CREATIVITY MADE MANIFEST

Our urban arts festival showcases the next generation of cultural producers

PAINT THE TOWN PERIWINKLE

Columbia's South Loop campus gets an extreme makeover

SHORT STORY: PARK DISTRICT

Fiction by Barrie Cole ('93/'03)

Photography by Matthew Jackson ('05)
Columbia College Chicago is able to bring these events to the public with the generous support of our sponsors. Benefits of sponsorship include visibility and brand affiliation with students and faculty, as well as other collaborative options. For information contact Barry A. Benson, Director of Corporate Sponsorship and Underwriting, at 312.344.7080.

Images: Top / Muntu Dance Theatre at DanceAfrica Chicago. Bottom / Chris Ware, from The Cartoonist’s Eye

DANCE

DanceAfrica Chicago 2005: Sankofa  October 21 – 23
Chicago Theater / 175 N. State St. / Tickets: $26 – $54 at www.danceafricachicago.com or 312.344.7070. Celebrate the festival’s fifteenth anniversary with some of the most impressive dance ensembles in its history!

Merce Cunningham Dance Company  October 28 – 29
Harris Theater for Music and Dance in Millennium Park / Tickets: $18 – $48 at www.dancecenter.org or 312.344.8300. Merce Cunningham remains at the forefront of modern dance, astonishing audiences with his devotion to innovation. Different program each evening. Presented by The Dance Center of Columbia College Chicago.

GALLERIES

Talk the Walk: A Curatorial Tour of the Columbia Arts District  October 19, 5 – 9 p.m.
Curators discuss the current exhibitions at A & D, Museum of Contemporary Photography, Center for Book and Paper Arts, and others. / 312.344.8695 or www.colum.edu/artsdistrict

The Cartoonist’s Eye  Through October 22
A&D Gallery / 619 S. Wabash Ave. / 312.344.6156 / Original artwork for comic strips and graphic novels by such luminaries in the field as Chris Ware, Art Spiegelman, and Robert Crumb.

Stages of Memory  October 13 – December 17
Museum of Contemporary Photography / 600 S. Michigan Ave. / 312.663.5554
The thirtieth anniversary of the fall of Saigon is marked by images excavating memory by witnesses to the war.

MUSIC

The Best of the CJE: A Tribute to Bill Russo  October 8, 8 p.m.
Getz Theatre / 72 E. 11th St. / Check for prices and purchase tickets at www.chijazz.com or 312.344.6269. The Chicago Jazz Ensemble is joined by special guests for a concert dedicated to the memory of founder/conductor Bill Russo.

Kurt Elling  November 10, 12:30 p.m.
Music Center Concert Hall / 1014 S. Michigan Ave. / 312.344.6300 / Free with reservation, priority seating given to Columbia music students. This international star has re-energized the art of jazz singing for a new generation. Presented by the Music Department.

THEATER

The Cripple of Inishmaan  October 12 – 23
New Studio Theater / 72 E. 11th St. / www.colum.edu/theater.php / Tickets: $5 at 312.344.6126 or at the door. A strange comic tale, set on a remote Irish island in the 1930s, about a disabled youth who seeks to escape his everyday existence.

The Changeling  November 10 – 20
Getz Theater / 72 E. 11th St. / www.colum.edu/theater.php / Tickets: $10 – $14 at 312.344.6126. A Jacobean tragedy and horror story filled with passion, violence, and multiple “changelings” who are not what they seem.

FILM

Doc Week  November 14 – 18
Doc Center & Film Row Center / 1104 S. Wabash Ave. / 312.344.6725 or www.filmatcolumbia.com
A week of documentaries with workshops, seminars, and screenings of professional and student work, including the winners of the 2005 International Student Documentary Competition and the upcoming PBS series Indian Country Diaries.

READINGS

Creative Nonfiction Week  October 24 – 28
Various locations / 312.344.8139 or www.english.colum.edu/events. Readings by nationally prominent writers as well as students and faculty from the college’s creative nonfiction writing programs. Presented jointly by Columbia’s Fiction Writing, English, and Journalism Departments.

NAOMI SHIHBAB NYE  November 15, 6 p.m.
Film Row Cinema / 1104 S. Wabash Ave. / 312.344.8139 or www.english.colum.edu/events.
This poet, essayist, and children’s writer has authored more than 20 volumes. She will speak at the Democratic Vistas Forum, co-sponsored by the Center for Arts Policy.

Events are free unless noted otherwise.
This is only a partial listing of the public events happening this fall at Columbia College Chicago.
Three international alumni — Anni Holm (‘04) of Denmark, Masaru Nakamoto of Japan, and Camila Olate (‘04) of Colombia — present works utilizing digital photography in Visual Constructions. Through October 14 at Glass Curtain Gallery, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.

For information call 312.344.6650 or visit us online at www.cspaces.colum.edu.

Camila Olate, Esquinas, (detail) Inkjet Print, 98” x 30”
Copyright © 2005.
DEMO is a new magazine of, from, and about Columbia College Chicago. It’s for alumni and friends of the college who are interested in reading about the men and women of the Columbia community—alumni, students, faculty, and staff—who are applying their creativity to innovation in the visual, performing, media, and communications arts. In these pages, we won’t just tell the story—we’ll show it.

In this, our inaugural issue, we feature people who are creating change through their work in film, theater, photography, fiction writing, and more. Former student Tod Lending, whose last documentary led to an Act of Congress that changed housing-assistance laws, has a new film debuting on PBS this month—read about it on page 13. Author and performance artist Barrie Cole (‘93/’03) offers a wonderfully sensory original short story, “Park District,” on page 22. Broadway star Chester Gregory (‘95) comes “home” for the weekend and chats with Ben Joravsky (page 10) about how he got to Broadway and where he hopes to go from here. Erika Dufour’s (‘96) photos from Gregory’s Getz Theater concert this summer provide the visuals. And read all about what’s behind those big “create . . . change” discs popping up on the sides of South Loop buildings in “Paint the Town Periwinkle,” Jeff Huebner’s report on the remaking of Columbia’s campus environment (page 14).

Published three times a year, DEMO also includes news from the college, a word from President Warrick Carter, original artwork and photography, and “Out There,” an eight-page pull-out section of news and notes of particular interest to Columbia alumni. Next month, we’ll add a DEMO website, with expanded content and links, at www.colum.edu/demo.

Thanks to all the members of the Columbia community who took the leap of faith and so thoughtfully and enthusiastically contributed their support, ideas, words, and images to this brand-new venture, all on a very tight timeline. We hope you enjoy the first issue of DEMO. Let us know what you think: email demo@colum.edu. We’d love to hear from you!

Sincerely,

Ann Wiens / Editor
DEAR FRIENDS,

In today’s world the abilities that matter most are now closer in spirit to the specialties of the right brain — artistry, empathy, seeing the big picture, and pursuing the transcendent.

In A Whole New Mind, social trends analyst Daniel Pink writes:

At Columbia, we agree.

We know that learning takes place not only within the classroom, but also beyond. That’s why we say, “the city is our classroom,” and why we sponsor programs that link our campus and the world. We present DanceAfrica Chicago, North America’s largest festival of African-inspired dance; and support the Center for Asian Arts and Media, whose performances, lectures, and exhibitions celebrate Asian contributions to our culture. We host the Center for Black Music Research, the nation’s premier center for such scholarship with archives, performances, and publishing activities; and the Museum of Contemporary Photography, whose exhibitions and events continually confirm the college’s position as a leader in photography education and presentation. Recently, we established the Institute for the Study of Women and Gender in the Arts and Media. Its progressive agenda calls for developing behavioral and social studies around the important issues of gender as it relates to art and media.

These centers have professional, research, presentation, and outreach components that integrate real-world experience with classroom learning to enhance “right-brain” thinking. They also bring professional programs into the daily life of the campus, providing a richer cultural experience for our students, faculty and staff, alumni, and our community: the city itself.

Columbia is home to the Center for Book and Paper Arts, devoted to preserving and extending the arts and crafts related to handmade paper and books, and the Chicago Jazz Ensemble (CJE), a professional repertory ensemble that has established the college as one of the nation’s most important centers of jazz study and performance. Over the past 40 years, the Dance Center of Columbia College has brought more than 225 internationally recognized contemporary dance companies to Chicago. The college’s Center for Arts Policy develops research and programming that underscores the arts’ contributions to democracy, cultural inclusion, and community vitality; and the Center for Community Arts Partnerships links college and community to enhance education through the arts.

