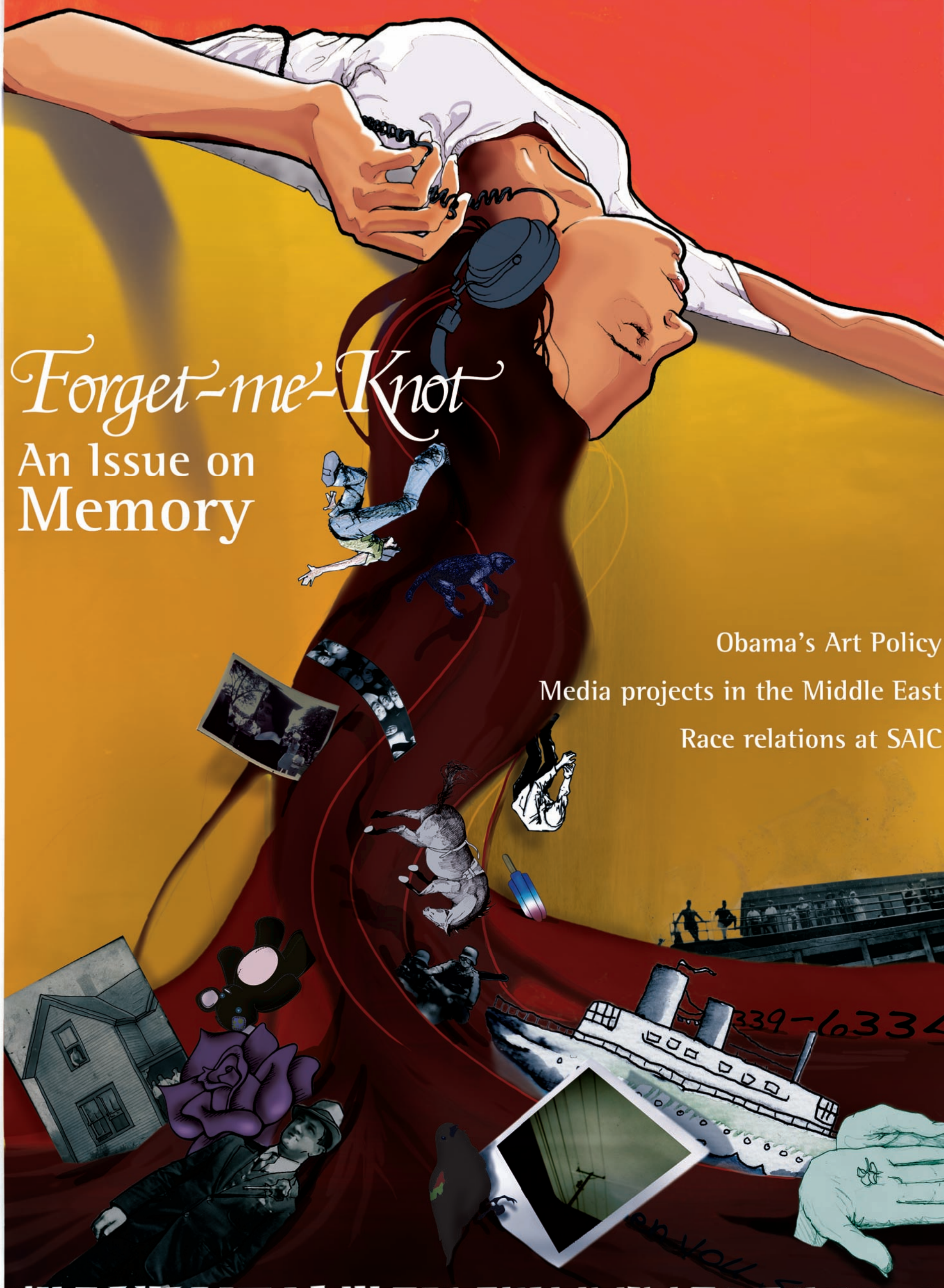


f A STUDENT JOURNAL OF ART, CULTURE AND POLITICS

FEBRUARY 2009

NEWSMAGAZINE



Forget-me-Knot An Issue on Memory

Obama's Art Policy
Media projects in the Middle East
Race relations at SAIC

THE SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

f NEWSMAGAZINE FEBRUARY 2009

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NEWS AND BRIEFS

- 3 Editorials Co-Editors *Beth Capper* and *Emily Bauman* touch on issues of politics and memory in order explain this issue's theme.
- 4 Letters Chancellor *Tony Jones* on illustration and a reader's response to December's cover.
- 5 Art News Shorts *Joel Kuennen* on Chicago's Finch Gallery moving to NYC and *Natalie Edwards* on poop art, the new Polaroid, and Obama: the musical.
- 7 School News Shorts SAIC's *Mike Dorf* is the frontrunner to head the NEA, water main break cancels classes, and the new president (of the school, not the country) shakes things up.

POLITICS

- 8 Obama's Policy for the Arts Political correspondent *Aur lie Beatley* reports from Washington.
- 10 Political Corruption in Illinois *Anna Kryczka* examines the Blagojevich scandal and the state's legacy of corruption.

FORGET-ME-KNOT

- 11 Emily Bauman interviews Rafael Lozano-Hemmer about *Pulse Park*, his public art project in Madison Square Park last Fall.
- 12 Margaret Di Giulio shares her personalized postcards with *F Newsmagazine*.
- 13 Outlining Bodies *Katie Lennard* on garments at the Chicago History Museum.
- 14&15 The Benefit of Hindsight *Rachel Sima Harris* explores how race relations at SAIC have been shaped by the Harold Washington painting in 1988, plus an interview with James Britt, Head of Multicultural Affairs.
- 16&17 Mapping Alzheimer's *Mike Gibisser* dissects misrecognition & his relationship with his grandmother.
- 18 Blogs as Scrapbooks *Abby Glogower* discusses Jessica Hefland's blog, "The Daily Scrapbook," and the nature of personal archives.
- 19 Ania Szremski reports on the Barefoot Workshop's initiative CAMERAS FOR GAZA.
- 20 Digital Media and Tactility *Aur lie Beatley* on the age of computer art and how it's, well, unreal.
- 21 Adam Neese's photo essay on the death of the Polaroid and lamentation thereof.

REVIEWS

- 22 Brian Wallace reviews and interviews *Joseph Grigely* about his "St. Cecelia" exhibition at the MCA.
- 23 Short List *Emily Bauman* This month: special interest museums in Chicago.
- 24 "of or relating to the sky or visible heavens" at Western Exhibitions. *Corinna Kirsch* reviews.
- 25 Gregory Harris on the Mapplethorpe Polaroid exhibition at Northwestern's Mary and Leigh Block Museum.

HUMOUR & COMICS

- 27 SAIC at War who hates whom? who is actually better?...can we settle this with intramural sports?
- 29 Famous Artist Personal Ads Yoko Ono, Ana Mendieta, Jenny Holzer, Robert Smithson and more...
- 30 Comics & Humor by Eric Garcia, David Essman, and Alexandra Westrich, while Afton McCann details the failure of abstinence-only sex education.

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New Beginnings

BY BETH CAPPER

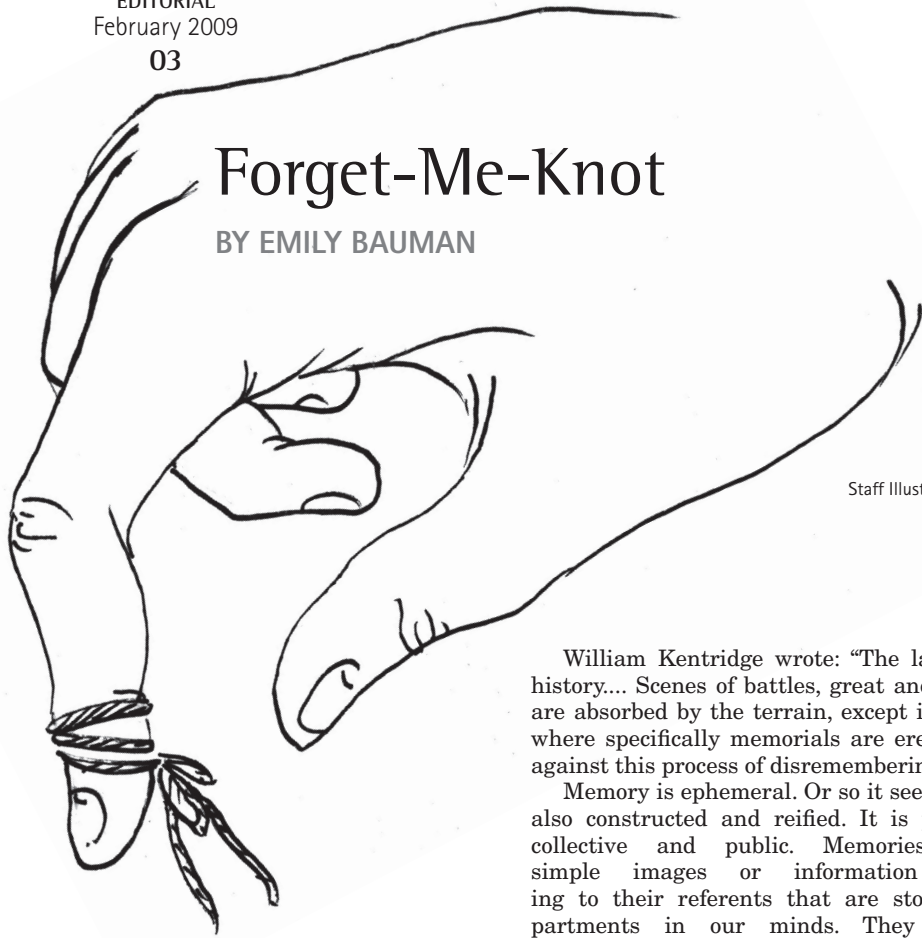
For the past three issues, *F Newsmagazine* has been theming its print editions. The first issue under my watch as editor was dedicated to crisis, mostly prompted by the onset of the recession we now find ourselves deeply mired in. This issue is about Memory—it is the Forget-Me-Knot issue. Forget-Me-Knot is meant to conjure up many things. In one sense it alludes to Valentines Day—this is, after all, the February issue—since wearers of the relatedly named forget-me-not flower will not be forgotten by their loved ones. In another it alludes to the aftermath of a new year; to reflecting on the last one, and preparing for the future. These two issues correlate nicely, as it is perhaps through our memories that we are able to make sense of crisis, whether personal or political. With this new year, many changes are already under way. The last couple of months, since November 4 and leading up to the January 20 inauguration ceremony, have felt strangely static. It is still too early to tell how Obama will fare as President, but a new fervor of anticipation and hope is here to stay. Let us hope it weathers us through the bitter cold.

These changes are why now, more than ever, it is important to remember and to reflect on our memories as we move forward. Political upheaval brings its own form of amnesia, whether it is in the form of a new President or renewed strife in Gaza. A black president should not obfuscate the shocking racial divides still prevalent in this country, particularly in a city like Chicago—one of the most segregated in the nation. The dire situation in Gaza should not obscure other political issues still close at hand, like the Russian-Georgian conflict that seems all but forgotten, nor should it be cause for making sweeping generalizations about a political situation with many historical nuances.

The articles in this issue address the many facets of memory, as it relates to personal stories, art and politics. Among them are Katie Lennard's piece on clothing and memory, which demonstrates how objects are inextricable from the memories they connote, Emily Bauman's interview with Rafael Lozano-Hemmer about the public art project *Pulse Park*, Ania Szremski's article about Gaza which asks how documentation can help shape memories of political events, and Rachel Sima Harris's article about race relations at SAIC shaped by an historic controversy. These articles, and more, are our musings on the subject of memory. We hope you enjoy them.

Forget-Me-Knot

BY EMILY BAUMAN



Staff Illustration by Aurelie Beatley

I tie another knot along a string. I tie a bow around my finger.

Whether it be to mark a moment that has passed, remind me of an event in the future, or to make sure that I Never Forget, my life has become full of memories that I clutch close to my chest. I hold on to them tightly. Some consciously, with the desperate fear that they may slip away, that the string may be pulled and their form will unravel. Others quietly hold their places in my subconscious, pretty and decorative, like the bows on a little girl's dress, or worn and tattered after years of use, abuse and near-forgetting.

My life is made up of memories; my mind a row of forget-me-knots.

It is a new year, with a new President, another flare-up in the Middle East and the beginning of another Black History Month. As things radically change—or staunchly stay the same—memories battle to be recorded, remembered, marked down. With the passage of time, it is inevitable that details will get lost, complexity will be simplified, and clarity will lose some focus.

William Kentridge wrote: “The landscape hides its history.... Scenes of battles, great and small, disappear, are absorbed by the terrain, except in those few places where specifically memorials are erected... as defenses against this process of disremembering and absorption.”

Memory is ephemeral. Or so it seems. But memory is also constructed and reified. It is personal, but also collective and public. Memories are not just simple images or information directly relating to their referents that are stored in little compartments in our minds. They are full-sensory experiences that exist within a web of sights, smells, feelings, tastes, and emotions. Our memories are animate. And, in order for them to remain vital, we must invest in their meanings, give play to their complexities and recount their contradictions.

Sophie Calle filmed her mother's death, and put it on view at the Venice Biennale for the world to see. She made us share in a tragedy that was not ours to experience—and yet was every person's tragedy: the experience of the death of a parent. Additionally, she made her mother share in an honor, even after death, that most people just simply thank their parents for helping them achieve.

I don't have a film of my mother's death, but the reel keeps playing over and over again in my head. I don't have an honor yet to share with her, and when I do, she will probably have to get just the typical lip service. But my string of memories is made up of her thread, and my future, just as strongly as my past, is filled with her essence. She taught me how to tie my knots: looping the string around my fingers and pulling it into a sturdy bow. ■

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Letters to the Editor

Porn for girls?

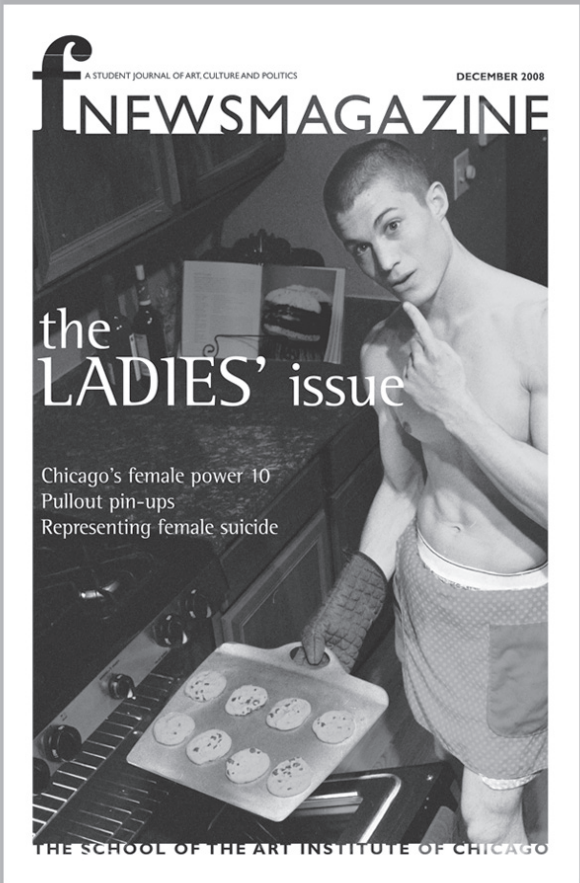
Okay, I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt here and assume that your cover is about turning the pin-up around. However, my first reaction was, "Oh, they've seen that crappy, Porn For Her book." It's a big seller right now, and it is full of photos of hot guys doing housework because that's what every woman dreams of right? Anyway, it seemed like very outdated humor to me, and I was surprised to see such similar imagery on your cover.

— *Lindsey Helms, Humboldt Park*

Dear Lindsey,

It did cross my mind that the cover could be interpreted in this way. The idea, as you suggest, was that it was meant to be an amusing take on the pin-up, and while kitschy, we had a hard time trying to represent the "ladies issue" in a sensitive and smart manner. I have also seen many of those porn for her-type books and magazines and the indie porn for women's mags that show similarly annoying images. However, with the cover we were specifically intending to mimic the pin-up, especially considering the article inside about the history of pin-ups.

