

12-11-1978

Incorporated Press, Inc. December 11, 1978

Students of RISD
Rhode Island School of Design

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Recommended Citation

Students of RISD and Archives, RISD, "Incorporated Press, Inc. December 11, 1978" (1978). *All Student Newspapers*. 132.

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The Inc. Press, Inc.

Vol.1 Issue 1

a newspaper for the RISD community December 1978

A Relieved, Excited and Exhausted View of the Inc. Press

It seems ages ago that I questioned the rumors of "no more Risd Press", since I started investigating them. And now, three days before the first issue goes to press, I reflect on the endless twists and turns, the doubts, the elations and the people power that went into "the Process".

Staff

Volume 1
Number 1
December 11, 1978

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David K. Miller

Published by the Inc. Press, Inc..

The Press invites participation in the paper and further invites criticism and suggestions. Our mailbox is RISD #F-18, and our office as of January 1st, will be in the Chernov Building on North Main Street. Deadlines will be posted in the mailroom.

By now, it is probably familiar to most of the RISD community that the RISD Press suffered a rather ephemeral, smokelike end last summer, when it was decided by the executive committee that the paper posed an unacceptable liability to the Corporation. My first reaction was an angry one, which has since then evolved into an almost thankful stance, with the realization that RISD, especially its students and faculty, needs, and it now lucky enough to have, a fine press not restrained by any governing power excepting its own.

Moved by the irony of our creative community, all of us aspiring to be communicators and none of us doing so, I began to investigate possibilities. At first the prospects were grim, realizing that the students were left with no organization, space or funds. The time investment would be monumental, and having dealt with the problem of arousing extra curricular enthusiasm (excepting a good bash) in students before, I admit I was doubtful.

I have never been proved wrong more adamantly. At the first meeting called, more than fifty students attended, and many of those have since devoted countless hours to the press. Students were voicing a very real interest and things started to happen. Committees were set up to investigate advertising, layout, printing costs, and the legal end. A group of ten of us took part in the legal proceedings which led to our incorporation. (Incorporation is necessary to allow that no individual involved in the publication is liable for its contents or expenditures, and simply to form a stable organization with by-laws to govern its operation.)

Over a period of a month and a half, the five official incorporators (simply those who signed the document) and the others interested, had countless meetings at our lawyers office (Lovitt & Linder Attnys.), in my apartment, and later in a "lended space", a vacant store front next to Geoff's on Benefit St. We pounded our heads over the contents of the by-laws, statements of purposes, and of all things, a name. We toyed with every

word title, exclamation, etc. under the sun. Considered were: Pressed Again, Racing Form, Onomotopeia.....

We still hadn't decided when the attorneys insisted so we went with the obvious -- "The Incorporated Press, Inc." I've grown to like its silly formality however we're open to suggestions and opinions.

We formed a corporation membership, open to any member of the RISD Community, meant to be an important major decision and policy making group for the Corporation. (I will further discuss its function in a summation of the by laws to follow.) Our first group meetings were held in loaned space (Old Vic's, as formerly named). Unfortunately -- or perhaps not, the space had no electricity or furniture, and we sat on milkcrates and talked until the candles threatened to burn the place down. Discussed were fund raising efforts, future space and equipment, and the idea of a loan. In our election held at the beginning of November, I was elected editor in chief: Barbara Knapp - treasurer; Michelle Wilson - secretary; and David Miller and Don Flagg - Directors at Large (function also explained later.)

As I began to form a staff and to oversee fundraising efforts, Barbara and I took a look at our financial status. At that point the paper owned a total \$214.74, this is a total of what staff raked in sitting at a table in Mem. Hall. We already owed \$400.00 in legal fees, \$100.00 in other expenses, and were planning a party.

From the outset, those involved were negative as far as accepting a loan from the administration, especially when the first interest rate was stated at 9 3/4 %. It was thought that with advertising, fund raising, and a 25¢ fee per issue we could make a go of it. However, as time progressed and figures changed, a loan began to look more and more necessary. There had been a mistake, and the Corporation (RISD) now offered us a loan for considerably less and very reasonable interest. Our current expenses consist of @

120.00 per month rent, utilities and a typewriter (we're renting a Selectric typewriter from the school, towards purchasing it), and a \$400.00 per issue (We plan to print twice monthly). To meet these we did accept a sizeable loan, we plan to push advertising and fundraising efforts and we hope all will support us by buying out each issue.

As a fund raising effort which turned out to be more of "Just a Good Time," we staged a great bash at the Old Vic's space. A fine jazz band, champagne punch, extension cords, and beer on tap added up to a great party. We even tried to put up a big pneumatic "disco bubble" outside, but the wind and rain failed us there. We were thankful to have the faculty association's support in printing a letter to alumni, but mailing costs and the time involved in hand addressing and stapling 3000 letters has prevented us from getting them out.

In the past two weeks our staff has made valiant efforts to deal with the real issue at hand, the actual formulation of a newspaper. Our abstract, and somehow 'pie in the sky' goal, is really happening. Steve Martin, a grad student in graphic design, is formulating the layout, will put it to work tomorrow. Liz Traynor has busily been out soliciting, and I've been reading alot and writing alot of words and the time has come indeed. The first issue, I have to admit, has been something of a hectic effort, with all of us dealing with our end of the semester workload, and with the problem of "no space". We have rented a studio in the Chernov Building on N. Main St. as our office, but it is not available until Jan 1. The first issue will be layed out in Market House and various apartments. I felt it necessary to have a newspaper by the end of the semester come hell or high water, and here it is.

Inclosing, I'll allow myself a little cornball. There is a purpose to all of this. All the effort would never have been worth just "another newsletter" for RISD. Certainly, a function of the paper is to inform the community of campus and community events. More importantly it is a new and

vital mode of communication. Rather than a paintbrush, a triangle or a pen, this is a verbal art supply, a pliable and exciting means of expression. I sincerely hope it is utilised to this end. I expect to see a profusion of reviews, departmental news, faculty input, administrative input, poetry, enlightened soul stories, political debate, political news, art work etc. etc. etc.. Wintersession will see the most creative and exciting newspaper the world has ever known.

