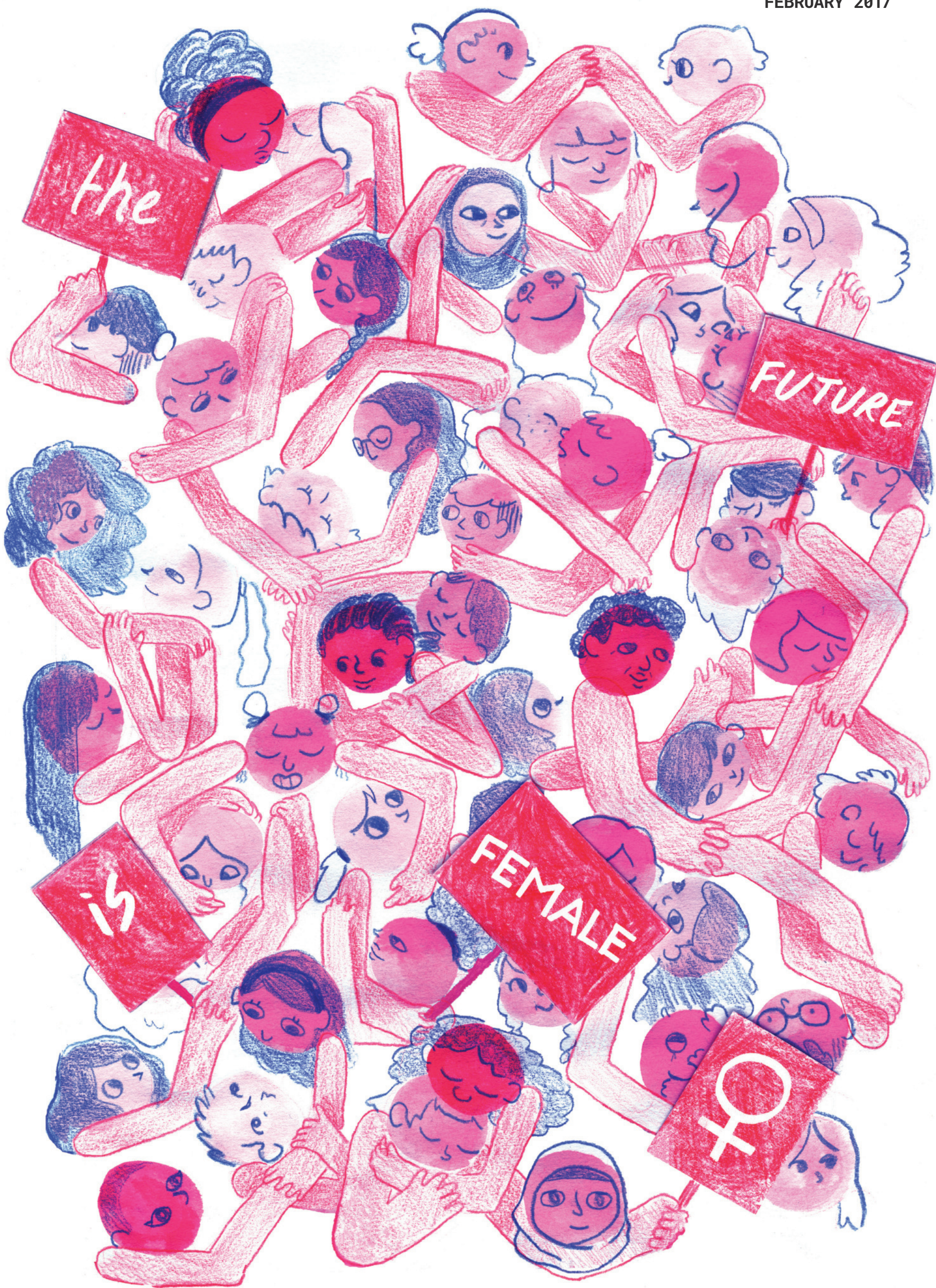


fnewsmagazine

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

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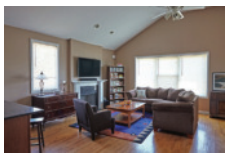
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Letter From the Art Director and Managing Editor

February might be the worst month of the year — maybe that’s why they made it so short. It’s crazy-cold, and there aren’t any school breaks; it’s no longer socially acceptable to eat foods that are 90 percent butter; and whatever zeal you had about a New Year’s resolution is likely a whisper of a memory. Also, does anyone really like Valentine’s Day? I mean, really?

This month, we’ve tried to shine some light into your dark days with great books to curl up with, albums to cry alone to, and important Native artists to get to know. Of course, we can’t lie: Things in this country aren’t universally great by any measure. We’ve reported on the design tactics of the far-right, and we’ve also given you an infographic to help you think about gun violence in Chicago.

In lieu of any straight-forward Valentine’s Day reporting in our pages (unless you count our collection of Dr. Seuss books as “Sex and the City” episodes), here are a few messages that’ll help you snag that hottie in your Thursday afternoon critical theory class.

You’ve Got My Heart. I’ve Got The Heart of that Turtle I Dissected for that Performance Piece.

Never Be Mine. I’m So Not About Possessiveness.

I Bologna* You.
*By “bologna” I mean “like,” but I am taking power away from the anglo-Saxon English language establishment by conflating a powerful emotion with a lunchmeat.

Let’s Collaborate on a Sound Piece. (I’ll Let You Do Vocals.)

We Don’t Have Much Time Left.

I See the Love In Your Brushstrokes.

My Therapist Said I Should Embrace My Fear of Commitment More.

My Rhombus Zygote Bleeding Bleeding Blood. Foot.

Master Says I Can Take a Partner Now.

I Loved Your Thoughts on the Fluxus Movement.

I’ll Personally Slash The Tires of Any Professor Who Gives You Shit During Crit.



On the Cover
“The Future Is Female,”
Sacha Lusk

Women are important. Trans-women are important. Women of color are important. Queer women are important. Liberal women are important. Republican women are important. Celebrate and respect all women and all minorities. We hear you, and we see you.

Also, this is our friendly reminder that Valentine’s Day doesn’t have to be a heteronormative bullshit holiday! Love who and what you want to love.

F+

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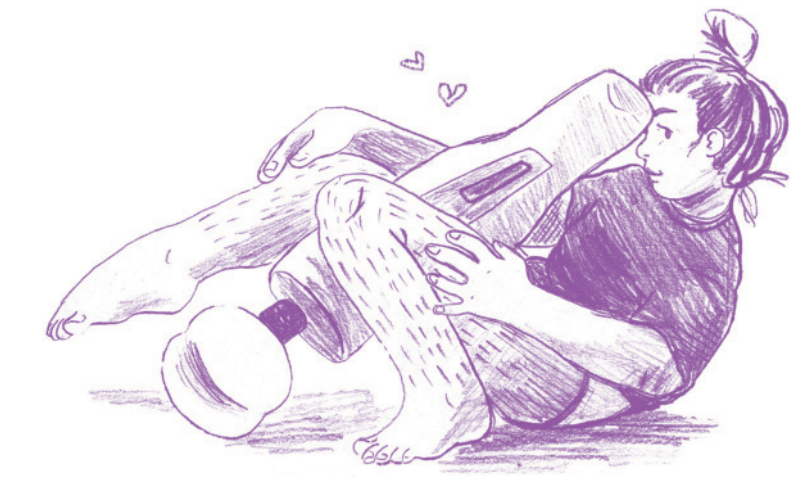
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The Women’s March on Washington: Extreme Chicago Edition

On January 21, as a half a million people descended on our nation’s capital to march in solidarity against Donald Trump’s inauguration, organizers of the Chicago “sister” rally prepared for 50,000. In the end, an estimated 250,000 people flooded the Loop and Grant Park to shout protest chants (“Not my president!”) and raise protest signs featuring caricatures of Trump and slogans like, “A Woman’s Place Is in the Resistance” superimposed over images of Princess Leia. The march was officially cancelled when the number of participants hit 100,000, but the rally — like dozens of others in cities across the U.S. and around the world — continued into the early afternoon.

