

SCAN

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SCAN

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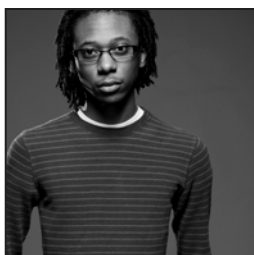
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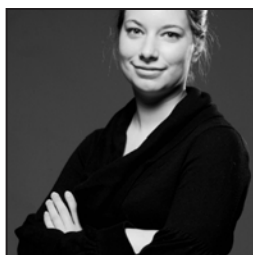
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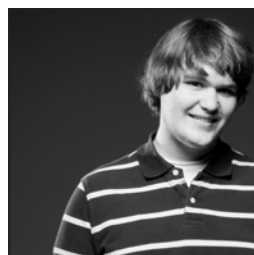
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About our cover:

Have you ever thought of a bathroom as a gallery space? We did. And, no, we are not the first ones, but we decided to try it anyway.

When Duchamp proclaimed ready-made objects as art, people thought he was a complete fool. When Pollock allowed paint to speak for itself without traditional human intervention, people saw that as artistic heresy.

It took decades, but we now understand their vision: Art is not confined to specific formulas, and can be found in unpredictable places and moments.

Our cover was conceived with this vision. So, take a deep breath, turn this page, and start seeing things anew. After all, art is everywhere.

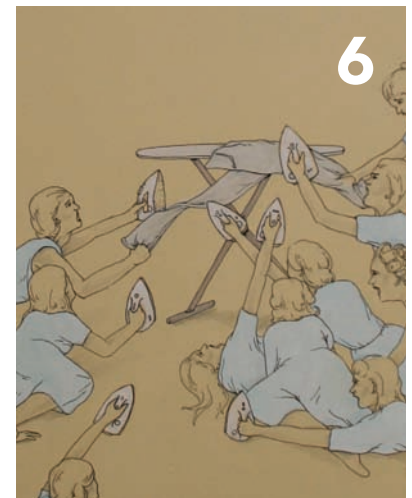
We told you so.



BY RACHEL CHAIKOF



BY SEAN WRIGHT



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About SCAN Magazine:

SCAN is the quarterly student magazine of the Savannah College of Art and Design-Atlanta. All editorial content is determined by student editors. Opinions expressed in SCAN are not necessarily those of the college.

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ART FROM THE FRINGES

Exploring Queer, Racial and Women's Issues Through Art

By Luiz Coelho

Atlanta has a long history of social achievements. Although preceded by disturbances and convolutions, the city experienced an outstanding rebirth. After the majority of the city burned to the ground during the Civil War, Atlanta now shines as one of the most important metropolises in the U.S. As a Southern city, it was shaken by the Civil Rights Movement, but managed to morph into "the city too busy to hate."

Atlanta is a part of what many call the "New South," serving as a hub for several activist groups. On top of its diverse ethnic composition, the city also has attracted a large lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender (LGBT) population, which has added even more flavor to this busy town.

All those conquests in Atlanta's history brought plenty of struggles, many of which still exist as Atlantans keep fighting against sexism, racism and homophobia. But the artistic community has played a major role in exposing the evils of prejudice, and SCAD-Atlanta has been in the forefront of this revolution.

For example, foundation studies professor Larry Jens Anderson has used his art to champion gay rights for more than two decades. His work tackles issues surrounding sexuality, gender roles and AIDS. He



Shannon Riddle, *The Communion*,
2008, Oil on panel, 72" x 48"

also was a member of Taboo, an art collective composed of gay male artists that was a major part of the Atlanta arts scene during the '80s and '90s.

With the rise of the AIDS epidemic in the '80s, Anderson said he knew he couldn't just sit by.

"I had friends who were dying, and I felt my art could not be decorative anymore," he said.

In his attempt to raise awareness of AIDS, Anderson explored the "Danse Macabre" motif, a recurring theme in Black Plague-stricken Medieval Europe, through drawings, prints and installations.

In response to a man who wore a hat inscribed with the words "Praise God for AIDS," the artist created an installation that featured several other hats "praising God for many different diseases." Such works were not only an angry reply, but an invitation for people to have more tolerance. Anderson said art can be used as a tool for debate that forces each side to justify its reasoning.

Anderson, who usually works in series, said he gradually approached other issues surrounding homosexuality.



Left: Kelley Cloninger, *Those aren't wrinkled, Are they?*, 2009, Acrylic, gouache, pen, and pencil on paper, 21" x 29"

Right: McCalla Hill, *Dream Desire*, 2008, Installation and Performance



One of his most recent series features the character Dick from William Gray's "Dick and Jane" books. He said he drew the inspiration for the work from conversations with his twin brother, whom he lost to AIDS. Both shared stories of growing up in rural Kansas, knowing they were gay, but unsure of what "gay" meant exactly. Anderson said his community viewed homosexuals only in the adult sense, not as children.

More recently, the artist has designed a series of "Gay Merit Badges," in protest against a 2000 Supreme Court decision that forbade a gay man from leading Boy Scouts. The badges depict gay and lesbian slang words and themes.

Childhood imagery also is present in the work of McCalla Hill, a fourth-year painting student at SCAD-Atlanta. Last year, she created a succession of works that rotated a symbol of girlhood: a bright pink Barbie dream house. The installation and performance work, "Dream Desire," "speaks from the perspective of a woman born in the 'heart of Dixie' (Birmingham, Ala.)," and accustomed to an environment represented by the dollhouse.

The performance takes place in a small room, which audiences have to view through a peephole. The peephole is one of the painted windows

of the dollhouse. This symbolizes the artist's struggle to "fit" in the "dream house" and the human effort to fit into roles predetermined by society.

The house, often perceived as a harmless toy, hurts and bruises the performer as she tries to find a place inside of it. Such physical and emotional results are also explored in another work, entitled "Post-Dream Wounds" (2008), which "documents the physical results, including bruises, scratches and a sense of strangulation and bondage."

On a lighter tone, Hill's installation "Thank You America 2008!" aims to provoke change in the perception of same-sex marriage through positive reinforcement, a concept drawn from child psychology. "Thank You America 2008!" lets the audience witness a gay marriage. Then, viewers are asked to invite their friends and family into a place of love and tolerance by sending their loved ones thank you cards decorated with a picture of the gay couple. Viewers are expected to change their minds about the normalcy of LGBT relationships.

Kelly Cloninger, another fourth-year painting student, also tackles feminist subjects in her latest artwork. She created a series of innovative pieces, in smaller and more intimate sizes, that represent



Suellen Parker, *Gaze*, 2008,
Fujiflex film

different vaginas, which blend painting and sculpture. Among the manifold materials she uses in her pieces are acrylic and gouache paints, graphite, gesso and fabric, layered in unusual combinations.

Cloninger defines her work as a way to "address ... issues of social expectations through a female perspective," by "incorporating gender and the role of the female in society." She said the inspiration for such endeavors comes from "preconceived relationships and roles society presses upon us." Her intention, she said, is to raise awareness about rules, relationships and identities imposed by society and the possibility of breaking away from them.

The gender discussion doesn't end there, though.

Photography professor Suellen Parker recently unveiled the first pieces of her new series in progress, "Gender Fluid." It explores "the rules of gender put in place by our history, our contemporary society and ourselves." The photographed characters possess male and female characteristics, and according to Parker, are used "to uncover these [gender] rules and question their usefulness."



