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Students of RISD

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The
Incorporated Press
A Newspaper for the RISD Community

Vol. 1 25¢
no. 6
April 1979
EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER FROM JAMES E. JUROS,
PRESIDENT, RISD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

This letter is reprinted at the permission of the Ad Hoc Committee.
9 April 1979
Mr. James B. Fox
18 Adelphi St.
Providence, RI 02903
Dear Jim:

I have received news of the settlement between RISD and the faculty union.

There can be no doubt in my mind, that the efforts of you and your Ad Hoc Student Committee were responsible to a large extent in bringing both sides to serious negotiations. It is my personal opinion that the entire RISD community owes you and your Ad Hoc Committee a vote of appreciation for your level-headed, clear-thinking actions which resulted in the student boycott that began the serious negotiations.

I know this past weekend was trying for all of you; however, I can only hope in the time remaining for this year that you all will be able to gain that peace of mind so necessary to continue in fruitful design studies.

To my way of thinking, the most obvious battle is over. However, there are still many things to be worked out concerning the governing of the school, which hopefully will ultimately result in an institution that openly accepts and acts upon positive input from all members of the RISD community. This will be a more difficult goal to accomplish.

I assure you of my personal appreciation and continued support in all of your endeavors. I trust that you will pass this message along to your entire committee. Please let us remain in contact.

Truly,

James E. Juros
President, Alumni Association

I want a share in the RISD community's grief for Art Wood. He represented to me a strength of character and elegance of personality in which many of us can find aspects of our personal ideals. I first knew Art when he wholeheartedly committed the silk-screen facilities to anti-war activities. He combined a moral and an aesthetic sense, and an authentic energy that was the best of the sixties. But he carried that verve into the seventies, when a more intimate sense of community, and unfailing qualities of wit, humor, courage, loyalty, persistence, and courteous good will endeared him to many.

As an anecdote: My father had a warehouse full of ice boxes and Art wanted them. But alas, they were not wooden of the thirties, but metal, of the uncertain fifties in East Providence hovering between past and future. I was sorry to disappoint Art, but I was struck by the poetry of his name—Art, for sure, and Wood—the material of organic authenticity.

Steadfast like an oak, he protected colleague and student in bad climes, but fast he bended and then he broke.

Mike Fink, E.H.P.
Rome
LUIGI BIANCO UPDATE

Approximately three weeks after the Student meeting with Andy Ford on Mar. 15th, this reporter received a phone call from Luigi Bianco, who took the opportunity to clarify the statements attributed to him at this meeting. What follows is a condensed version of that conversation.

Mr. Bianco began by characterizing the coverage as "excessively derogatory" and explained his presence at that meeting as a natural development of a critical session he had been leading, where all the participants were eager to attend. He corrected the language of job description from "cushy" to "comfortable", and stated further that he felt an environment where a devastating lack of communication among all bodies was producing a situation of true paranoiac dimensions. Particular in his complaint was the "don't talk, don't share" attitude assumed by the various contingents, which would only add that we wish, along with the Alumni, to avoid committing ourselves to a plan that we are not sure can be carried out. The Ad Hoc Committee got up a proposal that students send next year's admissions to RISD, and stated further that he felt an environment where a devastating lack of communication among all bodies was producing a situation of true paranoiac dimensions. Particular in his complaint was the "don't talk, don't share" attitude assumed by the various contingents, which would only add that we wish, along with the Alumni, to avoid committing ourselves to a plan that we are not sure can be carried out.

He corrected the language of job description from "cushy" to "comfortable", and stated further that he felt an environment where a devastating lack of communication among all bodies was producing a situation of true paranoiac dimensions. Particular in his complaint was the "don't talk, don't share" attitude assumed by the various contingents, which would only add that we wish, along with the Alumni, to avoid committing ourselves to a plan that we are not sure can be carried out.

