

# f newsmagazine

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

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# November 2018

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**Dear readership,**

How are you? We hope you're doing well. As the leaves turn and Halloween passes us by, we realize that we aren't well. In fact, the state of the country is *really* not good. This issue — in light of the confirmation of Brett Kavanaugh, our historic midterm elections, the incompetence of our President, the bombs mailed to prominent members of the Democratic party, Trump's erasure of trans people, and the mass shooting at the Tree of Life synagogue — we felt it was time to address the Witch Hunt.

The term has been co-opted by President Trump to describe the FBI investigation into his, well, many aspects of his campaign. While the rights and voices of women have been suppressed in this country for years, it burns with a particular vigor post-Kavanaugh. This, combined with the way that Trump's policies impact anyone who isn't a rich, white, Republican man begs us to ask: Who is really being hunted in Trump's America? And, in examining the history of the term, who is the witch?

We dedicate this issue to all those persecuted by this administration, and to those persecuted before us.

*With you in the resistance,*

Grace Wells and Casey Carsel, Managing Editors  
 Unyimeabasi Udoh, Art Director

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# H

# U

# M



## Portraits of an art school



The thing that keeps me going is that I really enjoy this work. The reason I didn't go into medicine was because it wasn't for me. With fashion, I don't ever feel tired ... I mean, I do feel tired, but even so, I'm always thinking about designs and what I'm going to do next. It never gets boring. One of the heels I'm making right now is based on foot surgery. And it has three different shapes that are plates which [surgeons] put into your bones when they break to stabilize them so they can heal. Also, I don't actually like people. I have this very simple rule, if you are polite to me, I will be polite to you. Apart from that, just don't talk to me ... (laughs). I'm just kidding.

# O



During the summer before freshman year I started customizing shoes. I would paint on them just to make them look a little unique and give them my own flavor. I would see a white shoe as a canvas. My goal at the moment is working in the fine line between sculpture and fashion.

A lot of the shows nowadays from people that customize shoes, they'll recreate existing silhouettes with different materials and different colors and stuff like that so it's the same shoe that you've already seen but it looks different. And then there's the other extreme which is sculpture with all these extremely wacky, innovative shoes, but they can't be worn because they're made out of a certain material. So I want to work in the middle, where you treat the shoe as a piece of art. Every shoe that I make, there's only going to be one of that shoe to ever exist, so it's like the equivalent of owning a painting. I actually got all these neck tattoos because I didn't want to work for somebody I never believed in — putting all the work to achieve someone else's dream. I'd rather put all that work into myself.



# S

# A



In general, if I ever make something, it's usually sculptural and architectural at the same time. And I always try to have a balance of form and space. I'm interested in how I can really give meaning to why I chose to have a certain module be specific colors. But it's not that easy to figure out, because even just using color in architecture class, like Studio 3 and all that — I don't know why, but I'm always using primary colors on my boards. Not even when I'm making boards to pin up or even painting, I always try to have a yellow background. It just feels more interesting than having anything on a white background. There's something about the color yellow. I think it's a fact that it's the first color that the eye sees? Or notices? I read that somewhere. I would like to join the Navy so I can be a naval architect. And if not, I would probably join the Peace Corps. I want to expand my knowledge, but also allow it to benefit somebody else other than myself.

# A N S

Photography and text by **Lid Madrid**

There's a lot of fun in design, no matter what it is. I think it's really cool to create something. There are so many architects who also design furniture and clothing. Eventually, I'd like to work at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill (SOM) in Chicago. I'd like to apply to Harvard and MIT first. I'm planning to do that next year. I'm an optimistic person. I feel happy all the time. I think there's no need for you to be sad or worry about something. Just be happy.



# F



I really like walking around. I love being outside and just feeling the atmosphere, the air, everything. I know walking is kinda basic but it's so much fun to me. This one time, I was ordering this plush Kirby from Amazon and I had the choice to deliver it to my house or have it delivered to a locker that's a few blocks away and I was like "I'm gonna send it to the locker cause I wanna walk over there." It's a little adventure, y'know, to get my Kirby. Throughout the last part of second semester, I was going through a hard time at home and I was like "best way to get through it is by making art about it, man." So I wanted to explore different scenarios in which me and my mom or my dad have interacted or me and my sister have interacted. And I wanted to express it through my lil plushies. Every time I tell someone what they are I'm like it's just a "him." I would have different situations with the way they were entangled with one another. It was a step up from the installation I had done before. I feel like I was able to realize what I was into in terms of installation and soft sculpture.

# I C

My work is based around the use of the animal form. I'm interested in nature as subject material, how it's exploited and used. I'm trying to get outside of Western constructs and mindsets and embrace indigenous cultures and art forms. The experiences that I've had with other students here and the variety of people that I've met, I wouldn't trade that for the world. I was terrified of coming into my senior year, like, "Oh, it's gonna be miserable, I hope I can do it." I had no motivation. And then all of a sudden I started making stuff again. And stuff that I was making is making me super excited and I think that things are clicking in a way they haven't before. So I consider right now is the happiest I've been the entire four years. Because the past three years I've been floundering, kinda figuring things out, trying to pull those threads together. But I'm also at the weird transition point of pulling everything together from the past three years into a cohesive body of work, but also making this body of work with the prospect of the future. Like, having freedom after school — once I'm out of here, I can do anything, I can go anywhere. As a creator, there's a lot of people that are going to shoot you down, and I feel like it's important to remind yourself that you can pull it together and you can do it. If you're passionate about something, you're gonna make it work.

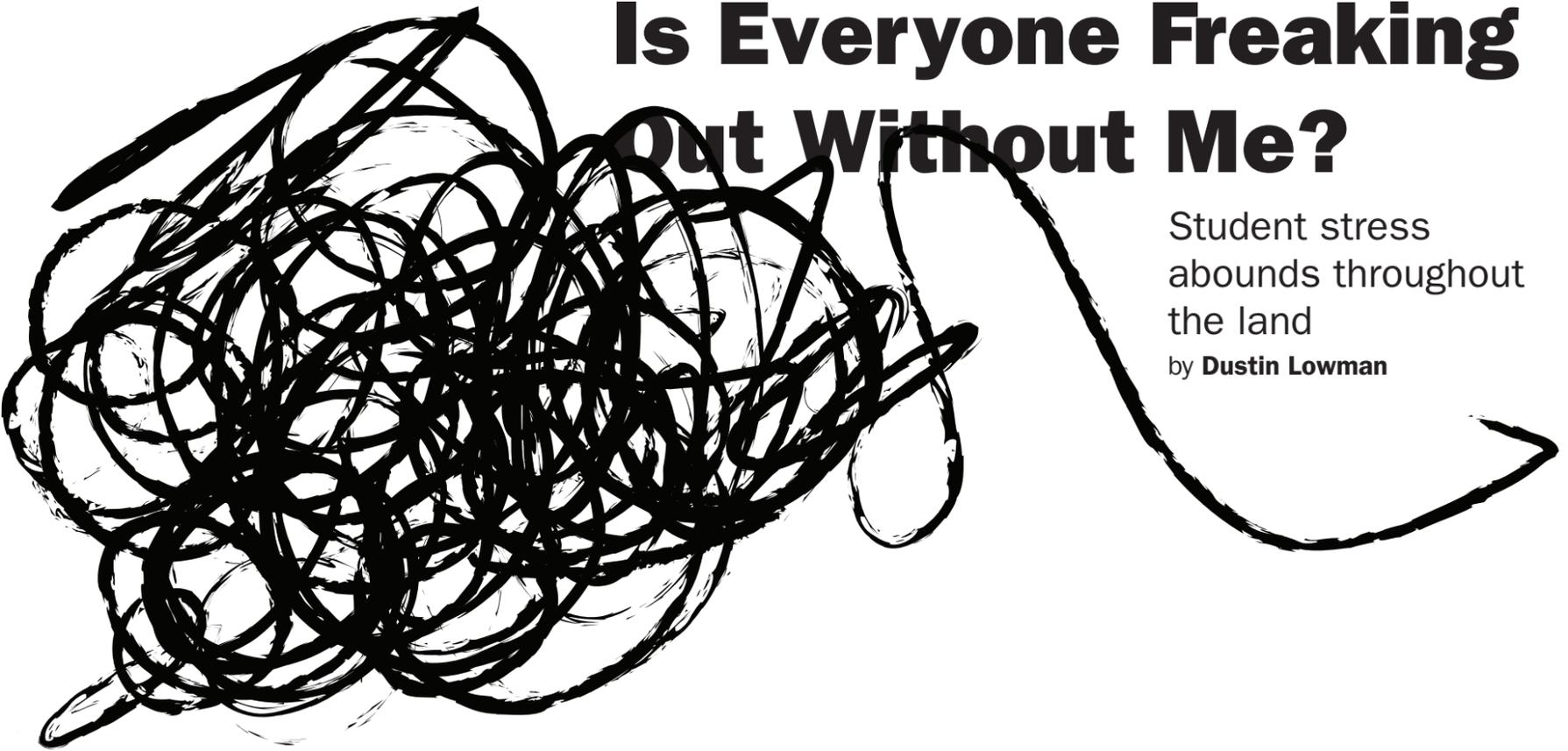


Lid Madrid (BFA 2021) is a Chicago-based visual artist and designer who likes to skate, photograph people, and design buildings. You can keep up with their artwork and daily life shenanigans at @lidmad on da 'gram.

# Is Everyone Freaking Out Without Me?

Student stress abounds throughout the land

by **Dustin Lowman**



*Art school students quickly find* that, given the keys to the kingdom, it's more natural to respond with anxiety than ecstasy. Because of everything art school should be, you end up spending a large amount of time thinking about what it isn't. And what you aren't. How can you know what's right?

Asked about their anxieties, a handful of professors, undergraduate students, and graduate students at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) summarized their concerns.

## Community

"I sometimes feel a certain culture shock," said Luis López Levi (MA 2020, New Arts Journalism), who lived in Mexico before coming to SAIC. "I used to live in the U.S., I studied at an American school in Mexico, and I constantly consume American art, media, and entertainment. But I am not American. I don't feel unwelcome, I just sometimes feel particularly detached."

He was careful to stress, though, that it's getting better all the time. "Fortunately, I've developed good friendships, and talking to my friends always makes me feel better."

A similar kind of culture shock comes with entering an environment in which artistry is the norm.

"There's a discomfort inherent to suddenly finding oneself surrounded by talented people with interests and goals similar to one's own," says Brianna Douglass (MFA 2020, Writing). "It's a discomfort I had hoped would spur me forward, but I'm still learning how to gain from it, and not let it overwhelm me."

Dove Rutter (BFA 2020, Performance Art), speaks to another type of negative experience, but manages to find some upside: "SAIC struggles when it comes to receiving performance art. I've encountered a lot of tricky conversations about gender identity and ability, as a very openly queer, non-binary person. I can't tell you how many times I've been misgendered and had to grin and bear it."

"But," they say, "a lot of these negative experiences have provided me with source material."

## Real World

"I had a full-time reporter job back home," said Luis López Levi. "It was a job I found fulfilling and welcoming, with excellent colleagues. I left that to further specialize in arts journalism. On optimistic days, I think about all the doors that could open for me. But this latent anxiety will occasionally whisper in my ear that I'll never find another job as good."

"I cannot afford to fail," said Darshita Jain (MA 2020, New Arts Journalism), an Indian international student. "It

leads to me working around the clock, reading as much as I can, taking whatever work I can find, attending every show, every talk, every event. It often leads to utter exhaustion. The fact that I need to rest causes anxiety to me. The hours I lose resting are hours I can do so much more with."

"I constantly feel like I'm not doing enough to further my career," says Megan Tepper (MFA 2020, Photography).

"I feel like I'm taking the same photos as before, just paying \$50,000 a year to do it. People say the real value of art school is networking, but should \$100,000 be the price of a good network?"

Which leads us conveniently into everyone's favorite topic:

## Debt

Ideally, art doesn't concern itself with money. Money, a device of pure practicality, is its perfect opposite. But as is often the case, these opposites attract, and become inseparable. Producing art depends on having money. So, students worry about where that money will come from.

"How I'm going to pay my bills and buy groceries is always a concern, as it is for

many students here," said Dove Rutter.

"Currently, my country's currency value is dropping," said Darshita Jain. "1USD = 73.69 Indian rupees, making my education that much more expensive as compared to other students', and I do not get to work more than 20 hours. The numbers make me anxious."

At this point, comparing higher education to a pyramid scheme is journalistic cliché. Art school gets especially singled out in this, as, unlike more professionally directed degrees, art school is about making good art before it's about getting good jobs.

Professors lament this as much as, if not more than, their students.

"I worry about student debt, especially at an art school," says Margaret Hawkins, Senior Lecturer in Art History, Theory and Criticism. "I worry about my students going into major debt to get a degree that might never pay them back."

It concerns me a lot; it's not fair."

## Sage Advice

When asked, Adjunct Assistant Professor of Writing Jill Riddell had the following advice.

"Present anxieties represent permanent anxieties.

Fear and pain of rejection never go away, but resilience increases over time. You can't avoid the pain, but you get much better at coming back from it.

I don't believe art students tend to be more anxious than other types of people. Everybody's anxious; anxious is normal — artists may even be better suited to face that anxiety, in that art is basically the practice of facing and examining the sources of human fear.

Priority #1: Stabilize the patient. You need income, a place to live, insurance, some good people around, phone service. Artistic satisfaction starts with a sustainable lifestyle."

In summary: Attending art school is a privilege. Time and space to practice and improve, expert mentorship, and a network of similarly devoted colleagues are not available to most of the world's artistically inclined population. Because of that, art students cannot help but wonder if they're doing it right, if the ends justify expensive means. One eventually realizes the burden of justification rests squarely on their own shoulders — and that's a heavy load indeed.

## Extra:

Plying one's craft in the "real world" means learning how little other people care about it. That is, unless you make them care. Other people sweat over their work, family, and health, and don't have extra energy to donate sympathy to you or your craft. Nor should they. Understanding this, you realize your actual task: make tired people care.

But then you get tired. You've also got to make a living, and before all those tired people care about your art, you must make money somehow else. So you take a job — seismological researcher (Jonathan Franzen), doctor (William Carlos Williams), waiter (everyone ever) — just to pay the bills. You figure you'll still have four to five productive hours a day to make art happen. But, dammit, you get tired.

Dustin Lowman (MFAW 2020) has contributed album reviews to multiple digital platforms and is a published poet. He is also a singer/songwriter with tracks available to purchase in all digital stores.

# Demons are Forever

Six years on, this F News comments section is still going strong

by **Grace Wells**

**In September of 2012** — a dark time for those of us who are presently between the ages of 18 and 25 (as we were then in the throes of ages 10-17, yikes) — the worst piece ever published by F Newsmagazine hit the web. The publishing of a chart stolen from Tumblr and titled “Here Follows a List of Demons and Their Sigils of Summoning” (aptly abbreviated to “Demons”) is the single most annoying and haunting (pun intended) moment in F’s 35-year history. Since its publishing six years ago, “Demons” has remained the single most popular article on the F Newsmagazine website.

