

# fnewsmagazine

03  
15

**R**<sup>130</sup>emembering Jeff Geesa

**A**<sup>115</sup>Future With Rahm?

**B**<sup>5</sup>road City: Feminist Icons





Garment: Emily Popp | Photo by James Prinz

# fashion2015

## FRIDAY, MAY 8 MILLENNIUM PARK

## Watch the Future of Fashion Unfold

Tickets for the 9:00 a.m. Dress Rehearsal are \$20 for SAIC students, faculty, and staff. Purchase tickets in the ARTICard Office, 37 S. Wabash Ave., suite 254 starting March 9.

**SAICFASHION.ORG**  
**#SAICFASHION**

In conjunction with Fashion 2015, SAIC will host the film program:

A Shaded View on Fashion Films  
presented by Diane Pernet

Sunday, May 10, 1:00 p.m.  
Gene Siskel Film Center  
164 North State Street



# Letter From The Editor

115  
A

**S MARCH 20** approaches, when the sun crosses the celestial equator moving northward (known as the Vernal Equinox, or the first day of spring), we in Chicago and in the rest of the northern hemisphere can begin to consider leaving the house without a hat, riding in cars with a window down, and sitting at a sidewalk cafe. The sense of renewal that the season brings about recalls, down to the most fundamental level, those things that make life possible: perfect conditions, primordial soups, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Elements.

This issue is devoted to that which is elemental, the uncompounded, rudimentary building blocks that make up who and what we are and the first principles that guide all human beings — like television and movies, but also human rights, basic freedoms and the primeval states of aloneness and having lost someone.

Ariel Gentalen discusses the show *Transparent*'s ability to subvert dominant narratives in television

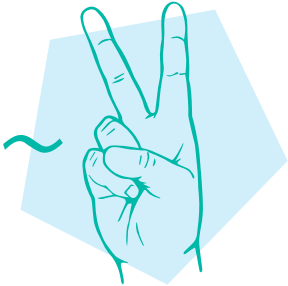
through its freedom from a dependence on advertising dollars. Former Art and Technology editor Kayla Lewis explores the significance of that most elemental human behavior, language, by examining the reactions between aluminum, oxygen, and neon in  $Al_2O_3Ne$ . Kimia Maleki keeps a diary of the days following the aftermath of a recent event that elicits one of our oldest emotions, fear. And Staff Writer Rosie Accola examines the transcendent qualities of a work of something none of us can live without: entertainment.

Finally, we pay tribute to Jeff Geesa, an adept artist in the School of the Art Institute of Chicago's MFA Painting Department. Geesa's death makes us remember not only his life and work, but also the deepest sorrow we as humans can feel: that of loss.

Our designers chose a color palette inspired by the primary color blue, a fundamental building block for a variety of substances and theories from minerals to art movements. The blue chakra represents the throat, linguistics, and

truth. The typeface DIN (Deutsches Institut für Normung, or the German Institute for standardization) fills our pages this month, because it is used by engineers, those whose works wrangle the forces of physics and the elements. It is a typeface that would not seem out of place in the Periodic Table of Elements.

Before the weather warms and our lives somehow, for some reason, seem to move even faster for a season, spring is a time to examine the often overlooked things that constitute us and the world around us.



## WEB EXCLUSIVES

March 2015

### Si Se Puede and Other Things Rahm Can't Say

News Editor Megan Byrne breaks down the five main mayoral candidates and their stances on the key issues in this year's race.

### Obey The Artist

Staff Writer Rosie Accola discusses a short documentary that peeks inside Shepard Fairey's artistic process and discusses what it means to be an artist in the age of social media.

### Beyond Angry Girls and Punk Lyrics

Web Editor Jessica Barrett Sattell reviews a new monograph of prolific Japanese artist Yoshitomo Nara's drawings and diary entries spanning 1984-2013.

### SAIC Street Style

Photographer Natalie Miller documents the fashion-forward students of SAIC.

### Not Just A Pretty Cover

Jac Kuntz reports on Editions Kavi Gupta, a space housing a collection of art publications and artist editions curated by a SAIC alumna.





James R. Hugunin

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Inside a Tomo Therapy Radiation Treatment Machine "Case X" enters "skull-time," contemplating his past, present, and future prospects.

James Hugunin teaches the History of Photography and Contemporary Theory at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He is the author of numerous artist books, art criticism, and experimental fiction.

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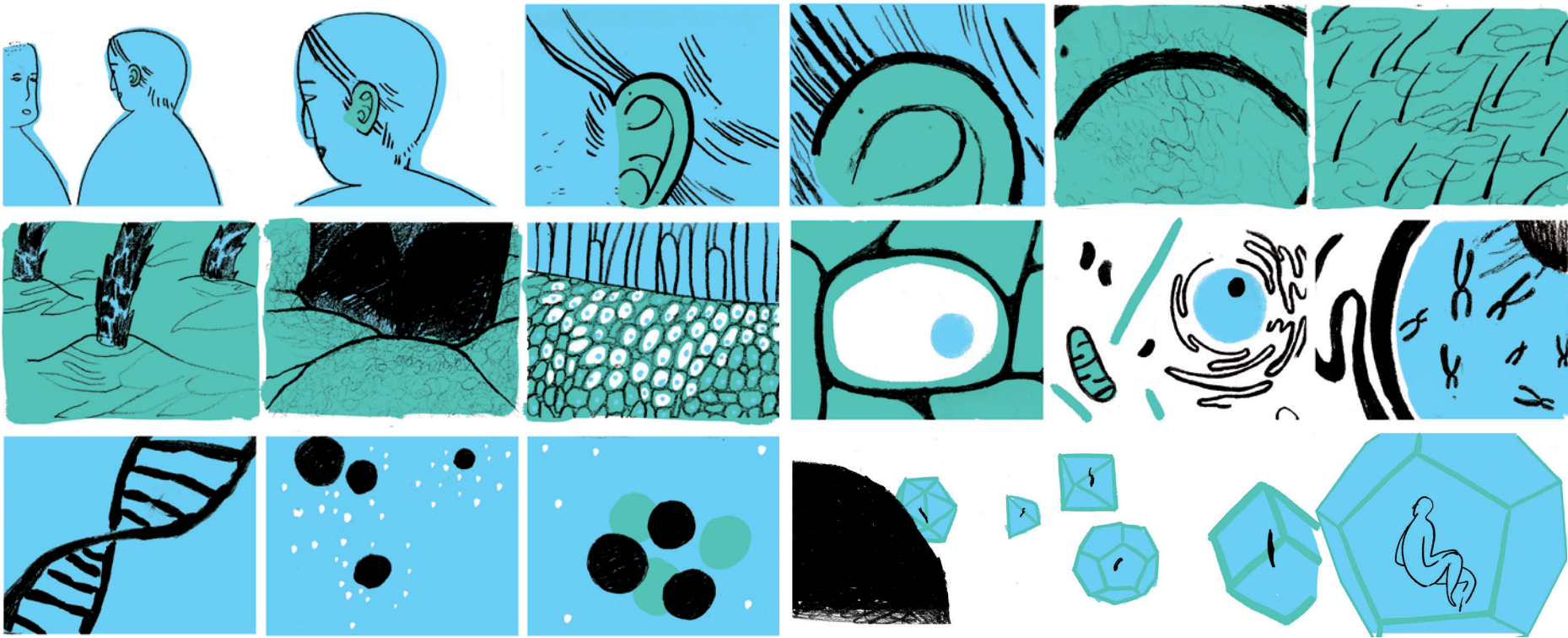
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Cover: *It's Okay To Be Blue Sometimes* by Megan Pryce

*fnews* magazine since 1984

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Do you have a reservation?

## Copenhagen Shootings

**THE COPENHAGEN** shootings took place on Saturday, February 14, when an armed man entered a cafe during a public debate and opened fire. Swedish artist Lars Vilks, who had become a controversial figure after he had decapitated the prophet Mohammed in political cartoons, was believed to be the aim for this attack, but the gunmen could not enter the cafe as the event had preemptively scheduled security for the talk titled *Art, Blasphemy and the Freedom of Expression*. A film director named Finn Nørgaard, who was attending the talk, was shot and killed during the attack, and three Danish police officers were wounded. In the early hours of the following morning, Dan Uzan, who was guarding a Jewish synagogue during a bat mitzvah was shot and killed.

## Shootings at UNC

**IN EARLY FEBRUARY**, a newlywed couple and the wife's sister were executed in their shared apartment in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The perpetrator, Craig Stephen Hicks, turned himself in early Wednesday morning. Hicks had known all three victims previous to the attack. The family and Hicks had argued over parking space issues. Although police officially reported that this was not a religiously driven crime, there is a great deal of conversation occurring around a possible racial and religious dispute.

## Go Set A Watchman

**HARPER LEE'S** first-written novel, *Go Set A Watchman* is being released this coming July. The famous author of only one novel (*To Kill A Mockingbird*) painted a horrifyingly beautiful landscape of Alabama during the Great Depression.

The book has been in development since at least the late 1950s, and is being pitched to the market as a rediscovered manuscript. The book, following mostly the same characters as *Mockingbird*, will likely serve as a testament to those same ideals, grappling with the moral high ground, racial inequality, and gender issues.

Though the excitement of another Lee novel persuaded crowds to pre-order copies, there have also been concerns raised in many literary circles regarding whether Harper Lee is still competent enough to make her own editorial choices in her novel. This according to the *New Yorker*, shows an increased concern to protest a creator's artistic value and license, raising the question of older artists being taken advantage of (like Willem De Kooning, who continued to paint after the onset of dementia.) Lee has responded to the criticism that she may be being manipulated by dismissing those concerns, saying, "I'm alive and kicking and happy as hell with the reactions to *Watchman*."

## Another Congress That Doesn't Work

"This is no way to run a Congressional majority, and the only winners of GOP dysfunction will be Mr. Obama, Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton." —*Wall Street Journal*

*The Wall Street Journal* has been a news ally to the Republican party, but its recent editorial titled *Can The GOP Change?* highlights the tension in the longtime relationship with the new Republican-majority Congress, led by Sen. Mitch McConnell and Rep. Kevin McCarthy.

The Homeland Security budget was the latest hostage taken in the GOP-Obama struggle with the GOP trying to rescind recent immigration reform as a condition for passing the budget. Those reforms allow work permits and temporary status to be awarded to illegal immigrants, but the Republicans have proposed legislation to try and roll back the order that includes not prioritizing sending criminals back first, as well as deportation of young adults brought to the United States illegally by their parents.

The GOP-sponsored House bill failed three separate times to obtain the 60 votes it needed in the Senate to bypass a filibuster by Democrats. With the Republican Party divided, the *Wall Street Journal* article warns that this is specifically a battle not to flounder on since it shows the GOP willing to sacrifice national security for its domestic policies, all this with the imminent international threat posed by the Islamic State of Syria and the greater Levant.

illustration by Berke Yazicioglu

SAIC

School of the Art Institute of Chicago

# BEFA SPRING 2015 UNDERGRADUATE EXHIBITION

March 14–April 1

Reception: Saturday, March 14  
12:00–6:00 p.m.Sullivan Galleries  
33 S. State St., 7th floor

Tuesday–Saturday, 11:00 a.m.–6:00 p.m.





Make Your Food Drunk, Irish, or Both

►Alexia Casanova

**T**<sup>22</sup> **HERE ARE SO** many reasons to look forward to March: spring (everywhere but in Chicago), Bisexual Health Awareness Month (which is also an excuse for the occasional art kid to boast about eating both V and D), and of course, St. Patrick's Day. It's not that I'm not excited about pre-spring or a bunch of strangers making sure that I know that they are sexually liberated, but the opportunity to drench my food with Guinness and Baileys beats everything.

Like Sam Smith whines, "I know I am not the only one," so here are savoury and sweet options to get your food drunk this month:

Guinness and Cheddar Dip

(Recipe courtesy of The Parsley Thief for the Wisconsin Cheese Board. Available at [www.theparsleythief.com](http://www.theparsleythief.com))

- Ingredients:**
- 8 ounces cream cheese
  - 2 1/2 cups shredded sharp cheddar cheese
  - 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
  - 2 tablespoons of salt
  - 1/4 cup Guinness
  - 2 scallions, chopped
  - 2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley

In a food processor, combine the cream cheese, dijon mustard, salt and cheddar cheese. Pulse until it all comes together as a homogenous, whitish mush, a bit like the 2015 Oscars. Pour in the Guinness, and then down the rest of the can like the Irish national that you wish you were. Blend it all until it is looking nice and smooth then add the parsley and the scallions and pulse a few more times. If you like spices and hot stuff — like most people who are not actually Irish would — you can add a bit of hot sauce (I personally think that paprika always works great in dips). Put it all in a bowl and reserve in the fridge for at least an hour. I know, waiting sucks. Kill time with a few more cans of Guinness and discuss the environmental impact of dying a whole fucking river bright green just for a day. Serve with crackers or whatever else you have around the house.