Adding that the result of all the apathy that had informed the RISD environment for so many years had now culminated in the present at RISD, extreme tension and paranoia, Luigi Bianco implored the participants to come away feeling quite impressed by Luigi Bianco's comments, this reporter to the Ad Hoc Committee, and the plan was devised by students. Two days before vacation I received a letter detailing the plan.

Some of my friends did not get this letter. They didn't know whether copies were sent to all the mail boxes or whether copies had been removed from those boxes. One friend told me she talked about the plan in the mail room. A woman, sent by someone, sent two letters written to me and a clerk that he had to stop the mail. The Student Board has never taken up the subject of this tampering.

Ben Dewey
wan

this voice from within me
a mere perception
of matter-of-fact
for care i share
all i have
for us

march 1979

my name is wan burhanuddin bin wan abidin
i'm from a foreign land
my manners, primitive and savage
but loving
my approach, non-martian despite
blue jeans and cracker jacks

i came here undergoing a series
of sufferings, the time lag, the lingual ineloquence
and the whole phenomenon of the so-called 'culture shock'
RISD was my choice
i came with high hopes to this school
which i believed would nurture me
my primitive physical, mental and
spiritual instincts

i came here for only one reason-
education
in this i believe that there is a
process that i and all of us
must go throughwards that end
one of my requirements is a nice
weather and a nice warm love
as it is, the image imposed upon us
is that we're sick
or 'patients' as the board of trustees puts it.
what this signifies to me is that we
are sick
in being sick, i believe that we need
a cure
and the remedy in all within us
after all are diseases, for most part,
if has a state of mind
and that is all we have left right

presumably i'm in my fifth year
and i have, only a few more critical
months to go.

i came here to be educated
and realistically i should be, at
this moment, in my studio
more realistically is my concern
for those who are going to be in their
final few weeks of school
four years from now, more years from then on.
the same way those 99 years were laid
down for me

when i first came
these years when education was made
of trust, honesty, care
and a whole lot of love and respect
for each other
and not a technological product of a
slick machine
that does not function
for the initial concept of design is
not honest
and because the aim is not sincere
and non-human
at this point i need to reassure
myself of education
education is everything
from my studio to the tap room, to
a nice warm bed
maybe with a nice warm woman and a
whole series of other things
a list too long to write
what is non-educational to me is to
escape the whole process
and hide in a closed corner of a
shaking ship
and wait for the time when the bubbling
waters
fill my stuffy lungs
i was a man who underwent the sixties
these days of war and struggle for love
everything i was, was nothing more then
naivety
we're leaving the seventies
the mental people, too busy in search
of a mental strength too hectic in our commitment to see
ourselves
and too selfish to share our love
we're into the 80's
we're transcending into a different
mental state
into a state of mind that we can ex-
apand infinitely
with the help of other minds and hearts
and the whole sincerity, truth and
honesty
alone, each of us is an entity
and together we're a creation of
energy
sadly, unfortunately, commonly propagating
in total synchronization
we're not in for violence
violence is archaic, violence is old
and violence belongs to an era where
there is no possible solution
where the mind falls short, where the
heart gets impatient
where people lie to cover another and
another and
where there is not even the trust in
truth
back home we don't have the four
seasons
therefore there is no gauge to deter-
mine
that a matter like this happens only
in spring
it could only be one of those fevers
b ut i believe that this fever is
lethal
especially when we're diseased
especially when we don't take care
of that and
especially when we don't take care of
ourselves

this spring of 79, the last spring of
this decade
is a milestone
in the search for our stand
which is why we're here
pathologically cleansing ourselves
from the dirt we're forced to collect
in a desire to be healthy
the dirt that we're getting our

the health that we need
is not just for today or tomorrow
but for the time that we need to
produce more healthy siblings
in the contribution to humanism
hopefully with the blessing of god
next spring and springs thereafter
the needs that we could plant today,
will grow
into real trees
not just merely sick plants in a fake
environment
for a primitive man like me
this is where i stand
for the rest of us who're more civil-
ized
there is not too much of any choice
there is a spirit for the mind
whatever decision we make
it pleas
that it comes from each and everyone's
and the whole desire for truth
which does not end here
for truth is the entity that is one

god bless us
Flagg

I would like to relate, briefly, the course of events that led up to the student strike because I think they are significant and might have a bearing on student action of various sorts for years to come.