Not to brag, but F Newsmagazine is an award-winning paper. A graphic that was taken from social media and published with no copy or context doesn’t exactly meet our journalistic standards. (At that time in F history, our research revealed, editors were also treating the website as a personal blogging platform, although there was no indication on “Demons” that it was a personal post). While it’d be flattering to have an article so poignant that it’s repeatedly read by hundreds of adoring followers, “Demons” is not that. It’s only maintained popularity because its comments section has become a social network for two types of people: those wishing to summon demons and those wishing to condemn anyone who believes a Tumblr chart can teach you to connect with the other side.

I can’t explain how the comments section of what is essentially a plagiarized teen angst drawing reposted on a college newspaper’s website has amassed over 1,300 hits and 130 comments. I can say that much joy is derived from reading through the new comments that appear each week.

In no particular order, here follows a list of the most interesting exchanges in the comments section of “Demons.” We have left spelling and grammar in the hellish state we found it.

**GREG** (September 21, 2017 at 10:10 AM) What has this demon done for you since?

**DEAMON** (February 20, 2018 at 2:17 PM) It tried to kill me twice in the form of a fat dude and a maniac. ...

**STEWART** (June 30, 2017 at 2:13 AM) BECAUSE LUCIFER IS NOT A DEMON IT IS A FALLEN ANGEL

**MEEP** (June 12, 2018 at 5:16 PM) thANK YOU. And he was one of heavens sexiast, to be factual, I’m just saying.

**RIHANNA** (November 4, 2017 at 1:59 AM) ... i was wondering if you guys can advice on who to summon? thank you.

**DEAMON** (February 19, 2018 at 11:46 PM) Astaroth. He is a hell of a drinker but is also the demon of power, so speak clearly, Develop Mind Armor because he is going to use Fear, a standard mind attack that will have you running away from nothing, also practice what you are going to say because demons love loopholes. Have fun!!!

**MIMI** (June 4, 2018 at 11:28 AM) Its interesting you mentioned Astaroth ... someone sent him to me in a black magic attack .. I haven’t seen him in a bit ... but I do have quite a few videos with him talking..

**WARNING: the demon will try to kill you if you are rude or demanding.**

**JUSTICE** (February 19, 2018 at 10:38 PM) I honestly want to know how to summon one of these guys. ...

**DEAMON** (February 20, 2018 at 1:52 PM) Draw a pentangle (whatever size you want but it depends on what size the demon will be) make a ring of salt around it (to make sure it does not kill you or fly/run/swim away) and say the incantation to summon it. Then if you said it right a demon will come out. WARNING the demon will try to kill you if you are rude or demanding. Remember, these wondrous entities are far older and more cunning than you.

**MR.NONAME** (March 25, 2017 at 11:59 PM) ... i don’t follow Satan but i am losing faith in God so i am looking at serving a demon as their body in this world i am going to take their commands if i am to kill so be it,if i am to steal so be it, if i am to lie well that is easy but i will do what they say i have no meaning. this world is already Satan’s.

**VINCENT** (May 14, 2017 at 3:45 PM) STOP. The way that you are thinking almost certainly has to do with the idiots opening demonic portals in this world. We are in the end times. Don’t let demons influence you. ...

**ZALGO** (November 2, 2017 at 3:54 AM) though demons may not like anyone they still know each other and most likely like each other. however they had to meet each other before they can make those assumptions, so if they meet you, and they like how you are and what you do, than they might like you too.

**DEAMON** (February 20, 2018 at 2:03 PM) It will kill you you realise that? Oh and you will also go to Hell when you die.

**LAYNEE** (January 28, 2018 at 11:15 PM)

... I renounce all contacts with Witchcraft, White Magic, Black Magic, Voodoo, Dungeons & Dragons (used for advanced training of witches), Spiritist, Black Mass, Ouija boards and other occult games.

I renounce all kinds of fortune telling, tea leaf reading, coffee ground reading, palm reading (Chiromancy), crystal balls, Contumacy (tarot and other card) playing, all dependency on astrology, biorhythm and feedback, Irisology (fortune telling by the iris of the eye), birth signs and horoscopes, spirit guides or counselors, pendulum swinging, false cults and wearing charm earrings.

I renounce all water witching or dowsing, levitation, body-lifting, table tipping, automatic handwriting and handwriting analysis. ... I renounce all transcendental meditation, yoga, Zen, all eastern cults and religions, mysticism, idol worship and false religions. ... I renounce all forms of the martial arts, including judo, Kung fu, and Karate.

I renounce all literature I have ever read and studied in all of these fields and I will destroy such books in my possession. ... in the name of Jesus Christ my Savior. ... – Amen. ...

**LUCIFER** (October 9, 2018 at 10:17 PM)

By the symbols of the creator

I swear henceforth to be

A faithful servant ...

I deny Jesus Christ, the deceiver

And I abjure the Christian faith ...

Open wide the gates of Hell

And come forth from the abyss

By these names: Satan, Leviathan,

Belial, Lucifer

I will kiss the goat

I swear to give my mind

My body and soul unreservedly

To the furtherance of our

Lord Satan designs ...

Frequent commenter “Deamon” could not be contacted as the email they have associated with their screen-name is not real. Perhaps they are, in fact, a demon.



# Preaching to the Choir

Pop singer Noah Cyrus is selling prayer candles with her face on them. Is that okay?

by **Cat Strain**

**Noah Cyrus**, younger sister to pop icon Miley Cyrus, has hit the road with her newest EP “A Good Cry.” Noah recently made pop history for her incredibly public break up with rapper, Lil Xan — now infamous for a tizzy of cheating accusations. It started with a photo-shopped meme of a “nude” Charlie Puth that Noah texted then-boyfriend Lil Xan, which prompted him to pee on his own record in a bathtub and post it online. But Noah’s tour merchandise may have surpassed her ex’s golden shower. Next to the standard sweatshirt, long sleeve t-shirt, short sleeve t-shirt, and poster, is the prayer candle. Not a candle with Mother Mary on it, but Noah’s face. At first, this particular piece of merchandise wasn’t alarming — Chicago’s own Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) sells candles depicting Frida Kahlo, van Gogh, and other famous artists. However, those artists are dead and not selling a prayer candle of themselves for profit.

Noah Cyrus headlined at the House of Blues Chicago Sunday, October 7. The Good Cry Tour stage set was simple: plastic white props of a tree made out of teardrops and clouds that mimicked her pop art album cover. She was the epitome of haute-couture Gen Z. Like a punk Kylie Jenner, Noah was kicking around on stage in blue snap-off joggers, and

a black crop top emblazoned with a smiley face and the phrase “I hate you.” Throwing middle-fingers or holding her hands up in prayer, Cyrus paid homage to both M.I.A.’s “Paper Planes” and Hozier’s “Take Me To Church.” The singer’s age — 19, the median age of her audience — was a good indication of why only the Millennials knew any of the words.

Prayer candles, more commonly referred to as votive candles, are utilized in all of the Big Five faiths: Catholicism, Judaism, Buddhism, Islam, and Hinduism. In each, light operates as a symbol of

the presence of the divine. Noah Cyrus, who comes from a religious family, should have some understanding of the significance of votive candles as sacred objects. In Catholicism, light signifies prayer offered in faith coming into the light of God, and the desire to remain present in prayer even if one must leave. How does this hold up when the

object is set apart from the original ritual function? Are Noah Cyrus’s fans meant to pray to her or for her?

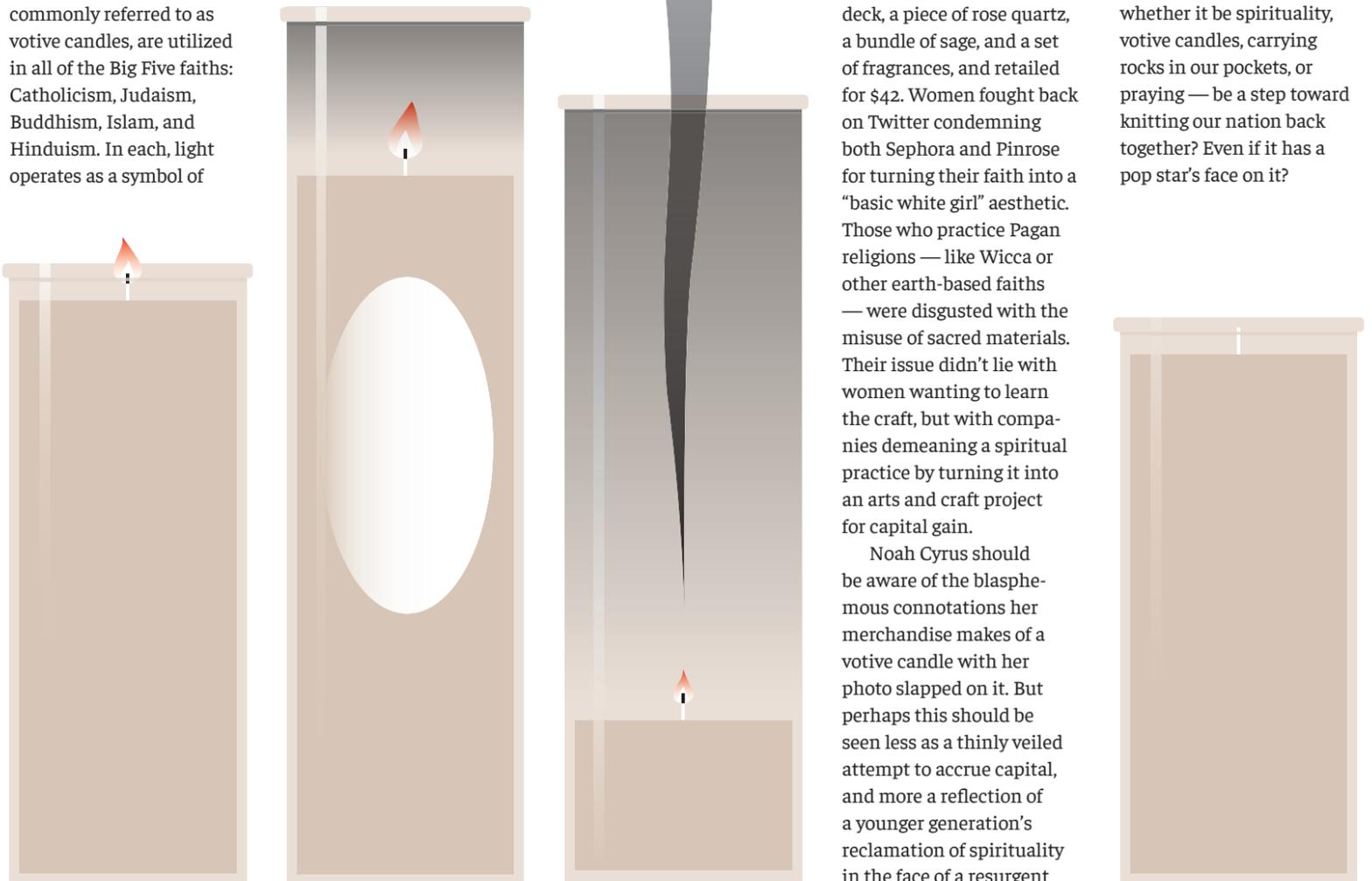
This is not the first time that faith-based items have crossed over into the mainstream. Last September, Sephora suffered a hailstorm of backlash from the Wicca community for selling a “Starter Witch Kit” from the San Francisco-based company, Pinrose. The kit contained a tarot deck, a piece of rose quartz, a bundle of sage, and a set of fragrances, and retailed for \$42. Women fought back on Twitter condemning both Sephora and Pinrose for turning their faith into a “basic white girl” aesthetic. Those who practice Pagan religions — like Wicca or other earth-based faiths — were disgusted with the misuse of sacred materials. Their issue didn’t lie with women wanting to learn the craft, but with companies demeaning a spiritual practice by turning it into an arts and craft project for capital gain.

Noah Cyrus should be aware of the blasphemous connotations her merchandise makes of a votive candle with her photo slapped on it. But perhaps this should be seen less as a thinly veiled attempt to accrue capital, and more a reflection of a younger generation’s reclamation of spirituality in the face of a resurgent

— and not-so-virtuous — Christian Alt-Right.

Maybe there is something to be said for faith. When one lacks faith doesn’t one, in turn, lose hope? Faith can turn into something violent and destructive, and in this country, it does so every day. But it doesn’t have to.

Yes, selling a prayer candle as merchandise on tour is rather uncouth. But could a simpler faith — whether it be spirituality, votive candles, carrying rocks in our pockets, or praying — be a step toward knitting our nation back together? Even if it has a pop star’s face on it?



# Witches Brew

A tragic history of alewives

by Georgia Hampton

**In the 1300s**, beer was safer to drink than water. Water had to be boiled to make beer, and though Europeans in the Middle Ages didn't understand why this made the drink safer, they at least knew beer wouldn't kill them. So, since a single family could go through almost 9 gallons of beer in a week, the brewing of beer was seen as a necessary housekeeping skill. By virtue of that, beer brewing was done by women.

The role of women in the beer-making tradition is as ancient as the drink itself. For years, wherever beer was brewed and distributed, women were responsible. Always. The oldest recipe for beer comes from a Sumerian hymn to Ninkasi, the goddess of beer. Goddesses, rather than gods, are as prevalent in this history as women: the Finnish goddess Kalevatar, Raugutiene in Baltic and Slavic civilizations, the goddess Hathor in Pharaonic Egypt. Women, earthly and otherwise, are responsible for this holy beverage.

After the Black Death killed around half of Europe's population in the late 1340s, women who once brewed beer for their own families began brewing on a much larger scale. Quickly, beer-making became a lucrative skill, and the women who brewed beer began turning a profit. These women were called "alewives."

An alewife had several defining traits. She brewed beer in a large cauldron. To indicate that she had beer to sell, an alewife would display a broom-like object called an ale-stake in front of her home. Alewives often kept cats who would eat any vermin that tried to eat the grain used for beer-making. When peddling their beer, an alewife would wear a tall, steeple-shaped hat to stand out in a crowd. Sound familiar?

The connection between the alewife and the modern-day depiction of witches is striking. As alewives became more prevalent and their business more lucrative, the accusations began to pour in. "Misogynous ideas about the natural weaknesses and disorders of women suggested that [alewives] would cheat more than male brewers ... and would flagrantly resist the rule of men," writes Judith M. Bennett in "Ale, Beer, and Brewsters in England: Women's Work in a Changing World, 1300-1600." Women were inherently mistrusted, and women in the working world were doubly dangerous. An alewife, then, was the perfect target for the social, religious, and sexual fears foisted on women during this time. An alewife

was a harbinger of sin, and quickly, these women became associated with witchcraft.

The Church, unsurprisingly, played a large role in the character assassination of alewives. To date, the alewife is depicted in European churches more than any other profession as a being condemned to hell. "If alehouses were 'the devil's schoolhouse,' then women were the devil's schoolmistresses," Bennett writes. Their likeness was particularly popular in doom paintings, commissioned works showing the Last Judgment. In these works, alewives fed children to demons and danced with the Devil in hell, beer in hand.

