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Suffolk Journal

VOL.29 NO. 4

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 23, 1973



Maine Laboratory Dedicated to Dr. Robert S. Friedman

by Mark Rogers

Suffolk University's Cobscook Bay Laboratory (CBL) was dedicated to the late Doctor Robert S. Friedman, former chairman of the school's biology department, on Sunday, October 7, at the laboratory in Edmunds Maine.

Over three hundred people attended the ceremonies. Local residents as well as many Suffolk students and representatives of the ten colleges and universities which are members of the consortium were present for the dedication.

President Thomas Fulham made the dedication address in which he stated that Doctor Friedman was the "founder and moving force in the university's interest in marine biology." Fulham also spoke of the many weeks Friedman spent looking for the perfect spot to fulfill his plans and informed the guests that after finding the ideal location, Doctor Friedman bought an eighteen acre piece of the land and gave it to the university. This, it was explained, was done anonymously. Fulham said that, "It is our sacred duty to use it, to maintain it, to cherish it, and to employ it in his memory ... There must be a delicate balance between use and studied neglect."

A copy of the resolution from the Board of Trustees making the site the Robert S. Friedman Cobscook Bay Laboratory of Suffolk University was read and



presented to Mrs. Friedman.

The Board of Trustees conferred an honorary degree of Doctor of Humane Letters on Doctor William Morrell, of the National Science Foundation. Morrell was instrumental in the initiating of summer institutes in the field of marine sciences and also the purchasing of CBL by Suffolk through a federal grant in 1968. In introducing Dr. Morrell, Fulham stated that he was known as "Mister Summer Institute" and congratulated him on his "immensely productive years with NSF." Doctor Morrell then gave a brief history of the summer institute program and how Suffolk became involved and received a grant to purchase land at Cobscook Bay. While explaining this process he mentioned the name of Doctor Arthur West. Dr. West is a professor of biology and was instrumental in starting a marine biology program at Suffolk, as

well as on a national scale. It was explained that the NSF was impressed with West to such a degree they requested the university to grant him a leave of absence allowing him to go to Washington and pursue a program to promote the marine sciences nationally. Doctor Henry Munroe, Executive Director of the New Hampshire College and University Council, presented a citation to "Westy" stating that "In 1968 under his leadership and through his dedicated efforts nine New Hampshire Institutions sought through a cooperative effort to introduce students to the marine sciences."

Before the dedication ceremonies began, Dr. Gerald Chase, Trustee of New England College presented an American flag to President Fulham. "This flag" explained Chase, "carries with it encouragement of this kind of facility and the contribution it can make to education as well."

Dr. Arthur Buswell, President of the University of Maine at Machais, read a proclamation from the Governor of Maine, Kenneth Curtis, proclaiming the week of October 7-14 "Marine Science Education Week." This was done in light of the dedication of the laboratory and the cooperation of different institutions of learning that it represents.

The last speaker was Ernie Sordillo, a biology department instructor, representing the biology alumni. Sordillo made a recommendation to the board of trustees as to what should be done to perpetuate the memory of Dr. Friedman. Stating that no statue could capture the

Continued on page 5

The Crown May Fall

by John Ghrist

(CPS)—The Committee to Set Aside the 1972 Election, with the help of the National Lawyer's Guild (NLG) is currently coordinating efforts in preparation for a lawsuit proposing to invalidate the 1972 Presidential election. The committee has been working since early summer with the NLG to prepare a "People's Lawsuit to Set Aside the 1972 Election".

According to Adam Bennion, coordinator of the committee, publicity of the lawsuit preparation to date has been limited to NLG offices, law schools, and about 1000 individual movement groups. Reaction has been very favorable so far, he said.

The proposed lawsuit alleges that due to "a massive number of unprecedented and unlawful acts," the people of the United States were "deprived of their right to cast intelligent votes" in an election "free from fraud, criminal deception and purchase."

Those named in the suit include Nixon, Agnew, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, Stans, Dean, Kleindienst,

Segretti, Liddy, Hunt, Helms, Gray, the plumbers and burglars, the Committees to Re-Elect the President, and a host of other familiar names in the news.

The current complaint draft categorizes 18 types of fraudulent or otherwise illegal activities engaged in by the defendants. These activity categories include fund-raising, political sabotage, procurement

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Student Government Labels JOURNAL Editorial Unjust

by Dennis Vandal

The Student Government Association, recently disturbed by an editorial stand taken by the *Suffolk Journal*, voted unanimously to send a letter of reply to the paper.

The controversy arose in the last issue of the *Journal* when an editorial criticized the SGA's decision to hold the 1973 Christmas party at Florian Hall in Dorchester. The editorial pointed out several disturbances which occurred at the function hall.

Two members of the Christmas Party Committee thought the view expressed in the editorial was unjust. Lee

Castignetti and Denise Hebert told the *Journal* that it was not an accurate picture of Florian Hall. Castignetti said, "When there are outbreaks over there, they are very small. We looked into about 50 clubs in the Boston area and we picked Florian Hall." Ms. Hebert also told the *Journal*, "No matter where you go around here, there is always a possibility of trouble. You just can't get away from it." At an emergency meeting of the SGA held October 17, it was voted to hold the party at Florian Hall. Despite the publicity, Ms. Hebert expects a crowd of about 500.

In other SGA matters, David

Cavalier, chairman of the Speakers Committee, reported to the group that comedian David Frye would be available for an engagement here at Suffolk. Although it has not been affirmed, it is very possible that Frye will appear for about \$1500 on November 8.

Commencement Committee chairman Ken Larsen reported that there are three men who could speak at the next Suffolk commencement. Larsen's list included Sen. Henry Jackson from Florida, Elliot Richardson, U.S. Attorney General, and Supreme Court Justice Warren Burger.

Santa Is Coming

by Raye King

While watching "The Johnny Carson Show" the other evening, I heard John Davidson, co-star of the new TV series, "The Girl with Something Extra," sing

Crown

Continued from page 1

character of Friedman, the and use of political intelligence, political involvement of Federal agencies, illegal use of tax money, and others, through to the cover-up of the original cover-up.

The suit will request a new election be ordered because these activities should invalidate the 1972 election.

The organizers plan the action to be a "people's lawsuit", in that the committee will try and get as many individuals as possible to act as plaintiffs. These plaintiffs will fall into a number of categories in the suit, so as to make the class action as strong as possible. The plaintiff categories will include: citizens not eligible to vote in the 1972 election, persons eligible to vote who were not registered, persons who were registered and qualified to vote but did not, persons who voted for candidates other than Nixon and Agnew, and persons who voted for Nixon and Agnew. Other categories would include organizations, Presidential Electors, and members of the House and Senate.

The lawsuit is only the beginning, according to Bennion. On the basis that the 1972 election was fraudulent and illegal, Richard Nixon ceased being President on January 20, 1973, and therefore all subsequent actions taken by him and his administration are also fraudulent and should be null and void. It is this aspect of the situation that Bennion feels will stimulate groups and people across the nation to organize into a movement to overturn the election.

"The suit is something around which millions can organize," Bennion maintains. "The courtroom is not the main focus — the fraud is."

"I don't think we could handle the response if we held a nationwide press conference today," Bennion said. The committee is thinking in terms of a big press conference to make a public pitch for plaintiffs in "about two months." Right now the committee is "still in the process of stimulating activity" among local movement groups, labor insurgents and unions, student groups, and third world organizations. Once some "solid support" is generated among these groups, the committee will be ready to move on further publicity.

Bennion stressed the role of the NLG in the organizing as being that of originating and supporting the committee, though the Guild is now only one of a number of groups helping the committee. Eventually, all coordinating of activity surrounding the suit will be turned over completely to the committee, but "we're still not solid enough yet in the national office," he said.

Bennion said the committee will begin distributing organizing packets to groups in about four weeks.

"Santa Claus Is Coming to Town."

My initial reaction was — he was daft singing about Santa so early; the balmy weather had me fooled, when I checked a calendar and counted the days, I realized that there are only 55 SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS.

I made a resolution to do my shopping early this year, in an attempt to avoid pickpockets (dippers), and when the day of celebration arrives, I'll be able to enjoy the birth of Christ having all my gift shopping done. For my husband Jim, a warm wool sweater to replace the one I bought last year and shrunk when I washed it. It now fits my 8-year old daughter. For Alison, new tights (she has outgrown her others), new overalls (her present ones are almost up to her knees), a six-string guitar, and a fluffy kitten.

Then there's aunt Leni; tradition dictates a batch of homemade, hand-decorated Christmas cookies and for uncle Colon a traditional present also a bottle of Jack Daniels. And there are friends far away to greet with Christmas cards.

The same day John Davidson was singing about Santa Claus, a UNICEF Greeting Card Booklet arrived in the mail reminding me that Christmas is just around the corner and not everyone has it so good. UNICEF helps those who don't have it so good — children in 111 developing nations. By purchasing one box of cards you enable UNICEF to protect 75 children against tuberculosis; ten boxes can provide books for 150 school children. UNICEF teaches farming skills to fight malnutrition, trains doctors and nurses in health treatment, trains school teachers and equips schools.

This year UNICEF offers "Correspondence Cards" (like a post card) which can be sent through the mail for 6c. They come twenty cards to a pad for \$1.50 and you have a choice of a colorful tree-lined landscape by Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen (at age 14) or an assortment of five XVIII Century Catalunan Tiles reproduced in oranges, yellows and blues.

UNICEF also offers the traditional Christmas card in boxes of 12 for \$2.00. The designs are contributed by leading international artists, museums and children. Among this year's selection is a gold on red print depicting the golden raft of El Dorado, found intact in a remote Colombian cave in 1969. The raft is displayed at the Museo del Oro of the Banco de la Republica in Bogota. A blue and white print depicts stars and snowflakes against a turquoise sky in a distinctive design by Turkish-born graphic designer, Salahattin Kanidinc. A black and white photo-greeting, showing three children reaching for the sun, was contributed by the French-Canadian photographer Antoine Desilets who had a one-man show at the World's Fairs in Montreal and Osaka. Georgia O'Keefe, one of the most famous figures in contemporary art, has used both the real and abstract world of nature as the source for her powerful imagery to create "black bird with snow-covered hills." And comic artist Franco Barberis has pictured Santa coming to town astride a bicycle.

Beautify your Christmas and give children throughout the world a chance for a healthier, fuller life by purchasing UNICEF cards.

Sexuality Teach-In

by Raye King

The Women's Committee sponsored a Sexuality Teach-In last Thursday, October 11, conducted by Meg Zaremba, Northeastern University professor and Planned Parenthood counsellor.

Ms. Zaremba asked her audience of approximately thirty persons if Suffolk offered independent study dealing with human sexuality. The answer, of course, was "no." She informed her audience that the University of Massachusetts-Boston has a

center which houses 24 counsellors (men, women and gay people) who are always available to help students with problems; a women's group which increases sexual awareness, aids women in gaining knowledge of their own bodies, supplies birth control

information and has two gynecologists available; supports gay group rap sessions; and houses a free health clinic.

"Sexuality is difficult for a woman to convey for it is not considered feminine for a woman to show her desire for

Continued on page 3

SGA celebrates Halloween with

THE MONSTER BASH

at Lombardo's, 17 Porter St., East Boston

October 30, from 8:00 P.M. till 1:00 A.M.

