

12-14-1959

Blockprint December 14, 1959

Students of RISD
Rhode Island School of Design

RISD Archives
Rhode Island School of Design, risdarchives@risd.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.risd.edu/studentnewspapers>



Part of the [Aesthetics Commons](#), [Architecture Commons](#), [Art and Design Commons](#), [Art Education Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [History of Art, Architecture, and Archaeology Commons](#), [Music Commons](#), and the [Theatre and Performance Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Students of RISD and Archives, RISD, "Blockprint December 14, 1959" (1959). *All Student Newspapers*. 269.

<https://digitalcommons.risd.edu/studentnewspapers/269>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at DigitalCommons@RISD. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Student Newspapers by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@RISD. For more information, please contact ebegin@risd.edu.



Interiors Make the Scene

by MICHEL W. SAND

A brightly illuminated structure enhances the mall of our fair city this holiday season. It is the product of the artistic endeavors of the interior Architectural Design Department. At the request of the Chamber of Commerce, Ernest Kirwan, his wife Constance, and Don Hughlett designed the Christmas display. Mr. Kirwan, an instructor in the department had in mind the work of Alexander Girard when he first conceived the design. The Junior students in his department spent their afternoons building the structure all last week.

The display includes a nativity scene, Santa Claus, photographs of happy children, as well as two very beautiful star-like dojiggers. The large structure is fashioned of wood and brightly painted, it is quite attractive, and affords the passersby a striking holiday greeting.

The structure imparts not only the message of Love, Peace and Joy it proclaims, but also gives the community still another constructive contact with our students. We hope the display will become an annual sight.

Freshmen Hold Nomination of Officers

by ELAINE MENDOLIA

Last Monday the Freshman class held a meeting for the nomination of class officers. Candidates were chosen, and each gave a short talk on why he felt he was qualified for office. December 16 was set as the date for elections.

Freshmen who were discontented with the nomination proceedings presented their problem to the Student Council at Tuesday's meeting. They were told by the Student Council to draw up a petition for another class meeting.

At this second meeting on Thursday, the students presented their reasons for the petition. These were; that students had not been given enough time previous to the first class meeting in which to think about nominations and to get acquainted with candidates, that the whole thing was becoming a popularity contest, the fact that candidates could only run for one office, and the general consensus that the whole election was "foul deal."

After much discussion, the students came to a final agreement that nominations should be opened again, that the candidates should present the class with a five minute speech before elections, and that elections be postponed until January.

The following nominations are final:
For president:

George E. Wood (Gev), who is from North Haven, Connecticut, attended Hopkins Grammar School and Washington E. Lee University, and spent four years in the U. S. Air Force. He is now a member of the Student-Faculty Committee at R.I.S.D.

John Branch from Caracas, Venezuela, attended the New York

Military Academy where he held the rating of Lieutenant and was class president.

Richard Nickerson from Miami, Florida, attended Saint John's Prep School in Massachusetts where he was class president for two years, and Duke University where he was dorm president and class vice-president. He supervised and was partner in a ten man architectural office.

Eleanor Morris from Louisville, Kentucky, was editor of her yearbook and member of the school senate.

For Vice-President:

Howard Bryant, from Worcester Massachusetts, is a graduate of North High School. He was vice-president for the Explorer Post 8 of the Boy Scouts of America, and is presently their advisor. He was also publicity chairman of his church youth group.

Norman Lundin, from Quincy, Massachusetts, graduated from Chauncy Hall School, and attended Northeastern University in Boston and Newton Junior College in Newtonville. He was president of the pilgrim fellowship of his church, was on the yearbook committee in Newton Junior College, and is leader of his own band. He is now secretary of Allan House.

Robert Gotsch, our clergyman from "Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," is from Glendale, Missouri. Bob attended Kirkwood High School and Purdue University in Indiana.

Bonnie Tarsus, from Baltimore, Maryland, attended Fores and Park High School where she was vice-president of her Senior class and corresponding secretary of her Junior class. She was also treasurer of the honor society.

Martha Sickles from Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, was homeroom officer and on the Freshman Administration of Cheltenham High School. She was also vice-president of the National Thespians Society. For Secretary:

Judy Finn, who is from Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, attended Cheltenham High School where she served as homeroom secretary, chairman of the school Bulletin Board Committee, and member of the Executive Council.

Julia Holmes, from Betheda, Maryland, attended school in England, where she was her class president; in Germany, where she was student council representative, and in the U. S. where she was treasurer of a Youth Group.

