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Can Controversy
Be Boring?



Fun Under 21



Make-believing
Racial Healing



VISITING ARTISTS PROGRAM

VISITING MINDS

LASTING INFLUENCE

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in Conversation with Hamza Walker

SEPT 21

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FALL 2015

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DEC 08

CHRISTIAN
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College Chicago.

This program is partially supported by a grant from the Illinois Arts Council Agency.





One Koch ring to rule them all ...

Cover: by Alex Kostiw

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Webmaster Violet Forest
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Design Consultant Jordan Whitney Martin
Designers Zach Cooper, Priyoshi Kapur
Social Media Manager Sarah Wheat
Staff Writers Paula Calvo
Contributors Fulla Abdul-Jabar, Ryan Blocker, KT Hawbaker-Krohn, Sophie Johnson, Caleb Kaiser, Kimia Maleki, Jane Rawlings, Ana Sekler, Lisa Wainwright
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Starring....

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
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| 2 Marco Rubio as Aragorn | 7 Scott Walker as Pippin |
| 3 Ben Carson as Gandalf | 8 Ted Cruz as Merry |
| 4 Rand Paul as Legolas | 9 Donald Trump as Frodo |
| 5 Mike Huckabee as Boromir | 10 Jeb Bush as Sam |

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In Brief

● Megan Byrne

China! That's Our Bean!

When Mumbai-born artist Anish Kapoor designed and constructed the famous *Cloud Gate* (The Bean) sculpture in Millennium Park in 2004, both natives and tourists were thrilled at the city's new attraction. "The Bean" reflected the city skyline at night, while during the day one might see tourists taking pictures of themselves with the sculpture.

In Xinjiang, China, however, the Chinese government has allowed for installation of a public sculpture almost identical to Chicago's famous bean to be constructed. The sculpture will open to the public in August, complete with an LED light installation underneath it. The state-run paper *People's Daily* reports that the sculpture was made in the shape of a "big oil bubble."

White Men Parade Rifles Around Ferguson

A self-proclaimed citizen militia group called the Oath Keepers, who are dedicated to protecting the Constitution, were present at the one-year anniversary protest of Michael Brown's death protecting a journalist who works for a site called Infowars.com. This group, comprised of almost exclusively white men, has been described by the Southern Poverty Law Center as a "fiercely antigovernment, militaristic group." Videos can be found on YouTube of some of their members puzzlingly talking to citizens of Missouri present for the protests about the oppressive nature of sales tax.

The armed group of white men patrolling the streets irked law enforcement officials, as well as making participants of protests extremely uncomfortable. But, some business owners who allowed the militia to stand on their roofs admitted that they felt safer with them there, according to the Washington Post.

California Inserts Bike Protected Intersection

Davis, California opened the United States' very first protected intersection for cyclists. While many cities have taken to creating protected bike lanes — or separated, individual lanes that separate cyclists from cars — Davis has taken steps to further prevent cycling accidents by creating cyclist-safe intersections, which look similar to pedestrian crossing lanes.

Amsterdam and Copenhagen have set the model for cities with large concentrations of cyclist-commuters ensuring that their eco-friendly commute will also be a safe one, while US cities like Salt Lake City and Boston are planning on implementing these lanes on their own streets.

Grandstanding?

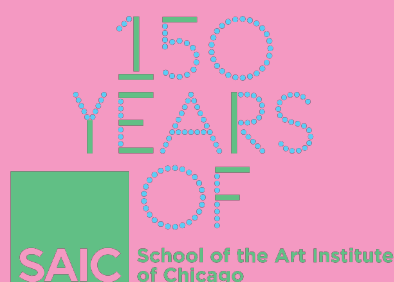
Amnesty International met in Dublin and released a document that proposed the decriminalization of the sex trade as a means to protect and respect sex workers.

Later that July, a letter, which was signed by myriad human rights advocates including celebrities like Lena Dunham and Meryl Streep, was written to the directors of Amnesty International condemning the "catastrophic" proposal.

Sex workers who were in support of the proposal, as it would give them the right to report clientele abuses to law enforcement, were outraged at the celebrities, and told them to "Stop Grandstanding." The Daily Beast interviewed one sex worker named Karen DiAngelo who was victim to a brutal assault by a client that left her in the UC Davis Medical Center, where she says she was told by police that she would be arrested if she wanted to press charges.



Illustration by Jarad Solomon



From all staff and faculty in
the Office of Student Affairs—
WELCOME!

Join us at the Neiman Center and around campus for fun back-to-school events!
For details and other info about Campus Life events, check out: saic.edu/lifeatsaic/
To contact **your** Student Programming Board (SPB), email spb@saic.edu

September Events:

September 3: Back to School BBQ
September 10: Student Group Fair & Ice Cream Social
September 17: Constitution Day
September 18: 150th Anniversary Student Block Party
September 24: Korean Cultural Festival

WELCOME TO THE 150th FALL SEMESTER AT SAIC!

Coming Soon:

October 5, 6 & 7: What's My Job?
October 8 & 9: Diversity Symposium
October 30: Halloween Ball
November 9: International Trivia Night
November 19-21: Holiday Art Sale

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

For the Young'uns

Things to do in Chicago under 21

● Elizabeth Lent

In a city that is known for an abundance of bars and clubs, it is often a struggle to find the goods if you're one of the youngsters. Here's a list of what to do in Chicago if you're under 21.

Metro Chicago

Metro Chicago boasts a nearly 100-year-old historic venue, local bands, and a humble stage haloed by a gold baroque-esque frame. The grungy yet friendly locale offers a bountiful amount of 18+ shows. If you're looking for a welcoming atmosphere and a communal appreciation for live music, the Metro is the venue for you. Upcoming concerts include Best Coast and Heartless Bastards. Don't forget your I.D.
MetroChicago.com

Afternoon Tea at The Drake

Sometimes it is nice to feel like royalty. The Drake Hotel offers teatime in their exotically named Palm Court. Eat delectable finger sandwiches and teensy pastries as you're wooed by the live harpist. Dress to the nines and expect to pay around \$100 for two. Treat yourself!
TheDrakeHotel.com

Looking Glass Theater

Named after Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*, it is obvious that there's something special about this playhouse. Looking Glass Theater aspires to produce riveting and breathtaking theatrical experiences, which often remove the fourth wall between the actors and the audience. They've produced renditions of *The Little Prince* and *Moby Dick* with an innovative flare. Upcoming shows include *Thaddeus and Slocum*, *Treasure Island*, and *Blood Wedding*.
LookingGlassTheatre.org

Sector 2337

What started as an apartment gallery and paper press has been expanded into the fairly new Sector 2337 gallery, which was opened by SAIC professor Devin King. Sector 2337 hosts a plethora of performances and poetry readings as well as group and solo exhibitions. The next opening is a group show entitled Tertiary Dimensions. Be sure to check that out in early September.
Sector2337.com

Myopic Books Poetry Series

The popular bookstore in Wicker Park hosts semi-weekly poetry readings and poets' talks. These events aim to reshape and stretch poetry. Show up early, wander the labyrinth of endless shelves, and breathe in the smell of paper and ink. Art books galore, a scifi-filled basement, and experimental poetry unending – you're sure to find a treasure.
<http://www.myopicbookstore.com/poetry.html>

Buzz Killer Espresso

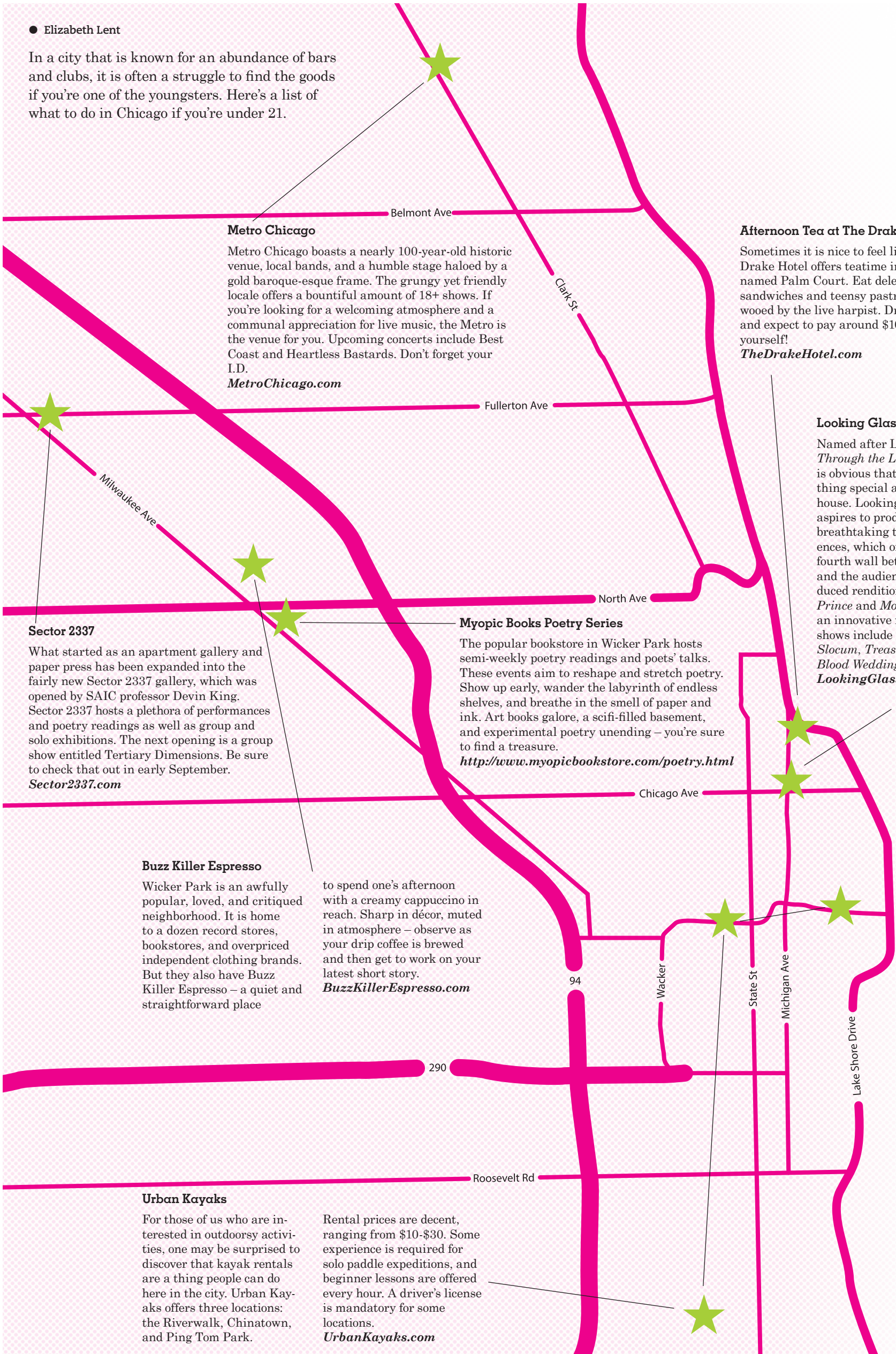
Wicker Park is an awfully popular, loved, and critiqued neighborhood. It is home to a dozen record stores, bookstores, and overpriced independent clothing brands. But they also have Buzz Killer Espresso – a quiet and straightforward place

to spend one's afternoon with a creamy cappuccino in reach. Sharp in décor, muted in atmosphere – observe as your drip coffee is brewed and then get to work on your latest short story.
BuzzKillerEspresso.com

Urban Kayaks

For those of us who are interested in outdoorsy activities, one may be surprised to discover that kayak rentals are a thing people can do here in the city. Urban Kayaks offers three locations: the Riverwalk, Chinatown, and Ping Tom Park.

Rental prices are decent, ranging from \$10-\$30. Some experience is required for solo paddle expeditions, and beginner lessons are offered every hour. A driver's license is mandatory for some locations.
UrbanKayaks.com





A Greenpeace canvasser

● Jane Rawlings

If you're not sure what canvassers are, they are the people standing on the sidewalk trying to get passers-by to donate to organizations like PETA, Greenpeace, or Promise Child. They are sly, relentless, and manipulative people. I had been living in Chicago for just two months after moving from Kentucky and didn't know how to say no to the canvassers on the street. As a Southerner I was unassuming and patient. This evil man with cargo pants, a flannel shirt, long hair, and a clipboard smelled my passive nature and locked in on me. I was sucked into his vortex of introductions and stopped to respond to his "how are you today?" Although I was less interested in answering this question than he was in finding out the answer, I entertained his inquisition. I told him I was okay and asked him his name. He told me it was Cody and I said, "Oh weird, that's the name of my last ex-boyfriend." This is just the first instance of word vomit in this story — there will be so much more. He chuckled and asked me my name and when I told him "Jane," he quickly responded with "Oh weird, that's the name of my next ex-girlfriend." It was as off-putting as it was inappropriate as it was witty, and this influx of varying emotional response would cause me to stick around.

About five minutes into his pitch to get me to donate, I remembered that I had left my debit card in my apartment and would not be able to give him my card information. I stopped him in the middle of his well-rehearsed monologue and told him. He promptly asked where I lived and how long it would take to get there. Any normal person who loved themselves would've made it clear that they lived very, very far away and that there would be no way for them to get their debit card quickly. But I am not a normal, self-loving person and, so I told him that I lived just a block away and that "it would be no big deal to go get it." I heard myself say that and became furious, but as someone devoted to kindness, I was going to follow through.

Cody and I began walking towards my apartment, and he removed the blue vest he had to wear as his uniform. This tore down the wall between us, no longer was he a salesperson and I a customer, it looked and felt like we were just two friends walking together.

As we continued walking, I looked over at his arm and saw a tattoo of a cartoon bumblebee with "Cody" written above it in cursive. I asked about the tattoo and he told me that he had wanted a "unique tattoo to represent who he was."

Disturbed by this conversation, I decided that I would just leave him outside

of my building, run up to my apartment, grab the card, and come back down. However, the moment we arrived at my apartment, it started raining, and although I disliked him, my Kentuckian scruples told me that I couldn't leave him in the rain, so I invited him to wait in the lobby, which I now know he interpreted as "yes, please, come up to my apartment and sit on my couch."

Before I knew it, Cody and I were zipping up the elevator, walking into my apartment and sitting on my very small couch, flipping through pictures of emaciated children.

I began laughing to myself at the sheer absurdity and dangerousness of the situation. Of course Cody interpreted my laughter as some sort of indirect affirmation that this was going well. But it was not.

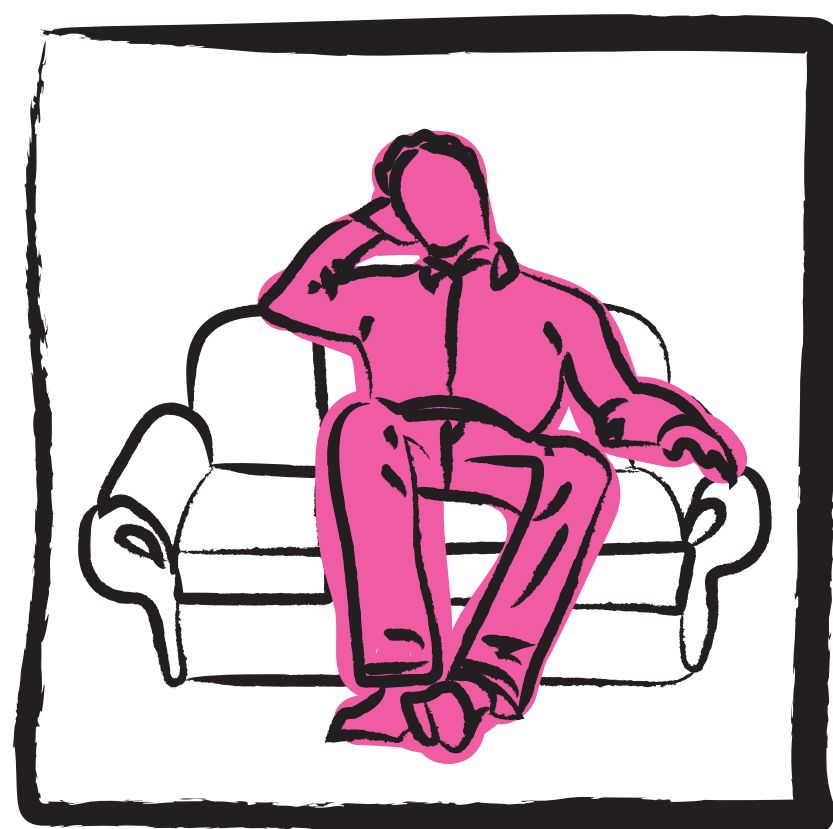
I tried to expedite the process as much as possible, hastily choosing a country to sponsor a child from. It was after this that Cody said "Okay, you see that dotted line at the bottom of this page? When you sign there, how about I give you a kiss on the cheek to seal the deal?" Who says that? To seal the deal? If I didn't already hate Cody, I certainly did now.

"Yeah, okay" came tumbling out of my mouth like some disgusting toxic waterfall and I was mortified, sweaty, and feeling like I had let every feminist before me down.

When the time finally came to sign my name, I found myself signing in slow motion, every loop within my cursive name taking up more time to make than the last. When I ran out of letters to make I briefly considered making up a second last name but decided that was probably illegal or distasteful or both, and I was forced to face Cody. He leaned over, circumventing my cheek entirely and instead going straight for my mouth. He positioned himself to get on top of me, and I had a moment of clarity that revealed how I had gotten myself into this position: because I was scared to say no. I didn't want to be too aggressive or assertive. I threw kindness out the window, and I had a response in adrenaline similar to a mother lifting a car off her child, but instead of moving a car, I moved a strange man.