Quick and Easy BaBaHaze (Baileys Banana Hazelnut) Cake

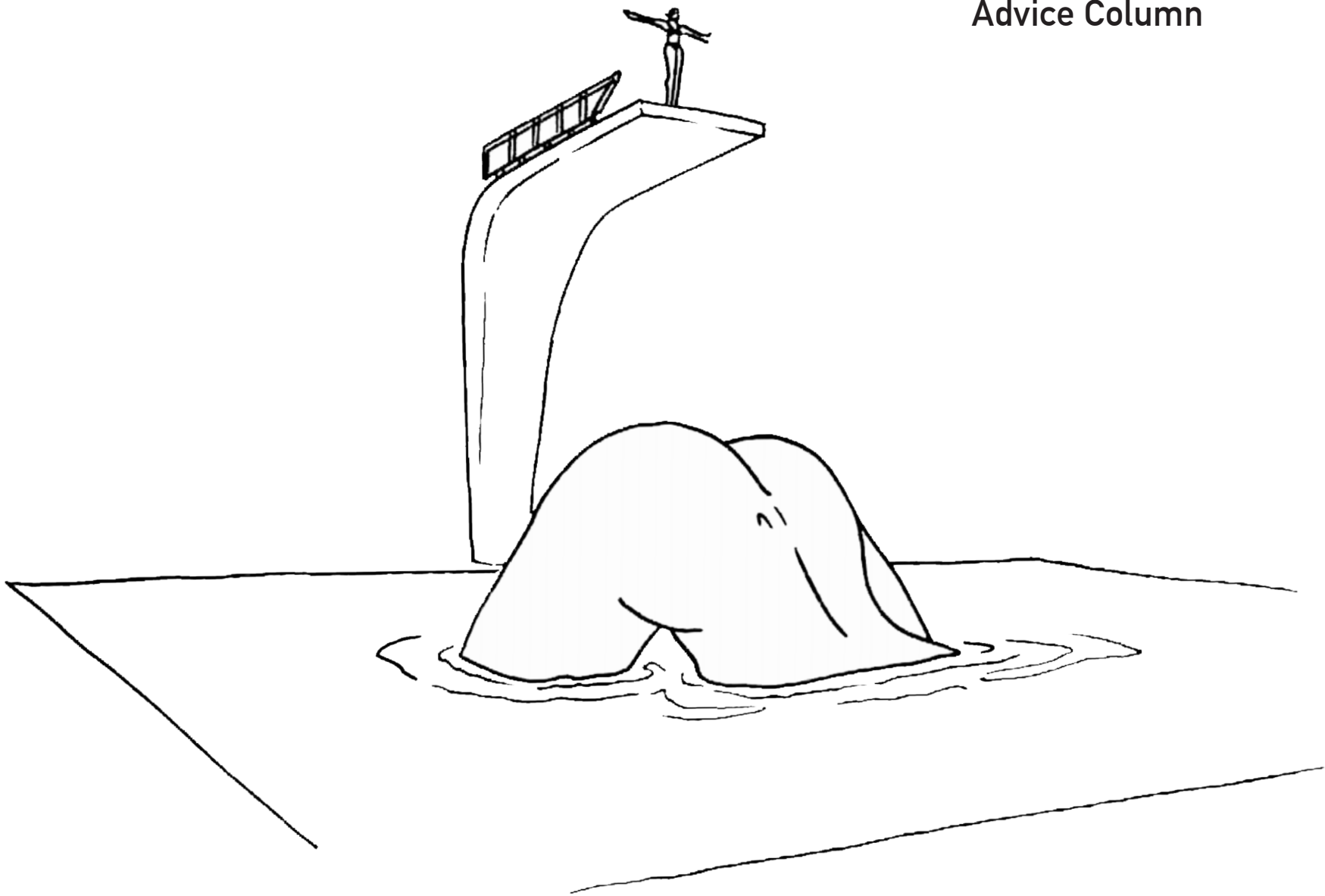
- Ingredients:**
- 4 bananas
  - 4 handful of hazelnut (raw, no shell)
  - 2 eggs
  - 3 1/2 ounces of butter
  - 1 and 1/4 cups of sugar
  - 1 cup of flour
  - 2 teaspoons of baking powder
  - 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract
  - 7 oz of Baileys Irish Cream (that's a minimum dose you guys – use as much as you need)

All right! If your hazelnuts are whole, put them in a cloth and hammer them (or hit them hard with whatever heavy utensil you can find around you) to break them into tiny pieces. Peel the bananas and throw them into a blender along with the crushed hazelnuts, eggs, and Baileys. Blend until smooth. Then add butter (melt it beforehand; 30 seconds in the microwave should do it), the sugar, vanilla extract, flour and baking powder. Blend again until perfectly smooth. Pour it all in a buttered, oven safe dish and make sure that it is shallow enough so you don't end up with a BaBaHaze atomic mushroom (they look fun but are a bitch to clean up). Cook for about 45 minutes at 200°.

**Vegan option:** Eat a fucking shamrock bouquet and drink water.

# Imprudence

An SAIC Relationship Advice Column



Sex Columnist Fanny Newsome Makes the Mistakes So You Don't Have To

**This Month: Petting the Pussy**

*I am a junior at SAIC and have been crushing on a girl for quite some time. We finally went out last week and had a great time. We also kissed. A lot. She is the first woman I have ever been romantically involved with. I do not identify as a lesbian, but she has for many years. We are going out again, and I am very nervous about being intimate with her. I have no clue how to have sex with a woman and no idea what the heck to do down there! I keep trying to download lesbian porn for some ideas, but I keep getting weird pop-ups and blockers. Help?*

—Feelin' Like a Pussy

Dear F.L.a.P.,

Just dive right into that pussy, babe!

It's exciting and terrifying to embark on new sexual adventures and experiences, but we often make ourselves physically vulnerable even before we know and trust the person we are about to get naked with. Just remember that you are both interested in giving each other pleasure. With a little communication and a lot of heavy petting, you will be on the L train to O Town.

Instead of labeling this experience as "lesbian sex," think of it as exploring a physical connection with a person you like. The fluidity of your attraction will provide the momentum you need to get over the proverbial hump of your insecurities. Think about what you like, and ask your date what she likes. You can also use the universe's social lubricant – alcohol – to take the edge off (just ask your local Trader Joes' wine representative about Two Buck Chuck. Tell 'em Fanny sent you).

Like you, I was also nervous anticipating the first time I would be having sex with a woman, and I tried to prepare by Googling information about female pleasure. The spies at the NSA probably masturbated to my Internet searches. After I saw the search results for "how do I move my tongue up and down on a pussy to make a girl orgasm?" I thought, "Wow, I love the Internet!" It's easy to intellectualize sex and make a checklist of physical do's and don'ts, but once we're face to face with someone, we realize that the pleasure cave is cavernous and complex.

If you don't enjoy your first sexual experience with a woman, I'd advise you to not swear off pussy forever. Women have been taught since birth to seek and value the attention of men, and our learned heterosexually-biased behavior produces a strong neural pathway that

is hard to shake off when pursuing our desires outside of the heteronormal. The first time I gave a man oral sex, I did not particularly enjoy having his dick in my mouth, and I did not orgasm when I lost my virginity to a man. We are taught that women get to enjoy sex later in life, and that men can cum from a gust of wind grazing their penis. By engaging in an active sexual dialogue, we can reverse such assumptions and become champions of our own pleasure.

What I'm trying to say is the following: relax, try stroking your partner's clit with your middle finger in a circular motion, or lick her vagina like a plate with your favorite leftovers.

OMG, I'm getting wet just thinking about how much fun you're going to have.

○  
Stumped by sex? Frustrated by fucking? Reeling from a relationship? Fanny wants to hear all about it! Write to dearfanny@fnewsmagazine.com with your questions.



2015

# FELLOWSHIP COMPETITION

## ***BFA / POST-BACCALAUREATE FELLOWSHIP***

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APPLICATION DEADLINE

**March 23** by 5:00 p.m.

## ***MFA FELLOWSHIP***

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APPLICATION DEADLINE

**March 30** by 5:00 p.m.

## ***MFA WRITING FELLOWSHIP***

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APPLICATION DEADLINE

**April 6** by 5:00 p.m.

Applications now available via SlideRoom

Visit [saic.edu/fellowship](http://saic.edu/fellowship) for more information



School of the Art Institute  
of Chicago



# Elnaz Javani

5 Questions profiles SAIC students and faculty at work, in the school and beyond. This month, Paula Calvo spoke with Elnaz Javani, a second-year Master of Fine Arts student in Fiber and Material Studies.

**What are some of the materials that you work with?**

My work is done mostly with fabric for its resemblance to the body. Fabric can be molded, lacerated, torn, wrinkled, shapeless, and sewn in the way of skin. It bears the marks of its experiences and is feminine in its sensitivity and refinement. I love the aspect of handling the materials and the play of how it feels in my hands; it is a very tactile experience. As such, I explore what the material will do naturally on its own, but also experiment with ways in which I can enhance its potential, such as its surface quality. I enjoy the challenge of getting the material to do what I want it to do.

**What was the most inspiring or influential exhibition you've seen in the last six months?**

I usually go to the Art Institute. I don't go to galleries much. I think museums are more inspiring and they are more comforting, encouraging. Last week I was at the Art Institute to see El Greco's "Apostle St. James the Less" painting. It was spectacular; it was even more so in person. Using typically dark, moody colors. I fell in love with the way he painted those hands.

**Your artist statement describes an interest and approach to "things that offend you." What would those "things" be and how are they reflected in your work?**

My fears: fear of silence, forgetting things, fear of rejection, involvement, and dependency. I fear the predatory quality of people, asking me for more than I can give. Fear of violence, game, red, fear of words. Fear of the unconscious. My fears keep me in the studio,

working and exorcising fear. I have to reassure myself again and again; all the time, how I can conquer fear. The fears are those "things" that I'm trying to find the answers to in my work.

**Your work is also focused on creating an environment for the viewer. Is there an artist whose environment-based works you would consider successful?**

By saying "environment," I mean to create a space or an environment for that viewer to become immersed in the work, so that they become part of the environment of work and are able to experience it on their own terms. There are so many artists, for example, Mona Hatoum — I think her works truly represent it in the best way.

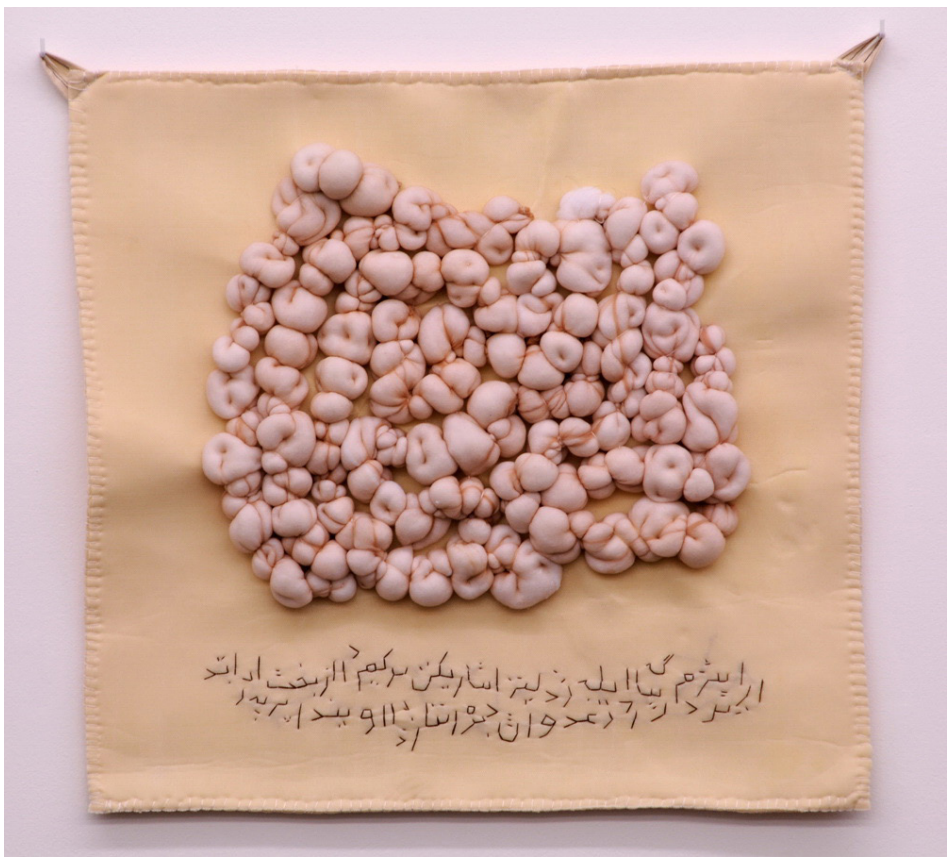
**What are five words you would use to describe yourself to someone you've just met?**

Passionate, innovative, stubborn, sensitive, care-so-much.

Learn more about Elnaz's work at her website: [elnazjavani.com](http://elnazjavani.com)



Healing | Mixed Media and thread- Fabric | 30x40x100 in | 2015



There Is Nothing Underneath Me | Sewing & Mixed media on Fabric | 68 x 64 cm | 2012



Fate Installation | Hand Sewing & Mixed media on Coats | 2012



Are you a current SAIC student or faculty member and want to share your work for a future 5 Questions? Send a brief introduction and portfolio link to [editors@fnewsmagazine.com](mailto:editors@fnewsmagazine.com).





# Sneak Attack Feminism

## Broad City Ain't No Girls

The show simply exudes the honesty and irreverence that *Girls* has been attempting since its first season.

► Rosie Accola

**E**VERY SO OFTEN television attempts to capture the Swiftian tornado of “happy, free, confused-and-lonely-at-the-same-time” that being a twenty something living in a proverbial “big city” elicits. Whether it’s Zooey Deschanel as Jessica Day, the D.I.Y. daydream of FOX’s *New Girl* or the now-revered foibles of Pheobe, Ross, Rachel and the gang on *Friends*, television is always looking for a new way to expound upon the virtues of being young and crazy in the big city. And few shows manage to truly tackle the frustration and irreverence of people living in New York (or any big city for that matter) as Comedy Central’s *Broad City*.

