

f

A STUDENT JOURNAL OF ART, CULTURE AND POLITICS

NOVEMBER 2011

NEWSMAGAZINE

THE SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE
OF CHICAGO



DÍA DE LOS MUERTOS

SEX WITH PROFESSORS

OCCUPY CHICAGO



Photo: George Hagegeorge

MCA Stage
Theater Dance Music
2011/12

Dance Exchange
Liz Lerman's
The Matter of Origins
Nov 10–13, 7:30 pm

Copresented with the Chicago Humanities Festival

“This hour-long contemplation of the universe is a work of expansive range, emotional depth and singular beauty.”
Sarah Kaufman, The Washington Post

Support for this project is generously provided by the Boeing Company.



Generous support for the 2011–12 season of MCA Stage is provided by Elizabeth A. Liebman, David Herro and Jay Franke, Susan and Lew Manilow, Lois and Steve Eisen and The Eisen Family Foundation, The Weasel Fund, Mary Ittelson, Carol Prins and John Hart/The Jessica Fund, Ellen Stone Belic, and Richard and Ann Tomlinson.

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f NEWSMAGAZINE

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"Action Figure! Exhibition at Cobalt Studio" By Diana Buendia

A preview of Cobalt Studio's October exhibition. Find out who Tamale Man is and what he is doing to combat xenophobia.

"Occupy Chicago: a Manifesto"

Two Occupiers confront the origins and goals of our local movement.

"Men at Work"

By Dijana Kadic and Chelsea Hoff

This feature video juxtaposes the daily experience of construction workers and high frequency traders.

"It's a Live One: 'bodybraingame' at Rhona Hoffman Gallery"

By Stephanie Cristello

A review of October's exhibition at Rhona Hoffman Gallery featuring the paintings of Todd Chilton, Lisa Beck, Mamie Holst, Kay Rosen and Gina Magid.



F Newsmagazine

A journal of art, culture and politics. A student publication of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

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F is a free monthly newsmagazine open to art and article submissions from any member of the SAIC community. We also welcome and publish letters from all of our readers. Please contact the editors at editors@fnewsmagazine.com for information, comments, or observations. Visit our website www.fnewsmagazine.com

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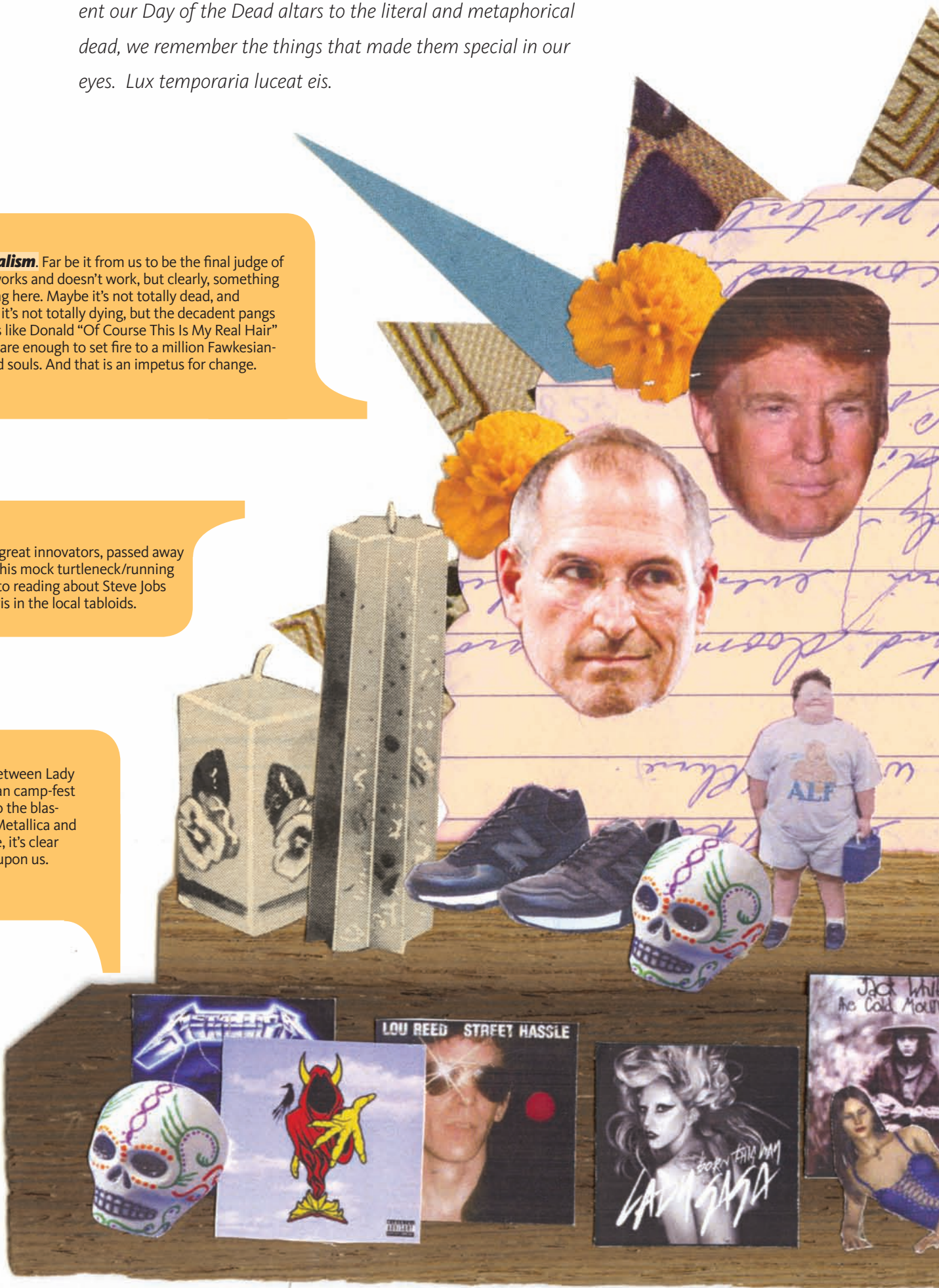
Tip Sheet Dearly Departed

Requiem æternam dona eis, F News. This month, the editors wish to offer their respects to the recently deceased. As we present our Day of the Dead altars to the literal and metaphorical dead, we remember the things that made them special in our eyes. Lux temporaria luceat eis.

Capitalism. Far be it from us to be the final judge of what works and doesn't work, but clearly, something is wrong here. Maybe it's not totally dead, and maybe it's not totally dying, but the decadent pangs of folks like Donald "Of Course This Is My Real Hair" Trump are enough to set fire to a million Fawkesian-masked souls. And that is an impetus for change.

Steve Jobs. one of our generation's great innovators, passed away on October 5. We remember him for his mock turtleneck/running shoes uniform, and we look forward to reading about Steve Jobs sightings with those of Tupac and Elvis in the local tabloids.

Music has had a rough year. Between Lady Gaga's bizarre motorized woman camp-fest cover art on "Born This Way," to the blasphemous unions of Lou Reed/Metallica and Jack White/Insane Clown Posse, it's clear that the musical apocalypse is upon us.



Charlie Sheen. Oh, Charlie. We know you're not dead, but we can hear your career's death rattle from here. Sometime between the wax and wane of “#winning” tweets and your last Tiger Blood binge, it fell on its face. Run back to your two goddesses and weep.

There was a time that a huge, stuffed **turkey** on the dinner table had no ill will towards mankind. Not anymore. Of course, the turkey is already dead when it comes to your table. But now, rampant anxiety regarding childhood obesity and unequivocally bland alternatives like Tofurkey confirm that the metaphorical turkey has also bitten the dust.

AS FAR AS OUR DESIGNERS ARE CONCERNED,
PAPYRUS WAS DEAD ON ARRIVAL. ANY TOPIC
WITH ANY SORT OF WEIGHT IS RENDERED
LAUGHABLE BY THE FONT. WATCH:

SPOUSAL ABUSE.
SPHINCTER.
INFANTICIDE.
PEDOPHILIA.
ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION.

...SEE?

...SEE?

A (dis)honorable mention goes to long-time dictator **Muammar Gaddafi**, who died at the hands of Libyan rebels. If you're wondering why he's not pictured, it's because we figured two assholes on the altar were enough.



Illustration by Emily Haasch

Deadly Mexico

The National Museum of Mexican Art explores the Day of the Dead celebration

BY ALEJANDRA GONZÁLEZ ROMO

She clearly was a music lover, and her favorite color must have been purple. The Day of the Dead altar remembering Alicia Amador is made of purple painted wood decorated with cempasúchil flowers and colorful phrases, one of them reading, “Music is Life.” This *ofrenda* could hardly hold one more family picture; each one shows one of Alicia’s happy moments. Some seem recent, color pictures in nice metal frames. Others bring back older memories through black and white images framed in white cardboard. A large paper-made piano keyboard decorates the lower part of the altar surrounded by Alicia’s favorite CDs, The Beatles’ and many more.

This only one of the *ofrendas* presented at the Day of the Dead exhibition at the National Museum of Mexican Art. The Day of the Dead tradition is at least 3,000 years old and it ironically survived many attempts to kill it. Native Mexico, unlike many other cultures, was not afraid of death. They embraced it instead. During the, originally, one month-long celebration, Mexicans prepared a party to welcome back the souls of the dead every year. When Spanish conquistadors landed in Mexico and encountered the ritual, they found it barbaric and sacrilegious, and attempted to keep natives from celebrating it. They tried to make the celebration more Christian by moving it to November 1st and 2nd so it coincided with All Saints’ Day and All Souls’ Day, which is when it is celebrated today.

Before this change it used to take place on the ninth month of the Aztec Calendar, approximately around August, and was motivated mainly by the goddess Mictecacihuatl, known as the “Goddess of the Dead,” who was believed to have died at birth, according to Mary J. Andrade, who has written several books about the ritual.

The Day of the Dead is celebrated in a different way in each region of Mexico. In some of the rural parts of the country, families visit the cemeteries and decorate the graves of their dead friends and family members with flowers, pictures and candles. They bring them toys if they died when children, and tequila bottles or other things they liked, if they were adults. Families gather around these graves and eat their favorite food and listen to their favorite music with them.

In larger cities families build altars like Alicia’s in their homes, and place in these *ofrendas* the dead’s favorite food, water, candles, flowers, candy, seasonal fruit, sugar skulls and bread, as well as some of the dead’s belongings and pictures, all with the idea of welcoming them back home for that night, once a year, and have a good time.

But in today’s Mexico, unfortunately, not all the memories are of good times. One of the pieces in the Day of the Dead exhibition at the National Museum of Mexican Art in Pilsen is strong evidence of that. Adriana Corral, from Texas, remembers with her piece, “Voices of the Lost” (2010), eight young girls found dead in a cotton field in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico. With authorization from their families, she built thick name tags for these girls out of soil of the cotton field where their bodies were found. The blood-evoking red tags hang from the ceiling of the museum with strings, representing only some of the thousands of women who have died in the Mexican northern city in the recent years.

Javier Chavira’s “Tumbleweed Death in the Arizona Desert,” depicts a man’s black silhouette as he lies dead. The piece addresses the deaths of thousands of Mexicans and Latin Americans who die trying to cross the border into the U.S. every year. “Recuerda” (Remember), Jovanny Duran and Hector Duarte’s piece, shows the image of a fluorescent skull that seems almost three dimensional under the purple glow of a black light lamp. The piece links the Mexican Day of the Dead to Chicago, remembering the Chicago Martyrs of the Haymarket massacre of 1866, where policemen and civilians died after a bomb thrown from an unknown person. The bomb exploded while the police tried to disperse a public demonstration of workers eight-hour work days. As a result of the tragic incident, in a controversial trial, eight workers were accused of murder. Four of them were convicted and executed, and one committed suicide in prison, despite the prosecution’s conclusion that none of the workers had thrown the bomb.

Judged individually, the works do not really offer many surprises. The overall exhibition, on the other hand, displays an interesting contrast between the fascinating colorful Mexican crafts, not created originally to be displayed in a museum, although definitely deserving of that recognition, and pieces that address current and complex social problems that continue to take Mexican lives away.

The Day of the Dead spirit feels present and ironically alive, in both, a colorful and sombre way.

“Día De Muertos XXV”
National Museum of Mexican Art
September 9 – December 11

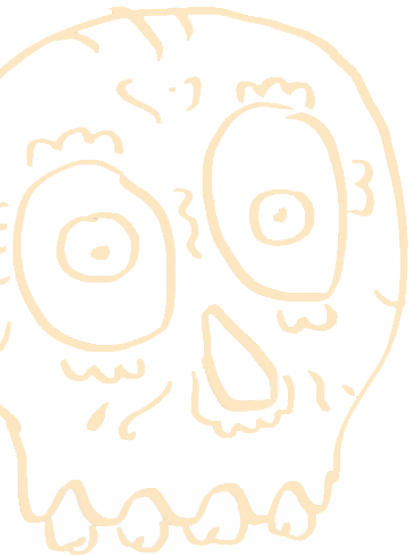


Illustration by Cody Tumblin, photo by Joe Carpenter



That Drummer’s Twinkle

An interview with musician Rhonda Lowry

Having a foot in both camps has its benefits. Rhonda Lowry, who is pursuing a BA in Visual Critical Studies, plays drums for local Chicago act Bomb Banks and is deeply rooted in the vast community of musicians and artists in the city. Her field, however, has her turning a critical gaze towards everything and anything — her thesis had her writing about garbage, which is more interesting than it might sound. Additionally, she has her pulse on the beating heart of the international independent music scene as an intern at Pitchfork Media, one of the most influential voices on the topic of contemporary music.

But Lowry seems fit for the tasks — all of them. She, for one, doesn’t shy from taking the first plunge into the murky, complicated depths of journalism. “I’ve been thinking about this notion of the interview since I’ve started having to deal with it directly [while working at Pitchfork],” she says. She hasn’t even taken her seat when she starts starts talking about “the problems inherent in the musician interview.”

It’s hard not to be surprised by this change in the order of things. One of the basic tenets in journalism, not to mention life, is “question first, answer next, repeat as necessary.” But not today apparently — Lowry seems bent on flipping the notion on its head...

Rhonda Lowry: There is a basic commodity exchange going on [during interviews], where the artist is coming forth for promotional reasons, and for the interviewer, there’s this sort of vampiric quality going on. It’s not a conversation, and I’m a big believer in conversation as an art form and conversation as something that’s really inspiring and motivating for me to create more. I get so many ideas from conversations I have with people. There was an interview I was transcribing at work the other day between a Pitchfork staff member and a certain musician, and it just killed me because the interviewer was asking the stupidest questions, and this artist was clearly uncomfortable and trying to resist the direction it was going in.

Brandon Goei: That’s the problematic part — when you can’t really have a conversation because you’re too busy wondering what they’re thinking.

RL: But not even just that — it’s also about asking the most reductive questions. It’s something that makes me wonder if I really want to pursue the field of music journalism.

BG: Why are you on the fence about it? It seems like you’re quite adept at it, and that you know what you’re talking about.

RL: I’ve also been thinking about what it means to write about art or about music — what are you actually covering, you know? I guess I’m not interested in the “commodity exchange” part of it. I’m interested in generating more ideas and in criticism being an art form in and of itself. I guess it’s because I have one foot in each camp — I’m a musician and I’m really tapped into this community of artists, which is where I get a lot of my strength and inspiration. But I’m also a very critically-minded person and very interested in the scope of things going on — how they fit in a broader context. I do feel a kind of division in myself.