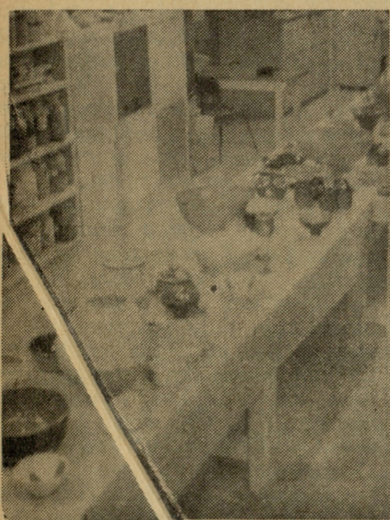
Noel Ahlbum from Newport, graduated from Central High Air Force School in London, where she served as secretary of the American Teen Club, co-captain of cheerleading, and was voted the "best all round girl in the Senior class." She is on the dorm social committee at R.I.S.D.

Kathy Stackpole, from Darien, Connecticut, was on the staff of the Neirad School Paper and yearbook and the canteen committee at Darien High School. She is on the dorm decorations committee at R.I.S.D.

Charlotte Modliszeuski, from Cranston, Rhode Island, graduated from Cranston High School and was in the National Honor Society. For Treasurer:

Frank Glickman, who is from Portland, Oregon, attended Grant High School and the University of Oregon. He was representative of his Senior class, secretary of the Athletic Club, and Freshman representative.

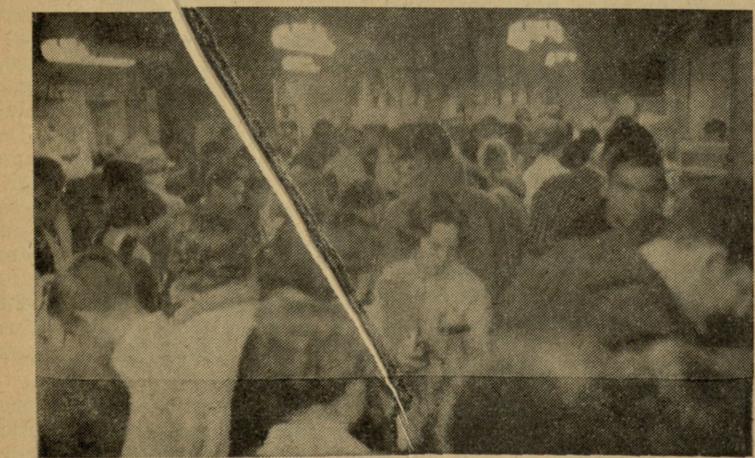
(Continued on Page 4)



Ceramics Club

Has Xmas Sale

The members of the Ceramics Club held its annual Christmas sale 12:30 last Wednesday afternoon. Justly so, the sale was well attended, as can be seen from the crowd shown in the second photograph. The first picture shows many of the pieces which were offered for sale (two minutes before the doors were opened). The crowd streamed in looking, handling and, of course, buying. Needless to say that the sale was a success, as everything was sold out by 4:30.



Mr. King Speaks To Fine Arts Society

Last Monday evening in the Faculty Lounge, the Fine Arts Society and their guests heard a lecture by Mr. Ghimpon King, RISD's visiting professor from Formosa. "The Difference Between Chinese and Japanese Art" was the subject of the lecture, a large part of which was conducted in the form of a discussion with Mr. King answering questions asked him by students.

Mr. King began with a brief resume of the difference between the northern and southern schools of painting in China, explaining that the northern, or Court style, was the more sophisticated, while the southern style developed more freely. He then showed how the painting of Japan had borrowed from and developed on that of China. In answer to several questions Mr. King described how the traditional Chinese styles are continued today on Formosa by the free Chinese and also mentioned briefly the fate of Chinese art under the Communists. To illustrate his talk Mr. King showed a number of reproductions, including some of his own, which were sent him by the Communist government on the continent of China in exchange for some of his family's originals which it confiscated.

Several questions were asked Mr. King about the opportunities for education in the fine arts in the Orient today, in answer to which he described the very limited but growing facilities in the colleges with which he was familiar. The evening ended with a coffee hour.

Drama Club Plans January Workshop

The program for the next studio meeting of the Drama Club, to be held early in January, is now being organized by David Whitney, the club's member-at-large. Those interested in participating should see Mr. Whitney who can be found any afternoon on the third floor of the Textile Building. These meetings are open to all students and their guests, whether they wish to be participants or simply interested spectators.

The studio meeting provides an opportunity for theatre-minded RISDIans to discuss acting methods, directing, costuming, stage design, and theatre trends current and past. It also serves as a laboratory for acting technique wherein student actors may present work and receive constructive criticism. Several five-minute scenes are performed, preferably by students who have not been working on a Drama Club production. The discussion and practice of the scenes are valuable to those interested in the art of the theatre. Also, the exhibition of talent which the scenes require enables the club's director to gauge more accurately the abilities of actors with whom he has not yet worked in actual production.

The meeting is not, however, simply a chance for the undiscovered genius to give his favorite Hamlet soliloquy. It is rather a time for two or three persons to present a scene which they have worked on and prepared in advance. The scene is then analyzed for its interpretation and acting of the Student Faculty Committee

ID Schedules Breakfast Talk

Beginning next Tuesday morning, the I. D. Society will inaugurate a series of Breakfast Discussion Hours. The purpose of the get-together will be to promote an informal discussion of varied subjects.

