

The Sacrifice

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(We lied last time!)
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ALL TALKING, ALL SINGING

Finally, the surviving members of the Film Lab will screen their movies for all the world to see on Wednesday, April 26, at 4 and 8 pm in the Annenberg Center. The Sacrifice film critic spoke briefly with the filmmakers this week, as they sweated over the final steps in the process that began in November.

Canaan, by Dana Funchion, Judith Gordon and Kenneth Kaufman, is the longest of the three. Funchion says it concerns "disillusionment, nothingness, existentialism and ennui." Kaufman, however, says the film is about "the difference between what's taught and what is." Filmmaker Gordon was unavailable for comment.

Music For My Mother is about women alone. Leslie Rado and Jack Fishman, producers, directors, cameramen, soundmen, editors, etc., call it "vaguely gentle." Their subjects are women learning to live independently, discovering their own courage and vulnerability. Make that "scarepeople, soundpeople, editors, etc."

Dennis Buki, Paul Liker and Hugh Ormsby-Lennon have collaborated to produce Basic Training. It deals with statistics, defined by Ormsby-Lennon as "the vocabulary of food consumption units that can be differentially observed," and was filmed on location at McDonald's, International House and Hamburger College in Washington.

Lab members agreed that, after their months of labor, aggravation and frustration, the absence of an enthusiastic student audience on April 26 might lead to severe psychological disorders.

FREE AGAIN

The single most controversial student issue of the academic year was settled by the Graduate Council last month. The free coffee urn was returned to the Student Lounge, with a full complement of cups, sugar and ersatz cream.

The problem now, Council members say, is that students insist on leaving used coffee cups strewn about the lounge. Plans for the next year call for a shelf built to hold students' individual mugs, with prizes awarded for the prettiest, funniest and most original mug. Until then, however, cooperation in disposing of used cups seems to be the only solution.

GAYE IS GOOD

Professor Gaye Tuchman, of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, discusses her latest paper, "Making News by Doing Work," at the faculty seminar lunch Tuesday at noon in the Conference Room. Students can come too.

THE STRAIGHT GOOBS ON THE CURRICULUM COMMITTEE

Ever since that fateful day in June, 1970, when Brunella Freebie was seduced by the cool, white marble floor of the Franklin Institute, there has been a clamor for a course in Geological Kinematics at the Annenberg School, through which peculiar communications of this sort might be explored.

Similarly, there is a splinter group of students who have taken a deep and perhaps perverse interest in the International Pig-Calling Festival held annually in Union Grove, West Virginia (1971 winner: Lannarr Jean Gumbody, whose call was heard three and a half miles away). This group has demanded that a course called The Codes and Modes of Yelling be part of the curriculum at least for PhD students.

And at least some students who are interested in the institutional end of communications theory have expressed an interest in a course called Writing in Line, in which rigorous research might lead to a more harmonious and marginally less restive society (see Kenworthy, Duncan, Queuing, Quasi-Queuing and the International Fallacy, Ornaby-Lennon Press, London, 1903).

Ever responsive to the semi-articulated rumblings of its student body, the Annenberg School of Communications (sic) does indeed employ a mechanism - an institution, if you like, through which its goals and inspirations, hopes and fears, intricacies and vagaries are distilled in policy decisions suitable for framing in an Annenberg Bulletin every few years.

This body, once informally known as the Faculty Jointed for Communications Knowledge, has now adopted the high-toned monicker of Curriculum Committee and initiated two students into the strange and mystical rites occurring on alternate Tuesdays in the strange and mystical Conference Room. Well-known raconteurs Robin Wisman and Doug Richardson were offered the student posts, probably in an effort to keep them from sucking up all the coffee in the Student Lounge.

The faculty ploy apparently was successful, for both appeared at a February 29 meeting (an omen?) and were struck by the quality and breadth of interest of their fellow committee members. Heading the committee and scribbling notes furiously was Charles Huber, who managed to maintain order in a spirited debate among Birdwhistell, Ilona Gerber, Gross, McQuell and Shayon. Worth sat the meeting out.

Everyone talked and smiled at one another in a most friendly and constructive way and, surprisingly, a great deal more got done than at least one of the students would have expected. Topics ranged from the trivial to the momentous, giving all of the meeting a personal view of all that concerns communicationsdom.

