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Incorporated Press, Inc. April 6, 1979

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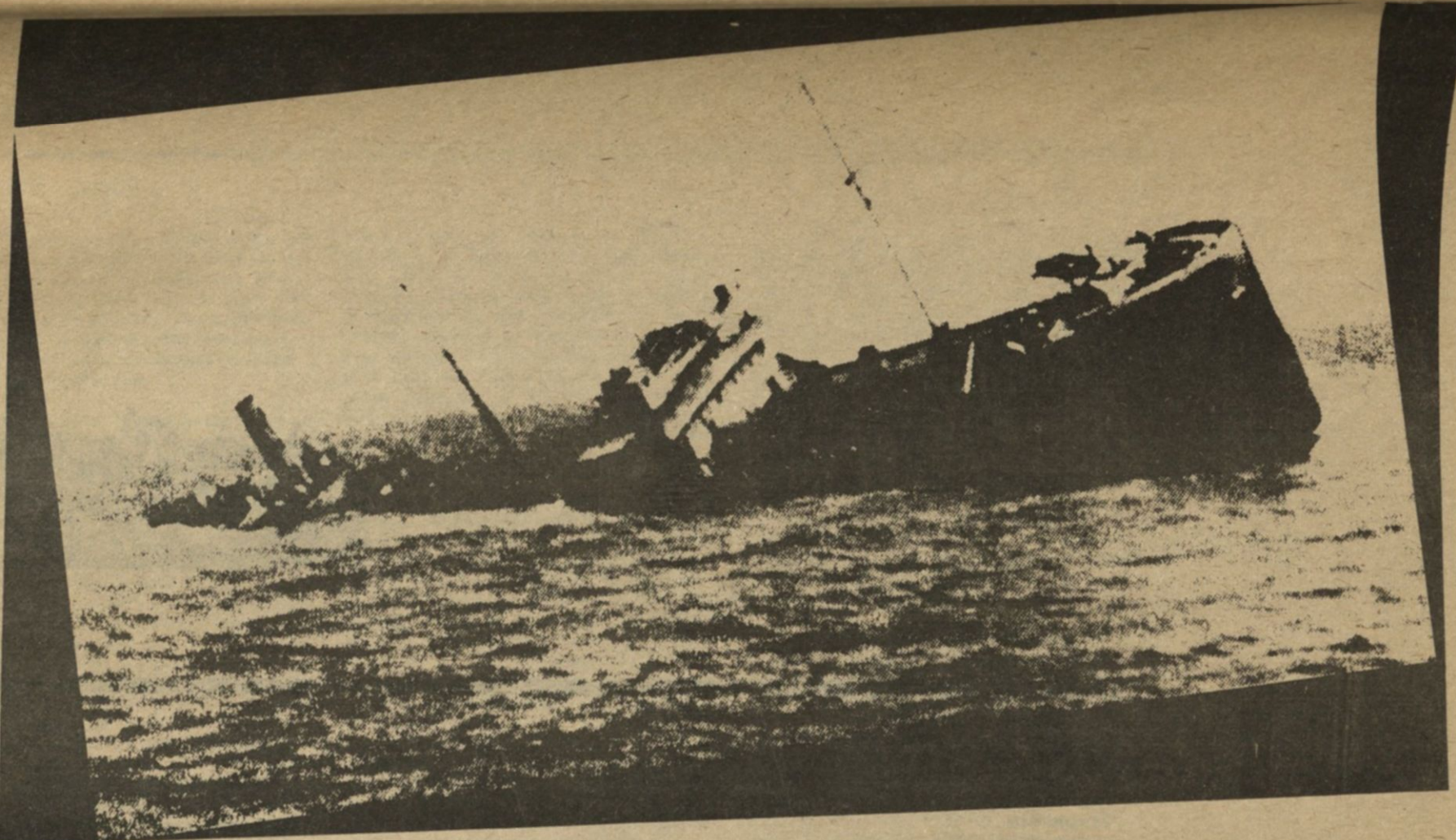
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The Incorporated Press

Vol. 1 no 6 April 1979

A Newspaper for the RISD Community

R.I.S.D.
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no 6
April 1979

Letters

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. In the long run, it may prove the more important battle for the future quality of RISD.

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 esthetic 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. When I saw him from a distance downtown, he looked briefly like a greybeard bum, but then up close his classy style and warm and orderly good looks emerged from my myopia: a good hat and tweed coat, a neat grizzle. He always offered me a beer, a kind word, a cheerful memory. To his family, friends, students I add my experience of respect and affection, my loss added to theirs.

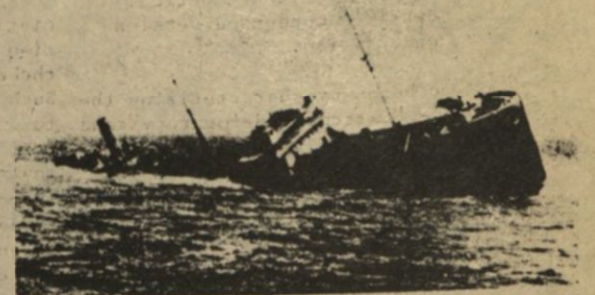
An anecdote: My father had a warehouse full of ice boxes and Art wanted them. But alas, they were

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

Cover design by John Gibson



Staff...