The Art Institute’s location placed it quite literally in the center of the action; national news organizations’ helicopter photos showed the throngs moving from the original starting point at Jackson Boulevard and Columbus Street past the museum and into the park. By coincidence, banners hung from the Art Institute announcing current exhibitions featured images of Mary Magdalene and Elizabeth Taylor: two more women to be counted.



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SEUXX and the CITY

Caroline McCraw

If 'Sex and the City' episodes were Dr. Seuss books



"The Sneetches"

Miranda pieces together that Aleksandr, Carrie's famous artist boyfriend, is engaged in espionage on behalf of the Kremlin. Carrie must choose between betrayal and betrothal, and with the help of her friends, decides to snitch on Aleksandr to the U.S. government by way of Post-It note. Brady is kidnapped in an act of retaliation, but Miranda is unfazed.



"Yertle the Turtleneck"

Miranda's turtleneck/hoodie/bucket hat combination is so aesthetically upsetting that all four actresses break character and spend half an hour speculating about what Cynthia Nixon could have possibly done to so horrendously offend the costume designer.



"The Cat in the Hat"

Carrie starts dating a jazz musician with a snazzy fedora. He doesn't like having authority figures like Mr. Big around, and once he and Carrie are alone, he leaps through the apartment making a huge mess and lots of noise with household objects. (Note: This all happens in an actual episode of "Sex in the City." Season four, episode four.)



"Green Eggs and Sam"

One night at The Box, Samantha hears about a bedroom maneuver called "green eggs." She tries it with Richard, who is unenthused. She tries it again with him in the dark, in Central Park, in his town car, on the train to his estate in Connecticut, and even with the company of Archibald Fox. Once he realizes how much it means to Samantha, Richard comes to enjoy making "green eggs" with her all over town, causing Samantha to realize that she's in love with Richard. Miranda re-grouts her bathtub, Charlotte begins to date a horse, and Carrie breaks into Mr. Big's apartment and waits in his closet, subsisting on ketchup packets for three days until he returns from Prague and she tells him that she just wants to be friends.



"Foxy in Socks"

Charlotte begins to date Archibald Fox, handsome heir to the Fox family's motocross apparel fortune. Everything is perfect — except that Archie always asks Charlotte to keep her socks on during sex. Charlotte discovers that Archie has a wool fetish, but also that she is allergic to wool. She ultimately decides that true love is worth nightly anaphylactic shock, and spends thousands of dollars on wool socks and EpiPens; Archie leaves Charlotte for his cousin. Samantha dates her drug dealer, Carrie is convinced that her laptop is watching her sleep, and Miranda, rather than mention that her article on death penalty jurisprudence was published in the Columbia Law Review, complains about her cankles.



"The Loraxative"

In an attempt to lose weight before her wedding, Charlotte takes a black market slimming pill that causes her extreme distress in the area where the Grickle-grass grows and the wind smells slow-and-sour when it blows. Carrie, Miranda, and Samantha must cover for Charlotte at her rehearsal dinner after she abruptly adjourns to the bathroom, during which time Charlotte's mustachioed great-uncle berates all the guests for driving cars and Carrie throws up all over Charlotte's wedding Thneed. This all somehow functions as an environmentalist parable.

Caroline McCraw studies, her work has appeared, and she is from.

Would you do it with a slut? Would you do it in the butt?

Canonize This Flaxman Staff

It's almost that time of year again! In February, the Flaxman Library will host its annual bibliodérive event where students, faculty, and staff celebrate alternative and unexpected research practices. (Think billboard projects and exhibitions entirely made of mail.) Bibliodérive is the application of the Situationist International Practice of "drifting," where research is no longer just a search for facts, but a rhizomatic critical examination of libraries, archives, and special collections.



"Psychogeography"

Coverley, Merlin. 2006. Print. | Flaxman Library

Enjoy wandering around cities or other spaces? Psychogeography is another idea from the Situationist International, later defined by Joseph Hart as "a whole toy box full of playful, inventive strategies for exploring cities ... just about anything that takes pedestrians off their predictable paths and jolts them into a new awareness of the urban landscape."

FUN FACT Interested in this topic? Lori Waxman and Matt Morris offer classes that are entirely focused around this concept.



"Adbusters: 'The Year of Living Dangerously'"

Jan/Feb 2017. Periodical. | Flaxman Library

Cover featuring an image from Ai Weiwei's photo series "Study in Perspective," this entire issue is dedicated to the ideas of "Post-Truth," looking at the cultural reality and redefining what it means to be truly alive in this ever-changing world of capitalist hypernormalization. From the simple acts of resistance we take in our everyday lives, to the changing face of global activism, the revolutionary story of a generation facing unprecedented challenges unfolds.

FUN FACT SAIC Conversations at the Edge speaker, Hito Steyerl, writes about the dark side of contemporary freedom in this issue.



"The Big Archive: Art From Bureaucracy"

Spieker, Sven. 2008. Print. | Flaxman Library

The archive plays a large role in contemporary art. In "The Big Archive: Art from Bureaucracy," Spieker draws from a lineage of artists such as Marcel Duchamp, Susan Hiller, and Sophie Calle, who have used the archive in their work. Chapter 7, "Archive, Database, Photography," and Chapter 8, "The Archive At Play," are of particular interest to those interested in using archives available to the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) community — such as the Randolph Street Gallery Archives — for a way to create artwork inspired by previous performances, correspondence, and administrative ephemera.

FUN FACT The author, Sven Spieker, is also the founding editor of ARTMargins, which publishes interviews, essays, blogs, podcasts, and reviews devoted to contemporary art, with an additional, non-exclusive focus on Eastern Europe. SAIC's Susan Snodgrass is the current co-editor of ARTMargins Online.



"Performing Archives/Archives of Performance"

Edited by Borggreen, sunhild and Gade, Rune. 2013. Print. | Flaxman Library

While "Performing Archives/Archives of Performance" is not a conference proceedings per se, it is closely related to the conferences of Performance Studies International. The editors of this title use the idea of performance theory to include more than just performance art but also other fields of visual art such as sculpture and painting. The contents are split up into three sections: Ontologies, Archives of Performance, and Performing Archives.

FUN FACT Paul Clarke, who authored one of the essays, uses an SAIC event called "Abandoned Practices: Something Out of the Ordinary" a Summer Performance Institute event from July 10 to 28, 2010 as a reference.



"Society of the Spectacle"

Debord, Guy. 1967. Print. | Flaxman Library

Want to know more about the upcoming Flaxman Library bibliodérive event? Many of the ideas can be traced back to this book. Debord defines "Spectacle" as a term for the capitalist-driven phenomena we experience every day in media, film, marketing, television, and celebrity — all topics which are central to Situationist International. One might argue he was ahead of his time in describing these ideas.

FUN FACT Still not quite sure it's for you? Check out "An Illustrated Guide to Guy Debord's 'The Society of the Spectacle,'" by Tiernan Morgan and Lauren Purje, at Hyperallergic.com from August 10, 2016. It's a digestible introduction to these topics. YouTube is also filled with new takes on the original film.

Tired of just borrowing books?

Check out these independent Chicago bookstores for some new and used funky titles:

Unabridged Bookstore, 3251 N. Broadway St.
Huge LGBTQ+ library (including a great gay pornography section).

Bookman's Corner, 2959 N. Clark St.
Probably a fire hazard for how many used books run from floor to ceiling in this place.

Myopic Books, 1564 N. Milwaukee Ave.
Ridiculous variety ranging from philosophy to comics, plus live and often strange music Thursday nights.

Quimby's, 1854 W. North Ave.
Hipster mecca/zine utopia.

Visit biblioderive.tumblr.com for more information, including a full list of events.



The Unread Shelf

A review of a 2011 book about the allure of diaries

Mary Fons

It seems a shame that books only ever get reviews when they're hot off the presses — and it's embarrassing how many of us own books we haven't actually read. The Unread Shelf reviews the great books right under our noses, however "old" they might be, because good books don't have expiration dates.

The most common New Year's resolutions usually involve some kind of diet or exercise regimen, but the desire to make this the year you start keeping a journal is popular, too.

After all, faithfully keeping a journal or diary is generally considered a win-win: Writing out thoughts can help you process emotions; you're creating a record of your life that you or your offspring can one day look back on, if you're into that kind of thing; and if you're an artist — certainly if you're a writer — a journal can be a repository for ideas and inspiration.

