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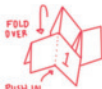
The School of the Art Institute of Chicago arts, culture, and politics



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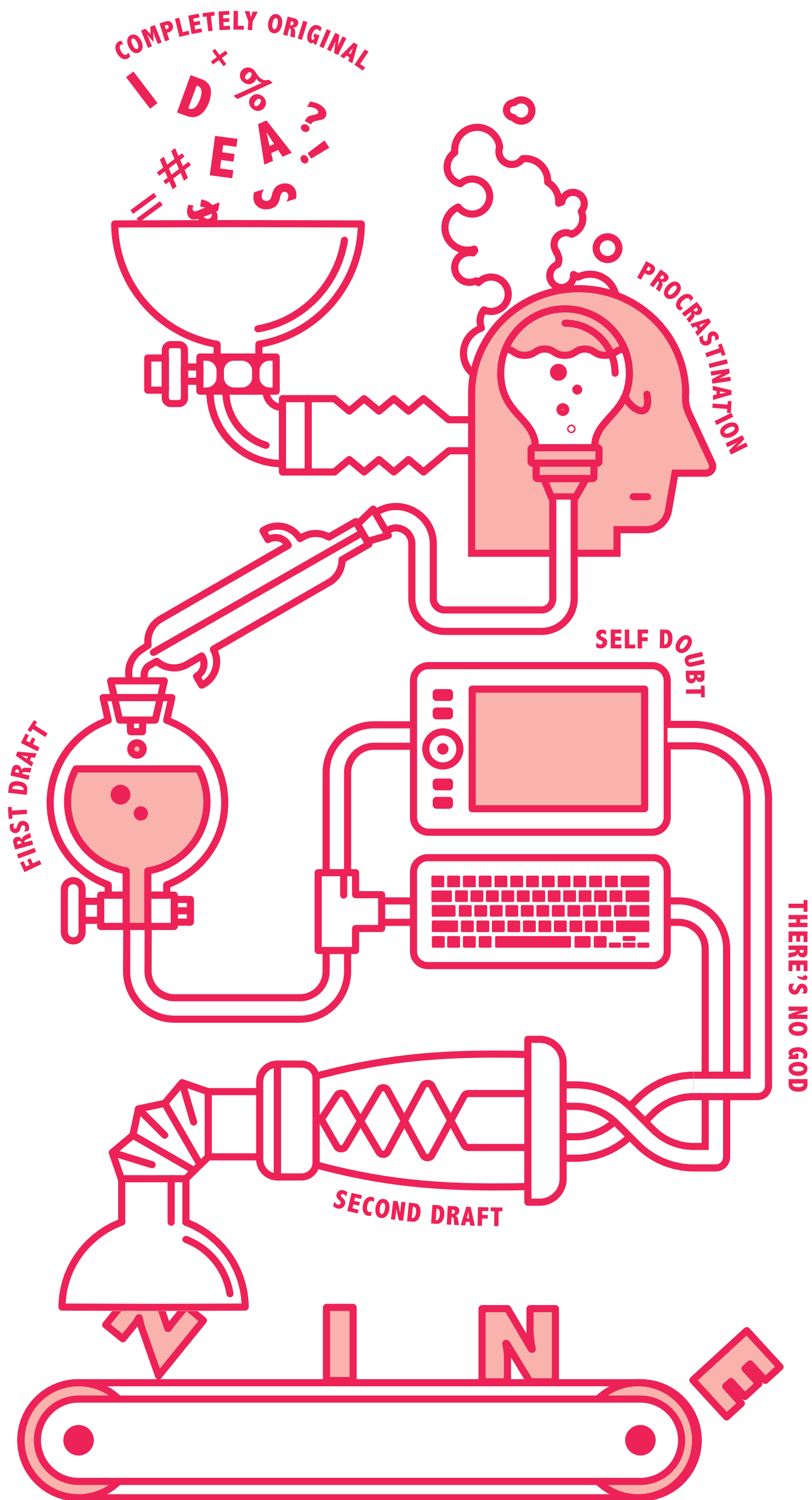
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OCTOBER 2017





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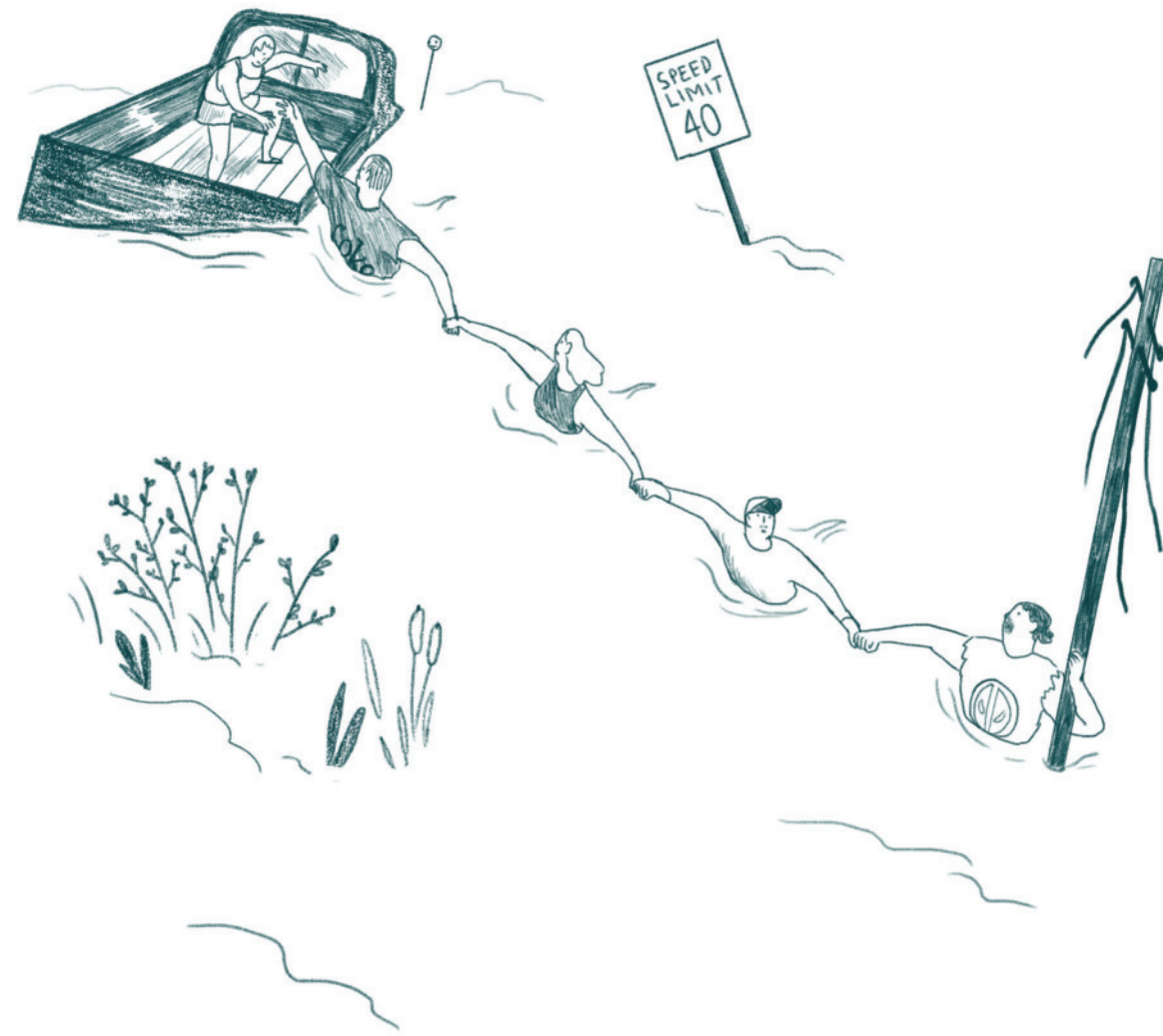
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fnewsmagazine

F Newsmagazine is a journal of arts, culture, and politics edited and designed by students at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. The print edition is published eight times a year and the web edition is published year-round.

Visit www.fnewsmagazine.com for more.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS AND THE PRINCE OF PRINT

Mary Fons, Irena Frumkin, Sevy Perez

What's the point of a student newspaper?

For all the time and resources it requires to create an issue like this one — to say nothing of all the content we post on the web — a student newspaper had better serve a crucial purpose.

We at F Newsmagazine believe our job is to try and make a paper that brings into focus who we are as a student body within the institution we've chosen: the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. We want to reflect back, as accurately as possible, what we collectively care about and what interests us as students, as people.

And we want to do this beautifully. A concern for informing people and a concern for good design are not mutually exclusive. These pages and their contents are sometimes serious, sometimes sardonic. But every page is made in earnest, and each of them are here, in print, for good reasons.

So look through this juicy October issue and if you don't think we've got it right, email us at editors@fnewsmagazine.com. We'll convince you get involved and write or draw something for us (we pay!) and we'll make it better together. If you love F Newsmagazine, tell us that. (We might pay.) Either way, your student newspaper wants to hear from you.

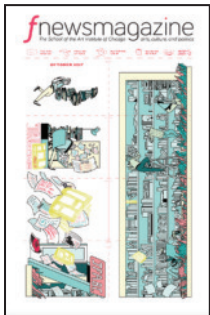
Enjoy,

Fons, Frumkin, & Perez, Inc.

ON THE COVER

"The Joan Zone," Rohan McDonald

If there's anything we've been reminded of lately here at F Newsmagazine, it's that self-publishing is as part of finding yourself. It's something Joan Flasch taught us, and it's something that's alive and thriving in Chicago's rich, diverse comics community. Our October cover is a folded mini-comic — a gateway zine, the most essential experiment of surface to volume. Art-making is cyclical and unpredictable; we never know what will inspire us, and we never know what will inspire others. So we make. We publish. We read. That's what we do. And we hope you join us. *Turn to page fifteen for more.*



THE ART OF TRADITION

It's time to bring back some classic art school hijinks

by *Emily Rich*

While trolling the internet over a morning cup of tea, Facebook effectively targeted an ad to me (#rhyme). My little Southern heart couldn't resist the clickbait that was "Southern Traditions We Want to Bring Back — And You Will Too!" from Southern Living magazine, despite my general rule that I don't click the Facebook ads.

What followed was perhaps the most absurd listicle I've ever encountered. It's twenty-three items long! Most of these items are neither specifically Southern nor are they what I would call a tradition. However, the "article's" loose use of the term "tradition," paired with a strange understanding of what constitutes as "Southern," got me thinking. I, too, could make clickbait out of basic common courtesy and the misuse of words! What follows are some art school traditions I want to bring back (a term used loosely here) — and you will too.

Emily is a second-year Writing MFA student. She's a playwright, photographer, and teaching artist by day, preferably asleep at night.

01

ART-MAKING IN THE BATHROOM

When did those "No art-making in the bathrooms" signs go up and why? It's time to reclaim the bathroom as an art-making space.

02

SELLING OUT

We live in a capitalist society on the verge of collapse: Embrace it.

03

NOT READING F NEWSMAGAZINE

Because we're tired of playing to an empty room.

04

PUTTING YOUR SKILLS TO GOOD USE BY MAKING PROTEST SIGNS

Yes, even if you're a pot-thrower or sculptor. It's not the art we deserve but it's the art we need right now.

05

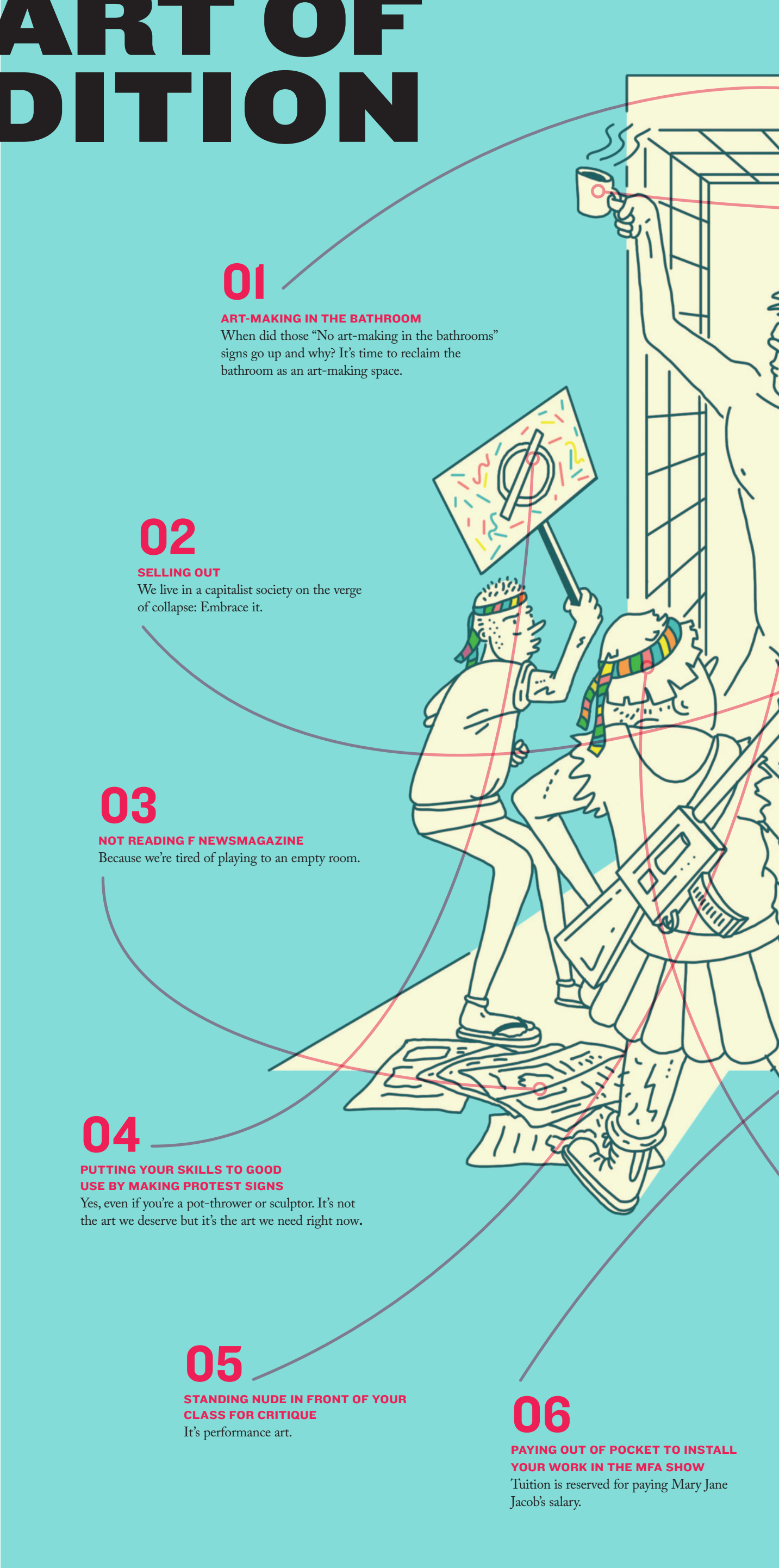
STANDING NUDE IN FRONT OF YOUR CLASS FOR CRITIQUE

It's performance art.