Volume 1
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The Press encourages participation in the paper, and further invites criticisms and suggestions. Submit to RISD Box #F-18, or to our office at 118 N. Main, Studio 15, in the Chernov Bros. building. The deadline will be every other Tuesday, or as posted in the mailroom.

"TOPS-DOWN" COMMUNICATION

Who can talk or write to whom without interference? Who runs the meetings? To whom does the mail room belong?

These questions bother me as I pick up various hints of suppression and obstruction at RISD.

The Ad Hoc Committee got up a proposal that students send next year's pre-registration fee into an excrow account. The intent was for students to avoid committing themselves to a situation they wouldn't want to come back to. The plan was devised by students, for 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 had never reached their mail boxes or whether copies had been removed from those boxes. One friend told me about overhearing an argument in the mail room. A woman, sent by the administration to stop the letters from going into the boxes, was having trouble convincing the mail clerk that he had to stop the mail. The Student Board has never taken up the subject of this tampering.

Ron Coulbourne at the meeting of the Student Board on April 11th said he was upset that he and his friends could no longer enter the mail room to distribute notices. He asked about the new policy. The minutes of that meeting, under "New Business," state the new policy as follows: "A student mail-box-stuffer has been hired to stuff mailboxes between 3pm and 4:30pm every day. Any information that must be placed in students mailboxes should be left in the mailroom for the official stuffer to handle"--no mention is made about prior permission. Yet there is a new form necessary: MAIL CIRCULATION REQUEST. It's wording is as follows: "Please attach a copy of material to be distributed through the mail room and submit to Director of Purchasing, Room 201, College Building. After approval, leave material and approval with the Supervisor of Mail Room. Distribution is done daily from 3:00pm to closing." The matter of the Pur-

chasing Agent's approval had not been brought up at the Student Board meeting of April 11th, according to Marcia Hammer, who took (but did not type) the minutes.

Possibly students are being turned away from the mail room without being told what further procedure to follow. Or else they are being told one by one about a policy that the administration has never seen fit to announce. At any rate, there was no such policy involving the purchasing agent before spring vacation. There is such policy after vacation.

I wondered whether anybody else was having trouble with communications. Somebody told me ("but don't use my name") that his teacher had been unable to run off copies of course materials because the ditto machine and the Xerox had been removed from the Liberal Arts office, on orders from the administration. Those machines were missing Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday after vacation, he said.

This past Wednesday, April 18th, I spoke to some people who were sorry they had missed John Hawkes' reading in the RISD Auditorium the night before. After class I asked my teacher Mrs. Kirschenbaum, who had introduced John Hawkes, why she hadn't put notices in the mail boxes as she had for the readings of Toni Morrison and Leslie Epstein. She said that under a new policy all general notices to students had to be approved by a recently hired purchasing agent. She refused to submit her own writing to such censorship. Therefore she would send no more notices, but only put up posters. She said the new policy was abhorrent to her. When I questioned further, she refused to discuss the subject. I asked what did she know about the ditto and Xerox machines missing from the Liberal Arts office. She said she preferred not to discuss this matter either--which surprised me, because she is usually so forthcoming, even voluble.

On Thursday, April 19th, I went to the mail room to get a "mail circulation request." I was told by the

clerk that I would have to show an exact copy to the Director of Purchasing in Room 201 in order for the mail clerk to distribute the mail. Barbara Taylor, Director of Purchasing, was not in when I reached her office. I asked her secretary how long this policy had been in effect. She said since the mailroom incident involving the letter from the Ad Hoc Committee.

Also on Thursday I asked for the minutes of the previous day's Student Board meeting, for inclusion in this issue of Incorporated Press. I wanted to make the 10pm deadline. Marcia Hammer told me that the minutes could not be typed up in time. Last year those minutes would simply have gone into the next week's issue of the RISD Press. As we all know, RISD Press was abolished by the administration. Our struggling new Incorporated Press publishes irregularly from off-campus quarters. There is no telling when--or whether--those minutes will be published.

So the administration is impeding communications between students and students, and between teachers and students. Meanwhile, without contradiction, the administration has been steadily improving communications--of other kinds. The administration's weekly "Muse" and the administration's organ Museprint composed by paid professionals, circulate freely, propagating official versions of the official news. Official letters, mass-printed, go home to parents and out to alumni. The News Bureau churns out official releases.

But students may not communicate freely by mail. And the students' new newspaper, created to replace the suppressed RISD Press, flounders.

But there is no censorship at RISD.

Madeleine Sorel

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 that meeting. What follows is a condensed version of that conversation.

