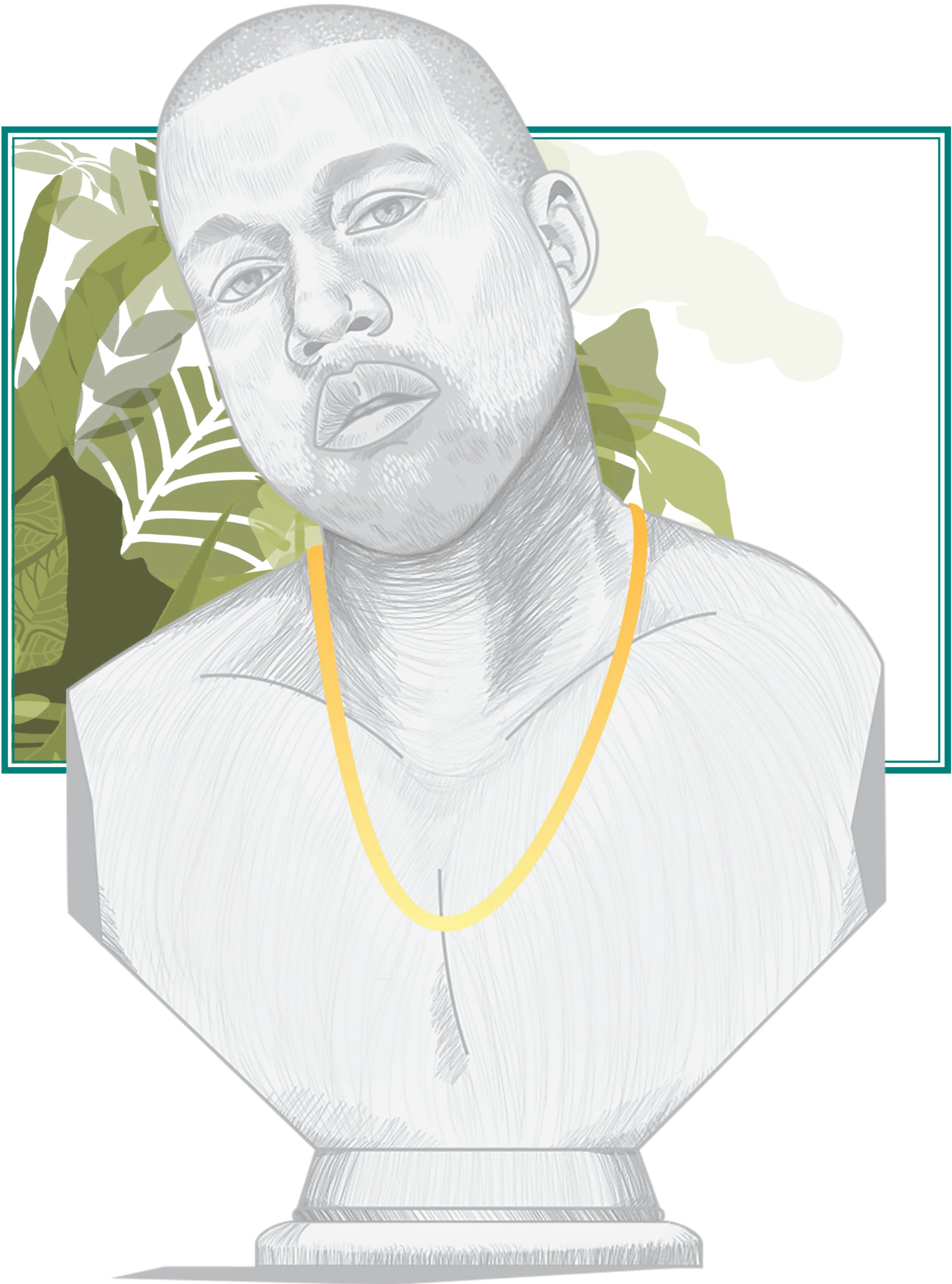


fnewsmagazine

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

OCT '18 **04** NO CONTRACT,
NO PEACE **08** MODERN
LOVE **15** KANYE
QUEST(IONS) **22** F IS FOR
FOLK



Be realistic demand the impossible.



Bibliodérive 10.26.18



Bibliodérive is the application of the Situationist International practice of the dérive or “drift” reapplied to the realm of research, libraries and archives.

The John M. Flaxman Library bibliodérive is a collection of generative, open-ended actions, or situations, taken to destabilize research practices geared towards an expected product or outcome, the gathering of information to merely support extant ideas and thought structures. It is a disruption in the traditional use value assigned to the library, the archive, to

information storage and even to the very concept of research itself.

Bibliodérive will be held on Friday, October 26, 2018, with the John M. Flaxman Library as its central location. This interactive, participatory, all day event is open to all SAIC students, faculty and staff. Whether individually or in an organized group, participants are invited to engage with the library’s collections, architecture and community.

Please visit biblioderive.tumblr.com to learn more and participate.

October 2018

Guess Who's Back
Art Director Unyimeabasi Udoh
Assistant Art Director Mr. What Zit Tooya
Comics Editor Katie Wittenberg
Photography Editor John Choi
Staff Designers Catherine Cao, Rosa Diaz, Shannon Lewis, Unyimeabasi Udoh, Katie Wittenberg

Back Again
Managing Editors Casey Carsel, Grace Wells
Ad Manager Hyelee Won
Design Advisor Michael Miner
Editorial Advisor Paul Elitzik

Shady's Back
Webmaster Daniel Brookman
Engagement Editor Tara Asgar

Tell a Friend
Arts Editor Leah Gallant
Art Critic Shannon Waldman
Entertainment Editor Kaycie Surrell
F+ Editor Cat Strain, fka DeBacker
Literary Editor Raghav Rao
Staff Writers Joey Starling, Krutika Surve

News

04 **No Room at the Inn for Fair Contracts**
Chicagoland's hotel workers fight for their rights [by Ella Roche](#)

06 **Cop Watch**
If it passes, the decree could provide more community accountability [by Georgia Hampton](#)

F+

07 **Z682 .S 2018**
You know that guy from the library ... [by Cat Strain](#)

08 **Love at First Swipe**
Social media and dating in the 21st century [by Jamie A. Cooley](#)

Arts

11 **Been There, Zine That**
CHIPRC's founder and director John Wawrzaszek on the good times and the bad [by Leah Gallant](#)

12 **Screen Dreams**
Reflection of self and the characterization of the Internet [by Shannon Waldman](#)

SAIC

14 **Opinion**
Is SAIC's design program outdated? [by Chris Zhu](#)

15 **Professor Y33zy**
Who's gon stop Ye? [by Grace Wells and Unyimeabasi Udoh](#)

18 **Locker Checks!**
A selection of SAIC students open up about their lockers [by Grace Wells](#)

Entertainment

19 **En Esta Casa Tampoco Crecen Flores**
Why you should watch Netflix's new tele-novela [by Manuela Uribe](#)

20 **Riot Fest Sucks**
Two takes on a quaint punk music festival [by Adriana Keech and Kaycie Surrell](#)

22 **Dylan's Got a Hold of My Heart**
Many years with Bob Dylan [by Dustin Lowman](#)

23 **There and Book Again**
We can read, too! [by The Designers of F Newsmagazine](#)

Literary

24 **Where the Butterflies Go**
Treading through the city [by Cat Strain](#)

25 **Frank & Fran: Where Do We Go from Here?**
Part One of a new F-exclusive mystery series [by Jesse Stein](#)

26 **Be Good**
A prose poem [by Kathleen Gullion](#)

Comics

28 **With Contributions by:**
Madeleine Aguilar , Bridget Bilbo, Sofia Diaz, Lily Spear



Cover: *Klassics* by Unyimeabasi Udoh and Katie Wittenberg; Interior Illustration by Catherine Cao

No Room at the Inn for Fair Contracts

Chicagoland’s hotel workers
fight for their rights
by Ella Roche



Palmer House hotel workers on strike. Photography by Chelsea Emuakhagbon

A new sound has been echoing across The School of the Art Institute of Chicago's bustling campus. You've probably seen or at least heard protesters chanting, blowing whistles, and banging pots outside of the Palmer House Hilton (across the street from the school's Sharp Building), or at other major hotels in the Loop area. These protesters are employees of the hotels they are surrounding, and are striking because they feel cheated out of fair benefits by their employers.

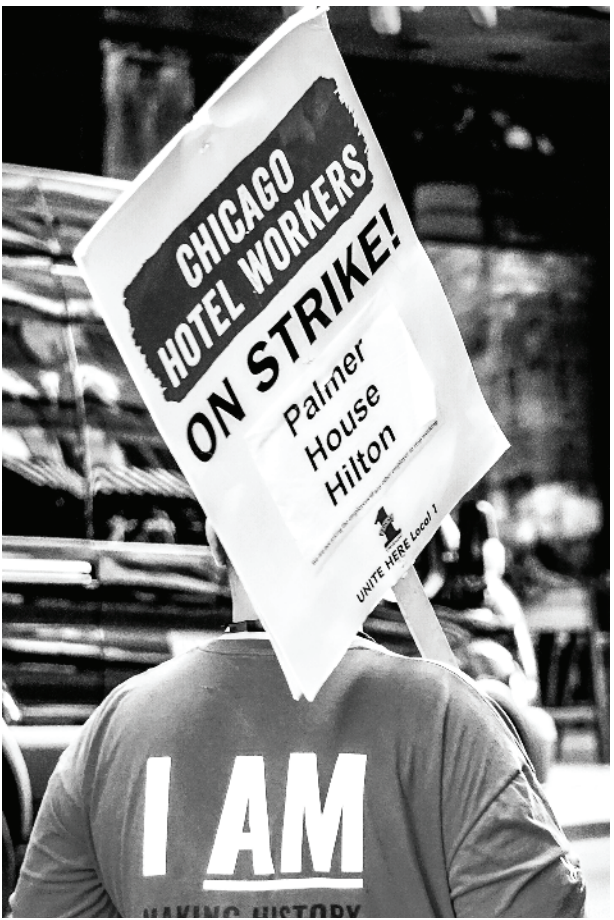
The hotel strikers want an updated contract with their employers that guarantees healthcare through winter months. Past employment contracts, which expired on August 31, dictated that part-time employees receive no healthcare in the off-season (October through March). Until these employees are asked to return in the spring, they pay for family medical bills out of pocket. Strikers are also asking for more sick days, seven instead of four, and a dissolution of the \$50,000-per-year maximum wage ceiling that has recently been proposed by employers.

The Chicago Hotel Workers strike is backed by a multi-state union and an international union, both for the service industry. The Local 1, a part of the Unite Here union, is made

up of over 15,000 hospitality workers throughout Chicago and Northwest Indiana, and the Unite Here union encompasses workers all over North America. Unite Here's last strike was the "Hands Off Pants On" movement, which began in 2016 and was centered around ensured safety against sexual harassment from guests. This movement ended victoriously with the passing of a new law in July that requires all Chicagoland hotels to provide housekeepers who work alone with panic buttons.

The current strike is occurring at 26 hotels across the city, which makes it the first city-wide strike of hotel workers in Chicago, as well as in Unite Here Local 1's history. Of the 26 hotels striking, two are owned by the family of gubernatorial hopeful, JB Pritzker. The Hyatt hotel chain, to which Pritzker is heir, is currently striking at the Hyatt Regency Chicago and Hyatt Regency McCormick Place. When asked about his opinion on the strikes, the JB Pritzker campaign released this statement:

"JB stands with the labor movement across Illinois in the fight for better wages, benefits, and working conditions. While JB has never had a management or leadership role in



97% of the employees were currently striking. They will remain there, 24 hours a day, until they are able to negotiate contracts they feel are fair. “As long as it takes.”

Hyatt, he hopes all parties will negotiate in good faith and that a fair contract can be reached as soon as possible. As governor, JB will work to put Springfield back on the side of working families and will always defend the rights of working people to come together and demand a better future.”

JB has voting rights as a shareholder, but agreed in 2009 to automatically vote with the Pritzker board, assuming there is a board majority. This means that JB will automatically be taking the side of the management in any vote. However, he needs labor support to run a successful campaign. It remains to be seen what role, if any, the heir will play in union negotiations.

Strikers have been outside hotel entrances since 5 a.m. on September 7. They will remain there, 24 hours a day, until they are able to negotiate contracts they feel are fair. One phrase that seemed encompassing of the movement was “as

long as it takes.” This was an answer I received frequently when questioning how long groups planned to stay striking, and the answer you’ll receive if you call Unite Here’s information hotline. According to strikers at the Palmer House they wouldn’t have done this if they had any other choice.

This movement is deeply personal for the strikers involved; some feel betrayed by the employers they’ve shown so much loyalty to.

“I’ve been working at this hotel for eighteen years, but some of these people [striking] have been here for 30 and 40 years. We’re fed up with being treated inhumanely,” said a woman on the sidelines of the strike, while pointing out to F Newsmagazine a man in a wheelchair who had been working there for almost 60 years.

Rashanda, one of the leaders of the group protesting outside the Palmer House explained that 97% of the employ-

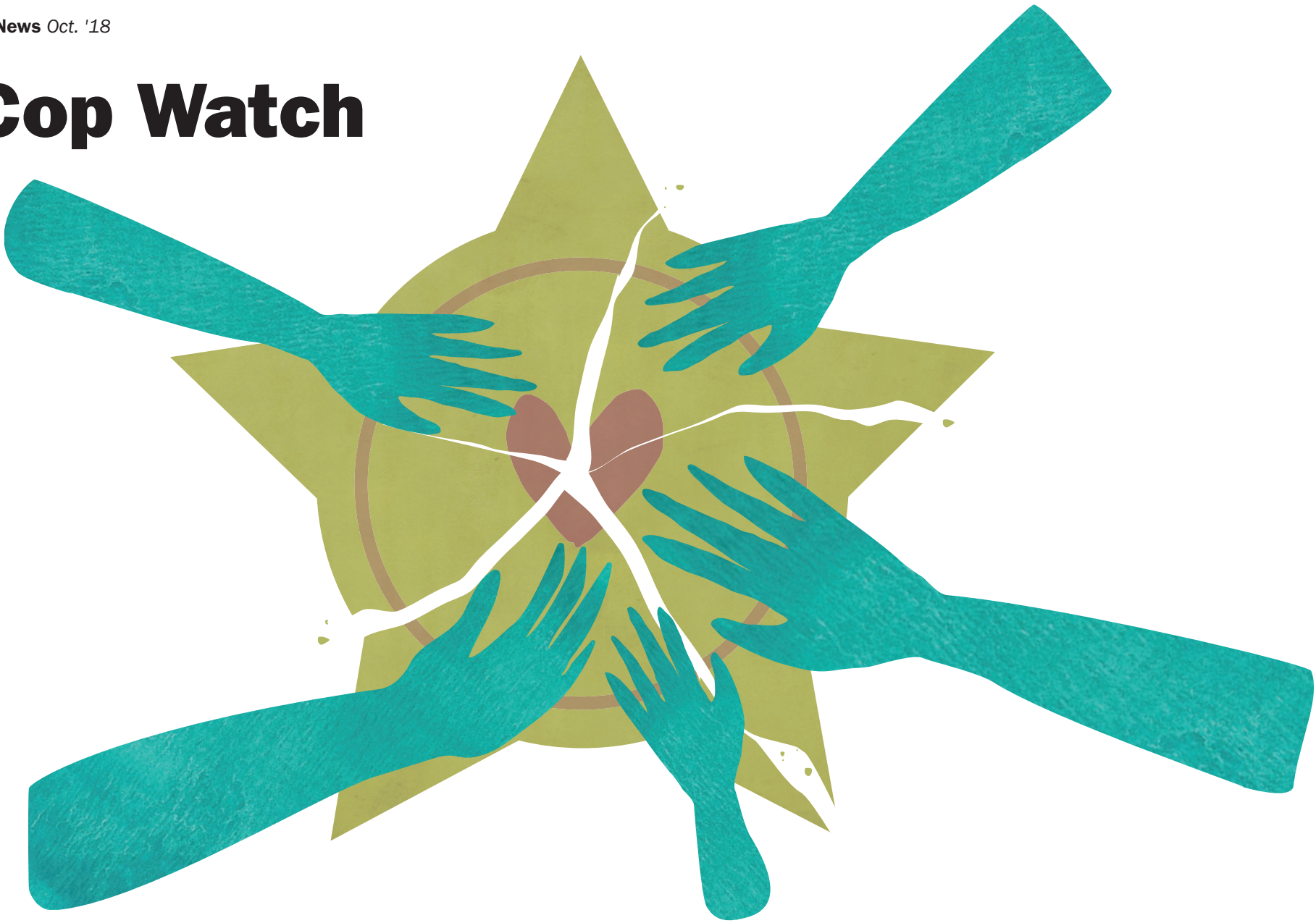
ees were currently striking, while the remaining 3% of the management have been left scrambling to clean rooms and accommodate customers.

Some employees of Hotel Kimpton Allegro who are not on strike feel that strikers’ demands are irrational and unfair. “They just want more hours, and our employers aren’t able to provide them with those hours, so they’re upset,” an attendant in the Kimpton lobby told F Newsmagazine. The strike had been voted for and authorized by the union on August 15, two weeks before the contracts expired. According to Hyatt Representative Michael D’Angelo, negotiations with Local 1 were occurring and had already been scheduled through September at the time when the strike began.

Marriott International ratified a contract with the union, ending protests at six of the currently striking hotels on September 20. The rest of the strikers remain unwavering and confident that their conditions will be met. “We’re not stopping until we come to a conclusion with employers. We’ll be out here for as long as it takes,” said striker Sarah Lyons.

Ella Roche’s (BFA ’21) artistic practices are centered around the dynamics of human relationships and the effect they have on others. She believes in going out into the world and collecting personal perspectives by witnessing and participating in as much history as possible.

Cop Watch



If it passes, the Chicago Police Consent Decree could provide more community accountability

by Georgia Hampton

On September 13, the City of Chicago and Illinois Attorney General Lisa Madigan submitted a decree that would reform the Chicago Police Department (CPD) to a federal judge. This is not the first time reform has been attempted in response to issues within CPD, but it is the first backed up by a federal court-ordered decree. Madigan is enthusiastic about this push for reform, but some community groups who have made similar calls for change are uneasy. Meanwhile, the Fraternal Order of Police sees the proposed decree as politically motivated and unnecessary.