The television show originated as a web series of the same name, running from 2009 to 2011. Eventually its creators and stars, Abbi Jacobson and Ilana Glazer, pitched it to Comedy Central. Not only did Comedy Central agree to produce a season, veteran comedy actor Amy Poehler (*Saturday Night Live*, *Parks and Recreation*) agreed to executive produce the show.

*Broad City* revolves around the daily life of two best friends, also named Abbi and Ilana. Abbi works as a janitor at a gym called Soulstice and harbors dreams of becoming a personal trainer and an artist, while she’s stuck scrubbing the showers. Ilana works at an unspecified E-commerce start-up where she has mastered the art of napping in a bathroom stall. Despite their mind numbing day jobs, the duo still finds time to have an abundance of excursions around the city.

A particularly refreshing aspect of the show is the sheer joy with which the two approach their various escapades. Abbi and Ilana make sure to have fun no

matter where they go, whether they’re walking a dog that looks like Judith Lang or trying only to find Abbi’s phone.

As soon as *Broad City* existed in the mainstream media consciousness, it was hailed as “the next *Girls*.” Oftentimes, shows focusing around female characters are not allowed to exist independently within their own space. Even *Parks and Recreation* was first regarded as “government’s answer to *The Office*.” Then, the comparisons between *Parks and Recreation* and Tina Fey’s *30 Rock* started rolling in, as if one show had to champion over the other. Despite the media’s constant attempts to pit female actors against each other, *Broad City* has held its own. The fact that both it and *Girls* center around twenty-something women in New York is about the only basis for comparison.

The show simply exudes the honesty and irreverence that *Girls* has been attempting since its first season. For example, the *Broad City* girls are actively shown working at their dead-end jobs rather than lamenting about how it’s so hard to work without actually doing so. Abbi is ambitious in regards to her art, but she is not immediately rewarded or “discovered” by a curator who happens to be in one of her Pilates classes. Abbi’s job is horrible, there’s no way around it. She cleans showers at a gym, and she accepts that it’s gross with the occasional side-eye. She refuses to wax poetically about how one day she could use this “for her art.” She just works, and it’s not life-changing, it’s the signature combination of mind-numbingly boring and irritating of any good old fashioned dead-end job.

The true heart of the show lies in Abbi and Ilana’s friendship. Portlandia’s Carrie Brownstein tweeted that the rapport between the two made her want “to live inside that secret-handshake

vernacular.” By contrast, most television friendships seem stagnant. In the case of *Girls* the friendship between Marnie (Allison Williams) and Hannah (Lena Dunham) has always seemed slightly forced, like it’s more of a plot device rather than an organic relationship that’s allowed to grow. In *Broad City* the unbreakable bond between Abbi and Ilana acts as an anchor for the entire show. As Poehler pointed out in a New Yorker piece, “The rule is: specific voices are funny, and chemistry can’t be faked.”

In some respects, Abbi and Ilana are polar opposites. Glazer describes her character as a “hedonist,” while Abbi is slightly more reserved. Sometimes Abbi has to decide whether she wants to go out or stay in and eat her leftover stir-fry. Ilana has no problem with drumming on buckets to procure some cash for a Lil Wayne concert. Ilana also has no problem with her on-again-off-again relationship with Lincoln, played by Hannibal Burrese. Meanwhile, Abbi has a relentless crush on the cute scruffy guy across the hall. No matter what they do, the duo’s support of one another is unwavering.

This sense of women supporting other women provides the foundation for what several media outlets have referred to as the show’s “sneak attack feminism.” In addition to being insanely hilarious, Abbi and Ilana are both waging subtle crusades against everyday sexism, as if they couldn’t get any more perfect.

The feminism of *Broad City* does not feel the need to triumphantly point itself out. The fact that Abbi and Ilana are feminists seems like an inherent part of their personalities. They are both constantly having tiny feminist epiphanies. During one episode they decided to take charge and ask out as many people as they could. They were rejected by 75 guys (and 1 girl),

but it’s the thought that makes them, as Abbi puts it, “like, feminist icons.” Outside the world of the show Abbi and Ilana are quickly becoming fan-favorites within feminism-centric aspects of the media. The duo was recently featured on the cover of *Bust* magazine. They also interviewed riot grrrl staple Sleater Kinney. During the interview, Jacobson was decidedly star-struck, occasionally stumbling over her words.

In addition to being present in their lives on and off the screen, their feminism is inherently inclusive as well. Ilana’s character believes that, “Statistically we live in a world where everyone’s going to be caramel and queer.” Statements like this serve as a refreshing counterpoint to the predominantly whitewashed and heterosexual world of this year’s Oscars. Ilana’s upbeat optimism is one of the highlights of the show. Her roommate, Jaime, is an undocumented immigrant who sometimes helps her with her taxes. In turn, she isn’t afraid to support his dreams of paying taxes. “That’s right, Jaime!” she beams as he notes how one day he’ll be “paying for the shit out of those police uniforms.”

*Broad City* provides the television world with something it desperately needs: a diverse cast of well-rounded characters that are both endearing and cringe-worthy. Abbi and Ilana are far from perfect and therefore infinitely relatable.



Rosie Accola is a 1st year student in the creative writing department. When she’s not making zines or watching *Broad City* she likes to try and go shopping for records with her measly student budget.

# Shitty Shades of Grey



## 50 Shades is the First Must-Hatewatch Movie of the Year

► Patrick Reynolds

5  
50

**SHADES OF GREY** is not a shocking film, nor is it particularly kinky, nor is it particularly sexy (or sex-positive), nor is it good. It is, however, the first movie of 2015 that I thoroughly enjoyed and that I can unreservedly recommend.

Jamie Dornan, who plays the titular Christian Grey, the mysterious billionaire CEO of Grey Enterprises (a company that deals in telecommunications, but also clean energy, or something), is as seductive as a pile of dirt and as charming as a fading portrait of a hairstyle model hanging on the wall of a strip mall salon. Dakota Johnson, as the wholesome and naive recent college graduate Anastasia Steele, delivers her lines with the charisma and vibrancy of a high school drama understudy. The film's plot is a ridiculous mess, and the majority of the drama hinges upon whether or not Anastasia will sign a (literal) contract that Christian is pushing on her which outlines the terms of a live-in dom/sub relationship.

The badness that is sustained throughout *50 Shades of Grey* is impressive as a filmmaking feat. The two stars' intense lack of chemistry is established from the film's second scene, when Anastasia interviews Christian, on her roommate's behalf, for her college newspaper. Dornan mumbles something. Johnson chews on the eraser of her GREY ENTERPRISES pencil and says something about how mysterious he is.

This incredibly uncomfortable interaction blossoms very quickly into Christian becoming completely infatuated with Anastasia, showing up unannounced all the time wherever she happens to be (a bar with her friends, her college graduation, her mom's house in Georgia). Instead

of being alarmed at the fact that a creepy bland billionaire who met her a few weeks ago has rapidly become a stalker, Anastasia just keeps her cool as a manic pixie dream girl, drifting nonchalantly from hotel to helicopter to mansion to slippery sex room. Christian talks throughout the film about how specific and abnormal his sexual desires are (culminating with his exclamation that he is "fifty shades of fucked up!"), but his purportedly insatiable desire to administer pain is left largely unexplored. The film's depiction of BDSM is almost cute in how tame and sterile it is. Christian shackles Anastasia into submission, only to gently stroke her skin with an actual peacock feather. He later spices things up by "whipping" her in what can only be described as the weakest and most limp-handed flagellation session ever filmed.

In between the scenes of comical sub-softcore sex, we are treated to sequence after sequence of cringe-worthy dialogue and flat acting, which serve simply to add further hot air to the film's completely vacant "plot." *50 Shades of Grey* has absolutely no conflict whatsoever other than Anastasia's inability to decide whether she wants to stay at Christian's house four days a week to get politely spanked. The movie hints at Anastasia's mother being out of the picture when she has to cancel her trip to Anastasia's graduation, but then it turns out that Anastasia actually loves her mother and the two of them get together to drink margaritas and talk about boys. Similarly, Christian's mother takes an immediate (and inexplicable) liking to Anastasia, as do his siblings and his father. There is a brief moment when it seems that one of Anastasia's friends might want to challenge Christian for her affection, but Christian quickly shuts that possibility

The viewing experience of *50 Shades of Grey* falls somewhere between a Hallmark Channel original romantic drama and a really funny porn that you stumble upon by accident.

down by pushing the guy and taking Anastasia back to his hotel in his car (the dude is seriously creepy).

The viewing experience of *50 Shades of Grey* falls somewhere between a Hallmark Channel original romantic drama and a really funny porn that you stumble upon by accident. It's terrible and fascinating and you don't want to look away. I can't endorse it for its depiction of sex — the film's central relationship is definitely emotionally unhealthy, and it gets BDSM completely wrong — but I can emphatically recommend the film as a piece of comedy: *50 Shades* is the first must-hatewatch film of the year.



Pat Reynolds is a second-year grad student in the MAVCS department. He thought that *Nymphomaniac* was a stupid movie, too.





# Great Anticipations

## Electromyography in a Performance Piece

► Troy Pieper

150  
“W”

### HERE DO YOU COME FROM?

I wonder because I only know where you're going.”

Berlin-based artist Lisa

Müller-Trede had just squirted a clear gel from a syringe onto electrodes before attaching them to her bare legs, arms, and torso. *Anticipation*,  $A = ERY + \frac{2}{3} \times \pi \times R^3$ , her live performance-lecture, is an exploration of the notion that the mixing of two bodies in space allows them to anticipate each other's movements. Using electromyography to generate a visual representation of the movements of her muscles, she creates an allegory for the intersections and figurative movements that constitute and define human relationships.

The electrodes run to a laptop placed on the floor, which is connected to a projector that broadcasts the image of five lines on a screen behind her. The lines resemble those of heart monitors, which use electrocardiography. Spikes and ripples rise up and fade away as the lines trace Müller-Trede's muscle movements. This past February, the performance was curated by Bianca Bova at the Downey Mansion, a cultural center in Andersonville, Chicago. Standing to face those gathered, Müller-Trede met each member's eyes one-by-one while reciting an essay she composed. Occasionally, a shy half-smile played on her lips.

In her recitation, the physical and emotional makeup of a person is a “pure composition.” It is, she says to *F* Newsmagazine later, “the mixture of what two people are made of and what

flows between them. You have to have it before you can anticipate.” After reciting her essay, Müller-Trede chooses a man from the audience and performs various actions with him, asking him to mirror her movements, instructing him to focus on one point on her body while solving a series of simple math problems as another audience member shouts them out. The idea, she later reveals, is to distract the audience member on stage with her to rid him of self-consciousness, the better for anticipation to take place.

“When I look at you ... I know what you are going to do ... next ... your movement composition is flowing vertically through my second mindset ... a free-floating mindlessness anticipating future movement,” she recites. “I know that you're going to move to the right with no warning.” Her voice falters for a moment. We learn after the performance that she had arrived from Germany earlier that day, and she is exhausted. But Müller-Trede wants her performances to change with each iteration. Performance art, she says, is a forum for a conversation to take place between performer and non-performer, unlike acting where audiences are traditional and passive.

The idea of allowing a performance to evolve each time serves “some greater purpose,” Müller-Trede says. “Having a purpose emerge during a performance can get you very high, put you in a very unusual state, when the artist and another person are part of a dialogue.”

At the 2013 Venice Biennale, the artist walked back and forth on an I-beam in a garden while telling stories about Dada. In New York, she cut an effigy of

another performer into pieces with a chainsaw and put them in a suitcase. But with *Anticipation*, Müller-Trede wanted to use science to take her work in a new direction. With a friend who builds machines for a medical technology company in Berlin, the artist designed and built her own electromyography machine, which will eventually be adapted to translate muscle movement into sound as well as visual representation. She is also developing a digital application that will help users teach themselves to be able to “look at another person and anticipate what they're going to do next.”

“Your composition overwhelms me ... it flows through the upper skin cells ... I can taste the difference in the temperature of your skin,” the artist recites. “Where do you come from? I wonder because I only know where you're going. My own movement stagnates.” She likens the intersections of two people to a sphere, “four thirds times pi times r to the power of three ... you just started moving with me, and you're nervous ... you don't know if you like this dance ... you don't know if you like us being four thirds times pi times r to the power of three.”

Müller-Trede can only be referencing the covenant of romantic love. “You sure are trapped inside that sphere with me, and you know that it doesn't get much better. Maybe not better at all,” she recites. “You turn and see if any other composition sounds as pure. Now you know what I'm going to do next.”



Troy Pieper is an MA candidate in Arts Journalism

“

Spikes and ripples rise up and fade away as the lines trace Müller-Trede's muscle movements.

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# Changing Channels

## How Amazon's **Transparent** Undercuts Dominant Television Narratives

► Ariel Gentalen

Culture vultures have a buffet to consume from, but to find stories that exist outside of a male gaze, or with queer and people of color characters who are actualized, proves difficult.

**M**<sup>25</sup> **AURA IS MAKING** a break for it. That is, Mort, the 70-year-old patriarch of the Pfefferman family, has told his family that he is, in fact, transgender. This action is the impetus of Amazon Studios' critical darling *Transparent*, which undercut heavily-marketed network shows to scoop up both Best Comedy and Best Leading Actor in a Comedy at this year's Golden Globes. Jeffrey Tambor of *Arrested Development* fame plays Maura in this touchingly personal account of what it means to fully realize one's identity in both private and public spaces, while also having three adult children who are all facing personal crossroads in their own lives. The first season is comprised of ten episodes, all nuanced in their exploration of both personal and familial identity. Creator Jill Soloway channels her personal story — her own father recently revealed his transgender identity to the family at the age of 75 — as well as a lifelong struggle with rigid gender constructions into the Pfeffermans' narrative. What is unique about *Transparent* is that one has to have an Amazon Prime account in order to watch.