A Summary of the Bylaws of the Incorporated Press Inc.

1. Membership is open to all members of the RISD community, its status continuous for one year from Oct. 1-Sept.30, when a new roll will be inscribed.

2. The annual election of the board of directors shall be held March 1 beginning in 1979/ a quorum for this being a majority of membership.

Special meetings for any purpose may be called by the editor, majority of board of directors, or by 20% of membership upon written request. A quorum for any other decision made by membership shall be 30% of membership.

3. The board of directors includes: Editor in chief, Secretary, Treasurer, and two directors at large, each director holding office for one full year. Any director or employed staff person may be removed from membership at a special meeting by a vote of 2/3 of a quorum (majority of membership)

4. The editor in chief shall be the principle executive officer, shall preside at meetings, may sign with the secretary any deeds, leases, or contracts, and may engage staff. The secretary shall keep minutes of meetings, shall give proper notices, shall keep corporate records and a register of members. The treasurer shall have charge of all funds and securities of the corporation, and shall sign all checks along with the editor in chief.

5. These bylaws may be altered ammended or repealed by special meeting.

NOTE: We are still in need of a regular typist (a paid position) as well as several reporters (to be called on to do specific news stories.) Please submit all inquiries etc. to RISD Box #F-18.

Mara Kalnins
Editor in Chief

On the Convocation,

The student-president meeting was held on November 6, at 4:30 in the Auditorium. Bruce Helander introduced Lee Hall, saying that he had invited her and she had agreed to come. Dr. Hall thanked him from the podium. Her remarks began not with a general introduction, but with a statement of her appreciation for the orientation committee's smooth performance. Next came a congratulatory message to the Student Board, followed by a statement citing Bruce Helander's availability to students. It became hard to understand how one remark led into the next, especially when comments on Financial Aid blended into a policy on minority students, and then back into a broader consideration of financial aid. In fact, any and all mention of the third world students and program was offered as a brief subtopic. Dr. Hall next chose to steer away from policy altogether and stop in at Market Square and the Bayard Ewing Building, projects which she applauded as symbolic of RISD'S future. A "park-like attitude" was cited, and somewhere a "sculpture terrace" sprung up.

as the object of a P.R. campaign, particularly when one was made the object of a fundraising effort a la Blossom Dearie. Most aggravating, however, was the by now obvious lack of coherent progression in the President's comments. The impression was of a set of papers randomly lifted from the President's desk. Absent was any sense of a carefully constructed operating policy. From this odd, free association of crucial issues, it was very hard to decode any coherence at all, let alone formulate a response.

Two of the most important policies, forecasting tuition and discussing space planning, were only entered after an almost cheerful account of forces over which the President has no control. The inflammatory problem of space use was entered through the back door of RISD's accessibility to the handicapped. And although, realistically, tuition will be effected by economic fluctuation, the "beyond my control" line suggested a feeling of impotence on her part when faced with these crucial issues. Dr. Hall was visibly wary of the student's judgement of her performance. At the same time, one sensed Dr. Hall was locating all responsibility for these problems in herself (and the various budget committees, presumably the "we" to whom she referred). Notic-

ably absent was any mention of that shared vision or purpose with which Dr. Hall customarily impresses the incoming freshmen

Though she claimed the responsibility of leadership, Dr. Hall repeatedly described "action" with very abstract words. "Effort, planning, monitoring..." all lost their specificity through repetition and layering.

Another format employed several times was a "good news - bad news" opposition. Again the insinuation is that the determining forces are out of control. At a later point, Dr. Hall mentioned a fantasy tale, which she valued not as a metaphysical handle on reality, but as a sort of creature separate and opposed to grim reality altogether.

Dr. Hall's address left students mystified. It was aggravating to be asked to respond to a non-communication which a Freshman English teacher would have handed back for revision. Even more grave, however, is the possibility that the President of the school sees its functionings as she presented them, that is, as a shapeless, threatening barrage.

David K. Miller
Nicole Luria

Our staff wishes to express sincere thanks to Ruby Plushner, who loaned us a temporary space on Benefit St., to John Tusa who created a great bash for our benefit at that space. And all those people who have given us cash out of their pockets, help, advice, and all the encouragement and good wishes necessary to keep us going from one crisis to the next.



MR. MUGGS

the Jonestown Gorilla

-NARRATION BY JOHN-

<p>Hi there. I'm a familiar face.</p>	<p>I'm here to tell you about my friend Mr. Muggs.</p>	<p>He's not really my friend</p>	<p>Mr. Muggs lived in Guyana, South America</p>	<p>In a tree...</p>	<p>house...</p>
<p>UNTIL HE WAS CAPTURED</p>	<p>BY JIM JONES, CULT LEADER AND MANIAC!</p>	<p>Mr. Muggs was caged!</p>	<p>He asked the musical question, "what did I do?!"</p>	<p>And listened to Jonestown Gospel Music</p>	<p>Soon, He was joined by two more gorillas..</p>
<p>MONA...</p>	<p>And ZIPPY...</p>	<p>They played in their cage</p>	<p>And drank Kool-Ade 12 times a day...</p>	<p>And urinated a lot...</p>	<p>On ZIPPY...</p>
<p>Then came the day that made Jonestown famous; the mass suicide!</p>	<p>the first gorilla, Mona, died from drinking Poison Kool-Ade...</p>	<p>the second gorilla, Zippy, died from drinking Poison Kool-Ade...</p>	<p>But Mr. Muggs said "No!"</p>	<p>An unidentified assailant, armed with a .357 magnum, made paste out of Mr. Muggs' Head...</p>	
<p>Yes, Mr. Muggs died...</p>	<p>But there is a happy ending to this sad, sad, story...</p>	<p>Some of the cult had fled into the jungle...</p>	<p>AND THEN!</p> <p>These people dragged Mr. Muggs' carcass with them, thinking they could use it for food.</p>	<p>So, Mr. Muggs' body was dragged out to the jungle where he was born-and there, he was left to rest in peace.</p>	<p>Until he was eaten by tropical maggots, the size of your fist...</p>

-THE END-

Rape — A RISD Concern

Many articles have been written about rape but I feel that it is a subject that is too often not taken seriously, especially in the RISD community. There needs to be an awareness of the real threat that exists anytime a woman walks alone— especially after dark.

