

4-18-1966

Blockprint April 18, 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 April 18, 1966" (1966). *All Student Newspapers*. 444.
<https://digitalcommons.risd.edu/studentnewspapers/444>

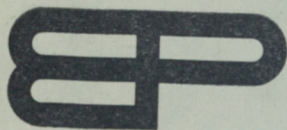
This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at DigitalCommons@RISD. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Student Newspapers by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@RISD. For more information, please contact mpompeli@risd.edu.

BLOCKPRINT

R.I.S.D.

APR 18 1966

LIBRARY



Vol. 15 Number 21, April 18, 1966

Editor-in-Chief

Mike Tylick

Associate Editor

Bill Barrett

Graphics Editor

Jon Wigren

Graphics Staff

Sally Beardsly

Tom Freeman

Photography Editor

Gerry Vessels

Typist-in-Chief

Caryl Ratner

Contributors

Aurel Peterson

Kate Frank

Monte Matthews

ANYWHERE

"... I lived once in the top of a house, in a little room, in Paris. I was a student. My place was a romance. It was a mansard room, and it had a small square window that looked out over housetops, pink chimney pots. I could see l'Institute, the Pantheon, and the Tour Saint Jacques. The tiles of the floor were red and some of them were broken and going out of place. There was a little stove, a wash basin, a pitcher, piles of my studies. Some hung on the wall, others accumulated dust on their backs. My bed was a cot. It was a wonderful place. I cooked two meals and ate dinner outside. I used to keep the camembert outside of the window on the mansard roof between meals, and I made fine coffee, and made much of eggs and macaroni. I studied and thought, made compositions, wrote letters home full of hope of someday being an artist."

—Robert Henri "The Art Spirit"

Perhaps many here at RISD are envious of Mr. Henri's living quarters when he was a student in Paris. Many (including myself at times) have never quite gotten over this romantic view of the artist which we have inherited from the novels and films of the early parts of this century—giving us the image of Bohemia which many of us emulate. It is not a bad image, and it is kind of fun, but it seems foolish to go out of one's way to look arty, and to turn Benefit Street into another Paris in the 1900's. There is perhaps an excuse for walking around with boots,

beards, and grubby clothes because they are comfortable, easy to take care of, and we are perhaps forgiven for our lack of grooming by our lack of time or interest, but "looking cool" can take as much, if not more, effort than "looking Ivy League." For after all, we live in Providence, Rhode Island, a backwater city that seems to be dying, in 1966, rather than in Paris, the light of culture, in 1906.

Much ado has been raised about the future conversion of this school into dormitories, but, much of this is wasted, as the present plans of this school are to build according to the guide of 16 Angell Street, which means to build a series of school-owned apartments, without dormitory restrictions or meals in the Refectory. The only rules would be those imposed upon one by the Police and by common sense and taste. One would be as free as he would on Benefit St., as it is now (Did you ever see the plans to convert it into hi-rise apartments, and an expressway, with Angell and Waterman Streets coming down the hill as three lane highways which "fly" over Benefit Street and "Suicide Circle" to connect into the state and interstate highway system?), or as free as he was in Robert Henri's Paris to create Art. The world is changing, nothing is permanent, and we had better learn to change with it if we are going to be able to respond to it. A man can be as free in a prison as he can anywhere, although I hope few of us are going to end up in jail, and I do not believe the new apartment sys-

tem could be termed as a "penal colony."

In short, I feel that a creative person can be free to create and do as he pleases (with-in reason) anywhere, and he does not need a Paris to feel capable. If he does, I would question his capability of attempting anything except being romantic. The world is before us, and we must live in it. And just a thought: How many of us, if we get married (God forbid!), or start making money, are going to live in artistic squalor?

"All things change according to the state we are in. Nothing is fixed . . . But days came when hopes looked black and my art student's paradise was turned into a dirty little room with broken tiles, ashes fell from the stove, it was all hopelessly poor, I was tired of camembert and eggs and macaroni, and there wasn't a shade of significance in those delicate little chimney pots, or the Pantheon, the Institute, or even the Tour Saint Jacques."

"The material thing is the least part of a background or an environment. And it should be noted, too, that a background is also an environment, for when you paint a background you are painting all that volume of space which is the setting of your subject. And this fact should never be lost sight of."

Robert Henri
"The Art Spirit"
— Mike Tylick

IS THE WORD FAMILIAR?

A newspaper has the dubious pleasure of keeping things open and before the public eye — therefore maintaining such elements of progress as study, discussion, understanding, and change. BLOCKPRINT feels that this pleasure is also an honor and a responsibility. As any hopefully wise critic, we simply want to illuminate certain situations worthy of attention, shall we say crying for constructive re-evaluation, in hopes that this will induce a fresh approach. This is not malevolent or spiteful — it is certainly not destructive. Were we to condone or condemn without reservation any one faction of the college, we would serve to further no cause except that of bias and blindness.

BLOCKPRINT is student-staffed; and as high-paying members of the honorable institution of RISD, students want to and should be heard without the dangers resulting from opinion-sharing in less free climates (say the spy-infested capitals of the East). It is imperative to the effectiveness of the newspaper that administration and student alike understand our purpose; we are not trying to tear down the school (would that make sense when we each pay \$2500.00 a year to ensure its continuation?) or attempting the deposition of any one of the Higher-Ups or otherwise thirsting to topple the Institution into the mighty Seek-onk. We are not chanting insults while dancing

around piles of (inspiring but highly idealized) school catalogues, set afire and slowly burning effigies of the administration.

We are slightly less emotional and unintelligent than all that. We have not yet resorted to the clandestine tactics of the Ku Klux Klan. To our knowledge, no faculty member has mysteriously disappeared to show up later in the core of a large cement sculpture. We haven't had any complaints from the U. S. Post Office, which means that our distant subscribers aren't reading a weekly mud sheet. You know.

It is to everyone's advantage that the newspaper maintains its integrity. BLOCKPRINT has attempted to achieve this high goal of journalism, and with some success. Honest. (Is the word familiar?)

In short, we write to right; not to wrong.
— S. B.

"UNDER THE RUG"

The announcement in BLOCKPRINT two weeks ago about the new committee (headed by Mr. Binks) to study the school's curriculum, classes, and calendars turned us on. The hair raised on our heads, our spines tingled, our knees began to shake and we said to ourselves, "Here we go again!" Although it is

the opinion of this writer that the administration would just as soon eat critics like myself for breakfast as look at them, critics like myself also enjoy meals. Why not take a knife and fork to the "Curriculum Planning Study" and then use the spoon to lap up the left over gravy. There seem to be more delectable and nutritious plates a little further up the table. The aims of the committee seem unimportant in view of much more exciting possibilities; possibilities that would rock the boat more than the present ripples.

As was mentioned in BLOCKPRINT earlier this year, there is urgent need for a local "Honors Program," and this need will become alarmingly apparent as the European Program vanishes next year. I should think that self-education and individual expression by students would be more valuable in an art school than changing the vacations around, and that a committee in this area would contribute more to the improvement of the school than a committee changing the department names. The I.D. Juniors have a somewhat limited Honors Program now, and the results have been very promising and the ideas exciting. It would be worth the time to set up a system of selection and distribution this summer and start a program this year, before the school loses more of its purpose, reputation, and teachers.

