



gnews magazine

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

APRIL SPORTS EDITION

05 Mighty Mas

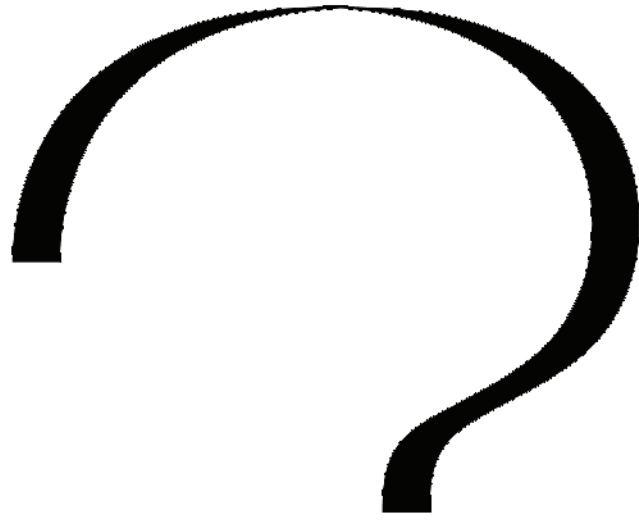
10 Sports Drinks

15 Fart Reviews

CARPE DIEM

It's past midnight, and Sandi Butte is hitting herself with a fish again. The Ohio-born artist and recent MFA grad in Performance at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) was showing signs of fatigue earlier in the evening. The past three days have been grueling: Butte is preparing for her performance for the first round of tryouts, just one day away, now, for this summer's Artlympic Games.

continued on page 12 ▶



WHAT IS AN ARTISTIC PRACTICE OF HUMAN RIGHTS

A multi-day summit hosted by the University of Chicago that brings together a distinguished group of international artists who will propose, examine, and challenge the ways in which creative cultural resistance can broaden our collective understanding of human rights.

Artists

Lola Arias / Jelili Atiku / Tania Bruguera / Sandi Hilal and Alessandro Petti of Decolonizing Architecture Art Residency / Zanele Muholi / Carlos Javier Ortiz / Laurie Jo Reynolds

Summit

/ Saturday, April 29, 9:30am–6:30pm:
Artists Presentations
/ Monday, May 1, 6–9pm:
Public Forum

graycenter.uchicago.edu/humanrights



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Out For The Season

by Ally Cat Ponderer

Following the School of the Art Institute of Chicago's spring BFA Show, G Newsmagazine has this complete list of artists who are, by choice or by force, sitting the next season out.

Emotional injuries count

THE GUY WHO LOOKS AND PAINTS LIKE JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT

has declared a break from his art after finding out that there was a movie made about JMB. He is in search of a new artistic identity.



OPTIMISTIC FRESHMAN

decided to transfer schools after cutting the tip of her finger off while working on a design project. "Graphic design is done on the computer — I don't understand why I am being forced to use an X-acto knife. I chose this medium because I don't need any extra materials," she said.



THE DAUGHTER OF A RICH ARTIST

is working from jail after being arrested for openly shoplifting a retro shirt from a thrift shop.



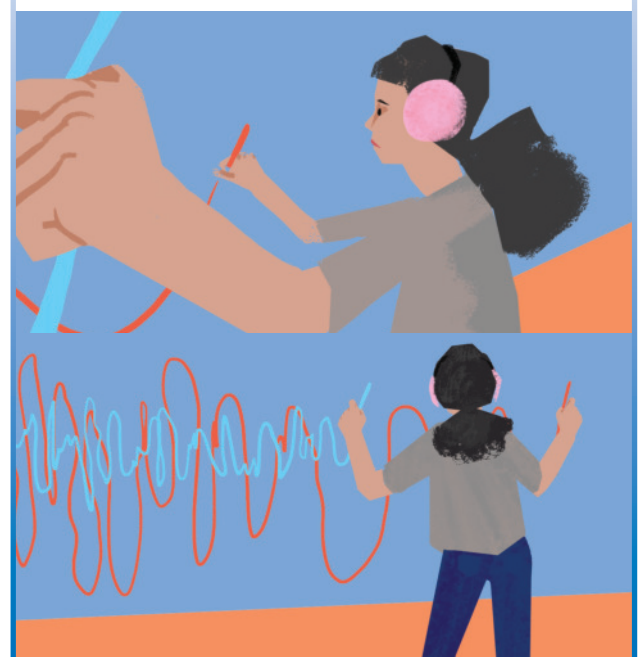
JUNIOR PERFORMANCE ARTIST

suffered a concussion and broken leg after falling down some stairs during a performance and will be producing concepts in their sketchbook for the rest of the month. They finished the hour-long performance before taking the train to the hospital.



SOPHOMORE SOUND STUDENT

lost all hearing abilities while working on her latest project. She finished her sound piece without being able to hear it, switched to drawing sounds, and is now getting ready for an upcoming solo show of sketched soundscapes.

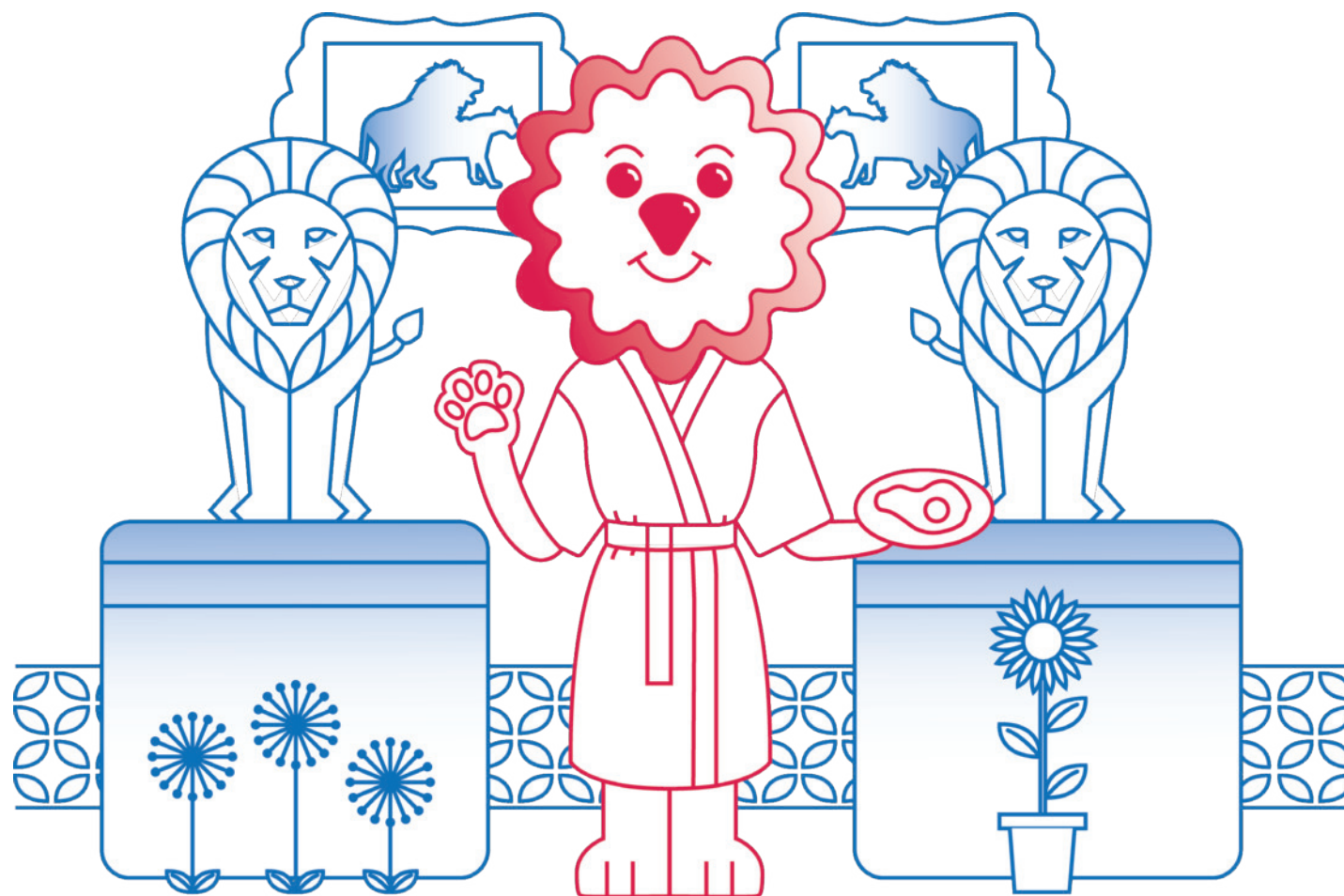


AB-EX GUY

stabbed himself in the eye with his extra long paintbrush while working in the studio yesterday and will be taking time off. However, he's decided that wearing an eye patch actually improves the way he makes art; it gives him sexy pseudo-pirate points, too.