06

PAYING OUT OF POCKET TO INSTALL YOUR WORK IN THE MFA SHOW

Tuition is reserved for paying Mary Jane Jacob's salary.





MORE HUMAN
THAN HUMAN.

13

**DRINKING AN ENTIRE POT OF COFFEE WHILE
WATCHING "BLADE RUNNER" IN CLASS**

I've done this once, and I nearly died. There's truly
no better way to be fully aware of your body's slow decay.

14

ART FORGERY

I would never encourage illegal activity, but all the best
stories start with an art forgery. It's traditional to try
to fake a Monet and then replace one of the real ones
in the Art Institute with it only to find the original
you thought you were stealing was stolen long ago and
replaced by an art school forgery as well!

12

NOT PAYING ATTENTION AT ALL

Looking up the new iPhone on your old iPhone.

11

LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP TO THE ART INSTITUTE

This isn't a joke: This should be a thing. I'm starting a
campaign. What is our tuition paying for?
(Mary Jane Jacob's salary.)

10

STICK AND POKE TATTOOS

It's like everyone's afraid of getting
infections now or something.

Illustration by Rohan McDonald

09

**DRESSING FOR THE WEATHER YOU HAVE,
NOT THE WEATHER YOU WANT**

Please, I'm begging you. You look amazing in your
sheer tights and mini dress, but it's stressing me out.

07

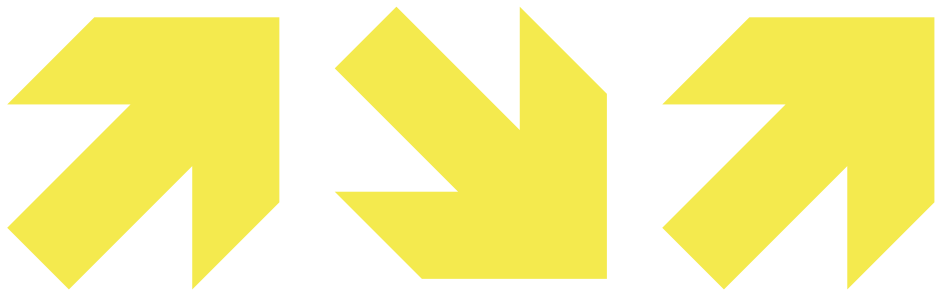
FORMING A CADRE OF MILITANT LGBT STUDENTS

I understand this is traditional at art school and I'm all for it.

08

GETTING A FREE T-SHIRT ON DAY ONE

I'm still waiting for mine. Whatever happened to
getting a free t-shirt in exchange for tuition? What
exactly am I paying for? (Mary Jane Jacob's salary.)



127

**Our city proves
to be entertaining
for a very specific
amount of time**

by Annie Leue

With a population of 2.7 million people and roughly 1.4 million standup comedians, Chicago holds its own as a hub of highbrow culture and dining. The city is known worldwide for its signature deep dish pizza, which has long blanketed and buried entire neighborhoods under thick layers of cheese. Thankfully, the rate at which Cubs fans are reproducing after their big World Series win ensures a well-populated and prosperous Chicago of tomorrow.* Street musicians, tacos, someone peeing on the El — all these classic city experiences are waiting for us all. ✨ If you have a family interested enough in your life to want to witness that for themselves, you know that Chicago is a great place for a parental visit. There are lots of parents in Chicago, so they’re in good company. And parents love doing fun things, so, lucky for you, there are at least six days worth of age-appropriate activities in the city before you run out of things to do, say, and feel. ✨ My own parents popped into town recently; below is a list of what we did, so it’s what you should do too. Do not stray from the list.



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HOURS

WEDNESDAY

LULA-PALOOZA, 9 P.M.

When I was little, I used to think that any place that was referred to as a “hole in the wall” literally could not be accessed by any other means than crawling through a large hole, hand-chiseled Shawshank-style, into the solid outer wall of a building. It was such an exciting concept.

I still have yet to discover a true “hole in the wall,” but **Lula Cafe** keeps my warped childhood dreams alive, even with its regular door. Situated so close to Logan Square’s namesake you could spit hard and have it land on a bespoke picnic blanket, Lula is a must for anyone who loves food or is alive. The restaurant’s rotating seasonal menu ensures not only optimal ingredient freshness, but also maximum Baby Boomer confusion: My parents had to look up a significant number of unfamiliar food terms on their phones. We eventually decided to order mostly things we were already aware existed.

THURSDAY

VIEW FROM THE TOP, 1 P.M.

Navy Pier is a must-see on any Chicago trip. The inverted nipple of Lake Michigan, as I like to call it (“So ... the lake is the breast?” – My mom), is an actual pier filled with rides, food, and meeting spaces for important mansplainers. It’s known best for the giant Ferris wheel that costs fifteen whole dollars to ride. I like to think of it as Chicago’s very own London Eye. Riders get superb views of the city, all from the luxury of an enclosed eight-seater pod — shielded from the intense Chicago wind that will inevitably knock the whole thing over into the lake. I can confirm that the view from the top makes the perfect backdrop for selfies that perpetuate a grand illusion that you can fly, or are very, very tall.

FRIDAY

WRIGHT ON READ, 9:30 A.M.

What has four wheels, a median age of 55, and is filled to the brim with disdain towards Millennials? Easy: The **Chicago Architecture Foundation’s Frank Lloyd Wright bus tour!**

The Beyoncé of the middle-class Baby Boomer’s world, Frank Lloyd Wright draws polo-clad crowds from all over the world to his former home and studio in Oak Park, Illinois. The home itself is a beautiful case study in structural and aesthetic innovation, as was the haircut of the patriarch of a very bored Alaskan family also on the tour. (I was both enraptured and frightened as I watched what can only be described as a handful of noodles draped over a cantaloupe make its way through one of the most famous historical sites in the country.)

Even if you don’t have the same opportunity to witness that, the bus tour is still worth your money, your time, and the mild inconvenience of having to listen to old people complain about the fan noise in the bus, then about being hot after it’s turned off, and then again about not being able to hear when it’s turned back on.

SATURDAY

GREEN WITH IVY, 12:30 P.M.

If you’ve ever wanted to be groped by a plant, look no further than the **Garfield Park Conservatory**. They’ll touch your butt with or without your permission, and you’ll probably like it. This botanical celebration is an incredible way to experience every climate in one day. Each room boasts hundreds, if not thousands of species of plants native to areas across the globe. There’s the Prickly Popsicle Room, the House of Noodlehangers, Indoor Florida, you name it.

Each plant room leads to another plant room and then another until you’ve found yourself foraging for food and contemplating your mortality in a seemingly endless forest. And if the green majesty of the Earth isn’t your cup of tea, maybe try a goat yoga class or crashing a wedding in Horticulture Hall. At the Conservatory, there’s something for everyone.

The Second City is a Chicago staple, like hot dogs without ketchup and drinking heavily on stoops.

WHISKEY BUSINESS, 5 P.M.

I’m no whiskey connoisseur, but Ravenswood distillery **Koval** definitely makes whiskey. You know, that liquid that has 18 different names but is essentially all the same thing in different shades of brown? I once went to an informal blind bourbon tasting hosted by a few friends, where I had the opportunity to taste Old Rip Van Winkle’s 10 year-old bourbon, and the only descriptive phrase I could muster was “tastes like couch.” I came for the gin.

Koval’s showroom offers one-hour tours multiple times a day, making it a great last-minute activity for indecisive people like my family. For ten dollars apiece we enjoyed a series of tastings administered through an intimidating government-sanctioned measuring syringe. Individually, each tasting was the volumetric equivalent of a monopoly thimble, but all of them together were enough for me to gag and shiver my way to a nice buzz by the time the tour was over. My parents are now too embarrassed to take me with them anywhere ever again.

SUNDAY

THE BIG BANG BANG THEORY, 10 A.M.

I can never say enough good things about **Bang Bang Pie & Biscuits**. They took in a very hungry Annie while I was on one of my first solo trips to Chicago and they’ve held a very special place in my heart ever since. (My arteries, to be specific.) I’d been talking it up for days before my parents even landed.

“Buttery biscuits,” I whispered to my mother over the phone. “Runny poached eggs. Seasonal jam. AVOCADO. HAAMMMMM!!!”

“Honey,” she said, “That sounds lovely. But it’s one in the morning and you’re screaming.”

Bang Bang’s biscuit breakfasts are the perfect combination of flaky and gooey, healthy and deadly (in the medical, not metaphorical sense). They’re essentially an open-faced sandwich filled with a combination of meat, veg, and poached egg — or simply butter and jam if you’re feeling pastoral. Pair it with a slice of Bang Bang’s award-winning pie, available in at least five seasonal flavors at any given time, and get ready for the most satisfying coma of your life.

MAKE IT ‘TIL YOU FAKE IT, 4 P.M.

The Second City is a Chicago staple, like hot dogs without ketchup, or drinking heavily on stoops. I’d been itching to see one of their shows since I moved to Chicago around this time last year. Aside from that time I made actual, prolonged eye contact with Tim Meadows at an iO Theater improv performance, I’d never felt so close to my comedy idols as when my parents and I finally took in a show.

We saw a Sunday matinee of the Best of Second City revue, a six-member, half-improv, half-sketch-comedy, all-bonkers bonanza. The women, making up four out of the six members, dominated the stage for the majority of the show. Confident, strong, hilarious — all the things I strive to be.

MONDAY

ART!!!!, 1 P.M.

If the art world was the crew of a large wooden ship, the **Art Institute of Chicago** would sit at the helm. Centrally located on Michigan Avenue in the Loop, the museum is a world-class cultural mecca. Fame breeds rumors, however, and the Art Institute is certainly not immune from widespread falsehoods. As a student at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), and thus an expert on our mother museum, it is my duty to set the record straight:

- Yes, there are 8,000,000 bees living in the museum walls that are released once a year to terrorize visiting executives from The Whitney.
- No, the museum does not deflate at night and then re-inflate upon the rising of the new day’s sun.
- No, the gift shop does not sell human remains.
- Yes, the museum is accessible by a vast network of tubes and tunnels that lead exclusively to and from Panera Bread locations.
- Yes, the lion statues flanking the main entrance are named Left Eye and T-Boz.
- Yes, the miniatures room will instantly make you cry *~*because so smol*~*.

Be sure to take some time to visit the Art Institute and lend your support to the museum’s mission to inspire and educate. This has been an advertisement for the Art Institute of Chicago. This whole thing.

*In all seriousness, August 3, 2017 saw a wave of babies hit Wrigleyville and I don’t even want to think about what that parking situation was like.

SEE MORE AT FNEWSMAGAZINE.COM

Annie Leue is a second-year MFA student in Viscom. You can find her listening to “Africa” by Toto anywhere, at any time.

6 GREAT DOGS IN HISTORY WHO DESERVE MONUMENTS WAY MORE THAN ANY CONFEDERATE LEADER

Mail this list to your uncle

by Grace Ann Wells

The debate surrounding the removal of monuments to the Confederacy has been going on for a long time. Despite the fact that these monuments were erected solely to promote white supremacy and show opposition to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, 100 years after the Civil War, many Americans believe they should remain in place to honor the heritage and history of the Confederacy. Supporting the oppression of others should obviously be considered pretty bad, but apparently, that's a hard concept for some Americans to grasp. Trying to explain the problematic nature of Confederate statues to someone who blindly supports them is literally painful. So, take a look at these 6 dogs who deserve a statue way more than any Confederate leader.

SEE MORE AT FNEWSMAGAZINE.COM

Grace is the School News editor at F Newsmagazine. She didn't know what else to put in her bio, so just picture her chugging coffee somewhere.

1 BO OBAMA

Bo was the First Dog during President Barack Obama's term. His Wikipedia page is titled Bo (Dog) so you know he's kind of a big deal. The black and white Portuguese Water Dog (a hypoallergenic Portuguese dog breed from Portugal) was introduced into the White House and our hearts on April 14, 2009. He's still *my* dog president.

4 MARLEY

"Marley and Me" made me laugh, it made me cry, it made me ask myself: "Why am I doing this, why am I watching this?" Marley was a good boy and not a racist, that's all you really need to know about the film.

2 TOTO

Toto, a dog who survived a twister and living in Kansas, was portrayed in the 1939 movie version of "The Wizard of Oz" by Terry, a Cairn Terrier known for her undeniable star quality and pill addiction (that may have been Judy Garland). And Terry does have a monument you can visit and not tear down: It's in Los Angeles' Hollywood Forever Cemetery.

