

The

Sacrifice

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ONE-STEP FLOW

Thirty-six students mobbed the polls in the recent Graduate Council elections: 12 PhD candidates (a high percentage) and 22 MA students (a crazy turnout). The people's mandate went to Roberta Ironside, Jim Murphy, Ian Mowatt, Mike Fallick and Rick Lee-man, with Mowatt elected student co-chairman to serve with faculty co-chairman Charles Wright. The same mailing produced four student volunteers for the curriculum committee, but final selections haven't been made yet.

Mindful of its responsibility to help acquaint the student body with their representatives, The Sacrifice badgered the new councilors to write a paragraph or two to their constituents. Two replied:

NOTES FROM THE UNCERTAIN

Over the past week or so, it has frequently been brought to my attention that the various groups of the Annenberg community (ants, roaches, cats, humans, dusts and plastic greenhouses) wish to be kept informed of the goings-on of that esteemed body, the graduate council.

To help me in this function I have enlisted the help of my friend suitable the cat, an ad hoc member of RIS's class. Basically, she needs the practice; she has been able to reach only one and three-quarters beats in her papers.

Assuming that the community knows who the members are, I will move right along to cover the council's first, secret, seven and a half minute meeting, held behind closed doors in the conference room on Tuesday the 15th.

Those members of the council who are surprised to learn that there already has been a meeting should remember that all council meetings are cleared through the local mail service branch of the KGB. This branch has always been noted for its ability to insist on upward status changes (peon to parliamentary peon) and to rights concerning quick delivery.

Nevertheless, the meeting began, discussing two major questions: finding some quasi-legal means for coercing someone into becoming a council co-chairman and deciding when to hold the next meeting.

The discussion of co-chairman choice began with the faculty representatives informing the lower house that it was necessary that a student member be chosen, since a faculty member had been doped/chosen as chairman for the spring semester. (student and faculty co-chairman alternate each semester).

The question was how to dope/choose a student co-chairman; none of the faculty could remember how they did it last time, although they assured us it was perfectly legal. Discussion of the election procedure centered on the question of whether the students should push forward one of their own, thereby incurring his/her hatred through time, or whether the council as a whole should undertake the untidy task, since the co-chairman represents everybody.

Two minutes into the incomprehensible muttering, someone remembered that Ian had worn a hat to the meeting and suggested leaving the responsibility to Mother Chance.

Into the hat went 27 slips of paper containing Ian's name, two slips with the name Clarabelle and one slip with the name Ceteris Paribus, the name given the plastic rubber tree outside the door. Clarabelle's name was pulled first, but he honked off,

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I OUGHTTA BE IN PICTURES

It all began casually enough. Larry Gross mentioned to his 721 class that a motion picture starring Jack Nicholson was being filmed in and around Philadelphia. And they needed extras to sit in Horn and Hardart's while Jack got a cup of coffee or something. Academic types and Indians preferred.

At break the question was "Are you going to try it?" and the answer was "Why not? I'll go for the hell of it."

That evening a few hundred assorted human beings convened at a Holiday Inn to be discovered. Our faces were looked at. About 40, including Gross and me, made the first cut. Then Superdirector Bob Rafelson selected a dozen faces, one of them mine. No lights. No stars. No magic.

I confess I went to the Holiday Inn, not for the hell of it, but to land in that movie. I did my best to look conspicuously academic: the vest, the watch and key, the pipe, the works. For this I've been called "professional" and "prostitute," which are precisely the same thing. Anyway, I'm here to tell those of you who weren't chosen that you didn't miss a damn thing.

I arrived at Horn and Hardart's slightly early for filming. The manager stood at the door to inform me, "Sorry, we're closed." "I'm in the film," I said. Oh well, come in, sit down, make yourself at home, raid the icebox, etc. So far, so good.

Things started going downhill when I had to piss and found a coin lock on the men's room door and a sign that read: Sorry for this inconvenience but the coin lock is necessary so that we can maintain first class conditions for our regular customers." On the wall were scrawled "Chewy" and "Corcbread." I guess they are the regular customers.

The equipment began to roll in. Everyone wore jeans and sweatshirts; the more creative types' said "Atlantic City, New Jersey" and "Yamaha." Nicholson arrived with an adorable young thing in tow and talked about basketball. The director ordered a pizza. I smoked cigarettes.

The first shot was set. Jack was to walk down the stairs, hang up his jacket and get a glass of milk and a piece of pie. Several "extras" were placed at tables. Jack walked down the stairs, hung up his jacket and got a glass of milk and piece of pie. I was not chosen for the scene.

In the next shot, Jack sat at a table, read a book, grew bored, put it in his briefcase and left. I wanted to go with him. I wasn't chosen for that scene, either.

In the third shot, Jack walked out the door and went to the subway. The guy in the Atlantic City sweatshirt called me. I was placed strategically at a table 14 miles from the camera. I was wearing a pink shirt. When you see the movie, tentatively titled "The Philosopher King," watch for it.

I was hoping to get a line or two to say, but if Jack Nicholson didn't, why should I? All I did get was bored, \$30, a steak with french fries, a dozen cokes, lung cancer and a serious question as to whether I would bother to see the movie.

-ca

CHECKMATE *

Tuesday evenings the ASC Student Council sponsors a photography course. Jack Kervef has been teaching the group darkroom and camera techniques and the class is now off starting. Anyone who wishes to join in need only be present in physical form at the ASC darkroom Tuesdays at 7 pm. We haven't progressed too far yet, so feel free to turn out if you want to learn about clicking pix or brush up on darkroom use.

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GUILPITS

The Sacrifice is published now and again for students at the Annenberg School under the financial auspices of the Student Council. Agitators and fellow travelers for this issue included Craig Aronoff, Hugh Crosby-Lennon, Rick Leaman, Barry Milavsky, Mike Fallenik and Paula Span.