Mr. Bianco began by characterizing the coverage as "extremely derogatory" and explained his presence at that meeting as a natural development of a criticism 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 emphasis on this point was a distortion of the major thrust of his remarks, namely that because of the nature of the Strike potential at RISD and because also that neither side had, in detail, stated their position, (at this point he referred to Merlin Szosz's statement as the closest approximation to a faculty position, that he could discern), that it would be inappropriate for the students to take an "extreme position". He firmly denied the allegation that he was an "administrative plant", stressing that he had taken no sides, but was "encouraged that the students did finally choose the boycott option."

In countering some of the other allegations that he had heard in reference to his role in the greater RISD community, (eds. note: none of these allegations were mentioned in

the article), Mr. Bianco stated that he had never been an East Side decorator, that he had never worked for a trustee, that he had worked extremely hard as the former president of the College Chapter of the Alumni Association and in the Continuing Education Program, for a salary "that's three times below a part-time janitor". Such allegations, he felt, amounted to a form of character assassination. He attributed this phenomena to an environment where a devastating lack of communication among all bodies was producing a situation of true paranoid dimensions. Particular in his complaint was the vague and useless role that the Alumni has been assigned in what he termed "this spectacle", and the compromising position this group faced in any attempt to collect a reasonable juxtaposition of factual material. He attributed this sad development to the tenuous relationship of the Alumni to this institution, and cited his attempt to forge a stronger link, i.e. Continuing Education. Stressing again his sincere concern for the plight of students, he returned to the familiar analysis of departmental segregation that exists unchecked at RISD--to the anarchical quality of those very few occasions when the student body comes together as a group. He referred to the Alumni's concern over the loss of a sense of community at RISD, suggesting that they had repeatedly tried to gracefully infiltrate in

a more meaningful manner the RISD matrix but were rebuffed by the powers that be, who intimated that the Alumni's concern was somewhat "inappropriate". Adding that the result of all the apathy that had informed the RISD environment for so many years had now culminated in the present situation of extreme tension and paranoia, Luigi expressed grave concern over the emotional toll that this "dialogue" was incurring. Repeating finally his continued support of the RISD community, he hoped that all parties would arrive at that point of realization where the "don't talk, don't share" attitude assumed by the warring contingents, would self-destruct in the face of the complete collapse of this community.

Listening quite carefully to Mr. Bianco's comments, this reporter came away feeling quite impressed by the precision of his follow-up statements. And having no doubts of the scope of the worthwhile efforts that Mr. Bianco has been linked with in regards to the RISD community since his graduation in 1969, this reporter, (and newspaper), wish to correct any perceived notion of malicious motivation on the part of the Press in our detailing of these last chaotic episodes, and the unfortunate manner in which Mr. Bianco was perceived. We would only add that we wish, along with members of the Alumni council, that Mr. Bianco had demonstrated the same precision in terms of his appearances at student meetings.

Ben Devey

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-american 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 through towards 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 trust-
ees 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 is all within us
after all a disease, for most part,
is just a state of mind
and that is all we have left right
now

presently 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're 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
those 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
sinking ship
and wait for the time when the bubbling
waters
fill my stuffy lungs

i was a man who underwent the sixties
those days of war and struggle for love
everything i was, was nothing more than
savagery

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
amongst ourselves

we're into the 80's
where we're transcending into a dif-
ferent mental state
into a state of mind that we can ex-
pand 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
equally important, equally 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 guage to deter-
mine
that a matter like this happens only
in spring
it could only be one of those fevers
but 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 i believe 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
|nutrients|from, today

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 humankind

hopefully with the blessing of god
next spring and springs thereafter
the seeds 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 no aspirin for the mind

whatever decision we make
i plea
that it comes from each and everyone's
little hearts
and the burning 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 convey information pertaining to the contract negotiations to the student body. We were also fortunate in that two of the people in the room on Saturday night had volunteered for positions on the committee. 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 the people in the room Sunday morning had not met prior to that meeting and introductions were made all around. The idea was tossed out before the group and it was opened up to any kind of criticism. About half the group was hearing the idea for the first time, and so it met a good deal of criticism but also a lot of new ideas. After about two hours of discussion and debate a consensus emerged in favor of the basic idea and we decided to proceed. It is important to point out that at that meeting Ron Coulbourn established his crucial rule that he was to maintain throughout as moderator. We realized, at that time, that if the idea was going to fly, we would need more manpower 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 who we felt might be informed, 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 gotten 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 address our idea and, more importantly, he admitted, in effect, he had no good answers. He said that he was sincerely working toward what he felt was 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 impending crisis the school was heading for and he never really offered any solutions which might avert a crisis. We were able to use the microphone to illustrate, primarily to the student body, how serious the situation was and what a rotten position the students were being placed in. The meeting ended on that note and the core of our group retired to the Blue Point. After a few toasts of celebration we quickly got down to business and soon got into a heavy conversation about the broader implications of what we were doing.

The most significant idea that emerged was the notion that what we were creating was an idea that was beginning to take on a power of its own. In fact it was the power that was holding us together, that was moving us on our course and would

eventually move the student body to strike. It was a very heady time. Some divisiveness became apparent among us, however, and we realized the danger of mixing business and alcohol.

