

BLUEPRINT

ALEXANDER RAMSEY HIGH SCHOOL

Vol. 17 No. 13 Roseville, Minn. 55113 Friday, May 1, 1970

High School Education Analysis

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Festival of Life Week

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P. J. goes to Met.

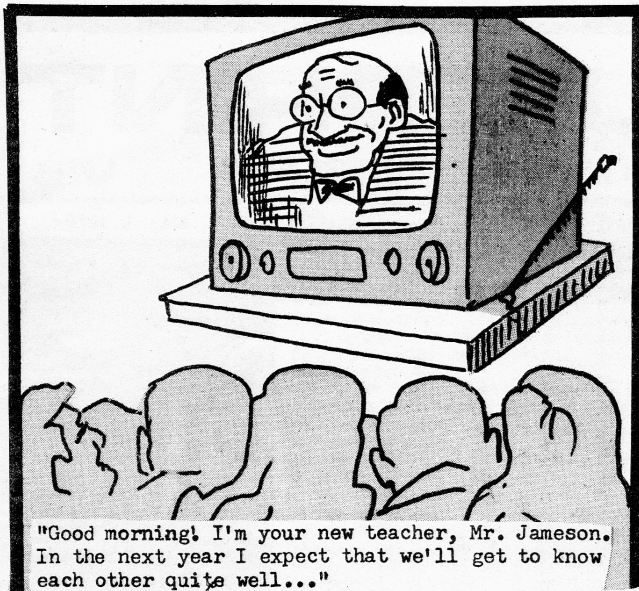
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'Hey Jude' ala MOOG

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Riggs to wretches

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"Good morning! I'm your new teacher, Mr. Jameson. In the next year I expect that we'll get to know each other quite well..."



**editorial/opinion
forum**

'you've come a long way, baby!'

Special thanks and appreciation is extended to Ramsey's majorettes and baton twirlers who performed during halves of the home basketball games. The girls spent a great deal of time preparing for their exhibitions to entertain fans. It is hoped they will continue during next year's games.

Thanks again to Gail Peterson, Carol Jean Smith, Nancy Scott, Marlys Goff, Lois Kenny, and Peggy Otis, Ramsey's majorettes; and to the flag twirlers: Janet Whaley, Barb Yost, Doris Lessey, Lu-Ann Weinholzer, and Heidi Burger.

Ramsey High Lites Friday, March 26, 1954

Holman's Heroes

by Jeff Holman

THE UNFUNNY COLUMN



"Mommy! Mommy! I saw a monster out there!"

The five year old scurried up the steps to tug at Mommy's housedress.

"Don't be silly, Bobby. There aren't any monsters in Roseville," Mommy assured him.

"But Mommy," Bobby insisted. "There is. And Mommy, I ain't seen anything like it before."

Mommy told Bobby to be quiet, or he'd wake Daddy and Daddy would be mad. She told him to describe this monster to her.

"Well, it was this great big thing, with a funny-looking nose, and funny looking eyes, and funny-looking hair... and big and black everywhere!" Mommy laughed hysterically. "That wasn't a monster, Bobby. . . that was a Negro."

Bobby crumpled his baseball cap and chomped his chewing gum.

"Mommy, what are Negroes?"

"Negroes are black people," Mommy answered.

He chomped even harder.

"Where do Negroes come from?"

"Well, Bobby, they come from slums, and plantations. . .and baseball teams!"

"And baseball teams!"

"Yep. Willy Mays is a Negro," Bobby was jumping up and down in excitement.

"Mommy, do you suppose I could find a Negro to play catch with?"

Mommy said he couldn't

"Why, mommy, why. . .?"

"Because Negroes don't live in Roseville, Bobby."

Bobby couldn't figure it out.

Maybe Mommy was lying. Maybe Negroes really come from Mars, or Jupiter, or someplace really far away. Maybe he should Zap one with his ray gun.

"Zap! Zap! Zap-zap-zap!" cheered Bobby, tearing around the living room chair where his father slumbered.

"What are you doing, son?" Daddy grumbled.

"Now Bobby, you know you're not

BLUEPRINT STUDENT FORUM

youth's idealism

This letter is written in response to David Hearing's commentary of April 3 and Pat Scully's letter of April 17. The Blueprint did not print David's letter in its entirety because of space limitations.

"My last point is, beware of the consequences of your actions, for I seriously doubt that you have even considered them. Being a sophomore at the U. S. Naval Academy I can tell you from personal experience and observation what the consequences of the anti-military campaign in this country will be. You should know first that the U. S. military was founded on the principle that it be formed of and run by ordinary citizens to prevent the rise of a military clique that existed and proved dangerous in so many European countries in the last two centuries, and is still prevalent in Latin and South American countries. Yet, as a direct result of the protests and the anti-military feeling that pervades the country, the military has become an unpopular career and a division has arisen between the ordinary citizen and the military man.

By calling for the elimination of the draft, the last tie with a citizen army will be severed. The military will be isolated from the rest of American life. But the military will continue to exist. It will be powerful, professional, and dedicated. Should anarchy spread further, the military would be quite capable of taking the situation into its own hands. Thus, by attempting to destroy the very thing which gives them the opportunity to protest, the military, the anti-militarists will have created a monster, a professional military clique, which could in turn destroy the American way of life as we know it. As long as service is required of all of America's young men and is not done by professionals, this cannot happen. I say again, beware of and consider the possible consequences of your actions because then may not be what you desire."

In response to Pat's letter; David said, "Think for yourself, don't let other people think for you!" He advised the young people to accept guidance from the older generation. He did not say to let them do your thinking for you. We must learn from their successes as well as from their failures.

Youth must "try to live the idealistic life within . . ." itself. Per-

fecting ourselves will not make us an inner-directed, hypocritical mass. We will instead become better people that are more interested in other people. We, as mere human beings, cannot possibly correct the world problems. The solution to the world problems is through the perfecting of ourselves. We must tackle a problem that is more within our grasp and not worry about those problems which are beyond it.

Cathy Hearing
senior

coach's rebuttal

(Editor's Note: This letter was written as a reply to Paul Johnson's column of April 17.)

I feel compelled to write a rebuttal to your recent column, in the Blueprint, on our intramural program.

You stated that most Ramsey coaches are in ardent disfavor of intramural programs. This is not true and I feel you owe an apology to the coaches. I think our entire staff is heartily in favor of a good intramural program. Any boy content to play intramural, in a particular sport, would never help competition form the intramural program is without sound reasoning.

You made referent to the U of Minn. intramural program. They have a fine program and I believe this program is conducted in the evenings and on Saturdays. We have tried to interest students in the following activities after school and on Saturday mornings: touch football, speedball, basketball, softball, badminton, and table tennis. These programs were all dropped because of lack of numbers and lack of interest.

Last year our coaching staff volunteered their time to supervise weight lifting, after school, for anyone interested. We started with 8-10 students each night and it soon dwindled to 2 or 3.

The only way an intramural program would be successful would be to have separate intramural facilities and run it within the school day. There is not enough interest after school and on Saturdays. Basketball was a success because the court was available on game days and was within the school day. It will not be available with our new school day.

Lars E. Overskei
Director of Athletics.

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supposed to be in the living room," Mommy said.

The boy held up his tiny finger. "I'm killing Negroes with my ray gun," he said, "Zap! Zap!"

"Well, kill a couple for me," Daddy said good-naturedly.

Mommy was mad at Daddy. "You shouldn't talk like that to the boy," Daddy said he'd do more than talking if he saw any Negroes in his neighborhood.

Mommy took Bobby aside and did her best to explain Negro history. Negroes had come to America to work on Southern plantations. They were end slavery. Now everybody was free and equal.

"Mommy, how come there aren't any Negroes in Roseville?" Bobby asked, quite innocently.

"Go wash for supper," Mommy said, "and don't ask Mommy so many hard questions."

SAILING

Hoist the Mainsail!

"The fair breeze blew,
The white foam flew,
The furrows followed free
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
"The Ancient Mariner"

During the spring a young man's thoughts turn to love and an old salt's thoughts turn to sailing.

A sailor welcomes the first spring breeze or gale with the same thankful sigh that a skier experiences with the first snowfall.

Sailing is a peculiar sport in the fact that each time out sailing is a unique experience. For example, one can experience the relative tranquility of calm, practically windless day or tumultuous, almost frightening spills when the lake is frothy with white caps.

Also, the ride is dependant on the sailboat. A little boat such as a Sailfish for example will tip over at a sudden gust of wind whereas a larger boat will merely tip or take in a little water.