What's more, as men began entering the industry in the mid-14th century, the alewife was swiftly forced out of the beer-making business. Men had financial and legal independence in ways that women did not during this time, and it showed. Men were able to build large, public taverns for their patrons that rivaled the home-based alehouses of the alewife. It didn't help that alewives were already painted as

***The brewing of beer was seen as a necessary housekeeping skill. By virtue of that, beer brewing was done by women.***

dirty, their beer unsanitary. Legislation made the profession increasingly inaccessible to women. In 1540, for example, the English city of Chester banned women aged fourteen through forty from serving or brewing beer, in an attempt to keep alehouses free of debaucherous behavior. By the 16th century, men had control of the industry.

It isn't clear whether the alewives who were murdered for practicing witchcraft were actually killed simply for being alewives or for other reasons. Frankly, there isn't much information about alewives at all. But we do know that women brewers were a threat to the growing population of men who had entered the beer-making industry, and often held lower economic status. Many alewives were forced out of the business through rumors about them and their businesses. We also know that the Church directly connected the alewife to witchcraft, along with a slew of other damning accusations. The alewife was, in short, too dangerous to remain.

This fall, toast a beer to the alewife, and the many other working women believed to be so dangerous that they had to be killed, or forced out of their professions. May we continue the good work they started.



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November 4th

162 Nuveen Center  
at 8:00 pm

November 7th

Sharp Room 326  
at 4:30 pm

November 15th

Sharp Room 326  
at 4:30 pm

November 16th

Jones Media Center  
at 5:00 pm

SAIC  
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RESIDENCE LIFE

# Surviving Kavanaugh

F Newsmagazine staff reflects on the confirmation of Judge Brett Kavanaugh

by Georgia Hampton/Staff

Brett Kavanaugh is the newest addition to the Supreme Court of the United States. Here, the F staff weighs in on how they felt during the hearings, after the confirmation, and where to go from here.



**Georgia Hampton — News Editor**

His confirmation was the most depressing litmus test of who among my friends I could trust, and who I just ... couldn't. On the day of his confirmation I had a really upsetting conversation with one of my oldest guy friends who gave me the whole, "I just don't know if he should be punished for a mistake he made 30 years ago," nonsense. He went on and on about taking the Devil's advocate approach to this, but also kept reminding me that he didn't support Kavanaugh. And I just lost it.

The "devil's advocate" approach to this kind of thing is total bullshit. It's not doing anything new, or edgy, or interesting. It is the reiteration of the patriarchal norm that tells women from the moment they are born that their pain isn't real, that no one will believe them, that it doesn't matter what happened to them. I'm just so tired of proving to men that we are terrified and angry all the time. And I hate that I feel as tired as I do. I'm 25 and I'm already so scared, I'm so bitter, I have such a base distrust of men. I've never been particularly comfortable with online dating, but now the idea is completely repellent to me. Why would I spend time with some guy I don't know and don't trust at a time like this?



**Kaycie Surrell — Entertainment Editor**

At 1:30 pm I left class to read the news. I wasn't surprised, but I should have been. I went back to class, stared at my ham and cheese sandwich and settled into what my therapist later told me was disassociation. I excused myself from class and went to Target to get some comfort food because watching the hearings only reminded me of my own abuser, and the fact that I am not mentally and physically in a place where I feel safe naming them. Thankfully it was raining that day so I could cry openly and the crowded streets of people were none the wiser. Right as I got to my front door I had a panic attack more intense than any in recent memory. I was lucky; my roommate was home. She made me tea. She let me talk. She let me breathe through it.

Every day when I wake up in the morning I think about women telling their stories and nobody believing them. I think about Dr. Ford telling the entire world her story and that story being discounted by the very people that are meant to protect us. I think about my students and classmates emailing me about their emotional wellbeing, how they need to stay home alone to feel safe. I think about how my abuser goes to work every day. Nobody knows what he did, and maybe no one ever will. Even if they did, would they believe me?



**Cat Strain — F+ Editor**

I was so proud of my fellow women for standing up, and for the success of related

causes, like POC slowly attaining justice for police brutality. But for every step forward there's a Kavanaugh. In the government, we are outnumbered. Not just the left, but anyone and everyone who deserves equity, including conservatives that vote against their own interests. I can only pray that November brings change, that the youth grabs the U.S. by the balls and turns it into a woman.



**Ishita Dharap — Assistant Art Director**

The trial and the ensuing decision turned me inside out with rage, but what I ended

up feeling, above everything else, was fear. Fear for my safety, and the safety of millions who'd been horrifically wronged, and fear that we wouldn't be believed. I am shocked by these proceedings and everything they stand for, and even more fearful of the precedent they set — not just in the US, but in other countries like mine (India), that continue to look to the West for moral guidance.



**Dustin Lowman — SAIC Editor**

To me, it confirmed the extent to which government is a boys' club; the boys sympathized

with the plight of their fellow boy. Were the process overseen by anything else, Kavanaugh's "plight" might have been mentioned by some itinerant psych professor, but left out of the main conversation altogether. As a straight white male, the Kavanaugh phenomenon and the #MeToo movement have made me take a long, unforgiving look at the worst parts of myself. It has thrown into sharp perspective the extent to which I, and my entire gender, need to evolve.



**Casey Carsel — Managing Editor**

I didn't watch the hearings. While I couldn't be exactly sure what was going to

happen, by this point I know enough of this country that I was fairly sure the event wasn't going to fill me with hope. I made a conscious choice to move to this country from New Zealand, but this shit is bonkers. I don't need to feed my fear; it's got plenty to chew on already. Don't get me wrong, I read everything about what happened, but to see the events unfold in real time would have been too much. I need the safe flatness of text on a page to digest this country without vomiting everything back up again. So instead of watching the hearings, I read and digested and was able to make it through another day of the apocalypse.



**Grace Wells — Managing Editor**

I called my mom, stepdad, grandparents, and friends. I went to my therapist and

cancelled other plans. I cried, a lot. I fought with people I didn't need to fight with. I explained over and over and over again why, when discussing a lifetime appointment to an office that checks the President and Congress, increased voter registration doesn't make me feel better at all.

It is exhausting to continually have to justify your existence to your government: to scream and protest and campaign and cry at their feet, only to be told that their wallets and orgasms are more important than your existence. I don't need to "grow up" as Senator Hatch suggested, or bullshit everyone around me like Senator Collins; I need to be represented by my government like the equal citizen that I am.



**Unyimeabasi Udoh — Art Director**

One thing my dad pointed out to me — which doesn't make the current situation better,

but does provide some perspective — is that conservative, misogynist, and otherwise bigoted judges are not new for the Supreme Court. It was the Supreme Court that decided people of African descent could not be citizens; that declared the Civil Rights Act unconstitutional; that confirmed "separate but equal." The American government operates on cycles of progressivism and conservatism, and hopefully we can make more gains in the next wave than we've lost in this one. But to paraphrase Chris Rock, progress isn't just about the oppressed making gains; it's also about the oppressors deciding to be better people.

# RESOURCES FOR THE

## A guide to facing the impending loss of reproductive rights

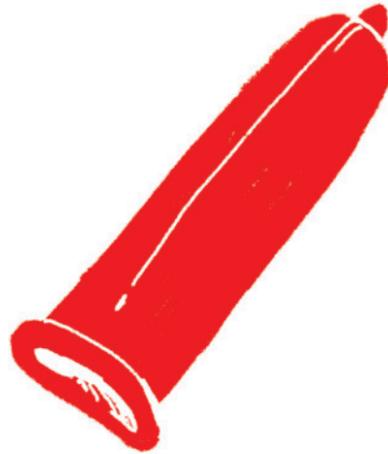
by **Grace Wells**

The looming loss of reproductive rights after the confirmation of conservative Supreme Court Justice Brett Kavanaugh is terrifying and real. Kavanaugh, who referred to birth control as “abortion inducing medication,” was chosen specifically for his comments on presidential powers and reversing *Roe v. Wade* — the historic 1973 Supreme Court ruling that deemed interference with abortion access violates the right to medical privacy guaranteed by the 14th amendment.

While reversing *Roe* wouldn't make abortion illegal, its reversal would allow all state laws put on hold by the ruling to go back into effect, and states to rush through prepared legislation to ban abortion (think: typing a response on your phone in anticipation of needing to send it). Such pre-planned legislation is called a Trigger Law. Trigger Laws would ban abortion in 13 states, four of which have prepared new legislation in hopes that *Roe* is overturned, seven of which have promised to create abortion-banning legislation, and nine with pre-*Roe* trigger laws still on the books. For example, if *Roe* were overturned abortion would be immediately illegal in Alabama, punishable by a fine and possible imprisonment, and a 2007 law in North Dakota would almost completely outlaw abortion. Meanwhile, in Washington state, citizens would be protected by a 1991 state law ensuring the right to choose.

It is unclear whether all of the remaining 38 states would protect abortion access. Some 17 states have laws in place guaranteeing the right to an abortion. But traveling in-state, let alone flying across the country, isn't an accessible option for most Americans.

There is a rich history pre-*Roe* of people helping each other have access to healthcare; it's what we've done to survive in the face of the patriarchal stripping of our bodily autonomy.



### **Text-Based Resources**

While access to abortion is a primary concern in the wake of the Kavanaugh confirmation, general healthcare is also under threat. Our country's limited sex-education — particularly around uteruses and vaginas — combined with a history of uterus-bodied people being ignored or violently treated by doctors has effectively boxed them out of dialogues on sexual health.

#### **“Our Bodies, Ourselves”**

This historic book from the Boston Women's Health Collective has been an essential resource for gynecologic and obstetric health information since its first publication in 1970. Originally sold for 75 cents, the book was updated annually until 2011 and online until this year.

Included in the book is a comprehensive overview of uterine health. This includes information on safe contraception methods, as well as home care tools like the Del-Em, emergency contraception, and medical abortion.

I suggest purchasing a used copy of “Our Bodies, Ourselves” from a second-hand bookstore like Thriftbooks. There's something really affirming about holding a used copy of the resource: It connects you to a siblinghood that shows you're not alone.

#### **World Health Organization (WHO)**

As the U.S. moves away from accepted science in favor of conservative religion and capitalist, pharmaceutical profits, the World Health Organization has become an especially important resource. On the WHO website, you can find research on the safety of abortion, statistics on medical and home abortions, and guides to accessing contraception, abortion, and gynecologic/obstetric care.

A new website created by WHO offers PDF- and web-based interactive guides developed by medical professionals with information on reducing the number of unsafe abortions, and instructions on how to be safe yourself.

#### **Planned Parenthood's Website and App**

Planned Parenthood provides a vast number of online resources for free. On their site you can access information about all of the legal obstacles to abortion, like the Hyde Amendment and 20-week bans.

Through their app, Spot On (available for free in the App Store), you can keep track of your birth control and body state, as well as contact trained “Planned Parenthood Experts” for advice on how to respond to health issues or changes.

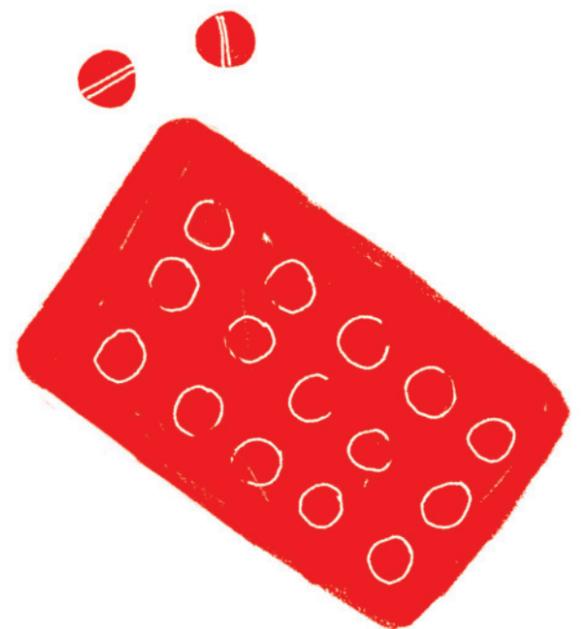
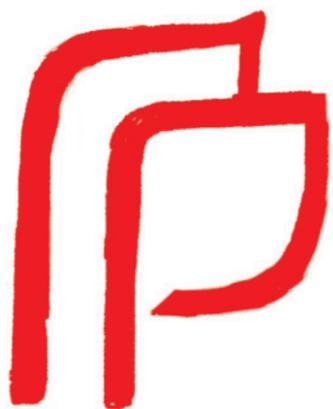
### **Abortion Pill Resources**

There are three ways to induce abortion: medical (pills), surgical (in-clinic, often by suction), and home (physical, chemical, or herbal). Home abortion methods are extremely dangerous and are performed through physical violence or poisoning. They often involve blunt force from objects like coat hangers, which run the risk of death, seizure, internal bleeding, and loss of fertility. The extreme danger of home abortion is the precise reason keeping abortion legal is so important in the first place. Abortions will happen whether they are legal or not; legalization provides access to abortions that are safe. The pills, like any medication, don't come without risk. However, the risk is low. Legal abortions are safer than giving birth or having a colonoscopy.

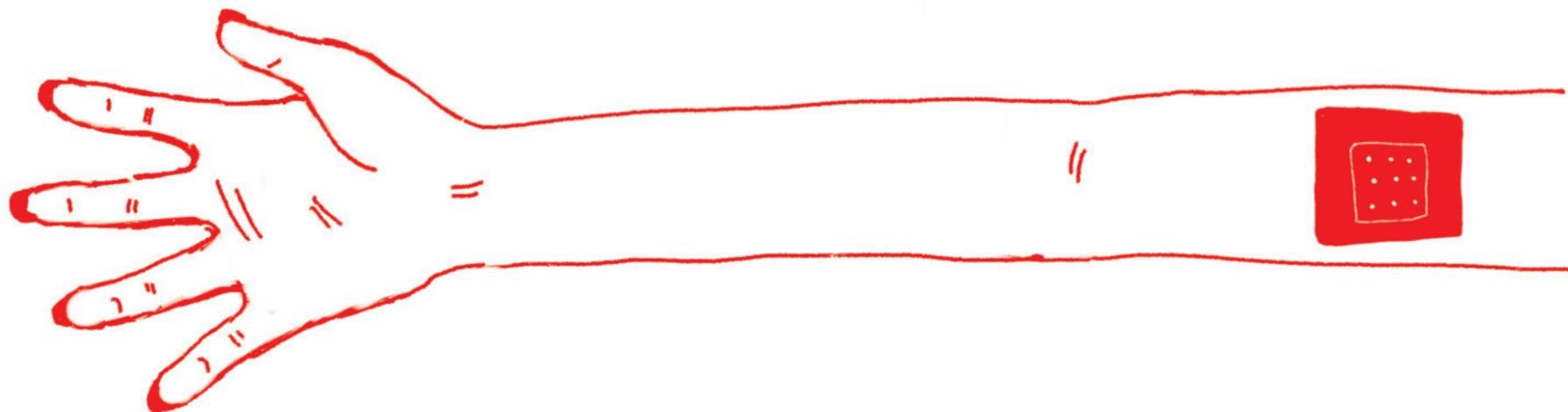
One of the best ways to reduce the risk of unsafe home abortions is to educate yourself on how to safely access an abortion by pills. Abortion by pill is safe for up to 10 weeks of pregnancy, though the World Health Organization's guide recommends it up to 9 weeks (there is about a five percent drop in effectiveness between weeks 9 and 10). Mifepristone and Misoprostol are prescribed together in the United States, though Mifepristone may only be taken at clinics, hospitals, and doctors offices. Patients then take a dose of Misoprostol at home. The pills cause contractions of the uterus and shedding of the lining, which removes an embryo in a similar fashion to a heavy period.