Invited faculty members participating in this initial discussion will be Dr. Deignan, Mr. Fink, Marc Harrison, Mr. Kleykamp, Mr. LaFarge, Mr. H. L. Smith, Mr. G. Stafford, Mr. J. Stafford, and possibly Mr. A. Nesbitt.

A provocative opening statement will be given by our Dean, Dr. Deignan, followed, we trust, by lively discussion. A light breakfast of juice, coffee, and donuts will be served.

technique, and often is worked over on the spot by the director. When time permits, all present—or at least as many as care to—join in group exercises designed to develop an artist's sensibility and imagination.

Although in the past few years the studio meetings have tended to place emphasis on experimental projects in directing, the Drama Club has decided to return to its original policy of placing emphasis on an actor's workshop. This was the original intent of the studio meetings when they were organized five years ago, and at that time several students, through their work in studio, developed into excellent actors who brought brilliance and verve to RISD Theatre productions.

Freshmen Visit A.S. SimansonAppointed

RISD Freshmen were the guests of the Architectural Society at a coffee hour last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. LaFarge spoke to the group on the value of Three-dimensional design and Freshman Foundation work in the development of an architect. Mr. LaFarge explained that the exploration of paper in the Freshman year should lead to a greater awareness of the potentiality of any material.

Freshmen and upperclassmen both participated in a discussion of the Meaning of Structure, following the lecture. The Architectural Society invited any interested Freshmen to visit the department at any time.

Mr. Albert B. Simanson head of the Department of Architecture who has served for three years in the American Institute of Architects, has been recently appointed to serve for another two. Mr. Simanson's position involves making recommendations regarding scholarships and fellowships to the Board of Directors. The aim of the Institute is to promote a better understanding and closer relationship between the fields of the fine arts and architecture. The Institute awards Fine Arts Fellowships, Edward Langley Fellowships, Rehmann Scholarships and the Craftsmanship Medals.

BLOCKPRINT

Published weekly on Mondays except holiday and examination periods while the College is in session by BLOCKPRINT, Rhode Island School of Design, 2 College Street, Providence 3, Rhode Island.
Subscription rates: \$1.50 per year (\$0.05 per copy—28 issues). Printed by PRINTERS' SERVICE AND SUPPLY, INC., 357 Weybosset Street, Providence, Rhode Island.
Second-class postage paid at Providence, R. I.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1959

Member of
Associated Collegiate
Press



Member of
Intercollegiate
Press

Telephone: GASpee 1-0454

Editor-in-Chief Jane Lewis '60
Managing Editor Robert Francisco '62
Feature Editor William Murphy '61
Photography Editor Warren Hall '62
Circulation Co-Managers Rosalyn Dephore '61, Ann Scheller '61
Business Manager Joan Hunt '60
News Co-Editors Phyllis Bartlett '60, Pam Pfau '62
Layout Editor Douglas Howell '63
Advertising Manager Sandy Wilkinson '60
Staff Jackie Ehlers, Bruce Tibbetts, Roy Kimmel, Martie Sickles, Gardner Brown, Dick Vanderberg, Richard Sheeran, Phil Hackbarth, Gail Bernstein, Stanley Znamierowski, Diane Fanning.

Industrious Designers

Hats off to the Industrial Design Department! Under the magic of the new administration I.D., which was formerly one of the school's lesser divisions, has become the department to watch. Numerous undertakings have brought a new direction and life to the work being done there. It can plainly be seen in this paper that I.D. is now a very active department. We have been asked if they get special favor because of all the copy pertaining to I.D. which is printed each week. The simple fact is that I.D. is always doing something worth printing.

Mr. Kleykamp, the department's head, is engaged in many projects. Some of them are coming to fruition now (student-faculty breakfasts) and others are long-range plans which include a possible post-graduate course. He has surrounded himself with the experience of Eva Zeisel, senior instructor, who has taught for many years and been active in the field; and the freshness of Marc Harrison, sophomore instructor practically just out of school.

This enthusiasm and drive to improve I.D. and make it the very best course available has carried over to the students who, under the guidance of guest teachers, such as Mr. Beckman and Mr. Kolb, have made considerable strides in preparing for their vocation. The I.D. Society has also taken on a new glow. Students in the society have caught this enthusiasm (usually a very communicable disease) and worked to make the I.D. Society, like the department which fosters it, a growing concern.

Much of the Industrial Design Department's secret is based on human relationship and understanding between instructors and students. The least gripe of any student is patiently and personally weighed by I.D.'s faculty. Industrial Design is becoming one of the best because it wants to be the best and everyone, through this understanding, is pulling in the same direction. Truly good ideas, which abound from both student and faculty, foster in this environment and are not choked by the weed of apathy.