The Saturday of St. Patrick’s Day a friend of mine called me up, along with four other people, and invited me to her room for a “casual” discussion about the deteriorating situation surrounding the contract negotiations. After about 45 minutes of relating the bits of news we had heard and tossing the matter around somebody came up with the idea of a student action, a strike. We immediately realized we were on to something and we continued thrashing out the idea for the next seven hours, until we were all quite exhausted. We realized at that time that, if we were going to pull something of this sort off, we would need the official recognition and sanction of the Student Board.

Fortunately, just a few days before the Student Board had initiated the process of setting up the Ad Hoc committee for the purpose of retaining a lawyer and conveying information pertaining to the contract negotiations to the student body. We were also fortunate in that two of the members of the Ad Hoc Committee had volunteered for positions on the Student Board. The following morning we called all the people who had volunteered for positions, which numbered about eight, and asked them to come to a meeting. It turned out that many of them could not come the following day as they had not prior to that time, night, had volunteered for positions, which numbered about eight, and asked them to come to a meeting. It turned out that many of them could not come the following day as they had not been invited to the Blue Point. We now had a whole Ad Hoc committee, with four other people, and invited a friend of mine called me up, and got on the phone and called up a list of about 20 people whom we felt might be interested. Interested and represent a reasonably good cross section of the school and invited them to a meeting that evening. So once again, to a group of about 35, the idea as it then stood was presented and this time the idea was going to fly, we would need more responses, and we would need a larger core of people who were committed to the idea. So that afternoon we got on the phone and called up a list of about 20 people whom we felt might be interested. Interested and represent a reasonably good cross section of the school and invited them to a meeting that evening. So once again, to a group of about 35, the idea as it then stood was presented and this time it really met stiff criticism. I personally was about to hang it up. However, after about two hours of discussion, mostly among the people we had invited, the idea began to reemerge once again, somewhat transformed and with a lot of new ideas attached, but basically intact. We broke up into groups to discuss various aspects of implementation, reconvened after about an hour, talked some more and then went home about 2am.

The following day Bayard Ewing was scheduled to speak to the student body and one thing we didn’t want to have happen was for him to address the idea of a student strike directly before we could present the idea ourselves. So, we were obliged to keep the idea under wraps for the meantime, which was unfortunate because it lent a somewhat underground paranoia to what we were doing.

The whole group met the following afternoon to discuss things and since it was a slightly different group of thirty we presented the whole idea again, and again went through a barrage of questions and criticism. By that time all the members of the Ad Hoc Committee had written 20 signatures from their various constituencies and had been ratified by the Student Board. That evening, Bayard Ewing basically played right into our hands. He did not embrace our idea and, more importantly, he admitted, in effect, he had no good answers. He said that he was sincerely working toward what he considered the best interest of the students, which is no doubt true and not to be slighted, but that was about all he said. He never really confronted the meaning of the school was being foreclosed and we never really confronted the technique with which we were being asked to sign.

It is important to point out that at some time, a few days before the group an and it was opened made all around. The idea was tossed around a lot and we had no idea of any kind of criticism. About all the technique with which we were being asked to sign.

The next day we were preparing for a general meeting of the student body the following day. We met twice, the first time with thirty people and the second time with sixty-five people and each time we presented the idea and were confronted with more questions and ideas. The second time was really a dress rehearsal of the following day and we really tried to work out all the wrinkles and establish a consensus behind what we were doing.

We broke up into groups to work on various tasks and by the end of the evening our group had grown to about 120 people making signs, planning events and writing position papers for Wednesday’s meeting.