Sponsoring these outstanding entities positions the college as a leader not only in arts and media education, but also in innovation: in research, presentation, scholarship, and publication. More importantly, it enhances the value of a Columbia College Chicago education for alumni who, in their personal, creative, and professional lives, are authoring the culture of our times and changing the world. The stories and images you’ll find in the following pages are just a taste of what we have going on at Columbia College today, and of the important contributions our alumni are making to our culture—because they have learned to think with both their right and left brains.

Warm regards,

Warrick L. Carter, Ph.D.
President, Columbia College Chicago
Now into his ninth decade, Merce Cunningham remains triumphantly at the forefront of modern dance, continuing to astonish audiences with his devotion to innovation, including new ways of creating dance itself. The Dance Center of Columbia College Chicago presents Merce Cunningham Dance Company at the Harris Theater for Music and Dance, October 28 and 29.

For tickets and information, call 312.344.8300.

Merce Cunningham Dance Company in Split Sides. © Photo by Tony Doughtery.
Celebrating its fifteenth anniversary, DanceAfrica Chicago—presented by Columbia College Chicago—returns to the Chicago Theatre October 21-23 with some of the most impressive dance ensembles in its history, including Ndere Troupe, Rennie Harris Puremovement, and Prophets of da City.

For tickets and information, call 312.344.7070 or visit us online at www.danceafricachicago.com.
So, I’m a little scared. But if I could go back in time and change my major to something more “practical,” something more “marketable,” would I? Absolutely not. An arts degree is a fabulous resource. I’ve developed very strong creative muscles, and I love to flex them. My training at Columbia has prepared me for a profession not only in acting, but in several other career paths as well. I’ve learned to look for more creative solutions to problems and to articulate myself in an intelligent and unique way. The discipline that is required to be an actor leaks into the work ethic that I draw upon with every project I do.

People say, “Wow, it must feel good to be out of school,” and you know what? It does. This is probably the most exciting, frightening, stressful, and motivating time of my life thus far. I feel like I’m at one of those crazy Chicago six-way intersections and I have to choose which street to take next. That’s a lot of power, and I love it.

So I still don’t know what I’m going to do after college, much less what I really want to be when I “grow up.” What I do know is that I owe Sallie Mae my first, second, and third-born sons. And you know what? I’m okay with that, because I am now a college graduate, and I have hit the ground running.

You can run as fast as you can, but you will never escape it: The Question. People smile as they ask it, unaware of the gut-wrenching pain and nausea it provokes. “So ... what are you going to do after college?” My reaction usually begins with a laugh (while I recall that I majored in theater, no minor) and ends with a shrug while I mumble something about being unemployed.

I want nothing more than to rip off my Columbia College floaties and dive into the pool of reality, but I keep dipping my toe in the water and it’s just too cold. It really shouldn’t be that scary. I gained a lot of experience during my little jaunt at Columbia: I performed in some shows, developed a well-attended campus event (Wiseass Comedy Night), and learned a great deal in Senior Seminar (yeah ... right. It figures that starting next year, seniors will no longer be forced to explore their spirituality and do “passion” projects in this class — it’s been cancelled). Anyways, I moved to Chicago from a snotty suburb in Texas on my own with pretty much nothing but my car, a thousand bucks, and a good friend. I’m usually pretty fearless.

So, what am I afraid of?

The answer to that is everything. I no longer have that comforting old excuse: “I’m too busy with school.” In two days, I’ll no longer be a student. In two days, if I’m not working on my art in some manifestation ... I must be lazy. Now, some people might think that’s a little harsh, but it’s true. It’s time to utilize what I’ve learned and become a working artist. What’s the worst that could happen? I fail. Big deal. So then I do what millions of other Americans do: I get a “normal” job doing something I may or may not be terribly interested in. But at least I will go to work every day knowing I freakin’ tried. I’ll never be like so many others who are forced to sit there wondering, “What if?” (This is what I remind myself when I start to think about my theater degree — no minor.)

**Contribution**

**Rebecca Gallagher**

graduated from Columbia College Chicago on June 5, 2005 with a BA in theater (no minor). She specializes in comedy, but loves to do it all. Whether it’s in a sketch comedy show or a dramatic blockbuster, Rebecca hopes to be entertaining people for the remainder of her years.

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“I moved to Chicago from a snotty suburb in Texas on my own with pretty much nothing but my car, a thousand bucks, and a good friend. I’m usually pretty fearless.”
The paint was dry (well, almost), the costumes sewn, the instruments tuned. The films were edited, the music cued, the photographs printed, framed, and hung. At noon on Friday, June 3, Muntu Dance Theatre’s African drum corps gathered the crowd to the main stage in Grant Park, and Manifest 2005 officially began. Manifest celebrates and showcases the creative work of Columbia’s graduating visual, performing, and media arts students. Manifest 2005 was the biggest ever, with a dizzying variety of exhibitions, readings, music, screenings, and more, culminating in Spectacle Fortuna (a parade like none other) and performances by headliners Ozomatli in the park and Chester Gregory (’95) at the Getz. See more at www.manifest.colum.edu. And mark your calendar now for Manifest 2006, May 12!

Aimee Lee (‘06), an MFA candidate in Interdisciplinary Arts, performs Tracks, a durational, improvisational violin piece performed in a dress with a train of handmade abaca paper.
THE FACULTY AT COLUMBIA PULLED A RABBIT OUT OF A HAT, IN A SENSE. THEY FOUND STUFF IN ME THAT I DIDN’T KNOW I HAD.

GRADUATING SENIOR BENJAMIN FUNKE (BFA 2005, FINE ART)

“There’s so much creative energy here,” said one artist as he worked on his graffiti mural in the park. “People from the city can absorb it by just going to Manifest alone.” Students wait for the mainstage entertainment to begin. Community members join the parade. Spectacle Fortuna. Vice President of Student Affairs MARK KELLY and his daughter at Spectacle Fortuna. A viewer takes in the Fashion Department’s exhibition, Hang. Student CHRIS HEFNER (’06). Spectacle Fortuna. Students demonstrate Chinese and Japanese calligraphy in Grant Park. Art and Design faculty and artist extraordinaire JENNIFER FRIEDRICH, the guiding vision behind Spectacle Fortuna. A new, living addition to Grant Park’s sculpture collection. A student from Frequency TV shoots for the live Manifest webcast. As part of the TIC TOC performance series, KATY NIELSON (’06) and DAVID LONDON (’04) roam Grant Park with a carriage of carrots in Roaring Fallacy.
CHESTER GREGORY II was a skinny little 18-year-old out of Gary, Indiana when he showed up for his freshman year at Columbia College Chicago back in September of 1991. Fourteen years later...
Chester Gregory (’95) came back to Columbia as a Broadway star (he plays a lead role in the hit musical, Hairspray) to perform a concert of original material at the Getz Theater.

Gregory’s professors and classmates from Columbia remember him as a shy but keenly talented student, who was then just beginning to demonstrate his remarkable talents for singing, acting, and dancing. At Columbia, he sang in the gospel choir, performed in several operas by William Russo, and starred in a student production of Jesus Christ Superstar. After graduating in 1995, Gregory began performing in shows at venues around Chicago, including one particularly auspicious role at the Black Ensemble Theater. As Gregory tells the story, he thought he was trying out for the lead role in a production based on the life and music of the great R & B singer Sam Cooke. But when he showed up to audition one fall day in 1999, the show’s writer and director, Jackie Taylor, broke some surprising news.

“Jackie said, ‘Well, Chester, we didn’t get the rights to do the Sam Cooke story — we’re going to do the Jackie Wilson story,’” says Gregory. “She said, ‘Do you want to stay? Do you want to think about it?’ So I went outside and I just kind of lingered a little bit and contemplated. I almost completely left, but I just decided to stick around.”

“Sticking around” proved to be the decision that launched his career. Jackie Wilson was a far more charismatic and exciting stage performer than Sam Cooke. And in the lead role as Wilson, Chester Gregory had an opportunity to showcase his multiple talents. He had Jackie Wilson down cold: the rooster strut, the boxer shuffles, the yodels, yelps, and shrieks. He added hip-hop dance steps to old-fashioned R & B moves and brought the house down after night with his pirouettes and splits. The show ran for over three years: an open-ended series of sold-out performances as the audience shrieked, cried, and called out Gregory’s name.

The last time I saw The Jackie Wilson Story, Gregory was standing in the theater after the show, being congratulated by a series of audience members (mostly older black women) who were predicting he’d be a Broadway star one day. They were right. In 2003, Gregory was cast as Seaweed in Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman’s Broadway musical, Hairspray, based on John Waters’s 1988 film.

On June 3, Gregory took a night off from Hairspray to fly back to Chicago for Columbia’s alumni reunion, where he performed a concert of his original material, a combination of R & B, pop, and rap. Several hours before he took the stage, we sat down for an interview in the 600 South Michigan building.

