Iranian “Shahnama” (Book of Kings) and the gold-speckled “Mantiq al-tair” (Language of the Birds) from 15th century Afghanistan. Among the many treasures, I was overjoyed to discover a page depicting a hunting scene from Rumi’s book of poetry — Masnavi of Jalal-ud Din Rumi (15th century Iran) — a Sufi poet whose book (the non-illuminated Penguin Classic version) I keep on my bed-stand.

To many visitors, including myself, the depiction of animals and humans came as a surprise. There are six representations of the Prophet Muhammad in the exhibition. Indeed, the display of secular Arab culture is as controversial as it is important, and the prominence of the human figure further highlights the lack of essentialism on the part of the curatorial team (headed by Navina Najat Haidar). As the visitor travels across a thousand years of art territory, from Spain to Uzbekistan, the eye is drawn to recurring symbols, geometry laid in gold and the scattered patterns of floral motifs. The curatorial display emphasizes meandering, bringing to light the universal themes of cultural adaptation and aesthetic improvisation.

The most magical room is the Ottoman Carpet Gallery. The dim-lit space displays several palatial carpets on the walls, and the ceiling in a stunning 16th century Spanish woodwork of echoing geometric forms. The center-piece is a Mamluk period (1250–1517) Simonetti carpet that runs all the way across the floor.

The Met puts a great effort to carve a decipherable path through all this history. The exhibition commences with the Muslim societies in the 7th century and spans the demise of the Ottoman Empire in the early 20th century. However, for the



“The Concourse of the Birds,” folio from the Mantiq al-Tair (Language of the Birds) of Farid al-Din ‘Attar, ca. 1600. Habiballah of Sava (active ca. 1590–1610). Iran, Isfahan. Ink, opaque watercolor, silver, and gold on paper.

first-time visitor, the details of the works are simply too overwhelming. Centuries and countries are swept underneath the intricacies of design. The beguiling novelty of the 1,200 pieces on display, each mirroring and incorporating the other as if into eternal microcosms, lines extending and connecting with the feeling of the infinite — this was my impression after the four-hour tour. For those like me, our shared cultural murkiness turns into a dizzy enchantment. As you spin your way out of the exit through Mughal



“The Lovers,” dated Tuesday, 8 Shawwal A.H. 1039/ May 21, 1630 A.D. Artist Riza-yi `Abbasi (ca. 1565–1635), opaque watercolor, ink, and gold on paper.

South Asia, you are amazed to realize there was another entrance into the exhibition altogether. Perhaps this is a curatorial nod of encouragement for a personal, unpacked assessment of the Islamic and Arab art world — a timely and inspiring invitation to find your own entrance.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
www.metmuseum.org

Waterloo, NY

A documentary joins the fight against gentrification

By Thania Rios

Initially, viewers might be tempted to dismiss “Battle for Brooklyn” — a documentary directed by Michael Galinsky and Suki Hawley that tracks the rise and fall of the Atlantic Yards development in Brooklyn — as propaganda, albeit well-intentioned propaganda. The film doesn’t hesitate to make its loyalties known; it tells its eight-year-long story almost exclusively from the point of view of Develop Don’t Destroy, a coalition of anti-gentrification residents devoted to halting the project.

In 2003, developer Forest City Ratner announced plans, approved by Brooklyn Borough President Marty Markowitz, to build a 22-acre basketball arena and high-rise real estate development in Prospect Heights, near downtown Brooklyn. A community already existed within the project’s footprint, but the developers assured homeowners and businesses that they would receive a fair price for their property.

However, many residents were appalled by Markowitz and Ratner’s plan, which involved having large swaths of Prospect Heights deemed officially blighted. This would allow the government of New York to seize their property under eminent domain, a law which allows the state to appropriate private property for public use. Though the case for Prospect Heights as a “blighted” neighborhood was dubious — from what we see of it in the film, it’s an average middle-class neighborhood — Markowitz and Ratner pressed forward with the project.

Unwilling to abandon their community, residents formed a resistance group, Develop Don’t Destroy. At the heart of this struggle stands activist Daniel Goldstein, who refuses to sell his apartment even after everyone else in his building strikes a deal with developers. This move costs him his fiancée, but it also makes him a hero in the community — a hero among those who are sympathetic to Develop Don’t Destroy, that is. To BUILD (Brooklyn United for Innovative Local Development), a coalition of citizens who are sympathetic to the project, he’s an interloper whose resistance is robbing them of the jobs the arena promises.

This struggle between activists is one of the most interesting aspects of “Battle for Brooklyn.” According to the largely-black membership of BUILD, the middle-class citizens who compromise Develop Don’t Destroy are, in their own way, gentrifiers and will not need the jobs that the development will provide. The members of BUILD, on the other hand, largely come from high-crime communities that haven’t seen any form of economic development in years. The prospect of jobs within their community is too tempting an offer to pass up, even if these jobs will render their neighbors homeless. As one member of BUILD points out early in the movie, no one from Develop Don’t Destroy took any interest in their black neighbors until they needed something from them.

In moments like these, the documentary raises interesting questions about what a neighborhood is. Develop Don’t Destroy claims to represent the essence of Prospect Heights and Brooklyn, much more so than the Atlantic Yards development, which they portray as erasing any sense of community or authenticity. But according to BUILD, Daniel Goldstein and his compatriots have no claim to Brooklyn. It’s the members of BUILD that have been residing there for decades upon decades, and it’s high time that the city bothered to do something for them.