I have lived on the East side for over two years and had always felt at ease in the seemingly sheltered environment of college hill. Walking alone, whether during mid-afternoon or midnight was part of my being independent, as well as sometimes being unavoidable. I felt guilty if a man went out of his way to walk me home, that it was an unnecessary bother as well as being slightly degrading. After all, part of being a liberated woman was taking full responsibility for myself and that included walking home at night.

I was always careful to avoid poorly lit streets like Pratt and Congdon and never acknowledged comments that came from passing cars. For over a year I travelled alone at night down Benefit Street believing fully

in the myth that Benefit Street is safe, especially on the north end. My female friends marveled at my courage since I got to the point where I didn't flinch at slowing cars, didn't tense up as I passed a stranger on the sidewalk. It was because I conditioned myself so well that I didn't even notice that I was being followed for at least three blocks, and it wasn't until I was grabbed from behind and a hand held my mouth tightly, that I realized that my "courage" had been stupidity.

I was lucky; I came out of the incident relatively unharmed, but it is hard to realize the damage that has been done when there are no visible scars. It still frightens me when I realize that my life was being threatened and had I screamed and fought the rape might have been avoided but most likely I could have been badly hurt. What angers me is that I was unable to make a positive identification because my jacket was held over my face during the incident and even though I filed a report with the police, my attacker is still free to violate another woman.

I think the most important thing we can do as a college community is help make ourselves and others aware of the situation and the dangers that exist. We are on an urban campus that too often has an unjustifiable sense of security. There needs to be an awareness of the number of rapes that have occurred on the East side this fall so so we can begin to help each other in trying to reduce the number of incidents, especially now that Lee Hall is inviting the city into the RISD community through the new park and publicity.

Steps are being taken to get information to RISD students about the Brown Security Shuttle and possibly re-routing it to Benefit Street. This is definitely worthwhile. But the best thing we can do is become more concerned for the safety of our friends by not letting them walk alone at night. There should be a bigger effort made in insuring that women at RISD are not left in vulnerable situations. As long as our society continues to produce rapists, we have to do all we can to prevent them from having the opportunities.

Tribute and Guidelines for the first truly Existential RISD Publication

Yes, I'm way too busy with my own work to contribute to this paper. All of my friends keep telling me to do it 'cause I used to publish my own newspaper in high school... Yeah, I'll do it. First I talked real seriously about helping to publish the New Press - I wanted to work on the RISD Press, maybe eventually be Editor - it's the type of work I'm most interested in, anyway. But you see, this damn school is in my way. I'm here for some obscure reason (social life, prestige, degree, fun)....

....Independent study is what RISD is mostly about - especially painting, sculpture and photography. Many people in these departments are very aware that performing exercises that may be irrelevant to one's own work consumes a great deal of your own time. If a student is aware of his/her direction

and lifestyle, there is no need to waste time looking for another one... unless you can't think for yourself yet.

That's why all of us who are dissatisfied with our association with RISD should consider the supposed feature of "art community of which there is almost zilch"... why does this paper exist?

If you're so busy with your own work all you sculptors, painters, photographers, etc., why not save the exorbitant tuition funds?

If you're on the bus, it's your responsibility to get those shows together (A La Private Parts). Get the publications to Press, get the great public spectacle together in Market Square (you're a fool if you blow that opportunity). RISD offers many things to many people.

But I came for the community and I think that's the essential part of the experience.

So - as far as this paper's concerned, it's really a forum for your drawing, your cartoon strip, your photograph, your poem or manifesto, your comments on a show, and all the great ideas you're supposed to have. There's not much news around here except your work. That way, we don't have to invent "News" like the Press did last year.

Hey, did we invent the news last year? Who knows? Who cares? Nobody's ever gonna know for sure. I'm not sure that it was ever assumed that the RISD Press was a "newspaper of record" I'm not so sure that that article on the consortium was any of the Press' business - at least a press run by the school itself. Now it becomes the responsibility of the publisher of this pamphlet to take the matter very serious in

hand; as the paper is officially a business, it risks court action for a story that might be objected to. In cancelling the funds and facilities for the Press, it shows us that Lee Hall takes that issue very seriously and resorted to very businesslike and very sensible action in placing the issue in the student's hands, with real world risks of lawsuit, not to mention problems of funding, distribution.

The incorporation of the school paper is now an issue that has all legal and economic factors attached.

"Dear Students"—A Review

The faculty news letter that appeared in the mailboxes this past Monday is an exceedingly important document, perhaps even more important than the authors themselves realize. It opens with the series of events which have led to the current state of belligerence between the faculty and the administration, and then goes on to describe the specific points of disagreement: academic freedom, faculty governance, professional activities and faculty reductions. In each of these points the letter suggests that the administration is seeking to maintain as much control over the faculty as it can, and the letter presents the reasons why these policies would be harmful to the school and why it is important to entrust the faculty with liberties and responsibilities in these areas. I am not going to rehash these arguments here, but instead refer you to the letter itself. There are many cogent and intelligent points made, and it is something that everyone should read.