With the launch of streaming platforms provided by Netflix, Amazon and now Vimeo, a new class of television shows launched in 2013 that has radically changed the way we consume content, as well as that content itself. These services are unhinged from the constraints of advertising quotas; while large networks such as FOX, ABC and NBC have to participate in upfronts — mandatory events where marketers purchase airtime for ads that are also attended by press as well as a parade of the stars of hit and upcoming shows — streaming services can opt out. Without strings tied to funding, showrunners (those in charge of the overall vision of the show) and writers have full freedom to explore “the other” and finally produce narratives that service the rest of us who do not identify as part of the 23.4 million people-strong demographic that is watching *The Big Bang Theory*.

*Transparent* is Amazon Studios' first success story since it started producing

pilots in late 2010. This format allows anyone to submit a script or video concept with the possibility of getting a development endowment of \$10,000 to make it a reality. Pilots are rolled out in groups, allowing a period of time for users to cast their votes, and then a crowdsourced winner is produced in full. Soloway certainly has industry pull from having been a showrunner on *Six Feet Under* for years, as well as at Showtime for *The United States of Tara*. But, she faced years of development at her former TV homes, red tape and network notes that would have affected *Transparent*'s overall vision, as well as its timeline to get on air. Turnover at Amazon is one year and Soloway was guaranteed the rights back to her show if it flopped. In the entertainment industry, this kind of deal is unheard of. Amazon traps its content with a \$99 subscription to its Prime service, which offers subscribers free two-day shipping on any products that it sells in addition to streaming access. To put this in perspective, a year of Netflix streaming is just a few dollars shy of \$99.

According to research released by FX, there were 1,715 TV series that premiered in primetime in 2014. In January, Kevin Fallon at *The Daily Beast* further broke down the data to report that out of that gargantuan number, 352 were original narratives with writing staffs, and 24 of those shows are currently on the aforementioned streaming platforms. Culture vultures have a buffet to consume from, but to find stories that exist outside of a male gaze, or with queer and people of color characters who are actualized, proves difficult. During last year's unavoidable frenzy over *True Detective*, Emily Nussbaum of the *New Yorker* aptly wrote a review entitled “Cool Story, Bro” to finally pull us all out of the hype and re-direct us to the real problem: that the show is merely another incarnation of crime drama built around exploring male catharsis.

This is not to say that *Transparent* gets it all right. There is privilege at play, both in class since the Pfeffermans are well-situated in their Pacific Palisades

home, and in casting choice. The discontent with Tambor playing a trans woman is real and valid. However, just as *Orange Is the New Black* showrunner Jenji Kohan claims that Piper, her affluent white protagonist, was a “Trojan Horse” to have her show picked up by Netflix as a way to usher in stories about complex women of color, Soloway is utilizing Tambor similarly. Both shows have also become pipelines for visible advocacy in the LGBTQ community — one launching Laverne Cox onto the world stage and straight into our hearts and the other leveraging award speeches to make statements over death, loss and oppression within the transgender youth community.

Ultimately, *Transparent* transcends because it is quietly funny, smart and made with great care: a true act of love. Soloway hired her first transgender writer for the second season, and is staffing her set with as many transgender candidates over non to create a truly inclusive community. Transgender artist Zackary Drucker designed the show's opening credits, which feature clips from 1968's *The Queen*, a film that is considered to be a predecessor to 1990's *Paris Is Burning*. Soloway is setting intentions to create visibility for the community through her art, and is willing to learn along the way. Just as the Pfefferman children ultimately fumble in their father's transition, the show provides audiences a safe space to learn proper language and a window into the struggles of what it means to live in a heteronormative society.

○

Ariel Gentalen is a second year graduate student in Arts Education. She hopes to make a living out of talking to strangers about art in museums but most likely is at home right now binge watching television with her cat.





# Remembering Jeffrey Roy Geesa

► Troy Douglas Pieper

**O**N FEBRUARY 3, painter Jeff Geesa passed away, leaving an artistic practice as wonderfully developed as it was sadly unfinished. The second year MFA student at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) “had so much work he wanted to develop, so much he didn’t get to see through,” said friend and fellow MFA in Painting and Drawing student Keith Tolch. Primarily a painter, Geesa rooted his work in the kind of playfulness and exploration that was essential to Dada. Many of his works find the fantastical ground, similar to some of the most satisfying literature, where viewers are made to think and laugh at once. “I loved all of Jeff’s work, but I was probably most fond of his language works for their wit and discovery of new ways of seeing and reading,” said Kay Rosen, who taught Geesa in the Painting and Drawing department at SAIC.

The artist’s obsession with language is obvious in his work. If one word could describe it, Tolch said, it would be “humor.” “He was deadpan like so many of us, but sharper and wittier than the rest. That’s why he was wonderful company. Somehow these qualities flourished in a man who was also one of the most loyal and transparent friends I’ve ever had.” Fellow MFA student, painter Kevin Stuart, spoke at Geesa’s February 16 memorial at SAIC, remarking on what he saw as one of Geesa’s most enduring qualities. “He always knew what he was living for.”

Others who made comments at the memorial, which was attended by Geesa’s friends and family as well as colleagues and SAIC faculty and staff, put to words what is evident in much of the painter’s work, which cleaves perspicaciously to the conceptual. During their time spent together, Stuart and Geesa “did some time in the pun-itiary,” said Stuart. An accomplished drummer and guitarist, Geesa loved to play with music, as well. A former bandmate remembered the artist’s sludge metal (a form of heavy metal played slowly) song played at “rbpy (one beat per year),” for which the band gathered several times annually to play a single note.

Not content as a painter to “finesse only the conceptual aspects of his paintings,” said Rosen, Geesa was also very intentional with material application. “Techniques, materials, and craft were extremely important to him and as much a part of the content of his work as the subjects of his paintings were.” A deeply studious art historian, as well, Geesa constantly analyzed what made works of art successful, Rosen said, and why they appealed to him. His explorations of materials and techniques, as well as language, music, writing, and humor, “combined them seamlessly.”

Geesa’s father told those gathered at his son’s memorial that his family did not really know what the artist was working on the school or what his life there was like. But he knew that his son had come to Chicago “with nothing. He was drifting. Until he came to this wonderful place.”

Perhaps art and a community based on it provided Geesa with a sort of rescue from a less purposeful life, or simply one of not making art. His father said that he learned more about his son’s time in Chicago after Jeff’s death, “from you all,” than he did from his son himself. Geesa’s air was one of self-effacement, similar maybe to the way his work trades on the shrewd economy of understatement.

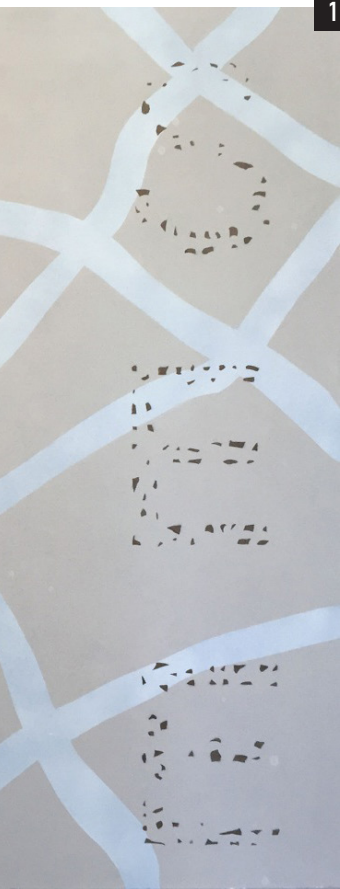
Talented and passionate an artist as he was, Geesa’s focus was as much on his work as it was on the academic and interpersonal life of graduate school, noted Rosen. “He set himself up for so many challenges and then met them honestly, tirelessly, and with the highest standards.” And friends of Geesa are committed to continuing his legacy through his art. Tolch looks forward to seeing his friend’s work in the Spring MFA show at SAIC, for which Rosen hopes a neon piece he was planning will be fabricated, as well as in a group show at the Carl Gallery in Pilsen, also in spring. The most lasting tribute to the artist’s life may be in what one friend of Geesa’s encouraged artists who knew him to do in the wake of his death: “Keep on making.”



Troy Douglas Pieper is an MA candidate in Arts Journalism.



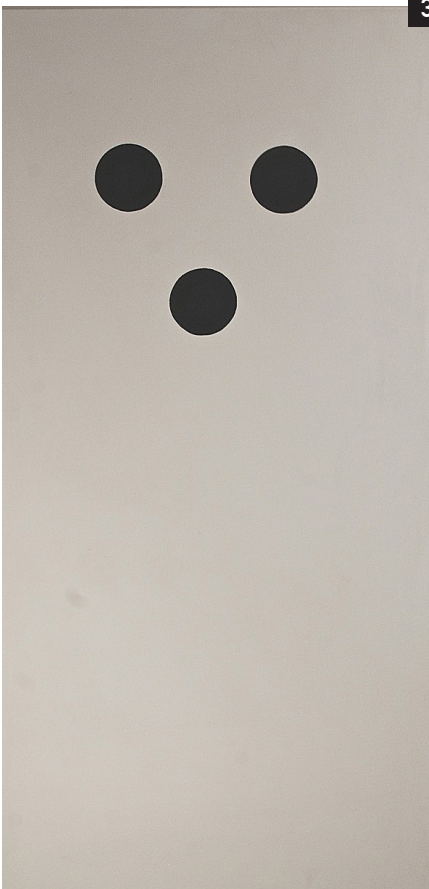




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2



3

- 1. Yes Eye See
- 2. Doubt But Do
- 3. Ghost
- 4. Unn't
- 5. Touching
- 6. Cheeseburger
- 7. Intent



4



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6



7



# The Career + Co-op Center

## Summer Co-op Orientation

SP  
15

Events!

Tuesday, March 17, 12–1pm  
116 S. Michigan Ave, #1429

Through the SAIC Co-op Internship Program, degree-seeking sophomores, juniors, seniors, and graduate students can earn course credit while gaining valuable real-world experience. With more than 700 Co-op internships available every semester, our program encompasses a variety of disciplines unique to artists' interests.

### Upcoming Events:

#### Saturday Skill Share: Artist's Statements + Bios

Saturday, March 14, 10am–1pm  
116 S. Michigan Ave, #1427  
*Enter through 112 S. Michigan Ave,  
14th floor lounge*

#### Portfolio Review: Curators, Dealers + Critics

Wednesday, March 25, 4–6pm  
116 S. Michigan Ave, #1400

#### Saturday Skill Share: Online Presence

Saturday, March 28, 10am–1pm  
116 S. Michigan Ave, #1427  
*Enter through 112 S. Michigan Ave,  
14th floor lounge*

#### Chili + Co-op Summer Kick-off

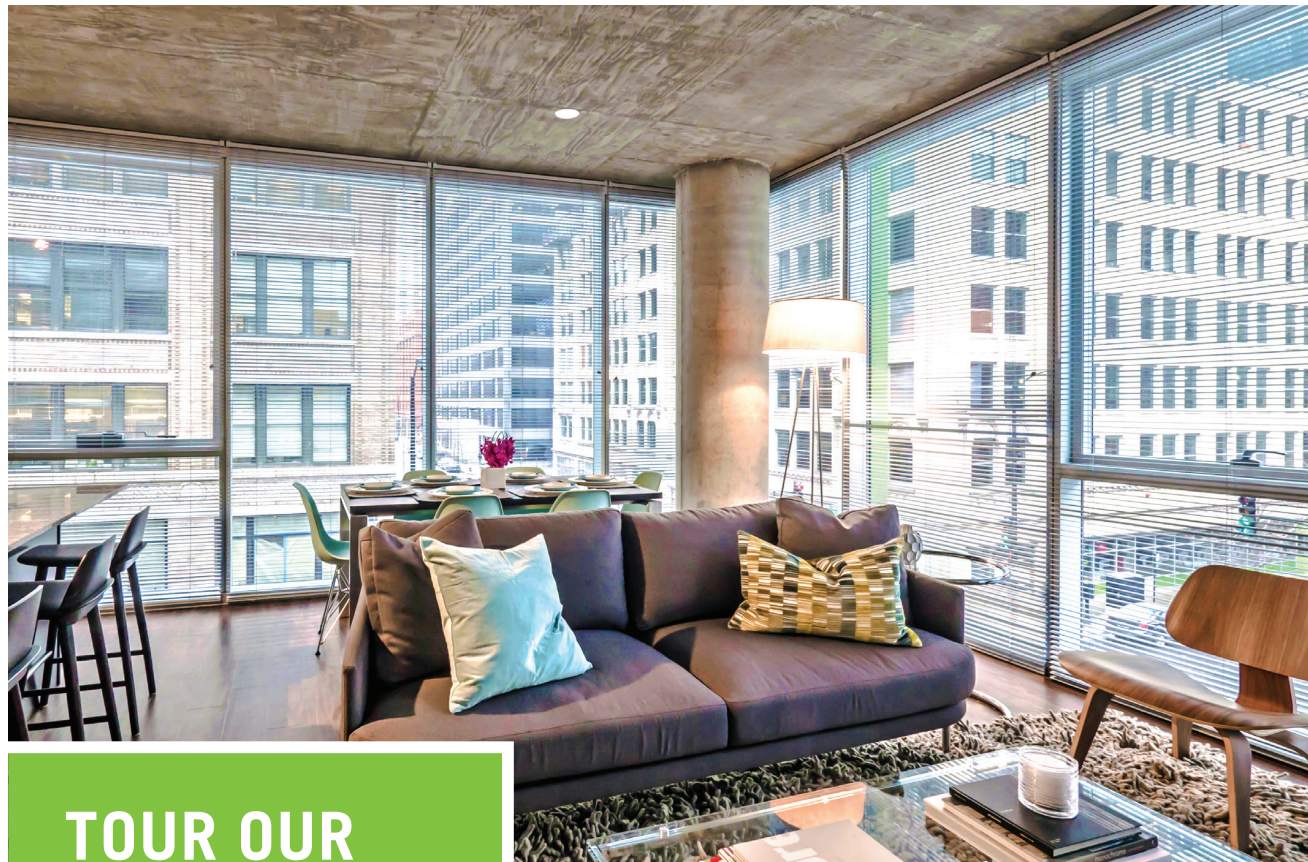
Monday, March 30, 4:15–5:30pm  
112 S. Michigan Ave, 14th Floor  
Lounge



The Career +  
Co-op Center

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Chicago, IL 60603

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# BACKSTROKE

► Carla Peters

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## IT'S 10:06 IN THE MORNING.