Abortion by pill can be obtained through a healthcare provider. Planned Parenthood is one of the most cost-effective organizations providing access to the abortion pill(s).

In the United States, it is illegal to obtain abortion pills without a prescription from a clinician, or to take Mifepristone outside of a physician's office. However, those seeking access to abortion pills outside of the physician's office, an illegal act that F does not condone, may find information on safe access through the International Women's Health Coalition.



# CONCERNED UTERUS



## Nexplanon: Birth Control Implant

The birth control implant is a great option for people whose uteruses are too small for an IUD, just don't want an IUD, or have a pelvic disorder that makes insertion difficult. The Nexplanon releases progestin, a hormone that thickens the mucus of your cervix and prevents ovulation. The implant is about the size of a match, and is inserted into your bicep. It lasts for 5 years.

## Nurx

Nurx is a web-based service that provides birth control consultations with doctors and prescriptions online, then delivers your prescription to your door. This is a great option if your local clinic is shut down, your state's laws around contraception impede access, or your employer-provided insurance excludes birth control. Nurx allows you to access birth control from home with or without insurance.

## Emergency Contraception: Plan B and its Generic

Emergency contraception can be purchased at your local pharmacy and works for up to 72 hours after unprotected sex. Commonly referred to as Plan B, the emergency contraception pill is different from the abortion pill in that it doesn't end an existing pregnancy. Instead, it provides a high dose of Levonorgestrel that prevents a fertilized egg from implanting in your uterus.

Plan B costs between \$38 and \$50 for a single dose. Its generic, My Way, costs about \$10 per dose on Amazon.com, though it averages at about \$48 a dose in-store. Both can be purchased on Amazon.com, at a grocery store's pharmacy, or at a traditional pharmacy. Plan B and My Way have four-year shelf lives. This means you can throw a box in your cart at the grocery store every few trips and save up boxes of emergency contraception. You can also provide an emergency contraception response to friends if it becomes unavailable in your area.

A caution: Taking multiple emergency contraception pills will not cause an abortion. It can poison you. Abusing this method is neither a safe nor effective way to end an existing pregnancy, and shouldn't be used as such.

## If you made it to the conclusion ...

Besides physical activism, the best thing to do to protect abortion rights is to educate yourself so you can keep your community safe. In the face of an abortion ban, the effort to prevent pregnancy and dangerous home abortion will be dependent on us.

*To reiterate, F News in no way endorses non-medical abortions and abortions not approved, provided, or prescribed by a trained medical professional. Alternatives to medically assisted abortion are deadly and should not be attempted.*

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.

## Contraception: Emergency and Long-Term

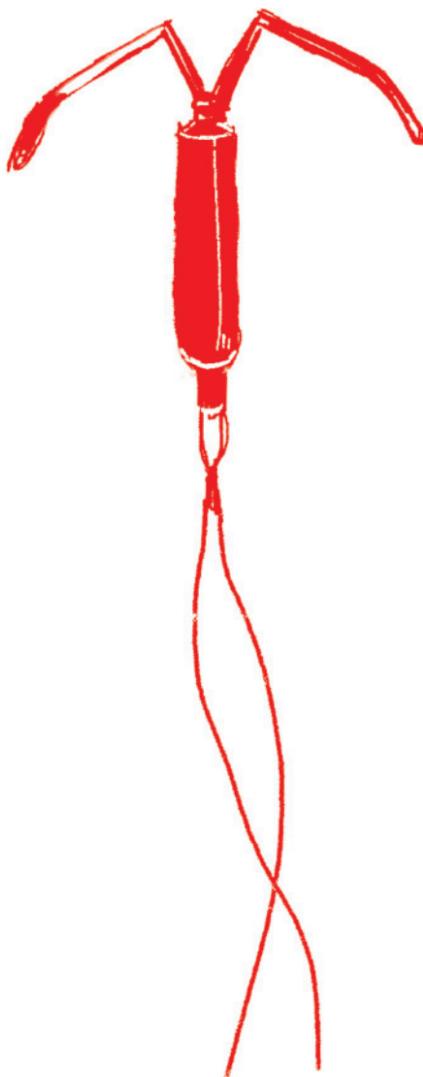
The best way to avoid needing an unattainable abortion is to not get pregnant. While there is no way to completely prevent pregnancy, there are options that come close. As mentioned above, Planned Parenthood has a comprehensive guide to all of the birth control options currently available.

## IUD

I'm a strong proponent of the IUD. It is over 99% effective, has minimal side effects, and may help protect you from cervical cancer. Some common fears about the IUD:

- Foreign object in the body: Yes, the IUD is a foreign object in your body. It is not any more foreign than tampons and pads, whose contents are unregulated. Yes, it contains plastic, just like condoms, lubes, and sex toys. IUDs and condoms are regulated by the FDA as medical devices, but sex toys, tampons, and pads are not.
- Foreign hormones: The hormones in the IUD are the same in Plan B and many birth control pills. Hormonal IUDs — like Skyla, Mirena, and Kyleena — continuously release a super low — lower than birth control pills — dose of a hormone called Levonorgestrel. Levonorgestrel prevents the uterine lining from building up enough for a fertilized egg to stick around. If you don't want hormonal birth control or are sensitive to hormones, get the copper IUD, the Paragard. The Paragard is good for up to 12 years and has no hormones at all. Word to the wise: The copper IUD increases your risk of bacterial vaginosis infections and can increase the intensity of period symptoms.
- Scary insertion: The insertion process is different for everyone. For some people, it's painful, for others, it's next to nothing. But it's a lot less scary than giving birth.

Depending on the brand, IUDs can provide consistent, maintenance-free birth control for anywhere between 3 and 12 years.





# THE **\$95 MILLION** QUESTION

Changing the community safety narrative  
by **Kaycie Surrell**



**Edwards expressed concern about the facility being built next to a public high school — something she says the students feel uncomfortable with. We want investment in our communities, not expanded resources for police.**

No Cop Academy, a Chicago-based campaign, has two goals: refusing to accept the proposed construction of a police and fire training center in West Garfield Park and demanding accountability for decades of violence. Accountability has begun with the conviction of former Chicago Police Officer Jason Van Dyke on Friday October 5, but the victory was a somber one.

A jury convicted Van Dyke of second-degree murder and 16 counts of aggravated battery with a firearm in the death of Laquan McDonald, the young man he shot 16 times on October 20, 2014. Immediately following the verdict, demonstrators who took to the streets of Chicago and near the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) were met by a barricade of police officers on bicycles attempting to keep them from marching on Michigan Avenue. Following chants of “let us through” and “the whole world is watching,” the crowd finally broke through and continued north past Millennium Park.

Protesters held “Black Lives Matter” banners and signs calling for “CPAC Now.” The Civilian Police Accountability Council (CPAC) is a proposed elected civilian council made up of Chicago community members from each police district; a campaign for CPAC is led by the Chicago Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression (CAARPR), which was founded in 1973 as a local branch of the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression.

Asha Edwards is a youth leader from Assata’s Daughters — a grassroots intergenerational collective of radical Black women located in the city of Chicago. Assata’s Daughters is actively working with No Cop Academy to educate communities about the proposed police and fire training center set to be built in West Garfield Park.

“No Cop Academy is important because we are trying to change the narrative of how we deal with community safety,” Edwards told F Newsmagazine.

“We are looking at the alternative to help create community safety and prosperity by investing in community resources such as mental health programs, youth employment trainings, and eliminating food deserts in our communities on the South and West sides of Chicago.”

Edwards also expressed concern about the police and fire facility being built next to a public high school — something she says the students in the community feel uncomfortable with.

The proposed training center has become the subject of much upset within the greater Chicago area. Groups like No Cop Academy have launched a protest against the facility. Their website immediately greets the viewer with a photograph of students holding up signs that say “#nocopacademy” and “Justice for Laquan.”

No Cop Academy is an effort supported by community organizations that, according to their site, demand “redirecting of this \$95 million into Chicago’s most marginalized communities instead. Real community safety comes from fully funded schools and mental health centers, robust after-school and job-training programs, and social and economic justice. We want investment in our communities, not expanded resources for police.”

Mayor Rahm Emanuel’s plans for the academy were first announced June 26, 2017. The intention of the facility was to address concerns outlined by the U.S. Justice Department following their federal investigation into the Chicago Police Department after the fatal shooting of Laquan McDonald.

The full 164-page report includes their investigation of over 340 Chicago Police Department members and 23 members of the Independent Police Review Authority.

According to U.S. Attorney General Loretta Lynch the investigation revealed that the Chicago Police Department “engages in a pattern or practice of use of excessive force that violates the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.”

Andy Thayer, co-founder of the Gay Liberation Network and co-founder of Chicago Coalition Against War & Racism, believes that the issue is not proper training but the lack of consequences for officers who have acted with brutality toward civilians and the misuse of city funding.

“It’s just the tip of the iceberg in one of the more egregious examples of spending money that is allegedly in short supply on the wrong thing,” Thayer told F Newsmagazine.

“When you have library hours cut to the bone and schools that don’t have money for extracurricular activities, especially in black and brown neighborhoods the idea of spending \$95 million on a police academy complete with a swimming pool is sort of like sticking a middle finger in people’s eyes. It’s so insulting.”

The people who call West Garfield Park home are represented by Alderman Emma Mitts of the 37th Ward, which includes parts of Austin, West Garfield Park, and West Humboldt Park. Mitts voted in favor of the police academy despite public disapproval of the project.

During a City Council meeting on November 8, 2017 — that was attended by Chicago hip hop artist Chance the Rapper — Wits stated that “the training center could be an anchor for economic development and give residents a sense of safety in a part of the city that has been beset by poverty and violence for decades,” reports the Chicago Tribune.

Recent updates to the project include a motion submitted by attorneys from the People’s Law Office on September 14 requesting the Honorable Judge Sophia Hall to both “review records withheld by the Mayor’s Office and to order the Mayor’s Office to produce any records withheld in violation of the law.”

This request is part of No Cop Academy’s campaign against the Mayor’s Office for withholding critical emails regarding the proposed academy. The Mayor’s Office confirmed that it has withheld or redacted at least 27 emails about the police facility and has failed to offer any information as to why those emails were ever withheld. Some people assert that this secrecy is directly related to funding for the project.

“One of the most important things is how the city really did not want us to actually know about the cop academy,” Edwards told F Newsmagazine.

“What [contradicts] is how he [Mayor Emanuel] and other city council members closed half of the mental health clinics just to save \$2.2 million but raised \$50 million by selling lakefront property for the cop academy. People say we don’t have money, but really it’s just not distributed equitably.”

The next Chicago city council meeting takes place on Halloween and those opposed to the police academy plan to use the holiday to draw attention to the aldermen they feel have neglected their communities. The meeting will be held at 10:00 a.m. on October 31 in the Council Chamber in City Hall.

*Alderman Emma Mitts did not respond to F Newsmagazine’s requests for comment.*

Kaycie (MFAW 2019) loves dogs, expensive cheeses, and Riot Grrrl music.



# WHICH IS WHICH IS

## White men claiming “witch hunt” for themselves is not a good look

by **Cat Strain**

**Donald J. Trump has taken** it upon himself to call out anything and anyone who stands in his way to a complete plutocracy. It seems like the white conservative men in Congress are on something, an especially strong batch of their own Kool-Aid, perhaps. Right-leaning and conservative men have ushered in a pandemic of skewed thought in each branch of government.

The public should be able to look to the White House to issue thoughtful, informative, and “woke” press-releases. Instead, most news and media platforms have become a cesspool of information riddled with non sequiturs, nonsense, and tweets from Trump’s personal account about witch hunts.

Republicans have subverted the traditional usage of the term “witch hunt.” The primary U.S.-based referent is the Salem Witch Trials (June 1692–May 1693), in which 19 women were condemned to death by various medieval means. Over time, the Salem Witch Trials have come to be viewed as the result of family feuds, juvenile delinquency, and the ruling class’ ignorance and fear toward lower classes — not so unlike today. To mix metaphors, the difference is that our present moment sees the powerful crying “wolf” about being hunted like witches.

Rather than the term “witch hunt” being deployed by persecutors against victims, it’s being used as a tool of self-victimization by the guilt-ridden powerful. With one term, the Grand Old Party can pull the rug out from under any opponent, rebranding any feasible argument against them as the stuff of smoke, mirrors, and witchcraft. This ability to deem any criticism baseless wields dangerous social power.

Donald Trump wantonly employed the term “witch hunt” to deny collusion with Russia during the 2016 presidential election. This, despite Robert Mueller’s investigation uncovering over 191 criminal charges, 32 individuals, and 3 companies. In a press conference earlier this year, standing next to the British Prime Minister Theresa May, Trump said:

“I think I have a very good relationship with President Putin, I think that if we may spend time together, I may be wrong, people have said that. But um, I’m different from other people. I think we’re being hurt very badly by, I could call it, the witch hunt. I would call it a rigged witch hunt, by watching some of the little clips I didn’t get to watch too much, cuz I’m here it’s a different time zone — to put it mildly. After watching the people, the man that was testifying yesterday, I call it the rigged witch hunt. I think it really hurts our country and it really hurts our relationship with Russia.”



# WITCH? MILCHS

***With one term, the Grand Old Party can pull the rug out from under any opponent, re-branding any feasible argument as the stuff of smoke, mirrors, and witchcraft.***

This specious line of reasoning has also seeped into the #MeToo movement. Interviewed on Ireland's "The Late Late Show," actor Liam Neeson said, "Yes, there is a bit of a witch hunt happening," where famous people are being "suddenly accused of touching some girl's knee or something, and suddenly they're being dropped from their program." Utterly misapprehending the realities of rape culture and women's rights, a surprising number of people believe we have ushered in a senseless war on men. The progressive left actually means to serve justice and achieve equity by dismantling traditional power structures, and holding individuals accountable for their actions. There's a difference between holding their feet to the fire and burning them at the stake.

So why does half the nation believe that the left is attempting to run down all men for fraudulent accusations? In a piece for *The Atlantic*, Keith Payne, Psychology and Neuroscience Professor at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, speaks about a concept called "illusory truth." Essentially, studies have shown that when something is repeated often

enough, people begin to think it's true. "When a statement is repeated, it starts to feel more familiar," said Payne. "That feeling of familiarity is easily interpreted as the feeling of truth."

