

fnewsmagazine

The School of the Art Institute of Chicago

DECEMBER 2012

A student journal of arts,
culture and politics

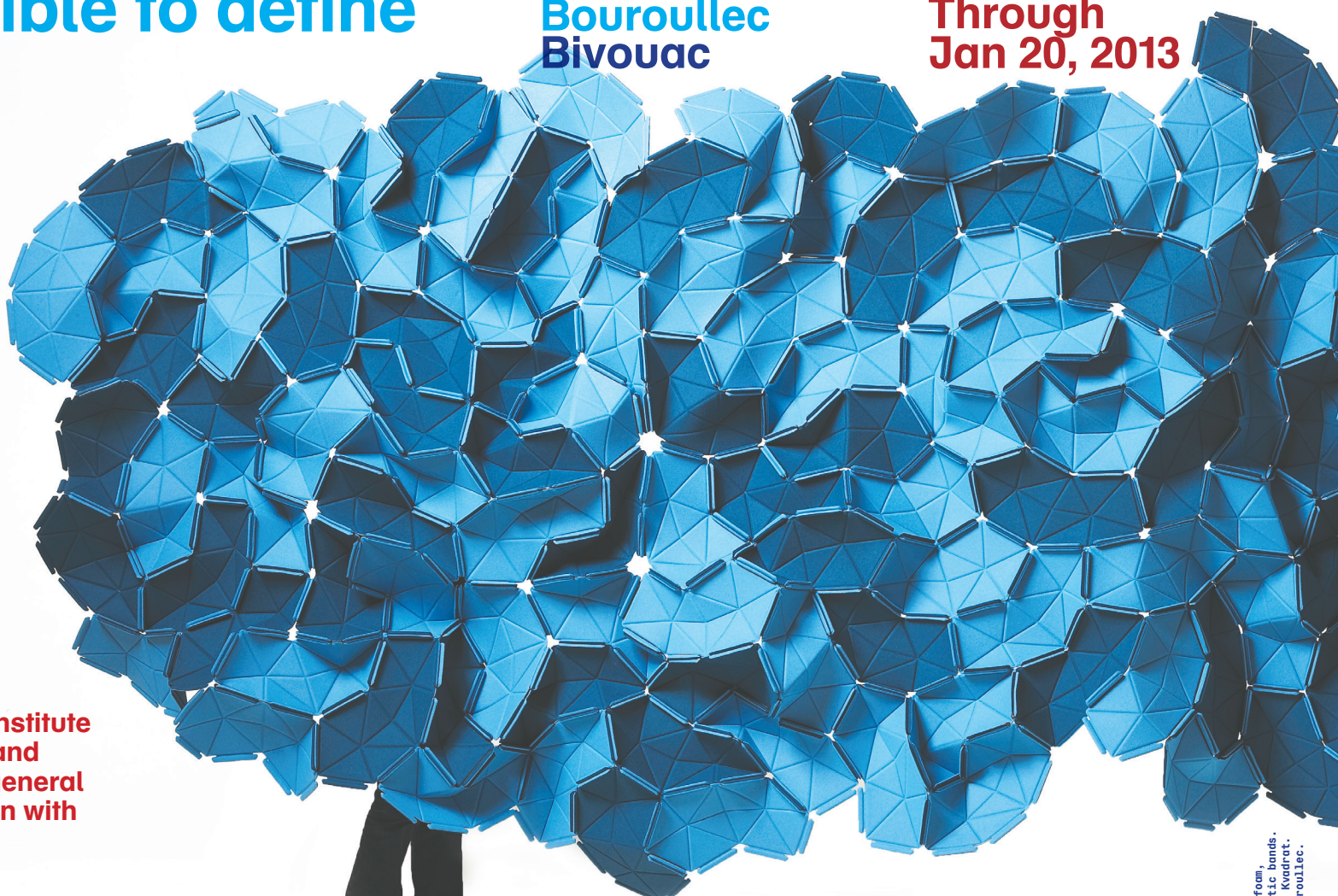
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Clouds, 2008. Thermo-compressed foam, fabric, and double-injected elastic bands. Produced by Kvadrat. Courtesy of Kvadrat. Photo © Paul Tahan and R & E Bouroullec.

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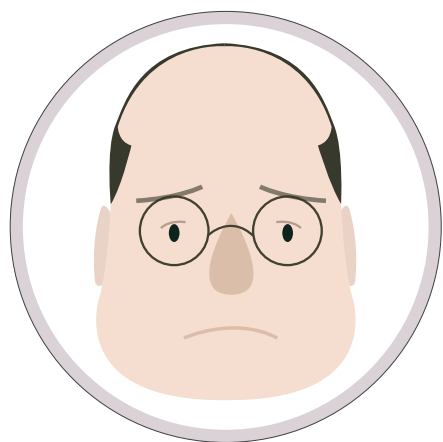
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Videographer Patrick Putze's video coverage of the Dirty New Media: Round Robin held at the Museum of Contemporary Art. See interviews with former F multimedia editor and current SAIC instructor Nick Briz and SAIC faculty jonCates among others.

F Newsmagazine presents "Is there something ephemeral in it?" an ongoing series of podcasts by Natalia Nicholson. In the first recording Nicholson interviews performance artist Daviel Shy about her performance series "Bouts: A Reaction in Five Parts to Title Fight by Naomi Yorke."

Check out F coverage of the 2012 SAIC BFA exhibition. Videographer Lim Han got responses from students, faculty and guests about the work. Watch the video to see if your work made the cut.

If you have a story, article or note that you want published on Fnewsmagazine.com, send submissions to webeditor@fnewsmagazine.com.



Correction:

In the November print edition of F Newsmagazine the directors of "Cloud Atlas" were erroneously listed as "Tykwer-Wachowski Brothers" in the "Magnificent Messes" article by Joshua Michael Demaree. The author meant the directors to be listed as "Wachowski-Tykwer-Wachoski," respecting Lana Wachowski's transition from male to female. We apologize for the mistake.

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COVER: "Don't Worry, It'll All Be Over Soon"
by Alli Berry



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EDITORIAL

Feet to the Fire

Holding President Obama Accountable for His Promises

On the evening of November 7, F Newsmagazine staffers gathered in the office to watch the election returns. Tension and anxiety blended with carefully guarded excitement. It seemed like the stakes were higher than ever, the future of the nation hanging in the balance between two frothing, categorically opposed ideologies. We fought down memories of the chattering, echoing voice of four years ago that had whispered the same inspirational, if ultimately false, platitudes.

The tension was cut dramatically when, earlier than we expected, NBC declared Ohio for Obama. The swell of excitement buoyed our spirits as we sighed in relief. But, soon after, the sense of excitement began its slow march into the drudgery of waiting — waiting for the other networks to fall in line, waiting (and chuckling) as FOX News denied the inevitable, waiting for Mitt and his cohorts to concede defeat. And as the clock ticked toward 1 a.m., we waited for the newly re-elected President Obama to take the Chicago stage in triumph.

Slowly the realization dawned on us that the waiting had truly really begun four years ago to the day. In 2008, President Obama was swept into office by a groundswell of enthusiasm of a disenfranchised base made up of voters like ourselves, yearning for an overhaul of the destructive, self-interested Washington politics. Obama promised sweeping economic and social reforms but delivered few.

No one argues that Obama's administration has not faced formidable odds. His election brought a body, brought teeth, to a long simmering, violently conservative right that has mobilized and fights to block Obama's every move. As election results rolled in, the most unmentionable, attention-

mongering, conservative media pundit of them all claimed that Obama was elected because white Americans are now a minority and the growing Hispanic demographic and Black electorate "feel they are entitled to things" that Obama will probably hand to them. There is a popular perception that the country is split down the middle and something about Obama is turning that split into a gulf. Something. Something few are willing to put a name to.

mented youth, and the impeding of the full construction of the environmentally disastrous Keystone XL crude oil pipeline.

Many liberals assuaged their fears over Obama's centrist policies with the justification that he needed a second term to accomplish his goals. Now, the responsibility to make these next four years memorable falls on you and me, as much as it does on President Obama. It is far easier to complain than it is to act. Poet and curator

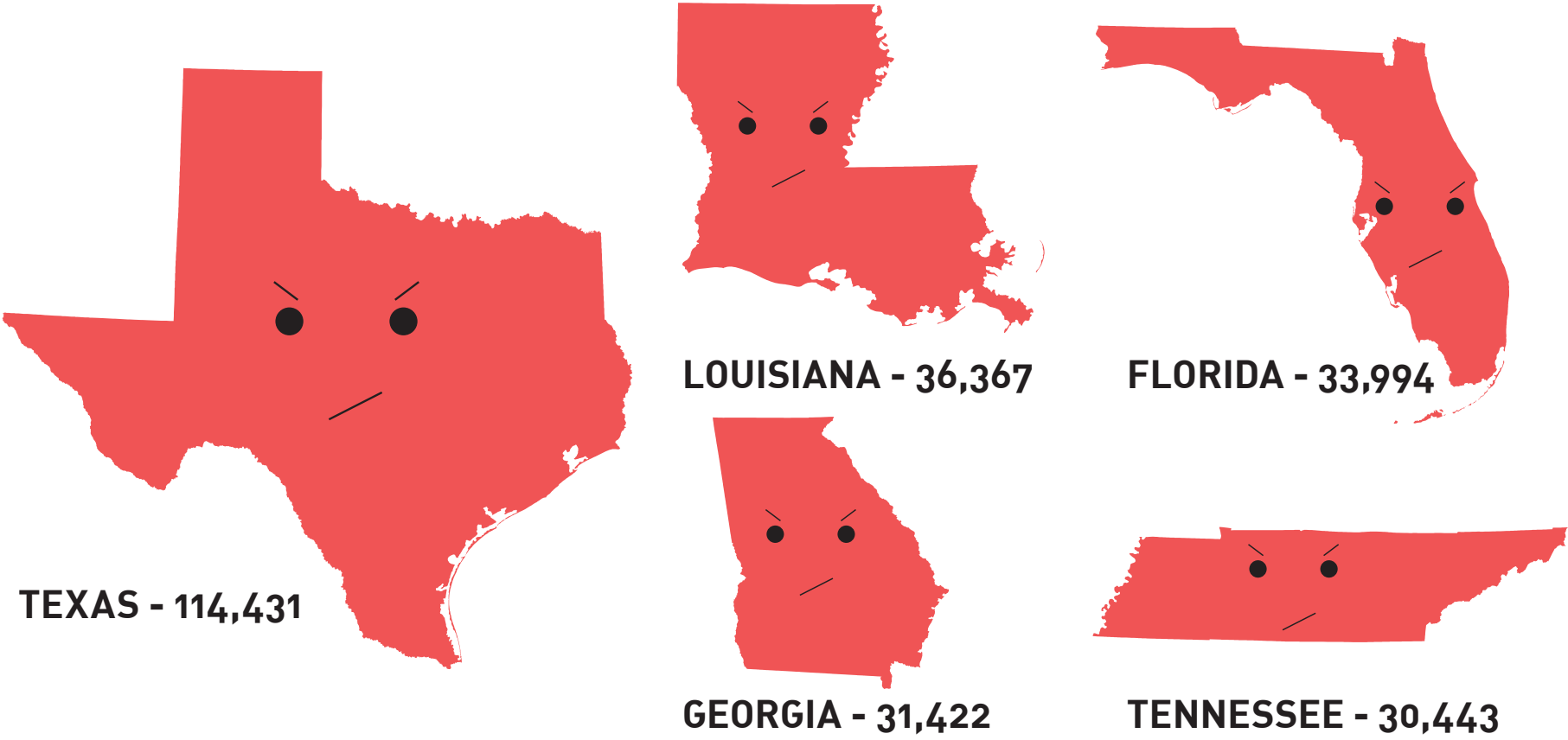
"It is not surprising that faced with universal destruction, as we are told, our art should at last speak with unimpeded force and unveiled honesty to a future which well may be nonexistent, in a last effort of recognition which is the justification of being" - Frank O'Hara

A Democratic victory will not make all the hate and the vitriol go away. And it won't make the much-needed social and economic reforms magically happen. The participation of liberal voters in this election didn't just re-elect Obama — they elected the first all-female congressional delegation in New Hampshire, they voted in support of the legalization of marijuana in Washington and Colorado, and they elected the first openly gay person to the U.S. Senate. And, over the last four years, active and vocal social movements have pressured Obama to meet some seemingly radical, but necessary demands throughout his first term — the elimination of the "don't ask, don't tell" policy in the military, a laxer immigration policy for undocu-

Frank O'Hara in discussing the urgency and the boldness of Jackson Pollock's gestures influenced by the news of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, wrote, "It is not surprising that faced with universal destruction, as we are told, our art should at last speak with unimpeded force and unveiled honesty to a future which well may be nonexistent, in a last effort of recognition which is the justification of being." So, it is imperative for us to stay informed and react. Write a letter, create with a sense of urgency, or take it to the streets. Because if we don't serve as the safeguard policing Obama's actions and holding him to his campaign promises, who will?

'MERICA

As of November 18, 2012, these are the top 5 states trying to secede from the Union. The White House needs over 25,000 signed petitions in order to respond. If these states succeed, they will then go by the name 'MERICA ... spelled exactly like that.



Data taken from petitions.whitehouse.gov/petitions. Illustrations by Patrick Jenkins.

N

Hurricane Sandy devastates New York's Chelsea Galleries

The art community in New York City took a hard blow in the wake of Hurricane Sandy last month. With flooded basements and street-level spaces, numerous establishments in the Chelsea district and Lower Manhattan are now facing financial, restoration and insurance claim difficulties. One insurance company has estimated total losses at \$40 million. Gas and electricity shortages have also complicated business for the galleries in what is supposed to be their busiest season. Artinfo.com reported a majority of the galleries have underwhelming fine art insurance that will not cover flood damage.

S

Preservationists file lawsuit to save Bertrand Goldberg's Prentice Women's Hospital

The Save Prentice Coalition has filed a lawsuit seeking to overturn the November 1 decision that denied landmark designation to the the Bertrand Goldberg-designed Prentice Women's Hospital. Preservationists claim that the way in which the Chicago Commission on Public Landmarks reached their decision was unlawful. During the decisive meeting, members of the Commission had unanimously supported preservationists but the situation quickly changed.

The Department of Housing and Economic Development presented a report which prompted a round of comments in support of Northwestern at the same meeting, and a second poll of commission members resulted in an overturn of the initial decision, thereby authorizing Northwestern University to tear the building down. After preservationists filed the lawsuit, temporary landmark status was granted to Prentice. A hearing is scheduled for December 7.

H U

Lucasfilms sold to Disney, Star Wars VII in the works

Director George Lucas announced he would be selling his production company Lucasfilm for more than \$4 billion to The Walt Disney Company. Lucas stated he will be leaving the filmmaking business permanently after a five-decade career and wanted to leave Lucasfilm in a large company

that would protect it. Lucasfilm Co-chair Kathy Kennedy will run the company. It has also been reported that Michael Arndt, screenwriter of "Toy Story 3" and "Little Miss Sunshine," will be scripting the seventh Star Wars film.

K

W X Y

NATO 5 member pleads guilty, receives sentence

Sebastian Senakiewicz, the 24-year-old Polish immigrant who was arrested early this year for making the false claim to undercover cops of intending to detonate an explosive device at the NATO Summit in Chicago, pleaded guilty. He has been sentenced to four months at a boot camp and will face deportation. According to the Cook County State's Attorney's Office, the agreement was reached at a pre-trial meeting. Activists claim that Cook County State's Attorney Anita Alvarez "brought the charges as part of a broad strategy by local law enforcement to infiltrate and disrupt peaceful protest activities, to frighten the public and to deter opposition to the NATO meeting," according to an Occupy Chicago press statement.

' T

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The distinguished David Petraeus resigns from CIA post following affair scandal

Former four-star general and Director of the Central Intelligence Agency David Petraeus has joined the list of high-profile U.S. public servants who cannot keep it in their pants. An FBI investigation uncovered an extramarital affair Petraeus was having with Paula Broadwell, his biographer. It has been reported that a woman in Tampa, Florida, who is close to Petraeus, received threatening e-mails from Broadwell, leading her to reach out to the FBI for protection. When confronted by the FBI, Petraeus immediately resigned.

S

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Q & A

The Smartest Man Alive

An Interview with Chris Ware

BY SIERRA NICOLE RHODEN

Graphic novelist Chris Ware is a former SAIC student and F Newsmagazine contributor who has since earned international acclaim for his dense, poignant narratives. His painstakingly precise style was most recently showcased in his ample, ephemera-filled compilation “Building Stories.” Last month the soft-spoken Ware led eager fans on a journey through his art schooling and career in a lecture at SAIC’s Columbus Auditorium. In response to the lecture, F Newsmagazine followed up with Ware for an interview, where the artist provided refreshingly candid insight about his process, Chicago and his confidence (or lack thereof).