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 air of intelligent concern and level headedness to the situation which previously had been definitely 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 establish a technique and perhaps even a tradition of talking among ourselves both in groups and as a body.

What I would really like to see in the years ahead is that students properly on subjects and periodically call a meeting of the entire RISD community in the auditorium. We now have the technique and the tradition to work from, and we can begin to exert an influence on this school which is both effective and appropriate to a small community of artists seeking to do their work and to maintain a healthy and productive atmosphere in which to do that work.

Don Flagg



STRIKE AT RISD AND CRISIS IN CULTURE

People today are tourists, always being surprised by the unexpected, which is not at all the exotic unknown they hoped to meet in their tourism. CONFUSION might be recorded as the dominant state of affairs, though any one individual's powers of organization constantly struggle against accepting it as a state of mind. We want to command an understanding at least of the actions of our fellow species-members, and, though it fails, still refuse to see it as an impossibility.

I understood very well when I was small that my sister and playmates didn't believe certain taunts they flung at me or each other. "That I was in love with so-and-so" was a vehicle for asking me if I were, (or if not, with whom?) or to punish me for some similar taunt or just to enjoy the intensity of my frustration and anger. If I were not invited to the circus with my two best friends on Friday, it was a clear punishment for leaving the one now inviting out of a treat last Friday. The meaning of events was rarely STATED, but was clear by usage.

Now, depending on the canon of my own narrow culture and etiquette, I try to interpret events and am often surprised. If the reaction of anyone I deal with shocks me in a given interaction, I begin by ascribing it to the motive I might have for doing or saying such a thing. Since that motivation often makes no sense to me at the given moment, I can only speculate or conclude it is a natural catastrophe, a mysterious coincidence, like a power line happening to break and fall as one walks under it.

In one way it is amusing to see how this sort of exchange develops: Someone I know, from a different 'culture', does something I would not do unless to display hostility. Alarmed, I react with an action signifying to me reserve and withdrawal. He responds with what I take to be indifference. Assuming an end to the mysterious hostility, I make gestures connoting to me renewal of friendship, at which time I am questioned about the reasons for my earlier anger. If we can suppose good faith and not too much deception on both sides, it seems the cause of the whole incident was precisely nothing, a language 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. Most of my friends here have culture in common with me and/or are able by being very careful and conscious to ignore or appreciate as a quality of friendship immense differences in understanding. We have in common certain interests and awareness of our predicament as tourists.

If this weren't clear enough, here is a situation inside that situation: Accomplished professional teachers at RISD, allied to the highest artistic aspirations, the element that brings us all together, are struggling to define themselves through the vocabulary of unionization. No doubt this is a confusion to many of them and an impossible clash of definitions for faculty declining to 'join'. At

a recent student meeting we were given by a labor lawyer what must be very good advice: "not to believe ANYTHING you hear" in the interchanges surrounding negotiations.

I think what is most distressing to me about RISD's atmosphere now is the potential to take any one statement or allegation on any side too seriously, to allow an apparent fixed position on anyone's part (including students) to break apart things of vastly more importance. The quality and community of the present faculty, the rather heterogeneous faculty and student body now functioning, the trustees' long term concern for the value/s of the institution, the negotiation process (forged in unusual circumstances) that offers a chance for very real conflict of different power bases to fight to a workable and living balance.

By observing (and acting when necessary) in this very modern set of events we have the opportunity to gain real, new information about the conditions and attitudes that might enable emergence of cultural values on a higher level, fit to encompass the whole of our mobile, rather rootless culture. We as artists and interpreters of culture might transmit and spread these values through our work.

Awareness, reflection, an instinct for discerning new orders, any sensitivities developed in an artist's work can benefit in this situation and our use of it.