This conflict alone would make for an interesting documentary. But the full story behind “Battle for Brooklyn” is much more baroque and sinister, thanks to the influence of Forest City Ratner. Halfway through the film, Develop Don’t Destroy finds evidence that BUILD has been taking money from developers. Forest City Ratner also achieves a suspicious victory during an MTA auction, winning the rights to an abandoned stretch of train tracks despite putting in the lowest bid. There seems to be no end to the miracles that the developers achieve. Even as the economy begins to sag and their ability to complete the project comes more and more into question, the developers leap every hurdle that Develop Don’t Destroy puts in their path, with the help of Markowitz and the government of Brooklyn.

Eight years after its inception, Atlantic Yards has delivered none of the boons it was supposed to bring to the community. The size of the proposed project shrank drastically after the financial crisis of 2008; nevertheless, it broke ground in 2010. Initially, it only offered 114 construction jobs, 14 of which went to local residents. But recently, Rather has voiced an interest in constructing the remaining high-rise entirely out of pre-fabricated modules, eliminating many of the jobs that won him BUILD’s support to begin with.

Many of the critiques that Develop Don’t Destroy made about Atlantic Yards proved true, making “Battle for Brooklyn” a relevant testament to the role that money and clout play in civic life. The documentary is unabashedly biased; Goldstein is the only activist with a palpable interior life, meaning that the viewer cannot help but sympathize with him. That said, Goldstein has an interesting story. He sacrifices his fiancée to his fervor for the cause, but soon finds another life partner in Shabnam Merchant, a fellow member of Develop Don’t Destroy. Their courtship and marriage coincides with the denouement of the battle, making Goldstein and Merchant natural choices for the film’s protagonists. Their relationship also provides a handy visualization of the decade this battle consumes; they meet, date, wed, sire a child, and turn grey before the struggle with Forest City Ratner comes to its bleak conclusion.

This partiality might lead some critics to disregard the documentary’s record of events, but it’s easy to see why Galinsky and Hawley made this choice. Atlantic Yards and its developers do not need the directors to vindicate them — after all, they won — and Galinsky and Hawley don’t seem interested in objectivity. Rather, they wish to investigate the circumstances that made Forest City Ratner’s victory possible. During their struggle, Merchant and Goldstein learn all the ins and outs of the legal system, and all the ways in which Atlantic Yards has no right to exist; they also learn that the legal system doesn’t have much interest in penniless activists.

Large swaths of “Battle for Brooklyn” read as the lurid nightmare of an Occupier. The viewer might want to believe that it’s biased, simply in order to avoid confronting such an ugly reality. But the film’s last image — Merchant and Goldstein having a gate shut in their faces as they watch the construction — is hard to argue with.



“Battle for Brooklyn”

An Irregular Shape

Mark Booth at Devening Projects

By Allison Glenn

East Garfield Park is quickly becoming a nexus of art and cultural production in Chicago, and Devening Projects and Editions, located on Carroll Street, has been a vital player on the local gallery scene. The proprietor, Dan Devening, splits his time between the gallery and an Adjunct Faculty position in the Painting and Drawing Department at SAIC.

The most recent exhibition at Devening Projects features the work of Mark Booth, SAIC Assistant Professor in the Writing and Sound Departments. In his exhibition “The Sea Is Represented by an Irregular Shape,” Booth presented a collaborative performance of 12 vocalists reciting lines from an ongoing body of work, “God Is Represented by the Sea.”

The piece pays homage to Guy de Cointet, a French conceptual artist who was influenced by postwar information-based systems. He created works on paper that were based on his cryptographic, or coded, language. For the exhibition, Booth created two-dimensional acrylic, text-based paintings of sentences and phrases repeated throughout “God Is Represented by the Sea” and a two-channel audio installation.

The performance begins with a female voice: “God is represented by the sea.” In a mesmerising call-and-response, the second vocalist answers, “The sea is represented by an irregular shape.” Coppice, a Chicago-based bellows and electronic sound duo joined by Booth, interjects audio, and the layers of the performance build upon each other. Each vocalist recites seven lines. “A pattern is represented by a column of temperatures. A column of temperatures is represented by a dark sky.”

“I am very intrigued by creative works that encourage the viewer and listener to slow down and live in the present moment of experience.”

“[Coppice’s] sound score is actually a list of instructions, certain combinations of instruments playing at the same time or alone,” says Booth, explaining his layering of sound and Cagean technique. “The score is regulated by its own rules with a few desired requests from me such as many long spaces, [and] not playing continuously for the entire piece, not playing continuously for the entire piece, [and] not following the vocalists. The sound acts as an additional layer, existing perpendicular to the language.”

“A sequence of colors is represented by an audible drone. An audible drone is represented by moonlight.” In this iteration of the performance, the text is looped four times. Each time the loop begins anew, more lines are added. With each addition, the work builds and expands upon itself.

“I am very intrigued by creative works that encourage the viewer and listener to slow down and live in the present moment of experience,” says Booth. “There is a deliberate slowness and an attention to quotidian detail in [Andrei] Tarkovsky’s work that I respond to. The work to me feels like meditating.”