5 ARGOS

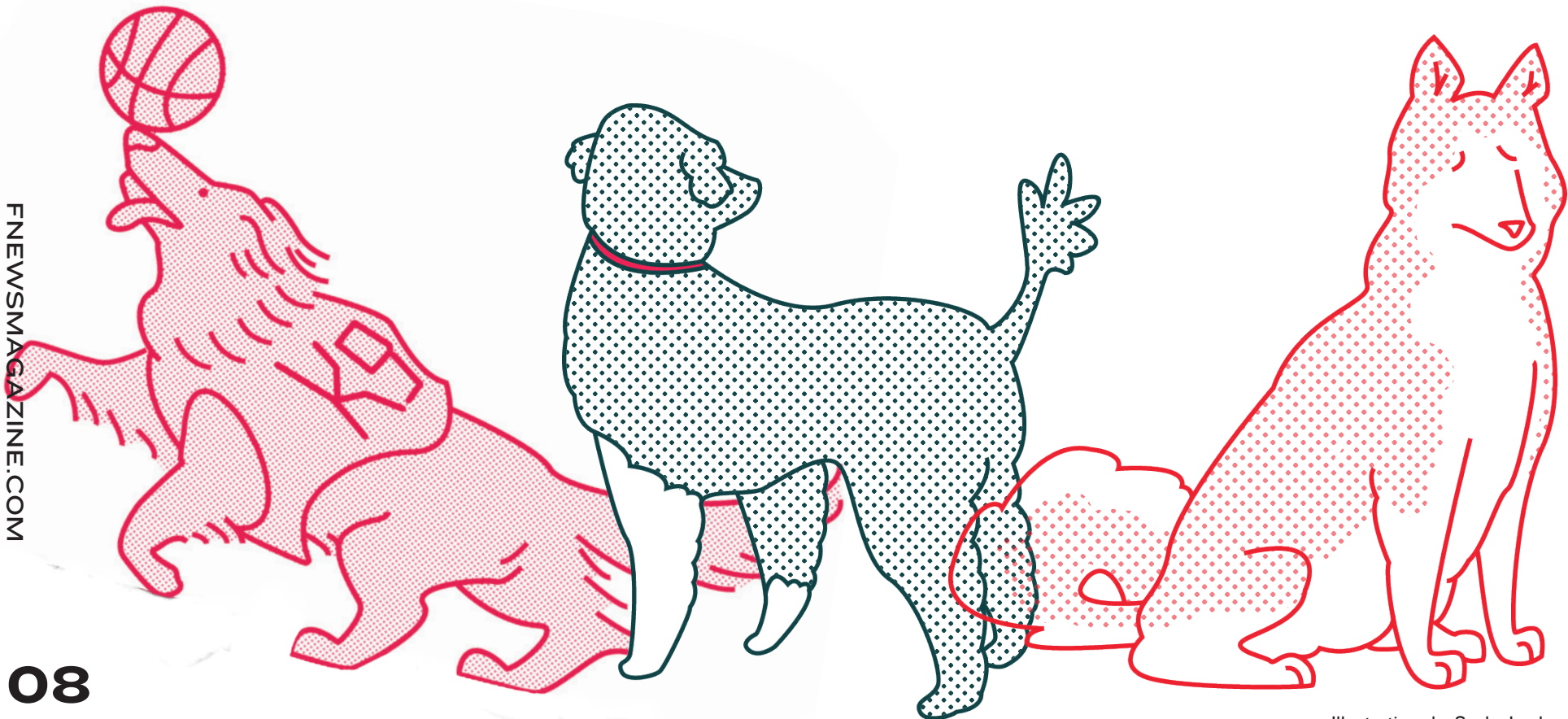
Argos was the dog of Odysseus. When Argos was a puppy, Odysseus left to fight the Trojan War. 27 years later Odysseus returned dressed as a beggar and Argos was the **ONLY** one who recognized him. Kinda like how too few people recognize that Confederate leaders don't deserve monuments in their honor.

3 HACHIKO

Known as one of the most faithful dogs in history, Hachiko, an Akita born on a farm in Japan, waited for his owner to come home for nine years after his owner's death. Japanese pop culture uses him as a symbol of fidelity and loyalty.

6 AIRBUD

"Airbud" was the movie you watched during grade school when your teacher was too hungover to teach. Definitely statue-worthy.



FROM THE INSIDE

When confronted with a claustrophobic gallery space, it's hard not to have a question that feels rather rude: Why so small? It's a question worth asking, and one that curators Alison Amick and Matt Collinsworth considered deeply when putting together their Mark Francis exhibition at Intuit: The Center for Intuitive and Outsider Art.

"Sculptures from the Inside" is contained within Intuit's closet-sized offshoot of a gallery. It's an arms-length excursion; viewers are put into a space no bigger than a prison cell and forced to make meaning out of the small things available there. There are eight sculptures total, all of which were completed during Francis' twenty-eight-year incarceration in a Kentucky prison. He was convicted of murder at the age of 25, and, after taking an arts appreciation course offered by the prison, began expressing himself through papier-mâché.

Some of the work is hilarious. "Prison Blues," depicts the hodge-podge of prison life as comical narrative. Essentially a dollhouse prison diorama, with papier-mâché renditions of inmates living out their days inside, one inmate has a cell to himself, with a shelf-top television from which wires pump primetime football directly into his scrambled brains — his eyes crossed like Homer Simpson's. Below, in the bottom-right cell, two inmates pass the time in different ways: One having a Thinker-esque bowel movement on the cell's single toilet, and the other jamming on an electric guitar a few paces away. There is, however, more to prison life than laughter, and Francis is able to express the darkness from the inside just as inventively.

A shirtless inmate kneels in the center-top cell of the same piece. His face is cast upward and out through the bars, to the free air where the viewer stands, mouth wide, screaming out beneath bloodshot eyes. His chest is also torn open, revealing a melting Dalí-style clock à la "Persistence of Memory," its hours replaced by years, and a giant key thrust in to no avail. Melting time, screaming faces, bloodshot horror-shows of internal dread — these are all themes which repeat throughout "Sculptures," and cut through its humor the more they're looked at.

In addition to melting clocks and screaming faces, there are frequent depictions of barbed wire, chains, cages, rats, flesh wounds, locks and keys made from found objects. Francis was limited to things like ramen noodles, mail-order dowel rods, shoe polish, and toilet paper to create his works; but despite improvised materials, Francis' precision of craft shines through.

A former inmate translates confinement into art

by Flynn Mixdorf

"Barbed Wire," continues Francis' referencing of key pieces of aesthetic culture. A rendition of the oft-invoked premonitory over the entrance of Dante's Hell ("I am the way into the city of woe. ... Abandon all hope, ye who enter here") takes the form of a bound-and-caged inmate's tattoo. These references to commonly cited, typically kitsch-ified works could not be more pertinent in Francis' sculptures. The

There is no way we can come close to the torture which the mind goes through during decades behind bars.

surreal landscape of Dalí's dripping clocks and freakishly altered perception, coupled with the invocation of the 14th century poet's brilliantly horrifying gates of Hell, give Francis' work a grounding in the history of viscerally disturbing and convulsive art.

Beyond mere depictions of prison-life, Francis's sculptures are an essay on the ways we deal with time. As an inmate for almost three decades, he was forced to come to terms with its passing each day of his incarceration — an endeavor most people only imagine in books, films, and other things at arm's length and easily set down for the day. There is no way we can come close to the torture the mind goes through during decades behind bars, but we are able to look at the products of minds that have.

"Sculptures from the inside" is on view at Intuit Center for Intuitive and Outsider Art through October 8, 2017.

Flynn is a third-year undergraduate in SAIC's Writing Department. He's never written for F Newsmagazine before, and enjoys Greek salad.



OUT

EXPO- NENTIAL



BOOTH #142
The Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum



BOOTH #839
DARRYL TERRELL, #PROJECT20, 2017
10 Cyanotype prints, black coffee and tea tones.

This year's art bonanza broke records

*Photography by Emily Kathryn
Donaldson and Haerim Lee*

SEE MORE AT FNEWSMAGAZINE.COM



BOOTH #166
YVETTE MAYORGA
Chicago Artists Coalition, solo presentation, "High Maintenance."

EXPO began 37 years ago at Navy Pier under a different name: the less-snappy "Chicago International Art Expo." After a decade at the Pier, the big show moved to the Merchandise Mart and stayed there 12 years. Then, five years ago, current president and director Tony Karman returned it to the Pier, where it is going strong as ever. In fact, the city's premier arts exhibition ended this year with shattered attendance records.

Some 40,000 patrons attended EXPO to take in its 135 galleries from 25 countries and 58 cities. And an impressive

8,500 of these attendees showed up on the first night for *Vernissage*, the Museum of Contemporary Art's exclusive opening night preview and fundraiser.

Karman told Chicago Business Journal that the secret to the exhibition's increased success is tapping into Chicago's collaborative spirit, adding that "the ... involvement of our cultural institutions, collectors, galleries, and artists will ensure that we will be welcoming the world together for many years to come."

Aren't you glad you went and got your free ticket?



ost buildings, regardless of their function, will eventually be inhabited by people, inviting a scrutiny of structural decisions excusable in other art disciplines. Excess in a novel or painting can be apologized away on stylistic grounds; in a building, it could render the space uninhabitable.

No architect has reconciled utility and ornamentation as skillfully as Frank Lloyd Wright, whose 150th birthday was celebrated this past June. “Organic Architecture,” the term Wright coined to describe his work, advocates for harmony between nature and humanity. Materials, motifs, and ordering principles are selected in relation to a building’s surroundings.

Over time, Wright’s once-radical theories look like common sense. The trouble with dusting off an eminence like Wright for contemporary audiences is to risk straining to articulate his relevance. How does one prevent an eternally-stamped influence from looking like a fossil? This is the challenge that the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) faces in its decision to exhibit a massive accounting of the architect’s work.

“Frank Lloyd Wright at 150: Unpacking the Archive,” features 450 pieces produced between the 1890s and 1950s. Showcasing drawings, scale models, paintings, building fragments, furniture, and textiles offer the most comprehensive showing of Wright’s work to date. The space is divided into 12 sections, or “rooms,” covering specific phases in the architect’s career. With forest green-painted walls, and patrons walking on hardwood floors under soft incandescent lighting, the show feels like a mid-century den.

What stands out most in the exhibit is the establishment of Wright as a master draftsman. Threatened with extinction by Computer Assisted Design (CAD), so many beautiful sketches in succession project traditional elegance without appearing quaint. When rendered in colored pencil and watercolor, they take on a majesty that shows Wright’s affinity for the natural world his structures inhabit.

Early concepts of the Guggenheim are done in a bold pink — doubtlessly reflecting Wright’s vision of the museum’s spiraling interior as miming that of a seashell. Other innovations, such as the Price Tower in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and the Johnson Wax Headquarters in Racine, Wisconsin, prove Wright’s range extended well beyond the Prairie Homes he’s most famous for.

The volume of what’s offered may cause viewers to pay so much attention to the “unpacking” that they’ll miss it in abstraction. Section E, which documents the conceptualization of the Nakoma Country Club, attempts to view Wright through the lens of cultural appropriation. Requested in 1924 but abandoned due to construction costs, the project was eventually adopted and built by Dariel and Peggy Garner in 1995. The compound — with its five tepee-like structures and a “Wigwam Room” — establishes for the curators Wright’s tendency to “romanticize and generalize American Indian culture,” his interest “exist[ing] in tension with prevailing racial stereotypes and imperialist strategies.”

Also at issue is Wright’s attempted construction of a Rosenwald School commissioned by a part-owner of Sears, Roebuck, and Co. to elevate the clapboard schoolhouses built for African American children. Absent in the plan was any advocacy for integration. To the contrary, Wright’s letters suggest he still believed black Americans ought to be educated separately because of what he considered “innate racial differences.” (In a shamelessly opportunistic, off-menu selection, a Jacob Lawrence painting from his “Migration Series” is placed next to the offending material.)

Whether the exhibition succeeds as a showing rather than a litigation — and aside from the mess with Lawrence — the answer is yes. After all, if the intention was to knife Wright on technicalities, the architect’s history as a womanizer could’ve easily been brought up, yet these details aren’t mentioned at all.

Writing about the mixed fortune of artists who work in the avant garde, William H. Gass noted the irony of Wright’s endeavors. His houses, for example, were affordable and brilliantly functional, but failed to make it on the market.

But the Levittowns have faded into ubiquity while Wright’s achievements remain. To be inside of a Frank Lloyd Wright building is to witness individuality being conjured; his legacy, 150 years on, is to imagine progressive ways of living. As more people are allowed to express themselves within society, it’s his aggressive pluralism of structures and spaces that will endure, even if the social mores of his generation do not.

SEE MORE AT FNEWSMAGAZINE.COM

J. Howard Rosier (MFAW '18) is the Arts Editor at F Newsmagazine. He is probably wearing a blazer and cradling a stack of papers.

THE WRIGHT BALANCE

A visit to New York for MoMA’s Frank Lloyd Wright retrospective

by J. Howard Rosier

Concepts such as the Davidson Little Farms Unit show a farm-to-table prescience well ahead of the national curve.



OPENINGS

what to see

ROMAN ONDAK, “ESCAPE CIRCUIT,” 2014
Photograph by Michael Tropea. Image courtesy of The Arts Club of Chicago.



ROMAN ONDAK: MAN WALKING TOWARD A FATA MORGANA

WHERE The Arts Club of Chicago
201 E. Ontario St., Chicago, IL
WHEN September 12, 2017, through December 22, 2017

The work of acclaimed Slovak artist Roman Ondak explores life in both a post-Soviet and globalized context. The Arts Club of Chicago arranged Ondak's solo exhibition around his readymade-esque installation, “Escape Circuit,” an arrangement of 42 colorful wooden and metal cages.

MICHAEL RAKOWITZ, “ENEMY KITCHEN,” 2012-ONGOING

Image courtesy of photographer Greg Broseus, Rhona Hoffman Gallery, Chicago; Jane Lombard Gallery, New York; Galerie Barbara Wien, Berlin.



ENEMY KITCHEN

WHERE The Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago (MCA) Plaza
220 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, IL
WHEN Various dates in October

In dialogue with Michael Rakowitz' museum show “Enemy Kitchen,” a pop-up food truck manned by Iraq War veterans serving Iraqi dishes, will be stationed at the plaza in front of the MCA on October 1, October 6, and October 22. According to the MCA, “Enemy Kitchen is open until the food runs out. Meals are free but limited.”

MICHAEL RAKOWITZ, “MAY THE ARROGANT NOT PREVAIL,” 2010

Collection Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, gift of Marshall Field's by exchange, 2015. Image courtesy of the artist and Rhona Hoffman Gallery.



BACKSTROKE OF THE WEST

WHERE The Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago (MCA)
WHEN September 16, 2017, through March 4, 2018

Chicago-based artist Michael Rakowitz draws on his Iraqi-Jewish heritage to offer artwork on the complexities of culture and conflict. His first-ever survey show in the United States, “Backstroke of the West,” includes a number of his projects dating from the late 1990s to the present.

VICTOR MOSCOSO, “THE DOORS, AVALON BALLROOM, APRIL 14-16, 1967”

Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections, Northwestern University Libraries. Courtesy of the artist.



WILLIAM BLAKE AND THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

WHERE Mary and Leigh Block Museum of Art
40 Arts Cir. Dr., Evanston, IL
WHEN September 23, 2017, through March 11, 2018

The Block Museum considers the connections and artistic negotiations between William Blake's radical poetry, writing, and politics and artists in post-war America. “Age of Aquarius” exhibits over 130 posters, photographs, drawings, prints, paintings, and films within the Blake cannon.

TARSILA DO AMARAL, “ANTROPOFAGIA,” 1929

Acervo da Fundação José e Paulina Nemirovsky, em comodato com a Pinacoteca do Estado de São Paulo. © Tarsila do Amaral Licenciamentos.



