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The Salamander February 1926

Students of RISD

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A PERSPECTIVE STUDENT'S DREAM
Ed. E. Torre,
Dear Sir; Ed:

I aint much of a soshul fiend, but I did secure a bid for the
dance on January twenty-ninth.
"And a goodly crowd wuz there," is the only way not to describe
the dance. Thar wuz a pretty good bunch, ennyway. The old
stand-bys all come.

It looks, Ed, as if they warn't enuf school co-operashyn. Even
if the weather aint so hotsy-totsy of late, I kin see no cut in
the number which attend reg-
ular dances.

But it aint only the dance, Ed, its everything. Our reputation
for stickin together is still got to be built. Now when the
firemens bawl wuz held on the
same nite as the Oysterville Oys-
ter-opener's Associashun's
dance, they warn't a pusson from
town who could get a chance to
go to our own affair, as went to
Oysterville.

I see a ad in a trolley car
t'other day which said; "Patron-
ize yer 'naborhood sody fount-
ings." Wouldn't ye think that

folks at school 'ud do that to
their own dances and soshul to-
do's?

I hear that no more funckshuns
is going to be held on friday
evenins becuz so much of the pu-
pils go home over the week's-
endin.

Cy Perkins still got his new
cow, but things ain't so very
peppery erround here

Just dyin to heare from you
I am
effectively yores

"THE PUBLISHERS' SONG"

Oh we wish we had someone to
write us
Someone to sketch f'rus their own
Oh we wish we had someone to
print with
'Cause we're tired of printing alone!

Oh please see us tonight about
midnight
Please see us tonight all alone
For we have a sad story to tell
you
It's a story that's never been
(SUIT YOURSELF) sold, told, y

We'll be starting the next issue
tomorrow
Leaving our poor darlings at
home
With the cold printing presses
around us
And our heads just as blank as
a stone

(END OF VERSE THREE, THRILLING
CONCLUSION ON PAGE 8)
WELL?

It's half over. What have you accomplished? At least an eighth of your school term is past—half year gone. If you haven't proof of a continual improvement, why not? Is it your attitude toward the work? Have you done it as an imposed duty or have you poured yourself into it in an effort to do something better?

Has your interest been split by an outside influence? Has Art become a minor concern to you?

The sooner that you get the idea that the world will exact something from each one, the sooner can a definite start be made.

Fear the future. That it will be too soon here. Too much cannot be accomplished today.

The Seniors are faced with the definite problems of life NOW. Juniors! Sophomores! Freshmen! What will YOU do one, two, and three years hence?

Have you lent any thought to the subject—made any definite plans?

CRITICISM—COMPLIMENTARY?

"I HATE to get criticism from him! Never says a word about the good points in my work!"

You know, that's exactly the wrong way to feel. None of us can produce Michelangelo. We're not expected to.

Instructors aren't grumpy individuals who won't grant that our works embody some correct and merry details. They aren't supposed to spread the applesauce. It's for them to pick out the faults, so we may not make them again.

The criticism to fear is that of "friends" who exclaim rapturously how "wonderful" your drawing is, or those who proclaim it to be "just too cunning for words!"

Blah, Blah!

Whether intended to or not, such is often flattering and causes heads to turn.

Criticism—analytical criticism is the major part of R.I.S.D.'s instruction and is to be looked forward to rather than being the least bit dreaded.
To date about twenty passes have been issued. Boy, but some opportunities are let to slide! There are lectures and entertainments to which other people pay upwards to a couple of dollars admission over there almost weekly.

Short time ago a notice was put up which told briefly that free passes to Memorial Hall could be obtained by applying at the office. Perhaps most of us have been stung by "free" ads, sometime. But there are no colored strings here. You get your pass on application and that's final.

The pass entitles students or teachers to attend any performance there, and already several concerts and lectures have taken place. If the damage totals more than a-dollar you fork over a fifth of it. If not, proceed to any seat in the last two rows.