I planted my hands firmly in the center of his chest and pushed him far enough away that I could see his face again, and I made it very clear that it was time for him to leave. He took this time to slip me a piece of paper with his email address on it and said that I should "hit him up soon."

Although I never spoke to Cody again, I was forced to see him every day, as his workplace was just one block away from my apartment, and by workplace I



mean the sidewalk. Using the email address he had given me, I looked him up on Twitter. His only tweets were of him cyberbullying Ryan Seacrest and complaining about the CTA.

I eventually told my mom about the incident and she was mortified, so much so that she didn't feel secure about me living in Chicago on my own. After convincing her that it was an incident fueled by word vomit and uncharacteristically stupid choices, she felt better. Three years later I find myself being shamelessly blunt about when I feel uncomfortable and unafraid to seem like a bitch. I've reclaimed and redefined that word. Being a bitch is good; it sets boundaries that even the most insistent men will bow down to. I am continuing to grow in my conquest of being a powerful woman, and experiences like these remind me that it will always be worth it.



Share your terrible dating stories with us! Send your stories to editors@fnewsmagazine.com

WHAT THE F ARE YOU DOING?

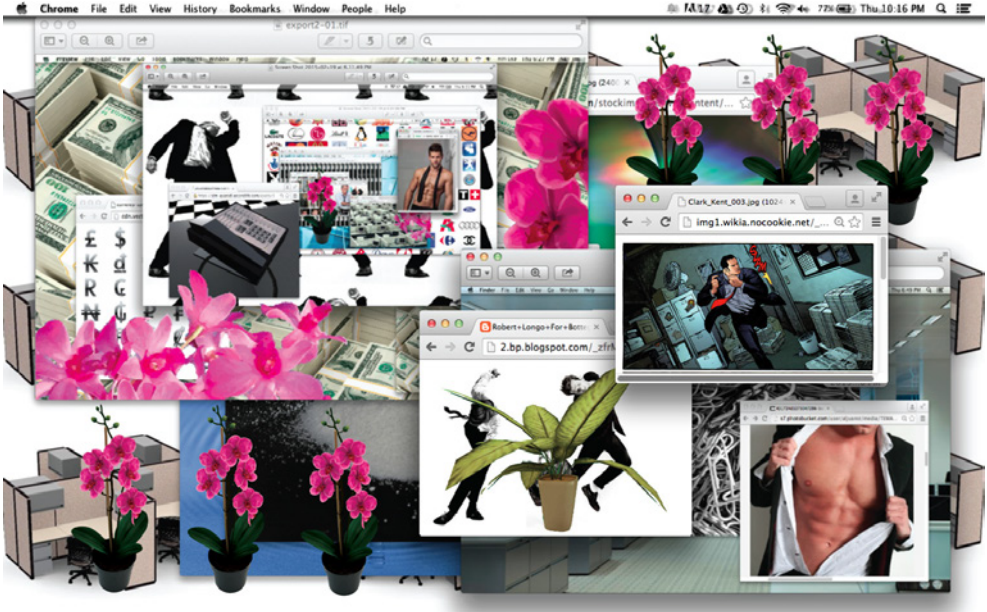
SAIC students sharing their unfinished work

● Jarad Solomon



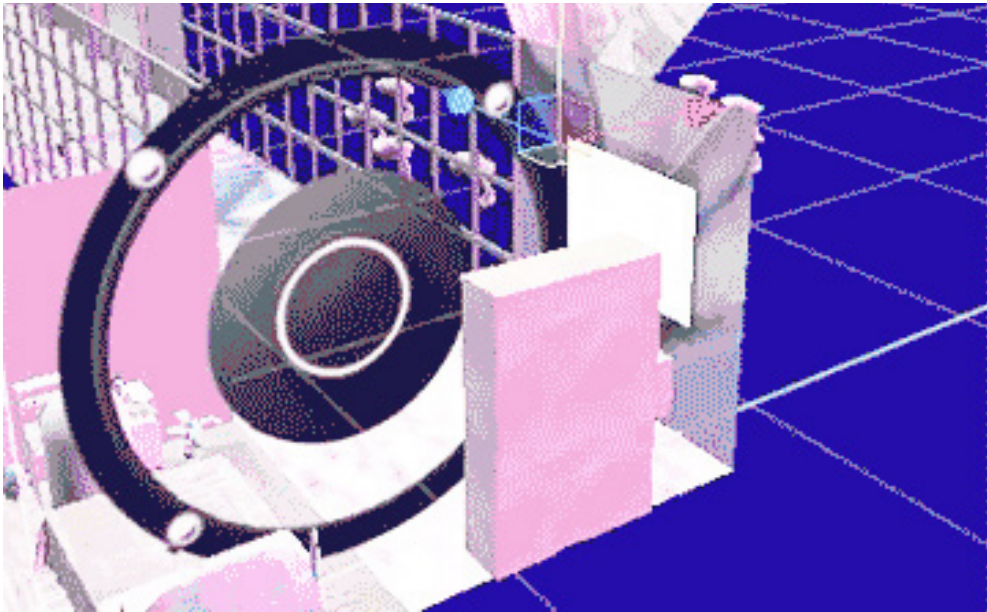
J4KD

Recently graduated Art and Tech student, collecting and preparing a concoction of web-sourced imagery.



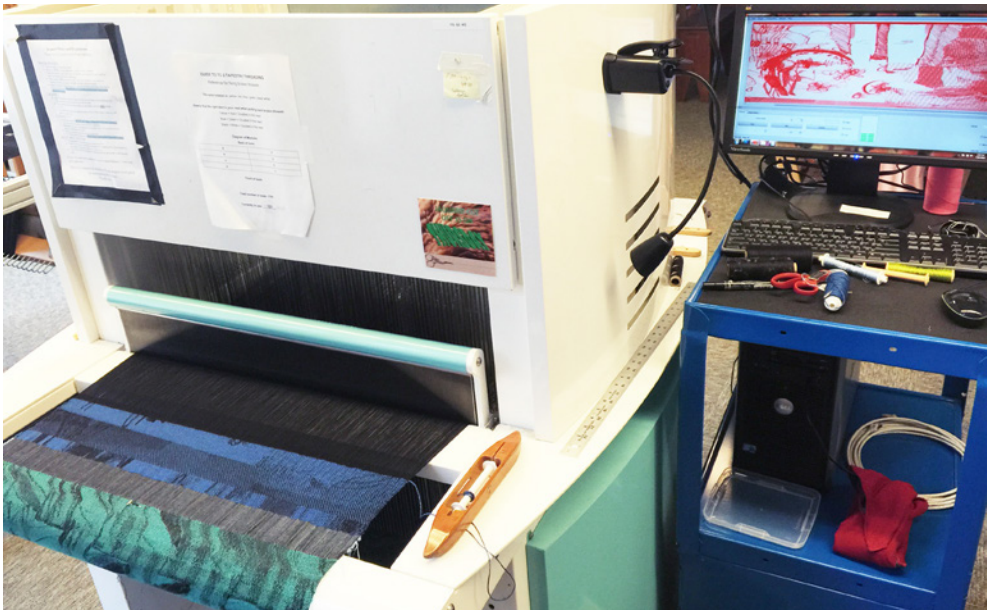
VIOLET FOREST

Second year Art and Tech MFA student, developing a cybertwee in-app gallery of works from net artists.

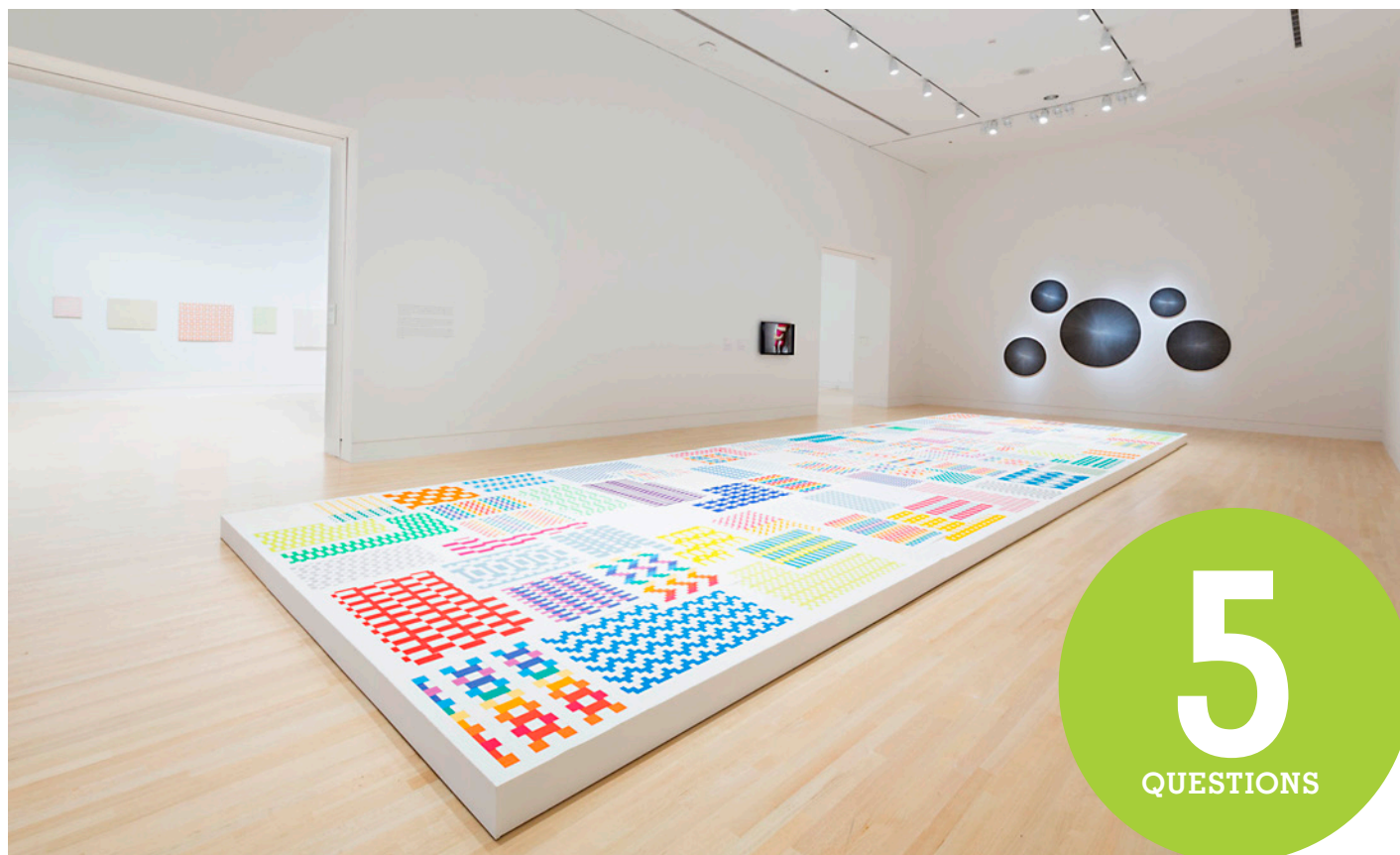


ANDREW LU

Recently graduated BFA student, weaving processed drawings on a jacquard loom.



Find out what the F happened @ Fnewsmagazine.com and check out the post-one-month follow-up with the artists



5
QUESTIONS

Michelle Grabner



For this month's edition of 5 Questions, Paula Calvo interviewed SAIC Professor Michelle Grabner, multi-media artist, co-founder of The Suburban, and curator of the upcoming 2016 Portland Biennial. Grabner's work is currently on view at the Indianapolis Museum of Art in her solo exhibition, *Weaving Life into Art*, until November 15.

1 In your curator statement for the Portland Biennial 2016, you mentioned art fair fatigue and biennial fatigue. What is your motivation to actively participate in the organization of this biennial? Do you think there is a curatorial approach to battle said fatigue?

The process of Biennial-making is hugely enlightening to me as an artist, teacher, and critic. I am given the rare and extraordinary opportunity to step into many artist studios where I get the chance to discuss work and ideas with other artists. I then get the opportunity to identify and shape cultural contexts around the information I glean from this research. The fatigue enters into the equation from a viewer's point of view and the inability to see this active process in exhibition and display. Biennials are loved and hated for being comprised of a collection of "lucky winners," artists whose greatest talent is wooing the attention of the curator. As an artist, my philosophy of biennial building is to ceaselessly foreground artists: their cognition and their process of making. I am not interested in evolving a professional record or a narrative as a curator.

2 What are some of the benefits and challenges of curating this upcoming biennial on your own, in comparison to co-curating the 2014 Whitney Biennial?

I am anticipating a more challenging albeit a more compelling and intimate process. A state-oriented biennial represents a geographically smaller cultural incubator. Yet the Portland 2016 biennial will be hosted by a multitude of venues throughout Oregon, giving me a chance to highlight a vast range of work and artistic practice.

3 You are currently displaying your work in a solo exhibition, *Weaving Life into Art*, at the Indianapolis Museum of Art. How does the large dimension of your weavings relate to the smaller painting, photography, and video works in the exhibition?

The metaphor of weaving is a great cliché, but an aptly workable one nonetheless. If one does the dedicated and daily work of continuously building a sturdy weft, then migrating different bodies of work and ideas into this foundation is both a responsibility and a creative endeavor.

4 During this past summer, you and your family have relocated to Milwaukee, along with the much-loved art space The Suburban. What drove you to move to Milwaukee, and how is this change going to affect your work and everyday life?

In the early '90s, with MFA degrees in hand from Chicago institutions, my husband and I immediately moved to Milwaukee where we could afford to raise a family, pay off our student loans, and nurture the beginnings of our lives as artists. Culturally, Chicago is fantastically rich. Its institutions are strong and vertically stacked, rightfully so. But as an artist, I don't want to work in the shadows of any institutional value system. I want to evolve my own priorities and to think independently about art and culture. Paradoxically, moving to Milwaukee means that I will be spending more time objectively looking at Chicago's cultural offerings now that I am no longer entangled in its political landscape. I also feel that Chicago has made me a parody of myself. I was becoming evermore frustrated that the city

where I lived reduced me to the roles it needed me to be: critic, curator, and proprietor of the Suburban. It is true that I delight in doing all those things, but I always thought it was weird that New York's art-world always identified me as a "painter from Chicago," but Chicago never did. In short, I no longer want to be distracted or contoured by the silly, yet widespread, cultural politics of the city. As fascinating as Chicago politics is, I need to put my head down and work. Plus we now live much closer to the Poor Farm, the exhibition space we run in Northeastern Wisconsin.

5 Given your remarkable multi-media work and dynamic academic career, what would you say is the most important lesson, concept, or advice you wish your students to take away from your classes at SAIC?

This goes back to my interest in work. As a young professor I would teach classes built solely around language and critique. And, although both language and critique are instrument in growth and assessment, artists also need to develop a talent for working. This is becoming more and more difficult in our age of distraction.



Are you a current SAIC student or faculty member and want to share your work for a future 5 Questions? Reach out to editors@fnewsmagazine.com.



150th Anniversary

From 1989



What Can Art Do?

SAIC's 150th anniversary celebrates and remembers Dread Scott Tyler

● Elizabeth Judd

In 1989, an installation titled *What Is the Proper Way to Display a US Flag?* was on display at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), and the work triggered angry responses from many of the people who saw or heard about it. Death threats and the N-word were scribbled and shouted at the artist, who was a student then. But when I write “people who saw or heard,” I am not only referring to the people who socialize in the small, exclusive world of “high-art.” This piece had an extraordinarily diverse audience, and of the people who responded to the work with written and verbal aggression or street protests, some were teachers, some war veterans, some confederate flag flyers. Then there was George H.W. Bush, who called the work a “disgrace,” and every member of the Senate (at the time) voted to pass a law that would make the “desecration” of the American flag illegal.

A work of fine art (displayed in a gallery) receiving national attention from the mainstream media is pretty uncommon. But, of course, a controversial topic can become a public, and sometimes violent battle. The struggle is in figuring out what exactly happened, and even more; what do you think about it?

What you think is exactly what the artist Dread Scott (born Scott Tyler, he added “Dread” so that upon hearing his name, we are reminded of the decision made by the Supreme Court in the 1857 case *Dred v. Sanford*, which ruled that African Americans, freed slaves

and hostages alike, are not American citizens.) That seems to have part of what Dread Scott wanted to know when he printed the question, “What is the Proper Way to Display a US Flag?” above a photomontage of historical photographs attached to a gallery wall, images printed in Black and White: flags draped over coffins carrying dead soldiers; Korean student protesters burning the rectangular cloths of stars and stripes, and holding signs that read “Yankee Go Home Son of a Bitch.” The initial questions of how to display the American flag is given physical weight by the controversial element of this piece: there is an open journal (equipped with a pen) inviting you to write, but in order to contribute your answer to the question, you would have to walk on top of the American Flag that Dread Scott lay on the floor like a doormat.

Thousands of people waited in line for hours to see this work, while there were various protests outside of the school. By the time the exhibition was over, the journal was filled with anger that, apparently, had been sitting just beneath the surface:

In Russia you would be shot and your family would have to pay for the bullets. But once again what do you expect from a n— named “Dread Scott”?

As a veteran defending the flag I personally would never defend your stupid ass! You should be shot!

—U.S. Navy Seal Team

This flag I'm standing on stands for everything oppressive in this system — the murder of the Indians and all the oppresses around the world, including my brother, who was shot by a pig who kicked over his body to “make sure the n—was dead.” The pig was wearing the flag. Thank you Dread Scott for this opportunity.