Come celebrate with SOUND TREK



OPEN BAR AND FREE CHEESE TABLE

FROM 8:00 to 9:00 P.M.

Undergrads and dates only.

Suffolk I.D. required. Admission: \$1.00

Costumes desired but not required

Cash prizes for the best costumes.

ANN PETRY

'This Unforgettable Passage'

Ann Petry, one of New England's most accomplished black authors, will speak at the Suffolk University Auditorium, 41 Temple St., Boston Thursday, Oct. 25 at 8 p.m.

Ms. Petry's appearance, sponsored by Suffolk University and the Museum of Afro-American History, is open to the public with no admission charge. Her subject will be "This Unforgettable Passage," a reflection of her own life and career.

A native of Old Saybrook, Conn. who lived many years in Harlem, she was awarded the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award for her first novel, *The Street*, in 1946. Among her other adult books are *Country Place*, *The Narrows*, and *Miss Muriel*.

She has also authored several books for young people and children, including *The Drugstore Cat*, *Harriet Tubman*, *Conductor on the Underground*



Railroad, *Tituba of Salem Village* and *Legends of the Saints*.

During her years in Harlem, Ms. Petry served as a consultant in an experimental after school program in an elementary school. She was also a member of the American Negro Theater, a famous amateur group.

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THE SUFFOLK CHESS CLUB
CONTACT JIM PETERSON
IN THE
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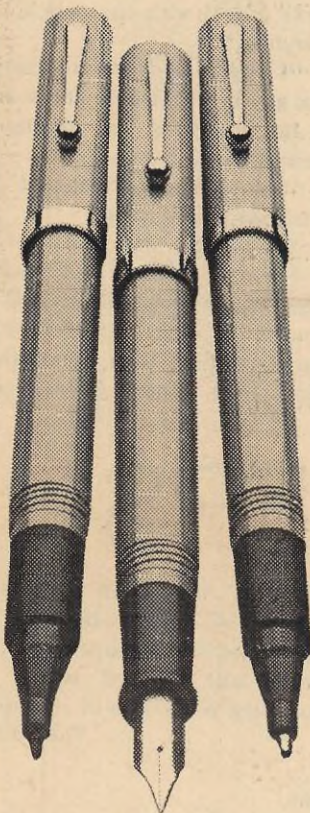
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SHEAFFER, WORLD-WIDE, A **textron** COMPANY

by Rich Custeau and Steve Zaya
This semester's pledge class, in Alpha Phi Omega, is being dedicated to Dick Howe, one of many loyal alumni members.

Francis X. Flannery has been admitted as an honorary member by a unanimous vote of the brotherhood. Flannery, who is the vice president and treasurer of Suffolk will be installed at a later date.

The BIG SCREW CONTEST will return during November. As last year, all proceeds will be donated to charity.

This semester, Alpha Phi Omega is distributing anti-inflation memberships to the United Shoppers Association for all Suffolk students. For \$10 each member receives a full year's membership which includes discounts on items up to 50% off dealer's prices. Automobiles can be purchased for \$125 over what the dealer originally paid. Anyone who is in the market for appliances, clothes, or whatever, can purchase a membership in RL No. 13. There is no catch involved.

Delta Sigma Pi recently held their "Shortest Hot Pants Nite" at the Boston Club on Oct. 11. The event was a success due to the efforts of Fund Raising Chairman Dino Calore. Delta Sig would also like to thank the Suffolk Journal for the advertisement published in their October eighth edition.

Pledging for Delta Sig is in its third week and the pledges are working harder to satisfy the brothers of the frat.

The brothers of Delta Sig are planning various professional activities in the upcoming weeks. Among the activities planned are speakers from various corporations and many other personnel from different business backgrounds.

The athletes of Delta Sig enhanced their football record this past week by defeating T.K.E. by a score of 25-13.

The girls of Gamma Sig are still on the move to reach an all time goal in their fund raising raffle for Multiple Sclerosis. The girls would appreciate all the help they can get in attaining their golden figure.

The sisters also have ten pledges who are working their way up the ladder to become worthy Sisters of Gamma Sigma Sigma.

The sisters of Phi Sig are having a CANDY CORN GUESS in the cafe on Oct 29 and 30. The winner will be announced at the Suffolk University Halloween Party. Prize will be cash!

Watch for the Campbell Soup Label campaign for audio-visual equipment for a Roxbury elementary school — start saving them.

The sisters also are having an apple picking day planned for a Sunday this month as a sorority function. A couple of personal announcements — Donna Merenda has become engaged to Steve Games of A.P.O. and Maria Sergi has become engaged to Glen Dreyer of Andover.

Phi Sig's officers for this year are: Denise Hebert — President, Donna Merenda — Vice President, Janet Daly — Secretary, Joni Muscheittie — Treasurer, and Maryanne Murphy — Pledge Mistress.

Phi Sigma Sigma's raffle with Gamma Sig is now being planned and should be underway sometime next month.

John Feeney captured first place in the Annual Phi Alpha Tau Golf Tournament held at Tony C's Country Club in Nahant. The "Balding Red-Head" squeaked by Steve Mastrangelo, who finished second, and Paul Picardi. In a hard fought battle Steve Zaya, with the able guidance of caddie Bruce Carmichael, ran away with the "Mac Divot Sandbagger Award."

Pledgemaster, Paul Adler, has the pledges well under control and Hell Night will be held in Newburyport, Oct 28.

P.A.T. is sponsoring an open school press conference in which the students and faculty will be able to confront the administration with important questions plaguing the school. The brothers feel that this will help to improve the relationship between everyone at Suffolk. Questions to the administrative personnel can be submitted at P.A.T.'s office Room 12 in the R.L. building.

The newly formed P.A.T. football team accepts all comers on Sunday mornings. Refreshments will be served before, during, and after the

FOOD AND CLOTHING DRIVE
Please help the unfortunate fire disaster victims of Chelsea.
Bring unperishable food and clothing to Student Activities Office.
Sponsored by Gamma Sigma Sigma

game.

T.K.E. recently elected Ken Gallant to the office of Chaplain in the fraternity. Ken, an active frat brother, is expected to do a fine job.

T.K.E. also has eight energetic pledges ready to aid the brothers in any tasks they have prepared for them.

The brothers of T.K.E. are planning a Halloween fund raising drive for the Unicef Fund. The brothers as well as the pledges are expected to donate their whole-hearted assistance in helping to collect money on Halloween for this worthy cause.

Announcement

On Monday November 5, 1973 Suffolk University will host a Federal Career Day in the Main Lobby of the Donahue Building from 10:00 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Graduate School

An official of Claremont Graduate School in California will discuss CGS graduate programs with students and administrators of Suffolk University Wednesday, Oct. 24.

The representative is Gary A. Knight, assistant dean. He will be at Boston College in Chestnut Hill during Graduate and Professional School Exploration Day, in which Suffolk University will participate. Literature describing CGS is at the Suffolk University placement office now.

Claremont Graduate School offers study in the humanities, mathematics, botanical and social sciences, fine arts, and education. It awards master's degrees and doctorates. In its 48 years of operation CGS has graduated teachers and administrators for colleges, universities, and other schools. In recent years it has moved toward more problem-oriented study to prepare students for occupations other than education and research. Examples of this direction are new master's programs in international environmental policy studies, management, and urban institutions and systems and a doctoral program in public affairs psychology.

CGS is unusual in that it is a free-standing graduate institution that is not dependent on a university. It is associated with five other colleges, all undergraduate. The six, known as The Claremont Colleges, operate such central services as libraries, bookstores, concert halls, and health and counseling services. Each college, however, administers its own affairs independently. The graduate school draws on the faculties of the undergraduate colleges to augment its own full-time faculty.

The six colleges are on adjoining campuses in the City of Claremont, a community of about 25,000 population 35 miles east of Los Angeles.

Sexuality

Continued from page 2

sexual advances. She cannot force her attentions on a man, all she can do is give subtle messages," said Ms. Zaremba. She has often been asked if men can tolerate aggressive women; her answer is, "there is no such thing as an aggressive woman, just passive men."

She continued, "there are two oral contraceptives, one is the pill, the other is 'no', if a woman has no desire for a sexual relationship with a man, the second is the best preventative."

In working with Bridgewater sex offenders, rapists, and child molesters, Ms. Zaremba discovered that all the inmates interviewed fantasized that women were either virgin madonnas or whores. They could not relate to a woman as a person and had no communication with women. She also discovered that sex offenders had incestuous relationships with their mothers or sisters and that they believe women are only around to satisfy their needs.

Ms. Zaremba feels the 20th Century has said to women, "It's OK to be a sexual person, it recognizes the orgasm as society did in the 15th and 16th Centuries (attested to by literature of that time)."

A Health Counselor at MIT, however, told Ms. Zaremba that male students have come to him and in discussing a woman stated, "all she's doing is using me for my body and I really care about her!"

The next Women's Program will be a Women's Self-Defense exposition on November 8. This is the only program limited to women.

Pacifism

by Fredo Jacques Pierre

If there is a war today or tomorrow
I'll take my dog
and some bread
I'll go to the country
to burrow without regret;
I'll tell the woodpecker
the story of the Thebaide
while watching the sun
go down behind the woods.

If there is not a war today or tomorrow
I'll get up very early
to see the colors
of the morning
heralding spring
and watch the flowers
that adorn my garden
opening their chalice
to challenge the noctuelle.

And well before midday
I'll walk, very proud,
along the alleys of the parks,
trampling down the grass of the lawns,
and with my happy hands
I'll build a pyramid
higher than the sky
and I'll fill it
with gifts and toys
for the ducks of the lake.

If there is not a war today or tomorrow
I'll coat my skin with sugar
and, with a hat on my head,
I'll go far, very far, farther
than the perspective
without any regard
for conventions
without greetings for any man
without a bow to any flag.

(Translated by Charles Asselin)

Journalism's Hottest Act

Journalism's hottest act, *Washington Post* reporters Bernstein and Woodward, provided its packed Ford Hall Forum audience with a sustained glimpse of that elusive realm, reality.

Carl Bernstein's and Bob Woodward's exposure of the Watergate disaster is the quintessence of investigative journalism. Indeed, the team received the Pulitzer prize for their work.

Bernstein delivered a blow-by-blow account of the evolution of the Watergate story.

Using "empirical police reporting" methods for over a year after the Watergate burglary, the two reporters were able to uncover the venal bones of one of Washington's ugliest skeletons in one of the nation's plushiest closets — the White House.

The investigation was conducted on off-hours. Progress was slow. The leg-work involved was tremendous. The government was not at all appreciative.

Bob Woodward attacked the

notion we are "wallowing" in Watergate overkill. He recited an endless list of demonic details that all helped spice the scandal — wire taps, phony ads, phony telegrams, hit squads and the rest.

Woodward felt what we are witnessing today in government is men corrupting power, not power corrupting men.

Carl Bernstein's and Bob Woodward's journalistic synergism is unique and inspiring. Their story before the Forum probed deep the dank heart of power politics.

Bernstein and Woodward are ordinary looking guys, not yet over thirty. This is heartening. Perhaps there are several other people in this country skilled in conscience who can make a difference. According to Bernstein and Woodward there is a sad lack of these people in journalism today, the exposure of Watergate notwithstanding.

They were there this time. Who will be there next time?

An indifferent quietus may lie just over the hill.