Ally Cat Ponderer always uses protection when she's making art. She is definitely in for the season.



The Pride of SAIC

Anyway, here's the school mascot, who is a lion

by *Empire Records*

While students are off enjoying all of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago's many sporting events, they may not realize that we do, indeed, have a mascot: Artie the Lion. G Newsmagazine recently had the opportunity to sit down with Artie to discuss his role here and at the museum.

G Newsmagazine: Hey Artie, as an introduction, why don't you tell me what you do and why.

Artie the Lion: Rrrrrrrrrrrright, I rrrrrrrrrrepresent the Art Institute and the School of the Art Institute at any rendezvous where children might turn up. I take a lot of pride in my responsibilities. Art education is my pawssion, and that's why I am resolved to remain at my post.

G News: What does a typical day in your line of work look like?

Artie: My mane responsibilities —

G News: Was that "mane" or "main"?

Artie: Mane.

G News: Proceed.

Artie: — are to herd the children at the Art Institute and cheer on the art from the sidelines. Have you heard the phrase "a wolf in sheep's clothing?" I'm a lion.

G News: With the face of a sunflower.

Artie: My countenance uniquely qualifies me for my work. I'm also a vegetarian and my paws are paint palettes. Regardless, I am a ferocious lion; one might say I'm a guardian.

G News: I thought the bronze lions in front of the museum were the guardians.

Artie: Anything could get by those green-patina'd kittens. Any run-of-the-mill art thief can approach them and rub their tails for good luck on their art heist!

G News: Or art test.

Artie: Constant vigilance is my rule. No one gets a hold of my tail without my consent.

G News: My assumption is that you were chosen as the mascot because the Art Institute is known for those lions. Have you ever considered changing your look to resemble them more?

Artie: I put on a Cubs hat once.

G News: That's all you have to say about that?

Artie: Let's just say we all have some work to do in order to better resemble "real" lions. They're green; I'm made out of art supplies from Blick and I have a flower face. Our jobs are secure as long as Ringling Bros, Barnum & Bailey is doing the recruiting.

G News: To get back to the point, how do you feel about your name being a pun? Is that your real name?

Artie: My real name is Archibald. I started going by Archie because I thought it would help me get this job. When I told the interviewer that, he said, "Why didn't you pick Artie?" And he was right, it's a better art-related name. As you know, I hold puns in high esteem. I'm practically boiling over with them. They just bubble up out of me all the time. I don't know if you ke-tell.

G News: Was that a tea pun?

Artie: Tea is the second half of my pun name. Leaf me alone.

G News: What's your teaching philosophy?

Artie: Sweet transition from the tea puns. The way I see it, teaching is exactly like getting lunch: Someone brought me this antelope carcass, and I don't know who, but I'm going to do my best to see it gets where it needs to go.

G News: Are you saying you eat the students?

Artie: No, I'm a vegetarian. That was a metaphor.

G News: So your metaphor is worse than your bite.

Artie: I don't think you get me at all.

G News: Okay, I have some rapid-fire questions for you.

Artie: Is that a poaching pun?

G News: No, it's just a phrase.

Artie: Ok, good. That would have been in bad taste. I have friends abroad. Poaching is a real problem for them. The only thing I like poached is an egg.

G News: Is that what you had for breakfast this morning?

Artie: No, I had leaves.

G News: Leaves?

Artie: Just some leaves.

G News: Okay. Who is your favorite artist?

Artie: Peter Paul Rubens. That man knew how to paint a lion. I feel represented by his work.

G News: What's your favorite flower?

Artie: Dandelion.

G News: Not a sunflower?

Artie: I can be both.

G News: What makes you happiest?

Artie: Roaring at the lions out front. They don't roar back. It's amazing.

G News: Where's your favorite spot in Chicago?

Artie: The zoo. It gets confusing sometimes for the zookeepers, but I just show them my face and hands and they're like, "Sorry we shot darts at you."

G News: Is there anything else you want to say?

Artie: It gives me great pride to serve the School and the Institute.

G News: You already used that one.

Artie: I didn't feel like you got it. You didn't laugh.

G News: I apawlogize.

Artie: HAHahaha. Please don't replace me with a retired circus lion.

Empire Records has written about several famous cats, including Chester the Cheetah, Simba the lion, and Cat Stevens.

Offensive Line

Will 'The Nudes' get sacked?

by Brain Fart Doorslam

For nearly 100 years, the Division IV Midwestern Artists and Designers Collegiate Football Conference (D4MADCFC) has been dominated by The School of the Art Institute's (SAIC's) Reclining Nudes; but a new petition aims to end their reign. Last year's Still Life With Bowl champions have a new opponent, and it's not the Fighting Water Lilies; it's SAIC sophomore Ryan Watson.

"Our team name is outdated and offensive. It's that simple," Watson said in an exclusive interview. "The figure of a reclining nude must be changed."

Watson isn't the only one who's riled up about the name. In just two weeks, he has gathered more than 200 signatures from SAIC students, faculty, and staff demanding that the team name be replaced.

"I can't believe it's stood this long," said Mary McCullough, a Visual Communications professor. "I feel [Watson's petition] comes not a second too soon."

But just what is it about Max Beckmann's "outdated" and "offensive" image of a naked woman — one that, according to art-historical scholarship, has long represented greater artistic tendencies toward the hypersexualization of the female body through the male gaze — that has the SAIC community so worked up?

"German Expressionism simply isn't relevant anymore," said junior New Media student Daniella Bookman.

Watson agreed. "It's time for something more contemporary," he said.

Attached to the list of signatures is a growing number of suggestions for the team name's replacement. Bookman is partial to her own design, "The SAIC Glitch Art." Other suggestions include "The Vintage 8-Bits," "The Pixel Shifts," and "The Transcoded Datamoshers."

If Watson's campaign succeeds, SAIC would usher in D4MADCFC's first internet-age team name.

Not everyone in the SAIC community supports the Watson petition, however.

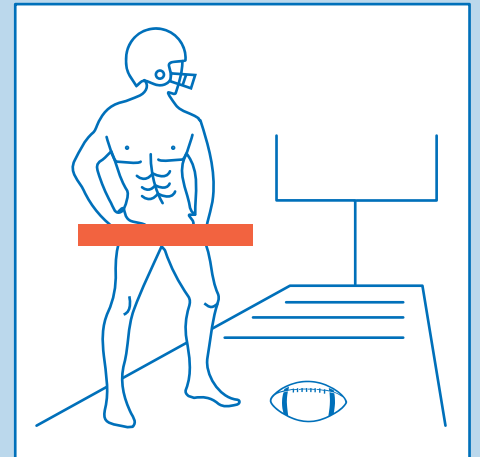
SAIC alumnus Steven Gilbert resents the project. "I've been a Nude for years. I've been all Nude, all my life. Nude since I was a kid. It's the name of the team: The Nudes. It's not gonna change."



What am I going to do with all my Nudes sweatshirts — throw them out?

"What am I going to do with all of my Nudes sweatshirts?" asked Samantha Corle, whose son graduated from SAIC in 1998. "Throw them out?"

For Andrew Lyman, tight end for the Nudes from 1955 to 1959, replacing the team name means replacing a part of his history. "I gave four years of my



♥ 12,570 Likes

We hate the game but also hate the player ☹️
#touchdown #handlethoseballs #golong #swag

dickbutt_69 @gnewsmagazine wow wut r u guys
up to this time.... i. can't. even.

life to the Nudes. Erasing the Nudes erases those years of my life," Lyman said.

Watson and a group of 20 or so protesters stood outside of the MacLean building on Michigan Avenue last Friday to gather signatures. Fiery debates erupted on the street corner. Art history students soon began a counter-protest, leading passersby in chants of "Never prude! Always Nude!" and "Hipster shits! Fuck your bits!"

The administration has yet to weigh in on Watson's petition, but the growing desire to leave Expressionism behind is getting harder to ignore as the signatures accumulate. Will SAIC uphold tradition? Or will the Reclining Nudes go the way of Modernism? Watson is optimistic, but can she get the support of the students on the sidelines?

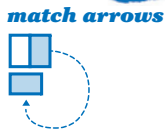
SAIC senior Dara Hendrick takes a more spectatorial position. According to her, none of this will come to anything. "In 10 years, German Expressionism will make a comeback and all of these tattooed, undercut circuit benders will be oil-painting color blobs like it's 1914."