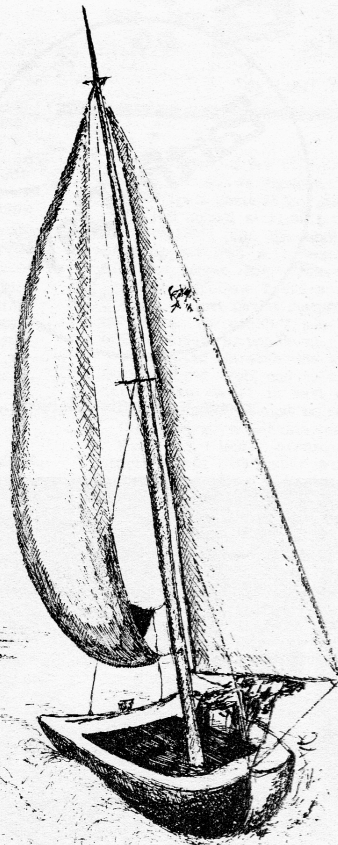
Sailing requires a bit of skill. Manuvering the boat from one place to the other takes a little forethought since such factors as wind direction must be accounted for.

Mark Twain, in his "Life of the Mississippi" describes how rivermen could "read" the river and foetell upcoming currents, sand bars or whirlpool eddies.

A sailor can in essence "see the wind." A "squall" or rash coming across the water signifies an upcoming blast of wind.

Perhaps one of the most often asked question from a nonsailor is how does one sail against the wind?

This is done by making a series of "tacks" or back and forth movements across the lake against the wind.



Ballet-multi media art

By Sue Smiley

The art of ballet involves much more than dancing. Ballet is "one part dancing, one part music, one part drama, one part costume and scenery," according to HasVelt's How to Enjoy Ballet.

To observe a beginner's class at the Andahazy School of Classical Ballet, the difficulties involved in training can be seen. A student of ballet at Andahazy's may be in a beginner's class for 2, 3, or 4 years. From there classes in intermediate, toe, and character as well as advanced must be taken before the student may possibly be ready to dance publicly or with the Andahazy Ballet Borealis.

Lorand Andahazy Anna Adorianova (his wife), and Marius Andahazy (his son) all dance with the Andahazy Ballet Borealis. Lorand Andahazy danced with the Russian and Hungarian Ballets in his younger years. Marius Andahazy and Linda Finholt, another member of the ballet com-

pany, were invited to dance for a ballet competition in Moscow U.S.S.R. last summer.

Walter Hard, junior commented on his view of ballet, "I understand it takes a lot of work and I respect people who have the will to succeed at it." Walter continued about boys in ballet, "If they want to go into ballet, they can. I don't feel it's effeminate or anything."

Keith Crane, junior, says, "I think Nureyev is the most masculine guy around." "I think it's (ballet) the most beautiful art form."

Nevertheless, a typical class at the Andahazy school may include 30 boys and one, two, three, or no boys.

The Andahazy Ballet Borealis will be presenting Stabat Mater Aubade and Aurora's Wedding, Sunday, May 4, at the St. Paul Auditorium Theatre. Stabat Mater has been called a "religious nutcracker" by Judith Christ. Aubade is a world premier of the conflicts of the goddess Diana.

Flight is a costly notion

In baseball, tennis, golf, swimming or tiddly-winks won't get you high this summer, maybe flying could. A handful of Ramsey students will be turning on in high fashion this summer behind the wheel of an airplane. Tim Heil, a senior, is one.

To begin flying lessons a student license is necessary. To acquire one you must be able to make a pre-flight check of the plane you're flying, you must be able to make take-offs and landings, and be able to navigate. No cross country flying is needed.

You must pass a 3rd class health examination—one equivalent to a high school athletics health exam, also.

Now you must take twenty hours

minimum flight time of dual instruction with an instructor, and twenty hours solo time in the air. The cost adds up fast when you figure fourteen dollars an hour for the instructor alone.

Renting the plane is an additional fee. (To rent a four-passenger plane, for instance for one hour, costs \$12.50, according to Tim.)

Up in the air you fly dual at any age and you can solo at age fourteen.

With twenty hour solo time, twenty hours dual time, a Blue Cross Medical Certificate, with a score of at least 70% on a 40-point, three hour written examination, a behind-the-wheel test including, among other things, a cross-country flight, and if you're seventeen years

old, you can obtain your private pilot's license. In order to maintain the license you must fly at least once every ninety days.

To enjoy flying you need not really go far. As Tim put it, "Flying is flying—it doesn't matter where you fly."

Flying isn't only a hobby with Tim. He plans on making a career of flying a helicopter. He is going to do something called "Ski-bobbing."

Skiers are escorted to glaciers or other good but inaccessible ski spots via helicopter, dropping them off at the top of the slope, and picking them up again at the bottom. As you can imagine, the pay for a job of this sort would be quite good.

What'll it be this summer? Tennis, tiddly-winks, or flying?



"... My kingdom for a horse..."

POPULATION EXPLOSION

Horses back riding

Needless to say the days of the Indian and his wild stallion or the cowboy and his trusty steed have long since faded into the polluted sunset.

However, horseback riding remains a part of the leisurely lives of many suburbanites. Case in point, Betsy Turnbull, senior, owns a chestnut registered thoroughbred.

She started riding five years ago, but has owned her horse for the past year and a half. Her horse is boarded at Jonathan's Stables in Chaske.

"Thoroughbred racing is the largest spectator sport in the U. S. It beats baseball and football," states Betsy from research she has done on thoroughbreds. She added, "Minnesota has the fourth largest horse population in the U. S."

For those who are serious about riding or perhaps "the hunt" Betsy recommends Fortuna Farm or Frances Reker's Stables.

For those who lack the capital, stable and perhaps dedication involved in owning a horse, several stables are located within the Twin City area.

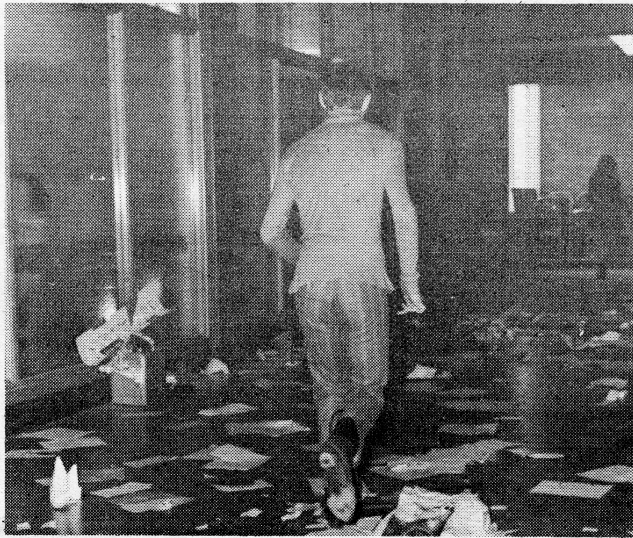
The following examples are not meant to be a comprehensive listing of stables, but of some of the riding stables within reasonable driving distance of Ramsey.

Hilltop Riding Academy has English style riding at \$2.50 per hour on weekends and \$3.00 per hour on weekends. Lessons in equitation are also offered for \$4.00 per lesson or \$40 for 10 lessons. Hilltop is located just off Highway 36 at Rice Street.

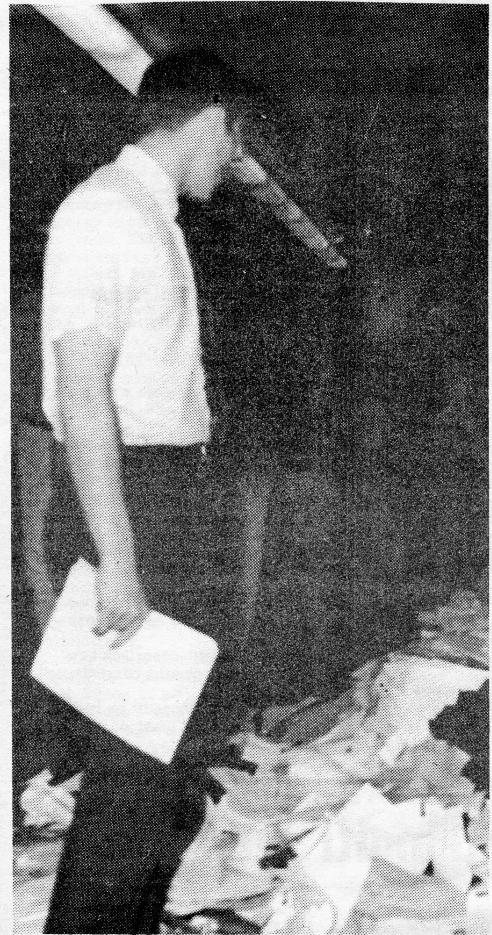
FESTIVAL OF LIFE WEEK



photos bruce christopherson



Student stumbles through a day's litter spread for Earth Day, April 21, 1970.



