Although only one percent of the school turned up for the meeting, advertised by signs advocating an end to the RISD rot, a significant number of issues were brought up. Twelve people including two teachers is hardly enough to move the school. We do want to ask you to read, and join in if you feel these complaints, and others, on your mind.

Teachers' work, we think, should be easy to see all year long, and not isolated to the faculty show, to which some did not even bother entering. We have a right to know our instructors by what they do, as well as by their critiques of our own work.

the students of each department operating, and whether or not our school is in the same vein, those of the SAO and monitors is one choice with a walkie talkie system between the guards and teachers who would probably be your advisor.

Departmental budgets should be released. This would give us a more realistic idea of how our department operates, and whether we make unreasonable demands. In the same vein, those of the SAO and the various school operations should be released.

A potter should not have to carry clay upstairs to use it downstairs to glaze it, and back up to fire it. This does not sound like poor space planning by any concern. We want more voice in deciding who goes where, and we, who were there ask you to read, and join in if you feel these complaints, and others, on your mind.

In the meeting also asked for later hours forbuildings. In which they work, especially the College building, Benson Hall, and the Freshman studios. Using student monitors is one choice with a walkie talkie system between the guards and students.

RISD IN THE LAND OF THE MAYA

Sometime in the night finally a yard engine pulls part a dozen or so freight cars, cattle cars, and like an afterthought two coaches. Through the open windows in the coach poolroom light the passengers—many for the first time, some old hands, some political even as it they've been killed there for work.

By dawn still no other train has arrived. Occasionally the telephone in the station office rings and goes unanswered. I am told that the stationmaster is at his post only a quarter of an hour before the trains come. But how does he know when they come? The question is ignored. Too academic I suppose. Finally there is serious animated discussion at the far end of the platform. I poke my head into the ring and learn that the Merida express some ten minutes away, has been a man who clutches what look like railroad ledgers. I ask him about the express to Merida. He gestures wildly with the papers and laughs. He says is lost between his guns. His words play with his maybe five teeth like so much wind. He tries to hide, reaches low and dangles his arms, like a monkey—all the while everyone else thinks it great sport. We assign ourselves to ignorance and more time here, marvel at the clear sky...

(Continued on Page 8)
MORE ORGANIC FOOD

Changes in the organic food scene in Providence are as follows: Maiden and One Clear Grain have closed down. Rumble Pie has opened up in Walden’s place. It is a natural foods restaurant run by people with a raw foods orientation. It is VERY expensive. The carrot juice is great. As far as the other things I’ve had there, I’d rather cook for myself. Strange decor.

The Golden Sheaf has opened up on North Main Street near Meeting Street. Much of its supply comes from Ereshon; however, their flours are ground at the store (average 240 per lb.). Organic vegetables (not terribly expensive but supply irregular), cheese, lacto yoghurt, **GOAT’S MILK ICE CREAM** ***, goat cottage cheese, juuces, organic meat, etc., etc.** Prices are semi-expensive to unbearable. The ice cream is worth it.

Coming soon: The New England Food Co-op, currently operates in Vermont, New York, and New Hampshire. It includes grains, flours, oils, honey, mijo and other condiments, seaweed, cooking utensils, etc.

They also want to expand to include hardware items, and the person who is organizing for it in Providence (Otto Christiansen) is working with John Torres on a cooperative for art supplies for next year. Sample prices: wooden bowls, 9” diameter, $4.50 per dozen; organic figs, 50¢ per lb.; wholewheat flour (organic), 13¢ per lb.; unrefined soy oil, $10.20 for 3 gal.; organic sesame butter, less than $1 per lb.

This time I decided to include recipes for granola and familia. They are both rather expensive to buy but cheap and easy to make. A basic granola recipe is:

- 6 cups rolled oats
- 1/2 c. shredded unsweetened coconut
- 1/2 c. wheat germ
- 1 c. chopped nuts
- 1 c. sunflower seeds
- 1/4 c. sesame seeds
- 1/2 c. bran
- 1/2 c. ground toasted soybeans

The preparation is as follows: In a saucepan heat 1/2 c. oil, 1/2 c. honey, and 1-2 tsp. vanilla until blended. Combine with the dry ingredients and bake on oiled cookie sheets at 350° for 20-30 minutes. The closer to the end of cooking time, the more often you need to stir: every 1-3 minutes or so. At the beginning you only need stir every 5-10 minutes.

