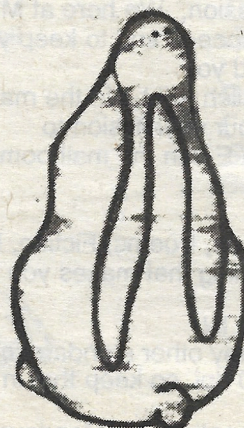
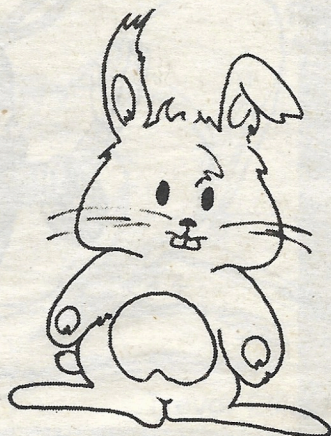


Feel The Love

MIXED MEDIA vol 5



Weeee

It was the worst of times, it was the best of times. Those of us who were born in the depression and raised in the duration of wartime saluted our flag with pride and honor. Remember when we raised the arm after the hand on the brow, until Hitler's "heil" changed our style--we put the hand upon our heart, to show how deeply and personally we cared about American values? Kids my age recall how the salute evolved. There was then no phrase "under God" in our pledge of allegiance, only an oath to "one nation with liberty and justice."

Our culture had countered the depression with a renaissance of spirit in the funnies, the movies, the radio broadcasts, and popular songs like "God Bless America, Land That I Love."

We hadn't yet achieved the prosperity and the power we came to enjoy and take for granted. What we meant by freedom was the right to live and pursue happiness.

As a professor in the humanities I sometimes feel a bit alone and lonely. So many of my colleagues by now are younger than I am. Their early memories date back to decades of protest against national policies, our arts often statements against the mainstream. In this autumn of our anguish, they seem to me to huddle together not with, but counter to those citizens who have put our stars and stripes on their cars, in their windows, on their lapels, like badges and bandages of support. For too many academics congratulating each other upon their mutual liberal conformism, the flag is a metaphor not for healthy anger and dignified union, but rather a drapery to conceal ignorance.

I welcome each and every red white and blue logo I see in town and country, on the streets and in the houses, because the near unanimity of sentiment brings me back to a time when America was discovering itself, its inner resources not only to resolve and sacrifice, but also of understanding and of defining our spiritual strengths. When we fought against the forces of fascism, we used not only the weapons of warfare, but also words, tough and also oh so gentle. We came to identify, alongside our allies, with the little guys of the world, and to turn away from the worship of totalitarian tyranny. I think we lost our way somewhat in the long drawn-out Cold War. We swapped enemies and friends, and our very language blurred.

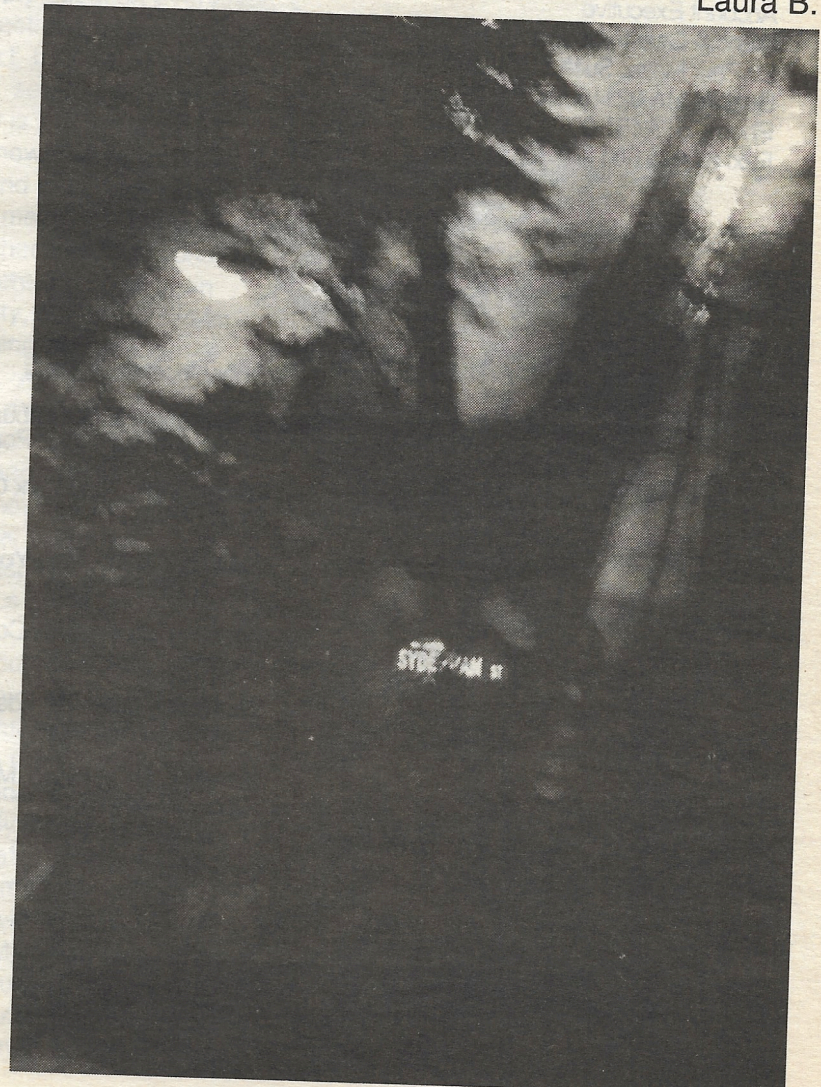
At the present moment, the clouds have passed and left a clear horizon before us. The terrorists responsible for the September 11 attack on the United States of America have inherited all the fascist values of World War II--contempt for civilians, hatred of Jews, fear of freedom designed by our founding fathers and mothers, and the arrogance of great fortunes masking their selfishness under a fake traditional lingo. Very much like Hitler!