Editorial

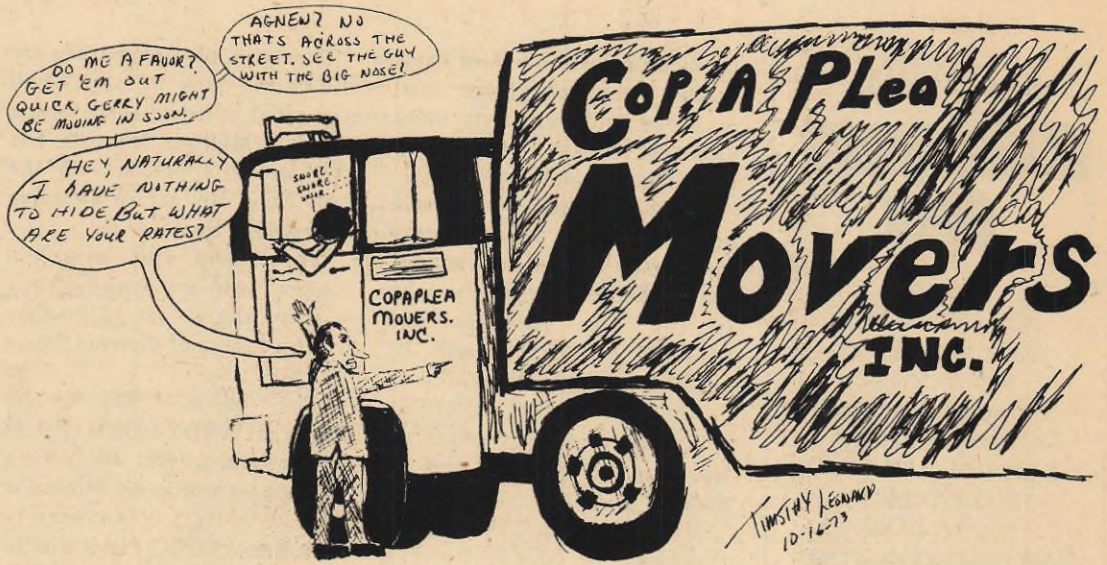
SPIRO

The recent resignation of Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew is both revealing and rewarding to a large group of people in this country. The fact that he pleaded "nolo contendere" to the criminal charge of tax evasion further enables the citizens of this country to see hypocrisy at the very highest levels of our government.

Remember, if you will, the countless speeches in which Mr. Agnew attacked the lawless student protesters and remarked that they should be punished severely for their criminal activities. Recall the speeches denouncing the people on welfare who were labeled as lazy and worthless. Think back to the times that Agnew regaled against the liberals who in his opinion were destroying the nation with their catering to criminals and malcontents.

Now the shoe is on the other foot. Agnew is a convicted criminal and his past speeches make for interesting reading in light of his legal troubles. Despite his claims of innocence, "nolo" is legally considered equal to a plea of guilty. That makes Spiro one of the people he used to make hate-filled speeches about.

All of the lawless war protesters and welfare chislers can take comfort in the fact that the man who stood before the nation and attacked them has fallen, a victim of the very evils he crusaded against.



WALDEN 6 MINUS 1

by Bob Carr

The Friends of Spiro Agnew
* With apologies to George V. Higgins.

The stocky man was standing in the children's play area of a small park. He was wearing a worn old jacket with the collar up. He looked like a hamster when his face was visible.

A sports car pulled up and a tall thin man in a suede coat got out. He sauntered over to the stocky man, but turned before their eyes met. He stood with his back to the stocky man, looking out at the lake as if it was very beautiful. It wasn't.

"That's a nice car you got there," said the stocky man over

his shoulder. "Anybody I know?"

"Some guy on the West Coast. He was using it to burglarize some psychiatrist's office," the other answered.

"I wouldn't know anybody like that," said the stocky man.

"Of course not, Spiro!" said the thin man. "So why did you call me all the way out here?"

"Well, I got some troubles maybe you could help me with," said Spiro.

"Now how could anyone have trouble on a beautiful day like this?" the thin man said, spreading his arms as if to embrace the bright morning.

"Don't fool around!" Spiro cried, "You know what I mean.

I got that thing coming up in Maryland."

"Oh yeah. Jeeze, that's too bad. I heard something about that. What was it you did now?"

"Nothin', honest," bleated Spiro innocently. "It's all a damn lie!"

"I don't know about that Spiro. I heard you were leanin' on some guys down there in Maryland."

"I wasn't leanin' on nobody! I just got this real bad posture problem. I've had it since I was a kid."

"Well they say they've got the goods on you. I heard that Internal Revenue is interested in you too. You're a popular man Spiro."

"It's just a few of those nattering nabobs in the Justice Department using me to inflate their reputations, that's all."

"OK, so what am I supposed to do?"

"Well," said Spiro, "I thought it would look real good when I went down there if you was to tell them that I been workin' like a bastard for my uncle."

"It would look good Spiro, but it ain't true," said the other man in a tired voice. "You been goofing off, playin' golf with Frank Sinatra. That ain't workin' for uncle, Spiro!"

Spiro looked sad. "Look, I can't go to jail now. I can't do time. It would embarrass my kids, and the Young Republicans! The longhairs would make fun of them. Thomas Eagleton would stand outside the fence every day and give me the raspberries!"

"So, what do you want me to do?" said the thin man.

"You could make a few calls for me. We could work a deal with the courts," said Spiro.

"I could if I had a good enough reason. What's in it for me?"

"Well," said Spiro thoughtfully, "I could give you names."

"What names?"

"Gordon Liddy!"

"No good, Spiro."

"John Dean!"

"That's not quite as good as Gordon Liddy."

"How about Bob Haldemann?"

"That's not making it."

Spiro was pensive for a few minutes. Then his face lit up. "Are you still interested in machine guns?"

"Sure," said the thin man. "I'm always interested in a few machine guns. You know

somebody who's pushing them?"

"Yeah, I know about a guy in Washington."

"Who's he selling them to?"

"Everybody. This guy's a real nut!"

"And where can I find this nut, Spiro?"

"He operates out of a place on Pennsylvania Avenue. I think he's a really dangerous guy. He doesn't care who he sells guns to. He might even have a criminal mind!"

"Perish the thought, Spiro."

"So, you gonna help me make a deal with the people in Maryland?"

"I might, if I was to catch this guy in Washington and some of his customers. Tell me more about them."

"I don't know if I should. It don't seem honorable."

"Remember Maryland."

"Well, there's all these insidious looking Asians. And a couple of weeks ago there was this A-rab guy. Then, there's this old broad named Golda, and ..."

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading an editorial in a recent edition of the Journal which viciously attacks the choice of Florian Hall as a dinner site. In this attack you have made allegations concerning the hall which could almost be considered libelous.

As an alumnus of Suffolk, I was appalled by this article. I have attended many meetings and social events at Florian over the past years and have never seen the fistfights and rowdiness which you claim are the routine course of events. When I was an undergraduate at Suffolk, I was encouraged to seek out the truth. Either that concept is no longer being taught, or your paper has chosen to ignore it. I would suggest that you check with your professor in the School of Journalism to determine the proper climate for responsible editorial writing.

Sincerely,
John P. Reilly

Dear Mr. Reilly:

I would suggest that you refer to the Supreme Court decision, Sullivan vs. The N.Y. Times, 1968 concerning your allegation that my editorial "could almost be considered libelous".

Your statement that I "viciously attack the choice of Florian Hall" is also incorrect. I was attempting to make known certain conditions that I witnessed and other incidents that have been related to me. The sole reason for the editorial was my concern for the well-being of Suffolk students and that the Christmas party be a success.

I wish to assure you that the truth is still being sought at Suffolk University. To the best of my knowledge I revealed the

situation at Florian Hall as I know it. Your opinion is welcomed in the hopes that the truth will be best served in exposing both sides of the issue.
The Editor

Sir,

I wish to state my disagreement with your article concerning SGA's choice of location for the school Christmas party. Having visited the area in question, I find nothing to indicate it as unsuitable for the party. Those of my constituents who live in this area, that I have questioned agree with my estimate. I feel that the article's referral to the area as dangerous is greatly exaggerated.

The SGA should be credited with enough sense choose a good location.

Sincerely,
David W. Wilson
Freshman Representative
SGA

Dear Editor,

After reading about your ordeals at Florian Hall, I was totally amazed at the fact that you are still alive.

I have worked there for seven years and only twice in that time have I witnessed any major incidents of violence.

The location selected by SGA has no more a "tough image" than any other site that could be chosen. There are of course some local residents who frequent Florian but you have that at any lounge. It is a well known fact that most of the customers of Florian's lounge are people from outside the area — mostly the South Shore.

Florian's banquet hall is well-known not only in Boston but also in New York and
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Suffolk Journal

A Newspaper for the Suffolk Community.

Publisher Suffolk University

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LETTERS

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Washington for its political rallies and parties. The Lounge is equally famous and is frequented by many prominent businessmen and state legislatures.

Suffolk's Christmas party will be in the private banquet hall and no outsiders will be allowed in. The only possible way that the Suffolk Christmas party will not be an enjoyable evening will be if someone from Suffolk makes it that way. It will not be because of, as you say "a dislike of people alien to the neighborhood."

Thomas J. Boyle
Class of '76

Editor,

In regard to your article (in the October 8 edition of the JOURNAL) concerning the location of the Christmas party at Florian Hall in Dorchester.

Your article was an excellent piece of propaganda which reflected the attitudes of the media element of the city of Boston. It also served to amplify, to the now residents, the violent undertones first existing in that section of the city at that time.

More recently in thy media, there was a tremendous fire catastrophe in the City of Chelsea. I feel, then, that maybe this week's JOURNAL could contain an article pertaining to the fire standards existing at Florian Hall. Maybe it would be possible for you to say something about the

anachronistic means of illuminating that edifice that may be conducive to such a fire catastrophe as occurred at the Coconut Grove in Boston in 1941.

And maybe, in two more weeks there will be another problem of tremendous controversy in the media, that may be construed to pertain to Florian Hall. And just as you have done in the past, you will probably do in the future.

Michael Powers,
fresh. class pres.

P.S. After reading your article, I personally interviewed residents of Dorchester. Along with these interviews, and my own past experiences in that "alien neighborhood inhabited by the town toughs" I came to my conclusion as to the relevance of that article.

Sightseeing

by Joe Gavaghan

From the beach you can see the skyline of Boston. The water of Boston harbor looks pure and pleasing to the eye. The long, curved strip of sand is clean and devoid of people now that summer is over. The bandstand, set back from the beach, is crumbling and long out of use.

It was on the rocks, just behind the bandstand, that a sixty-five year old man was killed two weeks ago. He had been fishing from the boulders when a group of kids from the Columbia Point project stoned and stabbed him to death.

Everything is peaceful now. Seagulls glide over the site of the

murder. Behind me the projects rise up in the mid-afternoon sun. They never look appealing but distance hides the squalor and constant unrest that has always plagued the area.

The empty shopping mall is now a massive playground for the project kids. They run down the empty avenues, yelling and playing games with an air of seriousness that only small children can manage. They give me strange looks as I walk over to them. Their first question is "Ya got any smokes?" My fresh pack is quickly snapped up by several young hands. The kids mill around lighting their cigarettes and talking at a rate too rapid to comprehend. I ask them if they know about the murder. They nod their heads and tell me about all the cops that have been in the projects recently.

