

3-28-1966

Blockprint March 28, 1966

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 March 28, 1966" (1966). *All Student Newspapers*. 443. <https://digitalcommons.risd.edu/studentnewspapers/443>

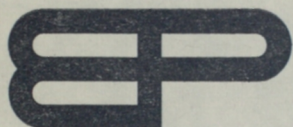
This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at DigitalCommons@RISD. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Student Newspapers by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@RISD. For more information, please contact mpompeli@risd.edu.

BLOCKPRINT

3/28/66



Faint, illegible text from the reverse side of the page is visible through the paper.



BLOCKPRINT

Vol. 15 Number 19 March 28, 1966

Editor-in-Chief

Mike Tylick

Associate Editor

Bill Barrett

Graphics Editor

Jon Wigren

Graphics Staff

Sally Beardsley
Marianne Benson

Photography Editor

Gerry Vessels

Photography Staff

Paxson Kimbrough

Typist-in-Chief

Irene Bates

Typing Staff

Caryl Ratner
Priscilla West
Tom Freeman

HOME, SWEET HOME

There is a great deal to be said for the education one gets by living in a dormitory. For one, you girls learn business paperwork by filling out sign-out cards. (And sneaking out of the dorms for the night, which is very useful in a society where deceit pays off.) You can also learn how to find your way to the Refectory, where you learn the true meaning of a social elite, for the Refectory allows only a select few to enter its protals freely.

There you also learn patience, for you must wait in line for your food. But this is worth the effort, because, as a reward, you receive a delicious dinner with no drudgery such as cooking or washing dishes. (Anyway, those of you who do not find it proper to hire a cook can choose from the many frozen and instant dinners in later life). The creative inhabitants of the "dorms", as they are affectionately called, are given leisure time from these duties and are also spared the inconveniences and embarrassments of paying the utility bills, carrying bags of groceries from Cota's Market, or the humiliating task of lugging laundry up to Thayer Street. Indeed, one can live without ever leaving one's home-away-from-home. The availability of a pay phone, which allows you to receive calls gratis, drastically curtails the desire to make long-distance calls, as the need for ready cash (in change, yet!) scares

off many who would have a lover in Boston. This tends to keep the women closer to, and more dependent upon our own school. Thus, the dormitory system makes for a closer-knit community among those, especially, who live in the dorms and eat in the Refectory. The elaborate security systems also protect the integrity of our young ladies from the Arty Bohemians of Benefit Street, or the notorious "Underground." (although I realize that to dwell on them may cost me my job.) These same precautions help eliminate the temptation to drink or smoke or curse or gamble at an impressionable, tender age.

The men have it a little less well off in their dormitory life. They are forced to brave the weather in order to eat, and must climb many hills on their way home. Their security is only vested in one monitor (rather than a whole police force), and they are to be thrown out into the cold, cruel world after one year, while the enviable women can remain in their safe, snug existence as long as they remain in RISD, and with so many menial chores eliminated, and the temptations to pleasure cut, they are given much more time to devote to their artistic expression.

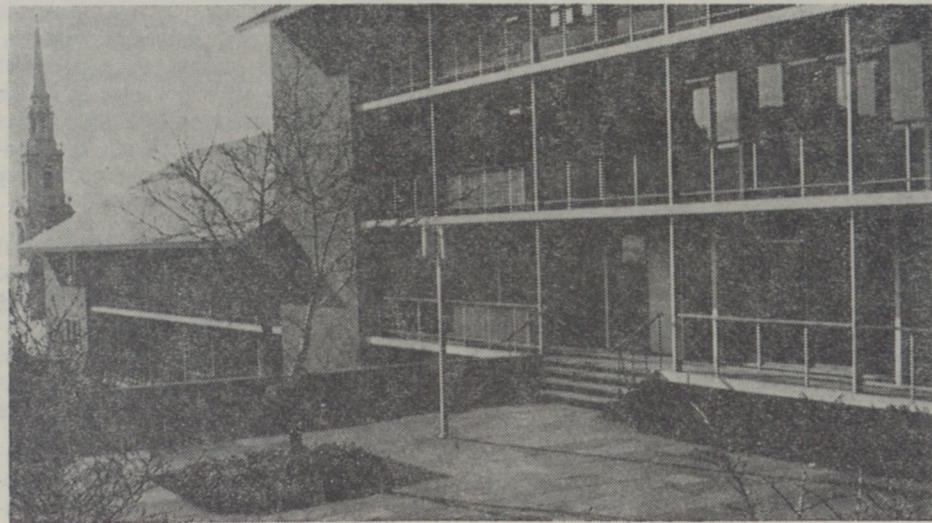
The poor students who live in apartments have none of these advantages. They can come and go as they please, making it much

PHOTOS-VESSELS

more difficult for them to keep normal hours. They must either cook (which means shopping and dishes), or else wait hours to be served inferior food in the snack bar. Their sheets and pillowcases must be washed by their own hands, after trudging miles to the laundromat, where they meet such unsavory characters as Brownies, Bryant College "students", and assorted species of townies. They must pay exorbitant rates for telephones, and, once they have this, the billing factor causes them to make many out of town calls, thus separating them from RISD, or else wasting time better spent working talking to their local friends. They must, in addition to paying ridiculous rent and food bills, (in comparison to a paltry \$900 - \$950 for dorm residents) pay to visit their better-off friends at dinner time. Instead of a considerate dorm monitor or senior assistant to comfort them and aid them in making choices they are all alone, and are forced into the frightful dilemma of making their own decisions; and their only consolation is an old, cranky landlord who couldn't give a damn what they do.

I would like to close by wishing all those of you who agree with what I've said a great deal of luck, because you'll probably need it once you leave the shelter of RISD.

— Mike Tylick



RIGHT TIME, RIGHT PLACE

BLOCKPRINT gives each student the opportunity to make a statement and take a stand on any issue of interest to the college . . . that means through the Letters to the Editor column, a guest editorial, or any other available form—written or visual. This public airing of belief is certainly a commitment; controversy may stem from many ideas held by students singly or even as a group. But only by beginning to "talk" to each other and to the administration can we hope to re-establish the "lines of communication" so badly needed at RISD.