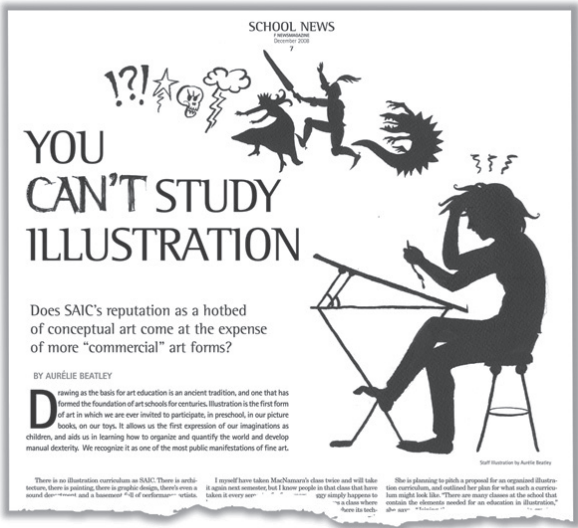
— *Beth Capper, Editor*



Tony Jones on SAIC's illustration legacy

The recent article on illustration in the new *F News-magazine* caught my attention. Although you didn't reference it, you may know that SAIC had an extraordinary reputation as one of the leading schools of illustration, with a vast number of America's best-known artist-illustrators being either alumni or faculty (and in some cases they were both)—but as you commented, not recently. I've always been somewhat disappointed that "classic" illustration is not a major part of the School today—it flourishes elsewhere, like Maryland and Art Center, but not here. Perhaps, as you say, it's "not of our culture" any more. I'm glad, however, that faculty member Peggy MacNamara continues the great tradition.

Few people know of that history, but it will feature as a major chapter in the book I'm writing on the history of the School from its founding in 1866—and I've been planning an exhibition of SAIC illustrators to coincide with the publication of the book (in 2011) for which Peggy MacNamara will be my co-curator. The heyday was the period from around 1910 to the late '50s, when the need for illustrators of every kind drove a strong curriculum at the School, mostly to answer the needs of the publishing industry in Chicago. Major advertising agencies (e.g., Brown & Bigelow) in Chicago were the talent-scouts who commissioned artists to create work for their clients—some were big commercial entities (e.g., Coca-Cola, Sears, Kelloggs, etc.), while many were magazines (ranging from the famous pulps like *True Detective* to *Playboy*—Hugh Hefner had been a student at SAIC, and when he founded *Playboy* he hired artists like fellow-alumnus Le-Roy Nieman, then Roger Brown and Ed Paschke to create illustrations for the stories). The range of work by these SAIC illustrators was amazing—from the original graphics by alumnus W.W. Denslow for the Wizard of Oz books, to the famous pin-ups of the World War II period by Rolf Armstrong and the great George Petty (both alums). It was Petty who did the truly legendary pin-up of the negligee-clad girl on a telephone, "Miss Memphis Belle"—and Petty's illustration was transposed onto the nose of the storied World War II B-17 Flying Fortress bomber (an aircraft that was the subject of two Hollywood movies). Icons like The Green Lantern and Prince Valiant came from SAIC artists, and the first covers of *Tarzan*, *Lord of the Jungle* from faculty member Allen St. John. Other SAIC illustrators became famous for creating single iconic images that have become part of American life—e.g., Sunny Sundblom's creation of Santa Claus drinking a Coca-Cola, as well as Snap Crackle & Pop, Smokey the Bear, Tony the Tiger, and Charlie the Tuna. Dean Cornwell was as famous as Sundblom for his many paintings for Chiquita Banana advertisements.



But with the advent of the almost exclusive use of color photography in the '60s many colleges dropped illustration as a discipline—the attitude of the late '50s and '60s was pretty much against "applied painting," which was seen as "commercial art." I suppose the dominant art movement of the period—American Abstract Expressionism—was about as far as you could get from narrative paintings that illustrated stories, and it came to be an overwhelming force in the School, until the Imagist group (Brown, Paschke, Wirsum, etc.) brought back a new kind of figuration! Old-time faculty members of the School have told me that the bias against "commercial art" was very acute in the late '60s especially, and this, combined with photography, caused its disappearance from the curriculum. Students also simply lost interest in the subject—as one alum told me, "Photography had taken over, and illustration just didn't seem to have any point to it."

A great sadness fell over my whole book and exhibition project recently with the very unexpected death of a man named Charles Martignette. Charles had assembled one of the largest collections of illustration work in America (I mean original works by the artists themselves)—over 5000 pieces—and he'd told me that over half his collection was by alumni or faculty at SAIC—going right back to the late 1800s. He was going to loan major works from his collection for the exhibition I intended to curate called "Paint Me A Story," which I'd hoped would come as a great revelation to our community, and show the extraordinary history of illustrators at the School. His death has truly robbed us of a leading historian who could have added a great deal to our understanding of the illustration tradition both at the School and in Chicago itself. I'm sure what I've discovered so far about illustrators at the School is just the tip of an iceberg.

—*Tony Jones, Chancellor, SAIC*

C U R R E N T L Y O N F N E W M A G A Z I N E . C O M

"The real world doesn't give grades for doing what you're supposed to do...grades are a rather juvenile form of motivation."

—*Barbara De Genevieve,*
Chair of Photography

"Some professors are lazy in critiques because it's pass or fail."

—*Betsy Yaros, SAIC student*

"I think a switch would be met with tremendous resistance."

—*Raja Halwani, Chair of Liberal Arts*



President Wellington "Duke" Reiter recently put the assessment debate back on the table. Visit us online at FNewsmagazine.com to read what the School of the Art Institute students, faculty and administration are saying. —Rachel Sima Harris • F Newsmagazine, Editor • www.fnewsmagazine.com

The Finch Migrates

The Finch Gallery will be closing its doors at the end of January and moving to NYC, but not before celebrating a fruitful two-year run with the “requisite” dance party.

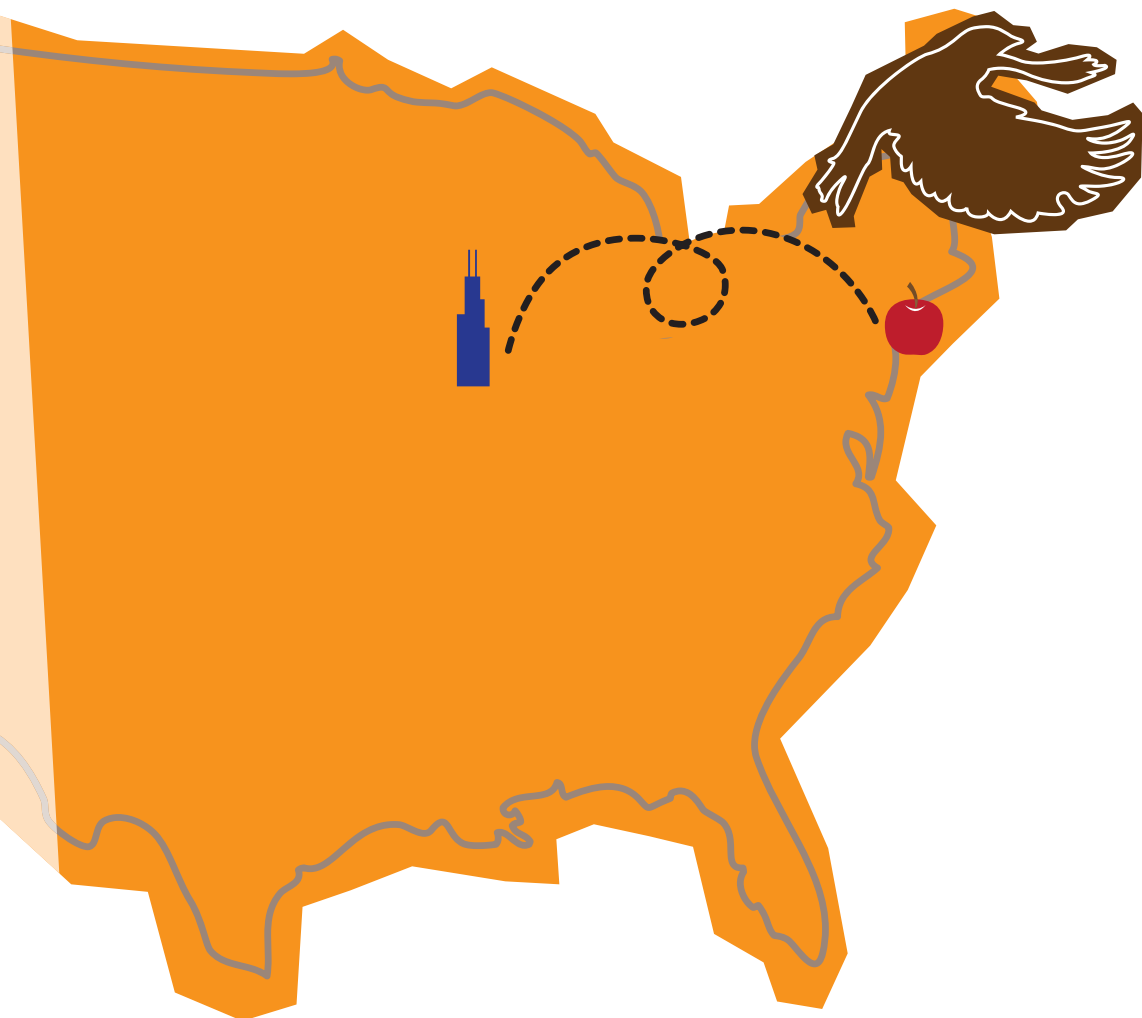
The Finch started as a reaction to the “canned-beer art-parties and ego-driven shiny shows” which abound in Chicago. Opening in a decrepit space above a bowling alley, the founders traded renovating the space for its use and the Finch Gallery was born. *F Newsmagazine* sat down with the SAIC alum Nicholas Freeman, Executive Director and Co-Founder of the gallery, to pick his brain about Finch Gallery, the art/gallery scene, Lacan, dance parties, and what comes next. The following is an excerpt from the interview:

“Part of the move [to NYC] is personal, I’ve traveled quite a bit, but have always lived in Chicago; it’s time to get some fresh eyes. I’ve bitched more than anybody about how everyone leaves here for the coasts, but after a few years of running this space, I decided that I needed to see how other independent galleries got down across the country. I am interested in going and absorbing as much as possible in this next phase of the gallery, then returning to Chicago and doing things better. The Finch Gallery is going to turn into an “inside-out gallery,” operating on the street as opposed to within a static space.... We will continue to show work in a manner that helps bridge the esoteric divide between artist and audience and not play to the tune of the market. The Finch has always prided ourselves on being a socialist space—the gallery’s name is derived from the most common species of bird—we don’t need some hot receptionist sitting behind a Mac in our gallery to legitimize us.”

The Finch plans to incorporate an education program for high school students and young artists to compensate for the paucity of current arts education in prep school. “How is a 22-year old supposed to really make Lacanian theory a viable avenue of thought while they’re also grappling with the technical aspects of painting, let alone the inevitable experimentations of one’s youth?” The program proposes to allow for a fuller integration of information, slowed to a pace at which it can actually be absorbed by students, instead of rushing them through the system.— **JK**



For the interview’s full text, please visit our website at fnewsmagazine.com. The Finch’s “last stand” (dance party) will be held at Finch Gallery, 2747 W. Armitage, on January 31, and starts at 7p.m. For more information on the Finch Gallery, go to finchgallery.com.



ART NEWS shorts

BY JOEL KUENNEN AND NATALIE EDWARDS



Staff Illustrations by Amy Luo

A Space-waster?

Of course everyone would like to have a huge functioning machine that runs just like a digestive system in their town, but only the people of Montreal have that luxury, at least until Valentine’s day. The Université du Québec’s art gallery has installed Wim Delvoye’s tower of digestion and excretion, upsetting the stomachs of tax-payers and enemies of poop smells. The “mouth” is fed twice daily with leftovers from the museum’s cafeteria, and the sphincter opens up for a turd once a day. Of course, the steel, rubber and glass installation also releases a nauseating sulphuric gas, because any good sculptural representation of a digestive system must fart.

Delvoye claims that the installation is a reflection of the creative process and acknowledges the vulnerability of the sculpture’s meaning: in an art museum, *Cloaca* is art; in a garage, it is just an interesting machine. He also believes it doesn’t belong in a science museum.

Delvoye intentionally tried to make something absurdly unnecessary, but also claims to have created something to which everyone can relate. Everybody poops.— **NE**

Shake it like a Polaroid picture

The Polaroid Company has dumped the nostalgic analog film process that has long defined the Polaroid brand for a new, “modern” revision of instant film: a camera that spits out digital printed copies of the photo you just took. Not to worry, leave it to Netherlanders to rescue an American tradition. The Impossible Project, a company founded with the sole purpose of manufacturing the film that time might have forgotten, has purchased all the old Polaroid equipment and has signed a ten-year lease on the building that houses the equipment. Look for the instant film to be available again by 2010.— **NE**

Ooh-Oh-Oh-Obama

Because nothing is sacred and irony will not ebb no matter how hard it is beaten with hope, an American writer living in London has written a musical called “Obama on My Mind,” a self-described “musical romp” that combines a disturbing array of musical genres, including “some motownish stuff” and tango.

The Hen and Chickens Theatre in North London will run the show for three weeks in March, but an Obama character will not appear on stage. The play is set in a campaign office.

This is not the only Obama musical, however. Another original musical ran in Kenya last November.— **NE**

Set against the backdrop of the U.S. launching attacks on Iraq, this poignant and intimate production emphasizes the confusion of an isolated younger generation.

—*Time Out Singapore*

chelfitsch

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The seven-city North American tour of chelfitsch: *Five Days in March* is organized and produced by the Japan Society (New York) and is supported by the Agency for Cultural Affairs, Government of Japan; The Japan Foundation through the Performing Arts JAPAN Program; and The Saison Foundation for the Japan Society's Japanese Theater NOW initiative.

Photo by Toru Yokota

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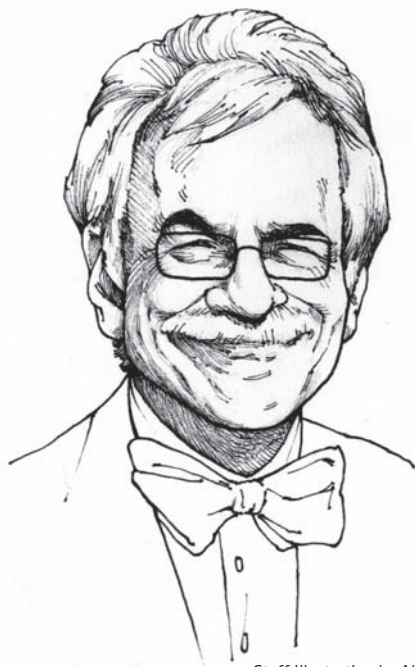
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SCHOOL NEWS SHORTS

BY BETH CAPPER AND KRISTEN DEWHITE



Staff Illustration by Alexandra Westrich

SAIC's Mike Dorf to head the NEA!?

Mike Dorf, Adjunct Professor in the Arts Administration and Policy Department, is the leading candidate to be the next Chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), according to an article published January 16 in the *L.A. Times*. Dorf is an attorney whose dedicated work in the arts policy sector—within the city and on a national scale—might finally be paying off. Dorf has been serving Obama for quite a while—according to the *Chicago Reader*, since 1999 Dorf has acted as Obama's election lawyer, and he was the co-convenor in developing Obama's art policy platform for the 2008 elections. He also headed up the Chicago Cultural plan, serves on the board of the Illinois Arts Alliance and is the former vice president of Lawyers for the Creative Arts. Dorf teaches a Law, Policy and the Arts class at SAIC. To read more about Obama's policy for the arts, see page 9. —BC

Water Pipes Burst in 112 S. Michigan, Classes Cancelled

On January 17 a water main burst in SAIC's 112 S. Michigan building. Thomas Buechele, Associate Vice President of Facilities, Operations and Planning, explains what happened: "A water pipe behind the men's bathroom on the second mezzanine of the ballroom got frozen, and when the weather warmed up it burst. The water ran for two hours before they were completely able to stop it. The kitchen and storage rooms and four classrooms on the first floor and the neon, holography and kinetics labs, as well as the edit suites downstairs, got water damage. We haven't been able to unpack everything from neon and holography yet to know the extent of student work ruined." Miranda Stokes, an undergraduate student who took the class Neon Techniques last semester, is one of many students affected. She says: "I lost all of my work, and the class I was hoping to take this semester was cancelled. Everything I worked so hard to achieve last semester, gone." She added, however, that maybe the damage is a blessing in disguise: "The neon lab is a disaster and they really need to rebuild it anyway." Buechele, however, says there are no immediate plans for improvement at present beyond basic restoration. "The school has a \$50,000 dollar deductible and it is likely that this work is going to exceed that," he says. All of the classes on the first floor have been relocated to the second floor of the 116 S. Michigan building. Classes in holography and neon have been cancelled for the semester and the kinetics lab is going to re-open in 6-8 weeks. —BC



F Newsmagazine has obtained exclusive footage at fnewsmagazine.com of **Duke Reiter's** discussion with faculty and staff that happened before the break. Watch Duke Reiter, SAIC's **Obama**, actually engage the room with earnest interest, as he takes suggestions to improve the school and increase resources. Watch the video online to see your professors plead for their dreams. See if you can spot your professor growling in the crowd so you can judge them. This exclusive, raw footage exposes the direction the school may be going... form your own opinion.