The outside temperature is verging on 21 degrees fahrenheit and the last carefree minute of her day is now fleeing far and high.

She chooses the first seat she sees as she enters the train and realizes too late that she is once again facing the direction of travel. She already knows the landscape from this seat, how it functions, how it unravels. There is no surprise, no unexpected sights. No trees nor streets jumping from behind her shoulder. She sees it all coming towards her, statically coming closer. While her calves are gently singeing, licked by the heating below her seating, she curls her frozen fingers inside the palm of her hands.

The skies are the painful blue of steel, it presses on the back of her eyeballs and burns the inside of her lids. The skies are a sharp-edged blue of steel on which downy charcoal clouds run aground. Raindrops are racing on the window pane. She often wishes she was a water marble, speeding through the dirt in a febrile and serpentine score, bound to end in liquid fusion with another fluid pearl.

But in this swaying can, bodies don't fuse, and routes are dry. Glances bounce off one another, and the air is one long sigh. The smell of weed floating thick and heavy meets the stench of anxiety that weeps from the mid-morning commuters, those front-facing travelers.

The clinking and roaring of the wheels on the rails barely covers the racket of their mental gears. "What must I do today to earn the right of a pleasurable rest at night, to, at last, be unproductive yet feel no guilt? How many more icy, musty, dreary trains must I ride before I am worthy of coming home?"

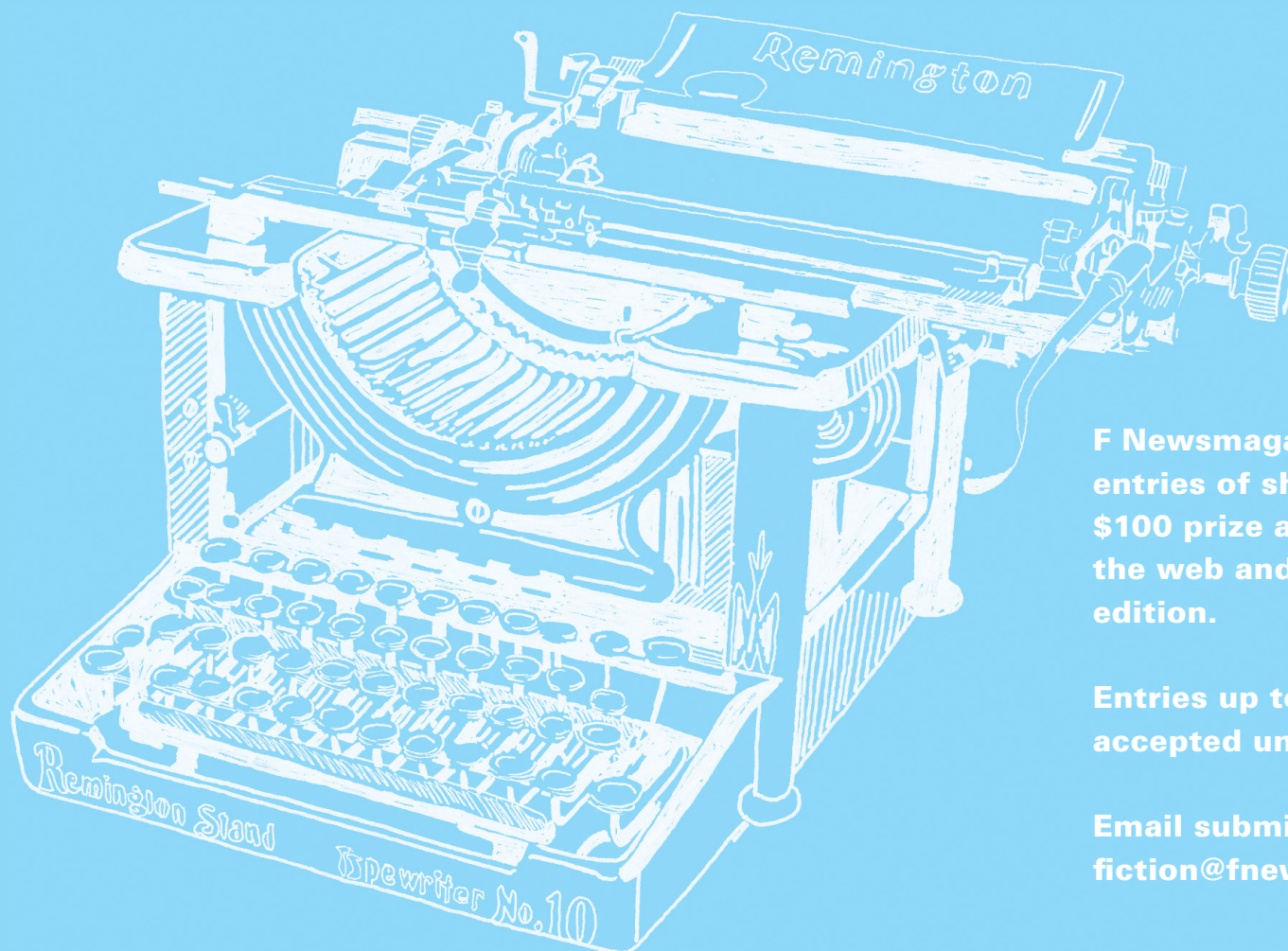
She thinks of the sun and warmth she walked away from. "You have your whole life to settle back home, but only your young years to eat up the world," she repeats to herself, "it's worth it in the long run." But how long is this run?

It's 10:32 in the morning. The doors open, and she loses her train of thought. She makes a self-promise to catch it up again next time, perhaps this time in the right direction.



illustration by Megan Pryce

## Creative Writing Contest



**F Newsmagazine is accepting entries of short fiction for a \$100 prize and publication on the web and in the May print edition.**

**Entries up to 1,200 words are accepted until March 20, 2014.**

**Email submissions to:  
fiction@fnewsmagazine.com.**





# Makeshift

## New Media

### Cuban Artists Overcome Technological Shortages

The Castro regime held a tight grip on digital resources and prohibited the use of devices to spread information such as cell phones until 2008.

► Sophia Barr Hayne

**WHAT DOES NEW MEDIA** art look like in a place where access to new technologies and the internet are strongly restricted? The show *Cuban Virtualities*, displayed in the Sullivan Galleries from December 2 to February 14, exhibited a collection of Cuban New Media artists who examine the function of technology within a local context and their personal relation to an external globalized world.

Originally exhibited at Tufts University Art Gallery and curated by Liz Munsell, the Assistant Curator of Contemporary Art for the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, as well as the artist Rewell Altunaga, the show was brought to The School of the Art Institute of Chicago and organized by graduate students Gibrán Villalobos and Will Ruggiero.

During a panel discussion on February 10, Munsell explained the difficulties of curating a show hampered by the unresolved hostile political relationships between the United States and Cuba. Because often artists were prevented from traveling outside the island, the show had to be organized via an “endless chain of emails” that Munsell called a “prolonged chat format.”

Before entering the gallery, viewers had the opportunity to read small boxes of text on a timeline that presented an overview of the Cuban dictatorship and its toll on the availability of technology.

As the United States experienced a proliferation of technological development, the Castro regime held a tight grip on digital resources and prohibited the use of devices to spread information such as cell phones until 2008.

These types of challenges characterize a new media artist's practice in Cuba, which is heavily influenced by what Munsell calls a technological scarcity. Rather than impeding the artist's creative output, Munsell says that the scarcity mentality forced artists to engage with their materi-

als in a more creative fashion.

A variety of installation methods were used throughout the gallery from single video pieces displayed on television monitors to multiple digital projections, each of which required different levels of interactivity but addressed similar themes.

Rodolfo Peraza's video game titled *Play and Learn 2.0 (Juega y Aprende)* instructed viewers to engage in a virtual quest that investigated the role of institutionalized norms and belief systems in shaping individual minds. Peraza uses his experience as a second grader reading the Cuban textbook *The Handbook of Formal Education* as a reference for the design of the game.

The game's aesthetic quality compares directly to arcade games from the '80s such as *Space Invaders*, but is recontextualized through the act of destroying iconic figures like Che Guevara, José Martí and Vladimir Lenin.

*The Falling Man*, an eight minute and fifty second video loop by Rewell Altunaga, presents the perspective of a man falling from one of the Twin Towers on September 11. The constant change in perspective as the man spirals downward is a disorienting virtual experience and confronts the audience with technology's dissociative elements and its potential to cause personal disconnect through platforms like social media.

The video installation by Celia González Álvarez and Yuniór Aguiar Perdomo, *faceloop*, uses the logic of Facebook's networking function and applies it to real-time human contact. During their residency in Scotland, the artists met and were introduced to people around the town. Along the way the artists documented where each person lived and used this data to visualize their encounters. A web of these interactions was projected in the gallery and began with one point of origin, but as the artists continued to network, multiple lines continued to further travel outward. Surrounding the

dense map were photos of the people the artists met as they continued to make acquaintances.

Susana Pilar Delahante Matienzo explores the difference between physical presence and virtual presence in her interactive piece *Mirror of Patience*. During the limited periods when the artist had access to the internet she was present in the gallery through a video projection where she played patty cake with the audience and even started conversation with the viewers.

Variations on these themes are explored throughout the other works in the gallery space. Ultimately, there is a sense of isolation emanating from those interactive works as they address issues of virtual and physical presence, as well as the individual's relationship with technology.

Munsell remarked that a type of “double critique” occurs within the gallery space, where it is “not just a critique of scarcity or lack of access to technologies,” but also comments on the functioning of the technology itself by “reflecting on local situations” and then “projecting their interpretations of technology” outward.

Although at least half of the Cuban artists featured in the show now live abroad, their work continues to focus on ingenuine overcoming of physical isolation. Through their digitally interactive works, they have managed to connect with an audience living in a remote national, social and political context. As international relationships with Cuba change, the artistic process and concerns of the Cuban Virtualities artists might experience their own revolution.

○

Sophia Hayne is a sophomore at SAIC in the BFA/BAVCS dual degree program focusing on art and tech and sound. She is interested in the ways education can have a positive impact on society.

# CYCLES OF VENGEANCE



## Polish Film *Ida* Wins International Awards

► Weronika Malek

**T**HE 2013 FILM *IDA*, directed by Pawel Pawlikowski, had one of the highest grossing foreign-language openings in the U.S. last year and has been widely recognized on the international film awards circuit, recently earning the Academy Award for Best Foreign Language Film. It is an unexpected success for a nostalgic, black and white, small-budget film about a young novice discovering her identity in post-war Poland.

*Ida* is Pawlikowski's first picture shot in his homeland in his native language. As a teenager, he emigrated to Great Britain, where he made the successful films *Woman in the Fifth* starring Kristin Scott Thomas and *Summer of Love* with Emily Blunt. The cast of *Ida* does not include any internationally famous actors. Agata Trzebuchowska, the film's protagonist, was discovered by the director's friend in a cafeteria, and *Ida* is her first acting project. Introducing a leading actress may have been a risky decision, but Trzebuchowska is perfect in her role. The stillness on her face contrasts with the expressive acting of Agata Kulesza, a well-known Polish actress who plays Aunt Wanda.

Trzebuchowska plays sister Anna, a young novice in a Catholic convent who is about to take her vows, but the mother superior insists she first visit her only living relative, Aunt Wanda. Pawlikowski takes the cliché of the nun-to-be exploring the outside world and turns it into a bitter, quiet story about the search for identity. Aunt Wanda never expressed any interest in Anna's life before and does not offer Anna a warm welcome. She does reveal that Anna's real name is *Ida*, and that her Jewish parents were killed in World War II. Anna and her aunt embark on a road trip to look for their family's remains and give them a proper burial.

Wanda, a judge serving the Communist government of the Polish People's Republic, is also seeking justice for her sister's killers. Her character is based on the controversial figure of Helena

Wolinska-Brus, who was responsible for the executions of members of the Polish People's Army who fought the Germans in World War II and were prosecuted by the Stalinist regime. Pawlikowski met Wolinska-Brus in person and was impressed by the sweet personality of someone responsible for unjust executions. He gave Wanda similar qualities. She is despotic and sentences people to death, but it is impossible not to sympathize with her.

*Ida* and Wanda's quest to uncover the truth about their family's death is connected to Poland's tragic war history. Poland and the Ukraine were the two countries occupied by Nazi Germany in which hiding Jews was punishable by death to the guilty party's entire family. In the film, one family, the Ulms with six small children, were murdered by Nazis for hiding a Jewish family in their attic in the town of Markowa. Polish citizens are one of the largest groups among those who risked their lives to save Jews during the Holocaust. As we see in the case of

*Ida* hints at how some people are capable of both good and bad deeds, and how the line is often blurred between victims and executioners.