Another thing. The early student gets the seat.

Friday there's going to be an illustrated lecture on furniture which may be of use to anyone later.

There is rather a large number of students who have already awakened to the fact that there may be some good in filing away photos and other paraphernalia. Every day and even Sunday there are clever sketches and notes that will be invaluable sometime.

This doesn't call for an elaborate office, filing system. One or two large envelopes are sufficient for a starter. As time goes on it will be necessary to make divisions and sub-divisions of the accumulations.

It would be easy enough to do that. The simplest way would be to get sheets of paper the size of the envelope and label them. Thus a marker and a divider would be provided in one.

If a more efficient system is desired, those large letter files can be gotten for half a dollar. Most of these affairs have alphabetical dividers.

Individual judgement is called for here. It wouldn't be logical to put animals under their index letters. More compact to
UNSCIENTIFIC DATA OF PRACTICALLY NO VALUE

WELL, OF ALL THINGS!

Imagine meeting you like this:

IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL.

You're looking well.

Huh! You could stand some reducing yourself! Meow! Meow!

HAVE YOU BEEN OVER TO THE ART CLUB? THERE'S A FOUR-RING CIRCUS ON NOW.

So many R.I.S.D. artists have exhibited over there since Christmas that I understand the building will be moved over next to Memorial Hall, so we can have it right in the family.

ONE OF THE PRIME "CRACKS" OF THE MONTH IS ATTRIBUTED TO MR. SISSON. HE ENTERED THE STATUARY GALLERY AS CONSTANCE MILLER AND ELEANOR MORSE WERE DEBATING WHETHER THE "DANCING BACCANTE" WAS DOING THE CHARLESTON. "NO," SAID MR. SISSON. "THAT IS A DANCING FIGURE."

EDNA WALLACE has devised a practical commercial application of value scales. Her plan is that laundries should purchase them and use them to determine their charges—matching the laundry with the gray tones to find its exact degree of dirtiness. Thus, a "middle value" shirt would cost less to wash than the modeling room roller towel, which would rate about "low dark."

A joke is a joke, but when our boisterous Westerly friends tip over a locomotive—well that's carrying a good thing too far.

MARY DROWN IS A GIRL THAT'S SOUND—YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND HER HANGING AROUND.

Elliot Percy means well, I know—but he never will lend me any dough.

CHARLEY FISKE HAS A SAILOR'S TRAITS—YOU'LL FIND A GIRL WHEREVER HE WAITS.

And after all that creative effort, I'm just about exhausted.

ANOTHER FIBBER IS CATHERINE MAGUIRE, —SHE SAYS THEY LET HER SING IN A CHOIR.

Well, G'bye. Drop in some time and be insulted some more.
The "Designers" showed a complete reversal of form this month, taking every game and outclassing their rivals in all departments. The first, with East Greenwich, they took easily on the home floor, after which they went into intensive practice for the big fray—Boston School of Practical Arts.

This was a thrilling contest from whistle to whistle, both teams displaying sensational basket-shooting and fast floor work. Design took the lead early in the fray and the half ended with a comfortable margin. In the last half the Hub quintette launched a terrific offensive and closed up the gap between the scores. In the last few minutes of play Design again drew into the lead, the game ending 42-31.

The record built up in these games was nearly wrecked when the Westerly High School snatched victory from defeat, the winning field goal dropping thru the hoop just fifty seconds before the final whistle. The score was 30-29.

The honors for this victory are claimed by Herman Itchkavitch, who herded a number of future Sargent's into the Boys' Club for the finale.

A good time was had by all at East Greenwich last Friday (Feb. 19). In the afternoon the squad witnessed a game between the Attleboro and East Greenwich Girls' teams, the Design-Greenwich tilt having been set by mistake for 8.00 P.M. The Attleboro girls (with the solid vocal support of the R.I.S.D. Squad) continued on page 8.
DEJECTED ARTIST

 brutally beats boy friend

 ROBERTSON: IS HIT BETWEEN THE MAIN AND TEXTILE DEPTS.