When asked if she'd ever worn any Reclining Nudes memorabilia, Hendrick stabbed out her cigarette and said, "I'm in the Writing department. I barely even go here."

Brain Fart Doorslam is a veteran sports-writer whose love for Celine Dion alienates him from his peers.



SCAD MASCOTS



QUIZ: FIND
















Even when a mascot changes, a team's colors almost always remain the same. Fill in the missing color associated with the famous art team and then find that word in the puzzle!

- VISCOS AVENGERS:** Red n', Silver n', Black n', Green n', Black n', Gold n', Gray n'
- WRITERCATS:**
- THE CERAMIC RAMS:**
- DEAN OF FACULTY:**
- THE AIADO PLAGUE:**
- THE FIGHTING BFA'S:**
- THE ADJUNCTS:**

O K G T H M R P O S A G N E T I P N U L E S L E P L E M S I P L E S L I S W B O A K B G U K S P O X R W A B L E S F Z I W H P A G E T E B R U S H V A S H N I S A G E D E H N Q T T V S P D U S I U S M F V E V T M P

QUIZ: MATCH

Match Up Your Art School Mascot

	Ol' Paintbrush		RISD Rhode Island School of Design (RISD)
	Grandma Moses		PARSONS Parsons School of Design
	Porny The Nude		SCAD Savannah College of Art and Design (SCAD)
	Herpe		CALARTS California Institute of the Arts (CalArts)
	Pizza Batman		OTIS Otis College of Art and Design
	Jumpin' Jehoshaphat		SAIC School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC)
	The Concept of Yoga		Pratt Pratt Institute
	Christ		KCAI Kansas City Art Institute (KCAI)

- KEY:**
- Savannah College of Art and Design (SCAD)
Herpe
 - Rhode Island School of Design (RISD)
Ol' Paintbrush
 - Parsons School of Design
The Concept of Yoga
 - Otis College of Art and Design
Christ

- California Institute of the Arts (CalArts)
Jumpin' Jehoshaphat
- School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC)
Porny The Nude
- Pratt Institute
Grandma Moses
- Kansas City Art Institute
Pizza Batman

- KEY:**
- Sagebrush
 - Emptiness
 - Burnt Ochre
 - Post-Racial
 - Titanium White
 - Cadmium Orange
 - Nap
 - Gray

gnewsmagazine

G NEWSMAGAZINE IS OFF THE GRID

***We have deleted our Instagram, Snapchat, Facebook,
and Twitter accounts.***

We think this is a much cooler way to be in the world.

If you want to follow us, do it IRL please!

***(Just don't be weird about it.
We've had to file restraining orders in the past.)***

***Also! Pick up our analog tweets,
which we have been hand-writing on the backs
of napkins at the Pret A Manger next door.***



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Gotta One Up 'Em All

by Grape Bells

School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) student Hugh Jass is now a One-Upping World Champion.

Jass, the 26th SAIC student to win the prestigious title, was described by one judge as “the most frustrating person I’ve ever encountered.” The annual contest, which is sponsored by the word “Actually,” once again drew out the world’s most persistent One-Uppers.

This year’s contest had three rounds: “Explaining How Your Trust Fund Pays for Your Art But, Like, You’re Totally So Poor Right Now, Haha”; “Convincing An Art History Class That You’ve Seen Every One of the Studied Works in Person”; and “Who Do You Know?”

The first round of competition was fierce. Seven contestants were eliminated after a tangential argument broke out over who was more sleep-deprived. Competitors Jass and Ivana Tinkle, both SAIC sophomores, went into overtime. During their nail-biting tie-breaker, Tinkle purchased three 200-marker Prismacolor sets before telling her roommate (who has two jobs) that she’s “exhausted and financially struggling.”

Jass broke the tie by live-streaming a \$12,000 Goodwill shopping spree on Instagram. ESPN commentator Jill Arrington described the round as “the most blatantly insensitive encounter in the competition’s history.”

Following the first round, four competitors were diagnosed with Superiority Complexitis. The highly contagious disease causes victims to convince themselves that they don’t need an award to tell them that they’re better than everyone else. Thanks to swift action by medical officials, the outbreak was contained. Paramedics reportedly used over 16 gallons of La Croix to calm down ill competitors. All sick participants were forced to drop out.

In round two, competitors were tasked with convincing an Art History class that they had seen all of the studied works and therefore knew more than the professor. Competition became so tense that several fights broke out causing numerous injuries to contestants’ egos. Several Art History students passed out because the competition caused their stress levels to rise to unsustainable

levels. The highest-scoring phrases included, “I’ve been to the Parthenon replica in Nashville,” and, “Um, actually, my mom saw this in person and your analysis is, like, a little generalized.” One competitor even presented images of himself Photoshopped into various archaeological excavations of Ancient Egyptian burial chambers.

Jass won the round with a perfect score for his repeated use of the term “art hierarchy” to silence his professor. In fact, his comments were so unfounded and aggressive that security was forced to restrain the participating professor.

By round three, Jass was the only SAIC student left in the competition. His fiercest competitor, Roy G. Biv, easily monopolized the favor of the audience. Biv claimed to be family friends with both Yoko Ono and Yayoi Kusama. He even called in a critically acclaimed tattoo artist to tattoo a portrait drawn by Ono onto his back in front of the whole crowd.

Though his comments dazzled the art school crowd, they weren’t blatantly false enough to win over the judges. Jass brought the competition to a close with his winning statement, “Um, actually: I was kicked out of a Jeff Koons lecture because he was, like, really threatened and triggered by my art.”

Following his historic win, Jass used his winnings to host a party on an uncommissioned CTA train. He even offered to pay G Newsmagazine to report on the party as “the greatest underground and totally indie party in SAIC history.” Though G Newsmagazine declined the offer, I took the opportunity to discuss the competition with Jass.

Getting any kind of comprehensible answer from him was a challenge; he seemed to be more interested in convincing me that he won than discussing his experience. However, Jass did explain that “being the greatest One-Uppper in the world and SAIC’s history is just, like, a really exhausting responsibility.”

The 2018 One-Upping World Championship will take place in SAIC’s MacLean Ballroom. Tickets can be purchased by mail or courier.

Grape Bells is a writer, and she is disgusted with you.


The first round of competition was fierce. Seven contestants were eliminated after a tangential argument broke out over who was more sleep-deprived.

One-Upping at art school seems like a Sisyphean task — unless you're Hugh Jass

April '17



The Sport of the Drink

At art school, even drowning your sorrows gets competitive

by **Rope Alien**

The School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) may not have any officially sanctioned sports, but if there was a competition for day-drinking, we would reign supreme. It'd be a knock-down, drag-out battle of the booze — like a “Real Housewives” fight but with more Derrida references. If you want to truly BYOB and start your amateur day-drinking team, feel free to utilize this simple guide explaining when, what, and why to drink at art school. All of the cocktail recipes below can be made into mocktails if spirits aren't your thing. So go ahead! It's 5 p.m. somewhere, and linear time is a social construct invented by capitalism.

Like any sport, day-drinking requires practice and discipline. The structural guidelines of the official SAIC drinking game are still in the initial stages but that doesn't mean you can't get a head start. So go ahead: Raise a glass, and remember to drench yourself in a cooler full of Gatorade afterwards like they do on syndicated '90s television.



DEPARTMENT: SCULPTURE

Drink Name: “The Pink Foam”

- 2 shots watermelon vodka
- 1 can grapefruit La Croix
- 1 cup cranberry juice
- Serve in a salt-and-plaster dust-rimmed glass

When to drink it: On your next late night trip to Home Depot to pick up 20 feet of rubber tubing even though your completed project is due tomorrow at 9 a.m.



DEPARTMENT: SOUND

Drink Name: “More Reverb”

- 2 parts lemon juice
- 1 part sparkling water
- 2 parts Whiskey
- Garnish with lemon rind and wireless headphones

When to drink it: Whenever someone asks you to check out their SoundCloud.

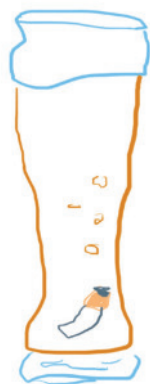


DEPARTMENT: PERFORMANCE

Drink Name: “Performative Gestures”

- 1 can lime La Croix
- 1 cup cranberry juice
- *n* parts vodka

When to drink it: Whenever someone says, “What's that?” after you tell them that you're a performance artist.



