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RISD press January 18, 1974

Students of RISD

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L'Art Students Et Dark Bier OR It's the Real Thing

The first time I heard the word Sagittarius I was a freshman at RISD. I was walking out of Memorial Hall and this girl was walking in with this little dog, a little black fidget dog. The kind of dog that, if you stepped on it, would most likely squish like a bug; no internal organs to speak of, just this yellow pulpy substance. The dog sat on the steps and wouldn't move and the girl pipped up with, you guessed it..."C'mon Sagittarius, c'mon." I almost threw up. Her you can forgive. You guys I can't.

Sagittarius one and two, your reviews are so wierd with I've got to assume you wrote them to insult some kind of artistic intellectual intercalage in this community. I guess you feel we are lacking in that respect. That is to say you must feel stiffer because you have no one but each other to talk to (about art) your Sagittarius columns must then have been intended to solve that problem. And this is where my own personal nausea was struck up. I am not concerned with your not signing the columns - they are never intended to be true representations of your true critical ability. They were random. I am concerned with the idea that two young artists are skimming to seed a cloudburst of art activity and what it smacks of. It seems to me this is not how great, or even small creative movements originate, not if they are to have any authenticity (reality).

As someone who lives and does his work in Providence, I feel there is a quality here that is better off not fucked around with. I say this because these properties, invisible as they may be, have provided us with an atmosphere responsible for the nurturing and development of more than one creative phenomenon; while, to the delight of many, insulated us against having to deal with so many of the art crazed assholes you find in other Art School communities. Though much of this talent has only peripheral relationships to RISD itself, they have everything to do with Art. This kind of atmosphere is real and exciting and happens in spite of us artists not because of us; a rule I would think any artist must have come to accept and humility would realize early in his career. Trying to calculate the development of an art community can continued on page 6.
Letters

After living for twenty-one years I like to assign my life priorities are mortality. I would also like to believe that those of the faculty, elected or reelected somewhat by the RISD Press are at a certain level of intelligence and sophistication. Everyone likes gossip. I like gossip. I will go out of my way to hear gossip. It can be funny, informative, and the best gossip is stimulating and sometimes even important to know.

I am appalled that the school newspaper can find time to print the kind of adolescent nasturbatory ego gratification that they call RISD After Dark. This quite lengthy column dwells on the pettiness, such boring triviality, that it seems to me if a gossip column is going to be printed, at least it should contain something that anything else about. When column of this sort are written about the stars we love they mean something because the objects of gossip are vellin in that mystery that makes a star.

This column does not work as parody because we all know the people who are being written about. Anyone who has the illusion that these are stars is as much as a child; a dwarf; as the very people who allow themselves to be prostituted in these columns. Discretion and subtlety are prerequisites of sophistication and chic. (anonymous)

Dear Editor,

I recently heard of your publication through a member of my own humble class who can now withhold his last name from a published piece, confident that public will recognize his consistently saucy and intelligent literary style! Yes, Jay; that last deliciously cryptic bit of trash, added to some of your previous eloquently presented verbiage, establishes you firmly in all our gazes as a traditionally rational and mature mind.

Two; How delightful it was to again experience the zany antics of the gang of "RISD After Dark." A gentleman lighted social humor just where it's needed - and just the ticket as the conceit of an essentially regular full-page column in a design-school newspaper! Considering the inestimable merit of this original -- and, I gather, extremely popular -- column, I made a partial list of horrible circumstances that might ensure were not to see another "RISD After Dark." Here it is, just for fun:

1) We'd all go about terribly uninformed.
2) The paper would have an odd number of pages.
3) Poor Nina would be out of a couple of hours of rewarding work each week typing.
4) RISD pet owners would be desperate at the lack of money to train their puppies on.
And so on...

Ever so sincerely,

--

Colin Shoeemaker

by Igan Reynolds

The article printed last week in the Press, "Good to the Last Drop," was not a high point in the Press's journalistic career. These false facts and completely erroneous information coupled with an undeserved facetious tone insinuates an overwhelming stupidity and dishonesty on the part of the Coffee House's managerial and working staff. This is an intolerable injustice.