BG: I think I understand what you mean. Do you identify with one side any more than the other?

RL: I feel like if you’re a music journalist and you’re not involved at least some way in the music-making process, what’s the point? How are you even going to participate in a conversation with someone when you don’t know what the process is like, or when you’re alienated from being an artist? That’s really what was so infuriating about that last musician interview I was working with — this person was just completely separate from the process and asking the most bullshit questions. He was holding the artist up to “societal standards,” the interviewer’s exact words, which don’t have a place in a real conversation with a real person — terms like that are just too stiff and didactic.

BG: Is there a model interviewer for you? Someone who does it right? Is it yet to happen?

RL: I’ll know it when I see it. I actually made an angry Facebook post about this issue, and it started a lengthy conversation where people posted different interviews they thought exemplified good interviewing. There was a link to a YouTube clip of an interview that Icelandic musician Björk conducted with Estonian composer Arvo Pärt, and it was this beautiful thing where she had a certain enthusiasm about it. It wasn’t like she was trying to suck something out of him — she was just excited about talking with him. I guess that brings up the question of objectivity and being impartial. With the interviews I’ve conducted, it’s because I’m compelled to talk to someone because of what they do — it’s not objective. So it comes back to the role of the critic or the interviewer, and whether it’s to be an über-fan or an intellectual peer or just an extractor of something. Either way, it’s not to be a tourist asking stupid questions.

BG: Could you talk a little about Bomb Banks, the band you’re in right now?

RL: The band was started a few years back as the side-project of Jon Ziemba, who was the drummer for the Chicago noise band Coughs. Once his main band had broken up, Bomb Banks became his focus. I think the first couple of shows he did were basically just him singing a capella and maybe banging on some things around the room, but that was it. Then it grew, and he started playing guitar and using tapes. He was already a good friend of mine, and I went to see him once in the basement of Dr. Who’s Warehouse of Ideas (a great venue that, sadly, closed). He was performing well, but you could tell it was kind of flat — because it was just him. So I went up to him after the show and I told him, “You need a drummer, and that drummer is me.” Eventually, we also added another guitarist, Brett Koontz, who adds a little more depth to the music too. And that’s us: John, Brett and Rhonda.



Photo courtesy of Rhonda Lowry

BG: What catches your ear these days? Who’s your favorite live act right now?

RL: Mostly Chicago folks. I really, really like Wume, who is the duo of Al Schatz and April Camlin. He plays synths and she plays drums, and she is the sickest drummer. She’s very melodic and tonal, and uses a ton of crazy time signatures. It’s very precise and direct — April is very purposeful and works with a great sense of building. Their music is kinda spacy (they wear the adjective “new-age-y” proudly on their sleeve), and it’s great to see them play because they just get me moving. In terms of visceral energy-transfer — something that’s not necessarily about the actual music that’s happening, but more about the presence — I love Running, which is more in the Noise genre, with just enough ’70s punk throwback. I’m pretty sure the name of the band comes from the fact that they have this fucked up pedal that makes this squelchy noise you hear in all of their output. That noise is their calling card. It runs through their whole show and links all of their two-minute songs into one giant song. The drummer for that band is really great. They’re really simple beats, but he’s really jerky and erratic when he plays, which I love.

I went up to him after the show and I told [John Ziemba], “You need a drummer, and that drummer is me.”

BG: Are there any older acts that you’re a big fan of, especially with the style of drumming you seem to be attracted to? When I think of that spastic style, I almost immediately think of Greg Saunier.

RL: I love that you brought him up! He’s totally a drummer that made me want to be a drummer. I was a huge fan of Deerhoof, and I really loved how playful and fun his drumming was, and really, how his drumming leads that band. When they were at the Bottom Lounge in 2009, I went to go see them and had a great time. I was completely euphoric after the show and thought to myself, “I should just go up and talk to him.” I mean, he seems so nice and he’s got this big smile, so I went up to him after the show and said to him, “You know, you’re a drummer that made me want to be a drummer.” And he said back to me, “Oh, you’re a drummer? Yeah, you’re definitely a drummer — I can tell. You’ve got that drummer’s twinkle.” That made me so happy, I could’ve died right there.

Noteworthy

Your type of event

GARY HUSTWIT'S DESIGN FILM TRILOGY

GENE SISKEL FILM CENTER

Hustwit's films have transformed the design process into a cinematic experience, according to Alissa Walker of Fastcodesign.com. "Urbanized," "Objectified" and "Helvetica" will take a look at the design of the world's cities, the creativity behind the world's objects and a 50-year old Swiss typeface.

Nov. 4-10; \$7 (general), \$6 (students), \$4 (members); 164 N. State Street; 312.846.2085; www.siskelfilmcenter.org (Dijana Kadic)

Rapping up a movement

COMMON: HISTORY OF HIP HOP

UIC FORUM — MAIN HALL

Common, the rapper/actor/author from the South Side of Chicago, will be giving a talk on his recently released memoir "One Day It'll All Make Sense." As part of the Chicago Humanities Festival, he will discuss the history of Hip Hop's rise to global prominence, as well as his personal journey to find a distinctive artistic voice in the genre.

Saturday, Nov. 5; 6 p.m.; \$10 (general), \$5 (students); 725 W. Roosevelt Rd. (Margot Brody)

Attention span required

EIKO AND KOMA PERFORM NAKED

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

Celebrating 40+ years of artistic creation, the Japanese-American dance duo are performing their "living installation" "Naked at the MCA." Glacial slowness creates a scene of high drama as the artists explore the human timeline from life through death with gestural expression.

Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1-8 p.m.; Nov. 9-13, 1-5 p.m.; Turner Gallery, 220 E. Chicago Ave.; free with MCA admission; 312-397-4010; mcachicago.org

(Patrick G. Putze)

From the outside in

SOFA CHICAGO/INTUIT SHOW

NAVY PIER — FESTIVAL HALL

Experience two diverse and astounding art fairs under a single roof. SOFA, featuring contemporary art and design meets INTUIT, a collection of galleries and dealers who specialize in folk and outsider art. For three days in November, these fairs take over Navy Pier and offer a Lecture Series and opening night reception.

Opening night: Thursday, Nov. 3; 7-9 p.m.; \$50.00

SOFA/INTUIT: Nov. 4-6; \$15 (general), \$25 (three-day pass); www.ticketweb.com

(Kris Lenz)

Think you're creative? Listen up

CREATIVES AT WORK FORUM: DOCUMENTING & ARCHIVING YOUR PRACTICE

CHICAGO CULTURAL CENTER

The Creatives at Work forum series offers discussion panels and presentations on a wide variety of topics affecting arts professionals. Panels will explore methods in the crucial art of organizing, archiving and documenting one's work.

Thursday, Nov. 7; 6-8 p.m.; free admission; 78 E. Washington St., 5th Floor Millennium Park Room; www.chicagoartistsresource.org (Nicole Rhoden)

Get your geek on

GEEK GIRL BURLESQUE

GORILLA TANGO THEATRE

Gorilla Tango Theatre in Bucktown is baring it all in sexy shows themed after pinnacles of nerd culture such as Star Wars, Star Trek, Lord of the Rings and Indiana Jones. With four shows every weekend, it's difficult to resist this scintillating tribute to geek fandom.

Friday, Nov. 12; 9:30 and 11 p.m.; 1919 N. Milwaukee Ave.; \$20; gorillatango.com

(Simone Thompkins)

Your mom, in a rock band

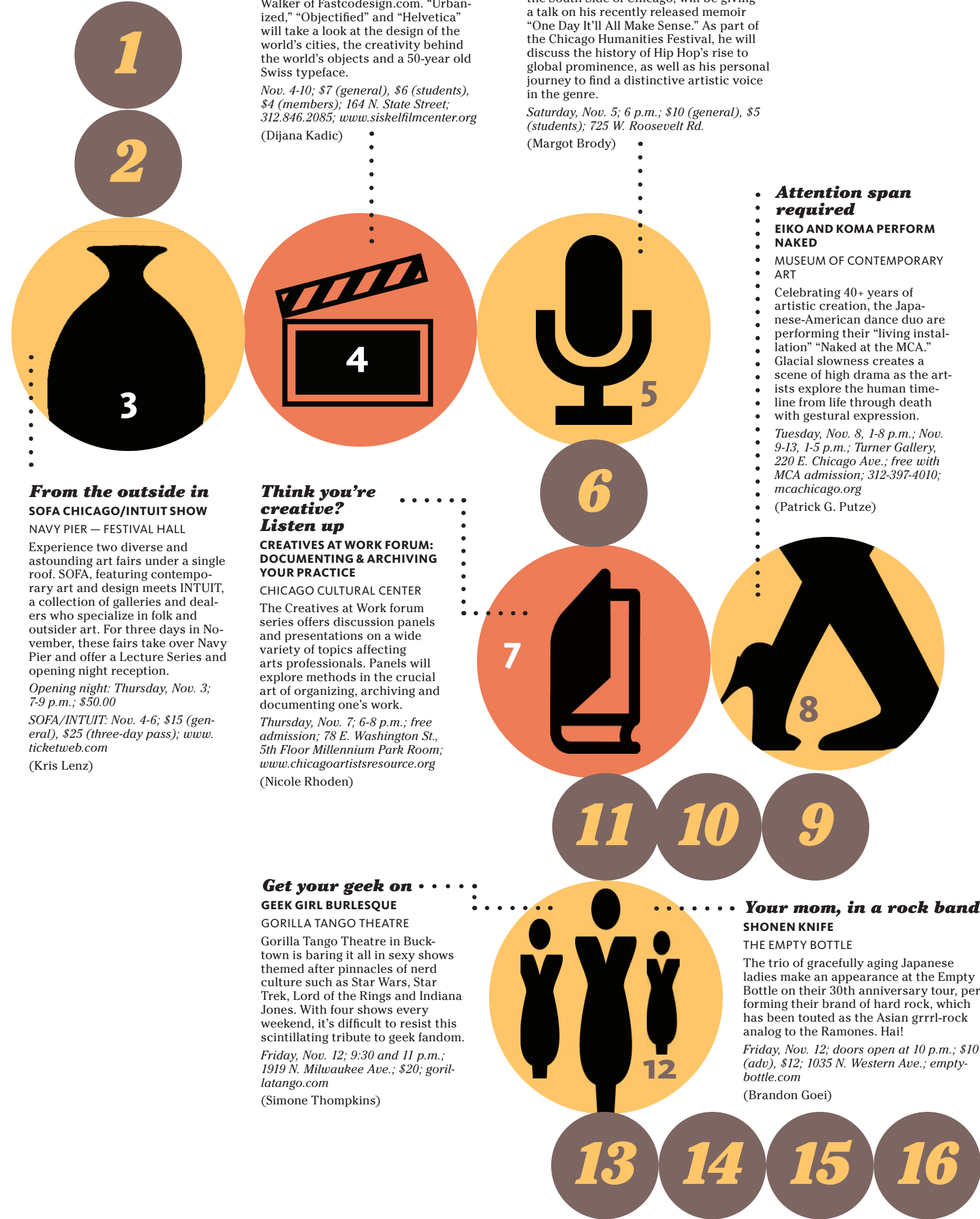
SHONEN KNIFE

THE EMPTY BOTTLE

The trio of gracefully aging Japanese ladies make an appearance at the Empty Bottle on their 30th anniversary tour, performing their brand of hard rock, which has been touted as the Asian grrrl-rock analog to the Ramones. Hai!

Friday, Nov. 12; doors open at 10 p.m.; \$10 (adv), \$12; 1035 N. Western Ave.; emptybottle.com

(Brandon Goei)



**A plethora
for purchase**

**HOLIDAY MARKET —
RANDOLPH STREET**

The Randolph Street Market boasts over 200 nomadic traders of high-end and reasonably-priced gems: furniture, housewares, vintage clothing, jewelry, lighting and collectables. The plethora of purveyors is sure to have something for even the most discriminating shopper, with styles from Bohemian to mod to haute couture. These eclectic pieces are ideal for holiday shopping.

Nov. 19-20; 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Plumbers Hall 1340 W. Washington; www.randolphstreetmarket.com

(Elli Gotlieb)

**Don't fence
me in**

**TIMOTHY H.
O'SULLIVAN: THE
KING SURVEY**

ART INSTITUTE OF
CHICAGO

Sullivan apprenticed to famed Civil War photographer Matthew Brady and helped document that conflict, but his most memorable photographs are of the American West, which he traveled as photographer for the U.S. Geological Survey. Museum staff will conduct a guided tour of the exhibit (which runs through the first of the year). Nov. 18; 12 to 12:45 p.m.; Gallery 100, 111 S. Michigan. 312-443-3600.

(Xiaomeng Li)

Keep it real

CINEMA SLAPDOWN: INCEPTION

COLUMBIA COLLEGE

The Columbia College Film and Video department invites viewers to "come for the film and stay for the fight!" As part of its fall theme "I Came, I Saw, I Conquered," the department invites students and the public to a Cinema Slapdown of the popular movie "Inception." Each screening is followed by a spirited debate.

Thursday, Nov. 17; 7 p.m.; Free admission; Film Row Cinema, 1104 S. Wabash, 8th Floor; colum.edu

(Lindsey Auten)

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**Shop! Make art!
Recycle!**

**BIRDHOUSE MUSEUM PRESENTS THE
ANNUAL WORKS ON CARDBOARD
SHOW**

CHICAGO URBAN ARTS SOCIETY

More than 100 Chicago artists put their creative talents to use on recycled cardboard at the Chicago Urban Arts Society. The exhibition attempts to present an informal exchange of ideas between artists and the art-viewing audience by hosting a unique holiday shopping experience with original artwork starting at \$10.

Nov. 25, 2 p.m. to Nov. 27, 10 p.m.; Cash and carry; 2229 South Halsted Street, Chicago, IL 60608

(Diana Buendia)

**Tired of turkey?
Maybe this is your meat**

**20TH ANNUAL WREATHING
OF THE LIONS**

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Wear your elf hat and bring whatever good cheer you can muster to the museum's holiday salute. The Wooten Choral Ensemble will sing.

Nov. 25; 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; 111 S. Michigan Ave.; (312) 443-3600. artic.edu/aic

(Evangeline Politis)

On the edge

**JAMES M. SMITH OPENING
RECEPTION**

PERIMETER GALLERY

St. Louis native James M. Smith will be showcasing an installation of his work at the Perimeter Gallery in River North on November 18. Also featured will be the abstract paintings of Charles Kurre, who works out of Phoenix, Arizona.

Nov 18 to Dec 31; Free admission; 210 West Superior; perimetergallery.com

(Michael Pena)

Keep it real

BARING INVESTIGATION

SAIC — STUDENT UNION GALLERIES

"[The SUGs staff] wanted to get various stages of work because that is not something that you typically get to see around campus," explains Stephanie Cristello, Marketing and Communication Director for SUGs. The opening reception for Baring Investigation, a show resulting in the Student Union Galleries 'open call' for submissions from SAIC students, opens November 17 at Parallax Gallery. The show will consist of student work in various stages of completion providing insight into artistic practice that is not typically presented in a gallery setting.