So as the term "witch hunt" rises to colloquial prominence, its repetition compels the public to subconsciously believe it's plausible, particularly when the claim is substantiated by pro-Trump media outlets. For more conservative types, it's easy to incorporate this information into their previously-held beliefs. Tradition and familiarity defeat truth.

The solution isn't to dispute the veracity of the "witch hunt" claim. That dignifies the argument. There needs to be a complete reframing and reappropriation of the term. With the rise of witch and goth aesthetic in popular culture, perhaps a reclamation of predominately female-driven faiths and practices could help reinstate the true meaning of the phrase. Criminal are not victims. Being subjected to a fair and legitimate trial in order to determine fault should not threaten the innocent. Simply put, we need to believe women — and keep "witches" out of it.

Cat Strain (MANAJ 2019) is currently known for breaking her leg jumping out of a tree in the prairie. She'll show you her scar if you ask.

# An Ofrenda for Joaquín

The parents of a Parkland victim memorialize their son

by Luis López Levi



When Manuel and Patricia Oliver remember their son Joaquín's last day alive, they each pull a necklace out from inside their shirt. Each necklace carries a transparent container with a small yellow flower taken from the bouquet he gave to his girlfriend for Valentine's Day.

"Guac," as the 17-year-old was known by his friends and family, was killed on February 14 of this year during the Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School shooting in Parkland, Florida. Now his parents travel around the country to keep his voice alive.

"We carry him with us everywhere we go," Manuel says, clutching his necklace. "He still has so much to say."

An artist by trade, Manuel geared his art towards activism after his son's death. In every city he has visited with his wife since the shooting, they have worked on a new piece for "Walls of Demand," an ongoing series of seventeen murals usually painted in front of live audiences at protests against the National Rifle Association.

The mural and installation the Olivers created for the National Museum of Mexican Art, however, has a different feeling from their previous work. Earlier pieces show an outpouring of rage as Manuel paints the words "We demand a change" in black ink, then, with a hammer, punches the surface 17 times, one for every Parkland victim. Now, for the Pilsen museum's Day of the Dead exhibition, open since September 21, the work is a celebration of Joaquín's life.

Originally from Venezuela, Manuel and Patricia had never participated in this Mexican tradition before. While not a typical Day of the Dead ofrenda or altar, their piece serves a similar purpose. Titled "La Lucha Sigue" (The Struggle Continues), the offering gathers some of Joaquín's belongings to remember his most exceptional qualities.

"For this piece, we didn't want to leave the activism out, but we did want to remember him as the joyful and vocal

boy he was," Patricia says. "If our son were alive, he would be protesting with his classmates. That's why we do this, so he can still have a voice through us."

Perhaps the most recognizable part of any altar is the marigold, or *cepasúchil*, a flower with yellow petals, believed to guide spirits to earth on the Day of the Dead. Though the piece has no marigolds, it has flowers of different colors all over its surface, most of them emanating from a megaphone that Joaquín holds in a black and white stenciled photograph.

Its top section in particular concentrates the yellow hue of a row of 17 sunflowers, a tribute to all the Parkland victims

**"We carry him with us everywhere we go," Manuel says, clutching his necklace. "He still has so much to say."**



and a constant element in every mural of their series.

"Out of respect, we don't show faces or names of any other victims, but we always remember them with sunflowers," says Manuel. "It's the same color of the last flowers our son held."

Several of Joaquín's sports jerseys and baseball caps cover a section of the floor right in front of the mural. Among them rise a few baseball and basketball trophies.

"He was a huge sports fan," Joaquín's father remembers. "He celebrated every victory of La Vinotinto [the Venezuelan national football team] and was very proud of his heritage."

Joaquín not only supported professional teams, Manuel adds. He also went to every sports game he could at Marjory Stoneman Douglas.

"He cheered for everyone, that's why so many people knew him and loved him," he states.

On the back of a school chair hangs a Beats headset that was often over Joaquín's ears or around his neck, Patricia recalls.

"He was a teenager, so he loved rap, he was a big Frank Ocean fan, but I loved that he would listen to all kinds of music," she says. "He would often listen to The Ramones with his dad, and when he wanted something from me, he would woo me by playing my favorite songs."

At the far right of the mural is a metallic desk, one of a series of 10 sculptures Manuel helped create in the aftermath of the shooting. The figure of a little girl cowers underneath it. Words are etched onto its surface in the same style as messages written by bored teenagers at school. Their content, however, is a list of alarming statistics: "22 kids are shot every day in America"; "Nearly 60% of teens say they are worried about a shooting happening at their school"; "Black children are 10 times more likely than white children to be fatally shot by a gun."

Next to the first desk is another one, Joaquín's. It has been empty since February, but that, says Patricia, will not stop her son from continuing to cheer for his classmates.

"Joaquín was such an intelligent boy. He was perfectly bilingual and he loved to read and write in both languages," Patricia remembers.

On the desk is a black notebook with a short message scribbled with crayons.

*"Hey, MSD, stay fuerte." Signed, "Guac."*

# Regressing Céline

**Phoebe Philo** made me want to look smart. The British designer — who headed the fashion brand Chloe from 2001 to 2006 and Céline from 2008 to 2018 — was known for her refreshing female gaze, channeled through tailored jackets and slacks of all trades. Perhaps what was most notable about Philo's work was her ability to convey beauty without sex, and sex without objectification. Her work was about women: smart, well-rounded, realistic women. In describing her work's relationship to women, Philo told *Gentlewoman*: "I get an energy from their tenderness, strength, and glamour that I'm very responsive to."

Philo's fans, often called "Philophiles," adore the designer's work at Céline in part because of who Philo is: a mother who took her role at Céline after a two-year hiatus to focus on her kids. Philo moved the headquarters of from Paris to London so she could be close to her family. Much of her design is inspired by family, especially the frugal uniforms of her mother.

Fashion as an industry is not known for being forgiving to women. Its attempts at romanticizing them often erase the very particular nuances that create women. Fashion — particularly male womenswear designers — sets up devastating dichotomies that place women into a pigeonholing value system: smart or sexy; beautiful or edgy; tall and thin or erasable. Phoebe Philo represented the women the fashion industry ignored, and her fans saw that. She created a space through her work that was given the prestige of the houses around her, while filling a gap left by her peers.

Philo's final season for Céline — Autumn/Winter 2018 — debuted in March. Flecked with blacks and browns, the collection was a display of Philo's best design instincts. Shortly after, Louis Vuitton Moët

Hennessy (LVMH) — the holdings company that owns Céline among other famous brands — turned the house over to former creative director of Yves Saint Laurent, Hedi Slimane — a man.

Hedi Slimane was appointed to Yves Saint Laurent in 2012. Céline's reputation for sharply reconstructing elements of menswear for women transformed into something leathery (literally) under Slimane. It might be simple to call Slimane's work sexy-rock, but that's essentially what it is: low cut dresses, black everything, sequins and leather boots, fur and feathers. There's nothing wrong with liking this work; it's just not Céline.

Slimane's first choice as Creative Director was wiping the brand's social media and removing the accent over the first "e" in "Céline" — a choice that distances the brand from Phoebe Philo, the designer who built its reputation, and Céline Vipiana, the woman who founded it. While Slimane is known to change names for publicity, most notably changing Yves Saint Laurent to Saint Laurent Paris, his designs for that brand still reflect the branding created by the male designers who have preceded him. For Céline, the accented "e" has become symbolic of Slimane's plan to strip the label of its narrative under the guise that it is somehow restorative.

A discussion of the quality of Slimane's work — particularly the differences between his Saint Laurent and Dior collections — is for another time. However, it is important to note that there is a difference between his work for these fashion houses and his work for Céline — work that is shockingly similar to what he produced for



## What happens when the female gaze is erased by a male one?

by **Grace Wells**

Saint Laurent.

In an interview with *Business of Fashion*, Slimane remarked that "at Céline, the weight of the past is not as at Dior or Saint Laurent. We can break free of it more easily." Slimane's indifference towards the work of women in womenswear — and lack of understanding of the history of Céline — is precisely the problem. The primary difference in the pasts of these brands is that Céline has primarily been designed by women while Dior and Saint Laurent have not. If among these three there is a brand whose past should most definitely be preserved, it is Céline and Philo's vision for Céline. It is the work of women in designing themselves, for themselves that deserves space on our runways.

It's clear that LVMH chose Slimane for his popularity rather than brand integrity. His work for Dior earned him a cult following that carried over to Saint Laurent. But the customer base that sought out Céline is not the customer base that seeks out Saint Laurent. And even if they were, Saint Laurent's sexy black vision has remained intact, unaltered because, if you're like Slimane, the supposedly "established" vision of men holds more weight than that of women. So, rather than creating another space to market work, LVMH has eliminated a market. Where will those women go? Where does Philo's story go?

It's not shocking in our capitalist system that businesses will make choices

that stand to financially benefit them. But what has been made clear in recent years — and been ignored by LVMH and Slimane — is that women are not interested in listening to men tell their stories for them. And, when women's voices are silenced by a brand, they will take their business elsewhere. This is especially true for the women who shopped for Philo. They are certainly not interested in seeing their space — hard-earned and well-deserved — be co-opted by a male designer with no regard for it.

What happens when a brand's narrative is stripped away by someone it wasn't written for? What happens when the female gaze is erased by a male one?

When I moved to Chicago, I bought a used paper lookbook from Phoebe Philo's inaugural collection for Paris label Céline. The Autumn/Winter 2009 collection hung above the foot of my bed and greeted me each morning. It's uncanny how much of Philo's careful design filtered through faster brands. Turning from my own mother's workwear to Philo's blouses, I was audience to the transcendent link between women's beauty and empowerment in her work.

I don't have answers as to what this means for fashion, what this means for Céline, or what this means for women. I stand by those who have called Slimane's collection "narcissistic," "tone deaf," and a "fuck you to women." (Man Repeller has published two very helpful conversations about the transition.) I like to imagine Philo's work clothing people as the Kavanaugh hearings aired, while they wait in line on Election Day, and as they march in protest. Picture the perfectly tailored maroon slacks of her final collection on yourself when you need to feel smart.



# Crème de la Phlegm

An interview with Hairy Who artist Gladys Nilsson.

by **Dustin Lowman**

**Hairy Who's first major survey exhibition**, "Hairy Who? 1966–1969" opened September 26 at the Art Institute of Chicago. Hairy Who and the groups they inspired — Non-plussed Some and False Image, among others — came to be known as the Chicago Imagists. Chicago Imagism was brightly colored, funny, raunchy, and gruesome, much of which flew in the face of trends developing in New York City and Los Angeles. But, as Ms. Nilsson is careful to stress, Hairy Who were the originals.

**Dustin Lowman:** There's a lot in Hairy Who literature that attributes stylistic credit to your SAIC professors. Which of your professors was most instrumental in your artistic development?

**Gladys Nilsson:** Whitney Halstead and Kathleen Blackshear. They stressed the importance of looking beyond Western art. In four years of school I think I took five years of art history. I even started taking it during the summers, if I could get into a class that Whitney taught. You were bombarded by image after image after image of everything you could possibly imagine.

**DL:** Where in the city did you go to see non-Western art?

**GN:** The Field Museum, for looking beyond Western civilization. Sometimes the galleries in the Art Institute. I think that's one of the most important things about the School of the Art Institute, that it's attached to a major museum. Back when all of us were in school, there were classes taught on the second floor of the museum. So you were constantly in it.

**DL:** The humor in Hairy Who's work is very refreshing — I feel like there's a preponderance of bleak, humorless art.

**GN:** What is wrong with having fun? We do all have a sense of humor, and we do all like to laugh.

**DL:** Part of why I ask about humor is because literature around Hairy Who stresses that it was at odds with New York.

**GN:** It wasn't, oh, New York is doing all this stuff and we have to do this. It was just something that happened. But definitely, New York's cool pop is totally different from Chicago's hot Who. You wouldn't confuse the two.

**DL:** What do people tend to get wrong about you or Hairy Who?

**GN:** They think we made these conscious efforts and decisions, and it wasn't like that. The only conscious decision we made was that we wanted to do a comic book as a catalog. But we didn't have a group manifesto. It's the same as making a decision in a painting. You try something, and if it doesn't work, you redo it.

**DL:** Why did you all start showing together?

**GN:** The Hyde Park Art Center was one of the few alternative spaces at that time. There weren't many commercial galleries, and there weren't that many walls available for people who didn't have a gallery, which was the majority of Chicago artists.

**DL:** So people had done this kind of thing?

**GN:** Practically every artist in Chicago. The Hyde Park Art Center would have group shows, theme shows, with Don Baum at the helm. He was always looking for interesting ideas. Don was an interesting individual, and very open to things. His theme shows would be as many as 36 artists with one work apiece. That was fine, but when you're a young artist, you're thinking it might be interesting to have shows



Gladys Nilsson, "The Trogens" (1967). Photograph by John Choi

**We didn't have a group manifesto. It's the same as making the decision in a painting. You try something, and if it doesn't work, you redo it.**

with fewer artists, so the artists that were in it could show more than one work.

Jim and I taught children's classes on Saturdays at the Hyde Park Art Center. We were down there with Don Baum and we presented him with this idea to do a show with five or six and some lists of artists that went together. He picked one, the one that Jim and I were in, and added Karl Wirsum from another list. He gave us permission to do a show.

**DL:** What do you remember about Hairy Who's detractors?

**GN:** One guy, in a review for a local newspaper, used the phrase "crème de la phlegm" because we were so raunchy and irreverent. I loved it! I thought it was the greatest. You can't have anything going on without somebody who doesn't like it. We never minded bad press. The worst press is no press.

**DL:** Hairy Who and subsequent groups came to be grouped as "Chicago Imagists." People tell the story that the Imagists were in style, then not in style, then influential again when enough time had passed that style became irrelevant. Could you feel that as it was happening?

**GN:** When the other groups happened, Jim and I were in

California. We missed all of the groups that came together after the Hairy Who. The term "Chicago Imagism" I think was coined by Franz Schulze, and it fits. We all use the image one way or another. It's not representational, but it is recognizable. So there are common denominators there. But there was a lot that Jim and I were not aware of. There always are and have always been other things going on in Chicago. It just happened that the phenomenon of the Hairy Who brought a certain kind of thing to the attention of people outside the city. It was being in the right place at the right time with the right people.

**DL:** Two paintings were stolen from your solo show at the Whitney in the early 1970s. Did you ever recover them?

**GN:** No. They were hoop paintings, 16-inch hoops, that were borrowed from collectors, who certainly got the insurance money for it. They were just hanging on hooks, and one day, one of them just wasn't there. So the museum wired the other ones to the wall. Shortly thereafter — maybe the next day, even — another one was gone. Even after taking precautions of wiring! It was a problem, I think, up to a certain time, when you're working small, every exhibition is gonna have some tempting things [mimes putting a painting under her coat]. But on the other hand it's like, 'I had two paintings stolen from the Whitney, they liked my work well enough to steal it!'