To our dismay, and astonishment, RISD often seems to follow in the footsteps of other colleges (why?), but, in one instance we can

think of, this might produce constructive results. Many colleges now sponsor teacher evaluations, in which students grade their teachers in subjects such as their intelligence, ability, imagination, and excitement, as well as course content, interest, presentation, and impact. Questionnaires are circulated and, aside from the regular college jokers, the responses are honest, forceful and surprising. BLOCKPRINT, with its capability for both constructive and instructive criticism, would be a responsible medium through which to do this, and we volunteer.

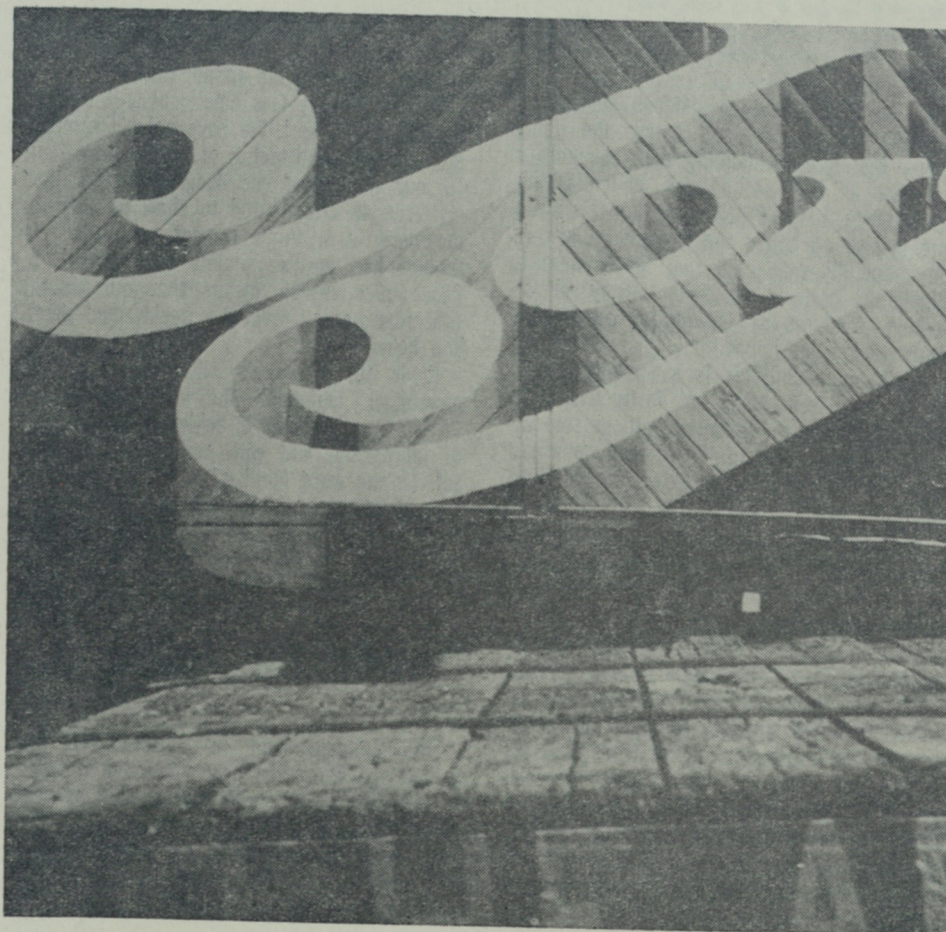
RISD always seems to lose the teachers who are too advanced, too controversial, and too essential (BLOCKPRINT loves Diter Rot), and the loss is crippling us. RISD's teachers have to be experimental; they have to be different. An alumnus once said that swimming in the mainstream with everyone else is helpful and safe, only you never really learn to swim. RISD needs a twinkling insanity in its "eye" to become a talented school.

— B. B.

HEY GIRLS!!

How about that letter to your parents about getting an apartment next year? Great, huh?

— B. B.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

On the presence of English (not English teachers) at an art college . . . it is a topic popular in people's conversations with me. Seniors ask if I am teaching my students how to write a letter for their portfolios, or to explain (in essay form) why they are not responsible for the pregnancy of the water buffalo down the street. "Are they able to express coherently their ideas?"

Others ask if they are being exposed to (contaminated with) great authors. Have they, are they, will they read the KAMA SUTRA, Camus, and/or comic books? Can they interpret any given passage of Ferlinghetti, the Marquis de Sade, or Bugs Bunny? "Are they familiar with significant literature?"

Fundamentalists, however, ask if students are being taught the derivations of words (*&***), and their precise use (you are, Mssr. Fink, a *&***). Do they never use 'very,' 'ain't hardly?' "Are they able to comprehend the value of continuity in the use of the repository of the living language in a consistent manner?"

Poets ask not only whether they can read, but also if they can create a valentine sonnet, sing their songs like Blake (Dylan), or write a novel explaining Dada. "Are they able as artists to communicate to other artists?" (Joan Baby, I think that maybe, your Baez money, will buy lots of gravy — for me).

Linguistical philosophers ponder verbally

as to students' proficiency indistinguishing truth "A" from truth "B" (Is it a real diamond?). Are the students capable of existentialism, defining the death process, noting the absurdity of life, English, and some rhinoceros, or defining the function of boxes in sculpture? "Are they able to handle ideas?"

Adverse critics question the presence of English at all. A painter's only language should be painting—especially when asking for money from home, explaining last night's party to the landlady, or getting into a museum show. Moreover, ideas(?) responsible for paintings can only come from study-contemplation-looking-at-hanging-up-of-life and painting. "Artists should have the same aversion to language as the French have for English—do you teach your students to hate language? Do you entertain them?"

Before coming to English classes, I have assumed that, to my students, art was art and English was English (as in high school). During my classes, it has been my hope that art and English were (for fifty minutes) occasionally confused. This summer I am sure that art will be art and English will be English. What then has been the difference? Hopefully that their ability to order confusion in terms of the knowledge that they have gained from BROTHERS KARAMAZOV, by writing sonnets and essays, will give them an ability to deal verbally with chaos.

— J. Corlett

To All my Faithful Viewers,

Your warm response concerning my "GOOD-NIGHT SHOW", meant so much to me. You are very sweet to take the time to write!

I'm going to miss being with you each week-night. It is so rewarding to know that I have such wonderful, faithful viewers. You don't know what it means to me.

Warmly,
Athena Parker

To the Editor:

On Wednesday night Mr. Willard Van Dyke, curator of The Museum of Modern Art's film library, came to RISD, bringing with him a number of mind bending, psyche-scintillating and cranial cavern crawling underground journeys to Mamma Preminger's never-never land. He recited names for a while, explained the formation and function of the film library, recited more names, recited more names and then recited some important names. Somewhere along the way he told a clever witticism. So much for the lecture.

The films were quite good. A MOVIE by Bruce Connor explored with a good deal of success the complex relationship between sprocket and sprocket wheel, man and woman, war and peace, fun and games, agony and ecstasy, old time movies, zeplins, dumplings and leather freaks. The possibilities of flick factory nirvana were brought to light by John Whitney's visual list, CATALOGUE, a "com-

puter" film made up of images formed through a World War II surplus rangefinder. Ken Anger's SCORPIO RISING blew a few minds with its nightmare flashlight chrome kicks and Christ frenzy blue JD walkout. There was a sad attempt at humor absurd in someone-or-other's HELP, MY SNOWMAN IS BURNING DOWN. And, as superfilm of the night, POP, an inner space sex dream of pop body-harmonics and animated aphrodesia, by Fred Mogubgub, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's answer to Joyce Kilmer. The films were quite good.