The rest of the story is fairly well known. Some observations, however, might be appropriate. For one, I am very proud of the way the student body rose to the occasion and carried out the action in a responsible and intelligent manner. I think our action lent an aura of intelligent concern and level headedness to the situation which previously had been lacking. It eased the course toward a negotiated settlement considerably and, more importantly, it made a real contribution toward forming a viable articulation of student concerns in this community. I feel also that in the years to come it can have a very significant effect. The most important thing we have done is to establish a technique and perhaps even a tradition of taking direct action within the community.

Don Flagg
In our way of measuring time in how this sort of exchange develops: someone else now, from a different culture, does something I would not do unless I display hostility or aggression. What is also happening is that we can suppress our impulses and not request too much information or ask too many questions. It seems the least of all the incidents possible nothing, a linguistic problem.

Just now I am in an extremely complex situation, geographically far from home, in a community of representatives of very diverse cultures, whom I see every day and often work with. I have no particular agenda or cause I wish to promote with me and I am able to express my reactions and give or appreciate as a quality of friendship or the differences in understanding. I have a common language. There is no particular ideology. We do not discuss the values of the institution. The negotiation process (which usually is the most disputed privilege) is not the issue. I think what is most distressing to us is the potential to take any new statements or actions or events in the future. It is very important to allow people to act on their own and to not be forced to do anything. I think what is most distressing to us is the potential to take any new statements or actions or events in the future.

If this were to happen, here is a situation inside that situation: declassified professional teachers (including artists and critics) and faculty members, the element that brings us all together, are struggling to define themselves through the impossibility of understanding. We do not have a common language. We do not have a common agenda or cause. We do not discuss the values of the institution. We do not discuss the negotiation process. We do not discuss the potential to take any new statements or actions or events in the future.

If someone asked me if I were, or to be more precise, if I were in love with so-and-so, I would respond with what I take to be a power line happening to break off. It is a mysterious coincidence, at the given moment, I can only speculate or conclude it is a natural action. I begin by ascribing it to the motive I might have for doing or saying such a thing.
I just endured
So keen a dose of pleasure,
Delight, subliminally pure;
The sweetest pain
That came as close to grief
As joy would dare.

Could I describe
My vision of the senses?
The transmigration of a soul?
A momentary glimpse into the past
And all experience?
I shall let it be, unsaid,
But not unfelt.

Your voice! Every word is like a
Fuzzy sweater wrapped around my
Heart to keep it beating.
Before your voice
My own is temporarily inconsequential,
Insignificant, profane.
A certain lapse of sensibilities
Inspires me to speak.
Don't cut short by
Soothing paralyzing liquid sounds
The seabirds
Hear in rubbing clouds of tremors
Felt by river stones when washed by dew.

I curse Che power chatt stifles reason
Now.
It's got, e.

And in the next breath, when it comes,
Hag for
One more
Ladleful, oh please.
Another cradleful
Of medicine for the soul!
Blankets for my soul.

If Morpheus were not a legendary god
And Amaryllis not some poet's pastoral
I'd tell you that I'd seen them come
to earth to rob
The wealth of their lovers' myths and
cosmic dreams.
Do we exist? Is this an Epicurean feast?
Now we drank and will at all
descriptive sounds
Into two million virgin settings of
ears at least.
We are up in the first act of a
Drama,
I wish that I could suffocate beneath
our skin
And never like to ask another "why".
I don't return or wonder if I'm
wearing this,
How can I know what you seek is true
It even!
by Marcy O'Connell
True, Vito's presence—a little seems simply masochistic, sensational, and his exaggerated gestures, intense speech and obsessive heavy pacing suggested that Vito even from such a distance seems almost sadistic, sexual.

Vito's presence—a little like that of the hunch-backed character, his exaggerated gestures, intense speech and obsessive heavy pacing suggested that Vito even from such a distance seems almost sadistic, sexual. From a distance Vito's work seems already nauseating, sensational, sexual.