The submission of the final draft comes in the same week as jury selection ended and the prosecution presented its case in the trial of Jason Van Dyke, a white CPD officer charged with murdering black teenager Laquan McDonald in 2014. The draft's final point of contention was whether or not to require CPD officers to document every time they pointed their gun at someone. The AG's office pushed for documentation while the city initially resisted, but both sides ultimately agreed to include it in the final draft.

The decree was formally proposed after a 2017 federal investigation of the Chicago Police Department led by President Obama's Department of Justice (DOJ) after a video of Van Dyke shooting and killing McDonald was widely circulated. This, along with many other cases of police brutality, spurred demonstrations demanding reform and accountability within the CPD and police departments across the country.

Through its investigation, the DOJ confirmed numerous cases of officer misconduct and excessive use of force in the CPD, in addition to inadequate training, supervision, and investigation into cases of abuse. While the DOJ recommended a consent decree be drafted in response to its findings, U.S. Attorney General Jeff Sessions did not pursue

one. This led to the Illinois AG filing a lawsuit against the City of Chicago demanding a consent decree.

The final draft of the Chicago Police Consent Decree calls for massive reform of the Chicago Police Department and a unifying effort to strengthen the relationship between CPD officers and Chicago residents. The document promotes the use of crisis intervention and nonviolent de-escalation techniques, adequate wellness resources for officers, higher accountability standards, efficient investigation into officer misconduct, and many other related changes.

The City Press Office says that the decree is “an important next step, but not our final step, on the road to reform.”

The Mayor's Press Office says that the decree is “an important next step, but not our final step, on the road to reform.” It adds that “this agreement will help ensure Chicago police officers have the training, resources, and support they need to do their difficult jobs.”

The Fraternal Order of Police (FOP), Chicago's largest police union, does not feel as hopeful. Kevin Graham, president of the FOP, complained to CNN in July that the Attorney General refused to negotiate with them. He goes on to say that the decree is “wholly unnecessary” and “politically motivated.” Within the same week Graham told the Chicago Tribune that the FOP will “continue to fight the consent decree.”

If the decree is approved by a judge, its progress will be supervised by an “independent monitor,” to be appointed. This consists of a team of individuals who will oversee the implementation of these reforms until CPD and the city of

Chicago “achieve full and effective compliance,” as the Attorney General said.

The Attorney General is not the only person to have filed a lawsuit. Several community groups and activist organizations, including Black Lives Matter and the American Civil Liberties Union of Illinois (ACLU), collectively sued the city in 2017 to demand police reform. Once negotiations began on a formal consent decree with the Attorney General, these groups agreed to suspend their lawsuits until a final decree is implemented. At that point, they can renew their lawsuits if they believe the city and CPD are not committing to the decree's reform demands.

“A significant number of people have identified issues and raised them,” Ed Yohnka, the director of communications and public policy at the ACLU of Illinois, told F News-magazine. Now, he says, the key will be to enforce change “at a pace that actually resolves these historic issues.”

Past attempts at reforming the CPD failed, but Yohnka told F that the ACLU remains “cautiously hopeful” about this decree.

“If you look at all the cities that have experienced major changes in its policing, virtually all of them have involved a consent decree,” he says. He added, “what you can't do is... give up on the process just because it hasn't worked before.”

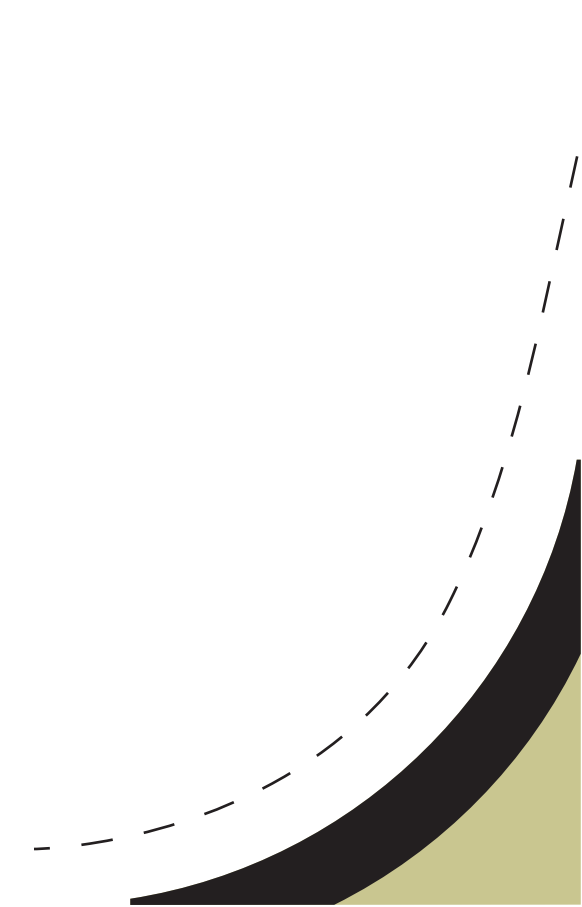
Other local activist groups have stronger doubts. Ted Pearson, co-chairperson of the Chicago Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression, finds the drafted decree limited and overall “not a solution” to the history of police violence in Chicago. He told F that “the only adequate mechanism would be community control of the police,” which was not proposed in the draft decree.

U.S. District Court Judge Robert M. Dow Jr. will hold a fairness hearing for the decree on October 24 and 25.

Z682 .S 2018

You know that guy from the Library ...

by Cat Strain



Nicolas Ferreira is the reference librarian in the John M. Flaxman Library on the 5th floor of Sharp in Special Collections, and Liaison to Art & Technology studies, Ceramics, and Sound. He's the first person you encounter at the desk and it's reportedly unnerving, due to his apparent aesthetic appeal. This appeal has spawned the moniker, "Hot Nick." School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) prides itself on being a progressive and forward-thinking community. Conversations around consent and objectification are present in art and artist talks, liberal arts classes and student groups. RateMyProfessor.org — an online resource for students to view stats and grade their professor's performance — has removed the sexist "hot pepper" rating after being harshly criticized on social media. Though similar sentiments are expressed on campus, it seems that SAIC students aren't applying them to the monikers they give faculty members, namely Nick Ferreira.

F Newsmagazine talked to Ferreira recently. It became apparent throughout our conversation that while he finds the use of his appearance as an identifier amusing, after six years perhaps it's time to retire the honorific that undermines the qualities he should be valued for.

Cat Strain: How did you decide to become a librarian?
Nicolas Ferreira: I started working in the library in my hometown in Massachusetts when I was finishing undergrad. I was photographing this quirky library for my project and I thought, "Oh it'd be cool to work here." So, I got a position and it kept going from there. I worked at another town's public library for six months and moved to Los Angeles in 2008. I got a job at the Public Library of Art and Music, just shelving books. All I wanted to do in undergrad was BMX and skateboard. After graduation, I had to make a decision about getting either an MFA or a library science degree. I decided to do library science because I was willing to take any academic library job, and I was sick of being poor. I sacrificed a little bit to do that; I would love to just be a practicing artist.

CF: How did you come to SAIC?
NF: Fast forward, I'm in Providence, RI applying for jobs after graduation and there was a job here. I was faced with student loan debt and I needed to get a full-time job. I originally came to the school in November of 2012. I applied, got a phone interview, then I came out for the all-day interview. It was a five-hour interview to get my job.

CS: What are your interests outside of the library?
NF: Well, I'm interested in, no surprise, artist books and zines and multiples. The thing that's been taking up most of my time is a BMX newspaper — a quarterly newspaper called "Challenger." I'm interested in the role architecture plays in BMX and skateboarding, and the interaction between the two. I always make one of the columns in the paper about skate spots made by famous architects or artists.

I like when art is accessible to a 15-year-old BMX kid or to someone with an art history degree.

CS: What's most important to you about the work you do?
NF: I like when art is accessible to a 15-year-old BMX kid and to someone with an art history degree. I'm not anti-art, and I enjoy contemporary art in all capacities, but sometimes a guiding factor for me is to think: Would my parents be interested in this?

CS: Do you have a favorite artist?
NF: Felix Gonzalez-Torres is one of my favorite artists. He's been really inspiring to me over the years. His work is simple and beautiful. The candy piece, as cliché as it is, is one of the most touching and heartbreaking works. I've read some interviews with him and something that he talks about is infiltrating places with ideas.

CS: What do you hate and love most about being a librarian?
NF: One thing I really like about libraries is that they are a welcoming space for everyone; most librarians are really welcoming. I liked that the money exchanges hands behind the scenes, right? I don't have to charge people for services, whether that's in tuition or taxes. I also really love SAIC, the community is really incredible. I love it here. I think a lot of what we do goes unnoticed. It's totally fine, that's what we do. Sometimes we do get credit in either people's theses or in book acknowledgements, which is great. It feels like you really helped somebody out. Librarians do lots of things, and the professional community of librarianship is really great. But the thing that I like the most is just helping people. That's really endearing. It's rare to hear somebody say that I helped.

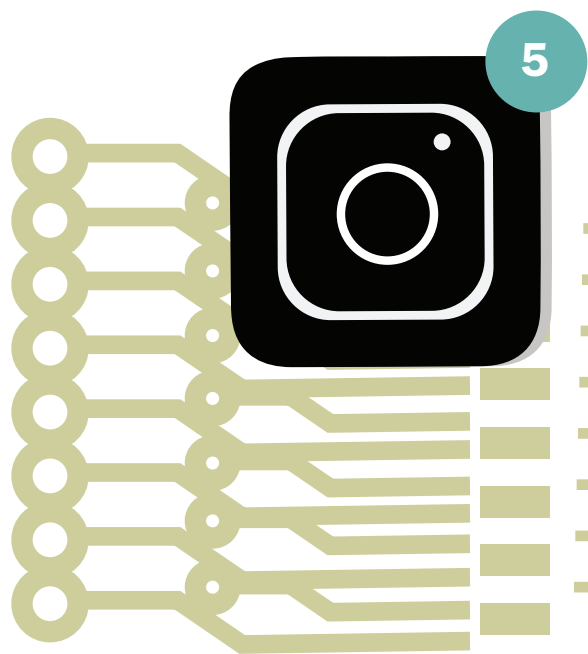
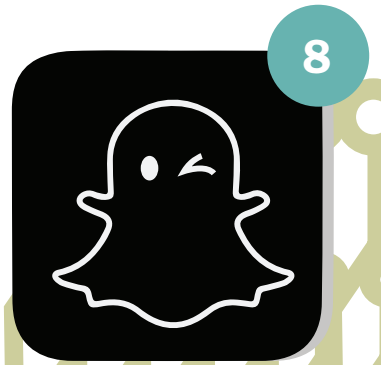
You can keep track of Nicolas Ferreira's work with Challenger on Instagram (@challengerbmxmag), or you could go to the 5th floor of Sharp and ask him for help researching a project, but he prefers the name "Nick."



Love at First Swipe

Social media and dating in
the 21st century

By Jamie A. Cooley



Remember when the dating pool was limited to where you worked, where you shopped, or a coincidental meet-cute at a local bar? Yeah, me neither. This is something that we now don't get: the privilege of experiencing dating outside the digital age we inhabit.

Social media platforms such as Instagram, Twitter, OkCupid, Bumble, Grindr, and Tinder influence our society. Each platform comes with preconceived notions of what kind of people use each. For instance, you might not meet your soul-mate on Grindr or Tinder, tbh. Understanding this, we still have to each decide which app is our go-to. Or maybe they all are. We sometimes try to separate social media and online dating but they're simply indistinguishable.

You now have hundreds, maybe even thousands of swipes at your fingertips

If you're currently seeing someone, you probably know too much about what Bae is doing constantly. This is destructive. We're addicted to notifications on our phones and receiving endless gratification online. Social media affects how we approach and view love and relationships, due to the fact that there are so many — if not too many — options available. It rewires our thinking. You now have hundreds, maybe even thousands, of swipes at your fingertips. It's an interesting game to play. We are the deciders of who is attractive or not attractive enough for us, and damn, that's powerfully narcissistic.

We constantly ponder if there's someone even better out there because the option is readily made available to us. It's a shallow game with living, breathing people but we love it. Addicted to that game of swiping, we want to try again and again; the grass always looks greener on the other side.

Oddly, I used to base all my romantic experiences on Ted Mosby from the TV series *How I Met Your Mother*. Ted seemed to have all the right ideas of love and how to treat women. The more I watched the show, the more I saw how impossible his expectations are. His logic was so heavily flawed; he believed in finding the right one and decided if they were the right one in a matter of hours, whether or not they were his perfect match. But no one is perfect, no relationship is perfect.

We can tailor precisely how we are viewed by sharing what we want the world to see and hiding what we don't want revealed. Simply, media has wholly impacted our way of thinking and viewing romance. We check our phones every minute of the day, and it's funny how we've created this underground response etiquette of "okay, I'll reply in five minutes so I don't look desperate." It's unhealthy.

When our underground etiquette is broken, it leaves us feeling uneasy. Say you've been texting someone you're super into and they haven't replied in a little bit. No worries, they're probably at work or busy in class. More time passes and you try to keep your cool by keeping yourself busy but even more time passes, so you finally give in to your irrational thoughts and click on the iMessage conversation.

Read: 1:15 p.m.
It's now 10 p.m.

Yeah, you're most likely not getting a reply; you've been left on read. Did your heart drop into your stomach a little?

The sensible way of thinking is to assume that the person you like has a life of their own and messaging you isn't top priority, as it shouldn't be. But your brain is telling you that it matters and it's the end of the world. As users of social media, we've rewired ourselves to assume that we need constant communication and gratification from outside sources. There's the problem.

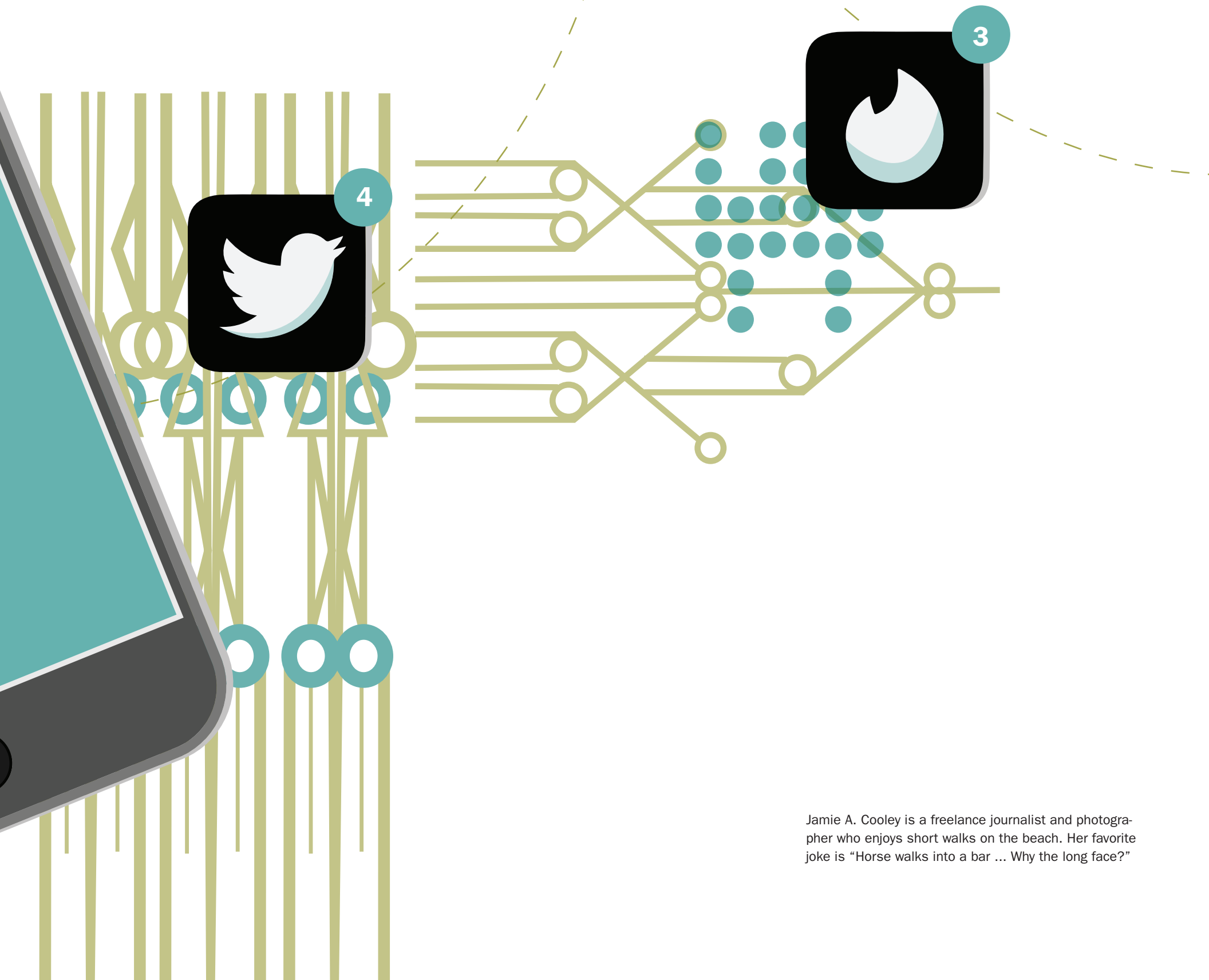
As someone who has used online dating in the past, it's a lot. Which pictures will we use to find the loves of our lives? How do we want to present ourselves to this technological universe of dating? We are on guard and have to protect our image. We're precious with it.

This protection of self is sometimes stripped away by Instagram and its low-key, invasive capabilities. It has the power to ruin relationships. Social media is who we are. Social media triggers the biggest of insecurities for both creator and viewer, particularly in a relationship. We're still figuring it out, how to love ourselves.

Everything seems perfect on the internet because we are forcing everyone to see us how we want to be seen. Shocker that this causes a discrepancy in our personal relationships. It's easier on social media to get upset with a significant other for not texting back because we can tell they're active online. Even though that's their right, it strains any sense of freedom.

Our grandparents weren't troubled by sitting and scrolling on the computer or on their smartphones. Their relationships weren't overtaxed with seeing their significant other's online profile. Nor were they able to pick apart the pieces of themselves that they hated and compare them to others' perfect profiles.

Social media is a construction of whatever we want it to be and dating is whatever we want it to be with whomever we choose. We're in control. Take a step back and breathe.



Jamie A. Cooley is a freelance journalist and photographer who enjoys short walks on the beach. Her favorite joke is "Horse walks into a bar ... Why the long face?"



