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Rhode Island School of Design

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YOUR NAME *here*

The Unofficial Student Based News Journal Serving The RISD Community

We Knew That Nothing We'd Come Up With Would Be Cool
Enough So We Decided To Leave It To You.



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While Swimming Through The Mailroom One Fine Spring Day...

by E. Clapp

Something seemed odd. I recognized a problem in the method by which our school communicates. Though I couldn't quite put my finger on it, I knew that something was out of sorts.

It was Monday, nothing unusual about the knee-deep pool of "Juices," fliers on the wall announcing school events, equipment for sale, apartments for rent...stapled over other fliers which likewise announced school events, equipment for sale, etc. There were signs over the garbage cans which were very adamant about the need to recycle, though, there never seemed to be a can designated for that purpose. The L.E.D. sign was going, no one was looking and the pile of full color, glossy covered *RISD Views* was knocked over delicately. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. However, I felt a thumping inside which hinted that a problem lurked here.

It's not at all difficult to recognize the largest problem confronting the RISD community: lack of communication among its members.

Before a community can advance in any fashion, the basic means of doing so must be set into motion. Without a proper infrastructure, an organization or community can not expect to operate efficiently. It is this vehicle that the RISD community has hitherto been lacking. A community bulletin such as the publication you hold in your very hands is

precisely what RISD needs to function as a cooperative body. The aim of "*Your Name Here*" is to provide this staple.

A chaotic state can only replicate itself in such a fashion. While the undertaking of bringing order to this system is immense, it is a hurdle which has become all but mandatory to overcome.

"*Your Name Here*" lends itself to work as a tool for the community. A voice, a guide, a forum, and a resource.

While there are many organizations and committees on campus with the best of intentions, these groups fall short in that the forum held is extended to such a small percentage of our population. The immediate RISD Community (students, staff, faculty) consists of over 2500 individuals. Currently, very few school meetings include more than thirty to forty individuals at a time. The extent to which the RISD population is informed of the on-goings of these functions is limited. "*Your Name Here*" plans to make such happenings community-wide knowledge. By publishing major issues confronting RISD, our small school forums can immediately boost the scale of their participating audience to a size which encompasses the entire community.

Aside from providing information, the news journal also hopes to act as the voice of the community. At all times will the pages of "*Your Name Here*" be open to discussion among members of the RISD population. This dialogue will prove itself essential for voicing concerns and understanding the diverse perspectives of the community.

Squeezing the "Juice."

Imagine visiting your mailbox next Monday; an inevitable copy of "*Juice*" awaiting your merciless hand. You're just about to flick the 11"x14" leaflet onto the ground in one familiar fluid motion when something makes you pause. You reach down, snatch the sheet before it hits the pit of the floor. Today, it's different. You recognize the excess illustrations have been deleted. What's more...the page

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While Swimming Through The Mailroom
One Fine Spring Day...

doesn't have to be folded four times over, inverted twice and translated by means of a Little Orphan Annie Secret Decoder Ring simply to read the cryptic schedule of events for the following week. Fashion before function is dead...you smirk.

But wait! There's more! Not only is the regular calendar of events listed, look below, there's a calendar for the Brown Underground and Presidential Lecture Series. There's a list of movies playing at all the local theaters; what's going on at Babyhead, Lupo's and the Strand. Just when you think this is too good to be true: a full academic calendar for the next two weeks—everything from the Career Services Tuesday Evening Series to reminders for Add/Drop and Financial Aid Form due dates. You've been touched. Satori in the mailroom. Is the announcement asphyxiation really over? Can this possibly be the same "Juice" you've been discarding for so long?

Well...no.

By including all announcements relative to the institution, one will find "*Your Name Here*" to be the ultimate source of information on campus.

"*Your Name Here*" intends to include all the necessities in one neat and organized package. In effect, it will solve the on-going puzzle that RISD scampers to complete in order to establish essential "whens" and "wheres." In addition to a clear listing of events, a pull-out calendar is planned for the purpose of quick reference. Informing one of everything from academic deadlines and due dates to extracurricular events such as "Bondage and Fetish Night" at a downtown club. The immediate community will become substantially more accessible once such information is consolidated.

Though it's difficult to keep up on the actions of certain departments as well as the movements and information surrounding the school, a finger can not necessarily be pointed. RISD students lack information simply because there is no medium in place by which information can be conveyed. To compensate, departments produce an excess of fliers and leaflets to transmit information. The tried and true means of advertising on campus (stuffing boxes and hanging up fliers) no longer cuts the cake. This method of "announcing" has escalated to a degree where it is out of control. It's no secret that most mass mailings are immediately discarded. Therefore, the race is on! The race, of course, has been to distribute the biggest, thickest, flashiest mailings and to produce as many as possible.