F Newsmagazine: How do you cultivate the patience to create your meticulous compositions? Do you have any work rituals that help?

Chris Ware: Jeeziz, I wish I did. My workday is entirely determined by the schedule of the Oak Park District 97 School System, beginning when I return from dropping off my daughter at 8 a.m. and ending when I pick her up between 3 p.m. and 4 p.m. Beyond that, finding the discipline necessary to avoid being sucked into the incessant pointing-and-clicking of 21st century life is my regular First World struggle, usually ended by my simply turning off the stupid computer and sitting down at my table to draw.

I’ve found that when I’m not actually writing or drawing, my clearest and most honest times of thinking seem to occur when I’m doing the dishes or brushing my teeth or some other mindless activity. So I’ve learned to trust these moments, as well. There’s so little that’s inspiring about cartooning — it’s like improvised carpentry, not like painting or writing at all — that I have to distill and save my inspiration for later, if that makes any sense.

F: A running theme in your SAIC lecture was your self-doubt, which in a 2001 interview you even called “incapacitating.” But you’ve managed to produce a critically acclaimed body of work. What is your advice for young artists struggling to stay productive despite insecurities?

CW: For years I thought I would somehow “get beyond it” and arrive at the place my more confident peers seem to enjoy, but my self-doubt is so deeply set I’ve just learned to live with it, like living in one of those New York apartments with a bathtub in the living room. I’ve also tried to maybe see it sometimes as an advantage, to think of it as a sort of altimeter that can guide me in my own self-assessment, because I don’t think that confidence is even necessarily an asset, especially if one uses it as a force to intimidate. I value empathy and compassion — which is not to say that I don’t believe that deviousness and insincerity exist — one just has to be on the lookout for them. I’d recommend to anyone who’s paralyzed by the same sort of self-doubt I am to take some solace in the fact that there are others out there who feel the same way, and to try to not let it run you down.

F: How does your environment influence your work, and more specifically, how has your time in Chicago influenced your work?

CW: I’ve found it to be a low-pressure, unpretentious and reassuringly frank place to live. It’s a city with a built-in inferiority complex, where the body-centricity of Los Angeles and the intellectual compression of New York just don’t seem to have the right balance of sun and anxiety to thrive. I just wish that more Chicago artists would play this midwestern who-cares-edness up, because then a more Chicago “style” might genuinely arise. Then again, maybe the Chicago style is that there really isn’t one; it just represents the rest of America.

F: Your geometric drawing style feels somewhat detached in your emotionally-driven stories, which sort of lends to the feeling of an outsider looking in. Does this mirror how you feel in daily life?

CW: Sort of; mostly, it’s an attempt to be clear and transparent in my writing and drawing so that the experience of reading is seamless and the emotions felt are those of the story, not of the surface of the drawing itself. This approach also hopefully echoes the way I experience life, because life itself happens pretty clearly; it’s only when I try to figure out my actions and impulses when things start to get confusing (which is also what’s most interesting, and what I try to write about). Also, the diagrammatic quality of cartoon drawings sort of stand in for the mental templates we create with language and as adults interpose on our experience of the world, so by the time we’re adults we don’t as much look, but “read” the world around us. Lastly, since what I’m writing is fiction, I think the drawings should be synthetic, as well; by contrast, my comic strip diary is messy, sketchy and shaky, since I’m trying to actually remember what happened to me, not to fabricate it (hopefully).

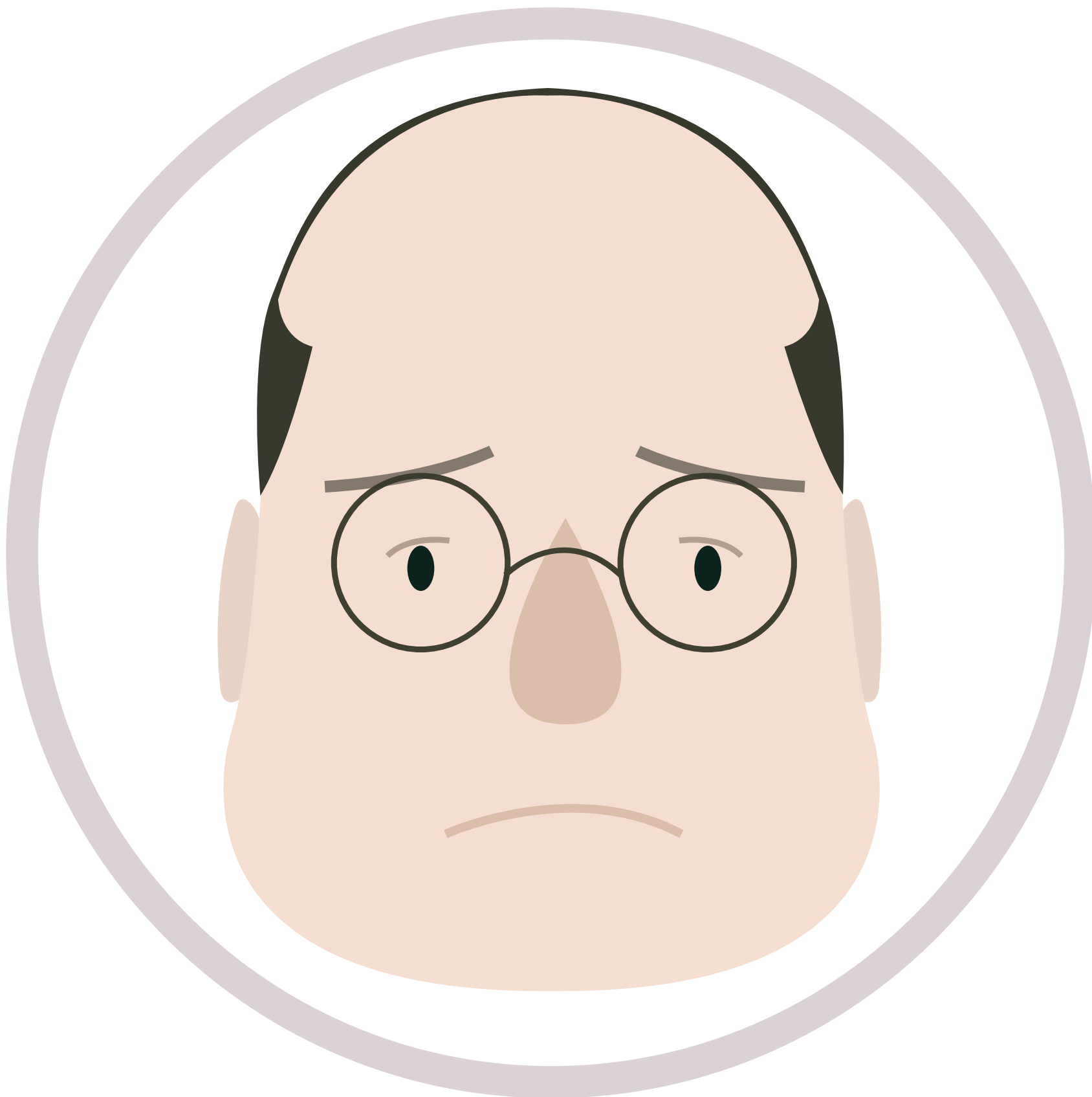
F: In your lecture, you mentioned being inspired by your grandmother’s storytelling. What is your favorite story that she told?

CW: Probably the one that comes to mind is how she and my grandfather met. He was a newspaper reporter in the early 1920s, and one day he saw a girl in purple stockings pass by on the street outside his office window. Piqued, he asked around and discovered she worked as a clerk in a Woolworth’s-type store, so he found her and invited her to lunch a few times; they eloped two weeks later. As my grandmother tended to be a pragmatic and reasonable person, I asked about their speedy courtship. She said, “Honey, I just thought he was a dreamboat”. Though this opinion was apparently slightly adjusted by her discovering he liked to put on his shoes and socks before his pants and wore a one-piece union suit-underwear type thing that she called “monstrous,” I could still sense that smitten girl in her sixty years later.

I also like the story about the two of them driving through rural Nebraska in the middle of the night so he could meet her parents. They’d gotten so drunk neither of them were fit to operate the Model T, so my grandmother stuck her legs out the passenger side of the car and whenever she felt the weeds flipping against her ankles, she’d yell at my grandfather to “get back on the road.”

To read F Newsmagazine’s coverage of Ware’s SAIC lecture, visit fnewsmagazine.com/2012/10/an-evening-with-chris-ware/

Q & A



“I’d recommend to anyone who’s paralyzed by the same sort of self-doubt I am to take some solace in the fact that there are others out there who feel the same way, and to try to not let it run you down.”

mid•way

noun

1 The area of a fair, carnival, circus, or exposition where sideshows and other amusements are located.



A Digital Space Goes Analog

For the last two years make-space.net has provided exceptional online coverage of developing artists and art spaces. At MDW Fair they made the bold leap from the digital world into the real world by creating an exhibition featuring ten like-minded young artists. Displayed work stretched across mediums and included paintings, sculptures and video art. Their exhibition booth was perhaps the most informative at MDW as they circulated handouts featuring in-depth interviews with each of the artists. It was an impressive debut, and here's to hoping they found this breath of fresh air invigorating and will continue to organize real world displays from their impressive coterie of contributors.

Head Over Heels

I tripped over a wood-crate sculpture by David Boylan in the 219: UIC MFA booth. It was set up on the floor, about shin-high. A block or two clattered Jenga-like, but for the most part it remained upright. I can't say what it looked like before, but it had a graceful chance-operation-tenuously-propped feel after. Pedestals don't enjoy the popularity they used to, and, being generally turned off by things with even an implicit hierarchical nature, I shouldn't ask to revert to less equitable times. But I am now a feminist in favor of bringing back the pedestal — if only to save art from my clumsy feet. Otherwise, the UIC MFA booth was impressive. Nicholas Rigger's obsessive ink sketches held my attention more than any other piece in the fair. Also, SORRY.

Going Down with Rose

My first breath of art-awe, expelled through clenched teeth, was spurred by interaction with the iceberg-inspired "How I learned to stop worrying" by Sarah and Joseph Belknap and featured by Octagon Gallery. At first I warily circled the fiberglass structure secured to the floor with giant black springs. Perhaps sensing my reluctance, another passerby with more initiative took a running start and leaped onto the sculpture. They rocked violently back and forth as the great black springs screeched in protest (or was it excitement?). The icy veneer of art-viewing etiquette seemed to crack and the party began in earnest. I took my turn leaping onto the structure and with childlike abandon, art suddenly felt fun, exciting, tactile and thought-provoking all at once.

Between You and Me

The new issue of the art publication Proximity, titled "Mutualisms," was released during the MDW Fair Vernissage. Guest edited by SAIC graduate student and artist Lise Haller Baggesen and UIC MFA alum Kirsten Leenaars, the issue was based on an exhibition of the same name curated by the duo at Co-Prosperity Sphere. In the introduction, Baggesen summarized the hope of the show and the publication based on the potential benefits of sharing knowledge by asking, "What if we regarded our individual networks not as private capitals, from which we needed to ensure maximum gain on our investment, but rather as shared commodities, a rhizome structure of endless possibilities?" Mutualisms includes critical essays by Anne Elizabeth Moore, Mary Jane Jacob, and Tricia Van Eck, among others.

Paper and Traces

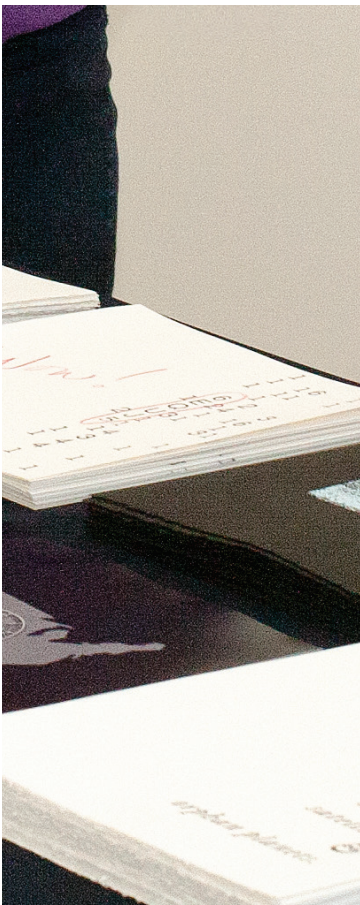
Some of the most interesting exhibitions were tucked around corners or hidden down short hallways. Rachel E. Foster's "Outpost, Satellites & Orphan Planets" was set out on a plain, light wood table and included 16 stacks of square prints ranging from "Distress from Titanic," an image of its final Morse code transmission, to "The Wow! Signal," a copy of the famous transmission received by SETI (the Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) in 1977 believed to be caused by intelligent life. Each print captured now impotent communications, bringing them into a different kind of circulation. In his essay for the show, artist Mark Taylor asks, "Can information be lonely? When it has been replaced, discarded and disconnected from its original function, communicating to no one? ..." While the messages aren't speaking to their initial audience, they are simple, cogent gestures, resonating with traces of the past.

REVIEW

BY MARGOT BRODY, KRISTOFER LENZ, & MICHELLE WEIDMAN

In its modern incarnation, “Midway” typically specifies a section of a county or state fair detectable by the abundance of artery-clogging food, weirdos slinging black light posters, and some form of mud-related entertainment. One might speculate that the word’s origin lies south of the Mason-Dixon Line, but the common noun “midway” in this context actually dates back to Chicago’s 1893 World’s Columbian Exposition, apparently the first of its kind to feature a separate amusement area.

Fittingly, the 2012 MDW Fair synthesized the best aspects of its namesake without devolving into a pop culture sideshow. Tallboys in hand, fair-goers socialized while engaging with the artwork on a seemingly more genuine level than the larger commercial art fairs. With a noticeable multi-generational mingling, in terms of the artwork and audience, the evening hinted that Chicago might be able to have both its Midwestern charm and an innovative collaborative art scene.



Trapped in a Pink Floyd Album Cover

Mana Contemporary, host to MDW Fair, is an imposing converted warehouse that rises out of the post-industrial, pre-gentrified Pilsen landscape. Its imposing brick exterior belies a surprisingly warm and orderly interior. Towering ceilings and expansive floor space kept any sense of claustrophobia at bay. Ample room was provided to the row of artist publications arranged on the ground floor. Sequestered, but not hidden, performance artists enjoyed the freedom to pontificate, declaim and writhe. The second floor was gallery-central with participants paired in 25’ x 50’ ft. rooms. The unique organization facilitated extemporaneous conversations between artists, organizers and onlookers. The art itself could be overheard whispering back and forth.



Texture in Simulacra

Trompe-l’œil work faces the often insurmountable task of transcending its own cleverness. The artists displayed by Chicago gallery Document found the sweet-spot between twisting the boundaries of pre-supposed perception and being a one-note joke. Megan Schvaneveldt Frank used stretched cloth as her canvas and with precise streaks of paint created the illusion of manufactured patterns. Surprising folds added three-dimensional texture and invoked the potential for domestic narratives. In some ways the inverse of Frank’s work, Robert Chase Heishman applied rational geometric structures to the supple textures of real life. Strips of tape over still-life scenes effectively flattened the visual plane. Photographs of the newly mapped world caused the eye to vibrate seeking the safety of the traditional figure-ground relationship.

You Wooden Expect It

The expansive, industrial white cube of Mana Contemporary caused an amplifying effect for work utilizing wood or other natural objects. Jeff Harms’ “Kissing Booth Facing the North Star” evoked the charm of a child’s clubhouse in the space curated by Elastic Arts Foundation. Set firmly on the concrete floor it seemed to be the unwanted but irrepressibly beautiful offspring of its post-industrial surroundings. It begged for three-dimensional interaction and many visitors were photographed kissing inside. Its rustic and rough-hewn construction was homely and comforting in the buffed, colorless space. Meanwhile the spines twisting elegantly toward the ceiling demonstrated aspiration for something sublime, something transcendent.

Abstract Sculpture Comes to Life

At 6 p.m. as the Vernissage party opened, artist Jeff Austin began his work. Over the next six hours (until the party ended at midnight) Austin hand-built a sculpture in one corner of the Make Space room. He combined found metal scraps with string, wire and rocks to create an elegant and delicate assembly. Visitors could watch the artist at work or return hours later to mark its evolution. White rocks lining the space evoked earthwork construction as the airy assembly of stretched wire were breathlessly delicate, like three chords of a John Cage composition frozen in time.