BJ: You wanted to take whatever Columbia had to offer and turn it into a Broadway career?
CG: It’s all intertwined to me. All entertainment. I go through my modes when I’m just studying, acting intensely, or I’m studying dance intensely, or then I go to singing or songwriting. I want to be a multitalented performer, a multitalented entertainer. Since Columbia College offered the program that would give me training in those areas, that really piqued my interest.

BJ: What shows did you do at Columbia?
CG: I did a lot of music concerts with the gospel choir, all over the annexes. I think they had three or four annex buildings or lounges here, and I sang at all of them with the choir. In addition to that I did a lot of concerts with Bill Russo. I did Chelsea Bridge, I did Respect, and another one called Interpretations.

BJ: How did Russo influence you?
CG: I had him as a teacher in his workshop class with Bobbi Wilsyn. I was amazed at how much musicianship this guy had, and how insightful he was. When you have status, your slightest gesture is very, very powerful, and he was a very, very, powerful, influential man. He sort of gave me a heads up in the first show I did with him. It was like, ‘Okay, yeah, go ahead and explore it more, pick up the mic stand,’ which led me to acting crazy in The Jackie Wilson Story. I wouldn’t be able to do that now had I not gone through this here at Columbia.

Ben Joravsky: When you come back to Columbia College, what changes do you see?
Chester Gregory: Columbia’s owning Chicago. Pretty soon it’s going to be called Columbia College’s Chicago! (laughs)

BJ: How did you find your way to the college in the first place?
CG: Well, the first thing that drew me to Columbia, besides it being an art school, was that I didn’t have to take the SAT. (laughs) And I’m not ashamed to say, ‘I didn’t take the SAT!’ I’d been to, like, four SAT prep classes, but I just got cold feet every time it was time to take it. It was too much pressure!

BJ: It’s pretty funny that you felt taking the SAT was too much pressure, but you don’t feel that pressure auditioning for a show.
CG: Well, that’s the part I hate, I hate auditioning. As an actor, it’s your job to audition and you know you’re going to be called to audition, and the majority of the jobs you audition for you won’t get. I still do hate that process.

BJ: Did you fit in at Columbia?
CG: Yeah, I thought so. I came right in and joined the gospel choir. It was a great experience.

BJ: You were 18 at the time?
CG: No, I graduated from high school when I was ten — you know, I am a child prodigy. (laughs)

BJ: Way back when, when you enrolled here at the age of ten, did you know this was where you wanted to go? Did you know what you wanted to accomplish?
CG: Yeah, I knew I wanted a bachelor’s in musical theater. And that’s what I did.
BJ: You were also in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, weren’t you?
CG: Yep. I was Jesus.

BJ: You were *Jesus*? You were the one lashed?
CG: Um-hmm. (laughs) At the time, I was with the gospel choir, and not only did we have these intense rehearsals, we had these intense prayer circles. You know, when you’re in college, you’re just exploring stuff. So we would get in and pray, and be on our knees . . . I mean, at some rehearsals we’d pray for two hours and then sing for 30 minutes. You know, that’s college. So for me to play Jesus at that time was like the pinnacle!

BJ: Was that your first musical?
CG: No, I did stuff in high school. But it was my first thing at Columbia. They really, really pushed me and changed me. It was the first time I had ever worked with intelligent lighting, where the lights move and all that stuff. The set was incredible. The cast was amazing. It was a great experience just to be in a show with so many talented people and so many people who were hungry. They had a woman play Judas. So they were really ahead of their time as far as blind casting. For my opening they had this huge cloth that would morph into this blob of people who peeled it off: it was like this creation thing. But because of where I entered from, I would have to come in before they opened the house. I would come into the theater and I would curl up in a ball, and they would put the sheet over me, and I’d have to lie there for thirty minutes before the show started. And I didn’t mind it. I loved it.

DEMO
Lending’s Legacy

By Gary Fox + Kathy Kelley

Former Columbia film student Tod Lending’s last documentary inspired a congressional act to improve housing options for grandparents raising their grandchildren (and snagged an Oscar nomination along the way). Does the Chicago filmmaker’s next effort, Omar and Pete, live up to his own legacy?

“I set a high bar for myself with Legacy,” says documentary filmmaker Tod Lending. The film, which focuses on four generations of a family trapped in one of Chicago’s most dangerous housing projects, was nominated for an Academy Award in 2000. Perhaps more significantly, it was the inspiration for The Legacy Act of 2003, a federal program that supports low-cost housing for grandparents raising grandchildren.

Indeed, after garnering an Oscar nomination and bringing about tangible social change, Legacy was a difficult act to follow. Lending’s new film, Omar and Pete, lives up to the challenge. “Legacy was about the women of the family,” Lending says. “I got to wondering about the men.”

The men, in many poor African-American neighborhoods, are too often away in prison. Such is the case with Leon “Omar” Mason and William “Pete” Duncan, the subjects of Omar and Pete, airing on PBS’s “P.O.V.” series on September 13. The film follows Omar, a middle-aged convicted bank robber, for over two years, beginning a few weeks before his release from prison. Upon his release he is reunited with his friend Pete, whom he has known for most of his adult life (the two have spent the better part of 30 years behind bars). The documentary, filmed in the men’s native Baltimore, follows the two friends as their lives take divergent paths, one wrestling with addiction while the other finds success and freedom through helping others. Lending’s film offers an intimate view into the lives of these recently released convicts as they are happening, thoughtfully examining the social and economic barriers the two confront as they work at reintegrating into their communities and families outside prison.

“We felt a bond pretty quickly,” says Lending of his first meeting with Omar. He interviewed 95 potential subjects before choosing Omar, who later introduced him to Pete. Lending’s camera follows his subjects relentlessly through the ups and downs of their difficult lives for nearly three years. Viewers witness intensely intimate moments, making one wonder how Lending’s subjects can be so open with a camera in their faces. (Only once did Omar request that the camera be turned off.) “It all comes down to trust,” Lending says. “There’s a lot of contact I have with my subjects off camera. It’s a relationship that goes way beyond the film.”

Lending’s career began in earnest in 1993, after he won an Emmy as producer, writer, and director of an ABC Afterschool Special, Shades of a Single Protein. From there, he went on to produce No Time To Be a Child, an Emmy-nominated three-part documentary about children living in violent Chicago neighborhoods. The day filming began, one of the subjects of the series was murdered, just two hours after Lending interviewed his grandmother. That sobering event launched Lending on a five-year odyssey with the family, resulting in Legacy.

Lending, who is white, traces his interest in African-American culture back to childhood friendships with black children—particularly with a boy who lived in his Evanston apartment building. But it was a tragedy involving a white friend that laid the groundwork for Lending’s future as a socially conscious filmmaker. When he was 12, Lending challenged an 18-year-old friend who was a lifeguard to a swimming match. “After he swam a bunch of lengths he went down to the bottom, I tried to pull him out, but he died,” Lending says. He concedes that he felt responsible for the death. “It changed my life,” he says simply. “I knew I had to give something back.”

Studying at Columbia College Chicago in the 1990s, Lending met the documentary filmmaker Michael Rabiger, then chair of the Film and Video Department, who would become his mentor. “He inculcated the value of making documentaries that are emotional — driven by story and passion.” Lending has clearly internalized these values — his films are textbook examples of what Rabiger was talking about.

Lending’s Chicago-based production company, Nomadic Pictures, is currently working on two more stories set in inner-city America — Aimee’s Crossing and The Shooting Gallery. Also in development is Why War?, a feature-length documentary based on the national bestseller War is a Force That Gives Us Meaning by Chris Hedges.

Gary Fox is an independent filmmaker who has been a part-time member of Columbia’s Television Department faculty since 1987. Kathy Kelley is a television- and screenwriter who has studied at Columbia College. They live in Chicago.
Paint the Town

In July 2004, as thousands celebrated the opening of Chicago’s newest downtown landmark, Millennium Park, a few curious onlookers glanced up as another landmark of sorts was quietly retired. Fifteen stories above 624 South Michigan Avenue, a demolition crew took down the huge “Torco” Motor Oil Company sign that had topped the building since the 1970s. When Columbia College Chicago purchased the building in 1990, it agreed to leave the advertising icon in place as long as Torco paid for the upkeep. But Torco folded and stopped sending checks in 2000. The relic’s removal was a small but symbolic gesture as Columbia embarked on a dramatic physical and aesthetic overhaul of its growing South Loop campus.