After the kids leave I wander around the edge of the first series of tall brick buildings that make up the Columbia Point Project. There is broken glass and debris everywhere you look: The chain-link fence that once separated the shopping mall from the project is lying on the ground, slowly rusting away.

The project itself is isolated from the surrounding area by the water on one side and the Southeast Expressway on the other. The only two means of entry are a long, broad avenue or through the empty shopping mall.

The people who live at Columbia Point are angry and frustrated. They have little recourse for their daily problems. Several community groups attempt to find solutions but they are too small and

there, dead, was appalling. I began demonstrating for the withdrawal of American troops. I was arrested by Saigon police, and beaten at the police station. I was not allowed to speak at my trial, but was beaten some more."

Jean-Pierre described some of the tortures used by the police.

"In 1970 a student and his wife were tortured in front of each other. First the man had to spread his fingers out while pins were placed under his nails. Pieces of paper were then attached to the ends of the pins. Then they would plug in a fan so the paper would sway in the breeze, moving the pins. The man fainted in 15 minutes. Then his wife, naked, was raped by the police."

He described other tortures. "I saw women forced to

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The Mellowing Of Political Temperament

by David Sandler

Perhaps it's because dope is so easy to get, or the drinking age had been lowered to 18, but whatever the reason, the political temperament has certainly mellowed in this country, to say the least.

The Indochina peace campaign brought their show to Hayden Hall of Boston University fame, on Columbus Day, October 8. The "house was packed," as they say at the fights, but then, who wouldn't pay a buck to get a peek at Jane Fonda? And speaking of money, when the ticket man was asked just where the dollar bill was going, he replied, "well, ah, . . . I know 50 cents of it goes to the B.U. student Union, and the rest goes to, ah, that Indochina committee speaking tonight, or something like that."

So much for political consciousness.

I must admit, however, that I am not one of those cheering, foot-stomping, chanting, peace-rallying revolutionary types that colored the polemical sixties. Nor did I assume the role of pseudo-revolutionary which proved to be more harmful, not to mention misleading, than plain old indifference. I simply attended this program, and though my life has not been drastically altered, I was aroused enough to try and spread the word of what I learned there. Pay attention all you apathetic Rams out there.

The dense smoke (you are ALLOWED to LIGHT UP at B.U.) hung heavy in the large hall amidst college students and one older gentleman smoking a putrid smelling cigar. The 8:00 post time was honored relatively well, but P.A. difficulties delayed the proceedings by 15 minutes.

Glancing to my left I noticed Tom Hayden strolling by enroute to the stage. Suddenly the hall blackens and slides of Vietnamese fishing, Vietnamese tilling the soil, and Vietnamese scenery are flashed on the screen. I look to the left and silhouetted next to the screen are Sir Tom and Ms. Fonda tightly embraced. It was just like being at the movies. Accompanying all this was Holly Near, whose lyrics approached the political venom of Buffy St. Marie, and her rich, clear voice had a rather nice Joni Mitchell sound to it. Jeff Langley played

piano. After telling the audience why we were there, Holly introduced Robert Cherowith, a former POW incarcerated in Hanoi for six years.

Now, although Cherowith looks a hell of a lot more like a Thom McAnn shoe salesman than a former prisoner of war, the most convincing aspect of his speech was the sincerity and honesty that shone through his words.

Cherowith enlisted in the army in 1966 while most of us were dancing the two-step to one of the Righteous Brothers tear-jerkers. By 1967 he was piloting a helicopter in Vietnam. Cherowith described the attitude of most of the men as "spend a year in Nam and get out. Some guys would loosen wires in their helicopters so their mission would be cancelled."

Cherowith felt that half the money spent by our government in Vietnam was being "thrown out the window." He said that "30 to 40 thousand rounds would be shot off in free-fire zones just to give us something to do."

Although there was a food shortage in 1967, there was a plentitude of "transistor radios, Honda motor bikes, colored T.V. sets, and of course, Coke."

Hmmmm. Cherowith termed this as evidence of an "American cultural invasion."

After 11 months Cherowith was captured by the Vietcong during the Tet offensive. He was imprisoned at the "Plantation" for two years, half a mile south of Hanoi, before being escorted to the confines of the more luxurious "Hanoi Hilton", when the B52 bombings were being stepped up.

Cherowith termed his treatment as "very humane."

"I lived with 108 people, was served three meals a day including rice, soup, fried vegetables and meat. I had three blankets and my own mosquito net. Most Vietnamese families share one blanket and one net. I never heard of any incidents of torture or maltreatment."

When released and sent to the Phillipines, Cherowith was dismayed at what he called the "public relations campaign by the Pentagon."

"I did not feel my role of bombing people who had never done anything against me warranted the tag of hero."

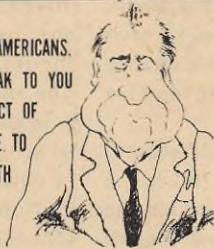
He added that most prisoners were against the war but afraid to speak out in public because they "didn't want to lose back pay or liberties." Cherowith expressed "faith" in the American people in hopes that the "anti-war movement will be revitalized."

The next speaker was Jean-Pierre Debris, a French school teacher who spent two years in Chi Hoa Prison in Saigon because he handed out peace leaflets. His French accent made him difficult to understand at times, but he was the speaker with the greatest impact.

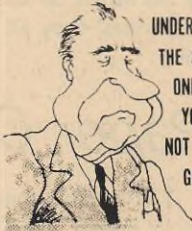
Jean-Pierre confessed to having "little concern" about the war until he finally got fed up with stumbling over the ever increasing number of dead bodies.

"The sight of people lying

MY FELLOW AMERICANS,
I AM GOING TO SPEAK TO YOU
ABOUT A SUBJECT OF
GREAT IMPORTANCE TO
US ALL: THE TRUTH



UNDER THE DOCTRINE OF
THE SEPARATION OF POWERS,
ONLY CONGRESS CAN TELL
YOU THE TRUTH. I WILL
NOT INTERFERE BY
GIVING THEM THE FACTS.



NO, MY FRIENDS,
THE TRUTH WILL NOT BE
KNOWN BY EXAMINING THE
FACTS. THE TRUTH WILL BE
KNOWN ONLY BY INNUENDO
AND DENIAL.



I COULD TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
IT WOULD BE THE EASY
THING TO DO. BUT THE
EASY WAY IS NOT ALWAYS
THE CORRECT WAY.



SO, AFTER GREAT SOUL-SEARCHING,
I HAVE DECIDED TO WITHHOLD
ALL EVIDENCE SO THAT
CONGRESS MAY PRICED
WITH ITS GREAT WORK.



IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY.



Main Laboratory Dedicated to Mr. Robert S. Friedman

Continued from page 1

alumni association suggested a living memorial be offered. It was recommended that an appropriate structure be built on CBL to house a bonsai tree as a memorial. It was also stated that means for such a memorial should be gained through personal contributions of both time and money.

The dedication ceremony was the highlight of a weekend at CBL which included a

symposium of marine science education activities, given by the Research Institute of the Gulf of Maine (RIGOM). The two day program concluded with a demonstration of native American dancing presented by the Passamaquoddy Tribe, Pleasant Point, Maine.

Audio equipment for the outdoor ceremonies was donated by Robert Jewell who is the Educational Media Director at

New England College.

This facility and the spirit in which it was dedicated is indicative of the attitude of the administration towards field study in the sciences for both majors and non-majors. It also demonstrates the dedication of the biology department at Suffolk. These people followed Dr. Friedman's initial move and proceeded to improve on an already great and innovative ideal. Those interested in the marine sciences for academic or personal reasons should thank those responsible for making an ocean station such as this available.

SIGHTS

Movies Bang The Drum Slowly

by Richard Krawiec

Richard Krawiec entered the familiar 1963 Plymouth Fury and assumed control of the steering wheel. The tires rolled greedily over the pock-marked tar as he drove towards the Westgate Cinema Complex. At 7:03 he arrived, thinking the movie began at 7:20. It was scheduled for 7:35;

Feeling an acute case of boredom beginning to dull his senses like a head cold, he decided to peruse the small exhibition of paintings in the lobby. Fourteen culpable canvases leered gruesomely at him. Three ugly girls gazed at him from the entrapment of their portraits. Place scenes were tragically facile. "Karen and Bill Velmore," he spoke to no one in particular after staring at the second painting of summer daisies, "this is terrible."

"You can't do any better," said the other half of his brain. "How do you know? I never tried."

His brain did this often, split in half and started arguing. Dick felt a doosey coming on. Attempting to avoid the inevitable, he stepped outside.

The sky concealed her diadems. Even the moon, Hope of the Diamonds, did not reveal her fettered form. Earth's tethers held her in another display case this night. Sitting on a cement abutment which housed a row of shrubs, he began to write. The words fell from his pen. Nine people passed him and entered the theater. Jocks and couples, no one else. They were all polite. They wondered what this creature could be writing at 7:18 with only the wilting glow of afternoon to help him discern the letter-shapes. No one asked Dick.

He laughed. Maybe they knew he'd only offer them a sarcastic retort.

Analytically the theater was dissected in his mind as his body homed towards the most central seat. Gene Hackman spoke about emphysema. A can circulated, collecting funds for the Will Rogers Hospital. Dick reluctantly gave 25 cents. "I won't give," he thought. "Oh yes you will." They were at it again.

The Muzak was still playing when the previews began. No one seemed to mind, except Dick. He enjoyed the previews more than the movies, even if he had already seen the movie being previewed. In that case it was a review, to him. Finally Dick arose, flushed out an usher, and informed him of the malfunction.

"Bang The Drum Slowly" commanded the screen in red, white, and blue letters. It was very patriotic. After all, baseball was once the national pastime. Now crime seemed to be the national pastime. Funny how people change. As the credits rolled by certain key words cauterized shelves in his memory. Director — John Hancock. Score — Stephen Lawrence. Robert De Niro as Bruce Pearson. Michael Moriarty as Henry Wiggins. Two

baseball players ran around a field, shook hands with a doctor, drove to one of their homes, and went fishing, in the first minute or two, before he learned that Pearson got a "real shit deal."

Henry Wiggins is a 'Jock for all Seasons.' He is the leagues' most sought after pitcher, an author, and an insurance salesman. Bruce Pearson, his teammate, is a fourth-string catcher who came to the league with superstar potential, but never developed. During the off-season they find out that Pearson has Hodgkins disease, which is always fatal. Pearson doesn't want any one to know, fearing they'll be nice to him just because he's going to die. Wiggins and his wife, who are staying at Pearson's home, watch as Pearson builds a fire on his side lawn and burns all his high school clippings.

Pre-season training begins. Wiggins is holding out for \$55,000 more than the club offers him. When he learns from a coach that Pearson is headed back for the minor leagues, he signs for the owners figure, with the stipulation that he and Pearson are not to be separated. Where one goes, the other goes too. So the New York Mammoths keep both men and Piney Woods, a rookie catcher who rides a motorcycle, carries a guitar, and wears a loaded pistol, is sent to the minors. "Maybe some one will drop dead and leave me a job," he says tritely. "Life is unfair."

