

1-27-1965

Blockprint January 27, 1965

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 January 27, 1965" (1965). *All Student Newspapers*. 400.
<https://digitalcommons.risd.edu/studentnewspapers/400>

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.

REMEMBER

SPECTRUM MEETING
THURS. FEB. 4
STUDENT LOUNGE
7:00 P.M.

BLOCKPRINT

RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN • PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND • VOLUME 13, NUMBER 14 • JANUARY 27, 1965

HIRSH'S WORLD

Excellence: A Twentieth Century Myth, or the Age of the New Charlatans.

Not very long ago I remember when mediocrity was an evil word. An average guy was just right for the War Machines, but not for the world it produced. The new cry was "Down with mediocrity! Down with the average!"

and finally culminating in the discovery of a new word amidst an ever panicking world — a synonym for mediocrity — excellence. The world fought long and hard to rid themselves of mediocrity, and now the individual has rallied around a new flag of mass immobility — a new excellence. Yes, like the Cadillac, each year it's "the new standard of excellence." Well, congratulations, Cadillacs, you've made it! We are approaching the Great Society at ninety miles an hour and when we get there (wherever "there" is), we will be able to move on ever faster, never pausing to reflect, but rather, lulled into an inane hypnosis by the billboards and the homogenous, planned landscape occasionally broken by the cries of a dying man who, in the last reflections of the entire life, sees nothing.

Excellence has been ringing loud and clear in my ears for some years now, and I must admit that I was quite captivated by the freshly pointed, fluorescent sixty-cycle world. The more one thinks, however, the more one becomes aware of the fascination of a word, and the hypnosis of a personality.

I think one begins to rise above the coal tar smoke in a decaying city and sees some new light, not in the planned parks but in the back alleys where the few minutes of sunlight are so precious and so necessary. What does the desert nomad know of the gentle, warming rays on a snow-covered hill? What does a preacher of total excellence know of having poured your heart into a painting that stinks when you are through? The painter has the advantage of the feeling, the experience. Although he may never achieve the highest order of excellence, he reaches for an inner perfection, not for its own sake, but as a life force — a motivation.

Excellence seems to have become a catch-all phrase. When one does not understand life, one tries for excellence. What has happened to the sincere complexity on the non-average? How can a designer whose very task implies complexity be expected to personally live a narrow, categorized life? A complete individual cannot present a simple facade. It is ignorant at best, and invalid at worst to force, cajole, or bribe people or better persons to fit one's narrow view of life's scheme. Why must we sleep at night, or work by day? Does the fact that we keep different hours make us inept? It is too bad some of us are negro or oriental. Maybe if we try, we can all look the same.

Somehow, I always thought that a man was a man — like that rose. Maybe that's the problem? — A man is not allowed to be a man. Above all, to thine own self be an image. We are making a world of illusions. Help, please, someone help me to change it. We are in an artificial city in what is becoming, if it hasn't already, an artificial country. We are governed by people who look like governors, I think; but then again, I have never seen a real one.

The greatest crime of all is the fact that we are taught by people who look like teachers. Amid cries for excellence in the community, we at the rostrum have shown the true meaning of excellence in the masterful redecoration of the Textile Building and the alteration of what is now Farnum Hall. Where the hell are our own teachers? — the leaders from the community, the cream of the crop? Where are the services put to use? Surely not on College Hill. Brown University, that stately example for the community to follow, recently announced that they would use only famous architects for their new buildings. Aren't the local charlatans good enough? Do they have to import them from other cities?

The School of Design has finally gotten itself into "the main stream." New faculty, new curriculum, new tuition. The "main stream" has certain, very definite advantages. You cannot sink. You are carried along with all the others. But, then again, you never learn how to swim.

Excellence is the cry, and Excellence we may still get. I hope that I am never so excellent as to never do anything bad.

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 3 — 7 P.M.

In Student Lounge, Newman Club meeting at which the new officers will present RISD's new Catholic chaplain. Following the meeting Father Coleman will present a taped lecture of Tom Dooley, famed Southeast Asian missionary.

FEBRUARY 4 — 7 P.M.

Spectrum meeting — organizational Student Lounge. Also swimming — Providence Boys' Club, South Main Street, 6 to 7 p.m.

THINK
POSITIVE

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?

SAY IT THROUGH THE
BLOCKPRINT
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ORIGINAL WRITINGS,
ART WORK
AND OTHER THINGS
ARE NEEDED.