And the world looks on.

Walk for Environment

by Keith Crane

It was 8:55 last Saturday as cars came pouring up to the Dayton entrance at Rose-dale. Kids poured out one, two, three or four per car. A few hike in. The Walkers for Environment are on the march.

The walkers are a erratically assorted bunch. Hair lengths vary from almost crew cuts to shoulder length. Jeans are the standard costume however some girls break with fashion and wear shorts.

The group numbering about 120-130 at the start mills around, waiting. Five girls begin to pick up litter but aside from a few glances, they don't make any impression. Few walkers carry litter bags.

Laughter and chatter pervade everywhere. Everyone's in great spirit. Patti Isaacs gets up on a stool and yells

"Shut up a minute."

Walkers mill around and instructions are gone over again.

A police car drives up and an officer climbs out. He talks softly with some walkers and surveys the scene, hands on hips, with a slight frown.

Finally 9:15 pulls around and the walk begins. It stretches all the way down Fairview and the line lengthens and lengthens through the day.

Patti Isaacs starts off at a tough pace. Some walkers struggle to keep up, others saunter along, a few seriously begin to pick up litter. This activity becomes less and less

apparent and by noon begins to disappear completely.

Of course, there are critics in every crowd and one walker eyeing the work of other people cleaning up remarked, "They're missing a lot."

This walk was the brain child of Patti Isaacs and the Environmental Planning Committee for the Pollution Forum. They contacted the twelve schools in the Suburban Conference and issued blanket invitations. Police, churches, etc. were also contacted and the committee has been busy. As Patti says, "What haven't I done."

The purpose of the walk was to raise money and publicize the need for control of pollution. Walkers found sponsors who agreed to pay them so much a mile.

At this time there were about 180 marchers. Patti said "I'm disappointed there weren't more people."

Marchers came from all sorts of schools and for all different reasons. Sylvia Green from Minneapolis South explained, "I don't like pollution. If I walk maybe someone will wake up to the problem."

When asked what she would do after the walk she said, "Go home and soak my feet."

Terry Brandt from Kellogg announced her intention to "try and help Kellogg stop pollution"

Pam Hill, Kellogg, explained her concern, "I don't like when I'm walking around outside and there's all this pollution around."

One group from Columbia Heights was march-

ing to raise money for their club, SCARE. They had pruned trees and demonstrated to help save the BWCA. Steve Stark, a member said, "We hope to make people aware that youth care (about pollution)." Another member ticked off some things they hoped to accomplish: better legislation to stop industrial pollution, less littering, and better control. This group was having fun but they were purposeful.

Throughout the morning the marchers walked on. Feet began to ache and throats became dry.

At the first stop the walkers charged at the drinking fountain like bull elephants at a watering hole.

The Roseville police did an excellent job of playing follow the leader through Roseville. One car would wait at an intersection and help walkers cross the street while the other would zoom on ahead to the next light. They were jocular, but bored. One advised, "Some of you are going to be awfully tired. Some of these kids have been running too much."

People along the way were friendly, helpful, and often curious. One said, "I hope your feet hold out." Four Standard Oil attendants emptied bags of litter and wished marchers "Good luck." One man, stopped at a light, asked, "What are you doing?"

"Walking twenty miles for pollution," came the reply.

"Twenty miles!" the man said awed.

And then there are those who crack, "Join the army if you want to walk."

Next Sunday the Walk for Development will be held. It will start at Parade Stadium in Minneapolis at 7:00 a.m. and will end at Loring Park when and if they make the thirty miles. Walkers will find sponsors who will pay them by the mile, as in the Walk for Environment. The walk is to raise money to combat hunger.

Styles multiply With bands' blare

by Roy Hallanger

Through the years America's youth has developed its own special music that appeals only to the "younger generation." The music changed as the styles changed, but it seemed as though only one music style was accepted by kids at a time.

You've come a long way, American youth! But times have changed. Now kids are listening to a wider variety of music. Some prefer bubblegum, some dig hard rock, and some take theirs soft. To show what a contrast exists between young musicians and their music styles, let's look at a couple groups that are as different as night and day.

The first group is a brass sextet, with two trumpets, one French horn, two trombones, and a tuba. The sextet plays baroque, classical, and contemporary music ranging from

classical and contemporary music, ranging from Johann Pezel to Ludwig von Beethoven to today's best composers. The "straight" music fits the brass instruments well, full of fanfares and blaring trumpets.

There are two such brass sextets at Ramsey - both of which are going to the "state" band contest. The one I refer to here is the sophomore brass group. Its members are Fred Christiansen (French horn); Bill Webb, (trumpets); Roy Hallanger, Roger Johnston, (trombones); and Tom Calpuzo, (tuba). The group was formed three years ago without encouragement from the school. "Just for the fun of it." Most of the music the FMC Brass (named after its founder) plays was originally written for brass sextet, so the main job of the brass group is to learn to play the music in the correct style. The prime problem of the brass group is in finding a time to practice when everybody can show up.

In contrast, the other music group we will look at plays only the music composed in the last two decades, like most modern groups. This group is a quartet, featuring Paul Johnson on the guitar and vocal cords, Lee Tedrow on bass guitar and voice, Scott Barrett on the organ, harmonica or piano, and Gordy Knutson of the drums.

The group plays "blues-rock" Music by Sonny-boy Williams, Credence Clearwater, John Mayall, Albert King, Taj Mahal, etc. They specialize in playing music "simple, but professional," as Paul Johnson put it. They hope to progress on to playing real jazz - they want to improvise more, and stick to the music less and less. Instead of playing the top 40 that everybody's heard over and over again, they play stuff that's not as widely listened to. In doing this, they can hardly be accused of playing a piece "wrong." The group is planning on auditioning with a booking agency.



photo roy hallanger

Blues band strums away.

Tutors counter flaw

by Sue Steinwall

One of the many problems of inner city schools are the teachers themselves. There's usually a combination of old, experienced teachers with stale, old ideas and young, inexperienced teachers who want to get some "inner-city experience" and then move out to the well-facilitated suburban schools, according to Denny Weed.

Denny Weed, one of the innovators of Riverview Reading Enrichment Program or Neighborhood House, West St. Paul, told of the seemingly great number of 4th and 5th graders who can't read yet.

He believes that possibly the reason for this apparent flaw in the education is a "laissez faire" attitude on the part of teachers, parents, and student. The realization that the student can't read seems to creep up on everyone until it becomes a near crisis at age 10.

Neighborhood House was founded in the hope that a one to one motivation method might increase the reading ability of the children.

Tutors come on a voluntary basis.

Weed stresses that the tutor's role, the majority of the tutors being high school and college students, is that of a friend. It is suggested that approximately hour tutorial session be devoted to discussion of the pupil's interests and activities. The tutors are also told to try to relate reading activities to the pupil's specific interests.

Programmed readers, crossword puzzles, and educational games such as Spill and Spell are all utilized.

The program has expanded from just reading help to math and such problems as building self confidence.

This coming summer's program is going to be based on math rather than the traditional reading program.

Co-Directors Doug Fink and Denny Weed urge tutors and prospective tutors not to panic if math isn't their strong point... Worksheets and supplemental helps are available. So if math

isn't your strong subject-its ok-the main talent remains a liking for kids.

"Worksheets and supplemental helps are available. So if math isn't your strong subject-its ok-the main talent remains a liking for kids."

Tutors are asked to periodically evaluate their charges. Questions range from a request for an evaluation of the pupil's progress to suggestions for improving the program itself.

Judy Collins, senior, was a tutor last year. Her pupil, Sylvia, had problems with phonics. She couldn't sound out words or spell yet.

Sylvia was a very shy and confided in Judy as a friend.

Judy believed that the program was very worthwhile.

OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED Volunteers needed

Children's hospital is in need of candy strippers 16 and over with an interest in children. The

work would be at least one 2 1/2 hour period per week, 9:00-11:30 a. m. or 2:00-4:30 p.m.

volunteer bureau

The Volunteer Bureau needs help in areas of driving patients, tape recording for the blind, hospital assistance, and clerical work. For more information call 222-0561.

hospital help

Mounds Park and Midway Hospitals need help in nursing stations, laboratories, coffee shops, physical therapy, x-ray, emergency-out patient, admitting and reception desks, and in clerical work.

day camps

Central Park will be the location for several day camps sponsored by the SPARC (St. Paul Association for Retarded Children). Volunteers are needed to assist on a one-to-one basis, volunteer to child, in play, therapy, recreation, music and crafts. Hours will be from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Interested students should call 224-3301 before the May 15 deadline.

blood bank

Students are needed to assist with the blood program at the Red Cross Blood Center in areas such as: serving in the canteen, registering and escorting donors, labeling blood packs, taking donors temps, and weighing donors.