**DL:** Perversely flattering.

**GN:** Yeah! Who else has had two paintings stolen from the Whitney?

I'll tell you another story. We were out in California, Art [Green] was up in Canada; [Karl] Wirsum, [Suellen] Rocca, and [Jim] Falconer were still in this area. The last show, or second to last show, was a drawings show in '69 at the School of Visual Arts in New York. They wanted some examples of work for advanced publicity. I don't know how Jim and I ended up having Karl's work, but we bundled up a selection of, say, six drawings from me, Jim Nutt, and Karl Wirsum, and sent them in folders wrapped in this cardboard package. They were all really good drawings. Some were my silver-ink-on-paper drawings, of which there are very few. And some janitor threw out the package. It was just leaning on something in an office, and they threw it out. They went to the garbage dump, the city dump, all over, trying to find it, and never did. That time we got insurance money. But nothing, in either case, has resurfaced.

**DL:** Is there anything else you feel compelled to share?

**GN:** I feel compelled to just comment on what a really good, thorough, enthusiastic job the museum is doing to present this exhibition. They've published a catalog that will hopefully answer a lot of questions and correct a lot of erroneous thoughts about Hairy Who. Even when I am on a panel that only lists the six artists, people come up and say, 'Is Ed Paschke gonna be in the show? Or Roger Brown?' and I say, 'Well, no, they're not Hairy Who.' People assume that because "Chicago Imagist" is a broad term, we're all the same. We are all Chicago Imagists, but not all Chicago Imagists are Hairy Who. We were the first.

Dustin Lowman (MFAW 2020) has contributed album reviews to multiple digital platforms and is a published poet. He is also a singer/songwriter with tracks available to purchase in all digital stores.

# Hex You Very Much

## Witchcraft as political activism

by Kaycie Surrell

*An altar set with penis candles, effigies, and prayer statues set against a floor-to-ceiling blackboard bearing the words “Lavetur In Nobis Sanguis Tyrannus,”* which Catland Books co-owner Dakota Bracciale says translates to “we bathe in the blood of tyrants” or “we bathe in the blood of the tyrants within us.” This marked the focal point of the hexing held by Bracciale on October 20. The rationale for the hexing was the controversial confirmation of Brett Kavanaugh to the Supreme Court despite the number of sexual assault and sexual misconduct allegations that face him.

“I don’t think it can be understated how important political theatre is,” Bracciale told *F News* magazine. “You can make art and political action, and spiritual, religious, and magical potent gestures all at once. I don’t think those things are divorced in any way. We’re tapping into the history of witchcraft as the tool of resilience and resistance and how it’s always been practiced by the most marginalized and disenfranchised people and at risk populations.”

Sixty ticket holders attended the sold-out event along with members of the press who bore witness to the three-hour ritual that included a group chant of Psalm 109. The psalm is known to contain some of the most severe curses in the Bible. Including but not limited to lines like, “As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him: As he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him.” And the particularly potent “Let his posterity be cut off, and in the generation following let their name be blotted out.”

Bracciale, who is behind Catland’s 2017 Ritual to Hex Donald Trump and his Constituency, organized and led this year’s “public hex on Brett Kavanaugh, upon all rapists and the patriarchy at large which emboldens, rewards and protects them,” as well as a chant that drowned out the slew of protesters that were gathered outside the bookstore on the night of the hexing. Events like this one might seem extreme to those unfamiliar with the history of witch- and spirituality-based political theatre, but hexing is making a comeback thanks to the efforts of a group of women who perfected the art in the 1960s.

Peggy Dobbins was arrested and charged with “emitting a noxious odor” during the New York Radical Women’s (NYRM) protest of the 1968 Miss America Pageant for spraying Toni Home Permanent — a foul-smelling home perm product and product sponsor of the pageant — on the floor along the aisle rows of Boardwalk Hall. She was on her way to trial with fellow protestors Florika Remetier and Marcia Patrick when they came up with the idea for the radical, theatrical protest group, Women’s International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell (W.I.T.C.H.).

Dobbins told *The Cut* she remembers talking to Remetier and Patrick about witchcraft and what she’d been reading in history books. “Marcia says, ‘Well, if women’s

liberation does become a household word, there will be witch hunts and we will be the witches.’ And I said, ‘Let’s embrace that!’ ... H. Rap Brown said: ‘Embrace being called black,’” Dobbins told *Joy Press*.

Fifty years ago on Halloween, W.I.T.C.H. took flight. The radical activist group, a subgroup of New York Radical Women (NYRM), grew out of a desire to take what they’d done as pioneers of the women’s movement of the 1960s and make it even more shocking to the hoards of people who still didn’t view women as equals and deserving of equal human rights.

Their first order of business was a theatrical and political protest on Wall Street in 1968. Members of W.I.T.C.H. told the press they would arrive at 9 a.m. to hex the Stock Exchange.

What the press didn’t know was that a few members of

W.I.T.C.H. had gotten there at 4 a.m. and glued the doors of the Stock Exchange closed so when they returned and performed the hexing on the building, nobody was able to open the doors.

The next year, in 1969, a coven sprang up in Chicago and gathered outside Chicago Transit Authority (CTA) Headquarters to hex the CTA in protest of

a recent fare hike. On January 16, 1969, eight undergraduate women at the University of Chicago hexed the chairman of the Sociology Department, Morris Janowitz, because of the department’s decision to fire Marlene Dixon, an associate professor in human development and psychology.

According to *The Core*, the College Magazine of the University of Chicago, the women broke into the sociology tea room looking for Janowitz, chanting, “Beware of the curse, the witch’s curse, Morris Janowitz of sociology, a hex upon thy strategy,” and “Women enraged with this denial come in black to demand a trial, not of Mrs. Dixon but of yourself: such arrogance from such an elf.”

***If women’s liberation does become a household word, there will be witch hunts and we will be the witches.***

So what happened? Save for a few political demonstrations in the 1970s it’s difficult to find much involving the once merry pranksters and political activists of W.I.T.C.H. The group wouldn’t see a resurgence until 2016, when three Chicago women held a protest in support of local housing rights in Logan Square.

The *Chicagoist* reported on January 26, 2016, that Jessica Caponigro, Amaranta Isyemille Lara, and Chiara Galimberti, the three women who organized the protest, said one of their goals was to “tie the history of witchcraft’s role in social justice movements and political resistance to the present day challenges facing Logan Square — particularly rising rents, ineffectual landlords and the burgeoning new developments that further threaten affordable housing in the area.”

While current chapters of W.I.T.C.H. are notoriously hush-hush and hard to find, there are some accessible active groups in parts of the country like Portland, OR, and Boston, MA. According to the PDX chapter’s website and manifesto: “Together, we are W.I.T.C.H. (Witches’ International Troublemaker Conspiracy from Hell), reviving the spirit and intentions of the 1960s organization of the same name. We aim to use our power to fight injustice in all its intersectional forms, and help dismantle the white supremacist patriarchal system that perpetrates it. The new generation of W.I.T.C.H. conjures our collective rage, joy, grief, strength, determination, and ferocity into a force for change.”

The W.I.T.C.H. Chicago Tumblr page was last active in April 2017. Their last post is of photos from their Ritual Action for the Fundamental Right of Education in conjunction with Open Engagement at the University of Illinois. It’s unclear if current groups plan to further demonstrate their displeasure with the current political administration, but the 50-year anniversary, or what some might call “the witching hour,” is upon us.





# SNL in the Age of Trump

Trump preempts Saturday Night Live by satirizing himself

by **Dustin Lowman**

*Saturday Night Live* knows it needs to satirize President Donald Trump, but Trump preempts it by satirizing himself. Behavior, statements and meetings (e.g., Kanye commanding the Oval Office) previously only possible in Studio 8H are standard for the Trump Administration. In this way, he's satire-proof; we want to see him made fun of, but satire doesn't do the trick. Contempt is all that does.

SNL is not in the business of contempt. It's in the business of comedy, and, appropriately, prioritizes comedy over all else. In addition to Trump-related matters, SNL is reticent to submit to all the demands of modern political correctness. In a culture whose entertainment's value has as much to do with moral rigor as artistic quality, SNL's relevance suffers.

Case in point: During this season premiere's edition of Weekend Update, Pete Davidson delivered another memorably unstable life update. Volatility has become Davidson's stock-in-trade; not unlike Artie Lange's cocaine-addled, out-of-control radio personality of old, Davidson, wittingly or not, takes comedic advantage of his own hectic existence. Panic attacks and tabloid fiascos are fodder for his close-to-the-bone style. Newly engaged to (and now disengaged from) pop star Ariana Grande, Davidson joked about replacing her birth control with Tic-Tacs.

For many, the joke hit too raw a nerve to be comedically permissible. In a world where credible sexual assault allegations against a Supreme Court Justice nominee are levied

and silenced in seemingly the same breath, tongue-in-cheek abuse is just as bad as the real thing.

Compounding the joke's sour taste was another installment in the Kanye West crazy parade: As musical guest, post-broadcast, he donned a Make America Great Again hat (which he referred to as his "superhero cape") and pontificated about how persecuted he feels as a Trump supporter. Cast members relishing a rare chance to share the stage with a cultural icon grew visibly conflicted, and some were driven to exit.

SNL neither sanctioned nor censored this. It wasn't a part of the regular broadcast, but it became as headline-grabbing as anything in that week's episode. The interpretation is not that Lorne Michaels is pushing Trump's agenda. But from progressives' standpoint, knowing West was likely to do so should have warranted dis-invitation.

SNL has been on the air 43-plus years. It has undergone some horrific, bumbling years, been pronounced dead, and teetered on the brink of cancellation, but it's never actually died. Which, if you think about it, is strange. Do we really like sketch comedy this much? Lorne Michaels is an industry demigod,

**Comedy is truth to power, and when power goes rogue, the need for comedy increases.**

taking away a cultural parent.

Additionally, political upheaval rejuvenates SNL. The year Donald Trump was elected, SNL's ratings rose as much as they had since the '94 - '95 season (think Chris Farley, Mike Meyers, Tim Meadows, Adam Sandler, David Spade ...). This is not specific to SNL; news ratings in general spike when catastrophe seems imminent, and many people felt impending catastrophe in the wake of Trump/Pence.

The greater this feeling, the greater the show's role. Comedy is truth to power, and when power goes rogue, the need for comedy increases. Former President George W. Bush, who couldn't seem to open his mouth without sticking his foot in it, needed parody. Trump, who is as frankly characterless a man as has ever blighted the airwaves (and the White House, for God's sake), presents a gargantuan need for comedy.

SNL is a bona fide star nursery.

What keeps it going?

Inertia, largely. Like a national monument, it's hard to picture a world without it. Millions of the show's viewers — me, for example — were born when the show was already 20 years old. For us, it's as much a fixture as our parents. There's no sense

It goes for both sides, of course. SNL didn't take eight years off during Obama's or Clinton's terms. Rightly so; no modern political entity can extricate itself from the farce that is modern politics. Clinton sowed ample controversy for himself, and Obama, if nothing else, had as imitable a vocal cadence as any president, ever. Still, no one in their right mind could dispute SNL's liberal leanings.

The last two years have presented as deep a moral reckoning as this country has ever faced. Trump, a code-word for all that is hateful and fraudulent in us, now sits in the Oval Office. In what now seems like a direct response to this, some people — mostly men — who used power to force sexual submission have been rightfully removed from their posts.

So, on one hand, our elected leader is the emblem of moral turpitude, whereas our social court has seen an uptick in delivering moral justice. That's paradox #1.

Then, there is the half of the country that thinks I've got this backwards. That Trump is the savior, and that society is wielding unwarranted power. A paradox to overlay the paradox: Half the country could not be more certain that the other half is a scourge.

What is SNL's role in this? Depends on who you ask. One Facebook friend compared the season premiere's Matt Damon-enriched, Kavanaugh-busting cold open to "applying a cooling salve to an open wound." Alec Baldwin's recurring Trump impression has received a similar response, even garnering Baldwin an Emmy in 2017. People who feel helpless in the face of institutional immorality use SNL like an ointment.

The most concentrated moments of ointment-application come during the cold opens and Weekend Update. Cold opens make all Republican (and some Democrat) leaders look like aloof clowns. Weekend Update digs a little deeper, taking more targeted shots at the leaders in question. But Colin Jost and Michael Che's task is complex. As Pete Davidson learned, joking about triggering issues nearly always lands you in the cultural penalty box. So, Jost and Che typically play it on the safe side. You can't blame them for wanting to hang onto their careers, but it can make for unambitious comedy.

As an ointment, SNL is successful. But ointments don't treat all ailments. If you've got a broken leg, you need intensive treatment, and much of SNL's viewership feels positively paralyzed. SNL won't go away, and doesn't need to, but its relevance will diminish as long as moral outrage rules the cultural conversation.



# Si Necesitas Reggaetón, Dale

A guide to the best and worst of mainstream Reggaetón

by **Manuela Uribe**

*Today, the word “Despacito” elicits* images of scantily clad couples grinding, Luis Fonsi’s sensual Latino “vibes,” and, regrettably, Justin Bieber singing in Spanish. But it’s safe to say the word meant nothing at all to non-Spanish speakers before the song’s release in January 2017. In fact, many were probably not at all familiar with the popular Latin music genre of reggaetón before then.

Now, many artists, Latino and otherwise, are trying to get involved with the genre and earn a seat at the cool kids’ table with all the “reggaetoneros.” It seems that reggaetón has enough public recognition to be considered worthy of attempt by non-reggaetoneros, while retaining a connection to Latin America that differentiates it from other mainstream music. Which, let’s face it, makes the genre even more appealing to those, “I’m-ethnically-woke-and-different-from-everyone-else,” U.S. artists. It doesn’t hurt that the songs are incredibly catchy and dance-worthy.



**A monumental alliance between two worlds, North America and South America, colonizers and colonized.**

groundbreaking it is for these pop and pop-rock artists to venture into the more risqué territory of reggaetón.

Shakira has worked with famed reggaetonero Maluma on three occasions since 2016. The most recent song (and possibly most successful, judging by the 165 million music video views) is “Clandestino,” which dropped three months ago. My personal favorite is 2016’s “Chantaje,” which earned a nomination for the Latin Grammy’s Song of the Year. Reik also worked with Maluma on the current reggaetón hit “Amigos con Derechos,” and earlier this year collaborated with Wisin and Ozuna to bless our ears and souls with “Me Niego.” You might recognize Enrique Iglesias and Nicky Jam’s hit song “El Perdón” from last year, which is credited alongside “Despacito” for launching reggaetón on a worldwide scale.

I feel I can’t discuss the advent of reggaetón in Western musical Wculture without acquainting you with actual reggaetoneros. After all, it is artists like Maluma and J Balvin and Luis Fonsi who are dominating reggaetón today, dignifying the genre outside Latin America. But I also know that justly representing these artists’ achievements would require a much longer article. I would also need to at least mention some of the reggaetoneros who are already successful in Latin America and who you will likely hear more from in the future — perhaps also reggaetón newbies who are challenging the genre itself, like female artists Becky G, Karol G, and Natty Natasha.