So the season stumbles on and the Mammoths, who have most of the talent, are stumbling along with the season. Dissension splits the team. The major cause is the ranking down, or ragging, of teammates by each other. Pearson is given a chance to play and performs adequately.

Throughout the early season, the manager has taken a compulsive attitude towards the activities of Pearson and Wiggins in the off-season. Finally a detective is hired to find out the truth. By this time Pearson's teammates are aware of his illness. First Wiggins told one guy, who told another, ad infinitum. The manager panics, recalling the rookie catcher, while enticing a retired catcher back for the stretch run. The team stops ragging each other and wins the pennant, with Pearson barely surviving to the last out. He dies outside the camera's vision. Wiggins walks through a cemetery and makes a solemn commitment never to rag anybody again.

Dick scanned the empty theater. Was this a dream? Horrid sentences came back to haunt him. "I never been smart," says Pearson. Wiggins reassures him that "Everybody's smart." Wiggins even tries his hand at philosophy: "Everybody knows that everybody's dying. That's why people are as good as they are." And why did the old man protest so much, "I never swear," before parroting Pearson's complaint, "My son's been handed one shit deal." Krawiec shook his head wearily.

Stereotyped dumb athletes outwitted even dumber fans. Are there really people willing to bet tens of dollars in a card game they've never played, without knowing how to play it, and sit

idly by while ballplayers make up rules to steal their money?

How did Pittsburgh and Cincinnati get in the same league with Boston and Baltimore?

He drove home listening to the hockey game. That made more sense. If it were on television it would have made a better movie. The sub-plot bothered him. A prostitute wanted Pearson to sign over his insurance to her. Pearson was stupid enough to want to. Mark Harris was stupid enough to write this into the script.

Several unnecessary slow-motion shots of Wiggins pitching kept regurgitating into Dick's mind. He looked to the heavens for guidance; the solitary sentinel stood aloof.

It just wasn't sad. Not like "Brian's Song." The bond between Pearson and Wiggins was never firmly established. Nobody really liked Pearson. He was too dumb for everyone. Emotional scenes and fine acting were non-existent. The manager's locker room speech was trite. Even the score, which added so much to "Brian's Song," contributed nothing to "Bang the Drum Slowly." Although the structure of the latter corresponded closely to the structure of the former, "Drum" was completely lacking in poignancy.

And yet, the people didn't care. In Brockton theaters are used solely as an escape from boredom. No one feels cheated, regardless of how shoddy the movie is, because it is something that occupied two hours of their existence. It made them forget... if only temporarily.

Dick pulled into the driveway, ascended the stairs, and opened the cabinet above the refrigerator. One shot of gin, one and a third of whiskey, half a jigger of bourbon, two thirds of scotch, and a couple of pours of anisette. Mixed with seven-up.

Nobody in the house would join him. They were hypnotized by the Movie of the Week.

Besides, they all thought him crazy.

Paper Chase

The world premiere of "The Paper Chase" last Tuesday at the Sack 57 had all the necessary ingredients of the much-lauded "gala" premiere, and yet failed to be festive.

A comedy drama about Harvard law students, ceremonies sponsored by The Boston Phoenix, a benefit for the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, and a live WBZ special broadcast, hosted by critic Pat Mitchell, should have combined to create an aura of liberal Cambridge glamour.

The film was the sole redeeming factor of the premiere evening: While Ms. Mitchell was broadcasting her special from inside the 57, the ticketholders were left waiting on the concrete ramps outside the theater, entertained only by the blaring of the Harvard University Band on an adjacent sidewalk, and the continual jockeying of limousines to align with the door of the theater.

"The Paper Chase" is a strong, carefully contained statement about the academic treadmill. It is a welcome

objective look at Harvard Law school; it successfully breaks the Harvard mystique nurtured by such sentimental films as "Love Story."

The film, based on the autobiographical novel by John Jay Osborn, traces one first year student, played by Timothy Bottoms, and his study group through a labyrinth of courses, with Professor Kingsfield, who teaches contract law, as the ever-threatening Minotaur.

Hart, an idealistic, highly motivated student, finds that the labyrinth is peopled by other highly motivated students who generate a cut-throat competition for grades and class status. The Socratic method of teaching used by Kingsfield is only another tension-inducing obstacle to be overcome in the life-or-death chase for grades.

Despite the advice of his friends to avoid women (they are a time-consuming distraction) Hart has an affair with Susan Fields, the married but separated daughter of Kingsfield, played by Lindsay Wagner. Susan, a weak character, serves best as a soundingboard for Hart's musings on law school.

Although Hart learns to succeed by using the system against itself, others are destroyed by the competition and constant pressure to analyze and integrate vast collections of legal facts. A married classmate, tormented by his inability to analyze data, tries to commit suicide.

Without losing his idealism, but by shedding his naivete, Hart captures the paper, the grades, he has pursued frantically, only to fling them into the waves of a Cape Cod beach. He has realized that the paper is only a symbol of his accomplishment, and not the success itself. He is free to defy the system only after he has won at its game by scrupulously following all the prescribed rules.

John Houseman, the only actor to appear at the premiere, is brilliantly cold, intimidating,

and invulnerable as Kingsfield. As Hart, Timothy Bottoms, a cinematic unknown, is convincing in a role that could all too easily degenerate into sloppy sentimentality as the hero vs. the faculty villains. Lindsay Wagner is adequate in a poorly written, undefined role.

The direction by James Bridges vacillates between a heavy-handed treatment of the pressure of studying — Hart always studies by the light of a single high intensity lamp in a dark room — to a hesitance to detail Kevin Brooks' attempted suicide.

Bridges uses the music by John Williams very effectively. In one scene, as Hart is frenetically trying to research and write a 10-page paper in a week-end, a quick-paced Bach fugue intensifies the tempo.

Although Harvard Law School has failed to endorse "The Paper Chase" and some Harvard law students have termed the film "almost totally unreal," (*Boston Globe*, Sunday, Oct. 14, 1973) it is entertaining and significant if only in that it does not contain stereotyped Harvard students, similar to Oliver Barrett IV.

THEATRE Moonchildren

by Nancy Kruse

"Moonchildren," that funny but touching play about college students in the mid 1960's, closed yesterday at the New Theater. As it heads for an off-Broadway opening, "Moonchildren" leaves Cambridge with aroused memories of the peace-marching, picketing days that seem so distant now.

The production is, as the critics have said, superb. Michael Weller's script abounds with the tiny details of life that make his story so real and so disturbing. The cast is first-rate and performs with infectious energy.

The play avoids the fuzzy contours of nostalgia; instead, it

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The cast of "Moonchildren" smiles in the face of an off-Broadway opening. They are, bottom row, Jim Jansen, Elizabeth Latham, and James Seymour; middle row, Robert Phelps and Renee Tadlock; top row, Richard Cox, Carol Willard, and Michael Sacks.

AND SOUNDS

Concerts

Liza In Boston

by Stephen Enos

Tickets to see Liza Minnelli's concert at the Music Hall were sold out the very day they went on sale. Woe is me.

But, alas, by some extreme good fortune and a little hustling, I caught her act. As it turned out, the show was worth one's proverbial "right arm."

At 27, Liza Minnelli is the hottest talent in American show business. Earlier this year she played in Las Vegas, and also reaped an Oscar for "Cabaret" and Harvard's theatrical Hasty Pudding Woman of the Year Award.

Right now Liza is touring the country. Last week she sang in Baton Rouge, Atlanta and St. Petersburg. This week it was New Haven, Providence and Boston. Tulsa, Omaha, Houston and Dallas are next week. The lady is a showbiz phenomenon, a real trouper.

Liza's crowd came straight in from suburbia to see her. Never before have I seen more mink and less denim at a Music Hall concert. All the ladies were coiffed. Gentlemen in jackets, please. People under 18 were with their parents.

The New Seekers proved themselves to be an excellent warm-up attraction. But, after their best-selling rendition of the Coco-Cola jingle, I was thirsty for some real entertainment, not the Real Thing.

The overture begins and the house is quiet. Liza Minnelli leaps out from the wings, landing in a bow. Black and slinky, she flirts over to the microphone, grabbed it from the stand. To the tune of applause she breaks into song, "Say Yes."

The house grows quiet once again. Her voice is beseeching. Liza repeats "say yes" over and over as she strides with open arms from stage right to center to left. Before the song is over, Liza Minnelli clearly has the audience in her little black pocket.

Minnelli thanks her audience. Giggling, silly as a schoolgirl, she says, "You're swell." During "Shine On Harvest Moon" her hands are everywhere. They're batting at the air and groping at the crowd. They pound in fists at her thighs and stretch above her head, reaching for that last note.

Liza likes to play. "Liza with a Z" is great fun for her. In "It Was a Good Time" she struts like Durante across the stage. The audience loves it.

Four dancers appear. Liza emerges in a leotard, black sequins, black nylons and black boots to the knee. Her legs are terrific. She sings "Natural Man." They dance. She sings her favorite, "A Quiet Thing." In jest, Minnelli fools with the delicately placed microphone in her cleavage. They dance some more. Liza rips off her eyelashes.

By the end of "Ring Them Bells" Minnelli needs a towel. She covers her head with it, rubbing the sweat from her face.

Midway through James Taylor's sweet-sad "Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight," she needs water. Liza gulps from a

cup. She belts out a finish and runs off the stage to the sound of cheers.

Liza returns in black. A Bowler hat over eyes of coal, knickers and a jacket, all stuffed in a pair of black slippers. Only her gloves are white. Sitting on a stool, she sings "Let Yourself Go."

Someone yells, "We love you, Liza!" Away goes the stool. Now she's singing "Mammy." Minnelli's voice is strong with emotion. Like Al Jolson, she kneels with one knee on the floor. The audience knows who her Mammy is and Liza gets a standing ovation. Bravo!

This is the finale. Minnelli ends the show with an encore of thunder. From "Maybe This Time" she jumps into "Cabaret." Again the crowd is standing. They are screaming, "More, More, Bravo, More!"

Liza returns. She throws a rose to her audience and runs away. There is no more.

Liza Minnelli is the daughter of a legend. Her destiny is legend. It gives me great joy to know that some day, long from now, I'll be able to say, "Liza Minnelli? Oh, yes. Why I remember when I saw her in Boston. That was Entertainment."

ALBUMS Lou Reed

by Paul Todisco

In Berlin by the wall
You were five foot ten inches tall
It was very nice
Candlelight and Dubonnet on ice.

Berlin in the seventies, a far cry from the hollow shell it was almost thirty years ago. In his latest effort, Lou Reed leaves the glittering streets of New York to walk on the wild side of that famous German metropolis. BERLIN, RCA (APLI-0207), is a story, it's a unique conceptual enterprise by one of America's best songwriters.

Why Berlin? It could be Boston, London, San Francisco or any other place for that matter. But it's Berlin because Caroline lives there. She is the central character in Reed's explosive fantasy. The album tells her tale as well as that of the people she is associated with.

According to Larry Sloman in the Sept. 27, 1973 issue of ROLLING STONE, "Berlin is the story of expatriate American speed freaks living in the youth ghetto of Berlin. It's an incredibly powerful story full of depravity, emasculation, violence, suicide, detachment and anomie."

The album opens with a tremendous burst of sound resulting in a few verses of "Happy Birthday." This slips into the title cut, a fascinating little song, dominated by some fine piano work by Allan Macmillan.