In response to the Senate bill, Dread Scott, along with three other people, burned flags at the US Capitol. They were arrested, just as they knew they would be. But in the end, the protesters got what they were after — the Supreme Court ruled that the First Amendment covers the right to burn the American flag. The School of the Art Institute of Chicago also stood by Dread Scott's work, and Carol Becker, the Dean at the time, said: “There was no end to the absurdity and violence mobilized in reaction to this piece. There, at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, was a symbol of true violence to the American way of life.”

Dread Scott said in an interview that his goal as an artist has been to create “revolutionary art to push the world forward,” and just like every other revolutionary thinker, Scott was met with angry protest.

OH HEY!
IT'S F NEWS'
NEW WEBSITE!



fnewsmagazine.com

SAIC School of the Art Institute of Chicago | Office of Student Affairs | Study Abroad

STUDY TRIPS SUMMER 2015

THANK YOU FACULTY AND STAFF LEADERS



Rome, Milan & the Venice Biennale, 2015

Becky Borowicz, Paola Cabal, Brian Esker, Matthew Goulish, Dan Gustin, Lin Hixson, Joshua Hoglund, Mark Jeffery, Norm Miller, Frédéric Moffet, Stanley Murashige, Anders Nereim, Helen Maria Nugent, Peter Power, Patrick Quilao, Daniel Quiles, David Ross, Valerie St. Germain, Katherine Trimble, Lan Tuazon, Andrew Yang, and James Yood

We thank you for your creativity, dedication, energy, and leadership. We are looking forward to continued collaborations this winter—*bon voyage!*

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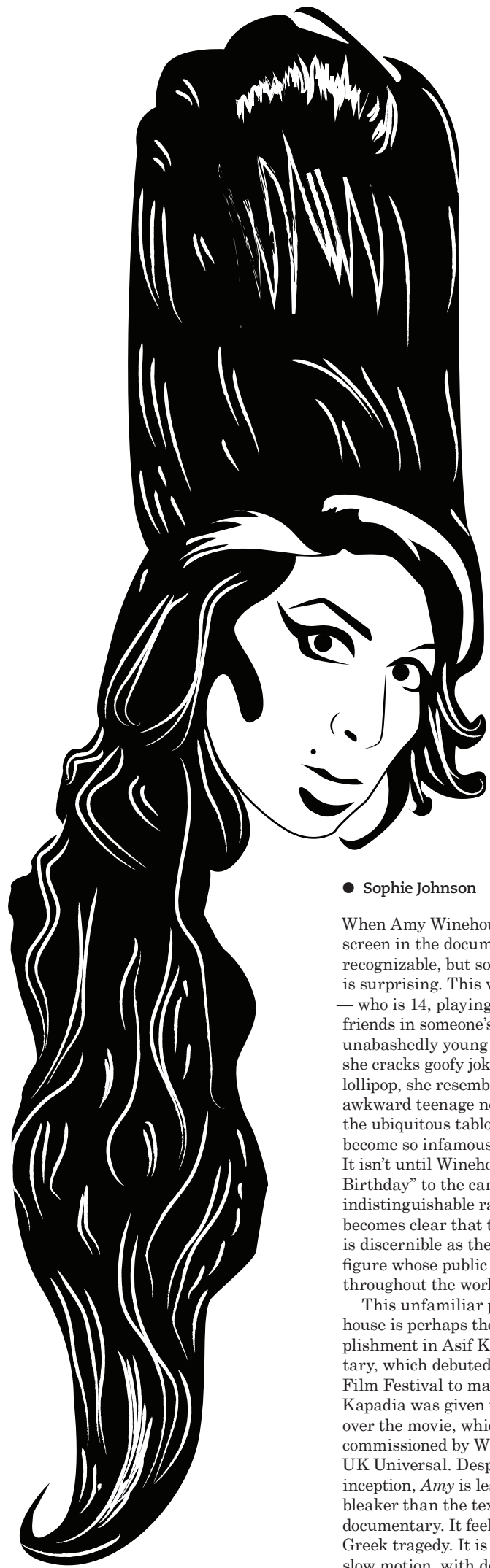
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Waiting for Her to Die

The new Amy Winehouse documentary is not what we expected

● Sophie Johnson

When Amy Winehouse first appears on screen in the documentary *Amy*, she is recognizable, but something about her is surprising. This version of Winehouse — who is 14, playing around with her friends in someone's living room — is unabashedly young and likable. As she cracks goofy jokes and sucks on a lollipop, she resembles anyone's lovably awkward teenage neighbor rather than the ubiquitous tabloid denizen who had become so infamous by the early aughts. It isn't until Winehouse sings "Happy Birthday" to the camera with that indistinguishable raspy lilt that it becomes clear that this giggly teenager is discernible as the perfectly tragic figure whose public downfall is known throughout the world.

This unfamiliar portrait of Winehouse is perhaps the greatest accomplishment in Asif Kapadia's documentary, which debuted at the Cannes Film Festival to massive critical praise. Kapadia was given full creative control over the movie, which was originally commissioned by Winehouse's label, UK Universal. Despite its purpose at inception, *Amy* is less glossy and much bleaker than the textbook celebrity documentary. It feels like watching a Greek tragedy. It is a train wreck in slow motion, with devastating attention to detail.

Most of America got to know Winehouse in 2006, when she released her Grammy Award-winning album *Back to Black*. By then, Winehouse was already a caricature: she wore a disheveled, bowling-ball-sized beehive hairdo and regularly smudged, over-the-top cat eye makeup. She appeared in public obviously drunk or high, with blood on her shoes and bruises on her arms; she dressed in low-cut tops so you could see where she had her boyfriend's name tattooed on her chest. While "Back To Black" was both mature and wise, Winehouse herself appeared to be neither. The world became fascinated with a woman who was, by all accounts, a broke genius. Her antics belonged to the press, and no one argued about that. After all, that's the known going rate of celebrity.

Amy paints a very different portrait of the singer. The movie's success rests on hundreds of home videos and early

interviews, largely provided by Winehouse's original manager and friend Nick Shymansky. This crucial footage shows Winehouse in small, incredible human moments: putting on makeup before an early show, sleeping in the back of a van, and laughing with her friends while spinning little inside jokes. Winehouse is exceptionally charming, and very witty. Throughout the first half of *Amy*, she appears as the type of charismatic, goofy person you'd want to grab an ice cream with after a basketball game.

There's footage of Winehouse in 2004 on a British talk show. She's got sunny makeup on, and she looks a little nervous, as though someone is going to figure out at any moment that she doesn't belong there. The interviewer, Jonathan Ross, asks her if anyone on her record label has tried to mold her or change the way she behaves in any way. Winehouse, narrowing her eyes, says, "Um, yeah, one of them tried to mold me into a big triangle shape, and I went, 'No!'" The audience laughs, and Ross says, "You know what I like about you is the way you sound so common." He doesn't mean it as an insult: This scaled down version of Winehouse, like the rosy-faced teenager in the first scene, is refreshing and personable. It is nearly impossible not to fall in love with her.

As Winehouse's fame swells, she never becomes quite comfortable. On an early radio interview, she confesses: "I don't think I'll be at all famous. I don't think I could handle it. I'd probably go mad." Then, as her shows get bigger and her albums sell more, her anxiety and fear are palpable. She turns to every addictive substance in the book: most notably anti-depressants, alcohol, crack cocaine, and heroin. She becomes obsessed with her boyfriend, and eventual husband, Blake Fielder-Civil. Additionally, she's suffering from bulimia, and her weight plummets exponentially. From this angle, the audience can see someone visibly suffering; she is the portrait of a person whose sickness no one wants to fully acknowledge.

But *Amy* makes it clear that Winehouse was, indeed, sick. What's more tragic, though, is that it is equally clear that as her mental health deteriorated, Winehouse consistently wanted to get better. Despite the success of her biggest single, "Rehab," which lyrically touted

the opposite, Winehouse did go to rehab eventually. During her stay, she told a doctor, who was interviewed for the documentary, that she didn't want to die. After Fielder-Civil was sent to jail in 2008, Winehouse went to St. Lucia to retreat and ostensibly heal. There are graceful moments in the throes of her decline where she seems momentarily revived; she seems to be fighting her sickness, and winning.

There is a disturbing episode of the BBC's nature documentary series *Planet Earth* in which a Komodo dragon bites a water buffalo five times its size in the leg, injecting a slow-acting venom that the water buffalo doesn't realize is there. Over the next three weeks, the water buffalo continues going about its daily life, while the Komodo dragon follows, watching. More Komodo dragons join, all just watching. The buffalo's health weakens as the dragon's poison works its way through its body. Finally, after immense and drawn-out suffering, the buffalo dies, and the dragons feast on its flesh.

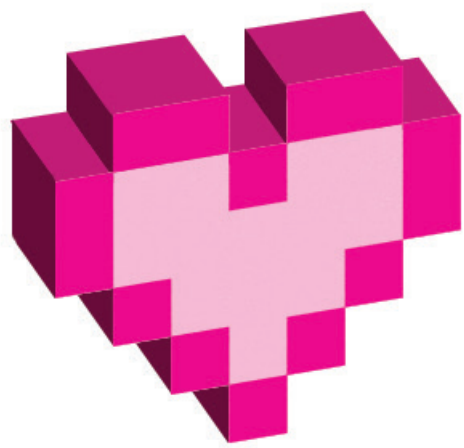
Watching the end of Winehouse's life through the lens in *Amy* evokes a similar sentiment. We watch her as she is barraged by photographers everywhere she goes. We see her visibly pained by the constant attention. We watch a comedian unapologetically compare her to "a campaign poster for neglected horses," to uproarious laughter and applause. We know that she is dying, and that in many ways, that's exactly what the hungry paparazzi want to see.

Kapadia's documentary is unapologetic with this lens, and as devastating as it is, his angle is important. Our cultural understanding of celebrity is that it abrogates humanity; *Amy* documents the real-world consequences of this publicly understood opinion. Surely, this was not the documentary that Universal UK had hoped for. The audience, on the other hand, is in for a treat.

○

Sophie Lucido Johnson has written for Jezebel, The Nation, McSweeney's, and more. She is also the editor-in-chief of the literary humor magazine Neutrons Protons. She is in the MFAW program.

What's more tragic, though, is that it is equally clear that as her mental health deteriorated, Winehouse consistently wanted to get better.



Finding Love One Swipe at a Time



Between watching fat guys tossing bowling balls and the dulcet tones of *The Simpsons* arcade game, I can't imagine those encounters not ending in a marathon boning session

How technology and changing attitudes are affecting dating culture

● Sarah Wheat

Modern Romance, comedian Aziz Ansari's first book, is a must-read for anyone who either likes Ansari's stand-up, or is genuinely interested in today's crazy dating culture. In a perfect world, a book like *Modern Romance* would be written for every generation in order to help single people navigate through the increasingly accelerated changes in dating technology. Ansari's book is unique in that it is not purely research, self-help, comedy, or a memoir. It is a wonderful mixture of all of these genres into one funny read that succeeds in answering practically all of our most pressing questions about dating in the smartphone era.

Ansari, who is most well known for his character Tom Haverford on *Parks and Recreation*, was inspired to write the book because of his own frustrations with the online dating world, where the first moves happen not over dinner, but over text message. After developing a distinct kind of anxiety due to yet another unanswered text message, Ansari decided to bring up this frustration at a comedy club where he was performing. There, he felt like he and the audience, "connected on a deeper level."

This "deeper level" was reached due to the universal feeling amongst single, twenty- or thirty-somethings: Dating in the modern age is marvelous because of our seemingly endless options, but it's also more exhausting, frustrating, and confusing than it was for past generations. Ansari, like the rest of us, wanted to know if, and why technology was to blame. When he failed to find an all-encompassing book on the subject, he teamed up with Eric Klinenberg, a sociology professor at NYU, to write *Modern Romance*.

The book is similar to academic research in that Ansari and Klinenberg's findings are based on focus groups and interviews held in New York, NY; Los Angeles, CA; Wichita, KS; Monroe, NY; Tokyo, Japan; Paris, France; and Doha, Qatar. To cover even more of the world that they couldn't reach in person, they set up a *Modern Romance* subreddit from which many insightful comments and stories are taken such as one woman's experience of finding her significant other after signing up for Tinder while attending Dragon*Con in Atlanta. An-

sari also conducts many expert interviews, cites current academic studies, and consults actual research on sociology, psychology, and human behavior. *Modern Romance* is not like academic research because of Ansari's tendency to say things like, "Did I just use the phrase *predetermined temporal sequencing*? Fuck, yeah, I did," in reference to the fact that, when texting, there is a lot of room for ambiguity in reception.

Ansari realizes that he and Klinenberg could not cover everyone's experience. He is upfront about this. The research that is cited is restricted to (mostly) heterosexual, middle-class, university-educated twenty- and thirty-somethings who wait until their late 20s or 30s to settle down and have children. Ansari writes, "I know that love and romance work differently in very poor and very rich communities ... Eric and I felt that studying all the variations related to class would overwhelm us, so that's not in the book." The authors also felt that studying how all of this information affects LGBT relationships would also require a separate book. Basically, Ansari decided to write a book about people searching for love who are really similar to himself. And why wouldn't he? That's where he can relate.

If you've ever seen Ansari on television or doing stand-up, you will hear his distinct voice in your head as you read. Right from the first line of the introduction, "Oh, shit! Thanks for buying my book. That money is MINE." It's obvious that this book is so very Aziz. Instead of containing simply a ton of research, which it does, the book is easily digestible for non-academic readers, thanks to Ansari's over-the-top interjections and scenarios placed between harder to read sections. In the chapter of the book focused on online dating, Ansari cites various academic studies and provides illuminating graphs on the statistics. To keep things interesting, he then goes on to talk about various reasons why men fail at online dating.

Ansari suggests that when men finally get to meet the woman they have been interacting with online, they take them on bad dates. Ansari hilariously tells the true story of one interviewee who took some of his dates to a bowling alley lounge. Ansari explains, "Between watching fat guys tossing bowling balls and the dulcet tones of *The Simpsons*

arcade game, I can't imagine those encounters not ending in a marathon boning session."

Modern Romance covers a vast array of topics from why modern singles search for a soul mate instead of settling for just a partner, to how one should best go about selecting a profile picture for your online dating account. All of the sections are good, but readers will have a different favorite depending on their interests. The high point of the book for me was the section titled, "International Investigations of Love." I wasn't aware of how women in Qatar were using social media, mainly Snapchat, to gain a sense of privacy that they wouldn't otherwise have in their relationships. By taking risks in their "phone world," as Ansari puts it, Qatari women can share things that would have been inconceivable previously. It is unusual, but rewarding, to learn about dating cultures worldwide in a book like this one. Other interesting anecdotes in this section include the "herbivore men" in Tokyo and the general lack of a dating culture in Paris.

The most important contribution that Ansari has made to the literature on modern dating culture is a perspective that considers both the male and female sides of dating. This isn't a book that provides tricks to pick up ladies or the right thing to say to get a woman to come home with you. There have been enough of those. This is a book that asks real men and real women who date and communicate mainly using their smartphones about their experiences. He covers all of the "bozos" in the modern dating community. The results are overwhelmingly inconclusive, but how could they be definite when covering a topic such as this one. Ansari does not relieve the stress of dating in this crazy modern time, but he reminds us that "we're all in it together."

Modern Romance by Aziz Ansari
Penguin Books, 288 pages



Sarah Wheat is the Social Media Manager at F Newsmagazine and an M.A. candidate in Art History, Theory, And Criticism

Don't Forget Whose Girl This Is

A look at Claudia Cortese's new poetry collection *Blood Medals*

● Caleb Kaiser

Can you recall a face you cannot name? A time when you experienced that terrible mixture of comfort and uncertainty, the unique frustration of meeting a person you only half-remember? This familiar unsettling is the essential experience of Claudia Cortese's *Blood Medals*.

This beautiful chapbook, released in Spring by Thrush Press, is a 33-page series of poems, which, at first glance, follows the life of a girl named Lucy. As you begin the book, the question of who Lucy is rests at the heart of the poetry. On one level, her world is immediately accessible to anyone familiar with Midwestern suburbia. The almost-forgets, the playgrounds, the parks, all of it rings true of a suburban childhood, and in this we see one of Cortese's great strengths: impossible nostalgia. She finds the hidden rot of domestic spaces, little pockets of solitude we've all witnessed but never named. In the poem "What Lucy's World Looks Like," she explains which part of this suburban landscape belongs to Lucy: "Not the red swings behind it, / but maple leaves on the slide / rotting under snow." Sprinkled with brilliant strokes of kitsch and poignant characterizations of girlhood, the language gives us a sense that we have a good grasp of who Lucy is throughout the first third of the book. We soon learn Lucy isn't so simple.

With the poem "Lucy Plays," Cortese reminds us that even at their most kitschy, these poems don't come easy. The middle of the poem pivots with the lines, "Lucy plays with friends. Did you think I'd say alone and with weapon, the kind kids fashion — sewing needle taped to safety pin glued to tooth pick pricking Milo tail or sister lobe. What was your favorite place. Where did your shame begin. Perhaps Lucy's the beloved blonde." The clues were there all along. It is tempting throughout the first third of the book to see Lucy's life as singular, especially as it touches so many familiar points of suburban girlhood: anxieties about molesters, belly fat, popular girls, parental shame, etc. However, the narrative is so fundamentally fractured, so scattershot in its scenes, that Lucy could never be a single child. She was always a body to hold all the stories of this darker girlhood.