The above recipe is comparable to the most expensive granola that you would buy in a store. It can be varied at will (example: substitute rolled wheat or rye for the oats, etc.), as long as the proportion of wet/dry ingredients is kept constant. Cinnamon is a good addition. So is dried fruit (but don’t try baking it). You can roast your own soybeans by (a) soaking them overnight and roasting for 2 hrs. at 200°, then broiling them, or (b) soaking them overnight and then deepfrying them. The latter method is most like commercial toasted soybeans.

The family recipe is as follows:

Roast: 1/2 c. filberts and 1/2 a. almonds (350° for 8-8 minutes). Chop and combine with:
- 3 a. rolled oats
- 1 a. toasted wheat germ
- 1 a. currants
- 1 1/4 a. dried apricots (chopped)

I’ve never tried this recipe because I don’t use sugar. However, it looks ok. It is often suggested in camping books as it supposedly keeps for a long, long time.

ecology: a wild idea

national wildlife week national wildlife federation and state affiliates March 19-25, 1972
Dear Wendy:

I have read your letter of February 15 with a good deal of interest in the good letter which, coupled with my own investigations, persuades me that your concerns should have come to my attention before your departure. I don't recall that you indicated that you were leaving Rhode Island School of Design and psychologyally inclined with the students scurrying about among the buildings. Often I would pick up supplies from Oaks on the Hill and wonder at how different my life would have been if I had the opportunity for a college education. Nevertheless I have plodded my way to age thirty four and in such a way as to see open doors where others have been wary. If anyone has anything they may pursue an "independent major," which the faculty can approve. The second floor of the College Building which the faculty can approve. The second floor of the College Building is a place where you speak to Mr. Peers or Mr. Snodgrass and that if you did not receive satisfaction, to come back to talk further with me.

I am very sorry about your frustration, especially since I have learned that you are a serious and promising student, and I hope that it is not too late to work out a reasonable plan for you. Sincerely,

Donald M. Lay, Jr.
Dean of the College

A View from the Outside

Sometimes I have parked alongside the curb near Rhode Island School of Design and psychologically inclined with the students scurrying about among the buildings. Photograph by Laurie Macdonald

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LETTERS TO:

to the RISD newspaper:

TAB strikes again, this weekend, as I write. Last week I read the excellent piece by John Pulkowski and although I applaud his courage (so notably lacking in our student government) to suggest a different time for TAB, different activities, and different locations, I wish to pick up where he left off.

The decision-making process in this school really eats it. To wit:

The TAB committee consists of volunteers, responding to signs put up around the post office. The rest of us are silently grateful that some few have removed from our shoulders the burden of deciding how to enjoy ourselves. And then, except for signs pleading for ideas, we hear nothing from them until TAB is upon us.

Personally, I had no ideas for TAB. I've never been able to think up fun ideas, but I was delighted with the art-sale idea. I priced all the most interesting objets d'art in my room and hauled them down to Memorial Hall. Although signs had said, "Nothing turned away", my found objects, my ideas for things I could build and photographs I could print to demand were all turned away. All the pieces were carefully listed and priced and stored. The sale was to be carried out as any art gallery's operation.

Before I go into suggestions, I have to plead guilty to apathy and laziness. But I immediately felt (upon learning the sale's details) that it was being done all wrong. I had anticipated a Greenwich Village sidewalk-sale concept, with artists tending their own displays, haggling over prices, taking orders for reprints of prints, and above all, trading with each other. I would have suggested all this much earlier if I had had any idea it would be such a dry, mercenary operation. Instead, Cheryl Galler and several volunteers have done a lot of hard work, unnecessarily, I think. How could I have gotten my idea in before the plans were sealed?