Editorial

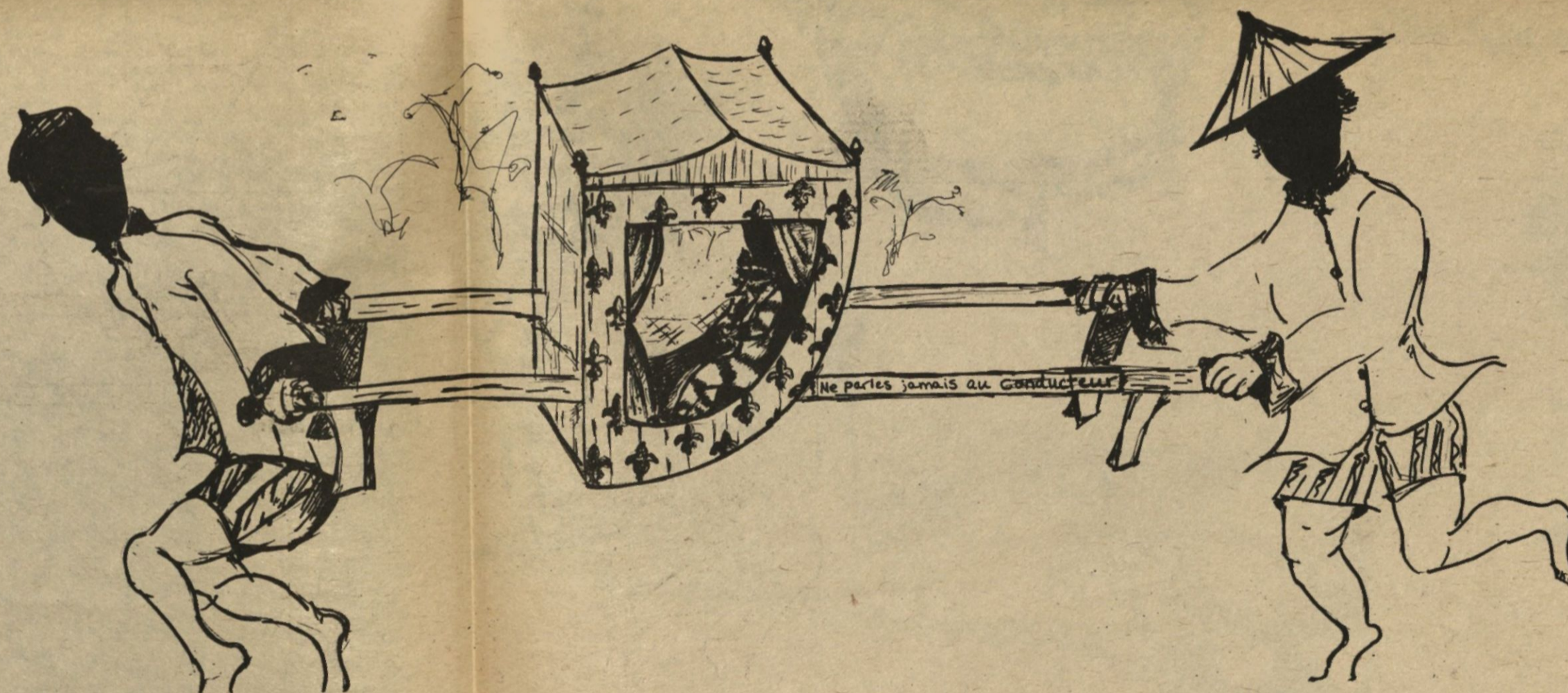
At four in the morning, Monday April 10th, the R.I.S.D. faculty union voted not to go on strike. A few hours earlier the crowd waiting out the 11th hour negotiations were treated to a screening of the original "King Kong". Scene: Kong is already a captive and about to be presented in his New York debut. His captor, Denham, is a great big little guy who serves only as a flippant commentator and foil for the real hero, Kong. Before parting the curtain and revealing the chained giant, Denham toots ominously, "I'm about to tell you a very strange story, a story you would not believe if you could not see with your very own eyes."

Unlike Denham's offering, the powerful story we have all seen on this campus does not end wreaking chaos, although the misunderstanding which permeated it threatened very nearly that. Rather, at least for the moment, the business is business as usual, with any dubious calm and security that supports.

Like Denham's, the search for understanding often seems periferal to the size of the event, and almost powerless when the real weight starts getting thrown around. We did not get to the showdown, however, and we did not all get squashed. We are shown there is no safety we do not ourselves insure.

The administrative actions outlined by Ms. Sorel on page 3 suggest that the search for understanding and its requisite access to information is still the most disputed priveledge, and that the divergent principles of education and power are still in sharp conflict. In this hopeful anticlimax, perhaps the greatest aid in believing the strange story we have all seen is that it is not over.

David K. Miller



POEMS

I

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.

II

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 riverstones when washed by dew!

I curse the power that stifles reason
now.
It's gone, the fragile sequence of my
thoughts.
And in the next breath, when it comes,
I beg for one more ladleful, oh please!
Another cradleful of medicine for the
soul!
Blankets for my soul.

III

If Morpheus were not a legendary god
And Amaryllis not some poet's pastoral
queen,
I'd tell you that I'd seen them come
to earth to rob
The wealth of their lovers' myths and
cosmic dreams.