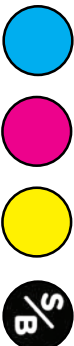
EXCHEQUER

RESTAURANT - PUB

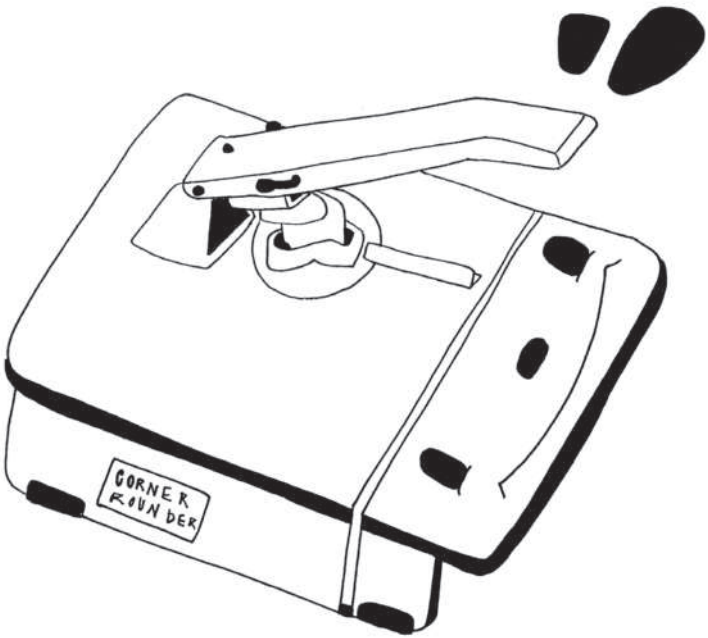
(312) 939-5633
exchequerpub.com
226 S. Wabash

Chicago Style Pizza - Ribs - Classic American Dining

SAIC SERVICE BUREAU MACHINE #02 CORNER ROUNDER



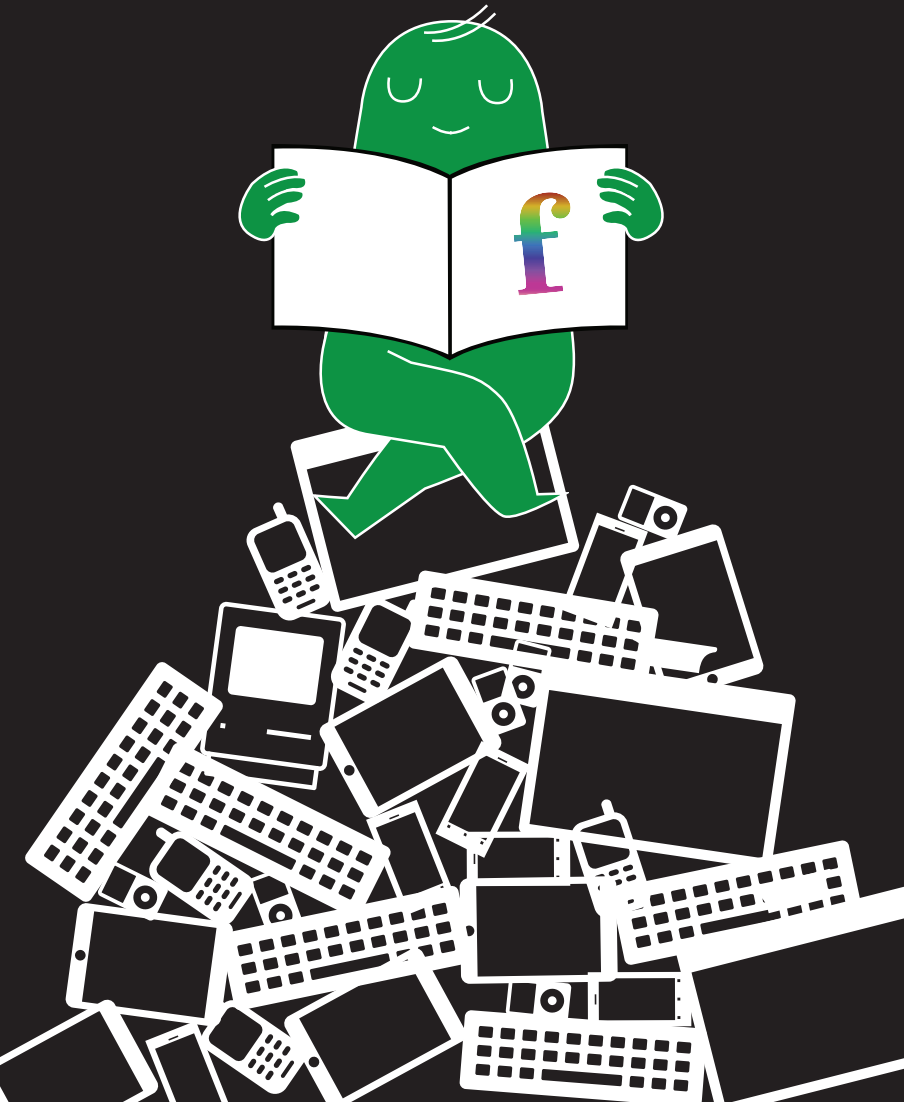
37 S. Wabash Ave Suite 1111
web: sites.saic.edu/servicebureau
@servicebureausaic



SB

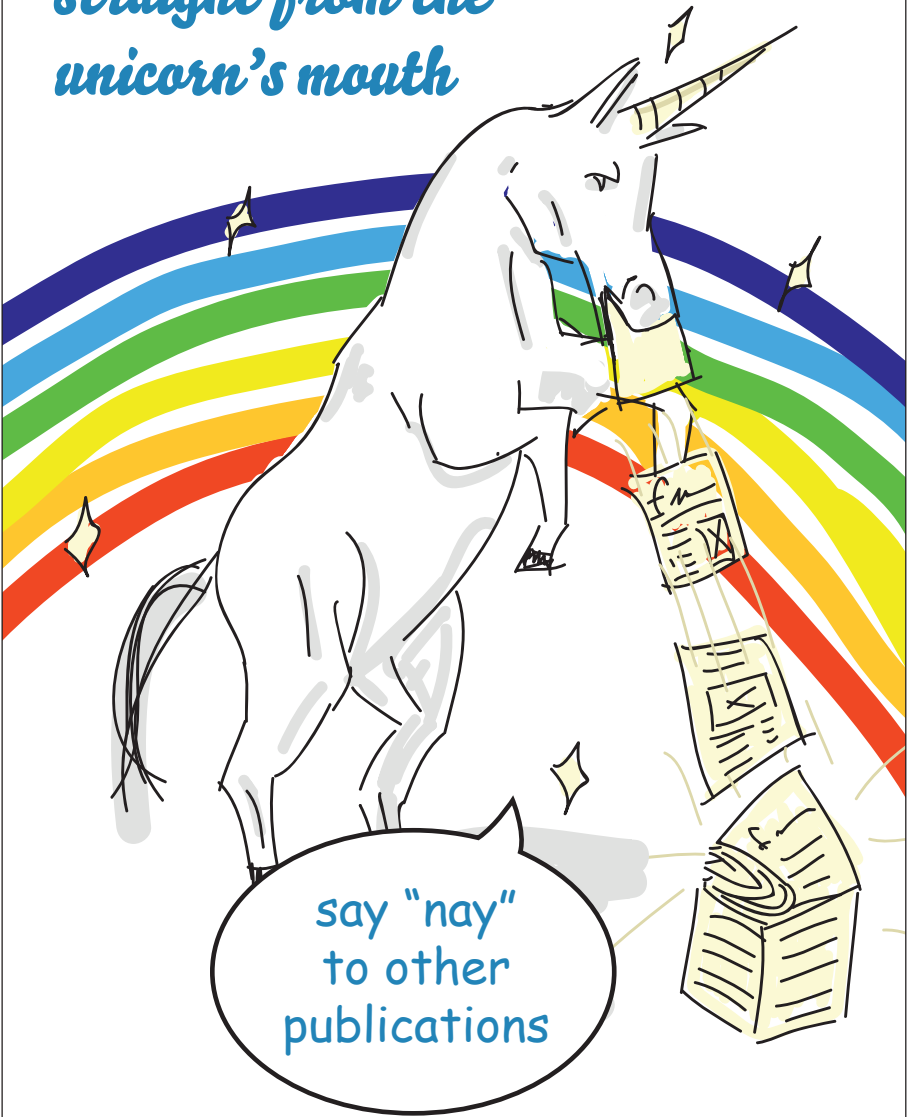
Rounding your sharp edges &
making your documents
more friendly since ~1857!

print isn't dead yet.



f newsmagazine

straight from the
unicorn's mouth



BEEN THERE, ZINE THAT

CHIPRC's founder and director John Wawrzaszek on the good times and the bad

by Leah Gallant

At the end of August, the Chicago Publishing Resource Center (CHIPRC), a community hub for anyone interested in publishing, closed definitively due to financial concerns. In the five years it was open, the space hosted a variety of programs, from classes in risograph printing to zine-swaps. CHIPRC founder and director John Wawrzaszek looks back on some of the ups and downs of running an alternative space.

Leah Gallant: How did you become interested in publishing, and why did you decide to start this space?

John Wawrzaszek: I've been self-publishing zines for more than a decade. When I had the idea for CHIPRC, I had just finished a fiction writing degree at Columbia College and

CHIPRC has friends that are part of zine libraries and archives, so I know if things needed a home in Chicago, they could find themselves cared for.

had joined the Chicago Zine Fest as an organizer. One of the things that I always found hard was the lack of spaces where creatives could meet, hang out, do work, and hold events. When I visited Portland in 2012, I came across the Independent Publishing Resource Center (IPRC) there. It really inspired me to open CHIPRC and pay homage to what they were doing.

LG: How did CHIPRC sustain itself financially over the past five years? Were there particular models (or one-time events) that worked better than others?

JW: Money will always be a major factor in running any space. I made my own investment to start up CHIPRC, and I continued to contribute whenever there were shortfalls. The main source of income was revenue from workshops and public events rather than patronage of our workspace or equipment. We always kept our entry fees low so that there wasn't a barrier to access programming. We had a mix of revenue from space rental, online fundraising, fundraising events around the city, selling our publications at festivals and Quimby's Bookstore, grant funding, memberships, and private donations. It was a never-ending juggle.

LG: What was the strangest thing that happened at CHIPRC? Most heartwarming?

JW: There are a few events that pushed the parameters of the space. One was an art exhibit by Logan Kruidenier, who is a current graduate student at School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC). His exhibit, "Anfang," was an interactive installation that immersed the audience in the work. He

built a pond inside a mattress, provided the audience with clay to make stones, and then encouraged skipping them in the pond. We also hosted the reading series "Absinthe and Zygote" a few times, which is curated by poets Toby Altman and Alix Shaw. They host poetry readings throughout the city that push the envelope of what a reading can be. For one reading, instead of chairs, they set up blankets for the audience. Another time, all the readers wore gorilla suits. For another reading, they had an ASL interpreter, a projector, and a live reader — combining text, video, and performance.

LG: Where are the remaining publications and tools from the space right now? Are you considering donating them to an archive?

JW: Most of the equipment and materials were things I accumulated or purchased before I knew I would open a space. I was able to hang on to some of my original

material, and then I donated or disposed of many things that had accumulated. It was always my goal to archive publications and art created at CHIPRC by creating a library for others to view the work being done in the space. I saved all our print promotion (flyers, calendars, et cetera) and any of the zines and comics we printed ourselves. For now I will hold onto all that material. CHIPRC has friends that are part of zine libraries and archives, so I know if things needed a home in Chicago, they could find themselves cared for.

LG: What advice do you have for anyone running an alternative art space or interested in starting one?

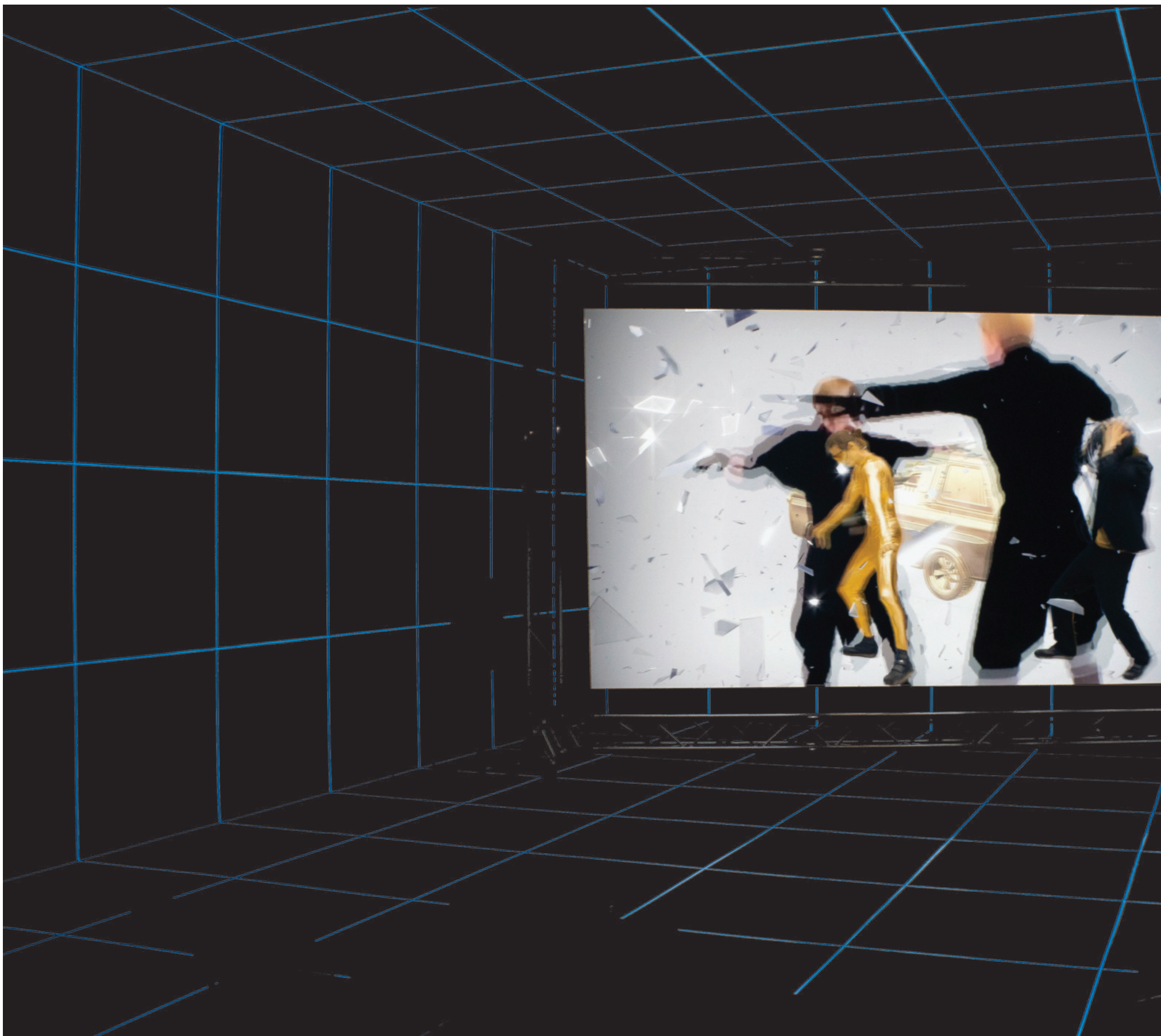
JW: Most of the things you need to do might seem easier said than done. Begin with community engagement. If you do not get buy-in support from those you wish to serve, then who will be there to support you long-term? When working with your community, seek out those who can take a more active supporting role. Having many people coordinate efforts may alleviate the pressure and stress of operating a space. Figure out your focus and work toward that. Chicago has lots of similar outlets for art, music, and literature; where will you fit in? It's not worth reinventing the wheel. Consider funding and how much time you will have to devote to generating revenue. The most important thing, if you want to do something, is do it. Don't wait or hold back. If it fails, at least you put yourself out there and did something that most wouldn't. Be proud of what you accomplish.

To offset CHIPRC's outstanding costs, you can donate online.



Illustration by Shannon Lewis

Leah Gallant is a first-year student in New Arts Journalism and Arts Editor at F Newsmagazine. Like Brad Pitt, she is mostly made of water.



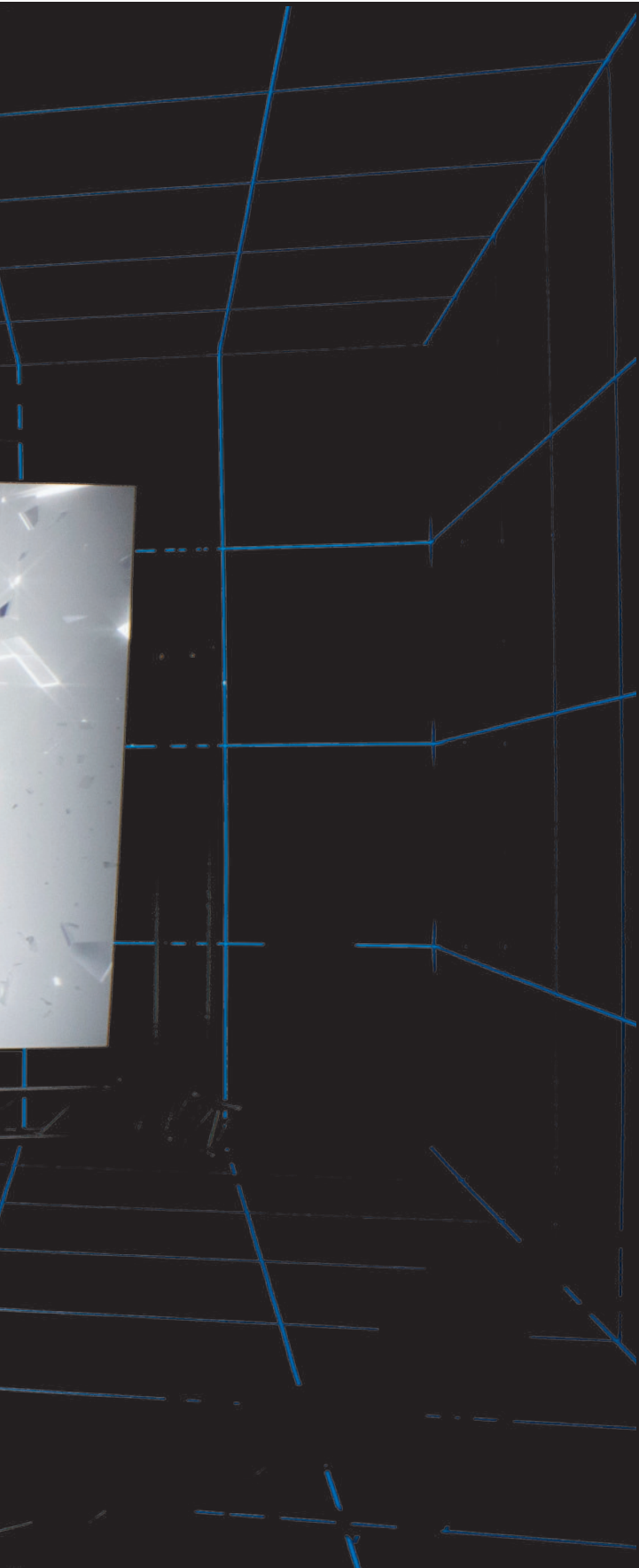
Installation view, "I Was Raised on the Internet." Work shown: Hito Steyerl "Factory of the Sun," 2015. Photography by John Lane

Screen Dreams

Reflection of self and the characterization
of the Internet

by Shannon Waldman

The fact that I was born in 1995 marks me as a digital native. The clanging of dial-up connections and bleeps of instant message are decidedly the tones of my coming of age. However, I felt like I was trying to read raw html while viewing much of "I Was Raised on the Internet," on view at the Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) through October 14th, 2018. This discomfort did not detract from my interest in the exhibition, though it was certainly a blow to my ego that I wasn't in on the trending memes or pertinent theories of post-internet philosophers.