As the one decision that has been declassified, it was unanimously agreed that there will be a curriculum next year, and indeed, for all terms in the foreseeable future. Student Richardson's suggestion that a four-credit course in Squash and Communication be immediately instituted with retroactive credit was tabled, although very few unkind words were said to Richardson himself.

And thus the meeting ended, closing with the assurance that its members would meet again to wrestle with those many and multifarious problems that so complicate the affairs of any circus with a lot of different acts. -dr

CULBERTS

The Sacrifice is published from time to time for students at the Annenberg School of Communications, under the financial auspices of the Student Council. Participants, tipsters and copyboys for this issue include Harry Milavsky, Doug Richardson, Ian Mowatt and Paula Span.

STUDENTS ARE AWARE OF WHAT'S GOING ON; THAT IS NOT TO SAY THERE IS SOMETHING GOING ON

At Monday's Graduate Council meeting, student representatives will again present a proposal for course and teacher evaluation. Faculty members have panicked at such ideas in the past; only last semester they found evaluation unnecessary, or intimidating, or threatening to academic freedom, or offensive to educational principles.

Students may have more luck this time, however, because they have agreed to move as a unified delegation. There's a chance their determination will carry some weight, even if reasonable educational arguments can't. Graduate Council meetings are not open to non-members, so we cannot attend to speak in favor of the proposal. Light a candle, instead.

The other Annenberg committee with student membership, labeled curriculum, has also discussed matters of some import to students, and also behind closed doors. Students, however, apparently won't know what the topic of discussion has been until after decisions are made. As Doug Richardson points out, the only item to be declassified is the probability that there will be a curriculum next year.

As long as Richardson and Niemann can't share the agenda of discussion with their constituents, they can only represent their own opinions. If they are to represent ours, instead, why all the secrecy?

-ps

SELF-EXPRESSIONS

The spring thaw and accompanying sensual reawakening has prompted - nay, inspired - two 'Bergers to submit original compositions. We are tickled. This first number was anonymous, so any valid interpretation of its meaning is probably okay unless you are Susan Sontag. The second writer, appropriately, signed his name.

CREAM QUEEN COMES

The Senior Prom Dance Committee had its first meeting for the semester, and although none of the members were there, business went on as usual.

Of the first order on the agenda - choosing new members for Y-Teens. Get your nominations in to your homeroom teacher as soon as possible.

And don't forget the big dance, soon to be announced! And then there is the "Frotzel Queen" contest coming up as well. The judges will be the Cream Queen of 1972, a famous movie star (yet to be named, but possibly one of the Fab Five themselves!) and others.

Watch this paper for announcements! And do get your Y-Teen nominations in to your homeroom teacher, soon.

THE BROWNING OF AMERICA: BS, MA AND PhD

There can be no disputing: America is getting browner and browner every day. You can feel it in the air...you can smell it in the air...you can step in it on the street.

Brownness is a measure of unconsciousness and there are three levels.
(cont. page four)

SELF-EXPRESSIONS, CONT.'

The first level of unconsciousness, "I didn't see it but I stepped in it," describes the orientation found in any large organization. Unconsciousness One, as we might call it, results in the Spread It All Around Syndrome, dispersion of information such as rumors, course materials, or "Well, I was told to see you by the lady over there..."

Unconsciousness Two, "I smelled it; I didn't really see it, but I knew it was there," is a level attributed to most students, academics and subversives. They go around sniffing, but they never get anything done except examination and no one marks examinations any more.

No Unconsciousness Two results, if other things are constant and the creeks don't rise, in the evolution of Unconsciousness Three or "There it is, right at the end of my nose." This level knows where it's at, so to speak, and ends up pursuing its own nose to reach full brownness. Only when we reach full brownness will the system work at its optimum for the individual involved. As Barbra Streisand said, "When you spread it around things grow."

Let us all strive, then, to reach full brownness and raise our unconsciousness to a lower level so that we may all live in the seat of luxury. But do you suppose the seat of government causes the brownness?

-bm

NEXT ISSUE

The latest research supervised by Dr. Denis McQuail will appear, not in Journalist Quarterly, not in some fancy anthology; but right here in The Sacrifice, assuming the Audience Analysis sections get moving. The study investigates patterns of media use and communications behavior among Annenberg students.

DOES YOUR CHOWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOR ON THE REDPOST OVERNIGHT?

The following space was reserved for comments on and reactions to the Symposium held here two weeks ago. People preferred not to share them, however, so - go ahead - write them down yourself, then swap with a friend.