Dear Editor

I present to you the equation that twenty students eating an average of fifty cents worth of food a day (as a low to medium figure) would be responsible for approximately one thousand dollars loss. This is only speculation. However, add to it student rip-offs, the back bills which were forgotten, the $2000 in the counter, the deficit becomes a reality! I have been ripped off by our employees and students alike. Neither is excusable, but they are both to be expected and therefore understandable.

by John Long

The Long Lost Mad Scrawler
André

Carr House's losses are attributable to the reasons cited in the anonymously written article, however, they are not as heinous as the story would have us believe. One of the major factors involved in the Carr House deficit was that employees were allowed to eat without charge. The inference in the article is: one is one of sarcasm and disbelief. With an equal ability to speculate, I present to you the equation that twenty students eating an average of fifty cents worth of food a day (as a low to medium figure) would be responsible for approximately one thousand dollars loss. This is only speculation. However, add to it student rip-offs, the back bills which were forgotten, the $2000 in the counter, the deficit becomes a reality! I have been ripped off by our employees and students alike. Neither is excusable, but they are both to be expected and therefore understandable.

by John Long
Fashion is always created by a few style people who know how they want to dress. What is best for them according to their professions, their life-style. Taste must be developed. Clothes today go into the background, people do not want drop-dead noticeable clothes. Grooming is important. Great clothes need great hair. Now, there are better than anything. You don't wear them, but they enhance the overall snob fashionable elite. Loulou, St. Laurent's leading public vehicle for YSL creations, is a waste. Elsa Peretti's work is for all sculpture students. None of those, and I mean not one of those cashmere, flannel, jersey turnouts by Halston would be worth theahril-thousands of multi-thousands are supposed to be worth more. Halston seems a blend of ivory, gold, silver, and black threads, but no one would ever do it. That's sensibly we are said to be less than one pair of French suit and taking the button off and putting her own Tiffany diamond buttons on the damn thing. Things is sensible and down-to-earth. Who the hell is Halston anyway? ANTI-FASHION: No one gives a damn, sure! This fashion magazine says, do we really need Halston for a basic cardigan? Anti-fashion Andy Warhol is forever slapping the very rich in the face. He went to that dance for $50 in Venice in classic black tie with unpolished beat-up cowboy boots. He is bringing back basic Brooks Brothers by dragging his pedregue suit around on an Hermes leash and sporting oxford-button down shirts and BB blazers with jeans. Andy has used many vehicles to show how absurd the whole blit is. But this is the best yet. Life is far more painful than trying to decide on a pair of Vuitton pullmans or a boxbag from H. The Polo Look that Kate Hepburn has worn for years? She claims to have worn the same gaberdine trousers, oxfords, trench for thirty years. She also wears an old turttleneck, jodphurs, and riding boots. That’s the Look. Lauren Hutton who by now is a millionaire wears nothing but her white-flannel pleats from Ralph Lauren and a blue sweater. Good but, no to the neck in obvious Polo turnouts for Lauren who has turned Vogue into her own magazine ANTI-FASHION at the SCHOOL OF DESIGN: SOCKING IT: Your social critic in Earth Shoes and Heavy-Navy Boat Socks over Trouser was the first before Xmas. Now, with the freeze-dry weather, everyone is doing it. Pulling the big wool sock over jeans and pants with shoes and boots. Jane does it with baseball footwear. Nell does the same. Peter Mulvey does it best with grey wool and waterproof ankle boots. Everyone looks like they just stepped over the slopes from a hike or picnic in the snow.
The classic function of light in photography is as a source of reflective illumination. Light is constantly enhancing and defining things in ways which excite the photographer. Often these are things which he would usually pass unnoticed for lack of that particular light. However, to consider light simply as illumination for subject matter would be very limiting to one's understanding of contemporary photography. Some particularly unique insights into the alternative functions of light were revealed at M.I.T. in 1971 in the form of the exhibit Light 7. On the basis of one image from the exhibit I will explain one of my fundamental responses to Light 7, particularly in terms of its revelations concerning the properties of light.