And as we learn from writing professor and diary expert Andrea Johnson in the extremely enjoyable "A Brief History of Diaries: From Pepys To Blogs," if you choose to keep a diary or journal, you become part of a groovy legacy of diary-keepers across time. (Way more interesting than taking a spin class.)

In the slender volume — "Diaries" comes in at just over 100 pages — Johnson does indeed take us through the history of the diary, starting with the ancient Greece and Arabian precursors and then tracking every major development on up to the culture of blogging and tweeting today, but it's not a straight chronology.

Instead, she plots journal history in five chapters that bundle together themes present in modern-day journals as they've evolved, e.g., "Eighteenth - Twentieth Century: Writers, Artists Creative Diaries" (Chapter 3); "Nineteenth - Twentieth Century: War Diaries" (Chapter 4); and so on. Organizing her study in this way allows the reader to understand not just when and how people have kept their diaries and journals (the terms are for the most part used interchangeably), but the why behind the accounts, as well.

Good question: Why do people keep journals? "The reasons for keeping diaries are as varied as human nature itself," Johnson writes. "Is it just for oneself? Or always with an eye for posterity?"

The reader quickly discovers that in the end, it doesn't matter. Johnson's book presents the depth and breadth of the diary so that you begin to understand it as a form so curious and intimate, so miraculous, even, for its ability to be both mirror and passage, the impetus behind its creation is less important than what the journal did (or does) for the writer and what gifts it can offer us as readers, sometimes many hundreds of years after the fact.

Whether it's the diary of a celebrated author — Delacroix, Camus, Thoreau, Woolf were all dedicated diarists who gave us priceless insights into the writer's mind through their diaries — or those written by "regular" people — such as Etty Hillesum, a citizen activist in the Netherlands in WWII who lived not far from Anne Frank — to read a journal is to read the account of a real life: messy, passionate, tedious, and above all, human. For once, poking your nose in someone else's business is encouraged: Reading someone else's diary can help you understand what you're going through. And if you still feel alone? Keeping a journal is a way to keep yourself company.

The diary as a genre is, as Johnson says, "misunderstood and open to confusion" due to its "strange hybrid of recording and reflecting, confession and self-expression." But as the story of journals shows time and again, it's clear that diaries can provide the missing link in our

shared history and can deepen our understanding of language, culture, and the human experience. Consider the grasp you'll have on the Civil War after reading Mary Chestnut's famous diaries as opposed to how you'd understand it after reading a page or two in a high school textbook.

Virginia Woolf famously asked, "Who do I tell when I tell a blank page?" After reading Johnson's history of diaries, I feel the diarist's answer to that question is, ultimately, "The world," even if when writing it, it's for her eyes only. In the end, the written record of a life is exactly that: a written record created for the purposes of saying one day, to someone, "I was here. I lived. This is what it was like."

If you're looking to start journaling this year, rather than going out to buy a fancy journal or an expensive pen, pick up Johnson's "Diaries." You'll feel so inspired by the robust life of the human diary, you'll see that even a beat-up old notebook will work just fine for your new favorite pastime.

Mary is a graduate Writing student at SAIC, and the associate editor at F Newsmagazine. Read her blog, PaperGirl, at maryfons.com.

5 DIARIES TO READ NOW

"THE GHOSTS OF SODOM: THE CHARENTON JOURNALS"
BY THE MARQUIS DE SADE

WHILE IMPRISONED IN A MENTAL ASYLUM IN FRANCE IN THE EARLY 1800S, THE PERVERY, PARANOID DE SADE KEPT A DAILY JOURNAL. WOW, YUCK!

"THE UNABRIDGED JOURNALS OF SYLVIA PLATH"
BY SYLVIA PLATH
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"DIARIES: 1910-1923"
BY FRANZ KAFKA
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"THE GOEBBELS DIARIES, 1942-1943"
BY JOSEF GOEBBELS
THE NAZI MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA LITERALLY WRITES "ADOLF HITLER, I LOVE YOU" AT ONE POINT. A CAUTIONARY TALE.

"THE PILLOW BOOK"
BY SEI SHONAGON
AROUND THE YEAR 1000 B.C.E., WITTY, SNARKY COURT LADY AND POET, SEI SHONAGON RECORDED "HATEFUL THINGS" (E.G., BAD LOVERS) AND STUFF SHE LOVED (E.G., SPRINGTIME). UNIVERSAL, HILARIOUS, TOUCHING.



All-American



1

6 contemporary Native artists you should know

Samuel Schwindt

Writing an article about contemporary Native American artists presents unavoidable problems. The term “Native American” refers to a vast range of cultures, languages, and identities, and the use of the term initiates a subtle (yet pervasive) cultural colonialism. Designating a field of academic inquiry for Native American art also presents a series of slippery, postcolonial challenges. The term can be limiting and reductive, although it does a lot of necessary anti-colonial heavy lifting for a neglected art history.

The purpose of this article, and the purpose of studying Native artists, is not one of simple insertion. The point isn't just to toss Oscar Howe, James Luna, or Fritz Scholder in with Barnett Newman, Frida Kahlo, or Marina Abramovic. It's to explode and rebuild the art historical canon altogether.

There is a powerful, beautiful, and angry soul in these artists' works. Native artists continually combat with an identity that has been repeatedly ignored, erased and/or stigmatized (cough, the Chicago Blackhawks). That's not even including very literal violence, like the use of water cannons, attack dogs, and pepper spray on Native and ally protesters at Standing Rock.

In light of these concerns, I've compiled a list of contemporary Native artists combating these issues in their work. It is not exhaustive and in no particular order.

Samuel is a news editor at F Newsmagazine and a sculptor studying at SAIC. He enjoys politics, coffee, and dumpster diving.

▲ **Andrea Carlson**

Anishinaabe (Ojibwe), French and Scandinavian artist Carlson appropriates European objects from museum collections and re-contextualizes them in brilliantly abstracted landscapes that collide with anthropomorphized, abstracted forms. She utilizes, according to her artist statement, a metaphor of cannibalism to represent the “assimilation, and consumption, of cultural identity.”

In the painting “The Poison That is its Own Cure,” above, Carlson depicts an 18th-century French clock from the Minneapolis Institute of Art (MIA). The decadent clock is overlaid with a symmetrically split foreground of intersecting, overlapping landscapes of rose-fuchsia, cadmium yellow, and forest green terrain. These fields (or arms?) collide with stylized, wide-eyed and horned creatures made up of much cooler, grayed pigments.

Carlson is now based in Chicago and has a studio in the Flat Iron Arts Building in Wicker Park.



2

▲ Erica Lord

"Pow-wow, pow-wow," chants fellow artist Noelle Mason into the camera. Her gaze is directed at artist Erica Lord. She continues the racist, taunting song adding in gestures to match each verse: "we are the redmen/feathers in our headband/down among the dead men/pow-wow."

The camera then suddenly cuts to Lord violently slapping Mason, red paint exploding as her palm makes contact with the chanter's cheek. Lord pulverizes Mason with three more successive slaps, leading to a stunned Mason, nose bloodied, to stare back into the camera (and into Lord's eyes).

After licking her lips to clear the blood, she begins to sing again, and the viewer waits in palpable tension for the next slap. But the performance "Redman" comes to a stunning, anticlimactic end leaving the viewer shocked to see Lord *not* strike Mason again.

This performance — "Redman" — is currently on YouTube. The description describes "Redman" as simply a "performance," inviting its audience to interpret its meaning. It's one of many of Lord's works that address history, identity, home, and diaspora.

Rebecca Belmore

In her performance-based practice, Rebecca Belmore challenges established narratives of First Nations people in Canada. In the 2002 performance piece "Vigil," Belmore performs on a Vancouver street corner to commemorate the indigenous women who have disappeared on its streets.

Belmore has the names of the indigenous women inked onto her arm, and in front of a small crowd yells each name one by one, violently pulling a rose through her clenched teeth after each name. At the end of the performance, Belmore nails her long red dress to a telephone pole and attempts to pull it away, ripping and tearing the dress until she's in nothing but her underwear.