GOSSIP AND EVENTS:

Bill Ayers, the controversial Obama-associated activist whom right-wing pundits claimed was so far left he could be classified as a terrorist, will be speaking at the School of the Art Institute's 280 S. Columbus Dr. auditorium on Monday, Feb 9, from 6-7 p.m. The event is only open to SAIC students. Will the right-wing media declare SAIC a terrorist organization by association? We can only wait and see... If you're hankering for some love, head over to Victory Gardens for the Poetry Foundation's 3rd annual Valentine's day celebration. **David Rakoff** will be there, and he knows Amy Sedaris and was in the *Strangers with Candy* movie. Will the right-wing media declare Victory Gardens an absurdly hilarious theater full of laughs and smiles? We can only wait and see... The **Southern Graphics** conference, which is neither southern or pornographic, is hosted this year by Columbia College. It's a printmaking conference that explores social and artistic "currents found in printmaking throughout the world." Which just seems like a bunch of words that don't really mean anything, but with five days of lectures like "Perfect Registration: Innovations in Four-color Intaglio Type" and "The Global Gravure: Making Multiple Plate Digital Photogravures for Orphans in Ethiopia," the conference has cornered the market on a very specific print-nerd audience. Will the...? Whatever... **Quincy Jones** has started a petition to influence President Obama to appoint a Secretary of the Arts, just like a zillion other civilised countries. The US has never created such a position, and Quincy thinks it's time to be European-er... SAIC's very own **Eric Garcia** was declared a "Chicago Artists to Watch" and participated in "The Mega Artist Presentation" at the National Museum of Mexican Art in January. Does *F Newsmagazine* employ the most important cartoonists this side of the Mississippi River? Of course. Look at **Lucy Knisely**, Russell Gottwaldt, Lilli Carre, and Grant Reynolds. If you were smart, you'd get on the F wagon too, or maybe you don't want to be successful. Your decision... Shout out to the **Flaxman Library** which has created a Professional Practices section. If the administrative offices at this school just aren't cutting it, stop by and talk to a librarian. Seriously...—KD 📖

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CHANGE comes to the Arts?

Obama's proposed art policies and their possible outcomes

BY AURÉLIE BEATLEY

Obama's art policies, as outlined during the campaign, are both sweeping and somewhat revolutionary. No other candidate presented a program that went into as much detail as Obama's, and if he manages to implement some of his campaign promises the outcome could be very encouraging for both art education programs and working artists.

One of the goals set forth in his campaign was to “re-invest in art education” as a commitment to remaining a competitive force in the global economy. His tracts on the matter quoted the president of the National Endowment for the Arts, Michael Dana Gioia, positing that art education exists to form individuals who have a complete set of skills, beyond the base requirement for passage from class to class, such as reading and math. In order to reinvest in art education, he presented a series of detailed proposals.

The first proposal was to increase funding for the U.S. Department of Education's Arts Education Model Development and Dissemination Grants, an organization that promotes partnerships between schools and art associations.

The second, and rather more exciting, proposal was to create a corps of young artists who would be trained to work and teach in economically depressed school systems. This New Deal-esque vision would help not only implement viable art programs in areas that lack the funding to create them of their own accord, but would also present many recent art school graduates with the opportunity to shape the future of the nation's art curricula.

His third promise was to publicly champion the arts by underscoring how important art education is to the global development of any student, even the ones who do not go on to pursue a career in the arts. Obama also pledged to increase funding to the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), which has suffered from massive budget cuts under the previous administration, to promote cultural diplomacy, provide artists with affordable health care, attract foreign talent, and ensure fair taxation to working artists.

Obama's pledge to increase funding for the NEA (and other organizations) by reaching out on the federal level leaves many leaders in the art community slightly skeptical. In the face of the global economic crisis we find ourselves mired in, how much funding will really be available? As Obama proposes to bail out Wall Street and return our financial institutions to equal footing, we must consider that art education programs may be very far down the list of recipients of federal funds.

Lesley Friedman Rosenthal, the Vice President and General Counsel of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, wrote in a December 17 article that the way to re-invigorate our art programs is not necessarily to increase funding by the federal government, that in fact a surge in funding in this economic climate is unlikely, and that it would not be nearly enough if it did happen. She encourages the Obama administration to consider the alternative, which is to create a coordinated

national arts policy and learn from local and state governmental art councils that have proven to have much more funding capacity than federal programs, distributing roughly ten times as many grants as the NEA. Friedman also assures us that this does not have to be expensive. By siphoning off extra revenue generated by specialty license plates or providing an optional check-off on income tax to support the arts—the policies in California and Alabama, respectively—a sizeable budget for the arts could be created from scratch.

The idea of creating an artist corps could be a brilliant move for this administration, because it is something that the federal government could create for relatively minimal cost and unleash in areas where art education does not get the sort attention it should because of economic realities. It would provide a large group of young artists with employment prospects and the ability to influence future art policy by implementing it in a real way.

As city and state budgets have seen dramatic slashes over the past few months, many institutions have been putting their hopes in the formation of this corps as a way of relieving some of the pressures they face balancing their budgets and making allowances for art programs. Rich-



Staff Illustration by Alexandra Westrich

ard Burrows, director of Arts Education for the Los Angeles Unified School District, once the head of an expansive program for art school funding, has had to dramatically reduce contributions to art education in the face of a massive state budget deficit. He, as well as many others in his position, sees the corps idea as a fresh way of dealing with the problem of reduced state participation.

Not many of us remember the 1930s post office paintings, but there is a strong historical precedent for the usefulness of creating corps that cater to and make use of the creative community. We are generally the first to suffer from budget cuts and times of economic depression because of the mistaken impression that art is a luxury that can be encouraged in times of plenty and excised in leaner periods. The artist corps idea probably remains the most viable proposition in light of the other, far more problematic, budget problems that face the new administration.

Obama's proposal to make the US more attractive to foreign artists is also a concept that has drawn much interest. This policy could positively impact the economy as

well as create new friends abroad by opening previously closed avenues of discourse. Obama's talk of streamlining the visa process would not only impact the arts posi-

tively, but would probably mean an influx of talent in other areas as well. But from a solely economic point of view, it would be in the interest of the administration to not only facilitate artist visas but to make some concrete changes in the fiscal treatment of artists.

The example to cite (though it has fallen on hard times), is that of Ireland. Charles Haughey's enlightened policy of providing a tax haven for artists while he was minister of finance was one of the measures that decisively helped Ireland rise out of the economic quagmire it had been in since the formation of the republic. It fostered talent and helped struggling artists, but at the same time it made Ireland an attractive place to settle for high profile artists from all over Europe. Some of the highest grossing musical acts in the world have relocated to Ireland to benefit from the tax cut. The result demonstrates that the economic machine goes both ways—the influx of money brought into the country by these performers (and by the business community that Ireland also sought to attract with similar measures) helped buoy its economy up from third world status to the level of

prosperity it has enjoyed for the last two decades.

Obama's policy could well take a leaf out of the Fianna Fáil's book. The new President's support of the Artist-Museum Partnership Act is a step in the right direction—it would allow artists to deduct the fair-market value of their work rather than just the cost of the materials when they make charitable donations—and his pledge to provide us with affordable health care is important (though it is a lump pledge that simply calls attention to health care policy, rather than to his artistic commitments).

Our best hope is that this administration will understand that re-invigorating the creative community—the community which in effect grosses some of the most spectacular salaries in the world—cannot fail to be good for the economy. By making the US attractive to foreign talent and by fostering our own, the new administration could open yet another avenue for recovery from the economic crisis we now face.

Another measure that has recently been garnering a great deal of press is Quincy Jones's lobby for the creation of a secretary for the arts within the new administration. The US is the only developed country in the world to lack a Ministry of Culture, which in our European counterparts is instrumental in the continued public funding and support of the creative community and its educational outreach. While this is an exciting concept, it is doubtful that such a ministry will actually ever see the light of day. Music critic and journalist John Rockwell cautions that the likelihood of the US adopting a more European model of outright funding for the arts, as opposed to the current one of private donations fueled by tax deductions, is slim. “Without that marriage of pomp (a secretary in the cabinet) and substance in the form of real money from Washington for the arts,” says Rockwell, “there would be little reason for Obama to expend political capital on creating a secretary any time soon.” The head of the NEA could just as easily fill the office of secretary for the arts as a mere cheerleader for art programs and funding, he continues.

Indeed, while there is much excitement over the fact that Obama even bothered to create a platform for the arts, which has never been done, the hard economic reality may well curtail many of his proposed re-invigoration schemes. The climate in Washington is both hopeful and slightly dubious—hopeful that this new president with his pop-culture savvy may make a difference in the art world and heal some of the wounds inflicted by the culture wars, but forced to acknowledge that the war funding and the bailouts for the global economy will most likely come before any remanning in art policy. ■

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The Blago Breakdown

Delineating the Cycle of Corruption in Illinois Gobernatorial Politics
(and expressing a little bit of outrage over it)

BY ANNA KRYCZKA

The recently impeached Illinois Governor, Rod Blagojevich, was elected to office in 2002. His original campaign promised a change from the business-as-usual pay-to-play politics that have come to characterize the political climate in the Land of Lincoln. Following rumors of rampant extortion and suspicious hiring practices in the preceding administration under Governor George Ryan, Blagojevich's message of reform played well with an exasperated electorate.

The Ryan scandal involved (among other things) issuing commercial and trucking driver's licenses to unqualified individuals in exchange for bribes. The license-for-bribes scandal released two thousand illegal and untrained drivers onto the roads, and resulted in numerous crashes—several deadly. An accident involving one of these unlicensed drivers killed six children and led the investigators back to Ryan's bribe scheme in Springfield.

This kick-back scheme did not simply engage in the typical sort of crony-ism, nepotism, and pocket lining surrounding government contracts, hiring and promotion. Rather, this despicable situation resulted in the loss of human life. Ryan's betrayal of the mandate to rule in the best interest of the citizens of Illinois did not go unpunished. Ryan was indicted and is currently serving time in Indiana.

Recently, several noted Illinois politicians—including Senator Dick Durbin—have suggested releasing the aging Ryan so he can support his ailing wife. His release would represent a heinous double standard. This sort of pity/prestige pardon, which would result in releasing guilty individuals due to their age or a family circumstance, negates the very legitimacy of the court's ruling and would indicate a willingness to excuse and accept political or white-collar criminals as not subject to the same set of judicial and legal procedures as ordinary criminals. There are, no doubt, numerous aging inmates whose situation mirrors Ryan's—they, however, lack senatorial sympathy. However, Ryan did not receive the coveted and expected Presidential pardon as part of the Bush administration's death rattle.

The Blagojevich scandal (as it had been revealed thus far) does not involve ordinary graft, but rather seems to involve schemes, threats, and maneuvering that reflect an imbecilic degree of hubris. Blagojevich's rise to the governor's mansion is indicative of the complex and powerful patronage systems, which, when played right, can produce an adequate opportunity to garner statewide influence. What is unusual about Blagojevich's activities—as indicated in the warrant for his December 9 arrest—is that they did not merely involve the typical favors/contracts/jobs-for-cash practices which would develop a loyal network of fundraisers, activists, contractors, and political muscle. Rather, Blagojevich's recent schemes reflect his estrangement from the political machine that propelled him to office in the first place, as well as complete loss of critical judgment.

It should be noted that the reforms Blagojevich hinted at did not completely go awry. Among other things, he was responsible for a number of public initiatives, including the All Kids plan, which provides state health insurance for all children under 18, and a scheme to give senior citizens a free ride on the CTA. Yet these few positive initiatives aren't enough to redeem Blagojevich from the pit of corruption he dwells in.

Blagojevich's activities had been under federal investigation since 2003 for more common sorts of hiring and contract fraud. It appears as though this scrutiny did not deter Blagojevich, however, from threatening to withdraw state funding for Children's Memorial Hospital, when its CEO failed to contribute to the governor's coffers last year. Even the most deplorable political grafters ought to know how to save face by avoiding intimidating the most sympathetic of organizations. In this instance (among others), Blagojevich demonstrated his lack of fluency with the role of benevolent despot and careful criminal.

The allegations surrounding his naming of President Barack Obama's replacement in the Senate make manifest a total loss of prudence. Blagojevich's language and presumptions in the transcripts of the wiretaps indicate a break with all norms of reality and humility. His position as sole arbiter to fill the vacant senate seat prompted him to embark on a megalomaniac paper chase rather than fulfill his role honorably. When Blagojevich's indiscriminate search for politicians willing to play ball appeared to be fruitless, the wiretap transcripts have the Governor proposing to appoint himself, in order to prepare for a 2016 run for President.

Let me repeat this information so that it fully sinks in: Blagojevich spoke openly with regard to a bribe scheme of grand proportions, while under federal investigation, and believed that appointing himself Senator would put him into position to garner a Presidential bid.

Accusations related to these irrational impulses and activities that have come to light in last couple of months have been met by the Governor with pig-headed defiance. His recent post-arrest appointment of Roland Burris to the Senate seat in question, as well as his refusal to step down from his own position, is representative of a lack of reasonable judgment and continued insolence.

Blagojevich is decidedly unfit to govern—an activity he never really engaged in in the first place. The Illinois House of Representatives has impeached Blagojevich in an effort to put a stop to what has been called by US Attorney for Cook County Patrick Fitzgerald a “political corruption crime spree” or, more crassly, a “freak show,” by Illinois State Representative Jack Franks. The Illinois Senate vote to approve removal and begin an impeachment trial was yet to conclude at the time this article was written.

Blagojevich has endeavored to present himself as a populist in the grips of what he callously referred to as a “political lynch mob.” Beyond this gross and offensive misuse of hyperbole, what this indicates is that Blagojevich will likely try to drag down as many others as possible if he does take the fall, and certainly indicates that this situation will not end gracefully, since Blagojevich seems to fail to recognize that the center of this controversy is his gross abuse of power.

The campaign of reform that propelled Blagojevich into office has proven to be folly as he joins the infamous and capacious ranks of indicted Illinois politicians—just another chapter in the business-as-usual pay-to-play politics of the Land of Lincoln. ■



Staff Illustration by Alexandra Westrich

Taking the Pulse, 200 Hearts at a Time

Rafael Lozano-Hemmer's *Pulse Park*, 2008, NYC

BY EMILY BAUMAN

In 1947, Ralph Ellison famously wrote, "Without light I am not only invisible, but formless as well; and to be unaware of one's form is to live a death." There is a feeling that this state of marginalization described in *Invisible Man* has become pervasive in contemporary society. We battle on a daily basis to make our existence matter and to record our presence upon our landscape, but rarely do we take the time

to appreciate the fleeting and momentary beauty of our lives.

In the Fall of 2008, Rafael Lozano-Hemmer installed a work called *Pulse Park* in Manhattan's Madison Square Park. A place of leisure, off the beaten track, but enclosed within the city's daily chaos, and home of Danny Meyer's famous Shake Shack, where New Yorkers gather to slurp down amazing milkshakes and munch on gourmet burgers, the park offered Lozano-Hemmer a destination in which people would walk about without reason or purpose other than to interact within a public space.

Designed specifically for the park's oval field, Lozano-Hemmer created a self-contained installation composed of lights and human heartbeats to be stumbled upon, reveled in, and then left behind.

Pulse Park offered to turn passers-by into participants by recording their heartbeats and having them projected as rhythmic pulses of light onto the lawn together with the pulsing beams representing the two hundred other most recent visitors. The result, which Lozano-Hemmer describes as a "destabilizing experience because it totally surrounds you," syncopates the different beats that get locked into repetitions, which then offset each other to create different levels, like minimalist music. Coming together, singular rhythms "create something that is greater than the individual recording."

Lozano-Hemmer has been continually interested in creating interfaces in which connective—rather than collective—experiences can be had: experiences that depend on singularity and eccentricity rather than blanket or universal states. Nicolas Bourriaud suggests in *Relational Aesthetics*, "These days, utopia is being lived on a subjective, everyday basis, in the real time of concrete and intentionally fragmentary experiments... It seems more pressing to invent possible relations with our neighbours in the present than to bet on happier tomorrows." Lozano-Hemmer does not want to create an idyllic landscape, universal experience or "global village," only this temporary space for interpersonal relation and contemplation.

"The poetic interpretation of this piece that I enjoy is the *memento mori*," Lozano-Hemmer says: the idea that the recordings mark the presence and participation of the visitor as well as their disappearance—"a brief reminder of our ephemeral existence," he adds.

The basically romantic conception behind this work, which originally took form as *Almacén de Corazonadas*, 2006 (loosely translated to "Warehouse of Hunches /

Intuitions" but called *Pulse Room* when presented to English speaking audiences)—a room of 100 hanging bare light bulbs arranged in a grid throughout a floor of an old textile factory in Mexico—was inspired by hearing his unborn children's heartbeats when his wife was pregnant with twins. He became interested in "amplifying intimate readings" because it offered a form for sensing what makes us unique.

In its first version, participants could follow their own heartbeat as it moved sequentially through the room, either tracking the registration of their presence or choosing to get lost among the similar signs of other lives. *Pulse Park* implements *Pulse Room*'s concept on a larger scale and departs from this option of participant self-absorption, which disconnected individuals from one another in becoming mired in the specificity of their own rhythm. Immediately, the singular representation is subsumed in a cacophony that comes together as a fugue, in which the beholder can no longer track how—or for how long—their personal rhythm participates as an eccentric note in the greater impromptu composition.