We find it more than refreshing to see the strides made in this department and wish that what can be said for Industrial Design could be said for all of RISD. However, enthusiasm and "anti-apathy", such as displayed by I.D., is the exception and not the rule at R.I.S.D.

The Night Before A Very Hip Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the pad
Not a hip cat was swinging, and that's nowhere, dad;
The stove was hung up in that stocking routine,
In hopes that the fat man would soon make the scene;

The kids had all had it so they hit their sacks,
And me and the bride had begun to relax,
When there started a rumble that came on real frantic.
So I opened the window to figure the panic;

I saw a square short that was makin' fat tracks,
Bein' pulled by eight dogs who were wearing hat racks;
And a funny old geezer was flippin' his lid,
He told 'em to "make it" and man, like, they did!

I couldn't help diggin' the scene on the roof
As I stood there just waiting for chubby to goof;
They stood by the chimney in bunches and clusters
'Till tubby slid down coming on like gangbusters.

His threads were the squarest and I had to chuckle,
In front (not in back) was his Ivy League buckle;
The mop on his chin hid his button-down collar,
And with that red nose, man he looked a baller.

Like he was the squarest, the most absolute,
But face it, who cares when he left all that loot?
He laid the jazz on me and fled from the gig,
Wailin' "Have a cool yule and man later, like dig?"

—Bolof

The Thirteenth Floor

by GARDNER D. BROWN

So have it your way! All right, I am a Socialist, a banal beatnik, a nudnik, a nogoodnik. So there, old Rudolph with your scarlet shnoz, how do you like them onions? I plead guilty, loud and clear, guilty as hell, because these days the whole bloody business makes no sense. No sense a-tall! I might just as well say it outright and have it done with once and for all. Yes indeed, Mr. Better Business Bureau, Christmas is for the birdies and I ain't too fussy about their feathers either! It's plainly a case of performance outstripping theory, which is as polite as I can be, and the only real winners are the loan sharks, pawn shops and money hustlers. It's no wonder the people of the nation are confused. Why wouldn't they be? In every blooming store window either stands, sits, or squats old Santie joyously expounding on the nearly divine merits of yuletide gift-giving. But just accept it for what it is!

Don't stop to reflect, for pity's sake, lest you be slyly sucked into the store's guts via the pneumatic tube carefully tucked beneath the pavement, while every loudspeaker in the state blares Jingle Bells in your face. But there you are, anyway, jammed headfirst in between two spun glass evergreens (which aren't) sneezing up plastic snow, while in front the jaded floor-walker seduces you into the purchase of a lovely ivory cigar stand for your Mother-in-Law. You give in readily believing a mere twenty six bucks a cheap price to pay for freedom. Poor pitiful sap, for once your upper extremities are freed, one of your unsuspecting lower ones gets hooked on a fast moving shopping cart which neatly tows

you directly to Housewares. Once again you buy numbly, only this time it's two dozen yellow plastic teacups which, like everything else in this festive world of ours, just have to be musical. What else—Jingle Bells of course! But this madness now begins to seem real. The spirit of the crowd engulfs you.

With gay abandon you let loose, completely berserk, which incidentally nobody can even faintly detect, purchasing first eight sets of camel's hair underwear for Grampa, an electric necktie for Dad which can pinch hit for a towel in Johns not so equipped, a splendid book entitled "Animal Glues In Industry" for Mother, not to mention the hair dyeing set for sister or that nifty Chemical Kit on "How To Be Virile" for your eleven year old brother. But by now you are exhausted and for a moment you stop to ponder. Does it matter particularly that you've always been an orphan? Does it really matter that you do not possess the near two hundred clams so easily spent? Or does it matter that in the morning you must join the Army and leave for Peru? Matter? No, of course not! It's Christmas! So let's all jingle those damned bells.

There you have it old Rudolph, you must see that that jazz just isn't for me. The idea is topnotch, I do not debate, its just the package I can't gift wrap. And if it's all the same with you, all I want for Christmas are my two front teeth. For you see, someone bumped me in the chops with a rhinestone dustpan, and now for the life of me, I can't even HUM Jingle Bells.

The Unadjusted Man

by BILL MURPHY

On Little Theater

One of the least known and, paradoxically, most distinguished organizations in this city has as its headquarters a small cinder-block building on the southern end of Benefit Street which is known as the Barker Playhouse. I am sure that numerous students live in the immediate area of the Playhouse, yet are unaware of it. I passed it almost daily for a year and never knew that it is a theater, but a theater it is indeed, and a fine one, now in its fifty-first consecutive season.

Its most recent performance was "The Two Mrs. Carrolls", a play by Martin Vale. John Chirrena, an RISD junior in Illustration, staged it. The staging and the set, it might be added here, were quite excellent, as was most of the acting. Unfortunately, this made unavoidable the all too obvious comparison between "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" and the RISD Theatre's latest offering, "Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles", and drove home once more, quite pointedly, the fact that the acting in our last play was—shall we say—below par.