Once largely a commuter school catering to working-class students eager to pursue fine arts or fiction writing rather than matriculate in the school of hard knocks, Columbia is increasingly a “destination” college with a growing resident population—1800 students will live on campus this fall. As the number of students has risen (enrollment has more than quintupled since the mid-1970s, to 10,500), the campus has expanded, too, with a dozen or so adaptively reused buildings scattered throughout a gentrifying, disconnected neighborhood. Today, Columbia is the largest landowner in the South Loop. Until recently, few would have guessed.
Early last year, a plan was put in motion to make Columbia look and function more like the innovative arts and media college that it is.

To this end, the college established the Office of Campus Environment and installed Alicia Mazur Berg, former commissioner of planning and development for the city of Chicago, as its first vice president. Berg’s office quickly launched plans to improve and preserve Columbia’s properties (many of which have historic value), enhance the functionality of nineteenth- and twentieth-century buildings for twenty-first-century technologies and educational needs, and heighten the college’s visibility and creative identity within the heterogeneous cityscape. It’s all meant to make Columbia a more thematically unified, visually exciting “community,” not only for the benefit of students, faculty, and staff, but also for residents, visitors, and the tens of thousands of patrons who attend cultural events on campus each year.

Columbia’s transformation from a scruffy-little-college-that-could to a showcase institution couldn’t be occurring at a more propitious time. “In a flash, we’ve gone from a commuter college with 500 students in two residence halls [in 2003] to a college with a real balance of residential and commuter students,” explains Mark Kelly, vice president of student affairs. “This year we have 1,800 students in four residence halls.”

The reasons behind the college’s growth aren’t hard to fathom. “The stature and reputation of the college are growing by leaps and bounds,” asserts Kelly. “Of course, that’s true locally, but it’s also true nationally.” Although Columbia continues to draw most of its students from the Chicago area, last year the school received applications from all 50 states for the first time, leading to 3,100 new admissions—one of the largest single-year jumps ever. Of this year’s incoming freshman class, 35 percent are from outside the Chicago area, and 40 percent of entering students are choosing to live on campus.
For a decade, living on campus meant a single choice: the Residence Center at 731 South Plymouth Court, the landmark Lakeside Press Building that Columbia purchased in 1993. Then, in 2003, the college began leasing the upper floors of the city’s Hosteling International facility at 24 East Congress Parkway. Last fall, however, students had two new state-of-the-art options: the renovated College Park at State, a multi-college luxury high-rise at 2 East Eighth Street; and the newly constructed 18-story, 1,723-bed University Center of Chicago, at 525 South State Street, which more than 700 Columbia students share with students from DePaul and Roosevelt Universities.

The University Center of Chicago (UCC), a $151-million “superdorm,” has done more than alleviate Columbia’s critical housing needs. Like the college’s other residence facilities, it has been designed as a learning environment itself. Owned by a nonprofit organization jointly formed by the three institutions, the UCC has become a national model for urban student housing. With shared suites and studio apartments, common spaces (including a conference center, dining room, and outdoor rooftop terrace), plus art studios, music practice rooms, and computer labs, students can work privately as well as gather informally, fostering a sense of creative community. “Imagine what all this means in terms of our campus life—we’ve become a 24-hour campus,” Kelly points out.

It has made for a heady economic, racial, cultural, and educational mix—a “vibrant, youthful, urban community,” as Columbia 2010, the college’s strategic master plan, puts it, which “has created its own ‘left-bank’ in Chicago’s South Loop neighborhood.” Yet the residential boom is only part of the story. Columbia’s 14 properties—nine of them historic buildings, six acquired since 1990—now comprise over 1.2 million square feet. Almost all of them are located along an eight-block spine of Michigan and Wabash Avenues, from Congress Parkway to 13th Street.

“We realized we needed to do a better job of creating a sense of place, a sense of community, a sense of campus,” Kelly concedes. “It’s not like we’re invisible, but there’s a certain anonymity. You don’t get this sense of a huge, sprawling, thriving campus.”

Unlike traditional campuses, Columbia doesn’t have clearly defined campus boundaries; its buildings are woven into the urban fabric. College-based activities contribute significantly to a burgeoning cultural district in the South Loop, where several hundred thousand patrons annually attend events at such venues as the Dance Center, the Getz Theater, the Museum of Contemporary Photography, the newly opened Film Row Center, and several other exhibition and presenting venues. Yet, despite façade signage and knots of students congregating outside buildings, patrons didn’t necessarily know they’d entered Columbia territory.

That’s where Alicia Berg comes in. In early 2004, the college wooed Berg from her three-year position as commissioner of the City of Chicago Department of Planning and Development to become Columbia’s first vice president of campus environment. Broadly, her mandate is to implement the Columbia 2010 strategic plan as it pertains to buildings and the spaces between them. Among her duties is to “develop a cohesive campus with a distinct sense of place and street presence,” according to the plan.
“Creating a sense of place creates a sense of community,” says Berg. “We want people to know they’re in a Columbia space, not just in the South Loop. The creation of a campus identity and a student-friendly facility in a civic community fosters a pride of identity among students and staff. And that’s an integral part of campus life.”

When she assumed her post, Berg was faced with the challenge of balancing the need and desire for a major overhaul of the physical campus with the college’s limited resources and responsibility to spend its students’ tuition dollars wisely: Ninety percent of Columbia’s $160-million budget for 2004-2005 came from tuition, and the college was committed to a zero tuition increase. “It’s always a matter of priorities, and balancing what we want with what we can afford,” says Berg. Strategically, she elected to reposition the campus’s public spaces first, to concentrate on highly visible, “big-splash” projects to make a strong impact and signal the level of changes that were to come. “The first thing we did,” she says, “was paint the front door.”

Berg and her 20-person buildings staff have set up committees for outdoor wall art, branding, and space planning, and have worked with other college offices, design and architecture firms, artists, city officials, civic groups, and students. Many of the first projects were primarily aesthetic, accomplished relatively quickly with input from targeted committees to achieve a strong initial impact. A unified color palette, logo and graphics schemes, public wall art, window displays of student artwork, and other creative identification pieces were key. “We want to put our best face forward,” says Berg. “We want to look more like the cool, urban, hip arts college that we are.”
The campus environment office’s first major effort, the Corridor Blitz, was completed last fall. “The main idea of Corridor Blitz,” says Berg, “was to unify the campus. Each building had a completely different look—there was nothing to indicate you were on the Columbia campus, and the corridors were dowdy. But they’re the connectors, they’re like the paths that connect more traditional campus buildings.”

The $1.2-million repainting and recarpeting project, led by Eva Rubio, design director of the Chicago office of Architecture at Gensler, brought splashes of intense (some would say shocking) color to elevator bays, and a uniform grey-and-white design scheme to 100,000 square feet of hallway walls, doors, and carpets in seven campus buildings. The splashes of color let you know you’re in a place that’s willing to make a strong statement; the clean grey and white that lines most of the corridors was chosen to highlight an extensive series of four-by-four-foot framed reproductions of artworks by students, faculty, and alumni—vivid testimonials to the nature of the school.

Out on the street, a number of Columbia properties have been refurbished with art and design elements to let you know where you are—and where you’re going. Many walls and façades have been refreshed and unified with periwinkle paint. Some large exterior walls and windows have been boldly marked with super-graphics (devised by the college’s Department of Creative and Printing Services) that spell out “Columbia” in full or partial text, the school’s “create... change” motto, and other identifiers. And street-level windows once hidden with gloomy brown mini-blinds now feature vivid displays of student artworks, photographs, and promotional materials.

Public art is a big part of the plan. A 48 x 48-foot photomural by Sarah K. Bierman ('04) adorns the south wall of the 33 East Congress Parkway building, which has a captive audience of CTA Orange Line “L” riders. Images by Irena Knezevic ('03) and Camila Olarte ('04) grace the north façade of the Theater Center and the west façade of the 619 South Wabash Avenue building, respectively. The art is getting noticed. In June, the Friends of Downtown, a nonprofit civic organization, awarded the Office of Campus Environment the 2005 “Coolest Thing Award” for its exterior identification program, noting that Columbia’s “extensive and thoughtful project has continued to add to the vibrancy of Chicago’s growing downtown.”

“Most building facelifts are driven by public-sector partners, and also because we’re trying to work deeper into the Columbia community, in terms of student and faculty input, so that we can make sure the whole community is part of the process.” She notes that the projects in the pipeline from this point forward will require extensive input and feedback from the end-users of the spaces: faculty, staff, and students.