Cheesecake and Schlong

It was obvious that interaction between exhibiting artists and the audience was a general theme that contributed heavily to the overall spirit of the fair. In one space, a tray of complimentary cheesecake bites lured people into the space, as if the name Schlong wasn’t inviting enough. After luring visitors inside, the artists explained that they were “undertaking a study of biological asymmetry and would like you to participate.” With the alleged goal of gathering enough data to teach a machine to recognize your left or right, um, tendencies (think name of booth), they asked permission to photograph your crotch with an ‘L’ or ‘R’ depending on which direction your “masculine paraphernalia” has been known to lean. The crotches of those not equipped for the study were photographed with a ‘C’...for “control.” The resulting photos—I should mention that clothes remained in place—will be exhibited on “Schlong Night” being held on December 6 at New Capital. Go and see if you recognize someone.

Photo by Jeff Austin

REVIEW



WHISPERING GALLERIES

Chelsea Sound: A Festival of Experimental Sonic Performance

BY ALYSSA MOXLEY

Gray, glaring October light pierced the chilly air in the Chelsea neighborhood of New York, foreshadowed the approaching Hurricane Sandy that would soon devastate the neighborhood. I was there that breezy afternoon of October 27 to hear what kind of sound a hub of contemporary happenings would make at the first of, hopefully, many, Chelsea Sound festivals. The day-long “Not For Profit Festival of Artists in Sound” was produced by four local galleries celebrating musicians, art and artists working with music, sound, and DIY culture.

At Printed Matter, an organization established in the late 1970s specializing in the distribution and preservation of artists’ books, a girl wearing a silver dress with a gold sequined jacket leaned against a

brown wooden table holding a stack of green newspapers printed with the festival’s program. Against the LP-lined glass window, a swarm of visitors flicked through the pages of thousands of small edition pamphlets, books and collections of paper images with titles like “The Book of Cock,” “I Can’t Believe a Girl Played Me Metallica,” and “Bent & Broken Shafts of Light.” In the back, down a corridor lined with postcards and magazine-sized publications, a table displayed highlights from works that were available at the recently held New York Art Book Fair.

Eli Kezler, a composer, musician and installation artist took the small stage at Printed Matter, underneath a set of square frames containing the words, “Today has no Margin.” He bent over a snare drum and bowed a cratole (a small but thick

REVIEW

brass disc) that balanced on the rim. He progressed from bowing, to sliding the discs, to a percussive water-like patting with his sticks, two snares, and a tom. After building up a thick wall of glassy resonance with the bows, he cracked through with drum sticks, scattering shards of high pitches with chiming splashes by virtue of his hand-built piezo-mics and motorized pedal effects that created textures on mounted piano strings.

“We’re not really set up for such a large-scale event, but people seemed to enjoy it,” said Keith Gray, who works at Printed Matter and was involved in the production of the festival. “It’s really about the community.” Even though the organization focuses on printed publications, the shop has hosted launch parties for musicians and artists releasing small-scale recordings that are often accompanied by designed booklets, Gray explained. People like the hand-built quality and the materiality of a physical object to accompany the performance. “They want to hold something in their hand,” he said.

The performances, like the print runs, are for an intimate few. The kind of experimental sounds at Chelsea Sound aren’t meant for a huge stage. Printed Matter welcomed the chance to celebrate these artists, alongside other non-profit organizations, that serve as alternative non-commercial art spaces in the dense commercial setting of Chelsea.

ESP Lab founders Victoria Keddie and Scott Keirnan performed a late afternoon set of improvised analogue audio-visual communication. Signal generators, normally used to repair television sets, fed two monitors. The signals are meant to produce regular shapes, bars and lines on the screens to indicate functionality. But ESP instead allowed the generator patterns to try to speak to each other, but as the drive was pushed up, the interference occluded the regularity of the visual forms (“That’s where it gets beautiful,” Keddie commented). The signals were further processed into audible forms through pitch shifters, wrung through reel-to-reel tape, and modulated by a theremin, while a contact mic amplified the sound of the screens switching on and off. The video monitors’ interference patterns alternately hissed, buzzed and flashed static, as if developing a language of their own. The broken communication crackled like a space transmission, implying some kind of syntax, while keeping definition submerged within the drifting indefinable shapes on the screens.

In the evening, Grasshopper, an electronic duo from Brooklyn, conjured a nostalgic dreamscape — a memory of jazz in a haze of electronic pulses and hums made by a series of pedals, loops and dropping out resonances. Two acoustic trumpets and a small

wind-controlled Steiner synthesizer trumpet wailed against the textures of the urban night. Jesse Derosa and Josh Millrod, who make up Grasshopper, are both former orchestral jazz musicians and started playing ska together in 1999. They then moved on to more experimental forms, building their own electronic instrumentation, and finding a receptive audience outside prescribed institutional settings.

The theme of mutation of a machine into a quasi-sentient, climactic environment of bio-feedback continued around the corner at Eyebeam. The art and technology center is an artists’ laboratory and gallery. For Chelsea Sound, Roddy Schrock, artist and associate director of public programs at Eyebeam,

pressed their hands together and stroked each other’s faces in bursts of sonic oscillations.

I was too late to see the performances at Family Business next door. All that was left in the small shop window was a pile of gently blowing leaves, a fuming smoke machine and a projection of a forest canopy in the back left corner. They were the remnants of Forest Rangers HQ, a series of performances exploring networks of communication in the vegetable and human kingdom.

Over on 22nd street, on the 5th floor of a former warehouse building, I made it to the Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI). The organization specializes in artists’ videos, with an archive of 3,500 works by

The signals were further processed into audible forms through pitch shifters, wrung through reel-to-reel tape, and modulated by a theremin.

invited musicians and curators D.V. Caputo and Matthew Arkell at NPContemporary, to program a mixed media show for the 21st street storefront gallery space. The building was designated by Qualia CeraSite™ a “living structure... freed from the human license agreements and suppression algorithms that once shackled it to a state of perpetual civic servitude.” The exhibition featured mixed media installation works by Laura Brothers, EOE, Ryan Whittier Hale, Daniel Leyva, Daniel Swan, and MSHR.

Birch Cooper and Brenna Murphy, two artists formerly part of the Oregon Painting Society, explore the collaborative creation of audio-visual portals to mysterious and transcendental worlds with MSHR. Their instrument for the evening’s performance, a sled-like array of electronics decorated with driftwood and prismatic tubes of mirrors, was on display throughout the day. A couple stood barefoot on exposed metal plates, tentatively touching each other’s bare skin and laughing as they completed the circuit, activating wailing oscillators. In the evening, the lights went out and incense was placed next to laser beams at the corners. Birch held a microphone close as he blew into a conch shell, invoking attention and evoking nature in this tangle of wires on a sea of glowing red and green perspex. Brenna’s droning voice was granulated, broken into chunks then stitched back together. Birch raised his light-reactive, synthesizer-gloved hands and began a low throbbing, howling, electronic pulsing, phasing reminiscent of the wind through water, trees, fences. Brenna waved a driftwood laser beam wand in front of his face and over his head. The shamanistic séance ended as they

more than 200 artists. Josh Kline, Public Programs Director at EAI, selected works from the collection with performances involving sound, which included music videos and artists working with composers. The program featured a wide range of works: “Baldessari Sings Lewitt” (1972), Dan Graham and Glenn Branca’s “Performance and Stage-Set Utilizing Two-Way Mirror and Video Time Delay” (1983), Nam June Paik’s “Nam June Paik with the Bad Brains” (1991), Kalup Linzy’s “SweetBerry Sonnet (Remixed)” (2008) among others. “Music has always been a source of inspiration,” Kline explained. “Many artists started out in music scenes, and DIY scenes, and then moved into art.” EAI wanted to be involved with the festival because it brought together the community of nonprofit arts organizations located in the gallery district. “It draws attention to the fact that there are still non-commercial spaces for looking at art in the middle of Chelsea,” Kline said.

Printed Matter works with print material. Electronic Arts Intermix works with video. Eyebeam works with new media technologies. Family Business works with performance. All produced a diverse yet coherent program around artists’ sounds, which does not seem to be categorically isolated as a particular practice. Ultimately, the festival invited a closer look at DIY art forms born from an interest in music and sound. The dominant trope running through works in the festival was an attempt at communicating across boundaries through an aural medium — from human to machine, human to human, human to vegetable, human to mirrored and refracted image of the self, and, from local to wider arts community.

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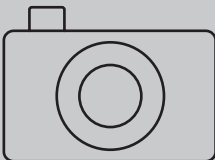
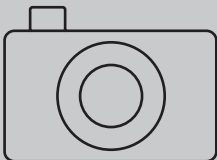
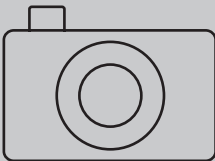
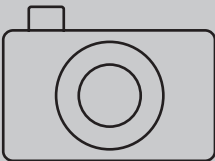
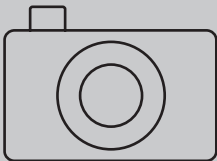
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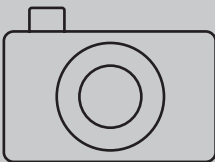
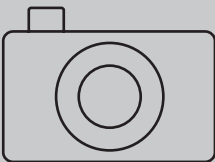
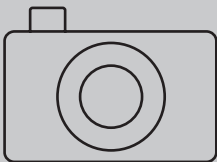
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foodforthought

DECEMBER 2012

Oh, the crock-pot... it's probably still in the box hidden away in the pantry. Time to get that bad boy out and start making your dinner before you leave for school or work. It's all about preparing ahead, layering and timing. Let's do this!

PLAN AHEAD!

Chopping vegetables and other ingredients the night before means all you have to do is combine and flip the switch come morning. Refrigerate the prepped ingredients in tupperware or a plastic wrap-covered bowl. Even though removable slow-cooker bowl inserts can be used for storage, it's not advisable. The time it takes for a refrigerator cooled bowl insert to heat up can considerably affect the total cooking time.

THINGS TO PUT IN YOUR COOKER

Slow cookers are top-notch at tenderizing tough cuts of meat like brisket and shoulder cuts, but they also do an admirable job at melding the flavors of your ingredients — soups, chili, stews, and sauces taste great as a result.

BRAISED LAMB SHANK

feeds four

- olive oil
- 4 lamb shanks
- kosher salt
- 1 large yellow onion
- 3 carrots, 1/2" dice
- 1 celery ribs, 1/2" dice
- 4 cloves garlic
- 2 cups dry red wine
- 2 tbsp chopped rosemary
- 12 thyme sprigs (tied in a bundle)
- 4 cups low sodium beef stock



NIGHT BEFORE: Chop carrots, celery and onion. Measure out all ingredients and put in Tupperware. Heat oil in a stainless steel pan on high heat. Salt the shanks generously and sear until golden brown on all sides (this is the most important step, since it develops the flavor). After the shanks are seared, cool them down and wrap with plastic (for the morning).

MORNING TIME: Turn crock pot on low. Layer onions, carrots, celery and garlic on the bottom evenly. Add the tomato paste in dollops, so it's a little bit everywhere. Put the lamb shanks in the pot. Add the thyme, rosemary & bay leaves. Cover with red wine and beef stock. Cover and go to work. When you get home you will have a gourmet treat waiting for you.

Step one: THAW

Frozen ingredients should be thawed completely before you start cooking. This ensures that your meal will cook in the allotted time. Plus, it prevents an overly slow warm-up period, during which harmful bacteria could grow. Eww.

TYPICAL TIMING

Meat Cut	Low Cook Time	High Cook Time
Pork Roast (6 to 7 lbs)	9 1/2 hrs	7 1/2 hrs
Beef Roast (3 to 4 lbs)	8 hrs	5 3/4 hrs
Poultry (6 lbs)	7 1/2 hrs	6 1/4 hrs
Stew Meat (3 lbs)	6 hrs	4 3/4 hrs
Fish (2 lbs)	3 1/2 hrs	1 1/2 hrs



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NEWS

Reaping What They Sew

Avant-garde Fashion Garments from SAIC Come Into the Limelight

BY DIANA BUENDÍA

Japanese fashion designer Rei Kawakubo released a runway collection that prominently featured “tumor dresses” in October 1996. That was not the name she gave them, naturally, but the bulbous, irregular forms jutting out of the backs and fronts of nylon and gingham dresses in her now legendary Dress Meets Body, Body Meets Dress” collection garnered honorifics referencing malignant medical conditions and misshapen literary characters.

When it comes to the groundbreaking designs of Kawakubo, the shaky relationship between the fashion industry and the art world — the former unapologetically grounded in commerce and the latter more coy and less transparent — is irrelevant. Kawakubo’s staple creations are nothing short of artworks. The playful garments and fashion constructions sold under her label Commes des Garçons (“Like the Boys”), forever transformed the perception of the female body in fashion, making way for loose, asymmetrical garments that did not accentuate the standard feminine silhouette. She joined fellow Japanese designers Issey Miyake and Yohji Yamamoto in leading a movement of avant-garde designers that now includes Jun Takahashi, Junya Watanabe, Naoki Takizawa — the list goes on.

Ordinarily, fashion students at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago can gain access to garments by these Japanese designers in the Fashion Resource Center (FRC), located on the 7th floor of the Sullivan building. After minor check-in procedures, they are able to see, touch and feel the thick stitching on a top made of cowhide leather by Kawakubo, or the construction of an irregularly underwired skirt by Yamamoto. But, through April 7, 2013, the garments will be dressing a collection of lanky mannequins in the shadowy Tad-ao Ando Gallery of the Asian art wing of the Art Institute of Chicago, as part of the exhibition titled “Material Translations: Japanese Fashion from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.”

“Material Translations” celebrates the 25th anniversary of the FRC, displaying only a small subset of the select collection that has been under the direction of Gillion Carrara since its inception. An authority in contemporary fashion discourse, SAIC faculty member and current director of the FRC, Carrara was granted the opportunity a quarter century ago to start a very specific collection of garments, books, magazines, lookbooks, and catalogues for fashion students. “When I came in, being a member of the American Costume Society and attending symposiums, nationally and internationally, I knew that at an art school we needed a resource center,” she explained. Knowing that Japanese designer garments “are at the top of the list of the things that

you want to collect,” over the years the FRC has established a very reputable collection.

Carrara, alongside FRC assistant Director Caroline Bellios, is proud to exhibit the innovative garments, she said, and was excited about collaborating with the AIC for the first time. Over a year and half, she worked with a small committee of people that included SAIC Vice Provost Paul Coffey, Dean of Faculty Lisa Wainwright, former Chancellor and SAIC president Tony Jones, and Art Institute Director Douglas Druick who, Carrara said, made sure the exhibition happened.

“I am delighted with the latest museum-school collaboration in ‘Material Translations,’ and believe it is yet another example of the powerful relationship between the museum and the school,” Wainwright offered via email. “Over the last few years, we have seen more curators teaching in the school, more faculty lecturing in the museum, more shared projects and much greater dialogue. We are a museum school and this vitality has never been more apparent.”

Actual collaborative exhibitions between SAIC and the Art Institute are not frequent, but they do happen. Most recently, in September of last year, the Department of Art Education collaborated with the Department of Asian Art to present “Ekphrasis: A Public Response to Jitish Kallat’s Public Notice 3.” At the event held at the Chicago Cultural Center, youth associated with a local non-profit read and performed poetry and spoken word verses referencing Kallat’s September 11 piece that was installed on the front steps of the AIC. In 1998, for the exhibition “At Home in the Museum,” three artists not associated with SAIC were invited to parse through the European Decorative Art and Asian Arts collections of the Art Institute and find objects to create their own installations. Then, with faculty members Lisa Norton, Frances Whitehead and Lisa Wainwright (who taught art history and criticism before becoming Dean of Faculty) as curators, the work of the three artists was presented at SAIC’s Betty Rymer Gallery.

The materiality of the FRC’s collection of garments, however, makes it ideal for display at the museum. “Nationally and internationally, this collaboration between a school and the museum is unusual,” Carrara explained. “Our objective, then, was to show the best of our resources in Japanese avant-garde art.” Carrara and Bellios curated the exhibition with Janice Katz, the Roger L. Weston Associate Curator of Japanese Art. “I was invited to the FRC by Tony Jones and Gillion Carrara to view the collection and discuss an idea for an exhibition,” explained Katz. “I thought the quality and interest of the garments would make a wonderful display for the Ando gallery, allow us to collaborate with our SAIC colleagues,



as well as bring something new to the Japanese art galleries at the museum.” The garments are complemented by Jan Tichy’s minimal video projection “Installation No. 16,” the light emanating from the projector gliding down the looming pillars of the distinct gallery.