In examining the communication situation at present one finds a petition in the refectory signed by over two hundred people but obliterated by large lettered words written by a single hand—a petition of importance reduced to kids' "me! no, me! NO, ME!" quibbling. Then too there is the Letters to the Editor column, filled last week with messages from a wife (non-student) and a (thank God!) interested faculty member. For more personal contact with the rule-makers one can always buy a museum membership and attend openings or break a rule and receive a summons; but this merely puts one in the position of light socializing or concentrated defense—hardly a successful context for the free exchange of ideas.

Let's face it—communication is negligible. But come on, you who want to talk, the paper is the logical, safe, obvious and only place to

say something and be heard. Students will read it, faculty and administration will read it — and blessed relief, things will start to take shape around here. We need direction; the Deans cannot rely on pulse beats, their job is one which demands knowledge of student opinion. And general, heard-bellowing complaining is not opinion.

We don't just need newspaper copy. We do need to give the administration a chance to see what we are thinking — about them, about us, about the direction the school is taking in general or in its specific areas of instruction. Only you can do this. And only this will open up a school which is becoming ingrown and stifled through lack of air and the waning of electric current.

— S. B.

EAT UP

Institutional food has always received criticism, and RISD is no exception. Early in October, the Student Council formed a committee to study the refectory and make suggestions for its improvement. Refectory-Snack Bar Committee meetings were held frequently during the fall and attended by both Deans and Miss Burt. Complaints were heard and suggestions made by the committee, yet the results were

never seen. They worked hard, but somehow things always got back to the same old way.

The situation boiled over just before exam week, and the committee demanded some positive results. They were told that a definite change would be made and announced by March 1st. In the meantime pressure was increasing from all sides to improve the food. The day dawned and it was announced that, until the end of the year, it would be impossible to change much of anything — the present staff had contracts, and other people that were contacted would not take the job for only 3 months. So it was obvious that the quality of the food would stay the same for the rest of this year, but arrangements have been made for a new food service for next year.

The committee, however, felt that something should be done to relieve the pressure and in particular to please the contract students. The refectory was closed to non-contract students, and contract students were allowed to have any amount of what food they wanted. Those non-contract students who wish to use the refectory at dinner could have the same privileges for a buck and a quarter. This system, we agree, is only a temporary solution.

We all know some of the major problems with the refectory right now. Those people who wish to come into the refectory merely to

socialize and see friends must pay a \$1.25 even if they do not intend to eat, and girls who usually sell their meals cannot do so. While this allows contract students most of the food they want, it has improved only the service and not the quality. It is not easy to please everyone, but there has to be a better solution than this, and so far not many positive suggestions have come from anyone.

To the committee, BLOCKPRINT suggests that some way be found to allow non-contract students to use the refectory without the \$1.25 cover charge. This, however, seems impossible under the present set-up without having three cashiers, nineteen Pinkerton Guards and seven dogs policing the refectory. Maybe it would be possible to allow contract students to have what they wanted up to the \$1.25 limit; this would combine the benefits of both the old system and the new one. Non-contract students would be allowed to buy food in the same manner as they did before.

To the students, BLOCKPRINT suggests that they use the suggestion box and the Student Council to offer constructive ideas for solving this jam. You seem to know better than anyone what would satisfy you the most. A final solution may not turn up this year, but I am sure something could be done to please more people.

We would also like to suggest, while the issue is still being considered, that the stu-

dents and the committee think seriously about a new way to run the refectory next year. We know that the food quality will improve, and all that remains is to find a method of service which benefits all students. Perhaps this could be done with meal tickets, which would be given to contract students and put on sale for the rest of the school. Money not used at breakfast would be applied to lunch or dinner, or vice versa. The refectory could then be run as it was this year with all the benefits, but eliminating all the draw-backs. In the meantime, we hope that positive ideas of improvement will come from everyone, and not in the form of a food fight which improves nothing but your aim.

— B. B.

"There are many kinds of study. Those whose study is of the real and rare kind get the habit. They can't throw it off. It's too good. They go on studying all their lives, and they have wonderful lives."

"It is not desirable to devote all your time to an appreciation of art. Art should drive you forth. It should be an incentive to life. The greatest value of art to the appreciator is that it stimulates to personal activity."

— Robert Henri

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

An incident occurred about a week ago that concerned some freshmen who were involved in a somewhat boisterous but relatively harmless "uprising". This was perhaps in welcome of Spring to gray Providence, or perhaps to release tensions while studying for quarterly exams. Repercussions quickly followed. The freshmen involved were severely admonished — that adults could act in such a manner — and several were actually threatened with expulsion. The reaction of the people involved was at once surprised and hurt. Although they felt fully ready to handle their responsibilities as RISD freshman, they were not about to be pushed into the role of adults; and simply because of the misconception that adults always act more civil than younger people. Further, members of this group were taken aback that no inquiries had been made of them as to the nature of this "riot". That ours is an urban campus, and that considerations must be made for the rights of our neighbors is recognized; however the degree to which these bounds were overstepped hardly seems worthy of the reprisals that were threatened. It would seem that such an expression was considerably more healthy both to themselves and the community than sitting around at some pot party.

That such a chain of misunderstandings

could occur is but another evidence of the lack of communication between the people who run this institution and the people who pay for the running of it. Little but apathy can be expected from a student body that is led to believe they are mere figures in a balance and names on a register to be processed. The only time any concrete response can be drawn from the administration is when an individual steps out of line with school policy thus committing the gravest of sins: "conduct unbecoming of a RISD student." So long as things run smoothly and in the black, opinions don't matter. Many upper classmen seem to have found a RISD formula for success: know the right people, treat them well, and don't offend anyone. At least some temporary hope seems to lie in these impetuous freshmen who would defy this well kept system for the sake of raising a little hell.

— Frederick Fassett

To the Senior and Graduate School Students in sculpture and their faculty in the Rhode Island School of Design:

This week, you left me with a distaste for talking with you. Why? With me as a guest in your midst, you allowed a question and answer session between us to become cluttered with a hostility of pointless questions and audible asides which defeated the general interest of inquiry. Cliques of stunted, retrograde opinion and extracurricular "Astro Boys" with a pen-

chant for empty vocalizations were at fault. The affair so deteriorated that when a young lady (who is just a sophomore, I understand) asked, and I paraphrase, "Is it light or is it form for you?" she was broadly laughed at. In my opinion, that was one of the few questions worth answering.