Belmore is internationally known, and has been performing and exhibiting her work since 1986. ►



4

◀ Chris Pappan

Currently on display (through 2018) at the Chicago Field Museum is the exhibition "Drawing on Tradition," featuring the work of Kanza artist Chris Pappan. The exhibition intervenes on the dated, permanent Native American exhibition at the museum. As a co-curator, Osage, Kaw, Cheyenne River Lakota Sioux artist Pappan installed his work to disrupt and comment on the displays. For "Pow Wow Chair ca. 1980," left, Pappan painted a typical lawn chair that Kanza families would bring to their pow-wows in the '80s. He intuitively installed the drawing perpendicular to several wide glass cases holding objects of perhaps similar function in Native life from the 19th and 20th centuries.



5

▲ Jimmie Durham

Despite having almost 50 years of art and activism under his belt, Jimmie Durham's work continues to upend expectations. In "Still Life with Spirit and Xtite," the rebel-sculptor crushes a 1992 Chrysler Automobile Spirit with a gargantuan Basalt rock (above).

Durham is not just a sculptor — he's also an essayist and a poet. He was actively involved in civil rights movements in the 1960s and 1970s, fighting for the rights of African Americans and Native Americans. He also served on the central council of the American Indian Movement. Today, Durham is based in Berlin and Rome.



3



6

▲ Nicholas Galanin

Known for a variety of work that is focused on human-kind's relationship to wildlife, in the 2009 sculpture "Inert Wolf," above, Galanin displays a wolf emerging from (or, maybe, being turned into) a wolf's pelt. The fully-formed front legs of the animal desperately claw forward.

Recently, Galanin has been involved with a group of artists who joined the Standing Rock Sioux to protest the Dakota Access Pipeline. "Standing Rock Cuff" (2016) is his first work in response to the protest.

- 1 Andrea Carlson, "The Poison that is it's Own Cure," 2007
- 2 Erica Lord, "Redman," 2005
- 3 Rebecca Belmore, "Vigil," 2002
- 4 Chris Pappan, "Pow Wow Chair ca. 1980," 2016
- 5 Jimmie, Durham, "Still Life with Spirit and Xtite," 2007
- 6 Nicholas Galanin, "Inert Wolf," 2009



December’s victory against the Dakota Access Pipeline proved temporary and Standing Rock’s war wages on

Sophie Lucido Johnson

Despite an early December announcement that the Army Corps of Engineers had halted construction in the area, The Dakota Access Pipeline — an underground oil pipeline slated to cross under the Missouri River at the Standing Rock Reservation — continues to be a threat to many native people and national activists. Many folks camped out at Standing Rock want to form a permanent community there.

Don Pollack, an adjunct professor at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), first encountered the people of Standing Rock in 2015 as he traveled through the area as a part of “Crossing the Great Divide.” The project took Pollack and a team of scientists, teachers, and artists on a 3,000-mile bike ride along the routes of the American frontier.

“When you’re in these areas and you see what’s occurring collectively, it’s really pretty devastating and amazing that the native people are still so magnificent,” Pollack said in an interview with F Newsmagazine.

Pollack recently partnered with Joe Podlasek, the director at Shaumburg’s Trickster Gallery for Native American art, to raise money and gather donations for the people camped out at Standing Rock.

“When you look at pictures online you see this radical imagery of protesters, and there’s this sense that this is the kind of thing where young people are angry and everything is sort of do-it-yourself. It’s really much more organized than that,” Pollack said. “It’s on tribal lands, and there are Lakota values posted when

you enter, and that keeps things from turning into Burning Man.”

For many, one of the most telling and appalling things about the decision to route the Dakota Access Pipeline through the Standing Rock reservation is that the pipeline was initially supposed to be built through Bismarck, North Dakota, but was moved because it was too close to the city.

“We build infrastructure and give companies a break, because we all benefit from the building of railroads and phone lines and pipelines. [...] Historically, the native reservations have just always paid the price and received little benefit and diminished land for their acquiescence,” Pollack said.

Pollack is hopeful that the protest at Standing Rock is effectively addressing a major American problem that has never really gone away.

Pollack hopes to partner with Native artists, gallery spaces, and interested individuals to connect people in Chicago and at SAIC with people on or near the reservations. He also spent some time at the small museum inside the Sitting Bull College Visitors’ Center and is coordinating with the director there to set up a small residency for SAIC students.

“This is my first step in facing outward,” Pollack said. “I want to bring these worlds together.”

Sophie is the managing editor of F Newsmagazine. She has published work in The Guardian, VICE, The Nation, and elsewhere.

5 Other Significant Native Protests

- 1. Occupation of Wounded Knee (1973)**
Over 200 Oglala Lakota activists occupied the small town of Wounded Knee, South Dakota for 71 days in order to bring attention to failed treaties, corruption, and the general disenfranchisement of the Sioux people.
- 2. American Indian Movement Occupies Mt. Rushmore (1970)**
A protest at Mount Rushmore organized by the American Indian Movement (AIM) against land theft and desecration in the spiritually significant Black Hills of South Dakota.
- 3. Occupation of Alcatraz (1969)**
For 19 months, Native American activists occupied Alcatraz Island in an effort to reclaim the territory and to establish it as a Native cultural complex.
- 4. Longest Walk (1978)**
Thousands of Native Americans and supporters marched from San Francisco to Washington, D.C., in an AIM-led spiritual walk that protested threats to land and water rights.
- 5. The Keystone XL Pipeline Protest (2011)**
A massive campaign was launched by Native and environmental activists to prevent the pipeline’s building in Nebraska’s Sandhills region.



The National Socialist Movement

The swastika is so 1941. At least that’s what the National Socialist Movement (NSM), an American neo-Nazi political party, wants you to think. Following the ascension of Donald J. Trump from branding and business mogul to the office of the 45th President of the United States of America, Jeff Schoep, leader of the NSM, was quoted in the New York Times saying it was time for his party “to become more integrated and more mainstream.”

He was addressing a new breed of conservative nationalism seen as partly responsible for Trump’s victory: the alt-right. Andrew Anglin, founder of the neo-Nazi publication The Daily Stormer, wrote that the ideology was a “reboot of the White Nationalist movement.”

So it’s no mystery why, then, around the same time, the NSM switched out its beloved swastika for its far less popular cousin, the Odal rune.

The Odal rune was the symbol of the ethnic infantry Germans of the 7th Waffen-SS Volunteer Mountain Division during World War II. It is a letter from the oldest known runic alphabet, the Germanic Elder Futhark writing system. It represents the “o” sound, and its proto-Germanic opalan pronunciation means roughly, “Heritage, inheritance, inherited estate.”

Like the swastika before, the Odal rune is comprised of only 45-degree angles. On January 22, the NSM updated their interim Odal rune with one designed to match the scaled stroke weight of the swastika, and the rune’s feet have been sheared horizontally. Now, the symbol is stabilized, more foreboding. Think of it as the American swastika.

Schoep said the Odal rune will replace the swastika on all uniforms and party regalia (e.g. the official NSM flag and patch) moving forward; essentially, they just really wants to be seen as a special, new-age Nazi party now.

With a 2011 New York Times estimate putting membership at around 400 members across 32 states, it is the largest neo-Nazi movement in the country. There are not more current membership statistics.



The Alt-Right

The term “alt-right” was coined by National Policy Institute (NPI) President and face-punch target Richard B. Spencer in 2010 to dissociate capitalist American nationalism from its European identity politics roots. The white supremacist think-tank, based in Washington, D.C., has been trying to sex up far-right ideologies for the past 12 years with little fanfare.

Until, that is, the 2016 NPI conference, at which Spencer declared the election of Trump as “the first step towards identity politics in the United States.” He ended his rousing, Nazi-inspired speech (e.g. referring to the “mainstream media” as the “Lügenpresse,” as the Nazis did their critics) with, “Hail Trump! Hail our people! Hail victory!”

Which was around when neo-Nazis and alt-right conservatives finally set aside their differences (mainly their continued disagreement about antisemitism) to work for the common good.