The point I would like to make here, however, deals more with form and style rather than content. For the most part, I am in full sympathy with the faculty's concerns, and I appreciate the time and effort it took to put out that letter. However, I feel that there are some fairly serious problems with it. The most noticeable thing, and this is more important than it sounds, is that it is an awkward piece of writing. It rambles unevenly from one topic to another, and by the end, one is slogging through para-

We can tell all the dirty stories we want now, and be responsible for them in court, too. (Just like the Washington Post ... real "official"). There were no such realities last year with the SAO funded Press.

I'd say to the contributors and especially the editors: watch what you say and how you say it when you call something "news". The paper should be fun like the old Press was, but now, should we need it, the students actually have their

graphs, led on really only by the importance of the matters being discussed. Ordinarily, this wouldn't matter much. The ideas do get across and, eventually, it's clear what is being said. But under these circumstances it does matter. This is a political issue involving an important decision on the part of every person in this community, and if one is attempting to influence that decision, then one must be very careful to define the issues as succinctly as possible. The faculty cannot, in this case, afford to be sloppy.

The second problem I have with the letter is somewhat more substantive. On page 6, the bottom paragraph reads: "It is mindlessly simplistic to reduce educational quality to numbers that somehow must balance at the bottom of an accountant's ledger." And, "...on two conditions: first, that this is entered into as a joint venture based on mutual respect, and second, that the 'bottom line' must lead to quality education and not just a balanced budget." I find that these sentences are themselves rather simplistic. In the past, one of the administration's key arguments has been that if the budget doesn't balance, in a few years we won't be offering any kind of education, quality or otherwise. Although I don't agree with the way this argument has been used, it does have some force, and if one expects to successfully oppose the administration, then one must be prepared to use the same kind of economic logic that they use. For instance, as an economic entity the corp-

own very powerful tool of protest and community action.

The full responsibility is on us now, that's the way it should be.

Good luck with the ads, girls, and I'll do what I can to fill those holes (in the layout).

Arthur Beckman

oration supports itself (and renders a service) by selling education. However, given that it has a small, expensive, but high quality, physical plant, it can only maintain itself by offering a first-rate (and thereby expensive) product. In the same way that Chivas Regal can charge \$12 a bottle, the competition for survival, in this case, is really a matter of being among the very best. Or to put it another way, "quality education" and a "balanced budget" are not mutually exclusive, but are rather inevitably and inextricably dependent upon one another.

The student body, as far as I can tell, is very concerned about this issue, but they are also, however, very discriminating and quite willing to judge the arguments on their merits. The faculty, right now is in a very precarious position, and although their grievances are well founded, when the battle lines are drawn, the support of the student body will be absolutely essential to their success. And they will only get that support if the issues are unmistakably clear.

Don Flagg



Photo by Sarah Hopkins

Woto Wants to be WISD

With the cancellation of the RISD Press it soon became apparent that there was a great need for some medium through which students could relate to each other news and issues about RISD as well as express themselves in an "other than visual" manner. One response to this has been WOTO, RISD's new photo radio station.

WOTO was initiated as a means to circulate important photo announcements, as well as student reactions, through an expanding photo department. Its organizers are Paul Krot, WOTO's faculty advisor, Pat Portela, station manager, David Hamsley, program director, and Waffles Natuch, outside music coordinator. Their efforts combined with Pawtucket's WGNG's technical assistance, Kirby Jensen's

electronic expertise, funding by the Student Board, and the hard work of WOTO's program announcers have enabled WOTO to grow from concept to reality.

Presently WOTO consists of a relaxed and somewhat experimental one hour live show aired weekdays in Benson Hall from 12 noon until one by one or two of the "D.J. du juors", who are Phil Greenberg, Steven Greenberg, Kim Hammond, David Hamsley, Pat Portela, Jamie Wolff, Tom Lamb, Nicki Green, Sven Travir, and Trina Reed. Features of the program include Interdepartmental news called "Beaver Tales", National Photo News, interviews with photographers, gallery reviews and exhibitions, classifieds, student "Speak Outs", as well as the D.J.'s choice of music.

These live shows are taped and then replayed at 5 and 10 P.M.

Although WOTO is presently a photo radio station it has aspirations of becoming more than a departmental production. Paul Krot encourages other departments to use the facilities and organize their own programs, music, and personnel. He suggests that if four departments were interested then, "each department could have an hour show... and between each show an hour of uninterrupted music." WOTO would then have ten hours of air time and would change its three meter antenna to a 100 watt educational FM transmitter that would broadcast up to 15 miles.

WOTO would then change its name to WISD.

Lee Pritchett

Gripes from the Underground —

a Subterranean View of the Illustration Department

I must preface this report with a confession that I am not an involved member of the illustration community, yet as far as I am concerned there is no Illustration "community", so am not truly an anarchist. However I tend to miss the departmental meetings. The meeting this past Wednesday, I didn't know about: a sign was put up in one corner of the Metcalf building, which I missed. From what I heard it was the usual post-registrational affair: "please ignore anything written in the course catalogue, the courses will be posted in the hall." I actually am in favor of having registration put back on a human scale, with each class running out into the hall, jostling to write their names on the list of electives circulating before their very eyes. I much prefer David Macaulay's light sarcastic explanation of any "sad" truths he must impart with us, to the secretive, offensive attitude of the computer dependent registrars.

As much as I enjoy the feeling of coziness among fifty people in half the hall of Metcalf, trying to paint among twenty in room 410 of the College building is not an acceptable condition. Of twenty, two were forced to paint sitting on the floor during our last set-up; most of the paintings are smaller than 18 X 24 out of courtesy to anyone who might have to paint over another's shoulder. There is very little room to take a step back from one's work, which is very important. (The sale of reduction glasses has most likely soared more this semester than in any other of the Bookstores' history). A petition was signed by members of the class and copies sent to David Macaulay, and Lee Hall, so perhaps this will cease to be a problem next semester.

(Providing there is a next semester).