Parker's work combines sculpture, photography and digital image manipulation. Her characters are sculptures molded from nondrying clay, which are photographed and edited with digital manipulation software. Painstakingly, she brings them to life through sculpture and digital art. Their struggle to live is best explained by the artist. "These characters are finding ways to manifest their spirit regardless of how they are assumed to fit into the gender binary."

Fourth-year illustration student Corinne Francilus also emphasizes the strength and identity of a segment of society. Francilus, who also is a hip-hop artist, brings to life the dreams and aspirations drawn from her own heritage.



Top: Corinne Francilus, *Gun Nation*, 2008, Mixed media, 20" x 24"

Bottom: Larry Jens Anderson, *Dick Learns How To Draw*, 2005, Watercolor, graphite and charcoal paper, 42" x 34"

The Miami-born Haitian-American artist said her work is "purely about expression and imagination." Sometimes it involves music — she recently released her first album, "The Oddity" — and sometimes it involves visual art. Even in her visual art, though, her rhythmic patterns are apparent. Her psychedelic, dream-like portraits of pop-culture icons and renowned black women often carry self-portrait connotations. Often, she brings it all together to create images that give the viewer a glimpse into her own life-experiences, as a black woman, daughter of immigrants, in a post-segregation country. Her fondness for the urban scene and the '80s also is evident in her work.

Beyond the multicolored acrylic washes, deeper thoughts infuse her artistic process, which she compares to subsistent tasks, such as eating.

"Family, friends and music are major influences in my work," Francilus said. Of Haiti she said, there is "a very strong connection to it because that's where my parents are from."

Art that generates discussion within contemporary society also is the objective of Shannon Riddle, a graduate painting student. His work merges elements from everyday experiences.

Riddle uses faces from magazines, the Internet and television as "vehicular or symbolic aids" to reference his life.

However, his work, as he defines it, is "about re-analyzing [his] past within the context of more recent social issues, namely those dealing with sexuality and spirituality and how those two are interwoven into everyday experience."

Over the years, art has proven to be an instrument in the fight for societal changes. Sometimes it takes subtle and innovative steps. Sometimes it is bold and transgressive. In both cases, SCAD-Atlanta has been contributing to this revolution through dedicated students and professors, who envision a future of rights and freedoms for all.

URBAN Delight

Marcia Wood Gallery

The Marcia Wood Gallery provides a host for exceptional contemporary artwork. Video, digital media, installation, painting, sculpture and photography are displayed at the gallery. Most recent exhibitions include Pamela Phatsimo Sunstrum, who uses mixed media such as collage, drawings, animation and charcoal to depict her travels and search for her "trans-national identity" in her series called "See you again." Greg Hill's exhibition of installations is made up of oil drums that have been smashed with a crane and painted in bright colors, a reflection of our consumer society.

www.marciawoodgallery.com



CASTLEberry ON THE WESTERN FRONT Hill

On the western shores of the 75/85 connector, we find a unique artistic hub rich with all of the elements that make our heart beat and senses tingle.

By Elizabeth Fletcher

No más! Hacienda and Cantina

Bringing an array of Mexican culture, No más! features both food and a furnishing showroom. Reminiscent of a traditional Mexican cantina, this restaurant brings food authentic to the culture into Atlanta. No más! began as the hacienda, before expanding into food. There are more than 300 handcrafters featured in the showroom, all originating in Mexico.

www.nomasatlanta.com

Urban Fusion

"Street meets art," the theme behind this hip local shop, brings in customers looking for exclusive shoes and apparel. Urban Fusion, well known as a high-end street-wear boutique, is especially popular for the unique array of sneakers it offers. Many of the brands sold here are well known, but the shop offers styles that would not be found in normal footwear stores.

www.urbanfusionlife.com

Sage Naturalceuticals

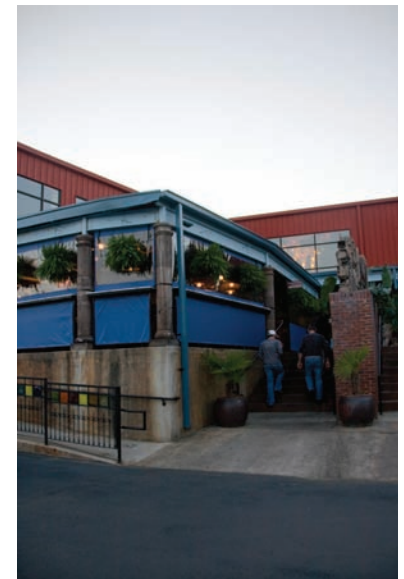
This boutique specializes in body care, skin care and home scents that bring the most beneficial ingredients derived from nature. The shop brings products that have basic natural ingredients, but also offer the most benefits. Brands sold here include John Masters Organics, Hamadi and Deep Steep.

www.sagenaturalceuticals.com

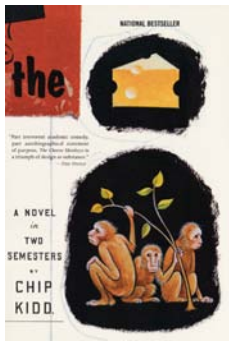
Slice

Slice is a well-known, local favorite to the Castleberry Hill community. This pizza bar offers a chic, modern feel with all the comforts of your favorite local pizza joint. The menu includes a list of popular pizza toppings, sandwiches, calzones and pastas. Sonic Saturdays at Slice is a popular event that brings a lot of people and features various musicians and DJs.

www.sliceatlanta.com



TOP PHOTO COURTESY OF MARCIA WOOD GALLERY; RIGHT: SEAN WRIGHT

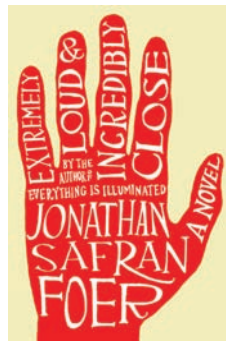


If you like "Art School Confidential":

The Cheese Monkeys
by Chip Kidd

You probably know this graphic design buff from his award-winning book cover designs, but Kidd's creativity extends beyond his mastery of design. His first novel, "The Cheese Monkeys," is without a

doubt an absolute must-read for any art student. The novel, which takes place over the course of two semesters, follows the trials and tribulations of 1950s state school students stuck in a graphic design class. All of the art school archetypes we know and love are in this novel. The zany, enigmatic, sadistic professor will certainly ring a bell for SCAD students, as well as the spacey, anti-establishment, spontaneous girl with whom every boy is in love. Even the laborious projects, still-life drawing assignments and finals-week madness will resound with any student who's gone through the foundation studies. Kidd's clever reimaging of art school in the '50s is simultaneously hilarious and moving.



If you like "Garden State":

Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close

by Jonathan Safran Foer

From the author of "Everything is Illuminated" comes this poignant tale of a boy on a quest in New York City. Oskar is a brainy, sensitive, naïve 9-year-old whose interests range from veganism to astrophysics to playing the tambourine. Oskar is on a mission. Two years after his father died in the Sept. 11 attacks on the World Trade Center, he discovers a mysterious key in his father's closet. The key is in an envelope marked "Black." Oskar looks up

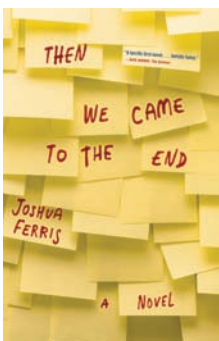
every person in the five boroughs with "Black" as a last name and embarks on an expedition. He rings all of their doorbells and tells them about his father. Although it may sound silly, the story is extraordinarily moving and complex. It's told from three points of view, which seem unrelated in the beginning, but ultimately converge in the end. Foer also uses a variety of visual methods in the book to elevate the story to a multimedia level, using blank pages, typographical settings and photographs.

