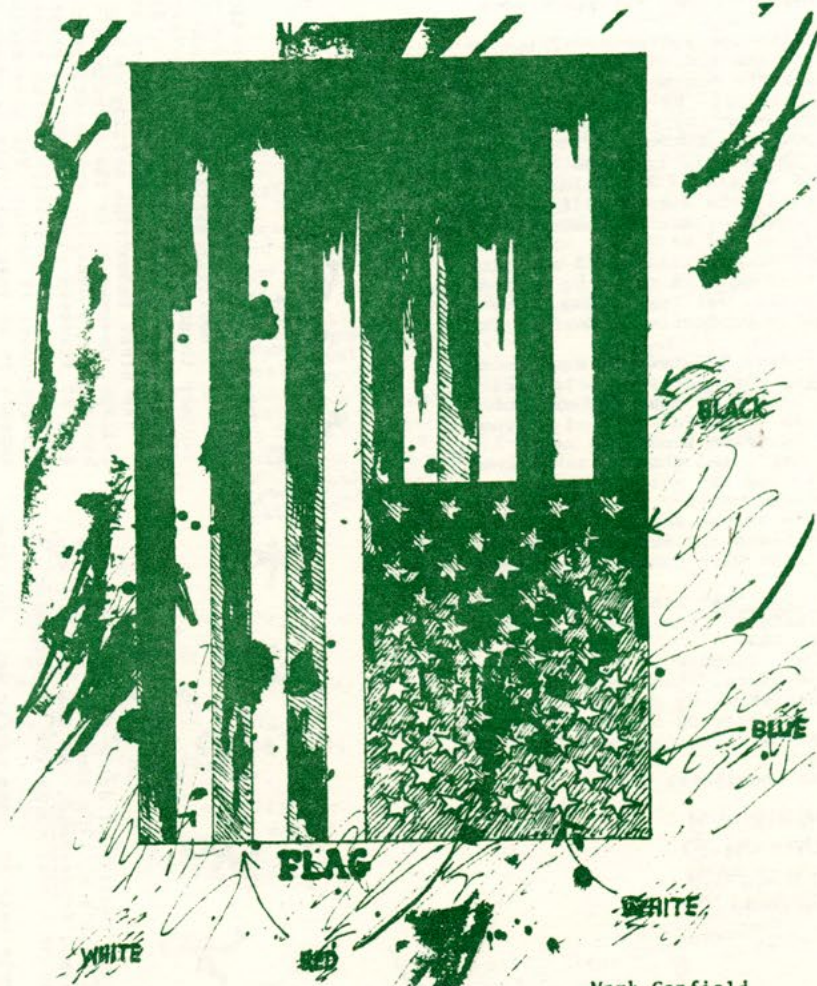


# STUDENT PAPER

The Front Page

Monday 16, Nov. 1984  
S A I C

Actual: Nov 16, 1981



Mark Canfield

## A VARIETY OF MODERN EXPERIENCES

Last thursday evening I stumbled into the auditorium after a vertiginous stroll through the museum. What I stumbled on was not the Treasure of El Dorado but a lecture on "post-modernism". This glorious and pompous sounding word seems like the stuff that art history courses are made of, and yes, our own schedule contains a survey of this historians dilemma. Of course one of the lecturers had to throw in the inevitable Jackson Pollock slide. Among the speakers present was Catherine Bock. She happened to say something which was interesting in reference to the students at SAIC. She stated that (during the age of post-modernism) students had the notion that they might become big successful artists and to live the good life. Well it could be that the school itself is in part to blame for this belief. The courses here are for the most part geared towards art making activities that have paid off in the past. One of the only areas which starts to blur the boundaries of art is performance, and they offer a total of two courses. It is possible here to make a naked projection of the self. More courses are needed that deal with developing a creative sensibility and not a marketable and lucrative technique. I have talked to some students who have expressed FEAR at the prospect of even venturing into an area such as performance.

Two visiting artists, John Torreano and Linda Benglis, did their best to perpetuate the myth of the successful artist. Torreano makes jeweled representations of the universe and Benglis makes gold leafed knots. She displayed her intelligence by demonstrating her remarkable ability to recall all the museums that house her work. Artists such as these give ample proof that it is possible for practically any cunning entrepreneur to cash in on the art market. On closing I would like to suggest that the relationship Modernity and Maternity is not only phonetic.