The alt-right movement, meanwhile — still relatively decentralized (all things considered) — is scrambling to come up with its own official logo. An upcoming frontrunner, the “Always Resist” symbol by anonymous blogger “PA,” really just looks like someone screwed up drawing an Odal rune. Its inception is a painstaking recreation of spraypaint; it wants to be the mark of what the President has called the “forgotten men and women.” But the evolved resemblance is to the Odal Rune is no mistake. Each has two legs that apex triangularly. Should the alt-right formalize into a political party, expect to see this as their mark.

A version of the symbol was rushed through design in August after then-Democratic nominee Hilary Clinton accused her opponent of enabling alt-right rhetoric, and first appeared at an alt-right conference alongside Spencer in September 2016. The original mark is bulkier and very clearly a capital “A” and “R,” and, for some reason, foregrounded against a starry night sky. It is, like the Odal rune and the swastika, a sharp, angular mark. It is designed to convey power and tension — obvious Ku Klux Klan white hood allusions aside.



Donald J. Trump

It is no coincidence that these white nationalist entities are undergoing simultaneous re-designs. Branding, at its best, unifies and communicates the intrinsic qualities of the branded. And its worst, it attempts to exploit market share.

The “Make America Great Again” slogan was trademarked way back on November 19, 2012 (United States Patent Office application serial number 85783371) — just 13 days following Mitt Romney’s failed presidential bid. Associated Press fabric testing concluded those “Make America Great Again” hats — Pantone swatch 18-1763 TCX, “High Risk Red” — did not contain the U.S.-made fabric its Los Angeles manufacturer had claimed. The bills and stiffeners were also imported, despite Trump’s campaign’s insistence otherwise.

In a January 18 interview with the Washington Post, the President proudly revealed his 2020 re-election campaign slogan: Keep America great. May include exclamation point.

Put another way: The world’s greatest marketer was just elected to the highest office in the land. His last name has included hotels, steaks, golf courses, clothing, casinos, fake education, board games, television that people supposedly watched — even goddamn bottled water. And neo-Nazis and alt-right conservatives are all starting to take note of the power of branding and dogwhistle political visuals and signals in the age of instant information and opinion.

So consider the words of Robert Passikoff, CEO of Brand Keys, a predictive brand equity firm: “Trump has been one of the most powerful brands we’ve ever tracked. Now, I suppose, he literally qualifies as the most powerful brand in the world. Especially given the new set of values that the brand has created around itself: victory, self-confidence and determination, a sense of the visionary, and ultimately greatness. We’ll have to factor those into our next Presidential Model.”

Sevy something about “Bee Movie” and Hitachi Magic Wands.



Violence: THE HARSH GO'S GUN CULTURE

of gun murders committed
already know this. It's all

Follow

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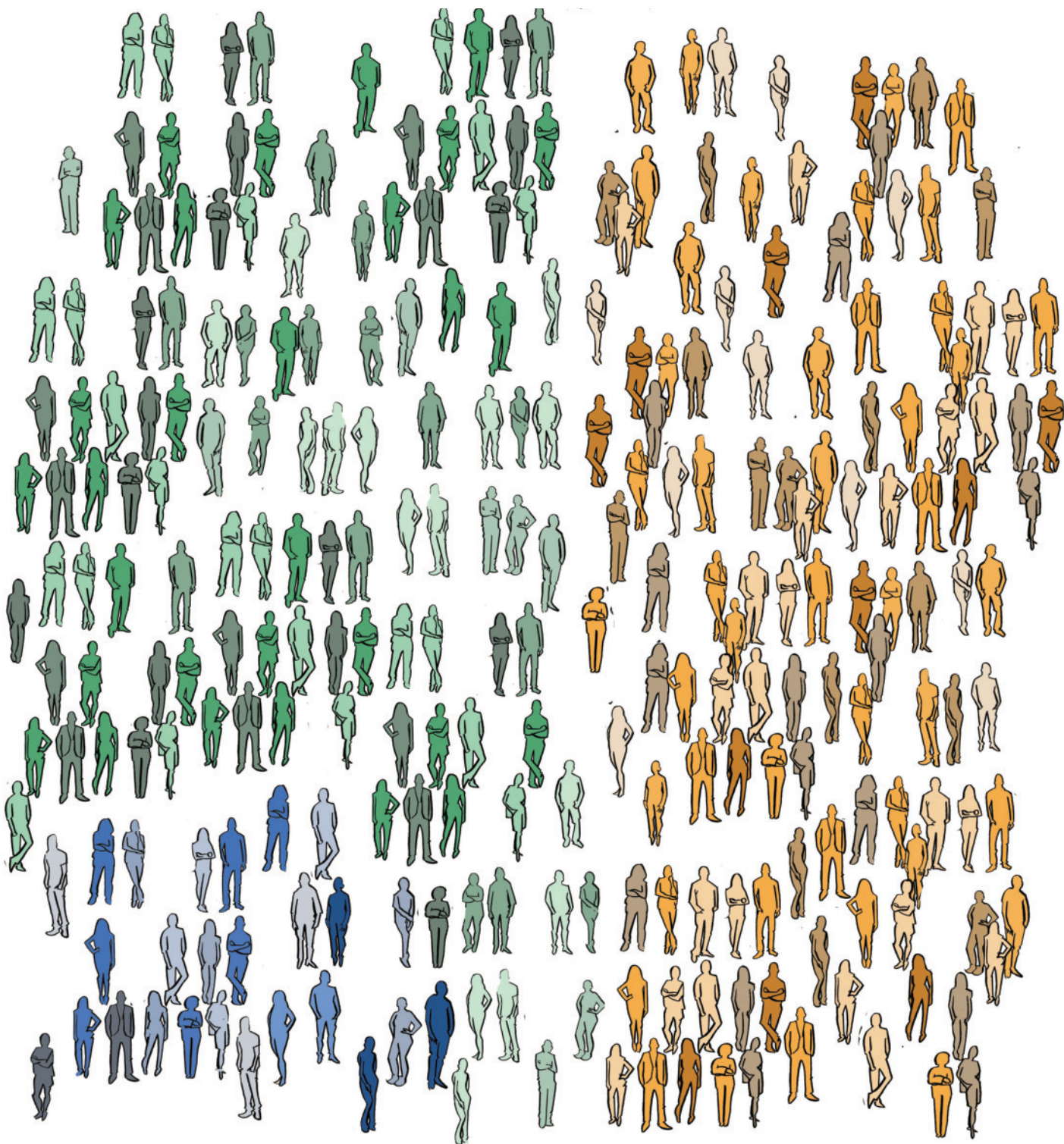
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cally engaged with dialogue
ely visible to us.

editor of F Newsmagazine. She has
VICE, The Nation, and elsewhere.

things you can do
violence in Chicago

Number of students who attend SAIC vs.
Number of Chicago shooting victims in 2016

Orange SAIC Students
Green People who were shot and wounded
Blue People who were shot and killed
1 figure = 30 people



spring 2017
free for saic students with valid id

thursdays at 6:00 p.m.

conversations
at the edge

experimental media series

february 9, 6:00 p.m.
rikurō miyai's expanded cinema
*at the art institute of chicago,
chicago stock exchange trading room*

february 16, 6:00 p.m.
against ethnography

february 23, 6:00 p.m.
nathaniel dorsky
the dreamer

march 2, 6:00 p.m.
stacey steers
edge of alchemy

march 9, 6:00 p.m.
the passion of remembrance

march 16, 6:00 p.m.
sky hopinka
translations and transmutations

march 30, 6:00 p.m.
hyphen-labs
neurospeculative afrofeminism

april 6, 6:00 p.m.
melika bass
devotional animals

april 13, 6:00 p.m.
wael shawky
cabaret crusades

april 20, 6:00 p.m.
an evening with valie export

The series takes place at the Gene Siskel Film Center unless otherwise noted.



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- Abandoned Practices Institute in Prague: 2017



STUDY ABROAD



The New Anti- Semitism

It's scary to
be a Jew in
Trump's America

Ally Pockrass

"Are they going to start killing Jews again?" asked my 10-year-old brother to my father, within the first hour I was home for Thanksgiving. This was the first time I had really talked to my family since the election. My brother's question, crisp with childhood innocence, highlighted my own buried fears and concerns I had heard from other Jews in response to the election.

Since the election, like many of my peers at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), my thoughts have been racing. I've had concerns for the wellbeing of others, as well as for myself.