At press time, several major interior-redesign projects were nearing completion, including Gensler’s complete overhaul of the 33 East Congress building’s second floor, the new home of the Journalism Department. For the first time, classrooms and working publications—the Columbia Chronicle and Echo Magazine—share spaces, and a converged newsroom brings print, broadcast, and web-based technologies together. Gensler also gave the Harrison side of the Alexandroff Campus Center a major facelift, reconfiguring the under-utilized Ferguson Theater into a lecture hall and adding an inviting, street-level student-orientation tour center. Ross Barney and Jankowski Architects remodeled the mixed-use Conaway Multicultural Center in the Ludington Building at 1104 South Wabash Avenue into a space with “improved aesthetics and functionality,” Berg says.
Amid all this activity, there has been an increasingly persistent discussion about Columbia’s need to build a student/campus center. Mark Kelly, vice president of student affairs, freely admits that the lack of such a facility on campus is a “gaping hole.” Many in the college community agree—President Warrick Carter discussed it in his State of the College address last March. The dilemma, of course, is that it will cost big bucks—money that Columbia doesn’t have. According to a comprehensive article by Jeff Danna in the April 18, 2005 issue of the Columbia Chronicle, all of the school’s capital projects (such as building purchases and renovations) in the past have been funded by tuition dollars—an unusual practice for colleges. Columbia has never mounted a capital campaign. But as the institution continues to grow, so does the need for contributed income.

Last year, the Office of Institutional Advancement launched a financial plan for a campaign that includes researching potential donors, while the Office of Campus Environment began researching the logistics of creating a campus center (Berg has hired architects Valerio DeWalt Train to analyze the campus’s current space and survey students, faculty, and staff, and look at model sites in the United States and Canada to develop a coherent program for the campus center.) Student groups have also met to discuss plans. (Buddy Guy’s Legends at 754 South Wabash Avenue is being eyed as a possible site—Columbia owns the land—but the blues club has another two years on its lease.) A Columbia facility would likely include office and classroom space as well as a student center—“land is too valuable here to limit its use to a three-story building,” notes Berg. She doesn’t know yet if the college will construct a new, “iconic” building or convert an existing one.

The next year will be telling. Last spring, the board of trustees elected Allen Turner as chairman, an indication that the college may be getting serious about mounting a capital campaign. As chair of the Museum of Contemporary Art’s board from 1991 to 1996, Turner spearheaded fundraising efforts and oversaw construction of the museum’s new building. He has already been working with college officials to establish a broad fundraising program that would finance a variety of projects, including scholarships and a student center.

Turner calls a student center a “high priority.” He explains, “We are highly motivated by the fact that we have to produce more facilities for students. We’re going to provide the best facility we can, as soon as possible. Being an urban campus as well as now a major residential campus, it’s very important for students to get together and exchange ideas. Students love going to Columbia, they really do. We’ve got to match our facilities to their enthusiasm and energy.”

Erik Johnson navigates unclaimed landscapes exploring the temporary relationships that develop where human and environmental forces meet. Closing reception and book signing: Thursday, September 29, 5-7 p.m. Museum of Contemporary Photography, 600 S. Michigan Ave.

For information, call 312.663.5554 or visit us online at www.mocp.org.
Some campuses were built to be campuses. Columbia’s is not one of them.

Every one of the college’s 14 South Loop buildings has a previous life (or two, or three), and a thousand stories to tell. For instance, the 600 South Michigan building—now the Alexandroff Campus Center—was built for the International Harvester Corporation, the largest farm-machinery company in the world during the early 1900s. Christian Eckstorm was commissioned to design the building in 1907-08 (with additional work by Holabird and Root), representing the corporation’s growing success as an industrial leader.

The 624 South Michigan Avenue building (better known to some as the “Torco building”) was built in 1908 by Eckstorm to house the Chicago Musical College, founded by Dr. Florenz Ziegfield in 1867. Ziegfield’s son, Florenz (Flo) Ziegfield, Jr., would gain worldwide fame as the producer of Broadway’s Ziegfield Follies—an interesting history for a school with such an emphasis on the performing arts. In the 1920s, Harold Blum purchased the building, and it became the home of Blum’s Vogue, a high-fashion clothing store catering to an upscale clientele. The Torco Oil Company purchased the building in the 1970s, topping it with the landmark sign that led to its nickname, the Torco building, which persists despite the removal of the sign last year.

In 2004, the college was awarded a $165,000 Getty Foundation Campus Heritage Grant to research its historically significant buildings (unearthing these and other interesting stories), create a campus preservation plan, and develop historic-building restoration guidelines. The firm of McGuire, Igleks and Associates completed the 11-volume preservation plan in June 2005. This fall, the project culminates in an exhibition, website, and lecture series exploring the significance and the fascinating histories of these buildings.

The exhibition, which opens at the Columbia College Chicago Library on October 5, is sponsored by the Library and curated by Tim Wittman, architectural historian and Columbia faculty member, and Larry Oberc, collection maintenance/preservation librarian. The show features images and ephemera relating to the history of the buildings, including historic photographs, posters, sound recordings, and sheet music. The four-part lecture series commences October 12 with Wittman’s discussion of the architectural history of Columbia’s buildings, followed by sessions on the history and recent transformation of the South Loop, and preservation planning for our buildings’ survival. The website, which launches in early October, features historical and recent images of Columbia’s buildings, and includes descriptive information about each.

Contributor

Kimberly Hale is head of Collection Management for the Columbia College Chicago Library.

THE GETTY FOUNDATION CAMPUS HERITAGE EXHIBITION AND LECTURE SERIES TAKES PLACE AT THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CHICAGO LIBRARY, 624 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE. EVENTS ARE FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

EXHIBITION: OPENING WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 5, 2005, 6:00 - 8:00 P.M.
LECTURES: WEDNESDAY EVENINGS IN OCTOBER, 6:00 - 7:45 P.M., FOLLOWED BY WINE-AND-CHEESE RECEPTIONS.
CALL KIM HALE AT 312.344.7355 FOR DETAILS, OR VISIT THE COLLEGE’S ONLINE CALENDAR OF EVENTS AT WWW.COLUM.EDU/CALENDAR.
Here is the wedding.

CAN YOU HEAR THE BASKETBALL?
The basketball is bouncing. YES, YOU CAN HEAR THE BASKETBALL.
Can you see the basketball? NO, OF COURSE YOU CANNOT.
The basketball is bouncing downstairs in the gymnasium...

You could, though, see so much in your mind, if you wanted to, if you tried. What would you see? Would you see running, jumping, flying, moving, dancing, passing? Would you see all the hands and arms and knees and legs running and jumping and flying and so many colorful jerseys on skinny bodies wet with sweat and hair damp with sweat too? Would you see the scratched wooden floors made so shiny with wax that they reflect the fluorescent lights and gleam? Would you see the kids sometimes skidding on the floors where the wax has been built up and made dangerous and slippery because it’s too thick? Would you see a red basketball with a graphic of Michael Jordan on it holding a basketball himself on the basketball? Would you see this basketball being passed, and bounced and thrown up higher and higher, higher, so high that on a few occasions, it hits the rafters on the ceiling and bangs against the network of beams and then plunges down like a little round suicide, only to be reincarnated again, almost instantaneously, and bounced again like a miracle? Would you see this basketball being thrown into the basket like a dolphin soars then shimmies through a hoop in an aquarium trick? Would you see the ball covered with the net for just a split second, see Michael Jordan all separated with strings, made cubist and then not, so fast? Or maybe, seeing the red ball in the basket would be more like a still life, the ball a swelled apple in a bottomless basket. Would it be satisfying to see any of this? Would you like this? Would you? Mark would have. Mark did.
This is where the wedding is. The gymnasium is downstairs and the wedding is upstairs. You are a guest at the wedding. You are not a participant or a spectator in the basketball playing going on downstairs. You can only hear the basketball or see it in your mind. So don’t get any ideas. Some people might, you know, get ideas, like Mark. Mark was dragged to this wedding by his wife and oh, how he didn’t want to go. And he was yawning and yawning and moving so slowly and kept missing belt loops, accidentally or on purpose, when he was getting ready. Putting on pants was exhausting and putting on his shirt was exhausting, and the socks and the belt and the tie just about did him in. And to make it worse, Irene, his wife, was getting so bitchy and impatient. Her stupid friends and their stupid weddings in stupid Park District buildings. Who ever heard of a wedding in a Park District building? Who ever heard of something as stupid as that?

Jackie looked like a walking orgasm. I swear to God. She pulsed. She was the bride and this was her wedding and she wore a golden dress and shined like everything precious that shines and sitar music played densely, cosmically, laggardly. Watching Jackie, what with the sitar moaning and vibrating like that and the humming of the gymnasium behind her, everything made us all kind of sexy, languid, and silly. We just kept smiling, beaming, and became almost drunk. Mark, seeing Jackie like that, leaned back in the silver metal folding chair that had the number twenty-three spray-painted on the back of it, along with the words, “Chicago Park District,” and uttered one word. He said, “Wow.” (By the way, twenty-three was Michael Jordan’s number when he played for the Chicago Bulls. And because of this, it is a number that has significance not only in Chicago, but in the world.)