The current crop of RISD thespians have simply not had the time on the boards to cope with the plays which are being thrown at them. One answer to this problem might lie in emulating some of the local little theater groups like the Players; but a much more satisfactory answer to the problem could be found in the group's program of Studio Presentation, which seems to have been totally forgotten this year until this

week, and was all but forgotten last year, when only one play was produced.

The studio meetings are informal, relaxed, and fun for both the performers and the audience; and, moreover, they provide valuable experience for many members of the RISD Theatre. The program has been run in a rather slipshod manner, heretofore. Apparently, nothing is scheduled until some hardy soul volunteers to take on the job of selecting, directing, and presenting a performance which can, I guarantee you, be a harrowing experience. The way I understand it, if no one volunteers for the job within a reasonable period of time (say ten years or so), the Executive Bored (whatever this may be) tries to con some poor soul, in some vague and as yet undefined way, into doing it.

It would seem that if this sort of policy continues, the studio meetings are bound to become a thing of the past. This could be avoided by having a regular scheduling of studio meetings at the beginning of the year, a little publicity, and a few open meetings of the Drama Club to discuss and plan them.

In addition to giving Mr. Cohn, the director, a more accurate idea of the capacities and limitations of the people he has to work with, it will also provide the actors with experience, and everyone with a little fun. It would be a great shame if all of this were to be forfeited by allowing the program to continue in its current slipshod manner.

Notes From The Underground

"Do you really know what's going on beneath your feet? ... under your nose? I mean really really ... What was that glimpse you just thought you saw? ... or was it? ... can you be sure? Is our world actually reality, or are there things incomprehensible for our minds that are going on beneath the fabric of life we weave? Are there not instances where this undercurrent of forces is revealed to us in the form of brief flashes of something? If this is so, what is this something? What do you really know about truth, good and evil, love, in the world? Is there a subterranean river of intuitive sensations that only on occasion give us a hint of what is actually true? Are imagination and the creative process positivistically explainable, or are they blind spots that enable us to see the world? Who am I? you ask ..."

"Let go of my leg, Baby, I'm trying to write this here article! Oh, I forgot! You haven't met "Baby" yet. "Baby is my cat ... a great cosmic cat with yellow eyes, long teeth, barbed wire whiskers and spiral orange stripes that go the length of her. She's quite nice at times and of course, she's house broken ... What else? ..."

"Now, where was I ... Oh, yes ... You ask who I am? Does this really matter? If I told you I were the "giant squid" who ... Would that make you happy? I doubt it. If I said I were Lucius Maximus (with all due respect to all Luci Maximi) you'd laugh. If I said I'm not going to tell you who I am, except that I am in all of you in one form or another, you would be angry. Well I'm not sorry for this either. If I can make some people angry enough to think I will be glad. Some of you know me better than others do ..."

"It's like I'm this ant, see, and he's running around right out in the midst of everything we call reality. He's out there in the world, sitting for a moment on top of this giant toadstool, trying very hard to catch his breath. And this ant is me! I'm sitting right up there on this mushroom for a moment ... Oh, wow! Whew! I sweat to think of it! There's this identity going on ... me and this ant. I look at him right in the old eye, and he looks back at me with these big compound eyes of his and they are filled with a great sadness. Yes! He's looking up at me, and I'm looking back, and he's got these big bags under his eyes. And I keep thinking that I am him! Do I see a thousand tears coming from each single eye in his ugly head? Do I? I'm not sure ... But there is this identity which men of all ages have carried down with them from the past ... this need to communicate with our environment to satisfy our fears ... to tell us that we are really Man ... and ants are ants ..."

"Well, it seems that this ant has been slugging around in the world for just a short time, but already he has this great weight on his shoulders. Thus, it was with heavy heart that he was watching the landscape stretch out below him."

For a moment he thought his eyes might have deceived him ... but there it was again ... motion. There was some sort of activity going on down below him in the briar-patch. It was as if a "giant thing" were lurking in the underbrush ... the way things really lurk. As he focused his many eyes, the "thing" became clearer.

Nestled between the gnarled roots of the mushroom-patch lay the most glorious ant hill he had ever come upon. "No! It can't be," he said to himself, grinding his hind legs together in rapture. "Yes." There on a sharply sloping hill lay a truly magnificent, sharp-

(Continued on Page 3)

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

Painting at Rhode Island School of Design

by GORDON PEERS

The question of a painting tradition at Rhode Island School of Design would, in most minds, be a reference to some special loyalty toward one of the contesting factions in the world of exhibition warfare outside the school—some flat commitment that this school is dedicated to the conservative, modern, or avant garde point of view—more specifically to impressionism, abstract art, or non-objective painting, even the wish that we would say once and for all whether Rembrandt or Picasso is better.