As each performer finishes, they quietly leave their seat and another takes their place. This pattern continues on until the end of the text. After two hours, the performers become slightly restless, but the first vocalist resumes her position at the head of the table. As she leans into the microphone, the room seems to swell with anticipation. The room has reached capacity, and the audience overflow has spilled onto the floor. Enunciating those six words as clearly as before, she states, “God is represented by the sea.” To which vocalist two replies, “The sea is represented by an irregular shape.” We’ve reached the end of the text, which is exactly where the performance begins again.

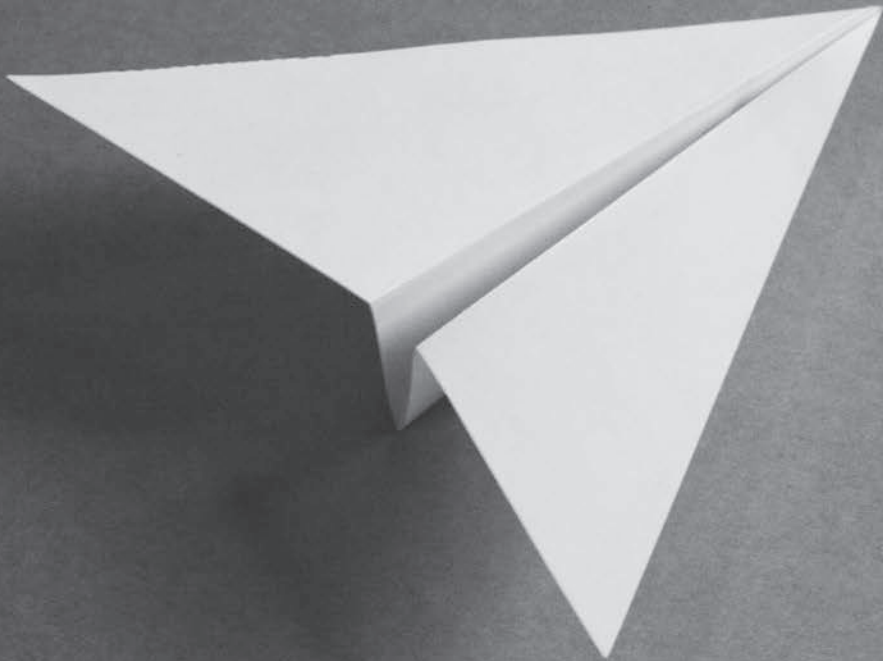


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STUDY TRIPS SUMMER 2012



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*Author is a Northwestern U. Prof. Emeritus

SENSORY DEPRIVATION

*Following the infinite loop of random associations
back around to myself and beyond*

By Dijana Kadic

“I am an infinite loop” and “I can taste the color purple.” I picked up a colorful journal of past sensory deprivation tank experiences. I was about to float inside an enclosed tank with body-temperature water and 800 pounds of salt. There is nothing to smell, nothing to hear, nothing to see, nothing to taste, and eventually I was supposed to lose my sense of touch as well.

“Take off your shoes!” Before I could enter the SpaceTime Tanks lounge, a gray-haired man with earrings from cartilage to earlobe stopped me. Calming bhajans, Hindu devotional music, added to the Eastern decorations hanging on the walls. “Please, come in and make yourself comfortable. Have some water. I will be right with you.”

According to the SpaceTime Tank’s website, flotation reduces tension and enhances the consciousness of body and mind. “Many people come here to achieve spiritual awareness,” said the gray-haired man, “but some come for the benefits of the salt on joints and muscles.” He explained that I would drift from dream state to waking state and that the fun would start when I could no longer tell the difference between the two.

*He explained
that I would drift from
dream state to waking
state and that the fun started
when I could no longer tell
the difference between
the two.*

In a private room, I showered and immersed myself within the silky saltrates. My perception expanded as the 8' x 4' x 4' tank grew as big as the ocean. After fussing around a bit to get myself comfortable, I attempted to calm my mind, which continued to replay a Bosnian pop song.

I became so frustrated — at the edge of tears — because I could not stop the song from looping in my head. I came to the scary realization that controlling one’s mind is very hard to do, and that in our distracting, contemporary lifestyle, calmness must be practiced.

For a few minutes I entered a state between dream and reality in which I floated through space. I moved my body to look around. The water didn’t exist anymore.

I saw stars and nebulae in the distance.

I snapped out of it and for the remaining time played around with the sensation of floating. I moved my hips and head from side to side, touched my hair from behind my head, and pushed myself around the tank.

I imagine that with regular floatation sessions the experience can only get better.

*SpaceTimeTanks
2526 N Lincoln Ave.
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A VIOLENCE IN HISTORY

F Newsmagazine speaks with controversial historian Ilan Pappé about the Israel-Palestine conflict and his hopes for peace

By Daryl Meador

Ilan Pappé, one of Israel's "New Historians," has been rewriting the history of the founding of Israel since the release of pertinent British and Israeli government documents in the early 1980s. His groundbreaking work "The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine" recounts in detail the resulting expulsion of nearly 800,000 Palestinians from the land in 1948, an event referred to as the Nakba, or catastrophe, by the Palestinian community. The book challenged the traditional narrative surrounding Israel's war for independence, setting Pappé against Israeli academics and public opinion.

F Newsmagazine's Daryl Meador spoke to Pappé about his work as a historian, his controversial history of the events of 1948, the BDS boycotts of Israel and his hopes for peace in the future.

