

THE

Sacrifice

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR - WE DON'T MIND YOUR FUCKING WAR
(AS LONG AS WE DON'T GET DRAFTED)

I apologize in advance for being such a drag as to bring up the subject of the war in Southeast Asia. How tiresome, how unspeakably boring.

Graduate students don't need to concern themselves with such matters, now that they and their colleagues are not being drafted. In our youth we marched and picketed with the best of them, but we've outgrown that. The Annenberg student body contains a surprising number of former radicals, with strike-stenciled t-shirts hidden in bottom drawers and a collection of buttons and armbands that goes back years. But their secret is safe with me.

"Undergraduates have a way of making everything sound so apocalyptic," one second-year student groaned last week as a sound truck plugging a rally went down Walnut Street. Honestly, it was an imposition to have to hear it. (Unless, of course, one might find a thesis topic there somewhere).

Well, friends, it is not my purpose to catalogue the horrors and deceptions we've witnessed during this decade of war, nor excuse the cynicism and lethargy that has set in. We're all talked out.

It is not my purpose to rouse you to strikes or meetings or sit-ins, even if they were agreed to be effective tactics. None of us at Annenberg would hand in a late paper or miss an exam to protest the war.

My purpose is only to inform you that Thursday, May 4, is a national moratorium day of antiwar activity. Yes, another one. In cities throughout the country all sorts of respectable people, perhaps even graduate students, will take an hour or two to remember the moral obligation to be peace-makers. It sort of fits in with the nostalgia craze, like wedgies.

In Philadelphia, the moratorium observance is at JFK Plaza, near City Hall, from 4:30 to 6:30 pm. It is the second anniversary of the execution of four students at Kent State University.

I suspect that, beneath the academic jargon and the worry over final papers, there is a twitch of fear and despair in most of us when we hear the evening news. Perhaps we feel history will judge our spathy harshly. Perhaps we recall that our friends and lovers might have gone there were they not affluent and educated. Or perhaps they did go.

You don't have to admit it to anyone. But, wherever you are on Thursday, how about one more try?

-ps

A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSOR

A bevy of beauties and beaux will converge on the television studio at 9 pm on Saturday, May 6, for the Annenberg Senior Prom. There's still time for you, in leftover formal and corsage, to join them if you give Mrs. Moloney your \$1 per person by 5 pm on Wednesday.

John Terquinio, who appears to be single-handedly arranging this delightful affair, has had a rough time funding it. The Graduate Council has jurisdiction over the money he needs; he still doesn't know if he can afford a throne and crown for the

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LET'S GO TO THE HOP, CONT.'

prom queen.

"The arrangements for this party have contributed to my receding hairline," Terquinio sighed. "I'm very upset. Perhaps by the time of the prom I'll look like a Trappist monk." He has come up against "power variables" he prefers not to discuss, afraid the prom may suffer. There's a dedicated man.

The prom "hearkens back to the high school epoch," Terquinio said. He promises a fine collection of oldies for dancing, but not an overload of them. "Most people have rather low oldies thresholds," he explained.

FROM ATLANTA: A CONVENTIONAL REPORT

I spent most of last week in Atlanta at the annual convention of the International Communication Association (ICA). I'm telling you about it because 1) in a sense I represented you there; because my badge read Annenberg School and people assumed I was a representative 2) I have some interesting insights and new perspectives I want to share and 3) things happened which are of direct interest to graduate students of communication.

Like all conventions it served a number of functions. There was a lot of drinking, a lot of socializing and a strong sense of identification with the discipline of communication. A guy who teaches communication at Western Michigan University explained to me that the convention was an important reinforcement to him, that he is terribly isolated at Western Michigan, that now he has the strength to go once again into the breach.

Of course, the convention was meant to fulfill an academic and intellectual function, but it was less successful in this regard. The more than 100 papers were, for the most part, excuses for those who delivered them to come to Atlanta. Only one paper met with universally favorable response; its author wasn't after an excuse to come since he is on the ICA board of directors. The title of the paper: "Symbolic functions and the Image of Education;" the author...you guessed it...George Gerbner.

There are far more schools with what they call communications programs than I had imagined. Most of them, however, seem unable to comprehend the communications literature produced in the last 20 years.

Too many papers offered "revelations" about attitude change in worn-out ways. Too many scholars thought they stood in the forefront of the field because they were at work developing a transactional rather than interactional model of communication, something most of us did for our first course at Annenberg (and bitched about the simple-mindedness of the assignment).