There seems to be a lack of space in the sophomore painting class in the Metcalf building, where students are painting on 5' X 5' canvases, from an 18" vantage point at the furthest. I don't know what if any action has been taken in that class. They sound incredibly happy as laughter, singing, the radio, or even live guitar music can be heard from that room. As far as I can see, that is the only space problem we have, please let the press know if I have overlooked something.

I am restraining from criticism of the faculty in the department, as my thoughts on the entire educational experience at R.I.S.D. is constantly in flux.

Marianne Devoe



Photo by Lee Pritchett

Painting Club

The Painting Club, with more active feedback from the members of Painting Department, could become available means for stimulating and fruitful interaction. Painters are sometimes categorized as "neurotic loners" stuck away in secluded studios. However, it is essential that all of us take advantage of our creative environment. It is our responsibility to share and to exploit each other's potential for growth. We encourage painters or any interested students to participate more fully and to contribute to the club's development.

The painting club has sponsored a number of activities already

this year. The Bank Building Gallery hosts weekly openings on Wednesdays. Shows are still available for winter session and second semester and any interested students should contact Andrea Epstein. For the rest of the semester, the club is sponsoring two lectures. Cornelia McSheehy, of the Printmaking Department will show slides of her work on Thursday, December 7th at 4:30 in College Building 412. In addition, Leland Bell, a painter from New York, will give what promises to be a dynamic lecture on Tuesday, December 12th at 4:30 in College Building 412. He will be available to talk to students that afternoon.

Some good news for those of you interested in buying larger tubes of paint at lower prices. The RISD Bookstore has agreed to carry both oil and acrylic paint in one pound sizes from Utrechts. The paint will be available starting in Winter session. We hope you will support the bookstore in its efforts to bring you less expensive paints.

Currently there are plans to organize at least two more lectures, a bus trip to N.Y.C. and a juried show in City Hall for second semester. Any one interested in helping to organize these events can contact either Jean Blachburn, Box 85 or Andrea Epstein, Box 269.

Stretching the Truth — Between Four Corners

Forever. What does it mean? Painters who lack consistency are what? Bad painters? Inconsistent? Who knows. Consistency is a kind of order that makes life easier. Sure. Should painting be subject to life's pitfalls? It would seem that Addison Parks has small regard for such demands, and as a result has given form to images that at best fall into odd pairs. His more than a dozen paintings at Woods-Gerry Gallery stand as an affront to any and every artist committed to a single vision, unable to pin down his own identity, he has....stop. (Keep your shirt on and let's try it again)

What? Between four corners? That's about all Mr. Park's paintings at Woods-Gerry have in common. Should have called it ODD PAIRS. Not much more. More than a dozen paintings between four corners.

More what? More paintings without consistency, without relationship to each other, and without regard for reason. Each one is a different bird that just won't sing with the rest.

Turkeys! Consistency makes life so simple, and reason makes it conveniently predictable. And painting should be like that, like everyday vita. Right? (Sure, here he goes again-- what djui wanh? Albers?).

Who cares. Mr. Parks must think painting is somehow different. Free from life in the flock. Just some goat on a rock above the slopes, Pissin' when he feels like it. At least his work fits between four corners. But probably not for long.

A guy after my own imagination. He's not trying to make paintings that strengthen our weaknesses, or decorate our sweet miserable lives. I don't even think he's interested in any normal notion of beauty. What does he want? If he knew he probably wouldn't want it. No concrete values. He's trapped in a search that gives form to paint. Paint that collides, clashes, bites, shines, drips, and dies. Paint that meets the

surface, more paint, and the eye in ways that make us want to look into them, not place them on our walls to see if they grow like savings bonds.

Next.

Work. Split between two opposing spaces. Larger canvases of literal figures caught in intimate obscurity without faces to mask their identity. Then there are smaller, less aggressive landscape images—geometry that moves swiftly across the design and into the atmosphere, riding our retinas through colors, textures, and along lines that just refuse to cooperate with our precepts.

Mr. Parks is making paint mix to motion, work to structure space and form. Not applying pigments according to plan, but a meeting of substance and being. They are not the last end, nor the first beginning. Just another end and another beginning. There will be more, and with each determined effort is a promise, that I, for one, find exciting. (Not surprisingly!) A.P.

Francesca Woodman Photographs —

Woods Gerry Nov. 16-21

Though it was billed simply as photography, Francesca Woodman's show was liberally manipulated, sculpted, and narrated. The extra-photographic elements are a significant departure from the usual Photography Department format and at first I mistook the installation for another "Batch of Recent Work". However, individual photographs contributed to an unfolding composition the way dream shapes and phrases precipitate a setting or presence. The photographs engaged a complex level of attention with refreshing ease.

Three photographic formats were employed, and the works in each format were grouped together, commanding the authority of a distinct 'piece'. A set of black and white photo murals were large and inviting; one looked at them first. A dozen unmounted paper prints were set at intervals high on the walls. Looking up at

them, my sense of location was immediately disoriented: they were taken from a camera mounted on the ceiling and looking straight down on to a dark wooden floor. Within this space Francesca poses either hanging from or balancing on a long horizontal table support which forms an unbroken white band through the middle of each picture. She doesn't stand or sit so it's not obvious where gravity is pulling from. Francesca poses nude but covers herself with fabric or a torn paper shape. Depending on the artist's employment of it, the paper changes identity; she throws off a drapery of paper, or she seems to support herself on a paper wing. Some edges are blurred by a movement suggesting flight.

Besides Francesca's acrobatics, the table also supports a small still-life of noticeably

dead or artificial objects. Three stuffed birds the size of sparrows are displayed in a row as if catalogued. One print freezes Francesca's motion, falling off the support: behind her, displayed as an attribute of her flight, is a single outstretched wing. The birds are little more distinct than stiff silhouettes and do not invite prolonged attention. More consequentially they are inactive, frozen like the photographic moment, while the woman is in flight.