As a speaker, I do not expect to be protected from opposing points of view, but let me have them in the constructive form of hard interrogations, even cross examinations, and not in vocal muddles from rude behavior which satisfy no one but devious jerks and their dismal affiliates.

Mr. Scanga, with professional integrity, has attempted to bring functioning artists like me to you. The laudibility of such an enterprise will become apparent to you in the future if it is not so now.

Respectfully,
Dan Flavin

P. S. In that some of us have tried to inform each other, I wish you the joy of a difficult search.

To the Editor:

Each and every day there are multitudes of human beings being killed, wounded, tortured, and butchered in the scenic paradise of Viet Nam. Americans kill Viet Cong, Viet Cong kill Americans. Often Americans kill Americans and the Viet Cong kill Viet Cong. More often the Americans and the Viet Cong kill innocent by-

standers. Sometimes everyone kills everyone else. The whole war effort is very uncertain.

Since such goings on are restricted to areas outside the United States, there is no war here. Instead, there is an equally assinine pastime. It is known as the peace movement. It is composed of sick people who would like to see a communist and/or socialist government in Viet Nam, and of stupid people who do not know what a communist and/or socialist government is. They all favor being known as humanitarians because the word implies that they are doing some kind of good. When they grow up, they will elect Norman Thomas president, and see to it that Bertrand Russell is made Secretary of Defense. For now they are content to be uncontent and dream of the day when they own an entire collection of SPU buttons and jewelry.

The thing particularly annoying about the pacifist is his fanaticism. He refuses to be apathetic. Yet he advocates apathy. He complicates things and his existence forces articles like this to be written by sane people. All the annoyances he causes waste time which could be wasted in a better manner. There would be a few things that I could enjoy more than taking a whole demonstration of peace-niks and burn, toast, torture, whip, freeze, kick, stomp on, gas and butcher the lot. Then I would go outside and watch the sun set and think about how great life is.

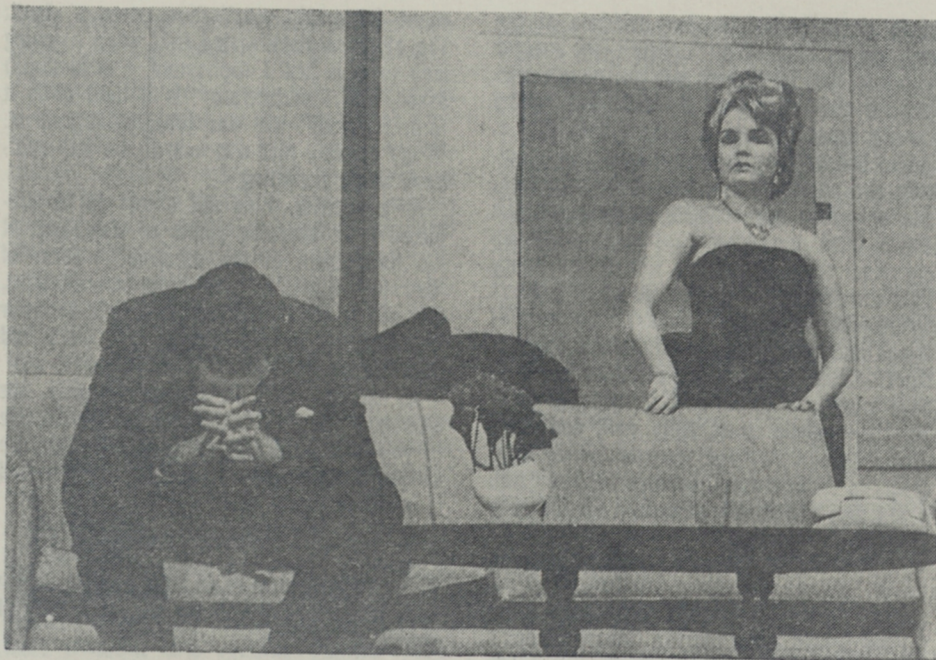
— Stig Wegge

"LIGHT UP THE SKY"

PHOTOS-BARRETT

I could cry! Designers in Drama's production of "Light Up the Sky" shines like a Roman candle in the tired face of school theatre.

Written by Moss Hart, the play's plot is the humorous, often serious, sometimes tiring story of the opening of idealistic playwright Peter Sloan's (Otto Grun) first play. It gets off to a slow start (the first half of Act I drags), but soon picks up. Peter is encouraged by well-known playwright Owen Turner (Bob Bailey), cultivated and diffuse director Carlton Fitzgerald (Tony Rao), and frothy leading lady Irene Livingston (Kitty Pearson). Sydney Black (Chip Simone), the hard-core millionaire producer, is unsure of the merits of Peter's play (maybe we should add laughs and Freddy and the Dreamers), but decides to back it nevertheless, relying upon intuition and "a feeling." In spite of sardonic pessimism from the two dowdies — Francis (MaryJo Spitzer), Sydney's wife and co-backer and Stella (Karlyn Atkinson), Irene's mother — things go well until the play's opening. Then disaster! Because of the jeering of some drunken shriners in the audience, the cast believes the play to be a flop. Peter leaves at the end of the second act; Sydney threatens to withdraw and changes his mind; Irene tries to lose her voice and also threatens to quit; arguments and bickering break out — everyone blames everyone else. Peter leaves, convinced that the original message of his play is hollow and disgusted with the two-facedness of the rest of the



group. But the reviews the next morning prove to be favorable, and the sun rises. Peter is dragged back from the airport and convinced to stay, to polish the play into the great work that it could be.