Curtis Eberhardt-

My roommate is a leech leech leech leech  
leech  
My roommate is a leech leech leech leech  
leech  
She tells me all about her love  
affairs  
She always wants to know what she  
looks like in what she  
wears  
I don't have the heart to tell  
her no one cares  
But my roommate is a  
leech leech leech  
leech  
leech

© 1981  
— POLITE



Any submissions to the paper should be put in the student paper mail box which is located across from the mailroom.

The Society News

The national touring company of Let My People Come has reached Chicago and set up camp in the northside bar-Tuts. Written by Earl Wilson Jr. the son of the famous gossip columnist, Come is an unfunny sexual musical, celebrating sexual freedom in this Aquarian age. Written in the late sixties, it has been spinning hay into gold since it opened, and I think Chicago is the 48th or 49th city to get the show in this incarnation.

There is a far amount of nudity onstage, which accounts for its history as a long running show, and for the ability of the show's promoters to get \$10-\$12 a ticket to see it. Mentioning money, a word must be spoken for the audience. Tuts has recently had a change in management, and the feelings of excitement and fun, that once permeated the rooms has long since vanished. A beer has shrunk about three ounces, become \$1.50 from \$1.00, and the charge to see a band has gone up as well. Still, the people who came to see the show (the night I was there) were not the kind of people who frequent a rock bar, and they must have felt very excited to be in such an exotic environment. The audience was a mix of the jaded theater goers who were too lazy and blasé to get and leave when the show proved bad, and of those who were there for titillation. The economics of the situation first meant that this is not a show for everyone, and second, it ensures a primarily white middle class audience weaned on television, that doesn't want to be challenged (beyond the sentimental), and won't. Ironically, live sex theater costs just about as much for admission as this "theatrical" production, and in that situation, your money gets you a whole lot more.

The evening began with the players coming into the audience, walking up to tables, introducing themselves and "welcoming the audience personally". Next the cast all run back on stage to announce the beginning of the show, and to inform the audience that "for tonight Tuts will be transformed into a cabaret atmosphere", and that no picture taking, recording, or smoking will be allowed during the show. Who ever heard of a "cabaret atmosphere" where one isn't allowed to smoke a damned cigarette. I think this is a bow on the part of the producers and the club to give the show an air of "legitimate" theater, which the club doesn't have. Maarinetti, the Zurich dadists, and Brecht, all creating cabaret environments, thought cigarette smoke added an atmospheric quality to the setting of the action, and at least with the futurists, it was felt that the smoke was part of the audience's reaction to the work on stage. Here at Tut's, to say that we were entering a cabaret environment, and then to say smoking was verboten, was inhibiting. I've been subsequently informed that, as this is an equity production, smoking isn't tolerated as a policy of equity performance.

Most of the numbers in the show enable the cast to strip at some point, to really get the message across. The message, when the action is serious enough (say in a ballad number like "Giving Life") is that sex without love isn't so good, and through our love we can create a world of strong babies. Dressed in leather underpants a John Davidson lookalike tells his mom and dad clones of the audience that "I'm Gay", and that he needs their love and understanding, and he doesn't want to lie any more to them. I wonder if the "parents" of the audience found recognition of something in their own fucked up kids through this sniveling drippy son. Most of the singing and dancing is based on the Bob Fosse flash and dazzle style of vaudeville, and the pace of the show is very fast with continual costume changing (there is an eight member cast).

The songs, like "Dirty Words", and "Choir Practice" are in idea so lame, in realized conception they come off so insulting to intelligence that killing yourself or leaving are one's only choices.

I can't and won't say "don't see this show", because it represents such a low point in both theater and contemporary culture, that some one some where might enjoy and get something out of this show. My question is why these actors, some of which seemed talented, are staying in this show. Is the ability to be paid to practice your vocation worth the experience of being in a show that sucks? Someone is paying.

The show runs nightly except Monday, for an indefinite time.

Q: How do you get 100 dead babies into a shoe box?  
 A: With a cuisinart.  
 Q: How do you get them out?  
 A: With a straw.

Exit From The Desert

You move mountains  
 And fight unknown foes,  
 In your barely audible voice.  
 Surface to the ton  
 Of the boiling cauldron  
 and receive its tell-tale marks.  
 String them up, sing them up,  
 Split the seam that holds the jewels  
 And lay out its contents  
 for all to see.  
 The wistful spectre burns  
 in the scorching sun  
 and from this pool  
 you attempt to drink.  
 A song from the black phantom remains  
 You silently scream  
 But the seething sand  
 Scorches your vulnerable body.  
 Strung along your body  
 Like railroad tracks,  
 Wounds in your flesh  
 bear silent testimony  
 to the bounding pain.