DEPARTMENT: WRITING

Drink Name: “Fuck Off, Bukowski”

- 1 handle Jim Beam
- Cola (as needed)
- 1 cigarette butt

*When to drink it: Whenever someone Abuses
The Power
Of
The line
Break*

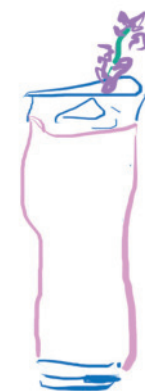


DEPARTMENT: PAINTING

Drink Name: “The Paintwater”

- 1 PBR Tall Boy
- 1 shot Malort
- 1 splash of tepid tap water
- Serve only in a flask

When to drink it: Whenever you have to go to Village Thrift to find “paint clothes” and end up buying three faux fur coats instead.



DEPARTMENT: VCS

Drink Name: “The Social Construct”

- 1 can lemon La Croix
- 1 box lavender lemonade, organic
- A Jenny Holzer Truism

When to drink it: Whenever an abuse of power comes as no surprise.



DEPARTMENT: ART HISTORY

Drink Name: “Fucked Up on Fluxus”

- Some gin from the desk drawer of a woefully underpaid adjunct professor
 - Disdain for the commodification of fine art
- Serve in a hatch rocks glass, sans rocks

When to drink it: Whenever you're forced to go to an acquaintance's show opening and act like you care, when secretly all you want to do is watch Netflix in bed like the rest of us.

Rope Alien is a person who knows about drinks but doesn't want to talk any more about it.

Living Alai

The fastest game in the world proves difficult for SAIC's plodding prose stylists



Marty Fans

The Fighting Ellipses — the official jai alai team of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) — have had a long afternoon. They came in last at Saturday's Eastern Conference tournament. In every match played against long-time foe Northwestern, the Ellipses — a team made up of SAIC Writing students — either foundered from the start, or seemed to wait until the very last minute to turf out.

Was it simply a bad day on the court — or is jai alai, which has been called “the fastest game in the world,” simply too fast for a pack of creative writers earning degrees at an art school?

QUESTIONING THE SYSTEM

At Northwestern, jai alai players are recruited from the famous Medill School of Journalism. At Medill, student writers are expected to write clean, clear prose, and file news stories fast — skills that may contribute to their ability to play jai alai better than SAIC writers, who may or may not produce one page of polished prose per term.

Indeed, a number of attendees at the conference cheering for the Ellipses expressed their concern that jai alai and interdisciplinary writing programs might not be a good fit.

Sandy Gough was one such attendee. Gough and her husband Chuck were at the conference to cheer on their son Ralph, a BFAW student at SAIC now in his third year.

“I love my son, but I just don't believe an experimental novelist is ever going to be able to whip a ball at 150 miles an hour,” said Sandy, shaking her head. “And he probably shouldn't try. The boy can't even comb his hair.”

“We told him we'd help pay for school if he would get involved in a positive extracurricular activity,” said Chuck, as he watched the Ellipses duck and cover on the court. “We were thinking a Boys and Girls Club type of thing, or maybe a frisbee group. I'm worried about him out there, to be honest.”

BAD LUCK — OR BAD IDEA?

The Ellipses were without star player Wally Skøtch on Saturday, as the second-year MFAW student is currently suffering from a hangnail. Skøtch's absence might have been blamed for the Ellipses' poor showing, except that Northwestern's Freelancers were minus every player except two: sophomore Geraldine Pierce, and her 17-year-old brother Dan, who was called in to cover for the missing players that day.

In attendance was professional jai alai player Arturo Cristóbal, visiting from his home in the Basque Country region of Spain — the birthplace of jai alai. He appeared alternately furious and dismayed as he took in the matches.

“This is making me crazy,” Cristobal said, pacing back and forth as he watched the Ellipses high-five each others' cestas, the curved baskets used in the game. “These children should go back to writing inscrutable hybrid fiction. Jai alai is not a joke.”

When asked if he felt the Northwestern Freelancers were doing his sport justice, Cristóbal nodded. “Yes. Journalists and newspaper people, they understand the need to get in, get out, make the point, and close the shot, if you will. I am putting money on this team of news people. The creative writers are slow and cannot focus.”

Cristóbal was not the only one betting on the game. What modest popularity jai alai enjoys in the U.S., it owes to gambling: Most jai alai venues today are situated near racetracks or casinos.

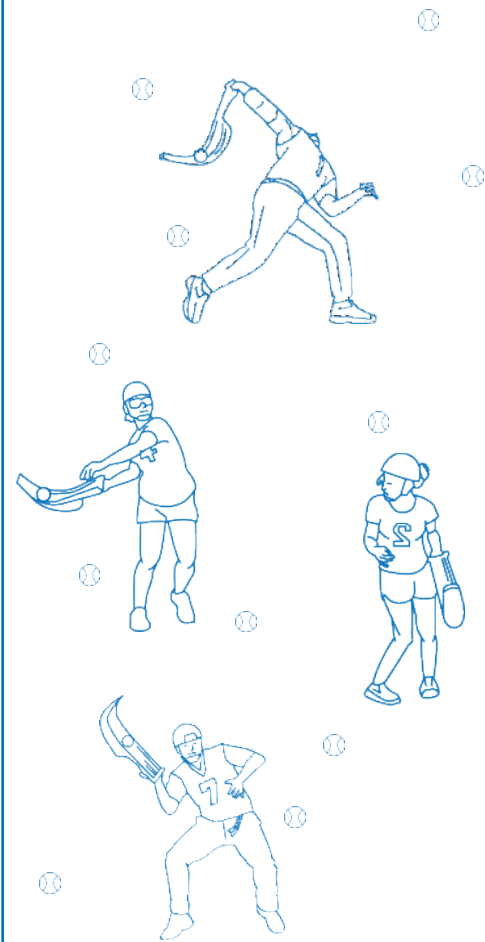
GAME, SET, IDES OF MARCH

The next chance for the Ellipses to salvage any hopes of taking an honorable mention trophy this year will come on March 15, when the Western Conference tournament takes place near the Horseshoe Casino in Hammond, Indiana. First-year MFAW and Ellipses teammate Gina Brown was reluctant to admit she's worried.

“It's literally held on the Ides of March. We're screwed,” said Brown, a self-proclaimed Oulipian, who wished to point out that she speaks and writes without ever using the letter “u.”

“I'm working on an ekphrastic poem that will portray the plight of the team,” she said. “I'm hoping it gets a good response in my workshop next week. I think that will help me get excited for the practice sessions.”

The two practice sessions the Ellipses have on the calendar will take place in the Book Lab on the eighth floor of the Lakeview Building on March 1 and 2 and are open to the public.



I love my son, but I just don't believe an experimental novelist is going to be able to whip a ball at 150 miles per hour



Marty Fans should be one of America's most widely read sports columnists.

Can a flaccid competitive arts event be saved by cold fish?

continued from cover

by Marty Fans

"I remember the good old days when all I was practicing for was a crit," a nude Butte said, breathless, as she prepped another fish with handfuls of blue paint. "The stakes are so much higher now. Those easy-breezy days have been vaporized. That means they're dead, okay?"

With that, while fellow performance artist and sometime-booty call Steve Acron (who prefers to go simply by "Rolph") watched from the sidelines, the artist whacked herself hard with the sixth Asian carp of the night. Paint went flying; Butte howled in pain, and wound up for the next hit. But something was wrong: The projection screen showing slow-motion footage of Butte, naked, feeding Rolph (also naked) a Krispy Kreme donut suddenly went out, and the room was plunged into darkness.

"We blew another fuckin' fuse," Rolph said, promptly banging his shin on the pile of moldy suitcases set up for the final moment of the two-hour piece. It wouldn't be the first or last time ">>>\STOP/Translucencies/Transubstantiates" found itself in trouble.

JURY THIS: THE ARTLYMPIC GAMES

The Artlympics were founded in Cleveland in 1942 by three SAIC dropouts, and have become a portal to greatness for artists good enough — some would say "lucky enough" — to win a spot in the hotly anticipated biannual competition, purposely scheduled as an alternative to the Venice Biennale. At the Games, amateur artists from around the country compete with one another in one of three categories: Painting, Sound, and Performance.

Many arts patrons look forward to the games each year, like nurse practitioner Doug Banks, 40, of Oak Park.

"The performance artists are unbelievable," Banks said. "It's amazing what an artist will do to themselves to make a point. It's like, 'This tank of water is my mother,' and I'm like, whatever you say, let's do this!" Banks hasn't missed the Games in 14 years.

This year's Games, Banks said, will be one for the history books as long as one special contender lands a coveted spot in the competition.

"Have you seen Sandi Butte's work?" he asked, eyes wide. "What she's doing with fish right now, it's incredible. Neither the Artlympics nor any other cutthroat national performance art competition has ever seen anything like Sandi Butte. As long as she doesn't choke, she'll be competing this year, you better believe it. And once she's in, she could take the whole thing."