TARSILA DO AMARAL: INVENTING MODERN ART IN BRAZIL

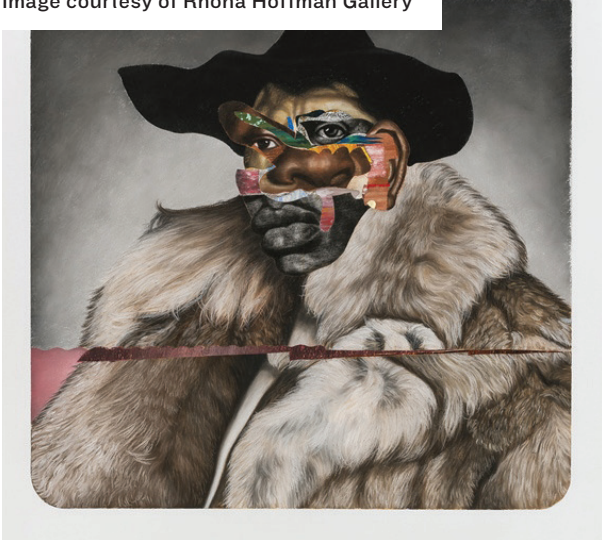
WHERE The Art Institute of Chicago
111 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL
WHEN October 8, 2017, through January 7, 2018

This exhibition features over 120 paintings, drawings, and archival documents pertaining to the life and work of Tarsila do Amaral, a daring and influential central figure in Brazilian modern art. It is the first large-scale museum show in North America devoted to the artist.

& CLOSINGS

and where, when to see it

NATHANIEL MARY QUINN, "BUCK NASTY: PLAYER HATERS BALL," 2017
Image courtesy of Rhona Hoffman Gallery



NATHANIEL MARY QUINN: NOTHING'S FUNNY

WHERE Rhona Hoffman Gallery
118 N. Peoria St., Chicago, IL
WHEN On view through October 14, 2017

Drawing from historical references like Cubism and Surrealism, and his own personal experiences growing up in Chicago's public housing projects, Nathaniel Quinn's complex collages are full of life and experimentation.

NANCY MLADENOFF, IDEOLOGY PRIMER II, 1989
Painting on printed fabric, 34 x 40 inches. Collection of the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art. Gift of David Bordwell and Kristin Thompson. Bordwell and Kristin Thompson.



TAKING SIDES

WHERE Madison Museum of Contemporary Art (MMoCA)
227 State St., Madison, WI
WHEN On view through October 15, 2017

With nearly 100 works and a wide variety of media, "Taking Sides" maps out the tradition of social critique within modern and contemporary art. The show explores a variety of fraught and timely issues from racial and gender inequality to abuses of power, and is a great excuse to visit Madison.

SAUL STEINBERG, "UNTITLED (BAR SCENE)," 1945
Gift of the Saul Steinberg Foundation.



ALONG THE LINES: SELECTED DRAWINGS BY SAUL STEINBERG

WHERE The Art Institute of Chicago
WHEN On view through October 29, 2017

The iconic Romanian-born cartoonist and illustrator enjoyed a successful career in post-war America, his drawings often appearing in publications like the The New Yorker and Harper's Bazaar. A number of his humorous, provoking, and often cheeky pieces are still on view.

INSTALLATION VIEW
Image courtesy of Kavi Gupta Gallery.



GLENN KAINO: SIGN

WHERE Kavi Gupta Gallery
835 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, IL
WHEN On view through October 28, 2017

In his solo exhibition, Japanese-American artist Glenn Kaino explores and challenges signifiers of colonization and ownership, such as flags, signs, and peace agreements. Kaino questions our relationship with these objects and the ways in which they "perform" back at the viewer.

INSTALLATION VIEW
Image courtesy of The Renaissance Society.



TENDERHEADED

WHERE The Renaissance Society
5811 S. Ellis Ave., Cobb Hall, 4th Floor, Chicago, IL
WHEN On view through November 5, 2017

The paintings of New York-based artist Jennifer Packer are, as her solo show's title suggests, both tender and tough. You can view her works, based on "observation, improvisation, and memory," at the Renaissance Society at the University of Chicago through November.

turn yourself.

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An accidental profile of the SAIC legend

by Mary Fons

Illustration by Sacha Lusk



FLASCH of GENIUS

Before this summer, I knew exactly two things about Joan Flasch: I knew she had a special book collection named after her at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), and I knew she had the coolest name ever. I mean, come on: "Joan Flasch" sounds like the name of a superhero. Then an incredible coincidence occurred.

In Knoxville, Tennessee, on assignment for a totally non-SAIC-related project, I met a woman named Merikay Waldvogel, a curator and author who specializes in American quilt history. Over the course of our conversation, I told Waldvogel I was pursuing my MFA in Writing here at SAIC.

"Oh, does the name 'Joan Flasch' ring a bell?" Waldvogel asked. I said that yes, it certainly did. Why? "Joan was a dear friend of mine," said Waldvogel. "We lived together in Chicago."

I nearly dropped my iced tea.

As Waldvogel told me stories about Flasch and showed me dozens of letters, postcards, and artwork she had received from her friend over the years — all of it in Flasch's warm, whip-smart style — that magnetic woman began to come into focus for me. The more I learned about her, the more obsessed I became with finding out more about Joan Flasch and her brief but absolutely superheroic time on the planet.



* * *

PAPER, PAPER EVERYWHERE

* * *

‘IT WAS A HEADY TIME’

Joan Eileen Flasch was born in 1949 in Chicago, the second-oldest of four kids. Young Joan showed an early affinity and aptitude for art.

“She’d finish all my art projects for me,” said Betty Flasch, Joan’s younger sister by 18 months. “I remember I had to make a hooked rug at one point. It was a total disaster, so Joan fixed it for me.”

SAIC has long offered summer youth programming, and back when Joan was in middle school, summer art at SAIC was called the Young Artist Studio. Just a quick trip south from their home on the northwest side of Chicago, Flasch’s parents enrolled their daughter in the program, which she adored. Flasch spent her junior high and high school summers immersed in art right here at SAIC, and that time laid the foundation of her lifelong connection to the institution.

The art skills she was learning were put to good use: Betty Flasch remembered a particularly ambitious work her sister created in high school.

“We were both members of Future Teachers of America,” Betty told me. “There was a bake sale, and Joan was learning about the Fibonacci Sequence in math class, apparently, so she made cakes with multi-colored frosting that spelled out F-I-B-O-N-A-C-C-I.” Betty remembered the cakes selling out.

After graduating from Foreman High in 1967, Flasch applied and was accepted, not surprisingly, to SAIC. Four years later, she graduated with a BFA in Photography and began looking for a summer job. That’s where Waldvogel comes in.

The two graduated around the same time, and though Waldvogel had been at the University of Michigan, she had a connection to SAIC: She knew Marni Sweet, good friend to Judy Helder, SAIC’s Dean of Admissions at the time. Sweet was involved with the Girl Scouts of America and was tasked with staffing a camp in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, that summer. Sweet convinced Waldvogel to come be a counselor.

Judy Helder was helping out with recruiting efforts over at SAIC, too.

“Judy offered jobs to some of her students and Joan was one of them,” Waldvogel said. “She actually gave Joan the position of Arts & Crafts Director. Suddenly, there was a huge group of SAIC students running this Girl Scout camp in Elkhorn. Betty got a job there, too. It was great.”

Waldvogel and the Flasch girls bonded that summer (campfire songs and craft glue will do it every time), and after the Girl Scouts went home for the summer, Merikay and Joan decided to get a place in the city.

“We got an apartment on Surf Street and Broadway in this big old building with high ceilings,” Waldvogel said. “It really became the go-to place. Everyone would come hang out there. It was a wonderful neighborhood, all these little shops and restaurants. The original Barbara’s Bookstore was right around the corner. It was a heady time.”

The life the girls and their friends led might also be described as “you-gotta-be-kidding-me” fabulous: The circles Flasch and Waldvogel ran in paint a picture of a specific moment in the early 1970s that make a Chicago history nerd like me drool. The girls rubbed elbows with the early Chicago Reader crew; they got drinks with Roger Ebert at the legendary journalist-watering hole, O’Rourke’s; they were on a first-name basis with writer Leonard Pitts, and they had a rather famous neighbor: Studs Terkel lived just around the corner.

“Studs and Joan got along really well,” said Waldvogel, almost off-handedly. No kidding: Joan and Studs often sat together as they rode the Clark 22 bus downtown, Studs off to do his Studs thing and Joan on her way to campus.

Because in 1972, Flasch returned to her beloved SAIC, this time as an employee. In typical Joan Flash fashion, her position was one of a kind: As manager of SAIC’s Student Store, Flasch would be less a staffer, more a kind of nucleus for the whole blinkin’ place.

To understand the contributions Joan Flasch made to SAIC as manager of the Student Store, you have to first understand how different this school was 50 years ago.

There have always been sensitive painters and professors wearing complicated eyeglasses, of course, and SAIC is and has always been committed to offering world-class instruction in the arts. But consider that in the 70s, the internet was still 20 years away. The school didn’t offer degrees in Writing, Architecture, or Arts Administration, among others. If you said the words “new media” to someone, they’d probably figure you were talking about the morning newspaper. The student population was less than a third what it is today and was made up mostly of graduate students and the entire campus was tucked under the east wing of the museum.

And before everyone had to trudge over to Dick Blick through the ice and snow for pasteboards and brushes, they could just head down to the Student Store for all their textbook and art supply needs. Sort of.

Located in the bowels of the Columbus Drive building, everyone I talked to about the old Student Store used words like “bizarre” and “disaster” and “chaotic nightmare.”

That was before Joan, though.

“Joan was by far the most organized person I had ever met,” Waldvogel told me, “and she was so good with time management. She was the one who got the Store under control.”

Flasch cleaned. She reorganized. She tidied. But more than that, she cared about her staff and took extremely seriously the task of stocking supplies for SAIC students and faculty. This was crucial.

Sally Alatalo, chair of the MFA Writing Department, was a student of Flasch’s in the 1980s — we’ll get to Joan’s teaching in a minute — and remembers how Flasch approached her job as Student Store manager.

“Joan loved materials,” said Alatalo. “Everything in that store — metals, sculpting materials, fiber materials — it was all explicitly researched. Yes, faculty requested specific materials for certain classes, but beyond that, Joan investigated everything she stocked. She was invested in recognizing the stability, the archivability, the archive goals of any given material. This was not a corporate giant dictating what would sell; it was all coming from Joan.”

Her personal touch and 360-view made all the difference. Flasch wrote all the product labels by hand, for example. When it came to papers, she personally pH tested every last one.

For 13 years, Flasch kept the entire shop under control, which is not to say she ran the place with an iron fist; hers was more of a velvet hammer approach, and the students loved her for it. Practically every student and faculty member came through the Store at some point, and thus encountered (and crushed on) Joan Flasch. What wasn’t to like? She was professional, warm, and truly hilarious, with a sense of humor that might be described as “intelligent goofball” — my favorite kind.

But the job took its toll. In letters to Waldvogel, Joan speaks of burnout, of frustration with her boss, of too little pay for way too much work, proving that some things never change. She also would go through periods of not feeling terribly well, though she tried to ignore all that. In her brilliant resignation letter, typed on SAIC letterhead, Flasch resigned from her post at the Store in 1985. Here’s an excerpt:

“Come MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY, (May 1, 1985), I will be abdicating the throne, relinquishing my title, headin’ up and movin’ out, retiring my number and turning in my jersey [...] I’d like to take this moment to wish you the best of luck in trying to find someone to fill my boots, (I wear a size 9 ½).”

The letter is cc’ed to “a cast of thousands.”

And while those thousands wouldn’t have Joan to help them out in the weird basement anymore, they didn’t have to say goodbye — at least not yet. Because all the while Flasch was (wo)manning SAIC’s supply headquarters, she had been steadily falling in love with an art form that took her away from photography and the other art practices she had experimented with: Joan Flasch had fallen in love with bookbinding.



BOUND TO HAPPEN

It's hard to say which came first: Did Joan's meticulous attention to the quality of papers she ordered for the Store lead to a romance with book arts and bookbinding, or did an early interest in book anatomy and their hand-production lead to her near-obsessive desire to investigate and provide students the best papers and printmaking materials poor art student money could buy?

It doesn't matter. What matters is that by the 1980s, Flasch was fully committed to a practice that, as her mentor and teaching partner Gary Frost tells it, was in the "twilight" of existence: the fine art and science of book arts, more often referred to these days as "bookbinding."

"There was a time when typography and book design were fundamental to art, like anatomy to drawing," Frost said. "And into the 1950s, [bookbinding] was a thing of great prestige and expertise."

Frost, himself an award-winning bookbinder and Conservator Emeritus at University of Iowa Libraries, painted a picture of Chicago in its hand-binding industry heyday, a world of cigar clubs, big presses down on Printer's Row, a place imbued with the kind of madcap energy that comes when an industry finds itself becoming more or less obsolete. Without a doubt, the tides of hand-bound, "old school" printing were changing.

"All of it had collapsed by the time Joan and I met in the 1970s," Frost said.

At least the two bookbinding aficionados had found each other. At first, Flasch served as apprentice to Frost at his studio in Pullman; there, Frost says he began to gain a "profound" appreciation for Flasch, that he learned as much from Joan as she did from him. Even in those early days, her scholarly approach to evaluating papers for artistic and archival purposes showed what Frost called "a printer's knack."

It's long been true that if you're faculty at SAIC, you can take classes at a discount. It would stand to reason that the ever-curious, book-lovin' Ms. Flasch would capitalize on that opportunity and enroll in as many bookbinding or book arts classes as she could, right?

Not exactly. When she and Gary were doing their thing in Pullman (including putting on shows such as the first-ever SAIC "Bookbinding for Artists" annual student exhibition) there simply weren't many book-related classes to take here. What classes were available were taught by a handful of teachers, including Frost. After she had exhausted those slim pickings, a bookbinder was on her own.

For Joan, the solution to her desire to immerse herself in a classroom where she could soak up more knowledge of what she had come to see as her calling, she'd just have to teach classes herself — or join forces with Gary Frost. So that's what she did.

The Flash/Frost classes, Bookbinding I and II, were packed every term, bursting at the seams with 30, even 40 students clamoring for a spot. The following is an excerpt from a letter student Valarie Brocato (BFA '89) received from Joan one summer before school began:

Dear Person Registered for Beginning Bookbinding Class,

It is extremely important that you attend the first bookbinding class this fall. The class is already over-enrolled and there are Teeming Millions on a waiting list! What those Teeming Millions are waiting for, is for someone to not show up for the first day of class [...] I'll see you the first day of class or you will make one of those Teeming Millions people very happy!

Cheers!
Joan Flasch
(I'm the teacher)

Aside from the interest this kind of letter created, part of the buzz for taking Bookbinding was due to the rather reckless moment the book as object was having in art culture at the time.

DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK

Just as it's important to understand the SAIC of the 1970s in telling the tale of Joan Flasch, it's important to pause for a moment and examine the whole notion of artists' books; more specifically, the difference between the making of artists' books and bookbinding or book arts. (Prepare to scratch your head, but take comfort that the rest of the art world has been scratching right along with you for years.)

The question at the heart of the ongoing, often heated discussion about the difference between — even the very existence of — "artists' books" and hand-bound, labor-intensive or otherwise fancy books comes down to a simple question: Are books art?

We're not talking about mass-produced books you buy at the airport. When we talk about books as art vis-à-vis the fine art world, we're talking about the kind of labor-intensive, small-batch books that so transfixed people like Joan Flasch, Gary Frost, and their contemporaries in the book arts. The roots of all that go back a long, long time (illuminated manuscripts, anyone?), but at SAIC in the seventies, there was a new wrinkle in the conversation.

To book nuts like Joan Flasch, calling a book a work of art was redundant. It was like, "Yeah, books are art. Can we get back to saddle stitching, now?"

But suddenly, a new wave of artists (and scholars right behind them) began making a distinction between hand-bound books and what could be thought of as "book-like objects." Though there is still a raging controversy around where exactly to put the apostrophe, these objects were thus dubbed "artists' books."

An artist's book is roughly defined as "a work of art that utilizes the form of a book." Think of an artist's book more like sculpture, less like something you're supposed to curl up with on a rainy day — but don't let the term "sculpture" mislead you. It's not that artists' books are carved from marble or cast in bronze; it's more that the book *as form* is used as the medium for an artist's intention.

A lot of people were really stoked about this new-school thinking. After all, bookmaking was becoming more democratic as printing giants were crumbling and user-friendly print shops like Kinko's (founded in 1970) were popping up everywhere. Zine culture and small-batch or one-off artists' books were demanding attention, eschewing what some saw as elitism around the kind of artisanal craft bookbinding to which Gary Frost and Joan Flasch were so dedicated.

How did the bookbinders feel about all this? There were plenty of left, right, and center positions to take, of course. In the case of the Flasch/Frost team, the conversation itself was the important part, as it ultimately confirmed books as being objects of artistic importance, however you categorized them. And even if they were still grappling with their personal feelings on the matter, the duo was savvy enough to adapt to the cultural moment.

"We picked up the theme 'Bookbinding For Artists'," Frost said. And just like that, the name of their class was changed.

"In doing that, we crossed that bridge [in examining] the prospects of the book format for artists, maybe a new concept for us, but also a dawning concept in the larger sense. It was a pivotal time."

Frost notes that the work being done at SAIC back then — and the guidance he and Flasch were giving to hundreds of students every year — contributed greatly to the conversation around artists books back then. Then, when Frost made a move to New York in 1981, Flasch flew solo, teaching their mega-popular classes on her own.

Sally Alatalo was a student of Flasch's from 1986-1987 and found herself in the middle of what Frost described as that "schizo" moment in the book/art world.

"I entered Joan's classes looking for the relevance of bookbinding," she said, "how these artisanal objects reconciled my position of books being democratic."

Alatalo said that over the course of her time in Flasch's classroom — where every last detail had been thoughtfully prepared by her teacher down to kits she made for every student — she began to foster a deep respect for the craft she had been initially so skeptical about.

But for Alatalo and so many others, this dynamic conversation was only getting started when Joan fell ill. And so began the painful — which is not to say final — chapter of Joan Flasch's remarkable life.

Before we get to the hard part, some good news. While Flasch was doing her bookbinding, team-teaching, Student Store-rocking thing, she was also falling in love. With her dentist.

Bruce Scheff, D.D.S., who had been living in Chicago for some time, was a satellite member of the cadre back on Surf Street. Waldvogel told me many SAIC students, including Joan, went to Scheff for all their cleaning and filling needs.

“I had never dated a patient before Joan,” Scheff told me. “But at some point we got dinner and I just so enjoyed being around her. She had this wonderful personality.”

Bruce and Joan’s relationship progressed and before long, Bruce proposed. The couple moved into Bruce’s place on Printer’s Row. (One imagines that for bookbinder like Flasch, a pad in that legendary location was a major point in Scheff’s favor.)

They had a lot of fun. Joan adapted dental tools for bookbinding purposes, crafting leather handles for scalpels and setting up a bindery in the second bedroom; Bruce fashioned acrylic vampire teeth for their Halloween costumes. They got married in March of 1983 and things were basically amazing. Joan was looking forward to starting a family. Her classes at SAIC were hot. She was making books and selling them. She was curating book exhibitions around town and enjoying her ever-widening circle of friends.

But there was trouble on the horizon.

In 1980, a benign tumor was found in Joan’s pituitary gland. (It just so happened two of her friends had the same diagnosis; Joan called the three of them “The Tumorettes.”) Her treatment seemed to be a success, but in January of 1987, she was diagnosed with cancer in the same area.

After chemotherapy and subsequent surgery in Chicago, Flasch began aggressive radiation treatment that would take her to Livermore Labs in Berkeley, California, to try and stop the cancer’s progression. Scheff remembers his late wife trying out a wig when her hair fell out, but opting instead to create her own fabulous headscarves, which she called her “urban turbans.”

And for awhile, things looked okay. Scheff and Flasch traveled and the rockstar bookbinder went back to teaching in the fall of 1987. Joan completed the spring term, too, though the treatment was hard on her.

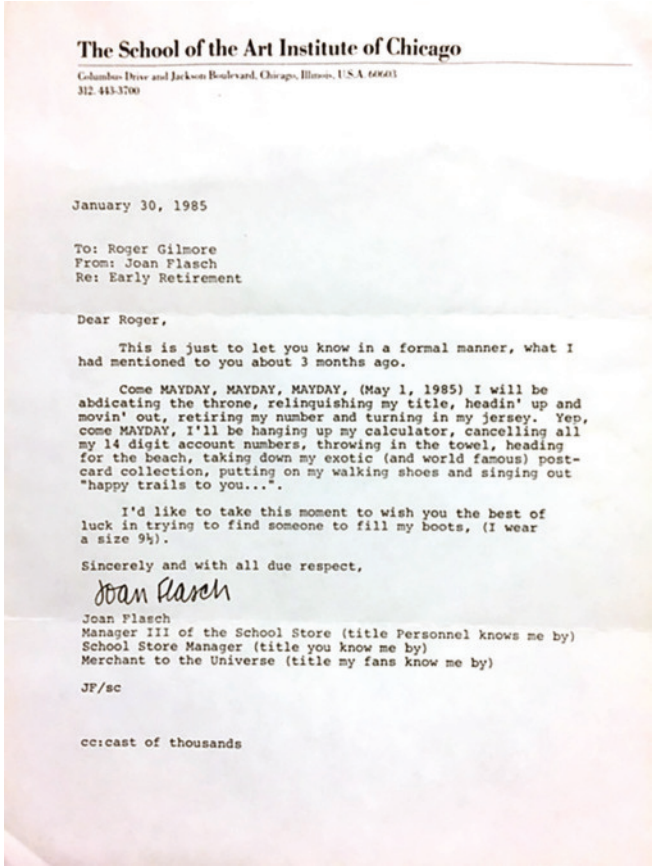
Through it all, however, Waldvogel said Joan remained chipper, at least on the surface; letters to her friends at the time always more focused on their lives, not hers.

The positive attitude may have bolstered her spirits and perhaps eased some of the pain and fear in the people around her, but it couldn’t save her body from the ravages of the cancer and subsequent treatment. Though she valiantly tried to manage her courses that fall, within a couple weeks Joan was too ill to go on. She reluctantly handed over the reins to her classes and continued to follow doctor’s orders.

On September 28, 1988, less than two years after her diagnosis, Joan succumbed to complications from her cancer treatments. She was 39.

IMAGES FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

Joan at her parent’s house, 1979 (p. 16); A selection of Joan’s bookbinding tools, each marked with signature red tape (p. 16) Photo: Sally Alatalo; Joan Flasch, 1971 (p. 17); Bruce and Joan, Halloween, 1984 (p. 17); Joan’s “Early Retirement” letter of resignation from SAIC’s Student Store, 1985 (above left); L-R: Merikay Waldvogel, Joan, and friend Marcia Hall on the roof of Joan and Bruce’s place in the South Loop, c. 1987 (above right).



* * *

JOAN FLASCH: REST IN BOOKS

On November 19, 1988, the Chicago Stock Exchange Trading Room at the Art Institute opened its doors to the hundreds of people who had come to celebrate and remember the vibrant and remarkable life of Joan Flasch.

“It was standing room only,” Betty said. “We were grateful and surprised to see that many people — except of course that it really wasn’t surprising at all that so many would come out for Joan.”

Betty recalled parts of what she said about her sister that day. She spoke of her sister’s fearlessness, how Joan stood up to bullies and catcallers; how when they watched scary movies as kids, Joan would go ahead of everyone else to “check for monsters.”

Other eulogies were given by Bruce and SAIC President Roger Gilmore, and everyone agreed: The memorial was spectacular. Afterward, Scheff, in conversation with Flaxman librarian Nadine Byrne and library associate Fred Hillbruner, wondered if the growing, special collection of artist and hand-bound books in the Flaxman Library might bear his late wife’s name.

The project got the green light. With seed money from Scheff and generous contributions from friends and organizations with which Flasch was affiliated — the Art Institute, the Chicago Hand Bookbinders Association, and others — the Joan Flasch Artist Book Collection (JFABC) was dedicated that December and currently resides on the 5th floor of Sharp.

Have you been there, yet?

If you haven’t, I personally give you permission to be luxuriously late to your next class. Because you simply have to go there. In Joan’s “library,” wonders are in store — and you shouldn’t wait explore it all with the curiosity and vigor of its namesake.

You’ll find delicate papers bound by artists from the other side of the world. You’ll open heavy cloth covers to reveal stories painstakingly painted by hand. Sculptural books will confound you, in a good way. Pop-up books will surprise and delight.

And ask the librarian on duty to get out everything in the catalog created by Joan Flasch. You’ll get several hand-bound books with creamy, marbled paper Joan made herself, as well as a set of three impeccably constructed drop-spine book boxes (a specialty of Joan’s) which house her personal copies of vintage bookbinding journal Fine Print.

The labels on the spines of the boxes say everything about the lovingly irreverent way Flasch approached art and life. Volume One is labeled “Fine Print,” the next, “Mighty Fine Print;” and, rounding out the set, “Damn Fine Print.”

Damn fine, indeed, Joan Flasch.

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Mary Fons (MFAW ‘18) is managing editor at F Newsmagazine. She makes quilts and writes the PaperGirl blog at maryfons.com.

AMA-ZINE!

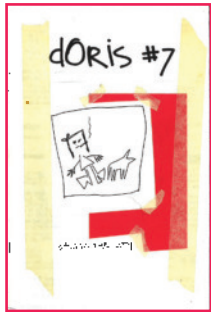
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A hardcore fan’s guide to some of the best zines in the JFABC

by Rosie Accola

The minute I walk into the Joan Flasch Artists’ Books Collection (JFABC) I am instantly at ease. Maybe it’s the wide windows that allow for generous amounts of sunlight, or the carefully curated Denué satellite library on the back table, but the JFABC has always struck me as a quiet, reverent space. Most library special collections require patrons to wear white gloves, but at the JFABC, you’re allowed to directly touch and engage with the materials. And what a lot of materials there are: over 7,000 items! The books and zines themselves are non-circulating (read: you can’t take them home), but you’re allowed to flip through, unravel, and otherwise interact with them. When it comes to zines, their printing and production speak directly to a process that is literally hands-on, one where the artist or writer who made the work is probably the person who did the folding, binding, and distributing of the zine, too. Unlike most mass-produced books, with zines there is a sense of immediate connection between the artist and the reader. I like knowing that someone took the time to make something filled with handmade collages or quickly-scribbled poems. For me, zine-making has always been a reciprocal process, one that continually reminds me that a) art is worthwhile, and b) you can do it yourself. Since I know the place so well and love zines so much, I made a list of some of my all-time favorite zines in the JFABC.



“DORIS,” CINDY CRABB

Filled with cut-and-pasted text and hand-drawn stick figure doodles of author Cindy Crabb and her dog, “Doris” is a diaristic account of Crabb’s life that intersects with comics, DIY remedies, and personal essays concerning politics and the practice of activism. Crabb has been steadily producing “Doris” since 1993 and estimates her circulation around 3,000. In 2011, Crabb published an anthology of “Doris” called, “The Encyclopedia of Doris.” Crabb published this through her own press, Doris Press, reminding us all that if you can’t find a press, you can always start one. “Doris” is available via mail order and at independent bookstores like Quimby’s in Wicker Park.



“INVINCIBLE SUMMER: AN ANTHOLOGY,” NICOLE GEORGES

Nicole Georges, author of celebrated graphic memoir, “Calling Dr. Laura,” assembled several summers’ worth of diary comics and illustrations for this anthology. Georges is one of my favorite comic artists, and her work will resonate with anyone who’s experienced a combo of summer boredom and DIY woe. Her voice is refreshing and quick-witted, and because this book is composed of shorter pieces, it’s great for a study or project break.



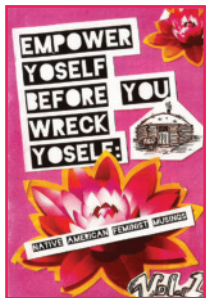
“HEY LADY!,” VARIOUS ARTISTS/REGINA SCHILLING

Each quarterly issue of Schilling’s “Hey Lady!” celebrates the life and art of one badass lady. Past ladies immortalized in zine form include Yoko Ono, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, and most recently, Yayoi Kusama. Participants from all over the world submit art concerning the featured lady, and each issue comes with a free button. Warning: Once you see these beautiful little zines in person, you’ll want to go snag a copy for yourself at Quimby’s.



“V-REJECT,” ANNA C.