Regardless of my naiveté, I couldn't look away. Like the works themselves, the exhibition's pacing mimics the experience of toggling between online windows. With nearly a hundred works dating from 1998 to the present, I could never quite decide which monitor to look at. Even when I donned headphones or sat in a dark room, I felt my attention pulled towards the oncoming commotion from another screen nearby. In the MCA's galleries, navigating between tabs is made more tangible. The physical objects on view are more than 1's and 0's, but much of the content seems as elusive and infinite as code.

Few exhibitions so accurately mirror the surreal platform of the internet as the MCA's "I Was Raised on the Internet." At once familiar and bewildering, the artworks and accompanying wall texts play host to the aggressive cacophony that occurs when the tools to synthesize and share found images and music tracks are widely available. It's fitting that the exhibition continues on an online platform accessible through any Wi-Fi connected device; at the entrance to the galleries, a collection of desktops offers visitors the opportunity to engage with the web-based artworks before venturing into the over-stimulating, attention-grabbing exhibition.

The work in "I Was Raised on the Internet" is on view thanks to the efforts of Omar Kholeif, MCA's departing Manilow Senior Curator and Director of Global Initiatives. Commenting on his sudden resignation, Kholeif said he was leaving his position to focus on a variety of freelance projects, including the Sharjah Biennial, the Victoria – the Art of Being Contemporary (V-A-C) Pavilion at the 58th Venice Biennale, and several upcoming publications.

Though his name isn't on much of the press material, I noticed Kholeif's influence, alongside that of curatorial assistant Nina Wexelblatt and curatorial fellow Jared Quinton, particularly in the selection of artists for this exhibition. Remnants of Kholeif's previous shows, such as "Electronic Superhighway" (2016), at Whitechapel Gallery, are tucked into the MCA exhibition. A quick glance at the respective checklists of "Electronic Superhighway" and "I Was Raised on the Internet" show that several works reappear from the former in the latter. With these exhibitions as well as publications on the subject, Kholeif has participated heavily in the conversation surrounding artists' roles in internet culture. In a panel discussion at Art Basel Miami on art and the internet, Kholeif said, "The internet acts as a social construct. Artists are not interrupting, rather they are participants." The artists in "I Was Raised on the Internet" are no exception to this.

In that same panel, Kholeif noted that the artists in this exhibition "reveal the interior contradictions and social and political implications of the internet." He highlighted the work BEFNOED (By Everyone, For No One, Every Day) by Eva and Franco Mattes as an example of this observation. Two flat-screen monitors press together along their top edges, forming a tent on the gallery floor. The space beneath them reflects the glow of their screens, though the content is obscured until viewers realize they are meant to scoot into the little shelter. There was just enough room for me to slide up to my shoulders in the tent to view the videos playing across the screens. I looked up at the apex and turned my head from side to side as strangers saluted me with a bucket on their head or poured water over a fish strapped to their skin with duck tape. These videos are culled from the artists' collection of performances by individuals they hire via online platforms to perform instructions the artists request. Viewers then see these instructions enacted by the anonymous performers in BEFNOED. You are implicated in this performance, which here is synonymous with participation. By watching the works you challenge the "FNO" in BEFNOED. The work is no longer For No One. This performance is for you.

The first rooms of the exhibition felt like familiar territory. The work was thematically organized around the declarative curatorial heading "Look at Me": the shifting hotbed of

Here, the MCA has more than an exhibition of internet-based art; it solidifies the internet's ephemeral toggling into a cohesive moment.

identity politics, with the sometimes narcissistic, sometimes philosophical breakthrough reflections on the self that characterizes the internet. The exhibition moved through the additional themes "Touch Me," "Control Me," "Play with Me," and "Sell Me Out."

Artist Amalia Ulman positions her series "Excellences & Perfections" at the intersection of these demands. A durational performance captured in slightly out-of-focus Instagram portraits of Ulman, the picture of Eurocentric beauty, "Excellences & Perfections" questions self-presentation on social media. Ulman's work makes a spectacle of the social media pageant. Caricaturing a social media starlet, Ulman poses in lingerie, pouts her lips in mirror selfies, and flaunts a shopping spree with a caption that reads "Small presents are the best gifts. Paying attention to details. #friends #family #birthday #sister." However, I found much of this performance said nothing that any other social media account or long blog post doesn't already say: that social media allows us a tight control over our presentation to the world via a scrollable feed. Ulman's performance may be art, but it is no more compelling than any other Instagram confessional. The work feels so self referential that we may as well exhibit anyone's Instagram account; what could be biting commentary on identity on the internet is lost in the fact that the

work occupies the same platform as any Instagram account. Granted, that appears to be the the artist's intent, but it makes for uninteresting conversation about self presentation in the internet-age.

I was pulled into the exhibition's first rooms by Evan Roth's "Female, 34, NASA scientist, College Park, Maryland (March 2013)." The weighty, chaotic scroll suggests hieroglyphics on papyrus, updated to include memes and news headlines. Part of Roth's "Cache Portrait" series, the work is a composition of every page that the titular 34-year-old female NASA scientist visits on the web over the course of a day. This collection, which Roth describes as "memories never intended to be shared," composes a more intimate portrait than flesh ever could. This is the naked mind recorded; rather than implying surveillance, as much of the works in "I Was Raised on the Internet" do, Roth composes a piece that unfurls as if an intimate diary tumbled off the bedside table and onto the floor.

Similar to Roth's piece, though with an added tone of menace, Andrew Norman Wilson's expose-like video "Workers Leaving the Googleplex" reveals the parts of the internet that remain invisible. The video, displayed on a single monitor with headphones, shows long shots of office buildings and their occupants coming and going. This ordinary scene is disturbed by Wilson's narration, which recounts the events leading up to his firing from a job at Transvideo Studios, a company that outsourced Wilson's labor to Google. Ostensibly, he was fired because of his illegal filming of Google employees who scan pages for Google Books in a particular office building from the odd hours of 4:00 a.m. - 2:15 p.m. Google's condemnation of Wilson's filming as illicit implies concealed criminal activity, some nefarious underbelly of the corporation.

The long shots of small crowds coming and going between buildings resemble Louis Lumière's early film "Workers Leaving the Lumière Factory." Rather than the remarkable outpouring of figures in Lumière's film, which serves as an ode to industrial innovation in both the subject of the factory and the futuristic film media, Wilson's video serves as visual white noise, a backdrop to his shocking narrative. This stock photo-esque cinematography in "Workers Leaving the Googleplex" critiques the epicenter of the internet industry, and becomes both a visual and verbal transcript of what occurs when the internet's ubiquitous hub is questioned. Such work would be at home hung on the gallery wall or exhibited as courtroom evidence.

The rationale for keeping the visual a part of Wilson's narrative could be its mysterious origins. In the piece, Wilson describes how he lost one video and had to give the other to his supervisors. The video we see here thus becomes part of the mystery as well: Is this the lost footage? New contra-

band footage? A re-enactment? Where is this video coming from? Despite the puzzle of the video, Wilson's matter-of-fact telling of his firing brings the exhibition back to the world outside the galleries. How many of us will use Google's search engine to find the exhibition's online platform, or find lunch nearby after visiting the exhibition?

Returning to Kholeif's remarks on artists' participation in the internet's new social norms, I am left wondering if any one of the myriad of works necessitating audience engagement in "I Was Raised on the Internet" are interventions in a manner outside of what the internet alone implores of us: to "Look at Me" "Touch Me," "Control Me," "Play with Me," or "Sell Me Out." These declaratives are just as easily reflections, bland comments on the collected chaos of the online world. However, the works at the MCA, from Roth to Wilson, exemplify the capability for digital work to bring the intangible moments of the internet into the immediate physical realm. Scooting under screens to see strangers does make the internet something as solid and sticky as a fish duct-taped to your chest. Here, the MCA has more than an exhibition of internet-based art; it solidifies the internet's ephemeral toggling into a cohesive moment. Or, at least I finally felt I could take comfort in my own confusion if an Instagram post is now synonymous with artistic genius.

Shannon Hebert Waldman, a Dual MA '20, is the Art Critic at F Newsmagazine. If you ask nicely you can draw in her frame tattoos.

OPINION:

Is SAIC's design program outdated?

by Chris Zhu

At the start of this semester, undergraduates Will Kim (BFA 2019) and Ryan Jung (BFA 2020) won big at Chicago Creative Jam — a tournament hosted by Adobe to celebrate user interaction in design, as well as challenge creatives to create innovative and practical work. Securing the second-place People’s Choice Award for Best Mobile App Design, the duo’s recognition at the event was a massive win for School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) designers; however, it was a rare one, at that.

“We were the only college students,” says Kim. “They were all people from the field, currently working as designers ... there was even a senior designer present.” Although young, the pair still managed to surpass nine opposing designer teams. The tournament challenged teams to create a finished prototype — a fully fleshed-out visual layout, no code — of an app in their own design within three hours. What did they create, you ask? “Nudge.”

“When I wanted to start an app, I wanted to connect people. ‘Nudge’ is an app where people with shared interests can find each other,” says Kim. “I got the idea from a crush of mine, whom I had a lot in common with. She’s my girlfriend now.” During the tournament, Kim and Jung worked together to ideate, conceptualize, design, prototype, and present their concept. It was a collapsing of months of work into just three hours.

A variety of skills go into User Interface (UI) and User Experience (UX) design. From illustrating icons, to acting on user data analysis, it’s a demanding line of work. Did several semesters of Visual Communication Design (VCD) courses between these two prepare them to compete with real, working UI/UX professionals?

“Not really,” says Jung. “Although I am in the design department, SAIC has not prepared me to work in UI/UX.” According to the duo, they learned most of their UI/UX-related skills from online tutorials, or reviewing blogs and articles. This raises many concerns. Could a poor curriculum at SAIC be stifling our students in what might be a crucial aspect of the design industry?

User Interface and User Experience design represent some of today’s most valued creative work. Interaction designers earn \$70K a year on average, according to a 2018 TCG study on Creative & Marketing salaries. Meanwhile, User Experience designers topped the list, earning \$93K annually. In the same study, designers specializing in package design, print design, and web production, piteously earned between \$50K and \$54K on average. With a tuition-sized gap in yearly pay between a graphic designer and the average UX designer, it’s easy to see where the industry is shifting.

“There are zero classes for UI/UX in our department,” says Kim, who is graduating in the spring. “I’ve been re-taking Interface Design for two semesters now.”

Said course is the only place where Kim can get critiques on his UI work. It is, strangely, in the Designed Objects department. In the eyes of many students, the Visual Communications Department has failed to provide an academically responsible education for future designers seeking to be more than just relics of traditionalist design education. Meanwhile, students are invited to take on more letterpress, package design, and bookmaking classes that no longer hold the same real-world value.

Compared to rival design programs, SAIC — proudly described as “the most influential art school in the United States” — comes off as outdated and conservative. At the same time, Rhode Island School of Design (RISD) undergraduates can take UI/UX-related courses such as “Experiential Design” or “Practice of Interaction Design,” wherein students are provided with hands on experience in rapid prototyping and creating interactive designs. Why? It’s all in recent response to the “integration of the physical and digital ... as technologies advance,” according to their course descriptions.

There is no such effort to modernize at SAIC. The result? BFA students at RISD make nearly \$7K more per year than their peers at SAIC, at an average of \$62,369/year versus \$55,426/year respectively, according to Payscale’s survey of over 2,700 U.S. colleges.

There are more examples of SAIC’s design failures. The One Club for Creativity, a U.S. nonprofit dedicated to supporting young creative professionals, charted the standings of over 60 design schools across the world. Rankings were derived from winning entries in competitions and portfolio reviews. New York City’s School of Visual Arts (SVA) topped the rankings. Rival programs trailed SVA, with notables such as Art Center College of Design, Maryland Institute College of Art, and the Savannah College of Art and Design also ranking in the top ten. A single Chicago institution, Columbia College, came in 57th place. So where was SAIC? Embarrassingly: not on the list.

So what’s a current Visual Communication Design student to do? Graduating SAIC design students find themselves underrepresented in national rankings, competitions, and perhaps most importantly, the workplace. They are paid thousands of dollars less than their peers, and are largely unaware of developments in the industry, leading to them being unfortunately barred from more socially important roles in the design world today.

In the eyes of many students, the Visual Communications Department has failed to provide an academically responsible education for future designers seeking to be more than just relics of traditionalist design education.

To students: Go beyond your classes. Do some UI exercises, join a competition like Jung and Kim, or read some articles. Join a club. On campus, student groups such as Artists on the World Wide Web (AWWW) work together to develop a sense of competence in UI and UX design that can’t be found in the department. According to the AWWW website, the student group “meets weekly, inspiring each other to succeed in UI and UX design through weekly challenges, events, and real-world projects.” At SAIC, it’ll take some initiative to make it as a designer.

To faculty and administrators: It’s never too late to change. SAIC students need courses relevant to today’s industry, and we need full-time professors with experience in UI/UX to teach them. “There are so many of us who are interested in UI/UX, but don’t know where to start,” says Jung. “Adding classes where students are able to learn interaction, psychology, tools ... and more would be a big change.”

1. Did he present any materials beyond celebrity that would qualify him to be a faculty member? **2.** Would he be paid? **3.** How would security during his class work? **4.** How would access to his class work? **5.** How would student demand for the class be managed? **6.** What would he teach? **7.** What department would he work in? **8.** How would his public behavior fit with the values of the school and faculty? **9.** What would happen if faculty or students protested or resigned? **10.** Were the videos on his Instagram his “audition”? **11.** Following his TMZ interview, is he capable and fit to give an artist talk, lead a lecture, or give a critique of a student’s work? **12.** Can Kanye grade papers? **13.** Is his behavior towards Donda’s House reflective of his ability to work with the school? **14.** Will Ye respond to my DM? **15.** If he makes a million dollars every minute, will my tuition go up? **16.** Would Kim be his TA? **17.** Can he still run for president if he’s teaching? **18.** Would SAIC endorse his campaign? **19.** Does everyone have to wear giant slides now? **20.** Can we wear non-neutral colors in his presence? **21.** What happens if the school becomes the subject of a diss track? **22.** Does this mean Elissa Tenny raps now? **23.** Will this affect our relationship with Taylor Swift? **24.** Do we have a relationship with Taylor Swift? **25.** Did Craig Barton resign over his own beef with Kanye? Or his love of Taylor Swift? **26.** Will he let us finish? **27.** Does he have to wait for the Sharp and MacLean elevators like everyone else? **28.** How would a department head reprimand Yeezy when this inevitably goes wrong? **29.** Is Ye subject to Title IX? **30.** Does he answer to the administration or to Kris Jenner? **31.** How would students be protected from his fans/entourage/paparazzi? **32.** How much did he pay the school for this position? **33.** Can we get other rappers to teach at SAIC? **34.** I want Nicki Minaj to run the Fashion Resource Center. **35.** Would students still have to pay for their own materials during his class? **36.** If Kanye paid SAIC to teach here, would my tuition go down? **37.** Are we all gonna stop reading? **38.** Can we submit assignments via Twitter now? **39.** What happens when he verbally assaults a student? **40.** If he does get a class, can we be first on the list?

Professor Y33zy

Who gon stop Ye?

by Grace Wells, with additional queries from Unyimeabasi Udoh

Grace Wells: You met with Kanye on Friday. How was that, generally?

Martin Berger, Dean of Faculty: He reached out to us and asked if we could talk about collaborating. It seemed clear to us that I would meet with anybody who is affiliated somehow with the school who wanted to work with our students. So, that was the first thing, right? There were many faculty members who asked why I invited him here; I want to be clear he was the one who reached out. He tweeted it and then his people got in touch with us. So he came in. We had an interesting conversation.

I asked him at the start how he wanted to work with our students and he said that he was interested in hearing our ideas. So I presented him with some options.

I first suggested maybe he'd want to meet with and work with SAIC (School of the Art Institute of Chicago) students who've come through the Chicago public school system and have scholarships. Kanye has roots in the Chicago public schools and he liked that idea. So we discussed that possibility.

We also talked about whether we could bring together an interdisciplinary group of students whose work related in some way to his very broad artistic practice and he could work with them in studio critiques. We talked also about the possibility that he give a general lecture to SAIC students who were interested. We wondered about having a moderated conversation. Will anything come to pass? I don't know. He's a busy person. He's got a lot going on. But it was just an opening-up, a beginning conversation.

GW: What was it like when you found out you were going to meet with him?

MB: It actually made me laugh out loud.

GW: That's not what you expected during your first few weeks on the job?

MB: Absolutely not. Never saw it coming.

GW: What was the atmosphere like when he came? It seemed like it was pretty abrupt.

MB: We knew two days in advance he was coming, but we kept it contained to a small circle of people because we didn't want to create hysteria. So the people on the floor for the most-part didn't even know. We just said a prominent person was coming through and they should give him some space. He came up the service elevator at the back and was escorted into the office. We talked with Allison — the chief of staff for Elissa — and Arnold Kemp, who's the Graduate Dean. He came with five people in his entourage. They were his Chicago friends.

GW: He didn't make you sign an NDA?