DARYL MEADOR: In your book "The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine," published in 2006, the narrative you construct of 1948 and the formation of the state of Israel stands in stark contrast to the history you were raised with in Israel. What are some of the differences between the two stories?

ILAN PAPPÉ: The two stories are very different. One is told to us from very early on as Israeli Jews. You hear it in elementary school, high school and in the army. I heard it again at university where I majored in Middle Eastern History and took a special course on 1948. The narrative was the following: 1948 was a miraculous year. After 2,000 years of exile, the world recognized the right of the Jews to have their own state. Then, out of the blue, without any clear explanation, both the Arab world and the Palestinians rejected this idea and went to war against the young Jewish state. The Jews miraculously succeeded in winning.

What I discovered as a researcher was exactly the opposite. I found out that the Zionist leadership in the months before the war contemplated what I call the ethnic cleansing of Palestine. It was a very different picture of an aggressive and active Zionist movement intent on de-Arabizing Palestine.

DM: Was it a conscious decision to teach an alternate narrative in Israel, something that is not the truth, or is it generally believed to be an honest account of history?

IP: I think it's the latter, although more complicated. I'll give you an example that I think clarifies it.

The moment you dehumanize the Palestinians, you have no problem with the narrative. The moment you decide that the Palestinian villagers are soldiers in a military outpost, then, whatever you do to the village, is not ethnic cleansing or a crime against humanity, but just a war. The first thing that is done in Israel is the dehumanization of the Palestinians.

In 1948 it was worse, I would say it was a Nazification of the Palestinians — the Israeli troops were punishing the Palestinians for what the Nazis did to the Jews.

DM: What research methods did you use to investigate the ethnic cleansing of Palestine?

IP: I looked towards ignored sources and declassified documentation.

Israelis go by the rule of 50 years of secrecy before releasing military and security documentation. In 1998 military documentation from 1948 became available, which allowed me to write "The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine."

But, I don't trust the Israeli army, not in the present and not in the past. So I compared it to the oral history of the Palestinians. This is something that is very curious in Israel

— when you use oral history to document the Holocaust, the memory of the survivors are understood as valid sources for reconstructing history. However, memories of Palestinian survivors from the Nakba, the catastrophe, are sheer imaginations and cannot be relied upon for telling us what happened.

To tell the truth, if the ethnic cleansing of Palestine would have been limited to 1948, if it was a closed chapter in history, then afterwards there would be a very different relationship between the Jews and the Palestinians. I think the relevance of the catastrophe is because the Zionists never stopped the ethnic cleansing, so we are still in that chapter.

We have learned from other places with a history of decolonization or reconciliation that you need to acknowledge the past. That is what the Jews of the world rightly ask the Germans to do. If you want closure you have to acknowledge and show accountability, which Israel refuses to do and continues to pursue an ethnic cleansing of Palestine.

DM: You discuss the ethnic cleansing ideology in your newest book "Gaza in Crisis."

IP: I think that ethnic cleansing is implemented in more than one way. Even if you don't expel a people, but ghettoize and enclave them, it's a kind of ethnic cleansing. I don't know what is worse actually, to be marooned in such a ghetto or to be a refugee. The ideology is the same — you want the territory, but you cannot afford the demography. When you cannot afford the demography, you find ways of downsizing the Palestinian population. Sometimes you do it by expulsion, sometimes you do it by imprisonment, sometimes you do it by making them so bereft of any rights that, even if they are there physically, they don't threaten you. And that is what is horrible.

DM: The publication of "The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine" resulted in serious criticism and repercussions for you as an Israeli citizen and professor. Did you choose to stop teaching in Israel?

IP: It's a bit more complicated. The book definitely put me on a collision course with Israelis, as well as my very clear support for the academic boycott of Israel. My commitment to protect the memory of the Nakba led to a call for my resignation at the University of Haifa.

DM: Why do you support the Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions movement (BDS), a Palestinian non-governmental boycott against Israel, demanding the rights of freedom, equality and self-determination for the Palestinians?

IP: I think there are three major conclusions that I arrived at that convinced me that the boycott, which is very drastic and not an easy thing to support, was the right decision. One was that the peace process was not providing the goods and was not likely to do so in the future. I could not rely on the peace process to end the oppression, dehumanization and colonization that the Israelis are inflicting on the Palestinians. Secondly, I was convinced that there was no chance in the near future for a change within Israel. Thirdly, a call for a non-violent strategy to displace the armed struggle and suicide bombings came from the Palestinians themselves.

DM: How can students in the U.S. support Palestinian rights?

IP: I usually like to call it "try to be a VIP." It's particularly relevant for students. It stands for "Visit, Inform and Protest." It's not easy to visit Palestine, as you know. But you are there for five minutes, and you'll understand. Informing people is important too. This is an age when the hegemony of the

mainstream media cannot control the Internet, although it tries to. God knows that the narrative that comes through mainstream media in this country is horrible. There is nothing, even in the New York Times, that relates truthfully to what is going on. And protest, the lack of indifference, is something the Israelis are impacted and influenced by.

DM: The last thing I wanted to ask is about solutions. Do you support the typical two state separation of Israel and Palestine or the less popular idea of one state for both people?

IP: I think you have to judge what exactly you want to change in Israel. What you want to change is an issue of rights, both individual and collective. Palestinians, wherever they are, are denied basic human and civil rights. So you want to create a political body that will respect the rights of everyone, Palestinians and Jews.