Opening reception: Thursday, Nov. 17, 4-6 p.m.; Free admission; 280 S. Columbus Drive, room 122; blogs.saic.edu/sugs

(Michelle Weidman)

Be an art patron

HOLIDAY ART SALE PREVIEW PARTY

SAIC — MACLEAN BALLROOM

This benefit party gives you the opportunity to cherry-pick the best student artworks on sale. If, in fact, you are part of the 99 percent trying to make the rent, you might want to wait until the weekend, when admission is free.

Thursday, Nov. 17; 5-8 p.m.; \$35 per person, \$60 for two; 112 S. Michigan Ave.

Cold War nostalgia

SOVIET POLITICAL POSTERS AND CARTOONS

BLOCK MUSEUM AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

The Block Museum at Northwestern University is exhibiting Soviet Political Posters and Cartoons. The artwork is part of a project by the Soviet Arts Experience, a 16-month showcase of works by artists under the rule of the Soviet Union. Vivid illustrations and strong messages about Communism invite viewers to experience the exotic political art world of the Cold War.

Through Dec. 4; Tues., Sat., Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Wed. thru Fri. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; \$5 (suggested); 40 Arts Circle Drive, Evanston, IL

www.blockmuseum.northwestern.edu

(Eun Ki Kim)

Ultimate Absence

Ana Mendieta at the Art Institute of Chicago

By Michelle Weidman

If ever there were a place where the body of Cuban-born American artist Ana Mendieta is hauntingly absent, it is in the Art Institute of Chicago’s current exhibition. The presence of these important images, some of which are representations of the artist’s body, are reminders that much of the content of Mendieta’s often-ephemeral practice occurred elsewhere and will never occur in the gallery because of her early, violent death.

The videos, photo documentations and sculptures by Mendieta are on display in their entirety until January 15. Using her body and the female form in combination with natural environments and materials, Mendieta addressed issues of place, physical presence and existence grounded in nature, often with spiritual undertones. The work points to the corporal presence and symbolic absence of women in society and in art.

Mendieta was an influential body and land artist in the 1970s and ‘80s and is a foundational figure for much feminist art that has been produced since. Although certain uses of the female body in art have been challenged by critics of essentialist thought — the inclination to denote the feminine with nature — Mendieta’s practice maintains relevance through its bold imagery and sincerity.

“Untitled, Blood Sign #1” is a video documentation of Mendieta

tracing the outline of her body with animal blood on a white-washed wall. Facing the wall, her back to the camera, Mendieta dips her open palms into a cask of blood and presses them to the unsoiled surface. Dragging them down along the sides of her otherwise stationary body, Mendieta makes a mark and simultaneously marks herself on the surface. The double imposition is the crux of much early feminist work — to represent and be represented. The act of inscription ends with the artist crudely printing “There is a Devil inside me” within the bloody outline.

The show also includes photographs from Mendieta’s most well known series “Siluetas.” The series relies on traces of the female body sometimes the artist’s, sometimes a crude outline made from various natural materials. The images are documents of performances in which Mendieta would interact with elements of a particular landscape such as dirt, wildflowers and branches. At times the resulting formations are additive (piling sand) sometimes they are subtractive (digging a hole), but they are never permanent.

It is frustrating that discussions of Mendieta’s work almost always contain a reference to her death in 1985 from a fall out of a 34th floor window. The minimalist sculptor Carl Andre, her husband at the time, was subsequently charged with murder and acquitted. Ideally an artist’s work should communicate beyond biographic

information. One reason the story and the work seem inseparable is that Mendieta’s death robs us of the ability to experience her work other than through documentation. Another is that her work and death share so many themes: violence acted out on the female body and tragically, its ultimate absence.

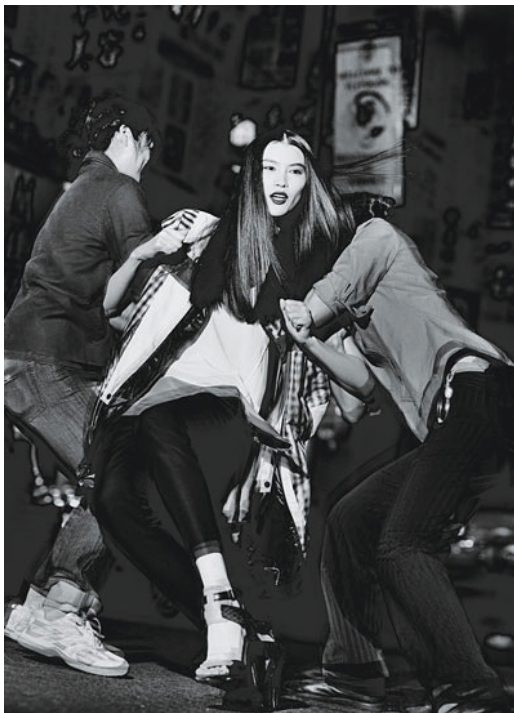
Ana Mendieta
July 20, 2011 - January 15, 2012
Art Institute of Chicago

Mendieta’s work and death share so many themes: violence acted out on the female body and tragically, its ultimate absence.



Untitled (Silueta Series, Mexico) 1973-77 (printed 1991)
Collection of Diane and Bruce Halle © The Estate of Ana Mendieta

Art News Ticker



Chinese political artist and dissident **Ai Weiwei** directs November cover shoot for W Magazine via Skype. Arrested for his criticism of the Chinese government, Ai was released in June under strict surveillance. Unable to leave Beijing, Ai creates the photography series “Enforced Disappearance” through the lens of his computer screen.



Artwork by Ai Weiwei Photos by Max Vadukul

Members of the **Russian art collective VOINA** were arrested without charges by Russian Police posing as German TV journalists, according to a report on ArtThreat.com. This incident comes just weeks after charges were dropped against two other members of the group in connection with an art performance last November that involved a police car.

Friedrich Kittler, the “Roger Waters of Media Theory,” died on October 18. Kittler, a German-born postmodern media philosopher, wrote “Grammophone, Film, Typewriter” and was a Distinguished Scholar at Yale University, a Distinguished Visiting Professor at Harvard University, and was faculty member at the European Graduate School.

Nuns, astronauts, athletes, terrorists and travelers — **Don DeLillo’s collection of short stories** “The Angel Esmeralda: Nine Stories” to be released November 15 chronicles and foretells three decades of American life.

In an interview with The Washington Post, **Yes Men Andy Bichlbaum and Mike Bonanno revealed their true identities** (Jacques Servin and Igor Vamos, respectively) and talked about the Yes Lab and their collaborations with Occupy Wall St. Their newest project encourages the public to become “BFFs with a Banker” by writing letters to the CEOs and board members of major banks in the US, or by seeking executives out in funny and creative ways.

Revised Apple logo commemorating Steve Job’s death October 5 sparks accusations of plagiarism. Hong Kong graphic design student **Jonathan Mak Long** posted the image on his blog August 26 after Jobs stepped down as Apple CEO. When Jobs passed away, it became a viral hit. “Please let me know if somebody beat me to the idea,” Long commented. It looks like someone did — British designer **Chris Thornley**.

New biography by **Pulitzer Prize-winning authors Steven Naifeh and Gregory White** “Van Gogh: The Life” makes controversial claim: Vincent van Gogh did not commit suicide but was accidentally shot by two village boys. So much for our romanticized myth of the troubled genius.

Make Your Mark
Chris Thornley 2011



Steve Jobs Tribute
Jonathan Mak Long 2011



Make your mark

23rd ANNUAL HOLIDAY ART SALE

Do some holiday shopping while supporting up-and-coming artists. All work at the sale is created by current SAIC students. For more information, visit saic.edu/holidaysale

Friday, November 18, 2011 11:00 a.m.–7:00 p.m.
Saturday, November 19, 2011 10:00 a.m.–5:00 p.m.

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Sponsored by  BLICK art materials

Design by SAIC student Carrie Sija Wang (BFA 2012)

2011-2012

GRADUATE PORTFOLIO DAY CHICAGO

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THE SCHOOL OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
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FEB. 1

PRIORITY APPLICATION
DEADLINE
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Art Education and Teaching Info Session

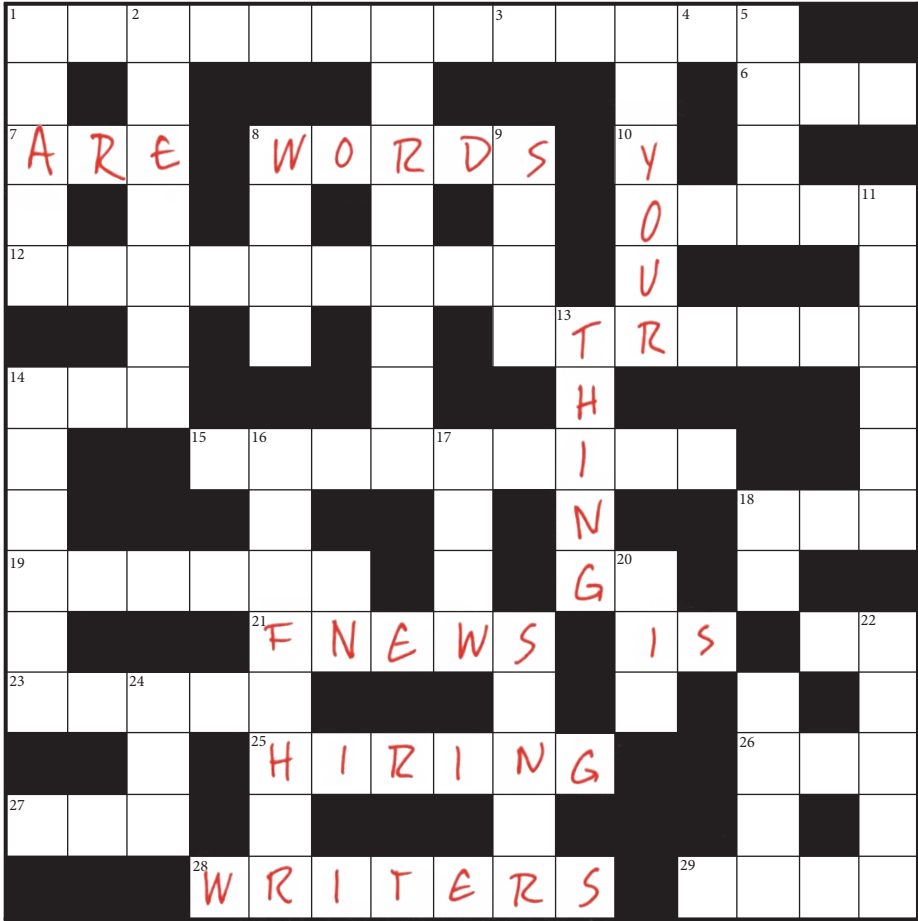
Join us and learn more about the Master of Arts in Art Education (MAAE) and Master of Arts in Teaching (MAT) programs, which emphasize the cultivation of community-based practices, action research, and critical citizenship through art education.

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Sullivan Center, 36 South Wabash
Suite 1201

RSVP required at saic.edu/grevents

Graduate Admissions | gradmiss@saic.edu
800.232.7242 | 312.629.6100



Down

1. The most important meal of the day
2. Rhymes with breakfast
5. Salt N'
7. Tempered glass
8. Friend is a four letter word
9. "He called the ____poop."
10. South Y'all
11. Good Morning Vietnam
13. Person, place or
14. But butt
16. Really long title of over played movie
17. Also juice and vodka
18. Plums
20. Contact Paul Elitzik
22. Pelitz@artic.edu

Across

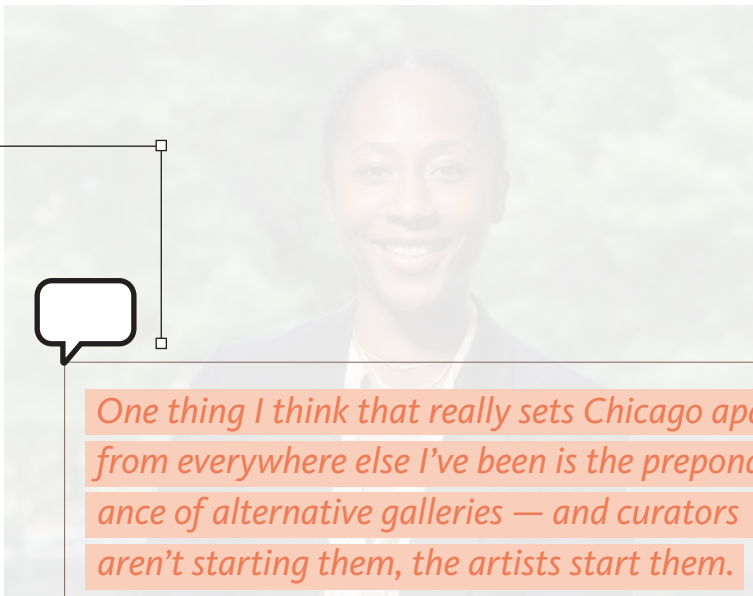
1. Travel document
2. LMNOP
3. Carry on my wayward son
7. Eighteenth letter of the alphabet
8. Vanilla Ice—to your mother, plural
12. None of this works
14. ...drugs and rock and roll
15. Excuse me, is Greg here?
18. TRA sdrawkcb
19. A la mode
21. SAIC newspaper
22. Time...the essence
25. Recruitment of personnel
27. Aunt Jackie
28. Wilde King Emerson Twain

Getting to know Naomi

Q&A with Naomi Beckwith, the newest curator at the MCA



Naomi Beckwith Courtesy of Patrick G. Putze



Q&A

NAOMI BECKWITH

By Patrick G. Putze

The Museum of Contemporary Art has got a lot going on for it lately with some brand new faces, one of which might just turn the institution on its ear. Naomi Beckwith's meteoric rise as a curator brings her to the MCA from the Studio Museum in Harlem, NY. She greets you with a slightly raspy, silky-smooth, ready-for-radio voice and an easy, genuine laugh.

PATRICK G. PUTZE: What's your favorite show of the season?

NAOMI BECKWITH: I was really hyped about what was going on around the West Loop. The Tony Wight Gallery has Barbara Kasten showing. Angel Otero and Nathaniel Donnett are at the Kavi Gupta Gallery and then there's Jason Lazarus at the Andrew Rafacz Gallery. Instead of talking about a favorite show, I love to talk about the fact that I'm seeing a really good variety of shows. Throughout the summer, there's been a really good breadth of art here in Chicago.

PGP: Have you heard much criticism of the MCA? I hear some in Chicago are divided over the architecture of the building itself.

NB: The MCA is Mies Van Der Rohe-ish boxes within a box, right? Maybe people think it doesn't fit in because it doesn't look like one type of Chicago building, but a mélange of several things that are very, very Chicago. There's also the Frank Lloyd Wright homage with the Prairie Style evident throughout the building, mostly in the leaf-shaped staircase with its skylight that has the veining of a leaf.

PGP: Not to mention the koi pond at the foot.

NB: That's one of my favorite things! The Rookery also inspires the MCA with this great staircase that goes up and then a lot of space on that ground floor that goes all the way up to the ceiling.

PGP: It opens up immediately.

NB: Exactly! The museum is definitely designed so that when you walk up those stairs, you come into the space and there you have it: art!

PGP: So it's readily accessible?

NB: Absolutely. This building is an interesting walk through Chicago's architectural history. At the same time, I'll be the first to admit, it's quirky, and so that's my challenge as a curator. I'm constantly working to make the architecture come alive but also disappear.

PGP: How does the MCA in its current state compare to your experience of the old one?