The only disturbing thing about the evening was that it gave the impression that this was the underground cinema today. The fact that the majority of experimental films produced are dull, unimaginative or trite was never revealed. Here was a chance for a very large audience to become acquainted with what is probably the most explosive battleground in the arts today. Had some of the failures been shown, a healthy concern could have been aroused. Instead, the audience was allowed to walk away thinking "Holy moly, underground pictures sure are keen, wish there were more of them." The motion picture scene needs new people, especially those already in the arts. By not exposing some of the trash that fills up showplaces such as the Bridge and Filmmaker's Cinamateque, Mr. Van Dyke lost an opportunity to arouse a group of people, a very influential group of people, to the point where they could have become interested enough to get actively involved. Cer-

tainly there are those who saw them and were impressed. Perhaps they will go out now and make films of their own. But whatever reaction occurs, it will be but a small one.

In the future we can hope that such lectures will attempt to involve us more. That an honest evaluation of the underground cinema was not made is disheartening. To make a film is not expensive, to show it to the public in New York requires only a trip to one of the underground showplaces. That there is a need for more of what was shown last Wednesday night is a point that desperately requires your attention.

— Stig Wegge

To the Editor and RISD Students with 2-S Deferments:

Until now you could support or criticize the Viet-Nam War with relative ease, since you had a 2-S deferment. You could be silent about the war or you could very easily not think about it at all. Soon, the U.S. Government will draft those of you who don't qualify on the MATH, English, SCIENCE test or whose class standing is low. The time to think about the war—why you will be fighting in Viet-Nam, is NOW.

According to Johnson you will be fighting for several reasons: (1) stop aggression, (2) help the people of South Viet-Nam, (3) honor our commitments, (4) show China we're not a paper tiger, (5) contain Communism. Let's

"DR. ZHIVAGO"

examine these reasons and see if they are valid.

Whose aggression must the U. S. stop? China's? There are no Chinese troops in Viet-Nam. North Viet-Nam's? There are 20,000 North Vietnamese troops fighting (figure from TIME magazine) compared with 200,000 U. S. troops. Maybe the Vietcong is the aggressor? They didn't start fighting until 1959 in response to Diem's refusal to hold the re-unification elections promised by the Geneva Accords.

Who is the U. S. helping in Viet-Nam? The army we are "helping" had a desertion rate of 113,000 in 1965 alone (figure from THE NEW YORK TIMES). The government we are supporting is led by Ky, a right-wing dictator whose only hero is Hitler. A Catholic leader said (reported in PROVIDENCE JOURNAL last week) that Ky is worse than Diem. There have been strikes and street demonstrations against Ky throughout Viet-Nam in the past weeks. The Napalm U. S. drops into Viet-Nam certainly doesn't help the people (villages suspected of harboring Vietcong are bombed with explosives).

To what government do we owe a commitment? Which one, of the nine South Viet-Nam has had in the past two and a half years? Meanwhile, by his unilateral action, Johnson has violated the U. N. Charter, the Seato Treaty, the Geneva Accords, the U. S. Constitution.

Must we show China that we're not a pa-

per tiger? China knows that. Everyone knows that nuclear weapons are not to be sneered at. The real problem is that the U. S. is paranoic about China. China is the paper tiger. China's moves have been turned back everywhere from Indonesia to Cuba—and in Viet-Nam the Vietnamese are fighting, not the Chinese.

What about containing Communism? Which communism? The U.S. Government gives millions of dollars of aid to Tito's communist Yugoslavia. So it seems possible that some communist countries are not so bad. It has been suggested that a communist Viet-Nam could be a block against China.

A column in the last BLOCKPRINT said "In a world where words can accomplish so much, the bloodshed seems out of place, for we are not that sort of animal."

Johnson's words accomplish nothing because he is a hypocrite. He talks of honor, but it is his own face he wants to save. He will go on escalating the war, obliterating the Vietnamese people and their country, losing American lives (your lives). He is being "that sort of animal" the columnist flinched at. And we are helping him.

President Kennedy once said, "IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS THE WAR IN VIET-NAM MUST BE WON BY THE VIETNAMESE; IT IS A VIETNAMESE CONFLICT." Let us leave Viet-Nam for the Vietnamese. Let us return to honor.

— Suzanne Simon — RISD
— Carl Pomerancz — Brown

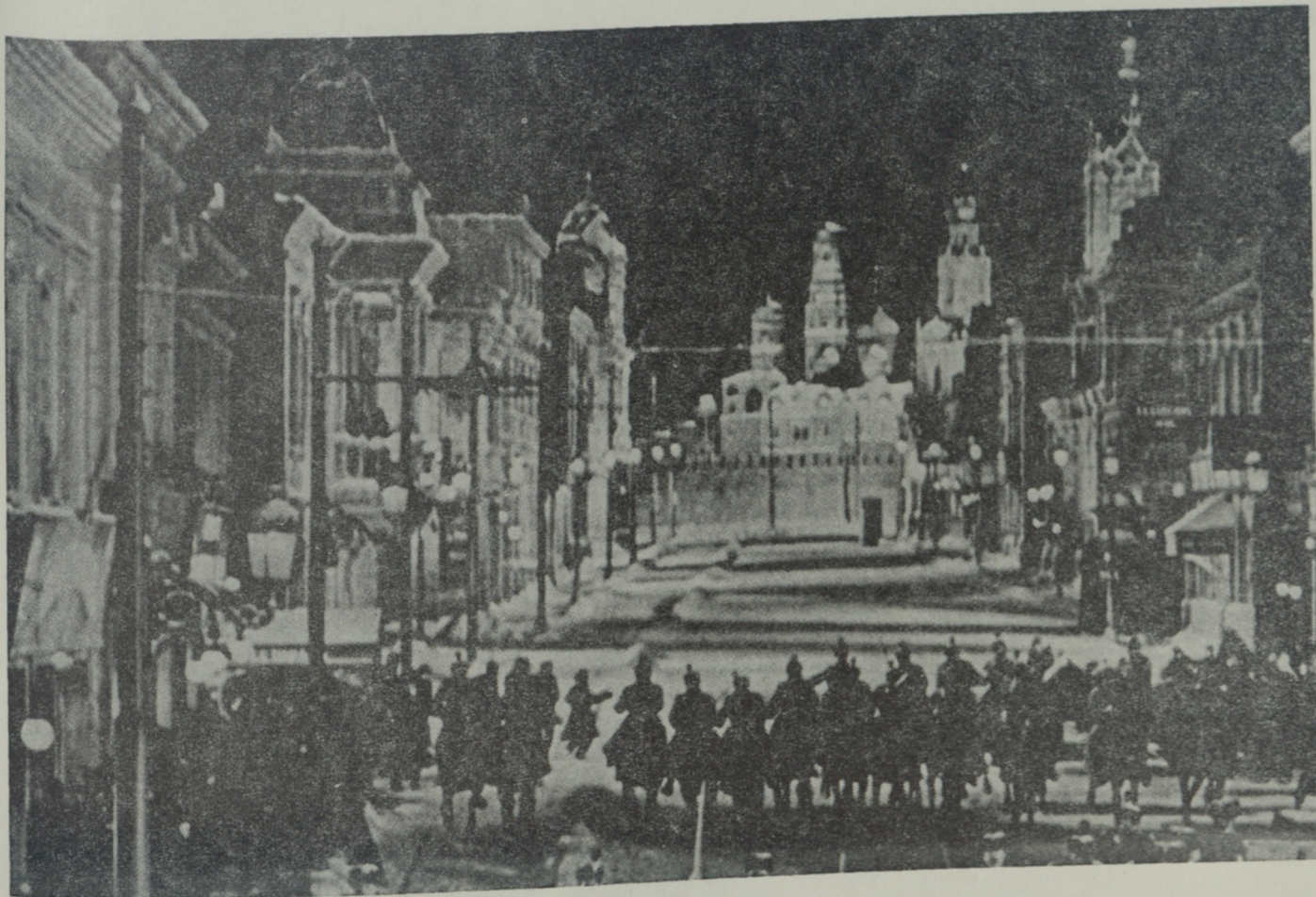
For once, in my restless, inattentive, and primarily bored career of movie-hating I have found a film which held my interest throughout, despite its three and one-half hour length (it really needed that long), for "Dr. Zhivago" is a truly fascinating movie. While I have no idea of how closely it adheres to Boris Pasternak's Nobel-Prize-Declined novel, it tells an absorbing story of the principle and his two wives, I can easily see why this book was banned in Russia because, as it deals largely with the Bolshevik Revolution, it treats this "Worker's Paradise Uprising" almost sarcastically. The jubilation of the peasants seems empty even to themselves; and, even without the benefit of history, they seem to know (although they won't admit it) what a farce they are perpetrating. From what I know of the Old Russia, and from what they have shown with the minutest accuracy in the film, there was a distinct, romantic, beautiful flavor and charm during the reign of the czar which the "workers" desecrated, turning it into a world devoid of color, indifferently painted battleship gray, and inhabited by nebbishes of battleship gray who did little but run around and call each other "Comrade."