The photograph reproduced was made by Ralph Eugene Meatyard. Looking at this image we are forced to find a new context, both visually and intellectually, within which to deal with light. At the visual level the implication is that the light emanates from the center of the image; specifically, from the white square in the foreground. Our natural photographic conditioning encourages us to sense light as coming into an image from some source beyond the frame. But Meatyard boldly shatters this visual myth by emphasizing the internal whiteness of the light on the floor to the point where it becomes a source rather than a reflector. If you look quickly through the Light 7 catalogue I think you'll find a significant percentage of images which present light in this non-classical, internal form. Because the image relies on this unusual visual construction it also calls upon a unique set of intellectual standards. I respond to the light on the floor as a symbol of some greater force, perhaps as a symbol of life-energy in a pure form. And I am reminded of scientific photographs (such as the one reproduced) which I have seen in astronomy books. In both cases the light projects a certain expansiveness which suggests that it is a very active, living force.

Needless to say, my response to the image is also affected by the presence and postures of the two figures. They contribute to my feeling for the light by means of a sharp contrast. These people are along with their decaying environment, suggestive of non-life. In this sense, they enhance by contrast my positive feelings about light as energy which I mentioned above.

If you are familiar with Light 7 you might not find it unreasonable to say that this life/death contrast extends too much of the work from that exhibit. In many of the images the light is an energetic invader in an otherwise sterile, or decaying environment. I believe that his is an emerging pattern in contemporary photography as evidenced by the Light 7 exhibit. It seems to me that this raises fundamental questions, beyond the scope of this article, about 20th century man's outlook on life.

Bratnober

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Bratnober
"The Motels" there will be棍like Iron Butterfly, you know, get some people in here, that's going on. Get some Art clubs going and call one "Meta-Universle" and another "Meta-Universe". And just think it all started with a few anonymous columns to the RISD newspaper. And to complete your dream a Sagittarius III, writing in the best tradition of I and II.

continued from page 1

they are symbiotic. Although the question might not arise, we could ask, legitimately, if the paintings are likely to be as powerful without the accompanying mementoes. Certainly the mood of the gallery would be a different one if the paintings existed without parochial aids; but I don't feel the strength of the images would subside. I am grateful to Holly Brauer for her forthright, unabridged and vulnerable glimpse of her past. We may partake in her celebration of the Mass, or wonder about the strange episode (which is so real?) in the painting called Blood on the Rug.

In the northwest gallery, Toskito contributes a series of landscapes and still-lives; these paintings represent her as a potentially strong painter. On the basis of the works shown, it is my opinion that perhaps the biggest problem Ms. Ito faces is controlling her considerable ability to handle paint. Occasionally, "sickness" (a galloping facility with this painter) has the tendency to get ahead of itself, to take a bow instead of remaining backstage like self-conscious tablemanners. In one or two instances the figurative passages run away from the surface - as in the case of the orange chair, which doesn't integrate into the ground of Still Life 3. More prevalent, however, is the number of superbly successful abstract images. Landscape #1 is a fine orchestration of paint: fusion of figure-ground and of pigment/canvas which has the same kind of inter-meshed (yet illusive) quality of the surface of the best glazed ceramics produced in Japan. I will be terribly obvious and claim these images 'oriental' quality about Ms. Ito's paintings; a reserve; a quiet; a simplicity; and understatement; occasionally it is not a small (woven) fibre which has been planted on canvas. The 'truth' being that the artist must do things in a work over all the country, these works establish an identity for the artist. So that some schlep in Saginaw can see that "Your guy that D.,./.", D. . . D., D., etc., etc., for example of far eastern art: Katsura detached palace, calligraphy by Ikkyu, or a haniwa figure from the Kofun period. Chinoiserie of 'Mimilation' has had its updated versions! Morris Graves and Mark Tobey, for example, tried so hard to make it "oriental art." Recent efforts in the field of the visual arts have had tremendous impact on numerous Tokyo artists and converted them into New York school painters and sculptors. But Toskito is not part of this; if there are artists whose visage she might possibly share, one could bring Kenzo Okada, Kiorio Morandi, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Mark Rothko to stand beside her.