Cortese is explicit about this dynamic and about our role as readers. The third-person descriptions of Lucy's lives seem to assert a certain distance, to invite us into the role of a voyeur. This too is unacceptably simple for Cortese. She demands your participation, as well as your distance. In one more extreme example of this, a poem becomes a Mad Lib in which the reader is given very specific instructions for filling in the blanks, such as "I remember watching _____ (suburban nature image: Note, the pastoral. Note, white flight. Note, mother stands in lamp-glow you see her at the window. Note, dog blood darkens)." This authority remains one of Cortese's primary strengths throughout *Blood Medals*.

Trauma, girlhood, and a gendered sort of victimization are all fundamental and connected concepts in *Blood Medals*. Lucy's world is full of anxiety, in ways that blur childishness with haunting reality, such as "Lucy waves hello to no one, counts how long the light stays green. Reaching 20 seconds means her mother dies in a plane crash." Despite this focus, Cortese never teeters towards romanticizing the submissive. Lucy might be anxious about her mother's death, about her belly fat, or about catching herpes from a gas station toilet, but this anxiety is more likely to result in Lucy stabbing you than crying on your shoulder. There is neglect, there is pain, and you are allowed to partake, but you can never forget whose story this is.

Among the spectacular image, the haunting lyricism, and the deft use of form, what stands out in this collection is Cortese's vision. The slippery relationship between Lucy, the world, and the reader is carefully built but never at the expense of the language. Along the same lines, Lucy is a complicated mess of dif-

fering stories, and yet Cortese is able to distill her essence into a single impulse, a single sensation, when she says Lucy "demands Santa stitch her a skin of bees, that her screams be not sound but solid, a stinger that stings and stings."

These poems are a call for empathy, a call for interaction and reflection, but they are certainly not a call for help. You are invited to share Lucy's world, but you will be reminded, sometimes painfully, that this is her world.

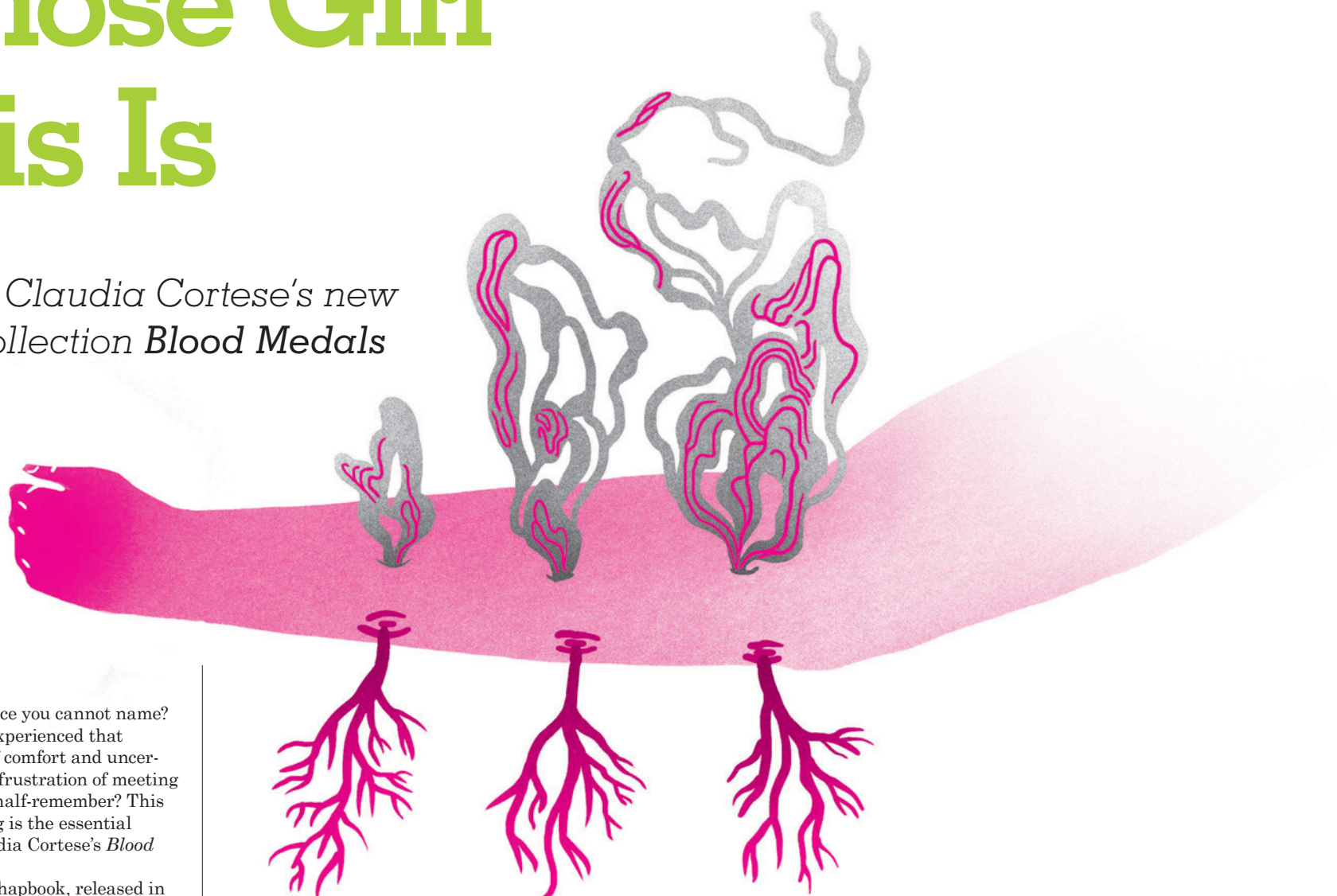
Lucy tells the boy to suck

till her arm pockmarks, that if he stops she'll expose what happens at playground's edge. Back home, Lucy decks the tree in Barbie heads, watches snow cut the landscape, all those little white knives. She leaves a hill of Jujubes where her mother's ant traps should be. Lucy loves the carmine glory of her arm, the blood medals of a champion! She calls Milo to her, bites his fur till the roots let go. His yelps shine like sequins, the way snow is sequins, and her arms. Lucy demands Santa stitch her a skin of bees, that her screams be not sound but solid: a stinger that stings and stings.

Poem was originally published, in a different version, in the Spring 2013 edition of Rhino Poetry.

○

Caleb Kaiser spits hot fire.



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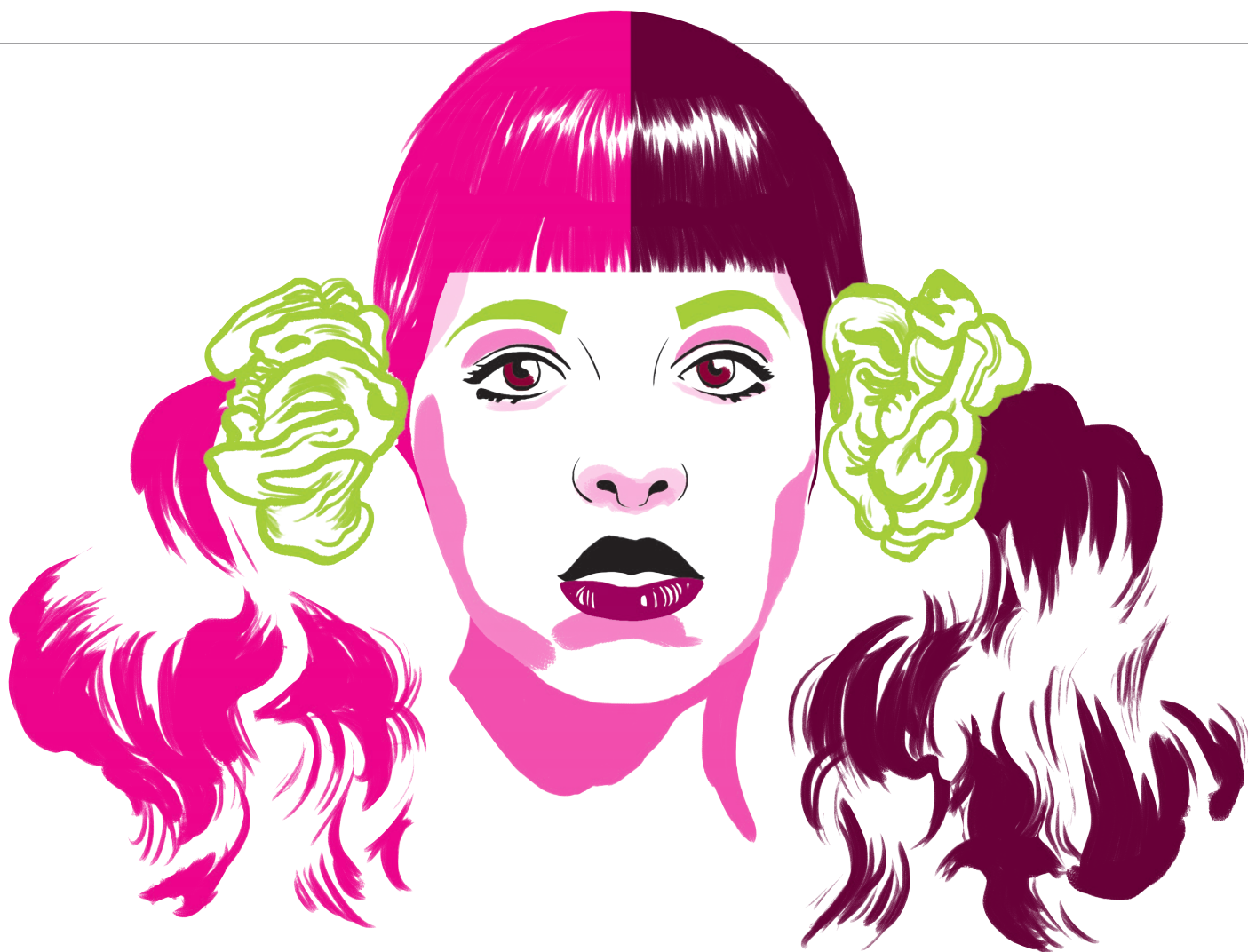
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They Call Me Cry Baby

Melanie Martinez delivers sweet despair with her debut album

● Rosie Accola

I think people forget that pop music is founded upon artifice. People get so wrapped up in scrounging the Internet for makeup-free selfies of their favorite stars that they forget that pop music is the ultimate performative gesture. It's not supposed to be *real*. The line between pop music and reality is supposed to be tenuous. Pop musicians are sort of like modern day tightrope walkers, their sense of equilibrium is supposed to be breathtaking and mysterious.

Don't get me wrong. I love scrolling through Taylor Swift's Instagram to look at pictures of her cats, but in a world where Lady Gaga now regularly wears pants and bakes ziti, I've been craving a smidgen of popstar spectacle.

The other day, I stumbled upon a music video by 20-year-old Melanie Martinez. A former contestant on NBC's *The Voice*, she was dressed in a frilly pastel dress with massive bows in her hair and makeup smeared down her face. She looked like a Lolita on the verge of a break-down, so naturally, I ate it up. Unlike other contestants-turned-pop-stars, Martinez wields a mastery over her own artistry that even seasoned pop stars continually strive for. Her music is equal parts bitingly sarcastic and whimsical, like Kate Bush with a vengeance. She uses themes of childhood and innocence to garner a laser sharp focus on the magnificent epitome of female pain. Unlike Lana Del Rey, she doesn't try to numb her suffering with lo-fi 8mm music videos shot in black and white. She doesn't try to stifle her emotions, she lets them run wild. Her music video for "Pity Party" shows Martinez, decked out in mountains of tulle, destroying a massive birthday cake. Her face is twisted and sobbing.

The chorus samples the Lesley Gore classic, "It's my Party," transforming it into a club banger saturated with the

innate self loathing that accompanies the human condition. Martinez doesn't wallow in her pain, she dissects it. She throws her pity party and hosts a post mortem afterwards. Tracks like "Pity Party" exemplify the deceptive sweetness of Martinez's music. The beat is jubilant, grounded by a thumping bass that anchors every party track. Her lyrics seem girlishly flippant as she sings, "maybe it's a cruel joke on me/ whatever, whatever/ just means there's way more cake for me." Then, the hook hits with, "I'm laugh-in/I'm cryin'/ It feels like I'm dyin'" and suddenly the listener is forced to realize that they're being spoon-fed someone else's despair and reckoning with their most vulnerable moments. Martinez doesn't use the artifice of pop music as a crutch for an otherwise substanceless track, she uses it to lure in the listener, lull them into complacency, and strike with an unflinching honesty that is completely unexpected.

This is the magic of Melanie Martinez. She dresses up her pain in pastels and she blinds you with the spectacle so she can devastate you.

In addition to being a songwriter, Martinez is also a photographer. This means that she's able to craft excellent visual narratives to accompany her work as a musician. Similar to Lady Gaga or Marina and the Diamonds, Martinez is partial to concocting recurring characters within her music videos, transforming what is supposed to be a press junket into a cohesive body of work. Her videos are grounded by over-the-top pastel color schemes and a character whom Martinez refers to as "Cry Baby," who makes her first appearance as a living doll in the video for "Dollhouse."

Cry Baby is explained by Martinez in an interview with Nylon Magazine as "the really insecure, dark, and vulnerable side of me that's who I am deep down. Everybody has their own fears and what they don't like about themselves, and I

feel like that's portrayed in the character I created for the album."

The video for "Dollhouse" is downright creepy, centering around toys come to life with flasks in their pockets. The eerie blue light combined with the pristine doll-house creates a sense of unease that can only be rivaled by Martinez's video for "Sippy Cup," wherein Cry Baby's mom poisons her with a sippy cup full of poison. It's a musical narrative that's both compelling and overwhelming. When you see Martinez clad in angel wings mouthing the words, "pill diet/ pill diet/ if they tell you to kill yourself you will try it," you can't help but contemplate the role that the media plays in our lives as consumers.

Pop music is constantly evolving. You see so many people lauded as the "next

It's not supposed to be real.

big thing" that it eventually becomes difficult to keep track of who we're supposed to fawn over. Martinez's artistry and lyrical wit prove that she has the potential to become a long-lasting cultural fixture. In a world that vacillates between raw and vapid, we need Melanie Martinez to toe the line between real and fake, to remind us that pop music is a grand, sparkling illusion cached with biting truths. Melanie Martinez's debut album, *Cry Baby*, was released August 14 via Atlantic Records.

○

Rosie Accola is a sophomore in the BFAW department. She makes too many zines and loves punk rock and petting dogs.



OVER-POLICED HYPER-CRIMINALIZ

How the death of Samuel Dubose and the racial climate of Cincinnati can teach us about over-policed communities.

● Caleb Kaiser

This summer, amid the many documented shootings of unarmed black Americans by police officers, another death grabbed national headlines. Samuel Dubose, a 43-year-old black man, was shot during a traffic stop by University of Cincinnati Officer Ray Tensing.

What is remarkable about this event, according to outlets like The New York Times and The Atlantic, is that Cincinnati prosecutors moved quickly to indict, and that the city was able to pursue justice swiftly without riot. Much has been made of Cincinnati's "Collaborative Agreement," a series of police reforms passed after great civil unrest in 2001, and how its promotion of racial justice differentiates what happened in Cincinnati from what happened in Ferguson.

A narrative has begun to emerge in the national media, one which heralds the growth and vision of Cincinnati authorities, while glossing over the continuing struggle of predominantly black citizens to draft, legislate, and enforce this Collaborative Agreement. This narrative privileges the mostly white police force, crediting them for shooting fewer black people instead of praising the largely black coalitions who fought for justice. In an effort to understand the true history of the Collaborative Agreement and Cincinnati's current racial climate, *F* Newsmagazine spoke with the former president of the Cincinnati Black United Front, Reverend Damon Lynch III.

Caleb Kaiser: In 2001, Timothy Thomas — an unarmed black teenager — was shot by a police officer, and the city erupted in riots. With the recent shooting of Samuel Dubose, the city's response has been much calmer. What has changed in Cincinnati that has allowed for this difference?

Reverend Damon Lynch III: Not enough has changed, I think. The response after 2001 was just the perfect storm: It happened during spring break, it was an unusually hot April, the city was not forthcoming with information, and it was on the heels of the 14th police killing, which was Roger Owensby in November of 2000. This past summer, with the death of Samuel Dubose, you didn't have the same perfect

storm, but you did have some of the same things happen. Little to no information was given to the community, and when the information was given, it was all negative towards Samuel Dubose. The prosecutor kept the videotape from the community, which did not corroborate the officer's story, but that didn't come out until after the indictment of the officer. There were differences and similarities. I don't want people to think that since 2001 we've become much more complacent or peaceful. What happened in 2001 could happen again in 2015

CK: In 2001, you were involved in drafting the collaborative agreement. I was wondering if you could walk us through the history of that, what the process was like getting all the groups organized and then bringing politicians to the table?

Rev. Lynch: We had a number of African Americans in our city who had complaints about being profiled, and then the Roger Owensby death in November of 2000, and of course the Timothy Thomas shooting in April of 2001, followed by three days of civil unrest. There was a lot of tension, a lot of pressure. We filed the class action lawsuit, but we noticed that Pittsburgh previously had the same set of incidents. They ended up with a consent decree with the Department of Justice, but they didn't have better police-community relations. We wanted to not only come out with reforms that changed how policing was done in the city of Cincinnati, but we wanted a better community-police relationship moving forward. So instead of just litigating the class action lawsuit, which we could have of done and I'm sure we would have won, we decided to do a collaborative effort which brought together community representatives, the city, the FOP (Fraternal Order of Police) as well

as the justice department, under the oversight of a federal judge. It became a community-driven process. 3,500 people in our city came together to figure out how can we not only have better policing, but better community-police relationships.