While the story is interesting, I felt the main pleasure was in the excellent handling throughout, which, although it uses Madrid as Moscow, and Canada and Finland as the Steppes

and Siberia, truly looked like Russia (I am Russian, and know some old-line relatives) and what anyone reading Tolstoi or Dostoyevski would imagine Russia to be. The photography was excellent. Although it was very simple and straightforward, it conveyed the mood very well, primarily through the use of color film (not just to show things in color, but to show color well), and through its excellent editing and matching up with the music and sound effect score (made even more effective by the stereo set-up in the Elmwood Theatre). Particularly well done were the scenes of World War One and the Revolution (among the best I've seen), the forest scenes (with the light flashing through the trees), and the Red Army Commander's train (racing across the Russian Steppes at seventy with a fire-engine red locomotive, a cannon car, ammunition car, and two armored cars with machine guns and guards bristling all over them).

The lead acting was very well executed by Omar Sharif, Geraldine Chaplin, Julie Christie, Rod Steiger, Tom Courtenay, and Alec Guinness, and even the bit parts were acted better than the leads of many a movie. I was informed that this film is up for ten Academy Awards, and if it wins any or all of them, I can honestly say I feel it deserves them.

— Mike Tylick



PARENT'S WEEKEND

More than 250 parents of freshmen and junior students will attend RISD's annual Parent's Day on Saturday April 23. Designed to acquaint parents with the academic programs and goals of the school through lectures, informal discussions with professors, and exhibitions of student work, this event also serves to give parents the experience of student life in capsule form.

The program begins with Registration in the Waterman Street Gallery of the Museum at 11:00 A.M. Dr. Bush-Brown will open the program of the day with a welcome address to parents and students at 1 P.M. in Memorial Hall. Following this Professor Garabed der Hohnnesian, chairman of the division of Freshman Foundation, assisted by members of his instructional staff, will acquaint parents with the educational program required of all first-year students.

Junior parents, at the same time, will attend departmental and divisional meetings in the professional fields of Architecture, Ceramics, Illustration, Industrial Design, Painting, Photography, Sculpture, and Textile Design.

Exhibitions of student work will be on view in all departments throughout the college. Faculty members will be in attendance for personal discussions with individual parents.

Following the completion of formal events of the day, members of the faculty and administration will be hosts to parents and students at a reception and tea in Homer Hall from 4 to 5 P.M. Dinner will be held in

Metcalfe Refectory prior to a special evening program of student films and slides presented by Ronald Binks, head of the department of sophomore design. An informal dance, in the Refectory, will complete the events of the day.

Planned activities will end on Sunday morning with brunch for parents and their sons and daughters at Metcalfe Refectory.

The Parents' Day committee sincerely urges all students, whether their parents can attend or not, to participate in this annual affair.

— K. F.

PARENT'S WEEKEND SCHEDULE

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

11 - 12:45 A.M.

Parents' Registration in the Waterman Street Gallery of the Museum. Please enter through Freshman Foundation Building on Waterman Street. A light lunch will be served.

1 - 1:45 P.M.

Address to parents and students by President Albert Bush-Brown, Memorial Hall, Benefit Street.

2 P.M.

Special meetings for parents with department heads.

3 - 4 P.M.

Open House. Parents will have an opportunity to visit student exhibits in all departments.

4 - 5 P.M.

Tea and reception for parents and students by members of the Faculty and Administration, Homer Hall.

5 - 6:30 P.M.

Free time.

6:30 P.M.

Dinner in Metcalfe Refectory will be followed by student films and slides presented by Ronald C. Binks, Head of the Department of Sophomore Design.

9:30 P.M.

Parents' Day Dance for parents and students, Metcalfe Refectory.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24

10 A.M. - Noon

Brunch for parents and students, Metcalfe Refectory, and free time for visiting, church attendance, etc.

MUSEUM SHOW

For those of you who enjoy looking at good photography (for a change), or are in a position where you feel you should or must, the museum has obliged very well with its present show: selected photos (from the Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection) by Walker Evans.

My first excitement at looking at this collection was largely technical, for the fantastic tonality range and quality, and the incredible sharpness of the image (so much so that at times it seems three dimensional) can only be had from the contact-printing of an 8x10 negative. For those of you, like myself, who have never seen any prints done in this manner, it makes one feel inadequate using a 35mm negative. While Evans is not of the school which spends days on a single print, he has a fine technique, and I am sure he does not run off hundreds of prints in a day. Indeed, he often spent a whole day shooting just one picture: he set up and waited for the conditions to become what he wanted. It is perhaps refreshing to see someone who takes this care in an age of four-reel developing tanks, and shooting of rolls of film for one picture.

But Walker Evans is more than a craftsman; he is a true mirror of his time. He depicts the Great Depression as it was, well enough to make me believe it was that way ten years before I was born, and well enough to convince people who lived through that time that it was really this way. I found a

tremendous mood built up in the show; although I cannot define it precisely, it truly left me with the feeling that I had lived through an era, that I had been familiar from birth with these places. His photos seem to be a sort of social statement, but they are really only so in that they are of a time which is better forgotten. They are the vision of a man recorded on negative material.

My main objection to the show is that it is hopelessly small. There are about 35 prints on the wall, and I feel that that number should be doubled or tripled as it was in the original show. Much of the mood is lost in the smaller numbers (most of his photos of workers' houses and industry are omitted in favor of the rural and human pictures), and I feel the show shines through the years because of Walker Evans's vision, and despite the tiny current exhibition.

As for Mr. Xceron, the painter who is being shown in a retrospective exhibition along with Mr. Evans, I can only say that I saw several of his paintings in the lobby on my way to see Walker Evans's photos, and I decided that they weren't worth looking at any closer.

However, the Museum should be congratulated for bringing us the photographs of one of the Great American Photographers.