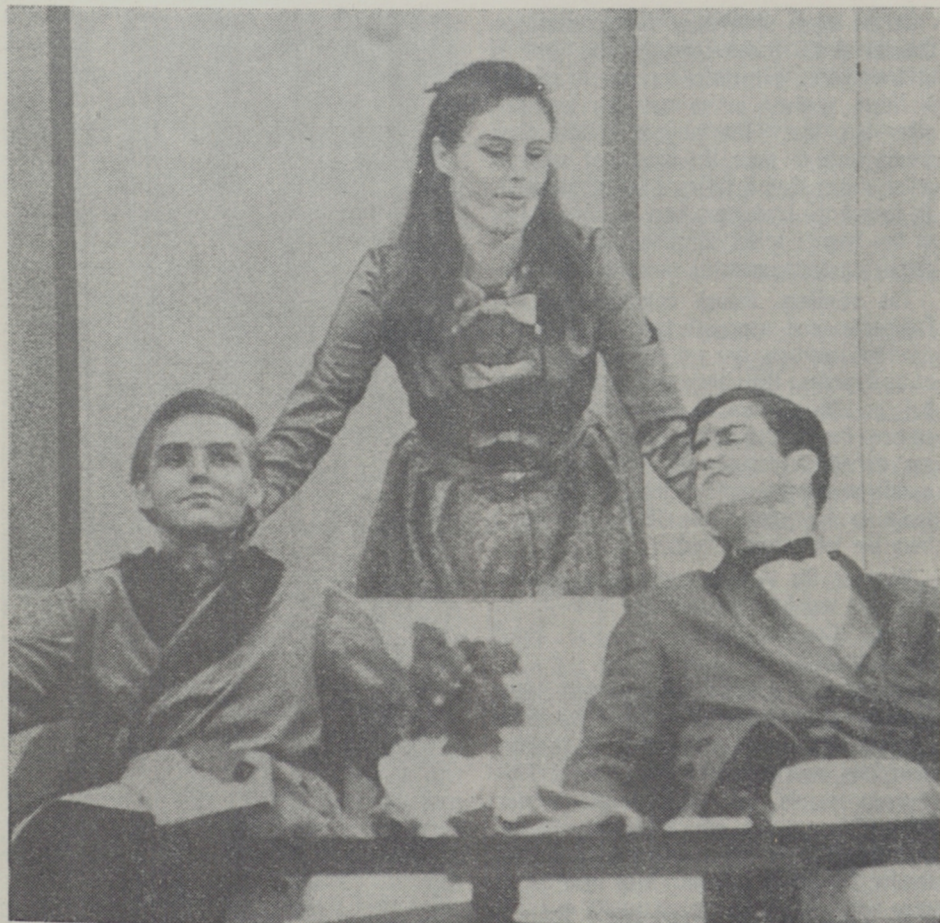
Kitty Pearson does a shattering job as Irene Livingston, and Bob Bailey (bless you, darling) in a straight role, for once, is superb! The

quality of the acting and the spirit and enthusiasm displayed by the whole cast is amazing as well as commendable. Special credit should go to Terry Concors and Stephanie Schoelzel for the stunning costumes and to John Anthes and crew, set designers par excellence!

— Chuck Matter



PHOTO-KIMBROUGH



FILM SOCIETY



"Stairway to Heaven" stars David Niven, Kim Hunter, and Raymond Massey. It is the story of an injured RAF pilot who fights for his life with the aid of an American girl and an understanding doctor. This part of the

movie is in black and white, while the fantasy scenes of his celestial trial, the struggle between good and bad for the possession of his soul, are in blazing technicolor.

— P. C.

MUSEUM SHOW

ART SOCIETY



In the words of Whitney Young, (executive director of the Urban League) "This show is of tremendous importance in that it exposes a Negro involved in an aesthetic endeavor other than jazz." The purpose of this show seems more to show the dignity of a Negro artist, rather than a talented landscape painter, though the landscapes have no commentary of the Negro's social situation, and are completely romantic, personal viewpoints.

The paintings, though enjoyable for New Englanders and appreciated by most of the museum members, are not completely worthy of such praise. His visions are partly original, but on the whole are nineteenth century cliches. The painted cattle, sheep, and figures are placed incidentally in scenes, and not usually as integral parts of the paintings. They seem to be painted too firmly, distracting from the total visual effect.

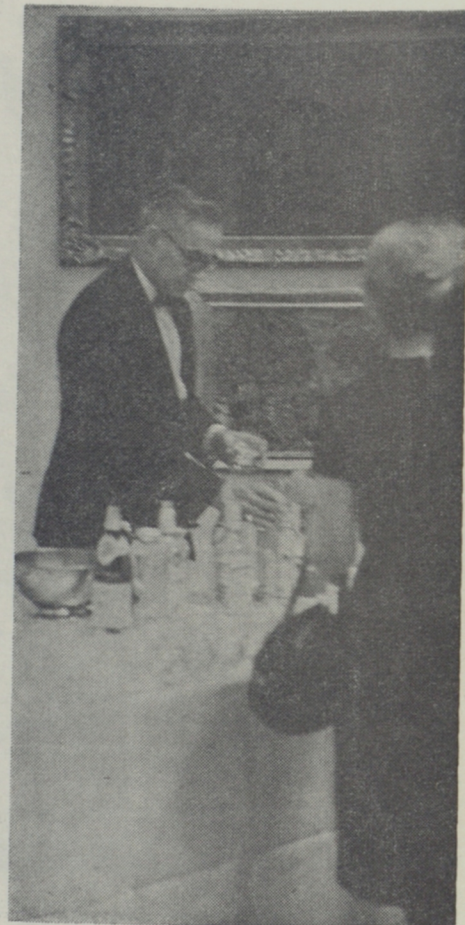
However, the show is worth seeing because of a few well-handled paintings, such as the sketch "After the Shower #4" and "Street Scene #24."

Whether or not one can comply with James McWilliams, (executive secretary of the Urban League) in saying that the show is "tremendous," we must agree that the school and the museum should be complimented for this show. The opening was a success, for, as President Bush-Brown commented, "... better for the governor having been here."

— Karen Nelson and Deano Simonelli

PHOTO-TYLICK

ART SOCIETY



TWO TECHNICOLOR SPECTACULARS

The Columbus Theatre up Broadway retains brass rails, red carpeting, marble pillars and walls and stairways, and dignified johns. Its upstairs cinema is in-time and empty, and I could sit close-close to the golden oblong expression of "The Moment of Truth."

Multitudinous little men in blue slippers crouch under the spectacular coffin to lift and scurry the magnificent object along the parade before the still and splendid Cathedral under the gaze of peaked, masked blue dignitaries. In and after death Spain reveals its glory.

What of its life? Our young bullfighter lived among the golden grain and black and white poverty of his ancient peasant family. To escape its meagerness he goes to the crowded city, finds labor still more futile, is driven to the Bullfight as the inevitable, only way out of an annihilating dilemma.