How else can one paint the correct thing? How else enter the competitive trade on the day of graduation fully prepared to win? Why not find out what's right, learn to do it—get down to cases, that is, and learn your trade properly? Why? Because higher education aims at leadership for those who are up to it. Because higher education is a form of introduction to the problem world wherein the creator functions—a mobile environment—not to the stable trade world where previously created designs are repeated.

Part of the creator's equipment is a knowledge of his trade, and some short term schools forego the broader education at college level is no barrier to successful handling of a job at any level, whereas in general, a lack of this education is a distinct disadvantage for anyone whose goal is the top. We say in general because the self-taught artist, the self-made man, the genius are not expected to follow the rules. If you are one of the latter, you break all rules intuitively; if you are one of the majority who understand education, you try to reach the same goal by mastering the rules you break. This last sentence touches on the most important single factor through which the difference between training in a specialty (trade school) and higher education (college) can be shown. Many popular schools of drawing, fashion, commercial art, etc. might fall into this trade school category.

Philosophically, the trade school does not concern itself with breaking the rules—such a contingency creates an emergency for which a designer or creator must be called in.

Philosophically, the college concentrates on the rule-breaking activity, albeit much of the time seems lost in a concern for the rules, or in floundering around with an unsuccessful breakthrough.

It is hard for most of us to see that this activity is—this struggle to maintain contact with the rules at the breaking point—what education in RISD is all about. Very definitely it is neither a matter of stuffing the student to the bursting point with rules, nor convincing him that his first immature break with rules is adequate for the rest of his life as a creator. Their source, the fountain head, is this battle with the rules.

In painting we try to fix the attention on this struggle. Design work in any field is actually a by-product of this struggle.

I doubt that painting as such would continue to exist in our present curriculum if it were not first and foremost, a rich educa-

tional force as well as training in a specialty. This institution is a college. Education at that level is concerned with the forces that mould and the experiences connected with growth. It does not compete with the trade school nor the trade school with it. It could only lose out in such a competition.

The language of a college is rich and stimulating. It is mysterious and flexible. Its promise is always just around the corner and with education at its best, college is over at about the time that the full force of our curiosity has been aroused.

Your experience in college guides you into the middle of a fast moving stream in which everyone is on the go. It doesn't mean a safe berth at dockside.

When painting is thought of as an activity of the present rather than a series of useful props for the future trade, it fits properly into the language of education. It is excellent educational material—stimulating at all levels, yet knowable—it has a history and basic principles are involved.

The painting tradition in the school stems from a certain confidence in its long range value—a value it is calculated to retain as other major objectives occupy the student's attention. The solution in this school has never been tied to the end product—to the concept that the student must reach complete fulfillment of his powers, both mental and technical, before finishing his senior year. Exercise that will strengthen the fibre of the student for the continuing conflict is most important. A lasting interest in and a deep respect for the professional field involved is the objective.

Since the particular work in hand at any given moment passes quickly into the outmoded past, small store need be set by the work itself. But for the bright student, a host of very important things grow out of the work as he struggles with it. Talent is not manufactured in this process, but the ability to work to capacity is. The success of the individual is measured by this ability.

The effort to grasp what has gone on in the past and to understand principles is rewarding for all, not just for the painter. The emphasis on the activity rather than the by-product insures this.

It is axiomatic in the education process, that each individual contends with things unknown to himself. Thus all students are on an equal footing in this respect. Some do rather easily what others cannot do and gain pride and confidence from this knowledge. However, the value of this accomplishment is extremely local and limited by the level of each class. The real problem lies at the point of personal weakness—a lonely, haunting kind of position never to be fully understood by anyone but yourself.

Why not, then, give in entirely to a program of intuitive probing and self-analysis? The concept of education through organized effort or what we call a school (in this case, even the elementary unit is the order—the class) here comes under examination.

The educational institution is based on the principle that, through organized group effort, a point of

great advantage can be reached from which to shove off into this world of uncertainty. This holds good for most people and thus, schools as such are warranted; however, there are those who must go alone, for whom any school means regimentation.

All this must be taken into account before any conception of the painting tradition in RISD can be reached.

It is the tradition of the school to inform where possible and to stimulate curiosity and excite interest if possible.

Many people are waiting to hear one thing, a sort of admission as to what so-called painting tradition in the art world at large this school is willing to join up with. We know this is an unworthy conception of education.

All or none is the answer. An over-simplification of this relationship, as far as painting goes, is this. In the early part of the century what needed doing seemed clear—the emphasis was on how to do it—in the twenties it was how you saw it and now it is what you think about it. No school has ever caught up with these interests let alone getting a jump ahead of them.

The broad philosophy and attendant excitement concerning any current painting phenomenon cannot help but have its effect on the studio work. Fundamentally, every aspect of "THE PAINTING" from contact with the materials and, to quote Malraux, from knowledge of the past. Many great men have declared that his is the sole judgment based on hindsight, but few intelligent men risk predicting the future.