— Mike Tylick

DILYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE TARTRATE



The following excerpt is from a letter which 2,000 college administrators throughout the country have just received from James L. Goddard, Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare:

"Dear Administrator:

During the past year a marked increase in the illegal use of hallucinogenic and stimulant drugs throughout the nation, particularly around educational institutions, has been reported. Both students and members of the faculty are being secretly approached to engage in hallucinogenic "experiences." There is direct evidence of widespread availability of a number of drugs which have profound effects on mental processes. I wish to alert all educational administrators to the gravity of the situation and to enlist their assistance in combatting an insidious and dangerous activity.

We are faced with a most hazardous situation. Unless strong concerted action is taken, an untold number of our students may suffer permanent mental and physical injury." The most common hallucinogenic drugs in illegal use are LSD-25, psilocybin, and mescaline.

LSD-25—This is the hallucinogenic drug of prime importance—LSD—stands for d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate—It is dangerous in exceedingly small amounts. As little as 100 MICROGRAMS CAN PRODUCE

HALLUCINATIONS LASTING FOR HOURS OR DAYS. ONE GRAM COULD PROVIDE 10,000 DOSES.—It is found in illegal channels in tablets, ampoules, and, frequently, in sugar cubes saturated with the drug.

PSILOCYBIN—An extract from a Mexican mushroom.

MESCALINE—An extract from Peyote, a small species of cactus.

All these drugs produce essentially the same effects—HALLUCINATIONS, SERIOUS MENTAL CHANGES, PSYCHOTIC MANIFESTATIONS, NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS, AND SUICIDE TENDENCIES. (Newspapers last week reported the case of a man who committed murder under the influence of LSD.)

The Rhode Island School of Design has always taken a very serious view of the dangers inherent in the use of narcotics. The Student Handbook (p.38) makes the following statement: "State laws . . . forbid the possession of unprescribed drugs and narcotics, including marijuana. Students violating these regulations will be subject to expulsion." This regulation is strictly upheld by the Discipline Committee of the college.

Dr. Goddard's statement has been given widespread coverage in American newspapers, and "strong concerted action" IS going to be taken throughout the country, and it IS true, regardless of what scuttlebut is bruited about, that even experimental users of hallucinogenic

drugs (LSD, etc.) "may suffer permanent mental and physical injury."

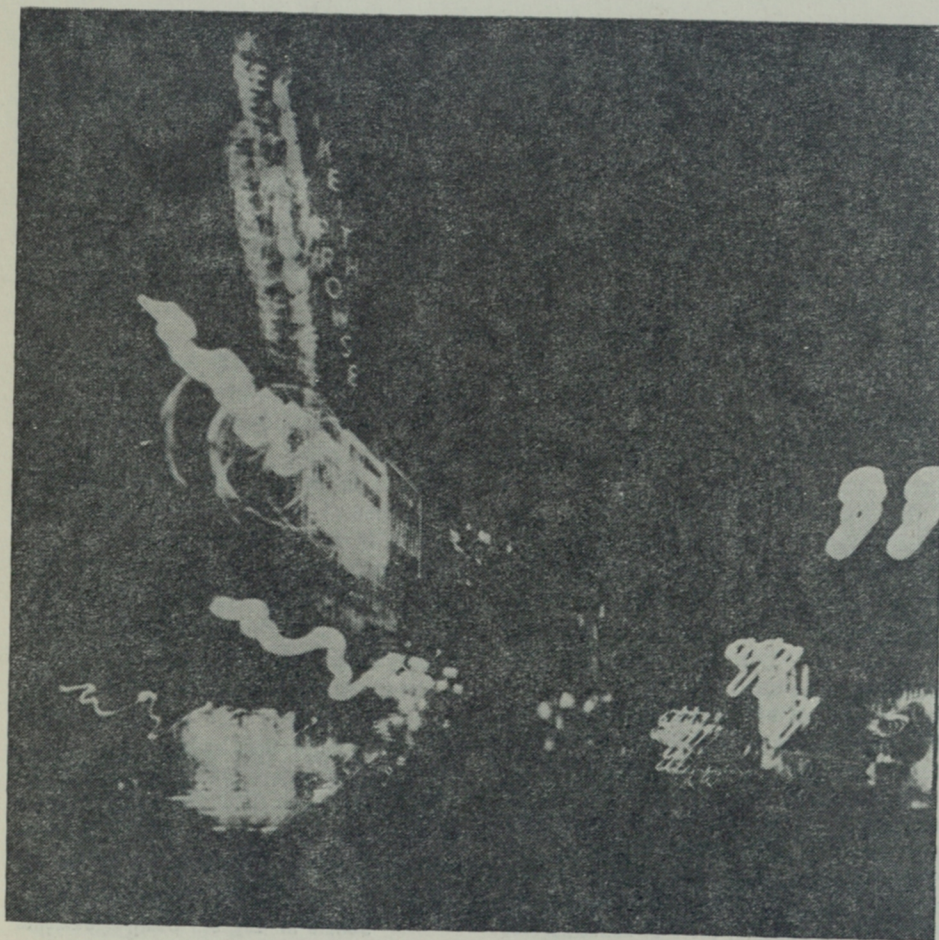
One of the most prevalent arguments by which students rationalize their experiments with drugs is that they owe it to themselves to have the experience. The least intelligent of us can understand that such an argument, carried to its logical conclusion, could persuade us to commit suicide. Death may be the most exotic experience of all. But then again, perhaps it isn't.

Recently I argued with a friend who had said that RISD students are probably more likely than others to experiment with drugs because as artists they would look for ways in which to heighten their sensitivities and imagination. I replied that this would not necessarily be the case because these students are by nature more sensitive and imaginative than others and that their pride in their natural strength in these qualities would prevent them from seeking artificial stimulus. A strong person takes pride in his strength and is less inclined than others to pretend that he is stronger than he is.

I hope and believe that this appeal is superfluous to nearly all of you, but if it serves to steer even one person away from the very real and terrible dangers which lie in the use of drugs, it will have been worthwhile.

Donald M. Lay, Jr., Dean of Students

THE INQUIRING FOTOGRAPHER



THE QUESTION: How would you like to shear a long-haired beatnik?

WHERE ASKED: Various spots.

THE ANSWERS: Tom Fucarino, 230 E. 44th St., owner barber shop: "My shop is located near the UN. We see a lot of these characters on their way to demonstrate. I get so incensed that I'd like to drag them in off the street, tie them into a chair and then start snipping. Even hardened derelicts don't look as bad as these unkempt, unwashed beatniks."

Sal Caruso, Parlin, N. J.: "I'd like it a lot. Actually, the average beatnik looks so disgusting that I'd be doing him a favor. Just give me five minutes with a pair of scissors and I'd have him looking like a civilized human being again. Too bad his mind can't be similarly sheared to clear up his foggy notions."

Jimmy Bruscino, 9th Ave., Brooklyn: "It's unethical for a barber to turn away a customer, but I'd charge him triple the regular price to pay for cleaning him up and for the customers he drove away. It won't happen, though. A businessman recently offered \$50 to every beatnik who came for a haircut and only a dozen showed up."

Frank LoCiero, Long Island City: "Would I? I'd turn him into a billiard ball to teach him a lesson. By the time his hair grew back, he might have gotten more sense. I'm amused that these characters call themselves intellectuals. How can they presume to tell us how to act when they don't know the rules of cleanliness?"