 DEATH STALKS AS REVELERS ARE AT PLAY

 FEb. 15 - Taken unaware as he was leaving the main building, Robertson is now in a serious condition after a terrible nerve-racking chastisement.

 Mr. Robertson was tripping down the dark stairs to the Exit on the driveway to Waterman Street when, without the least warning, an infuriated woman, using a heavy hardwood easel as a sort of ram, dashed from under the stairs and dug her weapon into the small of his back.

 CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE
YOUNG ARTIST WOULD BE SUICIDE

continued from P. 7

evening, Mary Drowne plowed thru the drifts to her disconsolate one.

"Johnny," she was heard to say, "I aint never going to do it no more,"—probably meaning she wouldn't dissect any more bats.

Fortunately Mr. Arnold fell on his face and little damage was done to the sheet-iron. Although he refused to talk for publication he admitted that Miss Drowne was entirely too ravishing to be resisted as she gamboled gaily over the gravestones in flannel knickers and silk stockings.

In spite of the quarrel a good time is supposed to have been had by all, including Mr. Frazier.

DESIGN DEFEATS EAST GREENWICH

continued from P. 5

outpointed the Greenwich Sextette and won by ten points or more.

After this entertainment the R.I.S.D. squad patook of a sumptuous (?) repast, and returned to the gym again.

The score stood 6-6 at the end of the first quarter. In the second frame Design began to pick up, running the score up to 18, at the same time holding Greenwich to a single free thrown.

The entire last half was all in our favor, and the Academy five was unable to chalk up a single point during the period. Kaufer and Bamford meantime were locating the hoop frequently and the final score was very onesided—28-7.

"THE PUBLISHERS' SONG"

continued from page 1

Now we had an idea of donations
All mounted with silver and gold
And before our donation appeared
That idea was rotten and old!

Now if we had wings like the angels
Over these prison walls we would fly
And we'd fly to the arms of our poor darlings
And there we would be willing to die.

Oh we wish we had some one to write us
Some one to sketch f'us their own
Oh we wish we had someone to print with
Cause we're tired of printing alone.

A TO Z, INCLUSIVE.

continued from page 3

put the sketches or pictures
of them all under "A", arranged in order. There is room in one of these files for about five hundred to a thousand photos (newspaper and magazine clippings) according to their size and thickness.

INFURIATED AMAZON ATTACKS MAN
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Luckily Mr. Robertson was buried in his odoriferous fur coat and his back wasn't bent up very badly.

Miss Hughill, the woman behind the easel, offered no explanation, but pointing her fingers in the face of the stricken Robertson grinned and chuckled with genuine joy at his discomfort.

"Cyrus" H. Gill, who happened on the scene at the chronological, psychological and mythological moment, restrained the fair damsel from further damaging the textile student, and sent her up to the cast drawing room to find new amusement.

Robertson's condition is improving. But Miss Hughill completed her treachery by nominating him for treasurer of the Freshman Class. However Mr. Robertson's friends came to the rescue and defeated him in the run for office.

Miss Hughill is still at large, but is constantly being watched by some able-bodied male member of the class.

ONE HURT IN DARWIN DISAGREEMENT
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Even tho he objected rather decidedly, Percy showed perfect control and did not climb any uprights. Helen Sykes, seeing the attack, felt the old urge for battle and joined in pounding Percy. "EL" Percy, who got worst of evolution, a bystander, volunteered for services as witness claims that Miss Sykes uttered a peculiar war cry, "As I see, I do."

A DREAM

She stepped upon the model stand - a tall and graceful nymph!

Her midnight hair hung to her knees. She dropped her robe- so limp. She took her pose that was sheer grace.

Without help from the class. Her lonely green blue eyes were wide. We all passed out en masse.