Caroline is introduced in "Lady Day." The tempo and arrangement of this number sound much like a Procol Harum piece. Maybe it is due to the fact that their drummer, B.J. Wilson, accompanies Reed on this one. We see Caroline as a very showy person who loves to stand out in a crowd. However, a certain

element of loneliness is detected as her audience vanishes.

Reed enters the scene as narrator in "Men of Good Fortune." His attitude is that of disassociation with the people around him. His apathy somehow shifts to intense concern as the album progresses. The song is enhanced by some magnificent bass lines provided by Jack Bruce. His presence on the album can be clearly heard.

In "Caroline Says I," we become aware of how she dominates Reed, "Caroline says that I'm just a toy/She wants a man, not just a boy." She's cruel but she's still his "Germanic Queen." Once again, Bruce stands out as one of the main driving forces in this song.

"How Do You Think It Feels" is a real rocker. It's about speeding, Caroline's favorite pastime, and how she's up for five days because she's afraid of sleeping. Reed chastizes her and warns her that it's all going nowhere.

"Oh, Jim" follows along the same lines. He turns on her violently, "Beat her black and blue and get it straight." He also learns of her unfaithfulness to him with a guy named Jim. At this point he really lashes out at her. Fortunately, we are spared the bloodshed. The song itself is well done, making use of fade in-fade out techniques, and changes in tempo.

In "Caroline Says II" we now see Reed as the domineering force. He is constantly abusing her physically, "Caroline says —

as she gets up off the floor/Why is it that you beat me — it isn't any fun." She has become the target of her friends' jokes. They laugh at her as she becomes more involved with speed. Reed leaves her to suffer alone.

Caroline begins to sink deeper and deeper into a state of degeneracy. In "The Kids" her children are being taken away from her. She is considered an unfit mother for many valid reasons, "Because she was making it with sisters and brothers... And all of the drugs she took, every one, every one." Reed's neurotic vocals make quite an impression on the listener. The eeriness of the song is heightened by the sound of babies crying and calling for their mother. He sums up her plight with this line, "That miserable rotten slut couldn't turn anyone away."

We then move from the neurotic to the psychotic. Unable to handle life any longer, Caroline commits suicide in "The Bed." This is the most haunting song on the album. The background vocals remind one of the voices of dead spirits wandering forever aimlessly upon this earth. Credit must be given to Reed and producer Bob Ezrin for creating this spooky atmosphere. The mysterious euphoria of sinking into eternal sleep can be detected in Reed's vocals.

Finally we come to "Sad Song." After Caroline's death, Reed studies his picture book looking at her picture closely.

Moonchildren

Continued from page 6

is a straightforward statement of how the children of love and harmony hurt one another with a seemingly innocent viciousness. The male characters, particularly the students, are convincing, but the two female students are sentimentally cut from the cardboard stereotypes of free-spirited but gauche teen-agers.

Seven students, five boys and two girls, share a grubby tenement apartment during their senior year at an unspecified college in an American University town. A tenuous web of relationships binds them together as friends, enemies, lovers and rivals. They're aware that once they graduate they'll probably never see one another again.

Naively, idealistically, they rally at peace marches and robustly picket. They are caught in the spirit of the times, when a romping carnival mood pervaded demonstrations, and cynicism was an unspoken dirty word.

As they try to erase man's mass inhumanity, they fall into being inhuman themselves. Loyalties shift, meanness erupts as the seven fluctuate in the tide of forceful emotions propelling them. The lack of understanding among people living in such intimate quarters is striking.

The pivotal character, Bob Rettie, receives his draft notice early in the play, and from then on he insists he's dead. Hiding all emotion and reaction beneath a self-mocking sardonic grin, Bob withdraws from the others as he tries to cope with the cruelty of life.

Reality is questioned and challenged throughout the play. In the opening scene, Dick, the most sophisticated student, tells studious but dull Norman that the cat which everyone feeds but never sees is nonexistent. Only at the end of the play does the cat appear on stage. Similarly, Mike and Cootie, put-on vamps, stretch tiny details to dramatic stories, simply to provoke a horrified response from the others.

The play ends with the dismantling of the apartment and they all move home for the summer, to jobs and graduate schools. The ephemeral quality of their relationships is shaking, for they seem to have learned nothing about one another or themselves.

The final scene voices an eloquent statement of the play. Bob, alone in the now bare apartment, is haunted by the memory of his mother's death of cancer during the Christmas holidays, a tragedy which he has kept to himself. His anguish now is shattering as he comes out of his emotional numbness for the first time as he faces this dark fact.

Despite this last painful moment, "Moonchildren" is a light, comical treatment of some shallow people in a moment of social protest. Although the students are often mean and willful, they are intensely alive and magnetically dynamic. The broad farce is smoothly executed and skillfully played by the excellent troupe.

John Pasquin's direction has coaxed glowing performances

He is full of self pity at having lost her, but he rationalizes saying, "I tried so very hard/Shows just how wrong you can be."

"Sad Song" is well produced making full use of orchestration. As a matter of fact, the entire package is a tightly knit unit with very few, if any, flaws. Special note should be given to those who played on the album. Outside of Bruce and Wilson there were, Aynsley Dunbar, drums; Steve Winwood, organ and harmonium; Steve Hunter, electric guitar; plus a host of other fine musicians too numerous to mention.

BERLIN is by far Reed's best solo contribution thus far, and probably better than anything he had ever done with the Velvet Underground. It should be considered one of the greatest albums of the year, if not of the seventies. It is highly innovative, lyrically profound, and musically amazing. It should do for Lou Reed what SGT. PEPPER did for The Beatles.

**On Thursday,
October 25,
Ann Petry
will speak twice
at Suffolk
University--
1:00 p.m. - "Writing"
President's
Conference Room.
8:00 p.m. - "This
Unforgettable
Passage"
- Auditorium**

Ann Petry is a well-known Afro-American novelist, short-story writer, and writer of children's books. Her appearance here, the first by a major black writer, is sponsored jointly by the University and The Museum of Afro-American History. Students are urged especially to attend the evening lecture, when Mrs. Petry will talk on her life and career.

from everyone, particularly Richard Cox as Bob, and Kenneth McMillan as the student's landlord. The others, Jim Jansen, James Scymour, Elizabeth Latham, Michael Sacks, Robert Phelps, Carol Williard, and Renee Tadlock, are all wonderful.

The set is amazingly faithful to the student decor of 1965, with only two obvious anachronisms: a Donny Osmond album and a Peter Max sweatshirt, which both belong to the 1970's.

"Moonchildren" is concerned with time and its perspective. Weller shows the seed of eternity in the cycle of a semester, as relationships grow, mature, and die.

Maintaining a delicate balance between tragedy and bouncing farce, "Moonchildren" is a play which deserves to be seen and praised, for it embodies the dual nature of modern life, the tightrope walk between unspoken anguish and noisy slapstick humor.



Cross Country

by Bob Stackelbeck

The Cross Country Track season is well underway with five meets already run. The meet held at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass. in which five Universities entered teams, saw Brandeis University win the meet with a total of 56 points. The other four Universities in the order in which they placed were Eastern Connecticut State with 57 points, Westfield State with 72 points, Clark University with 117 points, and Suffolk University with 145 points.

In the 5 mile race there were 56 entries. Of the 56 runners, Suffolk's John Connolly placed 25th, Jeff Strungis came in 27th and Bob Bresslin finished 30th.

In a meet held at Assumption College on Wed. October 10 three Universities participated. They were Suffolk University, Assumption College, and Lowell Tech. Lowell Tech won handily with a score of 17 points. Assumption College placed second with 35 points and Suffolk University came in third with 47 points. There were 33 runners in the five mile event with Connelley and Strungis placing 13th and 15th respectively.

In a dual meet held at Worcester Tech. on Tues., October 16 Suffolk placed second in the two team meet. Worcester had 15 points while Suffolk earned 45. In Cross-Country events the team with the lowest amount of points is the winner.

There is hope of improving the cross-country track record when some of the personnel on the injured and inactive list return to action. Jeff Strungis has been running in the meets with very painful shin splints and has still managed to place in respectable positions even with the disability. Another very strong runner for the Suffolk team is Bill McGrath, who has not been able to run in previous meets due to bronchitis. Finally, there is the continuing saga of Suffolk's Bob Bresslin who has a perfect four out of four record for getting lost on the 5 mile course. When Bob finds the right direction in which to run the five mile event, he might win one or two of them. Good luck, Bob.

Hockey

by Joe Mogavero

The hockey club held its first meeting two weeks ago (Oct 11) in rm 511 where Coach Rick Murray and Assistant Coach Dick Brickly gave the estimated turnout of 15 a briefing on the general outlines and procedures of this year's team.

The team will play a 21-game schedule and carry an active roster of 22 players. Although the team is not part of any league, Coach Murray said that he is in the process of forming

one with schools in eastern Massachusetts.

Suffolk University's team will open its schedule against Roger Williams Nov. 28 at Charles River Skating Arena, Newton.

Presently the team is conducting practice sessions at the Dexter School in Brookline and at the Charles River Arena.

Any student interested in participating in the hockey program should leave his name at the Student Activities Office.



Suffolk's Hockey Club during an afternoon practice.

Basketball

by Bob Stackelbeck

The 1973-74 Suffolk Ram's Basketball season began with the start of fall practices last week. Some thirty Suffolk students signed up for the practice sessions held at the Cambridge YMCA. Assistant basketball coach James Nelson said that the Ram's would be a small team this year, with plenty of young and potentially good players. He

also mentioned that all five starting positions in both the varsity and junior varsity teams are wide open. Nelson noted that one of the strong points of the team will be a speedy backcourt with very aggressive guards. On the other hand, the Ram's will be lacking height at the center and forward positions. Finally, there is hope of strong teams in the near future with the incoming freshman players looking good in practice.

As in any sport the amount of interest shown by the fans and spectators will have an effect on the performance and record of the team. Interest and attendance has been low in previous years with regard to the basketball games, and if more people attended the coming games, it would help improve the team's record.

Golf

by Bob Stackelbeck

The Suffolk Golf Team coached by Mr. Charles Law, is having another good season. The team, which is presently in a tie for second place in the Little

Four Golf Tournament with Assumption College, will probably improve on that position with the return of Doug Spooner. Spooner, who is one of the better golfers on the team, has been on the inactive list and his return to action could mean the difference between first and second place in the Little Four Golf Tournament. The present standings show Bentley College in first place with a total of 35 points. Suffolk and Assumption each have 24 points with Clark University in last place at 15 points.

Football

The standings of the Suffolk University Intramural Flag Football league are as follows: There are three teams tied for first place with records of 2 wins and 1 loss. The Suffolk Lambs, the Temple Street Social Club, and the Patriots share the lead in the football league. Delta Sigma Pi is in second place with a record of 1 win and 1 loss. TKE, with 1 win and 2 losses, and the Mighty Mites are holding the

Continued on page 9



From out of the fifties comes Brigham's Rock and Roll replay. Ask dad for the keys and shag on down to Brigham's for some sensational swinging soirees.

The sounds abound, and you pick the platters on the juke box for just a nickel a throw. Rock and roll music, any old way you choose it.

Monster hits from the golden age of rock provided by the curator of New England's most spectacular wax museum, the main man of Skippy White's Record Shop, Mr. Skippy White himself.