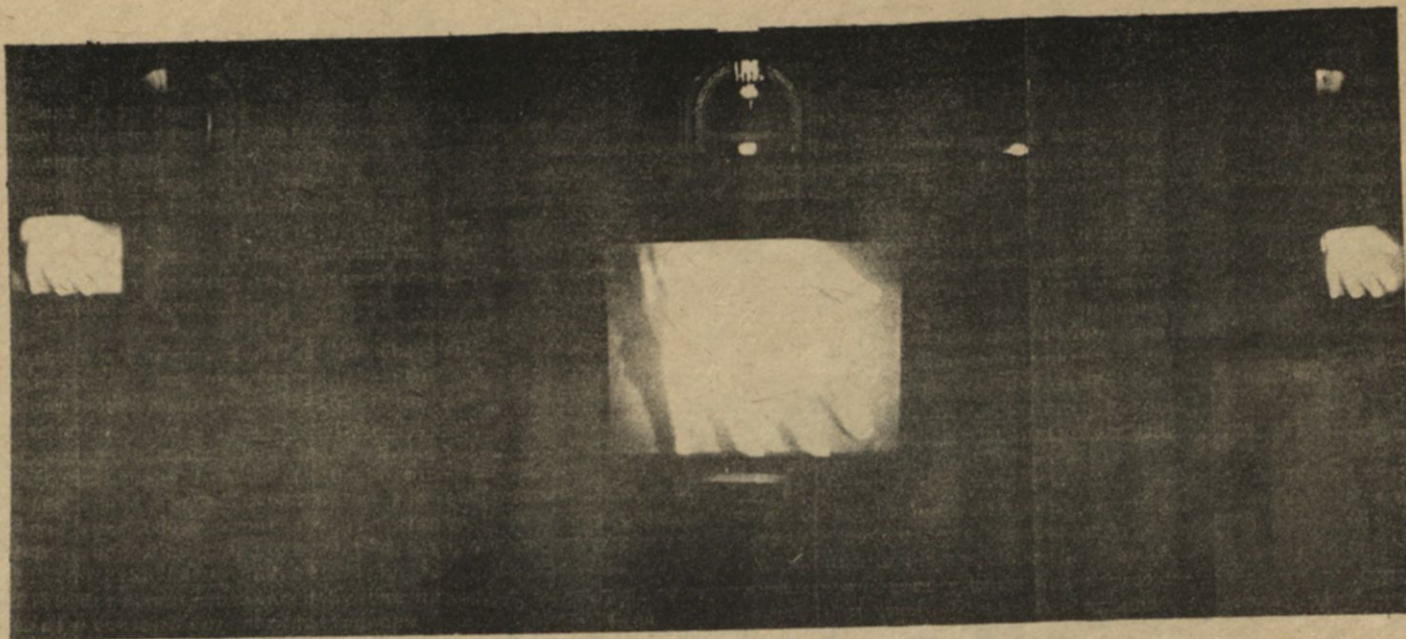
Do we exist? Is this some Epicurean feast?
Have we deceived us? Will it all
dissolve someday
Into ten million virgin springs of
tears at least?
To dry up in the first act of a
summer's play?

I wish that I could suffocate beneath
your skin
And never live to ask another "why",
or feel
A doubt return or wonder if I'm
wearing thin.
How can I know what you swear is true
is real?

by Marcy O'Connell



VITO



VITO ACCONCI AT RISD VIDEO DEPARTMENT AND ELECTRON MOVERS, APRIL 15

Mention Vito Acconci, and people say, Oh, isn't he the guy who burned his chest hair off? Isn't he the guy who masturbated on the gallery floor? Isn't he...? From a distance Vito's work seems simply masochistic, sensational, seamy.

True, Vito's presence is a little like that of the hunchback character, and his exaggerated gestures, intense speech and obsessive heavy pacing suggest he was that kid everyone avoided in the seventh grade. Even if he does not have such a past, his work exploits all the theatrical potential of embarrassment and other residue of the "myth of the self". Thus it is not a perversion but an inversion, turning such a myth onto itself and converting self-consciousness and pain into self-parody and black humor. The development of his work, which he discussed with a group of students in the RISD Video department Monday, 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 of writing, Vito ceased making action into literature and began instead making ideas literally into actions. In an early piece, "Following", Vito literally makes a person his object, pursuing a different stranger up and down New York streets every day for a month. He observes he works best when the context is provided and pieces like "following" work because

"I didn't impose my space on an audience. I became audience to my own actions and the actions of the other. I allowed myself to be included in the space and time of the other person." His work as a whole, however, is not a passive but an aggressive and directed assessment of its own circumstance. After "Following" he desired "a less marginal involvement with the space of the viewer", and less use of the other as 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 isolation cell". His films of the period parody ideas of self-sufficiency, as in the case of his pseudo-hermaphroditic behavior, and also literalize certain forms of attention. Asked why he burned the hair off his chest instead of shaving it off; he explained that "shaving is too much a part of the regular world. I used fire to put myself under stress, to open myself up to myself, to open myself up to the viewer". However, Vito believes his work is finally not a revelation at all but a kind of simple greeting.

Early in his career, Vito and friends in New York were excited by the idea of art as a field named but otherwise uncategorized. On this field Vito imposes notions of the 'self' and works them, thus allowing his self-parody to verge on art-

parody. In one piece done in Milan Vito lies on a table, covering and uncovering himself with a white sheet. An accompanying soundtrack insistently reveals his various bodily flaws and at the same time questions his compulsion for doing so. Finally he inverts the entire notion of self-revelation, and the attendant expectation of understanding. He narrates a scene of his exposed ass: "putting my cards on the table, letting the cracks show so they can put the pieces together."

If, as a recent "Museprint" reminds us, "You are what you eat", then Vito is full of himself. An early gallery performance called "trademarks" was a self-inflicted Dracula routine leaving welts all over Vito. But finally it is the layering of pain which emerge as one considers context, act, and title that are the morsels left for the audience when Vito is satisfied. 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 communication) can be taken so seriously that Muhammed Ali can declare a world peace movement on the basis that, "they love me, they can't get enough of me", then Vito is obviously not dealing with his own but with common ground.