Books Worth

the TIME

By Gray Chapman

Check out these recommendations based on TV and movie favorites

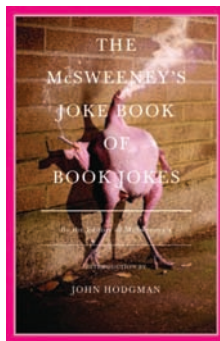


If you like "Office Space":

Then We Came to the End
by Joshua Ferris

In Ferris' satirical tale of office exploits in a Chicago advertising agency, the reader becomes just as involved in scandalous

office romance, hilariously lame pranks and tantalizing cubicle gossip as the workers. Set in the initial era of layoffs and cutbacks at the end of the '90s tech boom, the novel follows the nervous antics of office workers living in fear of "walking Spanish down the aisle" (their own office-speak for "getting fired"). Hilariously dry, the novel is perfect not only for those working in the creative industry, but also for anyone familiar with office life — the politics, the drama and the weird ways we survive the bore of the American workplace. Think "The Office" with less sappy Jim-and-Pam activity, and more sneaky Jim-and-Dwight hijinks.



If you like "Flight of the Conchords":

The McSweeney's Joke Book of Book Jokes
by the McSweeney's

This pants-wetting humor tome is a step above the likes of the Blue Collar Comedy folks. Quite on the opposite end of the spectrum — full of hilariously dry humor for smart people — this new McSweeney's collection will have you not only laughing, but also proud of yourself for getting the jokes. Test your knowledge with quizzes like "Ikea Product or 'Lord of the Rings' Character?" Share in Gregor Samsa's frustration as he tries to claim Social Security, which is more difficult than you would think if your impairment is listed as "I am a giant cockroach." Between pieces

like "Still Kicking: The Very Unauthorized Biography of Stephen Seagal," "Bedtime Stories by Thom Yorke," and "Klingon Fairy Tales," there's bound to be something hilarious for everyone in this book.

Passport to EUROPE

THE GRAND TOUR

By Rachel Chaikof

Photos by Luiz Coelho



Envision lush green mountains surrounding you and sparkling blue water in front of you. Imagine walking through a city with bright lights everywhere. See yourself trekking through the world's largest market.

Whether going to Europe for a short vacation or a longer stay, planning a trip is always exciting, but it also can be hectic when you factor in such things as finding the right prices on airfare and train tickets.

Thanks to the European Open-Skies Treaty of 1992, business has been booming for discounted European airlines. At Myair.com, travelers can purchase tickets from Venice to Paris for as low as 40 Euros, taxes and security fees included. Ryan Air and Easy Jet offer a wide network of discounted

flights within Europe. Be warned, though, that there are strict weight limits for baggage. If your bags weigh more than the limit, you will have to pay a hefty price.

Flying is not the only travel option. Trains offer getaways to major cities, as well as tiny, obscure villages where tourists can get a taste of the European culture.

The Eurail pass provides great deals for college students. A five-day travel pass to any three countries costs about \$285. With no security checkpoint hassles, trains are easier for travel. Plus, rail travel is a great way to see the European countryside, complete with sunflowers, mountains and stucco buildings.



*La Grande Arche,
La Défense (Metro Paris)
Opposite page: Les Colonnes de
Buren at the Palais Royal, Paris*



Top left: *Nervión River view, Bilbao*; bottom right: *Centre Pompidou, Paris*
Opposite page: *Guggenheim Museum, Bilbao*





For travelers on a budget, hostels are great options. They may not be as luxurious as hotels, and you may have to share a bathroom with strangers, but you'll likely only be there to sleep. To find hostels, try [Hostelling International](http://www.hihostels.com) online at www.hihostels.com.

Here are some European hot spots well worth the visit:

Bilbao: Guggenheim Museum — This Deconstructivist building, designed by Canadian-American Frank Gehry, has a retro and futuristic style. An adorable, giant dog sculpture made of bright flowers rests in front of the museum. The museum's walls and floors are lined with modern, yet funky, artworks from well-known artists like Richard Serra.

Paris: Eiffel Tower at night — This is the place to get the best feel for the city of lights. Be sure to get a snapshot to share your everlasting memories.

Venice: Murano Island — If you visit Venice, hop a ferry to Murano Island to purchase some of the beautiful Murano glass for your family and friends. While there, you also can experience the making of the island's famous glassware in local warehouses.

London: Portobello Road — Every Saturday, London's seemingly endless Portobello Road hosts the world's largest Antique Market. It's like walking through a giant museum, but you can actually buy the antiques — everything from old cameras and China plates to children's books and magazines.

ROCKING the AROUND CLOCK

*When style and the flash of the camera
come together, great things happen.*





LOCATION: ATLANTIC STATION
PHOTOGRAPHY BY AARON SMITH
STYLING: TERESA SUDDETH AND ELIZABETH BEALL
MAKEUP AND HAIR: PAUL MITCHELL SCHOOL

This photo feature was a collaboration between the photography and fashion departments at SCAD-Atlanta.



BEHIND THE SCENE PHOTOS BY JUDITH PISHNERY AND LISA PESSIN







Watu Wazuri Watu Wazuri

ONE WOMAN'S JOURNEY OF SELF DISCOVERY, ONE LOCK AT A TIME

By *Olamma Oparah*

I was born a bear. That's what my mother tells me. The story goes that after my birth, when the nurse laid me on her stomach, my delusional mother looked at this nine-pound person that had just come out of her and thought it was an animal. The hair on my head reached down my forehead and then connected with my eyebrows. It didn't just stop at my neck either. It crawled down my spine, cloaking my back like a hooded fur cape.

And the hair never really went away. It just receded to the top of my head and grew longer and denser with each year. By the time I was 4, my tight curls had repeatedly experienced all the rituals that the hair on a little black girl's head must — the raking of the comb and the pulling of the brush, the sweet feeling of cool grease sliding across my tender scalp, the heavy hands, twisting and styling my hair into cornrows or pushing it with a toothpick through neon beads.

The work and stress involved in doing my hair was commendable for both parties — the hairdresser and the unwilling client. I say "unwilling" because even though the outcome was nothing less than spectacular, I, like most little girls, hated to get my hair done. The throbbing scalp and burn blisters that arose after the hairdo were far too memorable for me to willingly sit down in my mother's kitchen for another dose of pain.

But my mother's words would always get me.

"You know, honey, beauty feels no pain." And as she would begin to brush the sand out of my labyrinth of curls, I would remember the compliments I received. The "Oh, isn't she precious" comments never seemed to get old. So I relented, always, to the chair in the kitchen.

The relationship with my hair became more complex as the years went on. Once, when I was 8, I went rifling through a stack of my mother's old *Ebony* magazines and came across an ad. I was left motionless as I saw a long-necked woman turned toward me. Her skin, the color of

sweet tea, glistened, and upon her head she wore a large afro that was so lustrous it could be likened to a crown. Her lips curled up at me in a soft smile as if to say, "Yes, Ola. This is you." The tagline underneath her shoulder read words that were strange to me. *Watu Wazuri*. It wasn't until some years later that I found out what the phrase meant: Beautiful people. And then I realized that the woman in the picture wasn't just telling me "Beautiful people use Afro Sheen," or even "Buying Afro Sheen makes your 'fro shiny." She was telling me that it was beautiful to look the way you were meant to. A poignant message, but one that only lasted a short time in the recent history of black hair.