We brought in the FOP because usually the rank-and-file are not at the negotiating table. They're usually represented by the brass, but we understand that no matter what brass says, it's the rank-and-file that have to be out on the streets. The city wanted to fight us. One [council member] who's no longer there but still fighting us, Phil Heimlich, said, "Hey, let's just go to court. Let's not go to the table." As for the police, the brass didn't want to come to the table, the FOP had to vote whether or not they would come to the table, but in the end everyone came because there was so much going on. We had the three days of unrest, and we had an economic boycott of the city. Bill Cosby, for whatever his issues are now, was the first person to say, "I'm not coming to Cincinnati!" He pulled out, Whoopie Goldberg pulled out, and major conventions pulled out. There were a number of things happening: You had an economic impact on the city, you had a federal lawsuit against the city, and we continued protesting day and night against the city.

They finally came kicking and screaming under the oversight of a federal judge that kept everyone at the table. There were many times the city tried to get us removed from the table because of the boycott. They said, "How can we work with them when they're putting the financial pressure on the city?" The judge said, "Hey, too bad. This





is the group that filed the lawsuit against you.” We kept the pressure on, we kept the protest on, we kept the boycott on, and we sat at the table and negotiated. We engaged the entire community. There were a number of different ways people could have engaged, online or in small groups, but it ended with 3,500 people giving input.

There were three parts to it: There was the problem and the perception of racial profiling, there was the collaborative process, and there was the product — the Collaborative Agreement. What I challenge other communities to do is to not skip the process. All of us — Baltimore, Ferguson, Cleveland — are facing the same problem, which is that black communities are over-criminalized, over-policed, and that police brutality exists. We could all get pretty much the same product, call in the DOJ and they’ll do a “Patterns-or-Practice” investigation, and then we’ll have reforms, and then we’ll have a product. If we don’t go through the process, we still have acrimony, but we don’t have the community-police relations that are ultimately necessary.

CK: You’ve talked a lot about the community coming together, and different organizations pitching in. Have those organizations sustained themselves over the last 14 years in the Cincinnati community?

Rev. Lynch: The hard part about a community-driven process is recognizing that everyone at the initial table was there because they had to be or they were paid to be. In the case of the city and the police, they were made to be there, and the hammer was dropped on them. The community, we were there because we wanted to be. We felt the need and urgency to be there, but to keep the community engaged over 14 years is not easy. People move on with their lives. We’re not paid activists. Unless there’s some Sam Dubose moment or other cataclysm, you can get lax and just believe that people are doing the right thing.

I think where we are in Cincinnati after 14 years is needing the community to re-engage, go through the agreement, and start to make sure people are being held accountable. We have a Citizens Complaint Authority that we fought to get. It has investigatory and subpoena power whenever incidents happen, and I think we’ve

learned they haven’t been doing all that they could be doing. There are supposed to be five investigators, but they went down to three and now there’s a backlog of cases.

The agreement talks about reviewing the footage from dash-cams, I’m not sure we’ve done that. There needs to be a group that at least once a month just goes through dash-cams, that lets them know they’re still being held accountable, there’s still expectation, and they’re still being watched. If they are doing everything they should be doing, which I doubt they are, then that’s fine. If they aren’t, there’s some blame the community needs to take, because we’re the ones who are supposed to hold them accountable.

CK: Dovetailing from that, 14 years since the agreement first passed, what amendments would you add?

Rev. Lynch: Well, we have added to it. This agreement is not holy scripture. We wrote it to the best of our ability at that time. When we wrote it, Cincinnati police did not have tasers, so there’s nothing about tasers in the agreement. We’ve since added to the agreement about the use of tasers because we had people being tased in our city and dying from it. Right now everybody is talking about body cameras. Our officers don’t yet have body cameras. We need in the agreement who’s going to be the custodian of the cameras, custodian of that information and when it will be released to the public. Our police force right now is not as militarized as what I saw at Ferguson. If that becomes the case, that’s something we’re going to have to address in the agreement.

CK: This is a bit of a change of topic, but with the gentrification of Cincinnati, has there been a new set of problems with community organizing?

Rev. Lynch: The landscape was changed after 2001. After the unrest in 2001, while we won the battle on policing, we lost the battle on economics. The gentry — the gentrifiers — saw an opportunity to come in and do what they wanted to do for the last 40 years, which was take the neighborhood from people who live there. There has been a mass exodus of the people who live in poverty from the community, a mass exodus of the

social services that engage the people in poverty, and now you have microbreweries, sushi bars, and other things that some people think is the greatest things since sliced bread. It has been touted around the country as a great success story, but people don’t look at the underside of the quilt, the people who had to be displaced, the people who love their community. We didn’t eradicate poverty in Cincinnati, we just moved it. It’s much easier to move poverty than to address it. That to me is one of the painful parts that came out of the 2001 rebellion.

CK: Do you see any connection between the University of Cincinnati police being given license to patrol off-campus and efforts to gentrify poor neighborhoods?

Rev. Lynch: I saw that as a reaction to students being robbed and beaten. The University was trying to protect its students and they sent officers into the surrounding community who were not well trained, who I’m sure had very little or no training on implicit bias, and they just went out and started stopping black people. If you look at the numbers recently, their stops went through the roof. I think like 86% of them were pulling over African Americans, and it ended with the death of Samuel Dubose. This is actually the fourth death they’ve had that I know of.

CK: Final closing notes?

Rev. Lynch: Right now America is seeing that there is still a race issue in this country. I think studies are showing that even whites are saying, “Yes, America still has a racial issue. This is not a post-racial society.” One black family living in a white house didn’t change everything.



○
Caleb Kaiser is an undergraduate in the BFAW program. He is from the Kentucky/ Cincinnati area.



Postcard from Venice Biennial

Lisa Wainwright reflects on diversity while traveling with SAIC students in Italy

One notable failing, however, was the absence of African or African-American students on the trip

● Lisa Wainwright

Once again the fifty-sixth Venice Biennale, which runs from May to October this year, offered an exhilarating art world scavenger hunt across the noble canal city of Venice, Italy. From the major venues at the Giardini (a sprawling park dotted with national exhibition pavilions built from the nineteenth century onward), and the Central Pavilion and Arsenale (Venice's former ship building yards), where Biennale curator Okwui Enwezor installed a collection of work, to the churches, palazzo, storefronts, and other nooks and crannies, Venice was bedecked with art from around the world.

The Biennale delivered a barometer of what's happening in contemporary art, and by extension for this particular exhibition, what's happening beyond the narrow parameters of that elite world. This year's Venice Biennale cast a light on the complex texture of the global condition — the tragic horrors and the rapturous beauty humans have wrought past and present.

I met up with the School of the Art Institute of Chicago's (SAIC) study trip to Italy headed by architect Anders Neireim, designer Helen-Maria Nugent, and art historian and critic James Yood (a terrific faculty representing the school's art/design nexus) and their 30 smart "studenti," who had just come from Milan and Rome studying the art and design of the past in order to engage with the

art and design of today.

What struck me while in dialogue with the students in Venice was the breadth of SAIC's international student body against the backdrop of this major international exhibition, where the curatorial thesis of the entire show was *All the World's Futures*. Here we were — deeply international (from Ecuador, Korea, Iran, Scotland, China, Syria, Canada, Argentina, Mexico, and the U.S.) — unpacking universal iconographies, global politics, national styles, and local traditions, together as a united nations of art student connoisseurs. It was wonderful. SAIC's international student body was foregrounded as a great asset once again.

One notable failing, however, was the absence of African or African-American students on the trip, particularly in light of the many powerful examples of contemporary African art on offer in Okwui Enwezor's curatorial project. This Biennale epiphany made it clear that if we are to build on our strength as a truly global art school, it is time to recruit in Africa, with its deep traditions of art making. Equally critical, we must continue the push to find and fund more domestic artists of color and provide them too with the opportunity to mine a global experience for their art and design education.

Okwui Enwezor's show, also titled *All the World's Futures*, carried the leitmotif of politics across a selection of objects and images. The central pavilion set up the

thesis with an array of works addressing the ills of our time, from environmental calamity to violent racism. Karl Marx loomed large as *Das Kapital* was read aloud several times a day suggesting that capitalism remains the culprit in our world of excess and inequity.

The second half of Enwezor's exhibition at the Arsenale pursued the theme further, but here the works displayed more affect, more expressivity, and more pathos. There were video and photographic images of the richness of cultures around the globe and beautifully crafted objects and paintings from the able hands of artists from Africa, Asia, Australia, and the rest of the world — many unknown to me.

Representing SAIC alumni were Rirkrit Tiravanija and Tania Bruguera, and Chicago was certainly in the house with major installations by Theaster Gates and Kerry James Marshall. Works on paper dominated both venues as if to underscore the social and economic accessibility of this art form in defiance of an escalated art market (although Professor Yood was quick to point out that the artist's labels held the name, title, country of origin, and current residence, with "lives in New York," "lives in London," and "lives in Berlin" dominating. All the world's futures, it seems, ultimately leads back to a few hegemonic art centers).

Central to our progress in producing visual culture at SAIC is the role of empathy. We depict so that others might enter into our vision, a new vision, and in so doing expand their own thinking. An international student body, like the global art world, is essential to poetically building a peaceful understanding between those of different cultures, genders, races, nations, and beliefs.

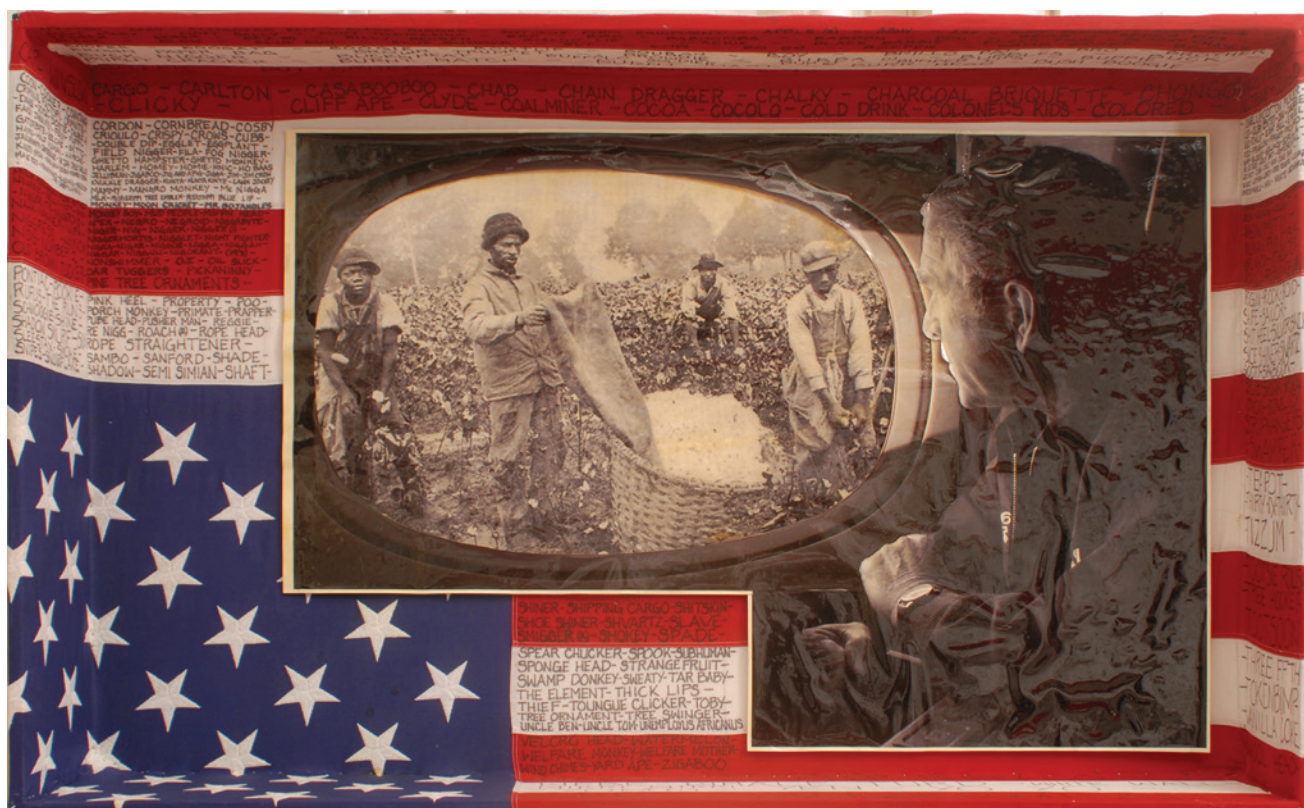
In Venice we saw the beauty of Haiti, we heard the music of the Republic of the Congo, we beheld objects of wonder from China and distressed detritus from the Israeli/Palestinian conflict, and we witnessed the faces of Iran in exquisitely rendered paintings. Our international student body helped open up the work by sharing the stories of their own cultures and nations. And this kind of access to the Biennale was profound. SAIC will continue to educate "all the world's futures" through the many voices we have on campus and through our willingness to listen to each and every one. I was listening in Venice, and it was extraordinary.



Lisa Wainwright is Dean of Faculty at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago

illustration by Priyoshi Kapur





Confrontation, Truth, and Staying Woke

Ti-Rock Moore's controversial show on white privilege and racism at Gallery Guichard

- Ryan Blocker

Guns, bullets, gold chains, basketball sneakers, watermelons, and buckets of fried chicken all neatly arranged, painted white, and sitting atop a small, white podium. That's one of the images that stays most vividly in my mind after seeing artist Ti-Rock Moore's *Confronting Truths: Wake up!* show at Gallery Guichard. And there was quite a bit to see. American flags painted black and hung upside down. Nooses. So many nooses. Black men behind jail bars made of dollar bills. The less-than-subtle work of stacked and illuminated boxes of Saltine crackers. A dozen Ku Klux Klan robes. The Statue of Liberty in black face. The Confederate flag torn in strips and placed on top of the American flag, with each torn strip bearing the name of a victim from the Charleston shooting. American flags with white bullets instead of stars. Bright neon signs that read "white privilege." Virtually every inch of the gallery was covered with the artist's indictment of anti-black racism.

I went into the gallery fully prepared to be shocked and horrified. As much as I attempted to prepare an objective eye, I was already influenced by the articles, most of them carrying the headline “controversial” and framing the exhibition as a white artist potentially going too far. Armed with this knowledge and the twenty minutes of deep breath meditation I did on the train, I encountered work that was shocking for reasons I hadn’t expected. The work bored me. I was surprised at my own lack of reaction. Where was my outrage? I read Ta-Nehisi Coates, watch the *Melissa Harris-Perry Show* every weekend, and I just checked out *The Bluest Eye* from the library. I’m supposed to be a card-carrying blackademic. dammit.

Firstly, I had the impression that the artist is truly and earnestly opposed to racism, and I did not doubt her sincerity in wanting to end anti-black racism.

You can't deny that she truly went for it. I even feel somewhat protective of the gallery owners, Andre and Frances Guichard. It is so deeply important there be art galleries run by black people and that center black life. And whether or not one deems the show "good" or "bad," it is critical that these spaces and conversations exist because they serve as the cultural landmarks that shape our politics and ultimately create space for black life. However, what I found tiresome about the show is that it is a monument to racism and not black life. Nothing was subversive because everything was just racism replicated. Moore's presentation of the black experience was one of helplessness and hopelessness in which blackness is defined exclusively by the brutality of our deaths instead of the strength, resistance, and even joy in our lives. Interestingly, the gallery owners said to me that the overwhelming majority of the people who come to visit the show enjoy it. Some are even using the space as an educational resource to explain the realities of racism to young people. At some level, it seems to be functioning as a museum of racist relics. Even still, a few questions haunted me. For all of the pieces that had "SOLD" written on the tags, who was buying this work? Did they understand that it was intended to be anti-racist work? Is Ti-Rock Moore actually profiting from racism?

For me, the most egregious offense in the show was the life size replica of Michael Brown's slain body. It rests near the door on the gallery floor behind caution tape and positioned as his body was after he was killed by Officer Darren Wilson. It's this work that symbolizes how much Moore misses the point. To the officer who shot Michael Brown, Brown was a black thug interchangeable with other black thugs. He was not an individual. He was one of "them." Brown's slain body was not a body. It was a "thing." A thing to be investigated,

a piece of evidence, and a thing to be left out in the middle of the street perhaps to send a message to the community. I believe Moore, not unlike some others in the #blacklivesmatter movement, sees Brown's death as being in service of the movement. His death is similar to the countless others who have lost their lives due to the violence of racism, so his death will serve the greater purpose of advancing the anti-racism cause. But Michael Brown was a particular human and an individual. He should be grieved and honored particularly. He was not part of a "them." And his body or its likeness is not a thing. It is certainly not a thing to be left in the middle of the gallery floor to send a message to the community.

I encountered work that was shocking for reasons I hadn't expected. The work bored me.



Ryan Blocker is a second year graduate student in the arts administration and policy program and is engaged with issues of social justice and representation in art.



“thejamjar” Public DIY Painting Studio, Dubai

Dubai’s Art World, But Not For All

● Story and Photos by Kimia Maleki

By the end of the semester, I had in mind that the art scene of the United Arab Emirates is something that I should see closely, and for myself. I had been in Dubai several times in order to apply for the U.S visa, since there is no U.S embassy in my hometown in Iran. My idea was to travel to Dubai with a friend through the Arts Administration Enrichment Fund. Though we did get funding, my friend stepped down to travel to Cuba instead.

I was initially more excited to go stay with family in Tehran, Iran, and to eat delicious food like Abgoosht. Remembering that some artists and activists were banned from entering UAE because of their Gulf Labor exposé — which addressed issues of exploiting migrant labor in order to build the Abu-Dhabi cultural district cheaply — I was cautious while applying.