Francesca explores all corners of the space, using the table as if it were a parallel bar. Her movements have a quality of pure exhilaration rather than exhibitionism.

In these prints the woman tests her physical, temporal boundaries. Sharing a continuous, rigid format, the photographs provide her a temporary setting, but one leaves them feeling an

energized presence independent of any one focus.

How is this group a portrait, a self-portrait? Attributes are donned but not possessed. Personna is toyed with. Does this playfulness make the narrative fictitious? In fact, a different sort of portrait emerges. Fragments of identity become temporary vessels for an elusive whole. The element of a bird recurs like a mythical spirit assuming temporary mortal guises. Simple conjunctions are employed: a tiny dead bird rests nest to a live woman, whose actions have suggested flight. The mind is uncomfortable with these two separate personifications and seeks to either reconcile or separate them. The viewer's own buried imagery is engaged in the attempt to solve this riddle of identity. Thus the elusive characterization is invented not only with attributes given in the photos but also those at large in the viewer's subconscious. In effect the photographs are pulling a fast one on the viewer, aided and abetted by that initial locational disorientation. Disorientation allows for loosened barriers, gravity failure, and access to the subconscious.

Turning away from the photo-murals I noticed some furniture which had been added to the room. Uncapivating in themselves, a mirror covering the fireplace opening and a table and chair painted white served to return the viewer's attention to his physical presence in the room. The experience of the show is made immediate, participatory, environmental. Also, the table and chair have a "pristine-clean" feeling, discouraging actual use but providing another setting for the flying woman should she care to use it.

These multiple readings, though not explicit, operated powerfully in the back of my mind while I viewed the next piece. Four double portrait photos were easily encounterable at eye level on one wall. These were black and white transparent positives taped on to handwritten pages. The four pages, printed in a beautiful delicate script, turned out to be an old Italian letter. Three of the double portraits are different pairings of Francesca and two friends. In their expressions are both friendship and an awareness that they are being watched by the camera. In the third this self-consciousness disappears in a blur as the friends move suddenly towards each other.

Written underneath the transparencies on the letter mounts, and partly visible through them, is a narrative written in brown India ink over the original letter. Elements from the portraits and the Italian letter are engaged. "Francesca is Italian and it is tiresome to always explain that neither of my parents are Italian". The comments are slight, vulnerable, even timid, but serve to facilitate the continued interplay of elements.

The last photo is Francesca's profile gazing at a large stuffed goose. Here are the two personnas almost comically paired off. The writing asks, "did she really care about the goose?" One reads this and the other comments by lifting the transparencies, thus turning the portraits upside down. Their reversal is another disturbance of place/orientation.

Running around the baseboard of the room was the last piece. A long strip of series from contact sheets has been drawn on, sometimes obliterating whole frames and leaving only fragments of image. The drawing - over was a clumsy attempt at coating, obscuring the emergent images, as if they were being withdrawn back into privacy. The visible fragments are even more piercing: hanging blond hair, confusing its texture with the feathers; a box of eggs, more rapid scribbled writing. I feel the strip loosening my contact with the piece, as if it were a runway providing exit. It ends - "Peter it's Tuesday three weeks later or more. I will still enjoy flying away from here from you..."

The final segment is a rich play of all the earlier elements. I felt forcefully the dense source of imagery the show had provided, and wished I could return again. Francesca has created a setting for her personal mythology, which emerges, intimate and credible.

David K. Miller

RISD Nads

Dear Mom and Dad,

Please disregard my last six letters (plus the suicidal note you will be receiving tomorrow) concerning my intense dislike of Rhode Island School of Design. Despite the refectory food (sure no one complains: dead men tell no tales!), and my final 3-D project (everytime I see an egg now I have an uncontrollable urge to glue 12,000 toothpicks around it...) and my perverted roommate who thinks she's in love with a twelve inch kilbasa, despite all the crap, I think I've finally found a normality to RISD: it has a full-fledged, mother pie and applehood hockey team. The RISD Nads!

I've watched their two games so far and they're exciting.

They lost them both, though. They lose alot, I hear. In fact, they say that a RISD victory is about as rare as seeing Lee Hall around the campus (she's our president rumor has it ...)

Anyway, the Nads lost to the Providence College Ejacs, 8 to 5 (yes Ma, I said Ejac, but don't worry I'll go wash out my mouth with soap and water when I'm done writing...)

The next week, however, they battled Connecticut College. It was super. Despite giving up four goals in the first four minutes, they managed to lose just 5 to 4. Me and the other fans were going wild!!

They seem to train a bit differently though. You remember how our high-school team, on the team bus, would sing that song "One hundred Bottles of Beer"? Well the RISD team drinks one hundred bottles of beer. Weird.

They have one more game before Xmas vacation this Sunday night. at 10P.M. at the Brown Ice Rink. Why don't you and daddy c'mon down and see 'em.

Well, let me go. I don't want to be late for my History of Architecture class. It's proven to be a marvelous cure for my insomnia.

Your loving, adoring, and financially needing daughter,
Mary Lou



Take a Break

This year, after over ten years absence from RISD's calendar, Take a Break weekend will appear once again to provide the most extensive entertainment extravaganza available through the entire year. At the suggestion of the Alumni council, the Student Board approved this event which was once the biggest social event of the year.

March 9, 10, and 11 of 1979 are the scheduled days for this event, which has a variety of activities. At this point, we need students, alumni, and faculty to begin to arrange their acts for the variety shows.

That's right-- RISD's own amateur hour. Right now there are two shows scheduled for Friday and Saturday, March 9 and 10. The acts will be put together to make a good show both nights, with a celebrity to host the

goings on. The acts can be anything that can be classified as entertainment--skits, musical groups, dancing, to include a few. We will have an "orchestra" to supply any acts with music if desired. So, think about what you'd like to do. I can't emphasize enough how much I'd like to get faculty and alumni involvement. We'll be having auditions for acts during the first week of Wintersession. At that time, it won't be necessary to have it complete, but to have a concept and an idea about the time involved. After that, we'll work on each act up until the days of the shows. So, please don't forget, and get out there and do your thing.