As for the fibre show in the large gallery: there are pieces which make it and are pretty exciting; and pieces which succeed (materially) and are dull. Jennifer Wile, for example, does not have a climax try the exhibition; all three of her pieces are striking; each one solves a different problem in an interesting way. The bulky piece over the mantel of the fireplace and the skinny orange and black striped woven fabric on the side wall are not only made well, but intrinsically clever for a cover that could easily pass an involvement with textiles. Barry Miller'sportrait on wood mounted on fabric are tight and competent. Most of the printed work, however, is little more than perfunctory in its repetitiveness. April Peters has a small (woven) fibre painting portraying figures which evoke a Toulouse-Lautrec/Picasso Absinthe Abs/nginx. A combination of several different kinds of fabrics have an unpleasant irony about them. They are momentarily strong in their time because they appear to struggle to transcend 'craft' to become art. These distinctions are unnecessary particularly when Jennifer Wile, for example permit the medium to work for its special (and often intrinsic) qualities and conditions.

As a concluding note, it should be noted that the furious exchange of charges, retreats, recoveries and silences which appeared for (intangibly unmanifested themselves) in the pre-Christian issue of the RISD Press are the result of a co-operative effort of the following: To: Preston McClanahan, the LOS LANE MOTORIZED MEMORIAL WAVE: RECALL OF BILLY KLÜVER HAVING A NON-ARIISTOTELIAN WET DREAM IN THE BAGUAS is awarded for heroic journalistic rebuttal; the HELLEN KELLER/ROSE SÉLAVY CITATION FOR OUTSTANDING VISUAL PERCEPTION AND DYNASTIC WHIMPING IS PASSED TO Roland Bel- hameur; while the JOHNNY DARK PRIX FOR SUPERIOR NON-SEQUITORS AND FOUR-WHEEL DRIFT goes to the fabled CAILARANNE AND AMERICAN Animism - Michael Ashcraft. To Good Sport Steven Ostrum goes a Carolee Schneemann's formal evening case, and to the rapidly growing numbers of RISD Ad- ministration and the non-teaching faculty who are joining their ranks, some pie in the sky and other junk desserts. Sagittarius III.
The name of the artist, or student artist, title of the work and materials used should accompany each photograph. Photos submitted constitute the artist's permission to use them for this book only. PLEASE SEND ON OR BEFORE APRIL 1, 1974.

FREE - one Siamese cat to a good home. See George Pappas, Freshman Foundation.

Events

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May Sarton will read from her own works at the Museum of Art at RISD, on Sun., Jan 20 at 3 p.m.

Poet, novelist, teacher, lecturer, script writer -- the Belgian-born Miss Sarton has had a varied literary career. A naturalized American, she attended schools in Cambridge, Mass., and apprenticed at Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. Among her numerous distinctions is that of having been Phi Beta Kappa Poet at Brown University in 1967.

Miss Sarton's most recently published works include the poetry volume A Durable Fire, the novel As We Are Now and her autobiography, Journal of a Solitude.

May Sarton's Museum appearance is the second in a series of poetry readings jointly presented by the Museum and the Department of English, Brown University through the sponsorship of the Rhode Island State Council on the Arts.

The Woods-Gerry Gallery at RISD will feature a two-week show from Jan. 16-29 by faculty members.

If there are any faculty members interested in teaching in the Summer Transfer Program, please send a letter to the director, Mr. John Udvardy, in the Freshman Foundation Office no later than Wed., Feb. 6, 1974. Please state what you are interested in teaching and whether you have taught in the session previously. Also, include a resume and brief description of the material you would cover in your course.

John Udvardy - Director
Summer Transfer Program

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Calendar

Fri. Jan 18
6-8 p.m. TKD Club Aud. Stage
9 p.m.-1 a.m. Dance sponsored by Ski and Sail Club 2 bands $1.25

Sat. Jan 19
College Episcopal Service Catholic Mass

Sun. Jan 20
Modern Dance Upper Refectory
7 p.m. Verna Blair Student Board Meeting

Mon. Jan 21
4-6 p.m. Film Mr. Bach Aud. RISD tenants
7 p.m.

Tues. Jan 22
3 p.m. Faculty Meeting Dean of Student's Office
8:30-9:30 p.m. Lecture on Arch. of Energy Mr. Richard Stein CB 412

Wed. Jan 23
11 a.m.-2 p.m. Centennial Commit-tee Aud. Stage
2 p.m. Divinity Light Mission G. In Hanson R.I. Tennis Club
Beginners - 7 p.m.
Others - 8 p.m.
7-10 p.m. AIA Cocktails Upper Refectory & Dinner
7:30-9 p.m. Film Society Aud.