-LOUISE ADAMS
MUSEUMANIA
THE NEWEST PATHOLOGICAL MENACE,
WHICH PUTS INFLUENZA AND THE
BUBONIC PLAGUE TO SHAME

THE SCOURGE of the civilized world today is
Museumania (mania bostonia), and it has
already developed to a
most fearsome degree in
this country. It is
time for every right-
thinking American to
step in the breach. I
implore every intelligent
citizen, also any news-
paper editors, to make
known the facts I shall pres-
ently offer, so that the people
may be apprised of the imminence
of danger, and be informed as to
preventative measures.

Unfortunately, women are most
susceptible to the dread malady,
and this complicates matters,
since only the most drastic action
will suffice to cure the patient.

The first symptom of Museumania
is a change in the features of the
victim. Carefully looking about,
to assure herself that an audience
is at hand, she assumes a madonna-
like air, and says, of the first
object brot to her attention,
(regardless of its merits) "How

perfectly ducky," or
lets fly some other
hair-raising re-
mark. She then
switches to ex-
pression No. 2-
like a cinema he-
roine confiding
affairs of the
heart to her can-
ary.

Right here is
where the well-meaning relative
or friend should come to the
fore and take charge of the
situation, either by:
A. dashing a fire bucket or
two of cold water upon the
patient, or
B. deftly swinging some blunt
instrument.

The consequences, should one
fail to act as indicated, are
dire indeed. The disease acts
in some way upon the vocal
chords of the victim, render-
ing her incapable of coherent
speech. The superlatives go
from bad to worse. Before the
afternoon is over, you can ex-
pect her to chuck Hermes under
the chin and say, "Hitchy-koo."

In the meantime, her gestures are drawing the attention of other art-lovers. She flutters. She flutters like a leaf. She flutters. She becomes a dryad in a forest, a nymph among the watercress. Before long she is doing what amounts to an excellent imitation of the Broadway Comedy Four or some other high-class vaudeville act.

You may think this is all, but it's not the half of it. About this time she will begin to insist that YOU flutter. If you refuse you are an unemotional savage, entirely lacking in a feeling for the finer things. Things reach a climax. A guard approaches and looks at you meaningly. With sheer good luck you may be able to get the patient from the museum in time.

An instant more and there would be TWO patients.

In your labours to effect this forced exit you may notice an ineffectual-looking little man with glasses, who, after examining a landscape thoroughly for ten minutes, announces modestly, "Hm'm."

Here at least, you reflect, is one who is not a potential victim of Museumania.

POINTED OBSERVATIONS

"False again, the fabled link between the grandeur of Art and virtues of the State, for Art feeds not upon nations, and peoples may be wiped from the face of the earth, but Art IS."

- WHISTLER, IN SPEECH DELIVERED IN LONDON FEB. 20, 1885

"Realistic art is not materialism or naturalism."

ARTHUR MCDOWALL "REALISM", 1918.

"We are guided, almost forced, by the laws of nature, to do right in art."

- RUSKIN.

CONGRATULATIONS RAY, YOU'VE BEEN APPOINTED PROF. OF COLOR HARMONY AT THE FALL RIVER WEATHER BUREAU
SCHOOL OF DESIGN MENTORS IN FOUR FEBRUARY EXHIBITIONS

February has been an-all-Design month at the Art Club. Three consecutive exhibitions of the work of R.I.S.D. instructors have appeared there.

First there was an array of portraits by Mr. Duphney; a variety of mediums—charcoal, crayon, a number of oils, and a lone silverpoint.

Followed hard upon this the work of Mr. Simon—a large collection of oil portraits, most interesting among which—from a student's point of view, was the portrait of Claire Weiker. A "side show" of water colors proved most absorbing.

The latest display includes the work of three Design instructors; Mr. Cirino's landscapes, marines, and French villages, Mr. Tolman's interiors and studies, and a number of oils by Miss Woodward—in all a most comprehensive showing.