The territorializing of rights — saying 80 percent will be Israel, 20 percent will be Palestine — as the right way of respecting these human rights, does not stand to reason. When you say the rights will be respected now in 20 percent of Palestine, that's not a solution. That's managing a conflict rather than solving it.

I think the one state, in whatever form, is a more logical solution to respect the rights of everyone, even the right of return for Palestinian refugees. The last thing I'd say about the one and two state is that there are also realities on the ground. Israel is stuck with such facts that even if you like the two state solution, it is impossible, given the way that Israel has changed human geography.

DM: Do you think a regime change will happen soon?

IP: As a historian I'm more patient with the time frame. I promised my children it would happen in their lifetime, although it may be for the generation of my grandchildren. Something Lenin used to say, unfortunately, is that there is a worse stretch to cross before it gets better.

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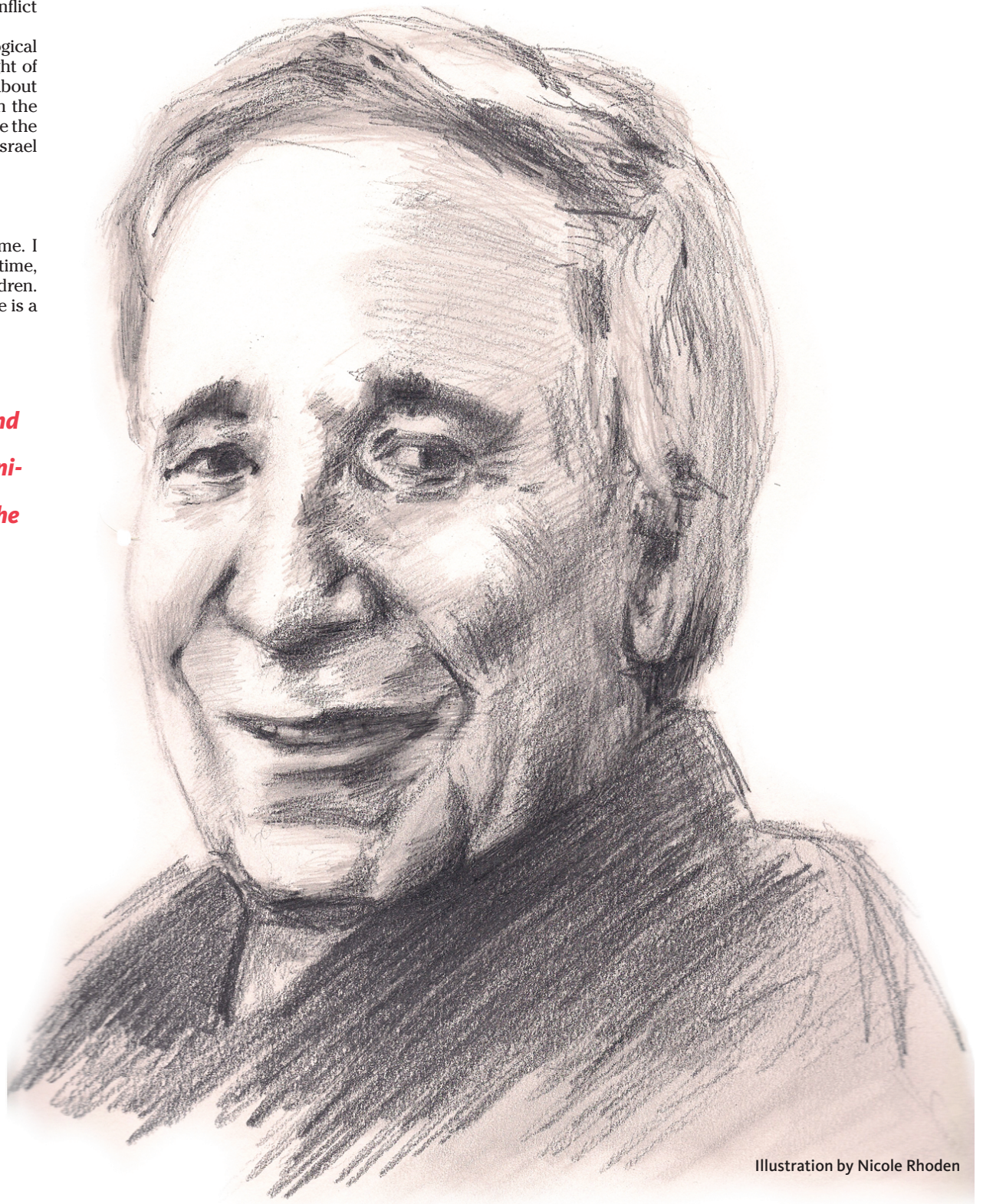


Illustration by Nicole Rhoden

THIS WILL HAVE BEEN:

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Lead support for *This Will Have Been: Art, Love & Politics in the 1980s* is provided by the Harris Family Foundation in memory of Bette and Neison Harris: Caryn and King Harris, Katherine Harris, Toni and Ron Paul, Pam and Joe Szokol, Linda and Bill Friend, and Stephanie and John Harris.

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School of the Art Institute students receive free general museum admission with a valid student ID.