Here are my suggestions: That TAB ideas be printed as far in advance as possible, for feedback. We are gifted here mainly at graffiti—maybe suggestion and comment sheets could be put up, which would not only be very funny, they might even yield some good revisions to the proposals. Maybe some activities should be dropped altogether, and old ones revived. Drag us into the decision-making process in new ways.

A MODEST PROPOSAL:
1. Take out the fake wall in the coffeehouse, uncovering three windows;
2. Open up the front room's fireplace;
3. Remove the small storage room and restore the nes space which was once the side parlor;
4. Allocate some money for furniture on a par with the bar's, and a good cooking installation.

It became increasingly clear that the bar was the administration's baby, while the coffeehouse is strictly our own. The student council initiates no action of its own, but merely divides the money pie among clubs. They decided to let the students vote on the bar. Naturally, it passed. One wonders the outcome of a vote to furnish the bar, or the coffeehouse, or neither, or both. Again, the conservative student council does not think beyond immediate proposals.

(Continued on Next Page)
LETTERS

RISD IN THE LAND OF THE MAYA

(Continued from Page 1)

of anticipation is blunted, gets relaxed as hunger overtakes it. We find hervos rancheros and coffee in the small restaurants that magically appear with stage-like precision as their accordioned shutters get pushed up. Before we are halfway through breakfast, with a single long blast, from around the bend F-E-R-R-O-C-A-R-L-L-E-S - S-U-V-E-S-T-E-Whip in letter after letter. We run to the train from all directions, pulling luggage behind, breakfast in our mouths, find seats--the station watchers cheering us on. I start counting heads--12, 13, 14...has anyone seen Glen and Susan? Where's Diane?...18, 19, we're all here once again. The train struggles away. Delivered from the platform, the demented stationmaster (if that he were), the urine smell of the waiting room, we move past the warm grass above which last night Orions Belt in brightness rivaled local electricity, past the kids who never seem to sleep--now wowing to us or the train, past the windows of the station office, the phone still jangling, past the distant green hills the killer train rushes into the dark. (Continued on Page 7)

WANT AD

RISD boy dropout (graphics & music) needs RISD girl dropout to share silo living, beansprouts, meditation, and goat-tending. Must have yolk. Write: Bill Swet,
Box 172-Z, Rt. 4, Mt. Airy, Maryland 21771

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RISD IN THE LAND OF THE MAYA

(Continued from Page 1)

Therefore, I propose that student government be taken out of the hands of overworked, distracted students, some of whom are not really glad to be there, and let it be a three-credit "course" for half-years or even full terms. Our school was never so electrified as when Stan Yaran, community organizer, worked with the Concerned Students two years ago.

So bring in outsiders to work with the class. Design-a-School may well become our most popular course.

Student government, as none other than Gordon Allen has pointed out, has got to be a positive, forward-moving institution. Let's jolt Dr. Manzella and push for some long-distance planning of our own, for RISD students yet unborn. Power to the people.

Dan Spector

Musical Talent Development
Box 114, Howard, R.I., 02834
February 17, 1972

Dear Sir,

We, the inmate board of directors of the Musical Talent Development Committee of the Adult Correctional Institution, are asking for your sincere cooperation in starting a music program here at the institution.

At present, we haven't any musical equipment, nor do we have any money to purchase this equipment by ourselves. This program will be for any inmate that shows an interest in learning music or the playing of an instrument, as we have learned, through our own experiences, music can play a most important part in the rehabilitation of many men.

We are trying to raise money to start this program. Any donations you can give will be greatly appreciated by all of us here at the institution. As we await your reply, we remain:

Sincerely yours,

Leonard Tate: Chairman

James Barnes: Co-Chairman

Rev. Ernest E. Houte
Secretory and Co-ordinator

RISD boy dropout (graphics & music) needs RISD girl dropout to share silo living, beansprouts, meditation, and goat-tending. Must have yolk. Write: Bill Swet,
Here also is a triumphal arch. The road it used to straddle, now pushed asunder by the vegetation, runs straight like a surveyor’s dream, like the Mayan Via Appia back to Uxmal.