Black women have always been obsessed with their hair. In my grandmother's generation, the fear of being "nappy" and the need for black women to be associated with common standards of beauty resulted in the advent of the conk, or what we now call the permanent relaxer system. It was the first time black women realized that they could change the texture of their hair. When I was a girl, my grandmother would tell me about when the conk first came out.

"It was all the rave, you see. In Corona [New York] all the girls would go down to Northern Boulevard to the beauty parlor. They would be there all morning, and when they got back to the block, the young men would call at them — you know the things boys say — 'cause she had good hair now, and you could take her home without much trouble or scrutiny from your mother."

My grandmother never got a conk herself. She refused because conk was made of lye, and that's what they used to wash pigs. She wanted no association. But plenty of other women did. In fact, conks still exist in the form of perms (short for permanent relaxer), and I had often wondered what the no-lye conditioning system meant. Did other relaxer kits lie about their product? When my mother would take me into the beauty supply store in our neighborhood, I would become

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

CHICKEN
SOUP
for the
MIND

by Jack Huang



Many of us were born during the end-phase of the Cold War. We grew up in the two decades of peace and prosperity in which our parents' visions for the future manifested in policies that changed America and the world.

Within these two decades, the ethics and mentality of Western philosophy dominated world politics and capitalism reigned supreme. It eventually penetrated China and Russia's hard shells and redefined their development. A new urban mindset materialized.

Money, fame, social climbing and wealth comparison permeated our media, and we became tireless voyeurs, obsessing over the latest gadgets, enhancements and endless reality shows about the rich and famous.

But times have changed. With the advent of the recession, we have been catapulted into an era of uncertainties that have made us suspicious of our leaders and the media. This is a time for deep introspection.

Two divergent philosophies may provide ways to cope in this new world: cynicism, championed by the ancient Greek philosopher, Diogenes of Sinope; and aestheticism, championed by the Victorian English writer Oscar Wilde.

These two schools of thought are by no means the only remedies, but the believers of these philosophies seemed unaffected by the radical changes and prejudices of their times.

Diogenes, the loner with the uncompromising mind, was a citizen of the Greek city-state of Sinope. In his midlife, he traveled to Athens, the richest and most majestic of the Greek city-states.

Even though he was surrounded by wealth and a sense of industry and consumerism, he avoided earthly pleasures by living the life of a penniless social critic and philosopher in a tub at the center of the Athenian agora. His actions were grounded in a great disdain for what he perceived as the folly, pretense, vanity, social climbing, self-deception and artificiality of much human conduct.

By the time Alexander the Great united much of Greece and entered Athens, he had heard of Diogenes' reputation and met him while he was sifting through garbage. When asked what he was doing, Diogenes said, "I am looking for the bone of your father, but I cannot distinguish it from your father's slaves."

Alexander was astonished by the response. But because of the broadmindedness he learned from his mentor Aristotle, Alexander became more curious. After a long discussion, Alexander asked Diogenes what he would want if offered life, wealth, power, land and women.

Diogenes simply responded, "Please move away from my sunlight." Alexander left impressed and told his retainer, "If I were not Alexander, then I should wish to be Diogenes."

A waif had made the most powerful empire maker of the age envious of his bleak life.

Diogenes was the embodiment of cynical ideals and lived the life he preached.

Cynicism is deeply grounded in the belief that individuals do not need material possessions in order to be happy and feel complete. It is steeped in the conviction that man must be disciplined and virtuous to live a wholesome life. Even when he possesses nothing at the worst time, he is still complete, secure, has a few tricks up his albeit raggedy sleeves and a walking fortress of a mind.

Think about it. Diogenes was fine without the contract of marriage or superficial relationships. He survived in a life of repeated introspections that resulted in general loneliness where there's little trust, and where not enough relationships are built from shared hardships and experiences.

But he remained uncompromising to the point of fearlessness. He was not afraid of "losing" for exercising his mind, his body and his rights to the fullest. These strengths were his only.

He championed the virtue of a reduced lifestyle, so he was immune to envy, jealousy and materialistic obsession. He was apathetic to the fears of the common man, and despite his eccentricities, he became a free and influential mind. When applied to today's world, we see that there really isn't much to fear other than losing control of ourselves.

Oscar Wilde, the talented Irish poet, witty satirist and writer, was a nonconformist and a worshiper of beauty.

When much of Victorian England was entrenched in the conservative social trends, there lived Oscar Wilde who chose live as he wished — undeterred by the morality, ethics and hierarchical obligations of his society.

Wilde lived in an age of unprecedented European dominance in world politics.

Wars of expansion cost the major powers their wealth, and there were ubiquitous worker strikes. The uptight elites and the upper middle class often married for wealth or social climbing.

But to the chagrin of many conservative Victorian elites and those who acted like them, Wilde was an anomaly. He was a flamboyant homosexual, an uncensored speaker and a bitter satirist.

After graduating as one of the top students in his class at Trinity College in Dublin, Wilde enrolled in Magdalen College of Oxford. While there, he participated in part of the Aesthetic Movement, which sought to make life more similar to art. From this movement, Wilde deduced that beauty and art should be the highest pursuits of life.

He directed much of his free time in finding objects that were simply beautiful, like many followers of aestheticism. They believe art does not need meaning, history or ideas, it simply has to be beautiful — "art for art's sake."

To become an avatar of the movement, Wilde groomed his hair long, wore flamboyantly colored clothes, and decorated his room with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39)



working **OUTSIDE** of **THE BOX**

Some SCAD students hold jobs you never knew existed.

By Gray Chapman

We all know life as a broke college student can be tough. The overpriced textbooks and ever-empty refrigerators are hard enough on the wallet, but throw in a few essentials like gouache and Adobe CS3, and it's easy to see why many art students hold part-time jobs. For some, though, slinging spaghetti at the local greasy spoon just isn't a fulfilling way to spend their days. So, how do SCAD students earn their Benjamins? From strutting their stuff on designer runways to tooting a trumpet at a modern-day castle, some SCAD students apply their creativity in more ways than one.

You may know Ricky Summers, a third-year interactive design and game development

student, as the guy who wears a bear hat to school every day. But thousands of tourists and dinner-goers know him as the official herald for Medieval Times, the 11th-century-style dinner theater that takes place in a makeshift castle.

"My main duty is to play trumpet fanfares at specific moments during the show," Summers said. The renowned show features medieval games, sword-fighting and even jousting.

Summers, a self-described "medieval rock star," has worked this gig since the Atlanta castle opened in 2006.

"My family had gone to the mall for some errands when I got a call from my mom, saying

that she'd seen a poster for a place hosting open calls for trumpeters," said Summers, who had to audition for the position.

"We were given sheet music with the fanfares we'd be expected to play and had to sight-read the music to demonstrate our playing ability."

Once he got the job, Summers said he experienced a bit of first-day jitters, "but I had too much to worry about to stay nervous for too long."

The workload at SCAD is difficult enough, not to mention trying to juggle homework with a job. But Summers said he doesn't have much of a problem with the balancing act.