In *Pulse Park* the vanishing point of representation becomes temporal and responsive (interactive), rather than linear, material or traceable. The representation of presence becomes ephemeral since light represents the singular being and its uniqueness, as well as a general human quality of temporality and extinguishability.

In "Questions From a Worker Who Reads" (1935) Bertold Brecht wrote, "Great Rome is full of triumphal arches./Who erected them?/....Every page a victory./Who cooked the feast for the victors?" Citing this poem, Lozano-Hemmer keeps in mind that dominant narratives gloss over the everyday, making our lives seem like invisible existences that dissipate into time.

As Brecht wrote, narratives of power are played out in and inscribed upon the landscape of public spaces through ceremonies, monuments and architecture. Lozano-Hemmer's "Pulse" works endeavor to reclaim, for a short time, a segment of the public sphere, making it celebrate and commemorate the momentary and fleeting; the people who are fundamental to society because they are the singular and eccentric elements that make it up.

Pulse Park was on view Oct. 24–Nov. 17, 2008, as part of *Mad. Sq. Art*. For a video of the work and of other related art works by Rafael Lozano-Hemmer, visit www.lozano-hemmer.com.

Personalized Postcards

BY MARGARET DI GIULIO

My Good Friend Julia (,,)

Is someone who challenges not only the current state of our global economy through strategic protesting and soliciting, but also my perception of the function and proliferation of images, particularly postcards. On a study abroad in Ireland, Julia attempted to share an authentic representation of her experience with me through a novel approach to the postcard.

Greta Garbo, 1928. Photograph by Edward Steichen. Triangle Region NC 276 2 L 16 JAN 2009 PM

To me,

What was most fascinating was my own desire to peel back Julia's photograph and reveal the mass-produced postcard image beneath. Which one best represents Ireland? If I visited the same location, which image might I see? What do Julia's actions reveal about my desire for a determinate authentic representation? Can memory ever be shared or do we only communicate in metaphor and representation?



To Julia,

Postcards seemed to lack a level of authenticity in their representation of her own experience. After purchasing a postcard from a local tourist stop, Julia devised a more "effective way" of sharing her trip. Through ingenious photography and her own aesthetic style that captured not only a place but also a time and a feeling, Julia developed photographs that represented her own experience. After processing these photographs she would cover up the original postcard image with her own snapshot. These would arrive in my mailbox accompanied by a short prose of dry wit and insight.

Dear Friend,

I want you to see THIS, I want you to feel what I feel. It feels like flying (but I have no wings.) It looks like Heaven (but I've never been there.) Here, here is a picture of it. But, oh, that is not really what it was like. It was all around me, this is now in front of you; on your coffee table, in your bag.

How do I share my memories, my experiences? How do I transcend spatial, temporal and metaphysical limitations? The only way I have determined possible, so far, is through verbal and visual metaphor. Julia's memory of Ireland, then, must be more like her own picture than the one she never took. Right?

♡ me



Postscript

When I told a friend about this article, her first response was that she could not remember the last time she had either received or mailed a postcard. It seems that communication has been made so immediate that the art and practice of letter writing and postcard sending has become outdated. These days we can quickly text someone "I wish you were here" or find out what an old friend is up to through the ever popular task of "facebook stalking." I was raised in a home where the writing of Thank You notes after holidays was a requisite and postcard sending on long trips was just a part of my vacation. But as I spoke with my friend I realized that there exists a deliberate intentionality inherent in the practice of sending

letters. Further, these new technologies of communication seem to prioritize the immediacy of contact and the image of communication, negating the possibility for a shared dialogue of memory and experience. In mailing these postcards I was reminded of the intentionality and process inherent in this form of communication, which requires the purchasing of a single card destined for a specific person, the thoughtfully written message, the stamp and the trip to the post office. I felt a sense of nostalgia, while simultaneously wondering if there exists any form of communication that can share personal memories. 📮

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FAMILY EXERCISE, c. 1960. PHOTOGRAPHER UNIDENTIFIED. RESEARCH TRIANGLE REGION NC 276 5 L 16 JAN 2009 PM

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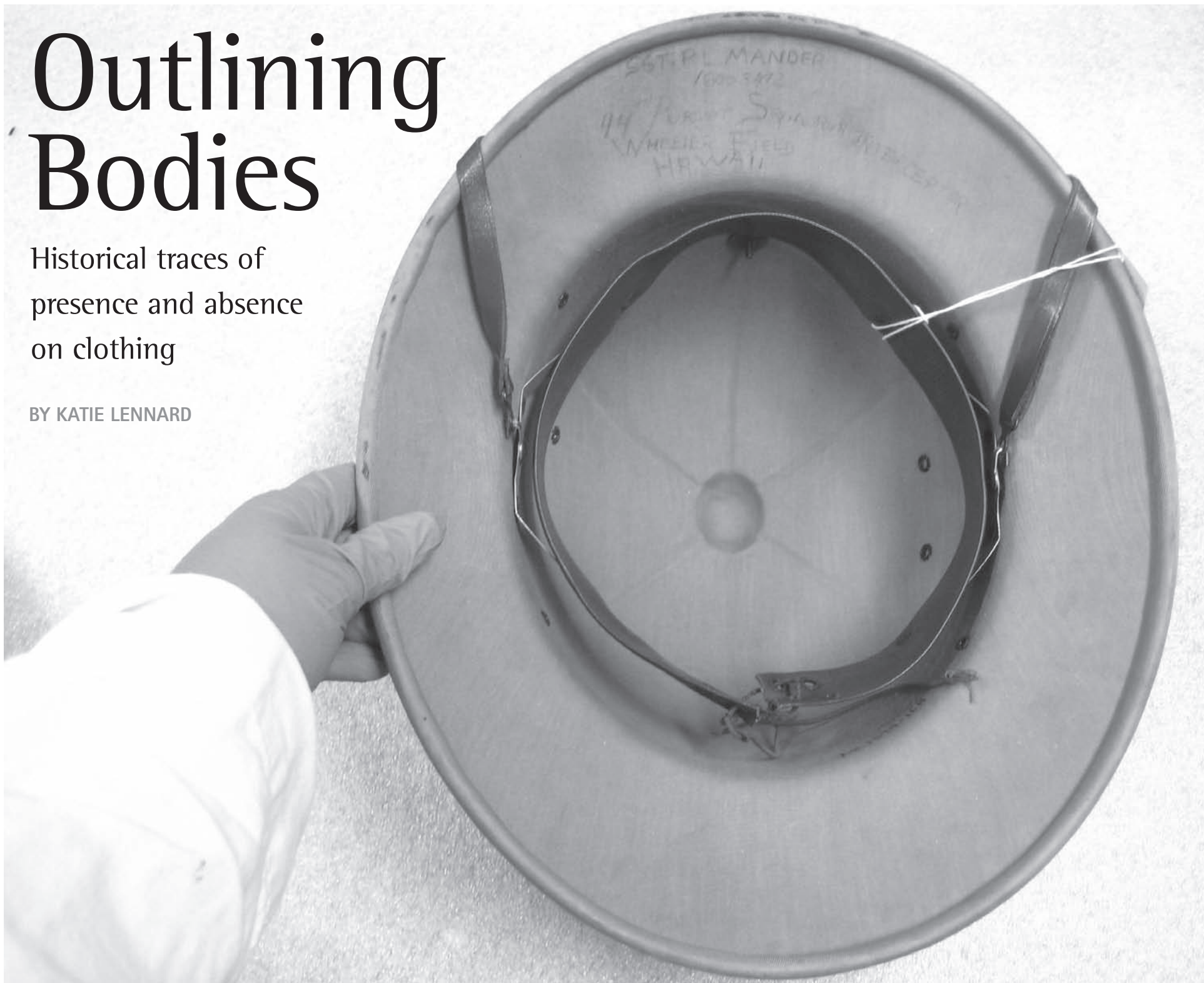
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Outlining Bodies

Historical traces of
presence and absence
on clothing

BY KATIE LENNARD



Photos taken of the Chicago History Museum's basement collection.
All photos by Katie Lennard.

The costume collection at the Chicago History Museum is colossal. Over 50,000 objects, ranging from shoes to hatboxes, compete for space and attention within the museum's low-ceilinged basement on Clark Street. Items of obvious historic or artistic importance are contained within this mélange; locks of Abraham Lincoln's hair are stored near dresses designed by Christian Dior for Chicago socialites. The mission of the museum is to gather items that relate directly to the history of Chicago, thereby creating a visual record of the city's past. Any attempt to flesh out or understand the history of this beautiful and messy city would be impossible without an examination of the clothes of Chicagoans. A garment is not purely decorative: it transcends both functionality and artistic form in order to become an extension of the living body.

For the last six months I have worked in the bowels of this museum. Wearing a lab coat and nitrile gloves, I have spent my days there opening boxes of objects that exist on the fringes of the museum's collection—items whose provenances are often unknown. My job is to research these pieces, to try to find records that have been lost in the ever-changing technology of cataloguing. My work is rife with irony: I am searching for the histories of objects in a museum whose entire mission is to index and document history. The irony is not so much about forgetting, but more that there is no one to remember. This lack of memory is particularly poignant because the items I'm working with are all garments, items that outline in negative space the positive field where a person once was.

Wearing clothing means that actual parts of your body—flakes of skin, strands of hair—are ground into the fibers. Stains from sweat and blood redefine the surface of the fabric, while the shape of your body, the heat of your muscles, the angles of your bones and the distribution of body fat mold the structure of the garment until it becomes another skin. Your body is performing a radical reconfiguration of a fibrous ground with every motion, which makes wearing, or even touching, the clothes of another an experience of direct communication with the previous wearer.

On garments at the museum, I often smell old perfume, or worse, the rotten musk of an unwashed garment that has marinated in funk for a hundred years. I also find intentional marks: the account of a battle inscribed in a helmet with a ballpoint pen, for example. An experience of connection with an absent other is not unique to dealing with a garment; touching something made by a person long dead can

be moving in a variety of settings, yet clothes allow (even force) a direct connection to this body. Marks on a garment, intentional or unintentional, are all gestures of the wearer, literal records, and it is through a sort of cartography of the body that any understanding of the past must begin. For what is history if it is not a record of bodies colliding?

Unfortunately for us, history is ever growing. The expanse of the past becomes wider every moment, and the possibility of any institution—much less any individual—having even a minute understanding of that past diminishes more and more rapidly. To understand the breadth and scope of even a small portion of history requires a reduction of events to those with the largest impact for the greater trajectory. If history is a record of bodies colliding, focus must necessarily be placed on the collisions, but in this action the bodies themselves are lost. The event takes precedent over the individual, allowing for an understanding that is academically broad, but too often impersonal and remote. However, garments from the past allow for a connection that is specific to the body of an individual and to a personal memory. Sgt. Leo Mander wrote on the brim of his helmet in ballpoint pen the name of his regiment and their location at Wheeler Field, Hawaii, a gesture that shifted and became history on December 7, 1941. Reading about the attack on Pearl Harbor can, for many people, be little more than a cerebral exercise. It is seeing the mark on Sgt. Mander's helmet—the scrawled information on the brim, and the sweatband that laced around his temples as the bombs dropped—that allows the memory of the individual, the gesture of the body, to bring the past into dimensional relief. ■

THE BENEFIT

Reflecting on SAIC's relationship with diversity

BY RACHEL SIMA HARRIS



A note from the editor

We were in two minds about publishing this article during Black History Month. On the one hand, for the school paper to completely ignore Black History Month, especially when the issue we are printing is themed around memory, would be a gross oversight. On the other, why address racism and diversity at SAIC now in particular? As editor of *F Newsmagazine*, I believe that we should be asking these questions all of the time. These questions have been on my lips ever since I started my graduate program at SAIC in September: How is the art world ever going to stop being so pervasively white if elite art schools have such low rates of diversity? Why are there no black students in any of my classes, and what is more, why do I rarely see black students in the halls at school? Where are the black teachers? And why are syllabuses often divided up so that African American art history is separated off from art history in general?

This is not to ignore the work of the black faculty and administrators we do have at SAIC—Kym Pinder, Nick Cave, Romi Crawford, Frank DeBose and James Britt, to name a few—nor is it to diminish the initiatives of administrators, from a variety of racial and ethnic backgrounds, fighting for diversity at SAIC. It is to recognize that an art school is simply a microcosm of the art world at large, and there are still many people at this school—administrators, students and teachers alike—who seem wary of dealing with these issues frankly.

In the end, we decided to ask these questions now, instead of putting it off for another month. While Black History Month does seem like a way of paying lip service to diversity without actually acknowledging the fact that every other month of the year we ignore and gloss over these issues, perhaps it can serve its purpose of educating people about the ways in which this educational institution has previously dealt with and currently deals with diversity and race relations: how far it has come, and how far it still has to go. Hopefully this will serve to make you think about the bigger picture and how to achieve open dialogue about racism either within this institution or another. This is the benefit of hindsight, of reflecting on history and our memories of that history, so we can learn to not repeat the same mistakes all over again.—**Beth Capper**



The portrait that incited race riots SAIC

On May 11, 1988, School of the Art Institute of Chicago student, David K. Nelson Jr., showed his painting *Mirth & Girth*: a portrait depicting an overweight Harold Washington in a bra, panties and garter belt, at a private student exhibition at SAIC. Nelson's stated intention was to respond to what he viewed as the deification of the African American Mayor, who passed away several months prior to the show.

The painting, whose name was derived from a social club for overweight gay men and which echoed the snide insinuations of some of Washington's rivals at the height of Chicago's racially charged Council Wars, so offended many members of the African American community that several black aldermen arrived at the exhibition demanding that it be taken down. Before the painting was finally arrested by the Chicago Police Department, a crowd had developed outside the School's entrance and a shouting match between predominantly white art students and predominantly black members of the community was underway.

While the painting was only up for a few hours it incited one of the largest race relations and First Amendment controversies in the history of the School. In a *Chicago Tribune* interview, Nelson told Toni Schlesinger that he "didn't want this to polarize a community." But polarize he did. In the days, weeks and months following the display of the painting, SAIC students held a rally protesting the confiscation of the painting, Nation of Islam

leader Louis Farrakhan characterized the display of the painting as a "total disrespect of our feelings and our community," a group of clergymen led by the head of Operation PUSH called for SAIC to create a review policy to prevent offensive portraits by its students from being shown in the future, and Alderman Robert Shaw led a chorus of voices for change stating that "only 6 percent of the Art Institute's 1,400 students are black and we want that changed. The Institute would have been more sensitive to the concerns of the black community if there were more blacks both as administrators and teachers and as students."

In the aftermath, Nelson sued the city for violating his First Amendment rights and was awarded \$95,000 in a settlement. School President Tony Jones created a task force "to review our progress and to assist in the continued execution" of a program to increase minorities in enrollment, faculty and staff. Art Institute Board Chairman Marshall Field issued a formal apology for displaying the painting and agreed to consider demands that the school hire more black administrators and recruit more black students. In connection with this month's memory theme, we asked James Britt, Head of Multicultural Affairs, to reflect on how we understand this racially charged memory when we think about diversity at SAIC then and now.



Staff photos by Jen Mosier

OF HINDSIGHT

Interview with James Britt, Head of Multicultural Affairs at SAIC

Rachel Sima Harris: Around the time of this controversy, and perhaps as a response to it, the Illinois Alliance of Black Student Organizations called for racial parity with regards to faculty and student enrollment at SAIC. The president of the Illinois Alliance of Black Student Organizations James A. Brame called the Art Institute a “closed bastion of white male Western cultural supremacy.” Can you speak to that perception of the Art Institute, and perhaps how it’s changed (if you feel it has changed) in the years since then?

James Britt: I think we still have a ways to go as an institution. A clear example of this is reflected in the number of non-white persons in upper level positions at the School. We do not have one person of color at the Vice President level; we do not have one person of color at the Dean level; and there are two people of color at the Director level. One of those persons at the Director level is me, and one would assume the Director of Multicultural Affairs would most likely be a person of color because of the nature of the job, so to a certain degree my presence skews the statistic. Over 30% of our student population are students of color, yet this diversity is not reflected in our full-time staff and faculty positions. Almost 20% of our student population is Korean, however the presence of Korean administrators and faculty is virtually non-existent. It’s disconcerting to me that post-*Mirth & Girth* we are still wrestling with these issues. I point these facts out not to be pessimistic, but to bring light to issues that are obvious and to challenge us as a community to develop viable solutions to address these disparities.

RSH: How does diversity (or lack of it) impact the educational experience of students at SAIC?

JB: Diversity is paramount to the success of any student; without it the learning process is impeded, one becomes intellectually and emotionally stagnant, and unable to effectively navigate his/her life to the fullest in this multi-faceted society in which we live. It challenges an individual to continually refine his/her perspective, which is essential to learning. We live in a multi-racial world, it would behoove students just from a practical standpoint to develop a basic level of cultural competency; and it’s imperative as an institution we provide those opportunities for learning in the classroom, residence halls and other communal spaces.