NEWS SHORTS

Artist/Activist Dara Greenwald

Artist and activist Dara Greenwald passed away at the age of 40 from cancer. She was a co-founder of the radical feminist dance troupe Pink Bloque and co-editor of the book “Signs of Change: Social Movement Cultures, 1960s to Now.” Greenwald held an MFA and a PhD in Electronic Arts, as well as an MFA in Writing from SAIC. She worked at the Video Data Bank from 1998-2005 and participated in extremely important projects like Ladyfest Midwest, Department of Space and Land Reclamation. She will be missed.

Nick Cave’s Sound Suites

Nick Cave’s sound suite sculptures will be exhibited in a show at the Cincinnati Art Museum from January 20 to April 29. Chair of the Fashion Department at SAIC, Cave considers his pieces to be different forms of art when seen in motion than when exhibited statically. At the show they will be displayed both ways. His fascinating costumes are fashion, sculpture and body art, all at once.

Chicago: A Resource of Young Artists

Eight artists from SAIC will be displayed at Art Museo, a gallery that never closes, on the first floor of the InterContinental hotel Chicago O’Hare. Yo Ahn Han, Minky Kim, Youjeong Kwon, William Joyce, Dyne Sophia Lee, Eileen O’Donnell, Nick Schleicher, and Noelle Sharp, will present work in a variety of media, such as photography, painting, tapestries and video and fiber installations. The exhibition, “Chicago: A Resource of Young Artists,” will be open through April 3.

Rituals Exhibition

Mimi Peterson and Catherine Cajandig, both SAIC alums, will work together at “Rituals,” an exhibition at Emily Oaks Nature Center in Skokie. The show, also featuring the sculptor Dankha Zomaya, will include photo collage, paintings and three-dimensional pieces that explore rituals inspired by nature.

Mayor Cracks Down on Protests

Mayor Rahm Emanuel passed controversial anti-protest measures on January 18. The new legislation allows the mayor to deputize agents from other law enforcement agencies as Chicago policemen. All downtown protest marches will also be required to obtain \$1,000,000 worth of insurance coverage and organizers must agree to reimburse the city for any damage to public property incurred by the protest. Opponents of the legislation have condemned it as an exploitation of “the fact that Chicago will host the upcoming G8 and Nato summit meetings to...make permanent new changes on political dissent,” in the words of Bernard Harcourt, professor of law at the University of Chicago.



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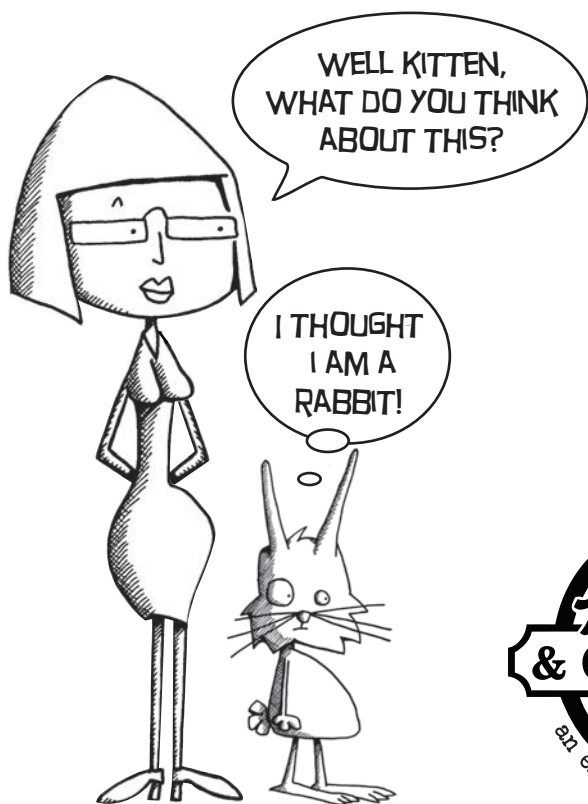
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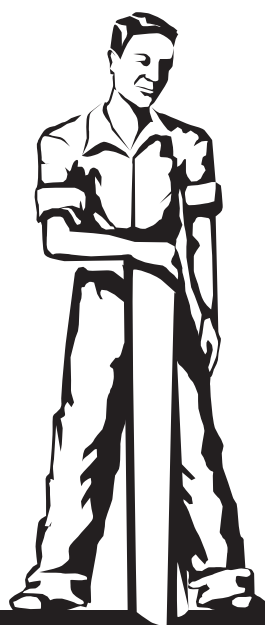
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TURN OFF THE SITES, TURN UP THE HEAT

*The faceoff between
SOPA/PIPA and the online
community takes a turn
with the involvement of
major forces in the web
and technology industries*



By Quinn Keaveney

On January 18, Wikipedia, Reddit, and thousands of other websites blacked out their content to mobilize protest against SOPA (Stop Online Piracy Act HR 3261) and PIPA (PROTECT IP Act S 968), two controversial anti-piracy bills up for vote in the U.S. Senate that have been condemned as stifling and draconian by opponents. The online protest spurred three million people to email their congressmen, voicing their opposition the bills.

SOPA and PIPA are aimed at preventing foreign online piracy. The bills allow the Attorney General and copyright holders not only to censor web pages that allegedly infringe on copyright, but also to block whole domains and their web hosts. In addition, the bills place responsibility on the service provider to take action against any individual who “knows, reasonably should know or believes” that an infringement has occurred on another IP or domain.