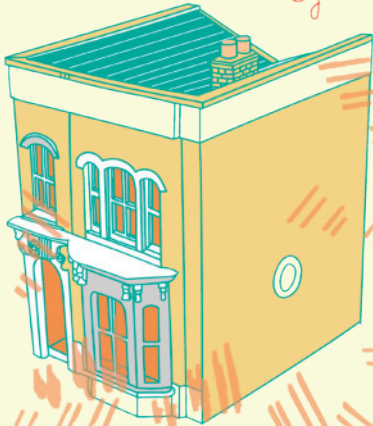
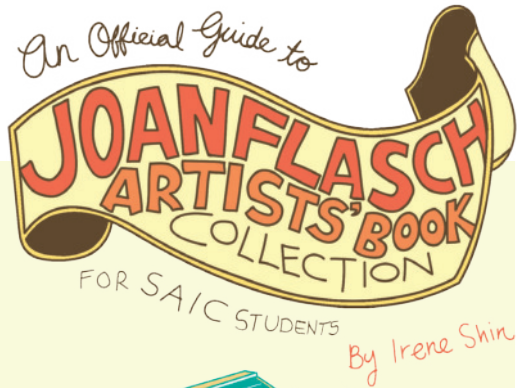
I found this zine last spring when I was working at the JFABC, and its brutally honest, confessional tone surrounding issues of racism and sexism has stayed with me ever since. Folded in half and not even stapled, this zine-as-diary harbors thoughts on the mercurial nature of girl friendships and other everyday observations. Zines with a diaristic tone are called “per-zines” (as in, personal) and “V-Reject” is just that. The vulnerability of the cramped text and hastily folded pages make it seem as though you’re in on a secret, and there’s something oddly comforting about reading another person’s private thoughts. “V-Reject,” like so many other fearless and vulnerable zines, is a great reminder that you’re not alone, no matter how weird you feel.



“EMPOWER YOSELF BEFORE YOU WRECK YOSELF: NATIVE AMERICAN FEMINIST MUSINGS,” MELANIE FAY AND AMBER MCCREERY

“Empower Yoself” is the collaborative project of Melanie Fay and Amber McCreery, focusing on life as Native American women in both Arizona and Oregon. Filled with cut-and-paste essays and colored pencil illustrations, this zine is a lovingly-crafted meditation on what it means to be Native American, imbued with the jubilant spirit of friendship and self-publishing.

Rosie Accola (BFA '18) is the Entertainment Editor at F. She has been published in Peach Mag and Cosmonauts Avenue. She’s a zine queen with a passion for dogs and guacamole.



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Nominate a true Chicagoan for Human of the Year

by Irena Frumkin

The first time I heard Chance the Rapper (a genius and Chicagoan) it was a good deal after the initial release of his third and arguably most successful mixtape, “Coloring Book.” It was likely in a bar playing “All Night,” an ode to partying without shame and then trying to finagle a ride.

The second time I heard Chance, I was waiting to board a homesick flight from Philadelphia to Chicago, holding back determined tears while he professed, “You were always perfect / And I was only practice,” on “Same Drugs.”

In 2016, around the time “Coloring Book” debuted, Chance (born Chancelor Bennett) was dubbed a rebellious young rapper who only produced mixtapes and refused to sign to a record label.

Chance’s mainstream breakthrough came in 2013 (just a year before he received Chicago’s Outstanding Youth of the Year Award for his work with the #SaveChicago campaign.) Chance had appeared on Childish Gambino’s a.k.a. Danny Glover’s sixth mixtape, and was asked to join Glover’s tour as an opening act. His 2013 mixtape, “Acid Rap,” featured his friend and fellow Chicagoan Vic Mensa.

Now, nearly five years and three Grammys later, his giving spirit and DIY ethos persist, most specifically through his activism, the childlike joy of his lyrics, and his unwavering

dedication to the city of Chicago.

You may have already heard this, but it’s worth repeating: In March of this year, Chance spoke at Paul Robeson High School, located in Chicago’s Englewood neighborhood. He discussed his earlier million-dollar donation to the severely underfunded Chicago Public Schools (CPS) system.

Additionally, he announced his development of the New Chance Arts and Literature Fund, which would aim to bring funding to CPS arts programming.

By now, it is abundantly clear Chance is personally and financially devoted to bringing the arts to those who have been denied them.

Since March, his nonprofit organization, Social Work, has raised \$2.2 million dollars, all of which will be gradually given out to 20 CPS schools over the next three years.

This may sound like the beginning of a fan-girl’s shopping list of the young rapper’s do-gooder deeds, painting Chance as a civil servant, a devoted leader, and even an attractive candidate for Chicago’s mayoral seat, but I have a point, I promise.

It is abundantly clear Chance is personally and financially devoted to bringing the arts to those who have been denied them.

September brought not only positive news from Chance, but also the reminder that the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) has begun accepting nominations for 2018 honorary doctorate degree recipients and commencement speakers. Past awardees have been a handpicked few from what SAIC describes as an “elite” group, from the likes of Kanye West to Marina Abramović.

Here’s the thing: I want an actual human being to receive an honorary doctorate this year, and Chance the Rapper is a textbook human being.

In Chance’s forward to Kevin Cova’s “A People’s History of Chicago,” the rapper explains: “I left Chicago for a little and went to L.A. But have

you ever seen a raw-ass tree or a raw-ass plant that’s beautiful, that’s fully bloomed and growing? It can’t fully bloom if you uproot it. . . . I can reach my peak in Chicago ‘cuz that’s where I was planted and where I can continue to grow.”

Chance is still a kid, naive, flawed, and hopeful. But he’s a kid with a million dollars to spare — which he then uses to invest in people he sees himself in, in those he wishes to see

bloom. Chance is looking for something in Chicago, in himself, in others. This human reminds us that it’s important to always keep looking for something because you might find it.

Chance the Rapper isn’t going anywhere anytime soon. The astronomical success of his DIY approach to creating music hasn’t gone unnoticed, and we wait with bated breath for what he may do next.

Sure, Chance might not be Chicago’s next mayor, but he’s certainly making promises like a politician. The only difference? He’s actually fulfilling them. Chance isn’t the honorary SAIC degree recipient we asked for, but he’s the one we deserve.

Irena is F News magazine’s managing editor. She is incorrigible.

To nominate Chance, too, cut this degree out and deliver it to:

**LISA WRAINWRIGHT
DEAN OF FACULTY
37 SOUTH WABASH, 8TH FLOOR
CHICAGO, IL 60603**



Illustration by Hannah Sun

'HARD ROCK' GOES SOFT,

**"Mother of social work"
Jane Adams gets her
own luxe hotel**

by Mary Fons

ST.JANE IS COMING

The Peninsula. The Four Seasons. The Ritz-Carlton. Most upscale hotels in Chicago — or any major city, for that matter — are largely named after land masses, the weather, or dudes.

But things are changing.

The Hard Rock Hotel, arguably the most manspread-y hotel concept of all time, will be overhauled this winter. In its place will come the four-star St. Jane Hotel, named after Chicago's own Jane Addams, the pioneering feminist, internationalist, and "mother of social work."

It's kind of a big deal. Although the St. Jane won't be the first hotel in Chicago to bear a woman's name (we have The Gwen, The Dana, etc.), it's certainly the first to be named after a social worker.

Is this a huge leap forward, even on the surface, for gender equality in the age-old boy's club of big city hotels? Or is naming a luxury hotel after a woman dedicated to aiding the disenfranchised just savvy marketing in a culture often driven by identity politics?

The St. Jane is being put together by the Aparium Hotel Group, a Chicago-based company founded by "experienced professionals in hotel development, management, and marketing," and Becker Ventures, LLC, the investment company behind the Hard Rock Hotel back in 2004. These people know what they're doing, in other words, and they feel a more feminine, Chicago-centric shift is the way to go.

They're sparing no expense. Descriptions of the St. Jane are what you'd expect from luxury hotel marketing copy, words like "timeless sophistication" and "contemporary edge" abound. The hotel's website tempts guests with "multiple drinking and dining outlets" and "the 24th

floor lounge, including a full service restaurant, market café, cocktail bar, and 11,000 sq. ft. of meeting and event space."

"Guestrooms will boast breathtaking views and beautiful furnishings," said a representative from Aparium. "[They'll] feature unique local amenities and artwork from Chicago artists."

Those rooms start around \$250 per night. After that, "The Tower at St. Jane" (floors 25 and up) is all premium suites and you'll be paying a lot more for what Aparium calls a "boutique experience."

We can't be sure how Addams would feel about the "multiple drinking and dining outlets." Though Addams wasn't a teetotaler, she wasn't exactly a bon vivant, either. Surely she'd approve of the large meeting and event space; as a founding member of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), Addams was all about getting people together in community spaces where ideas and world-bettering initiatives would have room to grow.

But Addams's mission was for equal rights, social

protections, and the fundamental, humanity-conferring necessity of work. While it's true that the St. Jane will provide jobs to hundreds of Chicagoans, the rental prices of the meeting and event rooms will be out of reach for a good deal of people looking to hold community meetings.

"I think it's cool the Hard Rock name will change," said Kira Ryter (BFA '20). "If they do it well, it could work. But if they do it so expensively, it kind of goes against what [Addams's] work was about. I wonder if they're naming it just for the sake of naming it after a woman or if there's actually a beneficial reason."

To be fair, when you look at the work of the Illinois native Addams, who died at age 74 in her beloved Chicago, "saint" seems about right. Among her long list of accomplishments, Addams researched midwifery and worked tirelessly for the rights of working women; she investigated causes and effects of narcotics consumption in Chicago; she was the first woman to receive an honorary degree from Yale; and she led the charge into sanitary condition reform, going so far as to serve as garbage inspector of the 19th Ward for awhile. Oh, and she won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931. If anyone should have a posh, Magnificent Mile hotel named after them, why not the fabulous Jane Addams?

"The great work of many Chicagoans was considered when developing the name St. Jane," Aparium said. "The primary idea behind St. Jane was [to create] a gathering space for uncommon people where the personalities, flavors, arts, and culture of Chicago could blend with the experiences of our guests to create a new hub for the best of what Chicago is all about."

Fair enough, but it does raise the question: Can we all afford to drink to that?

Mary Fons (MFAW '18) is managing editor at F Newsmagazine. She makes quilts and writes the PaperGirl blog at maryfons.com.

**We can't be sure
how Addams would
feel about the
"multiple drinking
and dining outlets".**

Illustration by Hannah Sun

A GOOD MOTHMAN IS HARD TO FIND



Is there really a monster
flying around Chicago?

by Michaela Heidemann

Michaela Heidemann is a first-year MFAW.
She hopes to raise chickens one day.

• •

It was the end of the night for a summer party in Chicago and the conversation was beginning to wane. I was about to leave, when I heard a group talking about the Chicago Mothman. The subject stopped me in my tracks.

“Mothman!” I exclaimed. “I know that movie!” “The Mothman Prophecies,” with Laura Linney and Richard Gere, was a movie on repeat at my house as a kid.

It’s a breathtaking feat of filmmaking because it manages to be convincingly serious while co-starring a six-foot tall winged-owl-bat-humanoid. It was as if I had been waiting my whole life for this conversation. I was ready to talk Mothman.

People around the room piped in about how there had been sightings of a human-like creature with wings diving into the air from skyscrapers, swirling around the lakeshore, and gliding over Jiffy Lube parking lots. A quick search on my phone confirmed that different people had indeed recently reported seeing the Mothman.

Thematically, it makes sense. A madman has been elected to the country’s highest office; global warming is rearing its ugly head; and a nuclear crisis seems more and more plausible with each coming week. As American folktales about prophecies of doom go, the Mothman is the perfect cryptid for our times.

The description of Mothman usually contains the same traits: He’s six- to seven-feet tall with enormous wings and a bipedal gait; he’s all-black in color; and he has bright red eyes.

The legend of the Mothman began in a small town in Point Pleasant, West Virginia, in November of 1966. A group of men digging graves described a large, flying humanoid going over their heads. After that, a number of sightings were reported in the area, creating community-wide anxiety.

After over a year of repeated sightings, catastrophe struck: Silver Bridge, the town’s main bridge, collapsed over the Ohio River. Many believed that the creature-sightings were related to the event and that the Mothman was a harbinger of bad things to come.

The people of Point Pleasant today actually embrace the legend with the official Mothman Museum, and a festival each year. It remains unclear to me whether the festival is to conduct ritualized sacrifice using bees to appease the

Mothman, or where citizens each dress up as the Mothman so that he can roam amongst the people unnoticed.

Sightings in our region began years, even presidencies ago. The first locally reported sighting happened at Gosham Dam, Indiana, in 2000; the next in Rockford, Illinois, when two teens saw what they called a “winged deer-bat” in 2010. Alleged sightings happened here and there over the next few years, but it wasn’t until recently that Mothman captured the general public’s imagination and concern. This year, the number of sightings snowballed. So far, Lon Strickler of the Singular Fortean Society, an organization that “investigates the impossible,” has recorded 39 sightings of the Mothman since the beginning of this year right there in Chicago.

The coincidence of the Mothman sightings around town and the onset of a truly bonkers year is not lost on its citizens. Many wonder what’s to come for our city. Reddit user Mercurycrest posited that the New Madrid Fault Line could cause the city to collapse. Some think that there may be a attack of some kind. Perhaps Trump will build another hideous building.

There are many explanations for what animal the alleged Mothman might in fact be. Some say it could be an owl or a bat, since that is often the animal people use to compare to what they saw. Many on the Chicago Mothman Reddit page wonder if it’s a hoax staged to advertise for the new Mothman documentary to be released soon. The widely accepted explanation for Point Pleasant is that the Mothman was an out-of-habitat Sandhill Crane due to its size and red markings on its eyes. Perhaps it’s a government drone. Or a skydiver. Perhaps someone in Chicago made their New Year’s resolution to skydive regularly, *à la* #nofear2017? A friend of mine mentioned a hope that maybe the Mothman was our universe’s first mutant superhero.

No matter what, the owl/bat/Mothman serves as a timely, if doofy, indicator of what it’s like to live in America in 2017. We have certainly never been so uncertain of everything; thoughts of doom have invaded the minds of our proudest optimists. Sounds like the perfect opportunity for the Mothman to drop in for a nice “Hello!” After all, he simply might be worried about us.

The description of the Mothman often contains the same traits: Six- to seven-feet tall, enormous wings, bipedal gait, all black in color – and bright red eyes.