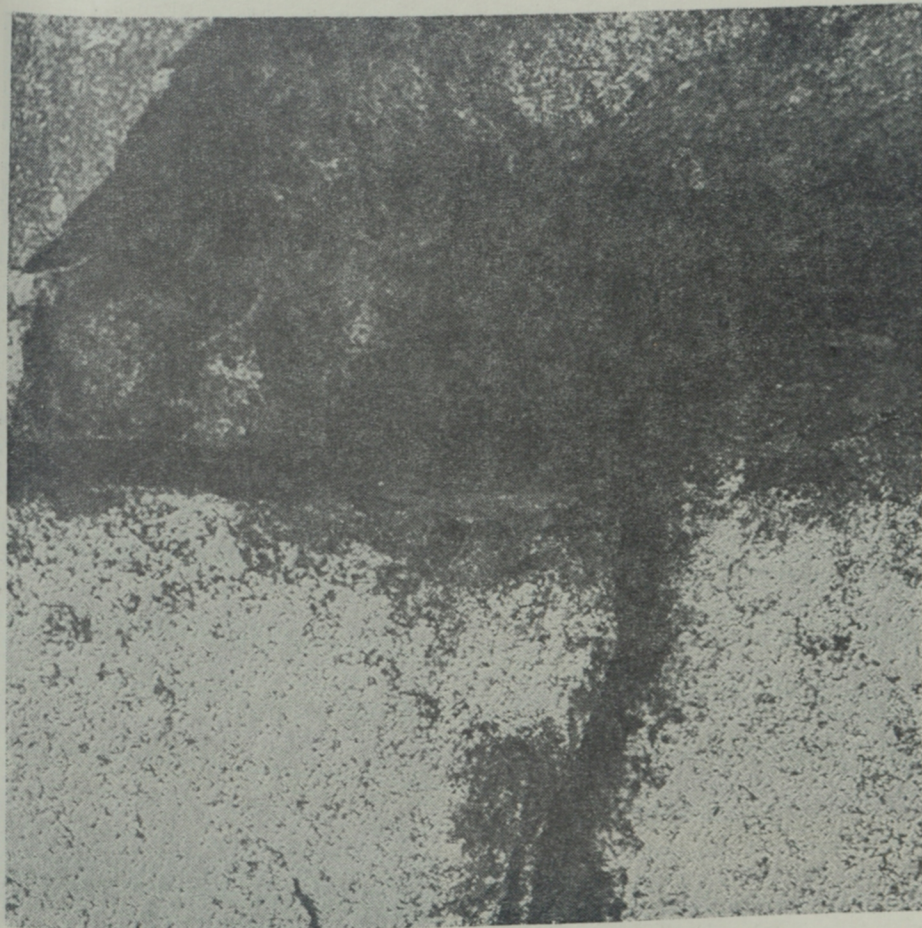
James Matzen, Van Sicklen St., Brooklyn: "I wouldn't mind, provided he kept his mouth shut and didn't try to indoctrinate me with his philosophy. I know one thing, he would not try it if I were holding a razor. Do you suppose they avoid barber shops because they think we will laugh at them? We won't, but the customers might."

Al Gullo, Elton St., Brooklyn: "It would make me feel as if I were performing a public service. Actually, it would come under the heading of rehabilitation. Once the job was done, the guy wouldn't be welcome at his former haunts because he wouldn't be recognized. So, through necessity, he'd be forced to act normally."

(Reprinted from the New York Daily News.)

I. D. EXHIBIT

A large and extensive study and exhibit of student work will be on display during Parent's Weekend, on the second floor of the Market House. The show contain the work of students in the I. D. Department, and will attempt to present the wide and varied range of work done in the department with slides, drawings, and models. All students and all parents are urged to see the exhibit if at all possible during the weekend.



"COLUMN"

LSD is known medically as a hallucinogen. When, through the blood stream, it reaches the front of the brain it effects the area that transmits the senses to the rest of our body by accelerating its activity. Take a dose so small you can hardly see it, and your senses come alive; you push back the old, sad boundaries of your mind and open up your head for new sensations. In rush sharp insight, clear vision, acute feelings, and a rolling, speeding world of hallucinations and perceptions. You can see and experience like you never have before, making this normal undrugged world seem like a candy-lined casket. You're on a good trip and the whole world is coming at you in four dimensional Vista-Vision. But take a bad trip and you also start to do things you never thought you did before. Monstrous hallucinations, horror visions. You scatter in terror, beating your body and tearing at your ugly face. You overstep your physical limits.

Doctors are madly trying to find out how this drug puts the brain into the Twilight Zone and determine whether it is right. They say it clears our brain and makes it what it should really be; that all this power and vision is stuck in our minds and that LSD is just a means of bringing it out: it unlocks

the doors, and lets our minds be what they want to be. This also means that if you have a bad trip (try to jump out of a car or commit suicide) that is also hidden inside you and just needs to be brought out by LSD. Good trip or bad it's still you. You're the same as before, only you've broken down the gates and the mental blocks that suppress the deep rich part of your mind. The people doing the legitimate experimenting with the drug are trying to determine whether our bodies can take it, and what the long-lasting effects of it are.

But somehow all this talk is superficial, for it is the person who goes hunting for his kicks with LSD that is the risk. He's a risk probably because of what he does under the drug, but more because of why he takes the drug to begin with. There must be much in him, or he must not have tried. Imagine how lazy, how bored, how scared, and how blind he must be. I have often been disgusted with this dirty world—I've often wanted to get off for a while, but I've never felt too desperate about it. The kicks and the wild visions always seem to come along when they're needed. I've always felt that if you're more honest and more real with yourself then the world outside your head will be more real too.

THE END

For an older gentleman, Mr. Van Dyke really seemed to know what is happening in the underground (movies, that is). Far more than I . . . a humble movie fanatic who really knows not too much about movies, and this sparkling review will seem dim compared with the films Wednesday night. Actually they were probably the most enjoyable group of experimental movies I have ever seen at RISD. I love Bruce Conner (my favorite undergrounder) . . . I love A MOVIE . . . The End. Watching what's his name's (oh yes, Mogubgub's) Pop Movie was one of the best film experiences I have had since I saw "Breathless" for the fourth time last month. It was sort of Super-Pop and should be seen not described. Vanderbeek was interesting(?), amusing(?)—even though I wish he would get somebody else to replace Nixon. But alas he was out-popped by Mogubgub.

Well readers, I am afraid I am a mechanical moron and will be able to shed little light on the computer-oriented film by Whitney. The experience of watching it was optical, Op-Movie as it were, and it did funny things to your eyes—like turning them inside out a couple of times and 20th Century stuff like that. But as a total the film was rather flat, mostly because the transitions between dif-

ferent linear forms were poor. The film had its moment but was more of an experiment than a movie. Davidson presented us with an accident . . . a happy accident (I think that is the proper terminology). Off the beaten path reality . . . the man was real, the bath tub was real, and so was the toilet (it even flushed), but they all happened to be living out in the middle of New York Harbor—that is, until the accident. Last but hardly least is my old favorite movie "Scorpio Rising". (I have had the good luck of seeing the movie three times without being raided once.) This movie of Kenneth Anger's is really pretty good—wait, I take that back, it is fantastic! Last year when it was shown at RISD the audience really dug it a whole lot more than they seemed to this year. "It was too obvious" was one comment I got. Well, motorcycles, rock and roll (the old stuff), and pictures of James Dean. But seriously "Scorpio Rising" is a pretty impressive film technically; I am talking about the total visual and sound experience. I mean my mind likes subtlety as much as the next guy's mind, but honestly some things aren't meant to be subtle. I think it is obvious that Anger realised this when he made the movie (after all fans, how subtle was the "Wild One"—and don't tell me that you didn't like that!—just because you make experimental movies doesn't mean you have to be another Stan Brakage . . . thank heavens).