And when your goodies are gone, you might make off with one of the golden gassers we'll give away every 30 minutes.

The whole gang's gonna make this scene, and we're making the whole bit even better by bringing back the half dollar date.

A heavy order of fries and a cooling cola are only a quarter during Brigham's rock and roll replay. You don't even have to roll down your windows. Just roll into Brigham's between 8 and 11, midnight on Friday and Saturday, for oldies and goodies. Baby, it's the ginchiest.



Oldies and Goodies offer at Prudential Center, Church Park, Newton Centre, Central Square, Harvard Square stores.

Sightseeing

Continued from page 5

under-funded to pull much weight at City Hall, or anywhere else for that matter.

In the aftermath of the murder, the people of Columbia Point have accused the daily papers of racism in their coverage of the murder of the fisherman. They claim that black people killed by whites are treated in a much more subdued tone and they are probably right. The black people of Columbia Point know all too well what happens to blacks that stray off into South Boston or certain sections of Dorchester. There was little press coverage concerning the beating of black youths by white kids at the Andrew Square MBTA station after the murder at Columbia Point.

Columbia Point is virtually an island, not in geographic terms but certainly in sociological ones. The people there are isolated from the rest of Boston in more ways than one. They have pleaded for more police protection several times in the past. They have asked for youth centers and programs to get the youth off the streets and into meaningful activities. These calls for help have been largely ignored by the city's men of



Mellowing Temperment

Continued from page 5

allow police to place Coke bottles and live eels into their vaginas. Another woman could not keep her baby alive because her breasts had been electrocuted so many times she was unable to nurse the child. A favorite torture of the police is to tie a prisoner's hands to a bench, force soapy water down his throat till his belly is full, and then stomp on him until he vomits."

Jean-Pierre then did a commendable job of muckraking.

"When official personnel would come, the torture instruments were put away and a movie projector and screen placed there instead. On some of the newscasts in America where you heard rock music playing, the reason for the music is to cover up the anti-war shouts. I remember 'House of the Rising Sun' as one of the songs."

In attacking the Saigon regime, Jean-Pierre said, "Thieu is out of touch with the people. He puts all of the protesters in prison and calls them political prisoners. America is supporting 90% of the Thieu regime with your tax dollars. There is a great deal of business there and America wants it. The important thing to know is that as I speak to you now, tortures are going on. Write your congressmen, get POW bracelets, pass out leaflets. Public opinion has more effect than you may think."

Holly followed the well received Jean-Pierre with another song and before she was finished Ms. Fonda took the stage.

power. As a result an innocent man died, the focal point for frustrations that found no other outlet. His death called attention to the raging emotions that lurk beneath the surface of people who have run out of viable alternatives. It's a terrible price to pay but maybe now the power people will listen to the voices of Columbia Point.

LETTERS

Continued from page 5

Editor,

In the October 8th issue of the Suffolk Journal, the SGA was asked to reconsider the location of the Suffolk University Christmas Party for several reasons. The SGA has reconsidered the location, taking all the reasons given by the Journal into consideration, and has decided that the Christmas Party will be held at Florian Hall this year.

The "tough image" that was falsely associated with the name Florian Hall was nothing more than gross exaggeration, and probably intended more as opinion of Dorchester, in general. Concerning the "notorious" people who frequent the bar next to the banquet hall — well, they are about as notorious as firemen can be (who, incidentally, built the bar themselves), and have hopefully gotten used to having strangers "on their turf" since Florian Hall has been functioning as a banquet hall for years now, servicing thousands of "outsiders."

Regarding the several functions attended by the

"writer" of the article which broke out in fistfights, one is known to have been a Christmas Party for the Carney Hospital, and the fight was between two employees of the hospital over a turkey. The SGA realizes that occurrences of this sort do, occasionally, happen at events of this nature, but we do not feel justified in blaming it on the location of Florian Hall, the patrons of the bar next to it, or Florian Hall itself.

The SGA is sorry that the Journal blindly and childishly painted a black picture of Florian Hall, but hopes that the students of Suffolk will open their minds and attend the Christmas Party in the true Christmas spirit so that all will enjoy themselves at this sufficiently "placid site" Florian Hall.

Student Government Association

FOOTBALL

Continued from page 8

third and fourth positions respectively. The season is still young, and four teams will make the play-offs, so it is still anybody's championship.

Because of very good weather and high team spirit the enthusiasm for the league is much higher than last year. The competition is very tight this year and the teams appear equally matched. This combination creates top quality games with many close scores. It is also more enjoyable for the spectators to watch the games. Come down to the Boston Common any weekday afternoon and see for yourself.

Hayden cited a lack of enthusiasm to "be concerned" with what's happening in South Vietnam.

"When Thieu came to the U.S., there were a few modest demonstrations. In Sweden, people have raised three million for re-construction in Vietnam. When Thieu went to West Germany, 10,000 people demonstrated. In Italy 40,000. Vietnam is the first war that the United States is losing."

Then Hayden accented the positive.

"The Ellsberg case was a great victory. It's encouraging that celebrities have spoken out against the war. Congress has cut back aid to Thieu. There have been 67 conspiracy indictments handed down, 0 convictions."

A question and answer session followed which was utterly meaningless as you couldn't hear the questions because too many people were leaving.

The program was finished. While it was encouraging to see so many attending the event, it was painfully evident that the spirit was lacking.

There is an easy way of helping that will take up very little of your time. Send a letter to Senator Edward Brooke, U.S. Senate, Washington D.C. Mention either the name Trinh Van Det, Chi Hoa Prison, or Le Thi Nan, Paulo Condor prison and ask the following questions.

1. Where is this prisoner.
2. Why is he being held.
3. Can he receive mail and visitors.
4. When will he or she be released.

UP TEMPLE STREET

October 23, Tuesday

1:00 p.m. — Humanities Club presents a lecture-demonstration on the No Drama of Japan, Suffolk University Auditorium. Open FREE to all.

October 25, Thursday

1:00 p.m. — L.I.F.E. Committee presents Ms. Ann Petry, noted Afro-American novelist and short story writer. Ms. Petry will discuss literature and writing today; President's Conference Room. All are invited.

1:00 p.m. — Science Club presents Mr. Phil Kaplon of New York; topic: "Acupuncture Today." Open to all; 517 Donahue Building.

4:00 p.m. — Student Bar Association presents Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, S.U. Auditorium. Open free to all Suffolk students, \$1.00 admission for all others.

8:00 p.m. — L.I.F.E. Committee presents Ms. Ann Petry, noted Afro-American novelist and short story writer, in a program entitled "This Unforgettable Passage," Suffolk University Auditorium. Open to the entire Boston community FREE of charge.

October 27, Saturday

8:00 p.m. — SGA Feature Film Series presents "Camelot," Suffolk University Auditorium. Admission: 99 cent "Saturday Night Special."

October 29, Monday

4:00 p.m. Student Bar Association presents Mr. Paul Tierney debating Ms. Patricia Bonner-Lyons Debate Topic — "The neighborhood School Concept"; S.U. Auditorium.

October 29-November 2, Monday through Friday

THE HUMANITIES CLUB PRESENTS AN ART EXHIBIT FEATURING THE WORKS OF JOHN AIKEN, DONAHUE BUILDING LOBBY. MR. AIKEN WILL BE PRESENT ON NOVEMBER 1st AT 1:00 p.m. IN THE PRESIDENT'S CONFERENCE ROOM TO MEET WITH STUDENTS INTERESTED IN ART GENERALLY AND HIS WORKS IN PARTICULAR. ALL ARE WELCOME TO ATTEND.

October 29-30, Monday & Tuesday

PHI SIGMA SIGMA IS SPONSORING A "HALLOWEEN CANDY CORN GUESS" IN THE UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA FROM 10:00 a.m. — 3:00 p.m. THE WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED AT THE SGA SPONSORED "MONSTER BASH" (HALLOWEEN PARTY) ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30th.

October 30, Tuesday

1:00 p.m. — Humanities Club presents Mr. John Langone; topic: "South Pole Expedition." Open to all; President's Conference Room.

1:00 p.m. SGA Classic Film Series presents the ghastly Halloween horror flick "The Corpse Grinders;" Suffolk University Auditorium. Open to all FREE of charge.

8:00 p.m. — SGA celebrates Halloween with "The Monster Bash" at Lombardo's, 17 Porter Street, East Boston, MA. Come to celebrate with the great rock group Sound Trek complete with light show. Open Bar and free Cheese Table from 8:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Open ONLY to undergrads and their dates; Suffolk I.D. required. Admission is \$1.00 per person. Costumes are desired but not required. Cash prizes will be given for the best costumes.

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★★★ National Affairs Desk ★★★

One Night in Washington, D.C., 'The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly'

by Jeremy Yggdvasil

WASHINGTON—Panic has hit this festering den located along the banks of the Potomac. Spiro split town with his tail between his legs and the locals are in an uproar. Last night from the window in my motel room I saw vultures circling the White House. Bad vibes around, I knew I should have invested in several Siberian wolfhounds before the trip down.

We heard the news about Agnew in a truckstop just outside some God-forsaken pit midway between New York and Washington D.C. My attorney was over-joyed at the news flash that proclaimed the fall of Spiro T. He began yelling and babbling about justice and the good, old American way just as he was stomped to the ground by two rather large truck drivers, who, from the gist of the battle, were staunch supporters of Mr. Agnew.

We barely made it out of that snake-pit. Melik pulled himself over the threshold, frothing blood and screaming for revenge. I threw him into the car before the swine could finish him off.

Our arrival in Washington was even more unsettling than the encounter with the neo-Nazi truck drivers. The city reminds one of World War II pictures of bombed-out European cities. At least three-fourths of the city is a ghetto. Only Georgetown and the area around the Capitol are halfway respectable, in terms of physical appearance that is.

As my beast of a car chugged

into the city, we saw entire blocks that were razed during the riots of the sixties. Nixon must have been too busy making new ghettos in Southeast Asia to bother rebuilding the ghettos of his lair.

Melik was enraged at the sight of children playing in the rubble. He is a native of Africa and still has not become accustomed to the manner in which many of his people live in this land of the free and home of the busing issue. He was not along when I went to Washington for the various war protests at the ass-end of the sixties. If he were he would have understood why I demanded he come along for this trip.

After my release from jail following the Mayday protests at the Capitol, I swore I would never again set foot within the city limits of Washington without legal counsel. That experience taught me several good lessons. I always carry a pocket-size mace bomb for "pigs" and other "uniformed dwarfs" who intrude when I'm in the middle of important business.

The reason for our journey to the nation's capitol was originally to cover the Watergate hearings but that may not be possible. We were turned away from the Senate Caucus Room for several reasons, the main one being that Melik was carrying a small plastic revolver in his left hand. He quietly explained to the three hired gnomes that attached themselves to his body that he always felt the need for personal protection when in close proximity to the U.S. Government. They disarmed him and told us to "get the fuck out of the building." Due to the fact that we were severely



outnumbered, we left, not without throwing several vicious threats over our shoulders.

With our main objective queered, we had no recourse but to hunker down in some bar and get primed for some flat out journalistic strategy. The bar we chose was filled with third rate bureaucrats and others of that ilk.