Ship'n Shore

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What does the High School R

by Grant Blank

This country we call America is now in the middle of some of the most uncertain times in its 194 year history

The uncertainty, this commentary will suggest, is due, in large measure, to the fact that many American's lack any sense of themselves as unique individuals. It will further suggest that American high schools are one of the primary causes of this situation: They actually work against high school students who attempt to achieve a sense of personal uniqueness. Finally, it will suggest several changes that the high school can make to help students achieve a sense of their individuality.

The high school is, theoretically, designed for learning. Its basic purpose is to educate its students so that they will be able to function effectively in American society.

This task is not an easy one. High school students are still in the adolescent stage of development. Edgar Z. Friedenberg in "The Vanishing Adolescent" defines adolescence as, "The period during which a young person learns who he is and what he really feels. It is the time . . . he discovers he is an individual in his own right . . . different from everyone else."

Thus, high school age is the time when a person should achieve a sense of individual uniqueness. This means that, to prepare students to function effectively in American society, the high school must not only train its students in the traditional academic sense, but it must meet the student's psychological and social needs as well.

The sheer speed of American technical progress testifies to the fact that American high schools have been able to train technically skilled persons. But, has the school been able to meet Friedenberg's adolescent need for self-

definition with education beyond the academic sphere?

American high schools have, without consciously trying, created a particular climate of opinion in which the student must function and learn. This climate of opinion is part of an educational ethic, deeply held by both the student and the teacher, that says a personal student-teacher relationship is a necessary prerequisite to any meaningful learning experience.

.....

"... There must be an emotional interaction in the learning process."

.....

In other words, students and teachers believe that there must be an emotional interaction in the learning process. Without this interaction, they believe, no real learning can take place.

As I see it, this ethic has had three major effects on American high schools: First, it has caused a search for glamour in the school, and a lessening of interest in the actual content of the courses. Second, it has oriented the high schools toward a new atmosphere that is best characterized by the phrase; planned happiness. Third, it has weakened adult authority.

The first of these effects concerns the immediate reaction of the student and teacher to the personalization ethic.

The fact that, students and teachers want to use their emotional resources in the school day rather than save them for a pleasure situation afterward suggests that neither find school very satisfying or meaningful in itself--they look for more out of school than 'mere' academic education. Consciously or unconsciously

Schools are products of the culture that breeds them. Some authorities contend that our culture is changing so fast that schools must struggle frantically to adjust to new cultural values and beliefs.

English, algebra, and physics are subjects traditional to a high school

curriculum. But of attention has other subject--tion itself.

Education is tl the high school. America is the e controlled entire

neither students nor teachers come to school for intellectual learning.

This in turn focusses student concern on getting the right teacher. Witness how many students transfer out of classes because they don't "like" the teacher, or "I just can't stand him!"

Typically, the dislike is oriented toward the teachers style rather than toward what is being taught; she's "boring" or he's "dull." Even when students don't actually leave a class with a "dull" teacher, they simply refuse to listen. As one junior at Ramsey said, "When I don't like a teacher, I just turn him off."

Teaching style is so important that it even determines how well a student does in class. "Newsweek" magazine recently quoted a high school student as seeing his school career in terms of, "Communication with the teacher--I do well in the courses I like and I do lousy in the courses I don't like."

Even teachers are concerned about the feelings of students toward their style. They want to make learning fun and interesting. They actively seek student approval of their teaching.

What carries the real weight for the student, and consequently the teacher, is not what is being taught but how it is being taught.

The teaching style students want teachers to use is best described as a style emphasizing glamour.

Students seem to expect school learning to be as interesting as 'out of school' experiences. As one high school teacher, quoted in "Newsweek" said, "Every day I say to myself, 'Please be exciting enough to get by again. They buy a teachers' personality. You have to compete with television.'"

What the personalization ethic has created then, is a situation where students want to feel an emotional (i.e. personal) feeling. To satisfy that want students look for a teacher who is exciting, unusual, fascinating and glamorous. And the gla-

.....

"Students look for a teacher

who is exciting, unusual,

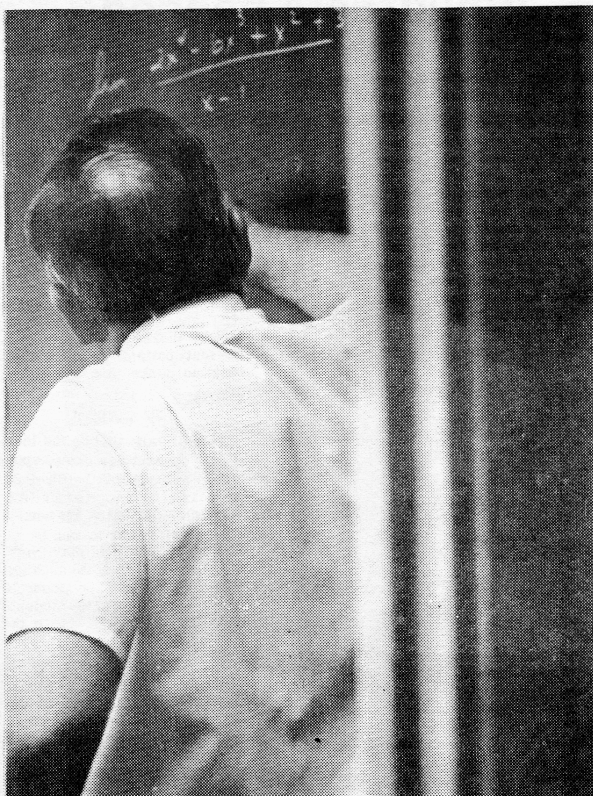
... glamorous."

.....

mour students look for is glamour in the same sense that the movies and T. V. use glamour.

When there is a search for glamour and excitement we must suspect a basic

"The student... never has the chance to become a unique individual..."



The academic side of school: Is it still meaningful for most students?



FILE ON EDUCATION —

Really Teach?

An increasing amount has been directed at another subject of education.

The main business of education is no longer in the education process itself but by the educator.

The student is making his voice heard in the school, with or without the sanction of his administrators.

In the following article, Ramsey senior Grant Blank discusses what he terms our cultures "personalization ethic," and gives his view of its affect on the high schools.

apathy on the part of the participants. So here, where both students and teachers are looking for interest—for something that's exciting and fun and personal, but no one cares about what is really learned, glamour defines the interest.

At this point I should digress to note that in certain classes many students do learn without glamour or a personal relationship with the teacher. These are classes with students who have an overriding motivation such as college, status with their peers or some other factor that forces them to learn in spite of the atmosphere of the class.

The glamorous teaching style is also a part of the second effect of the educational ethic--the change in school atmosphere.

As the high schools emphasize personal relationships they appear to be creating an atmosphere of planned happiness. In this atmosphere both the student and the teacher work toward planning and carrying out class activities that are fun.

From the student point of view, this provides a reason for coming to school--he comes because he has fun. One Ramsey student said, "(I have) a couple of classes that have teachers who make it fun, but otherwise I don't see why I should come."

The teacher for his part takes the role of an entertainer. He first must know what his students like, so the students are continually asked, "Did you like the movie?" or, "Do you like small groups better than a large group discussion?" etc.

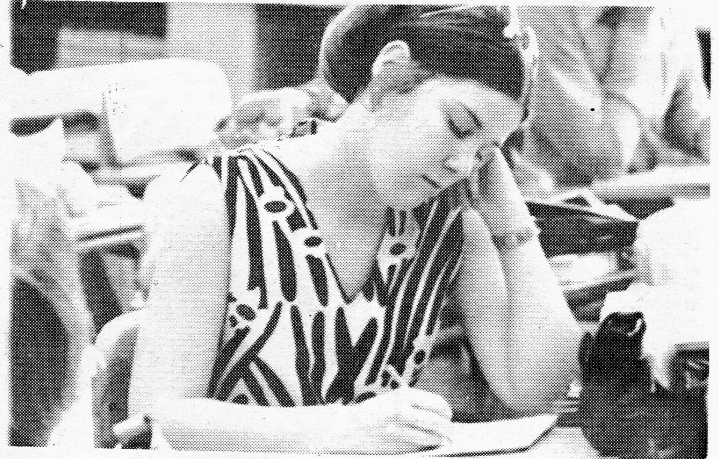
Then the teacher merely proceeds to make school as much fun as possible; he does unusual things in class, his students play simulation games in social studies, he tells lots of jokes, his students do projects, etc.

In this way both students and teachers push toward a school atmosphere that places a premium on being happy, usually to the detriment of any other goals, social, psychological or academic.

The third effect of the increasing personalization of education concerns the role of adult and student authority.