"When school's in session, I usually restrict myself to just three days a week," said Summers. "But when we're on break, I try to work any show that I can."

Plus, there are some perks to the job — like the ladies (er, dames).

"We've done some bachelorette parties before, and once there was a sorority party that got pretty crazy," Summers said.

And what's the point of working at a cool place like Medieval Times if you don't get some freebies?

"I get free tickets for my birthday and Christmas, and discounts on some shows and merchandise."

According to Summers, the repetition of his performances occasionally can make things boring, but the unique aspect of the shows spices it up a bit.

"It does get a little dull sometimes," said Summers. "But since there's never been an 'ordinary' show, there's always something that keeps it interesting."

Like workplace politics, for example. "There's always been a diva princess," said Summers. "It just goes with the job. And there's usually some sort of drama that goes on in the castle. You put that many people into one confined space and it's bound to happen eventually."

But overall, Summers said he enjoys the time with his co-workers — in fact, he considers it one of his favorite parts of the job.

Of course, there is one another quirky part of the unique job: the costumes.

According to Summers, the show changed recently, and the heralders received brand new costumes — blue leggings, a blue tunic with puffy sleeves, and a blue hood and "a very decorative tabard."

Although Alexa Johns doesn't play the trumpet, her 9-to-5 does involve some costuming. Johns, a second-year advertising design student, struts her stuff on the runway and in photo shoots as a model signed with Elite Model Management. Johns has been modeling for two years, but said she got her foot in the door at the age of 13.

"I went to the agency to interview them for a paper I had to write on my dream job, and they wanted to sign me then," said Johns. "My mom, unfortunately, wouldn't let me do it then, so when I turned 18, I signed myself."

But now, working as a model-slash-student is difficult to balance, Johns said.

"I try to work as often as I can when SCAD isn't controlling my life," Johns quipped. "I've had more modeling opportunities than I've actually taken."

From photo shoots to runway shows, Johns said she's done a little bit of everything in the world of high-fashion modeling.

"I love photo shoots, because I get tangible work from amazing photographers. And that work in turn helps me get more work," said Johns. "But there's definitely an adrenaline rush from doing shows that you can't get doing shoots. So, I love to do both."

Johns said she started out slow, easing her way into modeling with small shows and shoots. Now, however, she's aiming high.

The workload at SCAD is difficult enough, not to mention trying to juggle homework with a job. But Summers said he doesn't have much of a problem with the balancing act.

"I've done some trunk shows for Chanel, but I would love to be in one of their big shows," said Johns. "And my dream magazine cover would obviously be Vogue, even though they're changing their cover girls from models to actresses."

Johns contends that life as a model — from the photo shoots to the co-workers — is quite different from what many people assume.

"It's not like 'America's Next Top Model,' where we dress up like animals and prance around," Johns said. At her agency, she said, she hasn't had a problem with those negative stereotypes of snobby, diva-esque co-workers.

"Elite girls are the best! We're all really good friends," said Johns. "At other agencies, there are sometimes those stereotypical people who act like divas, or those guys who are complete Zoolanders. But for the most part, everyone is really cool."

And, according to Johns, a model who trips on the runway isn't permanent runway roadkill. "Everyone has tripped. Thankfully, I've not fallen on my face. But if you do, you just keep going."

The modeling job is certainly far from the daily grind of typical student jobs, like those in the restaurant or retail industries, but there are pros and cons, Johns said. The pros, Johns said, definitely include the paychecks.

"It's certainly one of the best parts," she said. There also are lots of opportunities to travel. Johns once traveled to Washington, D.C., to walk in a runway show for then first lady Laura Bush.

"It was an Escada show for one of her foundations," said Johns. "There were bomb squads and dogs everywhere. We had to step out for a bomb sweep of the building and everything."

A downside to the modeling industry, however, is the unpredictable nature of the work, Johns said. "I once had an 18-hour

photo shoot in a freezing wool factory," said Johns. "I'm allergic to wool. It was in the mountains, totally away from civilization, and they forgot to bring food!"

And of course, a natural downside of being a 6-foot-tall model, Johns said, is the dating issue.

"I almost always wear heels, and it's hard to find guys who are tall," she said. "I'll date up to an inch shorter, and just wear flip-flops the whole time. So, if you know someone who's tall and handsome ... "

OK, gentlemen, the race is on.

Overall, though, the positives outweigh the negatives for Johns. "It's a lot more work than people think, but I love every bit of it," said Johns. "The paycheck is great, but I really do love it all. It's all so exciting."

Danny Ashby, a second-year sculpture student, does a bit of modeling, too — but his costuming is a little less Galliano and a little more gore.

Ashby works in the Netherworld Haunted House, touted as one of the most terrifying and spooky attractions in Atlanta. His duties vary from set-building to people-scaring.

So, how exactly does one break into the haunted house biz?

"I started in the haunted house industry at Six Flags, Fright Fest in 2006," Ashby recalled.

"My ex-girlfriend worked there and she showed them pictures of my Gary Oldman Dracula costume," he said. "They liked it so much that I was the only employee there who wore his own costume."

Ashby spent the Halloween season scaring unsuspecting Six Flags patrons.

"Then an old high school buddy of mine told me about Netherworld, where he worked, and encouraged me to come work with them."

"I do many different things," said Ashby.

"During the off-season, I help dismantle old sets, build new ones, and repair anything that needs fixing. I also do scenic painting and set dressing." Ashby's experience with sculpture methods comes in handy with this job, as he often pours molds of liquid latex to make many of the set dressings and costumes.

Perhaps the most exhilarating part of the job comes during the Halloween season, when you can find Ashby prowling the house in one of his many horrifying costumes. Ashby is one of the actors who work to startle people entering and exiting the house.

"I have several vampire characters — one aristocratic, one savage and [one] feral. I also have done two different Western gunslinger zombies, as well as a demented Cheshire cat."

As if those aren't enough, Ashby's most recent incarnation is a prowling werewolf/serial killer Brit named Bruce Mantooth. According to Ashby, the Cockney werewolf prowls the streets of England looking to kill or steal. "The inside of my raggedy jacket contained blood-spattered watches, jewelry and trinkets on one side, with a variety of bloody knives on the other," said Ashby.

But accessories aren't everything. Ashby also designed and created his character's face.

"I sculpted a facial prosthetic for the character onto a life cast of my face, which I then cast in silicone," he said.

Ashby's intricately designed costume also leaves a little room for a twisted sense of humor.

"I also carried around a switchblade comb, which I would pop out threateningly, only to suddenly begin combing my goatee. That gag always got screams and laughs, in that respective order."

Speaking of screams and laughs, Ashby never really knows what he's going to get from his thrill-seeking visitors. So, he customizes his

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)



Some people can't
help but stand out.

For our first issue we
have selected to
showcase four
outstanding students
from SCAD-Atlanta's
fine arts departments.

Drumroll, please.

aaron SMITH

Fourth-Year | Photography



I picked up a skateboard well before I ever picked up a camera. My childhood dream was to become a professional skateboarder, but that dream faded when I was introduced to photography my third-year year of high school. Photography became my way of exploring the world and revealing it as I see it.

My camera lens naturally pointed towards skateboarding because it's my life. My passion for skateboarding is extremely strong; it wasn't hard to make a personal

connection with the photographs I make of skateboarding.

I shoot all kinds of photographs from people and fashion to landscapes and cityscapes, but skateboard photography is where my true passion lies. These photos shown here are from my travels this past summer. I drove my little Honda 24,000 miles in six months. I spent most of my time in Kansas City and Southern California.