AT THE THRESHOLD OF CONTROVERSY

Growing up the youngest of three children in suburban Cleveland, Butte never dreamed she'd be a performance artist. In fact, she had her sights on middle management.

"I know people say like, 'Oh, my life sucks, I'm a middle manager,' but what job could be more exciting?" said Butte.

It was around noon, at a Flying-J truck stop somewhere off I-80, where she and Rolph were having lunch en route to "the Farm," a makeshift practice space two hours south of Joliet.

Butte's work with Asian carp is the culmination of many years of practice that involves self-flagellation with various marine life, including crayfish and perch. But the Asian carp is, as Butte put it, "advancing a generation of axiomatic thresholds in my work."

The carp is a controversial choice: Since 2009, the Asian carp has threatened the Great Lakes ecosystem as an invasive, highly destructive species. Over \$3 billion dollars in state, local, and private funds have been spent to try and rid the lakes of this almost universally hated fish.

"For me and Rolph, experimentation with the fish is a desperate effort to 'normalize' formally the disturbance of a discourse of splitting, of heteronormativity that violates the rational, enlightened claims of its enunciatory modality," Butte said. "And nobody cares if I catch these fish. Well, like, most people don't care."

There was a distinct edge in Butte's voice. She may have been nervous about the tryouts — at this point, less than 24 hours away — but there was something else going on, that was obvious. The artist fell silent, clearly troubled. She covered her eyes with a piece of her blonde hair. It was a long moment before Rolph spoke up.

"Sandi's getting death threats from the ACAA," he said.

The Asian Carp Advocate Association (ACAA), a militant group about which little is known, had been harassing Butte for months about her use of the "beautiful and endangered!!!" fish in her work. Until now, Butte and Rolph fielded only aggressive Facebook comments and tweets from the group, all posted by Carole Parks, the purported "President and CXXO" of the association.

"They left this on our doorstep this morning," Rolph pulled a mangled Barbie doll from his knapsack. Red frosting — the gel kind that comes in white tubes suitable for children's cupcake parties — covered the doll, matting the roughly cut blonde hair. Pinned to Barbie's tattered pink pantsuit was a note, composed with cut-out lettering, poison-pen style that also featured a crudely drawn picture of an Asian carp. The note read:

"SANDI BUTTE = ARTIST OF DEATH!!!! Wild, organic Asian carp should not be a part of an artists palate [sic]. You will be dead by morning. LIKE THIS DOLL! AND FISH!"

Upon seeing the doll, Butte began chewing her lip and glanced over her shoulder.

"I'm starting to freak out. I don't want this drama," she said.

Butte's anger dissolved into tears. "Screw it. I just feel like they've won." The artist put her head in her hands. "The truth is, I'll starve, lie, beg, and steal for my art. I'll take a fish

to my face for my art." She lowered her voice. "But I'm not going to die for it."

Once the check was paid (by this reporter), Rolph ushered Butte to the truck stop door. When she ducked into the bathroom, Rolph said that they were going to head home and not go to the farm to practice after all.

When Butte came out of the bathroom she took her partner took her by the arm. "Let's go, babe," Rolph said.

It would be the last time Butte and Rolph were seen together.

THE PERFORMANCE ARTIST AND THE DAMAGE DONE

The next day dawned cloudy and cold; those who came to watch the Artlympic qualifications at Senn High School's north soccer field carried blankets and wore winter coats. But the chilly weather wasn't keeping the crowds away. By 8 a.m., the bleachers were full.

Rumors of Butte's troubles had spread across the internet the previous week. Julie Filbert, an Artlympian (Sound, '82) from Baltimore, was waiting at the concession stand and chatted with a friend about the controversy.

"If Butte doesn't compete, the terrorists win," Filbert said. "Literally. The people harassing her are terrorizing her, which means they're terrorists. I can't believe this is happening. Maybe at the regular Olympics, but not here."

Security was tight. No fewer than three guards were at the entrance to check bags. This year, plastic water bottles were not allowed, nor were any signs or decorated hats.

Just after 8:30 a.m., the Performance judges took their seats. The names of the first group to tryout were called. There was no mention of a Sandi Butte, however, until the end of the list.

"And we have one withdrawal," the voice on the PA said. "Sandi Butte has officially withdrawn from the qualification round and has hereby forfeited her chance of competition in the 2016 Artlympics."

The crowd gasped. Some booed, as a figure in a huge fish costume began running to the center of the field from the far left. Arms and legs akimbo, the fish tried to hold a megaphone to its large mouth. It wasn't easy to make out the words, but as the fish got closer to the judges' table, it could be heard shouting:

"Fish are people, too! Citizen science for the win! Art as activism! Sandi Butte is a murderous homo sapien! Art as activism! Citizen science for the win! Asian carp are people, too!"

Two security guards ran to the fish and tackled it as the crowds began to shout, "Get it! Get them!" The PA system played the sound used in case of fire. Dozens of attendees rushed the field, and the head of the fish came off the costume, revealing Rolph, with the ACAA logo drawn on his face with a Sharpie. "E pluribus unum!" he shouted as he was dragged away. "Long live the ACAA!"

EPILOGUE

"I needed a way to make my work more immediate," Rolph said, six months later, out at the Farm. He had lost some weight and shaved his head; a tattoo of a carp covered his right forearm. "Pretending to be an angry mob — or at least an angry Facebook group — was liberating. I was thrust into a totally different point of view. It was a crucial turning point in my practice."

As to crushing the Artlympic dreams of his former partner, Rolph shrugs. "Sandi's strong. I know it was hard on her. But I think we both know that in the long run, the experience we had together — like Linda Montano and Tehching Hsieh, you know — that's going to be more

important than one performance."

He has been busy, though: "Salt/Lick" is playing at the Farm for a one-night-only performance. Ticket sales are poor; he's got the entire show to set up, and last-minute house-papery to do.

As for Butte, she's been crocheting.

"I enjoy it," she said, sitting on her front porch in Logan Square a week prior — crochet hooks in hand. "There's a serenity to it. Also, there's no crochet category in the Artlympics, so it's like, I'm not doing it for something, I'm just doing it."

Will she try again next year?

"I don't know," she sighs, and puts her crochet in her lap. "There was a small part of me that was really glad I wasn't going to have to smell like fish for the next three months. But the way it happened? That was wrong. There's a line between performance and manipulation, between causality and commonality, between affective contact zones of functionality, and effective zones for that matter; between the hierarchy of..."

As Butte analyzed her situation, a dozen Asian carp bumped into each other as they swam around and around in the shallow kiddie pool in her front yard.

Marty Fans should be one of America's most widely read sports columnists.

NO BUTTE STUFF



A Tremendous Protest, Really

Brouhaha over hoo-has in the art world

by J. K. Rosepants

Johnny Nashional was appalled. He had come to Washington, D.C. all the way from Scranton, Pennsylvania to watch President Trump's inauguration — “the largest crowd ever, no matter what the mainstream media says” — and, afterward, decided to take in the city's galleries.

The Smithsonian's nationalized holdings were non-starters.

“Art with my tax money? No, sir!” Nashional said, emphatically. He put his fist up and slowly opened his fingers, making a sound with his mouth that allegedly signified an explosion.

He was especially disgusted with the Phillips Collection, which he'd had high hopes for. His distaste was centered around “From the White Place,” Georgia O'Keeffe's famous painting of two cliffs that subversively reveal a reclining woman's lower half from her own perspective.