Jackie was not twenty-three years old, but forty-three years old and Ethan, the man she was marrying, was forty-six years old, and forty-three plus forty-six is eighty-nine and eighty-nine is one less than ninety and ninety-nine is one less than a hundred, and this wedding was taking place in the month of October, in the year nineteen hundred and ninety-nine, which was one year before the year two thousand, which had come to be called the millennium. So, this wedding was a turn-of-the-century wedding.

Now here is some more information: This was Jackie’s first wedding; however, she had been with another man previously whose name was Jerry and she always thought they’d get married because, you know, it sounded so good; Jackie and Jerry, Jerry and Jackie. But see, there was a problem. Jerry never wanted to get married because that step was just too big a step for him to take. He was like a man with very short legs who could not climb stairs unless they were created especially for him by an architect.

Jackie waited twenty years. Twenty years! Twenty years is two decades, and after the first five years Jerry slowly, without really even realizing it, began to outgrow his. She went back to school, got a master’s degree in comparative religions and soon became this mandala person. More and more circles began to grow around her. She deepened and deepened around and around. She spiraled with colors. And then, around the fifteenth year, she dilated and gave birth to a new version of herself. And it was just about as powerful as having a baby, which was good, because a part of her always wanted a baby, and it was getting late in her life to do that.

And when this self grew up around the twentieth year it was time to leave Jerry for good, and when she met Ethan they knew, they just knew with a capital “K” and everybody, I mean everybody, criticized them for moving in together after only two weeks of knowing each other, but the truth was, they just knew.
Ethan had been married twice before. Both women had been similarly needy and manic. They had both groped for him in darkness and light and had dragged him in to various counselors for marital counseling. Usually, the counselors were women who appeared only slightly less needy than his wives had been and the counselors always asked him, “Is there anything you can think of that you could do to make your wife feel secure? Can you do anything to make your wife feel safe?” Both women hadn’t felt safe, although he couldn’t figure out why. He knew he wasn’t dangerous. The one thing he did learn was that they just didn’t feel safe in the world in general. Both women had been childlike and had difficulty knowing right from left or north from south. In a way, it wasn’t surprising that they didn’t feel safe. I mean, if a person doesn’t know which direction they’re facing, is it surprising that they feel lost? Are lost and unsafe the same things? These were the things Ethan could never quite get his head around and it wasn’t surprising when the marriages fell apart, each in its own time.

Both women were friends now and despised him for reasons that had something to do with his inability to make them feel safe. He wasn’t surprised that the two women had become friends. They had common interests and both had lots of the same books; books with titles like: The Courage to Heal and Codependent no More. Why, he wouldn’t be surprised if the two of them ended up together in a more intimate relationship. Maybe then, they could make each other feel safe, as he himself had been unable to do.

But now now, Ethan wasn’t thinking about Theresa or Clarice. He was thinking about Jackie. He wore a black tuxedo and his longish red hair was pulled back with a fancy, antique, silver clip and he stood smiling next to Jackie and the sitar was playing and Pamela, the Buddhist priest they’d hired to officiate, was lighting incense in front of them. And the sitar stopped and Pamela began.

When Pamela began is when Mark started shifting and his head began lolling, not unlike a basketball left alone on the floor of a gymnasium. If a basketball is left alone in a gymnasium and wind blows through an open window, it is likely that the basketball may loll a little. Ask any physicist living or dead, and I’m sure they’d agree with this premise. Mark did not like what Pamela the Buddhist priest was going on about. It was boring, boring, boring. As his head lolled, Irene poked him in the side, and he sat up a little straighter, but God, that Pamela woman was fucking relentless. It was meditation this and pray to the alter that and equanimity this and blah blah blah blibbity blah into infinity. Mark breathed a huge and audible sigh of relief when it was over and Irene poked him again.

Finally, the ceremony was over and the wedding party had gone out in the opposite order of how they had come in. The flower girl, Jackie’s niece, hadn’t gotten rid of all the petals in her basket, so she continued dropping them on the way out. She dropped them in clumps, her little four-year-old face screwed up in concentration. This was a task that demanded it. Like Hansel and Gretel, dropping all those crumbs so they could find their way home.

So, with the ceremony part over and everyone finished clapping in a boisterous manner, though a little less boisterous than, say, if they’d been watching basketball, everyone began chatting. The wedding invitation had stated that there’d be tea and a light faire following the ceremony, but there was no tea, which was strange. There was no dancing either, but the invitation hadn’t said anything about dancing or not, so that, unlike the lack of tea, wasn’t surprising. Someone had filled up platters with grapes and goat cheese and there were some warm baked-apple pastries and then chocolate wedding cake with thick, sugary, marzipan frosting. Irene grabbed Mark and they began to meander through the crowd and mingle.
The mingling went well enough. Mark lagged behind a little at times and spaced out a little at times but, for the most part, he participated pretty well and spoke loudly enough and said a little about the music and a little about the wedding (nothing too insulting) and a little about voting and other current events, and he said, “Thank you” when Francine said she liked the pleasant blue color of his shirt. So they mingled and mingled, and they were so busy mingling that they didn’t notice that some new guests had arrived and were also mingling. These people, unlike Jackie, Ethan, Irene, and Mark were not appropriately dressed for a wedding. No, they were all about seventeen and were sweating and were wearing shorts and T-shirts. Some of them were even bare-chested and were wearing only muscles. Why were these boys at the wedding? Why were these boys mingling?

In basketball, there are two teams on the court. At a wedding, there are two teams too, but it’s not as carefully delineated. The two teams are the bride’s people and the groom’s people. Occasionally, there are a few who know both the bride and the groom and they are a little like commentators, not like referees. Sometimes the people in this third group are people who introduced the two to begin with, or people who, just by accident, happen to know both the bride and the groom. This is the way weddings operate.

To mingle is to intermix, to join, to blend. And so, that is what Mark and Irene began to do. They were on the bride’s team. Irene had met Jackie six years earlier, when they both worked for the same hypnotherapist, Dr. Hendrich. Irene had been his secretary and Jackie his part-time bookkeeper, and soon the two of them were hanging out a little, and then they were having lunch and talking about Dr. Hendrich and hypnotism and love and longing and hope and food and sex.

This is why: Earlier, near the bathroom, on the first floor, near the gymnasium, Tanya had been smoking.

A boy had come out of the bathroom, and when he had seen Tanya, he said, “Ouch,” as if she, at seventeen, wearing a short little shirt like that, with her lips painted pink like that, had somehow hurt him. And when Tanya had heard him say, “Ouch” like that, she had smiled coyly and had bent down to tie her shoe: And not because her shoe needed tying. No, it did not need tying. She had bent down like that so her slight little shirt could be lifted up a little bit in the back, so the boy could see the tattoo that she had on her lower back. It was a tattoo of a rose and even her mother didn’t know about that. When the boy saw that, he said, “Mmmmmmm,” as if Tanya’s tattoo were a real rose; a rose he could smell the aromatic power of and stoke the creamy petals of, endlessly. Tanya had laughed then, and then she’d gone back to the wedding.

In the basketball of weddings, Tanya was on the bride’s team. She was the adopted daughter of Jackie’s cousin Eleanor, who had adopted Tanya when Tanya was seven years old because Tanya’s biological parents were just too screwed up beyond belief. (That’s really the only way to put it.) Furthermore, Eleanor had been lonely and asexual and had desperately wanted a daughter to raise. Tanya had been a marvelous daughter at seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen; but around sixteen she’d begun to grow dangerous and strange. It was almost as if she’d somehow plugged herself into a faulty electric socket and the result was that Tanya had gone all haywire and loopy. And as a result of this loopiness, Tanya had recently been saying that she wasn’t going to go to college. Instead, she was going to take a year off and “experiment.” She told her mother. She said, “Mother, I am going to try pot, and I’m going to get drunk a few times, and I might even try acid, and I promise I won’t get addicted to these things, but I am going to try them. And Mother, I want you to take me to a doctor so I can get on the pill because I plan on trying sex too.” Eleanor didn’t have a clue as to what to do. Everyone kept telling her not to worry though, and that Tanya was sure to mellow out by nineteen or twenty, or at the very latest, twenty-three. “Twenty-three,” her friend Nancy had said, “is when they all mellow out. It is soooooooo true.” Eleanor certainly hoped so. She also hoped it wouldn’t take that long.
The boy who’d said, “Ouch” and “Mmmmmmmmm” had a name. It was Pete. Pete was seventeen and Pete played basketball from morning to night on the weekends and when Pete went back out to the basketball court after seeing Tanya, he said, “Yol!” And after he said that, the ball stopped bouncing and all the boys turned to Pete and Pete beckoned them with a nod of his head. He nodded his head, just once, to the left, and all the boys followed him because Pete was their leader. He was their Pied Piper and it wasn’t only because he was good at basketball. It was because he was good at everything; and also, when you followed Pete, he always led you to something better than what you’d been doing before he led you there, even basketball. Pete said, “Bob, grab the boom box!” and “Come on everybody. We’re going to a wedding!”