The informational text displayed under every mannequin at “Material Translations” repeatedly cites the name of an individual donor. Such citation points to the FRC’s dependence on donations — especially considering the price of couture garments — as it is a small department at SAIC with a very limited budget. “I felt that the school had to help me to promote the Fashion Resource Center because this was an opportunity for national and international recognition,” Carrara explained. “Material Translations will hopefully attract further donations of avant-garde Japanese dress.”

The motivations behind acquiring more garments remain focused on developing a collection that will benefit the fashion students’ practices. “It’s so important for them to be able to turn a garment inside out and place it on a dress form,” Carrara said. The FRC is not interested in housing museum-quality garments because Carrara and Bellios don’t do preservation work and don’t have an exhibition policy. “We’re organized like a library, we’re organized like a museum collection of designer garments, but we’re neither,” she asserted. “This is a hands-on study collection.



“Nationally and internationally, this collaboration between a school and the museum is unusual.”

—FRC Director Gillion Carrara

COMMENTARY

Lovers and Haters: ICP vs. FBI

Why did the Federal Government Gang up on Juggalos?

BY JOSHUA MICHAEL
DEMAREE

On February 3, 2009, Michael Goucher, 21, met Shawn Freemore, 19, on a deserted backwoods road in the rural Pennsylvania town of East Stroudsburg. The two had first interacted in an online chat room and arranged to meet for a sexual encounter on this same road a month earlier.

This time, however, Freemore was not alone. He brought along Ian Seagraves, 18, a friend from the local charter high school. While further details of that night are unclear, it seems that the two had planned to attack and rob Goucher. While the impetus may never truly be known, what is known is the means by which Michael Goucher was murdered — with a knife and a cleaver.

The circumstances of Goucher's murder are indicative of many problems. Intolerance of homosexuality in rural communities explains why Goucher and Freemore were forced to enact their desires and actions in an unsafe, clandestine nature — on a deserted country road. Seagraves and Freemore were also both part of the Pennsylvania Treatment and Healing education system, designed to provide schooling for disruptive youth.

There are a number of factors that brought these three people together. The press covering the murder and its subsequent trials focused, however, on one specific motivation for the atrocities committed that night. It was not

Freemore's internalized homophobia, the behavioral patterns of troubled youth, or the morally condemned and thus superstitious practices of rural homosexuals. What the press found most interesting is that Freemore and Seagraves are Juggalos.

The term "Juggalo" refers to fans of the horrorcore hip-hop band, Insane Clown Posse (ICP). It was formed in Detroit, Michigan, in 1989 by duo Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope. Since then they have crafted a multimedia empire and fanbase to rival that of more famous musicians.

It began with the founding of their own record label, Psychopathic Records, which represents famed rapper Vanilla Ice and several other ICP-inspired groups. They also boast a massive annual music festival, The Gathering of the Juggalos, which takes place in Cave-In-Rock, Illinois. The Gathering is a temporary community space for fans and allows the showcasing of other ICP-approved artists: Busta Rhymes, Lil Jon, Vanilla Ice, Coolio, Ying Yang Twins, Andrew W.K., Ice Cube, and others.

Beyond this, the ICP has produced twelve albums through which they have constructed a complex pseudo-religious mythology called The Dark Carnival. They also started a wrestling federation; have been the subject of documentaries, books and articles; and, most interestingly, in the view of the FBI, they are gang leaders.

In its 2011 threat assessment,

the National Gang Intelligence Center (NGIC), a department of the FBI, classified Juggalos as a gang in 18 states; they were listed amongst other infamous gangs: Bloods, Crips, Hell's Angels, Latin Kings and the Aryan Brotherhood. The NGIC was created in 2005 to track the growth and migration of interstate gangs, and, since around the same time, there have been several high-profile cases of vandalism, violent attacks and murders committed by self-proclaimed Juggalos. The most prominent of these attacks is the Michael Goucher murder case.

Despite this, there is still a huge difference between the fans of a hip-hop band and, for example, the white supremacist criminals of the Aryan Brotherhood. For anyone who personally knows a Juggalo or anything about the Insane Clown Posse, the comparison between the two seems utterly ridiculous. In the case of Freemore and Seagraves, it wasn't the ICP that drove them to murder Michael Goucher, but a previous history of violence mixed with deeply internalized homophobia. So why would the ICP be blamed for the murder of Michael Goucher? And why, in the view of the FBI, would this put them in a league with some of the most violent and murderous street gangs in the country?

Despite their enormous niche success, the ICP has never been able to break into popular appeal. In spite of the profitable media franchise that Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope have created, the

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mainstream media has relentlessly mocked them for years. Both Saturday Night Live and the Upright Citizens Brigade have satirized the two white, clown-faced, hip-hop artists and their fans, painting them as violent weirdoes with bad taste. Having spent years on the outside, the ICP now tout themselves as the “most hated band in the world.”

What makes Juggalos an easy scapegoat is that, like gangs, they are easily recognizable. Juggalos proudly adorn themselves with their iconic face paint, baggy clothing, and specific symbols — all markers repurposed from hip-hop traditions. Factions of hip-hop itself are inextricably linked with gang culture and violence — most recognizable is the East Coast-West Coast feud that materialized in a rivalry between rival labels Bad Boy Records and Death Row Records in the 1990s. The enmity resulted in the deaths of Tupac Shakur and The Notorious B.I.G. The link between hip-hop and violence is what allowed the FBI to make the leap between fandom and gang, love and hate. And yet no other sub-culture of music fans has been targeted by the FBI. So why target the ICP in the first place?

The truth of the matter is that almost every violent crime by Juggalos examined in the press over recent years has been an individual offense. The acts are usually due more in part to societal problems that plague underprivileged communities, the very same communities that, for similar

reasons, have large populations of ICP fans. Gang researcher John Hagedorn, in his article “Gangs, Juggalos, and the FBI’s Crooked Frames,” points out that gangs provide a much-needed support system for communities where familial support is often lacking. Fandom, especially cult fandom, provides much of that same kind of support.

White kids who wear clown makeup, love violent, pseudo-religious hip-hop and drink Faygo — while this makes no sense to

the unjustified victimization of their fanbase. The ICP’s annual Hallowicked concert, just last month, was almost cancelled when Detroit police officials urged the hosting venue to shut its doors — the concert then moved to the Fillmore Detroit.

Has social conservatism gone so far in this country that we are now unable to tell the difference between love and hate? The FBI criminalizing Juggalos and the ICP is the latest in a long line of authority oppressing misunder-

But the truth of the matter is that Juggalos represent a strange meeting of fandom and gang culture, perhaps explaining the reason that the mainstream really does not know how to classify or react to them.

us — it makes all the sense in the world to them. Hazing-related deaths in the U.S. every year far outnumber the number of murders committed by self-proclaimed Juggalos, and yet fraternities and sororities would never make it onto the NGIC’s list of American gangs. This is because the ICP and Juggalos are gravely misunderstood. They form an unpopular culture.

Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope have said on the ICP website that they will sue the FBI over

stood segments of society. It took until the Stonewall riots in the 1960s for homosexuality to begin the decriminalization process in the United States. There are, of course, many differences between the Juggalos and the fight for civil rights for queer peoples, but society’s reaction to them is similar. Except now, it is acceptable to frame Freemore’s atrocities as those of a Juggalo, and not for what they were — murderous acts by a disturbed person.

COMMENTARY

“In our performance we dared, without the Patriarch’s blessing, to unite the visual imagery of Orthodox culture and that of protest culture, thus suggesting to smart people that Orthodox culture belongs not only to the Russian Orthodox Church, the Patriarch and Putin, that it could also ally itself with civic rebellion and the spirit of protest in Russia.”

— Yekaterina Samutsevich, closing statements of Pussy Riot trial

PUSSY RIOT: LAYERS OF MISS CONCEPTION



BY DASHA FILIPPOVA

On February 21, 2012 the Russian feminist performance art group Pussy Riot performed a “punk-prayer” in Moscow’s central Russian Orthodox Church. Footage of the performance shows four women wearing the group’s emblematic balaclavas and colorful dresses, singing, jumping and crossing themselves beside the altar for approximately ninety seconds before they were chased out of the cathedral.

Local authorities issued a warrant on charges of “hooliganism” — a sentence that can receive up to seven years in Russia’s prisons — for Nadezhda Tolokonnikova (Nadya, 22, philosophy student and mother), Maria Alyokhina (Masha, 24, poet, student of journalism and mother) and Yekaterina Samutsevich (Katia, 29, graduate of Rodchenko School of Art). Nadya and Masha were sentenced to two years in penal colonies and Katia was released on probation.

The punishment ignited widespread international condemnation. Amnesty International proclaimed them “prisoners of conscience,” and, in a concert in Moscow in August, Madonna infamously wrote “Pussy Riot” on her skin. The artistic merit of the punk-prayer work earned Pussy Riot the #57 ranking on the latest ArtReview Power 100 List and is a candidate for the prestigious Kandinsky Art Prize. Celebratory reenactments of the performance have been numerous outside of Russia, including a homage in the name of free speech and feminism at Chicago’s Debonair

Social Club.

In July, I arrived in Moscow via an overnight train from St. Petersburg. I was picked up by friend, poet and gallery owner Alexey Sosna who drove through the madness of Moscow’s traffic into the heart of the controversy brewing outside the Moscow courthouse where the second hearing of Nadya, Masha and Katia was being held. Along the way, Alexey stopped by what he called an “authentic and yet totally underground gem” of a cheburek joint (meat patties from Georgia, a common street food). He ordered several chebureks, and after singing an Orthodox prayer with his characteristic bravado and gesticulation — as grease slid down his sleeves — told me about how Russia is occupied by thieves and bandits. While he considers immigrating for the sake of his family (he has three kids), he could never go anywhere else because he can’t live without the local “extreme.”

When we left the restaurant, Alexey’s car, which he had parked in a way that blocked traffic from all directions, was being ticketed by a police officer. Unperturbed, Alexey approached the cop and embraced him. With typical Moscow swagger he whispered something that began with “Bro...” and slipped some “change” into the cop’s pocket. In the car, Alexey said that he once tried to obey the law for a single day, but within a few hours he was convinced it was impossible in contemporary Russia; the place will eat you alive. I crossed myself with each impossible turn as Alexey recited stanzas of

Pushkin, Brodsky or his own poetry, driving twice the speed-limit the rest of the way to the courthouse.

Before my Moscow visit I had heard about Pussy Riot, seen the video, and I found their action repulsive. I knew about Voina — an activist art group that included several members of today’s Pussy Riot — who, in a 2008 event, had group sex on the floor of the Biological Museum. They were also responsible for 2010’s “How to Snatch a Chicken,” where a female Voina member stuffed a frozen chicken into her vagina and walked out of a St. Petersburg supermarket without paying. These acts, largely unknown by many of the individuals who embrace Pussy Riot in the Western world, were difficult for me to celebrate for a simple reason: there were children watching. I was therefore surprised to learn my friend Alexey, one of the most devout Russian Orthodox people I know and an intellectual and cultural snob, supported Pussy Riot. Shrugging, he told me that although he does not approve of the action, he cannot condemn it either.

Many in Russia share this contradictory, complicated response to Pussy Riot. This dichotomy became even more apparent to me as we joined the hundreds of people and media representatives outside the Moscow courthouse. The people that came to the demonstration were of all different backgrounds and convictions — professors and monks and artists and hard-core Putin supporters. Some argued that if Russia was functioning properly, the performance would be allowed to remain an “art perfor-

mance” and merely punished by a state fine. On the other hand, I met a man who quoted Immanuel Kant and said that the girls should be stoned to death. Yes, Russia is “extreme.”

Meanwhile, in the adjacent building, Masha, Katia and Nadya were accused by the prosecuting attorneys of “spitting into the souls of the Orthodox people.” The ultimate wager was whether the corruption at every level of law and religion that had become standard practice in contemporary Russia left anything sacred enough to be soiled by being spat at.

Russia, baptized in 988 A.D. by Prince Vladimir of Kiev, is frequently referred to as “Holy Russia” because of the proliferation of Orthodox values into religious, intellectual and everyday practices. As Dostoevsky famously said, “To be Russian means being Russian Orthodox.” While the accuracy of Dostoevsky’s quote may be questionable in Russia’s changing social body, it is impossible to speak about Pussy Riot without having a sense of the canon and role of Orthodoxy in Russian culture.

Of utmost concern in the public and court debate about Pussy Riot is the question of sacrilege. Blasphemy, or sacrilege, is peculiar in that it can transform into a holy act of revelation if it manages to reveal a larger evil. In their closing statements, Nadya and Masha explicitly referred to the trial of Jesus Christ, and they implied their place among the legacy of Russian dissident intellectuals such as Alexander Solzhenitsyn and the Raskolniki — named for the “Crime

and Punishment” character who is an icon for those who break with the Orthodox Patriarchy to practice their own “pure” Orthodoxy.

Although the Pussy Riot act was condemned by Russian Orthodox Patriarch Kirill as being the “laughter of the Devil,” many people see the Pussy Riot performance as a revelation and the members as “holy fools.” Among their number are several priests who resigned in response to the official statement of the church.

Media footage of hundreds of people singing prayers or holding up icons both for and against Pussy Riot, or of people attacked on the street for wearing “Free Pussy Riot” emblems, circulate widely. The cacophony of the voices that have been summoned by the debate makes it difficult to do justice to what Pussy Riot really means for Russians. The performance has effectively peeled off the crust and poked at one of the haunting wounds of today’s Russia: the corrupt networks that unite the Holy Orthodox Church and the government in an illusion of state-issued spirituality is reminiscent of Soviet era cooperation between the church and KGB. Catching the climax of anxious sentiment that had been aroused by the fraudulent election of Vladimir Putin that March, Pussy Riot has revealed a divided social body — one side is convinced the country is being occupied by “bandits,” as my friend Alexey calls them, and the other believes or benefits from this status-quo.

What is much less discussed, in fact, almost forgotten, is the feminist and performance art reading of the

work, something the imprisoned members of the group did not discuss in their court statements. And yet, Pussy Riot as an art group reference Actionism in America, Third Wave Feminism and the Guerilla Girls. And yet, as with many works of art before it, the shattering social effect of the work becomes much more pronounced than the aesthetic or critical ingredients themselves.

I do not believe dismissing the

participating or fully understanding this American version of the discourse — it felt as if we were talking about two different things. I saw many people celebrating Pussy Riot’s purported anti-religious, feminist, free-speech stance. It was as if “the American” elements of Pussy Riot had been completely adopted by the post-Occupy culture industry with pop-up reenactments because of the appeal of the controversial name. It

As I dug deeper into the Western world’s response to Pussy Riot I found patterns of selective engagement with otherness deeply troubling. This sense of choosing values to support or decry, like selecting items from a fast-food menu, reverberates with insight into exclusionary politics of Western-dominated discourse. Russian art has been relegated to the periphery — the Third World of art discourse — and only becomes a topic of interest when perceived as an easily identified challenge to a status quo. While the actual challenge to the discourse, in Pussy Riot’s case the religious context of the work, is conveniently dismissed. Considerations of accurate, contextual translation and active engagement with causes are not as sexy as putting up one’s fist in the name of free speech and democracy — whatever that actually means in America or in Russia. And yet, speaking of freedom while denying things the voice of their complexity is hypocrisy.

Since my trip to Russia, I’ve changed my opinion about Pussy Riot. But for me, “Free Pussy Riot” does not only stand for the release of Nadya and Masha from imprisonment; it is an urgent call against the occupation of my homeland and my church by forces of corruption and hypocrisy. As a Russian living in America, it is also a stance against the oppressive, simplified engagement with the translation of art, people and context. The present stakes are extreme in Russia, but the stakes of sincere engagement with challenging ideas in the era of globalization are even more so.