I hope students at least acquire a baseline understanding of cultural knowledge, but I think the ultimate goal is to achieve a level of understanding or empathy where one is able to comprehend another’s point of view. That’s what I find most disappointing about Nelson’s work; that he failed or refused to acknowledge the thoughts and feelings of black Chicagoans. The City has a long history of racism and Washington’s ascent to the Mayor’s office contributed greatly to the healing process for everyone. To create a piece like this in such a cavalier manner, shortly after the man’s death and in light of other racial incidents that recently surfaced, was pouring salt on an open sore. Maybe if Nelson had provided more context for his work this could have been avoided. Maybe if we as an institution had provided a richer cultural educational experience for Nelson this would not have occurred. You ask how does diversity impact the educational experience; Nelson’s lack of accountability for his work is representative of that.

RSH: SAIC has taken on several diversity initiatives since the controversy. What were those and how have they affected change at SAIC? Do you think they’ve made a difference in the type of educational experience students have at the school or the art that comes out of it?

JB: I only know of one diversity initiative that was in place before I arrived four years ago: Diversity Leadership Teams (DLT’s). There were three groups, each designed to address diversity-related issues pertinent to students, staff and faculty. The idea was noble, but they weren’t very effective, so they dissolved shortly after my arrival. We’ve had a few permutations of the group, but nothing with longevity.

What has worked are the numerous smaller initiatives individuals or intimate groups of staff and faculty have created. For example: Professor Kym Pinder started the Archibald Motley Fund, which provides scholarships to black students at SAIC through private donations; Robyn Guest, Secretary for the President, heads our internship program with Perspectives Charter School, which serves under-represented middle- and high-school students in Chicago and the surrounding area; SAIC alum Leroy Neiman provided funds to educate high school students from disadvantage communities about art; SAIC alum Tim Nuveen, donated money for the International Student Learning Center; Associate Director of Undergraduate Admissions Carolina Wheat has been working with Congressman Bobby Rush’s Art competition for youth in predominately African American communities; Andres Hernandez, Drea Howenstein, Patrick Rivers, Nicole Marroquin and a number of our students have worked with various cultural institutions/programs in the City by teaching courses, engaging in community work, among other things; OMA implements initiatives like our annual exhibition with the African American Alumni Assoc. and the South Side Community Art Center.

I think these initiatives have made a tremendous difference for those students who have participated in them. However, I would still like to see something happen on a larger scale that reaches out to the entire SAIC community.

RSH: With regard to race relations, what things still need to change at the school and how do you envision those changes becoming manifest?

JB: We need to begin to have candid conversations about diversity. I think there’s this belief that we are inherently culturally progressive because we are an art school, however this is not the case. If it were we would see greater representation of diversity in the areas I mentioned earlier, and we would not continue to have the same discussions about diversity that took place during the time of *Mirth & Girth*.

My first year we put together a program called Conservatism and Art. It was a panel discussion made up of conservative students and faculty who identified themselves as Christian, Republican and white. I chose this theme to illustrate a few points:

1. Even people in the majority can be a minority
2. Liberalism does not equate to openness; if one only accepts liberal views is he/she liberal?
3. Diversity affects everyone, not just students of color, women, or LGBT students.

I thought the program was highly successful. One of my colleagues commented that she had never seen so many white male students at an OMA event. A “nontraditional marginalized” student approached me afterwards and said he enjoyed the discussion but he didn’t see what it had to do with diversity. He made my point exactly; he did not connect diversity to his life experience because he isn’t a part of the socially sanctioned marginalized groups. We need to move beyond this limited viewpoint, and weave diversity into the fabric of our existence.

RSH: What do you feel the role of “Black History Month” is (generally but also specifically at SAIC)?

JB: The concept of Black History Month bothers me. The history of black Americans should be recognized everyday, in the classroom, through art history classes, lectures, etc.—it diminishes the black experience to relegate it to one month, the shortest month in the year I might add, and to make it a subset. This is the problem with many diversity initiatives. The moment a “minority” group is highlighted it devalues their experience, because if that group was a part of the larger experience and fully integrated there would be no need to make this distinction. Why isn’t there a white history month? Why not give every group a month? A truly heterogeneous community incorporates everyone’s experience, the positive and the negative. This to me is the essence of true diversity, when everything and everyone is completely integrated and there is a cultural reciprocity that takes place. This doesn’t mean the dominant group gets to choose what aspects of another group they want and disregard the rest. It means there is a mutual sharing of experiences between all groups.

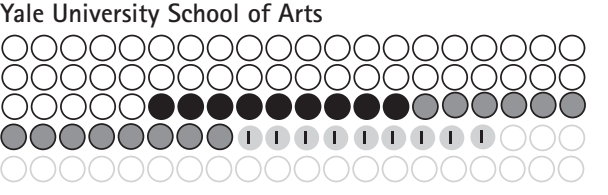
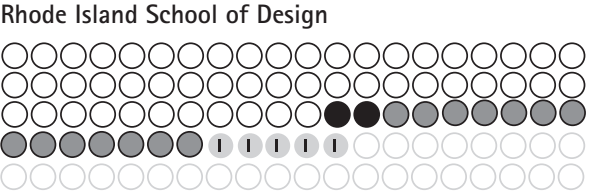
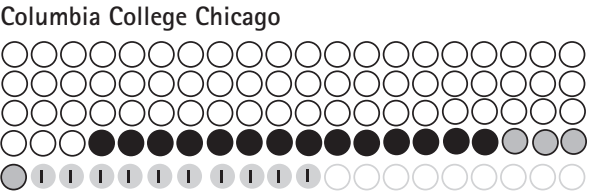
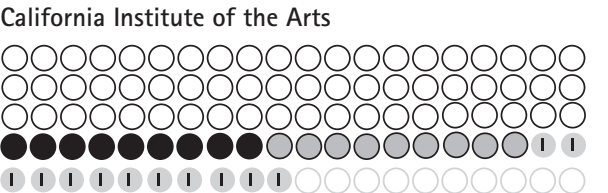
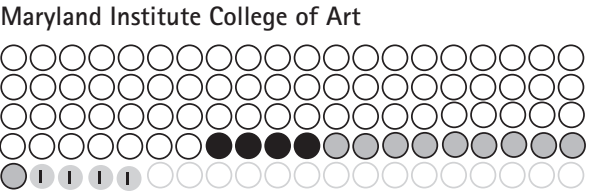
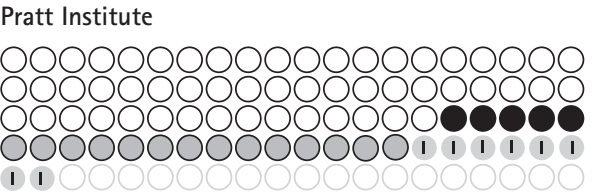
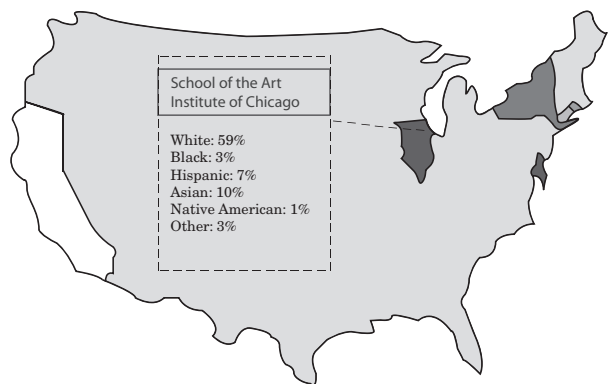
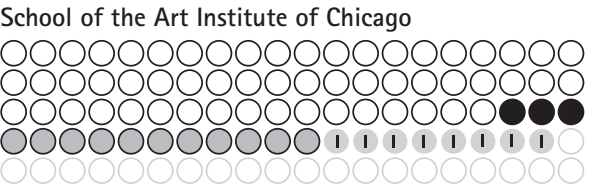
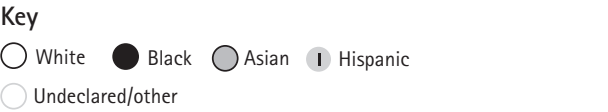
RSH: Finally, what lessons were (or still need to be) learned as a result of the controversy?

JB: I would pose this question to the individuals at the School who were present during the *Mirth & Girth* episode; have we changed, and what did we learn from the incident? Is there a better relationship between the School and the African American community in Chicago? Are students more culturally competent and able to understand the sociological implications of race, identity and sexuality? I’m unable to answer this question completely since I was not present during this timeframe. I think there is a greater level of sophistication in how we would address something of that nature if it occurred today, but I think that may be more a result of our evolving pluralistic society and the skills we’ve acquired to communicate with each other; as opposed to something we’ve implemented as an institution.

I wonder how many of us have these conversations with our friends who share different cultural backgrounds from our own, or examined how heterogeneous/homogenous our circle of friends are and why? We don’t think about these things until a David Nelson or Jeremiah Wright moment occurs, but they were there all along. I would hope as a community we can have more honest dialogue with one another. These discussions require knowledge beyond the cognitive level; emotional intelligence must be present too. Put your emotional intelligence to use the next time you have a conversation with someone. Before you start generating reasons why your point of view is correct and theirs is wrong, ask yourself, “Why does this person think this and what evidence supports their position?”

Every year I have African American students ask me how come we do not have more black students at the School. What I find interesting is that I never see the same number of non-black students asking me the same question. The point I’m making is that these issues have to be collective. ■

Art school demographics



Source: Princeton Review
Statistics are rounded up.

A brief and
FAR FROM COMPLETE
overview of the anatomy
of MEMORY as it
does or does not relate to

THE POSSIBILITY OF ITS LOSS.

BY MIKE GIBISSER

1906

Auguste Deter died. This event allows German psychiatrist Alois Alzheimer to perform an autopsy and discover the biological underpinnings for Deter's previously observed symptoms: deteriorating cognitive ability, hallucinations and the loss of short term memory (STM).

An interesting note, stemming from a nagging curiosity about why a person would make a degenerative, fatal disease his namesake: he didn't. Emil Kraepelin, a higher-up at his research clinic first used the term in the eighth edition of his book, Psychiatrie, and it caught on like wildfire.

1949

Donald Hebb develops a theory of synaptic plasticity called—wait for it—Hebbian theory. In its oversimplified essence, this is the practice-makes-perfect theory at the neurological level: repeated firings between pre- and post-synaptic cells increase efficiency and make the synapse more stable.

Ten years later, the children's game Memory (in the form we know it, wherein you try to match overturned cards inscribed with doofy-looking pictures) was first marketed by a company called Ravensburger, obviously subscribing to Hebbian principles.

1971

David Marr writes “Simple memory: a theory for the archicortex,” wherein he expands upon the conventional understanding of the hippocampus's role in STM retention, hypothesizing that it functions as a rapid recording device for “simple representations” of the day's events. During sleep, the day's simple representations are transferred, sorted and categorized for more permanent storage (long term memory-LTM) in the cerebral cortex.

This is crazy pants, and disproved by later research, though it is so influential that it turns out to be kind of true.

1986

(A jump: logic trumps chronology): T.J. Teyler and P. DiScenna write “The hippocampal memory indexing theory” which, in a field of completely obtuse and baffling article titles is refreshingly self-explanatory. T.J. and P. theorize that the hippocampus functions as an index of sorts, unifying and reactivating these dispersed memory traces.

This conclusion is built on the previous study, as well as other previously unmentioned studies, which suggest that the categorization of stored memories might be separated into cortical areas with different sensory modalities, i.e. you remember the visual aspect of your fifth birthday party in a different region than you retain your body's spatial sense in relation to the cake.

1978

E. Bisiach and C. Luzzatti enact an experiment during which they ask subjects who have sustained damage to the right parietal lobe (why there was a local glut of such specifically brain-damaged people is perhaps an investigation for another article) to imagine the spatial recreation of the Piazza del Duomo, a popular public gathering area in their hometown of Milan. In describing the plaza the patients cannot recall the characteristics of the buildings on the left-hand side of their viewpoint. Between trials describing opposing viewpoints, however, they are able to recall the full layout of the square.

The patients haven't forgotten the buildings, but they cannot always retrieve the memory of them in relation to their perceptual context.

2001

Neil Burgess studies swimming rats and subsequently writes “Modelling episodic memory,” expounding upon the difference between allocentric (world-centered) and egocentric (body-centered) memory. Applying his model to the Bisiach and Luzzatti test, Burgess suggests the more overt hippocampal role in egocentric memory.

The hippocampus is a region of the brain more extensively damaged by the effects of Alzheimer's; a commonly reported symptom of dementia is visuo-spatial confusion.

2002

John Lisman writes “Long-term potentiation: outstanding questions and attempted synthesis.” Potentiation = an increase in strength of nerve impulses along pathways that have been previously used. Increased strength of the synapse leads to increased stability, leads to LTM. But not so simple: he suggests that the hippocampus might have a more specialized role than that of auto-associating disparate memory traces; evidence suggests it has a role in sequencing memory traces, influencing our linear understanding of time. Potentiation is involved here, too, in that the replay of sequences is needed for their retention as such.

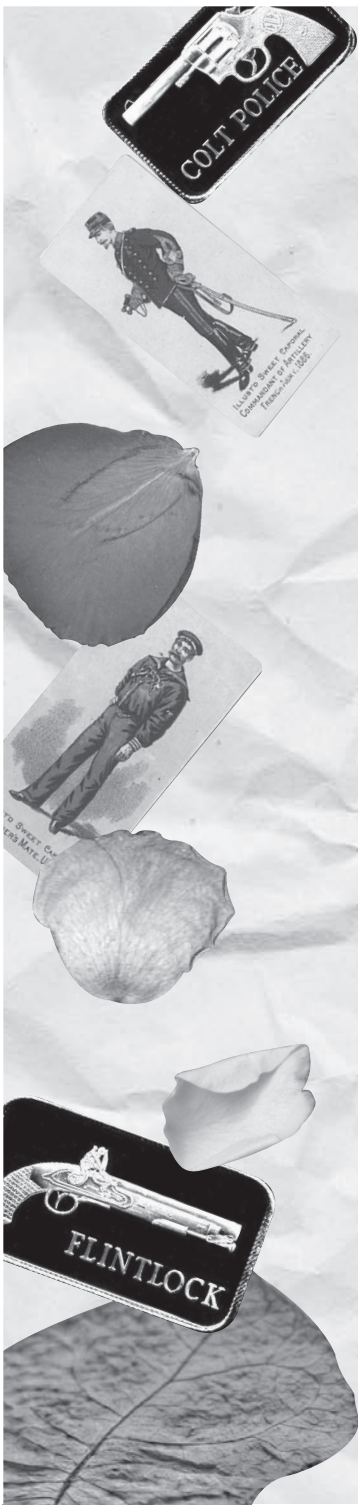
When does the hippocampus replay these memory-narratives? Yes, while you sleep.

2008

Rookie journalist's grandmother, displaying dementia-like symptoms, misrecognizes him as his grandfather, leading to an obsessive curiosity about the effects of memory 'loss' on perception.

One of the most common associations about Alzheimer's-type dementia is that the sufferer is losing his or her memory. In the earlier stages at least, this is an oversimplification of a process wherein neurological distress makes it increasingly difficult for STM to be transferred into LTM. As a result, already established memories take on a transformed role, especially in the face of impaired sequentiality.

Misrecognition allows a glimpse into how a recollection circa 1950 (about the time my grandfather was my age and arguably looked similar) might be more overtly influential on an exhausted brain, and my grandmother's perception of the present. By extension, fair being fair and all of our brains fundamentally similar, we might always perceive less immediately than we assume, sensations reaching into the depths of our memory before they are actually recognized. Perception, as such, might become past before it becomes present.



BY ABBY GLOGOWER

Blogger as Bricoleur: Scrapbooking in a Digital Age

January 27, 2009

In addition to the recent publication of her book on scrapbooking, *An American History*, Yale designer and scholar Jessica Helfand also maintains a blog called The Daily Scrapbook (www.thedailyscrapbook.com). An avid amasser of scrapbooks, Helfand uses her blog to share images from and commentary on those she encounters in her historical research and personal collecting.

Magazine clippings, military memorabilia and dried flowers form sentimental homages on the yellowed papers of scrapbooks belonging to ordinary people: sweethearts, travelers and soldiers—some dating back to the 19th century. With digital photographs and biographical notes, Helfand introduces her readers to the rich interiors of these unique sites of personal memory-making. Arguably, Helfand’s blog operates as a kind of meta-blog, or blog about blogging. For, in some senses, the scrapbook format which Helfand studies is a predecessor of the blog in both function and form.

The scrapbook is a particularly freighted type of memory-keeper, in that it addresses several different audiences at once: it is an imperative delivered between self and other, but also between self and self. Cobbling ephemera together in a concerted program of memory-making is a curatorial process. In so doing, the scrapbooker is remembering themselves in front of a theoretical audience. Armed with digital tools, the blogger engages in a similar project.