His "elegance and daring" are desperate bids for life, not flirtations with art, death, or even love. Love is un-young American Linda Christian in a red shawl, tall, proud, coiffed, braceleted, laughing. In fresh white shirts now he drives alone to revisit his past, to which he will not return. Young and empty, he continues to repeat the same show-off performance before a gilded Spanish crowd of aging ivory beauties or scarlet horrors, and suited or shirted men. In black trunks he swims alone after an injury, while his hatchety silver managers urge him to go on with it. And,

full of emptiness, he wants to go on with it, though increasingly weary—his beard grows too fast, sign of fear. But he also wants to retire. He is famous, but fame bores him, success means less than nothing to him.

The leaping beleagured black bulls are stymied and slaughtered according to ritual, over and over again, until finally, in a wearied understatement, man and beast are one. The funeral is at once clamorous and stilted, baroque and still.

Each scene in "Truth" is a rich, regal, ritualistic composition, beauty bursting forth, but all borrowed, like the tight costume of bullfighters inspired only by poverty and deprivation. Under the ceremonies and within the majesty of the tragic Spanish landscape is . . . nothing. Gorgeous and gory, the film is without glamor, heroism, villainy or sentiment. But it is a statement.

VIVA MARIA was shouted at the Elmwood. It got such bad reviews I thought it might be good. And how can Jeanne Moreau do wrong? One has come to trust her slight, slim calm little body and that unlovely face: the utterly drooping mouth and sallow dropped cheeks, the weary direct eyes, the sudden smug pert grins—that sullen chic and merry, depraved, understated passion. She represents something unmistakably French and modern. Hold out as one may against the new, against any substitute for the familiar pale grace of Michele Morgan or the nervous ladylike sexual

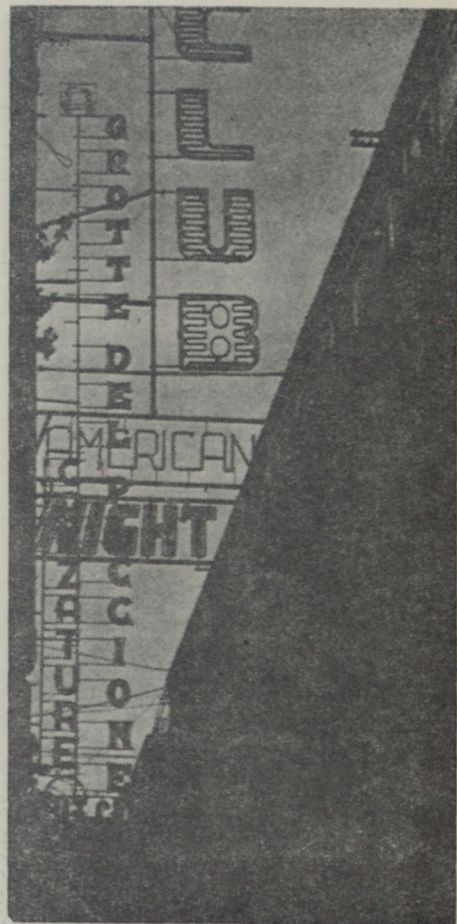
intensity of Danielle Darrieux, Jeanne Moreau is an irresistible image of diminutive freedom. How then go wrong? Louis Malle does, or maybe only when she's not on camera. Like Garland and Streisand on T.V., Bardot and Moreau are a heady combo. Brigitte and Jeanne share a wagon in a circus caravan, invent the striptease, and become revolutionary heroines—teenagey thin-calved Brigitte delightedly tossing grenades and plunging off explosions. I cannot find exploding up lots of people fit for film comedy, at least not in offensive "Viva" which goes on so many hours I slipped out and drove away.

What can be done with Brigitte in films? She's a marvelous Manon type, destructively, sensually innocent, but needs a better story, not mere setting.

But Jeanne's high essential indifference cannot be masked nor her suggestion of some kind of integrity corrupted, but only presented in embarrassing context. And what's little low Jeanne doing kissing President Johnson's daughter's rich boyfriend George Hamilton on his sweaty belly in prison? Tch. Ya see, he's this revolutionary hero and he's got a big beam chained across his shoulders, and the pocked circus strongman stretches the bars open for Jeanne and he watches and

michael fink

P.S. Gregor von Rezzori's supposed to be in it somewhere. Where? He's the author of a terrific autobiography, "The Hussar."



VIEW OF THE WAR



Question: "What are your views on the war in Viet Nam???"

I feel that it is best for this country to stop Communist Agression before it spreads any further than it already has. If Communism gets a foot-hold there it may well spread throughout the world.

Gordon Savard

Capitalism and Communism, is just about the same, except one is rich, and one is poor, they both exploit the working class. All Viet Nam is, is just a political duel costing men's lives, just like Korea, and nobody will be the victor.

Ray Lemoi

We should leave the people of South-East Asia alone. We are not doing anything to alleviate the hostilities between the people of North and South Viet Nam. Isn't this the very same problem we were faced with in Korea in the fifty's???

Mr. Richard John Dias

I've seen those birds with their Pacifist placards, for my money they are all cheap exhibitionists.

George Ryan

After twelve years of Penal servitude, and speaking as an ex-professional sailor, it's my opinion that right or wrong, when your country calls you, go! . . . A great man once said, "Right or wrong, my country." I agree.

Fred Zimmer

What are we doing for these people? If we

want to stop Communism why don't we just wipe them right out.

Jimmy

I can't understand the demonstrations in relation to the Viet Nam crisis. I feel these demonstrations are being held by people who don't comprehend the full significance of the situation in Viet Nam. It's more than a war of people, it's a war to determine if the world will live under Communism, or a free Democracy.

Cully

To understand the problem of the demonstration that we have been confronted with in relation to the Viet Nam war, we must consider the anatomy of the war. It's total meaning: and the out-come . . . When we weigh these matters in terms of freedom, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, we can't help but support U. S. policy.

Richard P. Girard

I think we should drop an Atomic Bomb on them, and save a lot of American lives. It's just going to become another Korea.

Mr. Jerry Keegan

Let the special forces handle it, they are the only ones equipped to fight guerilla war, and counter insurgency.

William Church

We've wasted far too much time, I think we should drop an Atomic Bomb on them. And if Red China is put out about it, drop a couple on them. And if Russia feels the

least bit slighted about this, we could oblige them with a few for Cuba.