When I asked my father his thoughts on the election, he was silent. His silence isn't necessarily unusual, but this time, it felt different. While I've been with my dad in times of fear or sadness, I've never seen him at such a loss for words.

I hardly talked to anybody on election night — I was too stunned. The next day I was tired, filled with rage, and felt like there weren't many people at SAIC I could talk to who would understand how, and why, I was personally concerned.

My father's side of the family is Jewish, and we are haunted by the inherited trauma that is quietly suffered by Jews around the world: the trauma of slavery, the many attempts at ethnic erasure, the Holocaust, and contemporary anti-Semitism.

Over the holidays I asked my grandma to tell us about our family history. She told me that one wave of our family came over during the pogroms — organized massacres — in Russia and the Ukraine. My Jewish family has only been in the United States for three generations. My grandmother said that we never heard from our extended family after the Holocaust, and, understandably, didn't want to expand further.

When my brother asked about the fate of Jews today, I wasn't sure whether or not he was joking. The room went silent for a second, and my stepmother tried to be reassuring, but she could only manage a sentence or two. I told my brother that I wanted to tell him something comforting, but that the truth is, we don't know what is going to happen, and we don't know how we will be affected.

I knew, though, that I already felt the effects of normalized anti-Semitism; plenty of Jews have felt them before Trump ever stepped behind a pulpit. I have had mentors, teachers, and friends whose trauma from anti-Semitism has left them unable to finish

classes, conversations, and movies.

Recently, as I was having a conversation with another Jewish artist, I realized that fear has kept many Jews (self included) from wearing Stars of David, hamsas, the Hebrew letter "chai," or other Jewish symbols visibly in public. As a kid, I wouldn't wear a Star of David because it was too obvious. If wore a symbol, I would wear a small hamsa (a hand of Abraham), because it was less noticeable.

The following week, I went to my first Jewish event in Chicago and held a Shabbat dinner (a weekly Jewish holiday and ritual that begins at sundown on Friday and ends at sundown on Saturday) at my apartment to attempt to process the election news with fellow SAIC Jews.

The need for cultural comfort has become vital to me. Although my religiosity has been inconsistent — at one point I would keep kosher and dress modestly only during Jewish holidays — the negativity I have experienced since the election has solidified my need to be confident in my Jewishness.

On Facebook the week after the election, I saw a semi-viral post saying something like, "Remember when we never saw swastikas in the United States?"

No. I don't. I've seen and heard about friends who, from preschool through college, have had swastikas drawn on their doors, scribbled in their books, on notes, on their lockers, on their cars, on their houses, on their synagogues. People would make jokes about or deny the Holocaust to my face. People would joke about Jews and ovens. They joked about how Jews run the banks and Hollywood.

People seem to be surprised Donald Trump and his cohorts are now leading our country. I have been angrily taken aback by this common response. Racism, xenophobia, sexism, homophobia, transphobia, white supremacy, and anti-Semitism have been a part of this country since its creation. The more I learn — the more I interrogate our culture — the more I realize how embedded these philosophies are in America.

Ally is studying Painting, Drawing, and Art History at SAIC. She leads the student group Maverick, and is active in the Chicago dance community.

I already felt
the effects of
normalized
anti-Semitism;
plenty of Jews
have felt them
before Trump.

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HUMA BHABHA

Tuesday, March 28, 6:00 p.m.

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Distinguished Alumni Lecture Series

Presented in partnership with SAIC's Office of Alumni Relations.

Monday, April 3, 6:00 p.m.

DANIEL JOSEPH MARTINEZ

Presented in partnership with the Office of the Dean of Graduate Studies.

Wednesday, April 12, 6:00 p.m.

WAEEL SHAWKY

Presented in partnership with SAIC's Department of Film, Video, New Media, and Animation's Conversations at the Edge series.

A screening of Wael Shawky's trilogy of puppet animations, The Cabaret Crusades, will take place on April 13 at the Gene Siskel Film Center. Visit siskelfilmcenter.org for tickets.

Tuesday, April 25, 6:00 p.m.

WALID RAAD



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“Funeral Pyre (Single)” by Julien Baker
Matador Records

Fellow Hooligan Mag contributor and coffee enthusiast Julien Baker was recently signed to Matador records — the musical home of Lucy Dacus, Liz Phair, and Cat Power, among others. To celebrate, Baker released a new single called “Funeral Pyre.” (The working title was “Sad Song Eleven” as Baker noted on her episode of NPR’s “Tiny Desk Concert.”) Baker is an incendiary lyricist, and this track is devastating; it’s an exploration of the collision of self-destructive tendencies and a willingness to sacrifice things for the people you love. The gentle, loping guitar part washes over the listener as Baker sings, “I wouldn’t have blamed you/for leaving me out on the porch/while you drank gasoline/cause it’s what you needed so badly.”

Back in September, I hopped on a bus to see Baker play a show in Grand Rapids. Baker’s 2015 debut album, “Sprained Ankle,” gutted 75 percent of the F News office, myself included. I managed to keep the tears at bay for most of her set, but once she started playing “Funeral Pyre” I was bawling. But it was a good cry; a cleansing cry. “Funeral Pyre,” like the rest of Baker’s music, encourages the listener to confront and work through their own bull-shit. The studio version of the track is equally mesmerizing, the layers of Baker’s vocals coupled with the wall of feedback at the end of the track demonstrate Baker’s skill as a producer as well. If “Funeral Pyre” is any indication of future records, Baker’s future is dazzling.

If those heartbreaking chords weren’t enough for you, check out this sultry mix of new albums for the rest of your winter hibernation:

“I See You” by The xx
The perfect mix of “Dangerous”-ly delicious synths and melancholic bumps.

“4 Your Eyez Only” by J. Cole
A gut-wrencher that south-paws your heart with emotional lyrics, cascading violin, and ebullient rap.

“Men Amongst Mountains” by The Revivalists
The thirst-quencher for sinuous guitar strums and seductive lyrics.

“Awaken, My Love!” by Childish Gambino
A free ticket out of 2017 altogether and into a ‘70s love affair (listen to “Redbone” first and you’ll understand).



“Transatlanticism Demos” by Death Cab for Cutie
Barsuk Records

The album “Transatlanticism” is impossible to forget. Deathcab is one of those bands that I find myself continually coming back to. Unlike Paramore, Hey Monday, or some Newfound Glory B-sides, it’s the only band that survived after my 2008 emo phase. Surely, no one can be constantly brilliant; aren’t demos supposed to be rough? But somehow the raw edges around this Death Cab classic make for an even more visceral listen than the studio version.

The gentle, plodding guitar riffs in the stripped version of “The Sound of Settling” speak to the literal mundanity of settling, which contrasts with the cheery studio version. “We Looked Like Giants” borrows some techno instrumentation that is reminiscent of a Postal Service track. The stripped-down guitar on “Tiny Vessels” — without the riot of drums and cymbals in the background — allows the lyrics to breathe, demonstrating the flawless poeticism of Ben Gibbard. Just look at how he describes a hickey: “Tiny vessels oozed into your neck/ And formed the bruises/that you said you didn’t want to fade.” I would read this man’s grocery list.

The demo of the title track made me say, “Oh my god” out loud. If the studio version of “Transatlanticism” is a storm over an ocean, the demo is a misty sunrise over a woodland lagoon. The beautiful looping synths with hints of cello; the gentle heartbeat of the drum machine — it’s ebullient.

My favorite Death Cab song changes as I age. Right now, it’s the demo of “Expo ’86” — a track I barely cared about when I first dove into “Transatlanticism” at age 15.

At 15, I was concerned with the fact that this album had the capacity to lament. My favorite tracks were “Tiny Vessels” and “We Looked Like Giants”: tracks that allowed noise, guitar fuzz, feedback, cymbals (read: adolescent love) to be an all-consuming force. In contrast, the demo of “Expo ’86” knows that love is fleeting. It’s a song about being cognizant of your own bullshit romantic patterns. I love the garage-band anxiety during the second chorus when the drums kick in and Gibbard sings, “I am waiting for that sense of relief/I am waiting for you to split the scene.” Is there anything more prevalent to your twenties than a sense of pre-emptive dread?