While I was in Dubai, I didn’t want to limit my explorations to the new and modern galleries of Al Qouz (the industrial neighborhood). I found my way through the older parts of Dubai, and when seeing how ordinary people lived, it became apparent that these galleries were not for them. They seemed to imply that if you don’t have a car or are not part of a particular social class, you never had access to those galleries (aside from what might be occasionally displayed at a shopping center).

Read the full article online at www.fnewsmagazine.com

○
Kimia Maleki is a master’s candidate in the Department of Arts Administration and Policy at SAIC.



I did my best to visit Manarat Al Saadiyat, which is like a convention center for all events related to one of four museums of that region: Zayed National Museum, Guggenheim Abu Dhabi, Louvre Abu Dhabi and the Performing Arts Centre.



Seafaring by Zeineb Sedira at Third Line Gallery, Dubai



Walking proved difficult, as Google Maps directed me over sand and stone.



XVA Art Hotel in old neighbourhood of Dubai



Knotty Objects

Conference paints speculative design as a little knotty

● Fulla Abdul-Jabbar

In mathematics, a knot is a way of joining two things together in a way that cannot be undone. Extending this metaphor to disciplinary collaborations happening in design and technology, this would be the premise of the MIT Media Lab's first Design Summit, Knotty Objects.

The gathering took place in Boston July 15-16 and was organized by Paola Antonelli, Senior Curator of the Department of Architecture and Design and Director of Research and Development at MoMA in New York, and Kevin Slavin and Neri Oxman of the MIT Media Lab.

Knotty Objects aimed to bring together professionals from an array of disciplines to discuss the intersections between design and technology through four objects "entangled" in design, art, science, and engineering. These were the brick, the steak, the phone, and the Bitcoin.

"Knotty" as a descriptor (and pun) caught on. Many seemed to enjoy that their work was painted as a little rogue, a little mischievous, a little naughty. As Oxman introduced the term and the summit, "A knot is not what you may think it is." I worried that we were enjoying this wealth of knot wordplay too much.

What was really under discussion at this summit was critical (or speculative) design — more specifically, the type of design that has been spearheaded by Anthony Dunne and Fiona Raby, who delivered the keynote address. Under Dunne's tenure as head of Design Interactions at the Royal College of Art, their studio influenced a generation of designers whose work is now more invested in what is often described as problem-finding rather than problem-solving. Often this manifests in projects that are designed for future societies, be they probable or improbable, near or distant.

Dunne and Raby's work is nuanced and provocative, using the language of design to penetrate the everyday and challenge cultural assumptions of what is better.

In their Digiland project, for example, they designed self-driving vehicles for a society that completely embraces not only digital technologies but also the market forces that drive them.

The result was cramped, budget-style, self-driving cars separated into price categories, which were uncomfortably familiar to the way we understand travel today, yet at odds with the way we

often romanticize future technology as the savior from today's inconveniences.

Dunne and Raby are careful to describe their design approach as supplementary to, rather than superior to, such a traditional design approach, which they call affirmative design and is based on solving functional problems through form.

But this careful distinction was cast aside in favor of celebrating the binary between critical and affirmative design.

Kevin Slavin described the most important takeaway from Dunne and Raby's work as being "that there is an enemy. And if you're going to pick an enemy," he said, "the status quo is a really good one." To him, critical design provided an "important set of tools and weapons in that attack."

In this oppositionist oversimplification, our enemy is the status quo, and the future through critical design is here to save it.

The final battle between the present and the future took the form of a debate at the end of the summit between Ahmed Ansari, an assistant professor in the School of Social and Media Sciences at Shaheed Zulfikar Ali Bhutto Institute of Science and Technology in Karachi, and Jamer Hunt, the director of the experimental graduate program in Transdisciplinary Design at Parsons The New School for Design.

The motion under debate was: Design must fill current human needs before imagining new futures. One of the first audience requests was to change the motion, probably because fulfilling human needs and imagining futures are not usually understood as mutually exclusive.

Predictably, Ansari and Hunt's responses could not make any headway into the real challenges of critical design. Ansari made the important and pertinent observation that critical design projects too often exclude the marginalized. This is unfortunately true of much of the art world, but that alone was did not convince the audience that the future is not worth exploring through these design projects.

Most disappointing about Knotty Objects was that this oppositional and ultimately hierarchical impulse that permeated throughout the summit diminished any discussion about the interaction of disciplines in shaping discourse through the objects knotted in them.

One of the most poignant moments in this regard came during the New Metabolism or "brick" session, which included designer and event organizer Neri Oxman, scientist George Church,

architect David Benjamin, and architect Hashim Sarkis. During the question period, Ansari noted the lack of a social sciences or humanities perspective on the panel and asked whether this was a conscious decision or a coincidence.

That question hit a chord of one of the underexplored aspects of critical design: In all of its investment in criticality, where is the critical theory?

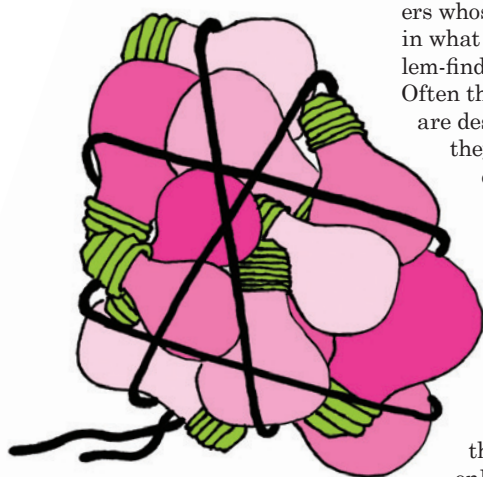
This is not to suggest that critical design must be about what it means to do criticism nor is it to advocate a merger of these (or of any) disciplines. Instead, design may at times benefit from engaging with a humanistic approach to criticism in order to do design work more powerfully. Other times it may not benefit from such an engagement. The same is true for science, art, and engineering. Design is not incomplete without other disciplines, but that does not mean it can proceed in isolation from them.

I wonder now whether projects that bring together disciplines in a way where they remain distinct can be found in academia, where competition, disciplinary pride, and the role of pedagogy can position disciplines against one another under the guise of learning lessons from each other.

Oxman, in response to Ansari's question, reminisced about the '80s when it was fashionable to sit in cafés listening to French theorists. "Before, the designers would look up to the philosophers," she said. "But now that system is reversed, and the philosophers might look up to the designers."

The audience applauded.

There's an enemy. And if you're going to pick an enemy, the status quo is a really good one.



Fulla Abdul-Jabbar is an MFA candidate in Visual and Critical Studies

From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires

Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola's work appears unbalanced at MoMA exhibition

● Paula Calvo

From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola opened mid-May at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York, and, despite some shortcomings, this exhibition granted an important space in contemporary art for two very significant, pioneer Argentine photographers. Since the 1930s, the work of Stern and Coppola has influenced photography in Argentina. This exhibition presents an impressive compilation of hard-to-find prints, gathered from collectors around the world.

Horacio Coppola, born in Argentina, met Grete Stern (originally from Northwestern Germany) while attending a Bauhaus photography workshop taught by Walter Peterhans in Berlin in the early 1930s. After the rise of Hitler, they both fled to London, where they would marry, and soon after the couple relocated to Buenos Aires. This exhibition relies on the telling of the couple's story — how and why they ended up in the Southern Cone.

Coppola is represented in this exhibition by his most iconic images of the city of Buenos Aires and its amazing architecture. A lot of wall space is covered by Coppola's images, which are curated in large groups and demands the attention of the viewer, where one can get lost reminiscing about the world of 1930s Buenos Aires. On the other hand, Stern appears in this exhibition as if her purpose is to complement Coppola's work; her work portrays her as a portrait and photomontage photographer. And, although these photographs are titled, the exhibition lacks the proper context to educate the viewer on the importance of these famous photographers, and how truly integral the pair was to the development of Argentine arts and culture.

Some of the most interesting works included in this exhibition are the experimental photographs by Coppola in the Peterhans (Bauhaus) style, which present the viewer with posed objects juxtaposed by the artist into curious compositions. These images help the photographer to break away, within the exhibition, from the overload of street photography that he is generally known for. Meanwhile, Stern has an entire dedicated room to display her Sueños series. Conceived as dream interpretations to accompany a column on psychoanalysis, Stern produced these images for collaboration with a women's magazine, *Idilio*. Due to the images' initial purpose, most of the negatives are now lost or damaged, which makes this recollecting of prints extremely valuable. Stern is also represented in this exhibition by her Ringl + Pit works, co-produced in a studio with Ellen Auerbach, whose work is also being shown at the Robert Mann Gallery in Manhattan.

One of the biggest disappointments with this beautiful exhibition, organized into his and hers gallery rooms, was that Coppola was represented by a larger amount of photographs and covering more wall space, throwing off the balance intended by giving them their own exhibition spaces. While Coppola's legacy was seen in his street photography, his Bauhaus-style experimentation, and even a catalog of his ethnographic work in "The Art of Mesopotamia," Stern is left as a mere portrait photographer, with some photomontage works that are expected

from her Bauhaus training.

Grete Stern, after arriving in Buenos Aires, chose to become part of the city and its local art scene instead of being part of the closed circle of expat artists of the time. She soon identified as an Argentine photographer, and subsequently her work developed with Argentine culture. So, if Coppola's Bauhaus-like work can be shown, as part of this

"Bauhaus to Buenos Aires"-themed exhibition, why is Stern's photographic work on the city and its architecture only shown in a digitized set up of the "Los Patios" photo-book? Even worse is the fact that Stern and Coppola photographed objects in a museum in La Plata for an ethnographic book titled *Huacos* — which by the way, is available to see at the Ryerson Library — and yet, this collaboration is only briefly mentioned in the exhibition catalog, while images from "The Art of Mesopotamia" are shown in the gallery room at MoMA.

It is very surprising that, given the motivation to include different kinds of work by both artists and the incredible resources the museum has (clearly manifested in the hunting down of images for this same exhibition) MoMA decided to neglect Stern's photojournalistic work produced in the 1960s and leave the "Los Patios" photo-book in a touch-based digital monitor on a stand below eye level. Stern's photojournalism and ethnography in the indigenous Northern part of the country resulted in a series titled "Aborígenes del Gran Chaco Argentino" that consists of over 1500 images. This massive collection of work along with the photo-book "Los Patios," and the included works in the exhibition, would have given Stern the same flexibility and dimension granted to Coppola and his varied work. Instead, Stern seems to be accompanying her ex-husband by supplying the portrait photographs and experimental photomontages he didn't produce.

This exhibition is worth appreciating as it represents the first display of Latin American photography since the solo exhibition of Manuel Alvarez Bravo in 1997 (the fourth one in the history of MoMA) and the first ever exhibition of Argentine photography at the museum. And, even with its flaws, it represents another space in contemporary art dedicated to Latin

America and its growing focus on photographic development.

From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola is on view at the Museum of Modern Art NY through October 4, 2015.

○

Paula Calvo is a second year M.A. Art History candidate at SAIC, writer, critic and photographer. Originally from Buenos Aires, Argentina



Most of the negatives are now lost or damaged, which makes this recollecting of prints extremely valuable.

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September

Co-op Internship Orientations
Thurs, Sept 3rd, 12pm
Tues, Sept 8th + 15th, 12pm
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On Campus Job Fair
Fri, Sept 4th, 12-2pm
Neiman Center

TA 101
Fri, Sept 11th, 4:15-5:45pm
Neiman Center

October

What's My Job? Alumni Conversations
Mon-Wed, Oct 5-7th, 4:30-5:30pm
Neiman Center

Saturday Skill Share
[Start-Up Your Web Presence]
Sat, Oct 10th, 1-4:30pm
Location TBD

Saturday Skill Share
[Documenting Your Work]
Sat, Oct 24th, 11am-4pm
Location TBD

November

Portfolio Review with
Curators, Dealers and Writers
[With SUGS]
Wed, Nov 4th, 4-6pm
MacLean Ballroom

Graduate School Panel
Sat, Nov 7, 10am-3pm
Neiman Center

Projects for Peace Info Meeting
Wed, Nov 11th, 12pm
116 S Michigan, Ste 1400

College Teaching /
CAA Panel Discussion
Wed, Nov 11th, 4pm
Sharp RM 327

17th Annual Co-op Project Show
Nov 11 - December 11
116 S Michigan, Ste 1400

Co-op Internship Orientations
Wed, Nov 18th, 12pm
Mon, Nov 30th, 12pm
116 S Michigan, RM 1429

Chili + Co-op
Thurs, Nov 19th, 4:30-5:30pm
112 S. Michigan, 14th floor lounge

Saturday Skill Share
[Writing Your Artist Statement]
Sat, Nov 14th, 11am-2pm
Location TBD

December

Co-op Internship Fair Prep
Walk-In Advising
Tues, Dec 1st, 12-1pm
Wed, Dec 2nd, 12-1pm
116 S Michigan, Ste 1400

Co-op Internship Fair Interview Prep
[Employer Matchmaking]
Tues, Dec 1st, 4-5:30pm
112 S. Michigan, 14th floor lounge

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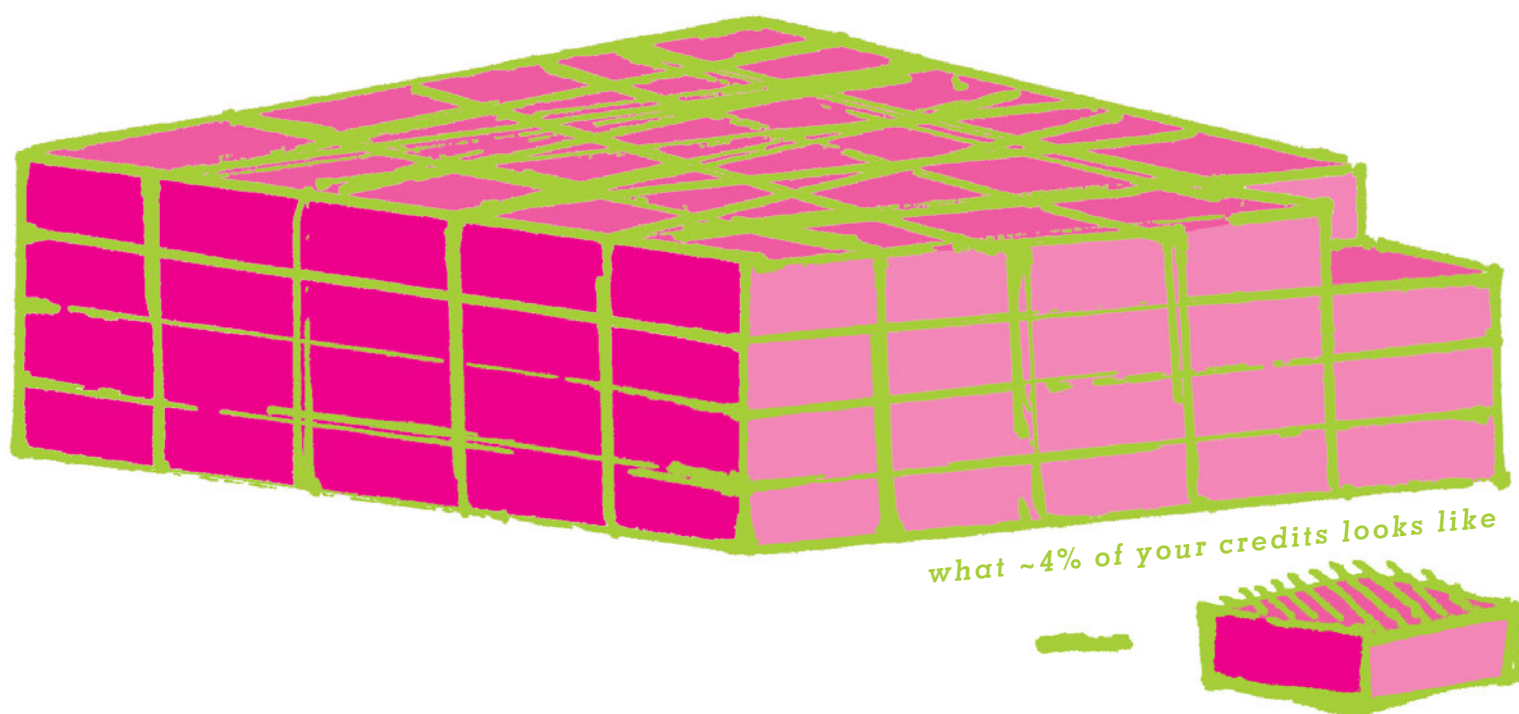
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An SAIC Miracle!

SAIC administration cuts credits required for undergraduate curriculum

● Megan Byrne

The School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) has for years been one of the most expensive non-profit colleges in the nation: however, SAIC is taking steps to lower the costs of attending. SAIC president Walter Massey announced a major change to the undergraduate curriculum, cutting the total amount of credits necessary to graduate by six, which will take effect on September 1, 2015. However, to obtain an undergraduate degree from SAIC, students in the Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) track are required to take 132 credits to graduate, while students in the BFA track with an emphasis in Art Education are required to take 138 credits.

Rose Milkowski, Vice President of Enrollment Management, spoke to F Newsmagazine last week saying, "This is one attempt of many that we're doing in order to try to make education at SAIC more affordable." This credit cut would allow students to be grandfathered in to this lower credit system if it is convenient for them, meaning students will be free to continue to fulfill their credit requirements at 132 credits (or 138 credits for Art Education majors), in order to still be able to take classes they may want or see as crucial to their education, alternatively they could choose the burden-relieving 126 credits.