And so they did. All twelve of them. They went right up the stairs. The stairwell was like a tunnel that took them from one realm to another. The boom box serenaded their journey. It was full of batteries and its speakers throbbed with rhyming rap music until midway up the stairs, Pete changed the station to play sultry soul music, and all the boys, without realizing it, slowed down, and these boys were not shy boys. These were boys who played basketball. These boys were athletic, sturdy, lithe, and agile boys. They were like ponies. Oh yes they were.

The boys paraded in, in a line, moved into the room, snaked around the room, slid across the floor as if they were on ice skates and then parted like individual streams from a river. The boy holding the boom box set it down on the table with the cake. Pete found Tanya. He took hold of her hand and tried to twirl her. She resisted. She looked around. She said, “What are you guys doing up here?” Pete said, “Aw come on baby, dance with me.” Tanya felt her legs and feet buzz and hum as if a great swarm of bees had begun to zigzag and dip and dive inside them, and so she took his hand and they danced. Pete called the other boys from their mingling with a whistle. Tanya laughed. She thought, “This is crazy. This is like West Side Story.” Then the other boys formed a circle around Pete and Tanya and because of this new geometry in the gymnasium, the guests began to notice. The sitar player noticed. The sitar player smiled and strummed and plucked as soulfully as he could on a sitar. More circles began to form. This was so unlike basketball. This was a different sport entirely!

And then Jackie, the bride, noticing too, turned into a whirling, swirling, orgasm and she didn’t care who the boys were. This was wonderful. And Ethan joined her. And all the circles broke apart and joined into one circle around Ethan and Jackie, the groom and the bride, and the circle went around and around and around, faster and faster and faster with hair flying and skirts flying, creating a breeze and whooshing and whooshing and whoosh.

The boys who went outside and kissed like crazy on a bench, beneath a voyeuristic birch tree.

Tanya and Pete being outside like that were extensions of the circle even though they felt like two unhinged things, and they swung toward another like flying doors waving in a vast blue sky: A circle above the circle inside: Two miniature orgasms in training.

Mark unlatched himself from the circle and crept downstairs to shoot baskets. His dress shoes clicked on the gymnasium floor like tap shoes. He clutched the round ball to his chest as if the ball were an appendage and then jumping, tore the ball away from himself, pushing it out and up, into space. He removed his tie and flung it away like a lasso and let it go. He hadn’t played basketball in years. He took off his jacket; shot some more baskets. He took off his shirt and pants, got down to his boxers, undershirt, socks, and dress shoes and ran up and down the court like someone truly free; like everything wild, and that was how Irene found him, and she laughed so hard when she saw him like that she almost peed in her pants. She had always thought that was an old wives’ tale, but now she could see that it was actually true. You really could pee in your pants from laughing; and Mark, seeing her, smiled at her smile. A smile is half a circle. Two half circles make a whole circle. Here is the wedding. Here are the people. This is the basketball. Here are the smiles. Here is life on a platter. I swear to God, any place can be a church.

**DEMO**

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**Contributors**

**Barrie Cole** (’93/’03) holds MFAs in both fiction writing and interdisciplinary arts from Columbia College Chicago, where she has also taught. She writes short stories, plays, poems, essays, and sometimes songs. Recently she has been performing an ongoing collaborative work, *Alphabet Obit*, with Julie Caffey. See more at www.barriecole.com.

**Matthew Jackson** (’05) earned his BFA in photography this year. He is strongly focused on both architectural and fine-art photography. This month he begins an extended photo project in Western Europe.

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**THE CARTOONIST’S EYE**

This exhibition offers a preview of Columbia web designer Ivan Brunetti’s upcoming *Anthology of Graphic Fiction* (Yale University Press, 2006). It features original artwork for some of the comics and graphic novels presented in the book by artists such as Chris Ware, Art Spiegelman, Robert Crumb, and Seth. Through October 22 at A+D Gallery, 619 S. Wabash Ave.

For information, call 312.344.6156.

Above: Seth, 190 Dublin Street (detail)
Allen Turner, Columbia College Chicago’s newly elected chairman of the board of trustees, knows a thing or two about good art. And good business.

“Columbia is what is known as a hot school at the moment,” says Allen Turner with a smile, as he leans back into a sofa in his forty-seventh-floor office at the Pritzker Organization’s new Loop headquarters. Behind him, cabinets display mementos of a life in the arts—photographs, books, and a stunning collection of Native-American pottery and blankets, testament to his ongoing relationship with the Lakota Sioux tribe in South Dakota. To his right is a curtain of glass, a window washer perched on a scaffold outside, the city laid out precariously far below him.

Turner seems to notice none of it. His focus is on the college. “Columbia’s programs have always been good but they’re better than ever,” he continues. “The faculty is wonderful, and the students are very happy with their education. That has translated into a national recognition. People want to come here.”

There’s no arguing with that. The school has enrolled more than 10,500 students for fall 2005, up 33 percent from a decade ago. And the college is attracting faculty from some of the most competitive arts programs in the country. But such growth comes with growing pains, including a persistent demand for more space, new equipment, better technology—in short, money. All at a time when the college is strongly committed to keeping tuition increases low and knowledge accessible.

Turner’s election as board chair sends a strong signal that the college is serious about raising money from sources other than tuition. His successful, $55-million capital campaign as chairman of the Museum of Contemporary Art’s board (1991 to 1996) is legendary. But the synchronicity goes much deeper than “Columbia College needs money; Allen Turner knows how to raise it.”

Turner—whose energy apparently knows no bounds—has headed the boards of businesses and arts organizations including McCall’s magazine, the Museum of Contemporary Art, the Goodman Theatre, the National Jewish Theatre, and the Victory Gardens Theatre. He founded the Poetry Board of Three Oaks, Michigan, and is founding trustee of the Pritzker Architecture Prize. His significant collection of contemporary art led Chicago Magazine to dub him “the city’s equivalent of a Medici prince” for his committed support of art and artists.

Turner understands and values art: not just the product, but the process. An accomplished composer, lyricist, and performer, his recent endeavors include the one-man show How I Learned to Play the Piano (2003); words, music, and vocals for the documentary Waiting for the New York Times (2005); and compositions for the Chicago Children’s Choir and the children’s opera Lost and Found (2005).

Turner’s spectrum of interests—artistic, social, and intellectual—dovetails nicely with Columbia’s “hands-on, minds on” approach to arts education and its commitment to civic engagement. “Columbia deserves to be supported because it’s important to the city as a civic institution, like the Art Institute or the Lyric Opera. We present more cultural events than any other organization in the city,” notes Turner. “But it also deserves to be supported for what it is. No other arts college does what we do so well, so broadly. And all of this has been done with an open-admission policy. It’s an extraordinary story, and I hope that the telling will mean increased support from those who see Columbia as an opportunity, and not an obligation.”

Ann Wiens is the editor of Demo magazine.
New books by Columbia faculty and alumni

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The Three Incestuous Sisters: An Illustrated Novel
By Audrey Niffenegger
[Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 2005. 176 pages, $27.95 hardcover]
reviewed by Ann Wiens

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The concept of the artist’s book—not a book about art, but a book as art—may seem commonplace here at Columbia College Chicago, home to the Center for Book and Paper Arts. In most quarters, however, the notion is a foreign one. Even the question of what defines an artist’s book is a slippery one: Does it need pictures? Words? Pages? (No, no, and no, not necessarily.) Audrey Niffenegger may not provide a definition (and frankly, we don’t really need one), but she probably will be instrumental in introducing a lot of people to the concept.

Niffenegger’s artist’s book, The Three Incestuous Sisters, is an impressive accomplishment: over a decade in the making, the original version comprises 80 hand-pulled, hand-colored etchings printed on handmade paper, leather bound, and presented with a lock of hair from the artist and each of her sisters. It is literally an art collection in a box, with a price tag to match. The new version—an art book of an artist’s book—preserves much of the wonder and beauty of the original, but in a format that, at under $30.00, is accessible to the rest of us. Structured much like a children’s book, with short snippets of narrative text facing full-page, illustrative images (the same size as the original etchings), the tale this volume tells is very much for adults: passion, jealousy, betrayal, murder, suicide, and, ultimately, reconciliation all come into play.