NB: Well, you have to realize my old experiences at the MCA are really only parties! [laughing] I came to the opening party in 1996. The MCA hosted the Summer Solstice Party and was open for 24 hours.

PGP: The longest day gets the longest party?

NB: Yeah...absolutely! You know, people after my own heart [laughing]. They threw this slightly Pagan ritual that I think attracted people in a way that made them unimintimidated by what they might see inside. I also remember visiting the old building, especially when I was in school at Northwestern. I remember seeing Kerry James Marshall and it changed my life, because, finally, there was this

painting practice that encompassed my own memories, you know? It validated my cultural history. Of course, coming back as part of the team is a whole different experience. I had never seen any of these back offices.

PGP: So it's an "ah ha!" moment — telling yourself, "So that's what goes on back there!"

NB: Absolutely! The one thing I tried to do when I interned [at other institutions] was to ask to see the guts of the place. I think my biggest hope is to make sure that people feel comfortable here. The other nicety is that I never really interacted with the theater side of the programming before I moved away from Chicago. It's so great to come back to get involved with that.

PGP: Eddy Robert is going to be your curatorial debut. Isn't that comparable to what's about to happen with the Eiko and Koma's Naked performances?

NB: There's something really incredibly magical about Eiko and Koma. It was the first time I had walked into those galleries and been transported wholly somewhere else. That opened my eyes to the real possibility of space that could be theatrical, but also house the art objects. It becomes this beautiful space that gets expanded into mise en scene.

PGP: Does Robert's work touch on interactions with the audience?

NB: That is absolutely one of the reasons why I chose him. He's done performances where he wouldn't look at, or even acknowledge the audience. The challenge is: how do you work in a space and not look at anybody around you? He had to keep turning away. The

audience begins to understand that he's willfully ignoring them. It's great because the people in the space experience something other than still objects. With Eiko and Koma, we've been very lucky that we're able to bring them back several times. We'll see what happens with Robert, but definitely at least one performance will happen in the galleries.

PGP: What do you think are some strengths of the Chicago art community?

NB: The first thing that's great is our amazing, world-renowned art schools. You already have this army of well-trained artists and thinkers in the city, and a lot of them stay here. One thing I think that really sets Chicago apart from everywhere else I've been is the preponderance of alternative galleries — and curators aren't starting them, the artists start them. They foster all kinds of projects and engage in never-ending conversations within communities.

PGP: Do you see any weaknesses in the Chicago art community?

NB: I wouldn't call it a weakness, but I would love to see people thinking about the next stage with all of these alternative spaces. I would love to facilitate a conversation with artists about how one begins to manage one's career and the structures one builds around those careers, like these experimental spaces. Or even, if you're going to shut it down — which I'm absolutely supportive of as well — how do you archive it? You should always leave a very good record and be conscious of [maintaining that archive] when you're doing so well. This is very important for these artists with these spaces and I certainly hope that continues.

MFA OPEN STUDIO NIGHT

|| . || . ||

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www.ox-bow.org
Sullivan Center, 1425

Image: Ellen Nielsen, Wintervention

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Jan 4th-17th

Manic Drawings and Wayward Surfaces

FIBER 608
3 credits

Rebecca Ringquist
and Jesse Harrod

The Dead of Winter

PTDW 601
3 credits

Rebecca Walz
and Elijah Burgher

Graduate Projects

MFA 6009
3 credits

Visiting Artist
Corin Hewitt
Technical Advisor
Jonas Sebura

Info Session Nov. 9th in Sullivan, 1425
Registration begins Nov. 14th

Post-Fest Preview

The Chicago International Film Festival is over, but you will still have a chance to see some of the features at local theaters. Here are two we recommend.

Too broke or too busy for the Chicago International Film Festival? Fear not — F Newsmagazine reviews festival hits returning to Chicago in November that you can catch for a fraction of the price.



Le Havre

2011, Aki Kaurismäki, 103 min.

"I'm the albino brother," argues Marcel. "Do you know what happens to people who discriminate on the basis of color?" The police officer is frozen in confusion as Marcel points to the civil law book on the table. The officer has no choice but to take Marcel to Mehmet Saleh, an illegal immigrant in custody.

Marcel, a shoe shiner from Le Havre, France, embarks on a trip to a refugee detention center in Calais with the little money he had earned and collected in a tin box and the lone suit that hangs in his closet. He came to find Saleh, the grandfather of a shy African teenage boy that Marcel has been hiding at his home.

Le Havre, a heartwarming and quirky comedy from director Aki Kaurismäki, follows an unlikely likable man whose world is transformed by an illegal immigrant boy on the run from the police.

Most people could help those in need, but Marcel does it with almost nothing but the support of a small community in the middle of nowhere and the unbreakable spirit of a man-child.

Le Havre personalizes the worldwide immigration issue and serves as a reminder of our universal roots, while entertaining us with strange but charming characters.

Other notable films in the Kaurismäki oeuvre include "Leningrad Cowboys Go Amerika" (just out on DVD) and "Matchstick Factory Girl."

—Dijana Kadic

Catch Le Havre at the Music Box Theater Nov. 4-10.



The Last Rites of Joe May

2011, Joe Maggio, 103 min.

In "The Last Rites of Joe May," repetitive scenes of pigeons flying freely against the backdrop of the Chicago skyline frame the story of a former electronics hustler who, after seven weeks in the hospital for pneumonia, finds himself shunned by his former friends and partners in crime.

"Last Rites," directed by Joe Maggio, stars veteran Chicago actor Dennis Farina as the aging and disillusioned Joe May. The story begins when May is released from the hospital. He returns to his apartment to find his landlord, who, thinking May had died, sold all of May's property and rented out the apartment to single mother Jenny Rap (Jamie Ann Allman) and her young daughter. After Rap finds May homeless and trying to sleep at CTA bus stops, she invites him to stay with her temporarily. Rap, along with her daughter, become May's only allies throughout the film as he struggles to reconnect with his friends. "One day you're on top of the world, the next day you're floating in the crapper," he warns the young child in a tough Midwestern accent. We understand that Joe May was never particularly nice; his son despises him for being an absent father and a terrible husband to his mother. May prefers to remain distant even in response to Jenny Rap's wrenching story of an abusive relationship with a — wait for it — Chicago cop. Set in the neighborhood of West Town, the cinematography emphasizes the crisp blues and greys of bitter winter that contribute to May's worsening health conditions and failing relationships.

Farina delivers a solid portrayal of Joe May. Throughout the film you can't help but feel sorry for him when everybody turns against him. At its most heartbreaking, May scours the alleys of Chicago restaurants desperate to find someone who is willing to buy a generous amount of prime New Zealand lamb (his connections no longer give him electronics to hustle). Ultimately he decides to go for one last redeeming action to set his actions straight, allowing the story to take a more comfortable shape in the second half, but it never makes up for the poorly developed and trite plot line that leaves all characters, other than Joe May, flat and one-dimensional.

—Diana Buendia

Catch The Last Rites of Joe May at the Gene Siskel Film Center Nov. 25-Dec.1.

TAKING OVER THE STREETS

Looking into Occupy Chicago



By Daryl Meador

"People are pissed as hell because there is an unjust paradigm in this country where the wealth accumulates at the top and the bottom is forgotten," said a young man at the Federal Reserve Bank on September 29. He was one of about ten protesting on the sixth day of Occupy Chicago, a movement that erupted Friday September 23 as a response to the larger occupation of Wall Street in New York City. "It started with four, grew to double digits, at least fifty over the weekend. ... We'll stay as long as possible, as long as we can, in solidarity with Occupations that have started up in dozens of cities countrywide and nationwide," he said.

Since that day, the movement has only grown; similar occupations, inspired by New York City's Occupy Wall Street, have sprung up in over 100 U.S. cities and internationally from London to Australia. Occupy Chicago's numbers fluctuate as people come to and from work, school or their families, but the numbers have grown from 35 to upwards of 2000. At any given hour at the Federal Reserve Bank you may find anywhere from 5 to 250 or more people playing drums and chanting slogans like: "The people united will never be defeated!" "Banks got bailed out, we got sold out!" and the most famous one, "We are the 99%."

While the movement represents a diverse range of ages, in Chicago it has a specifically youthful character. Among the protesters, many conversations can be overheard about overwhelming college debt, the lack of job opportunities, the trials and tribulations broke and overqualified graduates face as they fight for low-paying jobs.

What started September 17 in Manhattan's Financial District has become a movement of unprecedented proportions. The successful revolutions of Egypt and Tunisia are often cited as inspiration for the movement: two events that proved the power of mass protests to affect large scale

change. Taking a cue from the Middle East, the Occupy movements have relied heavily on the use of social media to network and livestream.

The national movement has been heavily criticized for its lack of concrete demands. While no official requests have been created, the general assembly meetings in Chicago often center on how to streamline the movement and what its biggest issues really are. The philosopher and critical theorist Slavoj Žižek wrote about the European protesters in the London Review of Books, "We've entered a post-ideological era where opposition to the system can no longer articulate itself in the form of a realistic alternative, or even as a utopian project, but can only take the shape of a meaningless outburst."

On the other hand, Bernard E. Harcourt, chair of the political science department and professor of law at The University of Chicago, responded to Žižek in the opinion section of the New York Times, saying, "He failed to understand that these movements are precisely about resisting the old ideologies. It's not that they couldn't articulate them; it's that they are actively resisting them. They are being politically disobedient." He distinguishes political disobedience from civil disobedience, arguing that the first "fundamentally rejects the political and ideological landscape that we inherited from the Cold War."

The group remains determined to remain a "leaderless, people-powered movement" that uses "open, participatory and horizontal organizing," as Adbusters described Occupy Wall Street.

The ultimate reason for the political uprising is the economic inequality the country is facing. Harcourt cites sociologist Douglas Massey's book, "Categorically Unequal," saying that "after decades of improvement, the income gap between the richest and poorest in this country has dramatically widened since the 1970s, resulting in what social scientists now





“Civil disobedience has a long and honorable record as a form for expressing dissent. I am very fortunate to be one of the least precarious people in our ruthless society ... my security gives me the choice, and ultimately, the responsibility to express things that many people are too vulnerable to express.”

Claire Pentecost, SAIC Photography Professor

refer to as the “U-curve of increasing inequality.” He cites as well recent reports from the Census Bureau that confirm it. “The number of Americans living below the official poverty line, 46.2 million people, was the highest number in the 52 years the Bureau has been publishing it,” the reports inform. According to Harcourt, “27 percent of African-Americans and 26 percent of Hispanics in the country — more than 1 in 4 — live in poverty; and 1 in 9 African-American men between the ages of 20 and 34 are incarcerated.”

“The combined worth of the 400 wealthiest Americans is greater than the combined worth of 150 million Americans,” said sculpture professor Laurie Palmer, when F Newsmagazine asked her why she thought the movement was springing up now. Two SAIC students, who prefer to remain anonymous, explained to F that they are involved in the Occupation because of their growing frustration with the system in which they live. “There has never been such a large gap between the rich and the middle class as there is right now,” they said. “One percent of the population controls over a third of the nation’s wealth, and most of that one percent isn’t paying taxes on that money because of antiquated loopholes leftover from previous administrations.” The 99% that they are supporting is “taxi drivers, teachers, firefighters, 7-Eleven employees, security guards, waitresses and airline attendants — the people that keep America running. It’s students like us, struggling to stay in school while faced with the constant inflation of private student loans,” as explained in a manifesto from SAIC students involved in Occupy Chicago, which is available for viewing on the F Newsmagazine website.

“When I got involved with Occupy Chicago, I wanted to be able to help with documentation and our status on the Internet. Andrew, my roommate, hooked me up with the tech committee,” said Alex Halbert, third-year FVNM student. Halbert is also a member of the tech committee for

the Occupy Chicago group and the administrator of their YouTube page. “We had decided that it was best to try and cover as much ground on the web as we could, so I made an additional YouTube page. We now have over three members actively uploading content to this page, and we will only get stronger.”

The New York Police Department has been heavily criticized for their use of force against the NYC movement in the early days of Occupy Wall Street. YouTube videos of indiscriminate pepper spraying and forceful arrests of peaceful protesters have been widely viewed. Over 700 activists in New York were arrested on October 1 after marching onto the Brooklyn Bridge. In Chicago, on the other hand, protesters have maintained a more peaceful, although sometimes tense, relationship with the police department. “They haven’t given us too much trouble. Every once in a while the security guards will give us some static, but they’re basically down with our struggle, because they’re working class people too,” described 58-year-old protester Neal Rysdahl.

On Monday, October 10, at around 5 p.m., Occupy Chicago joined five feeder marches organized by Take Back Chicago! A large rally gathered outside of the Modern Wing of the Art Institute. Drawing a crowd estimated to be seven thousand people by organizers and three thousand by police, the rally convened on Monroe Street between Michigan and Columbus, to coincide with a reception of the Futures Industry Association inside the Modern Wing. Made up of mostly labor and community organizers, the crowd stopped traffic for over an hour with energetic street theater, drum circles and chanting. Protesters pointed and chanted the word “Shame!” at slick businessmen and women delicately holding their cocktails behind the glass walls of the Modern Wing. Several men and women, including SAIC photography faculty Claire Pentecost, blocked the door to AIC in an act of civil disobedience, wearing shirts that said, “Fighting for a

(continued on next page)



Photos by Daryl Meador

(continued from previous page)

better future,” and chanting against the economic inequality in the city.

When asked why she chose to partake in an action that would surely lead to arrest, Pentecost explained, “Civil disobedience has a long and honorable record as a form for expressing dissent. I am very fortunate to be one of the least precarious people in our ruthless society ... my security gives me the choice, and ultimately, the responsibility to express things that many people are too vulnerable to express.”

Around 6:30 p.m. that evening, the police started clearing the streets of protesters who kept chanting, “You are the 99%!” as they were shuffled off the street.

A few weeks later, on Saturday October 16, Occupy Chicago attempted to relocate to Grant Park for a more permanent residence using tents for shelter. At around 11 p.m., the police informed the group that they were violating a curfew. In response the protesters locked arms to form a human chain around the campsite. At 1 a.m., police began to round up the activists and proceeded to arrest 175 members of the Occupation, including several students from SAIC. After being arrested for refusing to leave Grant Park, SAIC student Abbie Wilson said to F Newsmagazine, “We were

violating a city ordinance; however, I was under the impression my constitutional rights supercede city ordinances.” Joe Carpenter, another SAIC student, was also arrested. When asked about the experience, he recalled being treated respectfully by the police, but he said, “I think it is not fair at all. For the Bank of America Marathon it is OK to paralyze the entire city, but when it’s about people speaking up for their rights, then it is not OK.”

Since then, the group has retreated back to their initial location at the Federal Reserve Bank at LaSalle and Jackson. 400 people attended the next day’s general assembly, where protesters can be found 24/7.

For more on Occupy Chicago, visit www.fnewsmagazine.com.



“I think it is not fair at all. For the Bank of America marathon it is ok to paralyze the entire city, but when it’s about people speaking up for their rights, then it is not ok.”

Joe Carpenter, SAIC student

ON ABSINTHE AND ACTIVISM

A dispatch from the Midwestern front — OK, well, maybe a few steps back

By Georges Negri and Emily Vélox

The facts are rather unreliable; I know that I went to sleep in New York City, maybe Brooklyn, and woke up in downtown Chicago. I had been traipsing around Manhattan, getting a feel for a city that once was so familiar, not set alight with a foreign spirit neither of us really understands. And then the city, the phantom, the fire was all gone.