I hear the influences on our campuses the way most of us would, who lived through the Duration and the Depression--as misguided and naive voices like Charles Lindbergh's, blaming the U.S.A. rather than its foes and avowed antagonists.

Americans have always had a vision of peace and compassion. Here in Rhode Island, even the names of our streets, towns and islands proclaim diversity and good will Hope, Friendship, Benevolence, Benefit: Patience and Prudence, Resolved and Preserved. In order to keep our promise, we have to take arms against the sea of troubles, of insults and of assaults. Rhode Island also has a record of receiving immigrants, who, whatever their initial experiences might have been, stay to find security and a safe haven where they can flourish without fear. Our Touro Synagogue was the site of the proclamation of freedom of faith in America.

We are living through a time when we need to hold the head high and straight, and recall our superb legacy not to lay a guilt trip upon ourselves. We can grasp the hand of our neighbor, whether or not he or she is sitting besides us in an ivory tower, and respect and celebrate the opportunity to pull together, not in a mood of nationalism but of love of lady liberty. "Stand beside her!"

Laura B.



Queer Arts Fest

MARCH EVENTS

TH 7
Reading 8 PM
 EILEEN NYLES.
 JOE WESTHORE-
 LAND. ALEXANDER
 CHEE (author)
 TAPROON

FR 8
Lecture 7 PM
 HARMONY HAM-
 MOND (author, artist,
 historian)
 LIST ART CENTER
 ROOM 120

TU 12
Lecture 7 PM
 DYKE ACTION
 MACHINE (graphic
 designers)
 RISD AUDITORIUM

WE 13
*Film screening and
 lecture* 7 PM
 THE ANITA PAL-
 LENBERG STORY
 LAURA COTTIN-
 GHAM (critic, video
 artist)
 RISD AUDITORIUM

TH 14 FR 15
*Writing, Performing
 Workshop* (for *also
 students only*)
 ANNA JOY SPRI-
 NGER (author)
 (for more information or
 to RSVP contact OSL)
 EVENING HOUSE

FR 15
Film screening 7 PM
 PARIS IS BURN-
 ING. FIRE
 RISD AUDITORIUM

FR 15 7 PM
Reading
 ANNA JOY SPR-
 INGER (author)
 EVENING HOUSE

SA 16
Symphobia Workshop
 2 PM
 TIN BURLING
 (author)
 TAPROON

SU 17
Music *doors at 8:30 PM
 show at 9 PM*
 SARAH DOUGHER,
 TAMI HART, THE
 CROWNS ON 45,
 HALF SEAS OVER
 AS220

SU 17
Film screening 7 PM
 PARIS IS BURN-
 ING. FIRE
 RISD AUDITORIUM

MO 19
Performance 7 PM
 NONY LAMN
 (author of prose and
 rock operas)
 TAPROON

TH 22
Rock
 LIMP WRIST
 *EX-LOS CRUDOS
 VFOR VENDETTA
location, time tba

RISD AUDITORIUM
 South Main St.
 between College St.
 and Waterman St.

TAPROON
 Benefit at
 Memorial Hall
 3rd floor

EVENING HOUSE
 4 Waterman St

AS220
 115 Empire St

LIST ART CENTER
 64 College St.

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