Like the scrapbook (a format designed to facilitate viewing), a blog is at once an interior space and an invitation to enter that space. The décor within is comprised of the author’s narrative, sometimes articulated through text but also filtered through the act (and objects) of selection. Before settling into their archetypal temporal formula based on log entries, the first blogs in fact were “homepages”: sites that functioned as platforms for the author’s diaristic confessionals, but also living depots of digital images, both personal and found.

From the avant-garde to the bored housewife, this act of selecting, saving and displaying floated though all strata of society, archiving the precious errata of experience. That marginalia carries meaning is hardly a new concept, but in some ways remains more important than ever. It is unsurprising that very early in their inception, blogging websites rushed to facilitate incorporating media into the blog post. The desire to narrate through imagery was already there and increasing rapaciously alongside the proliferating technologies of digital photography and video. The blogger and the scrapbooker are both storytellers, relying on the aggregation of ephemera to house or supplement narrative.

What is interesting now is the extent to which this act of selecting and curating media has risen to ascendancy, to become the principle vehicle for expression on the web—a phenomenon delightfully observable in The Daily Scrapbook. The author presents herself through the filter of her passionate scholarship: scrapbooks. The temporal aspect of the blog is delivered through edifying daily dispatches on particular scrapbooks. The most fascinating aspect of The Daily Scrapbook’s character as a meta-blog is revealed in a couple modest links below each post. Next to the “comment” link Helfand has added links to dig, de.li.cious, and reddit: sites that function as depots storing nothing more than web destinations the profile holders deem interesting. Here the individual’s narrative is flattened into a plane of bricolage: the collecting and selecting that comprise a personal journey through media-saturated terrain.

As readers of blogs we cannot finger embedded video clips the way we might the must-covered sales receipts, report cards or notions compressed between the pages of a scrapbook. But we encounter a similar spirit of a storytelling through the collection and curation of information. In our daily practice as bloggers we recognize, among our media—be it documented or culled from the infinite—the desire not to be forgotten, not to our readers or to ourselves.

Comments [1]

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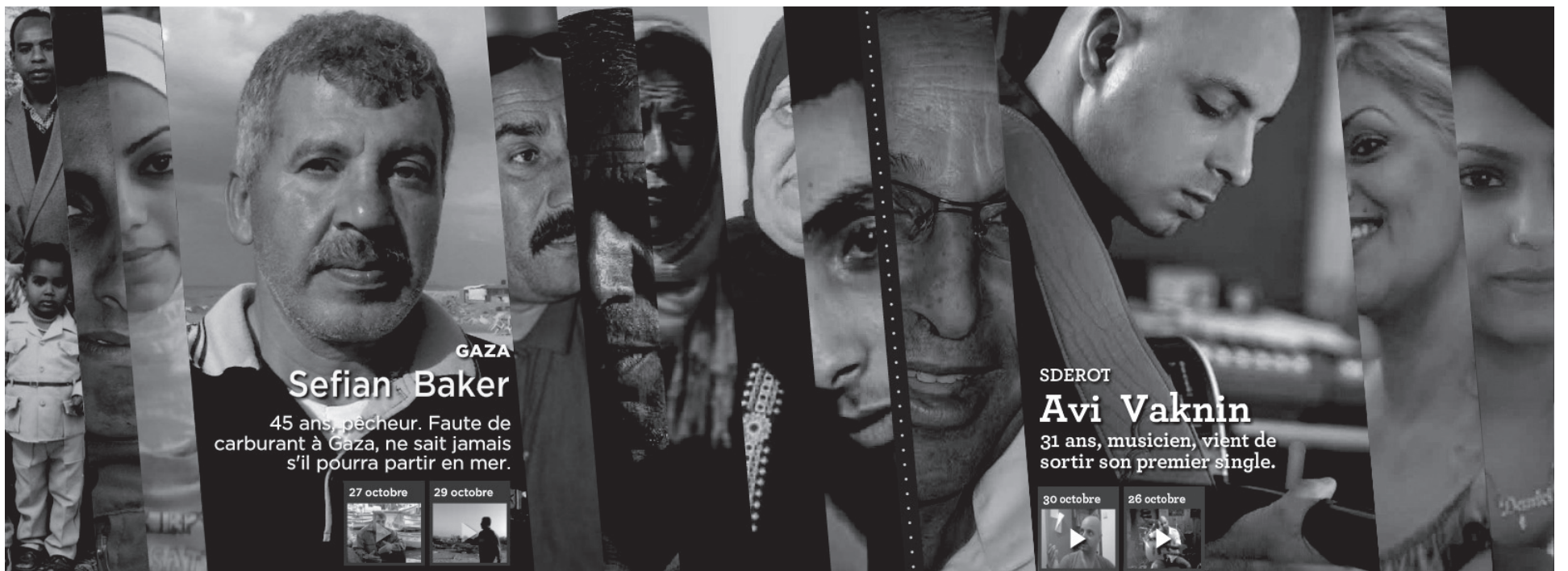
Telling it like it is

Giving voice through video projects to locals along the Palestinian-Israeli border



BY ANIA SZREMSKI

If history is written by the winners of wars, then a true account of recent events in the Gaza strip may never be known. Israel blocked media from entering Gaza during the several weeks of violence before a cease-fire was declared, thus largely preventing on-the-ground reporting by foreign journalists. Even prior to the most recent war, Western journalists have historically been loath to go to Gaza, leading to news stories that are often based on second-hand information and lacking in the clarity and precision of a primary account. Furthermore, in Israel and the nations with which it is politically allied (most notably the United States), there is a marked absence of Palestinian perspectives in the media. Israel thus not only has control over the borders and air space of the territory that it occupies, but its media control may result in the manipulation of the way Palestinians will be remembered.



It is up to the alternative media and independent organizations to find ways to tell these stories that the traditional media has ignored. Now, a non-profit arts organization based in New York City is doing its part to fight back against this potentially devastating loss of Palestinian voices. Barefoot Workshops is currently launching the Gaza Media Aid Project, a video camera drive for the people of Gaza and the West Bank. The goal is to raise enough money to purchase 50 flip video cameras, get them to young Palestinians and Israelis living on both sides of the border, and train them as citizen journalists. If all goes as planned, the residents of one of the most politically tumultuous areas in the world will be armed with the technological capacity to reveal their daily lives to the world.

The Internet and new technologies have been valuable tools in organizing protests and divestment campaigns, bringing together activists on both sides of the issue from around the world. More than that, though, the Internet has also become a kind of free territory, which affords unprecedented glimpses into the daily lives of the victims of violence in Palestine and Israel that are largely unavailable elsewhere. This is perhaps the one place where Palestinians are free to give uncensored voice to their situation. Barefoot Workshops is not the first entity to exploit it to those ends; the French-German television channel Arte's video project is an eloquent case in point.

Gaza Sderot: Life in Spite of Everything was a project spearheaded for Arte by documentary filmmaker Serge Gordey. This web-based video series was filmed from October 26 to December 23, 2008, by local production crews, who recorded people living in the Gaza strip and the Israeli city Sderot. Gaza and Sderot are separated geographically by only a few kilometers, but politically, they are divided by a veritable chasm. The team filmed locals from a variety of socio-economic backgrounds in a cinema vérité style, conducting interviews in which these subjects revealed their hopes, fears, and perceptions of each other. These short film clips (totaling 40 in all) were then subtitled in French, German, English, Hebrew and Arabic, and uploaded to a website (gaza-sderot.arte.tv) for anyone in the world to see. In the last episode, filmed a few weeks before the air strikes began, Abu Khalil, a Palestinian ambulance driver, addresses the Israelis just a few kilometers away in Hebrew: "We were born for peace," he says. "We want peace."

The videos that comprise Gaza Sderot, even when dealing with mere banalities of the participants' everyday lives, are fascinating and moving glimpses into a situation that the mainstream media makes very difficult for people to see. Alison Fast, Barefoot's Program Director, states that she wasn't aware of the Arte project when she decided to start her initiative, but the camera project appears to essentially pick up where Arte's film crews left off. The essential difference is that, as opposed to professional film-makers and web gurus doing the work, Fast's program will equip communities with the skills to shoot their own images, construct their own narratives and upload the results on the web themselves, thus giving them an all-important sense of control over the way they are represented and viewed.

Fast states that the idea for the Gaza Media Aid Project came from a trip she and others made to the West Bank and Gaza as part of a diplomatic mission commissioned by the U.S. State Department's Middle East Partnership Initiative. During this trip, the group worked with 14 local organizations (both Israeli and Palestinian) to make 21 public service announcements, spanning issues from nonviolence to employment and sexual education. This was Fast's first trip to the region, and she describes being shocked by what she saw: poor living conditions for Palestinians, nightly raids on refugee camps behind her hotel, and the continued (and illegal) construction of the wall around Israeli settlements. Shortly after her return to the States, the recent bombardment began, and Fast and her group decided to act.

While in Israel, Fast had worked with the Israeli human rights organization B'Tselem, which had already implemented a similar video camera distribution program called "Shooting Back." Barefoot Workshops decided to expand on the program by providing local residents with flip cameras so that they could make their own video blogs (rather than a controlled archive) about their experiences. Upon delivery of the cameras, Barefoot will work with B'Tselem and their partner organization, the Palestinian Center for Rapprochement between People (PCR), to help train locals in the use of the cameras, digital video production and effective video advocacy. Fast also hopes to create a network of media organizations and other outlets which would be interested in featuring the project. However, while Barefoot plans on being present during the initial stages of the

project, ultimately the aim is to make the Gaza Media Aid Project completely locally-operated and self-sustaining.

The Gaza Media Aid Project and Gaza Sderot are remarkable in their freedom from overt politicizing or prescriptions for an end to the violence. They merely attempt to allow the people actually impacted by the violence to share their experiences with the rest of the world, which is no small feat. The Media Aid Project does have an admitted emphasis on serving the communities of Gaza, but according to Fast this is less out of a judgment on which nation is on the side of right in this battle, and more an attempt to level the playing field when it comes to representation in the media. "The problem is that the media controls our perceptions and does not let Palestinians or Israelis to see behind the wall, or to build relationships across borders," states Fast. "Much of the information we get in the U.S. favors Israel... People in the U.S. and Israel must become better informed about who Palestinians are, and allow them to also shape public opinion."

Currently, Barefoot is still raising money to send the cameras over to Gaza, an increasingly difficult task right after the holiday season, particularly in this dire economic situation. The group has had some success in raising money over the internet and applying for grants, and hopes to get the cameras to Gaza by June at the latest. If the Gaza Media Aid Project succeeds, a remarkably powerful statement has the potential to be made; a statement that can ideally be heard around the world without any recourse to violent actions or political propaganda.

Hopefully, the resulting videos will help to lend an element of three-dimensionality to the residents of Gaza and the West Bank, helping to erase some of the devastatingly negative stereotypes concerning victims on both sides of the violence, and preserve a memory of a generation that was seeking peace and understanding, even as their governments continued down a path of war and terror. ■

For more information about the Gaza Media Aid Project and how you can become involved, check out www.barefoot-workshops.org.

Digital Media Here today, gone tomorrow?

BY AURÉLIE BEATLEY

Our cultural production has greatly increased over the past decade because of the growth of technology. Many aspects of this phenomenon have been debated, from the artistic merit of the democratization of the creative process to the value of protecting older forms of expression such as film and analog photography. But there is a curious event occurring. As culture digitizes itself, with such products as the Kindle, or television on the Internet, or digital photography (so easy even my seven-year old cousin can plaster pictures of herself all over the web!), these traces also disappear at a faster rate than ever before.

As of December 2008 there were 186,727,854 websites on the Internet; some 31 million having been added in 2008 alone, with 1,463,632,361 people surfing the Internet worldwide. There is a pervasive understanding that most, if not all, media will become digital in the next ten years. This puts artists in an interesting position: Digital art is obviously the way of the future. Most designers now work almost exclusively digitally, because the information they work with is also digital. There may be small pockets of resistance to it in the film and fine arts communities, but for the most part the digital revolution has provided an alternative method of production that is cheaper, simpler, more universal, and gradually becoming just as aesthetically accomplished as non-digital forms.

Yet there is one aspect of the digital revolution that may cause trouble for artists, and that is its transience. For all its ubiquity and ease of use, digital media is ephemeral. It is created on and for computers and, unless you take the trouble to print it out on archival paper, it will eventually disappear as the format it is saved in becomes obsolete or the website it is hosted on dissolves into the cybernetic void. What this means for digital artists is that they are perpetually threatened with the loss of their work. What this means for culture is that we find ourselves threatened with a plateau.

If the rate of our cultural output is equaled by the rate of its disappearance—and the drastic increase of the speed at

which culture is manufactured would lend credence to this argument—then there is no real output at all. In effect, we erase our history as we create more of it. The second part of that dilemma is that the creation of culture is no longer solely in the hands of professionals and institutions, but rather in the hands of any person connected to the internet and lucky enough to possess a scanner, a digital camera, or a keyboard (or even just a cellular phone).

Now, the paradox is, of course, that if media is not on the Internet, then it may as well not exist. Even the most traditional artists must have an outpost on the web if they are to have any chance of disseminating their work. I recently discovered a folk group that is so steeped in the past that they only use antique instruments and sing in colloquial Gaelic. But I found them on MySpace. Therefore, we are faced with a contradiction in terms: in order for our artwork to be acknowledged we are obliged to put it up on a support that is impermanent. Not only that, but it is resistant to inclusion in the traditional forms of artistic display (galleries and museums), because of its format and because it does not translate completely into a physical medium.

Charlie Gere, the Director of Research at the Institute for Cultural Research at Lancaster University and Chair of CHART (the Computers and the History of Art group), has explored the ramifications of web 2.0 for culture and cultural institutions. He sees the developing trend as a definitive break with the past because scholarly institutions seem ill equipped to deal with it. “Given that the emergence of the mass media can be dated back to the late 19th century, whereas these new forms of art history only really arose in the 1970s and ‘80s,” says Gere, “there is clearly something of a lag in the responsiveness of art historians to shifting conditions of visual and artistic culture, and I think that Art Historians are not really that responsive to the possibilities of new media.”

This means that not only is digital media prone to disappearance by its very existence in formats that do not last,



Staff illustration by Kira Mardikes

but our scholarly institutions, the tool we use to verbalize and digest culture, to situate it within the continuum of our achievement and build upon its foundation, is not equipped to process it.

Gere, however, does not see this as a problem. In fact, our connection to the past and to “permanent” media is tenuous at best. The great libraries of antiquity have all burned down at one time or another, resulting in the loss of much accumulated knowledge that was never retrieved, and we have emerged as a civilization from ancestors who wrote nothing down, relying on a (now lost) oral history. Every revolution sees the burning of ancient data, be it political or technological. Therefore, the changes in the format of culture to a brave new world of media that functions at a rate and speed that human minds cannot actually comprehend is simply the next step in the macro trend.

That said, I would encourage you all to make hard copies. It is always good to have a portfolio handy; one that cannot pull a disappearing act. ■

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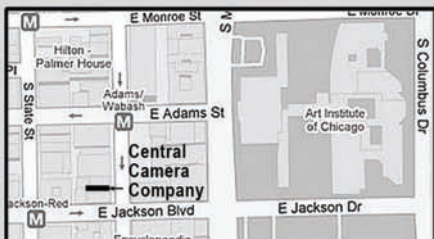
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BY ADAM NEESE

There is no delete button found on a Polaroid camera. There is only one button to press, one moment to be recorded and held on to. There is something more spontaneous about the Polaroid—the memories captured are perhaps more authentic, less staged, because there is no option of perfecting them. And, of course, our memories are not perfect. They are blurry like a Polaroid, they contain mistakes, regrets and all manner of other unintentional things. Throwing a Polaroid in the garbage thus requires a greater desire to be rid of it than a digital photograph. We may wish we could re-take them, have better ephemera to demonstrate our memories to our friends, but we can no more do this than we can re-live those same moments. So why not revel in these mistakes, and keep going?



The Sight of Music



Courtesy of the artist and Cohan and Leslie, New York.

Joseph Grigely, *We're Bantering Drunkening About What's Important in Life*, 2007. Installation shot from Contemporary Museum, Baltimore. Collection Martin Z. Margulies, Miami.

Joseph Grigely's "St. Cecelia" at the Museum of Contemporary Art

BY BRIAN WALLACE

Named after the patron saint of music, "St. Cecelia" uses audio recordings and music to examine the intricacies of sound through the experience of a deaf artist. Deaf since the age of ten, Grigely makes work that deals with the way sound "looks" and the relationship between hearing and remembering.

The centerpiece of the MCA exhibition is a two-channel video installation called *St. Cecelia* (2007). The piece is composed of two wall-sized projections of the Baltimore Choral Arts Society Choir singing songs like "My Favorite Things" and "Jolly Old Saint Nicolas." One video is true to the original lyrical arrangement, while the other has been rearranged, with some of the words replaced by different words that look the same when lip read.