A school oriented toward personal student-teacher relationships does not provide much of a basis for adult authority. As adult control weakens the students' control over each other intensifies.

The student is left with little choice except to follow (the process is usually unconscious) whatever lead his peers set down. And, in American high schools today, the peer-group is in a strong position. It can dictate student attitudes, student



Students come to school for glamour--but, if they don't find it

values and student behavior without the individual student having anything to say about it. The peer-group is in control even to the extent that dropping out of the peer-group requires its sanction. This works to the students' disadvantage because the peer-group is notorious for its shifting set of values and goals that

"Students are grasping for a reason that justifies their staying in a school building . . ."

change with every swing of fashion. And it characteristically allows little or no deviation from its norms, while they last. Even when students join an organization, such as Student Council, Drama, Athletics, Pollution or Peace in Vietnam, simply gaining another peer-group with all its characteristic ambiguous goals and shifting norms.

The student, under control of the peer-group, has his individual self-image undercut to the point where his only identity is that of the group or subgroup. He becomes known as a 'Student Council member' or as a 'pollution forum organizer' but not as a distinct person outside of his group.

In other words, the individual becomes important only in relation to the group.

The effects of personalization--glamour, planned happiness, and peer-group control--all seem to serve a single purpose: They give students a reason for coming to school. Students are grasping for a reason that justifies their staying in a school building seven hours a day, five days a week, and they are not finding it in the intellectual side of school.

The only time students find a reason for being in school comes in the glamour, happiness and personal relationships (with teachers and ultimately with their peers) that are present in the web of emotions they are able to weave into the school day.

What is common to all three of these effects of the personalization ethic is that they do not allow the student to fulfill the basic function of adolescence as Edgar Friedenberg defined it.

Friedenberg implies there is a deep-seated psychological need within every person to define exactly who he is. Adolescence, he says, is the time when an individual fills this need.

Evidence of this need can be seen in the need a child feels to separate himself from his parents. A very small child is content to remain as close to his parents as possible. But as the child grows older he seems to progressively sense the fact that he is a separate individual--with his own separate identity. So the child gradually moves away from his parents until the climatic moment when he breaks his dependence on them.

A roughly similar situation takes place between the adolescent and the society as a whole. The adolescent must break his dependence on the rest of his culture and establish his uniqueness as an individual.

As a part of the personalization ethic, the student is searching for a personal relationship. What he finds is either an obviously shallow, vacuous form of glamour and planned happiness or he will simply lapse into the control of a group of his peers. He never has the chance to become a unique individual in his own right. He merely adopts the role given to him by his peers or by the school.

The student, in this situation, is an imitator. His identity has been ready-made for him by his peers and the high schools and he simply 'puts it on.'

Yet, I cannot believe this process leads to any deep lasting feeling of personal identity and uniqueness.

Essentially the process of gaining a identity, through the personalization ethic is one of imitation, yet the process of becoming a unique individual requires that the student assert his own ego as separate from any other.

In high school, the student is not allowed a separate assertion of ego. The school requires that the student submerge his ego with in the larger structure of the peer-group, of group happiness or of glamour, and reject any claim to free choice.

The net result is that the high school provides no means of achieving any sort of real self-definition at all. It never allows the student to master himself and achieve the ego assertion that provides the measure of self-identification

"The student is an imitator . . ."

As is usually true in these cases it is relatively easy to define what is wrong but it is much harder to find something that will remedy the situation. I do, however, see several tentative paths that the school can take to provide its students with a better opportunity to establish their own identity.

First, the high schools can begin to teach students more about themselves as persons: It will only be when students are able to recognize their own feelings, their own potentials and their own limitations that they can shake themselves loose from the pervasive control of the peer-group and really begin to develop their own sense of uniqueness.

Secondly, the schools must develop a real respect for the competent individual. When a student can show he is competent at a particular task, he has, in effect, constructed a basis on which he can respect himself and he has taken a long stride toward learning "... who he is and what he really feels," to quote Friedenberg.



Ensembles resurrect music

by Paul Johnson

Spring brings about flowers, showers, green grass, new life, school plays, and is a particularly exciting time of the year for the music groups at Ramsey. The culmination of the year's work goes toward making good appearances at contests and spring concerts.

Ramsey is fortunate enough to have six outstanding groups: the choir, concert band, varsity band, girl's chorus, orchestra and stage band. The three music directors, Donald Brost, choir and girl's chorus; Robert Hallquist, concert, varsity and stage bands; and James Peterson, orchestra, have all put in an indeterminate amount of time and effort to make up exciting and talent-proving repertoires for their respective groups.

Note that the key word is "exciting" and not merely "good." Music that is performed relatively flawlessly is "good" music, but it takes much more to make a "good" performance exciting. What makes music exciting is expression, vitality, and liveliness on the part of the music group. Music performed with these elements literally comes alive.

The word "concert," to many people, has the connotation of being "nice, but sort of dull." With some bands, choruses, and orchestras this may be the case, but certainly not with any of Ramsey's. Conveying the meaning of the music to the audience is the first objective of Ramsey's directors.

"You've got to communicate with the audience. If you fail to do this, then all the perfectly performed music in the world doesn't mean a thing. You must come through with excitement if you want the music to mean anything," stated Brost, the vocal music director.

He continued, "You can watch a group like the Young Americans and see that they are talented, but do make mistakes. These mistakes are overlooked though because of their vitality and very exciting performance. I've stressed all along the importance of making the music live. It's the only way of getting the message across."

The other directors have done the same and that is the reason the groups have been so successful this year.

The choir's spring concert was held Sunday, April 19, at Central Presbyterian Church in St. Paul. They sang selections of sacred music by a variety of composers. The major work of the evening was R. Vaughan William's "Mass



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in G Minor." It is a beautiful and exciting work, sometimes called "the best piece of choral literature written in the twentieth century." It was written in 1921.

The mass contained a solo quartet, sung by Patrice Guston, soprano; Kathy Harpole, alto; Ed Vivian, tenor; and Pat McGuiggan, bass.

The choir also utilized a brass ensemble, organ, and a string quartet in various selections. The brass quartet and organ played in "O Clap Your Hands" by R. Vaughan Williams and the string quartet and organ performed in "Magnificat" by Niccolò Porpora a piece sung by the girls in the choir. The string quartet and four flutes also accompanied the choir in "Sing Beloved Christians, Sing" by Michele Praetorius.

"The choir did an excellent job," commented Brost after the performance, "and I think the audience thoroughly enjoyed it."

The concert, stage, and varsity bands are now preparing for their spring activities.

The concert and varsity bands will be going to the State Band Contest on May 9. At the District 14 contest, held April 16 at Ramsey, both bands received three stars.

There were twenty soloists and small ensembles from the band who starred in District contest and will enter State-Regional competition.

The bands also have concerts coming up in the near future.

There will be two pop concerts given by the concert band May 15 and 16 at Ramsey. Hallquist prefers to keep the content of the concert a secret but did say, "the concert should be interesting and well worth coming to."

YOUR KIND OF PLACE
by John FAULKNER
McDonald's

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ACCORDING TO CARLIN

Rams still have a chance



photo fred wolf

An unidentified Ram hits a high infield fly during the North St. Paul game.

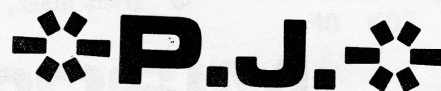
In the first few games of the season, Ramsey's baseball team given little chance for any glory, has improved.

The Rams record, as of this writing is 3-3 with victories over Columbia Heights (7-3), Sibley and Anoka (7-5). However, in two of the three losses, a total of 37 runs have been scored against Ramsey. "Bad weather against North St. Paul didn't make things any better (the score was 17-5) but we were still miserable," said coach Jim Carlin. Slightly over two weeks ago, the Rams faced Stillwater and came off the field losing, 20-3. Oh well.

Carlin also commented, "Ever though our hitting has improved, we've still got to plug up our defense; it should've been better in those early games."

Last Wednesday, in the Rams game with Sibley, a heavy down-pour forced the Rams to abandon the game at the five-inning mark with a 6-3 lead. Last week, Kellogg was the opponent, Jon Kelsey, who did a good job according to Carlin, started pitching in the game and turned in a fine performance, even though the Rams lost 4-1, in the wake of several errors.

Carlin feels that Ramsey conference hopes are not down the drain and that the conference champion can have as many as four or five losses.



by Paul Johnson

Last Friday, a few of my friends and I had the good fortune, or so we thought, to get four tickets to the Twins-Tigers game at Met Stadium.