If a website is accused of having infringing content, it has five days before it is taken down. The website can appeal this claim or remove the content.

SAIC Library Director Claire Eike has expressed concern with “the relentless trend toward stifling innovation.” With the boundaries of fair use consistently diminishing, she fears the “loss of our ability to share content freely. The laws we currently have are problematic, favoring distributors’ rights over those of creators, and undermining the public good. SOPA and/or PIPA would make it much worse.”

Supporters of SOPA include liberal stalwarts such as Senator Al Franken (D-MN) and Representative John Conyers (D-MI), followed by most of the entertainment industry, including Disney and Hollywood. Among the detractors are many Tea Party supporters, such as the fiercely conservative Representative Michelle Bachmann (R-MN), challenging traditional notions of conservatism and progressivism, and who stands for what.

Southern California lobbyists have contributed over \$2.5 million in support of the bill and, until recently, the opposition has made little impact. The blackout January 18 displayed the effect innovation and communication can make, even against mounting economic support. On the same day Senator Roy Blunt (R-MO), once a co-sponsor of the bill, blamed Senate Majority Leader Harry Reid (D-NV) for “pushing forward with a flawed bill.” Since the blackout, 18 Senators have withdrawn their support. By Friday, January 20, the Guardian had reported that votes on both SOPA and PIPA had been postponed indefinitely.

The blackout of the protesting sites was only one method of many used by the Internet giants. Google stated, “Like many businesses, entrepreneurs and web users, we oppose these bills because there are smart, targeted ways to shut down foreign rogue websites without asking American companies to censor the Internet.” Google did not participate in the blackout but censored its logo. However, Twitter, a vocal opponent of both bills, did not participate at all. Chief executive Dick Costolo tweeted, “Closing a global business

in reaction to single-issue national politics is foolish. ... Not shutting down a service doesn’t equal not taking the proper stance on an issue.”

Proponents say the bill is aimed at foreign piracy. Domestic laws already exist for domains that end in .com, .net, and .org. Since last December the government has shut down 150 U.S.

However, experts argue that SOPA and PIPA employ dangerously vague language and ambiguous definitions, which have led to claims that simple links to sites containing infringing material could be breaking the law. This is why critics are concerned that the bills will affect not just foreign sites but domestic sites as well.

Opponents state that the bill will impose impossible standards on startup businesses. The bill will make it difficult for many startups to compete, since it would take expensive resources to monitor user-generated content on their sites. Even though SOPA is targeted at foreign websites, U.S. websites will be punished by weighty costs in order to ensure their own SOPA and PIPA compliance.

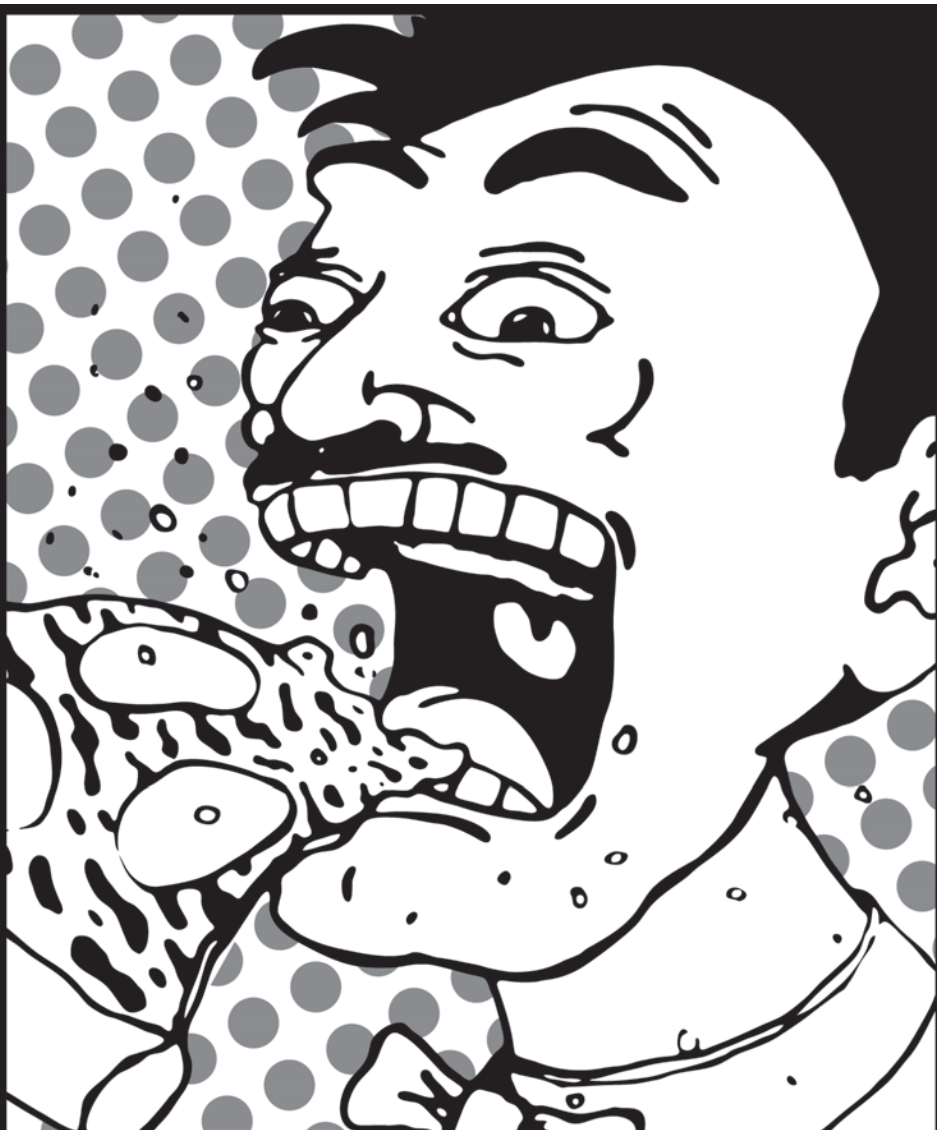
The White House has recently criticized the bills. “Let us be clear, online piracy is a real problem that harms the American economy, threatens jobs for significant numbers of middle class workers and hurts some of our nation’s most creative and innovative companies and entrepreneurs. ... We will not support legislation that reduces freedom of expression, increases cyber-security risk or undermines the dynamic, innovative global Internet.”