David K. Miller

RISD GAYS--R-PEOPLE, TOO.

The "R" stands for Raygun or maybe Rocket. But that's what's neat about RISD gays. They're weird, so, here's what else is cool: weird people at RISD are gay, but they're not really. So that's what's cool about being at RISD or rather that's what was cool about it. These things tend to change.

Today, RISD kids are fags when compared to RIC kids, and RIC kids are fags when compared to Brown kids, and Brown kids are fags when compared to their fathers, and their fathers are fags when compared to my father.

But, what's cool about RISD is; RISD people can be weird and you think they're gay, and RISD gays can be weird and you think they're people.

Gay sounds cool. Everybody agrees its a nice word. It just sounds better than being a Spic, a Polack, a Nigger, or even a Heterosexual. HEAD-ER-OH-SEXUAL. Say it, Jesus! Dem's fightin' words! You know?

Gay people say they came out of the closet. To me, that seems better, at least more dignifying, than coming out of the toilet. Or coming in the closet. Euphemisms are cute.

Gay people know who's gay and who's not by the "secret signal". This is passed on from generation to generation, and so are their left-side earrings. If you want to find out the "secret signal" you'll have to go to Provincetown, Mass. and become gay. Truthfully, no one can tell who's what so don't bother trying. Besides, the flagrant ones probable aren't gay anyway, so there goes your long-term relationships.

Gay guys are stereotyped as being cute. Gay girls are pigs with Nerf tits. That's not fair giving all those cute guys to the ugly girls. If the pretty girls were smart, too, they would become gay so that they could

get their mitts on a cute guy. Pretty girls are pretty dumb.

Gay bars are fun because you never know what's going to happen next. The motion picture industry now caters to gay people by showing them movies. Gay people eat food saturated with chemical preservatives because they want to stay "young forever".

American ballet dancers are gay. Disc-jockeys are gay. Private investigators, like Buz Sawyer, are never gay. J. Edgar Hoover had a G-man who specialized in pin-pointing queers by sight at three-hundred yards-plus. He went into business for himself as a private investigator but was killed "accidentally" after being listed in the Yellow Pages as a "Fag-Detective". Union politics, tsk, tsk.

mr. muggs

FOOT FETISH: CONVERSION AVERSION

Americans For Customary Weight And Measure, a non-profit organization, is holding the Weight & Measure Festival and the "Most Beautiful Foot" Contest on Saturday May 12th at the Seventy-Second Bandshell in Central Park. The Festival is to celebrate and focus public attention on the beauty, practicality, and accuracy of 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 is not a political issue, as it affects people of all ages, sexes, races, and walks of life equally. A recent Gallup poll shows us working in the public interest, as 46% of Americans are against the metric conversion and an additional 29% are simply unaware of the issue.

For the Festival eighteen booths, colorfully decorated with banners, will be constructed at the bandshell area for displays, craft demonstrations, and educational exhibits. There will be ceramics, glass blowing, weaving, furniture making, weight lifting, hand sewing of shoes, costume designing,

basket making, violin and guitar making, foot massaging, and many events for children. Throughout the afternoon there will be acrobats, mime, folklore and storytelling, a puppet show, and traditional American country western and bluegrass music. At sunset the American country western and bluegrass music. At sunset the "Most Beautiful Foot" Contest. First prize will be a trip to the Great Pyramid in Egypt (built with the cubit and the inch in 2600B.C.) and there will be five other exciting prizes.

Our system of measurement is the oldest 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 helped create 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.

As the poetry of our measurement system is based on visual presentation, we want the Festival to be coordinated on the highest aesthetic level, and everything from the banners to the graphics of the printed program will adhere to this standard.

Participating artists will be working with art students from Cooper Union, Parsons School of Design, Pratt Institute, and Rhode Island Achool of Design who will compete for the best overall design of the booths and Festival site.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

STUDENT BOARD

Student Board Representatives for next year must be elected within each department by Wednesday, April 25th. See your current departmental representatives with any questions.

Calendar

MUSIC & THEATRE

3/30 - 5/13
"Death of A Salesman" - Trinity Square Rep. Co., play by Arthur Miller

4/21
"Dialogue" concert of music and poetry, 7:00pm at Brown Alumnae Hall, 180 Meeting St. 10:00am there will be musicians workshop seminar/open rehearsal directed by Super Nova who will serve as the musical core for dialogue. Highly recommended for a good evening of something different and worthwhile.

4/20-21, 4/27-28
"Cave Drawings" by a group called Bottom Doubt. School One, Pine St.

4/27-6/3
"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" - Trinity Square Rep. Co., play by Edward Albee.

5/5
"Master Singers" to perform Bach "Magnificat", Mozart "Requiem". Mechanics Hall, Worcester. Tickets \$3.00

5/4-6, 5/10-11
"A Murder Has Been Arranged" play by Emyln Williams. 8:00pm Faunce House Theatre at Brown - tickets \$1.50.