P.S. These bombs should be called the Atomic Bombs of Mercy.

Anthony Giorlano

Since time immemorial, the Ceasars, Napoleons, and MacArthurs have rationalized war away with glib circumlocution, but not even the Holy Crusades could justify it.

Buzz Ward

(Reprinted with permission from the Hope Press, Published at the R. I. Adult Correctional Institution, Howard, R. I.)

TIME - SPACE

Although we are still helpless and relatively earthbound mortals, we are being bombarded by a steady stream of incomprehensibles from the mystical world of science. We are often awakened and reassured by the facts and phenomenon of those doctors and scientists, attempting to make their world include more than themselves, yet still include them.

Astronomer Maarten Schmidt recently pinpointed in the sky a distant and immense light source, 15,000 trillion miles in diameter, that is speeding away from the earth at 30,000 miles per second (or so). He estimated it to be (pencils ready?) 4 billion light-years away. Now if a light-year is 6 trillion miles, that makes it 24 billion, trillion miles away from all of us down here, and in the time it takes you to read this article it will have tra-

"EULOGY TO WHAT?"

velled another 2 million miles (so what's 2 million anyway?).

Our friends in the medical business tell us that in a few years we parents will be able to choose at will the sex, size, color, I.Q., and probably the personality of our children, by a process as simple as filling out a prescription. We are told that if sterility still exists by then it could easily be by-passed by various methods. The common cold and cancer will be as easy to cure as an ingrown nail, and man will be only a few short steps from immortality (with Social Security who needs immortality?).

But before you give up all hope and cast your fate to the Gods (are they still around?) we suggest that man still has a chance as long as "The Ballad of the Green Beret" is the number-one song. There is a simple, scientific and medical explanation for this, for Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler suffers from a good sense of timing and an overdose of that good old crowd-pleaser sentimentality, and his song could only have been written, promoted, and eaten up by persons whose brain waves travel at best one inch per year, and whose eyes can see no further than one inch, in good light. Our conception of time and space may be quite naive, but we can be reassured that beauty, the most intangible of all elements, is still indeed in the eye of the beholder.

— B. B.

Who's lucid footsteps travelled on
In madness encircled across wide stretches of sand
Erased by licking tongues of green-watered foam
Sent swirling across the spherical elipses of your mind's eye.

Who screams your final words
But a laughing gull in what endless mocking,
Repetition of your life you've lived before
But never knew.

Your last request is swept by ghostly ripples
Wavering why on white
Gone by now — who will know by tomorrow
In which zone of sleep-death you lie.

Who will pick up all your treasures
Two feathers, four dead horses
And I . . .
Who saw it all with stone tears that tumbled down,
Through yesterdays deserted canyons of nowhere.

— Marcia Lee Macdonald

"COLUMN"

(Well we're here again). Congratulations and rejoice! It's the First Anniversary of the war in Viet Nam. One year ago last week the first wave of gun-clutching, impatient Marines washed ashore in South Viet Nam. Since then the character of the war has drastically changed. Operation White Wing, staged by the First Air Cavalry, ground to a halt last week with 1,841 dead. Since last November the combined forces in South Viet Nam have racked up 21,500 dead, 3,000 captured, and 40,000 wounded. The tide of war has changed, the offensive is now ours. But there seems to be no end in sight for the tired war, the tired headlines and the tired deaths.

Ten-thousand years ago we were cavemen, living in holes in the ground like animals. We have progressed through the ages, through various stages of culture and sophisticated improvement. Computers and spacecrafts have replaced the club and the stone. We reach for the sky and claw for the ground in a fury unknown to man ten years ago. We substitute the three-button suit for the animal skin, and the light-bulb for the torch. Man is slowly running out of things to conquer and things to control, except himself.

The human brain has actually grown in size and weight over these thousands of years. Man's brain has to be larger now, for there is more to remember, more to do, and less time in which to do it; the pace is getting faster. As our brain has changed, so have our

manners, for we are no longer cavemen. The emphasis has moved from a physical way of living to a high-level, idea world; muscle is outdated by the brain.

That the flood of Communism must be stopped cannot be argued, for Viet Nam is one of the few toe-holds that we have left. The war cannot be questioned, but the method of fighting can. In a world where words can accomplish so much, the bloodshed seems out of place, for we are not that sort of animal. In a world of instant things, the prospects of a slow war and a slow peace are distressing. The tide of the war has changed, but not as fast as the rest of the universe. Then again, maybe we haven't changed that much at all.

PROBE

A special study of the school's curriculum, its calendar, and its class schedules will be undertaken during the spring and summer by Ronald Binks, head of the Department of Sophomore Design.

In his new position, Director of Curriculum Planning Study, Mr. Binks will develop recommendations for a better division of the terms within an academic year, for improving daily and weekly class schedules, and for a reorganization of major areas of study by divisions or programs. He will meet regularly with various student, faculty, and administration committees.

THE CHOSEN FEW

For those of you who find yourselves wandering around the forbidden haunts of the Bank Building on weekends (pool fiends and Blockprint editors seem to have caught this habit) there is a treat in store. Instead of facing old, dusty storage rooms, messy camera clubs and newspaper morgues, and locked doors, there is now a Rock and Roll Band who practices there, and they call themselves the 'Chosen Few.'

And it has only been a chosen few who have heard them as yet; only a few of my friends and several of the Blockprint staff, who have described the group with such wonderful comments as, "They're good.", "Very nice.", "Not bad.", or the somewhat less conservative, "I don't believe it." Yes, they are good, but I'll go a bit further; although RISD is perennially cursed by inferior rock groups (such as those idiots who showed up for TAB) which fact perhaps warps my judgement, I will say they are the best non-big-time band I have heard in Rhode Island.

The foursome consists entirely of freshmen, which I guess makes their quality hard to believe. The lead singer, who, besides worrying his voice, has also to keep a bass guitar and harmonica going is Bill Dunning. The lead and rhythm guitars, who are graceful, dexterous, and confident enough to fill in for the Stones, are played alternately (they take turns on lead) by Mark Smith and Jon Scherff. I might add that the former builds amplifiers

for a living and goes to art school in his spare time. He is in reality the President of the Stud Instrument Co. The sleeper of the group is the drummer, Bruce Helander, who has only been playing the drums for a month or so. Perhaps he is a bit heavy on the cymbals, but he sounds better than many do after

a few years.