This is left where it belongs, to you—the creative person. For any institution to predict the future aspects of your work would be to nullify and make stale your discoveries before you make them.

To jockey the student into the position where he will make an exciting debut is very tempting but usually disastrous. To make him generally aware of the flexibility and power of this language—paint—is to keep in step with other interests and possible choices he might have, rather than to isolate and rarify the image of success in one.

Perhaps this could be the painting tradition of RISD—to keep you in contact with your personal weak point as regards understanding the future—urge you into your own territory (this is a legitimate and fertile problem area, whereas trying to discriminate between individual avant garde idioms is not) while giving you solid ground to stand on by pointing out how the established body of knowledge concerning your profession can be of service to you.

This is not easily done since the tired student prefers to exercise his known talents rather than struggle with new ones, or make the effort to relate old to new, and likes a problem tailored to his talents. In such a problem top performance is mistaken for creative ability.

Because the struggle to create is the very essence of art, it would be unthinkable to give the impression that we would like to eliminate that struggle by means of clear cut lessons even if we

Notes from Underground

(Continued from Page 2)

ly pointed structure that showed great adaptation to its surroundings. "Surely," he whispered to himself, "the creatures who built this structure must really be aware." Everywhere he looked there was a flurry of action. "All its inhabitants," he thought, "must surely be flying about madly because they are trying to become aware." "Hummmmm . . .," he clicked, crossing his antennae together thoughtfully, and at the same time taking in the contemporary shape of this particular ant hill, "here is something worth watching!" So he shifted his legs nervously into a more comfortable position, for the mushroom on which he sat was becoming soggy in places where ants find it most disagreeable, and sat back breathing deeply the fragrant, mushroom-patch air through all twelve spiracles.

He had come from over the other side of the valley. His ant hill, he observed, was of a slightly different nature. The ant hill from which he came was of the ivy covered type, and for some reason all the ants that ever left the hill to enter the world were of the "button down collar class". For some reason though, these collars always kept catching in his mandibles, and he had given them up as a lost cause. As a result, he never had been quite accepted . . . and because of this, he always doubted whether he ever really existed.

But now all that was changed. He had taken up the notion to change the world. "Ahh, this was direction! I have now a purpose," he would say to himself. He would tell everyone he came upon that everything was not quite "all right" in the world, but no one was paying any attention to him.

"Hey you down there!" he shouted. "Hey you who are trying to become aware! How's it going! What do you know? I mean really know! What's that you say? You say you're learning how to draw! Huh? I can't quite hear you! Hey! Do you mind if I come down and watch? I won't bother anyone. You know, I'll just sit and listen . . . and watch . . . maybe I could draw too . . . I wouldn't be hurting anyone would I? I mean just to see if I could . . . draw that is . . . Just

could. The college is not in search of a solution for you—it does want to open up the liveliest and most rewarding area for you to work in as a student. This is an area of juxtaposed opposites—freedom and control, parts and the whole, fact and invention—an area of trying to create intuitively with a fund of hard earned knowledge—a time to absorb much and reject little.

College should end about the time you are bursting with impatience to do something. It should not be that you come to school in that state of mind, and finish drained of the creative urge and anxious to make the results pay off, possessed of a stock of gimmicks almost up to date but never quite making it.

Calendar

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14
Spectrum Meeting—Student Lounge—7:30 p.m.
Last Glee Club rehearsal—Auditorium—7:30 p.m.
MONDAY, JANUARY 6
BLOCKPRINT Meeting S.A.O.—7:30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8
Glee Club—Room 321—6:30 p.m.

a minute, I'll climb down from this mushroom! . . ."

So down he went softly so as not to get all six legs tangled up with one another in nervousness. "Boy! This is great talking with someone from another ant hill! I've been shouting for days up there on that mushroom, but no one could hear me. I was beginning to think I was all alone in the world . . ."

"Now, Baby, get down off the wall! You know your toenails make great gashes in the plaster. Can't you discern that I haven't finished yet . . ."

Poppy's Pen

"Are you the man who just saved my little boy from drowning?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, where's his new cap?"

Basketball

First game begins at 7:15 p.m. on Friday evenings.

December 1, 1959: First round—First game: Fresh. "B" vs. Fine Arts; second game: Fresh. "A" vs. Machine Design. Second round: January 19, 1960.

December 8, 1959: First round—First game: Fresh "B" vs. Architects; second game: Fresh. "A" vs. Fine Arts. Second round: February 9, 1960.

December 15, 1959: First round—First game: Fresh "A" vs. Fresh. "A" vs. Fresh. "B"; second game: Architects vs. Machine Design. Second round: February 23, 1960. January 5, 1960: First round—

First game: Fresh "A" vs. Architects; second game: Machine Design vs. Fine Arts. Second round: March 1, 1960.