DEADLINE FOR ACCEPTANCE
WILL BE EARLY FEBRUARY



The Rhode Island School of Design basketball team defeated the Davisville Seabees, 80-68, at Hope High School. Clark Bartell scored 21 points for the Rhode Island School of Design, which led 39-25 at halftime.

A POSITIVE EFFORT

Today, many of the students here at the Rhode Island School of Design are apprehensive about the College's chartered course. They disagree with the School's policy, and they have that right. But these students should not allow their disagreements to take a negative direction.

Concise and sound proposals are needed from both sides.

The College, for its part, must provide an education in design tuned for today's problem man's visual environment. It must also keep pace, for if it expects today's aid, it must solve tomorrow's problems.

For our part, we should propose a positive effort — an effort which will foster continuous improvement.

This is our common goal.

Therefore, let us unite in a constructive effort, for achievement can only be realized through building up rather than tearing down.

BILL WERMUTH

EDITORIALS & LETTERS

One of the necessary evils of running a college is the fact that each year a certain number of teachers must be hired and fired. It is not the role of the student to question such actions until one comes along that finally brings to the surface facts that have been lurking in the depths too long.

In a mimeographed sheet passed out earlier this week the author protested the fact that the contract of Mr. David Bachrach was not renewed for next year. The author stated that an injustice has been committed and, "injustice becomes more concrete when it involves an individual whose worth has been demonstrated."

Just what is the definition of a teacher's "worth?" Just what is a teacher? Apparently, at RISD, the students have a different definition than the President and his Advisory Committee who vote on such issues as contract renewals.

"Worth" to a student here means: a teacher most of all with the rare gift to make a subject lively and exciting; a teacher who is considered a friend, but respected as a teacher and individual; a teacher with firm convictions who will stand up and defend his beliefs, whether the gods atop Mt. RISD nod or frown. This is what a student wants, and has the right to expect, from his teacher.

The school obviously does not need a person of this sort. Perhaps they object to his greatest crime: putting students on his level — accept them as friends and seeing that they have personalities and feelings.

It is very sad that a man's asset should be considered a fault by the institution that employs him; yet, hasn't this sort of thing been painfully apparent over the last few years?

The president makes many beautiful and eloquent statements about what the school is, yet they are only on paper. Teachers are no longer being judged on their competence, but by their personalities and appearance. To think and not wear suits is the greatest crime at RISD. It is embarrassing to want teachers to look, act, and think the same. We need more irritants in a college community to make us react, to make us aware. A school that looks at a teacher's surface can only give a surface education. Progress is no longer our most important product, the IMAGE is.

Our good teachers are slowly slipping away. They will, rest assured, be replaced by teachers who will probably be as competent. But they will only be teachers — nothing else. They will not dare criticize, they value their eight hour a day job. They will be tempered steel cogs in the great machine.

D. WILES

To the Editor:

This letter of appreciation is addressed to the school as a whole.

We are upset and sorry to learn that David Bachrach will not be teaching here next year. His absence will be felt all around: by students, by faculty, and by the administration. Mr. Bachrach is a lively and dedicated mathematics teacher. Along with his commitment to the classroom, he has consistently concerned himself with the students as persons and with the growth and well-being of the institution. Clearly this kind of concern on the part of its members is what every faculty desires and what every administration seeks in its officers — even if that

implies articulated disagreement. If interest is sought, then disagreement must be accepted.

In a time when age groups are tightly stratified, David Bachrach, by his willingness to discuss and his refusal to falsify, has given our students a vital contact with the more adult world. He has been straight with them, and straight also with his colleagues. One may quibble over his standard of dress or the shape of his figure; he sometimes lumbers around bear-like and unpressed. He may bluster unpopular views in the Snack Bar; he may even belch. For all that, he comes through for those who know him as a good man, truthfully caring about the troubles and delights of others.

If changes in the curriculum have eliminated the need for Mr. Bachrach as a mathematics teacher, then we can only be sorry it had to be so, and understand that no school can keep staff out of good will alone. But one feels bound to express appreciation for a man who has demonstrated his warmth as a person and his excitement as a teacher.

Sincerely,

BARUCH D. KIRSCHENBAUM

The following teachers have had an opportunity to see this letter and add their names in agreement:

HARDU KECK
RONALD BINKS
GEORGE FROMM
ROBERT JUNGELS

MARC HARRISON
DEAN RICHARDSON
MIKE FINK
BRUCE WHITE

To the Editor:

It has become more and more apparent that we are living with a sacred cow. It has also become more apparent that whatever it is that has become excreted by this cow is sacred. Anything or anyone that does not conform to the holy efforts of said cow borders on the sacrilegious. They are classified as banal and inferior and are removed to make way for a more meritorious endeavor.