At an unmarked turning the jeeps bounce onto a rock-strewn trail. Mitch, Capt. Ed (the bushpilot), Miss Hanover (who also has joined us for this leg of the journey) and myself are in the lead jeep. We have much beer for the rough journey—a precaution our driver insisted upon. Now as one by one the jeeps bounce and veer through the brush, glide like powerboats across the mud, I look back to find the jeep behind rocking with uncontrolled laughter directed, alas, at Miss Hanover who struggles valiantly for the dignity of a fashion magazine approach to all this. She has witnessed elegance and style among ruins before—the covers of Vogue or Bazaar, refrigerated ladies at Balbuck and at Ankor Wat, and so she bravely fights for this image while little by little at each turn into the brush, at each bump, she is coming apart as if to the sure rhythm of a strip show orchestra.

When the roar of the jeeps stops at Labna, the silence, space, distance, isolation of this site embrace us each. As if a dyed cloth had been laid across the jungle Labna is a green clearing, an opening to the sky. Except for the guard who has us write our names into his book, this place is ours. The jeeps whine with steam and groan from body fatigue—as does Miss Hanover. The only sound now. We climb to the roofs of these buildings, decorated in a style called after the low hills—the Puuc—the only rise on this otherwise very flat peninsula. Peter, Karen, Tom, Ellen, everyone takes pictures. Then returning to the quiet, the stillness that seems to make space out of time.

Jan. 27 Chichen-Itza

Impressive. In the bright sunlight shadows cut like burin lines into the reliefs on the face of the ballcourt. The Castillo, the main pyramid, stands solitary and majestic, towering like an iceberg, strangely cold in this heat. At its foot is a platform the Aztecs called ‘tzompantli’ where heads of sacrificed victims were heaped. Skulls decorate its sides. Everywhere are signs of warfare and death—jaguars, eagles, coyotes, reminding us that Chichen-Itza was the capital of the northern colonizers to the Yucatan, the Chichimecs or Toltecs who first introduced a military regime to the Mayas together with massive human sacrifice.
COMMENTS AND IDEAS FOR RISD

(Continued from Page 1)

the necessity of present departmental structures. One of the professors present resolved to cut his paper-work in half, thereby streamlining the department.

Allen Sondheim's ideas for open registration, class-creating, and credit (published in an early Rhode Island Red) were revived as well. Everyone felt that a BFA program should be created without a particular major so that one could become a "student of the college" and make one's own program. There is at present a tutorial program under which one may choose a willing "teacher," and do the same thing, but this hasn't been advertised to us.

OUR NEXT MEETING is tentatively scheduled for next Tuesday, March 28 at 8 pm in Homer Lounge. Anyone who is interested is urged to come; everyone is welcome.

LORST AND FOUND

If any one lost any money on Benefit Street on Friday, March 10th please contact: Box #819.

ISHMAEL

ISHMAEL is a new literary-graphic magazine which, until now, has been run by Brown students. Our intention is to provide a continuing medium for artistic exchange, and to counterbalance the classroom oriented education, which university life almost exlusively provides. This year we have decided to merge with RISD; we feel that the magazine will benefit not only from a new field from which to draw submissions, but also because of the experiences and talents of the RISD students working on our staff. By broadening our scope, ISHMAEL can obtain enough resources to promote a more creative editorial policy, and enough stability to insure its continuation in the future. Although a full merger will be feasible next year, we wish to encourage the RISD community to contribute to our upcoming issue (April, 1973) both in editorial and in artistic capacity.

So far, ISHMAEL has published one issue (Oct., 1972), and this on a shoe-string budget of $250. Despite these facts, a small group has been encouraged by the magazine's reception at Brown, both in terms of sales, and of the number of contributions for our next issue. Our forthcoming publication will be announced by the Brown and RISD Student Boards, as well as the RISD Humanities Fund and several other Brown sources. Because of this new financial support, we have a rare opportunity to prove the value of a Brown-RISD cooperative magazine and demonstrate that such a venture would not end as a financial burden on either school.