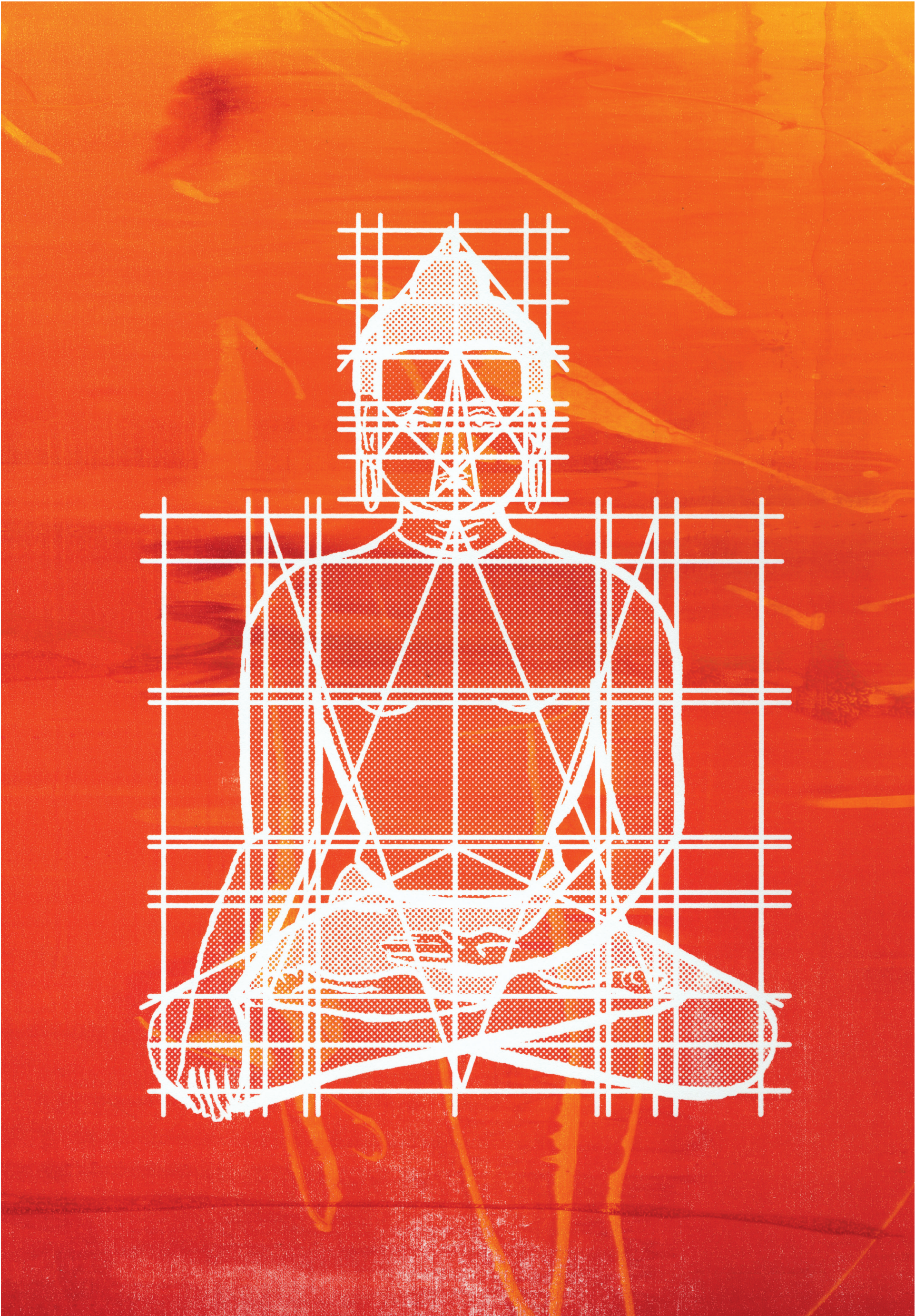
My own experience of the United States had never included late-night drinking with monks at art festivals, nor have figures like Alexey Sosna — simultaneously religious and intellectual — been prevalent in the Western post-modern art discourse. As such, I was at a loss when trying to convey how Pussy Riot was not at all anti-religious or how punk-rock was not necessarily the point without being dismissed for sounding conservative and “feudal.”

“The performance has effectively peeled off the crust and poked at one of the haunting wounds of today’s Russia”

artistic component of the Pussy Riot action necessarily shows that people do not care about performance art or women’s rights. It simply underlines how what the Pussy Riot action ended up uncovering is much more radical than either art or women’s rights — a social body with a schism deep enough to ignite revolution. Pussy Riot posed the question of how Russian values, embedded in the Orthodox intellectual tradition through literature and history, are to be practiced given the state of the country today.

When I returned to Chicago I witnessed a very different conversation at SAIC, where no Russian Art class is taught. I had qualms about

ARTS



[ABOVE] Screen Print by Chris Givens

ARTS

Buddha Flickers

The Gulf Between Quiet Reflection and Self-Immolation

BY GEORGES TOUMAYAN

Peaceful, tranquil, serene. These are words that float through the minds of most visitors to the impressive collection of ancient Buddhist statues in the Art Institute of Chicago’s Alsdorf galleries. This sense of placidity seems juxtaposed with events in Tibet last August when two teenagers, both of the Buddhist faith, committed suicide by setting themselves on fire. This was not an isolated incident. In the past year at least 40 Tibetan monks have self-immolated. Estimates for the decade put that number into the hundreds. These events beg the question: what is the connection between a peaceful religion, inspiring both beautiful art, and tremendous self-inflicted pain?

“There is a historical precedent for this,” says Lionel Jensen, Professor of East Asian Studies at Notre Dame. “Bhaisajyaguru — the Buddhist Medicine King burned off his forearms for the sake of his sins. It ended up being a story about how burning may purify.”

The majority of self-immolations have been in protest of China’s controversial 1951 invasion and subsequent occupation of Tibet. China established sovereignty over Tibet, and their atheistic, Communist government polices the economy, culture and religion. Tibetan Buddhism is a pervasive aspect of Tibetan culture, and under China’s rule the religion may not be practiced. The Dalai Lama himself fled Tibet in 1959 after an unsuccessful

uprising.

On January 8th, 2012, in the Chinese province of Qinghai, Lama Sobha cited this well-known Buddhist proverb: “I am giving away my body as an offering of light to chase away the darkness, to free all beings from suffering.” He then doused himself in kerosene and set himself on fire, becoming the first high-ranking Lama or High Priest to self-immolate in recent years. Lama Sobha was a beloved Buddhist leader noted for his social welfare projects in Tibet. He left behind an audio recording explaining that his act was a protest against the Chinese occupation of Tibet and spurred by the Chinese government denying him a passport to visit the Dalai Lama in India.

The ideals of purity and freedom are clearly presented by the ancient sculptures, which depict Buddhist ideals in a personified form. They are didactic in nature and are intended to teach spiritual liberation — freedom from Samsara: the cycle of life, death and rebirth. Samsara is often depicted by a wheel, which represents no beginning or foreseeable end to the cycle of suffering. The Buddhist artwork inspires sacrifice for the sake of enlightenment. While there may be an incongruity between the art and the self-inflicted violence, the self-immolations are also meant to instruct — showing what the Buddhist monks consider the path to achieving social, political and spiritual freedom through perhaps the greatest act of self-sacrifice.

A recurrent pose of Buddha in the statues is the full lotus position. The lotus is an iconic theological posture (actually originating back to Hinduism), referencing the blossoming of the lotus flower from beneath the muddy waters in which it is rooted. Nora Taylor, an expert on East Asian Art at the School of the Art Institute elaborates: “The lotus pose is associated now with Buddhism and victory over the mind. A monk [seated in this position] who intends to self-immolate is looking for peace.” The

tvas have various mudras, hand gestures with specific meanings. If the hands are raised facing up with the palms out, we are being assured protection and freedom from fear. Other gestures denote charity, control over evil, and consolation. “These works tie with the Buddhist faith, they were made to illustrate Buddhist ideas,” Nora Taylor told F Newsmagazine. “They were made for people to reflect on human suffering and desire.” Perhaps this aspect of the religion is what adds to the lack of fear of death, and the open

“I am giving away my body as an offering of

light to chase away the darkness, to free

all beings from suffering.” - Lama Sobha

search for peace is linked with the idea of sacrifice, or sacrifice as a potential vehicle for peace.

Among the sculptures of Buddha are depictions of the Bodhisattvas, people who gained enlightenment and reached Nirvana yet drift in the earthly realm for the sake of aiding other worshippers. The sculptures of the Bodhisattvas capture the courage and wisdom they were meant to inspire among followers. Not unlike the Buddha they are large and imposing in size and scale, yet comfortably gentle. They do not intimidate nor do they instill any imagery of chaos, violence or struggle.

The Buddha and his Bodhisat-

willingness to embrace one of its most painful methods.

As the viewer considers the overwhelming sense of peace and tranquility in the Alsdorf Galleries, particularly that of the various Buddha statues, one might begin to consider the devotion these statues inspire and its manifestation on the other side of the world. The statues are meant to teach all living beings selflessness, sacrifice, compassion, and freedom from suffering. Some people take these ideals to such an extreme that they ignite themselves —an ultimate form of sacrifice, in the face of suffering and political encroachment on freedom.

REVIEW

Queer Concerns & Attachments

“The Great Refusal: Taking on New Queer Aesthetics”

BY MICHELLE WEIDMAN

“How can an artwork claim to represent a queer aesthetic if it does not overtly represent gender or sexuality?” “What are the domains of queerness and how can they expand?” Some of the most interesting strains of queer thought and art practices are developing these themes. The first work inside of the expansive exhibition “The Great Refusal: Taking on New Queer Aesthetics,” featured in Sullivan Galleries, was a photograph depicting a grid of overlapping red laser beams emerging from a black background. The image, “Untitled (Laser on White Paper), 2011” by recent SAIC alum Assaf Evron, could be a study of light, space, and perception. Its queer investment is not overtly apparent, which is what makes it an interesting and important inclusion in the show.

Queer aesthetics and theory have been a leading prominent theme in the lectures, performances, and exhibitions at SAIC this semester. Leading artists and intellectuals, including photographer Catherine Opie and filmmaker and author Dr. Susan Stryker, have spoken to packed audiences about the

history and trajectory of queer thought and artistic practice, their identities being at the fore of their discussions. Interestingly, however, both of these guest lecturers’ current work does not express an overt interest in representing only sex and gender issues. Dr. Stryker is researching and writing about the ways transgender studies and science intersect. Opie has more recently focused on landscapes and portraits of high school football players, themes that are aligned with her interest in identity but diverge from a series, like her early portraits that represented members of California gay, lesbian, and body modification communities. These leading queer artists illustrate a feeling that queer thought and art practice needs to continue to move into areas ripe with heteronormative assumptions and practices.

“Untitled (Spray Paint), 2012” by Jamie Steele is another example of representing queerness in an unexpected form. This work delineated each boundary of the gallery with a neon pink spray paint mark. The marks appeared to have been made by holding a can of paint in one place for an extended period of time. The result was a purposeful, thick blot of paint at about eye level, with thin pink trails leading to puddles on the floor. The piece had traces of embodiment — the marks immediately brought up the consideration how long someone had to stand there to complete the painting. More than image making the, piece spoke to the passage of excessive time.

“Untitled,” 2012 by Nikki Woloshyn, at first, looked like two dirty, glittered thumb print smudges on an otherwise blank piece of paper. A closer look revealed they are not made of ink but some kind of textured material. An

even closer look revealed a set of well-used fake eyelashes. Similarly to Jamie Steele’s spray paint, the eyelashes are a trace of a material history and queer expression. The simplicity of their representation highlighted what was not there, the person who used them, their experiences, the other parts of their identity.

Steve Reinke’s “Untitled,” 2012 was a series of four blot-like ink drawings of phrases framed and hung in a way that suggested a relation, although it was not immediately apparent. They read “Feelings are Stupid,” “Prophylactic Truvada,” “Sometimes Fucking Helps,” “Brian Donald Jones.” Besides being easy to agree with, the two declarative phrases pad the proper nouns and place them in an emotional (or anti-emotional) landscape, especially with the realization that Prophylactic Truvada is a hopeful HIV prevention drug and Brian Jones is Reinke’s partner. The phrases can be read as a complex of queer concerns and attachments.

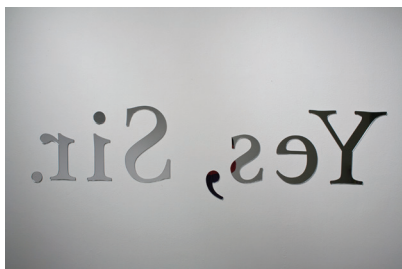
Still, overt representations of alternate sexualities is a vital project, although this is not a new project — much of the work in the show could be situated in this vein. One of the most important tools for any struggle for equality is the ability for a constituency to control its own representation. Catherine Opie spoke about this subject during her September lecture in relation to her well known early portrait series. “The gay and lesbian community was not being represented in a way I wanted to see them,” she explained. The artist went on to say that after the peak of the AIDS crisis in the 1980s and early 1990s, there was a kind of sterilization of the public image of queerness. A division was created between more accept-

able forms of homosexuality (i.e., devoted, monogamous, upstanding gay couples) and everyone else (i.e., S&M, body modification, trans, etc.). Opie represented these individuals in a way that valued their differences against the pressure to integrate into a more “palatable” version of homosexuality. “The Great Refusal” is thematically aligned with Opie’s desire for a multitude of perspectives on how queerness can and should be represented.

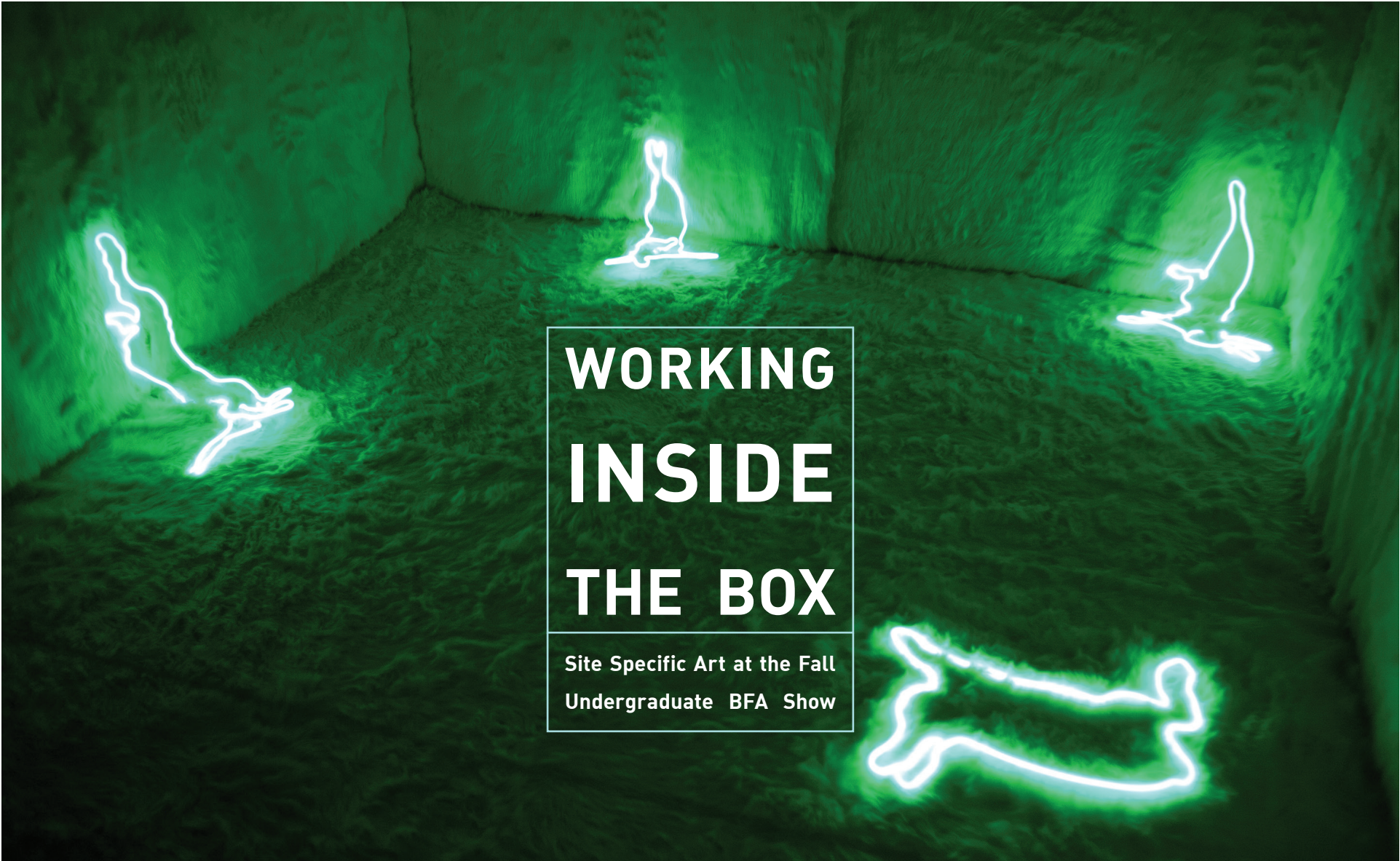
“Nick and I Playing Our Afternoon at My Parents,” 2012 by Gregg Evans was a portrait of two young handsome men in a wooded area spotted with fall leaves and barren oak trees. One has his back to the camera but his head turned, staring directly into the lens with what looks like annoyance or reproachfulness. The second man, mostly hidden from view by the body of the first, is on his knees with his head nestled in his companion’s crotch.