Instead of sentencing you to a longer meditation on reggaetón itself, and subjecting you to a flurry of more artist names and songs that you’ll struggle to remember, I thought it wiser to divide this article into two parts. Consider this Part One, a spotlight on the intermixing of Latin musical sounds with Western music, and the establishment of reggaetón as a genre whose success others will have to reckon with. Part two will then deal with the issues that I have yet to discuss, namely regarding the existing genre of reggaetón as it is being played out today by Latin American artists.

In any sense, I hope you come out of this a little more sensitized to the indelible effect Latin American reggaetoneros are having on the music industry. The next time you’re into a song on some Spotify or Billboard Top 10 list, look at the artist’s name again: You might notice that a reggaetonero is featured as a collaborator or partner. At the very least, listen to at least one of the songs I mentioned. And no, I don’t mean go watch the music video for “Taki Taki” or “Échame La Culpa” for the 15th time — listen to one of the quality reggaetón songs I listed. I would love it if I could get every reader of this article to become an instant reggaetón groupie, but considering I only found it tolerable until recently, I’ll settle if I can at least get you to learn all the words to one of the songs. “Me Niego” is a good place to start.

Justin Bieber’s inclusion in the remix of Luis Fonsi and Daddy Yankee’s “Despacito,” three months after the original’s release and immediate fame, is a prime example. There’s also Camila Cabello’s “Havana” and Cardi B’s “I Like It” — though neither is strictly reggaetón, both songs play on Latino musical tropes. And while both these artists are Latina, notice that neither had previously released songs like these until already establishing their fame in other more U.S.-normative genres.

Acclaimed U.S. and Western artists have even begun collaborating with up-and-coming reggaetoneros. I’m sure you’ve heard (and begrudgingly sung along to) Demi Lovato and Luis Fonsi’s “Échame la Culpa” and the more recent “Familiar” by Liam Payne and J Balvin. I became a proud Colombian mommy when Maluma partnered with Jason Derulo to produce “Colors” as Coca-Cola’s anthem for the 2018 FIFA World Cup. Don’t forget that Cardi B’s aforementioned “I Like It,” which you shamelessly rapped along to for weeks after its release, featured

Ozuna and Bad Bunny. Remember me when the most recent such collaboration, “Taki Taki” by Selena Gomez, Cardi B, DJ Snake, and Ozuna, tops the charts.

I see two possible interpretations of this phenomenon: a monumental alliance between two worlds, North America and South America, colonizers and colonized, finally overcoming language barriers, cultural differences, and centuries of pent-up antagonism in the form of a fresh summer sound. Or — a less romantic, perhaps more realistic notion — a simple business strategy to launch lesser-known Latinos to fame and grant progressivity points to established non-Latino artists. Either way, reggaetoneros have benefitted from these partnerships.

Another similar trend involves non-reggaetón Hispanic artists making their cameos in the reggaetón. If, like me, you were once a seven-year-old obsessed with Shakira’s pop-rock angst in “Suerte” and Reik’s emotional love ballads like “Que Vida La Mía,” you’ll understand how

Manuela Uribe (BAAH 2020) was raised between Mexico, Chile, Panama, Colombia, and the United States. Her writings will include a reasonable amount of pretentious art-school terminology and lengthy casual ramblings.

## Frank & Fran: Where Do We Go from Here?

Part Two of the F-Exclusive Mystery Series

by Jesse Stein

*Recap of Part 1: Frank and Fran, in search of the mysterious neighborhood electricity thief, track a wire to a creepy shed deep in the woods.*

**“So the bleeding meat.** There’s bleeding meat hanging off the walls. Just wanted to direct your attention to that.” Frank thoughtfully prodded a set of gray-streaked entrails with a half-rusted copper pipe. They dripped, determined and slow, into the oxidized buckets fused into the rotting wood floor.

“Bleeding meat, yeah, got it.” Fran traced the green cable until it disappeared into a freshly drilled hole in the spongy plywood. She stood over a filthy black tarp, peeling the dead skin off her bottom lip. She kicked the black tarp into the corner, and a fat plume of soot stretched upwards, revealing a rusting steel hatch. She squeaked the dust off a reinforced glass window built into the ground. Through it, she could make out a ladder leading down into the incarcerated dark.

“I don’t understand how you’re breathing in here,” said Frank. “It smells like fermented pastrami. It smells like that time your Uncle Tino ate dried apricots. He’s still in Florida, right? You don’t think he’s siphoning your power to live underground and fart uninterrupted?”

Fran didn’t respond.

“Franny Mae, I think we might be in over our heads. Clearly, this fellow has unresolved murder issues and, as the designated sane person in this adventure, I would really love to call in the professionals. You know what, no, I’m pulling the plug. There will be no tunnelling today, I’m calling the police. Outside.

Because you live in the suburbs now and apparently peace and quiet and flowers and trees are more important than cell service. Don’t move. I’ll be right back.”

Frank shouldered open the creaking wood door and stood ankle-deep in a pile of dead leaves. Dusk settled through the arthritic limbs of the witch hazels and, for the first time this year, he saw his hesitant breath in the blue glow of his unresponsive phone. He tried everything. Spinning in circles. Staring at the bars menacingly. Vaulting the phone high into the air. His technological expertise failed him. A sound that he had only heard in movies and certain podcasts rang out from the shed. The sound of a heavy and armored door, a secret door, whining open. Fran cackled slow and deep like a T.V. mad scientist. Her boots thunked on the ground underneath the shed and her voice echoed up. He couldn’t tell how far away she was.

“Frank, give me a hand with this, will ya? Frank!”

A dusty orange beam of light turned in slow circles up through the secret door, mocking his hesitance. He knew she was down there waiting, but she wouldn’t wait for long, and he would rather die in a tunnel than have to call her mom and explain why he let her die in a tunnel without him. He counted 30 rungs until he hit the hard ground. They stood in the middle of ruined train tracks. Fran pointed the flashlight into her chin and practiced her celebrated demon-pig face that had terrified Frank since the early days of their friendship.

“Take this, Frank. It’ll make you feel better.” Fran produced a red-and-black canister from her bag, a drooling Grizzly Bear on the label.

“Be careful with that,” she said, pointing to its orange trigger. “It goes off for no reason sometimes.”

Its weight in his hand, Frank felt formidable, limber, ready to go deeper.

The tunnel sloped steadily downwards. Fran’s pace was too fast to linger on the dripping liquids, the alien shadows, or the scurrying murdering rats that barked like starved dobermans. The air grew colder and closer and Frank lost track of how long they had been walking. They breathed in sulfur and rotting things, but the line of electrical wires that ran along the wall was leading them somewhere; it had to be. Frank walked backwards, mouthing violent promises to any mutant rat that dared cross his path. He bumped into Fran, firmly rooted to the ground.

“10 bucks he left it unlocked.” Fran shone her light on another secret and heavily armored door.

Faded red lettering and deep lacerations that couldn’t have been made by human fingernails scarred the door. There was a circular crank with rungs like the helm of a sunken pleasure cruiser. Frank, feeling particularly brave, spat in his hands, rubbed them together, took a centering breath, and turned the metal crank until the secret door gave in and floated into the red glow of the next room. He stepped in holding the pepper spray like a policeman and Fran followed close behind.

Frank and Fran were amazed at what they saw. They were so amazed that they did not hear the soft echo of the hatch closing in the shed behind them. They did not hear the crunch of heavy boots growing from where they had walked. They did not hear his hungry breath or the words he whispered to himself; they were too amazed by what they saw.



Stay tuned — Frank & Fran will be back with Part Three in December!

## The Lesson — Rising Sea

by Joey Starling

*The rising water will cause puddles first* and the number of sinkholes in coastal towns will slowly increase until they are suddenly everywhere. The ground will feel mushy and a large number of people will come into hospitals and urgent-care units with twisted or broken ankles — children, in particular. Basements will become moist and rot will creep into spaces away from the light. Pipes will be disturbed. Carpenters and builders will enjoy a larger clientele as foundations shift ever so slightly, sending spider-like cracks into drywall and brick. Some rooms might collapse. Driveways will always be wet for some reason and the pavement will crumble around the edges. Traffic will increase as invisible dips appear and send cars bouncing uncontrollably into partitions. Rain will worsen this, falling and refusing to disappear in the uncomfortably humid air. The rain will smell like the ocean, but trees will begin to shrivel up under salt-infused water. The trees will become destabilized as the unabsorbable water builds up in the ground. The number of damaged houses will skyrocket as trees struggle to support their own weight and branches crack and fall, smashing into windows and roofs.

Similarly, the grass browns and dies. Without the root structures to provide support, mudslides and sinkholes become rampant as water that refuses to disappear infuses loose dirt. Pipes break, sending sewage into the earth. Septic tanks corrode and bleed into water sources, poisoning the water of entire neighborhoods. The infusion of waste and water into the ground speeds the collapse of physical infrastructure. Travel along highways becomes dangerous as the weight of the concrete is unsupported. Emergency vehicles can no longer get to some areas in time to help. People die from drinking contaminated water, listening to wailing sirens that cannot reach them. Populations are decimated and then halved. There is not enough medication to treat the rampant cocktails of disease in the centers of population. Smaller towns die far away from help or notice. Millions flee inland, hoping for help, but the sudden influx of so many only speeds the process. The pattern repeats as the water continues to rise further inland, even as the coastal towns flood in earnest. Next to the ocean, roads finally vanish under brown sludge. Places of living resemble rotting swamps. The waterlogged roof of a school-turned-emergency center collapses on top of a crowd of the sick and their families — those who were unable to flee for love or fear of what might happen if they did.

All semblance of order on the coast vanishes and those who can still escape run for the hills. Some who make it to the cities carry a host of bacterial and infectious diseases with them, hastening an inevitable process. Outbreaks of sickness bloom across cities as refugees come to stay with friends and family. The process continues. Streets crumble and flood over the years.

Street by street, block by block, borough by borough, a system develops — a list of impassable areas posted on TV each morning. A list of prices paid, time purchased, daily concessions made to avoid responsibility, the truth, and the lesson.





## ***Deliverance***

Two Poems

Searching for pants, I do not like my options. (Women's, all frayed, tight; men's, do not know my curves.) I stand in the aisle and wait for salvation.  
God appears in khakis and a pompadour with an all-knowing half-smile just like my high school girlfriend gave when I did not know what stoichiometry meant. They take me to plain black jeans, turn the \$40 tag into a yellow clearance sticker.  
Interview pants, God calls them.  
"Interview for what?"  
"Kids have interviews these days, don't they?"  
"You tell me, should I be doing more than I'm doing? Should I be going to interviews in companies with tall windows and high-bunned interviewers with pressed trousers. Are trousers really different than pants anyways?"  
"You're a funny kid, aren't you."  
"No, I am not a kid."  
God doesn't care. A mother with a baby sleeping against her collarbone asks God where to find the necklaces. Their good work is never finished.

## The Woman You Could Be

by Ree Sherwood

The tendril of a porcelain antler reaches for several rings on each of its eight points. A woman who clicks while doing simple tasks, say, picking up a glass.

Suitcases call sweet nothings. *Oslo. Budapest. Morocco.* Plane ride, pack of cookies. A crumb-covered-sweater-across-the-Atlantic woman.

No: A chianti-with-dinner woman who has at one point owned a white blouse stained scarlet, who has known to throw it out.

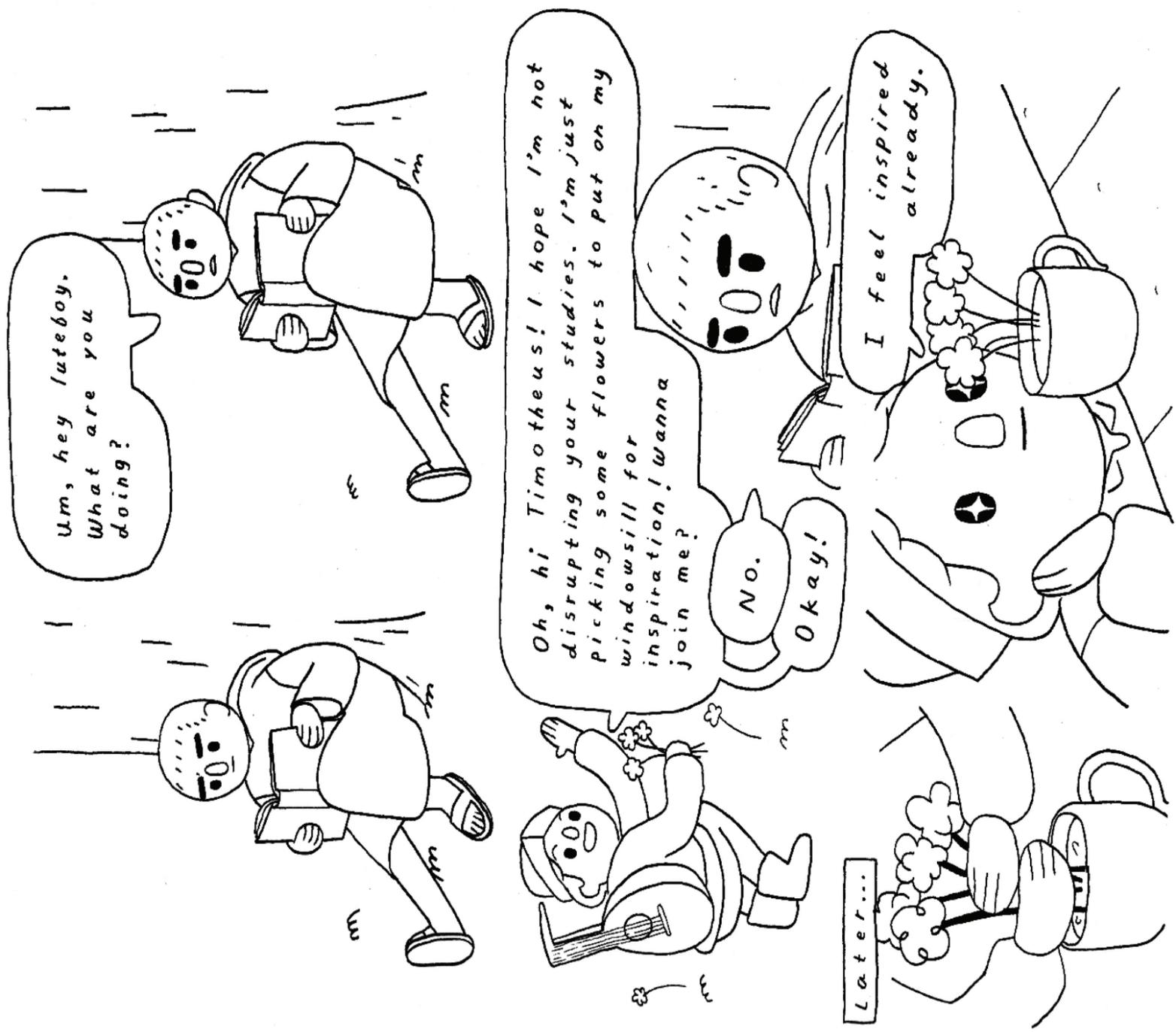
A bright-kitchen woman with marigold bowls and sunset clocks and a filmy seafoam curtain that blows summer afternoons over the steel sink.