MB: No, he did not. Amusingly, I had a notebook with some notes in front of me. At some point he pulled the notebook away from me.

GW: He put that on his Instagram! Who is the drawing of?

MB: Arnold Kemp.

GW: Did he film your interaction at all?

MB: He did. He had a videographer there who filmed the entire thing, and said he would send us a copy, which we haven't received.

GW: What was he like in your meeting? What was his demeanor? How did he interact with you? We've mostly only seen the manufactured parts, but what's he like in an interview? Essentially a job interview, nonetheless.

MB: It was clear to me early in the meeting that he's a very bright guy. He was making all sorts of references to contemporary and modernist art. He was so well-schooled in it. He also has the non-linear thinking characteristic some artists have. He was bouncing around from idea to idea in interesting ways. Overall, I'd say he came across as a pretty normal person; I felt like I was having a real conversation with him. In that meeting he was presenting as a professional, an entrepreneur. "Let's have a conversation about how I could potentially work with students," and I appreciate that.

GW: Would he work with graduate or undergraduate students?

MB: Both, potentially. We're open to him working with both. I had Arnold with me because I thought he would probably want to talk about graduate students, but he was more open than that.

GW: Might he visit classes beyond whatever group of students he was working with?

MB: Yes, and I was keen on making sure this wasn't just an experience for a few students. I want to see if we could find ways to give many students an opportunity. After it became known throughout campus that he had been here, I got emails from close to a dozen faculty who gave suggestions for how Kanye could interact with their students.

At this stage we don't know if something will happen or not. We're still in communication with his people to see if he has interest. I have a meeting coming up next week with faculty to talk about it because some feel that he shouldn't be on campus, and others would like to see him here. So, I'm just trying to create a space for everyone to hear what I was thinking and then receive feedback.

GW: Would he be paid for any of this?

MB: We didn't talk about payment, but I think the understanding on the school's part was that he would volunteer as a guest. I certainly don't think he was expecting payment.

GW: What would access to Kanye be like?

MB: It would be safe to say that if he were to come, interest would exceed his availability. So we're thinking of how we can make it as fair as possible. One reason we suggested an artist talk is because then we can get hundreds of people access and we'd probably have to do the same thing as in 2015 where we made blocks of tickets available to students on a first come, first served basis.

GW: What would happen if students or faculty protested his work?

MB: We're not forcing anybody to attend, and if students or faculty chose to protest, the school has normal protocols in place for dealing with protest while allowing people to exercise their first amendment rights.

Can I ask you a question back? What did you think of the whole thing?

Uno is a second-year MFA student in Visual Communication Design, the Art Director of F Newsmagazine, and someone with a very long legal name.

ye 
@kanyewest

Follow



I will teach a course at the Art Institute of Chicago and the American Academy of Art

8:27 PM - 9 Sep 2018

7,466 Retweets 75,659 Likes



1.6K



7.5K



76K

GW: I think the way he’s behaved publicly is a little bit troubling — the way he’s spoken to others, especially his TMZ interview, and on his Instagram after your meeting he posted videos of himself giving an artist talk, which I think was an attempt at throwing something out there to say, “I can handle this,” but it was a little bit incoherent. I don’t have a huge opinion either way, but I’m interested in what his qualifications are.

MB: He’s made indefensible comments about slavery; I wouldn’t invite him to teach a course in history. But he could talk to students in fashion, sound, sculpture, or writing — he has undeniable skills in those areas. That’s what I think would be useful for our students. If students aren’t interested, stay away by all means.

GW: Do the events surrounding Donda’s House [his mother’s foundation] reflect his ability to work with the school and the school’s social interests?

MB: It would be hard to find a major entrepreneur in the United States who hasn’t had problems with some element of their business, or launched an initiative that didn’t have problems at some point. So I don’t know if that necessarily has anything to do with how he would interrelate with us. We have no plans to enter a business relationship with him, this is closer to having a visiting artists come in, do studio visits, and give a talk. It’s hardly a deep, long-term relationship, and it’s not going to involve money.

GW: Have other artists taken on volunteer, not-for-credit positions beyond giving an artist talk?

MB: Artists come in all the time for studio critiques, artist talks, and meetings with students. This is getting more attention because he’s a controversial figure and the most famous person who’s contemplated coming in and talking to the school. But it’s a normal thing SAIC does with prominent people in various fields. Mostly it just passes under the radar because it’s not Kanye West.

GW: Would the opportunity to work with him have any effect on the value of tuition?

MB: You could see it as a value issue in that he has unique skills and talents with which he could help students. He also helps garner attention, which is potentially good for the school. And it’s possible that if he has enough interest in the school, he might be interested in contributing. This would have no link to increasing tuition or increasing expenses. It adds value without increasing costs, is the way I would look at it.

GW: Can we get other rappers to teach at SAIC?
MB: We’re interested in bringing in any artists we think can enrich our students’ educational experience. So if there are other rappers out there who we think can help our students acquire skills and ways of looking at the world and they’d have an interest in coming in, I’d be happy to talk to them as well.

GW: Would he answer to Kris Jenner or the administration?
MB: The administration.

GW: What happens if the school becomes the subject of a diss track?
MB: I’m embarrassed to say I don’t know what a diss track is.

GW: It’s a song insulting another artist.
MB: Um, I don’t know how to answer that. I think it’s unlikely. He has a fondness for the school. He’s talked about how he wishes he had attended SAIC, and while I wasn’t here in 2015 when he gave his talk to students, I’m told that he was very sensitive to students and open to them, not at all dismissive. I think a lot of people at his level of fame have calibrated personas for different audiences. I suspect for TMZ he performs one way and with our students he would perform in another. I do think he cares about teaching and the younger generation. Several times in our conversation he talked about things that were influenced by a desire for social justice, which is in sync with our values.

GW: Does this mean Elissa Tenny has to rap now?
MB: I think it should, yeah.

GW: Will this affect our relationship with Taylor Swift? If we have one.
MB: Do we have one?

GW: I don’t know. We could start a country music sound program.
MB: She’s way beyond country though. I think I can safely say it will have no impact on our relationship with Taylor Swift.

GW: Can Kanye grade papers?
MB: Well, if we were hiring someone to teach a class, grading papers would be part of it, but none of this would be for credit, so there wouldn’t be grading.

GW: Would Kim be his TA?
MB: That’s probably the most popular question I’ve been asked. He tweeted recently that he is moving back to Chicago. I don’t know if Kim is coming. She did not attend the meeting though.

I’m less familiar with her. I don’t know what she would bring to the table for our school. I know that she previously was a style consultant. This was never about just having a famous person attached to the school. It’s based on my belief that West has many true artistic skills of benefit to our students. We’re only looking into it because we think it could be good for students.

GW: So could he still run for president if he is working with the school, and would you have to endorse him?
MB: We would definitely not have to endorse him.

GW: But, could he?
MB: I suppose he could.

Grace is a third-year in the BFA program and a Managing Editor at F Newsmagazine. She didn't know what else to put in her bio, so just picture her chugging coffee.

Locker Checks!

A selection of SAIC students open up about their lockers

by Grace Wells

1. Sketch

In keeping with Sketch's all-black aesthetic, their locker contains knives and cans of black paint: carbon black, ivory black, heavy body and fluid acrylics.

2. Toast

Toast uses their locker to store scraps of children's fleece character blankets that they use in soft sculpture, and empty cans of Monster Juice Pipeline Punch.

3. Cyborg Jon3s

A glitch artist in the Art & Tech department, Jon3s' MacLean Center locker houses his 3,000-piece HDMI cable collection.

4. #Metropolis

Street photography requires a lot of equipment. #Metropolis needs a locker to house all his gear.

5. Jeffries Humphries Williams III

A BFAW Senior, Williams III's locker houses the typewriter he uses for his poetry workshop and a wax letter seal kit used for correspondence with literary journals.

6. Rusty

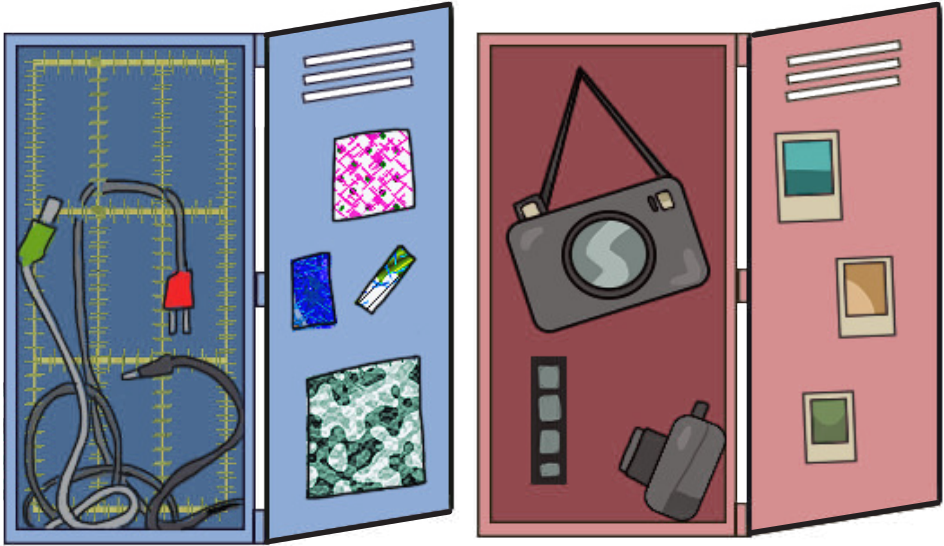
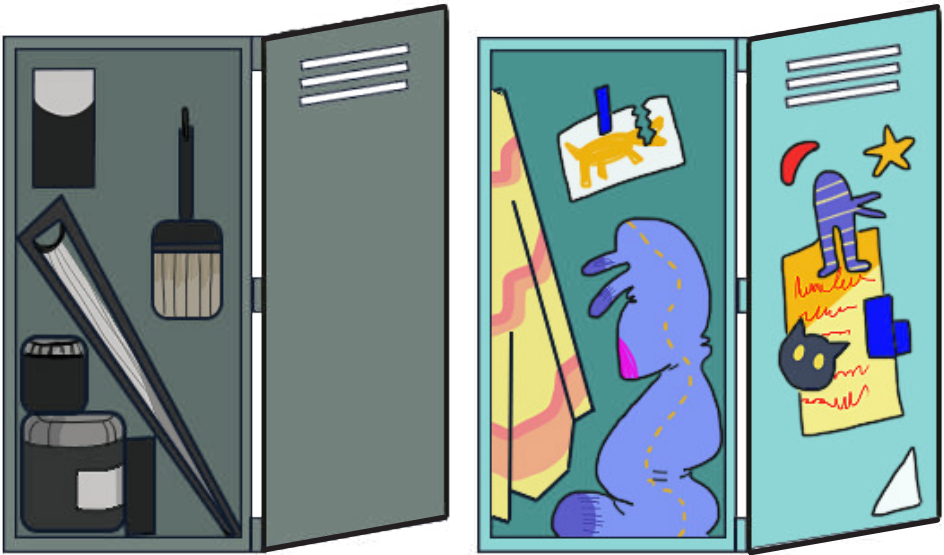
Rusty's locker was removed by a hazmat team after IREFM found an unknown bacterial substance growing inside.

7. Sam C.

Sam C. knows the end is near. She keeps blankets, torches, and a hollowed-out physician's desk reference with matches and crank flashlight on hand.

8. Gordon

A freshman navigating the hell that is Core, Gordon keeps their anime sculptures close and their high school journal closer.



En Esta Casa Tampoco Crecen Flores

Why you should watch Netflix's new telenovela

by Manuela Uribe

If you've ever had the self-pitying desire to suddenly be reborn into a different family during an angst-induced emotional breakdown that would make your 15-year-old-self proud — or, in less dramatic terms, if you've ever been angry at a family member — then “La Casa de las Flores” is the therapist you never knew you needed, if only to remind you, “hey, it could be way, way worse.”

The Netflix Original series focuses on the strained familial bonds of the de la Mora family against a backdrop of recurring infidelity, questionable paternity, repressed sexual desires, drug-related businesses, death, and everyday lies and deceit. Essentially, it has all the plot elements you would expect from a telenovela, but with the added benefit of better production values, excellent acting, a witty and intelligently crafted script, and expert cinematography.

“La Casa de las Flores,” or “House of Flowers” in English, was released only one month ago, but is already acclaimed as one of the platform's most binge-worthy series. The aforementioned drama no doubt plays a part in the show's popularity, as those of us with dull, comparatively drama-free lives revel at the chance to watch others' thrilling, albeit fictional, experiences.

There's also the fact that the series is one of the few instances of dignified representations of Latin Americans in contemporary U.S. media culture, so you can bet that Latinx people (myself included) are very, very excited about it.

So, if you're one of those people who like to seem cultured and all-knowing about TV and cinema without actually committing to watching anything (yes, these people exist), or if you just need some convincing before you start a new series, then read on! Consider this a brief guide on everything you need to know about “La Casa de las Flores.”

Plot

The series is centered on the de la Mora family: matriarch Virginia, her husband, Ernesto, and their children Paulina, Elena, and Julián. Note how I said ‘matriarch’ but not ‘patriarch’—Virginia is established early on as the dominant figure in the household, managing both the business and the family's public image.

The de la Moras are the esteemed owners of a successful flower shop called La Casa de las Flores. It is here that Ernesto's depressed mistress, Roberta, commits suicide during his birthday celebration. This sets off a series of revelations, which Virginia and her children will spend the next twelve episodes trying to cover up in the hopes of maintaining the pristine family reputation. Secrets include, but are not limited to, the existence of the dead mistress, her previously unknown daughter with Ernesto, and the secret cabaret business (also called La Casa de las Flores) that Ernesto had set up for them. Mind you, all of this is revealed in the first episode, so you can only imagine the drama that is to follow.

And no, it is no mistake that the very real distress of suicide is quickly overshadowed by vain distress at potentially losing face amongst the Mexican elite — the series is a self-proclaimed dark satirical comedy, with Roberta referred to as an “aguafiestas” (party-pooper) for daring to commit suicide during a party.

Progressive views

While trying to avoid public scandal, the de la Moras also deal with internal issues. Notably, Julián, the family's youngest, is struggling with coming out as gay before eventually realizing that he's bisexual.

This is really where “La Casa de las Flores” departs from the general trope of telenovelas. The series openly recognizes the LGBTQ community: aside from Julián, we also see the cabaret world of drag queens and a transgender character who becomes very important in later episodes. This is something that you would rarely witness in hetero-normative telenovelas.

Better still, unlike many mainstream shows, these characters weren't simply written into the script in order to grant it status as a ‘progressive’ series. “La Casa de las Flores” avoids a one-dimensional and reductive approach to LGBTQ representation by giving Julián and Maria José, a transgender woman, ample opportunity to evolve and learn about themselves while still proving that they are not defined by their sexualities and genders.

And that's not all!

“La Casa de las Flores” is big on feminism, a virtually unheard-of theme in the “machista,” man-as-savior plotlines of most telenovelas. Actually, you could argue that the entire series is an instance of female empowerment, spearheaded by a number of strong, complex, nuanced women.

I already mentioned the importance of Virginia as the matriarch, but there's also Roberta who, despite killing herself in the first episode, becomes very prominent as the narrator of the series and a puppet-master of sorts. Then there's Paulina and Elena, the two de la Mora daughters who are trying to bail their father out of jail while dealing with their own drama-infused lives (think infidelity, clandestine drug dealing, a bankrupt cabaret, and questionable paternity, to name a few).

So yes, there's enough female badassery to go around, and then some.

Racial diversity

This is where I'm going to have to concede that La Casa de las Flores is not, as I may have previously suggested, a perfect show. If there's one flaw in the otherwise progressive and inclusive series, it is the limited racial representation.

I'll be honest, I was actually surprised when an African American character, Dominique, was introduced as Paulina's fiancée in the first episode. A Black character in an otherwise

white-dominated series? And in a mixed-race couple, no less?! Was this going to be THE telenovela that finally recognized the existence of races and ethnicities other than white?

My answer: nope. It quickly became clear that Dominique was to be a relatively substance-less and complexity-free character, with little screen time and little contribution to the overall plot.

Unfortunately, “La Casa de las Flores” is unable to stand apart from the other white-dominated telenovelas that overlook the majority mixed-race population in Latin America and, sadly, favor a normative conception of beauty — slender, light-skinned, Anglo-phenotypes — over inclusivity of different bodies and attributes.

So, should you still watch it?

If you can get over the aforementioned lack of diversity, then yes. I'd argue that we shouldn't let the disappointing lack of racial diversity — which, let's face it, is a problem in all of Hollywood and not just Mexican cinema—overshadow the novelty of LGBTQ and female empowerment in a telenovela. And you've got to admit that even the inclusion of an African American character in a semi-important role is at least a step in the right direction.

If you're still not persuaded by the political themes, then just go back and read my plot summary. You can't say no to a show with death, drugs, romance, infidelity, revenge, and sibling rivalry amidst the pretty pastels and vibrant colors of a cheery flower shop. And keep in mind that's only a *brief*, brief summary — I didn't even mention the gay-threesome-sex-tape-turned-meme-sensation scandal in Episode 7, or Roberta's funeral at the cabaret during which the entire crowd, led by her daughter and four drag queens, croon a classic Mexican pop song before a lip-synced drag performance. Tell me that doesn't sound like wholesome quality television.

An EDM Girl Goes to Riot Fest

by Adriana Keech

When my friends first asked if I wanted to go to Riot Fest, I actually laughed out loud. Any band that I recognized from the lineup I hadn't listened to since high school, and I am definitely not hip with the punk crowds anymore. Since my darker high school days spent listening to alt-rock and smoking with the band kids, I have evolved into more of an EDM girl.

The electronic dance music scene is a lifestyle curated by DJs and focused mainly around raves and festivals. But it's not just the music that makes the culture. Bright clothing, intense light shows, an excess of glitter, and lots of stimulants are also markers of EDM culture. When it comes to spending the night out, I'm more about glitter and dancing than eyeliner and mosh pits. But eventually curiosity got the best of me. My friends wouldn't stop talking about the festival, plus Blink-182 (the original Friday night headliner) was replaced by Weezer. I bought a one-day ticket for Friday, my expectations tenuous to say the least.

I decided that in order to infiltrate the punk scene I needed to blend. With '90s music videos in mind, I cut a hole in the crotch of my fishnet tights, pulled them over my head like a shirt, paired that with a plain tank/black leggings combo, and added some safety pins for good measure.