The "Chosen Few" will have their public debut on April 15, at the Newman Club (RISD) Dance. Anyone interested in hiring them could contact any of the members at home or through their mailboxes, and, as they are new, they should be cheap, but I have a feeling

their price will be going up soon. I would suggest you go listen to them, because even if you hate rock and roll, dances, freshmen, Newman Clubs, RISD, and the world, you'll enjoy them. And you'll even get to hear several songs that they have written themselves.

— M. T.



PHOTO-VESSELS

VICTOR BORGE

The 3999th performance of Victor Borge's Comedy in Music appeared in Providence's Veterans Auditorium a week ago last Friday and was obviously a smashing success. Comedy in Music is the longest running one-man show in the history of the Theatre and "the only show to pay off its original investment (except Mr. Borge) on Broadway the second night". Since then the one-man show has appeared in 17 different countries and has travelled by most of the conventional means including kayak in Greenland rickshaw in Hong Kong, and by car immediately after the performance in Providence to spend the night in Boston.

Victor Borge, a resident of Southbury, Conn. has been acclaimed the funniest entertainer in the world; the United States Senate has honored him as an ambassador of good will and one of the truly great humanitarians in the world. The New York Times wrote of him; "Think of a Cubist painting by Picasso become mobile a la Calder." — yet his wit remains of a type any of us may come up with at a gathering of three or more.

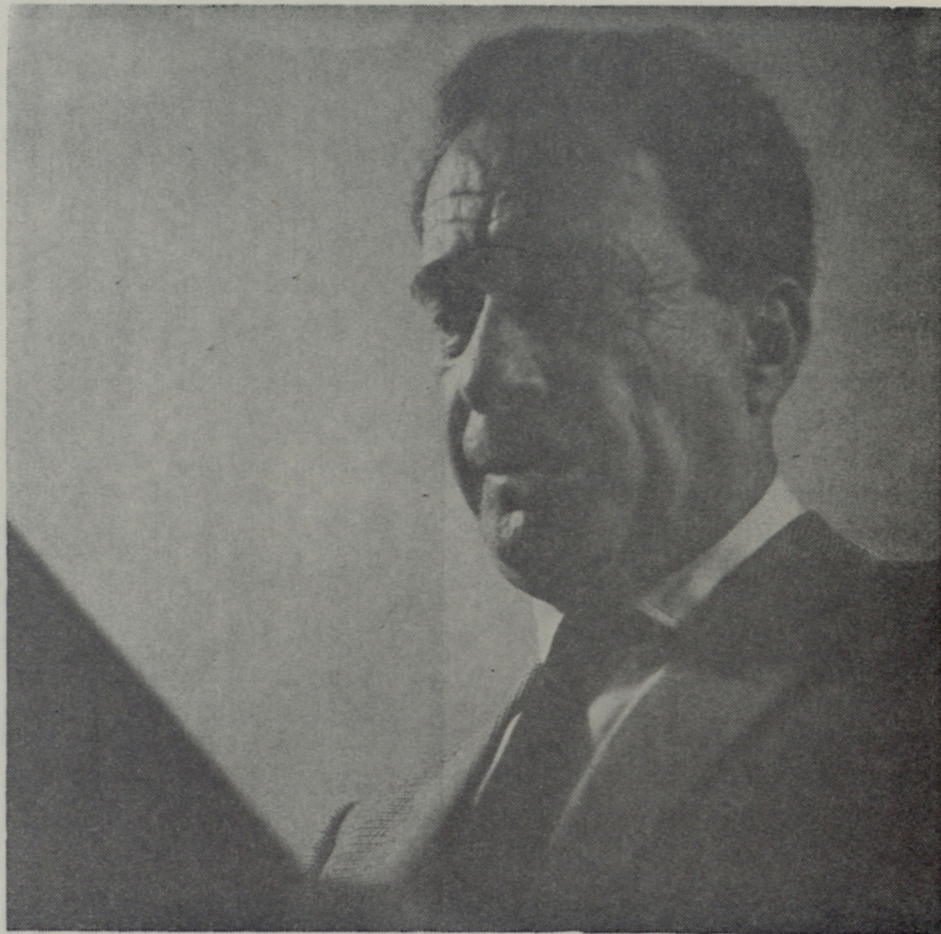
PHOTO-TARANTINO

"— would you rather see a movie? ..."

Mr. Borge told of a visit hereceived from President Johnson at the close of a performance in Washington during which Mr. Johnson addressed him as Dr. Schweitzer three times. Mr. Borge inquired as to the Bird's health and the present state of the Bird Watchers (C.I.A.); he also offered Mr. Johnson some bird seed to take home to the kiddies. The show is definitely witty, sometimes informative, and on occasions just plain boring depending probably on your mood or your everyday occupation. The Providence audience, as most audiences the world over, was kept spellbound and roaring for over two hours with apparently a minimal amount of effort on Mr. Borge's part.

A good party host gone professional, Mr. Borge brings back to the stage an informality long lost with Perry Como, and his humorous piano playing is reminiscent of the quasi-comical nightclub performers throughout the country.

— Sergio Tarantino



ANNOUNCEMENTS

You are cordially invited to "Manuskinetics", an exhibition of the remarkable world of Thomas Lamb, in the newly installed showcases of the Market House Lobby.

ANYONE WANTING TO SUBMIT TO SPECTRUM MUST DO SO BEFORE WEDNESDAY MARCH 30, AT 5:00 O'CLOCK. ALL ENTRIES SHOULD BE LEFT IN THE SAO.

A statue of the French novelist, Honore De Balzac, by August Rodin, was recently acquired by the RISD Museum of Art. The statue was purchased in an auction at the Parke-Bernet Gallery in New York for \$70,000.; the money being raised by contributions of museum members. The statue will go on display in early May.

Gus Solomons Jr., and Dance Company will be appearing in Providence on March 28, at 8:30 p.m. at the RISD Auditorium. The appearance is being sponsored by the Pembroke Physical Education Dept. and the RISD Fine Arts Society. Tickets can be obtained at the SAO. or by calling 863-2823.