Gyun Hur

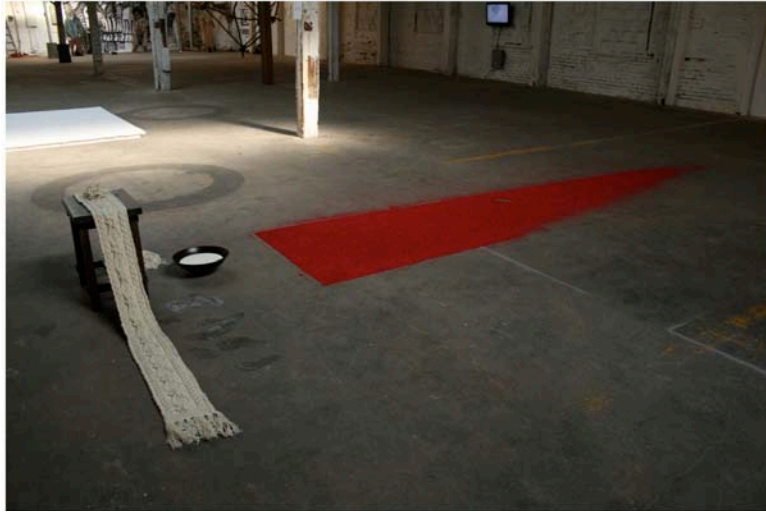
Graduate | Sculpture

When art and life intersect at a pivotal tension point, a dialogue develops in multiple dimensions. The tangibility of symbolically charged materials such as cemetery flowers or fabrics acts as an agent of communication in my developing body of work. I have been experimenting with performative installations, where improvised rituals and materials converge.

My work's thematic focus on memories has widened its cultural and social context. Narratives of labor, loss and place are vital elements in my construction of a visual and psychological space. The menial process

of making transforms selective collections of found objects into a poignant residuum of the past and the present. A sentimental installment of materials and insertion of a physical body facilitate an occupied territory as a platform for opened dialogues, both internal and external.

This interest in the interstice of installation and performance art, private and public spaces, extends into the psychology and sociology of organization, oppression, alienation and assimilation. My continual exploration is to activate the interaction between place and people with aesthetic phenomena.



Tijana Graham

Third-year | Painting

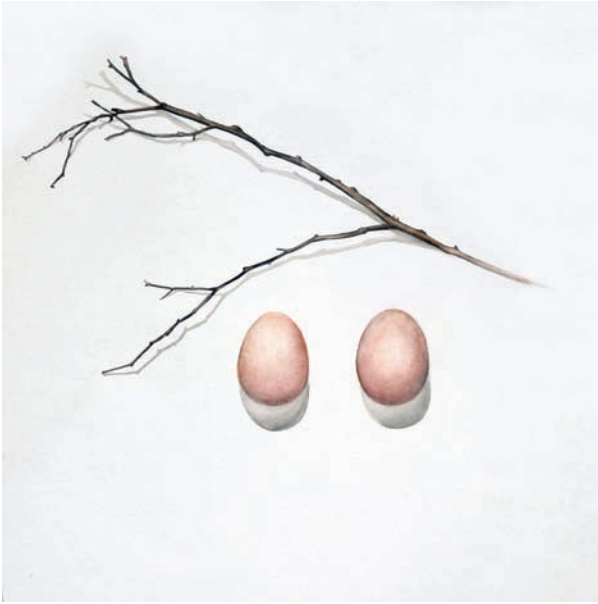


I was born on the sinking ship of Yugoslavia. The first years of the voyage were comfortable and filled with sunny days and then there was that iceberg ...

My ambitions and optimism kept me in search of a safe haven. I visited many shores and in my voyage I collected a trunk full of cultural baggage. This shaped me and completed me as a person, but also taught me tolerance, acceptance and forgiveness. Now I hear better, I feel deeper, and I can see more vividly. As such I allow for the passion to be my destination.

My goal as an artist is to create opportunity for continuous deep self-exploration. As a byproduct of this, I hope to create inspiring, positive work that reflects on my experiences and cultural diversity. I draw and paint in a realistic style striving to create a realistic image with narrative qualities. In this, I assume the freedom to range across media and disciplines.

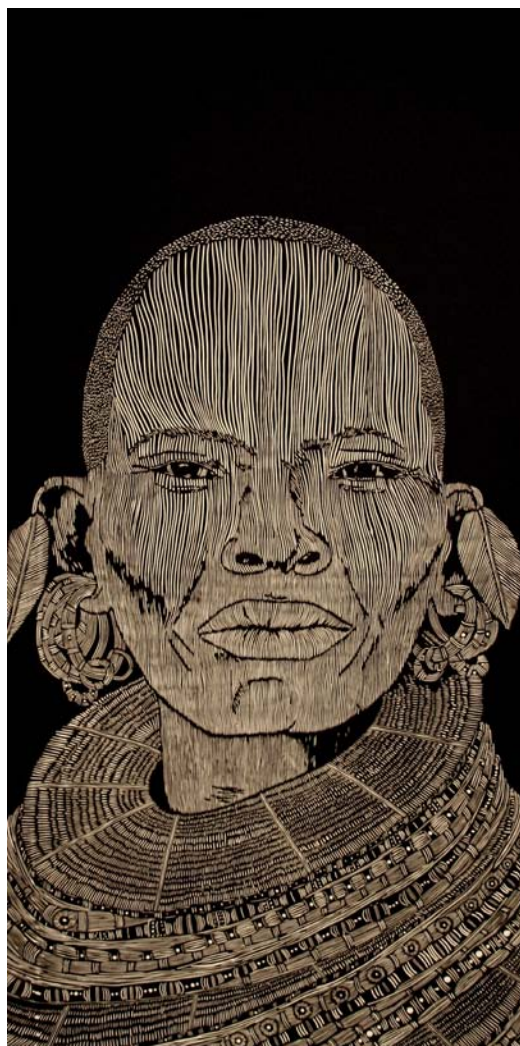
As I drop my anchor in the Promised Land, I am grateful for the opportunity to view the world through the eyes of an artist. I allow the world to change me and now it is time for me to change the world.





omar RICHARDSON

Graduate | Photography



In finding myself in my art, I have used my art to reflect my experience. This experience is not defined by the generalized view of the culture of a country or a nation, but the personal everyday experience that happens as you are raised and that connect you to your spirit. I was born to humble beginnings and because I did not have money or status I hid my experiences.

It is through my art that I am able to be honest with myself and others and this has given me my freedom.

I learn from Bahamian artists, such as Maxwell Taylor, who define moments in his experiences growing up in the Bahamas. From myself, my art is molded by my experiences with individuals in my life. My art speaks of those who have loved, helped, hurt and confused me and of those who I have loved, helped, hurt and confused.

Photography is the medium that I use to capture the individual. My work is designed for the viewer to enter into the individual's personal space, thoughts, feelings and exposes the hidden emotions that have formed within an individual based on their cultural experiences.

The technical beauty of my work is contained in the marks made on the woodblock. However the positive and the negative experiences of the individual are narrated within the marks of my woodcuts. To complete my stories I use mono prints that are inherently similar, but opposite to my photography and woodblocks.

My art has given me an understanding of the cultural experiences of others and of myself, and this knowledge has eventually allowed me to show my humanity.