SHOWS

4/13-22
"Figurative Painting Show" organized by Barbara Bodin. 9 artists work. HERA Womens Cooperative Gallery, 560 Main St. Wakefield RI. Gallery hrs. Fri. 1-4, Sat. 10-4, Sun. 1-4.

4/16-22
"Ellen Rileman/ Works on Paper" Bank Building Gallery

4/16-27
Angelo Rosati - Paintings of Venice // Pasquale Masiello - Paintings & Etchings Etchings. Providence Art Club, 11 Thomas St. (by Oakes) Gallery hrs. M-Sat. 10-4, Sun. 3-5.

4/17-22
Woods Gerry Gallery - 110 Photo dept. people showing murals and prints, Merle Barnett, textile professor showing woven textiles, Deborah Baronas - fabric design using modular forms to manipulate space.

4/28
Mixed Media by students of Central High School, Prov. First Baptist Church, 75N. Main St. 10am-3pm daily.

5/11
Anyart Contemporary Arts Center presents Palates and Palettes. An elegant culinary experience with dance, music and mime at various artists' studios throughout the state. For more info, contact Elaine Kaufman 861-0830.

Hollis Sialam - Main Gallery, Fine Arts Center, URI Kingston. Tues.-Sat. 2-4pm / Tues-Fri 7:30- 9:30pm.

LECTURES & READINGS

4/26
Udo Kultermann - "Art & Life, the Position of the Artist in Contemporary Society." List Audit 4:30 from Washington University

5/1
James A McPherson - 7:30 RISD auditorium wrote *Elbow Room / Hue and Cry*

5/1
Antoine Rumbach (architect) "The City on The City." Bayard Ewing Bldg. 7:30pm

5/3
Eduard Sekler (Harvard Univ.) "Environment as Symbolic Form - The Khatmandu Valley" Bayard Ewing Bldg. 7:30pm

MISCELLANEOUS

4/19, 5/2, 5/16
Breakfast Meetings with Lee Hall, 7:30am 132 Bowen St. Prov Sign up at Bruce Helander's office.

4/21-22
International Fair 11am to 10pm. Meehan Audit. Brown University. Native crafts and cuisine from around the world

4/28
Parent's Day Show - Sat. Frazier Terrace. If you wish to exhibit/sell work contact Elise Paradis Box #84

April 13, 1979

THE FOLLOWING ITEMS ARE MISSING AND BELIEVED TO BE STOLEN FROM THE STUDENT DISPLAY AREA IN THE FRONT OF THE BANK BUILDING. ANY PERSON WITH INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THESE ITEMS, PLEASE CONTACT FRED WHITE, SECURITY, 331-3511, ext. 250

1. WATERCOLOR - 18x26 - THE WATERFALL EXTREMELY SOFT COLOR - WHITE LINEN DOUBLE MAT - FROSTED SILVER FRAME AND GLASS (UNSIGNED)
2. WATERCOLOR LANDSCAPE 28x20 - GREYISH COLORS, APPEARS TO BE AN ABSTRACT LINE DRAWING. WHITE LINEN DOUBLE MAT, FROSTED SILVER ALUMINUM FRAME AND GLASS. (SIGNED)

3. WATERCOLOR LANDSCAPE OF A STREAM WITH BLACK TREES 18x22 - WHITE LINEN DOUBLE MAT, FROSTED SILVER ALUMINUM FRAME AND GLASS. (SIGNED)
4. WATERCOLOR LANDSCAPE WITH MELTING SNOW REFLECTION 32x28 - GREY AND WHITE MATS - SILVER ALUMINUM FRAME AND GLASS. (SIGNED)

5. ABSTRACT LANDSCAPE 18x22 - WHITE LINEN DOUBLE MAT - FROSTED ALUMINUM FRAME AND GLASS. (SIGNED)
6. CHARCOAL DRAWINGS OF NUDES DISTINGUISHABLE HANDLING OF THE CHARCOAL SURFACE EACH WITH WHITE MATS AND CLEAR PLASTIC COATINGS.

7. ONE CHARCOAL DRAWING OF BICYCLES ALSO WITH WHITE MATS AND PLASTIC COATING.

THESE ITEMS WERE STOLEN SOMETIME WITHIN THE PAST WEEK AND REPRESENTS THREE YEARS OF WORK BY DAVID FELIX, A JUNIOR IN THE PAINTING DEPARTMENT.

ANY INFORMATION LEADING TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THESE PAINTINGS WILL BE HELD IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

The following items are missing and believed to be stolen from the graduate painting studios at 187 Benefit St. If anyone has any information as to the whereabouts of any of the items please contact Fred White, head of RISD Security 331-3511, ext. 250. All information will be held in strictest confidence.

Crime

1. Approximately \$200 worth of new, large, lefranc & Bougeois paint.
2. 10 -speed, ladies, light matalic 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 Sabatical also had

paint and brushes stolen from his garage at home, after moving those articles from the studios at 187 Benefit the week of March 28th.

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

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