Curtis Eberhardt



David West

David Lynch was thrus into the national scene with the release of his film, The Elephant Man. Filmed in black and white, it described in some detail the life of a horribly disfigured man and his emergence as a celebrity in 19th century London society. Lynch's earlier black and white film, Eraserhead, was filmed with a federal grant in 1978. Since its release it has been mostly in repertory houses in bigger cities and has accumulated a small cult audience in Chicago. However it is the director's vivid portrayal of Henry, a confused inhabitant of a decaying urban society that really separates the film from the glut of standard cinema. Henry is trapped in an untimely marriage, the marriage that brought him his child, (which resembles an aborted pony). His job is boring. His apartment is boring. His only escape is through his mind. Much of the film appears to be imagined. This is where opinions differ regarding Eraserhead. Some contend that the entire film is a series of dreams imagined by Henry. Others say that Lynch is deliberately vague regarding dreams, and that the film is an extension of dreams and dreaming into reality. I don't really care. Either way it's effective as a whole and that's all I'm concerned with. After seeing The Grandmother, (Lynch's first film), Eraserhead, and The Elephant Man, it would be hard not to consider Lynch to be a most versatile and talented director. His appeal is varied. Some people love Eraserhead. Some people hate it. Some people walk out after the mother forces Henry against a wall and starts sucking his neck. It depends on your taste. ERIC CASSELL

The Boring Page



New Mags in the School Library: Ceramic Industry, Skyline and the Satellite Video Exchange. These will be available out on the periodical shelves. If you can't find them, just ask us to point them out to you.

The Friday Film Series presents: Nov. 20, free, 6 p.m., Germaine Dulac's The Smiling Madame Beudet, 1925 (30m.). Dimitri Kirsamoff's Meni Imontant, 1925, (17m.). Sidney Peterson's Mr. Frenhofe and The Minotaur, 1949, (21m.). If any one has any requests, leave a note on the film dept. bulletin board attn. Fri. projectionist. I will screen as many films as possible after the scheduled program. BARBARA W.

All students who have SAIC student insurance for the fall semester are asked to come in for info concerning your coverage. Health Hazards in the Arts is on going in the Nurse's Office. Come in if you're having problems. HEALTH OFFICE Starting Dec. 1 there will beinfo run on the video monitor in the cafe. It will be a listing of events of interst to students. If you have any info, write it down by Wed. afternoon of each week, for the following week. PAULA GIANNINI New magazines in the library: "Art Com"-a new name for "La Mabelle", contemporary art info. "Image Nation"-each issue devoted to an aspect of photography. "Sulfur"-literary tri-quarterly of the whole art. "Skyline"-architecture and design. "Satellite Video Exchange, Video Guide"-satellite video. JESSE, SCHOOL LIBRARY This is a list of things that have been lost, they are now in the mailroom, go get your stuff! 1 check book; 1 woman's hat; 2 tracing pads; 1 pr. boots; 1 pr. pants; 2 sets keys; 1 pr. gloves; 1 ring; 2 jackets; 2 pr. glasses; 2 address books; 1 bag for J. Smith; 2 sweaters; 2 scarves; 1 umbrella; 1 brown envelope; 1 blue box. MAIL ROOM The Museum of Contemporary Art is opening a new lounge/cafe, Tues. 11-17. The cafe in the lower-level houses a permanent installation by Charles Simonds. Hours are 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Tues. -- Sat. for meals and 12 p.m.-4 p.m., Sun. for drinks only. Through Jan. 1, the MCA is conducting a contest to name their cafe, contact Alene Valkanas for rules, prizes offered. MCA

The VIDEO DATA BANK is pleased to present video tape review. It is free and open to the public, and will take place in the SAIC Auditorium at 8:00pm. Tuesday November 17: An evening with John Baldessari. He will speak and show recent video work. The Data Bank is also pleased to present Merce Cunningham. He will show videos, film and will speak about his work. December 8, 8:00pm. Admission: \$3.00 Advanced Reservations strongly suggested. Call 443-3793.