Grigely's purpose in composing visually parallel lyrics for familiar songs was to reflect on our "infinite capacity to misunderstand each other." He has achieved an interesting and often absurdly hilarious result. For example, "Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudel" becomes "Creamy exponents and newspapers too," while "Johnny wants a pair of skates" changes to "Johnny was a bastard child."

Remembering is a Difficult Job, but Someone's Got To Do It (2005) also deals with memory and interpretation, creating a similarly humorous result, but from a more personal perspective. A video monitor on the floor shows Grigely being interviewed. The interviewer asks him to remember and sing out loud songs that he knew the words to before losing his hearing—mainly jingles from advertisements and the theme from *Gilligan's Island*. Disparities between his memory and his ability to actually recall these tunes present themselves; the music has not stopped playing in his head, but his ability to accurately carry a tune has changed.

Working in collaboration on many of the "St. Cecelia" works with his wife and fellow artist, Amy Vogel, Grigely has succeeded in installing a truly multimedia experience at the MCA, and one worth checking out for anyone who can see, or hear, or remember.

"St. Cecilia" will be on view through February 22 at the MCA, 220 E. Chicago Ave.



Photo by Dan Meyers. Courtesy of the artist and Cohan and Leslie, New York.

Joseph Grigely, *St. Cecilia*, 2007.

Interview with Joseph Grigely

Joseph Grigely is a professor at SAIC and the head of the Visual Critical Studies department. I caught up with him to discuss "St. Cecilia," humor, memory and meaninglessness at his home in Chicago in early January.

Brian Wallace: I wanted to start by addressing humor. It seems that much of "St. Cecilia" has an element of humor, silliness, a kind of poignant absurdity. Can you talk about the necessity of humor in your work? In art? In communication?

JG: The thing is, people are social creatures, and we like to laugh. There are so many kinds and levels of humor too, and it's been intertwined with many other complex human emotions in art for... how long? Look at Chaucer: so serious and so funny. Look at Shakespeare: same thing. I don't think it's a lot different for visual art. A lot of good artists manage to dance the fine line between being serious and being funny—Maria Eichhorn, Adel Abdessemed, Andreas Slomonski, Olaf Bruening, Peter Land, even Douglas Gordon—they all do this so well. Of course, they all do it differently. But that's the beauty of it all. You don't find this kind of humor so frequently in work by American artists; the Brits came up with David Shrigley, and we came up with Joseph Kosuth. Maybe we don't drink enough?

BW: This issue of *F Newsmagazine* is concerned with memory. Several of the pieces in "St. Cecilia" deal with handwritten notes, it seems that what you have here is a written documentation of things that hearing people can simply say or hear and then cast aside never to be revisited again. Having access to such a database of conversations, both profound and mundane (and everything in between), do you think about your personal memory through these notations? Do you think they serve as illustrations? Are they something else entirely?

JG: Yes, the conversations hold memory—a lot of it. I was just spending Christmas with an old friend, and we were eating cheese and crackers, and I said to her: do you remember the time years ago when you wrote down, "Yes, we ate your Triscuit!" and she said, "Uh, no." So, maybe it's the wrong kind of memory—as I remember all these little inconsequential things people say to me. I suppose also the conversation papers are drawings. Drawings of speech: something that's not quite writing because of how the words lack context—there's no beginning of a conversation, there's no end, just the fragments of it. To me it's the most meaningless stuff that's most interesting in the end, like when someone writes down "Bye" or something like that... or "fuck you!"—things that really just don't get written down, and don't need writing even.

BW: You just mentioned meaninglessness. There is a segment of "St. Cecilia" that mentions "meaningful meaninglessness." Can you expand on that concept?

JG: Well, it's a lot like the idea of the still life, which Norman Bryson describes as a kind of "rhophography." It's from the Greek rhopos, which means ordinary everyday stuff that otherwise gets trampled afoot. So there's dead fish, fruit peels, shelled nuts, cabbages, stuff like that. Ordinary conversations are not a lot different. When people think about language and art, they think a lot about profound stuff, but it's the un-profound conversations from everyday life that have this rhophographic quality. One of my favorite conversations was with Ellen Cantor. We were in her studio in Jersey City one day, and about to head into NYC, so Ellen said, "wait a minute." So I waited and waited, and she came back and wrote: "I had to set up cat litter."

BW: Do you think that the ability to choose what is meaningful, to choose which memories to hold on to is a collective human experience, or are we all involved with a more chaotic relationship with memory?

JG: Uh... I really don't know. I think memory varies for all of us—some people remember words but others remember better the tone with which they are spoken—so I find it hard to generalize about this, or even about the "collective human experience." All I can think of in relation to that phrase is the fact that our economy has turned into collective crap, and we are all feeling it bad. ■

The Short List

SPECIAL INTEREST MUSEUMS



Gordon Parks, *American Gothic*, Washington, DC, 1942, gelatin silver print. Courtesy of Howard Greenberg Gallery, New York and the Gordon Parks Foundation



Bessie Harvey, *Seated Figure*, mixed media, Courtesy Mark Jackson, image courtesy Orren and Marilyn Bradley at Intuit: The Center for Intuitive and Outsider Art, Chicago.



Manuel Alvarez Bravo (1902–2002) *Frida Kahlo in Manuel Alvarez Bravo's Studio*, 1930s (printed before 1992), gelatin silver print. Image courtesy of the Bank of America and the National Museum of Mexican Art, Chicago.

BY EMILY BAUMAN

The idea of “America the Melting Pot” has been a cyclically contested and reinvigorated image over the last century—evoked alternately to celebrate our diversity, to point out the homogenizing effects of assimilation or to remind us of our histories of inequality. Out of a desire to both celebrate and re/un-cover specific cultural histories of the peoples that make up the “American People,” special interest museums have popped up around the country *en force* since the beginning of the Civil Rights Movement. From ethnic groups that have encountered the greatest forms of racism and bigotry to other groups that have been marginalized or ignored, all sorts of cultural centers and museums have been created in order to preserve legacies and heritages that tend to get lost in the grander narrative of “American History.”

Miradas: Mexican Art from the Bank of America Collection

National Museum of Mexican Art

Whatever your ambivalence may be regarding corporate collections, I wouldn't miss an opportunity to see the works by Manuel Álvarez Bravo, Aaron Siskind, Mariana Yampolsky and many other 20th century Mexican artists that the Bank of America has been hoarding in its extensive collection. While most of the canonical names are represented—Siqueiros, Rivera, Orozco—this show includes many other artists whose names should be just as well known. And, while Frida Kahlo's work is conspicuously missing from the list, at least her portrait is present in a Álvarez Bravo photographic print.

On view through Aug. 30. 1852 W. 19th St. Hours: Tues.–Sun. 10a.m.–5p.m. Admission Free.

A Force for Change: African American Art and the Julius Rosenwald Fund

Sperthus Museum

In a roundabout nod to Black History Month, the Sperthus Museum attempts to highlight an instance of Jewish support of African American empowerment. Featuring 22 fellows from the 1928–48 Julius Rosenwald Fund—created by the Chicago businessman to promote black leadership in the arts—the exhibition presents artworks and documentation that archive the Fund's history. Artists include Elizabeth Catlett, Aaron Douglas, Katherine Dunham, Jacob Lawrence, Gordon Parks, Rose Piper and Hale Woodruff, among others.

Feb. 8 – Aug. 16. 610 S. Michigan Ave. Hours: Sun. & Wed. 10a.m.–5p.m., Thurs. 10a.m.–6p.m.

Jake Wilson: Inupiatscapes

Mitchell Museum of the American Indian

In his first solo exhibition, this BFA candidate at SAIC presents six letter-box format drawings based on northern Alaskan memoryscapes. These imagistic reflections on the central Yukon River region in which he grew up imply distance and memory in their slightly foggy focus and grayscaled complexions, as well as their nod to 35mm film through their panoramic format. Of Inupiat descent, Wilson's show and drawing titles—*Ascent* and *Formation*, for example—reflect the indistinctness of history and memory, as well as the hold of birthplace, tradition and ancestry.

On view through March 29. 3001 Central St., Evanston. Hours: Tues.–Sat. 10a.m.–5p.m., Sun. 12–4p.m.

Red, White, Blue & Black: A History of Blacks in the Armed Forces

DuSable Museum of African American History

Covering the Revolutionary War, American Civil War, Spanish American War, the World Wars, Korean War and Vietnam War, this exhibition displays more than 100 artifacts, objects, and images that document the role of African Americans fighting for America throughout its history. Both about the historic roles that blacks held and the ones they were prevented from holding, the show presents militaria and documentation that brings these roles into forefront and explores the balancing act of fighting external enemies while being treated as internal enemies.

On view through July 17. 740 E. 56th Pl. Hours: Tues.–Sat. 10a.m.–5p.m., Sun. 12–5p.m.

STICKS


Intuit: The Center for Intuitive and Outsider Art

Stories of artists releasing the figures that call out from inside the marble block pervade the romantic historical narrative of art, but what about the form that cries out from within the toothpick or telephone pole? Intuit presents works by self-taught artists made from various available wooden forms: tree trunks, roots, matchsticks, etc. The numerous pieces by unknown artists in the show are accompanied by the works of some notables, such as Keith Goodhart, Kevin Sampson, LeRoy Person, David Philpot, Bessie Harvey, D. Bill, Wayne Kusy, C.P.Ligon and Emory Blagdon.

On view through April 18. 756 N. Milwaukee Ave. Hours: Tues.–Sat. 11a.m.–5p.m., Thurs. 11a.m.–7:30p.m. Admission Free

Colors of Nature: Oils and Watercolors by Siv Lindgren

Swedish American Museum

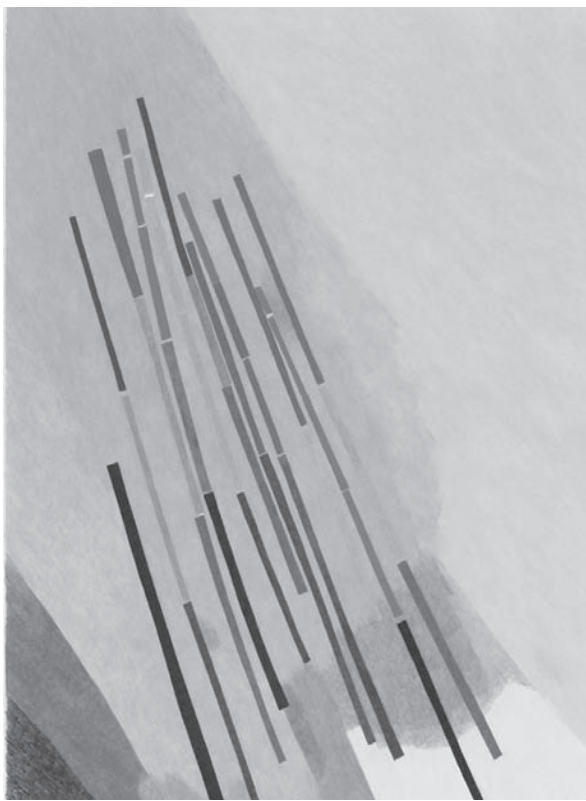
An immigrant from Sweden to Chicago in her mid-teens, Lindgren remained inspired by the beauty of her homeland throughout and beyond her training at the Art Institute. While her work could perhaps be described as Bob Rossian, her paintings provide a glimpse at the idyllic beauty that resides in memory, the enticing intangibility of nostalgia and the power that nature's imagery holds over our imaginations. Her flowers and landscapes won't change your life or your view of the world, but they may make you a little warmer and happier in the dead of winter. 

On view through March 15. 5211 N. Clark. Hours: Tues.–Fri. 10a.m.–4p.m., Sat.–Sun. 11a.m.–4p.m.

Looking Up, Marking Down

“of or relating to the sky or visible heavens” at Western Exhibitions

BY CORINNA KIRSCH



Carrie Gundersdorf. *Trails and space* — yellow and blue, 2008
watercolor and colored pencil on paper. 50 1/4" x 38"

Currently installed at Western Exhibitions, “of or relating to the sky or visible heavens” features the work of Michelle Grabner, Carrie Gundersdorf, Shane Huffman, Matthew Northridge, Melissa Oresky and Stan Shellabarger. Curated by the gallery’s director, Scott Speh, this show plays off the sociable and airy quality of the main exhibition space, made so by the wall of windows at the gallery’s far end. The title of the show is the dictionary definition of the word “celestial,” and, in the straightforward but expansive fashion of a definition, the exhibition includes artworks that elaborate on simple associations related to the standard meanings of “sky” as well as the lyrical meanings of “visible heavens.”

This mixture of both systematic and poetic implications—along the with “scare quotes” that surround the title, preventing anyone from taking the phrase too seriously—allow artists to represent both a sincere version of the exhibition’s theme and to touch on the irony of trying to represent the immateriality of the celestial. For instance, many of the works, including those by Gundersdorf, Grabner and Huffman, document how they were made: emphasizing their materiality.

In her trio of paintings, including *Trails and Space - 20 min - neon pink and gray version* (2008), Carrie Gundersdorf’s muted neon watercolor and color pencil designs extract forms from images that use various methods of recording the sky (from spectroscopes, computer-enhanced photographs, time-lapse photos, etc.). These images break down this intangible landscape into symbols and simple geometric shapes—think Color Field paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, overlain with Minimal Sol LeWitt forms, but with astronomical implications.

Shane Huffman’s inkjet print *Forevering* (2008) at first looks like an ethereal landscape taken by a NASA satellite. However, the materials used to construct the scene are anything but celestial, consisting of semen and menstrual blood. As a print shown in a glossy format, these abject forms are transformed into a flat decorative surface. But, even though the actual materials are absent, their imprint still remains.




Michelle Grabner. *Untitled Flock Drawing*, 2009
rayon flock and spray adhesive. dimensions variable

Michelle Grabner’s corner work, *Untitled Flock Drawing* (2009), hovers between drawing, painting and sculpture. Made from rayon flock and spray adhesive, the fluffy white specks coating the corner of the gallery float or migrate upwards, creating a second, textural layer to the gallery walls. Although small pieces of the material were falling off the wall on the exhibition’s opening night (or perhaps because this was happening), the work seems to gesture towards the process of its making. The splattering, spraying, and foaming of material result in and are indexed by the variegated, infinitesimal forms made on the wall. Similar to how no two snowflakes look alike, no two of Grabner’s globs of flock are identical.

The blue firmament becomes the common motif among the works in the exhibition, allowing for play and expansion upon a common visual and poetic theme. But what is significant about this fact and what does it mean that many artists express a relationship to the sky within their works? Though the works within this show were compelling instances of contemporary responses to materiality, the thematic nature of the exhibition left me with questions. A more in-depth connection is never established between the artists and the theme they all employ, leaving the relevance of the show’s “celestial” works in question. ■

“of or relating to the sky or visible heavens” will be on view Jan. 9–Feb. 14. Western Exhibitions is located at 119 N. Peoria, Suite 2A. Gallery hours: Wednesday through Saturdays, 11a.m.–6p.m. www.westernexhibitions.com




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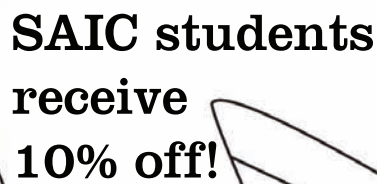
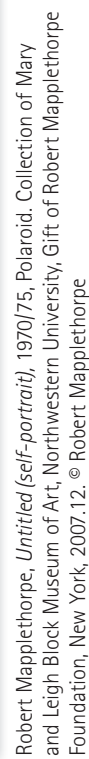
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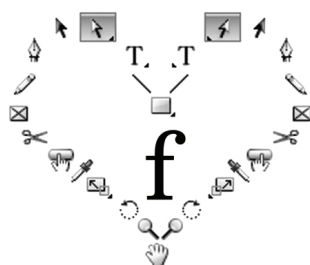
“Polaroids: Mapplethorpe” at the Block Museum

The exhibition spans the six-year period, from 1970 to 1975, in which Mapplethorpe made some 1,500 Polaroid photographs, as he developed into a mature artist. All of the subjects that made him infamous in the 1980s are present—sexually explicit nudes, penetrating portraits, and erotically charged still lifes—and some unfamiliar subjects—cityscapes, common household objects, and even Mapplethorpe's upturned feet—appear as well. Unlike the overly polished look of his mature work,

On view through April 5 at the Mary and Leigh Block Museum of Art, 40 Arts Circle Drive, Evanston, IL. Tues. 10a.m.-5p.m., Wed.-Fri. 10a.m.-8p.m., Sat.-Sun. 12-5p.m.