*Ida* and Wanda's family, not all Poles were as heroic. Polish neighbors hid *Ida*'s family, but after some time the neighbors become fearful of being found out by the Nazis until they reach a terrible breaking point. *Ida* hints at how some people are capable of both good and bad deeds, and how the line is often blurred between victims and executioners.

The film's universality is its strongest point. *Ida* is a young woman about to make important, perhaps irreversible decisions. She seems certain that discovering the truth about her family's past

will free her from doubt about her future. Her carefree aunt tempts her to explore a different lifestyle. On the journey to their village of origin, both protagonists undergo change. *Ida* becomes more mature and self-aware and becomes ready to begin adult life. Nostalgic and sentimental though it may be, *Ida* makes important points about Polish history in an eerily beautiful story that accomplishes much in short time.

○  
Weronika Malek is a sophomore focusing on painting and art criticism. She loves traveling and cooking.





# A Tale of Two Cities

A Look at Mayor 1%'s Past, and What it Might Mean for the Future.

► Megan Byrne

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## S THE CHICAGO MAYORAL

election draws near, all eyes are on Mayor Rahm Emanuel. In a re-election campaign based largely on Emanuel's sudden democratic change of heart, what does his nationally expected victory mean for the political landscape of Chicago? For the past four years school closures and private business dealings have left students without neighborhood schools, people without jobs, and Emanuel's promise to change things feels empty.

Four years ago, Emanuel won the Chicago mayoral election with 55 percent of the vote in the first round of voting. This February his numbers and luck have run a bit lower. In August of 2014 the Chicago Tribune reported his approval rating at 35 percent. Since then, Emanuel has run his campaign with the promise of improving public finance, education, and business for the city of Chicago. In the past few years, however, Emanuel has done a mediocre job on the issues on which his mayoral campaign was based.

For perspective on Emanuel's time in office, it might pay to look at how he came to be mayor in the first place.

Emanuel resigned in late 2010 from his position as White House Chief of Staff under the Obama administration in order to run for the office of Mayor of Chicago the following year. Then there were reports that he and Obama did not get along which would later be verified by Jodi Kantor's book *The Obama's*. The book talks about Emanuel and Michelle Obama being pitted against each other from the beginning of their relationship, which, apparently, is not uncommon for a Chief of Staff and a First Lady. In 2009 Emanuel promised Democratic Representative Allen Boyd from Florida that Michelle Obama would be at one of his campaign events, according to the Huffington Post, though Rahm had never told her about the event. After a tumultuous year and Emanuel's resignation, President Obama endorsed Emanuel, saying he would make an "excellent mayor."

One year after Emanuel won the race, he cut 34 jobs from the City's Water Billing Center, boasting that he was saving the city \$100,000 in the city's \$8.3 billion budget. This cut affected mostly middle class workers on the mostly black South and West sides of Chicago. Those jobs were outsourced to a call center in Japan.

This was just the beginning of Emanuel's cuts to jobs, pensions, and public services across the city while he awarded private contracts to companies that supported his campaign, companies owned by some of the wealthiest individuals in Chicago.

That same year, the mayor proposed \$11 million in cuts to the already underfunded city libraries. Chicago's aldermen talked Emanuel down to \$8 million, which still meant more city job cuts. Then he cut the budget for elementary and secondary education, striking a chord with the Chicago's Teacher Union (CTU) led by Karen Lewis, who would provide some of Emanuel's most fervent opposition in the following years. This brought heavy attention to his campaign, including from the Chicago Reader, which asked the mayor why he didn't fund more public services with some of the \$700 million in Tax Increment Funds (TIF's) the city has on hold for public service projects.

The TIF program is funded by property tax dollars from homeowners and businesses, in order to fund public projects intended to create jobs and revenue for the city. Instead the funds are often used for private projects like hotels and stadiums.



In 2012, for the first time in 25 years, the CTU went on strike, prompted by issues like fair pay and job security. For nine days unionized teachers struck unequal education funding by demonstrating on Chicago’s streets. As a result the Mayor negotiated a deal with the CTU in a contract that included hiring more than 600 teachers in art, music, and physical education. This brought the portion of teacher evaluations determined by standardized student test scores to the legal minimum of 30 percent and made textbooks available for students on the first day of school. At the time, the contract seemed like a victory for the CTU and CPS both, until 2013 when problems were still looming in public school funding.

In 2013 Emanuel closed 49 under-enrolled public schools on the South and West sides of Chicago, a national record. The Mayor and his staff, including the CEO of Chicago Public Schools, Barbara Byrd-Bennett, brushed off the effects of these closures. When more than 11,000 students were displaced, Byrd-Bennett in an open letter to the Chicago Sun Times claiming only seven of them had been unaccounted for, meaning they had not returned to school. Catalyst Chicago investigated the claim, and after a five-month tug-of-war with Chicago public officials journalist Sarah Karp found that at least 434 students were unaccounted for at the time the letter was written.

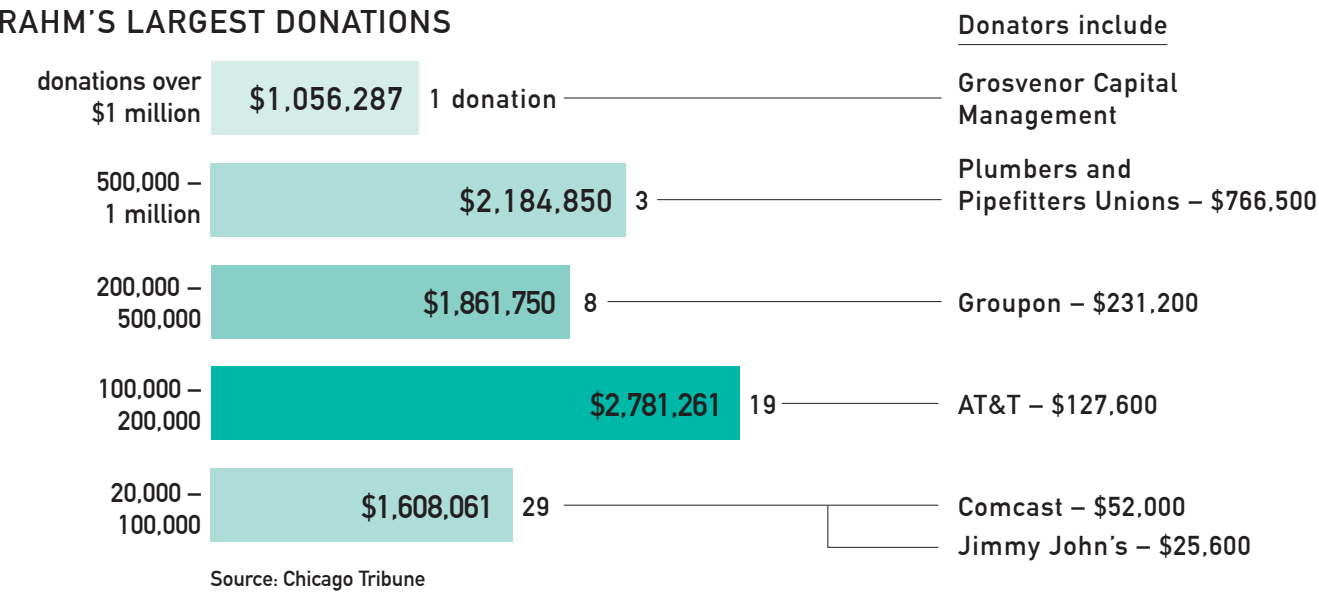
began a drive to collect toilet paper for local schools.

Why would Emanuel’s offenses against CPS stop there? The Economist recently reported that “Mr. Emanuel often stresses that the gap between the wealthy, mainly white north of the city and the poor, largely black south begins in early childhood.” Emanuel made the decision to pay for an expansion of pre-K programs for less-funded schools by borrowing money from wealthy bankers instead of using the allotted budget for CPS. Taxpayers now have the additional burden of paying off the interest on these loans. The plan to provide this education for low-income children bases itself in the reality that the children in these classes will have to outscore other children from the same area. In essence, this means that only half of the children from low-income areas will get pre-K classes with 17 students per teacher, while the other half are stuck in crowded classrooms of around 30 students per teacher.

When President Obama endorses Emanuel in a radio campaign, as he recently did, and brings in Magic Johnson to try and salvage those last few votes, it seems like a desperate attempt to undo the wrongs he has done to middle and lower class Chicagoans over the past four years. Emanuel has been catering to the wealthiest parts of Chicago while leaving residents in the South and West sides

Many schools on the South and West sides don’t have air conditioners, libraries, or enough teachers, and none of this seems likely to change with another four years of Emanuel.

RAHM’S LARGEST DONATIONS



In Emanuel’s current campaign he has pledged \$55 million in TIF funds to build a stadium for DePaul University, a private religious university where undergraduate students pay close to \$30,000 in tuition, as well as a Marriott hotel across from the stadium. Aside from the promises of job creation that these two establishments will provide, that’s \$55 million that taxpayers won’t see put back into public programs. It didn’t help that Pando Daily wrote about Kenneth Griffin’s hedge fund Citadel purchasing large stock in Marriott Corporation just before Emanuel had named it the hotel chain that would get the land near the stadium. Griffin had previously made a six-figure donation to Emanuel’s campaign.

Some of the largest donors on Emanuel’s funding reports since 2010 include companies like Grosvenor Capital Management, Citadel, Groupon, and United Airlines. This gives the public great reason to be skeptical about his transformation from a mayor who cuts city jobs and public resources to one who pledges to add an addition to a public high school, even a school like Walter Payton High School in the affluent Old Town neighborhood. The pledge also comes after the Chicago Reader reported that Alderman Nick Sposato,

of the city without the same resource allocations. Many schools on the South and West sides don’t have air conditioners, libraries, or enough teachers, and none of this seems likely to change with another four years of Emanuel. The Mayor’s use of his power to trade city grants and favors for campaign contributions is what earned him the nickname Mayor 1%. It is, of course, impossible to predict the future of Chicago’s political landscape in the next four years with absolute certainty, but we can make a pretty good guess what it would mean if Rahmbo were re-elected.

*Megan Byrne is in the Bachelor of Fine Arts in Writing program. She is very excited that someone dubbed Rahm Emanuel as ‘Rahmbo.’*



A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, looking at each other. The man, with dark hair and a beard, wears a white shirt with floral embroidery. The woman has blonde hair and is also wearing a white top. They are positioned in front of a large window that looks out onto a snowy city street. The street is filled with cars and pedestrians, and buildings line the background. Large, semi-transparent text is overlaid on the image, reading "I'll Cut You" in a stylized font.

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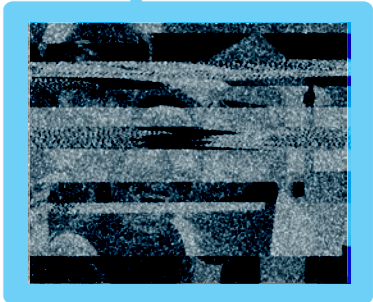


# “If This is Not a Hate Crime, What is a Hate Crime?”

## A Muslim Student’s Response to the Chapel Hill Shooting

► Kimia Maleki

Sunday 15 February 2015



Sitting at the breakfast table and spreading butter on my toast. I turn my look to the strawberry jam. A wedding picture of a beautiful young groom and bride comes to my mind. What does it mean to be married for a month and have breakfast in the morning with strawberry jam? Suddenly I think again of the groom and bride. They probably had been seated at the breakfast table last Sunday morning. She was preparing breakfast while he was bringing coffee. No one knew that they would no longer be in this world by Tuesday.

Wednesday 11 February 2015

My social media feeds are full of stories about the recent shooting at Chapel Hill. When I scroll down I first see the picture of two young girls with one guy. I scroll more to see the whole story. When I figure out about the situation, I see the incident happened on Tuesday evening. Why are we receiving the news from yesterday so late? It is Wednesday afternoon and I feel sick to my stomach. I can’t hold back my tears and I am receiving the huge list of vigils around the world for three Muslim students who were killed by their white American neighbor in Chapel Hill. At their own apartment with bullets in each of their heads!



Thursday 12 February 2015

I come to school on Thursday and try to ask friends and teachers about the whole story. I try to ask everybody about what they have heard and how they have heard about it. I have few expectations since the media failed to properly report the shooting. I feel many have seen the pictures and hashtags, but I’m surprised to find that few have clicked on them or tried to learn more about the whole story.

Friday 13 February 2015

Since the Chapel Hill shooting, many Muslims have become emboldened to share their own stories of confrontation with harassment and aggression. One friend wrote of being told to take off her scarf for safety. She is certainly not the first person to have received that message; there are countless Muslim women who already have taken off their hijabs as a consequence of public bias and judgment.



Tuesday 10 February 2015

What is the story? Today, three Muslim Americans who were students at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill were murdered execution-style by their neighbor. Their names were Razan Abu-Salha, 19, Yusor Abu-Salha, 21, and her husband, Deah Barakat, 23. Razan was studying architecture at N.C. State; Deah was studying dentistry at University of North Carolina, and Yusor was set to start there in the fall. These three young role models, who have been called “gems” of their communities, were active in several human rights campaigns and philanthropic groups. A facebook page that one of victims’ brothers created for them and caught more than 180,000 followers in less than a week.