World Trends:

BRAZIL



There is no other place like it on earth. The birthplace of Samba, Bossa Nova and Capoeira, Brazil is in a league all of its own.

Wilson Martins

Brazilian designer Gilson Martins has always had innovative ideas. He pioneered in the early 90's creating purses that could be used as furniture and decorative objects. Later, he became famous worldwide by using the unusual Brazilian flag as a key element in his accessory design brand. Now, he has just opened an art gallery in Rio de Janeiro, which features artwork related to the city. But his purses, bags and accessories are still there, and every year new designs are added to his extensive collection.

Fernando Meirelles

Many have heard about Fernando Meirelles, acclaimed (nominated for four Oscars) movie "City of God." Another film, however, was equally relevant to the development of

Brazilian Cinema. Central Station (1998), features the diva of Brazilian Theater, Fernanda Montenegro, who plays the role of Dora, a retired school teacher who earns extra money writing letters for illiterate people at Rio de Janeiro's largest urban train station. Her bitter personality is changed when she meets 9-year old Josué (Vinicius de Oliveira), the son of one of her clients, who had just died. Together, they travel throughout the countryside of Brazil in search of the boy's father, and, in the meanwhile, suffer dramatic transformations. The movie won a Golden Globe, and was nominated for two Oscars. Available for purchased on DVD.

Tarsila do Amaral

Painter Tarsila do Amaral (1886-1973) helped consolidate Modern Art in Brazil. She was among the select group of artists who

promoted Modernism in Brazil and completely changed the course of Brazilian art. Her painting "Abaporu" (oil on canvas, 33" x 29", 1928) has had the highest bid for a work of art done by a Brazilian artist. Her family and fans have recently put together a Web site that feature her biography and main works. An English version of it is on the way. Meanwhile, one can click on "Galeria" (Gallery) and check out her paintings, which transcend language barriers.

The São Paulo Art Biennial

Other than being one of the largest megalopolises of the world, São Paulo also hosts The São Paulo Art Biennial. The event was created by entrepreneur and sponsor of the arts Cicillio Matarazzo in the fifties, as a means of bringing relevant works of art from around the world to Brazil. Such event was



inspired by the Venice Biennial Exhibit, and introduced Brazilians, back in the fifties, to works by painters like Picasso, Morandi and Jackson Pollock.

The event has, nowadays, majestic proportions, and attracts the attention of artists, critics, and the wider public from around the world. A special pavilion was designed by renowned Brazilian architect Oscar Niemeyer, allowing the event to host a large amount of works from Brazilian and International artists.

In 2002, ACA alumna Kara Walker represented the United States at the Biennial.

Christ the Redeemer

Christ the Redeemer, the large statue of Jesus Christ that stands atop the Corcovado mountain, in Rio de Janeiro, is one noticeable

example of a sculpture in the Art Déco style. Designed by Heitor da Silva Costa, a Brazilian engineer, and sculpted by French artist Paul andowski, it was recently chosen as one of the Seven New Wonders of the World.

Vik Muniz

Vik Muniz is a contemporary Brazilian artist currently living in New York City. His work often incorporates materials seen by many as unsuitable for art. Syrup, peanut butter, diamonds and scraps of paper created by a hole punch are some examples of his past choices. A 131-work exhibit, featuring pieces created throughout his career, has toured the United States, Canada and Mexico, and will be in Brazil during 2009.

WORKING OUTSIDE OF THE BOX

(Continued from page 26)

visitors' experiences based on what he thinks they're looking for.

"Some people are there to be terrified. Some want a laugh. Sometimes they cringe, shudder or run away," he said. "Sometimes I'm very friendly and personable. Sometimes people cry, but more often they laugh."

Whether the visitors are aiming for a blood-curdling shriek or a nervous laugh, Ashby tries to make it happen.

"We aim to entertain," he said. "Some people really want to be scared, and we deliver. Sometimes people, who don't want to be scared, are brought with friends and don't want to be there, and sometimes they get very upset."

Few people with "normal jobs" have to deal with crying customers, but Ashby's job is anything but normal.

"I always make a point to try to get a person laughing and having fun if they do break down into tears. It's always sad when that happens, but I love my job nevertheless."

And what about the downfalls of scaring the living you-know-what out of everyone? Violent drunks, it turns out — even though you'd have to be pretty belligerent to pick a fight with Bruce Mantooth.

"The only thing I really dislike is dealing with violent people, who think that it is fun to get drunk and come to pick fights," said Ashby. "Often, guys will take their girlfriends in, and then when we try to scare them and do our job, they become angry and violent."

"Luckily, we have police, EMTs and firemen on the property at all times," said Ashby.

Despite the aggressive boyfriends, the criers and the hard work, Ashley said his is a weird job worth showing up for, and he recommend it to anyone interested in scaring people for a living.

"Making costumes and doing makeup is not a requirement at all, as we have a staff of makeup artists and a tremendous costume wardrobe," Ashby said. "It's incredibly hard work, physically exhausting and mentally taxing, but extremely fun and rewarding!"

When the “Just for Me” commercials started airing, I begged my mother for a perm. The jingle would ring in my head. “Just for Me. Just for Me, so silky and free . . .” I wanted to be silky and free.

WATU WAZURI

(Continued from page 21)

mesmerized by the rows and rows of relaxer kits. The taglines on the boxes read things like “Dark and Lovely: For soft, silky-straight hair,” or “African Pride: Proud to be the original.” The bright colors and beautiful brown-skinned women with glossy-black, long hair all smiled at me menacingly. They were not my Watu Wazuri woman.

When I think back to the hairstyles that have gained popularity in the past 20 years for African Americans, there are few that actually have much to do with the way African-American women really look. In fact, the Watu Wazuri woman was the first advertisement I had seen that pictured a black woman who wore her hair natural.

My hair role models before that day were anything but natural. From Salt-N-Peppa’s relaxed asymmetric mushroom-cut mullets to Mary J. Blige’s looming blond and Oprah’s feathered do, there wasn’t an ebony coil on television that wasn’t fried, dyed and laid to the side. I would watch the advertisements on BET for Luster’s Pink Oil Moisturizer and Isoplus no-lye conditioning system. It seemed that in the 10 years since the Afro Sheen commercials stopped airing, black people have become obsessed with chemically processing their hair. Three out of five second-grade girls in my class had a Jheri curl. The rest had perms, unless they were considered one of the chosen few with that “good grade of hair.” It was still a bit taboo to relax a young girl’s hair, especially if she had not yet reached the miraculous hip-spreading age of puberty. That is until kiddie perms were unleashed into the community. Then, any mother who had the slightest bit of difficulty combing her daughter’s hair could unguiltily solve her problems with a jar of no-lye magic. When the “Just for Me” commercials started airing, I begged my mother for a perm. The jingle would ring in my head. “Just for Me. Just for Me, so silky and free...” I wanted to be silky and free.

But mostly, I wanted to be free of the snide schoolyard remarks from my peers.

“You nappy. So nappy, like yo’ greasy, greasy grandmammy.” The taunting grew worse after the release of kiddie perms, and though my weekly kitchen struggles proved to me my hair was far from sparse, it did not touch my shoulders like the that of the girls whose mothers relented to the spunky kiddie perm commercials. Thus, I became the “boy,” the “baldheaded heffa,” the “nappy headed ho, whose hair don’t grow.”