BY NICOLE RHODEN



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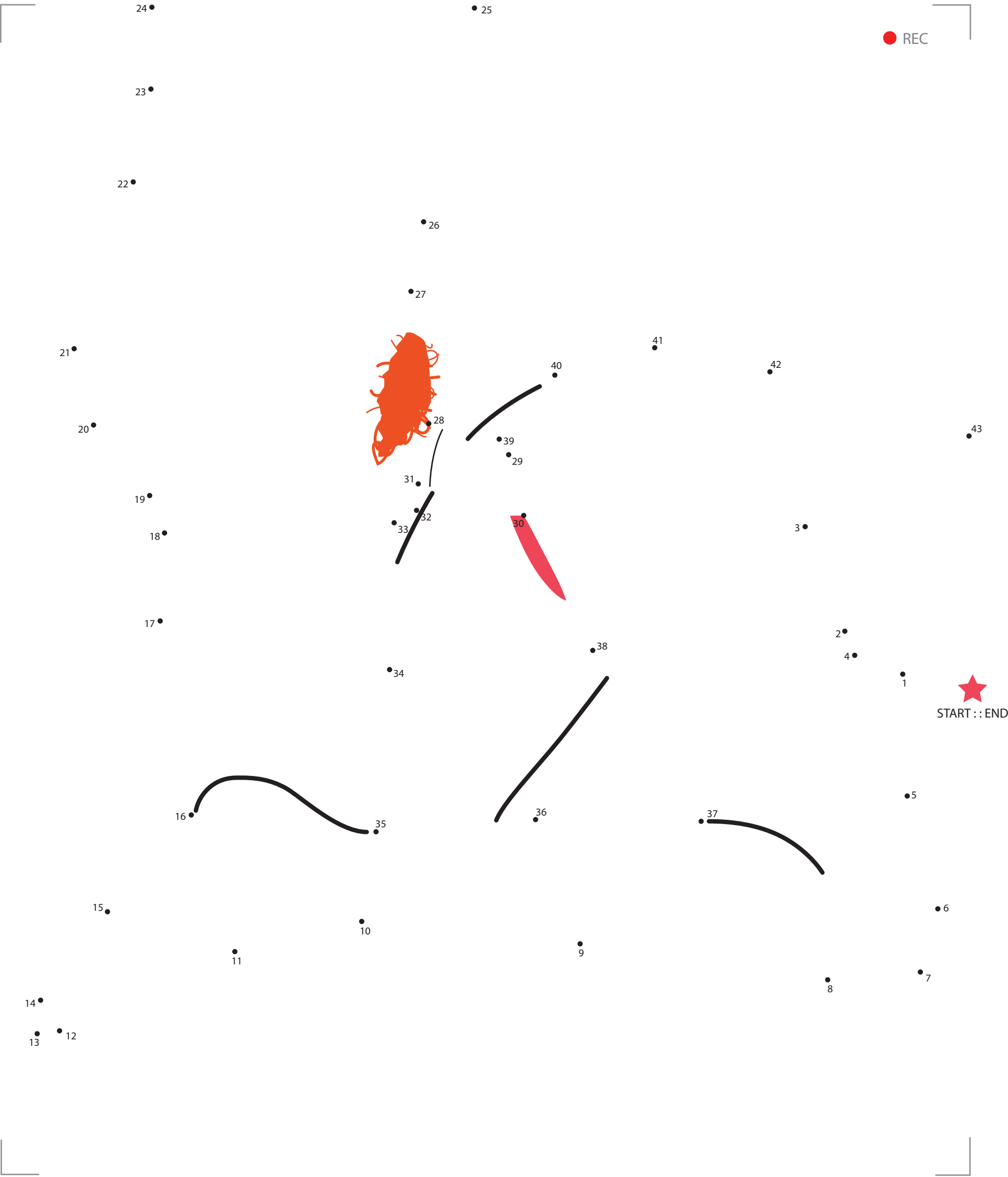
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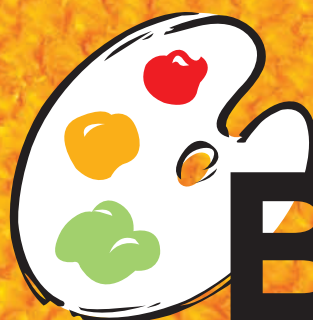
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