NOTES FROM THE UNDETABLE, cont. 1

noting certain deficiencies in verbal fluency.

making sure that no foul-up occurred on the next pull, one faculty member deftly pulled the hatband out of the hat, which contained the names "ian" and "6⁷/8" stenciled in the leather. as ian raised his hand to nominate 6⁷/8 as co-chairman, everyone else took his raised arm as a sign of acknowledgement and cheered ian's courage.

the chairman then moved to the question of a time for the next meeting, at which point the faculty moved out of the room and quickly out of the building. the chairman requested the student representatives, too stunned to have attempted an exit themselves, to write out copies of their schedules.

during this period, the chairman refused to leave the room which, it was learned later, foiled a plot on the part of the lower house to have all the hours covered, thereby making meetings impossible to hold. once the schedules were collected, the chairman disappeared through a secret passageway and the meeting was over.

before closing i would like to point out to readers, especially students who are overrepresented in the seats provided for non-entities on the council (not one dust has ever served), that the student delegates have absolutely no idea of the things that are discussable in the council, nor what changes other students want to see.

suggestions may be given to council members or, for those inclined to secrecy, ideas may be addressed to me and given to any representative of this paper. until next time.

-mp

(another representative writes on page four)

FLICKS

Here's another source of free entertainment for impoverished graduate students. The Free Library screens films about twice a month and, due to the largess of a certain bank and a certain city agency, charges no admission.

Future features: The Green Years on February 29, Fear Strikes Out on March 15, Viva Zapata on March 29 and (do not miss) Meet Me in St. Louis on April 12. Shows are at 2 and 6:30 pm at the Free Library, 19th and the Parkway.

After the show, have a chat with director and projectionist Walter Klaus. He not only knows everything about movies except widemes and cademes - he also owns a wondrous collection of original movie posters from the 30's and 40's and will sell you his surplus at only \$10 or \$15 usually. A small price for such (mounted) treasures - and like Indian head pennies they increase in value. Currently in his stock: Lady from Shanghai, Singin' in the Rain, Desk Set, Batman and about 20 others. Walter can also track posters down for you.

-ps

NOW HEAR THIS

From March 2 through March 6 a string of eminent critics and artists hold forth at the School of Fine Arts Building, 34th and Walnut. The English department hosts Geoffrey Hartman, famed Yale, at 3 pm Friday, March 3. His topic is "Reflections on the Evening Star."

Artist and architect Kosko Sofidie, creator of the Habitat project at Montreal's Expo in 1967, speaks at 8:30 pm March 2.

Then at 8:30 pm on March 5 it's Susan Sontag, writer, critic and filmmaker. Recommended by Hugh Ormsby-Lennon.

THE COMING CONFLICT BETWEEN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND JOURNALISTS

Donald Drake, who spoke on this topic at Colloquium two weeks ago, has been relieved of his position as Inquirer science writer and demoted to night rewrite by inquirer Executive Editor John McMiller. At issue is an article Drake wrote for Philadelphia Journalist Review, and perhaps his long involvement with that unloved publication. Watch coming issues of J&R for details.

-ps

STROUESBURG BOY HITS THE BIG TIME

A few years ago Professor Birdwhistell delivered a lecture to the American Group of Psychotherapy, warning that: "When intellectual competition becomes so intense that adversaries protectively cluster into competing cults, sectarian competition tends to take precedence over intellectuality."

On the whole there is a sorry divorce - was there ever a liason - between the students and faculty at Annenberg. This condition vitiates any wholesome development of our potential.

Furthermore, a situation bordering on dilletantism pervades the master's degree program. Some fortunate people entered this school with definite plans for a future, constructing their program of study accordingly. Others were lured by the glamorous opportunities alluded to in the Bulletin.

The shocking reality is that one may teach if he's a TV technician. Or if he wants to avoid academia he can calculate means. Or...

I hope to use the Graduate Council as a vehicle to overcome some of these problems. Perhaps if our faculty were aware of this competitive atmosphere and our distaste for it, this would be all that is necessary to ameliorate the situation. Perhaps "advisors" could communicate with their students early, offering some direction for their predicaments. Perhaps a listing could be compiled of all the opportunities available to students trained in communications.

Perhaps the Annenberg School can be what we all hope it can be.

-rl

note: Dear Gerbner and Dr. Gross are offering a seminar relating their cultural indicators project. This could be an initial positive step. Interested students should contact Gerbner within the next week.

ROGET

What's the worst part of preparing a paper for an Annenberg course? Unbearable as they may be, it's not the information-gathering, theorizing, writing or even typing that annoys the most. It's trying to avoid using words like "communication," "feedback," "channel" and "interaction" 43 times each. Reports still sound like tape loops. The repetition must bug those poor slob who have to read the papers, too.

Enter The Sacrifice, friend of the people, with a bright idea copped from PhD student Robin Wexman. Robin suggests that we publish a sort of lexicon of communication terms - synonyms for those all-too-familiar phrases. If enough people contributed two or three of their favorite synonyms, we'd be in business.

Post contributions on the bulletin board, if the idea appeals to you, or leave them in the Student Council mailbox. PhD candidates' efforts are especially welcome: they are, after all, the most experienced bullshitters of us all.

-ps

UP AGAINST THE WALL

of the Annenberg library is a collection of feminist publications and alternate media from all over the world: hundreds of newspapers, magazines, newsletters and leaflets. Sandra Griffiths, librarian extraordinaire, gathered them (without any financial help from the School, of course). The collection is recommended as an antidote to reactionary classes, counter-revolutionary lectures and bourgeois tendencies.