Hannah Rodriguez’s “Made Men Series” is a collection of collaged images of mostly black, highly masculine bodies who have, in various ways, been overtaken by flowers and ribbons. Hung in thrift store frames, the images are composite identities that offer an alternative to the “naturalness” of certain bodies being associated with certain things.

“The Great Refusal” offered insight into the recent practices of over 50 known and emerging queer artists. As a survey of intentionally and importantly diverse practices, a claim for a definitive “queer aesthetic” is not possible. What the show did provide, however, were sparks of new queer trajectories nestled in well-executed and interesting, but actually well more established, traditions of representations of sexuality.



REVIEW



WORKING INSIDE THE BOX

Site Specific Art at the Fall
Undergraduate BFA Show

BY ALEXANDER WOLFF

Sandwiched between the comprehensive exhibitions “Detroit, USA: Material, Site, Narrative” and “The Great Refusal: Taking on New Queer Aesthetics,” in the Sullivan Galleries, this year’s Fall Undergraduate BFA show seemed significantly less intense by comparison. Despite a more liminal exhibition space and a smaller selection of art than previous years, some of the most effective pieces were those that reconciled with the gallery space successfully, utilizing it as an integral part of the work instead of treating it as an afterthought. For instance, few small installation rooms were used this year and a majority of the work was simply exhibited on the wall or on a combination of the wall and floor.

Immediately drawing the viewer in from around the corner with its sickly green luminance, Maria Eugenia Moya Martinez’s “They Are Not Dead, They Are Drunk” is the only piece to occupy an entire installation room at the show. The walls and floor of the installation are sheathed in gigantic swaths of faux white fur, and scattered around the space are four lime-green, neon sculptures of rabbits in various death positions. Aside from visually transforming the space, this piece immediately engages in conversation with the bio artist Eduardo Kac’s controversial piece “Alba (GFP Bunny),” who commissioned a French laboratory to ge-

netically modify an albino rabbit’s zygote with Green Fluorescent Protein (GFP) from a jellyfish with the idea that the rabbit would then glow neon green when exposed to a specific blue light.

Moya Martinez’s piece also critically references a broad history of the representation of rabbits in art. The poses of many of the rabbits reflect still-life oil paintings of dead hares by Francisco de Goya and Jan Weenix, and the sculptural treatment of the neon appropriately builds on the socially critical neon work of Bruce Nauman. Her piece engages in a discourse on simulacra—even though its materials are posed to signify rabbits, there are no traces of actual rabbits in this piece. Just as Kac’s rabbit is technically not a natural rabbit, something potentially more pleasurable and interesting than the actual is presented. At the same time, Martinez’s title, the death poses of the rabbits, and their materiality all cast a critical light on the ethical questions surrounding Kac’s project.

Another textually nuanced piece concerned with simulation and an engagement with the gallery space is Jon Waites and Bruno Smith’s “Crème de la Crème Enterprises.” Complete with a deliberately vague and airy press release, their sardonic multi-media installation consisted of three wall-mounted pieces, and a “live” video feed of another gallery, appropriately called the “In Here Gallery,” displaying a few more pieces by the artists. In

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truth, the “live” video feed was nothing more than a blurred still image with a static hum emanating from the speakers. This gesture parodies ideas about reality, interactivity and topicality often seen in contemporary work like Maurice Benayoun’s “The Tunnel under the Atlantic.” The installation is a farcical pastiche of gallery exclusivity and sponsorship, as both the gallery and its work were incestuously created, exhibited, and curated by Waites and Smith themselves. It also lambasts the idea that there can be a distinct “contemporary” moment in art production and exhibition processes by deconstructing various tropes and strategies of presenting contemporary art. That being said, the very materials of the pieces call out their own artificiality and affect. For example, the piece “Relic: Skull, The Execution of Maximillian,” consists of a bull’s skull splattered with acrylic paint so meticulously that it begs to be seen as calculated and artificial rather than expressionistic and organic. The piece dually references both Eduard Manet’s painting “The Execution of Maximillian,” which cheapened and reinforced Francisco de Goya’s pathos-laden painting “Executions of the Third of May,” as well as the oil paint-covered, taxidermied goat in Robert Rauschenburg’s absurdist combine painting “Monograph.” By claiming the skull as a bare-boned “Relic” of Rauschenburg’s work, Manet’s age-old strategy of desensitization

through repetition is rehashed, questioning if this much-used process is useful or even desirable in a contemporary setting. Using an alternative artistic strategy, Tony Jacobs’ “The Family Afterward” deliberately draws attention away from the gallery. On a wall-mounted flat screen television, a video shows a young man in a serene forest, futilely digging into the ground with his hands, while the audio presents the reminiscence of a self-destructive and drug-addicted male from various people who knew him, a long mane of brown hair obscuring his face. With the video on loop, a bench and audio from two sets of headphones to keep attention focused, it becomes an exhaustive, symbolic investigation of his interior mental space, recklessly focused on one goal. The narratives of the family, friends and girlfriend of the substance-dependent male in the audio track speak of the burden, release and pain caused by his life and death. When the audio is contextualized by the video, the author’s stance on either the family or the individual are left ambivalent, a deliberate decision to let viewers make their own subjective judgments on their narratives. Imagining the white cube as a point of departure instead of a stumbling block, the works by Martinez, Waites, and Smith explicitly acknowledge and embrace gallery space as a framing device; a place where their art can gain context and significance.

AUDIOPHILES

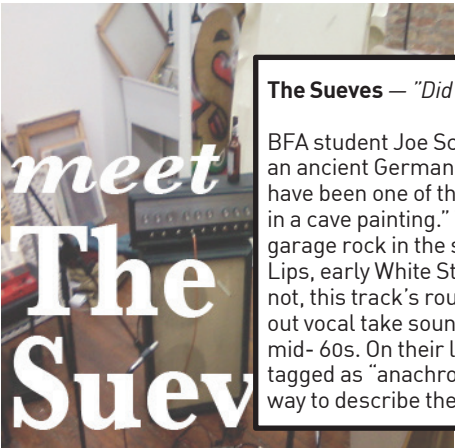
The New Art-Rock

SAIC Students — Current and Former — Paint Sonic Landscapes

BY CHRISTOPHER KARESKA

Like the Talking Heads, the xx and Pink Floyd before them, these students and alumni join in the tradition of art schools producing extracurricular music. This month's Audiophiles highlights some of the SAIC's past and present songwriters. Listen at www.soundcloud.com/saic-audiophiles

1



The Sueves — "Did You See It?"

BFA student Joe Schorgl's band takes its name from an ancient Germanic barbarian tribe who "might have been one of the first peoples to depict a vagina in a cave painting." The Sueves play Nuggets-style garage rock in the same vein as Thee Oh Sees, Black Lips, early White Stripes, etcetera. Intentionally or not, this track's roughly mixed guitar and scuzzed-out vocal take sound like they were put to tape in the mid- 60s. On their label's website The Sueves are tagged as "anachronistic," but "timeless" is a better way to describe the sound.

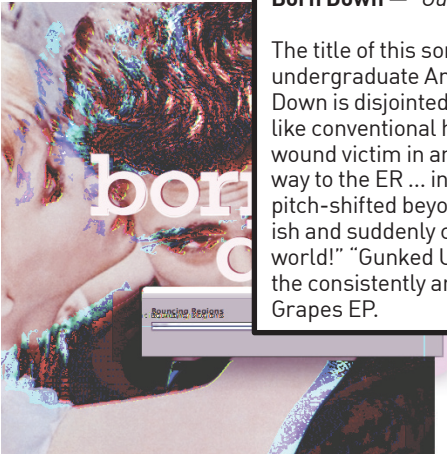
2



Velcro Lewis Group — "Half a Man"

Andy Slater, the station manager at Free Radio SAIC, is also the red-bearded, howling frontman of Velcro Lewis Group. This psychedelic soul band's album White Magick Summer was released on Cuniglius Records in 2010. "Half a Man," is a stomping blues song where Slater's vocal melody is mirrored by a grizzly slide guitar and backed by a gospel chorus. Fuzzy guitar solos, tambourine, and cowbell fill out the song, but it's clearly Slater's show as the spotlight shines on his voice.

3



Born Down — "Gunked Up (In the Dreamscape)"

The title of this song doubles as a description of undergraduate Andrew Valenzuela's music. Born Down is disjointed and experimental beat music, like conventional hip-hop might sound to a head wound victim in an ambulance that crashed on its way to the ER ... in slow motion. Vocal samples are pitch-shifted beyond recognition until the nightmarish and suddenly clear moment: "It's the end of the world!" "Gunked Up (In the Dreamscape)" is from the consistently and deliberately uncomfortable Grapes EP.

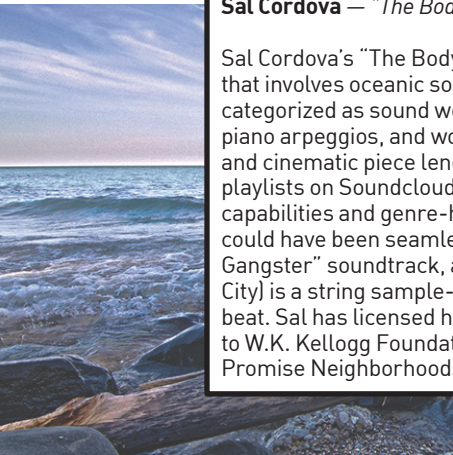
4



REMINGTON — "KNIFE"

2012 BFA graduate Remington Messinger is now employed as a "Voodoo Master of freak nastiness at REMINGTON," according to his Facebook page. His music as REMINGTON lives up to the job description. Messinger studied fashion, performance art, and sound while at SAIC and is currently living in Denver, Colorado working on his first EP release. "KNIFE," like much of his work, is a dub-step indebted, electronic pop song with a menacing vocal and a bass line that necessitates a subwoofer. When he's not producing music he enjoys "watching Sailor Moon, eating guacamole, making art, and wishing Lana Del Rey and I could make tattooed babies together."

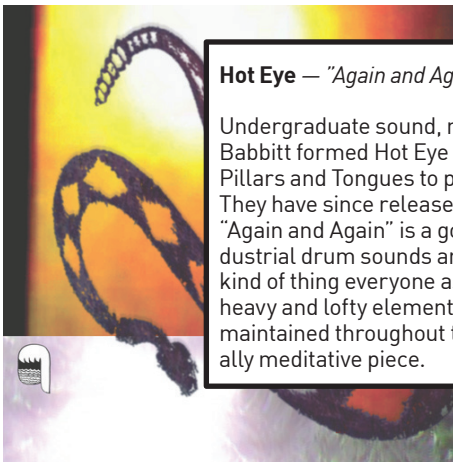
5



Sal Cordova — "The Body Artist"

Sal Cordova's "The Body Artist" is a lush, ambient piece that involves oceanic sound samples but cannot be so easily categorized as sound work. Nylon acoustic guitar textures, piano arpeggios, and woodwind leads make this a delicate and cinematic piece lending itself to film score use. Sal's playlists on Soundcloud reveal the spectrum of his musical capabilities and genre-hopping adaptability. "Baby Makin'" could have been seamlessly included on the "American Gangster" soundtrack, and "F.N.G.M" (featuring Mz. Win-D City) is a string sample-heavy rap track with an air-tight beat. Sal has licensed his work for use in advertisements to W.K. Kellogg Foundation, Opportunity International, and Promise Neighborhoods Institute.

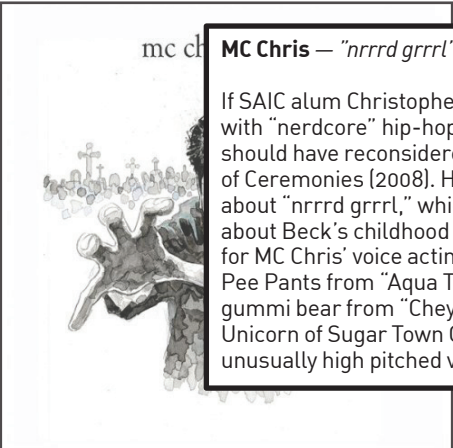
6



Hot Eye — "Again and Again"

Undergraduate sound, new media, and writing student Ben Babbitt formed Hot Eye with members of his other band Pillars and Tongues to perform at a friend's birthday party. They have since released music on the tape label Teen River. "Again and Again" is a goth dirge built around echoing industrial drum sounds and an ethereally droning vocal — the kind of thing everyone associates with birthdays. The song's heavy and lofty elements cover a wide sonic spectrum that is maintained throughout the initially challenging, and eventually meditative piece.

7



MC Chris — "nrrrd grrrl", mc chris is dead (2003)

If SAIC alum Christopher Ward didn't want to be associated with "nerdcore" hip-hop (he prefers "mc chris music"), he should have reconsidered the album title Dungeon Master of Ceremonies (2008). He should have also thought twice about "nrrrd grrrl," which sounds like music from a cartoon about Beck's childhood — which sounds like another line for MC Chris' voice acting resume. If you're familiar with MC Pee Pants from "Aqua Teen Hunger Force," or Gummi the gummi bear from "Cheyenne Cinnamon and the Fantabulous Unicorn of Sugar Town Candy Fudge," you've heard MC Chris' unusually high pitched voice in action.

8



Kill Hannah — "Kennedy," For Never & Ever (2003)

SAIC film program alumnus Mat Devine formed Kill Hannah (named for an ex-girlfriend) in 1993 and recorded For Never & Ever with his emo crew in 2003. Kill Hannah toured with — brace yourselves — HIM, Mindless Self Indulgence, and Papa Roach in support of For Never & Ever. The cover of which features a bleached blonde girl ripping her shirt open past her Hot Topic suspenders to reveal a regrettably dated chest-tattoo of a black heart in crosshairs. 2003 indeed. "Kennedy" sounds like the album art looks and was featured on an episode of "One Tree Hill." After having his role in a Broadway production of Spider-Man cut, Devine went back to work with Kill Hannah for what was intended to be a Spring 2012 release.

9



Fischerspooner — "Emerge", #1 (2001)

Georgia O'Keeffe, Hugh Hefner, Warren Fischer and Casey Spooner are part of a special sect of SAIC alumni who didn't make it to graduation — at least not here. Fischer told F Newsmagazine in 2003, "I hate to tell you, kids, but the diploma doesn't matter. It's all about working your ass off while you're there." In 1998, the dropouts relocated to New York City, combined their surnames, and began work on their debut electroclash album #1 (2001), which featured the subtle and infectious dance single, "Emerge."

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PROFILE

Student Jason Guo Asserts His Identity Through Provocation



THE MOST EMBARRASSING THING I COULD DO

BY NATASHA VEMULKONDA

While most students head to Utrecht, Blick or hunt the streets of Chicago looking for art supplies, Jason Guo’s most recent piece was completed with the help of Craigslist. His ad read:

Looking for a black model tophotoshoot!!!!
100 \$ / hour
The model must:
Be very lean, muscular and strong.
Be above average in height.
Must have a giant flaccid (sic) dick.

He received a response and dressed the willing participant in a Michael Jordan Bulls jersey, white sports socks and nothing else. For the photo shoot Guo sat atop his model’s shoulders and draped his legs across the man’s chest. The resulting photograph, printed on a 152cm x 228cm canvas, is titled “Billy Baller.”

Although his main focus lies within the undergraduate Visual Communications department, Jason Guo has taken full advantage of SAIC’s interdisciplinary BFA program. He incorporates skills learned from other studio classes into his practice as a contemporary artist. His studio work encompasses a variety of mediums, including two-dimensional and three-dimensional forms and video,

Guo values the importance of presentation and cleanliness throughout all his work and attributes this to his enjoyment of design and his attempts to assert its purpose. “My design background is shaped by the need to make work presentable, easy for a client to take,” said Guo. “Whether it is visual communications or architecture, they have a certain craft that they’re selling to a client”. He applies this mindset to his art practice by considering how a piece will endure time and how to increase its investment value through craft. “Craft gives authenticity to my work,” said Guo. “Is my piece going to be a burden or am I going to leave it there and have it look pretty? Is it sustainable?”

He admits that his past work was too romantic and pitiful. One of his early pieces, “My First Red,” is a diptych graphite drawing illustrating Guo’s sharp transition in moving from China to Canada. Although this piece won first place in a competition held by the National Art Gallery of Canada, Guo says this was the last piece he created that evoked an unnecessary cultural pity-party around himself as an artist.

Post pity-party, Guo was featured in the Pop-Up Art Loop gallery in the lobby of the Inland Steel Building, where he presented three

“YOU CAN’T EVOKE LOVE WITHOUT HATE.”

performance and, of course, photo shoots.