It is a twisted tale of three sisters: Bettine (the prettiest), Ophile (the smartest), and Clothilde (the most talented). A lighthouse keeper’s son enters the picture, and sparks the unrest that divides the sisters. The prose is graceful, and the images alternately beautiful and startling. Niffenegger is well known as an artist, and exponentially more so as the author of the best-selling novel The Time Traveler’s Wife. That name recognition will likely draw many newcomers to the quiet world of artist’s books — how lucky for them!

Audrey Niffenegger is faculty in the Interdisciplinary Arts Department, and helped found the Center for Book and Paper Arts at Columbia College Chicago. She is represented by Printworks Gallery in Chicago, where her exhibition, “Mr. Death’s Ephemeral Pageant,” is on view though October 15. She will be signing copies of The Three Incestuous Sisters at Printworks on September 22 (312.664.9407).

Reviewers

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The Gods Drink Whiskey: Stumbling Toward Enlightenment in the Land of the Tattered Buddha
By Stephen T. Asma

Stephen Asma, a “big white (foreigner)” who teaches philosophy at Columbia College Chicago, was invited by the Center for Khmer Studies and the Khmer Education Assistance Program to teach a graduate seminar on Buddhist philosophy to Cambodian students at the Buddhist Institute in Phnom Penh. The Gods Drink Whiskey, Asma’s fourth book, is the story of his physical and philosophical journey in this “land of the tattered Buddha.” Asma writes with wit and candor of his experiences living and teaching in Southeast Asia. He combines travelogue, political history, social critique, philosophical analysis, and the teachings of the Buddha to tell a multi-dimensional, engaging story that is as entertaining as it is thought provoking.

Critical acclaim for the book has been swift and exuberant: The Washington Post notes that Gods is “a fascinating look at a land where every day is a challenge.” Time Out New York says that Asma “artfully explor[es] Buddhism’s role in helping a society maintain equanimity in the face of poverty, conflict and bloody oppression.” The respected Buddhist publication Shambhala Sun calls the book “a raw, heartbreaking confluence of religion and adventure rarely encountered in works of non-fiction these days,” and notes that “Those curious about the murky side of Theravada Buddhism in Asia couldn’t ask for a better guidebook.” Booklist calls it “intense and revelatory [with] hair-raising anecdotes and expert analysis,” and Publishers Weekly states that “Asma’s descriptions are skillfully interwoven with firsthand encounters from his time in Cambodia. His forays into Southeast Asian politics, violence and globalizing trends, colorfully entertaining as travel writing, illuminate the ways in which Buddhism plays a primary role in the collective welfare of the region.”

Climbing mountains and trekking through jungles, Asma finds a Buddhism that is tattered indeed when compared to its American counterpart. As the publisher describes it:

Walking the streets of the cities, Asma talks with saffron-robed monks and discusses philosophy with hard-drinking rogues, while a world filled with elephant-tai
drivers, dignified prostitutes, entrepreneurial street children, and unrelenting beggars maimed by abandoned land mines crosses his path. He weeps at the infamous killing fields, philosophizes over marijuana pizza, and carouses with students at a Cambodian karaoke bar. He experiences life and witnesses death in ways that will change him forever, and returns home to Chicago with life lessons that can benefit us all.


Putting the Arts in the Picture: Reframing Education in the 21st Century
Edited by Nick Rabkin and Robin Redmond
[Columbia College Chicago, 2004. 166 pages, $13.95 paperback]
reviewed by David Flatley

The world of arts-integrated education has developed significantly over the past decade, and Chicago is one of the country’s true hotspots. Since the emergence of the nonprofit arts-integration organization Chicago Arts Partnerships in Education (CAPE) in 1993, the city has led the charge with programming that utilizes the arts as a catalyst for learning on an impressive scale. When Columbia College Chicago renewed its commitment to its Center for Arts Policy by bringing on Nick Rabkin, former John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation senior program officer, as executive director in 2001, the city added to its arts-integration caché by gaining a vehicle for conducting and disseminating research in this developing field. Yet it is often difficult to articulate how the practice of arts-integrated learning connects back to and benefits the college.

Putting the Arts in the Picture outlines both what arts integration is and why it’s important and effective. In-depth case studies from Minneapolis, Chicago, and Boston, written by education journalist Dan Weissman, demonstrate how this work gets started in a school and what it looks like “on the ground.” Weissman’s chapter, “You Can’t Get Much Better Than That,” tells the story of how the work began here in Chicago, with the Dayton-Hudson Corporation’s purchase of Chicago icon Marshall Field’s and the interesting path that led to the creation of CAPE. Michael Wakeford, a cultural historian at the University of Chicago, offers a short history of this work, and notes how debates surrounding the value of arts education and the quality of the American educational system as a whole have impacted its development.

A global perspective is offered by linguistic anthropologist Shirley Brice Heath and Sir Ken Robinson, an internationally renowned expert on knowledge and creativity. Armed with research and experience from the United States and beyond, they provide a powerful argument for how the arts have played a significant role in serving young people, especially those “at-risk,” helping them to develop self-discipline, confidence, and skills that are necessary as they struggle to become successful adults.

Rabkin and Redmond close the book with a powerful accumulation of evidence gathered from arts-integration initiatives nationally that demonstrates a correlation between arts-integrated learning and significant increases in student achievement. The evidence argues for a sustained effort to develop programming and professional development for teachers and artists to integrate the arts into the teaching of other academic content areas. For those of us doing the work in the field—such as the Columbia faculty working as teaching artists within the Center for Community Arts Partnership’s Project AIM (Arts Integration Mentorship), a program that has been successfully implemented in eight Chicago Public Schools — this book is a welcome investigation of why—and how—arts integration works.

Nick Rabkin is executive director and Robin Redmond is associate director of the Center for Arts Policy at Columbia College Chicago, a “think tank” dedicated to the potential of the arts to contribute to the health and vitality of American communities and democracy. Reviewer David Flatley is executive director of the Center for Community Arts Partnerships, which links Columbia College departments with community-based organizations and schools to develop and implement reciprocal, arts-based programs. The Center for Arts Policy and the Center for Community Arts Partnerships are often described, respectively, as the “theory” and “practice” sides of the arts-integration coin at Columbia College.

The Bradbury Chronicles
By Sam Weller

Sam Weller, an award-winning journalist who teaches fiction writing at Columbia College Chicago, is a long-time Ray Bradbury fan. Several years ago, he landed the enviable assignment of profiling the author for the Chicago Tribune Magazine, an assignment that led to a genuine friendship between the two. Bradbury subsequently chose Weller to pen his authorized biography, and The Bradbury Chronicles is the fascinating result. Weller had open access to Bradbury’s private archives, and over the course of dozens of trips to Los Angeles to interview the author, his family, his friends, and colleagues, Weller gained insight that took his project from the original “profile” assignment to an intricate, in-depth portrait.

The book, the first biography of Bradbury, chronicles the author’s life from his birth in Waukegan in 1920 (an event he adamantly claims to remember) through passions and losses, cross-country moves, influential experiences (such as the 1933 Century of Progress World’s Fair, which sparked his interest in science fiction), friendships, and marriages. It brings us nearly up to the moment, with President George W. Bush placing the National Medal of Arts around Bradbury’s neck in 2004. In between, Weller explores Bradbury’s ongoing give-and-take with popular culture, which so inspired him, and which he so thoroughly influenced. In an interview with TimeOut Chicago, Weller said, “No author of the 20th century influenced individuals, who have also altered culture themselves, as much as he did. We’re talking politicians, arena rock stars, alternative rock gods. This is a story of a man born of pop culture who went on to irrevocably alter pop culture itself.”

Sam Weller (’89) is part-time faculty in the Fiction Writing Department, where he received his MFA in 1989. He has won awards for his work with New City and gravity magazine, and is a frequent contributor to the Chicago Tribune Magazine, National Public Radio’s All Things Considered, and WBEZ’s 848. At Columbia, he teaches the only college-level class in the country on the life and work of Ray Bradbury.
Columbia College Chicago knows how—and whom—to celebrate. In the past few months, we applauded our students as they sang for Lauren Bacall, played a Manhattan jazz club, and celebrated diversity at Pride '05. We honored our alumni for their contributions to the college and their creative fields, and strengthened their connections coast to coast. And we cheered as more than 2,000 students earned their diplomas and commenced to take their talents to the world: congratulations! We’ll be hearing from you . . .

Social Scenery from Campus and Beyond ...

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Debra Martin Chase, Columbia trustee and producer of Andrews’s recent hit films The Princess Diaries and The Princess Diaries 2: The Royal Engagement, will interview Andrews as part of the college’s ongoing series of Conversations in the Arts: Up Close with... those who have helped shape contemporary culture.

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—Marcia Lazar (’03), Chair, President’s Club

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