ISHMAEL has a great potential, and we need the chance to prove that point. A literary-art magazine has been lacking to both Brown and RISD for a number of years. It is important not only to those students who run the magazine, but especially to those who read and contribute. For this to succeed, we need your support, for now and for the years to come. Please submit fiction, poetry, graphics, photography to Box #819, SAO, College Building, RISD.

Thank you,
the editors

H. H. RICHARDSON

Boston Chapter, Society of Architectural Historians

The Chapter's next meeting will be held jointly with the New England Chapter of the Victorian Society in America on Tuesday, March 28 in the Tapestry Gallery (Room 716) of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. There will be cocktails (cash bar) at 7:00, followed at 7:30 by a lecture on the architecture of H.H. Richardson and Frank Furness. The speaker, James F. O'Gorman, is Past President of the National Society of Architectural Historians. The Department of American Decorative Arts, Museum of Fine Arts, is sponsoring a coordinating exhibition which will bring together examples of the furniture of H.H. Richardson (1838-1886) and his contemporary, Frank Furness of Philadelphia (1859-1912) - thereby offering an interesting comparison of these two notable Victorian architects as furniture makers. The Richardson furniture was gathered from the architectural libraries in suburban Boston, while the Furness furniture is mainly from the Isabella Stewart-Gardner-Shaude in Wallingford, Pennsylvania. The exhibition will be March 28 through May 7 in galleries R-21-23.

Chapter memberships as of March 15 have reached a total of 121 (10 patron, 86 regular, 16 student, 9 chapter associate). Since 30 of the memberships are joint, the grand total is 151 persons. Those who have not already joined the Chapter and are interested in doing so are urged to send in a membership form which has been mailed to National Society members. Any student may join the National Society by writing directly to Miss. Elizabeth Berry, Executive Secretary, Society of Architectural Historians, 1700 Walnut Street, Room 716, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103. Dues for the National Society, including subscriptions to the quarterly Journal and the bimonthly News Letter, are $15 active, $25 joint, and $10 student. Only National members may participate in annual tours such as the one coming up this summer (Architecture of H.H. Richardson and His Contemporaries in Boston and vicinity, August 24-27). Announcements of the Richardson tour will be mailed to National SAH members in April.

Chapter mailings may prove to be a good forum for obtaining or exchanging information about matters relating to architectural history in the Boston area. Several inquiries have already been received from architectural historians outside New England. Alan Burnham (New York Landmarks Preservation Commission, 305 Broadway, New York New York 10007) wants to know the architect, if any, of the base of the Ether Monument in the Boston Public Garden (the sculptor). John Mass (1660 Municipal Services Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) wants to know the name of a woman architect whose praises were sung in Boston in 1875, according to a visitor from Philadelphia in that year. Anyone with helpful information should contact Mr. Burnham or Mr. Mass directly.

Robert B. Pettig, President (221 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138; 491-3380)
We visit the famous cenote here, the well of Sacrifice, into which young girls were thrown to appease the wrath of Tlaloc. Story has it that they were virgin, but Doc Hooton's deep-dive investigations debunked this part of some old-school folklore. The osteological evidence doesn't admit of this nicety. It was found that along with young children (and girls for the most part—which bones do tell), articles of jade, gold and fine mosaic work had also been tossed into the well.

We leave Chichen with headlights on and a hitchhiking couple, an Argentine lawyer and his wife who like so many good Latin bureaucrats longs for the name he's been practicing and the latte nearly his on which he can sign and a hitchiking couple, an Argentine lawyer and his wife who like so many good Latin bureaucrats longs for the name he's been practicing and the latte nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign. And a hitchhiking couple, an Argentine lawyer and his wife who like so many good Latin bureaucrats longs for the name he's been practicing and the latte nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign.

We talk little. Perhaps if we talked more of this nicety. It was found that along with young children (and girls for the most part—which bones do tell), articles of jade, gold and fine mosaic work had also been tossed into the well. We leave Chichen with headlights on and a hitchhiking couple, an Argentine lawyer and his wife who like so many good Latin bureaucrats longs for the name he's been practicing and the latte nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign. And a hitchhiking couple, an Argentine lawyer and his wife who like so many good Latin bureaucrats longs for the name he's been practicing and the latte nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign and the desk nearly his on which he can sign.