According to Amy Honchell, Associate Dean of Undergraduate Studies, the cut in credits was made to the general electives requirements. Honchell said, "We noticed we were requiring more credits than a lot of other institutions, which offer a similar degree." Both Savannah College of Art and Design (SCAD) and Rhode Island School of Design (RISD), two schools often in the same conver-

sation as SAIC, require fewer credits to graduate than SAIC does. SCAD requires 120 credits, RISD 126 to earn a bachelors degree.

Milkowski noted that each program at SAIC has different requirements and that the changes made right before the fall semester would have a significant impact on seniors, who will be applying for graduation soon. The changes in curriculum will require students who are seniors to meet with advisors and come up with a personalized plan to aid them in finding the best approach to "using up the credits they have left," Milkowski said. Paul Jackson, Assistant Dean of Academic Affairs for Student Advising, has sent numerous emails to seniors to preschedule appointments before the semester begins. The Financial Aid Office at SAIC, as well as Academic Advising, has hired more advisors to help students during this time.

"We tried to make it more affordable for students. We studied the different ways to maintain the education that we deliver with slightly less credit hours," said Milkowski. "126 became a place that you could have enough studio and academic programs while making the education at SAIC significantly more affordable."

The full tuition for 132 credits for the 2015-2016 academic year listed on the school's website is \$189,816 at \$1,438 per credit. With the six credits cut from the undergraduate curriculum, the total will be \$181,188. That's about a 4% reduction on tuition overall.

Massey's email, only 12 days before tuition payments are due, stated the reduction of course requirements will "also allow us to keep class sizes to a manageable level for our faculty members — to an approximately 12-to-1 ratio

to allow them to work more closely with students." "We don't expect that courses will be cancelled," said Honchell. "We've been at such a high enrollment rate that we have more than enough students to satisfy filling these courses, while providing students with a little wiggle room to be able to fulfill requirements by getting into classes."

The school's interest in cutting the costs of attending SAIC could be a reaction to the Department of Education's National Center for Education Statistics' listing of SAIC as the second most expensive non-profit school in the nation, after scholarships and grants. This ranking could list the net price of the school at \$43,489, with 99% of students receiving either scholarship or grants for one academic year. Both SCAD and RISD are also high in the rankings, but much farther down than SAIC, costing around \$10,000 less per year.

The lower credit requirement is only being made to the undergraduate program, but SAIC is also looking to expand funding for the graduate program. Milkowski said, "We are continuing to increase scholarships, and we are now at \$38.3 million, which has grown 40% over the last five or six years."

With the six credits cut from the undergraduate curriculum, the total will be \$181,188. That's about a 4% reduction on tuition overall.

○
Megan Byrne is a BFAW and thinks that if you can't fold your pizza with one hand it isn't crispy enough

SAIC's

Lack

of Diversity

Confronted

Diversity initiatives to open debate at SAIC

● KT Hawbaker-Krohn

When it comes to measuring the lack of diversity at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), it's an easy game of disproportionate numbers. For example, even though Chicago has a Latino population of about 29%, SAIC only reaches 7.8% in its student body. And, when it comes to black communities, SAIC's 3% looks miniscule next to Chicago's 32%. Finding a problem with race at SAIC appears to be pretty cut and dry.

But, when it comes to defining diversity, things get muddled.

"[Diversity] is very contextual, which means that we're constantly having to evolve," said Kelly Humrichouser, the Special Assistant to the Dean of Diversity and Inclusion. "'Diversity' and 'inclusivity' get tossed around a lot, but we've got to keep asking ourselves 'Inclusive of what?'"

This answer grows more complicated as the hegemonic, whitewashed culture in which SAIC participates, awakens to integrational failures, the dangers of LGBTQ assimilation, and the pervasiveness of gendered violence. In response to these oppressions, SAIC will try to put forth a series of choreographed paradoxes with radical Leftism and elite academic tradition as it rolls out its diversity initiatives into the 2015-'16 school year.

"One of the ultimate goals of these initiatives is to make students' experiences

at SAIC larger than the oppressions they face," Humrichouser said. "We're constantly asking ourselves how we continue building a community that values these voices and becomes more inclusive without just checking off different identity boxes. That's why we brought in the concept of intersectionality."

To understand the initiatives put in place by SAIC's Diversity Advisory Group (DAG), it's important to have a grip on "intersectionality," a term formally coined and introduced to feminist theory by Kimberlé Crenshaw. Intersectionality is a theoretical framework that unpacks systems of oppression by taking into account the interactions between points of identity.

"Black feminism is the example we use to explain this theory," noted Humrichouser. In order to magnify the simultaneous oppressions faced by black, feminine identities, black feminism puts on trial the connections between race, gender, and sexuality.

"We want to create a culture on campus where these difficult conversations are possible," Humrichouser continued. "And, we're proud that this kind of change is happening at SAIC."

Rashayla Marie Brown, Director of Student Affairs for Diversity and Inclusion, shares this excitement and stated that the changes in diversity programming make SAIC unique.

To solidify the structure of the DAG, Brown and her team made collaborative changes. One of these adjustments is

that Brown's position no longer tackles sexual harassment cases, and, instead, provides support to student groups like the League of Extraordinary Genders, and is a first point of contact for students looking to expand their cultural understandings.

"The newer structure is the result of recommendations made by several committees and symposia," Brown said. She pointed out that most academic institutions hire one provost of diversity and expect this role to cater to student and faculty communities alike. "Ultimately, we found that this kind of setup provided no power to create change and spread leaders too thinly."

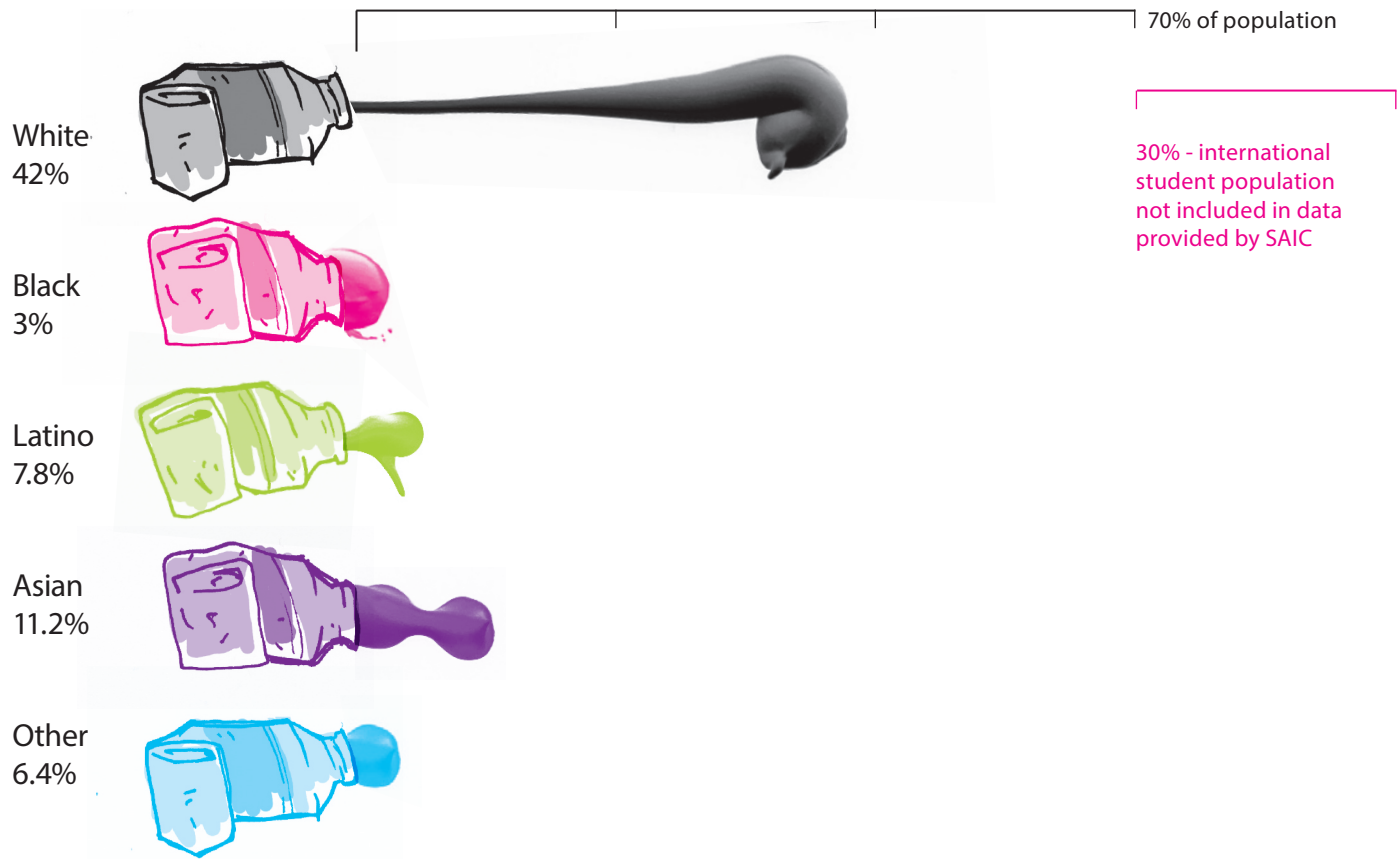
"We decided to create positions along our different bureaucratic levels to value and address distinct needs," Brown illustrated. This included the creation of Humrichouser's position, which reports to Lisa Wainwright, the Vice President of Academic Affairs.

SAIC also brought on Christina Gomez as Director of Academic Affairs for Diversity and Inclusion. Humrichouser said that Gomez's role will facilitate communication between administration and academics. One example of this work includes Gomez's investigation of diversity within individual department curricula, where she will gauge who's being represented through the assigned literature and stretch these boundaries where needed. Humrichouser hopes this could result in curricula that demand student engagement with multiple

Chicago Demographics



SAIC Demographics



identities. SAIC’s current diversity initiatives came into fruition back in 2009, as the DAG formed and designed plans to “build diversity” among faculty, students, and the curricula. It outlined specific steps and plans to increase inclusivity, borrowing “best practices” from other creative institutions and applying them to specific needs of a Chicago-based setting. “We really want to move past the feeling of surface-level diversity, and that means producing situations that encourage a wide range of voices,” Humrichouser stated. The campus felt the first quakes of these shifts with the implementation of gender-neutral housing and bathrooms, an increase in identity-based student groups, and a reform of the student health insurance policy to specifically address the needs of the transgender community. SAIC also saw the inauguration of a bridge program with the Chicago Public Schools that provides free college course and credits to older high school students. By beginning to preference public over charter school students, this initiative invests SAIC’s resources in a racialized school system where 39% of students are black while 9.4% are white, and

where a whopping 86% are classified as “Economically Disadvantaged.” These concepts, however, do face critique. While a diverse community does result in richer conversations and challenging work, some students and faculty fear that the semantics of “diversity” could perpetuate a culture that remains focused on hegemonic identities. Much like the use of variable and control groups in research, diversity exists because white, straight, middle-class identities remain at the center of the institution’s lens. Brown responds to these critiques by encouraging community members to get

involved. “People need to create the environment they want to see,” she discussed. “For example, I’m a black woman in a space where that’s pretty uncommon, and I have to negotiate my feelings with that role. I love education and its imagined possibilities, so that’s why I stay with this institution. “Sometimes the words of revolution become soft,” Brown continued, describing how the language of social justice frequently becomes nothing more than catchphrases. “This is why we have to implement these changes instead of just talking. instead of burning the institution down, people need to become involved and engaged in creating the world they wish to see. To not complain and be part of the problem, but part of creating the solutions. We’re an elite institution, so it’s up to us to keep a framework of activism.”

○

In a fit of post-undergrad “excitement,” KT left her retail career and is a Master of Arts candidate in New Arts Journalism. She enjoys watching The Golden Girls and collecting loyalty points from the gyro delivery place like it’s a sport.

We’re an elite institution, so it’s up to us to keep a framework of activism.



Socks and Sandals

To wear or not to wear?

● Ana Sekler

Most people either love or hate the socks with sandals “look.” Much like the polarizing infatuation or disgust felt for foods such as olives, people have strong opinions about wearing socks with sandals. I interviewed five men and five women regarding their thoughts on the look, and the results were fairly evenly divided. Six were pro wearing socks with sandals and four were against the look. Four women and two men were in favor of the look, while one woman and three men were opposed to it. The majority of respondents were from Chicago, while three were from Oakland. Aesthetics and practicality were the overriding criteria that most influenced the respondents’ judgements.

Ever since the age of five when I began pairing jeans with dresses, I’ve been a fan of putting together clothing items that are not normally worn together. Wearing jeans with dresses has remained a wardrobe staple for me, as has wearing socks with tights or socks with sandals. It is mainly an issue of practicality. In spring and fall, when I want to wear sandals but Chicago’s weather doesn’t permit it, I pair socks with sandals so that I can have the best of both worlds, warmth and style. Other times, it’s simply an aesthetic choice.

Out of the six respondents that were for the look, five have been wearing socks with sandals for more than five years. Thus, the look doesn’t seem to be a passing trend, although it has gained mainstream popularity in the past couple of years. The reasoning behind pairing these two seemingly unmatched articles of clothing and the methods employed in achieving the looks varied amongst the respondents. Kelvin, who is from Chicago, and one of the two men who approves of the look, says he does so because “sometimes it’s more comfortable to wear socks with sandals, but mostly it’s for reasons of fashion.” Emily, a Chicagoan who wears tights with sandals more so than socks, says, “It’s practical, if it’s a little chilly and you want to cover your legs but still wear a dress with sandals, then it’s a great option.” Vivien, a respondent from Oakland, reasons, “I have pretty sandals that I

want to wear in colder months.” Finally Chris, another respondent from Oakland, asserts, “There is a certain level of comfort in the socks/sandals pairing. Almost like comfort food; like a bowl of chili on a cold day, or fried chicken on a bad day, it just cheers you up without having to think about it much.”

On the same side of the practicality coin, the majority of those against wearing socks and sandals felt that way because, as Ivana, a recent transplant to Chicago from L.A., says, “Sandals are made to showcase feet and socks are the opposite point, to cover feet.” Desko, who is also from Chicago, agreed with that opinion stating, “It defeats the purpose of sandals to wear socks with them, sandals were made for bare feet.” Indeed, sandals are open-toed shoes for the purpose of allowing bare feet. But many people wear closed shoes such as loafers or ballet flats with no socks, so doesn’t that go against the original intention of shoes that are entirely covered?

Fashion is not meant to be solely practical. Aesthetic value plays a large role in people’s opinions on a given look. Shane, another Chicagoan, says that socks and sandals are “just silly and awkward,” and Ivana says, “It reminds me of old people or kids who play sports.” Aaron, who occasionally wears socks and sandals while camping, says it’s a popular style in his hometown of Berkeley and he enjoys it because “it’s relaxed and allows your feet to breathe while remaining warm.” Aesthetically, Aaron doesn’t find it to be a very appealing look and his significant other discourages him from combining the two.

Svetlana, a former Chicagoan and current New Yorker, enjoys the aesthetic of the look, but she doesn’t pair the two as often as she has in the past. She has specific guidelines, such as, “It looks good when worn in contrasting colors, although monochromatic socks with a pattern could also look nice.” She is a fan of sheer socks with sandals and, like a few of the other respondents, feels that men who wear socks and sandals look “touristy.” Chris, who is also very specific on his tastes, prefers “white tube socks and brown sandals, a classic!” The aesthetic of this particular look is fun and different and as Emily puts it,

“dressing is just another canvas to express creativity.” Since it’s unnecessary to assess aesthetic value, these decisions are personal and depend entirely on the wearer’s personal style.

Dressing, as defined by Roland Barthes in *The Language of Fashion*, is the individual reality of how the individual actualizes on their body the general inscription of dress. Barthes defines dress as “the proper object of sociological and historical research.” For Barthes, dress is like *langue* in the Saussurean definition, in that it’s a social institution independent of the individual. Dressing becomes like the *parole*, the individual acts as a function of the language or, in this case, as a function of dress. Socks, tights, and sandals are all part of dress. They are three options among a vast array of dress, and those individuals who choose to pair them together are exercising, through the act of dressing, their freedom.

As Chris puts it, “Wearing socks and sandals isn’t about being anti-fashion, but it is about not giving a crap.” This rebellious tone is consistent with Vivien’s opinion when she says, “I enjoy breaking dumb fashion rules.” The majority of respondents in favor of socks and sandals did classify themselves as more adventurous dressers, five out of the six, than those who were against the look. Only two of the five against socks and sandals feel they take chances in fashion. Kelvin, from the pro socks and sandals camp, says he also wears short shorts, which are not a common look for men but are appearing more frequently these days. Shane, who loathes socks and sandals, makes bold choices regarding fashion, often wearing nail polish or wearing things he makes or shapes. For these respondents, it is not a question of courageous fashion choices that compels one person to wear or not wear socks with sandals, it is simply one of personal style and aesthetic preference.



Ana Sekler is a 2nd year MFA candidate in New Arts Journalism. She loves miniature toys and swancing (the art of swimming and dancing).

art hoe:

noun. \ˈɑrt, ər\hō\

a hoe who is mysterious and chill and like hippyish and good at art.

—urbandictionary.com



#Art-Hoes

A field guide to a new social media trend

● Rosie Accola

Move over health goth, there's a new subculture that's traipsing around the blogosphere and leaving aesthetically pleasing photosets in their wake: the Art Hoe. Now you may be asking yourself, "As an art student with tendencies that could qualify as hoe-esque, am I automatically an 'art hoe?'" In order to quell your own fears about melting into the void that is normalized "alternative" aesthetics, I've compiled a simple checklist serves the dual purpose of both explaining the ideologies of "art hoes" while telling you if you've found your people.