Waking up to find oneself in a different city than where one went to sleep is a terrible way to start off any given week. My colleague, E— and I had been talking for weeks about the Beat writers, Hunter S. Thompson and Tom Wolfe — a generation of writers and journalists who in the midst of anxious times chose to “turn on, tune in, [and] drop out” (as Timothy Leary said). But that phrase and that time in history refer to psychedelic drugs. Leary, in the last decade of his life revised the term to “turn on, boot up, jack in” responding to what he saw as the “LSD of the ‘90s” — the PC.

After all, what reality could be better than virtual reality?

I keep to myself on a Red Line train headed for a grimy, lovable slab of cold concrete. G— might be waiting — I'm not sure. It's hard not to jump in and out of turn with myself on trips like these. “Who the fuck am I talking to,” I mumble metaphysically, eyes forward, back straight, lips sealed. This is no time for slouching.

My mind is the word jumble among cash register tabloids, and I start to wonder about the folks in the streets above my head. All NPCs to me. Non-playable characters. “If this was a video game, I'd hope to be the protagonist,” I slur to myself unconsciously. [slump]

Dammit, I'm a journalist. And if I retain even a single shred of dignity and lucidity, I can attempt to translate an untranslatable song. Half of the equation lay rattling in a bottle in my bag, potent and flammable. The evening's golden calf was toxic teenage ambrosia — fuel and tool and treasure map.

But until my ride is over, my words are short and my thoughts are long, and that is the incurable ailment of the over-dressed and unenthused.

But this isn't an elegy. In a moment of true bohemian nostalgia, we unearthed a bottle of absinthe. Sure, it smelled like anise-laced mouthwash, and caused us to cough and tear up like adolescents. Fuck Thompson, Wolfe and Leary. Fuck Gysin, Burroughs and Kerouac. In a true moment of nihilistic bohemianism we thought why not “pour one out” for the ultimate bohemian of days past: Toulouse Lautrec.

We cannot recommend that anyone ever follow in our footsteps. Within 15 minutes of consuming a few glasses of the Green Fairy, our eyes were wide, bright and shallow, and we chattered excitedly about everything that flitted through our minds. As the afternoon wore on, we found that what was once entirely green was entirely gone.

I was delirious and forgetful. It's the nature of the job. Spending my hours in a box of poorly climate-controlled air, I get distracted easily. The endless IV of coffee didn't hurt either. Shaky, withered, eyes glazed over in a perennial Tuesday morning hangover — I was hungry for something strange.

It was at that moment that we heard a clatter outside our windows. Rushing across the room, pushing aside carelessly placed chairs and knocking stacks of paper over, we pressed our faces to the cool, single-paned glass to see a beast moving up Michigan Avenue. A dragon? It seemed to have someone in its teeth — no, two! A king and a priest.

“I need to go see this!” my counterpart yelled.

“No! You'll get eaten!” I cry chasing after her.

We beat down the stairs, panicked and spill out onto the street. The dragon vanished and instead a sea of human bodies pushed through us, up to East Monroe St. The king, the priest and the banker floated atop the crowd, effigies of the new public enemy. We stepped forward into the mass and were swept away, up to the front door of the Modern Wing, where a vignette was being enacted. We paused, and looked around at the crowd, a general assortment of unionized workers, students, children and Occupiers. But over the signs and the beat of the drums, there was the flashing of lights, the constant strobe of flashbulbs going off. If he didn't have a voice, he had a camera. Whoever said the revolution would not be televised had not conceived of one-touch editing and mobile uploading. I put away my camera.

I took out my camera. Oh, I remember days in the park before the horses came. When everyone was naive and here to take pictures of a large bean that showed you a distorted image of yourself. But now the horses were here. They were shitting in the street. It was a strange day for everybody.



Illustration by
Cody Tumblin

I think as soon as I hit the street and found my footing, I went into full-on zombie apocalypse mode. The streets were bare except for the concentrated mass of marchers and the helmets on calmly stern faces. The air had no smell that evening, but it had a balmy, wet taste. Later in the night, I would proclaim to G—, “I'm just going to take shaky photos the whole time.” What I didn't know was that this was a comment out of time — I would take three photographs after having said it; I would take 157 before.

“The camera makes everyone a tourist in other people's reality, and eventually in one's own.”

Susan Sontag

The crowd seemed to assemble in layers, like an onion, with the trembling onlookers at the periphery and the Robin Hoods and puppet kings at the dense nucleus. I am at the center, feeling like a retrovirus. I don't remember the high-visibility clothing. I don't remember the leaf-stained banner. I don't remember the sidewalk arrests. I don't remember the raucous voices. I don't remember the bandwagoners. I remember the hairs sticking up on the back of my neck, telling me to keep shooting. I remember deciding when to stop.

AN ARMED FLANEUR

Just as we had been swept in, so too we found ourselves suddenly alone, meandering down deserted streets and babbling to each other about what we had just seen.

“We were in a crowd of 10,000 people earlier. And no one got hurt. There was no skull bashing.”

“I was a little disappointed at that. I wanted a little bit of action.”

“Dragging...”

“Yeah.”

“You see videos of protesters in New York and they're resisting the cops and suddenly they're screaming, ‘My asthma! My asthma! I need my inhaler!’”

“Yeah! That's what I wanted to see! Some blood. I wanted that visceral bloodlust.”

“I, too, like a little bit of splatter in all of my art.”

We didn't really know where we were going, just that we were tripping around a city in some sort of post-coital slumber. The air, though hot and thick, betrays a passion that isn't yet at rest.

As the night fell, green fairies gave way to orange halos. This was airport lighting — a dim, decrepit beacon against the horrors of the night, which we were wading through, seemingly fearlessly. The danger was gone and the unknown became the inevitable. We ambled our way left, right and straight, through more of the same cold slabs of lovable concrete, talking our way down from the blood buzz of rushing towards a front line.

The word, the idea is on everyone lips but no one's even whispering it: revolution. We are doctors, constantly taking the pulse of a terminally ill patient, just waiting to pronounce time of death. But things have changed since the time of Baudelaire and Lautrec. Since the time of those bastard Beat writers. The Flaneur of the past is a person of removed investment, to whom the actions on the street are mere folly, musings with no bearing on his own life. For a Flaneur to utter “revolution” is for him to make a judgement call that has no bearing on his life, but gravely for those on the streets. But no one here utters revolution, because none of us are Flaneurs — we are all participants.

OFF THE MAP: WHERE NOT TO GO BAR-HOPPING

Ghetto architecture of Chicago's Austin neighborhood



Photos by Annette Elliot

By Thania Rios

I spent most of my first week at SAIC fielding questions about bars. That was the first thing people asked me once they learned I was from Chicago. If I was raised here, I must know where to find cheap beer. Cheap beer and live music: that would be even better. And could I maybe recommend a place that hadn't been tainted by trendiness? Hipsters, apparently, are everywhere.

I asked them where they lived, and they rattled off a series of unsurprising names: Bucktown, Logan Square, Wicker Park. I didn't know how to tell them that I had nothing helpful to recommend. Until I was twenty-two, I lived in Austin: a West Side neighborhood, flush to Oak Park, known mostly for its abandoned factories and astronomical crime rate.

One does not barhop in Austin; there's a liquor store on every corner — why bother with barhopping? The neighbors aren't fussy, and the cops invariably have bigger problems, so there isn't much to stop one from drinking in public. Flasks of vodka and rum are often smashed upon the sidewalks. Decorum demands that you kick them into the gutter; humans may know to step past the shards of glass, but dogs do not.

This knowledge, I figured, would not be useful to anyone at SAIC. Maybe this was class-ist of me — there could very well be many students who would like to know where they can drink in public with impunity. But what right do I have to tell these stories? I was raised in Austin, but there's nothing very "West Side" about me. I've never taken a swig directly from a bottle of vodka. I've never seen a shoot-out; I could have — a boy was once shot in the abdomen just behind my house, but I was in Los Angeles when it happened. No one I know is in a gang. No one I know has lost anyone to a gang. As it so happens, I know very few people in Austin.

My stories of it — "Well, there are all these broken bottles, and you can't really walk around after nightfall..." — are lame and faltering when compared to the Austin that makes it onto the news, and news reports are the only portraits ever painted of it. Austin is Chicago's largest neighborhood, but you won't find it profiled in any travel guides.

The prolific travel guide publisher Not For Tourists mentions it briefly in their profile of "The West Side," which seems to refer to everything in the city west of Western

Avenue; they say that the West Side "retains a large part of the historic architecture yet to be infiltrated by massive condo developments, probably because there's not much demand for high-crime high-rises."

Wikitravel takes a gentler tone towards "The Far West Side." It's "best known (somewhat unfairly) for being impoverished and crime-ridden, but it has at least one major attraction as well as some fabulous parks, vibrant immigrant communities, and blues legends." They cap it off by informing their readers that "you're definitely off the tourist map on the Far West Side," which I guess is meant to be commended — good for you, exploring the slums.

Explore Chicago, the city's official tourism website, does deign to discuss Austin individually. However, it begins by describing it as "sometimes troubled, but nonetheless one of the city's most interesting community areas for visitors, especially visitors interested in architecture." "Sometimes troubled" is not the euphemism I would choose if I was looking for a polite way to say that Austin has, according to the Chicago Police Department, the highest crime rate in the city. But maybe I'm being too critical. After all, I find myself struggling to describe it accurately, since I was raised there.

The complaints about the city's treatment of Austin are legion; I know full well that the lack of food, schooling, and security take priority over its portrayal in tourist brochures. But there's more to life in Austin than misery and blight. This is what I tell myself. My childhood didn't consist solely of blight and misery; therefore, my childhood neighborhood must've done something to enable this.

This logic seems sound, but I still have trouble figuring out what those alternative sensations are, and what Austin did to enable them. In this light, the tourist brochures are valuable cultural artifacts. What is Austin, beyond its crime rate? I'm still not sure. Maybe Explore Chicago can help me.

Virtually all of Explore Chicago's suggestions are architectural, but that doesn't bother me. Not For Tourists wasn't wrong: the West Side does buildings well. A friend of mine and I call it the "West Side aesthetic" — a beautiful, dilapidated building that's been appropriated for an outrageously utilitarian purpose. Her favorite is an Art Deco Currency Exchange on Belmont and Central. But the undisputed



[Wikitravel] caps it off by informing their readers that “you’re definitely off the tourist map on the Far West Side,” which I guess is meant to be commended — good for you, exploring the slums.

classic is the J. J. Walser house, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, closer to Central and Washington.

Explore Chicago encourages me to walk past it, though it does warn me that it’s a private residence; there will be no entry. It does not, however, mention the bag. Affixed over a broken window, it flutters half-heartedly in the breeze. There’s a tear down its center. It keeps nothing out of the house, but this doesn’t seem to bother the owner. Once clear plastic, it’s now grey and sodden with time.

Approaching the house from the north, this bag is one of the first things you see. It primes you for the building’s imperfections; your eye can’t help but wander towards the barbed wire, strung between the back fence and the overhanging eaves, keeping both reporters and thieves away.

Explore Chicago urges me to take note of the building’s windows, supposedly unusual for a Prairie Style home, but while they may be pretty, those that remain are filthy. The house looks lifeless and empty. I knock, but no one answers. “The owner probably doesn’t live here,” I tell my photographer. “I knew someone whose mother owned a Frank Lloyd Wright on the South Side. But it was in shoot-out territory, so there really wasn’t much she could do with it. She just sort of had it.” Peering past the wire, we see a garden in full bloom. I can’t decide if this proves or disproves my suspicion.

That, too, is a part of the West Side aesthetic, the greenery peeking out at you from behind bars and barbs. My photographer comments on it as we wander down an alley. The West Side does seem to contain more green space than the North Side, if only because so much of the West Side is overgrown. The J. J. Walser house exhibits this — there’s a patch of ivy sprouting along its northern-most wall, and it doesn’t look particularly cultivated.

The Austin Town Hall, on the other hand — another one of Explore Chicago’s hot-spots, which cites Independence Hall as its inspiration — is not being overtaken by greenery, but this comes as no surprise. The Austin Town Hall is owned by the Chicago Parks Department, and can only be allowed to flirt with so much squalor. As the centerpiece of a “sometimes troubled” neighborhood, it must put forth a professional face; to neglect it would insult an already injured

community. The ugliest thing about it is the drab tenement building next to it, but that can’t be helped — people, after all, must live somewhere.

In contrast to all this mixing of the foul and the fair stands Columbus Park, just off the intersection of Central and Adams. Strangely, there is nothing foul about it. According to Explore Chicago, it is the masterpiece of legendary landscape architect Jens Jensen. They are not exaggerating. Columbus Park is perhaps as perfect a park as ever existed. It sports lagoons, creeks, streams and waterfalls. The nature trails are flanked by wildflowers. Geese and herons trawl the waters. From a distance, my photographer and I spot a green mass on the lagoon’s surface; at first, we assume that it’s scum, only to find that the lagoon is also host to lily pads.

Just beyond the nature trails are golf courses. Men in polo shirts squint at the horizon as they swing their clubs. I still wonder just what golf-players are doing in Austin. “Don’t they know where they are?” I ask my photographer, though I know she has no answer for me.

To golf on the West Side strikes me as obscene. Part of me is tempted to ask them just how much they paid for their clubs. Do they know how much heroin that money would’ve gotten them? They wouldn’t have to wander very far to find out. The park’s southernmost border is Harrison; from what I recall, Madison is the place to score.