January 12, 1960: First round—First game: Fine Arts vs. Architects; second game: Machine Design vs. Fresh. "B". Second round: March 8, 1960.

From The Brown Bulletin

Monday, Dec. 14—Friday, Dec. 18: Sock and Buskin presents "The Would-Be Gentleman", Faunce House Theater, 8:30 p.m.

Wednesday, Dec. 16: Advent Vespers, 5:15 p.m., Manning Chapel Choir; Faunce House Christmas Party, "An American in Paris", Faunce House Theater, 7:00 and 9:15 p.m.; couples only.

The Outlet Company

WE CATER TO THE COLLEGE CROWD

SPIC'N SPAN LAUNDERETTE & CLEANERS

Complete 1 Stop Service

- Dry Cleaning in by 10 out by 5
- Laundry, Wet Wash, Wash-Dry-Fold
- Shirts 3 day service

Complete bachelor and family service

S & H Green Stamps

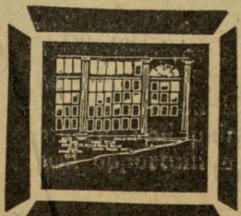
125 BENEFIT STREET

10 THOMAS STREET PROVIDENCE 3, R. I.

PHONE GASPEE 1-5137

OAKES on the HILL

- artists' materials
- frames
- industrial displays





Glee Club

Tomorrow morning the Glee Club will present a Christmas Concert.

Included in this year's concert are a few European and Slovak carols, plus, of course, the traditional carols in which the audience usually joins; so do drop down after classes tomorrow morning—and pass the time away with music!

NOTE! PEOPLE GOING TO NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY OVER XMAS VACATION!

Greatly reduced rates \$11.00, round trip, (usually \$16.00) Group of ten must go and return on the same train. Would leave Dec. 18 and return Jan. 3. If interested contact Alice Sackren before Dec. 17th.

Freshmen Election

(Continued from Page 1)

representative of the University of Oregon.

Larry Appleton, from Winthrop, Massachusetts, graduated from Lawrence Academy where he was temporary treasurer of the Senior class. At present, he is treasurer of Allan House.

Jan Tasker, from Wintham, Massachusetts, attended Wintham High School, where he was, treasurer of his graduating class, president and vice-president of the Alumni Association, president of the Pilgrim Fellowship, and recipient of the "Elks Youth Leadership Award."

Carol Oppen, from Neryton, Massachusetts, graduated from Newton High School, where she was president of the Drama Club, art editor of the Literary Arts Maga-

zine, and a member of the National Honor Society.

TOY SUN RESTAURANT

258 Thayer Street
Next to Avon Cinema
Chinese - American Dishes

ARCHITECT requires the services of an Architectural Draftsman. Write, giving full particulars and salary expected.

COOPER MILLIKEN A.I.A.

3a Gilman Falls Ave.
Old Town, Maine

HILL'S COLLEGE SUPPLY STORE

Corner Thayer & Olive Streets
next to Avon Cinema
Low Commercial Prices for Students!

INT'L FILM FESTIVAL

Now thru Wed.

2 THRILLERS!

from France, the ultimate in suspense

"RIFI"

plus . . . Hitchcock's

"VERTIGO"

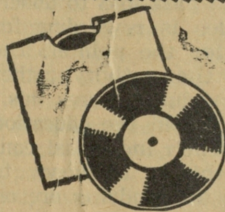
with Kim Novak
and James Stewart

AVON CINE MA

The Shop Before Christmas

Handicraft Club Shop—College and Benefit Sts.

Ceramics, Jewelry, Ornaments, Stained Glass
Open 11 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. except Sunday



THE Music Shop

Corner Thayer and Angell Streets

Come in and browse around

Popular & Classical
Monaural & Stereo

Brown Bear Restaurant

Chinese American Food

Sunday-Thursday - Open 7:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M.
Friday-Saturday - Open 7:00 A.M. to 1:00 A.M.
Corner of Brook and Benevolent

Campus Launderette & Cleaners, Inc.

24 HR. LAUNDRY SERVICE

Dry Cleaning in by 10 out by 5

SHIFTS 24 HR. SERVICE

222-A Thayer Street DEcter 1-9062 Facing Tunnel
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Hours: 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.

Shepard

PROVIDENCE 2, RHODE ISLAND

The Bluebird Restaurant, Inc.

Where students and grads meet

ARCADE BOOK SHOP

ALL THE PAPERBACKS AND
CURRENT BESTSELLERS
Library of Great Art - Astra - Abrams
Skira - Gr. American Artists
Art Folios and Books
Open 6 days - 2 nights
Orders by phone

EVERYTHING IN ART SUPPLIES

- New England's Largest Art and Handicraft Supply Store
- Student Discounts
- Check us first

BLOCK ARTISTS Materials Co.

76 Weybosset St.

Opposite Arcade