If you're wondering what else is going to be happening, I'll tell you. After the shows on both Friday and Saturday, there will be dances in the

Refectory. A live band will play during at least one of these dances. Then, Sunday afternoon, we're planning a large jazz show at the Ocean State Theatre. This will be open to the general public and will include local as well as well known jazz artists. Sunday evening there will be a concert/dance in the Refectory. I am presently negotiating to have the popular group which contains some recent RISD alumni play at this event, as well as another new wave artist. Need I say more?

Any inquiries may be made to: Mark Hunnibal, Entertainment Chairman; c/o SAO,

Rare Ailment discovered at RISD

Scientists from around the world are working furiously around the clock to find a cure for a rare disease discovered at the Rhode Island School of Design. The disease was discovered after several patrons of the elite campus was discovered after several patrons of the elite campus night club called the 'Tap Room' were suddenly engulfed by a white fungus while enjoying their brews. The disease was identified as 'iseops' (iss-ops) by Domni Frugh Igskipseedee-whapp, a young med student at RISD. His investigations uncovered a possible link between the victims, and it is his belief that all the victims were scheduled for final crits within the next 26 hours of their attack. Scientists working on the case believe this could be a clue to a cure but declined from giving any statement other than the disease has no relation to the 'blancmange' of Staffordshire, England as was previously feared. Bazazawba Bitoriteau, a Slobovian dentist believes there is no cure for the white fungus and warns against patronizing the 'Tap Room' prior to a final crit. Positive identification of 'iseops' can only be accomplished after the crit when the white

fungus hardens and begins to flake off in large pieces often having the distinct odor of refectory garlic bread.

By Tom Steele



A First Semester Report

The RISD Student Board held the first meeting of the year on September 21. Meetings have been held weekly since that time.

The College Decision-Making Committee charter requires student representation on certain committees. As a result, students from the board have been appointed to the following: Admissions, Disciplinary, Facilities Planning, Financial Aid, and Instruction Committees. Cathy Walker, one of the two representatives to the Board of Trustees has resigned. An election will soon be held to fill that position. Following David Miller's resignation Nancy Davis was elected Chairperson of the Student Board. Two Vice-Chairpersons were also elected: Christopher Ezzell a freshman in the Foundation program and Wendy Peterson a junior in Textiles. The Freshmen Foundation Program has increased its voting

power from 3 votes to 11, with a representative elected for each section. All other departments have 3 representatives each.

An internship for RISD students has been established at the Trinity Square Repertory Theatre. Students can buy tickets at 50¢ at the SAO.

In November a Blood Drive was held in the Auditorium. Only 31 were eligible to donate although 50 people wished to donate. Jim Teschner, who planned the drive, hopes for increased participation in the Spring Blood Drive.

Among many important decisions reached by the Student Board this Fall is the allocation of \$8,000 for visiting lecturers and professional activities. These will take place on campus and at Brown.

The area between the Post Office and the SAO in Memorial Hall will be renovated and temporarily serve as a stu-

dent lounge. A proposal has been made to convert Memorial Hall into a Student Union.

At Gordon Allen's suggestion the Take a Break weekend tradition, dormant since 1965, is being revived. The event includes concerts, dances, and amateur shows. It will involve any interested students, faculty, and alumni.

At Wednesday's meeting a proposal was made to give \$2,000 to the Form Forum was defeated. The Form Forum is a biweekly calendar published by the Division of Architectural Studies.

Meetings of the Student Board are held every Wednesday at 4:30 in Memorial Hall. Any interested students are invited to attend.

Marianne Devoe

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES of: ADMIRAL DUCK!

by MARTIN + J. WILKINSON

WHATEVER THE REASONS FOR EXPLORATION, THERE IS ONE COMMON DENOMINATOR THAT REMAINS IN THE HEARTS OF ALL BRAVE MEN: THE DESIRE TO BE TOTALLY LOST! MENTALLY, SPIRITUALLY, AND GEOGRAPHICALLY LOST. WE HUNT FOR THE BARE MINIMUM, OF COURSE, SOME OF US NEVER HAD TO HUNT VERY FAR. THIS IS WHERE ADMIRAL DUCK COMES IN:

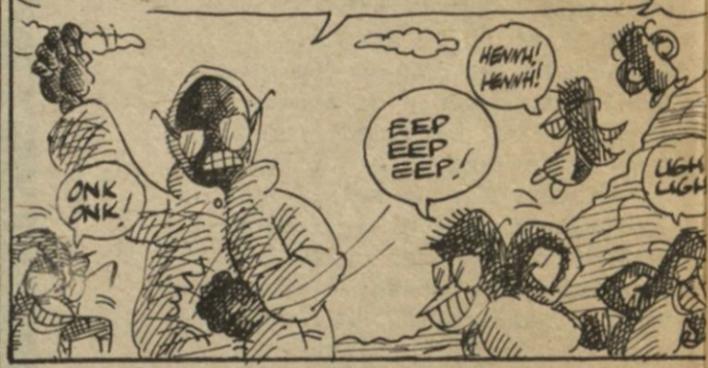


YES, ADMIRAL JOE DUCK: WORLD EXPLORER, ORNITHOLOGIST, SYSTEMS ANALYST, AND MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHER!

WE FIND THE ADMIRAL AND HIS BAND OF BOUGIEDIS PENGUINS FLOATING, LOST ON A DESOLATE ICEBERG, IN A DESOLATE OCEAN, SURROUNDING A DESOLATE LAND...