RISD is choking itself on the waste paper produced in the form of announcements and other informational leaflets.

While the current system is borderline environmental genocide, it is also self destructive in its very intention: to inform the community. The community is tired. The community is overwhelmed. The community doesn't have the time or ener-

gy to piece together 30+ publications just to establish a semi-complete calendar of events, activities and important dates. It's simply too much to handle; physically and comprehensively.

Once the communication process becomes community-friendly then the community will become more receptive and involved in the information being presented to them. Moreover, if the general population has the opportunity to participate, the information will be less of a formal discourse and more of an actual dialogue.

Literary Awareness

The final section to "*Your Name Here*" is an overdue arena for creative writing and literary expression.

Here at RISD there exists a population who devote themselves strongly to the written word. It is difficult for these individuals to express themselves in a professional atmosphere. "*Your Name Here*" is the outlet for these individuals as well as the link between the greater population and the Literary environment.

With such a commitment to the merits of creative and experimental writing, "*Your Name Here*" shall devote a fair number of pages to just such a purpose.

The editors of "*Your Name Here*" look forward to working with the students, staff and faculty in every vein of the institution. Current developments include the establishment of an Advisory Board as well as additions to the Editorial Staff. There is always a need for letters to the editor, articles and creative writing submissions. Classified ads and listings of events and activities are also welcome. Any submission must be accompanied by a name, box and phone number. Please address all submissions to RISD Box #E-8. We can not guarantee to return all submissions, please do not submit your only copy. Hard copies of lengthy submissions may be reviewed and requested to be resubmitted on disk.

If you have any comments/concerns or feel that your efforts may be in anyway beneficial to the publication then please attend our informational meeting this Thursday, March 21st at 6:30pm in the Tap Room. Oh, by the way, we're looking for a title.

What Empty Space?

By Amy Honchell

Ever sit on the beach, look up at Carr House and wonder what's on the top floors? Count the windows starting with Blair's corner office straight up to the top of the turret. Now try finding a stairwell that will access anything above the second floor.

No one has ever accused Rhode Island School of Design of having more space than they know what to do with, but in recent months the distribution and accessibility of space has certainly become an issue. Undergrads in nearly every major are packed into studios that are not productive working environments. Clubs and activities jockey for an hour here and a half hour there just to meet on campus. At the same time many staff and faculty find themselves in an equally tight squeeze.

While at first glance it may appear that any and all space on campus has simply been used up, a closer look reveals that a few air pockets still remain.

The Providence-Washington building certainly fits this criterion. The huge building across Waterman street from the ISB is currently under the jurisdiction of RISD. Whereas before the building was rented out to tenants, many of the offices are not renewing their leases. Bit by bit, little chunks of the building are opening up. As it stands, there is a fair amount of empty space in the Prov-Wash Building.

Take a walk down Thomas Street and look in on address number 9. You'll find a cozy, yellow building bearing a RISD Plaque and the title "Faculty Club." One can not argue that the faculty deserve a space on campus to call their own. However, a quick tour of the Thomas Street building will show that it is all but devoid of furniture. The purpose of the building which rubs shoulders with the Providence Art Club remains a mystery to many. Ironically, as of late, one of the few events held in the "Faculty Club" have been the Student Board Meetings.

Another small, sometimes overlooked space on campus is the Ewing House. This comfy, little nugget sits back

Two Poems By Mark Soltysiak

Driveway: Grandparents

Slack as a moonless
night, her eyes
rimmed with blue-
tightly wrappings glued
upon sickles to a
barnyard door-
design of unknown origins hung,
towards the center of her chest.
She used a system of
thin wires and screwdrivers
with latches to lock the doors.

Road: Layla's House

In a hurling
renal cavity,
she fired her
spore prints
at me. No rules.
Just fingers
pointy and tied
in a knot,
tired and old
like so many windows here,
the old ladies
scutter by after
cleaning the courtroom
smell like spores of wood
wood laid by men speaking
their minds and wiping their
noses,
hammering the wood on their wives-
their wives shoveling their spit

and calmly drumming at his coffee,
he resigns to put his jeans on wrong
and his zipper up right.

off Waterman Street behind the University Club. It is currently used as an occasional conference meeting site. The space would be excellent for student clubs or faculty use due to its intimate, inviting setting and handy kitchen facilities. However, being the gem that it is, students and faculty will find it a seldom occurrence to congregate beneath its roof.

The existing community space on campus leaves much to be desired, that is, if you can even get in to desire it.

The student center which lies below *the Met* offers no refuge. The rooms are too small and are often locked. It is difficult enough to muster enthusiasm among the student body to get decent participation. When the accommodations are so uninviting it certainly does not entice one to attend.