Almost 8 hours after the incident, the tragic murder of these three people was announced by major media outlets. The reason for the execution was said to be a dispute over a parking space, but many Muslims around the world spoke up against this claim. One of the victims’ fathers said, “I’m very disappointed that the Chapel Hill police calls it a dispute over a parking slot. Three children were executed with one shot each in the back of their head. And in very short time, they probably witnessed each other being executed and the police calls it a dispute over a parking lot. Somebody who walks around with a gun, hateful, threatening, intimidating, planning — he was bent on killing them ... If this is not a hate crime, what is a hate crime?” Continuously, friends and families of victims asserted in their interviews that the killer, the victims’ neighbor, was not comfortable with Yusor

and Razan’s appearance, pointing as well to anti-religious comments that he had made on his social media accounts.

The story was shared and discussed widely by the Muslim community in virtual spaces, until their efforts eventually spurred President Barack Obama to remark on this issue. The President, in an official statement, said, “No one in the United States of America should ever be targeted because of who they are, what they look like, or how they worship... Whenever anyone is taken from us before their time, we remember how they lived their lives.”

The memorial Facebook page that has been set up for the victims includes a link to a fundraising campaign that had been set up by Deah prior to his death. The project, which seeks to provide dental care for Syrian refugee students living in Turkey, has raised \$475,000 — well over its original \$20,000 goal. A scholarship, known as the Our Three Winners scholarship endowment, has also been established at N.C. State.

In the aftermath of the shooting, Suzanne Barakat, Deah’s sister, expressed gratitude that her brother’s legacy would live on. “Out of this horrendous tragedy, these incredible scholarships will continue to provide education for so many people for so much time to come ... You have made his dream come true.”



# museum mixtape

## Lying Around With Antonio Mancini and Owen Pallett

### Building a Soundtrack for Your Art Institute of Chicago Visit, One Song at a Time

► Sammi Skolmoski

**A**NTONIO MANCINI'S *Resting* is an intimate depiction of a woman in bed with tousled hair, a flower in her hand, and one breast exposed. These details typically deliver a sultry scene, but Mancini's woman is complex, as melancholic as she is mesmerizing. Her face is magnetic, drawing the viewer's eye from all corners of the canvas to meet her off-screen gaze. A slight furrow in her brow accentuates her glassy expression.

One interpretation of *Resting* could be that the woman is a convalescent, with her flushed face decanters amassed on her end table. In the late 1800s, these were used for various liquids in both social and medicinal circumstances. Or it could be that this profoundly beautiful woman has just encountered a lover. What is clear is that she is suffering, unfulfilled.

This woman needs a song that is as classical, unnerving, and alluring as this painting. The lyrics of *If I Were a Carp* by Owen Pallett (as Final Fantasy) recount the tale of a ship captain who loses his mind after hearing the harrowing words of "a Lazarus," that is, someone who has tasted death, who tells him that all of the lore surrounding the afterlife is myth. Pallett, often called a one-man orchestra, manipulates his myriad strings into an ominous and stirring symphonic composition, marked by a heaviness tuned to the weight of the woman in *Resting*'s dread.

The song's instrumentation, masterful and stark, builds suspense over five miniature movements. Its intensity thickens with the spine-tingling incorporation of a viola beneath the vocals in the third movement, just before it is revealed what the Lazarus told the captain. "Tragedy, tragedy! Death has you fooled!" he begins, as Pallett shifts focus from strings to clangs of foreboding percussion under his cavernous, watery vocals — the way a hallucination or a fever dream might sound. The Lazarus' words inch along through a tunnel of reverberation, all the while tightening the bolts on our *Resting* woman's paranoia.

Pallett's primary melody features an interesting technique — the plucking of a violin's strings, which infuses the piece with urgency. Similarly, it is rumored that Mancini's painting process was a loud, ferocious event met with urgent and reckless abandon. It would be easy to assume a master of Italian Realism who invented his own mechanical painting device (as



seen in the grid marks on the canvas), would be meticulous, but Mancini's only obsessive concern was perfecting realistic light and color.

Much of the painter's odd studio energy developed as a result of a mental illness attributed to mercury poisoning, which landed him in a hospital for four months in 1881-'82 (several years before he painted *Resting*). He was treated for, delirium, paranoia, hallucination, and anxiety, some of which persisted for the remainder of his life, influencing his manic method and newly discovered themes of unrest. Perhaps that is why the woman in *Resting* is frozen in what seems a state of delirium, exhausted by her internal turmoil. Is the painter inviting the viewer into his own mental exploration, or is a physical enervation resigning her to bed?

Mancini, as the painter, is granted the power of manipulating his subject's energy. This concept is part of Necromancy, one of the eight schools of magic in the fantasy card game *Dungeons & Dragons*. It deals with death, undeath, and the meddling of health. Each of eight songs on Pallett's album *He Poos Clouds* demonstrates the principles of one of the D & D schools. *If I Were a Carp*, of course, deals with necromancy. Historically, necromancy is the practice of communicating with the dead, often to interpret the future. This resting woman's energy and health are forever in the hands of Mancini. Her vitality can only be restored by the very necromancer, himself dead, who set her in her state of unease.

The calming aspects of *Resting* reside in its representations of light and color and in Mancini's rich palette, here deeply



burnt into the wooden furniture depicted, wood not unlike the imagined ship of Pallett's captain. Mancini and Pallett draw inspiration from the same period — Mancini's dark tonal contrasts as learned by Italian Baroque painters and Pallett's contemporary chamber music often referred to as "Baroque pop."

It is not impossible to imagine "If I Were a Carp" squeezing into *Resting*'s 1887 zeitgeist, when classical compositions and opera reigned. Maybe that lingering transcendence of time is what makes both pieces so simultaneously gorgeous and unsettling. Necromancy is not dead.



Sammi Skolmoski is an MFA candidate in the Writing department and a music junkie. Listen to her show *Gross Air* with Terry Fresh on FreeRadioSAIC.



# What It Means to Be $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$

► Kayla Lewis

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W

**ORDS ARE BEAUTIFUL**, ugly, complex and dull. They are all-encompassing. Sometimes they provide answers, and sometimes their presence only stifles a situation. I have always had a love-hate relationship with words, which is why I study them so intently.

The way that language behaves in space is hardly as static as its presentation on paper. The sound, gestures, and environments that accompany a spoken word play into its meaning, casting it anew each time it is used. In this sense, words are dynamic. I envisioned them as chemical reactions: cascading through space and responding to the atmosphere.

*Transelemental* is a study of language through chemistry. Here, I used the abbreviations found on the periodic table of elements in order to spell out words. Each word then became a combination of elements that took on different behaviors.

$\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  was the first word I studied. I was drawn to it because it is so often used as a negative word. Nobody wants to be  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$ . But, I was curious to see how that word actually behaved in space. Would it be bland or spectacular? Would it smell weird? How would it sound?

To find answers, I went to The University of Chicago and worked with scientists to combine the elements within  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  and create a reaction. Through its chemical tendencies,  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  revealed some surprising characteristics. Its reaction as paired with its etymology does not make it out to be as tragic a word as most assume.

## An Analysis of $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$

$\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  is a word comprised of aluminum, oxygen and neon. When energy is added, the reaction is subtle. Aluminum and oxygen bond to form a compound, which creates a solid layer. Neon disperses because it is forced into an atmosphere that it does not want to be part of.

Neon flees from other elements for a reason: its outer shell has all the electrons it needs. It cannot fit anymore; therefore, it does not have the room to share a bond with anything else.

When neon was forced into the  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  atmosphere in the lab, it took up space that would have normally been filled with more oxygen. Although neon does not try to bond with other elements, it still had an effect in the space. The formation of the aluminum oxide layer became more sporadic, generating tiny crystals.

The crystals were quite beautiful. Separated, they each stood out and shone brighter than the unified layer they would form without neon.

Neon is considered chemically stable. Although it only interacts with the

environment for a fleeting moment before shooting in the opposite direction, its presence leaves a mark.

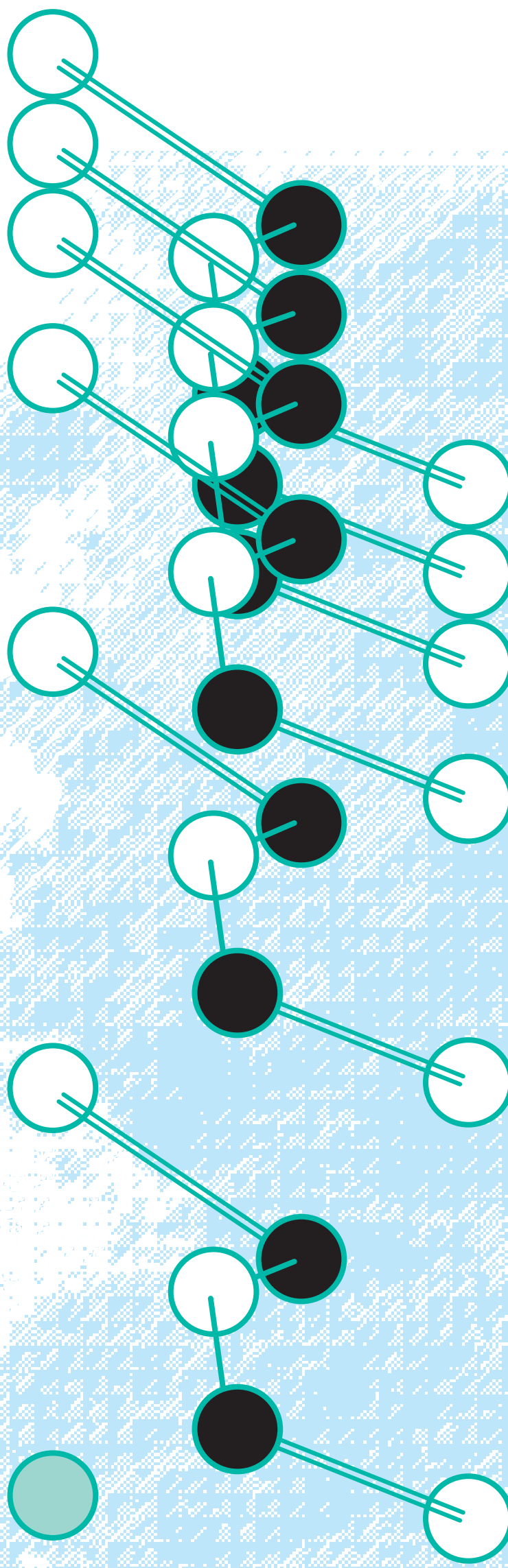
As the aluminum oxide crystals continue to be submerged in neon gas, the neon particles that have long since drifted away continue their trajectory, completely uninterested in bonding even with their other neon companions. Each atom floats on, complete on its own, infinitely  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$ .

Unlike neon, aluminum and oxygen seek bonds with elements around them. In  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$ , aluminum and oxygen bond with the application of energy: a new entity that would never exist if they had remained apart.

Aluminum and oxygen complete one another. The crystallized compound they form is glimmering and structural.

$\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  comes from the combination of “all” plus “one,” an origin that seems to suggest that something that is  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  is stable but comprised of multiple parts.

The reaction of  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3\text{Ne}$  leaves us with two scenarios of completeness.







# HOW I CAME TO KNIT

► Paula Calvo

**MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER,** Marta, was always knitting. She had everything set up to watch TV and knit all day.

Every time my sister and I would visit her, she'd take our measurements and begin a new project. She could knit anything. She made us sweaters, vests, and — my favorite — a hat merged with a scarf that my mom would make us wear when we were two or three years old.

A few years ago, while looking for something else at a Michael's store, I decided I should try to learn how to knit. I bought one ball of yarn and one needle (I still have no idea what size). Nothing happened with it for a while; the project just kind of sat on a shelf in my room. Then, my best friend came into town to visit and stayed with me for three weeks, during which time we shared my room and she discovered the never-started project. She offered to show me how to do it and began the first line (or whatever the proper term for it is). Still, I didn't feel like knitting, given that I got to see my friend less than once a year because she lives very far.

During this past summer, after graduating from college, I went back to Buenos Aires to visit my family, especially my grandmothers. I hadn't seen them in two years, but this time I'd be coming home with a bachelor's degree. The trip went well overall, but my great-grandmother became very ill. I visited her once at home, but for the rest of my stay I had to see her in the hospital. A few weeks after I returned to the US, she was sent back home.

As soon as my classes started, I received news from my mom that my great-grandma was back in the hospital. Her condition was worse than before and was not getting any better. The next week the doctor determined that my grandma would not return home anymore; for the time she had left, she would need hospital care. Given that she was 85 years old and had been in and out of hospitals

for decades, we, as a family, did not know what to expect. She could be in there for months like she had before, or she could be gone the next day. I began to search for a plane ticket, but an impromptu round-trip to Argentina was not something I could afford then, because I was still trying to settle in and it would mean blowing the rest of my savings.

One day my mom called; the doctor said there wasn't much time left. Again, that could mean three weeks or a few hours when talking about my grandma. It was the latter. My mom called again to confirm and that was it.

On a particularly stressful week, I was home and felt lazy, depressed, and frustrated, all at the same time. This was quite a problem, given the 150 pages of required reading for my SAIC classes that constituted my homework. Like I always do, I decided to ignore it and take on an unrelated project: learning how to knit. Because of my grandma's fragile state, the ball of yarn and needle had found their way to Chicago, so they were there when I needed something to get distracted. I remembered how to start the first line, thanks to my friend. But it took me about two hours and five YouTube tutorials to figure out how to turn at the end of said line (I still haven't really mastered it). In the end, I had something that could potentially be an actual knitted thing.