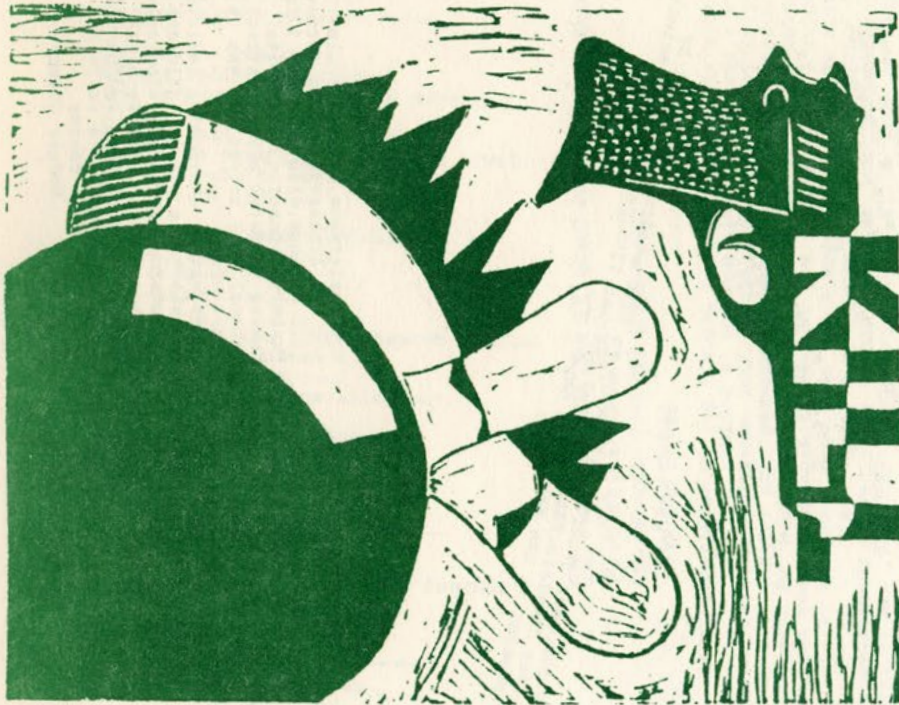
Time Artists: You hae the opportunity to cablecast your work over a chigoland cable network. Contact Michael Montague in the media center. 443-3761

\$500 prize for the best jewelry design by an SAIC student, sponsored by Trabert & Hoeffler Jewelers. Entrance deadline: Dec 15th. Contact: Bill Brincka or Janice Stephenson in the sculpture dept.

I'm looking for other students who are parents of young children to form a discussion group and possibly a playgroup/child care cooperative. Anyone interested in talking this over please call Therese Quinn 528-5497

H.C. Westermann, a noted sculptor and lithographer and former SAIC alumnus, died november 3 in Danbury (Connecticut) Hospital. Having suffered a heart attack several days before. He was 58 years old.

He was an unassuming individual who had a potent influence on numerous artist, particularly Chicago artists, because of the integrity, uniqueness, and power of his work. He was a largely unsung hero and mentor. Rodger Gilmore



# New art defined with broad stroke

THE WILL OF THE PROTESTANT



**George Will**  
WASHINGTON  
—Art lovers are heartened by New York's decision not to prosecute the fellow

who put what the police called a bomb atop the Brooklyn Bridge. The fellow, who calls himself an "environmental artist," says the bucket of fireworks was a "kinetic sculpture." Well, it would have been if the "sculpture" had not had a defective fuse.

A British gallery has a new work, "Room Temperature," featuring two dead flies and a bucket of water, in which float four apples and six uninflated balloons. A gallery official says the work left him "amazed by its completeness, its oneness, its apparent obviousness. Yet it had the ability to tease, to lead me in other directions. Why? This is air and this is water. Have you looked at them, have you actually seen these elements before?"

MATISSE SAID he hoped his art would have the pleasing effect of an armchair on a tired businessman. Matisse, alas, is not around to meet the artist who fired a revolver at an airplane taking off from Los Angeles, and called his act a work of art. In 1929 Walter Lippmann said art had "ceased not only to depict any theory of destiny but has ceased to express any important human mood in the presence of destiny." But pistol-packing "artists" express a mood: Anything goes.

In 1977, one of Joseph Beuys' masterpieces—a child's bathtub flecked with sticking plaster—was mistakenly used to cool beer during a party at the museum that owns it. But, then, a conscientious janitor would have cleared away the pile of bricks that was a display at London's Tate Gallery.

Claes Oldenburg, who makes large toothbrushes and other banalities (Chicago has a giant baseball bat) once said: "I am for an art that is political-erotic-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum." His masterpiece, "Two Cheeseburgers with Everything" (a burlap-and-plaster model of just what the title says), sits in the possession of New York's Museum of Modern Art.