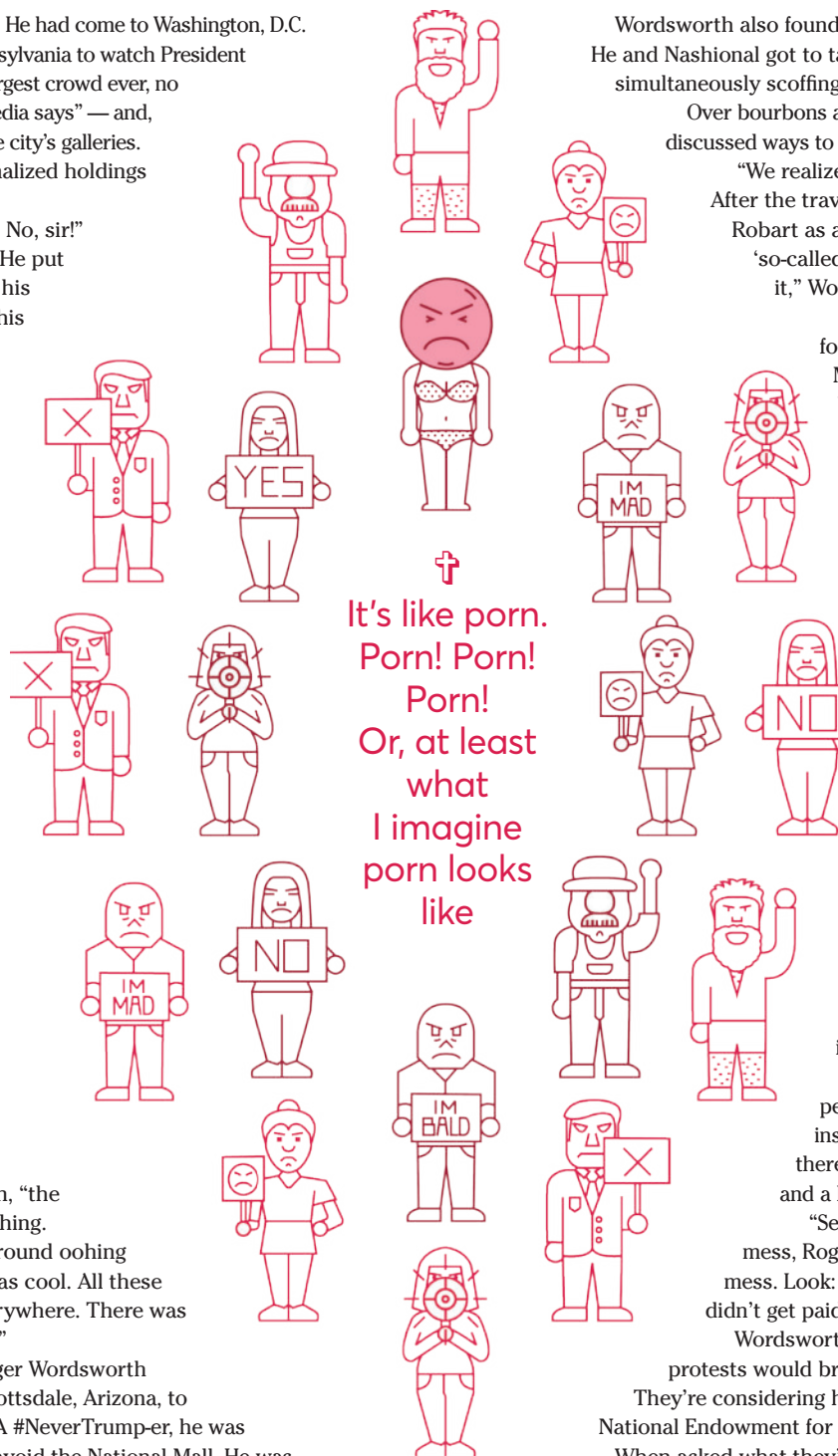
Stumbling around the gallery in horror, he discovered other, more explicit abstractions: “Jack-in-the-Pulpit, No. IV” (an O'Keeffe painting that looks like a vagina) and “Large Dark Red Leaves on White” (also vaginal) were close by.

“I said, ‘It's like porn!’” Nashional said. “Porn, porn, porn! The whole thing!”

Reddening, Nashional clarified: “Or at least, what I imagine porn looks like.”

“But anyway,” he went on, “the progressive, coastal brainwashing. Everyone was just standing around oohing and ahing, like everything was cool. All these vagi — er, uh, hoo-has — everywhere. There was just one other guy who got it.”

That “other guy” was Roger Wordsworth VIII, who had flown in from Scottsdale, Arizona, to visit relatives in Georgetown. A #NeverTrump-er, he was doing everything he could to avoid the National Mall. He was visiting the Phillips on a lark; he was in the neighborhood because he wanted to visit “a couple of embassies,” as Wordsworth put it. (He didn't want to elaborate as to why he was going into embassies. He muttered something about “certain banking issues” and then tried to distract this reporter by pointing to a bird.)



Wordsworth also found the images disturbing too.

He and Nashional got to talking when they noticed one another simultaneously scoffing at “Pulpit.”

Over bourbons at Jack Rose Dining Saloon, the pair discussed ways to fire up the conservative base.

“We realized, it's this art!”

After the travel ban, Trump referred to James L.

Robart as a ‘so-called judge.’ Well, we think this is ‘so-called art.’ And we're sick of it,” Wordsworth said.

Nashional agreed, “Liberals protest for everything — water, black folks, Muslims, dead babies, everything. Why don't we ever protest anything? This art thing seemed like an opening,” he said.

When reminded of anti-abortion activists protesting in front of Planned Parenthood and abortion clinics, both Nashional and Wordsworth were momentarily silent.

“Regardless,” Wordsworth said.

Protests spread throughout the country — in Los Angeles at the Broad Museum; in New York at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and at the Museum of Modern Art; in Chicago at the Museum of Contemporary Art and the Art Institute of Chicago; and — of course — at the Phillips. A cocktail of social media — including Facebook, Twitter, and Reddit — helped spread the word.

Also crucial was Wordsworth's independent funding.

“Well, it's not as though I paid people to be at these places,” Wordsworth insisted. “I just gave them a flight here or there, food, some poster board and supplies, and a little spending cash for funsies.”

“See, you need to cut it out with that mess, Roger!” Nashional said. “All that elitist mess. Look: Maybe people got paid, maybe people didn't get paid; but people showed up!”

Wordsworth and Nashional agreed that their protests would bring conservatives closer together.

They're considering holding a watch party for the day the National Endowment for the Arts gets cut.

When asked what they'd be watching at such a party, Nashional replied, “America itself.”

J. K. Rosepants is a decrepit New Englander reincarnated as a black man from the South Side of Chicago.

Fart Around the World

Check out the gas ya can't pass

by **Trophy Jamface**

DE-GAS GALLERY (PARIS)

For those looking for a little class with their gas, this gallery features plum-and-oyster scents amidst rows of paintings of girls in tutus. The stench is strongest at 1 p.m., when security guard Rosie Johnston usually comes back from her lunch hour of consuming — you guessed it — plums and oysters. You can tell that a good whiff is coming when Johnston gets that kind of sideways smile on her face and appears to be psychically lost in the contours of a ballerina sculpture. It's all for show, though; Johnston couldn't care less about the art. She just really loves the smell of her own post-lunch farts.

METRO-POO-LITAN MUSEUM OF ART (NEW YORK)

This is the kind of fart display for people with a diverse and daring palate. Get ready to experience deep-fried squid, "Harry Potter"-style jelly beans, Moon Pies, and indiscernible casserole — all in their digested and gaseous form. This is a huge and extremely crowded museum, so the farts are plentiful and the results can be shocking. If you only have an hour, pick a room full of field trip kindergartners and gloomy-looking chaperones for the best stuff. Cheese and crackers bumping for hours inside stomachs on a hot bus makes for a truly potent combination.

ATE MODERN (LONDON)

English decorum requires that docents at the famous Ate Modern not discuss anything related to the butt (or, rather, the "hind quarters" or "bum regions"). But (butt!) just because you don't talk about something doesn't mean it's not happening. The farts here are quiet but saucy; they're tart little firebombs that will leave you thinking about the Queen in a most disrespectful way.

VAN GOGH TO THE BATHROOM (AMSTERDAM)

The farts here are an acquired taste. You might not even really think they're farts at all, unless you're a fart connoisseur and can see past the traditional definition of "fart." The farts in this intimate space take bold turns and seem very sure of themselves, but you might find yourself wondering if what you're smelling is, in fact, a bodily "issue," or if that's just methane from the nearby landfill. In the 1960s, farts like these were considered extremely avant garde.

ART INSTI-TOOT OF CHICAGO (CHICAGO)

Here's a beautiful garden of smells, right in your own backyard. (Pun on "backyard" absolutely intended.) Enjoy the putrid pleasures of partially digested deep dish pizza and relish-laden hot dogs — especially pungent in the American Modern wing. Ever wonder why the people in "American Gothic" are making that face? Now you know.

Trophy Jamface is working towards her Master of the Farts degree.

FIND THE FARTS!

Count how many farts are on this page, because what else are you going to do with your precious time but count farts, you weirdo

25	13	16
26	21	12
23	17	22
14	15	20

I was here (and sobbing)

gneusmagazine.com

An Ugly Cry Walking Tour of Chicago

by Rope Alien and Irena Frumkin

Walking tours are a staple of Chicago's tourism industry. There are walking tours for architecture, ghosts, gangsters, and plenty of other seemingly arbitrary things. Ugly crying — crying openly and without regard for one's physical appearance — is a major activity in our lives, yet there hasn't ever been a walking tour for ugly crying. That changes right now with this handy guide of all the places we've ugly cried. Now you can follow in our sad footsteps.