Thurs. Jan 24
5:30-7:30 p.m. CKD Club CB 433
7:30 p.m.

Fri. Jan 25
6-8 p.m. Junior Dance
8-11 p.m. Square Dance Refectory

Sat. Jan 19
7 (Car) SPIDER'S STRATEGEM
9:30 (Car) SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION
12 (Car) SOME LIKE IT HOT
8 (List) HENRY V

Sun. Jan 20
7 (List) SOME LIKE IT HOT
9:30 (List) THE SPIDER'S STRATEGEM
12 (List) SECRET AGENT

Mon. Jan 21
20 (List) HITCHCOCK FILM with Peter Lorre and Madeline Carroll - murder and Swiss chocolates.
21 (List) HENRY V

Films

Brown Film Society

18
7 (Carnichael) SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION
9:30 (Carnichael) THE SPIDER'S STRATEGEM Bertolucci's dazzling study of Facist intrigue.
12 (Carnichael) SOME LIKE IT HOT
Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon, Tony Curt-isa Billy Wilder's transvestite hit.
8 (List) HENRY V glorious color spectacles and Shakes-peare.
Ah, yes, another Penna. Dutch delicacy. This recipe is the best I've tried because the buns come out very light and stay that way better than with any other recipe I've tried. If you have never tried any of my recipes, this is the one I would recommend you try. It is my absolute favorite baked goods:

SUPER-STICKY BUNS

3/4 c. milk
1/2 c. butter or margarine
1/4 c. sugar
1 tsp. salt
2 pkg. active dry yeast
1/2 c. warm water
2 tbsp. or so lukewarm
5 1/2 c. unsifted flour (stir to aerate before measuring)
2 tbsp. or so hot water
2/3 c. sugar mixed with 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
2 3/4 c. chopped pecans

In a small pan, scald the milk; remove from heat and add 1 1/3 c. butter, the sugar, and salt; stir until butter melts; cool to lukewarm.

In a large mixing bowl, dissolve the yeast in the milk mixture and egg, until blended. Add 3 c. of flour and mix until smooth. Gradually and slowly add 2 more cups of the flour. Dough will be soft.

Turn out onto lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic (5 to 8 minutes) using the remaining 1/2 c. flour to keep dough from sticking.

Place dough in a large greased bowl; turn dough down to grease top; cover. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk (about 30 to 40 minutes).

Divide the dough in half. Roll out one half to a 1/4 x 10 inch rectangle. Spread 1 tbsp. of the soft butter over the top and sprinkle with half of the sugar-cinnamon mixture. Starting at the long side, roll up and pinch edge slightly. Cut into 9 slices; set aside. Repeat with other half of dough.

Place the dough slices in a greased pan, or in greased paper or foil lined pans.

Sprinkle Topping (in a small saucepan, mix 1/2 c. butter, 1 c. sugar, 1/4 c. light molasses (just-to-see), add a bit of water; stir over medium heat until brown) over the dough. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk (about 30 to 40 minutes again).

Bake in preheated 350 degree oven until golden brown (25 to 30 minutes). Turn out of pans onto plates or wire racks to cool.

These are at their best when served fresh and still warm from the oven.

Once before, I tried my hand at a record review and it turned out to be more of a lengthy lauding of a virulently-quality performance by Rick Wakeman. Well, I've got another record to plug. This time it's Spectrum by Billy Cobham. Cobham is (was?) the drummer for the Mahavishnu Orchestra (whose future is uncertain right now). His performance has of
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

RISD Film Society
Thursday, Jan. 24
7:30pm 75¢
RISD Auditorium

1925 CLASSIC WITH LON CHANEY
(MUSIC SCORE)

HORROR & SCI-FI WEEKENDS AT RISD soon to become reality!

DANCE

FRIDAY Jan. 18

2 Bands
george gritzbach and
mandalin dan &
the silverdollar band

Refectory
College I.D.
9:00-1:00 $1.25
COME IN A HAT

I THOUGHT THE CADILLAC RHODESIA THAN THE LINCOLN.