CALENDAR

MONDAY, MARCH 28

GUS SOLOMONS DANCERS — Presented by the Fine Arts society. RISD auditorium 8:00 P.M. Tickets at SAO.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29

FILM — Presented by Mr. Kirschenbaum, Memorial Hall.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31

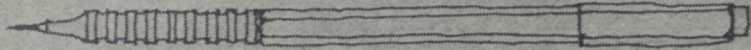
FILM SOCIETY — "Stairway to Heaven" Memorial Hall, 7:30 P.M.
SAILING CLUB MEETING — Student Lounge 7:30 P.M.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1

PHOTOGRAPHY — Arthur Siegel, editor of "Chicago's Famous Buildings," will be a visiting critic in the Photography Dept. Photo Lab. 10:00 A.M. (Mr. Siegel will lecture at Carpenter Center, Harvard University, on Thursday evening, March 31.)

SPRING VACATION BEGINS — Recess begins 5:00 P.M. (Dorms close Sat., April 2, 12 Noon and re-open Sunday, April 10, 12 Noon. Classes begin Monday, April 11 8:00 A.M.)
HAVE A BALL!!

SUPER SUPER SENIOR



LOOK UP ON THAT BEAM! IT'S AN ARCHITECT, IT'S AN ENGINEER, NO IT'S SUPER SUPER SENIOR. MORE POWERFUL THAN A FLYING BUTTRESS, FASTER THAN A XEROX COPIER, ABLE TO DESIGN TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE DAY AND WHO DISGUISED AS A MILD MANNERED STUDENT IN A GREAT EASTERN ART COLLEGE WAGES A NEVER ENDING BATTLE FOR FEELING, BEAUTY AND BLIND FAITH.

THIS DISGUISE OUGHT 'TA BREAK THIS ~~ARCHITECTURE~~ SYSTEM



UM! A DOLLAR A DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE



EXCUSE ME DEAN PAYSMORE, THAT'LL BE A DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE PLEASE



AS YOU KNOW DEAN PAYSMORE THIS SYSTEM INCLUDES EVERYONE



OH! COME NOW MISS BUEBT



CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ~~ARCHITECTURE~~ DAG-NABIT SYSTEM?



OH WELL! SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE, IT'S GETTEN ABOUT THAT TIME FOR THE SUPER SUPER SENIOR



Hyberg + Hamilton

WHAT KIND OF MAN READS BLOCKPRINT?

The young man on the go, who knows where the action is and knows how to get there. Over 0.01% of all Harley-Davidson Hog drivers speed to their news-stands to read Blockprint.

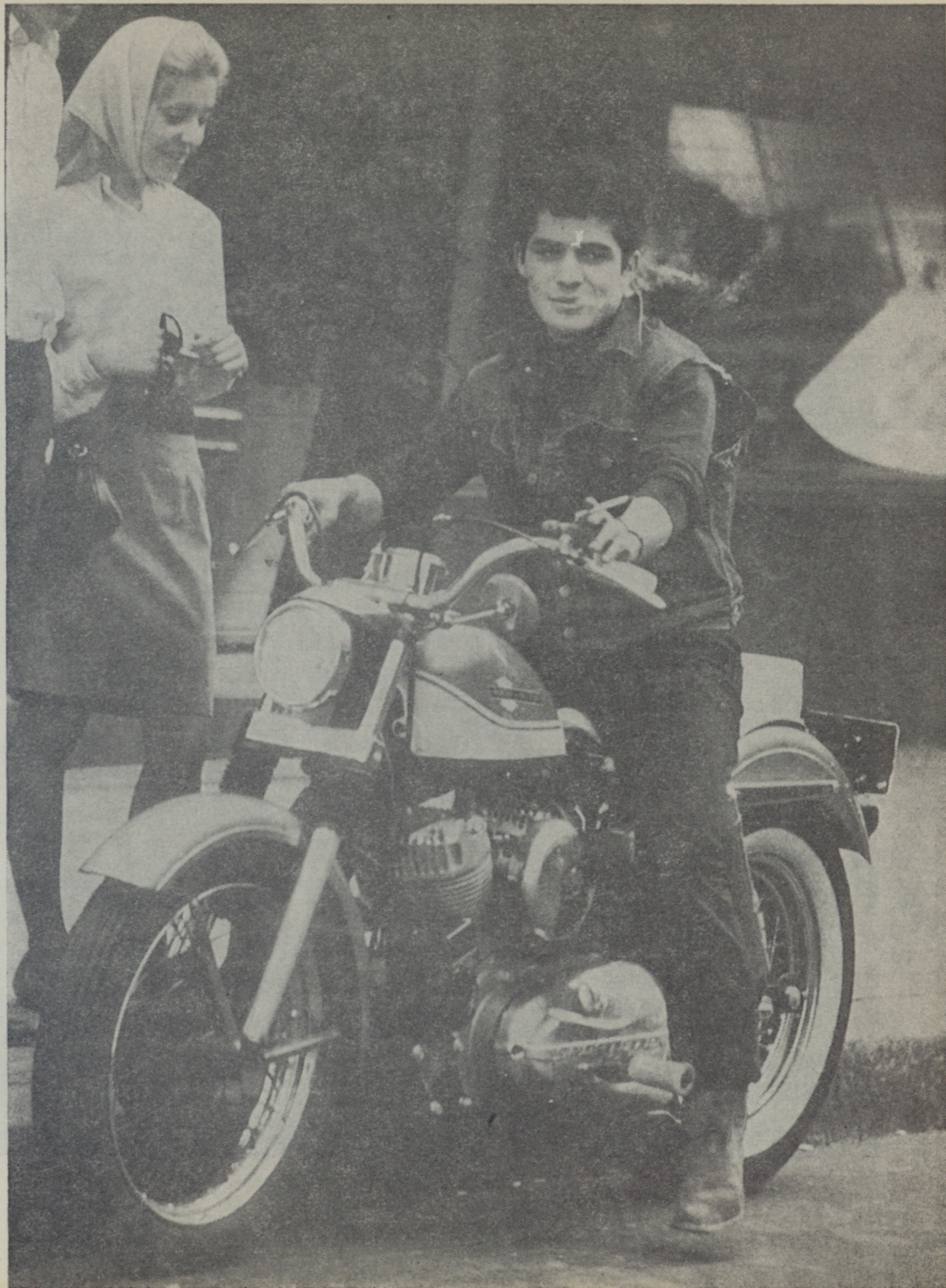


PHOTO-TYLLICK