Wipe the wintry tears away (or not) with these crestfallen chords

Rosie Accola



“Hollow Body” by Many Rooms
Other People Records

Twenty-four minutes is record time for a heartbreak. But in just six tracks, Many Rooms (Brianna Hunt) managed to obliterate my entire heart — a mere five days into 2017. My friend warned me that I would be “shook” when I listened to this record; I’m not just shook — I’m vanquished. A perpetual sucker for indie folk, I’m enraptured by Hunt’s vaporous voice as it creeps up the scales. There’s a power behind each strum; you can hear in the songs that she pulls the guitar strings a little hard because she means it. This album is breathtaking, in both its simplicity and lyrical honesty. Lyrics like, “All I know is that I’m in deep/and all I know is that I’m unclear” cut to the core of heartbreak with laser precision. I’ll admit I was a little skeptical during the first few tracks, but tracks four through six are where Hunt really hits her stride. This record digs a hole in your chest in the best way.

Rosie is a junior in the writing department. 'Zines, snacks, and dogs make her world go 'round.



DEATH STARTS

The intergenerational mourning
for two legendary women...



Jose Nateras

As numerous obituaries have reported since the late December passing of Carrie Fisher, the legendary figure requested “that no matter how I go, I want it reported that I drowned in moonlight, strangled by my own bra.” This request came from her one-woman show (and the book it subsequently became) “Wishful Drinking.” The talented writer, script doctor, and actress, primarily known for portraying General Leia Organa (née Princess Leia) in the “Star Wars” films, was also the daughter of the equally legendary Debbie Reynolds, who passed away just one day after her daughter’s death.

Star of the iconic film “Singin’ in the Rain,” Reynolds was at her daughter’s side in Los Angeles following the severe heart attack Fisher suffered on a transatlantic flight from London, only to suffer a stroke the following afternoon. As the plucky ingenue in “Singin’ in the Rain,” the wise spider in “Charlotte’s Web,” the vivacious mother from “Will and Grace,” or even the quirky grandmother of the “Halloweentown” series, Debbie Reynolds has been a consistent and comforting presence in many people’s lives for decades. Even her titular portrayal of “The Unsinkable Molly Brown” showcased her as a beacon of resilience and old-school talent and showmanship.

In terms of resilience, Reynolds’ daughter had taken on that mantle wholeheartedly. A vocal advocate for those living with mental illness and struggling with addiction, Carrie Fisher has been frank and open about her personal journey living with severe bipolar disorder and as a recovering addict.

Her portrayal of Leia Organa in George Lucas’ “Star Wars” films was groundbreaking. Holding her own amongst a cast comprised almost entirely of men, her role as a smart and capable space princess inspired generations in countless ways. Yes, girls can shoot blasters. Yes, women can be brave, rebellious, and risk it all to save the ones they love. And hell yes, when the patriarchy tries to oppress and objectify them, women can and should strangle those agents of oppression with the very chains that might bind them.

Together, the mother-daughter duo provided a generational bridge that, for many, served as personal foundation. Whether it was in the way we played “Star Wars” make-believe as children, or in the way we looked at our mothers, sisters, and ourselves, these two amazing individuals inspired, entertained, and motivated.

As artists, Reynolds and Fisher dedicated their lives to their work and as such, that work has continued to be exceedingly relevant. Reynolds won the 2015 Screen Actors Guild Lifetime Achievement Award and continued to perform on the stage for eager audiences well into the last years of her life. Fisher appeared in last year’s latest “Star Wars” sequel, “The Force Awakens,” and had a CGI cameo in this year’s “Rogue One: A Star Wars Story.” She is reported to have finished shooting for “The Last Jedi” before she passed way.

The relationship between the two women is also the focus of a recently released HBO documentary, “Bright Lights: Starring Carrie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds,” which the L.A. Times called “a thoughtful examination of the ripple effects of mental illness and addiction, the indignities of aging in Hollywood. ...But ultimately, and perhaps most movingly, it’s a celebration of showmanship, of the ways in which the indomitable spirit of the performer is a metaphor for life itself.”

Furthermore, given the current political climate (Fisher was a noted critic of Trump), the political implications of the “Star Wars” films, and the need for all of us to find the rebel within, General Leia Organa of the Rebel Alliance was a valuable role model.

As artists, Reynolds and Fisher touched the lives of millions of people. Whether or not those millions knew them personally, they know their work personally and as such, the loss so many are feeling is a personal one. David Kessler, author and grief specialist, wrote a Facebook post referenced in an article called “Grief Counselor Shares 3 Reasons Why We Mourn the Deaths of Celebrities:”

It is real grief ... grief is a reflection of a connection that we’ve lost ... Of course, we connect with celebrities ... We may have not known them, but they help us know ourselves ... Their songs may help us know [ourselves], we may remember where we were when the first ‘Star Wars’ came out or what it was like to see Carrie Fisher in the newer ‘Star Wars,’ and they connect us to our youth. And help us know ourselves a little better.

Closing out a brutal year marred by the deaths of numerous beloved entertainers, there’s something particularly emotional about the loss of both Fisher and Reynolds in such rapid succession. In a world where so much seems so uncertain, losing two symbols of inspiration from the generations that have gone before has been disorienting. It is too easy to imagine how hard it must be losing, as Fisher’s daughter — actress Billie Lourd — has, one’s mother and grandmother at once. The prospect of forging ahead into the dark future without these beacons to guide us is frightening, to say the least.

If nothing else, one can take comfort in the truth that, even if they’re no longer here, Carrie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds have left us two lives’ worth of inspiration. Their examples can remind us that, even when caught in the rain, we can find a song to sing. Even when the night is at its darkest, there are still stars in the sky and hope to be had. After all, everyone has to go sometime or another, and there are far worse ways to do so than by drowning in moonlight.

Jose is a writer, actor, and nerd.

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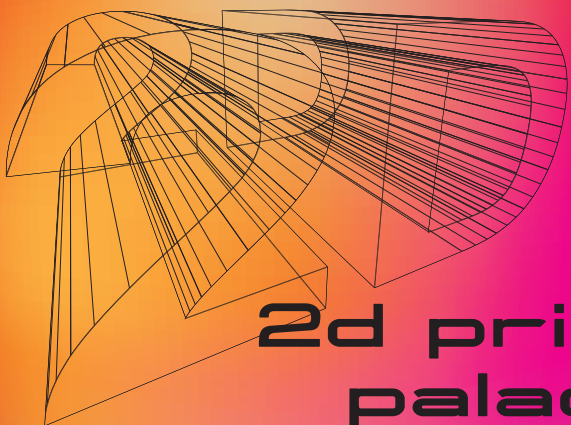
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—Tom Stoppard

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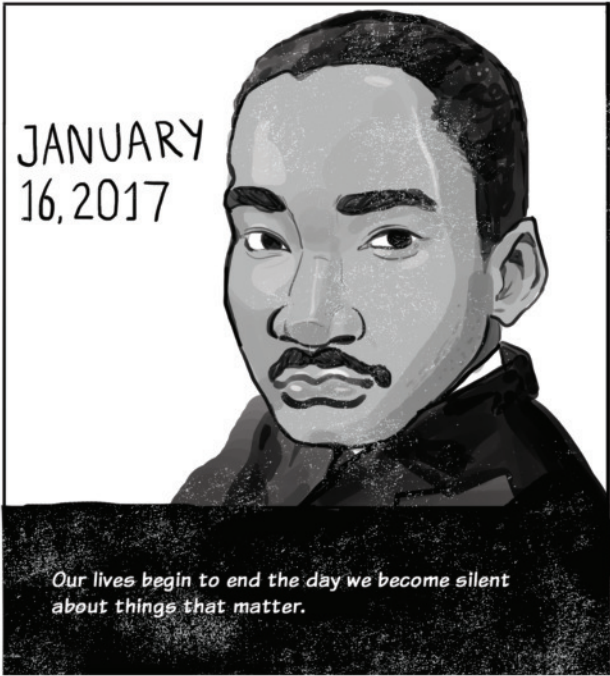
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January 30, February 27, March 7

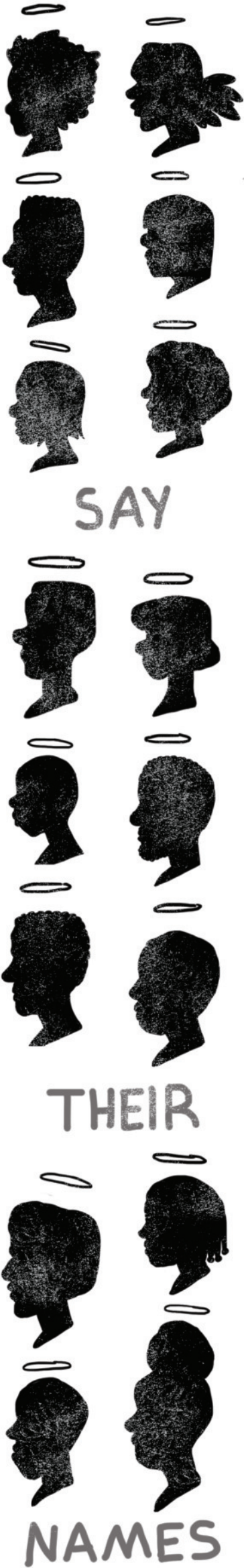
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BY AMBER HUFF





Those first quiet moments



after waking



before you remember



everything).