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POEMS BY BILL COSTLEY

LINWOOD PLACE UNITED

even pulling together for the 1st time all parties all people all the impossible combinations in the same hall for the same purpose: organizing the Tenants' Union of the residents of OZ REALTY: Peter Fosdick, Trustee: buildings on Broadway on Columbus St. on Market St. on School St. on Cherry on Linwood Place all at the same time for the 1st time here legal counsel present & available conditionally: organize manpower woman power childhood family power: organize community present & listening newspapers radio: organize

LINWOOD PLACE ON THE MARCH

the Tenants' Union was formed Friday night at the hall of the Salvation Army across the street the Parade was appealed for the Parade not the March the Parade is brought off the following day from Tech Sq & back bulldozer movingtruck scoreboard children signs: US not OZ US not OZ US not OZ US not OZ US not OZ US not OZ US out on the street into the papers into the homes the organization is only beginning is only starting to pull together tactical errors strategic errors remain to be made remain to be corrected made again the organization must hold together must organize itself must represent itself to begin with the Parade returns to where it began the Tenants' Union goes on

LINWOOD PLACE IN CRISIS (5/13/69)

for Corita Kent

13 Derry Tombstones for Tom Sheehan

Irish exiles sharing TWA & dying:
Continental culture, honors, American lectureships, publishers, unlimited, imported Irish whiskey & adoration: R.I.P.

Aging heroes spend diminishing earnings visiting college towns & city bars, booking wild swans' flights via Apollo & Telstar, exploring receptive suburbs.

Who can shout down recalling moments of genuine dying? A new generation, suddenly calling: 13 Derry tombstones demand revenging.

Give exiles contemporary purpose: witnessing common victims, standing, dying without vintage whiskey's percussive uncorking.

Provisional & actual Armies bring reality daily to the bar & living-room color TV. Watching, exiles are Ghosts of I.R.A. Remembering.

Where are the voices of a nation sent into exile? Not one is speaking. No one is writing, or aiming words at a nation or a man.

Record disengagement supporting Culture, N.A.T.O. & Cold War
reaches maturity: James Bond (P.R.O.)
capable of delivering the expected: persuasive articles on the Independent Arts, Creative Writing.

13 Derry tombstones display contemporary history, not nostalgic "cries from the heart". The World. Listens.

BUS TO BOSTON: ART IMITATES LIFE to Paul Dinger

all the commuters are reading the NYT you are riding the bus to Boston reading Boston Review of the Arts.

the urge to write a poem overtake you. you turn to a poetry page with white-space
& you begin writing:\nall the commuters are reading the NYT you fill the empty 1/2 page.

you now know the meaning of art as instrumentality: reality seeks art as a stabilizer of life & living.

art imitates it.

Bonanza Bus Providence-Boston Route 1-95

Friday, October 22, 1971

ICY QUINCY

for Corita Kent

icy Quincy.

ICY QUINCY

frozen river

frozen river

frozen river

frozen drive-in.

tuscia house

on the riverbank.

Corita's gastank.

" ady has taste "

" ady has taste "

reads the billboard.

ICY QuINCY.

2/2/72 * SE EXPwy, Quincy.
today I saw Royal Dano
doing a Bromo commercial
saying "feeling crummy"
remembering him as
Young Mister Lincoln
walking into
Springfield Village
on OMNIBUS
it was 1953
county becomes
metropolitan
when the demand
meets the supply
today James Taylor
tomorrow
the World

10/24/71
Providence

THE RISD RAG, published every other week at Rhode Island School of Design and can be reached by addressing all mail to: THE RISD RAG, RISD Box F-7, Providence, R.I. 02903.

Meetings are held every week on Mondays and Tuesdays in the Newspaper's office on the second floor of Carr House (follow the signs).

Ken, Wendy, Gilbert, Dan, Robin.