We left school at 11:30 p.m., arrived at Met Stadium at about 12:45 p.m. We thought of everything including bringing our own refreshments. We had four bottles of Coke, some Big Neslites candy bars, and some Screaming Yellow Zonkers in our cooler, which we brought to beat paying the jacked up prices of everything out there. We couldn't see paying 40 cents for a box of Crackerjack or pop corn.

We walked through the gate, Jeff Johnson, Craig Eckert, Fred Wolf and I, at about 12:50. Fred and I carried the cooler in past the ticket takers singing "to grandmother's house we go."

"Hey, you guys! Get this cooler out of here." Fred and I looked around to see none other than an official Twin City usher from the Twin City Usher Association.

"Come on, get it out of here, now!" said the usher.

Fred was going to say "Don't move that cooler, it has a bomb in it." But he didn't because we noticed that his hat was no ordinary usher hat. In big black letters above the brim were the letters C-H-I-E-F. Now we didn't want to make any trouble with the "Chief".

So we flipped coins four ways and Fred and I picked to take the cooler back to the car. The "Chief" said we could ride down the press elevator to the press gate to save time. Darn nice of him.

Liding in the elevator with us were three more goons in Twin City usher uniforms.

"Didn't they tell you at the gate you couldn't bring that stuff in?" one of them asked.

"No."

"Why don't you get your hair cut?"

"We don't want to."

"You really should know that you can't bring a cooler into the stadium."

"Well, we didn't."

The elevator stopped on the ground floor and we got out. Once out in the parking lot we heard some more cheering. The Twins had scored two runs. When we got to the car and put the cooler in the trunk, we heard another uproar in the stands. The Twins had tied the score.

We walked back into the stadium press gate and caught the elevator to take us back up to the second deck. Between the first deck and secon it got stuck, and when it finally reached the second deck, and we got back to our seats, the Tigers were coming up and the Twins were taking the field.

We looked at the score, 6-6. We had missed the big inning of the game. The Chief could have had the decency to wait until the Tiger's half of the inning to tell us to go.

As long as there are ushers, Chiefs, and food, there will be big profits to be made by vendors and no room for coolers at the ball park.

Ram racketeers in second place

The Ramsey tennis team has gotten off to a flying start, and is currently in 2nd place in the conference with a record of 3-1. In the netmen's first two meets of the season they defeated Mur-

ray and Fridley, by identical scores of 5 to 1.

In conference play, the netmen have lost to suburban conference title favorite North St. Paul 5-0. But the netmen bounced back with victories over Columbia

Heights 3 to 2, and Anoka 5 to 0, and Kellogg 5 to 0.

Coach Duane Nelson, siad that the team has shown very fine progress.

Joe Elling, a sophomore has advanced to the number one rank on the tennis team. In the number 2 rank is captain Lee Sleiter and in the 3rd position is Jim Bourquin who has moved up from the B-squad.

On May 7, in a meet at Ramsey, the netmen will face White Bear Lake.

Cindermen 'gut it out'

With the Conference Meet coming up in just 10 days, Ramsey's trackmen get their last chance in unofficial competition next Wednesday at Coon Rapids in a triangular with Bloomington Lincoln, starting at 3:45.

Part of the team with compete in the world's largest high school track carnival, the Bloomington Track - O - Rama, on Saturday.

Today marks the end of the 2nd consecutive "Gut Week," where the emphasis has been on getting in shape for the conference instead of gearing for the meets along the way (at Burnsville and Bloomington).

At Burnsville, senior Gregg Langer topped 75 runners to win the 120-yard high hurdles in the excellent time of :14.6. Other trophies were awarded to Craig Granse, Bill Cardinal, Mark Gilmore, and the 440, 880, and mile relay teams.

the Suburban title meet will be held at Macalester College with prelims on Monday, May 11 in the afternoon, and final thursday night. It could turn out as a two-team race between the Rams and White Bear Lake, but as many as six teams have an outside chance.

In a recent newspaper poll, the Bears were ranked as the state's best team, with Ramsey sixth and North St. Paul (largely on their strong Burnsville showing) eighth. Mounds View, South St. Paul, and Anoka are also contenders; the rest of the league lags far behind.

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MISGRANT

A SATIRE ON HIGH SCHOOL LIFE

Gleg Andelson :BEAST

Gleg Andelson, a leader in Ramsey's 'Big Bang' set, said this has been an excellent year for high school munitions makers'.

"We've really done some super things," he said. "Once we caught this yellow canary and taped 1,433 grams of nitropentahydroxal under its left wing. We lit the time fuse and let the canary go in a field."

"It flew up about 50 feet before the explosive blew. It was exciting--this big bang with bloody yellow wing feathers all over the place!! The canary sort of fluttered down on one wing and flopped around on the ground."

"Boy was it mad," said Gleg.

"I guess its hard to get a canary any amdder than when you blow off one of its wings."

"It was sort of funny," Gleg laughed, "the way it was screaming and flopping around in the grass. Blood was spurting out of the hole where its left wing had been and it made a pretty pattern on the grass--it appealed to our artistic instincts."

"Since it didn't have a left wing, the canary was a little bit top heavy on the right side and it couldn't walk very well. It kept falling over to the right," said Gleg. "So we were going to blow off its right wing and then it would be able to walk but we couldn't do it--the stupid canary died on us. Next time we'll use a bigger bird that won't die so fast."

"Then there was this other time," Gleg continued. "One night we took this little kitten and taped the equivalent of about 2 M-80's to its neck."

"We lit the fuse, threw the kitten in someones car and shut the door."

"There was this big bang and the inside of the car turned red

in a haze of blood and guts. There was blood and fur and small bones and insides all over everything in that car! It was really cool!"

"That was a super-success! The people never did get all that mess off their car." Gleg horted with glee. "For a couple of days they drove around in the blood and guts but then it started to rot and smell terrible. We're gonna do that one again!"



Gleg Andelson, a man dedicated to his hobby, enjoys a spare moment in his beloved lab.

'He wanted attention'

'Shy Guy' dynamic

In every artist's career there comes a time when his creative resources are at its zenith. There comes a period when a master's turbulent abilities are brought to their ver limit of creativity, and intensity.

This can be honestly said of Dick York's powerful portrayal of "Shy Guy" in the film of the same name which is currently being viewed by Mr. Goedeke's Health classes.

The film brings to surface all the dramatic power and impact of a struggling individual, trying to find his place and his identity in a cold, indifferent world. It is vitally intense and reething with implications that echos a Nietzsche accented philosophy.

As "Shy Guy," Dick York has never looked better. His performance equals (if not surpasses) his earlier Health films "Combating Athlete's Foot the Right Way" and "Dental Hygiene for You and Me" and his later dynamic portrayal of Darrin in "Bewitched."

He delivers his in a clear concise manner which is rich in emotion and compassion. One cannot help but be moved to near

tears when he says "Gee, Dad! Nobody likes me!" and to near euphoria when he exclaims "Golly, Cindy! You're Swell! I like you . . . a whole lot!"

Yes, "Shy Guy" most assuredly is Dick York's dramatic triumph and is destined a health film for the ages.



"Dynamic" Dick York in one of his most gripping performances as "Shy Guy".

RETURN OF THE RADICAL

Mantle re-Pences

Maybe they just want the auto-graphed pictures I keep in my coat pocket."

Mickey Mantle has been told he is not welcome to speak at Ramsey's All-American mini-course to be held today, fifth hour in room 239. But, he plans to come anyway.

Mantle has been refused entrance as a result of his refusal to be frisked at the door, and hence not complying with statute 307.6 of the new mini-course guidelines: "Any speaker to a proposed session must submit to being frisked and/or strip searched on request of the administration."

"Mr. Mantle was told he will have to be frisked if he wants to enter Ramsey to speak. He replied, 'This is ridiculous.' His refusal to submit to mini-course statute 307.6 causes us to believe he may be subversive in nature and therefore we must enforce statute 118.3 which will keep him from speaking," said Dale Spiderhand, a school administrator.

Mr. Mantle commented, "I was asked by the students to come and I plan to at least show up. I just can't seem to figure out why they want to search me before I enter the building though.

The fifty or so students that signed up for the All-American mini-course back Mantle's persistence to show up. However, in giving support to "a suspected communist" they may be subject to jurisdiction under mini-course guideline statute 976.5 and may face losing their lavatory privileges for a week.

"Having Mickey here for a mini-course was just an idea," said Joe Sports, organizer of the All-American mini-course. "I guess we could just have him speak in our Social Studies classes and avoid all this trouble."

According to school officials, however, that would be "deliberately evading mini-course guideline jurisdiction" and punishable under statute 653.7.