The golf course is painstakingly maintained. On the other hand, across the street is a garage that appears to have been imploded. All that’s intact is the roof; it sits atop a pile of wood, brick, and insulation. I don’t know how this is possible — is it money? An unequal distribution of funds? Is there money in the city budget for golf, but not for garages? Politically, something is happening here, I’m sure of it. But I can’t imagine that my imaginary SAIC interlocutor is very interested in that, either. I would direct their attention to the flowers behind the barbed wire, then. That, for me, is Austin, more so than the vodka bottles.

vision and communism

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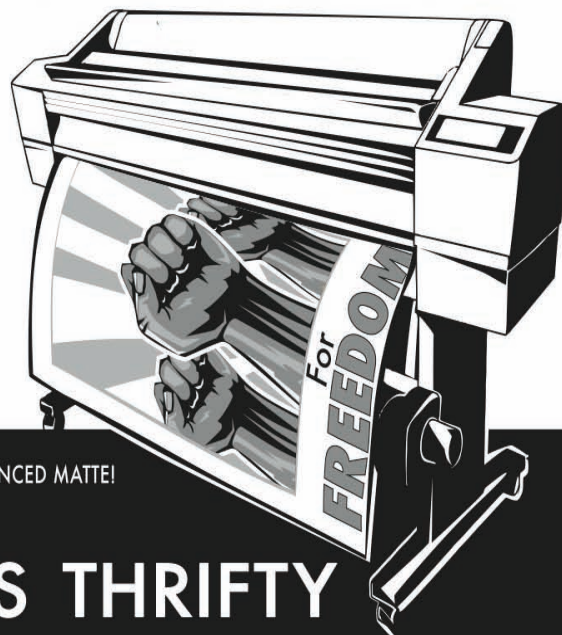
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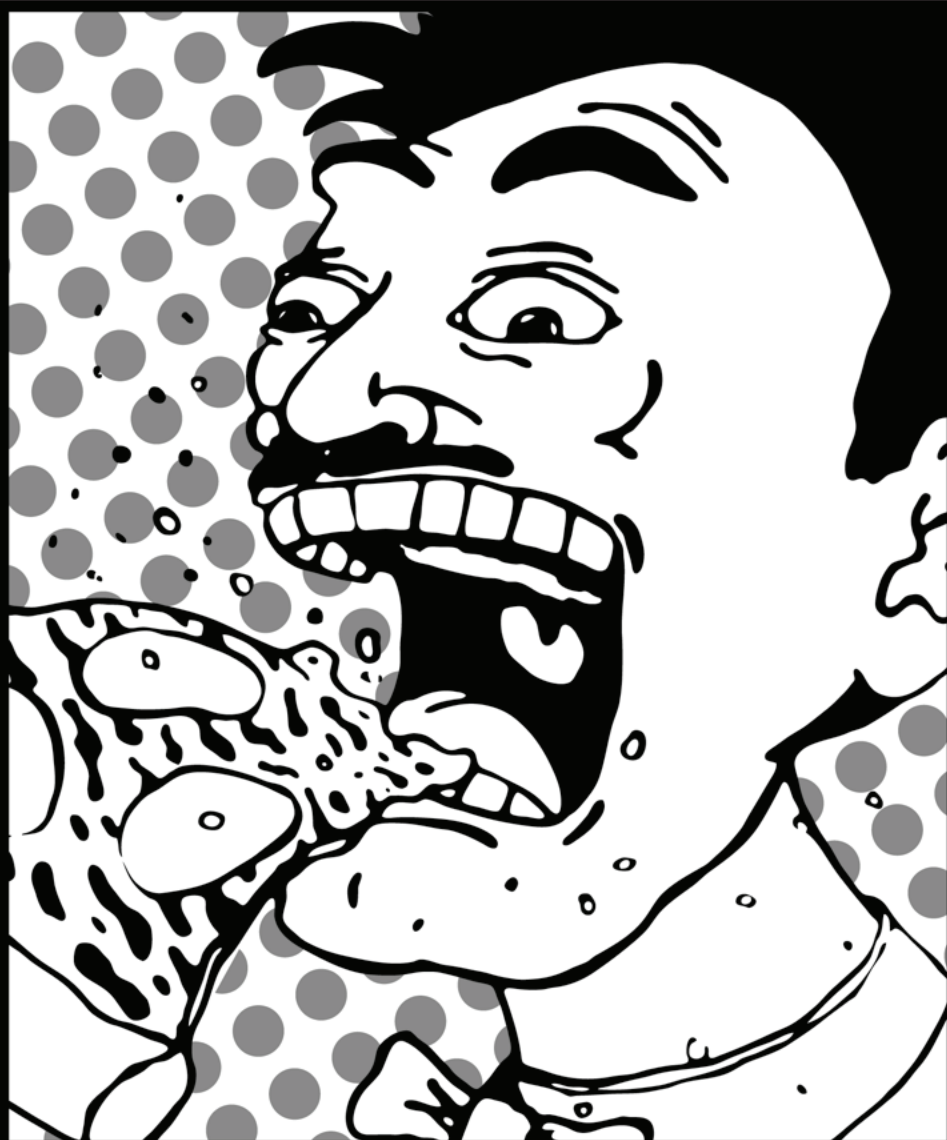
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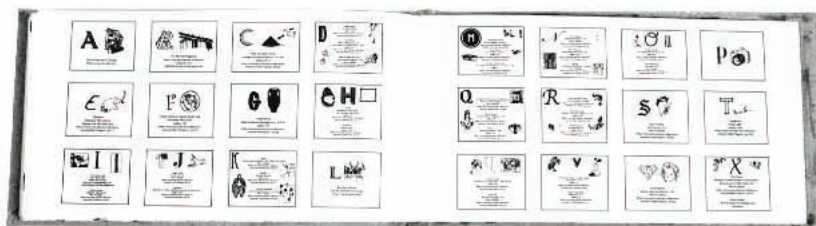
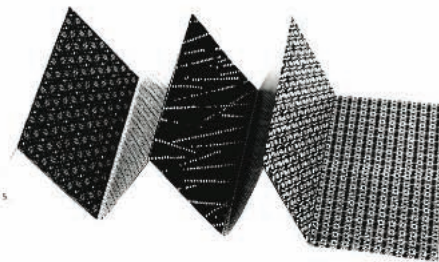
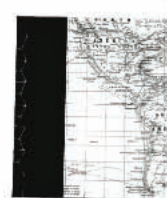
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The Cooperative Education Internship Program at SAIC translates classroom learning into practice, engaging students with the challenges presented by integrating their own artistic practices and the "real-world" context of creativity and work. This exhibition of Co-op participants' internship journals examines the complex relationship between art, pedagogy, and professional careers.

SAIC School of the Art Institute of Chicago

Office of Student Affairs

Cooperative Education Internship Program

1. David Sharpe 2. Clay Hickson 3. Elise Hibbard 4. Sara Tabatabaie 5. Hsiung Min 6. Abigail Ordaz

SPEAKING OF SPOKES

THE “HISTORY” OF CYCLING

By Brandon Goei

For as long as there has been a reason to be concerned about that tingly numbness “down there,” there has been resonant chatter about bicycles. From their inception as something harder than driving but easier than walking, to their recent role as society’s moral high horse, cycling has played an undeniably important part in the history of the world, at the hands of the world’s history-makers.

Records are fuzzy, but Plato and Socrates, leading authorities in confusing undergraduates, were often seen mounted together on tandem bikes en route to symposiums. King Arthur’s white steed was eternally jealous of his badass 53-speed mountain bike. Edouard Manet, the city-dwelling flâneur that he was, loved to see and be seen around Paris, mounted on his many colorful fixed-gear bicycles, effectively making him the first modern hipster. “Sans freins! Sans freins!”

If you’re still doubtful that bicycles matter, think about this: bicycles provide the perfect excuse for anything. Anything. Miss a class? Sweaty palms? Under-performing in the bedroom? Blame it on swinging car doors, long commutes and a crappy seat, respectively. You don’t even need to ride a bike to use these excuses. Carry around a scuffed helmet and roll up a pant leg — no one will be the wiser. Cycling: The More You Know.

BIKING CHICAGO IN THE WINTER

The days are getting shorter and the temperature is dropping, which is usually bad news for bikers in Chicago, where the brutal winter keeps many of us indoors as often as possible. For some of us though, biking is not only financially convenient and timely, it is a method for decent mental and physical health; a good bike ride is often one of the best ways to unwind during crit week. Fortunately, Bike Winter, a volunteer-based project in Chicago, has released some good advice for biking in the winter:

- Be aware of specific hazards: streets are slickest right when it begins to snow or rain. Sewage covers, leaves and metal bridges are dangerous when wet or frozen.
- Pump the brakes in wet or icy conditions. Ride slowly and keep your weight to the back, and don’t lean into turns as heavily.
- In snow, ride in the ruts created by cars, but avoid ridges which can deflect the front wheel and cause you to fall.
- Layer your clothes, make sure to use thick gloves and a balaclava to cover your face.
- Know your options for alternate routes during bad weather days.



Households in the Chicago region spend an average of 17 percent of their budgets—or \$7,500 per year—on transportation. Besides maintenance, biking is completely free.



There are six multi-use trails running in and through Chicago. These paved paths are for bike riders as well as walkers, skaters, and runners.



From 2000 to 2009, the percentage of Chicagoans commuting by bike increased from about .5 percent to 1.1 percent.



In 2008, a total of 27 bicycle riders were killed and 3,385 seriously injured in Illinois bicycle accidents.



In 2002, Kryptonite listed Chicago was listed as the second worst city for bike theft by.



In 2010, there were 104 miles of existing bike lanes in the city.



Tailpipe emissions from automobiles and trucks account for almost half of Chicago’s air pollution, contributing to asthma and other respiratory problems in the Chicagoland area.



According to the Active Transportation Alliance, more than half of its members who bike on streets have been “doored” at least once

A 2008 city law carries fines ranging from \$150 to \$500 for opening a vehicle door in the path of a cyclist.

Infographic by Patrick Jenkins
Information compiled by Daryl Meador



Sex Ed?

SAIC’s undefined stance on professor-student romance

**By Annette Elliot and
Alejandra Gonzalez Romo**

“The rampant behavior of inappropriate flirting, favoritism, sexual advances, and hints of quid pro quo for sexual acts,” argue Students Against Unethical Professors (SAUP), “is insidious and toxic to the SAIC community. We look forward to a positive dialog on this matter and immediate changes in policy.”

On September 19 the email “SAIC Students Against Unethical Professors, Sex Abuse & Retaliation” circulated campus with a list of demands. The anonymously signed letter called for the school to immediately establish a non-fraternization policy between faculty and students, which would directly prohibit romantic and sexual relationships between the two.

Despite Dean of Student Affairs Felice Dublon and Dean of Faculty Lisa Wainwright’s invitation to discuss their allegations of sexual harassment and the possible institution of a non-fraternization policy, SAUP has remained silent. Though anonymity was assured, SAUP has also not responded to multiple F Newsmagazine attempts to investigate the problem of faculty-student relationships.

The accusations raised by the September 19 email remain problematic. SAUP claims: “We have witnessed multiple inappropriate relationships between faculty and students. We have reported them and SAIC has turned its head. ... We are aware of at least one federal lawsuit pending against SAIC and a class action lawsuit is now being discussed.” Dublon and Wainwright explain that SAIC has a “well-publicized, written policy prohibiting discrimination, harassment and retaliation” and do not know of any pending federal lawsuit.

It is surprising that SAIC, unlike other Chicago colleges and universities such as Columbia College, DePaul University, Northwestern University and University of Chicago, has no policy regulating consensual professor-student relationships. “At SAIC, we have resisted the tendency to have a lot of policies,” explains philosophy professor and author of “Virtuous Liaisons” Raja Halwani. “Precisely because we are an art school, we think that policies are on a collision course with what we pride ourselves on — freedom of expression and creativity. Of course, this is a little bit ironic, because all universities pride themselves on being bastions of freedom.”

F Newsmagazine asked Dublon and Wainwright why SAIC does not have a policy regarding consensual relations. “I believe there is an implicit understanding of the social contract between faculty and students,” Wainwright explained, “an understanding that one does not engage in this kind of behavior. We have never put it down on paper because it is so central to how we live our professional lives that it seemed like stating the obvious.” When pressed further regarding her opinion of faculty-student romantic relationships, Wainwright replied, “I don’t condone this. At the same time, I can’t condemn it.”

As a result of headline-grabbing public relations nightmares, colleges are increasingly adopting policies limiting consensual sexual relations. In 2001, the College of William and Mary enforced a sweeping ban on sexual relationships between professors and students after Writer-in-Residence Sam Kashner published a shocking essay, “The

Professor of Desire.” In his confessional first-person narrative, Kashner describes his affair with a married student, whose husband subsequently committed suicide.

Romances between professors and students raise serious ethical questions. The American Association of University Professors (AAUP) argues that “sexual relations between students and faculty are fraught with the potential for exploitation.” The implied favoritism created by the unique professor-student relationship undermines fairness of evaluation, supervision and professional judgment.

Halwani points out that consensual relations are a form of favoritism: “When you have a different type of access to a teacher, it is a form of favoritism. If the teacher decides to give more time to the student than he gives to his other students, it is a form of favoritism. There will be questions whether the teacher can fairly grade the student’s paper. It can affect the entire atmosphere of a classroom. Even if the relationship is not disclosed to the rest of the students, which it usually isn’t, the students can tell that the atmosphere is somehow charged.”

Professor-student relationships are characterized by a delicate balance of trust and power. “The minute you fall in love or initiate a sexual relationship with someone,” contends Halwani, “you turn upside down whatever pre-existing relationships two people tended to have.”

Policies of sexual harassment and consensual relations are rooted in 1970s feminism and its aim to prohibit discrimination against women in the workplace and in higher education.

Plagued by unwanted sexual advances, abusive language and quid pro quo demands, feminists demanded an understanding of sexual harassment as discrimination under the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Sexual relationships between professors and students can be understood as a form of sexual harassment because of the problematic nature of mutual consent (also termed “exploited consent”), tainted by inherently unequal power dynamics. “The respect and trust accorded a professor by a student,” declares the AAUP, “as well as the power exercised by the professor in an academic or evaluative role, make voluntary consent by the student suspect.”

Feminist professors Billy Wright Dzeich and Linda Weiner debunk what they term the myth of the consenting student in “The Lecherous Professor.” “Few students are ever, in the strictest sense, consenting adults. A student can never be a genuine equal of a professor insofar as his professional position gives him power over her. The issue is that the power and the role disparity always exist, making it virtually impossible for the student to act as freely as she would with a male peer.”

In an interview with F Newsmagazine, feminist scholar Daphne Patai criticizes the radical feminist position: “I believe that women should be able to stand up for themselves and should think twice before they urge the paternalistic administration or government to act as their protector.”

In “Heterophobia,” Patai criticizes what she terms “the sexual harassment industry” for propagating stereotypes of male aggression and female victimhood. She questions

the implied assumption that women in “consensual relationships” cannot give informed consent: “What kind of reflection does this cast on the image of women as responsible adults?”

“University students are not children who need to be guarded against predatory adults. Nor are they mental patients requiring tender care. Universities are in fact splendid places where mature, young adults — all post-pubescent, most of them with the right to vote, to reproduce or not, and to kill and be killed in military service — congregate, teach and learn, and pursue intellectual and personal relationships.”

Patai argues that there exists a double standard in policies of sexual harassment and consensual relations, where these are limited to male-against-female aggression. Following a highly publicized French kiss at the Annual Graduate Student Gay and Lesbian Conference in 1991, Professor Jane Gallop declared “graduate students as [her] sexual preference.”

Accused of quid pro quo harassment, Gallop defended herself: “Female sexual harasser seems like a contradiction in terms. University policies against sexual harassment aim to ensure that women have as much chance as men to pursue knowledge. After all, feminism invented sexual harassment.”

Supporters of strict sexual harassment and regulated consensual relationship policies insist not only that students are easy targets but also point out the discriminatory effect such behavior has on other students in the classroom and the campus community at large. The SAUP email expressed extreme concern at “the predatory environment that flourishes at [SAIC].”

Increased awareness of the power of harassment accusations — which can range from an unwanted look to a flippant remark — has resulted in a repressive academic climate. Many professors are extremely careful with every word and gesture, leave their office doors open, and are hesitant to engage with students outside the classroom lest it be misconstrued as romantic interest.

F Newsmagazine discussed with Professor Maud Lavin the cooling effect on professor-student interactions that a strict non-fraternization policy might have. Firm in her view that SAIC should introduce a policy discouraging faculty-student relationships,

Lavin explains: “I don’t think a policy should affect relationships outside the classroom. You just meet in public and keep your clothes on!”

“Sexual harassment charges become a powerful weapon in the hands of ambitious and resentful students,” Patai observed in our interview. It is difficult to provide concrete evidence in incidents of intimate relationships and oftentimes the professor is immediately assumed to be guilty. “The stigma resulting from a charge of harassment,” argues Patai, “a mere accusation, however flimsy, however transparently fabricated, may well cost the accused his job.”

Claire Pentecost echoes a similar concern: “The problem for me with trying to legislate a policy, is that it becomes a weapon. There may be other reasons — whether political or personal politics — why students want to silence a given professor. Once you get accused, it is very damaging, even if you’re cleared.”