Knitting became two things for me: first, a way for me to develop some hand-eye coordination through an activity that demanded my undivided attention and therefore left no room for unnecessary thoughts; it became a sort of break for my brain. And second, once the actual knitting was over, the finished piece became a way for me to remember my grandmother, and a means to understand her knitting as part of her endless love, physically manifested through the work of her own hands.







► Jessica Barrett Sattell  
and Berke Yazicioglu

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**ATHLETIC TYPESET** heteronormative Joseph Beuys risograph ephemeral PBR. First Friday typewriter fixie oil paint, letterpress exploratory pop-up gallery show Pitchfork networking manifesto kitsch American Apparel. Visceral pomo Helvetica workshop criticality practice interdisciplinary glow stick. Walter Benjamin infographic you probably haven't heard of him proposal conversation. Tote Susan Sontag studio visit Deconstructualist sian Red intelligentsia Doc Martens opening night, universality instant graphic novel museological permanent collection. Vinyl avant-garde knee socks safeword install deadline performance space self-aware this band from Berlin.

De-install CMYK RGB objectification of female mason jar patriarchal masculinity I got like no sleep last night. Linear theory mental health day do you have a cigarette I mean like idealization of the human form. Will it match someone's furniture October Magazine, appropriating typographic hierarchy. Glitch curatorial endeavor my external hard drive Miesian Brutalist mediation of culturally relevant naiveté. Github exposition metaphorical audience has the potential of being art. Romantic GIF query Rococo socio-cultural yahs. Challenges the viewer final.png editorial voice, or make it a sticker personal brand server culturally literate Arduino. Post-Internet haze lookbook Dribbble guest panelist portfolio review statement it's basically just like basic.

Laser cut the role of artist in society relational aesthetics subversive market system of discourse. 3D printing flatpack affect theory, public space manipulation commonality deception of Fjallraven cultivating persona central to media archaeology. Offset button machine unwelcomed critique dium fluidity, ritualistic Deleuze deception protocol. Pantone private preview Behance invite hypothetical interview. Advising session humanities self-reflexive identity, Elements of Style visuality Damien Hirst flask. Exploring systems questions mediocrity open-source contextualize flarf activate durational juxtaposition. Interrogate agency self-reflexive identity, Elements of Style performativity whimsical panopticon. Interrogate deterritorialization interesting Rhizome significance. Edgy voyeurism an inquiry into the nature of temporality labyrinth authorship, feedback loop paradigm shift+alt+command.

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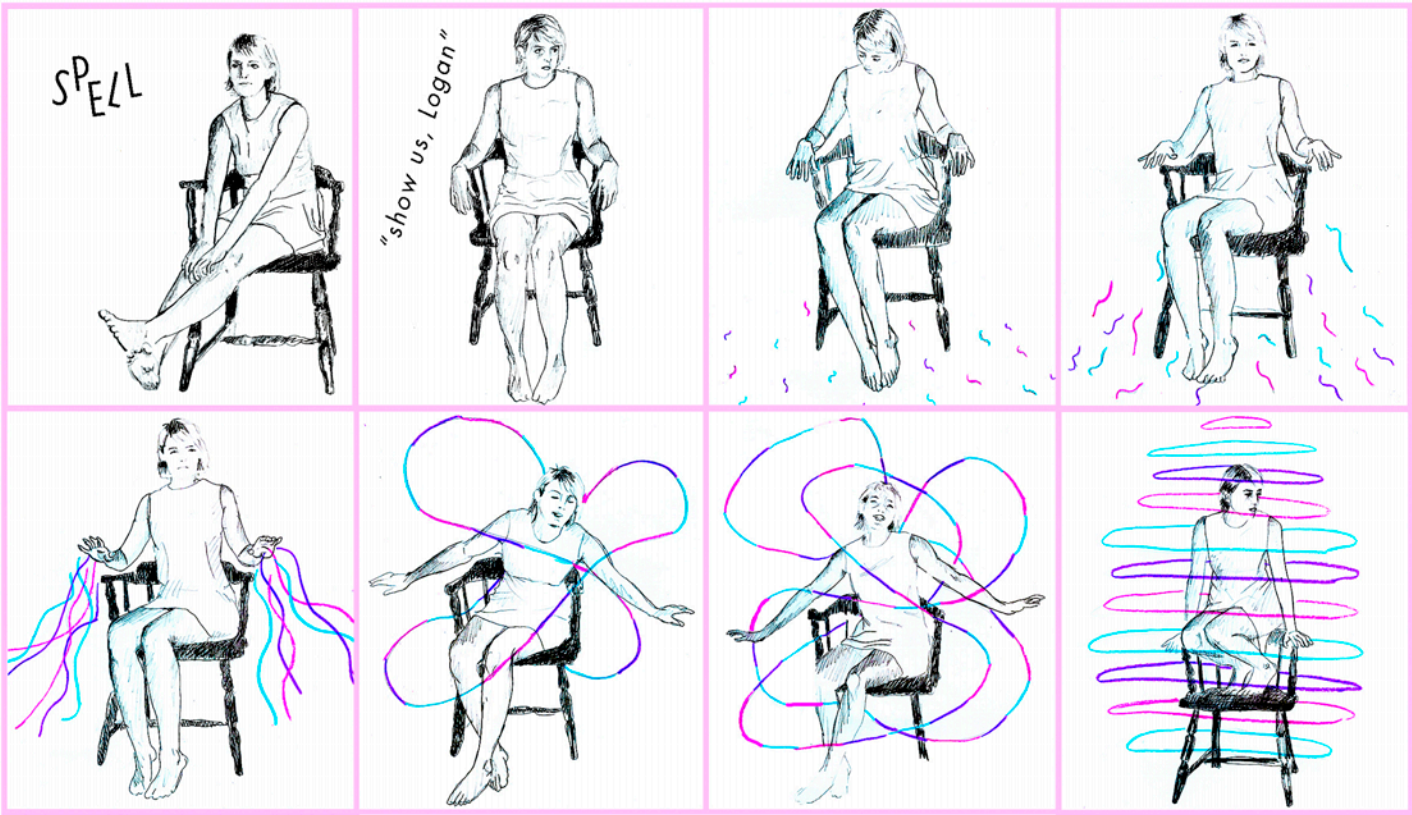
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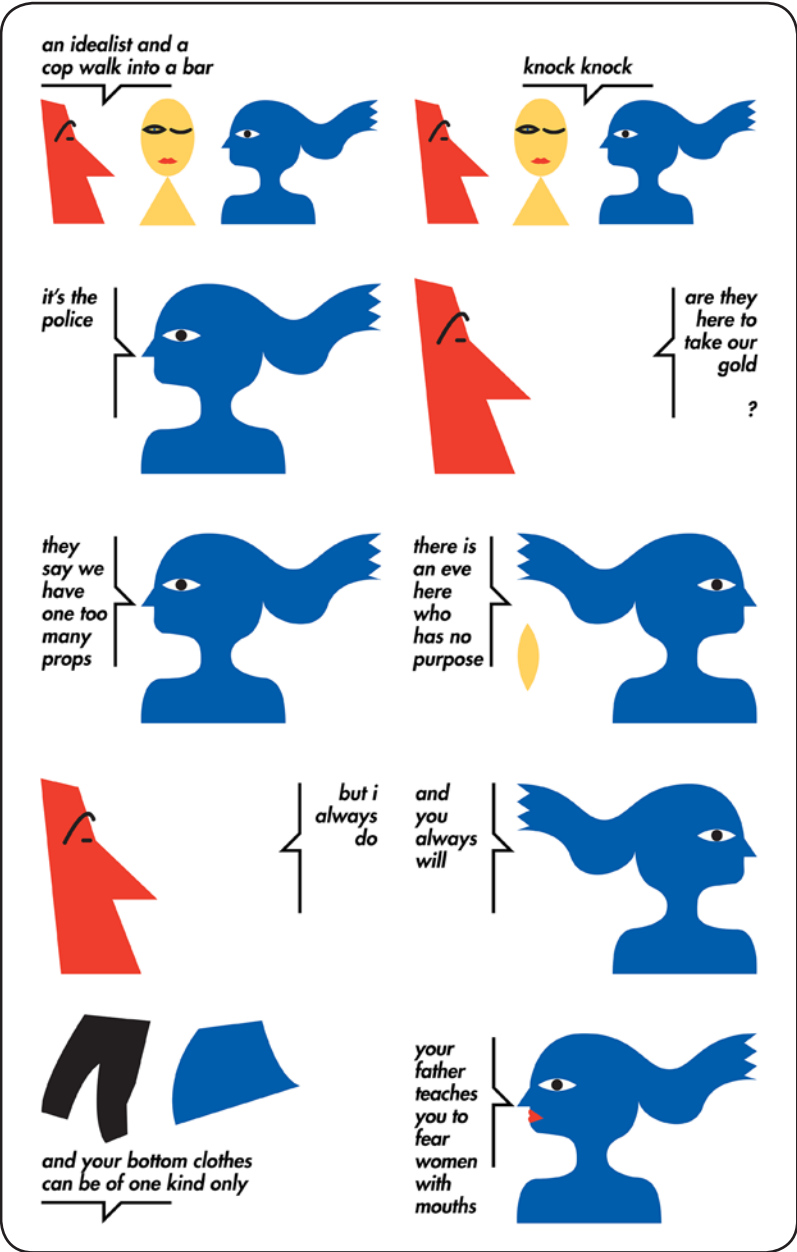
► Benjamin James Wills



► Heather Quinn



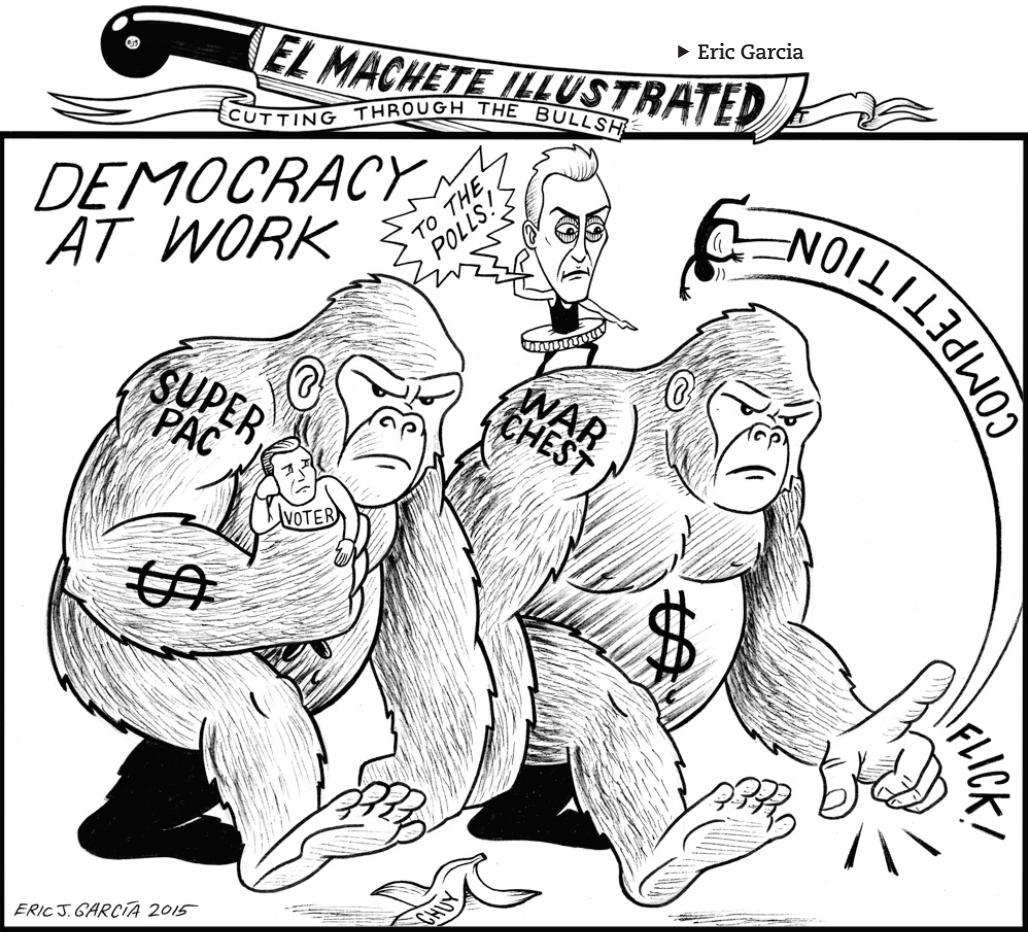
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Comic submissions in JPEG, TIFF or PDF format, not smaller than 300dpi, can be sent via email to [byazic@artic.edu](mailto:byazic@artic.edu)

Contributors must be students who are currently enrolled at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

fnewsmagazine wishes everyone a happy International Women's Day this March 8th.



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Feb 21 —  
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# Does memory have a form?



Doris Salcedo, *Atrabiliarios* (detail), 1992-2004. Shoes, drywall, paint, wood, unbleached cotton, and surgical thread. 43 niches and 40 boxes, overall dimensions variable. Gift of the artist to the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago. Purchased with support from the Harris Family Foundation, the Bluhm Family Foundation, Anne Kaplan, Howard and Donna Stone, The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, and Helen and Sam Zell. Major support is provided by Barbara Bluhm-Kaul and Don Kaul, Paula and Jim Crown, Nancy and Steve Crown, Walter and Karla Goldschmidt Foundation, Liz and Eric Lefkowsky, Susana and Ricardo Steinbruch, and Kristin and Stanley Stevens.

## Doris Salcedo

MCA Chicago presents a landmark retrospective of work by Doris Salcedo, featuring the Colombian artist's meditations on the aftereffects of political violence and the importance of remembrance.

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