The word is that Robert De Pugh who was scheduled to speak at a mini-course next week is being screened as "a suspected sympathizer to the communist regime" and may not be able to speak under ordinance of statute 561.2.

spring production

Inherit the Stork

"He who discharges a gun into an electric fan, shall shoot the breeze." NSP - 1970

If that holds true that cast and crew of the annual spring production should be on the receiving end of a bit of breeze shooting as they present their most controversial play ever, entitled, "They Beat Broyer Don't They?"

The story line centers around a high school biology teacher, Bernie Shakes, who shocks his class by telling them they were not decented from apes, but rather found under rocks.

The population of the little town of New York City did not take kindly to his remarks, they took away his job and sentenced

him to roam the catacombs of St. Patrick's Cathedral, with nothing but a bottle of fireflies, and a copy of Scientific American.

All is not lost, however, when B. J. Cornsilk of the Baltimore Bi-Weekly Bullet hears of the case and immediately contacts that world famous defense attorney Harry Humdrum.

The people of the small town of New York City often called the "buckle on the babe belt" countered with the hiring of a famous prosecutor, Hathaway Simion Bradley.

Bradley, a three time candidate for the presidency of the A.S.P.C.A., is a pious, Darwin quoting, fundamentalist with an affinity for the scientific.

Humdrum is a smart mouthed geologist who believes that fossils in rocks are the remains of people who were never found, or the unborn.

Thus the situation is set. The judge, Merle Swerrel, a fearful old politician, overrules all of Humdrum's chief witnesses, several stone cutters and a cement mixer who laid the foundation for the supreme court.

Humdrum finally calls Bradley to the stand and through clever

questioning and shrewd tactics makes a monkey out of Bradley, which shoots holes in Humdrum's case.

The jury convicts the defendant but he jumps bail and runs off with the incredibly beautiful Raquel Black, the daughter of the spiritual leader of the community Reggie Black, the keeper of the Brooklyn zoo. He is the fir to run a zoo on the honor system.

Humdrum, without case or defendant if lost and dispondent, he becomes a monk and later quits to marry his old girlfriend "Chee-chee."

As for Bradley . . . he died.

Rory Greasepaint the star of the show commented about the production, "We don't want people to think this could only happen in New York in the 1920's, "We think it is a very relevant play after all it could be Fridley 1970."

The play is a multi-media production including coloring books and finger paints. Generally this play shapes up to be quite a contrast to the fall production of "The Illiad."

Our social cesspool

Hi-ho, social climbers! This is Tillie Tinseltongue here with the low-down on THE social events in the ivy-covered halls in A.R.H.S.

I suppose at the tips of the tongues of Ramsey's upper crust is the up coming PROM. While this promises to be an enthralling evening for all you beautiful people, the honors for brassiest bash of the year has to go to senior Truman Compote's biggest get together of last semester.

Truman, the old dear, has thrown some of the wildest and most original parties that the school's ever seen. (You simply CAN'T have forgotten Truman's flamboyant Lynching Party and his equally colorful Party-of-the-First-Part!)

But old Trumie has really outdone himself this time with his latest shindig: a Red Owl supermarket opening Party!!!

And it was a party to remember! EVERYBODY who was you-know-what was the re! Glory-feet McSweat made a dramatic entrance wearing the latest in formal flaired sweat suits and wing-tipped Kangaroo shoes. Bob Muck, member of the student elite, was on hand, brightening the occasion with his witty and profound commentary.

And, what with dignitaries like Roundhouse Rodney and Mrs. Walter Butler present, this wingding is sure to be THE social highlight of the year.

So, this is Tillie Tinseltongue signing off and saying, "until next time, keep those noses up, social climbers!"

'CUCKOO'S NEST' POSES A question of sanity

Henry David Thoreau wrote "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

by Sue Steinwall

Ken Kesey, in his "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," elaborates on this point.

The novel is set in an insane asylum and is told through the eyes of an "insane patient."

The gist of the book is the results of a confrontation between a patient and "Big Nurse." This upset eventually leads to the discharge of several patients because they feel they can now cope with reality, but it also leads to the destruction of the protagonist.

The point of view is the most interesting part of the book. Chief, at the opening of the novel, gives all his reasons for hiding in a broom closet,

He wants to escape the orderlies with his daily shave.

Chief's point of view oscillates between the reader's concept of reality and fantasy throughout the narrative.

At one point he says, "All those five thousand kids lived in those five thousand houses, owned by those guys that got off the train. The houses looked so much alike that, time and time again, the kids went home by mistake to different families nobody ever noticed. They ate and went to bed. The only one they noticed was the little kid at the end of the whip (referring here to children playing crack the whip). He'd always be so

scuffed and bruised that he'd show up out of place wherever he went."

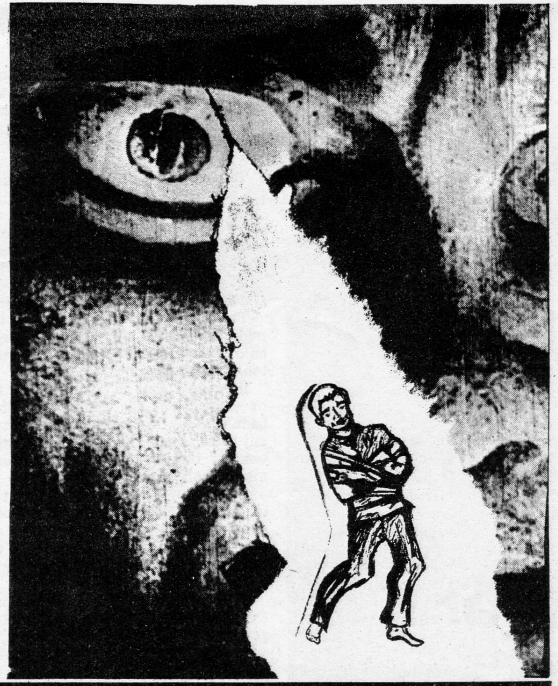
One can't help but wonder just what insanity is. The author may be asking how does one determine whether someone is insane?

Kesey, who is the subject of "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test" by Tom Wolfe, leaves ample opportunity for interpretation of his work.

One may take it at face value as simply the treatment of the mentally and emotionally ill or one may draw parallels with dissent against "the establishment."

Judging someone insane may be just as much of an inequity as disclaiming someone's set of values.

In short, "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" can be described as simply interesting and thought provoking.



THE MOOG VOGUE

'Hey Jude' ala MOOG

by Craig Eckert

The LP "Switched on Rock" is one of the best examples of the popular electronic sound since man and machine crossed wires.

The men are Alan Foust, Kenny Ascher, and Norman Dolph, and the machine is the MOOG synthesizer.

The album is a cross between a classical adaptation of pop songs and something out of 1984 or Brave New World.

But, actually if you forget about the latter, listening to the music can be a totally enjoyable experience.

Possibly the only weakness the record has is its material since a couple of the tunes have been far overdone in the popular music world.

The songs include "Spinning Wheel," "The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feeling Groovy)," "Aquarius/Let the Sun Shine In," and the Beatles' great "Hey Jude."

The music is not cold computerized sounds but rather a very human sound really no different in concept than man making music through the piano.

Of course, the piano in comparison is much simpler to play than the MOOG.

The difficulty first is the fact that only one note at a time can be played on the instrument thus chords can only be reproduced with the help of another gadget called the Protrooter

which structures chords above the not being played.

The second is that even though the MOOG does great sound of about 150 different varieties, it must be retuned for every sound made.

To alleviate some of the time consuming problems involved in this process the makers of this recording actually recorded all ten of the LP's songs at the same time.

In the selections we hear such sound as the "Gworgan". The

Gworgan is a gwirped organ. Gwirping is the act of sweeping a filter with high regeneration setting (whatever that means) from top to bottom.

"It makes the sound 'gwirp' with millions of variations depending of the rest of the brew. The inverse if the Pwee, sweeping from bottom to top.

But, its not whether you Gwirp or Pwee that counts, it's how you play the MOOG. And the makers of "Switched on Rock" play it well.

WORKSHOP'S NEWEST REVIEW

Riggs to wretches

by Mark Johnson

The title of Dudley Riggs' latest escapade if "The Feminist Movement is Alive and Well," While I suppose that title is an appropriate statement about the Women's Liberation Movement, unfortunately the same can't be said of the Brave New Workshop.

The Workshop is rapidly falling apart at the seams as vindicated by their latest atrocity and by their slumping attendance.

The Workshop's latest review opens on what must be considered an all-time low-note for Riggs' intrepid (and, considering the quality of the script, foolhardy)

players when the lights come up on an obese feminist performing a tasse-twirling strip tease, complete with bumps and grinds from the stage and nausea and groans from the audience.

The audience was "treated" to the 6 p. m. pollution report, a look at famous women through history and an intimate conversation between David and Julie (guess who?) about the first time they did "IT!" We also see a feminist enlisting in the Marines, an entirely predictable sketch about TV soap operas and equally predictable sketch about a homosexual astronaut on a deep space mission.