— A. P.

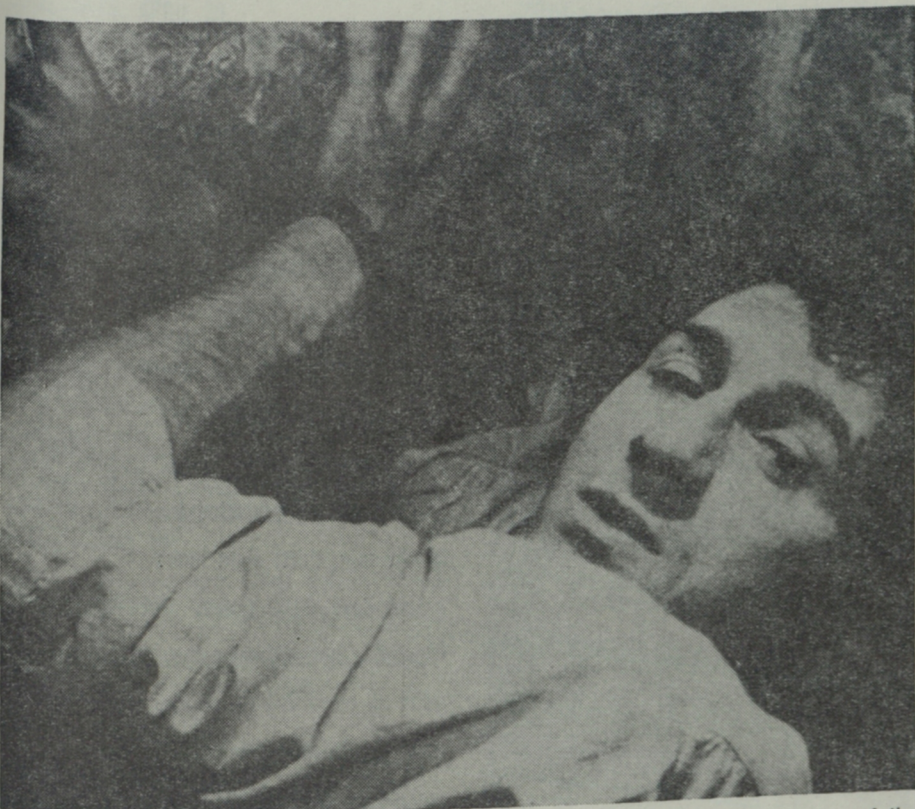
"SONNET X TWO"

A rainbowed sunrise tinged on angel's face:
A dusty seraphim from darkness strayed
And lingered on until the spotted dawn
O'erthrew the sable night wherein she played.
A silhouette against a fiery morn,
Her raven hair and slender hands engulfed
My trudging soul and held it as a pawn,
Thy troth is pledged; a voice at last is hushed.
The beauty of her radiant face sparked
My tacit heart into an ecstasy
Of love to last an eon after death.
A love so true that even Michael harked.
And lo, in death you gave your hand to me,
For in no lifetime could our shadows sing.

g. h. myrick

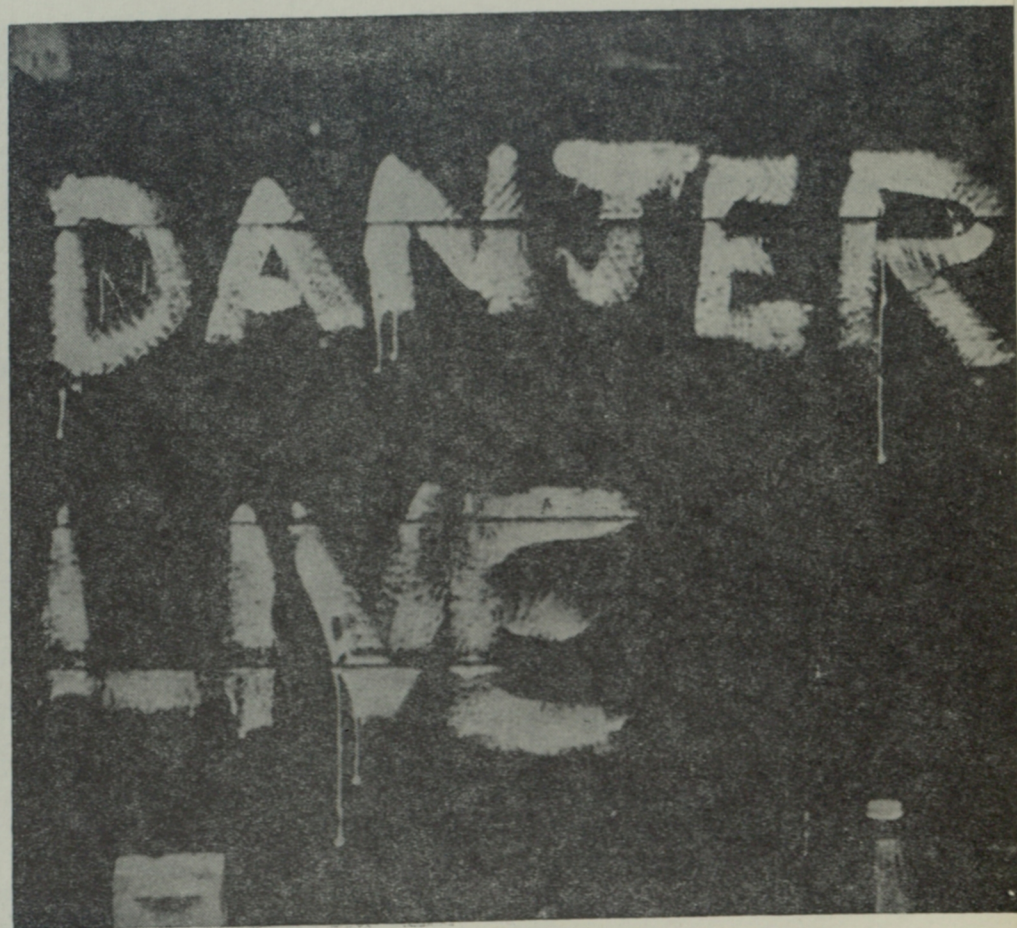


FILM SOCIETY



"We Are All Murderers." Director Andre Cayette and his screen writer, Charles Spaak, who studied law together, collaborated on this devastating attack on capital punishment.