ALRIGHT, I'M SICK OF THIS GRUMBLING! PENGUINS WE MUST BAND TOGETHER!! WE'RE NOT DOING SO BAD! WE MUST FIGHT THIS PLAGUE, GRIT OUR TEETH, AND ACT LIKE BABOONS!!



Shows

Alert East: "Drawings and other desserts" Nancy B. Frank. Through Dec. 17th. Tues. - Sat. 10-5 pm 725 Hope St., Providence.

Any Art: "Objects of significance" Sponsored by David Clark, Robert O'neil, Dominic Cimino, and Bob Rizzo. Through Jan. 5. Tues. - Sun. 1-4 5 Steeple St., Providence.

Hera Women's Cooperative Serial drawings by Carolyn Conrad, Helen Oij, Elaine Reichel, Roberta Richman, Karen Shaw, Jody Shields and Susan Weil. Through Dec. 17. Fri. and Sun. 1-4. Sat. 10-4. 560 Mainstreet, Wakefield

Alpha: Lorraine Shemesh, Paintings and Watercolors Dec. 2-30. 121 Newbury St. Boston.

Benson Hall Case: Jenny Lawton December 11-15.

The Craft Center: "Metal Views" Eleven American Metalsmiths Dec. 2-Jan 12 25 Sagamore Rd. Mon. - Sat. 9 am- 5 pm Sun. 2-5pm

Perceptions: Watercolors and Prints by Harry Fox, Len Shavansky, Lawrence Young, Nathan Sloane, Joseph Geran and sculpture in bronze by Michael Banner. Also works in various media by Joseph Geran executed while establishing a world record. Through Dec. 24 Tues. - Sat. 10-5:30pm through 8:30 pm on Fri. only. 800 Hope St., Providence.

Rockefeller library: "Brazil and Afrobrazillians" photographs by Denise Harris. Dec. 11-16.

Rhode Island College Main Ballery Fine Arts Center Rodger Mayer. Nov. 28-Dec. 22. Tues. -Sat. 2-4 pm Tues-Fri. 7:30-9:30 pm.

RISD Museum: "Daum One hundred years of glass and crystal," "Eskimo Art", and "Pendleton Collection in Miniature"

Woods Gerry: Charles Grossman-Painting

School one: "From quilt ot paint: orks in gouache" by Alice Stern. Mon.-Thurs. 9- 2:30 / Fri. 9-1 Sat. 1-3. 182 Pine St. Through Dec. 21.

Wilkiuson: "Joyous Raiment" Handcrafted wearable items, Through Dec. 17. Tues.-Tri. 10-4. Weekends 1-5 Slater Mill Historic Site, Pawtucket.

Providence Art Club: "Art for Xmas" Dec. 3-24. 11 thomas St. M-F 10-4.

List: "Recent Acquisitions" Dec. 1-15.



12 dec.

"Father's Day" 8 pm Trinity Square
Rep. Co. 201 Washington St.
Tickets - \$3.50

Brown Film "Two for the Road"
Directed by Stanley Doneu with
Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney
9 pm List Aud. 68 College St. \$1

"The All Night Strut!" 8 pm
Boston Rep Theatre, Bolyston Place.
Boston (617) 423-6580

"Wings" by Arthur Kopit 8 pm
Wilbur Theatre 252 Tremont St.
Boston (617) 423-4008 Tickets-
\$5.50-\$13.50

"Nutcracker" Arthur Feidler con-
ducting. 7:30 pm. Music Hall
Boston Tickets \$4-10 542-3945

13

"Father's Day" 8 pm Trinity Square.
201 Washington St. See previous
listing.

Brown Film Comedy shorts Buster
Keaton, Fatty Arbuckle, Max
Lindner, Harold Lloyd, Charley Chase,
Will Rogers, Ben Turpin 9 pm
Cinematheque, 195 Angel St.

"All Night Strut!" 8 pm Boston
Rep. Co. See previous listing.

"What's a Nice Country Like You
Doing in a State Like This?" 8 pm
Charles Playhouse, 76 Warrenton St.
Boston. (617) 426-6912.
Tickets - \$5.95-8.95.

"Wings" 8 pm Wilbur Theatre, Boston
See previous listing.

"Nutcracker" 7:30 pm. Music Hall
Boston. See previous listing.

Boston with Sammy Hagar Opening
8 pm Providence Civic Center
Tickets - \$7,8,9.

14

"Holliday Follies" Art Wood's
puppet production 7:30 pm Elm
Seed Theatre, 236 Wickenden St.
\$1.50

"Father's Day" Trinity Square"
See previous listing.

RISD-Brown Lecture Series Marcia
Tucker "The Founding of the New
Museum for Contemporary Art and
the New York Situation"

"The All Night Strut!" Boston
Reperatory Theatre. See previous
listing.

"The Blood Knot" Next Move Pro-
ducting. Boston.

"Wings" Wilbur Theatre Boston.
See previous listing.

"Nutcracker" Boston Ballet
Music Hall, Boston. See previous
listing

15

"Holliday Follies" Elm Seed Theatre
See previous listing.

"Father's Day" Trinity Square 8 pm
See previous listing.

"The All Night Strut!" Boston
Repertory Theatre. See previous
listing.

"The Blood Knot" Next Move Pro-
ductions. Boston See previous
listing.

"Wings" Wilbur Theatre. Boston.
See previous listing.

"Nutcracker" Boston Ballet.
Music Hall Boston. See previous
listing.

"A Christmas Carol" 8 pm Trinity
Square. Tickets \$3.50.

Schools out. Holiday officially
starts 5:00 pm.
Merry Christmas!
Happy Channuka!
Happy New Year!

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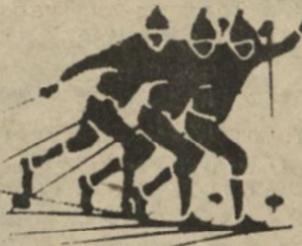
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