Upon entering the festival I realized that I do not, in fact, blend in with punks. It was obvious that the alternative/punk scene hates "try-hards" more than anything else. Anybody trying harder than a t-shirt and ripped jeans sticks out. This mentality is embodied by Riot Fest's unofficial slogan, "Riot Fest sucks." It's cute, but apathy has never really been part of my vocabulary, so I was already turned off.

I was only able to catch the end of The Front Bottoms set. It's a band that was introduced to me by the first kid in my hometown to get his ears gauged. Their set gave me pleasant flashbacks to nighttime drives and being up to no good with my friends. The angsty lyrics and folky sound won me over, aided by the live violin and charisma of Brian Sella. I couldn't help bobbing my head along with everybody else. I sent a text to my old best friend: "How've you been lately? <3."

I tried to talk to as many people as possible during daylight hours. I noticed it was much harder to strike up a conversation at Riot than any of my usual EDM festivals. This may be because of my failed attempt to blend, the stand-offish attitude that seems to permeate the scene, or even the lack of Molly going around. I did manage to talk to a couple twenty-something girls who told me they haven't really been part of the this scene since high school either. They told me that's probably the case for most of the crowd, but they are eager to be part of the "new generation" of punk. One girl pointed to her very pregnant belly and said, "And breed them too!" Chasing nostalgia seems to be a prevalent component of the festival.

Eventually I made my way over to watch Matt and Kim at the Roots stage, a band that I'm not really familiar with but who put on a fun show nonetheless. They're pop-y with a cute edge, characterized by danceable synth melodies. During their set I experienced my first mosh pit (or circle of death maybe? Somebody please explain the difference to me). All I know is that there were a bunch of people running and shoving each other directly behind me. I asked my friend about it later and she shrugged and said, "It's about the chase of adrenaline and letting aggression loose."

By then it was time to see Young The Giant, a group I was really looking forward to watching. The band immediately took over the stage. Their presence was electric. A mosh pit formed and I understood the energy that underscored it, happily watching from the outskirts. When the first dreamy chords of "Cough Syrup" came on, the crowd went wild. It's a fan favorite song about yearning to break free from the mundane. The song is sad and wistful but maintains a catchy melody. I definitely had one of those spiritual, musical moments where you can feel the love from everybody around you. Still, the most magical moment of the night was when

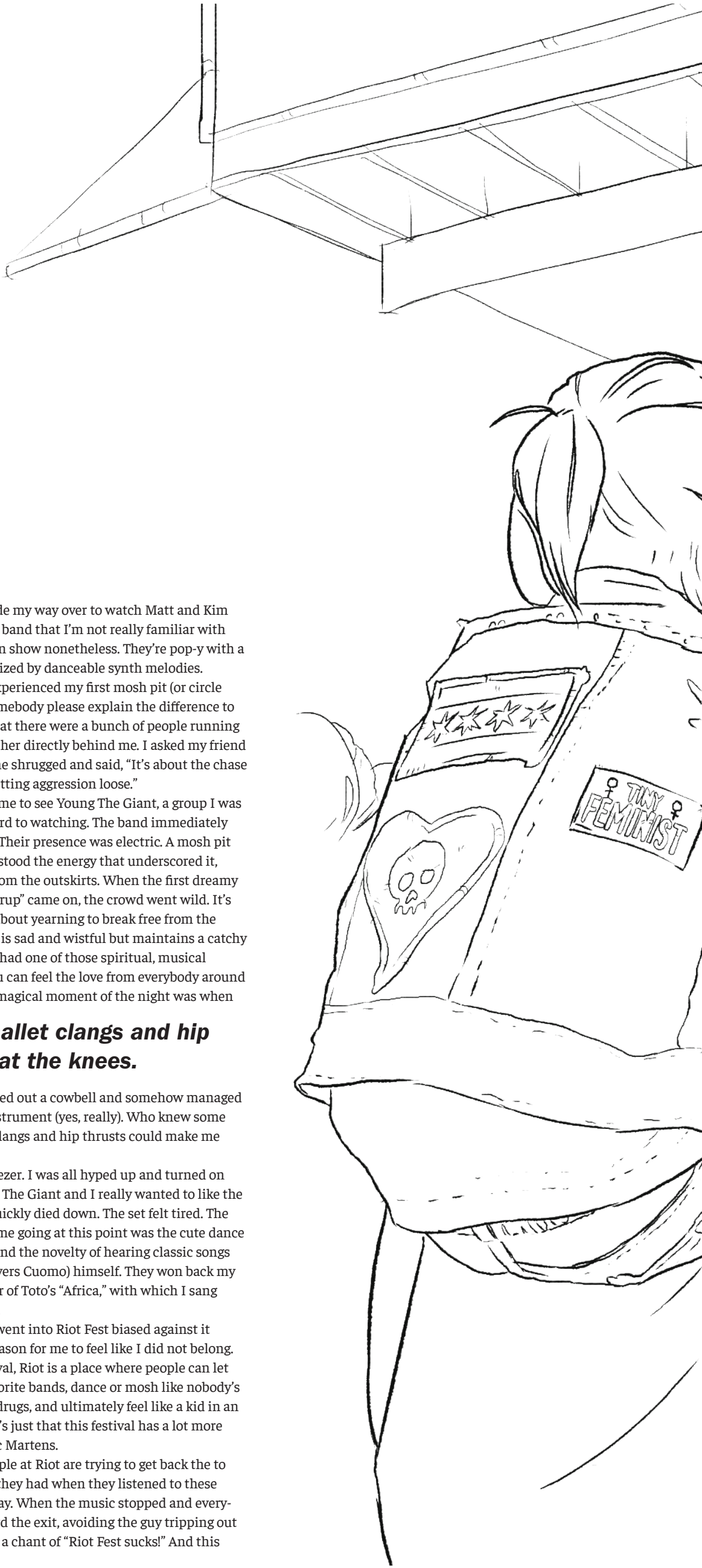
Who knew some well-timed mallet clangs and hip thrusts could make me weak at the knees.

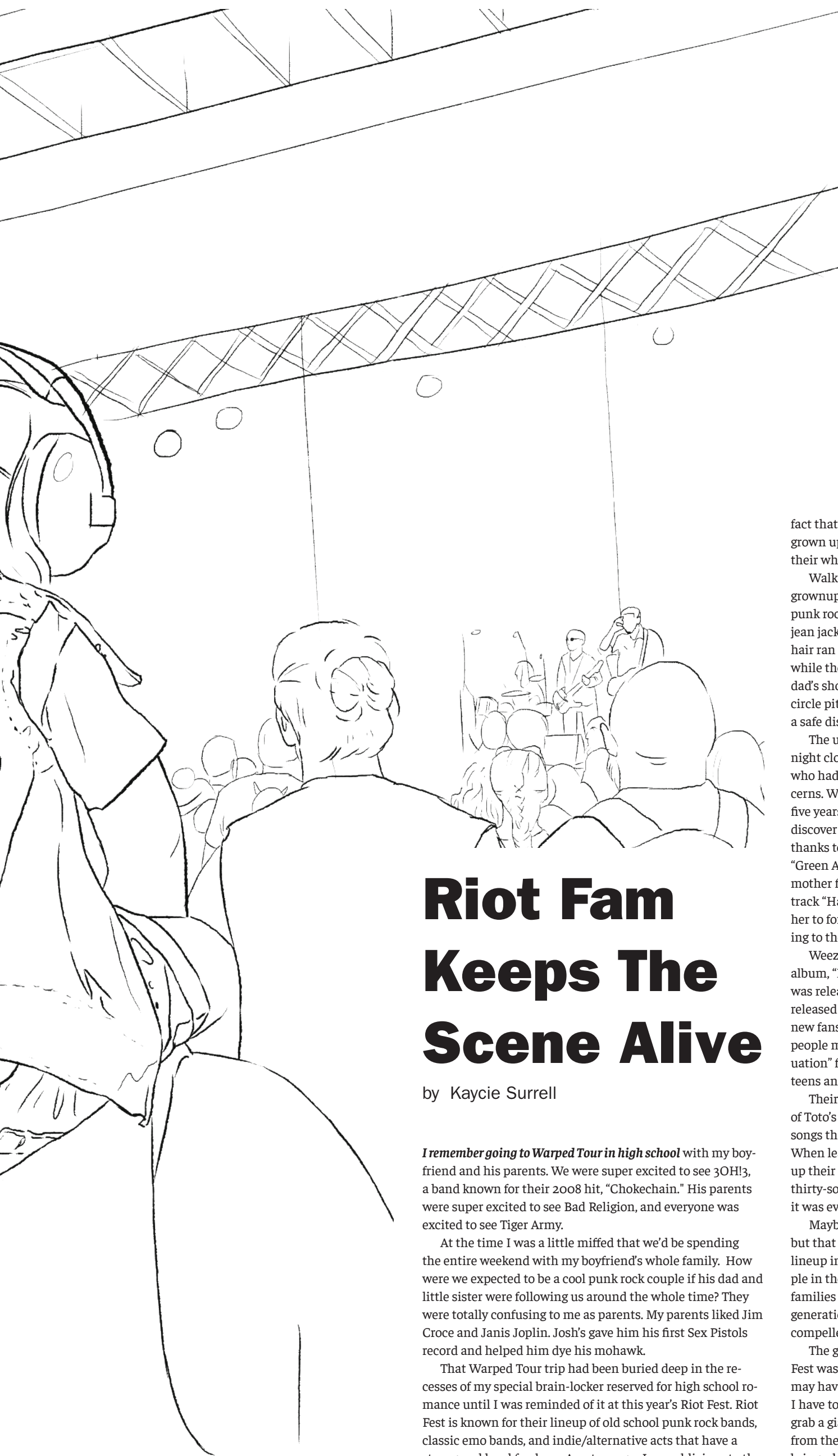
Sameer Gadhia pulled out a cowbell and somehow managed to make it a sexy instrument (yes, really). Who knew some well-timed mallet clangs and hip thrusts could make me weak at the knees.

Next up was Weezer. I was all hyped up and turned on coming from Young The Giant and I really wanted to like the set, but my mood quickly died down. The set felt tired. The only thing keeping me going at this point was the cute dance partner I acquired and the novelty of hearing classic songs from the legend (Rivers Cuomo) himself. They won back my love with their cover of Toto's "Africa," with which I sang along to every word.

I'll admit that I went into Riot Fest biased against it and there was no reason for me to feel like I did not belong. Like any other festival, Riot is a place where people can let loose, hear their favorite bands, dance or mosh like nobody's watching, do some drugs, and ultimately feel like a kid in an amusement park. It's just that this festival has a lot more neckbeards and Doc Martens.

Just like me, people at Riot are trying to get back the to the angsty feelings they had when they listened to these bands in their heyday. When the music stopped and everybody shuffled toward the exit, avoiding the guy tripping out in the grass, I heard a chant of "Riot Fest sucks!" And this time, I agreed.





Riot Fam Keeps The Scene Alive

by Kaycie Surrell

I remember going to Warped Tour in high school with my boyfriend and his parents. We were super excited to see 3OH!3, a band known for their 2008 hit, “Chokechain.” His parents were super excited to see Bad Religion, and everyone was excited to see Tiger Army.

At the time I was a little miffed that we’d be spending the entire weekend with my boyfriend’s whole family. How were we expected to be a cool punk rock couple if his dad and little sister were following us around the whole time? They were totally confusing to me as parents. My parents liked Jim Croce and Janis Joplin. Josh’s gave him his first Sex Pistols record and helped him dye his mohawk.

That Warped Tour trip had been buried deep in the recesses of my special brain-locker reserved for high school romance until I was reminded of it at this year’s Riot Fest. Riot Fest is known for their lineup of old school punk rock bands, classic emo bands, and indie/alternative acts that have a strong and loyal fan base. As a teenager I was oblivious to the

fact that my boyfriend’s parents were pretty young. They had grown up in southern California and listened to punk rock their whole lives. This was more their scene than mine.

Walking through the Riot crowd this year, I felt like the grownup. There were plenty of young children there with punk rock moms and dads, themselves dressed up in studded jean jackets and leopard print. Little girls with lime green hair ran circles around their mother’s fishnet stockings while their mohawk-toting brothers sat perched on their dad’s shoulders. Parents stood away from the mess of the circle pits, bobbing their heads along with their kiddos from a safe distance.

The ultimate crossover came from the festival’s Friday night closer. Weezer was stepping in to play for Blink-182 who had to pull out of the festival because of health concerns. Weezer’s “Blue Album” debuted in 1994 when I was five years old. I wouldn’t even discover the band until 2001 thanks to the release of their “Green Album,” known by my mother for the controversial track “Hash Pipe,” which led her to forbid me from listening to them.

Weezer’s most recent album, “Pacific Daydream” was released just last year, with albums preceding that one released regularly every two or three years. That means that new fans are being made all the time. Weezer’s crowd wasn’t people my age and older. I was singing along to “Perfect Situation” from their 2005 album “Make Believe” with nearby teens and their even younger siblings.

Theirs was a particularly magical set. It included a cover of Toto’s “Africa” and Blink-182’s “All the Small Things” — songs that the entire crowd seemed to know by heart. When lead singer Rivers Cuomo asked the audience to hold up their cell phones and illuminate the crowd, it wasn’t just thirty-somethings that were smiling and singing along, it was everyone.

Maybe Riot Fest isn’t as much “riot” as it is “reminisce,” but that seems to be a growing trend in festivals where the lineup includes bands predominantly popular with people in their mid-20s to late 40s. People are bringing their families to music festivals and with that comes a whole new generation of music fans. Just think about what you might be compelled to create if you saw Gwar at four years old.

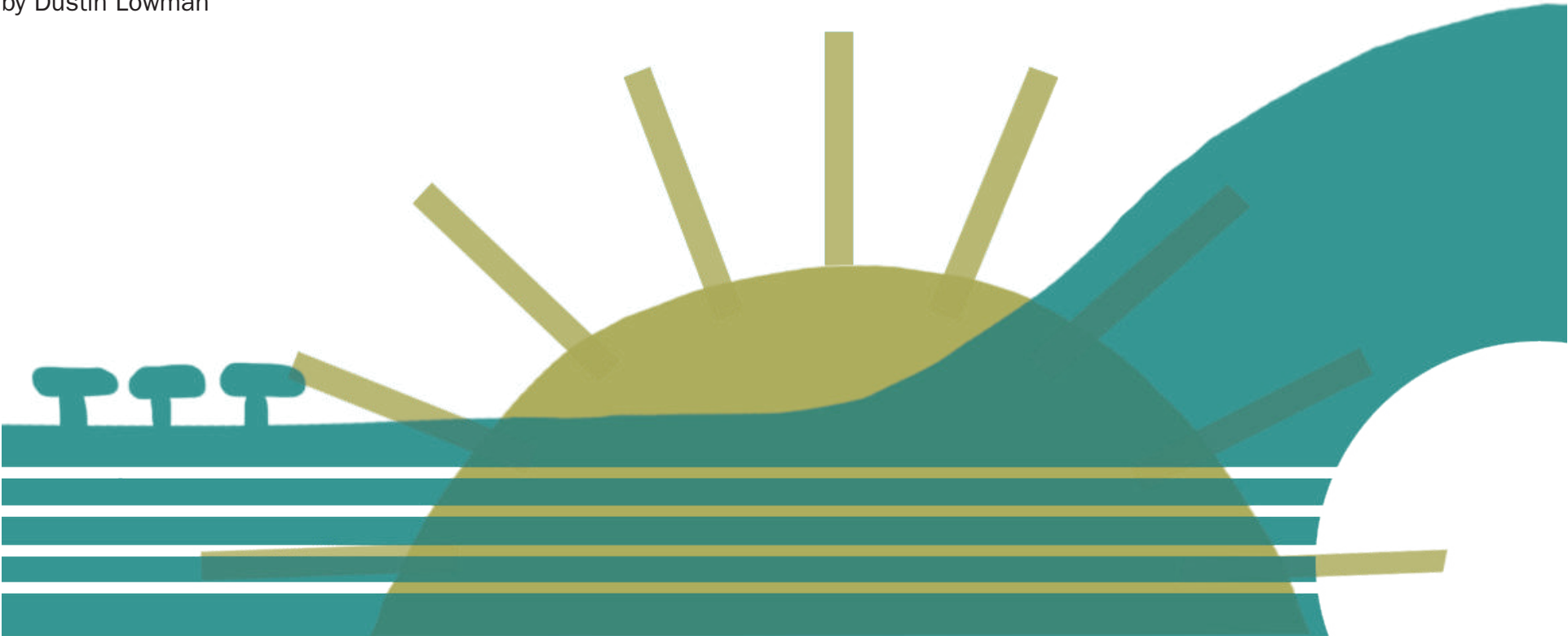
The general consensus seemed to be that this year’s Riot Fest was pretty chill in comparison to previous years. That may have been a bit of a letdown for some, but as a fellow old, I have to say I was pleasantly surprised by how easy it was to grab a giant turkey leg and take a shady seat a safe distance from the mosh pit. Maybe next year I’ll really lean in and bring a lawn chair.

Maybe Riot Fest isn’t as much “riot” as it is “reminisce.”

Kaycie Surrell (MFAW 2019) is F Newsmagazine’s Entertainment Editor. She loves seeing bands in dive bars and talking to strangers’ dogs.

Dylan’s Got a Hold of My Heart

Many years with Bob Dylan
by Dustin Lowman



My first kiss was beautiful, and Bob Dylan was there for it.

It happened behind a softball field’s first-base dugout on a tolerably hot July evening in 2009. Fireflies ranged and pulsed, a pair of skunks retreated, deferring to romance. My co-guitar-camper pulled me close, and we kissed.

For a sixteen-year-old boy who felt prematurely exiled from love’s country, the long kiss meant a first-class ticket to the holy land.

*How does it feel?
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a rolling stone?*

I’d picked up “Highway 61 Revisited” (1965) in a Providence, RI record store the previous Thanksgiving. “Like A Rolling Stone,” its first track, spoke straight to my burgeoning angst. Pop was no good — it had no stakes. Pop music made meaning formulaic, bastardizing the source and offering no lasting recourse. I didn’t need distraction, I needed answers. Dylan was it.

Following my invitation to love’s labyrinth, “Like A Rolling Stone” transformed into a song about a proud vagabond. If you made your

way to love, love would sustain you. I was 16, and the world teemed with poetic potential.

When she kissed my best friend that October, I felt triply betrayed — by her, by my friend, by love itself — and Bob Dylan was there for it.