IT'S SHOWTIME

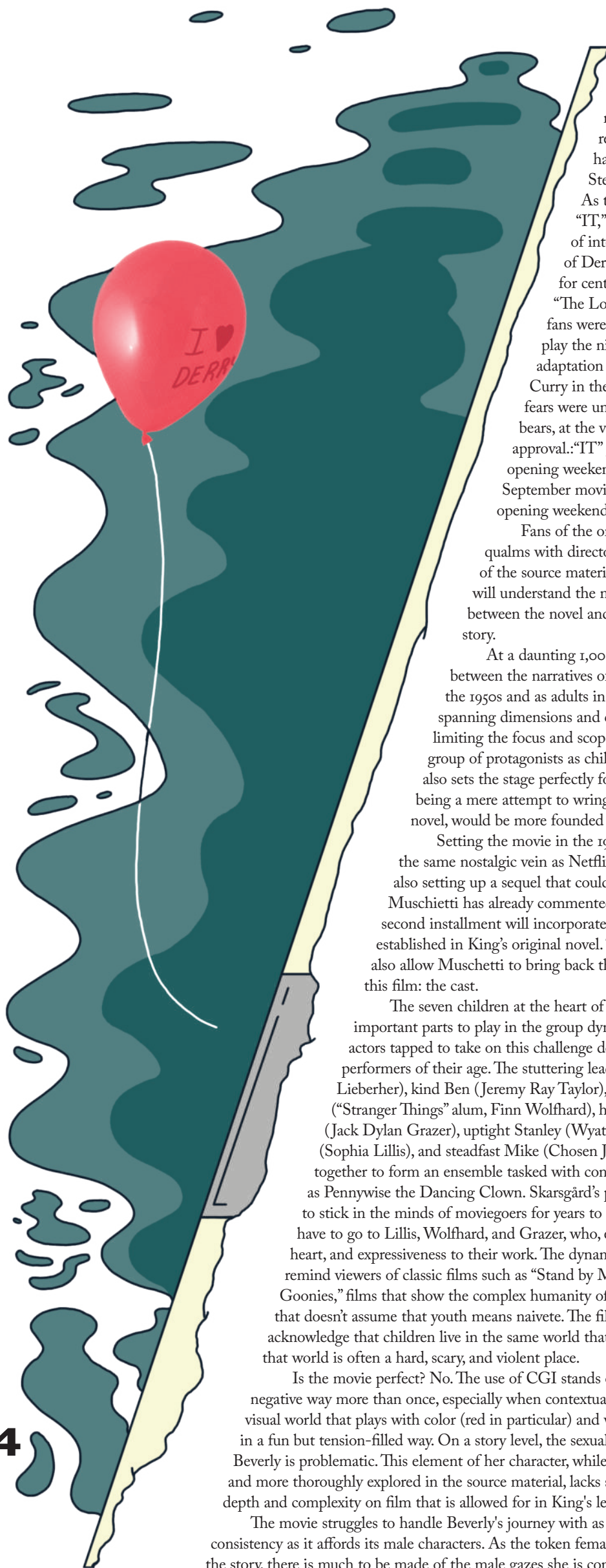
The new adaptation of the classic Stephen King story has us ready for the sequel

by Jose Nateras

Illustration by Rohan McDonald

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Whether peering from the cover of the two-tape VHS set at the local Blockbuster or peeking up from a rain-gutter in a popular meme, fewer cinematic representations of the horror of childhood have made the same sort of cultural impact as Stephen King's Pennywise the Dancing Clown. As the titular antagonist of King's 1986 novel, "IT," Pennywise serves as one of the many faces of interdimensional evil as it terrorizes the town of Derry, Maine. Pennywise goes unchallenged for centuries until a group of children, known as "The Losers Club," unite to stop It. Longtime fans were skeptical about seeing a different actor play the nightmarish clown in this year's movie adaptation (Pennywise was deftly portrayed by Tim Curry in the 1990 TV-miniseries.) Fortunately, those fears were unfounded, as Bill Skarsgård's Pennywise bears, at the very least, the box office's stamp of approval: "IT" grossed a staggering \$123.1 million opening weekend, making it the highest-grossing September movie debut and the largest-grossing opening weekend for any horror movie, ever.

Fans of the original book will no doubt have minor qualms with director Andy Muschietti's treatment of the source material. However, even die-hard fans will understand the majority of the creative differences between the novel and cinematic incarnations of the story.

At a daunting 1,000 plus pages, King's novel jumps between the narratives of the Losers Club as children in the 1950s and as adults in the 1980s while simultaneously spanning dimensions and centuries. On a practical level, limiting the focus and scope of the film to the central group of protagonists as children makes sense. The director also sets the stage perfectly for a sequel that, rather than being a mere attempt to wring a franchise from a singular novel, would be more founded on storytelling.

Setting the movie in the 1980s allows for it to tap into the same nostalgic vein as Netflix's "Stranger Things," while also setting up a sequel that could take place in the present. Muschietti has already commented on the fact that the second installment will incorporate the use of flashbacks as established in King's original novel. The use of flashbacks will also allow Muschietti to bring back the single best element of this film: the cast.

The seven children at the heart of the story all have important parts to play in the group dynamic, and the young actors tapped to take on this challenge do so adeptly for performers of their age. The stuttering leader Bill (Jaeden Lieberher), kind Ben (Jeremy Ray Taylor), smart-aleck Richie ("Stranger Things" alum, Finn Wolfhard), hypochondriac Eddie (Jack Dylan Grazer), uptight Stanley (Wyatt Oleff), brave Beverly (Sophia Lillis), and steadfast Mike (Chosen Jacobs) all come together to form an ensemble tasked with confronting Skarsgård as Pennywise the Dancing Clown. Skarsgård's performance is sure to stick in the minds of moviegoers for years to come, but shoutouts have to go to Lillis, Wolfhard, and Grazer, who, each bring humor, heart, and expressiveness to their work. The dynamic cast will likely remind viewers of classic films such as "Stand by Me" and "The Goonies," films that show the complex humanity of kids in a way that doesn't assume that youth means naivete. The film manages to acknowledge that children live in the same world that adults do, and that world is often a hard, scary, and violent place.

Is the movie perfect? No. The use of CGI stands out in a negative way more than once, especially when contextualized in an visual world that plays with color (red in particular) and visual motifs in a fun but tension-filled way. On a story level, the sexualization of Beverly is problematic. This element of her character, while relatable and more thoroughly explored in the source material, lacks some of the depth and complexity on film that is allowed for in King's lengthy novel.

The movie struggles to handle Beverly's journey with as much consistency as it affords its male characters. As the token female of the story, there is much to be made of the male gazes she is constantly

subjected to. Her characteristic (in the book at least) hair — long, feminine, and beautiful — is weaponized against her alongside a literal torrent of blood. The image serves as a striking visual metaphor for the impending terror of womanhood. Then, this complexity is starkly undercut by the directorial choice (notably different from the novel), to put Beverly in the position to be rescued by her male friends. This singles her out as the sole, enfeebled female of the group, putting her in a damsel in distress position in direct opposition to the agency and strength she exhibits elsewhere.

Beverly isn't the only one to get the short end of the stick. Mike Hanlon, the young and sole black member of the group, has many of his more compelling storylines redistributed or removed altogether.

In the original material, Mike serves as the historian of the group, gathering information and sharing it with his friends, thereby equipping the young heroes with the context they need in order to face It. In the book, that job goes to Ben for no particular reason. Furthermore, in the book, a lot more is made of the fact that as one of the only black families in Derry, Mike and his parents suffer from racial discrimination and violence. Derry is an awful place for its white residents; that it would be worse for its minority residents is an understatement.

Avoiding the relevance of race in America is something Stephen King doesn't do. In the book, Mike Hanlon has to face constant beatings, racial slurs, the murder of his dog — not to mention threats and isolation specifically tied to his identity as an African American. His experience raises a lot of questions regarding how, as a person of color, one addresses the deep-seeded evils of racism and violence in a home we can't escape. Sure, changing the setting from the '50s to the '80s alters some of the more overt racial themes. However, while the movie glosses over and alludes to some of the realities of Mike's experience as a young black man, by choosing not to directly address these important themes, there's also an implication that racism in small town, rural America, wasn't as prevalent in the '80s as it was in the '50s, which we all know is not the case. Ultimately, by removing elements of Mike's agency and downplaying the realities of his experience as a person of color, the movie makes one of its biggest missteps in taking King's work from page to screen.

Many have said that "IT" is one of the best cinematic adaptations ever from horror maestro Stephen King. While perhaps less cinematically refined than Kubrick's "The Shining" and less campily iconic than DePalma's "Carrie," "IT" definitely holds its own. Full of interesting set pieces, jump scares, and well-executed tension builds, not to mention heart, laughs, and childhood warmth. Muschietti's "IT" is definitely worth checking out in theaters. To say that it outpaces the '90s TV-movie version in terms of pace, production value, and performances (Tim Curry's notwithstanding), is an understatement. Here's hoping this film will lead new audiences to the book, and be followed up by an equally well-executed Chapter Two.

Jose Nateras (MFAW '18) is a self-described writer/actor/nerd.



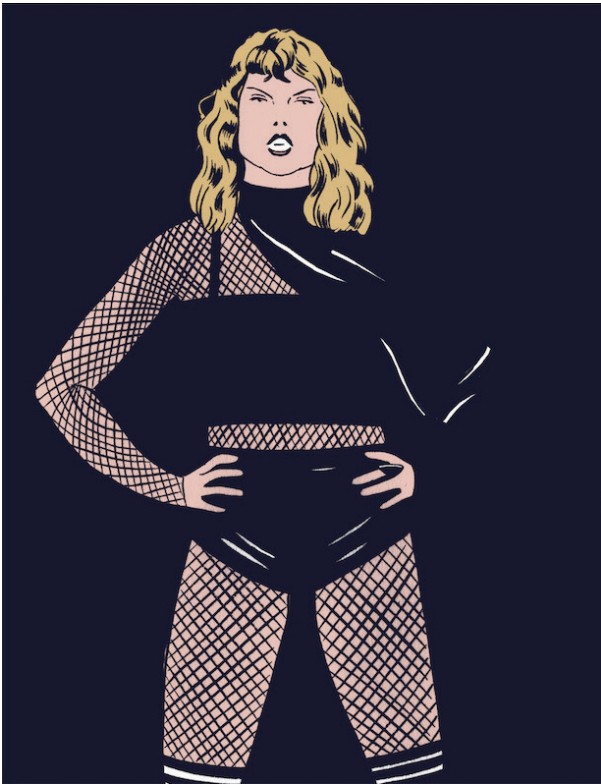
SWIFT KICK

Taylor Swift's
maligned "feminist"
persona is getting old

by Emily Rich



Illustrations by Brian Fabry Dorsam



Hi,

this is Emily with F Newsmagazine. May I speak to Taylor Swift, please?"
The old Taylor can't come to the phone right now, because she's DEAD.

Stop fucking around, Taylor, I know that's you.

If you haven't listened to Taylor Swift's new single, "Look What You Made Me Do," or seen the video, consider yourself lucky. After a snake-themed viral campaign, Taylor Swift released the single and video — along with album art, release date, and tour announcement — on August 27, 2017.

You might be thinking, "I don't get it: a snake theme?" In order to fully explain the events leading up to Swift's most recent questionable decision, I'd probably have to go back to her birth, but the brief version is as follows: Kanye West snatched her mic during a VMA acceptance speech in 2009; Swift and West eventually made-up and became friends. West, for his 2016 album, "The Life of Pablo," asked Swift's permission to use a controversial line about Swift in his song "Famous." Swift later denied knowing about the line in question and condemned its misogyny before blasting West in her 2016 Grammys acceptance speech.

Unfortunately for Swift, West films everything he does. Kim Kardashian-West took to Snapchat to reveal footage from the phone conversation between West and Swift about "Famous," liberally applying the snake emoji while doing so.

Swift would very much like to be excluded from this narrative, and yet here we are, in the next chapter of her own creation.

A quorum of Swift's most dedicated fans have rushed to praise "Look What You Made Me Do." There's a lot of effort to find something good about what is going on here. As a musician and lyricist, Swift's talent is undeniable. "1989," the precursor to the upcoming album, "Reputation," remains a frequent listen in my household. However, "Look What You Made Me Do" showcases none of her talents.

As a person, Swift seems to be whatever she needs to be in order to get ahead. This trait isn't condemnable on its own; for many people, especially women and other oppressed groups, it's a necessity. There are many who wear this trait admirably. That being said, Swift plays the victim so

frequently, I'm starting to feel gaslighted.

I know she isn't the victim 98 percent of the time (I made that statistic up), yet she keeps telling me she is, as do her fans. Even level-headed, fair critiques of her actions are dismissed as internalized misogyny. Part of this is rooted in her early career, when she was marketed as the innocent girl-next-door, crying onto her guitar and listening to Tim McGraw. More recently, Swift has been marketed as a fount of pure feminist thought, which doesn't help matters.

The rest of the issue is rooted in her privilege, as if the lyric wasn't also used in "Encore," Jay-Z's song that did what she's trying to do, but better. If you're going to disparage your detractors, make them ask for a curtain call, not silence.

That is, if they can afford to see you live.

Adding insult to injury, Swift announced that chances of getting a ticket to her upcoming tour would be boosted by purchasing the newly rolled-out "Reputation" merchandise in her online shop. In conjunction with Ticketmaster, Swift has effectively banned those who can't afford the merch plus ticket price from her show.

So let me be clear in my critique: I am all for taking criticism in stride, firing back, and/or stepping up to the haters. But what Taylor Swift is doing is a sore attempt at all of that. In fact, what she is doing is wrong: She is taking advantage of her privilege to reallocate the blame for her actions, and those who suffer most from it are people of color.

Marketed as a role model, Taylor Swift is teaching her fans that if you're white enough, pretty enough, and rich enough, you don't have to take responsibility for anything. All you have to do is point and say, "Look what you made me do."

There is nothing
redeemable about Swift
singing the lyric "look
what you made me
do" as she steals from
artists of color.

Emily is a second-year Writing MFA student. She's a playwright, photographer, and teaching artist by day, preferably asleep at night.

(REGULAR) LOCAL EDITION

of

WHAT TO SEE WHAT TO HEAR

DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

If you have a spare five minutes in the morning between skimming readings for class and chugging coffee, take a moment to be grateful for Chicago's eclectic DIY music scene, which reaches across genres and performance spaces. You can check out a hip-hop show in a basement in Little Village, for example, or watch Jawbreaker reunite for the first time in 20 years at Riot Fest. Chicago offers musicians and fans a community like no other. So go ahead: Pick a night, grab a friend, or go alone, because you deserve some R&R. (That's "Rock" and "Roll".)

10/3 EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY (EMPTY BOTTLE)

10/4 JAPANESE BREAKFAST + MANNEQUIN PUSSY (SUBTERRANEAN)

10/5 TORRES W/THE DOVE AND THE WOLF (SUBTERRANEAN)

10/15 BIG THIEF WITH MEGA BOG 'IN THE ROUND' (THALIA HALL)

10/16 MYKELE DEVILLE, LOVELY LITTLE GIRLS, LONGFACE, AND MARCUS (EMPTY BOTTLE)

10/17 THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS W/SPECIAL GUEST BASH & POP (THALIA HALL)

10/20 RATBOYS, DAGS, JODI (EMPTY BOTTLE)

10/22 HALF WAIF + JULIEN BAKER (THALIA HALL)

10/28 ARIEL PINK WITH BITE MARX (THALIA HALL)

(EXTREME) LOCAL EDITION

of
what to see what to hear

DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

But wait! What about all the other days in October?? Don't worry, there's lots more to see and hear this month — and for this list, you don't even have to leave the Loop.