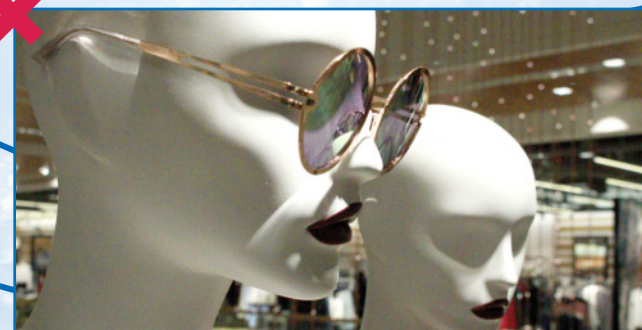


TRADER JOE'S (WABASH STREET AND ONTARIO AVENUE)

Nothing reminds you that you're extremely alone and extremely sad like buying two avocados and three pints of Greek yogurt at your local T.J.'s at 2 p.m. on a Thursday. This is also a great place to have an old-fashioned panic attack while browsing artisanal cheeses and second-guessing every major financial or personal decision you've ever made.

STAN'S DONUTS (DAMEN BLUE LINE)

They say you can't actually make money as an artist, but sometimes the power of art can grant you enough cash for a Nutella Pocket, a cold brew coffee, and a quick cry at Stan's. It should be mentioned that ugly crying isn't always sad; sometimes it's weirdly triumphant, like, *In your fucking face financial woes: I just paid for a doughnut with my creativity.* In these moments, "Breakfast Club"-style fist pumps are also appropriate.



INSIDE NORDSTROM (MICHIGAN AVENUE)

It's not my fault that my journey to a mental health professional literally takes me through Nordstrom department store like a character in some weird "Girl, Interrupted" and "Sex and the City" crossover movie. My therapist and the store share an office building, okay? I've definitely freaked out the perfume counter lady by blubbering "NO THANK YOU" while shuffling out the door.

IN FRONT OF NORDSTROM (MICHIGAN AVENUE)

Have you ever had multiple job interviews in one week only to realize that life is short and meaningless and you might as well have a good energy-releasing cry while booking it down Chicago's Magnificent Mile? This arts editor sure has.

THE ENTIRETY OF STATE STREET

A great way to avoid those pesky canvassers is to be in a perpetual state of committed sobbing. Yes, you've just listened to t.a.t.u.'s smash hit, "All The Things She Said" for the fourth time in a row and you want the whole street to know.

THAT ONE BENCH FACING THE ALEXANDER CALDER STATUE (NORTH STANLEY MCCORMICK MEMORIAL GARDEN, ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO)

Studying art? Regretting every minute of it? This bench will get you through some tough times. Don't make eye contact with the tourists, though; they're here from Wisconsin and don't need your negativity.

PRET A MANGER (NEXT TO THE MACLEAN BUILDING)

Is it the \$10 sandwich you half-heartedly decided upon or the unshakable, dark cloud of existential dread haunting your daily existence making your eyes water? We may never know.

MILTON LEE OLIVE PARK (LAKEFRONT)

Before you moved to Chicago, you Googled "best places to see Chicago skyline" and this little gem was recommended over and over — that's how you ended up here. The view might be beautiful, but you're still a subpar person with few professional prospects and zero motivation. Have a good cry.

Rope Alien is a human disaster in the Writing department. Irena Frumkin is a human disaster in the Art History department.



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You Go, Girl

Anything can be feminist if you believe in yourself

by Irena Frumkin

TEN PERSONAL DECISIONS I'VE MADE FEMINIST USING ONLY MY IMAGINATION.

Sometimes, while I'm performing a simple task (reading a book; watching a movie; eating some suspiciously good trail mix), I wonder: "Is this feminist?" Then I remember that I am a cisgendered, white woman living in America — making everything I do feminist by default and requiring no further explanation. Here are some things I've accomplished lately that are definitely very feminist. Pay attention, because this is important.

1) COMING IN TO WORK 20 MINUTES LATE AS AN ACT OF RESISTANCE AGAINST PATRIARCHAL CAPITALISM

I might work part-time in a corporate office, but spending all those extra minutes in the Dunkin' Donuts across the street instead of at my desk is what Rosa Luxemburg would have wanted.

2) RUBBING A BUNCH OF YOGURT ON MY FACE AND CALLING IT A MASK

I have a vague concept of self care. Also, I bought too much yogurt.

3) TAKING UP THREE ENTIRE SUBWAY SEATS WITH MY MANY, MANY SHOPPING BAGS, IN AN EFFORT TO QUELL THE MAN-SPREADING EPIDEMIC

I'm doing God's work. Really.

4) USING FEMINISM AS AN EXCUSE TO EXPLAIN WHY COUNTRIES I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ARE BAD TO WOMEN FROM THOSE COUNTRIES

I read something in Vice the other day about [insert name of country], and I'm way too woke to let anyone confirm or deny it.

5) RESERVING SPECIFICALLY ANTI-FEMALE LANGUAGE I'VE RE-APPROPRIATED FROM MEN TO DESCRIBE WOMEN I DON'T LIKE

Calling Jill Stein a hag because I receive all my political news from mainstream, pseudo-feminist think tanks is extremely brave of me.

6) WEARING THOSE FRIDA KAHLO SOCKS MY ROOMMATE GOT ME

Frida Kahlo would have loved Etsy; and, by default, me giving money to the white women using her image.

7) EQUATING THE SHEER IDEA OF WOMANHOOD TO A VAGINA AND ONLY A VAGINA

All the time. Very loudly. Even when no one asked. Also, did you see my pussy hat? This isn't alienating to trans women at all, I'm pretty sure.

8) CREATING A PINTEREST BOARD CALLED "POTENTIAL WEDDING DRESSES" BUT MAKING IT PRIVATE

If no one can see my traditionalist affinity for off-white lace, or the oppressive institution of marriage, then it's not real. I'm a regular Audre Lorde in that way.

9) ASKING EVERY WOMAN IN MY LIFE IF SHE TOOK PART IN THE "A DAY WITHOUT WOMEN" STRIKE WITHOUT TAKING INTO CONSIDERATION HER FINANCIAL, SOCIAL, OR PERSONAL CIRCUMSTANCES

This might come as a surprise, but I don't have any children; instead, I attend a prestigious institution of higher learning, where the consequences for not showing up are basically life-or-death.

10) BRAVELY ACKNOWLEDGING THAT, WHEN MY PARENTS BOUGHT ME EXPENSIVE HOLIDAY GIFTS, THEY WERE MOSTLY TARGETED AT GIRLS

The feminist liberator Emma Watson and I have a lot in common in the sense that we had normal childhoods, and our families loved us.

Irena Frumkin does shave her legs, but it's her own kind of protest, ok?



New 'Art Kid' ³⁴ on the Block

They're back, and they're more better than you than ever

by Grape Bells

So far, 2017 has been a year of massive social, cultural, and political change. In response, the art kid and art hoe aesthetics are evolving.

You are likely familiar with the art hoe archetype: The typical art hoe has a Tumblr account, probably voted for Bernie, carries a Kanken backpack, and enjoys Yoko Ono.

From the art hoe, a new archetype known as "the art kid" has emerged this year. These kids are more avant-garde, more passive-aggressive, and the nuances of their aesthetic are more complex than their predecessors. Their desire for attention is insatiable and their need to best you is stronger than ever. The School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) is a hub for these young artists.

If you're an SAIC student, you see the new art kids everywhere. They leave their bikes outside of your class building, test their nude performances in your Core class, and purport to be more knowledgeable than all of your professors. Their Instagram accounts are works of art, filled with images of trash, dead birds, Lisa Frank outtakes from 1989 (the year many of these kids were literally born), flip phone selfies, strangers' toes, and self-portraits in the bathtub. Millions of Tumblr followers watch the art kids' every move, though their respective Etsy stores have never made a sale.

Yvonne Trinkle, a sophomore at SAIC, is a figurehead in the art kid community. With over 10 million Tumblr followers, Trinkle's style and artwork are idolized by young people around the world.

This year, Trinkle was one of two SAIC

students chosen to compete in the One-Upping World Championship. Her band, Manic Toaster, mixes ambient and guttural noises to create a sound that embodies the art kid music culture. Her favorite look right now is wearing American Girl Doll clothes over her favorite thrift store finds. Trinkle described the new art kid aesthetic as "dumpster diving meets the Old West meets that feeling that you get when you're on the train alone at night."

Grape Bells is an accident waiting to happen. She used to be interesting and then she started drinking La Croix.

gnewsmagazine.com



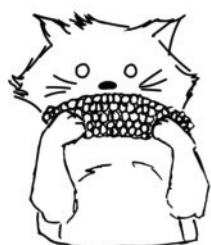
WHAT ELSE IS INVOLVED IN THE NEW ART KID AESTHETIC?