*’Twas in another lifetime,
one of toil and blood
When blackness was a
virtue, the road was full
of mud
I came in from the wil-
derness, a creature void
of form
“Come in,” she said,
“I’ll give ya shelter from
the storm”*

“Shelter From the Storm” breathed permanent anguish. Love had all happened in a different eternity, to someone else. It was an elixir, a shape-giver, and then it ended. When it did, it wasn’t just over; it was gone. Love had moved on to a worthier subject. Following my parents’ divorce and my father’s remarriage, my half-brother (Dhilan, believe it or not) was born July 16, 2009. My stepmom, Samira, and brother Dhilan are terrific people. Over the years, we have developed a unified family, in which maturity

trumps pettiness. It wasn’t a smooth road to unity. We came out the other end, but tectonic shifts demanded much resilience. Bob Dylan was there for it.

*Yes, to dance beneath the
diamond sky with one
hand wavin’ free
Silhouetted by the sea,
circled by the circus sands
With all memory and fate
driven deep beneath the
waves
Let me forget about today
until tomorrow*

At peak volume, my iTunes library contained ~25,000 Bob Dylan tracks — thousands of bootlegs.

“Mr. Tambourine Man” was not free, but knew what freedom looked like. Mired in a marrow-deep weariness, it latched onto this jocular figure, asked it for a song. What song can you sing with just a tambourine? Who could be so lightless that its faint jangle could raise them to peace? Dylan wasn’t for the faint of heart. The voice was harsh, the lyrics complex, the production unhinged: un-beautiful. He inverted the conventional terms

of beauty in service of the songs. Not the packaging, the songs. I loved that — it made him trustworthy. He didn’t woo you with a soft touch. A silky presentation would have betrayed the purpose. If you wanted from music what you wanted from silk, he wasn’t your guy. Dylan never bargained on a cheap phrase. He had no use for the phony or disloyal, no sympathy for the hypocrite. But he didn’t hate people. He loved people — it was just so

damn hard to. He never won a bout with love or fate, but he transcribed all their arguments:

- **The Freewheelin’ Bob Dylan** (1963): young man learns to handle loss — romantic, spiritual, societal — on the fly.
- **Blood on the Tracks** (1975): epic postmortem on epically deflated love.
- **Infidels** (1983): middle-aged man, twisted and defiled, grubs ever-scarcer meaning

from unrecognizable life.

- **Love & Theft** (2001): old man, paradoxically rejuvenated, spins new fables out of old folklore, introduces Shakespeare to Mark Twain.
- **Triplicate** (2017): Dylan sings Sinatra (30 times); devotees get it, all else scoff.

In 2009, I devoured 34 studio albums, seven live albums, and eight volumes of vault-cleaning rarities (“The Bootleg Series”). I inhaled hundreds of hours of interviews, documentaries, and concert films. Turned out the man’s physical presence was every bit as captivating as his songs. Watch him perform “It’s Alright, Ma (I’m Only Bleeding)” in 1965. A cold, prophetic certitude in the eyes, a monkish evenness of breath.

I discovered a website where fellow acolytes made bootleg concert recordings freely available. I set about collecting them all. At peak volume, my iTunes library contained ~25,000 Bob Dylan tracks — thousands of bootlegs. I learned to perform dozens of Dylan songs from memory. In the broadest, deepest sense of the word, I absorbed Bob Dylan’s work. I also began to write. Dylan made folk music

accessible, so I tried to access it. If you only needed a few chords and some poetic acuity, I figured I could hack it. My songwriting evolved into an unflinching sense-making device, and the nexus of my most meaningful relationships.

It was all response to problems that felt permanent. Whether to credit their alleviation to Bob Dylan’s infinitely deep work, or an always supportive family, or just the natural progression of growing up, is a matter for another article. My teenage problems resulted in a heedless obsession with a cultural demigod and the establishment of an unshakable writing practice.

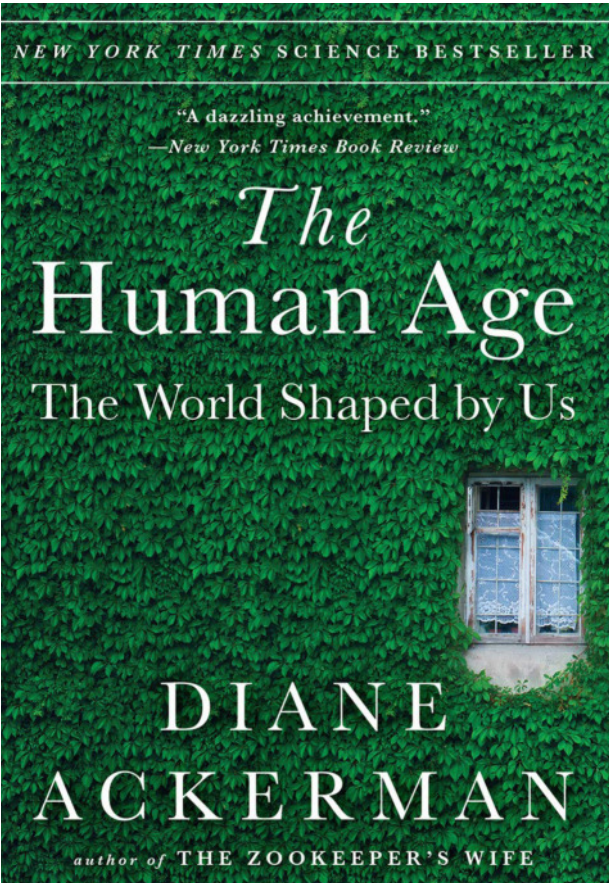
Dylan lives in the realm of the un-beautiful, where pop musicians fear to tread. It’s how I felt in high school, and it’s how I feel today. How does it feel? Well, Leonard Cohen — close second to Dylan in my canon — put it nicely:

*Clenching your first for the
ones who, like us,
Are oppressed by the
figures of beauty
You fixed yourself, you said,
“Well, never mind,
We are ugly, but we have
the music.”*



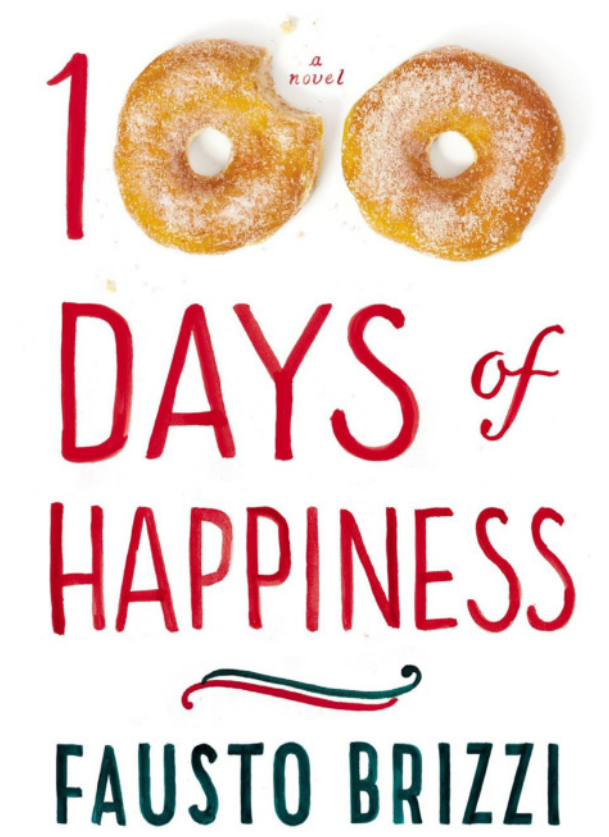
There and Book Again

We can read, too!
The Designers of F Newsmagazine



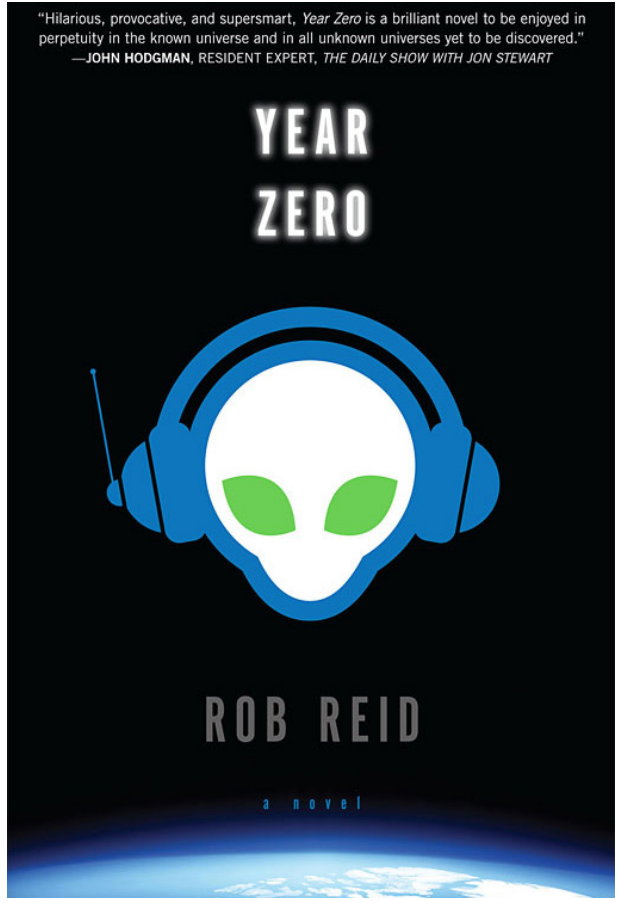
Katie Wittenberg, Staff Designer
“The Human Age: The World Shaped by Us” by Diane Ackerman

Diane explores how the earth has been affected by human influence throughout history. With the use of imagery, she reflects on her past experiences that have helped fuel her theories, and couples them with interviews from experts working in a variety of fields, from nanotechnology to archeology.



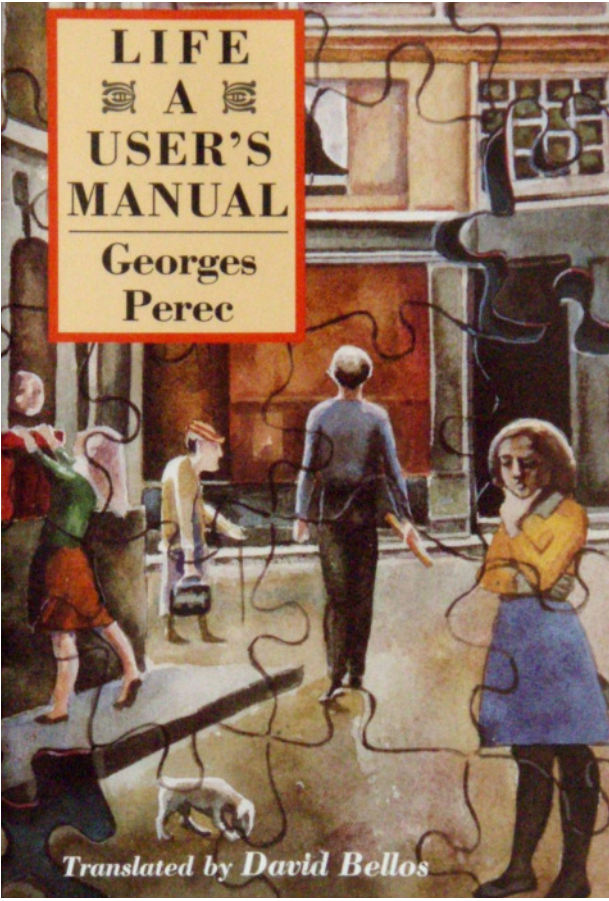
John Choi, Multimedia Editor
“100 days of Happiness” by Fausto Brizzi

545 pages. It might tear you up from happiness like you've never experienced before. Heartwarming.



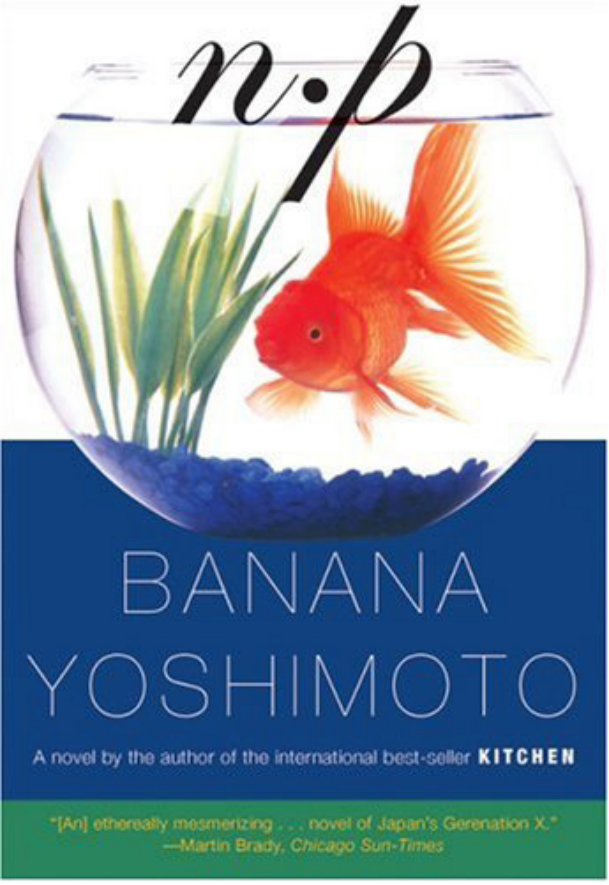
Cat Cao, Staff Designer
“Year Zero” by Rob Reid

An adventure in learning to take heed of the terms and conditions, in space! It’s “Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy,” but with 100% more ’70s pop and, inexplicably, copyright law. This won’t be the most provocative thing you’ve ever read, but hey, who doesn’t like a campy laugh?



Unyimeabasi Udoh, Art Director
“Life, A User’s Manual” by Georges Perec

This book is approximately 600 pages long and a puzzle about puzzles, but you don’t have to solve anything and you’ll be sad to run out of stuff to read. Come for the main plot (the apartment building) and stay for all of the plots hidden inside (the rooms in the building).



Rosa Diaz, Staff Designer
“NP” by Banana Yoshimoto

A tender and bizarre account of a book in Japanese, its unfinished translation, and its three prior translators who all died mysteriously while translating it. The story is told through the eyes of a young woman who is trying to find the courage to embark on the same ominous task.

Where the Butterflies Go

by Cat Strain

I picked the wrong shoes to go to the lake.

They're the only pair of flats I've ever liked. I bought them when I first moved to this city. They were in the sale section, and it was summer, and I was fresh.

I wore them to my first date in the city. Running from the train stop so I wouldn't miss his set. It was the first evening of fall and I didn't know it. I had meticulously matched my lipstick and eyeliner to the theater of my thrifted silk shirt. The shoulder seam ripped when I was dancing. My date was the drummer, and wore Converse and a false smile with each outfit. All of my date's friends kept asking me where he went. My shoes gave me blisters following them around all night.

The flats stayed in my shoe bin for months. Seemingly broken in from the light season. Browned past their edges, morphed into comfort, smashed under thicker soles and longer laces.

I didn't feel smart in winter. I wore boots crusted with my family yard's mud, scratched from familiar rocks in unfamiliar forests. Bundled on the train I knew I was foreign. Too far out, and much too far in again. Ladies encased in smart waterproof galoshes and wedding-ring sets. The only thing I own a set of are my cats.

I walked to the shore in the snow. I was anesthetizing my cabin fever with the cold. I marched numbly towards the museum, praying for inspiration. Followed my feet to a wedge of ice underneath the freeway.

I had brought my camera with me. I took my first picture on it. It was of my dad giving me a thumbs up while on the toilet. I fell on my ass in the snow after taking a photo of the city's skyline. I deleted all the apps from my phone and told myself it was the right decision. Fewer things to hold onto.

The weather cleared and I dug out those shoes too early. I wore them on a date with a filmmaker to an indie flick. I kept shuffling, and readjusting to them. They're so cute they must fit. They look too good. He's too good. I have to make it fit. The interest is there so the function should follow form.

They have a small wooden lift with a black leather toe. Scuffed from use. Running too fast up staircases and walking

too slow in the dirt. I'm either too dressed up or too dressed down. I have an outfit for each person I want to be. I like to spend my money on frivolous things.

I want to run my hands through the grains of time like the pebbled texture of leather on a new pair of shoes. I hate my lack of resolve for my vices. The emotion only lasts as long as it takes for me to bleed in a new suit of armor. I am captivated by how well I can fully encapsulate myself.

I wore my boots to my first writing class. I was too down, too comfortable, too ready, too eager. I didn't like the garden we were taken to and its thick prairie smoke and waxy city air. No amount of sea-lavender can make up for its unnatural origins.

I couldn't rest. I don't fit in. I kept following the slim gray tiles in circles. My eyes flitting to the Monarchs who seem too sure of their perch. Hinged on high grasses and the remaining agrarian instinct to do what's best.

Our teacher told us to go touch the lake and never has an assignment been so easy. I scaffolded my day through careful fabrics. Structured pants and blouse; sensible flats.

It was a longer walk to the lake than I thought. I always forget that these shoes hurt my feet. I took them off the moment I could. I ruminated on what I was missing. My excess has always felt like my lack but the water only pacified my hotspots.

Just then, a group of men on rented wheels slid past. They badgered me about the water with their sunglasses on top of their ball caps. I had forgotten about this kind of middle-aged pest. The environment I was nurtured in.

I'm not a city girl. I need a porch with a view. I need damp air and shitty bold coffee. I want to sit in clothes that smell like the water. My chair will be comfortable from every love that has molded it before me. Words will be easy and sleep will be kind.

I almost walked to work barefoot before I realized that would be worse than wearing shoes. At least here.

I wonder where the butterflies go.



Cat Strain (MA New Arts Journalism '19) is best known for showing strangers photos of her cats and cursing when appropriate.

Frank & Fran: Where Do We Go From Here?

Part One Of A New F-Exclusive Mystery Series
by Jesse Stein

“Did I tell you or did I tell you?”

Fran, poised in her patented, “I told you so” stance, legs shoulder-width apart, chin thrust forward, a breeze animating her sanguine curls; the breeze never failed in these moments. “And here I thought people moved out of the city to avoid electricity theft.” Frank blinked at the sunlight and tried to remember what friends in healthy relationships did for fun. Crouching, he raked the half-sunken wire with his fingernails. It ran into the woods that bordered the backyard of Fran’s new house. “Look at this.” Fran smoothed out a patch of broken grass and traced the faint impression of a heavy boot. She crawled forward, uncovering a trail hidden by pine needles and maple leaves. “Did I miss the part where you became a tracker? Do you moonlight as a bounty hunter?” Fran smirked, slinging her bag around to reveal a green and brown patch, “Daughter of Venus” stitched around a harvest moon. “Think Girl Scouts but more apocalypse-themed.” “You don’t say? Well, Legolas, what do your elf eyes see?” “Shut up. Follow me.”