Meantime, a collection of water colors by Mr. Frazier is on view in New York, and considering the comment in the newspapers, is well received.

A lecture by Glenn Matthews, on "Color Photography" was given at the Brown Engineering Building Feb. 11.

MEMORIAL HALL SCENE OF MANY CONCERTS; TAFT IS COMING

Recitals, vocal concerts, and a lecture were of the month's schedule at Memorial Hall.

The thirty-third concert of the University Glee Club proved the biggest attraction, filling the auditorium to capacity. Eight numbers were given in a diversified program, consisting of classics, negro spirituals, old English and Scotch ballads, and several violin numbers of particular beauty by Miss Ruth Breton.

On the twenty-fourth a joint recital by Jean Bedetti and E. W. Childs met with an appreciative reception.

"A Comparison of American and English Furniture" was the topic of Cowcinski, an eminent English authority on furniture, in a lecture on February 26th. He illustrated his arguments with slides, and explained his reasons for believing that the early American designers were not English craftsmen who had emigrated here, but a distinct group of colonist workmen.

On Feb. 28 Wassily Reserkinsky accompanied by James Gray, offered a violin recital.

Lorado Taft, distinguished Chicago sculptor, will talk here in the near future. His work includes "The Fountain of Time" and the "Great Lakes."
LOUISE C. ADAMS

-Because she is known as the "HUMAN PHONOGRAPh"
-Because she has survived 17 vaccinations at the hands of Dr. Bratesman
-But principally because blackberries are red when they're green.

JOHN R. FRAZIER, D. D. D.

-Because he is not collegiate
-Because, unlike Sargent, Barney Google did not buy one of his water colors
-Because he is not partial to the alluring odor of fixitif
-But principally because Black-Birds may also be bishops.

STUART WINSOR BRATESMAN, M.D.

-Because he drinks his Postum from a mustache cup
-Because he won 25 simoleons from Checker Cats and never got it
-Because he is leader of the "Bohemians."
-But principally because your mother's husband is also.

J. BANIGAN SULLIVAN

-Because he successfully hides his first name from the world
-Because he is a Freshman and admits it
-Because he was ALMOST elected to the S.B. of C.
-But principally because there ain't no Santa Claus.

MARGARET HATH
A GOLDEN HOUR
A horde of mildly-interested spectators had arrived. Baloney! Everything was all fixed, except that it is sort of hard to have a basketball game unless you have two teams.

Came the dawn. And the Hope High School Squad didn't appear. "Where there is life there is Hope," is a lot of applesauce.

So a ball-throwing duel, Kaufer Vs. Itchkavitch, was substituted. Came a couple of more dawns.

Manager Sewell then came to the fore, and said, "It seems there were two Irishmen." It has been estimated that the Boy's Club can be emptied in four minutes, but after a couple of wise cracks from our local Tex Rickard this record was lowered by several seconds.

Meantime the so-called basketball players had taken root, and had to be pried loose.

THE LEAKING WATER PIPE

Or, Why Noah Was Missed

A select group of ambitious charcoal daubers were ambitiously daubing charcoal af a dark forenoon. Hist! What was that? Plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk, went the driplet of water. Hasty motions were made. Faster and faster came the fluid, till all seemed lost. "Man the pumps," shouted the second mate, but no one heeded him. The situation was despirit.

No life belts were at hand, but Margaret Cedor saved the day with a package of Life Saver's.

It looked as if Venus would have to swim for it—quite a stunt, without arms.

Then someone hurried off and shut off the leaking valve, and lo, the storm was over.

And that, boys and girls, is how Discobolos got that dirty ring around his neck.
He sang, "Yessir, she's my baby."

He gave me the wrong dimensions.

He had been to Paris.

Pat & Mike Joker

She giggled.

Her little sister said such cute things.

Little sister.

Grew mustache.

Talking about her operation.

About a member of the thumb boring ass'n.

English questions.

My private cemetery.