If you answered "yes" to five or more of these questions, then congratulations, you're an art hoe. Now, before you lapse into a crisis because your interests are now being transformed into a meme, consider this: art hoes are groovy!

Unlike the micro subcultures of previous summers (IE., the insufferable "pastel goth" of summer 2012), art hoes value passion rather than apathy. The foundation of the art hoe aesthetic is an insatiable curiosity about the art world. Art hoes just want to learn about art and make some of their own; there's nothing wrong with that. If anything, it should be encouraged.

The main criticisms of art hoes come from the same disgruntled bros who insist that teen girls "don't even know who the Misfits are." They complain that art hoes are a subculture made up of oblivious middle-upper class white girls, when, in reality, art hoes are incredibly inclusive towards both women of color and individuals who choose to ignore the gender binary all together. As far as I can tell, there's nothing culturally appropriative going on within the art hoe subset either; no one's sporting a bindi and oozing "wanderlust," they just want to paint and help their plants grow.

I have observed a lack of women/women of color within the art canon which they study so intently, but that's the canon's fault. When you become interested in a subject, you consume what is available to you. In the case of art, what's most widely available is a canon which is pretty devoid of women and people of color. This speaks to a pervasive need for more women artists; thus art hoes should be encouraged to

expand their own art practices, rather than having their interests trivialized into an Internet fad.

Let's face it, teenage girls and their interests are constantly belittled within popular culture. When teenage girls become interested in products that are traditionally marketed towards them, like boy bands or YA literature, they are dismissed as "fangirls." Likewise, when they are interested in "alternative" subcultures like punk, they are dismissed as "posers." Either way, teenage girls are being told that their age and their gender somehow make their interests seem disingenuous.

Honestly, the art hoe narrative seems painfully familiar to me, because I too was once a shy nerd who ghosted around her high school art room. Look at it this way, try to support art hoes as an homage to your pre-art school self. None of our effortless nonchalance/obscure aesthetics happened overnight. Consider art hoes as your high school do-over, encourage them to go Molly Ringwald and make their own prom dress. Tell them to nurture their own art practice with the kindness they show towards the succulents they love, tell them to never let the fuckboys get them down.

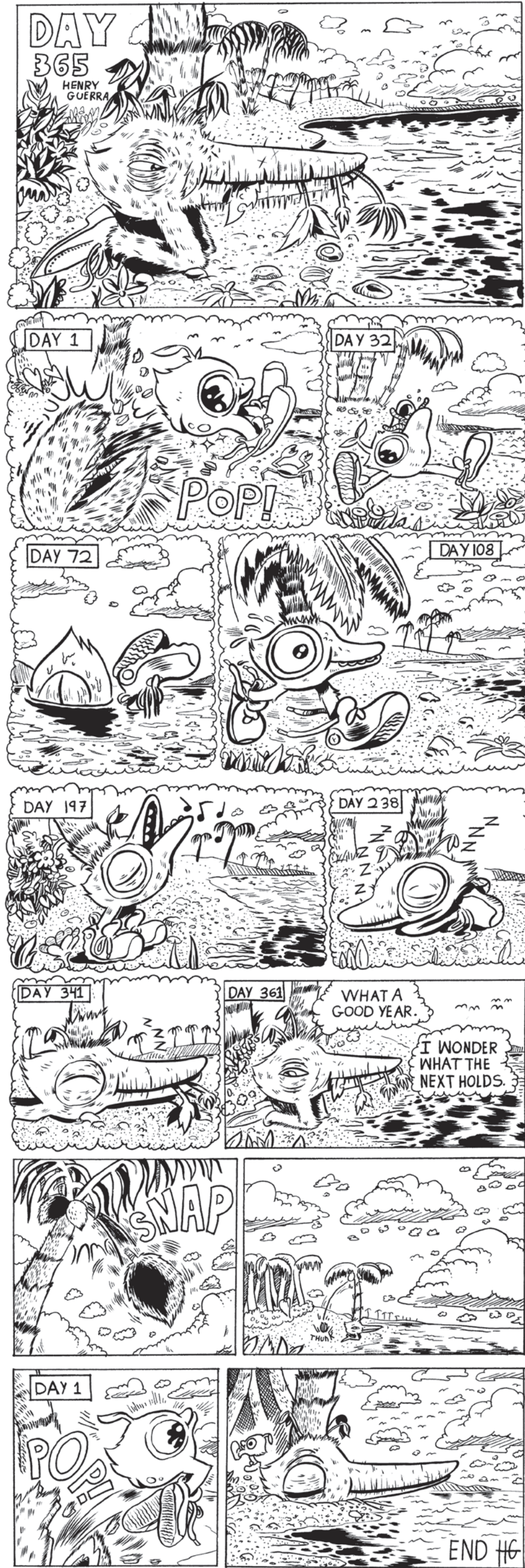
○

Rosie Accola is a sophomore in the BFAW department. She makes too many zines and loves punk rock and petting dogs.

Do You...

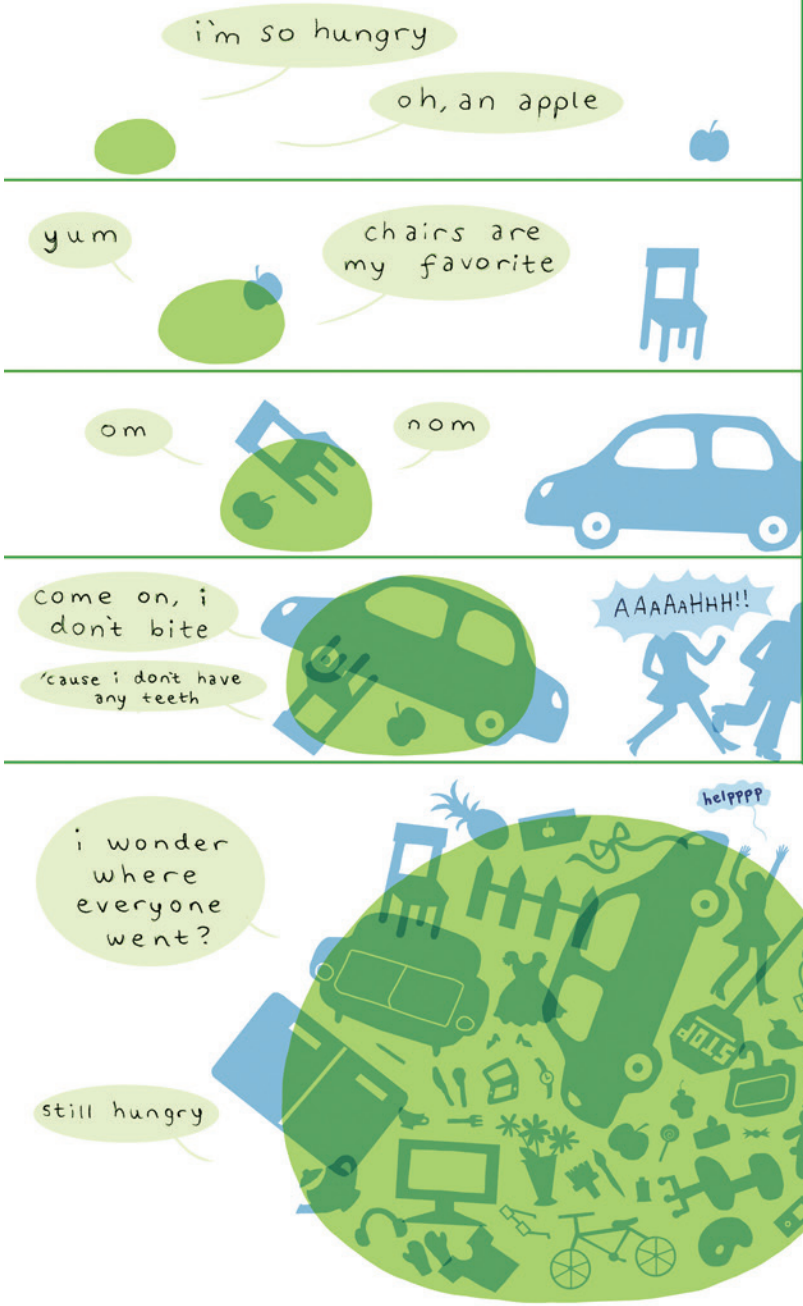
- ✗ enjoy the color mustard yellow?
- ✗ own a Fallraven Kanken backpack?
- ✗ own a succulent?
- ✗ own a cactus?
- ✗ own more than one pair of Birkenstocks and/or Doc Martens?
- ✗ enjoy using classical paintings and/or literal art galleries as backgrounds for your selfies?
- ✗ own an Etsy store?
- ✗ art journal extensively?
- ✗ know that Moleskines are expensive, but keep buying them anyway because their paper quality is prime?
- ✗ empathize with Vincent Van Gogh on a level that could be classified as "spiritual?"
- ✗ own a pair of mom jeans?
- ✗ own a pair of high waisted shorts that used to be mom jeans until you rescued them from Goodwill and did some much needed trimming?
- ✗ sometimes confuse your tea mug and your paint water mug?
- ✗ enjoy the color forest green?
- ✗ know your way around a jar of mod podge?
- ✗ manage an art and/or "aesthetic" blog?
- ✗ own a pair of socks with a famous work of art embroidered on them?

● Henry Guerra



comics

● Regina Hu

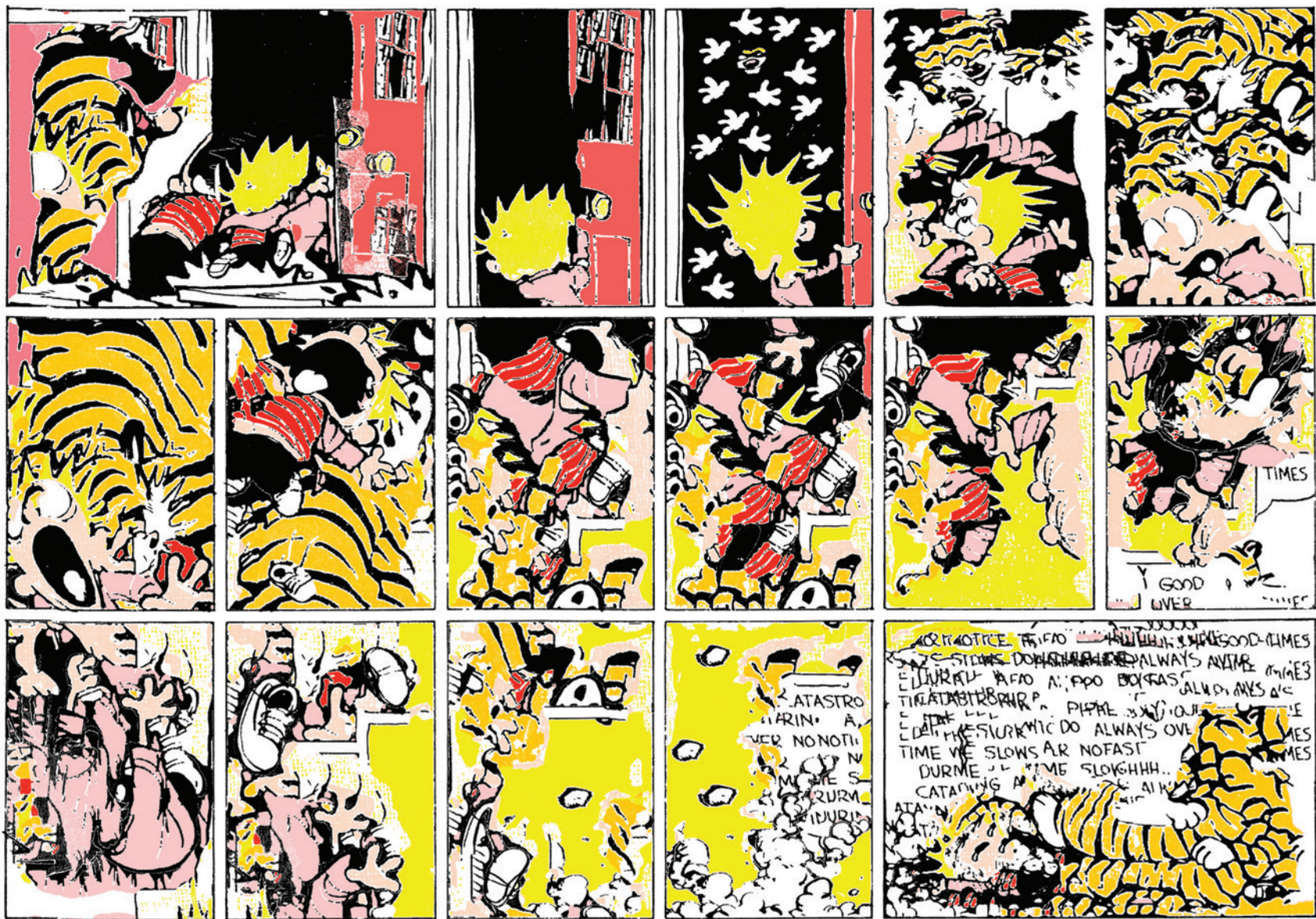


● Jenna Kang



Halvin and Cobbles

INSPIRED BY BILL WATTERSON | A SERIES BY JARAD SOLOMON

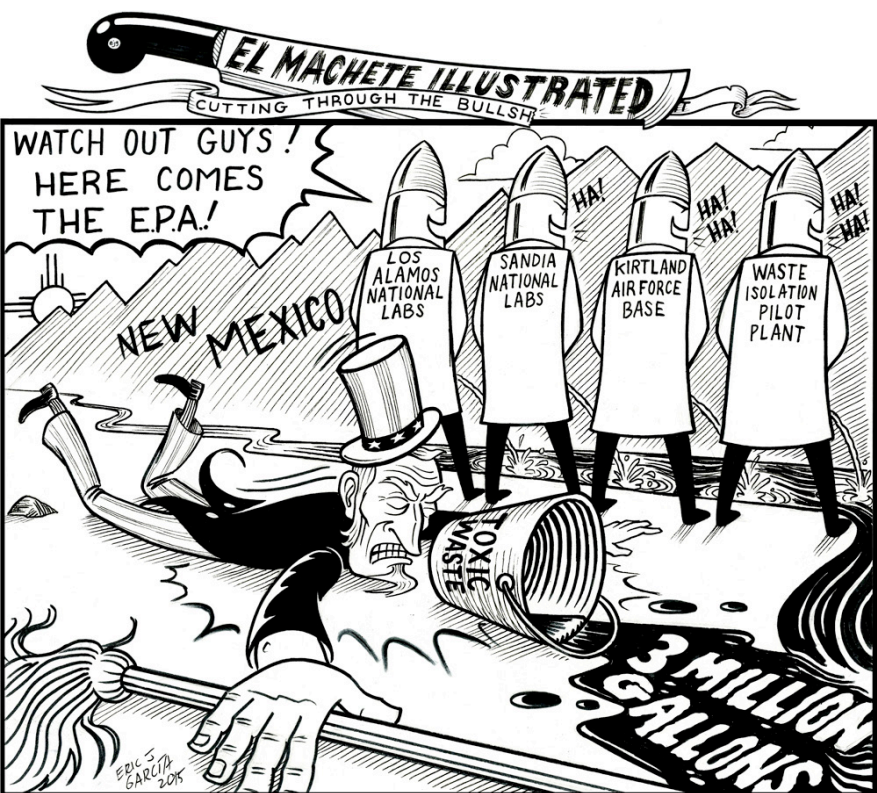


● Alex Kostiw

TYPES OF BOOBS



● Eric J. Garcia



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SUBMIT COMICS TO F

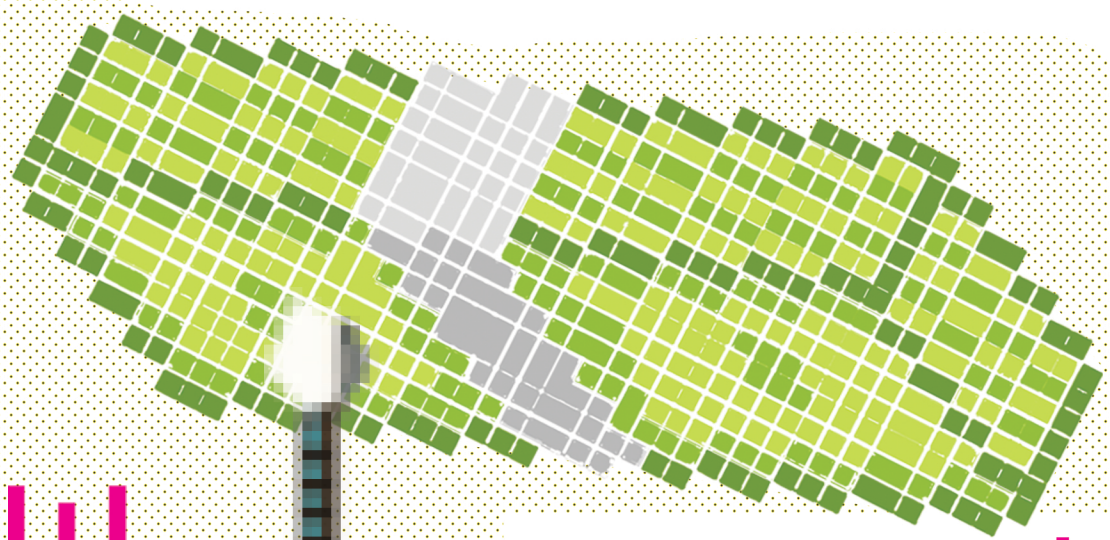
Are your comics experimental, poignant, satirical, political, nonfiction, made for the web, and/or awesome?

Are you a current SAIC student?

Then share JPGs or PDFs no less than 300 dpi on Google Drive with akostiw@saic.edu.

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