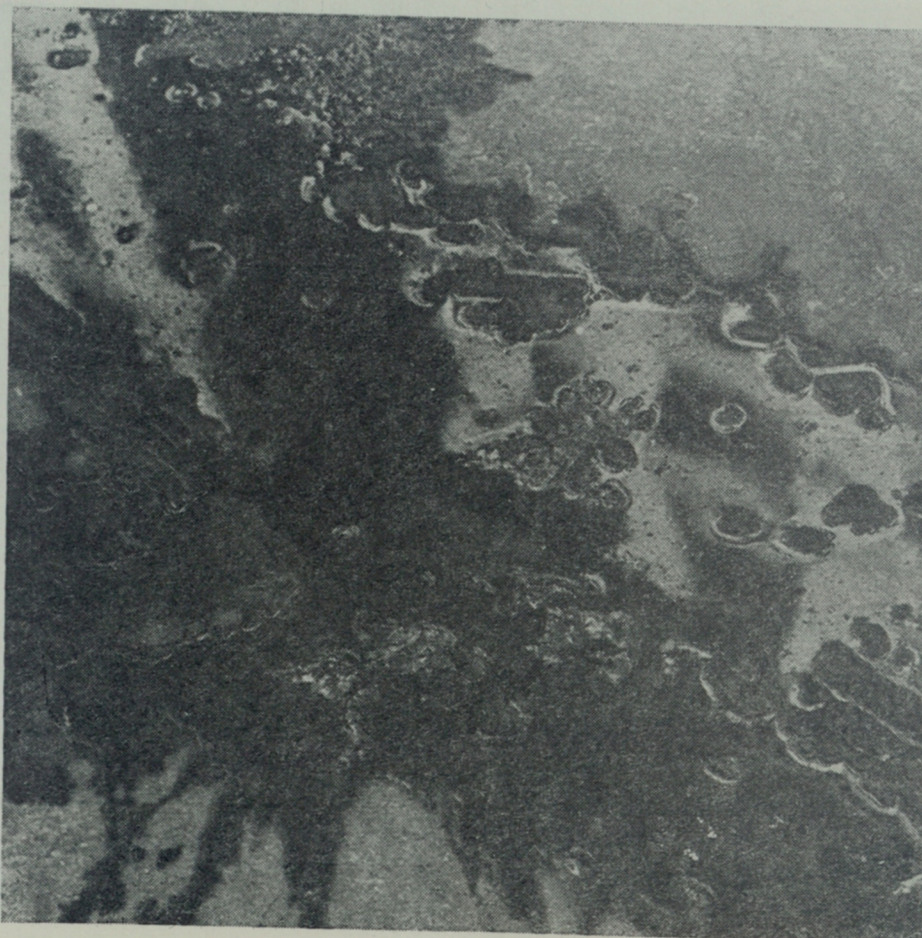
The scenes of death row, preparation of the condemned prisoners, and their last thoughts, have never been shown with such force and suspense.



"STARBLACK"

night mist of neon love
yet i reap chaos on a moonbeamed scythe
and shrill the seeping tide
and wan the dying finger,
for life lies within its tranquil flame —
 only the bluegray star
dulls among a wavetop high
for playing among my caves
there have lived only serpents hence,
 and only moss begot my night,
from overhead some shafts of tears
crept lonely through my smitten shaft
and cried long loves for all its death
 that none, yes, even i, should
need some mossen crown
to hide his shriveled eyes from sight.

g. h. myrick



"TAKE IT FROM YOU"

EE CUMMINGS

since you've been gone
Beauty has hurt Lady Bird
Chewing gum that tranquilizes
has left your girl with Wrigley eyes
There's Mr. Clean (wears earrings)
An Ajax White Knight too
who stabs people clean
There's brotherhood and charity
and poverty and peace corps
there's aerosol everything
and everybody's protected for
twenty four, thirty eight hours
or five days
depending how offensive the combatant
we're all clean and we all love each other
'cause we all make love not war
and we all take you and Madison Avenue quite
seriously.

M. M.

CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20

OPEN HOUSE — Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sgouros. Homer Hall. 8:30 - 11:30 P.M. All students are invited.

LECTURE — Carl Chirena. "20th Century Photography" Memorial Hall, 8:00 P.M.

CAPS AND GOWNS — fittings. Student Lounge. 11:00 A.M. — 1:00 P.M. All seniors please attend.

NEWMAN CLUB — meeting. Student Lounge, 7:30 P.M.

SAILING CLUB — meeting. Homer Study Lounge, 7:00 P.M.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21

FILM SOCIETY — "We Are All Murderers" Memorial Hall, 7:30 P.M.

LECTURE — Professor Richard Grooms of the Arizona State University will lecture on "Japanese Gardens" CB 412, 4:00 P.M.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22

R.I. C.O.R.E. — Horace Silver Quintet (noted Negro jazz-blues group) RISD Auditorium, 8:30 P.M.

Tickets at Avery Music and local record stores. \$3.25 (reserved), \$2.25

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

MARCEL MARCEAU — RKO Albee Theatre

MONTROYA-RISD Auditorium, 8:30 P.M.

PARENT'S DAY — (Sat. & Sun.) See schedule this week's BLOCKPRINT.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24

HEXAGONAL RACE-RISD Sailing Club

ANNOUNCEMENTS

MONTROYA — world renowned flamenco guitarist will give a concert in the RISD Auditorium on Saturday, April 23, 8:30 P.M.

Conny O'Connor, former RISD student, was accepted as a volunteer in the Peace Corps. She will be sent to South America.

WORK SUBMITTED FOR SPECTRUM AND NOT BEING USED MAY BE PICKED UP IN THE SPECTRUM OFFICE IN THE GYM — MONDAY, APRIL 18, BETWEEN 2 AND 5 P.M.

WOMEN: 20 years old and over. Summer teaching positions available with exclusive girl's camp in Maine. Areas: Ceramics, painting, weaving crafts. Contact Placement Office immediately.

Sculpture and painting of India from the Doris Weiner Gallery (New York) will be on exhibition at Art Unlimited, 263 Thayer Street. April 17 — May 6.

Bruce Tibbets, a graduate student in painting at RISD, won second prize in the first National Invitational Student Art Exhibition (New Paltz, N.Y.) with an oil and acrylic painting on canvas.

Mr. Imperatore, owner of large red crane now working down by canal, would like to contact person who did a painting of the crane sometime last fall. Call WI 2-7790 if interested in selling the painting.

An Exhibition of photographs by RISD students will be on display in the back (ground floor) studio of Benson Hall for one week through Parent's Day, April 23. Two copies

of this exhibition are currently travelling throughout the United States and are presently at UCLA and Southern Illinois University.

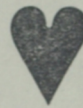
ATTENTION ALL REFECTORY STUDENTS: ON SATURDAY, APRIL 23, DINNER WILL BE SERVED FROM 4:30 TO 5:30 P.M.

Carl Chirena (Boston University) will lecture on 20th Century Photography. He will discuss the inter-relationships of painting and photography in an illustrated lecture. Memorial Hall, Wednesday, April 20, 8:00 P.M.

FOR THOSE SENIORS WHO ASPIRE TO GRADUATE THIS YEAR (DO YOU REALLY WANT TO LEAVE?) PLEASE GO TO THE STU-

DENT LOUNGE ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20 BETWEEN 11:00 A.M. AND 1:00 P.M., FOR FITTING OF YOUR (SIGH) CAPS AND GOWNS. THESE MEASUREMENTS WILL ONLY BE TAKEN ONCE, SO PLEASE MAKE SURE YOU ARE THERE.

Fantastic Faculty Show — Diter Rot "Live Paintings", Dadi Wirz etchings, Alfred Hammer, Herbert Cummings, Rolin Belhmer, and Robert Thorton paintings, sculpture by Thomas Morin and Nancy Helfant, and, last but not least, pottery by Jeffrey Borden. Come see it all at One Benefit. 1 Benefit Street. Open daily except Monday 1-5 p.m.



MATCH 'EM



Fifty answers, your picture, a hand writing sample, your birthday, three dollars and some luck will get you an ideal date from this area whom you will meet at a social gathering at the end of May. (\$3 includes dance, \$2.50 refundable if match impossible). Write:

THE CUPID COMPUTER COMPANY

BOX 3018, NORTH STATION, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CALL 421-0401 (9 to 5)

— See Campus Agent —

WE LOVE BLOCKPRINT!



PHOTO-TYLUCK