Or: a turquoise-shoe woman. Poised like a Giselle ready to run and run far away from from



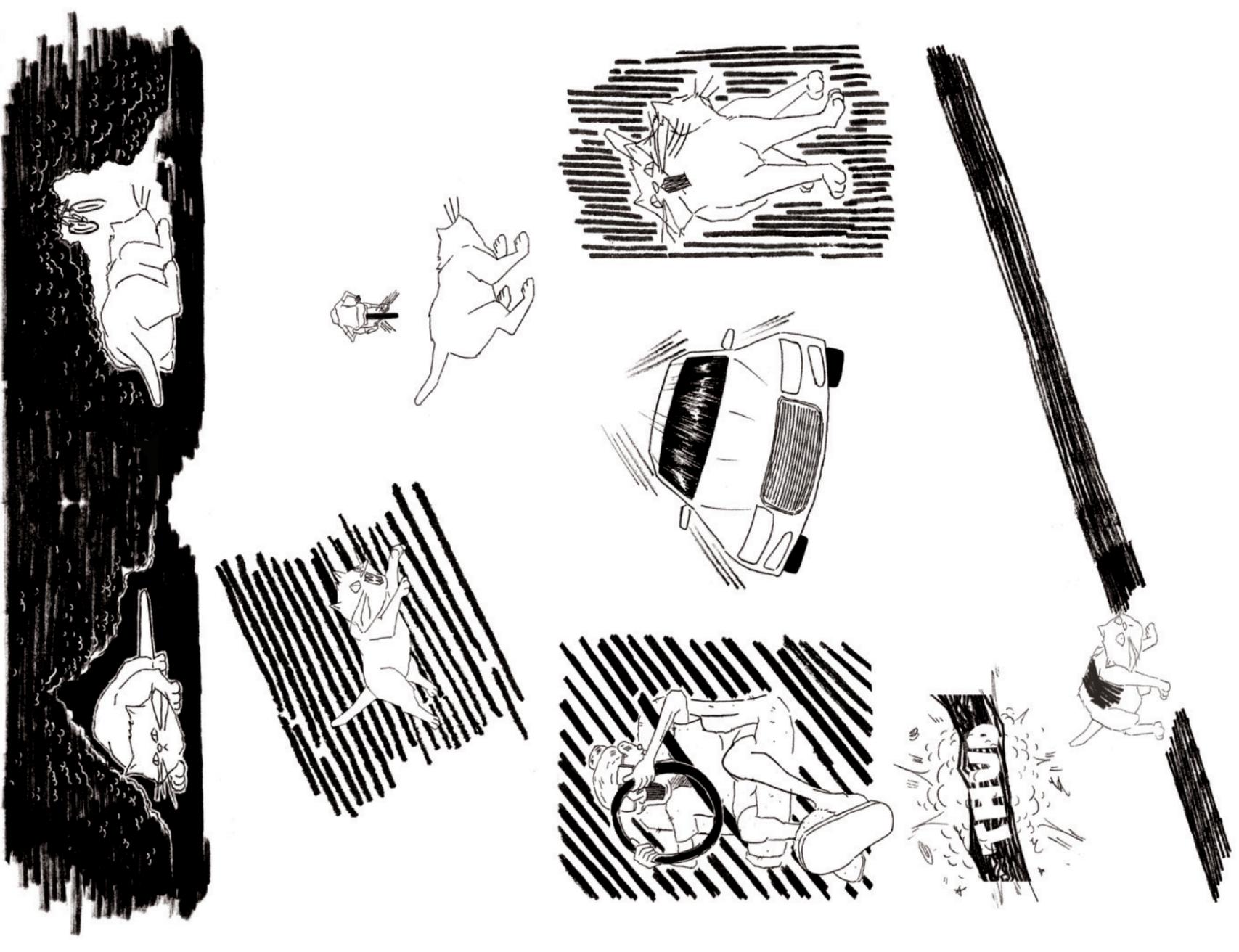
Ree Sherwood is a second-year MFAW student. Ree comes from Western Pennsylvania and wants to tell you all about it.

LUTEBOY  
and the flowers

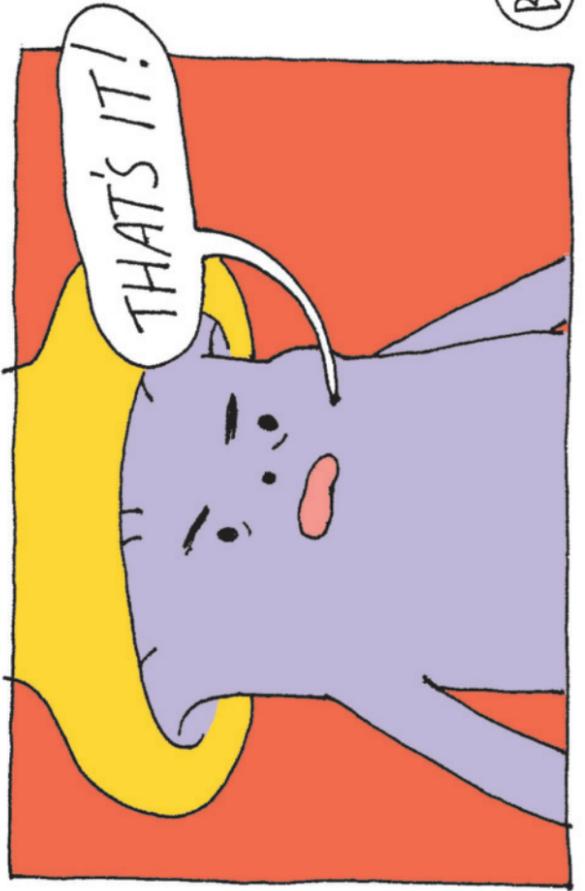
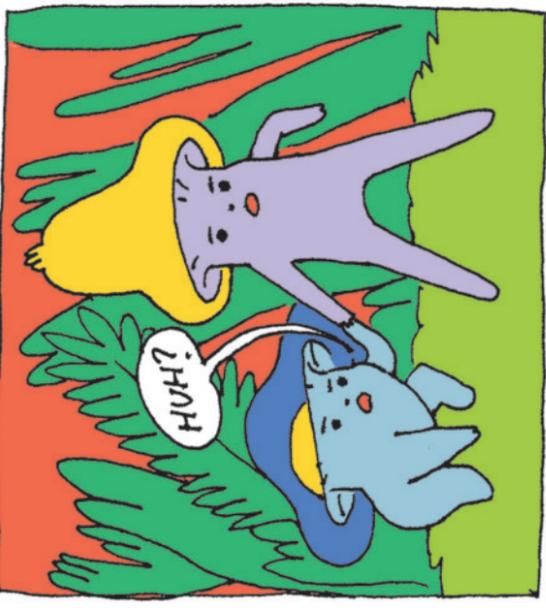
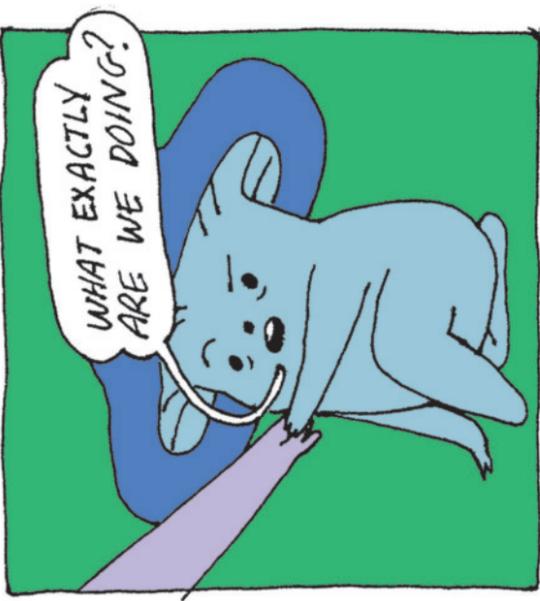
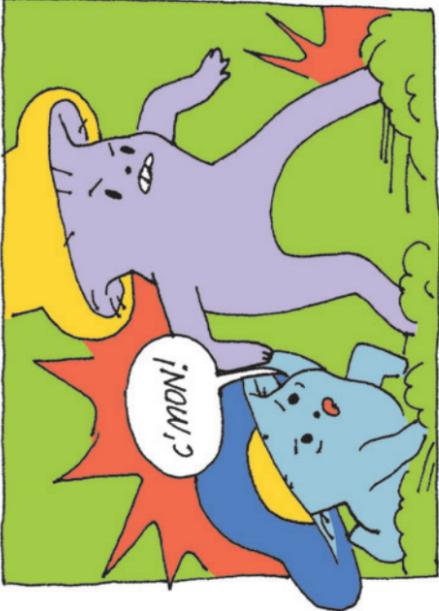
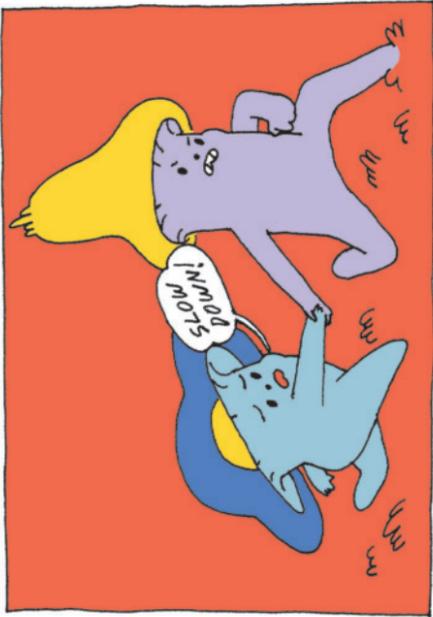


DENTURES IN THE SINK

SOHA DIAZ



MUSH



BILBO

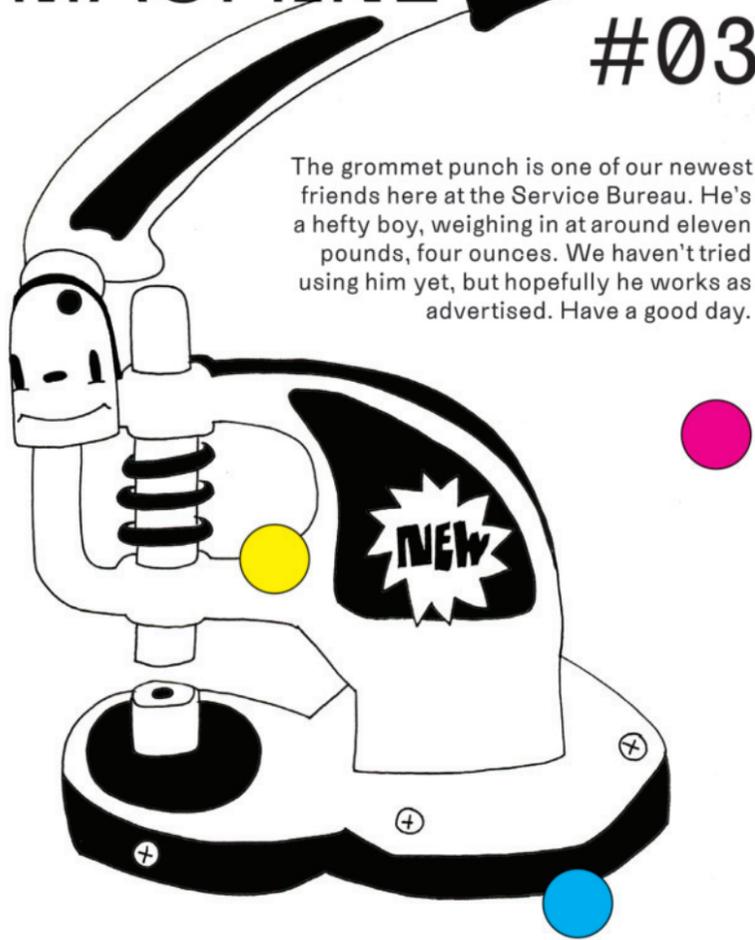


Michael Orr



Michael Orr

# SAIC SERVICE BUREAU MACHINE #03



The grommet punch is one of our newest friends here at the Service Bureau. He's a hefty boy, weighing in at around eleven pounds, four ounces. We haven't tried using him yet, but hopefully he works as advertised. Have a good day.



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# FREE RADIO SAIC FALL 2018 SCHEDULE

**F** airs weekly  
**R** airs bi-weekly  
/ alternating shows

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<i>Headspace</i> 9-10 AM	<i>Good Morning SAIC</i> 9-10:30 AM	<i>Density Encounters</i> 9-10 AM	<i>Good Morning SAIC</i> 9-10:30 AM	<i>Naturally Nellie</i> 9-10 AM	<i>Good Morning SAIC</i> 9-10:30 AM	
	<i>Bejeweled</i> 12-1 PM	<i>Elle, Interrupted</i> 12-1 PM	<i>J-Pop Society</i> 3-4 PM	<i>We Talk About Our Cartoon Boyfriends</i> 11 AM-12 PM	<i>The Peach Pit</i> 11 AM-12 PM	
<i>Turning Tables</i> 2-4 PM	<i>Limits</i> 5-6 PM	<i>Tangential Space</i> 2:30-3:30 PM	<i>The Greatest Sibling Show..</i> 3-4 PM	<i>Queer Politix</i> 1-2 PM	<i>Mode Hex</i> 2:30-3:30 PM	
	<i>New and New To You</i> 7-8 PM	<i>2. Thrasher Ave.</i> 6-7 PM	<i>Listen Closely</i> 4:45-5:45 PM	<i>Self Aware Self Care</i> 3-4 PM	<i>The Real Housewives of Old Jerusalem</i> 4-5 PM	
<i>Randomocity</i> 6-7 PM	<i>The Variety Show</i> 9-10 PM	<i>Lavender Menace</i> 8:30-9:30 PM	<i>My House</i> 6-7 PM	<i>Old School / New School</i> 5-6 PM	<i>Obelisk Radio</i> 7-8 PM	<i>The Salt</i> 4-6 PM
	<i>Altered States Radio</i> 10:30 PM-12:30 AM	<i>Kid Soul</i> 10 PM-12 AM	<i>Flavors of the Week</i> 7:30-8:30 PM	<i>Chola Surf</i> 7-8:30 PM	<i>Dogfood &amp; Groove</i> 10-11 PM	<i>Little Big Man</i> 6:30-8:30 PM
			<i>EM FM</i> 8:45-9:45 PM	<i>Aero Narcosis</i> 7-8:30 PM		
			<i>Wiggin' Out</i> 10-11 PM	<i>Public Res Hit</i> 9-11 PM		
				<i>wormhole3000</i> 11:30 PM-12:30 AM		