THE BROADENED definition of art to include doing anything, as well as making anything, is a triumph of democracy: Everyone can be—cannot help but be—an artist. Robert Hughes, Time magazine's art critic and author of *The Shock of the New*, notes that Richard Tuttle "was chosen to represent America at the 1976 Venice Biennale with a stick rather longer than a pencil and three-quarters of an inch thick, cut from a length of standard 1-inch lumber, unpainted, and placed in solitary magnificence on the wall of the U.S. Pavilion." Having no content, Tuttle's "art" was immune to the charge of "elitism."

In 1915, Paul Klee said: "The more fearful the world becomes, the more art becomes abstract." What can be inferred about the world when art becomes absurd?

BERLIN (UPI)—A man trying to climb the Berlin Wall to get to the communist side was shot and carried away by East German border guards to their side of the barrier, West Berlin police said Monday.

It was the first time East German guards were known to have shot anyone trying to cross the wall to their side.

Police said a man about 40 years old started to climb the wall in the unusual direction of West to East. East German border guards called out in warning, then fired off a warning shot before taking aim at him, police said.

The mysterious climber collapsed and was taken away in a van by East German border guards, police said. It was not known how severely the man was wounded.

Actually, what's happened to the arts and humanities budgets is simply a reflection of what's happened with the entire federal budget. So many special-interest groups have been demanding and getting so much money that the budget has spun out of control, jeopardizing the private economy which is the source of all our wealth.

Arts and humanities buffs should thank President Reagan for his efforts. For unless he's successful they stand to lose far more than their favorite artists and scholars.

William Whitlitt

THEY WERE NOT team players, those fellows. Americans usually are. This country has almost no tradition of resignation and protest. In the past, principled resigners have been isolated as dangers to the system, to the republic and sometimes to themselves.

Something is happening. Ambition, that marvelous American virus, is being redefined in many minds and places.

"Why should I work as hard as my father does?" asks Robert, a 19-year-old apprentice mechanic in Lausanne. "Why shouldn't I have some fun if we all may be dead in a few years?" Robert's father is a

Cornelia explains the anger of the protesters this way:

"The drabness of their lives, the prospect of going on like this for 30, 40 years, drives them crazy. They just don't want the money bonuses the system offers them to work harder. They want more time off, a place of their own."

## Writers who were helped by the WPA

EVANSTON—It is a sad but true fact, as a March 6 Tribune editorial stated, that the Works Progress Administration was the butt of jokes by ignorant and/or insecure people who needed someone on whom to look down. What they failed to recognize is what you neglect to mention: the great contribution this New Deal agency made.

I was state supervisor of the Illinois Writers Project which was the object of a great deal of scorn and red baiting. As I looked up from my desk, among the lary bums as they were called, I saw the following: Lionel Abel, Nelson Algren, Saul Bellow, Arna Bontemps, Oscar Brown Jr., Jack Conroy, Katherine

Dunham, Richard Durham, Julius Echeles, Stuart Engstrand, Louis Gilbert, Ruth Goldman, George Victor Martin, Willard Motley, George Murray, James Penneff, James Phelan, Genevieve Rockwood, Sam Ross, George Smadel, Studs Terkel, Mark Turbyfill, Ben Yablony, Frank Yerby, Arthur Weinberg, and Richard Wright.

WPA allowed these talented people to earn a living while developing their talent, despite the insults of their intellectual inferiors. America is richer today because of WPA, which was one of the most successful projects in the history of the country.

Curtis D. MacDougall



NEW YORK—"I'm having serious second thoughts about the whole thing," said the vice president of one of the city's better-known financial houses. "If I can put together a little stash, I'm just going to quit the firm. I want to walk away from the whole thing."

## SEARCH AND DESTROY

83 by Martin Machine

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All the words listed below appear in the puzzle—horizontally, vertically, diagonally, even backwards. Find them.

Alkaline, Anarchy, Axe Victim, Beatles, Bogeyman, Damage, Deathwish, Dread, Ethiopia, Golf, Goopy Heroes, Hoax, Iggy Pop, Kaos Kneel, Metropolis, Miro, Newtoy, Nonfiction, Nutty-boy, Overload, Onion, Penis Plexi, Poison, Prank, Pulse Punks, Romeo Void, Skinhead Shock, Spraypaint, Teds, Teardrops, Teen, T Rex, Uncle, Vinyl, Voltaire, Wipeout.