We are so sorry. For the qualification for being an artist is to be aware. This is the quality that sets artists apart from other men. It should follow that to do a good job of being aware one should expose oneself (and, while a student, be exposed) to a wide variety of schools of thought. One should not be confined to a limited set of beliefs or ideals. When an art school decides to weed out of its faculty certain instructors who do not fit the mold it has arbitrarily set, it is defeating its purpose as an art school.

It seems to be the purpose of the powers that be of this school to project a public image more in keeping with those of some of the more famous universities. They are fooling no one but themselves. If this is the image desired, the school should be reorganized as a college involved in a field of endeavor more suitably confined to a specific school of thought.

It is the hope of this writer that the sacred cow will be slaughtered for the prodigal sons. We need good art schools.

D. R.

Published weekly on Wednesdays, except holidays and examination periods while the College is in session, by BLOCKPRINT, Rhode Island School of Design, 2 College Street, Providence, Rhode Island 02903.

Subscription rates: \$3.00 per year (10¢ per copy — 28 issues). Printed by Printers' Service & Supply, Inc., 231 Douglas Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island.

Second-class postage paid at Providence, R. I.

Editors

WILLIAM C. WERMUTH
DANIEL A. WILES

Typography

CURTIS SCHREIER

Photography Editor

PHIL MARSHALL

Advertising Manager

AUREL PETERSON

Business Manager

JIM CHRISTOPHER

Circulation Manager

JUDY SHERBURNE

Staff

KEN CRASCO, DAVE WEINDEL, INGRID GRINBERGS, STEVE LINDEN, STEVE MAKI, BOB KING, ED GRAZDA, BOB MCGILVRAY, LAURIE SCHMIDTKE, SEBASTIAN CAPULET DANGERFIELD, LUCY WADE, AMYLU DANZER, NORMAN WEINBERG, ANNE MACBRYDE, PHIL SEIBERT.

BOYD ON FILMS

Goldfinger

As a people we seem to invest most of our spontaneous enthusiasm in the transitory and short-lived madnnesses—things such as Pop art, the Beatles, Senate Investigating Committees and now, James Bond. On the other hand, the meaningful commitments in our lives demand a sobriety that does not allow for many exuberant outbursts.

But I'm sure you won't suffer by allowing yourself the exuberance of the sordid, sexy, silly world of *Goldfinger*, as long as you don't sit through four or five consecutive showings, as some unfortunates are wont to do.

The Bond stories appeal to the masochist-sadist present in us all, but like a rich Cointreau, a little goes a long way. The sham adventure is at times so glamorous that one almost forgets it is half satire. One can hardly help but enjoy the farce and give forth occasional little knowing chuckles at the sometimes sick humor. Too, there are many honest, healthy laughs, but they only serve to drive home the point—that here is a movie giving you all the lust, violence, and cheap theatrics your meglomaniac craves, and mocking you up for it, to boot.

Go and see it if you enjoy first rate

entertainment and a kick in the pants at the same time.

It is an amazingly popular recipe, millions of people eat it right up. I did.

M. GRANT BOYD

THE BACK SEAT

Last week's BLOCKPRINT carried a statement intended to appease many students who had been tapped on the shoulder by the RISD Rumor Mill.

The statement found its way into the paper because a number of students, gravely concerned about any raise in the cost of their education, went looking for an answer to the "rumor" about tuition.

The statement read: "Dr. Bush-Brown announced the following at last Wednesday's Faculty Meeting: 'There will be no increase in next year's tuition. It will remain at \$1500 as now.'" Fine. They were appeased. Except for one small item. Some neglected to mention that the room and board fees were being raised, instead, to something in the \$900 - \$1000 range. This sort of action is sadly typical of the unfortunate communication lag between the students and the administration.

PHIL SEIBERT, '66
KEN CRASCO, '65
ED GRAZDA, '68

GOING

UP
UP
UP
UP

Rhode Island School of Design will increase its dormitory fee for student board and room by \$100 for the academic year 1965-1966, Dr. Bush-Brown, president of the college, announced today.

With the new increase, approved by the Executive Committee, charges for those services to undergraduate and graduate students will be \$950 for women and \$900 for men. There will be no increase in the tuition fee for the college degree program, which will stand at \$1500 during 1965-66.