Guo states that his latest work, the aforementioned “Billy Baller,” is most in tune with reality compared to all his other work. “That is the most embarrassing thing a Chinese person can do to himself, ride on the neck of a guy with a huge fucking dick,” Guo told F Newsmagazine. “It is two stereotypes clashing, and it’s an exposure of vulnerability.”

For Guo, the most successful artists are ones who recognize their vulnerability. In this vein his most recent work challenges the stereotype of being an Asian-born, America-living, spoiled art school student. “I’m not trying to solve world problems, or complain about them,” said Guo. Instead of his work answering any questions, it gives viewers more problems to find answers to. He says he has received harsh feedback concerning the content of his work, but relishes the reaction and its intense impact on the viewer. “You can’t evoke love without hate,” Guo asserted.

His style did not always take on such risky forms. Guo came to SAIC wanting to pursue painting as his concentration but was introduced to other mediums through a sculpture class his first semester. “Instead of trying to become a painter or drawer, I’m trying to be an artist now,” Guo explained. He does his best not to confine his studio work to any specific medium. “If the piece requires it to be a sculpture, I’ll do sculpture. If it requires performance, I’ll do a performance or a video.”

works, one of which was a Mao piñata. “I started to think about what my roles are as an Asian artist. I began to think that I should start making fun of China and thought that was pretty genuine.”

Recently, Guo has come to realize that his work concerning China was not as genuine as it first seemed. “I lived in China for eight years but I don’t think I was old enough to think about why I was living there,” said Guo. “The pieces I’m making now are the most genuine, they’re super in tune with where I live in displaying how privileged and spoiled I am.”

Guo is working on a new piece that involves him boarding an overnight train to Pittsburgh for a day-trip to urinate on Andy Warhol’s grave. He plans to document the performance with a Go-Pro camera attached to the front of a helmet. In the images, he’ll imitate a point-of-view photo reel showing Warhol’s grave enduring the piss streaming from Guo’s visible penis. “I think people will either love or hate it,” says Guo. “That’s how most of my work is with different people, a hit or miss.”

Guo is aware of money and its influence on the art world as he challenges its status as a product only the upper classes can afford. He addressed the relationship between art and money in a piece titled “My Canvas is Better Than Your Canvas.” Belgian linen covers the surface of the canvas, embroidered on the top right corner with the tiny alligator of the Lacoste logo. “I want to beat you at painting before even laying my brush on the canvas,” reads the description.

TIP SHEET

Dystopian Doodles

Tips to Survive the Impending Mayan Apocalypse

BY JEN MOSIER

Since Y2K is a distant memory, today’s fear-mongers, doomsday-predictors and insurance salesmen are now focused on the ancient myth of the Mayan apocalypse. Believers prophesize that Doomsday will be December 21, 2012, the last day of the Mayan Calendar. Everyone else speculates this is a modern hoax and the believers are crazy.

Rather than make judgements about who is right and who is wrong, who will live and who will die, it’s better to be prepared ... just in case. Don’t wait in fear when you can spend your time honing your survival skills. Doomsday is the unknown, and it could manifest itself in many scenarios: zombie invasion, nanotechnology nightmare, super volcano eruption or in another Tyler Perry action film.



PREPARE FOR THE WORST:

1. Learn to plant, start planting

Winter is approaching, and while the ground may be cold, there are many rooftop spaces in Chicago where you can set up a greenhouse. Get out your binoculars and ladder to hunt for a spot that has plenty of light. Start stocking up on seeds, Miracle-Gro and dirt, and by the time the apocalypse rolls around you’ll have fresh food to balance out the canned food.

2. Gather tools and build things

You will need to build things, cut things and thwart things. Get a hatchet to chop firewood for warmth, because without electricity, that space heater will be useless. You’ll also need a saw and hammer. Build a canoe. Build a bunker. Just be on the safe side and build something. Also find a hand-crank radio and a magnifying glass for starting a lunchtime fire — or for melting zombie ants.

3. Study the maps

Plan to leave the city, even if your family lives here — just take them with you. High population urban sprawl makes for high population zombie infestation. Plus, there will be less to go around as the food and water supplies dwindle. So instead of reading the Red Eye on public transportation, trade it in for a standard folding map and start highlighting escape routes. I suggest memorizing the waterways (and then you can use that canoe you built).

SURVIVE THE FIRST THREE DAYS:

1. Gather water

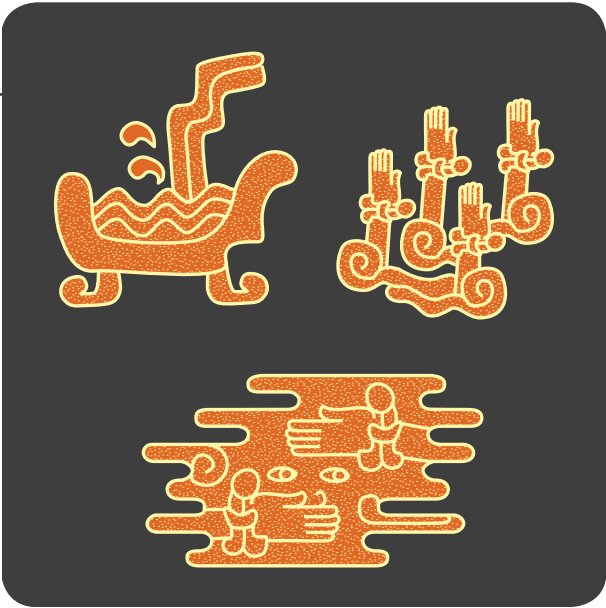
Immediately fill up your entire bathtub with water, because it will be your main drinking and bathing water supply. This is the quickest way to know you’ll last a few days without having to leave your apartment. If there’s time, clean the tub, especially because there’s left-over glitter everywhere from your bath bomb craft project. You don’t need to be choking on confetti while you fight your now-zombie neighbor.

2. Maintain a low profile

This means camouflage — of dress and hair color. If bands of cannibals are on the prowl, one pink streak could give away your hiding spot in a dark alley. It’s probably best to just buzz your head. Long hair just gets in the way and it will get caught in things — including zombie-grabby hands. While attempting to make yourself less visible, stay stealthy and use headphones while listening to zombie traffic reports on your hand-crank radio.

3. Assemble your crew

You’ll need a coalition of people to travel within these first few days. Each person should be able to do things that you can’t. It’s diversity that will keep you alive. As a team, plan to visit the museum — sadly, it has already been zombified — and collect all those garish oil paintings you despise. Burn them and you’ll have heat for days.



BUILD A NEW SOCIETY:

1. Find new energy sources

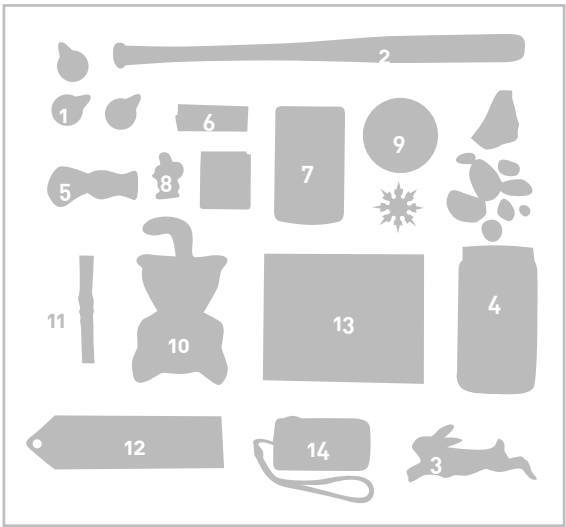
Thankfully riding bicycles doesn’t require electricity. In the new world, you could use them for transportation, but they will be put to better use to power generators. It’s quieter than a motor, there’s no reliance on gas and you’ll be in shape, ready to battle any remaining zombies.

2. Utilize your primitive arts training

As a two-time black belt, you already know how to say goodbye to your enemies. That karate kick will only get you so far within the new society, post-doomsday. Spend your pre-apocalyptic free time at the Learning Annex acquiring a few more hobbies that will help make you a leader. Think basket weaving, stone carving, ceramic bowl making, tool forging or face painting (zombies won’t mess with another being that looks like a zombie).

3. Think scavenge

You will have to restock your food and water supplies, and you’ll need a secure shelter to house yourself and coalition. Develop a smart defensive strategy for protecting your home base from intruders. You’ll have to raid dystopian convenient stores for diet cokes, hospitals for medicine, and the Red Box for the best movies of 2012. And no matter how hard it becomes to survive, blog. With a new society, we’ll need a new historian.



A Few of Our Favorite Things

In Lieu of a Holiday Gift Guide
the F News Staff Presents Their Treasures

BY CHRISTOPHER KARESKA

- 1. Espresso Shooters** — The perfect keep-in-your-pocket mix-in-your-mouth companion to all those French Vanilla creamers stolen from the diner.
- 2. Sox Baseball Bat** — Collectable South Side Pride police brutality billy club.
- 3. Bronze Rabbit** — Pagan Animal-Spirit Votive.
- 4. Jar of Rocks** — Pair with bunny votive for arrangement in midnight forest ceremonies.
- 5. Horse Hair Shaving Brush** — For that authentic “barn-yard” facial feeling.
- 6. Rolling Papers** — Remember getting stoned and playing Game Boy in middle school?
- 7. Game Boy** — Dude, remember getting stoned and playing Game Boy in middle school?

- 8. Lucky Buddha Choking Hazard**
- 9. Hira Shuriken** — 98% of throwing stars are never thrown.
- 10. Adorable Stuffed Kitten** — Probably comes to life at night.
- 11. Watch Strap** — I cut and sold my hair to buy this strap for your watch, but you sold your watch to buy me a set of combs.
- 12. Bookmark** — Borders counter impulse buy.
- 13. Fuzz Pedal** — Under the cover of fuzz, no one can detect your band’s stolen Joy Division riffs.
- 14. Olympus Camera** — Full of black and white photos of railroads and cigarettes from your high school photography classes.



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What's My Job?

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working artists.

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4:00–6:00 p.m.*

*MacLean Ballroom
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DECEMBER 6TH: INFORMATION SESSION, 1ST FLOOR OF THE NEIMAN CENTER 2 9:15PM

DECEMBER 11TH: ASK THE RA'S, 162 N. STATE ST. SOLARIUM 24:30PM

DECEMBER 21ST BY NOON: ALL APPLICATION MATERIALS MUST BE SUBMITTED

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SAIC School of the Art Institute of Chicago Office of Student Affairs Life

Don't Worry Yet

FICTION BY MAIREAD CASE

I took the bus to work the day the guy went crazy in the magazine section. I got there at eight-thirty, not eight, so Charlene gave me the stink eye from the Harlequin section, which is where she shelves when she's mad. But it's fine. Charlene gets paid more than me, and she's not in high school like I am, and one day I'm going to leave and she won't. It's just a bookstore. One day I'm going to go or they'll tell me to go, and it'll be fine.

It's a corporate bookstore, one of the big box ones with sections for blank journals and highlighters that never sell. I work in the back in DVD/CD, so for the first half-hour it's a ghost town. Everyone is up front, pawing through calendars and magazines and paperweights, being impatient for coffee with more than just cream. Well one guy, Leo, curly strawberry-gold hair — Leo usually comes back first because he knows I'll just let him sit. I'll just let him read. Charlene wouldn't. Leo calls me Girlie.

Once, Leo got through a whole encyclopedia on wind instruments in a day and a half. Once he smelled like shoes and small, wet gems. Once he said he lives at Jesus Saves! on Smart and Pike, where they kick you out plus breakfast sandwich at seven-thirty. If you don't have meetings you're supposed to be with your kids, and if you don't have kids you're supposed to be job hunting or at the VA. Leo just comes here and reads, which is fine.

We're not really friends, it's more like we go to the same gym and ride bikes at the same time every day. Sometimes, when people fret over a sale price or where is your classical or something, Leo'll roll his eyes at me and I'll make the face like a fish hook caught my lip. Neither of us is supposed to be here that much.

The day the guy went crazy was a first of the month so we were switching up the racks. I spent forty-five minutes fighting a cardboard mobile and fifteen stickering explicit stickers on the wrong albums. Thirty more fixing my mistake. A lady came in and wanted music for morning walks, a guy wanted a song for his wedding. I did one sweep for stolen merch, another for alphabetization. I nodded hey to Leo who was chewing his finger and reading about musicals.

I was late because the night before, Jack and I, we fought again. We were

going to meet at the wall in the park, but he didn't come for two hours and he wasn't answering his phone so I walked to his house, sat on the stoop. When he finally came home I said Jack, I am not a mope but if you say we're meeting somewhere it's mean not to show up. He looked at me like my face was an Etch-a-Sketch and I shook it. Point is, I said, point is I love you, Jack. Then he really got mad.

And then I'd really missed the last bus so told Mom I was at a friend's, slept on Jack's mom's pull-out couch. Jack was still mad. I dreamed weird, like it was the Rapture and I had some of Jack's hair so he had to find me. He rode a big yellow bike. Next morning I got up before the coffee came on or anyone was up. The bus from Jack's is an hour away from the bookstore so that's why I was late.

Pretty soon Steve came back so I could go on break. Steve whose shirt smells like smoke and you can see his shoulder blades through it like two hatch marks. There are lines of safety pins on Steve's backpack, all flag-stripe straight. His voice sounds like Smokey the Bear's, but in an actual fire the forest would burn down. Steve would take too much time considering. The forest would burn down. I like Steve. I wish he was my cousin because then we could hang out on Christmas. I gave him my name tag and my swipe card and went back on break. Don't go over okay? he said. Storytime's in an hour. Steve, I said. Steve, don't worry I know.

I don't eat in the lunchroom because it's depressing, it's the ladies from History and Biography sharing home tips. They sit underneath a pastel shepherdess in a frame, mint bonnet and cream-colored crook, only there are sunflowers instead of sheep.

I go in to grab one of those magazines missing a cover, then take it to the parking lot to read about makeup. Sometimes I rip out a perfume sample to keep in my pocket. Today's sandwich was second day from the coffee shop: limp pink bacon, orange cheddar and chicken like soft cheese, an orange sauce over everything. I ate it while reading about DIY saddle shoes; I guess the trick if you want wingtips is an X-acto knife.

The thing I didn't tell Jack is I may be pregnant. I mean, maybe not! But maybe. I'm a week past. I told myself if it goes five more days I am going to buy a test. It is helpful, when you are sort of scared, to set a date when you should be really scared. Before that it's still fine. I want to tell Jack but also I don't. Also I wish it was him now, wondering. He probably wouldn't even go to work.

When I got back Leo was reading an opera and Steve was reading at the register. You aren't really supposed to do that but Steve's been here longer than anyone else. It's story time I said, and duh he said, so we got out that week's costume. Corporate mails a box of four every two weeks. It's funny opening them because everything is all tumbled together, crowns and mouse tails and ribbons. You figure it out because there's a picture of what it looks like. The notes say everything gets washed, but I'd never smell under the arms.

That day was a cat in a hat and a blue checkered jacket. He had round orange cheeks and potholder paws. Once Steve was zipped in nobody knew how his body looked.

I took his elbow and we walked out together, Steve couldn't see inside the cat so I helped him not bump into the Summer Reading display.

The kids were already there. They are maybe four or five, just before kindergarten. Preschoolers dressed in gleaming sneakers, dragging chewed gray toys. Their mothers drink fancy coffees and wear fancy clothes, diamonds on their bird bone fingers. Steve always asks if there's one without a ring, since he can't see for himself, and I always say no but truth is I never look. These women would vaporize Steve and his safety pins. They are picky bitches. They fuss over salads.

He sat down and I pressed play on the tape. Of course you can't talk, zipped in, so Steve just holds up the pictures. The recording reads everything to the kids. It does all the voices. It was hot in the store and suddenly it felt like I ate glue instead of a sandwich. Maybe if I'm pregnant, I shouldn't've eaten cheese that bright. I started thinking about the way Jack's neck smells, how he taps his teeth when he's thinking. Sometimes we watch shows and his fingernail is louder than the TV.

The tape read a while—the cat sings in a band, he eats jam and butter sandwiches. He juggles and visits the neighbors and goes to the zoo to see the penguins. When the cat left the penguins, I saw Charlene running down the center aisle, skirt hiked so she wouldn't trip. Leo came four steps after her with his galoshes walk, stopping quick to re-shelve the opera book. I thought, whoa, squeezed Steve's shoulder twice, which is our sign for coming right back, and then I went to see.

There was already a small crowd. The man wasn't anyone I knew, he had a muscly body, khaki pants and a silky-looking shirt and he was crouched a bit, like a defensive line was coming. First I saw his eyes, which looked like those ping-pong balls

(continued on next page)

LITERARY

(continued from previous page)

they grab on TV for lotto numbers. All the man's muscles were lit up. He was frozen, he wasn't moving or looking and his breathing was quick, a whistle. A small map of sweat spread across his chest, first it was a phone booth and then a farm town.