It seemed that everywhere I looked, women and little girls alike praised those with long hair. If a mother were to buy her daughter the very first doll made for little black girls — the Kenya Doll — her child would be playing with a doll that had straight, light brown hair. In fact, she looked like a baby Mariah Carey, a woman who at the time was probably a beauty role model for the child’s mother. These women, these little girls, for some reason — even after the Afro-centric consciousness of the ’70s — continued to equate length and straightness with beauty.

But our hair does not grow from our heads long and straight. It grows kinky and wide, thick and high. It catches pollen in the spring and keeps our heads warm in the winter. And somehow, we do not equate this with beauty. We don’t think we are beautiful.

It became clear to me then — even at my young age — that the struggle my hair caused for me, whether in the kitchen or on the schoolyard, was something that all black women faced. My hair, in all its tangled glory, was a symbol for our battle with ourselves. It made those who saw it confront themselves, even when they wanted to refuse.

After my longing for a kiddie perm ceased, I decided to stop fighting. I had fought with my peers for their daily jests, I had fought with my mother in our kitchen every Sunday, and it was time for me to take a passive-aggressive approach to my hair. I simply stopped combing it. This seemingly innocuous action resulted in the biggest struggle I had encountered yet.

As my hair grew, it weaved itself together, and because I wasn’t combing my hair, the chunks that would normally be taken out on a weekly basis stayed. This made my hair form dreadlocks. My locks, as I called them, drew more attention to me than I expected. My aunt, who had locks herself, would tell me, “Don’t let people touch your hair. It will collect things. Locks are known to pick up what people leave behind after they touch you — germs and spirits alike.” But I couldn’t stop people from touching my hair. They would come from behind me, and grab it at the tips. Sometimes I wouldn’t even notice until I heard their breathing. And the brave ones would ask questions. “What is it?” “Why’d you do that to your hair?” or “So you chose to be nappy?” were all questions I would receive as people stared at me with screwed faces and astonished eyes.

Once, at Disney World, a German lady standing behind me in line at Splash Mountain kept touching my hair. At first, I didn't say anything. I was used to common curiosity. But this woman kept coming back. For two hours she would reach for my hair, then as I turned around to see what she was doing, she would pull back. Reach. Pull back. For two hours. By the time we reached the top of the ride, I was furious. I turned around screaming at her and her children. Her little girl started crying and I felt horrible, but I also felt like I had to protect myself. For the years I had locks, I saw them bring the worst out of me and others.

Eight years after that I cut my locks off and really was as bald as a boy, and now, as I wear my large afro, I find that black women are drawn to me. I can always tell when a woman approaches me — eyes wide and arm extended — what she is looking for. "Can I touch your hair?" and "Wow. How long have you been natural?" always seem to follow. The women who approach me, like the German woman I encountered in Disney World some years ago, are attracted to my hair because it is out of the norm. They look at me like I'm a wondrous anomaly — like my hair is a feat they can never achieve.

At first I would wear cornrows or a weave for fear that I wouldn't be able to get through the day without a swarm of questions, but it seemed through the years that sentiments about our hair had shifted, and black women again came to terms with what they really looked like.

A few weeks ago at a jazz festival, while sitting on my blanket, I looked around. I was hard-pressed to find a relaxed head in sight. There were afros everywhere. When a cool breeze would push its way through the park, I could see its movement through the tops of heads like a hurricane wind through ficus trees. The jazz band on stage played a smooth rendition of "Nature Boy," but my ears could barely make out the cry of the trumpet. All I could hear was the sound of conga drums and rattle gourds. Watu Wazuri ran through my mind as I smiled and watched the bobbing heads of beautiful people.

CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE MIND

(Continued from page 23)

sunflowers, peacock feathers, avant garde French art pieces and blue china.

His uncompromising personality drew disdain from fellow students. It's said that Wilde was repeatedly brutalized by his peers, and on one occasion, angry students threw his china out of his room.

After graduating, most of his writings regarding Aestheticism were attacked for the "immoral" emphasis on femininity in men and homoerotic undertones. But committed to his core beliefs, Wilde championed the stances of like-minded writers and traveled abroad to America and Canada to spread these ideals.

Because of the social climate of the era, he was ridiculed by the media in many of the locations he visited. But there were others who welcomed Wilde and his ideals. Wilde was a natural charmer, with a personality intoxicating enough to win over sympathizer anywhere he went.

After returning to England, Wilde was confronted by social elitists as his homosexual relationships with noted male aristocrats began to appear in the press.

A team of detectives investigated Wilde's record of homosexual activities, cross dressing

and intimate correspondences. During the questioning, his novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray" came under heavy criticism for its alleged homoeroticism and vanity. Wilde defended his position against allegations of perversion by linking it to a pursuit of art.

The first case was dropped, but after Wilde left the court, another warrant was issued and Wilde was again arrested for his frowned-upon relationships with men. In this case, he was forced to defend his actions as Hellenistic homoerotic love. The jury was unable to reach a verdict, but Wilde was still condemned to two years of hard labor.

During his stay at the prison, Wilde's health deteriorated, and three years after his release, he died penniless and alone in Paris.

Oscar Wilde, like Diogenes, was a unique soul who realized and accepted his uniqueness. Both men fully accepted themselves and found their most precious values in life, which they ardently defended despite antagonism and threats. They were not afraid of negative attention, judgment or the cruelties of men. If they lived today, they would not blink at the face of recessions, war or the mass media.

They were fearless, because they made the ultimate commitment to themselves.

Their philosophies, however unconventional, became their souls.

- Global World Trends: Israel
- Student Showcase: Building Arts/Design Schools
- Urban Delights: New York
- Editor's Choice
- Alumni Profile
- Creative Writing Section

... and much more!

SCAN

NEXT ISSUE

Editor's CHOICE



NAGA JOLOKIA

Red hot chillies ... No meal is complete without two tablespoons of these bright beauties. It is the perfect date for all my meals! The spiciest I've ever eaten is the "Naga Jolokia" chili from India – It has 1,041,427 Scoville units and is ranked as the world's hottest chili pepper by the Guinness world records.



LUCY AND BART

I first encountered Lucy and Bart's artwork on the KLM in-flight magazine – Holland Herald. The Dutch designer duo's philosophy of reshaping and altering future human forms and silhouettes is beautifully executed through volume, depth, texture and most importantly story telling. The artists' shared fascination for genetic manipulation and beauty of expression is carefully executed using cheap materials such as pantyhose nylon, cardboard and paper.



MAKEN IMCHA *Editor in Chief*



ROBOSAPIEN v2

Robosapien v2 by the Robotics Company WowWee. Priced at \$249.95, the coolest thing about robots from this company is they are automatically in sync and can communicate with each other. I recently bought mine for \$50 on Craigslist.com. Quite the bargain!

THE SPHYNX

First seen in 1966 in Toronto, Canada, this exotic hairless animal has since then enchanted people worldwide – including myself. A naturally mutated breed, Sphynxs are extremely friendly, inquisitive and love to be the center of attention. The price for sphinx cats can range anywhere from \$900-2,000.



THE GENIUSES

Yohji Yamamoto, Raf Simons, Rei Kawakubo and Hussein Chalayan (in no particular order). All are innovators in their own right. While each designer has a unique perspective on cloth construction, their aspirations of movement in structure, form and fabric govern the conception of their designs.



COVER CREDITS:
CONCEPTUALIZATION BY MAKEN IMCHA
COMPOSITION BY AMY TROCHE-WALSH



scan 2009