Vito's work exploits all the theatrical potential of embarrassment and other residues of the "myth of the self". Then it is not a perversion, but is, in effect, turning to the"self"—self-parody and self-mockery. The development of his work, which he discussed with a group of students in the RISD Video Department, seems to identify and drive, at its best without the assistance of media or objects, towards a vulnerable personal center.

A dissident son not of painting but into literature and began instead best without the assistance of media seems to identify and drive, at its best without the assistance of media or objects, towards a vulnerable personal center.

"I didn't impose my space on an audience, I became notorious to my own actions and the actions of the other. Feeling myself to be included, I placed the space and title of the other person: 'his' work as a whole, however, was a passive but an aggressive and diverted assessment of its own circumstance. After "Following" he desired "less marginal involvement with the space of the other", and lessen use of the other as an object in order to change this idea he used "myself as a focus, my own person, in order to develop a notion of person... I was a person turning in on self, turning in on me." He characterized his next group of works as "a sort of sustained expression of itself". His title for one of these pieces was "I", in an age without Houdini, when the idea of "the cult of personality" (as opposed to genuine self-presentation) can be taken as seriously as it was about to be.

Does Vito ever get enough of himself, or, more properly, does he ever escape the prison of self? He has removed his physical presence from his latest installations but still exploits the myth of the "I". In an age without Houdini, when the idea of "the cult of personality" (as opposed to genuine self-presentation) can be taken as seriously as it was about to be.

Early in his career, Vito and friends in New York were excited by the idea of art as a field named but otherwise uncharted. Every day for a month he observed works best when the context is provided and pieces like "Following" work because...
FOOT FETISH: CONVERSION AVERSION

America For Customary Weight And Measure, a non-profit organization, is holding the Weight & Measure Festival to celebrate our customary "inch-pound-quart" system of measurement.

Our stance on the retention of the customary system is a conservation issue with direct relationship to human values and cultural stability. It taps into a small but solid issue, as it affects people of all ages, races, and ways of life equally. A recent Gallup poll shows us working in the public interest, as 66% of Americans are against the metric system, including 38% who are strongly against it. The Festival is to celebrate and focus public attention on the beauty, practicality, and accuracy of our customary "inch-pound-quart" system of measurement.

The Festival is to celebrate and focus public attention on the beauty, practicality, and accuracy of our customary "inch-pound-quart" system of measurement.

As the poetry of our measurement system will adhere to this standard, we want the Festival to be the most beautiful event in the world. It comes from an ancient code of cosmology that relates the growth patterns and ratios in nature and the motions and intervals of the solar system to the dimensions of the human frame, illustrating the concept of each individual as an image of the universe.

This system of measure has been used in America since the earliest aboriginal structures were built, and it is found everywhere in all the great art and architecture in this country and throughout the world. There is no reason to abandon the system upon which our technological and industrial strength was built and continues to thrive.

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Approximately $200 worth of new, large, Lefranc & Bougeois paint.

2. 10-speed, ladies, light metallic green Motobecane bicycle, with lock.

3. Canvas pliers

4. Staple gun

5. 1 small color xerox and acrylic painting in a plexiglass frame. Approx. 12x14.

6. 1 color xerox and acrylic collage in glass and metal frame approx. 20x38.

7. 4 corner brackets

8. 4 tubes of paint

9. 2 carpenters' rules

10. Canvas pliers

The above items are missing from the studio of Rebecca Spivack and Darcie Spitz.

Smaller amounts of acrylic and oil paints were also taken from the studio of Lance Jackson. Robert Hamilton, a faculty member on sabbatical also had paint and brushes stolen from his garage at home, after moving those articles from the studio at 167 Benefit the week of March 28th.

It is believed this theft took place either on the 27th or 28th of March.

“salt, pepper, celery salt?”

sandwiches- to go or stay

at Geoff's

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