In 2009, East Georgia College Professor Thomas Thibeault was forced to resign after criticizing the school’s sexual harassment policy because it did not protect faculty against false or malicious harassment accusations. The police escorted Thibeault from the college and he was refused rehiring on the basis of “offensive speech.”

Professor Barbara DeGenevieve argues that our contemporary American culture has gone overboard with political correctness. In her article “Censorship in the US,” DeGenevieve criticizes political correctness as “an intellectual prison within which an extremely limited conversation can take place, and in fact where monologues and diatribes are the usual discursive practice.”

In an effort to avoid “monologues and diatribes,” F Newsmagazine hopes to cultivate a discussion between administration, professors and students at SAIC. How can we promote an academic culture where both parties are careful and cognizant of the potential damages and risks? How do we uphold an environment where knowledge and creativity flourish? Should SAIC encourage a more traditional policy based on restraint? After all, true love can wait — at least until graduation.

Care to comment?
Email editors@fnewsmagazine.com.

WHAT DO THE STUDENTS THINK?

by Mitchell E. Mittelstedt

“I think it’s okay, ethically, that students and teachers have romantic relationships outside class. Even if the student is doing it to get a good grade — that’s their business. The one thing I’d worry about, though, is whether those relationships disrupt how the class operates.”
—Harrison Browning, undergraduate, BFA

“It would be fine by me, but it sounds like it’d be easy for the relationship to affect the class. It’s definitely not cool if [the student] is doing it to pass. Maybe it’d be fine if the teacher and student were really in love, but that just seems really messy.”
—Sally Hyoung, undergraduate, BFA

“There is absolutely nothing wrong with student-teacher relationships, unless the teacher provides extra privileges to the student involved. There should just be an easy venue for other students to complain if they view anything unfair going on.”
—Elijah Llinas, undergraduate, BFAW

“People are going to do what they want to at the end of the day, so I don’t think there’s any reason to institute a steadfast rule. As far as something going wrong in a relationship — be an adult.”
—Kate Marx, undergraduate, BA

“We are all adults here at SAIC, so I don’t think the school needs to hold our hand. I don’t think it’s a good idea to have an intimate relationship with a professor, because it could adversely affect the work of the student in the relationship; but, again, I’m the one who’s making that decision. I think it’s good that the school leaves the decision to us. Just be smart.”
—Anonymous, graduate, MFA

“When a person enters college or grad school, they are, for all intents and purposes, an adult, both in age and intellect. Who they choose to have a sexual relationship with would fall under the scope of “their personal business.” On the other hand... there is a responsibility for teachers, who are in a position of power, not to abuse it. However, I don’t have a problem with it (student-faculty fraternization), and I don’t believe the school is in need of a policy change.”
—Joaquin Loa, graduate, MFAW

“I’m a Teaching Assistant for undergraduate Contemporary Practices. I don’t know whether there is one school-wide, though, but in the program I TA for, they do have a policy. You’re not allowed to do anything — have any contact like that at all [intimate or close]. Even in just a social situation, not involving anything sexual, many things can be read as inappropriate. But in graduate school I’ve never heard of anything like that happening.”
—Josh Rios, graduate, MA

“There are students of all different ages, but yeah I think there should be a policy just because as a student you’re in a somewhat vulnerable situation, but what the policy should be I don’t know. It should be enforced by the professors and student services.”
—Murphy Crain, graduate, MA

THE PROBLEM OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT

The accusations raised by the September 19 email remain problematic. Dean of Student Affairs Felice Dublon and Dean of Faculty Lisa Wainwright explain that SAIC has a “well-publicized, written policy prohibiting discrimination, harassment and retaliation.”

“If a student is in a compromised position, there is a support system in the school that will immediately be activated if the student simply asks for it,” reaffirms Graduate Division Chair Barbara DeGenevieve. “All student concerns as to any sort of discrimination, sexual harassment, or non-consensual interactions are thoroughly investigated. Great care is taken to protect student anonymity and protect them from retaliation.”

Both male and female students are subjects of sexual harassment in the U.S. According to the American Association of University Women (AAUW), 62 % of female college students and 61% of male college students report having been sexually harassed at their university, 66% of college students personally know someone who was harassed and 10% or less of student sexual harassment victims attempt to report their experiences to a university employee.

In August 2009, Governor Pat Quinn signed into law a measure that requires all institutions of higher education covered by the Illinois Human Rights Act to inform their student bodies of the illegality of sexual harassment. According to the law, Public

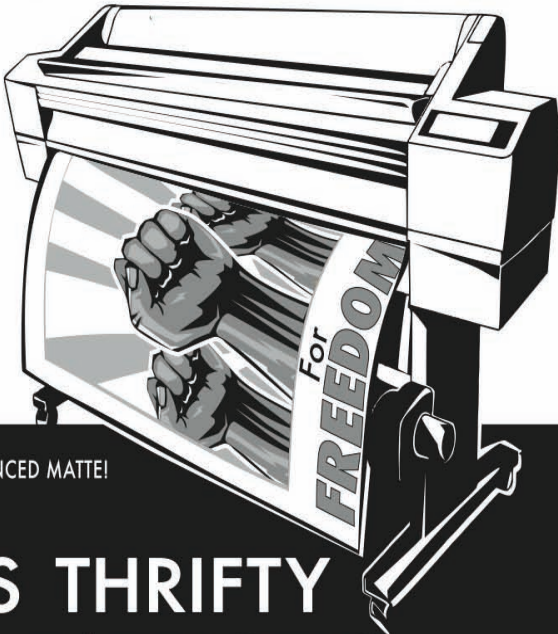
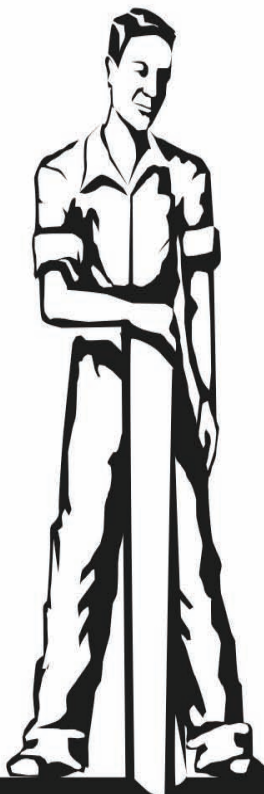
Act 96-0574, every institution is required to post in a prominent and accessible location a poster outlining sexual harassment laws and policies. After receiving the email, SAIC authorities stapled bright pink sheets of paper on the school hallways with a text that refers all victims or witnesses of sexual harassment to the Illinois Department of Human Rights.

“We take allegations of sexual harassment in higher education very seriously, and we certainly encourage students to report allegations to the Department so they can be investigated,” Mike Claffey, spokesman of the Illinois Department of Human Rights, told F Newsmagazine. “This would include cases in which someone feels that a hostile environment has been created in a higher education setting,” he continued. “Under the Illinois Human Rights Act, schools are required to inform students of their right to be free from sexual harassment.”

“If the SAIC does not have a policy and set of procedures in place to address complaints arising from sexual misconduct, then these should be developed by the faculty,” Anita Levy, Senior Program Officer of AAUP, told F Newsmagazine. “I would be glad to consult further with interested faculty on the specifics of sexual misconduct policy that would comport with AAUP recommended standards.”

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FOR MORE INFO:
Cooperative Education Internship Program
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T 312.629.6810
E co-op@saic.edu
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SAIC School of the Art Institute of Chicago

Cooperative Education Internship Program

1

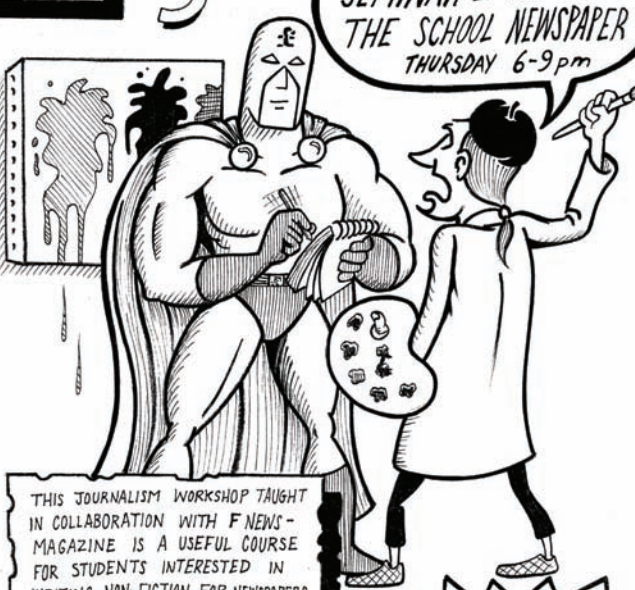


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School News Ticker



Illustration by Chloe Park

As you might have noticed already, **Blick knocked out Utrecht** from the small art supply store on the first floor of Columbus. Utrecht's contract to provide on-campus art supply store services ended in June 2010. The school's standard procedure to solicit bids prior to renewing contracts of this nature resulted in Blick's victory.

According to Brian Esker, VP for Finance and Administration at SAIC, "Blick provides a broader selection of products for SAIC with four times the inventory variety." Furthermore, "Blick provided a more attractive financial offer, related to rent, discounts, sponsorships, etc.," he explained to F Newsmagazine.

Karli Capp, Junior Retail Marketing Coordinator at Blick, told F Newsmagazine that the new store has had an "overwhelming positive response" from students. "The store is off to a great start and we look forward to building more sales as students become more aware of the store and the great service and selection that it conveniently provides them," she said. When asked what they will offer,

that Utrecht didn't, she answered, "Blick offers a larger selection of products at lower everyday prices at more locations throughout Chicagoland, all of which now accept the ARTICard and offer SAIC-branded merchandise. In conjunction with great customer service, we provide an unmatched shopping experience."

On the other hand, and after 20 years of being at the school, Utrecht left the Columbus building, hoping to be back soon. "We are sad to leave after so many years of being at the school, but we will continue to support the students as best as we can and we hope to come back in the next opportunity," said Sarah Ressler, store manager at Utrecht.

The details of the bid each of the stores presented to the school are confidential, so F Newsmagazine did not have access to them. "I'm sure there are some politics involved in the decision," said Ressler without further elaborating on the thought. Nevertheless, she considered the process was fair.

Casilda Sanchez's (MFA 2010) video installation, "The touch of proximity," was shown at the Estampa Art Fair in Madrid October 20-23, as part of the emerging artist program "Tentaciones," curated by Karin Ohlenschläger around the concept of "multiple lives."

October 11 **SAIC faculty Mary Patten** presented her book, "Revolution as an Eternal Dream: The Exemplary Failure of the Madame Binh Graphics Collective" at the Joan Flasch Artists' Book Collection.

Jennifer Stillwell (MFA 2000) will be featured as part of the 100th anniversary exhibition "Winnipeg Now," at the Winnipeg Art Gallery (WAG), Canada's oldest and largest civic art gallery. Stillwell will be one of 13 Canadian artists shown at the exhibition.

Connie Noyes, (MFA 1980) will have a solo exhibition at Blanc Gallery, opening November 18. On that date, an interactive social media website will be launched and through it, Noyes will connect one million people from all over the world. In Noyes' words, "IN THE PINK: The 1,000,000 People Art Project," will attempt "to change the world."

SAIC just became the third accredited school in the city to offer the Master of Architecture degree. **The National Architectural Accrediting Board (NAAB) gave SAIC its first three-year term of accreditation.**

With this recognition, the school joins the architecture programs of the University of Illinois at Chicago and the Illinois Institute of Technology. Master of Architecture graduates in SAIC's Department of Architecture, Interior Architecture, and Designed Objects (AIADO) are now eligible to apply for professional licensure.

The SAIC tumblr blog quotes President Walter E. Massey saying, "We are tremendously proud of SAIC's curriculum in architecture. Our program stands as a vigorous, contemporary model for inquiry into built environments, and this accreditation is an endorsement of the excellent work by our faculty, staff, and students."

"Though design education has been a part of SAIC's mission since its inception, the accreditation of the MArch program is a milestone for the AIADO department, SAIC, and the city of Chicago—enriching them all. With this accreditation decision, the AIADO faculty is excited to transition the MArch program from outset to fully operating platform. It's only the beginning," said Douglas Pancoast, Associate Professor and Director of Graduate Programs in Architecture and Interior Architecture.

Look for more information about this in FNewsmagazine.com

Louder and Larger

An interview with actor John Judd



John Judd in Steppenwolf Theatre Company's production of "Clybourne Park" by Bruce Norris, directed by ensemble member Amy Morton
Photo by Michael Brosilow

By Alejandra Gonzalez Romo

Admittedly intimidated by Shakespeare, and hoping to one day interpret Willy Loman in "Death of the Salesman" or George in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," John Judd, is a self-taught actor and SAIC alum who has conquered the local and national theater scene and is currently playing two roles in "Clybourne Park" at Steppenwolf Theatre.

AGR: You studied painting at SAIC (from 1979-1981). How did you jump to acting?

JOHN JUDD: My paintings got more and more narrative. I think they wanted to be stories instead of paintings. I asked myself, "What if I did that?" It was the scariest thing I could think to do. I had to investigate it, though. It was a little experiment that took over my life. I started doing improvisation in 1985. I was 30, so I was kind of late. If I had lived in New York, I wouldn't have been able to come in through the back door like I did here. I'm the luckiest guy I've ever talked to.

AGR: What did you find in theater that you didn't find in painting?

JJ: I didn't like the detachment of working on objects and having them be alone in the world. I always wanted to be in the room with them. To make myself the delivery system was a better fit for me. When I started acting I didn't really care if it was art anymore. Going to art school, I became obsessed with that. I worried if my work was significant, meaningful or important; all those words that they use in art school. Acting, I had a direct effect on an audience. For me, that was completing the transaction and I didn't have to worry about how to call it. That was a big relief for me.

AGR: Looking your previous plays I found many socially critical stories that deal with racism, hypocrisy and avoiding calling things

by their name. Do you think those aspects of our society have changed since the years of "Othello," or "Crime and Punishment" into our day, as we see in "Clybourne Park?"

JJ: If you can take a play that was written in the 16th century and do it in the 20th century and it's still relevant, obviously, some of the same things are still going on. The things that good plays are about are universal and will always be with us: conflict, life death, love. The things that motivate people to do what they do don't essentially change. We are not perfect, we are not an ideal society.

AGR: You've made self-conscious plays like "Orson's Shadow," where you played the famous actor, Laurence Olivier. This story is critical of your own profession. What was that experience like?

JJ: To play Laurence Olivier was an outrageous thing to be asked to do. It was very intimidating for me. It was very difficult to walk around in that character, and I still feel haunted by him a little bit when I see him in a movie. I studied him so carefully and I feel like I got inside of him somehow, even though he was long dead before I got to play him. It is a very weird thing that can only happen in my job. To develop that kinship with a person I never met. It was a fantastic, exhausting and exhilarating experience that left a really strong impression in me.

AGR: You have also done some work for film and television. What's special about theater?

JJ: I read once in The New York Times that the careers where you get the most adrenaline in your blood stream are one, test pilots, and two, stage acting. You have to be louder and larger in order to do live theatre. For me, that thrill is preferable. I don't think I can live without it.

AGR: What is your main challenge as an artist?