10/1 YELLING MAN W/WOMAN (UNDER TRACKS AT WABASH AND ADAMS)
10/7 "XYLOPHONE GUY" (OUTSIDE THE CITIBANK AT MONROE)
10/9 THE REVOLVING DOORS (MULTIPLE LOCATIONS)

10/10 HONK! HONK! HONK! (NOW PLAYING EVERYWHERE)

10/19 THE CHICAGO BUCKET BOYS (OUTSIDE THE ART INSTITUTE)

10/23 LEAVES CRUNCHING UNDER YOUR FEET (MICHIGAN AND JACKSON)

10/27 SO MANY CONVERSATIONS W/ SPECIAL GUEST THE G-D CELLPHONES (EVERYWHERE)





WINTER SESSION

JAN 7-20, 2018

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In Person Registration + Work Scholarship Sign-Up: Monday, November 13, 8:30 AM, Ox-Bow Office (Sullivan 1425)

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REGISTRATION OPENS OCTOBER 11**

**Los Angeles &
Joshua Tree**



**Contemporary
Art & Criticism
in New York City**



**Social and Contemporary
Art Practices in Chile**



European "Outsider" Art:
**Switzerland, Germany,
The Netherlands**



Local to Global:
**Crafting Contemporary
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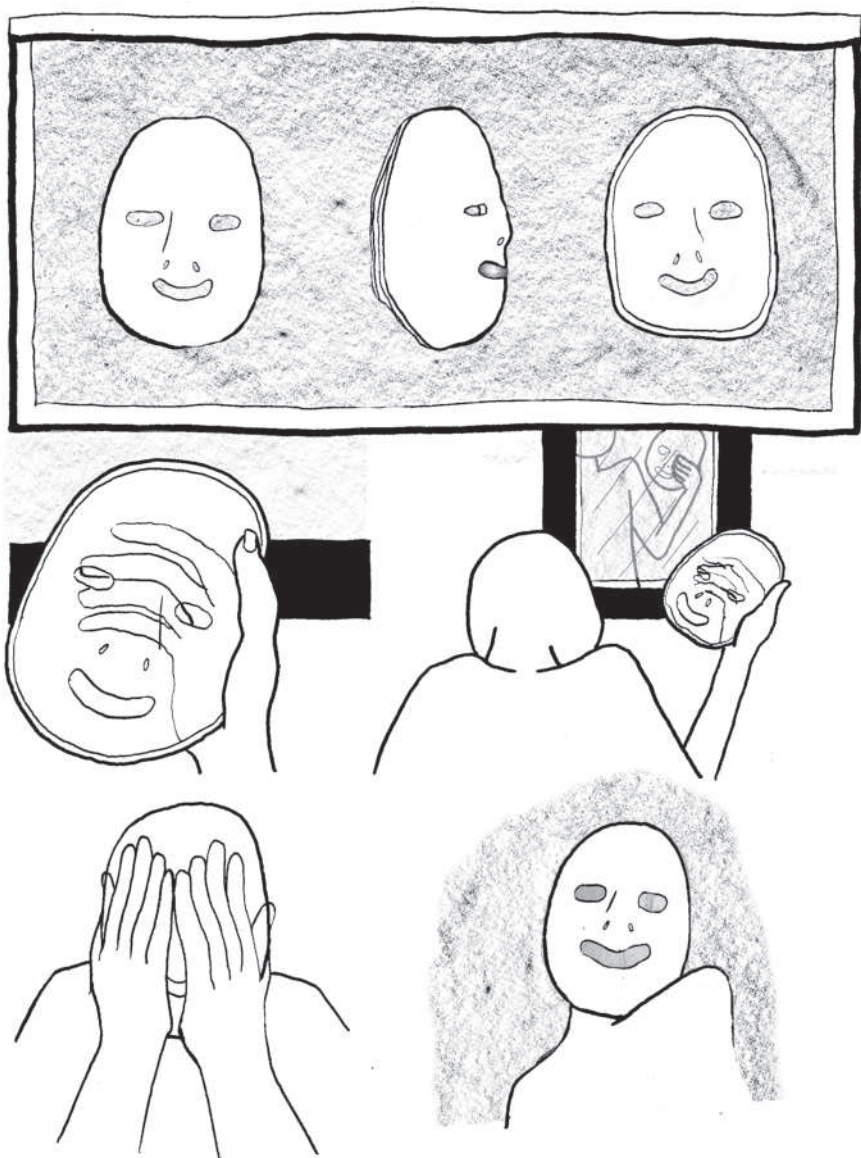
INTERNATIONAL
AFFAIRS



Kimball

THE COMICS SECTION

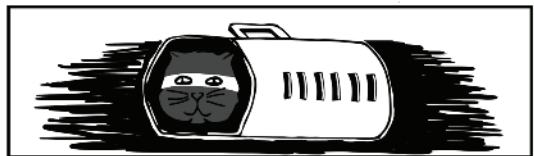
Glass Mask



Kane Shirley

DENTURES IN THE SINK

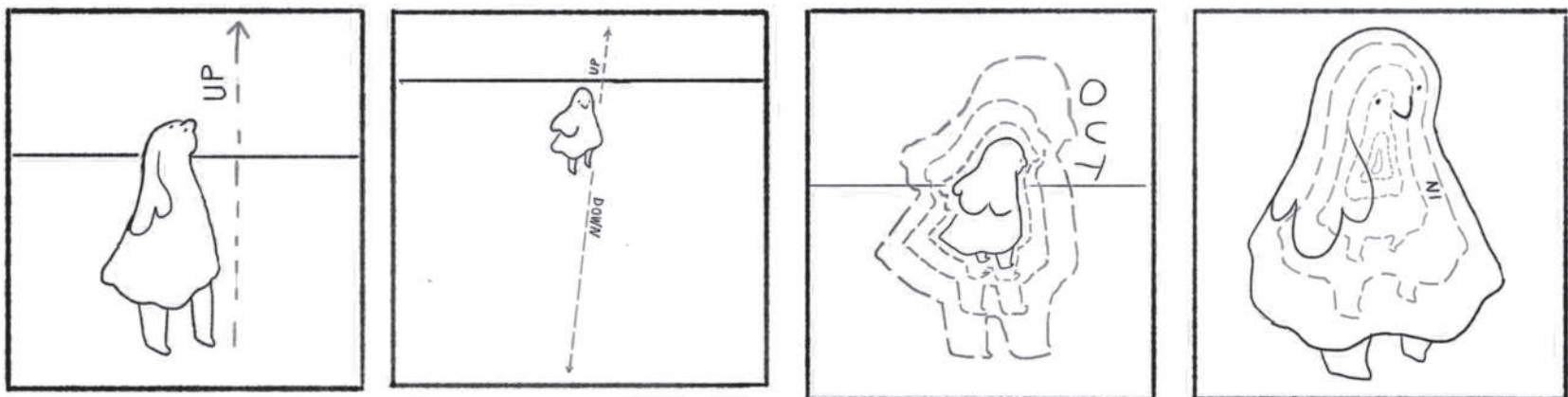
SOFIA DIAZ



10 minutes earlier

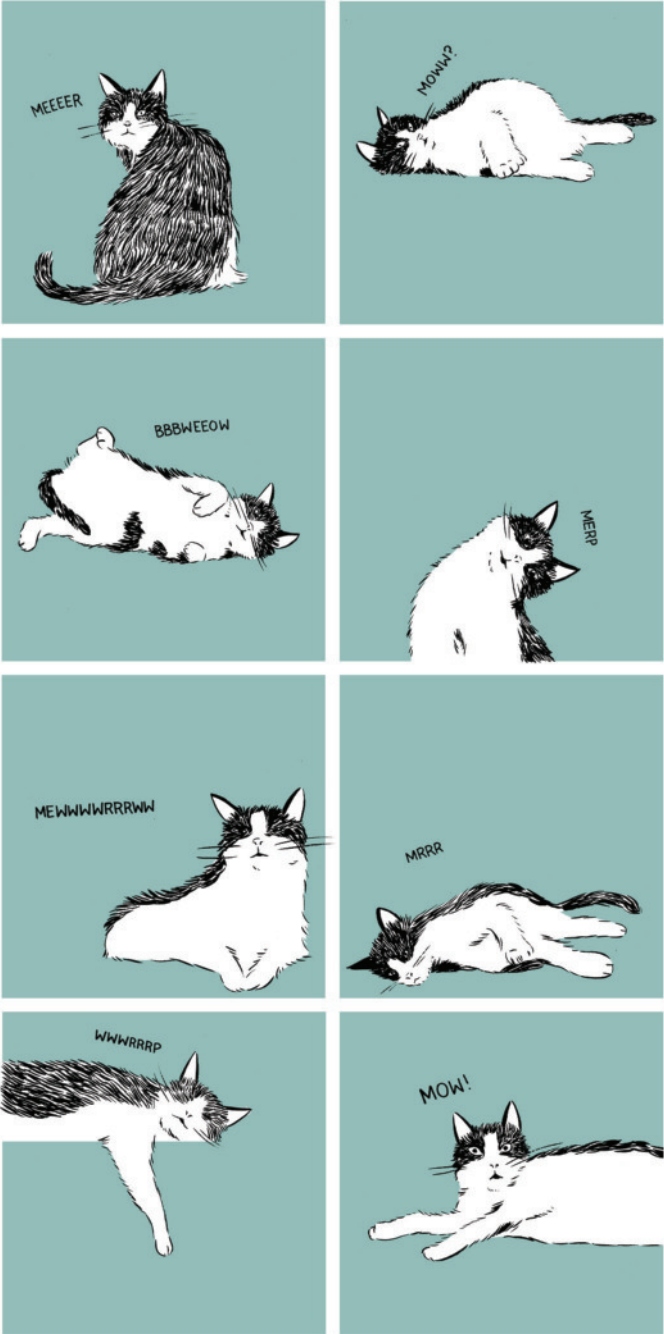


North



Sacha Lusk

JIMMY.



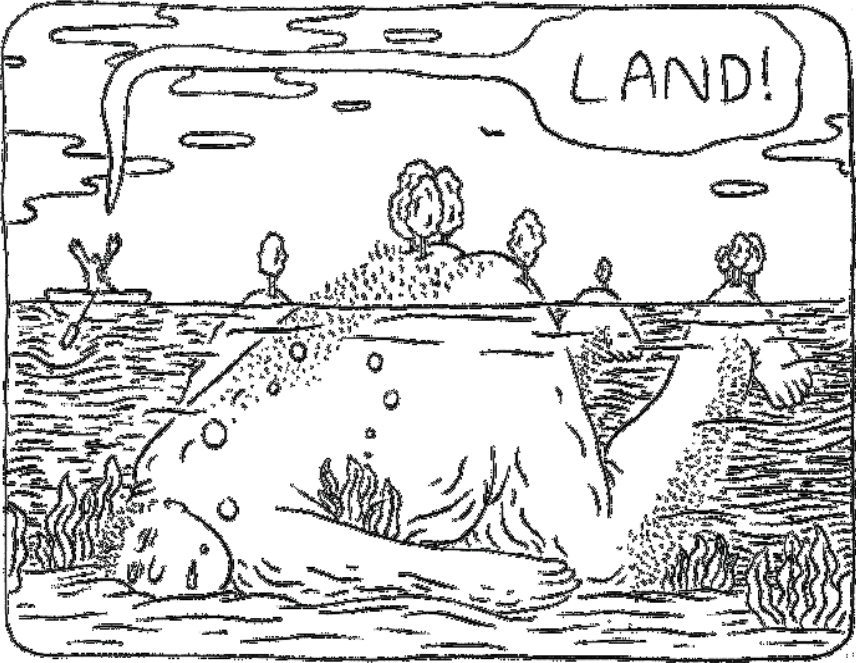
Brian Fabry Dorsam

Fuck, Marry, Kill



Gabe Howell

Land!



Roban Mcdonald



Follow Eric J Garcia at garciaink@twitter or friend Eric J Garcia on facebook.



Rain Szeto

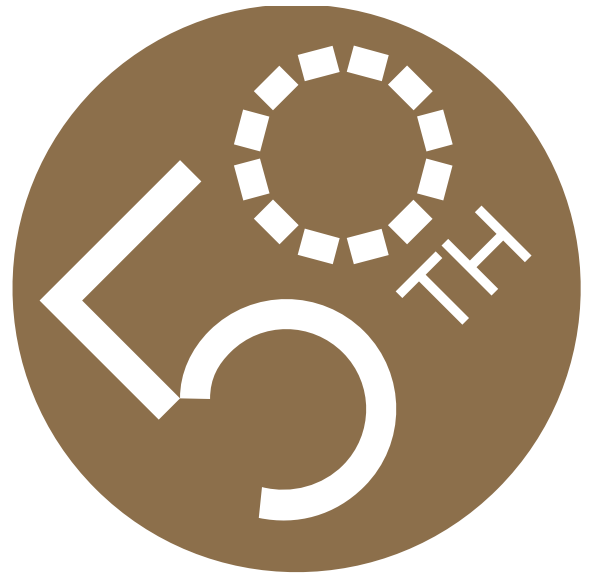


Kane Shirley



OCTOBER

21-22



MCA

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NO SMALL PLANS PRODUCTIONS.

FREE

IN HONOR OF THE MCA'S 50TH
ANNIVERSARY, ENJOY A FREE
WEEKEND-LONG EVENT FEATURING A
DYNAMIC LINEUP OF CHICAGO ARTISTS.

FROM GREAT FOOD TO GREAT TALKS:
ACTIVITIES FOR ALL AGES INCLUDE ARTIST
PROJECTS, MUSIC, A BEER GARDEN,
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SARAH AND JOSEPH
BELKNAP/CHERYL LYNN
BRUCE/CHICAGO
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CHRISTA DONNER/
RACHEL ELLISON/ENEMY
KITCHEN/BRENDAN
FERNANDES/LUPE
FIASCO*/GLITTERGUTS/
IKRAM GOLDMAN/
CHRIS JONES/LYKANTHEA/
LOU MALLOZZI/LIZ
MCCARTHY/KAYCEE
ORTIZ/CAULEEN SMITH/
EDRA SOTO/SOUTH
SHORE DRILL TEAM/
THEMIND/JAMILA
WOODS/YOUNG
CHICAGO AUTHORS

*This event is free but requires a ticket

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FOR A DETAILED LINEUP.

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