"Oh! You're from Annenberg! Tell me about it, I've heard so many good things!" was the most frequent response to my ID badge. Women swooned when I described our faculty. Strong men wept when I told of the school's physical plant and our program. As I listened to tales of woe, even tales that lauded other schools and programs, I rapidly came to the conclusion (an elitist and snob one at that) that Annenberg really is years ahead of the rest of the field. Now, I didn't see anyone from Stanford at the convention, or even the University of Illinois. But compared to what was there...

In the third area I mentioned, graduate students attending the convention got together one afternoon with Ron Spith, former ICA president, to discuss the role of graduate students in the Association. They are now, in many ways, second class citizens.

Among graduate students' immediate goals are a voice on the board of directors, ways to increase student interaction with students and faculty of other schools, means to cut costs to increase student convention attendance, means to strengthen graduate students' identification with the broader discipline, and access to that professorial infrastructure - the wonderful world of grants, publications, fame and fortune.

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GEORGE GOES TO GEORGIA, CONT.'

Three things were decided in Atlanta. A conference of communications students will meet in August at the General Motors Institute in Flint, Michigan (chosen because GM provides free room and board) to discuss these topics and work towards achieving them.

Second, Malcolm MacLean, current ICA president, has agreed to appoint two people selected by that conference to be ex officio members of the board of directors at their September meeting in Chicago. ICA will pick up the tab for the pair.

Third, a newsletter to publicize the conference and coordinate ideas on grad student activities will be developed from feedback from students who attended the Atlanta convention and anyone else who becomes interested. The newsletter will be sent to any communication student, ICA member or not. It's free.

If you are interested, leave your name and address in my mail box (Aronoff) in the main office. I will gladly pass your thoughts and ideas on to the newsletter, which all can receive.

And that's all from convention control. We now return you to our sponsor.

-cc

IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Look for a report on students who have (gasp! not that!) left Annenberg, why they dropped out and where they've gone.

AT LAST, THE PICTURE SHOW

It's impossible to retreat into critical objectivity after the screening of the final products of the Film Lab. The films are the works of friends, students, who sweated for months to assemble each 15 minutes of sound and image. It's more honest to tell the filmmakers, "Congratulations on the completion of your labor of love; we share your pride, your relief, your sense of accomplishment."

Canaan is the work of Dana Funchion, Judy Gordon and Ken Kaufman. Through its personal, sympathetic view of the lives of three people, it comments on what we expect as we grow up, what we find when we get there, and how we cope with the differences. The theme of quiet disillusionment is one a student audience instinctively understands.

Seeing Music for My Mother is a learning experience, especially for those men and women whose stock comment on the women's movement is, "I'm all for equal pay, but what are they so angry about?" Music, done by Jack Fishman and Leslie Rado, is not about a movement, though; it's about women on their own. Leslie plays one of those rare women too full of life to let the abuses conquer her. Herself, I gether.

By Shayon's standards, Basic Training is art because it has multi-dimensionality. The film, "prepared" by Paul Licker, Hugh Ormsby-Lannon and Dennis Suki, is hilarious in its discussions of "dinasics" and the footage shot at McDonald's Harburg-er College. The inside satire is even better. It sizzles, you should pardon the expression.

-ps

GUILPRITS

The Sacrifice is published from time to time for students at the Annenberg School of Communications under the financial and spiritual auspices of the Student Council. Members of the People's Newsletter Collective for this issue included Barry Milevsky, Craig Aronoff and Paula Span.

The Y-Teens executive had its second meeting of the incoming year last Thursday. Plans were laid for the upcoming gala fete to take place on Saturday evening. Selections were also heard for class nominations for: Most Likely to Succeed, Miss Congeniality, Class Fool, Best Dressed (Male and Female -- Guys and Gals), etc. The winners will be announced at the Prom along with answers to the "Where will he/she be in ten years". Winner of the most likely award will be given a great prize....three free years as a Trappist monk! More prizes and, wow, wait til you see what the Prom Queen will get (blush!).

MEETING: There will be an important meeting of the International Guano Pygmy Conspiracy tomorrow at noon. Bring your bag lunches and blow pipes.

RESPONSIVE??

The Sacrifice was to have two guest edit orials by fledgling ABC writers, but, typically, the articles never arrived. Therefore we are concluding this, our last of the year, with poetry symbolic of our year here. Blank verse, of the concrete poetry type:

COOL

HE WY