JJ: It doesn't get easier. The possibility of failure is always present. An actor should never get comfortable. It is not interesting to watch a person be comfortable. You have to strive for what keeps you on the edge. To me this is all kind of a gift — I came to this late, and now that I am 25 years into it, it's still a treat. It still feels like getting away with something.

AGR: What is the best thing about your job?

JJ: I get to play. My favorite thing about it is when we first start rehearsing for a new play and we come into a full room, where everyone comes at it from a different direction, but towards a common goal. I have a friend that says that is when the art happens, and after that, it becomes a commodity that you have to sell eight times a week. It is sort of true.

The end of each performance is an affirmation. It is a formal ritual when we drop the pretense, drop the fiction and walk out as who we really are. It is a little ritual of acknowledgement — it's wonderful. I love that moment when the lights come up and we see each other face to face as nothing more than people. It's great — it's like medicine.

*Clybourne Park, Sept. 8 - Nov. 6
Steppenwolf Theatre*

"To play Laurence Olivier was an outrageous thing to be asked to do. It was very intimidating for me. It was very difficult to walk around in that character, and I still feel haunted by him a little bit when I see him in a movie."

Practice, Practice, Masturbate

Simple strokes for simple folks

By Sylvia Pines

In 1994, Jocelyn Elders, the Surgeon General under Bill Clinton was dismissed after her controversial suggestion to teach teenagers from entering into risky sexual behavior. In late 2010, Taylor Momsen, the then-17-year-old Gossip Girl actress, was chastised for a statement she made promoting masturbation during an interview with the Guardian: “You don’t have to give yourself away just to have sexual relevance. Because I don’t think sex is something people should be afraid of. It’s part of human nature, so I don’t think it should be so shameful — particularly for girls and young girls.”

Why has there been such an attack on sexuality, specifically on young female sexuality? “The Kinsey Report on Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female,” published in 1953, addressed the repressive attitude Americans had towards female sexuality (including Kinsey’s own assumptions that women were less sexual than men), but that doesn’t necessarily make the discussion more palatable.

Even Kinsey’s discussion of female masturbation in “Sexual Behaviour in Human Females” included little discussion of the practices of women (though he does mention that 62% of women masturbate, compared with 92% of men; contemporary numbers have the rate of masturbation at 42% of women and 63% of men). In the United States, it is common knowledge that adolescent boys masturbate. It’s natural, mothers say; but bring up a teenage girl and her body and there’s still squeamishness about the topic.

Not to mention that religious conservatism in the country is committed to protecting the “Madonna/Whore” complex at all costs. “Taylor Momsen is projecting a negative image that will result in failure in her life,” Dr. Scott Turansky of the National Center for Biblical Parenting told Fox News in 2010. “Sadly, she is influencing other young women to follow in her steps. And many of these girls will find out only too late that they’re following the wrong model.”

While Momsen’s overall role-model qualifications are questionable, Dr. Turansky might consider the habits of other young female celebrities out there that an even

younger generation of girls look up to. Perhaps a confident, self-sufficient celebrity is a good role model. Isn’t she technically practicing abstinence when she says she prefers her vibrator over boys? And considering your beliefs (abstinence, preserving the Madonna) isn’t that a good thing?

Too often young women get into bed with a partner for the first time having never touched themselves. “I didn’t even know what my vagina looked like,” said a 27-year-old SAIC student about her first time. “I thought I wasn’t normal because it hurt when guys fingered me,” said another SAIC student, 21. “But actually they just didn’t know what they were doing. After my first few times I gave up.”

It’s a weird predicament we’ve found ourselves in, ladies. We expect the guy to know what makes our pussies swell, but where is he going to get that knowledge? Jocelyn Elders had a point. Shouldn’t we encourage masturbation? It’s more complicated than the “if boys can do it, why can’t girls” argument.

According to the Illinois Department of Public Health, only 35% of teens use condoms during sex; 25% of high school seniors have had four or more sexual partners; and 25% of all new STD cases in the U.S. occur in teens.

The Guttmacher Institute reports 7% of women ages 15-19 become pregnant each year — that’s 750,000 teen pregnancies, 82% of which are unintended and 57% of which result in birth. According to the same study teens who become pregnant are less likely to attend college.

Furthermore, the 1972 Rockefeller Commission on Population and the American Future researched that unwanted children “turned out to have been registered more often with psychiatric services, engaged in more antisocial and criminal behavior, and have been more dependent on public assistance” — a statement recently tested and confirmed by Steven D. Levitt and Stephen J. Dubner in their book “Freakonomics: A Rogue Economist Explores the Hidden Side of Everything” (2005).

So, Dr. Scott Turansky, I ask you again, in a time when women continually have negative encounters with sex, teenagers get pregnant, drop out of college and their children are at risk, don’t you think a good role model is the woman who confidently uses a vibrator?

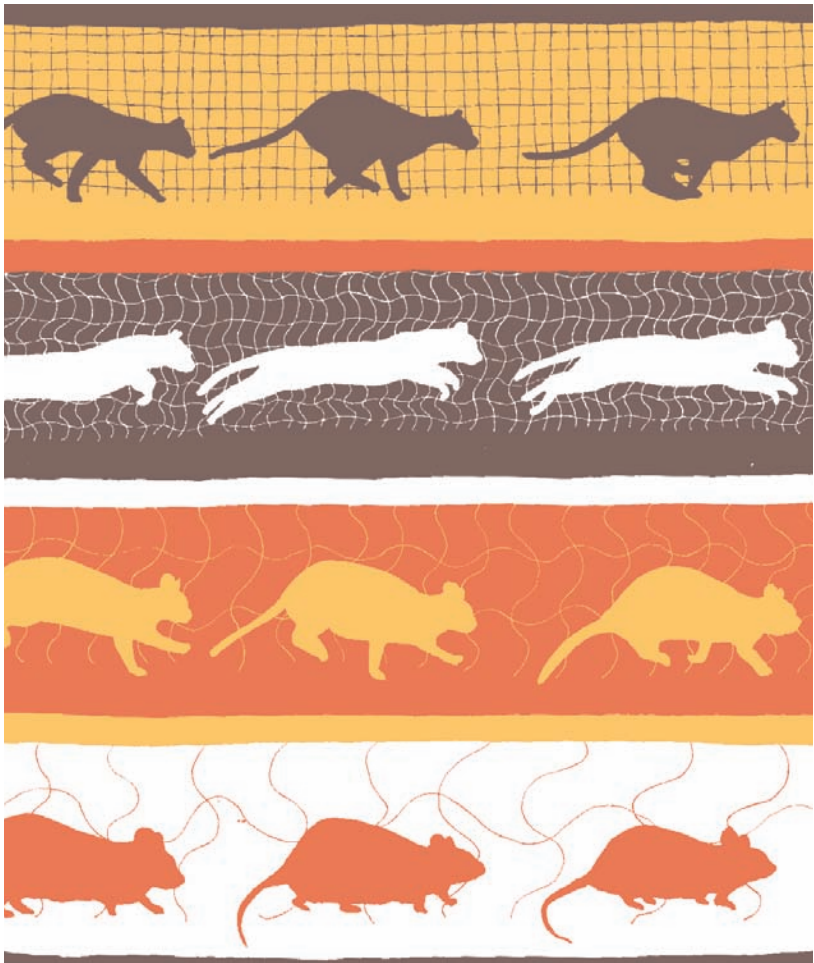


Arrangements by Brandon Goei. Photos by Djiana Kadic. Dildos courtesy of Tulip Toy Gallery (mytulip.com)

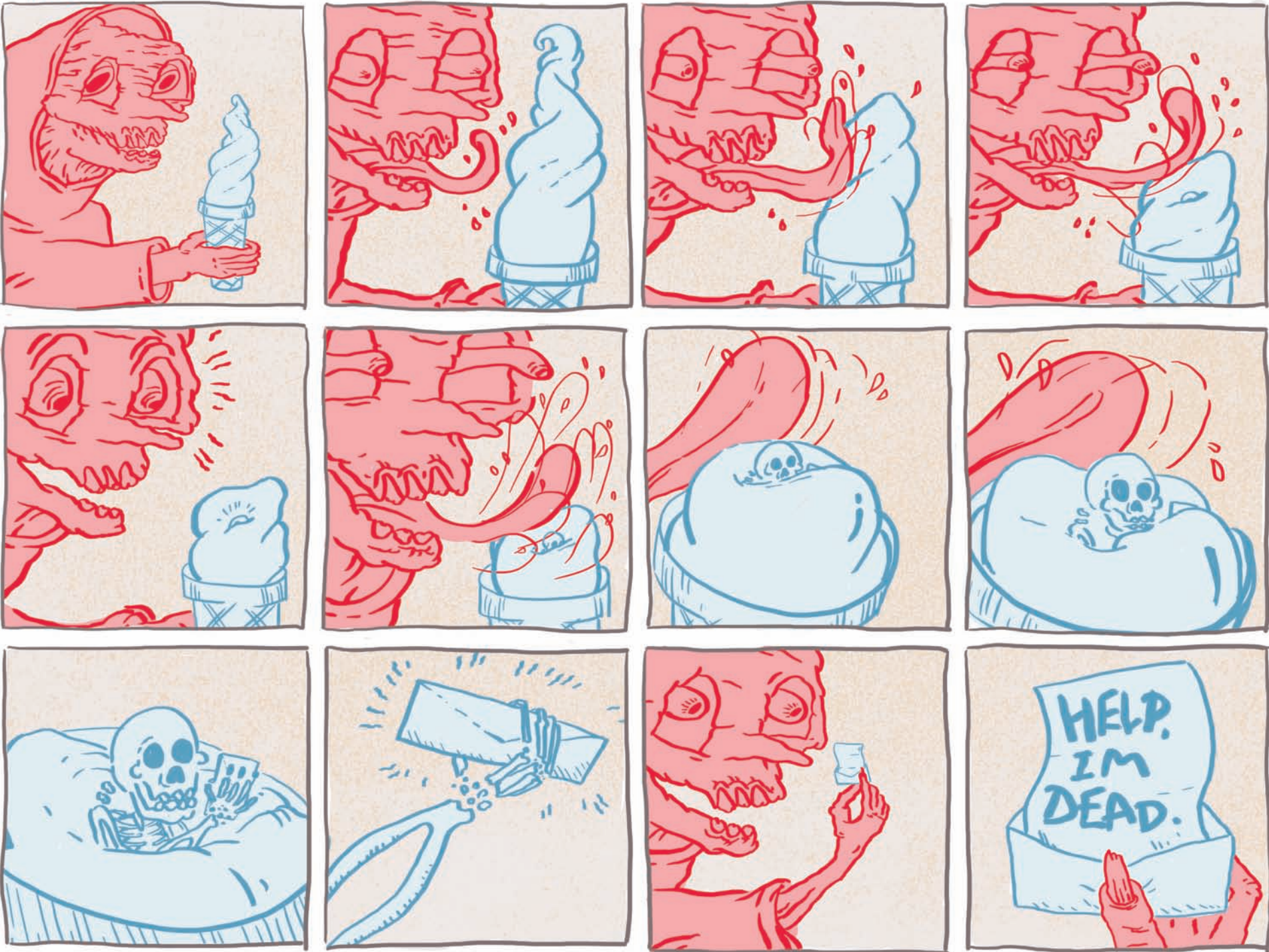
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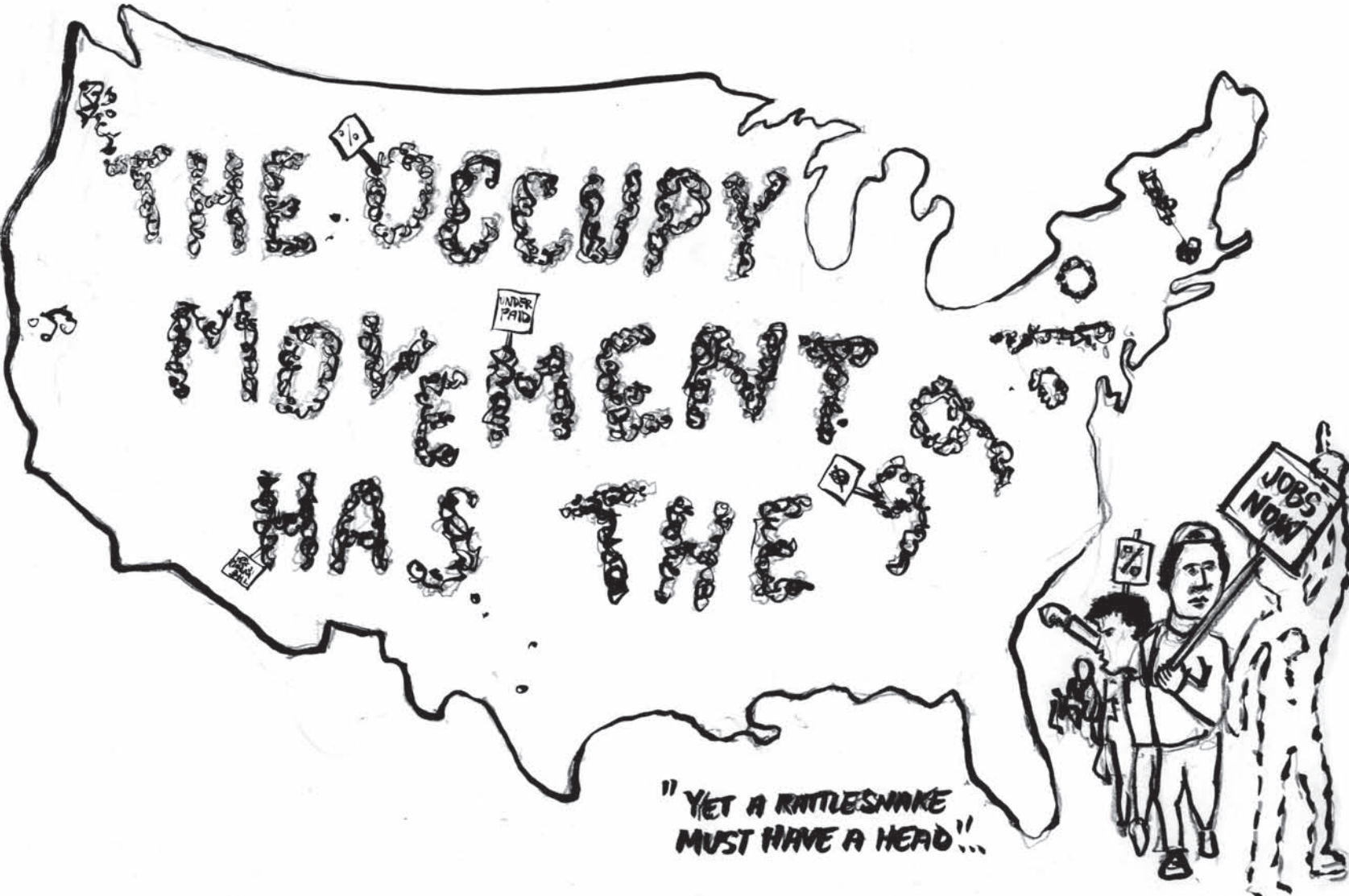
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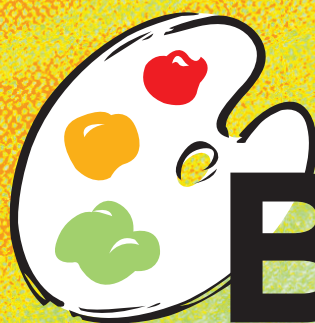


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