1. Stick-and-Poke Fruit Roll-Up tattoos
2. FiveFingers Shoes
3. Nude performance with recorder, for feminism
4. Think pieces
5. Apple Bottom jeans and the boots with the fur
6. The claim that corn is the new quinoa
7. Emotional support snakes
8. Vomiting
9. Stock photography
10. Voldemort
11. Stealing foam flip-flops from the nail salon
12. Tampon earrings
13. The baseline of any Bluegrass song
14. "The Bratz Movie"
15. Chunky highlights
16. Turtle sex
17. Whippits
18. Taking a stand against cultural appropriation (as long as it's not something that's still cool to culturally appropriate)
19. Train whistles
20. "Grey Gardens"-inspired Kleenex box shoes
21. Macaroni jewelry
22. Elbow piercings
23. Brush tip markers
24. Watching football for fun
25. Kanken Bags
26. Yoko Ono
27. Plagiarism
28. Gentrification
29. Vaporwave
30. Not voting and then being angry when your candidate loses
31. Referring to one's own freshman black-and-white film as "shocking" and "profound"
32. Being too cool for Urban Outfitters (while secretly only wearing Urban Outfitters) Loving Jeff Koons until people at art school advise hating Jeff Koons
33. Doing things you like but calling it ironic so you're not responsible if others don't like it
34. Piercing your septum to be normal and piercing your bridge to be cool



SAIC Spring art sale Bingo

DENTURES IN THE SINK

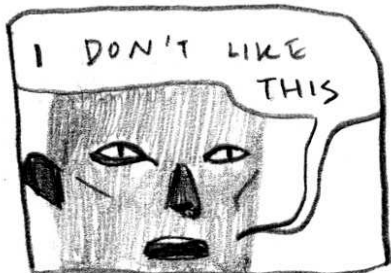


SOFA DIAZ

Jewelry made of something you have thrown in the trash 	A really really really COOL ZINE 	Someone you'll start following + follow	A very graphic penis 
A Nipple 	The most useless thing you have seen 	The most useless thing you have seen but that you ABSOLUTELY MUST HAVE	
A mug that costs your entire week's lunch budget 	A cheaper mug that will become your next every morning mug 	Free coffee or TEA 	Someone trying to get rid of their first semester's school projects 
Someone whose cards are cooler than their art work 	Your next favorite computer sticker 	Weirdest piece of jewelry you'll see 	Another Nipple 
Something that you're too shy to ask what it is	A super cool print you found in a box 	A CAT 	Something you saw being made in class

Ana María González Sierra

Like Farts in the Wind



Rain Szeto

Off to the Races



Amber Huff

Weardax



Alejandra Garcia P.

COMMUTER COWS

gnewsmagazine.com



YOU HEAR ABOUT THOSE PALEO ORGANIC GRASS DIETS AND DESK STAMPEDE-MILLS.

I CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL WE DO NOT THINK DEEPLY ENOUGH ABOUT OUR CUD, PREFERRED ONLY TO CHEW OUR WAY THROUGH THE DAY.

EVERYDAY IT'S SALT-LICKS, FORAGE TURF-BURGERS, CLOVER-AND-ALFALFA LATTES. WHAT ABOUT MY COW RETIREMENT? WHAT THEN?



Ambrin Ling

PERHAPS WE'D BE BETTER OFF CORN-FED AFTER ALL.

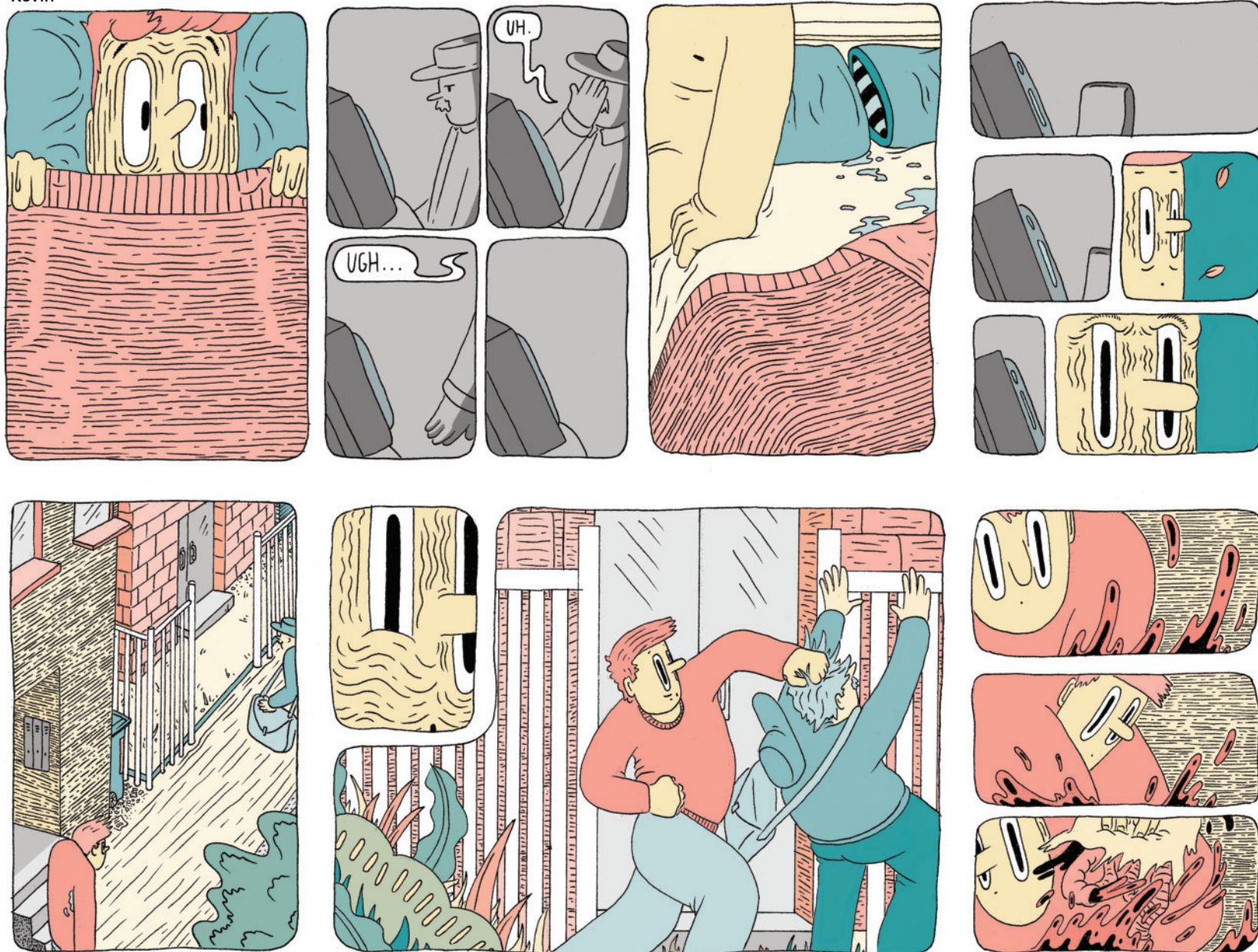
IT'S SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE



LAUREN SCHEIDE



Kevin



Rohan McDonald

Small Stories



(Based on the miniature rooms at the AIC)

Madeleine Hettich



NOW
AT THE
MCA



Free admission for
SAIC students with
Valid ID



Clockwise from left: Rei Kawakubo, costumes for *Scenario*, 1997. Collection Walker Art Center, Merce Cunningham Dance Company Collection, gift of Jay F. Ecklund, the Barnett and Annalee Newman Foundation, Agnes Gund, Russell Cowles and Josine Peters, the Hayes Fund of HRK Foundation, Dorothy Lichtenstein, the MAHADH Fund of HRK Foundation, Goodale Family Foundation, Marion Stroud Swingle, David Teiger, Kathleen Fluegel, Barbara G. Pine, and the T. B. Walker Acquisition Fund, 2011. Photo: Gene Pittman.

Composite image: Merce Cunningham Dance Company performing *Anniversary Event*, Olafur Eliasson exhibition *The Weather Project*, Tate Modern, London, November 2003. Photo: Gigi Giannella (interior); Merce Cunningham Dance Company performing *Persepolis Event*, Persepolis, Iran, September 8, 1972. Courtesy of Merce Cunningham Trust (exterior).

Eddie Peake, *Destroyed By Desire*, 2014. Gift of The Gareh Family.

Battlefield. Pictured: Carole Karemera, Sean O'Callaghan, Jared McNeill, Ery Nzaramba. Photo: Caroline Moreau.

Matthew Duvall, *Whisper(s)*. Photo: Elliot Mandel.

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