The Tap Room is a prime example of a desirable space which seems out of reach. Though an ideal space for student organizations, it is regularly booked. Few spaces are available as an alternative. This makes the scheduling of events frustrating, especially when considering the spaces on campus which are not being fully utilized.

The endless complaints of lack of community at RISD might well diminish if the community were provided with areas that fulfilled its needs in terms of availability, atmosphere and facilities.

It can not be denied that the school is working to correct this dilemma. The Roitman Building on South Main Street is not to be overlooked. While such positive ventures are perceived as a step in the right direction, the end result of the existence of inaccessible space is direct frustration leading to one question: Is RISD really packed to the rafters after all?

A Device by M. Jollie

Four guys in a jeep
pulled into her driveway.
She didn't know them,
didn't recognize the
shape of the grill
or the distance between
the headlights
so she reached for a
weapon-
dropped her arms
back to her sides,
after she'd got one,
and waited.

She used to work the reg-
ister
with a shovel
to deter discrepancies.
She felt it were better
to clutch
a device capable of
inflecting harm
rather than be exposed
empty handed
with only as much wit as
her counter-party.

She taught me to agree
with her,
then we were a team.
We made to sharpening any
object we could find.
I built a motorcycle
out of spare pen parts;
it was chrome
it made a noise when I
pulled the cord that
instigated the engine to
go.

A gentleman walked in on
a day
I had soda in my mouth.
She was at the counter
and the thing in her
chest was back.

I ran outside
started our motorcycle;
She came running with a
spade
falling from her grip.

I saw the girl
her head
her stomach,
and the motorcycle made
an awful sound.

On Your Teacher's Mind

by Mark Soltysiak

While at the local CVS I took part
in an interesting conversation. A young
cashier approached an older cashier, her
hair puffed up to such a wonderful
extent, reflecting off her "CVS, We're
Number One!" button, asking her to
sign something. When the older cashier
asked "why me?" the younger cashier
just replied, "because you're in control."

"Can you imagine, me in control?"
she said to everybody waiting in line.
There was a general release of under-
standing and unified laughter from the
assembled crowd. "I can't remember the
last time that I was really in control," she
then said under her breath as if she were
reminiscing over years of pain while
looking out an old musty window and
into stretching blonde fields chilled by a
New England, November rain.

Not that this little tid-bit of a story
has anything to do with this article-you
may make associations and convert my
rhetoric into something more controver-
sial, if you wish. I just thought that a
conversation including the word "con-
trol" would be a nice way to start this
article. When I set out Friday afternoon
to scoop up as much material as I could,
I found that faculty members were first
surprised about my interest and second,
quite cautious to speak with me.

Ever such the aficionado of infor-
mation, I peered into their starry-eyed
faces and pressed for information on the
touchy subject of relations between the
faculty union and the administration.

Although it has been fifteen years
since the last strike and twenty years
since the trouble all began in the 70's
with the walkout that occurred under
the administration of former President
Lee Hall. It still remains fresh in every-
body's mind. Only a few professors
and staff are left from this era but the
stories are kept alive. During the walkout
in the seventies, Bob Jungles and a few
other professors started RISD anew. A
faculty member in the Liberal Arts Office
told me that "an old professor named
Paul Crott dyed his hair bright colors
in protest."

The problem began during Lee
Hall's first convocation speech with the
words, "some of you (the faculty) will
not be here next year." This began a
troubled relationship which was to con-
tinue until the beginning of the 80's
and eventually lead to the demise of the
tenure system. Most schools, including
our neighbor Brown University, use this
system in which the faculty negotiate
their contracts with the administration
on an individual basis. As a result of
"Lee Hall's autocratic and fascist rule,"
a union was formed to help guarantee
job security as well as to allow the
faculty to speak as a group.

So who's in control? Since the Lee
Hall administration and the founding of
the RISD union, no one person has held
a position of full control. Currently the
union is headed by professor Peter
O'Neill of the Film/Video department.

Every three years the union and
administration converge to agree on a
new contract (the contract expires this
spring), which they submit to President
Mandle and to the Board of Trustees.
After their approval, the contract is given
back to the faculty for final ratifications.

Where as many of the school's fac-
ulty and administrators are allowing this
issue to consume a great deal of their
thoughts, few students are aware of the
delicate nature which surrounds the cur-
rent union negotiations. The next few
weeks should yield some very interesting
developments regarding this topic and
the people it involves.

*This first preliminary issue
of "Your Name Here" is
only a fraction of its ideal.
With the cooperation of the
Administrative powers that
be, the publication can be
expected to operate at full steam
by mid to late April of 1996. At
that point, "Your Name Here"
will be printed on a bi-weekly
basis: indefinitely.*