Charlene talked to the crowd and then to him, like his freak out meant he couldn't hear anyone else but her. Has he moved at all? she said, and then in the same voice: Sir, can you move? I was learning about Charlene, she'd go down with the store even if the rest of us were jumping ship.

The man was statue-still except for the sweat and his left hand, which kind of shivered back and forth. Leo was behind me. That's not gonna do anything, he said, chin towards Charlene, and I said no kidding. I wondered if the man needed medicine or a vacation. I felt like something wrong was happening, like we got stuck in a time warp and had to get each other out.

The man was holding a copy of American Pet. It had koi on the front so I knew it was the September issue, August was puppies. The magazine was in the hand that was shaking so its pages kept fluttering together, and a subscription card had drifted to the floor. Maybe we just need to get that fish thing out of his hand, said Leo, like we were on a team. Maybe that's what he needs.

Leo stepped forward. Hey man, hey he said. Hey man, you're okay. He started telling the guy what he was doing, and then he started doing it. Leo was going to keep

walking and then he was going to take the magazine and after that we'd all put it back on the shelf together. Do you maybe want some water man? Okay, here we go. Leo reached for the magazine and it slipped out fine after one tug. The guy's eyes didn't change. I thought I heard his teeth. Charlene threw up her hands and went in back to call someone.

Then I remembered I was working and looked around, not at the man. There were no children, it was mostly teenagers and moms who'd left their kids at story time, moms who didn't have kids at home anymore. Moms with smile lines and jewel-tone sweaters. There were a couple men in from the offices across the street, usually they come for meditation news or financial news or meetings in the coffee shop with girls. The men looked frightened, like they'd seen themselves in a mirror. The women looked like they were writing a story inside their heads. I realized Leo'd left and then I remembered Steve, stuck in a cat costume across the store. I hustled back to rescue him.

When I guided Steve back through Summer Reading I saw men coming in with a stretcher. When we came out everyone was gone, tumbleweeds. Soon it was half an hour until I got off, by then my head was all hushes and pops. I sold chocolate to a lady in a headscarf, a cartoon soundtrack to a girl who paid in quarters.

The bus home was quiet. The seats here are navy with flecks of pink and green and sometimes gold, when I was little I thought if you got one with gold you were lucky. I got home and put my keys in the dish and went straight upstairs. Mom was still at work.

I peeled off all my clothes at once, laid them out like another me lying on the floor. The shower was on hot, I sat on the floor and closed my eyes until I was worried I'd fall asleep. Then I washed, trying to see if anything felt different. I decided to wait three days and tell Jack, then two more and we'd buy the test together. Maybe we'd have to move in. I thought about that man, wondered if he'd had breakfast. If anyone was wondering where he was.

Afterwards I towed off a little but not a lot, and not my hair. Then I went into my room and closed the door, stood in front of my desk and put my arms out and just spun around, my hair whipping out and little flecks of water all over everything. I spun and spun, faster faster, like when you are drunk and lie down and the bed feels like a boat. I spun like I'd see blood or a bruise if I fell, like if the curtains were open the neighbors would see me and think I was crazy. Then I fell into bed and went to sleep.

study skins/proof plates

POETRY BY BRIT PARKS

dear sleep, go on without me
when under ether
you scowl, and let out a howl
hold me more hostage than my collar of teeth

dear sleep, go on without me
junked out on your model smile
i hear you squirm in your steel trap for blood

dear sleep, go on without me
riot for me
upkeep is for sleepers

guncotton soaked in ether
sacrificing a lamb at great expense
the matted, sheared fur will hardly fetch a following

did you think your nude skin transparent
did you expect an exception to your crimes

sorrow declines a mention held in frothing crowns
a pay forth of the dismissal

an absent shell sheds under your half truth that
ate a hind paw first

thoth

the floral begged for the decay to satisfy its pins
we all felt sorrow, pinned

in-formed stuffing
in-formed decay

linen wads to a stretching of the unkind

with repeated pressings she broke our bones

study skins
named for guts scented in stout layers

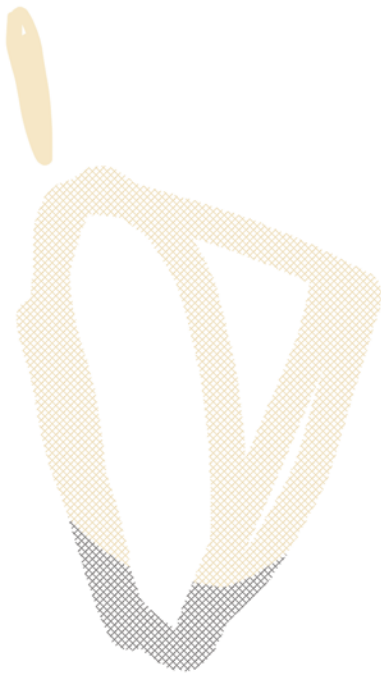
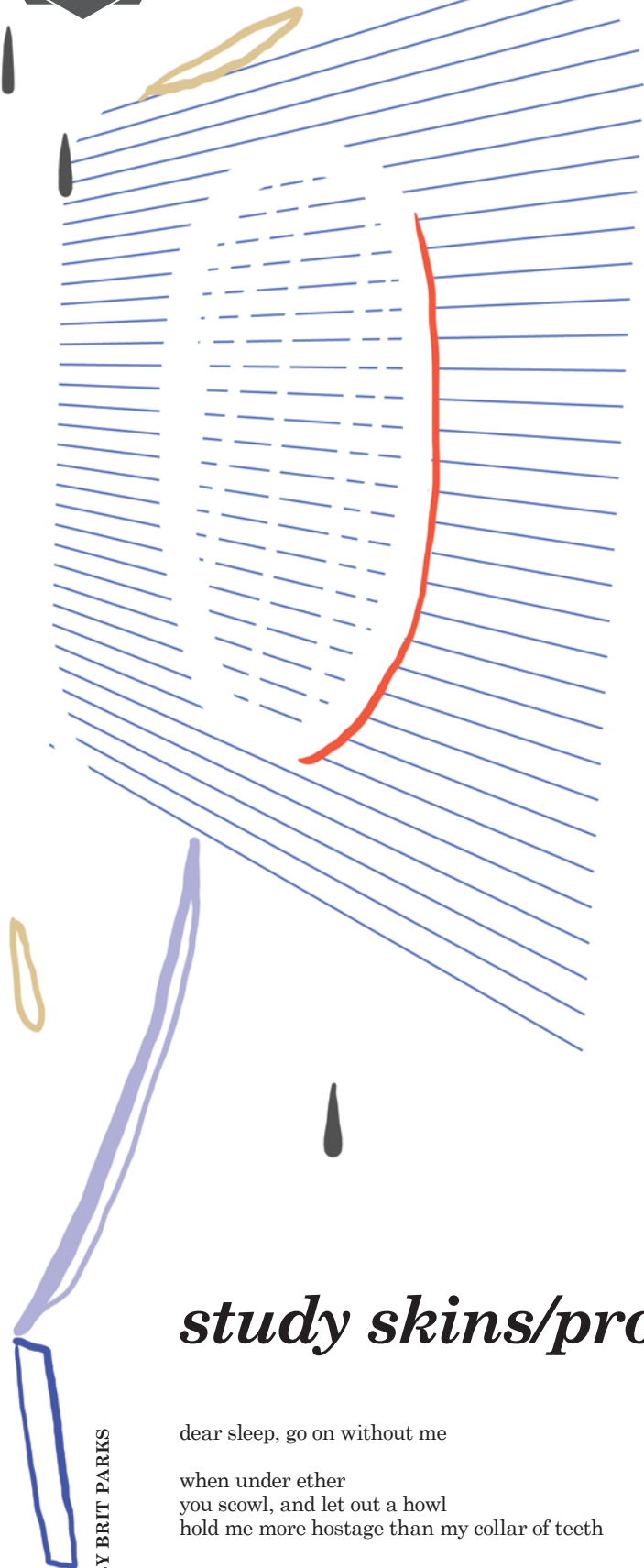
for one

envied lines bring forth pressings

calling it quits on the tar-pin
guessing at his key to lock exchange
layered up intentions, wrist-coated

carving out your form for few
pushing your feathers through the cracks so i won't lose you

we can be a pressing
we can hold it into dust that never punches out decay



Southern Charm

POETRY BY BRADSHAW STANLEY

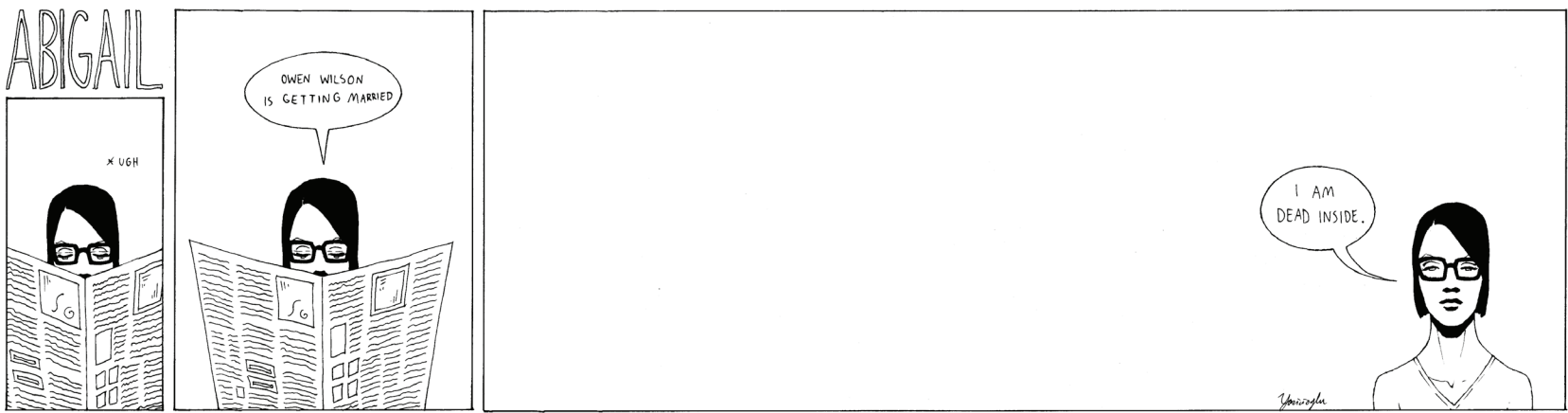
If you must know, I came to be severe
by way of brackish backwater towns I called home.
At the end of chainlink thinking, a ribbon
of snake is impaled against a post
in my grandmother's garden. Otherwise,
this is adamantine. This is Eden. Paradise
pitched between mint julep and moonshine. That's a lick.
When I was nine I broke Lake Pontchartrain's
catfish-grey surface with my feet to be baptized.
Then sixteen. The boudin in a Styrofoam ice chest on a boat.
Small mouth. Deep throat. Don't you know
the Lord's love when you see it? she'd say, swinging
that hoe against the ground, first to break the land,
then to reap the seeds she had grown. Don't you know love
when you see it?

E is for the Long Emergency, the Emptied Eye, or Epilogue

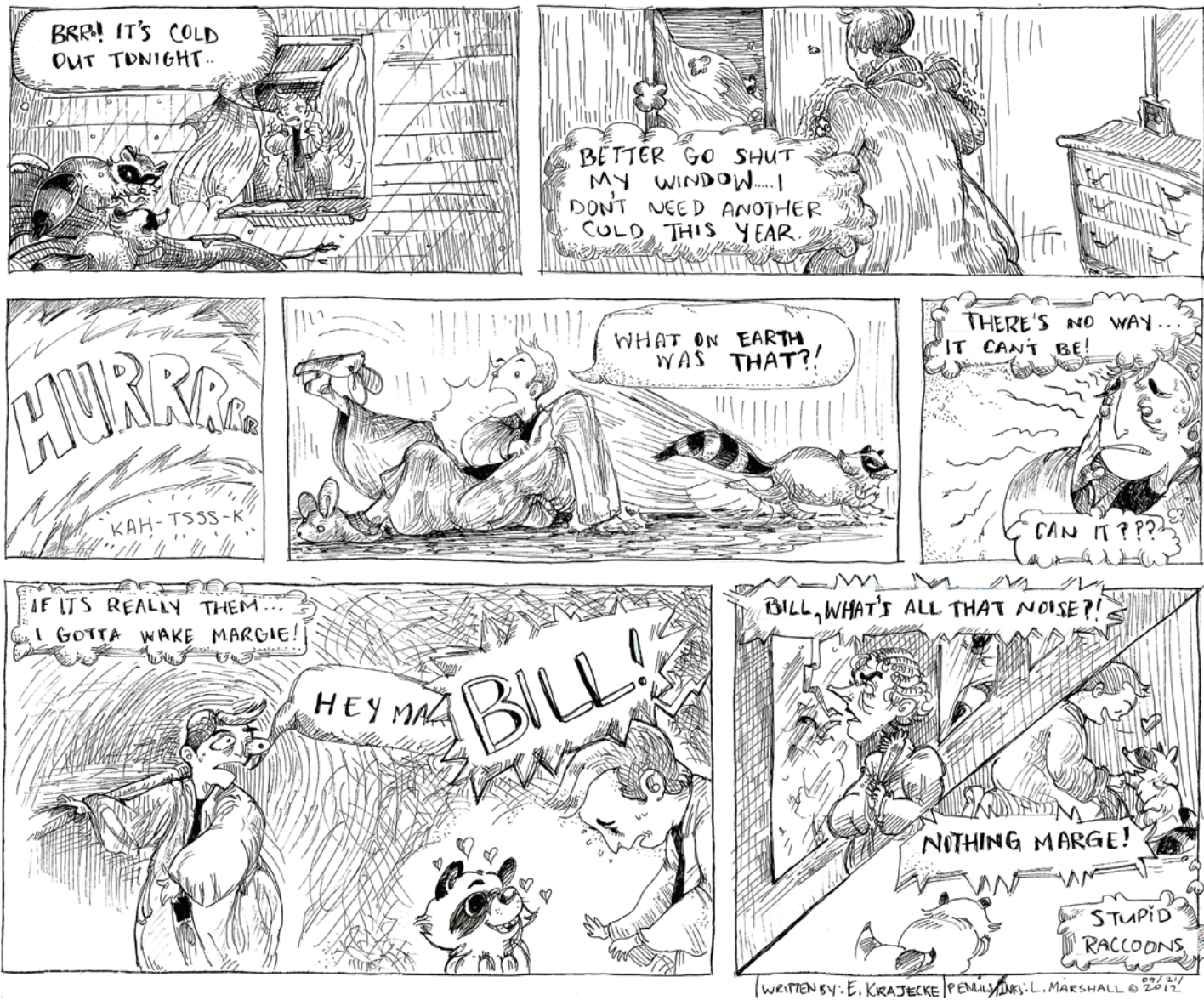
To come from poverty, first. Then love. Then what.
If the mouth were made of Klieg lighting, the body
of tiered seating. Beneath the waist, a stadium staging
a liquidity trap. In the day of antihistamines, an empty crib
in the blind palmist's house across the road. Pencil to tongue.
She draws me out like a slur. And this. Yes, I slept
with my father's mistress. A storm beginning to beep
on the Doppler radar. Or, not her. But
the one—. After which I severed both hands
in a pre-emptive attempt to stop lyric, then went
to the hospital to be doctored like a photo. This is
a made-up story. If I could tell you it would start
like this: A star within which about to go out of him—
where waiting in the rain, the raining, the rained, the rainy
disposition, a darkness burning slowly at the edge of vision.
A day sick with its own deprivation. "No condoms
for the heart." No lines across it either. When I reattached my hands
I learned to hold myself again. The palmist reading in one direction
of my skin. Take this with a spoon of sugar [trust me, I'm a doctor],
when I entered the afflicted ether, of which within a star
between my ribs—and then the other—an empty crib
with a severed hand, I wept profusely—and.

COMICS

BERKE YAZICIOGLU



MARY ANNA LAVONNE MARSHALL
& ELISE KRAJECKE



KALEIGH MOYNIHAN



CODY TUMBLIN



COMICS

Astrid Jones

BY SIERRA NICOLE RHODEN



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Send questions and files to sierranrhoden@gmail.com (Illustrator, Photoshop, and InDesign files are ideal, but 300 dpi JPEGs and TIFFs work too) or bring your hard copies with contact info to **the F Office, 116 S. Michigan, Room 201, Attn: Nicole Rhoden.**

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