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ART SCHOOL WARS



Staff Illustration by Aurélie Beatley

ARTS ADMINISTRATION VS ARTISTS

My first week at SAIC I got stuck in the elevator of the MacLean Building with some boy cursing the fact that he had mixed up his classes. “Dammit,” he declared, as though the other people in there were his personal audience, “I was really looking forward to that class.” In perhaps a misguided attempt to make a friend outside my program, I suggested he join me for my class instead. “What is it?” he inquired with interest (this budding friendship was going well, I thought). “Fundraising,” I replied. His expression immediately changed from a smile to a scowl—or was it just a look of pity? “Oh,” he said, “er.... No, I don’t think so.”

This wasn’t my first interaction with the snobbery of artists in the face of arts administrators or curators. My choice of graduate program has inspired many snide, “Oh, not creative enough for an MFA, are we?” comments and “Arts Admin—so that’s like, the people that organize artists, right?” I didn’t start off hating these people, but gradually, as the weeks went on, with encounters like these reaching into the thousands, I began to. I started having conversations with my roommate—a sworn academic—about reinstating Plato’s arguments about artists. “Wouldn’t it be great,” I’d say, and he would enthusiastically agree, “if we made making art illegal—that would really weed out the terrible artists. That would test their commitment.” Of course, I concede, I do need artists to be an arts administrator, and yes, OK, I do kinda like art, and, sometimes, even artists. But next time you’re looking for grant-writing tips, or you want someone to curate a screening of your extensive portfolio of avant-garde cinema, treat me with a little respect. Remember, I can make or break you.—*Beth Capper*

VCS VS THE WORLD

Ah... Winter vacation. That great time of year when one heads back, back to home. And what do you find there? Acquaintances all wanting to know, “What are you up to?” “Grad school,” would be my reply, which was followed by the—for me personally haunting—“What do you study?” question. Sheepishly, I’d respond, “Visual and Critical Studies.” A blank stare would be shot my way, begging some sort of explanation. And, by the umpteenth time I was asked this question, I knew better than to actually respond with what it is (which is basically an amalgamation of thoughts and practices, meant at further approaching Truth like some Icarus-inspired flight). I would give some sort of example of what we did, usually vague enough so that it was comprehensible but also stopped any further questions with its opacity. Persistent acquaintances didn’t really help my goal of avoiding intense thought on my vacation. I’d keep dodging their exploratory jabs until I finally got the requisite “cool” that signaled the end of that specific line of questioning, and the conversation would be allowed to move past that question. Yet here I am, staring it down once again.

What the hell is VCS and why do we find ourselves facing off against The World? Well, let’s just say that y’all are jealous of our capricious swagger (which you are). “Why the swagger?” you ask. It’s called interdisciplinary studies and what it means is that we get a free pass to be academic and practical interlopers, nomads of knowledge riding theoretical dromedaries, or something like that. Basically, because VCS means you can critically study anything which has a visual manifestation (and I mean ANYTHING: we even study sounds and smells for good measure). We might show up in your Oils class, a Photography studio, Art History theory courses or whatever else we feel might be fun to study that particular semester. And that’s the reason you hate us. We don’t yet have predecessors enough to be part of a solidified discourse, so we pick and choose, gleaning the best out of your dusty and tired departments. VCS is freedom in a world of defined and expected discourse, so in that way, we’re like the excesses of the materialist West and you’re living in East Germany, drinking warm chicory water. Though, as G.W. Bush once said, “The German asparagus are fabulous,” so at least you have that. —*Joel Kuennan*

AN ARCHITECT’S THREE-WAY: CONCEPTUAL DREAMERS VS COMMERCE-SAVVY MARKET REALISTS VS PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE SEEKERS

Perhaps Louis Sullivan would roll over in his grave if he were to discover that a section of the Carson Pirie Scott Building was now devoted to a graduate architecture studio, wherein arguments take place such as “Are you brave enough not to build?” and “Should architects work with free marketers or resist them?” and “Does a green roof actually constitute anything other than a mantle of trendy greenness?” Outsiders look on in bafflement as the AIADO crew tear themselves to shreds with outraged posters, outraged reactions to posters, outraged blog postings and outraged all-nighters spent in the architecture studios. No one can quite understand what they all seem so stressed about, except when you hear comments leaking out such as, “It’d be nice if they actually taught us how to construct buildings for once, instead of waffling on about memory and the senses.” —*Megan Blackstone*

FILM, VIDEO AND NEW MEDIA (FVNM) VS ART & TECHNOLOGY


It happens at most every animation screening: students file in and find which faction they will watch with: hand-drawn or computer animators. After every short, you can hear the grumblings of one tribe berating the work of the other. The hand-drawn kids (FVNM progeny) mutter that

the computer kids clearly have no sense of how to deal with a form or make it move in a believable way, tell a good story or set up a decent shot. The computer animators (the children of Art & Tech) will inevitably grumble about watching another unfinished hand-drawn “film” with a handful of missing or unfinished shots, failing to touch the sophistication it is reaching for. Sadly, they are both usually right.

Every once in a while, a computer animator will come into the lone seventh floor computer lab (next to the animation classroom) and rob a computer to render on—rendering it unusable for hours. But then a hand-drawn animator might move to another Michigan building lab to scan a whole stack of drawings—this also takes hours. Essentially, everyone hates the members of the other team because they both despise and envy each other while having to share interdepartmental resources.

But comments made under the breath and fighting over resources could all end if these two rival departments were fused into one glorious, strong Animation department. Just think: a league of people who could learn traditional animation techniques before even being allowed to touch a computer, all (ideally) possessing filmic sensibilities.—*Aaron Hoffman*

VISCOM VS FINE ARTS

Night. A deserted sculpture garden. Everything is quiet save for the occasional rustling of a leaf against the Henry Moore sculpture that looks like a minimalist slug. Suddenly, without warning, figures contort themselves into view, emerging from the shadows. They circle each other, menacingly, before splitting into two groups and snapping their fingers at each other. They are clearly marked, like warriors, with their own ensigns. One faction is styled to look like laconic paint-stained homeless people with really great hair. The others are dressed like futurist prostitutes and armed with Wacom tablets on which they swirl paisley and nonsensical curlicues into attractive designs. The face-off centers around the fact that the FineArtistes have been proclaiming that the V1\$00/\3s aren’t really artists: what they do is commercial and soul-less. The counter argument, presented by a young man in skintight silver pants, jabbing his stylus in the air like a jackknife, is that the painters are a bunch of derivative self-indulgent pansies with no work ethic, spreading yet more conceptual bullshit in a world already saturated with bullshit. The painters regroup, attempting to decide if this pronouncement warrants violence—indeed if justice can ever truly be attained by any display of force. They think they might want to render this, a representation of the media’s destructive power over the fragile beauty of their artistic self-expression, and petition for the delivery of some cheap corn alcohol to fuel their efforts in finding Truth. Just as tragedy threatens, with the designers menacing to turn art into just another industry of cool, a bunch of performance students show up to mediate. They dunk everyone in grape juice and convince them to have an orgy on tape while dressed up as penguins. Silence returns to the garden of technology and tradition. There will be one more night of uneasy peace.—*Aurélie Beatley* 


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JOSEPH GRIGELY
St. Cecilia
11.22.08—02.22.09



That's What We Live For, 2008. Two fabricated urethane buckets. Overall dimensions variable. Each bucket: 14½ x 12 x 11 in.
Courtesy of the artist and Cohan and Leslie, New York

St. Cecilia is co-organized by the Contemporary Museum, Baltimore, and the Frances Young Tang Teaching Museum, Saratoga Springs, New York.
Joseph Grigely's video installation *St. Cecilia* is coproduced by the Contemporary Museum and the Orange County Museum of Art.

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Contemporary Art

FAMOUS (AND POSSIBLY DECEASED) ARTIST PERSONAL ADS

GAUNT, AWKWARD NEW JERSEY NATIVE seeks unattached video artist for mutually beneficial partnership. Join me for long walks by the mud, salt crystals, rocks, water, salt, and on the occasional rock-collecting trip. Interests include: dinosaurs and ice. Must be willing to travel in spite of imperfect measuring systems. Experience with helicopters and dump trucks a big plus. Just looking for someone to stroll with around the infinite spiral or just while away these days of unchecked and inevitable entropy of the uncanny materialism of geological time. Meet me by the quarry just up the road from the turnpike on the other side of the Lincoln Tunnel. Bring your chisel and periodic table if you'd like to get elemental with me.

ELEGANT BUT AGING JAPANESE-AMERICAN WOMAN seeks dedicated company and a little hero worship. I am a woman of the fire, of the music, of the sacred curly zen tree. I am a wild woman. I lie on John Cage's piano, and I break up pop groups. But you will not regret your time with me. I will give you a box of smile, if you want one. We can sit up on the Imagine Peace Tower in Iceland and I will tell you about times when you weren't yet born. I may even invite you into another Bed-In for Peace, where we can invite the general public to cut away my clothes. Call 1800 YOKO ONO and sing me a silent song, if you dare.

SPUNKY, COMBATIVE ENGLISH SEXPOT seeks large numbers of men to add to her illustrious tent list. I enjoy long, inebriated nights, and beds full of tissues, dried out

mascara bottles, cocaine baggies, and sweat patches. I have a much loved c*nt, so you will be a lucky fellow if I let you in on the game. Everyone wants a piece of me—even Elton John and George Michael, which is a bit bizarre, but these days I can sell my sh*t for £50,000. We can wallow in my quilts, ash our fags on them, talk about my aborted babies and whine about how I should have won the Turner. If this sounds like your sort of party, meet me at Margate and we can roll around on the concrete and declare everyone to be f*cking tossers and wankers.

MIDWESTERN TRANSPLANT AND KOREAN WAR VETERAN seeks rigorous, opinionated or at least interesting partner. Come share in mutual disdain for almost everything and everyone still beholden to European criteria or other false and hierarchical constructs. Strong interest in inanimate objects a huge plus. Must be OK with softness and hardness—so long as specificity of form is retained. Turn-ons: all things empirically derived, exceedingly hard, singular, flaccid, polarized and breast-like, including light switches, profound forms, ice cream cones and hamburgers. Turn-offs include: relational parts, Cartesian bullshit, generalizations, and the federal government. Let us shed the a priori and Manhattan, move to the high desert and fumble around in the dark for the soft switches or other specific objects and aggregate mutually driven non-self-contained un-bracketed passages of experience.

SLIGHTLY BALDING, HEAVY SMOKING, FAST TALKING BROOKLYNITE seeks young, willing, able, flexible, virile girl to squeeze inside a box and enter into my association area. Must be open to a potentially successful sex change, sharing, concrete poetry, having your eyes pried open and generally being threatened. Looking for someone interested in somewhat humorous onanistic activities and recording devices. Tolerance of lengthy trance-like states is an absolute must. Willing to compete in feats of strength and agility and bite myself (if necessary) to prove my worth and existence to you broads—you can read me like an open book. I can be a bit territorial, so if you plan on two-timing me you'd better hide my crowbar... or if you're into that kind of thing grab a blindfold and let's see what happens. Meet at Pier 7 in the late evening, come alone and don't be scared—I'll be there for you. Or just come over to my apartment sometime and we can smoke cigarettes, listen to The Doors on my sweet hi-fi, read some Mickey Spillane aloud and help each other define our bodies in space. Or maybe I'll find you underneath my kitchen table touching my legs.

BEAUTIFUL CUBAN-AMERICAN WOMAN with an ambiguous relationship to Santeria seeks companionship and protection from possibly dangerous husband whose obsession with the serial repetition of identical industrial forms should be criminal. Enjoys long walks in nature that end with digging bodily forms in the grass or playing dead in ponds. Also likes to paint walls with blood

in the nude. Really just open to doing almost anything naked that includes fire, mud, ash, or bodily fluids. Must enjoy exchanging and attaching each other's body hair—mustaches are my favorite. What are yours?

I AM LOOKING FOR: ALL I REALLY NEED IS LOVE FEAR IS STRONGER THAN LOVE CONQUERS ALL SEES NO FLAWS WILL FIND A WAY NEVER GROWS OLD IS BLIND MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND...THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL MAKES EVERYTHING LOVELY.....EVERY BIRD LOVES TO HEAR HIMSELF SING LOVE YOUR ENEMIES..... WITH A FACE ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE

LOOKING FOR BUD for non-homo J/O. I get off surfing the web for pics of hot babes, especially into ass...I bookmark the best pics, then J/O to them, looking for a skinny young bud that could get off on same scene and J/O together SWM, forty-six, five-ten, 192, stocky and well built, hairy, regular Joe except for bustling art career, DDF, you be too. For mutual J/O, massage, etc. but possibility to wind up on film. ■

Personal ads ghostwritten by Anna Kryczka, Jesse Stein, Emily Bauman, Natalie Edwards

Did you GUESS CORRECTLY? Ads in order: Robert Smithson, Yoko Ono, Tracy Emtin, Donald Judd, Vito Acconci, Ana Mendieta, Jenny Holzer, Gaspar Noé

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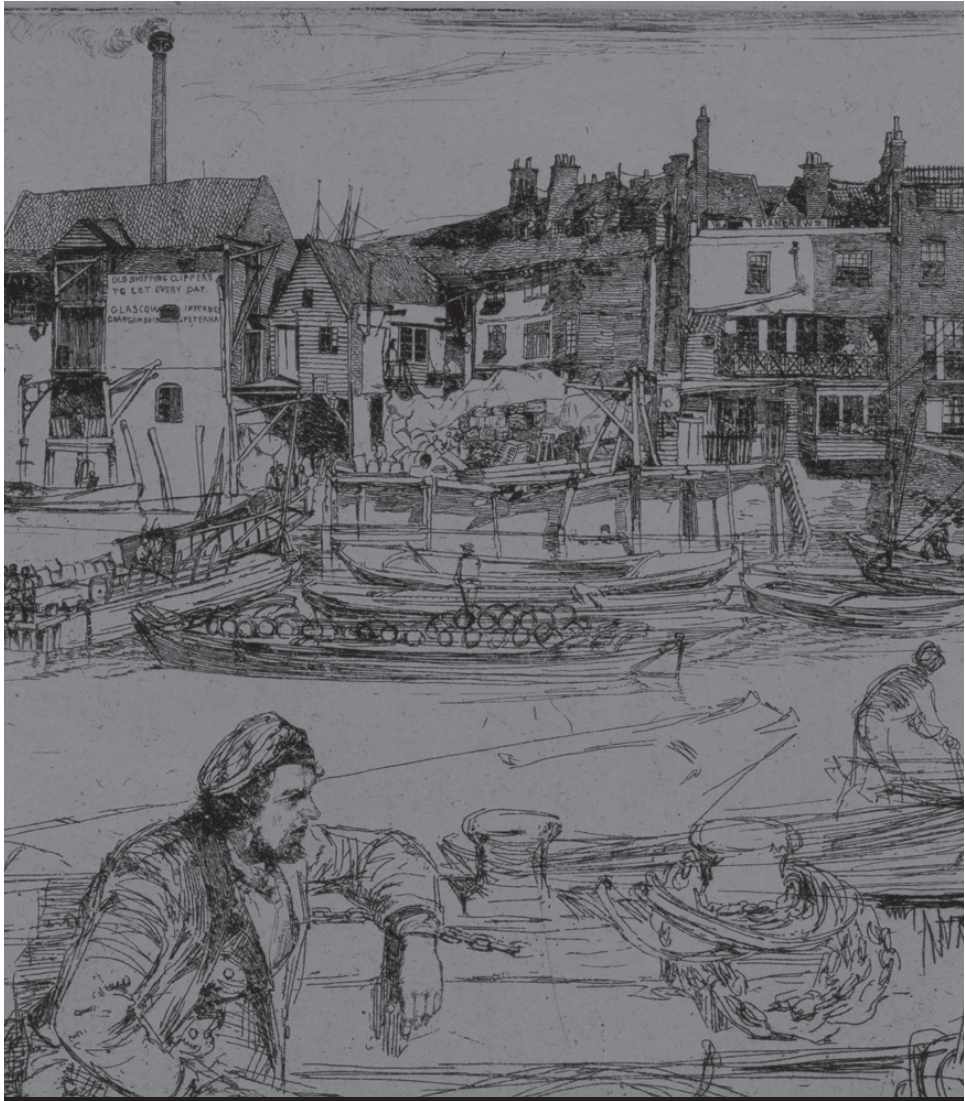


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Staff Illustration by Afton McCann

Let's talk about sex

The failures of abstinence-only sex education exposed

BY AFTON MCCANN

Abstinence-only sex education has proven itself ineffective yet again. A new study from the *Washington Post* reveals that teenagers who pledge to abstain from sex until marriage are just as likely to have premarital sex as their non-pledging counterparts. More alarming, however, is the fact that when virginity pledgers inevitably have premarital sex, as 88% do, they are less likely to use condoms or other forms of birth control than non-pledgers. As a system that wastes federal tax dollars teaching teens half-truths regarding basic health information, abstinence-only sex education stands in blatant defiance of common sense.

61% of graduating high school seniors have had sex

88% of virginity pledgers eventually have premarital sex

24% of virginity pledgers claim to always use condoms, compared with **34%** of non-pledgers

BY ERIC GARCIA



BY DAVID ESSMAN



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BY ALEXANDRA WESTRICH



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