Brian Fabry Dorsam

The Women's March by Kera Ling

I'VE BEEN FEELING A BIT OVERWHELMED BY AMERICA'S CURRENT POLITICAL SITUATION.	I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO WATCH THE INAUGURATION OF THE EMBODIMENT OF AMERICA'S BROKEN-NESS.	THE WOMEN'S MARCH GAVE ME SOME MUCH NEEDED HOPE THAT PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD STILL BELIEVE IN FIGHTING FOR FUNDAMENTAL HUMAN RIGHTS.
I DESPERATELY WANT TO BE PART OF THIS MASSIVE DEMOCRATIC EFFORT, BUT THE WAYS TO PROTEST AND THE FOLUSES OF SOCIAL ACTIVISM ARE STAGGERING.	HOW CAN I, AS A YOUNG WOMAN OF COLOR WHO DRAWS CHARACTER-DRIVEN COMICS, HELP SUSTAIN THIS MOMENTUM?	ONE THING I DECIDED IS THAT JUST BY CONTINUING TO EXPRESS A VOICE THAT IS PART OF A DIVERSE AMERICA I CAN MAKE A POSITIVE POLITICAL IMPACT.
FURTHERMORE, MY ARTWORK ABOUT STRONG WOMEN WHO FIGHT FOR AND SUPPORT ONE ANOTHER ALL HELPS TO FURTHER THE FEMINIST CAUSE.	USING THE BECHDEL TEST AND OTHER CRITIGUES OF MISOGYNISTIC TV TROPES IN MIND, I WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE SMART, RELEVANT WORK.	I WILL CREATE ART FOR WOMEN, HUMANITY, THE PLANET, AND MYSELF. THUS I WILL CONTINUE TO RESIST.



SO. YOU MAKE COMICS

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(money can be exchanged
for goods and services)



AS A CHILD,



KEVIN
USED TO
HIDE HIM-
SELF.





EVEN IN PRIVATE
MOMENTS.



IS HE NAKED?



IN 5TH GRADE,
HE THOUGHT HIS CRUSH
WAS WATCHING HIM.



WHY IS HE
SO PUDDY?

=mmmmm=

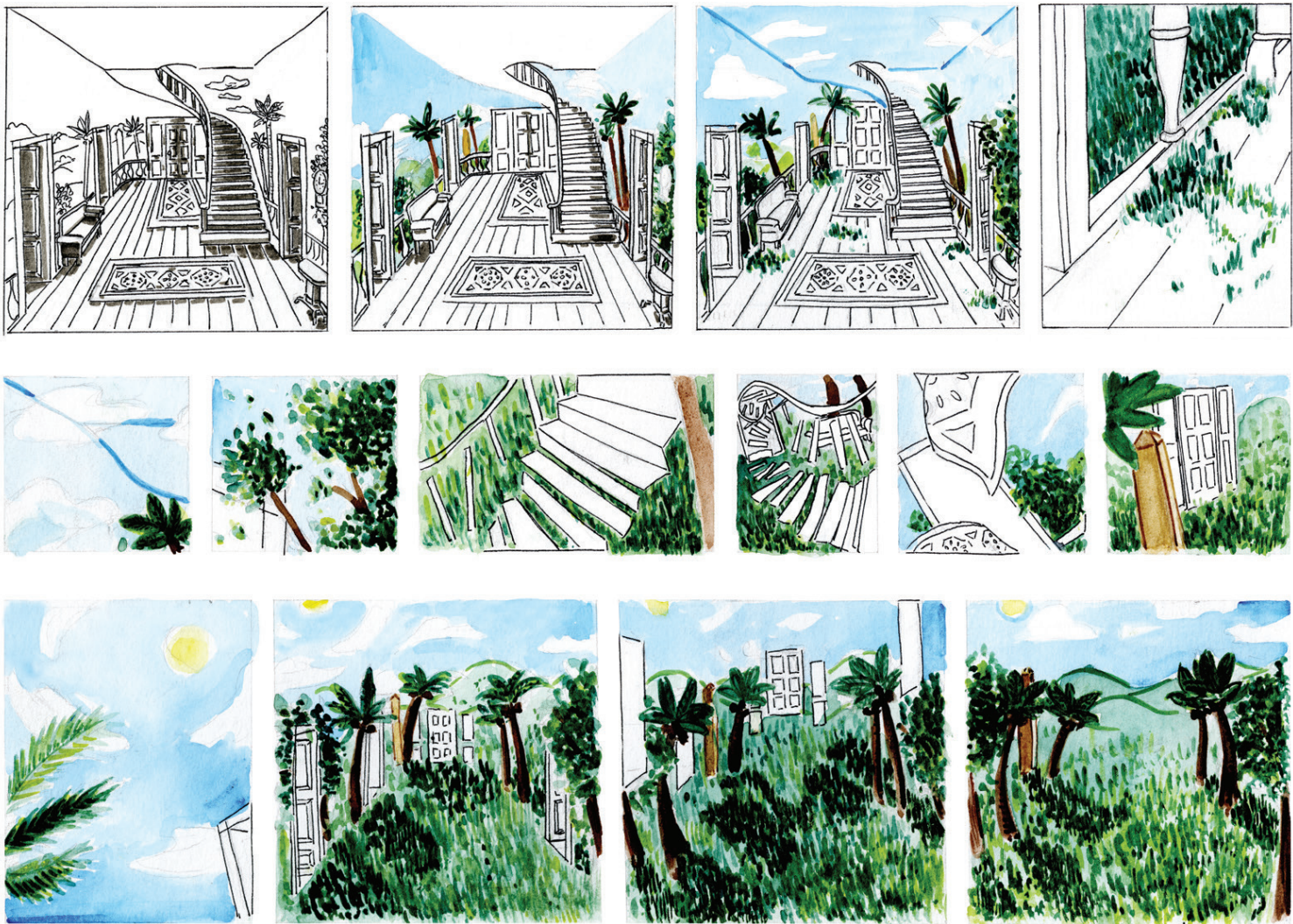




JUDGING
HIM.

ROHAN McDONALD

Small Stories



(Based on the miniature rooms at the AIC)

Madeleine Hettich

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Clockwise from left: Charles Atlas / Rashaun Mitchell / Silas Riener, *Tesseract*. Pictured: Rashaun Mitchell and Silas Riener. Photo: Courtesy of EMPAC. Carolyn Brown performing *Summerspace* (1958), Sogetsu Art Center, 1964. Installation view, *Dance Works II: Merce Cunningham/Ernesto Neto*, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, 2012. Photo: Gene Pittman. Installation view, *Dance Works III: Merce Cunningham and Rei Kawakubo*, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, 2011. Photo: Gene Pittman.

Merce Cunningham: Common Time is organized by the Walker Art Center with major support from the Barnett and Annalee Newman Foundation and the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts. Generous support is also provided by Agnes Gund and the Roy Lichtenstein Foundation. *Merce Cunningham: Common Time* is curated by Fionn Meade and Philip Bither with Joan Rothfuss and Mary Coyne. Lynne Warren is the MCA Coordinating Curator.

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