Fran moved low to the ground. Her eyes darting from print to wire, deducing under her breath. Frank turned away from the woods, regretting his choice of calf-hugging black denim. Still, he missed their excursions, fewer and further between as the years passed. She had always oriented herself towards the future. Now she had found an adult-job, bought an adult-starter-house, and moved away from an enabling city. “Frankie baby, come have a look at this!” she was squatting, Steve Irwin style, in front of a lone daffodil, ten yards short of the tree line.

“Well that’s foreshadowing if I’ve ever taken an art history class.” Frank admired the elegant design, how the fading light caught the stretching veins on the petals. Fran dug her nails into the earth, no doubt devastating the fragile root system, and pulled out a dirty ziploc bag. “Well, it looks like I’m not the only victim in the cul-de-sac.”

Inside, a silver wire-splitter connected six other lines to six other houses. A dark green cable, of a higher rank than the rest, ran off into the murk behind them. Fran smacked the dirt from her palms and power-walked after it, disappearing into the brush. Frank lingered for a moment, searching the surrounding houses for a slit in the blinds. Dread crawled up his boots.

“Hey Daughter of Venus!” Fran’s freckled forehead popped out of the leaves. “What! Oh come on, Frank. When do we get to do this anymore?” “What are we, the Hardy Boys? There are people out there, with you know, licenses, night-sticks and whistles. What do we have?”

Fran held her bag over her head. “Have you ever seen me unprepared? Don’t worry, sugar. I won’t let those scary electricity trolls get you. You’re tougher than you look, I mean, look at those jeans.”

“Yeah, but …” The vegetation swallowed her before Frank could think of another clever way to say that he was scared and thought this was a ridiculous way to spend a Friday evening. He pushed his way through balding mulberry bushes, following the trail Fran had cleared for him.

Though the highway ran a quarter mile from where he stood, Frank only heard stillness, and the movement that made it so still, under the cool breath of the witch hazels. He caught up to her, embarrassed at his heaving chest. Fran stood before a mossed-over shed. It was caked in mud and adorned with leafy branches. In one hand, she held a green cable. In the other, a heavy blue flashlight. She tapped her foot impatiently. Frank looked up and saw that she was smiling ferociously over her shoulder. He knew what that look meant. She was determined now and there was no stopping her.

"I'm not the only victim in the cul-de-sac."



Stay tuned — Part Two of Frank & Fran hits stands in November!



Illustration by Rosa Diaz

Jesse Stein is a first year MFAW student. This is his first published work since the 3rd Grade, where he definitely didn't peak.

Be Good

by Kathleen Gullion

Baby, you know that all I wanted was to be good.

If I was good, I could make you love me. If you could love me, then I would be good. And safe. And I could lie low.

I'll deny it all day long but every night I curl up at the feet of love. Dream of it. Beg of it. I can taste carnations on my tongue.

Who am I to say you were doing this for the wrong reasons? I don't know what the right reasons are. I don't even know if I have reasons. Just fear.

You whisper in my ear every night, "You're good, baby, you're so good." What did I do? Let me know so I can do more of it. Like a dog, sitting at your heels. Tell me, so I can do it again and again and again and you can throw me a bone.

But what did I do, again? Why am I good, again? You barely know me and you love me and I wonder what it is you love. Who it is you love.

"Perfect" feels familiar. No stranger to "angel" either. "I love the way you look at me." Is that all it takes these days? You have a nude photo of me. "I just love the way you're looking at me in that picture." So was it about you or me?

You say this feels special. I guess I must be easy to love. Soft and sweet, teach me your ways and I can be the kind of girl you like. Was I changing for you or being transformed by love?

Which stories did you find boring? Cross my heart, I'll never tell them again. I'd rather be silent.

You say, "I love it when you're bad," and I panic, and then remember bad is good, and you said the word love, and that's



good, too, so let me spread my legs wider so you can grind into my ass and I'll let you slap it and tell you I want more, more, more, always wanting more of things I can't even name, and can you feel how fucking wet I am for you? This was all from you. Give me those fingers and let me suck on them. I want to know the taste that drives you wild. I want to know what a good girl tastes like.

You love it and tell me I'm yours. Yes, baby, I know I'm yours. You told me this morning. You told me last night while my fist was inside of you. But tell me again, please, tell me how you'd do anything for it.


What were the right reasons, again? A love lets us grow? A love that understands and soothes? A love that exalts us? A love that forgives us over and over and over? Was that right?

What were you thinking? Did you want absolution, too? Or did you want a way to pass the time? Or did you just want someone to love you back?

I'm sorry, but all I wanted was for you to restore me, baby, redeem me, meet me at the gates to the kingdom of heaven. I wanted to be worthy of it all: The doves, the white horses, the chrysanthemums, the warm rain, the soft grass, Joanna Newsom on the harp.

I wanted my heart to softly split open. I wanted my sight to blur with your grand visions. I wanted to be told "yes" again and again and again, taken in, seen, heard. Was that so much to ask?

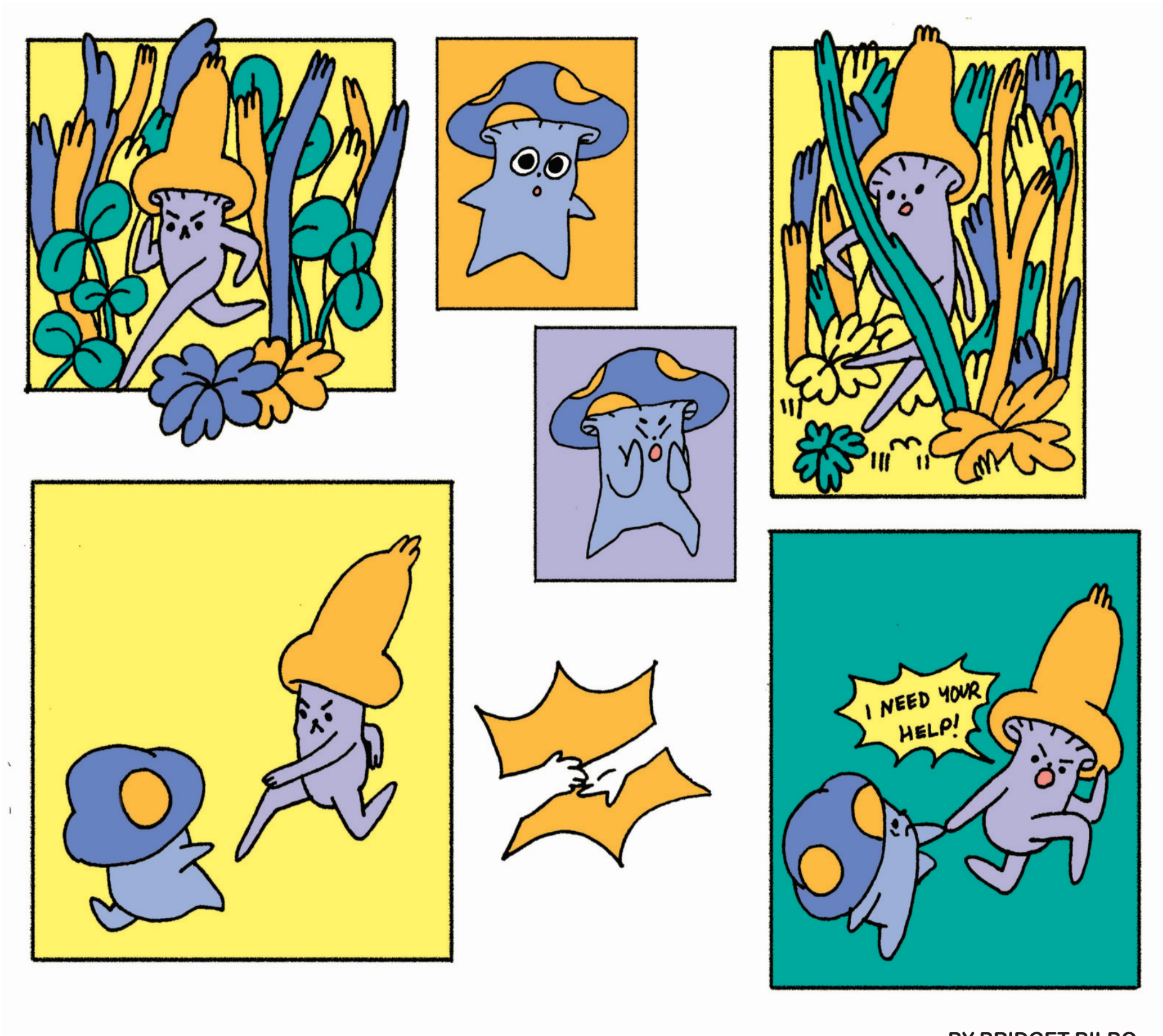
What was it you wanted, again? Who was it you loved, again? What did I do that was good, again?



Someday, I'll try and tell myself: Being loved doesn't make you good. You do not have to be good to deserve love. Good is a useless word. Good is the fucking stupidest word. But someday is not today. And it's not tomorrow either. Because, baby, all I wanted was to be good.

COMICS

MUSH FIRE 2



BY BRIDGET BILBO

L U T E B O Y
and the portrait

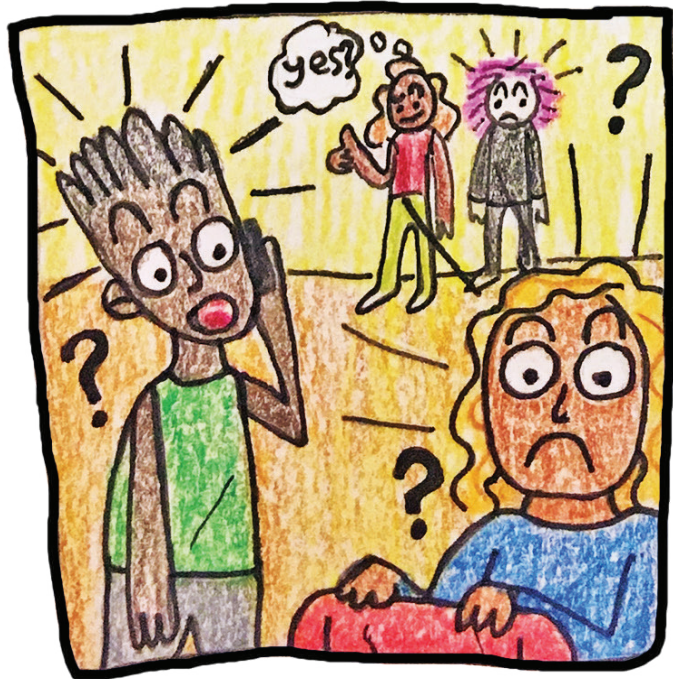
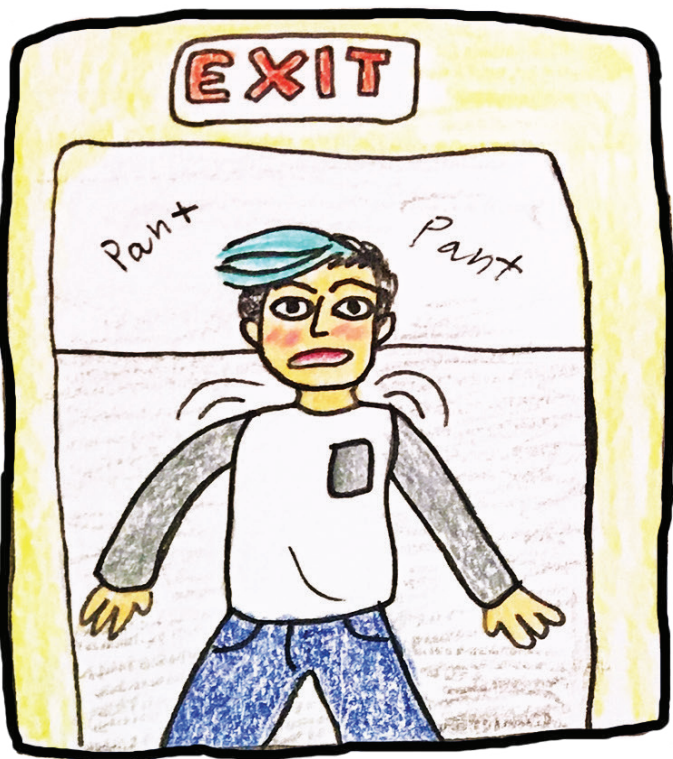


BY MADELEINE AGUILAR



BY KATIE WITTENBERG

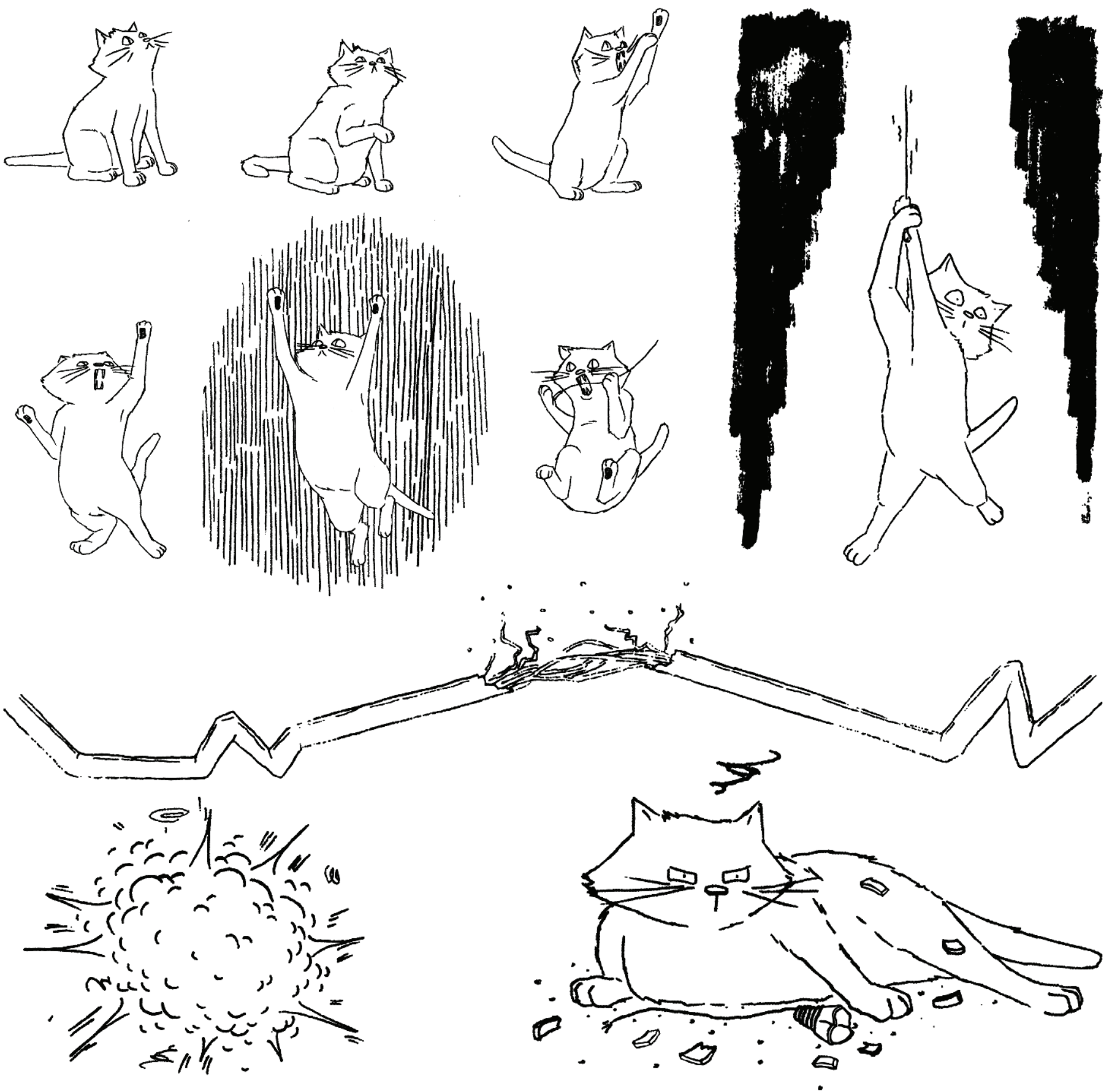
TOMBSTONE COMIC #1



BY LILY SPEAR

DENTURES IN THE SINK

SOHA DIAZ



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Send your comics as 300 dpi
files (jpeg or tiff) to
comics@fnewsmagazine.com

OX-BOW SCHOOL OF ART & ARTISTS' RESIDENCY

WINTER SESSION

JAN 6-19, 2019

SAUGATUCK, MI

IMPORTANT DATES

- October 1** Information Session + Pizza Party
October 17 Information Session + Pizza Party
October 24 Merit Scholarship Applications Due
November 12 **Registration:**
In-person + Work Scholarship Sign-up, 8:30 AM
Registration: Online, 1 PM CST at ox-bow.org
December 7 Last day to drop your course

www.ox-bow.org | 1.800.318.3019 | ox-bow@saic.edu
36 S. Wabash, Sullivan Bldg room 1425

FOR ALL OF YOUR ART
SUPPLY NEEDS, SHOP

BLICK®

art materials

SHOP OUR CHICAGO AREA STORES

CHICAGO LOOP
42 S STATE ST 312-920-0300

LINCOLN PARK
1574 N KINGSBURY AVE 312-573-0110

EVANSTON
1755 MAPLE AVE 847-425-9100

20% OFF

ENTIRE PURCHASE OF NON-SALE, IN-STOCK ITEMS
ONLY. IN-STORE ONLY. VALID ON EVERYDAY LOW PRICE.

VALID 9/28/18 - 10/18/18

Valid in-store only. Coupon must be surrendered at time of purchase; no copies. One coupon per day. Not valid on previous purchases or with any other discounts or promotions, including yellow-labeled items. Not valid on phone/mail/internet orders. Not valid on Lowest Possible Prices items. Not valid after Buy More, Save More discount applied. Some product exclusions may apply.

For a complete list of exclusions, visit bit.ly/blickexclusions

BLICK®

art materials



* A 0 2 3 0 5 8 *

CONNECT WITH US ONLINE!



YouTube