However, without a doubt, the most tasteless and least funny sketch in the show was a monologue in which Billy Graham advises youth to "get high on God" by using the pages of the Bible for marijuana papers.

When all of the lack of humor and tastelessness of the show is added to the overall indifference of the cast and directors, the review doesn't even wind up as being offensive; it's simply a repetitious and mundane waste of time and money.

Although the show does have a couple of excellent sketches on kiddies; TV programs (ala "Sesame Street?") and the educational network's literary programs, the laughs are strained and separated by liberal doses of boredom. Dudley Riggs' "The Feminist Movement is Alive and Well" is the dullest of his current catastrophes and should appeal to only those whose I. Q. is less than their chest expansion.

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Jury inherits 13th juror

by Craig Eckert

There were three performances of "Inherit the Wind," the first was exciting, the second according to some of the cast members was a little down. But the third was unusual . . . for at least one person.

Temporarily he will be referred to as the thirteenth juror.

He arrived with the rest of the cast about 90 minutes before the performance, full of vim, vigor, and butterflies.

Before long he had shown the make-shift costume to the director who okayed it and told him to get dressed.

The make-up room was getting increasingly congested and this was the closest he'd been to the stage, "It still isn't too late to back out."

It wasn't that it was such a big part or anything like that, but "The Kid" hadn't given a dramatic performance of any kind since he told his sixth grade teacher that he really had lost his arithmetic assignment.

Putting on the make-up was a bit strange to him, he felt like some type of social outcast. Somewhat insecure in what he was doing, he continually asked the lead in the play if he was doing this or that correctly . . . he was.

Next came a very megalomaniacal problem: Even though there was plenty of talking going on in the dressing room, it was apparent no one really knew what this alien was doing in their midst.

On at least eight separate occasions some individual would confront him and a conversation, something like the following, would ensue;

"What are ya puttin that make up on for?"

"I'm in the show tonight."

"Oh. . . Who's not here?"

"No one, I'm just sitting on the jury."

"That makes thirteen jurors."

"Yup"

"Oh. . ." at which point they'd walk away mumbling something perhaps, about screwy newspaper people.

He had his make-up and costume on and was ready to whoo the audience in the greatest thirteenth juror performance in the history of modern theatre.

All was not finished yet however. Most of the cast had now seen the new kid with the funny make-up and started a game. It had to be called something to the effect of "jangle the new guy's nerve,"

who again, were just putting the kid at ease?

As opposed to the thirteenth juror, it was decided he would be known as Mr. Herbie Krebs.

The show was going fine, and then they had to go and call in the jury.

It looked sooo simple at the rehearsals he had attended as a more or less certified observer. He saw in the jury box. But wait, now he had to react. HOW IN THE HELL WAS HE TO REACT?

Evolution never bothered him before why should it now? Finally the answer hit him, he would pretend. . . er. . . act like it

"Sit in the back row will ya,

If I'm up there and I look over there and see you,

I'll break up."

If that is a standard theatre game, an observation can be made about dramatics. It must increase the incidence of paranoia in rookie actors and it really is no surprise then, that several of America's dramatic artists are neurotic.

One of the more cutting remarks was made by one of the leads, Pat McGuigan, when he said "Sit in the back row will ya, if I'm up there and I look over there and see you I'll break up."

Thanks, Just What the kid needs, assurance from a guy who's been through it all.

"You look just like Babbit!" That profanity was uttered by countless numbers,

did, ya that's it ACT! Whew.

Now he was with it, he reacted like everyone else, except for a few times when he forgot.

Anyway it generally went over pretty well. And when it was over and he was in the shower he was assured that not many had portrayed juror numero 13 much better. Also that the jury didn't have such a small part after all.

He left for the cast party later, secure in the hope that perhaps he, like Aristophanes, and Shakespeare before him, had added something to the theatre.

Only in this case the major contribution was leaving it to the actors.

Cavett habit not a bad one

by Mark Johnson

The insomniac with a craving for old William Powell movies will probably find himself out of luck these days.

With all three networks running late-night talk shows, the viewer is left with little alternative other than crusty old "Son of Hercules" flicks on channel 11 and even

crustie cultural programs on channel 2.

On the other hand, this may not be as bad as it may seem for one talk show stands out as far superior to all the others. It is "The Dick Cavett Show."

As a host, Cavett deftly extracts form his guests that mysterious element that eludes the other late-night hosts: intelligent conversation. Whether it be discussing more serious subjects as

theology or Senate procedures or simply exchanging light anecdote, Cavett keeps his show on a far more intelligent level than either Johnny Carson or Merv Griffin.

Carson, when he's not on vacations, is more interested in making faces at the camera of chiding Ed McMahon about his drinking problem than his is in interviewing his guest. He wastes time making silly jokes about the Jolly Green Giant and by letting his mindless guests prattle on about how cute their kids are or some other equally ridiculous subject.

Griffin on the other hand doesn't even attempt to pull a joke and merely sits in unrequited awe of the talents of such guests as Zsa Zsa Gabor and Milt Kamen. To all outward appearances, the world astounds Griffin. Poor Merv grins a great deal. Dull host, dull guests, dull show.

Cavett, however, comes on in a very casual but deliberate manner.

Also, he makes a concerted effort to find different and unusual guests for his show; guests with a little more on their minds than merely plugging their latest book or movie.

Cavett never fears controversy either. Unlike Carson who shies from it and Griffin who is probably unaware of it, Cavett meets it head on—many times with surprising results.

In the past, guests like the Archbishop of Canterbury, Black Panther Donald cow, Noel Coward Peter and Jane Fonda, Salvador Dali, Groucho Marx and many others have discussed abortion, nudity in the theatre, militancy, generation conflicts and a score of other controversial topics. And the most refreshing thing is that Cavett really DOES know something about what he's talking about and doesn't just speak in vague, gushy liberal cliches.

"The Dick Cavett Show" is perhaps the best late-night talk show to come along since Jack Paar. In some ways, it may even be a little bit better. One cannot give it a stronger recommendation or pay it a greater compliment than that. It could be the best thing for America's insomniacs since crossword puzzles.

mcj

by Mark Johnson



no place like home

Family reunions are fun. Or at least that's the rational that our particular family uses as an excuse to call all the relatives in for a get together.

In the past, our family has, in addition to celebrating Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter, New Years, and the other traditional holidays, celebrated such holidays as Halloween, Ground Hog's Day, the first day of the walrus' mating season and the day my little cousin Rudolph got a planter's wart removed from his thumb. Anyway, my family seems to get a kick out of having reunions two or three times a week . . . at least.

The fun usually begins about 2 p.m. when my uncle, Leo "Brigadier" Johnson, arrives in his Rambler American and announces that try though they may, "those commies in their foreign bugs on the highways" didn't get him today. At grace, he asks God to "keep an eye on those Russians" and assures him that if he needed any help, he was sure that the government would be happy to offer him a limited military force for a police action. Uncle Leo eventually concludes his prayer with the usual "God bless mother, father, Dick, Pat, Spiro, David & Julie . . ."

Also at these family bashes is my cousin Miriam, Miriam is "young, hip and 'tells it like it is - she's a member of the Jesus Revolution." Miriam usually sits placidly in a corner at the reunions saying things like "Wow, Billy Graham's right! I've turned on and gotten high on God!"

Outwardly she looks pretty mild. Still, I wouldn't want to cross her. I have a good healthy fear for that girl. Once I sarcastically called a member of the "God Squad" and she stared at me menacingly and answered "They used to burn people like you at the stake."

I almost answered that people like her were once thrown to the lions, but I decided against it.

Between Uncle Leo and Cousin Miriam, it's hard to determine the greater threat: Koysein or Satan. (Although my Uncle maintains that the two are synonymous).

Eventually the two get into a roaring argument which usually culminates with Uncle Leo attributing the crucifixion of Christ to the communist party. After this, Miriam usually calls Leo a "heretic" and he usually calls her a socialist and they go to their respective corners, waiting for Round Three.

As Leo starts gulping pickled herring and Swedish meatballs he usually begins giving me sour looks and making nasty comments about our "communist-sympathetic news media." I don't usually reply because I believe that Leo's always been a little down on the media since they cancelled "Gilligan's Island" and quit running "Mutt and Jeff" in the funny papers.

Well, the whole thing is usually over about 7 p.m. and everyone gets ready to leave. But before we go, Grandmother's got to line up all of her grandchildren and give them all a big kiss and tell them how much they've grown . . . in two weeks.

I've just looked at my calendar and saw that next Saturday is the anniversary of the invention of "Whip n' Chill." That should be a REALLY big get-together!

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