We did not fit in too well with the overall decor of the place. I was decked out in my "road Rags", a well-worn pair of levis, tee shirt with the Grateful Dead skull on it, and a string of whale's teeth around my neck. Melik was worse. He had on his African tribal shirt and the bottom half of a tux.

The bartender treated us like lepers. He eyed us with thinly veiled hatred as we ordered up Tequila Sunrises and wiped out

the pretzel bowl in one fell swoop. The other patrons gave us plenty of room at the bar as we babbled about destroying the "swine" that had ejected us from the Watergate Hearings.

After several hours at the bar we decided to tour Washington. Climbing into the beast we engaged one of the City's several hundred streetwalkers, just as a guide, of course.

She was one of these platinum blonds with two pounds of make-up and a wad of chewing gum large enough to... After the introduction we popped open a bottle of Wild Turkey and went off to discover our nation's capital. Sadie proved to be an expert, if somewhat culturally deprived, guide.

As the beast crawled along the streets of Washington we gazed at the sight while Sadie gave us a running commentary on her beloved city. She was rather difficult to understand due to the wad of gum she was chomping on.

After much high speed cruising we arrived at the Spangled Tassle, a dive well known by the down-and-out set. As we strolled in the door it was very apparent that the clientele knew Sadie. She greeted several of the patrons with her upraised middle finger. Very well-mannered that Sadie.

After several hours at the Spangled Tassle I became slowly aware of the political power structure of our nation's capital. The people in the joint were prime examples of the power scheme. They were burn-outs, losers, people who had queered their last option and now were among the legion of the damned.

Yet they survived and make their scene work. Prowling the

streets in small packs, they terrorize the "respectable" people of the area. Like demented wolves they prey in the night, lurking in alleys and along the streets lined with governmental office buildings.


Some of Washington's most prominent people have reportedly enjoyed a beating at the hands of these subterranean beasts.

Melik was fascinated by these people. He couldn't believe that these acts of unmitigated barbarism were taking place in the nation's capital. His face revealed disbelief at the vision of three or four people chasing some poor senator-type down the street, knocking him to his knees, and stripping him of every possession, including clothing. These beasts will let nothing deter them in their quest for cheap thrills and items suitable for sale at the nearby pawn shop.

The decision to flee Washington came after Sadie offered to take us on a tour of the local porno houses located a short distance from the White House. There was no way we would have survived that scene. Watching "skin flicks" in the very heart of the most powerful nation on earth would have surely pushed us over the edge into the hellish netherworld of frustrated Pentagon generals and petty bureaucrats who just happen to be diehard S and M freaks.

As we slowly drove back to the comfort of home, we felt twisted and, for some strange reason, very filthy. The air in Washington must be extremely unclean. A long, hot shower will cure that. What I'm worried about is the cure for the other ills.

WANTED — ASTHMATICS
Aged 21-30, to participate in pulmonary research project. Involves several visits, good pay. Call 2C2-4200 ext 6436



"The time has come to recognize that the only way to bring us—the participating citizens of a great country—together is to forthrightly declare our rejection and contempt for those who practice subversion, lawlessness, and violence."
—April 24, 1970

"A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals."
—Oct. 19, 1969

"Most of these young people who depend upon the ideology of 'the movement' for moral and mental sustenance will in time... return to the enduring values, just as every generation before them has done. But unfortunately, there is a much smaller group of students who are committed to radical change through violent means. . . . This is the criminal left that belongs not in a dormitory but in a penitentiary."
—April 28, 1970

Para- psychology

Continued from page 11

parapsychology is the dragging in of unrelated matter. Some of the more commonly confused areas are: witchcraft, dowsing, voodoo and farcical prophecy. These, reinforced with ridiculous books like, "How to Foretell the future for Fun and Profit" destroy the credibility of the entire study.

Contrasted to these acts are some of the realistic involvements such as: mental telepathy (communications without materials), psychokinesis, mind control (ability to vary brain frequencies) psychic healing, hypnotism, precognition and what we naively call E.S.P.

Perhaps even more startling than what the brain is capable of doing is the fact that every person possesses the inherent capabilities of functioning psychically.

Often times these abilities leak through to our conscious in the form of being somewhere you thought you were before, having certain intuitive feelings that prove to be right or thinking of a certain person and then having contact with them.

But of course, as we all know, these are just coincidences....

COLLEGE STUDENT'S POETRY ANTHOLOGY

The NATIONAL POETRY PRESS
announces

The closing date for the submission of manuscripts by College Students is

November 5

ANY STUDENT attending either junior or senior college is eligible to submit his verse. There is no limitation as to form or theme. Shorter works are preferred by the Board of Judges, because of space limitations.

Each poem must be TYPED or PRINTED on a separate sheet, and must bear the NAME and HOME ADDRESS of the student, and the COLLEGE ADDRESS as well.

MANUSCRIPTS should be sent to the OFFICE OF THE PRESS

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Book Review

Visions of Cody

by Joe Gavaghan

VISIONS OF CODY
by Jack Kerouac
McGraw-Hill Book Co.
New York 1972
398 pages \$8.95

Neal Cassady died in 1968, lying beside some railroad tracks in Mexico. During his lifetime he covered more ground, geographically and otherwise, than most people could ever dream about. He was a wanderer, a gypsy with his roots scattered along some highway. In the course of his travels he created a saga that has been spread by word of mouth and a few obscure books. A saga that captured the imagination of a generation and revealed the bitterness of the America Cassady knew.

Jack Kerouac met Cassady in New York City when they were both young men. They were introduced by poet Allen Ginsburg, who felt they were "two visionary saints of the American night". After a brief period of feeling each other out they became close friends and "companions of the mad American open road".

In VISIONS OF CODY Kerouac chronicles his long friendship with Neal Cassady, referred to as Cody in the book. Kerouac tells of the great impression that Cassady had on him. He recalls their first meeting and his awe at the wild, insane young man who seemed to be seeking knowledge, enlightenment, and all the pleasures of life at the same time.

Cassady didn't fit in well with the New York crowd. They were interested in intellectual discussions and lofty philosophies while Cassady wanted only "to get laid" and high, or so they thought. Actually he spent long hours with Allen Ginsburg, discussing the various authors they had read and making love. Cassady's bisexuality bothered Kerouac at first but he slowly overcame it.

The real relationship between Cassady and Kerouac flowered on the open road. They traveled across the continent several times, moving in a "mad triangle" from New York to Mexico to San Francisco. All along the highways and roads of America they talked and argued, Cassady pounding the dashboard with one hand and lighting

reefers with the other, the car staying on the road by some act of God.

When they stopped the real madness would begin. In one of his other books, Kerouac describes the inner peace and platonic bliss he discovered in a Mexican whorehouse with Neal chasing the girls around yelling and drinking cheap wine.

As they grew older, Kerouac began to realize that he and Neal were misfits, castaways from the mainstream of American life. That bothered Jack but Neal never really noticed. He was still seeking the true essence of America where ever he could: along the road, at some wild party, or in the arms of some young girl he picked up.

Many sections of VISIONS OF CODY are actual transcripts of tape recordings the duo made from time to time. These sections are excellent inasmuch as they provide the reader with a feeling for the interaction between the two men. The words seem to leap off the pages as Cassady urges Kerouac to live life for the moment, the constant "NOW" rather than in the past as Kerouac was so prone to do.

There is an aura of sadness within the pages of VISIONS OF CODY. Both Cassady and Kerouac died while they were in their forties. They burned out in their relentless search for the yin/yang polarity of the American Dream. Kerouac drank himself to death, disgusted with himself, his writing, and that ugly beast called "the beat generation" that the media had created. He refused to join Cassady who was driving the bus called "further" for Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters. Instead Kerouac took care of his mother and nursed his wounds with lethal amounts of booze, a mere shadow of his former self.

Cassady could not stop in his quest for kicks and beat enlightenment. He seemed to run on pure nervous energy and the desire to always be on the move. When the "beat scene" got too quiet to suit his tastes, he met up with a novelist named Ken Kesey who was conducting extra-legal experiments with a brand new drug called LSD. Involvement was always a very total thing for Neal and Kesey's gig was no exception. He chewed up acid like it was candy and

attempted to turn on everyone he met.

It has been often stated that Kerouac and Cassady were the forefathers of the "hippie" generation. That statement is false in several ways. They were aging children set adrift in a land that was slowly going sour. The social and political climate drained them of creativity and caused them to huddle together for comfort and solidarity.

Kerouac died because he couldn't cope with the image he created in ON THE ROAD. That dream was never realized or sought by Neal. He resisted the pressures of American mores and social rules to the point where he no longer realized they existed.

While at the helm of Ken Kesey's bus, Cassady met the Grateful Dead, one of the first good San Francisco rock bands. He got involved with them and rode that trip until he got bored.

Early in 1968 Neal went to Mexico to find old friends and stir up some action. Several weeks after he left word reached his friends in San Francisco that his body had been discovered along some railroad tracks. He died of a fatal mixture of speed and liquor.

Several months after Cassady's death, Kerouac died also. It seemed fitting that they died so close together. They were true brothers and Kerouac was dealt a crushing blow when he heard of Cassady's death.

Once when he was very drunk, Kerouac said that he would like to settle down in a little house with a wife and several children. He wanted Cassady to live next door and they could grow old together. Cassady died attempting to go beyond it. Both men were seekers of Walt Whitman's America, a fabled place that many now consider to be gone, buried under the ponderous weight of a culture gone mad over material possessions.

VISIONS OF CODY explores a very unique relationship between two men searching for the path of enlightenment and bliss. Along the way they established a rapport and understanding that few people ever attain. The book shines with a love and compassion that make the tragic story both bearable and very, very beautiful.

Introduction to a Series

Parapsychology

by William Lancaster

When Nelya wants something, she just stares at it and the object begins to creep toward her.

Sound incredible? Well it isn't, it's just Nelya Mikhailova, a psychic from Russia.

Nelya like many other psychics has perfected psychokinesis or in laymen's terms the ability to control mind over matter.

This power is one of the many psychic abilities that are currently being investigated in a school of study called, "Parapsychology".

Unfortunately because this school deals with the unfamiliar and abstract it is often regarded with intense skepticism. Furthermore, aspects of parapsychology contradict most people's belief systems and logical thinking. Thus the entire concept is frequently regarded with uncertainty or total disbelief.

Although this attitude is common throughout the conditioned public it is not so among our nation's technologists

and scientists. Unquestionably they have been aware of this for a long time but, as with the mass media, will not deal with it. Men of science continuously refer to it through snide statements and accounts. Whether this has been ordered, as hundreds claim, or whether it is due to ignorance is not clear. Whatever the reason, the result has been a myopic attitude manifested by protective disbelief.

Even when parapsychology does attract an audience the task of discussing it is like explaining sight to a "country of the blind."

In attempting to reach an understanding of parapsychology one must first realize that in an average person's lifetime only 5% of the brain is used. (An assessment of Einstein's brain revealed only 7% utilization. This leaves a vast amount of untapped mental resources. Exploring these hidden powers makes space and deep sea venturing seem trivial.

Another fact that obstructs people's views towards
Continued on page 10

Ripples rake
The browning lake,
Soon to freeze
With frost and flake.

Leaning timbers
Refuse to lie,
Obdurate
They stand and die.

Laughing birds
Sing and fly,
Dancing wild
With the sky.

In the wooded city
Naked life resides,
Overpopulated
There's nowhere to hide.

S. Katz

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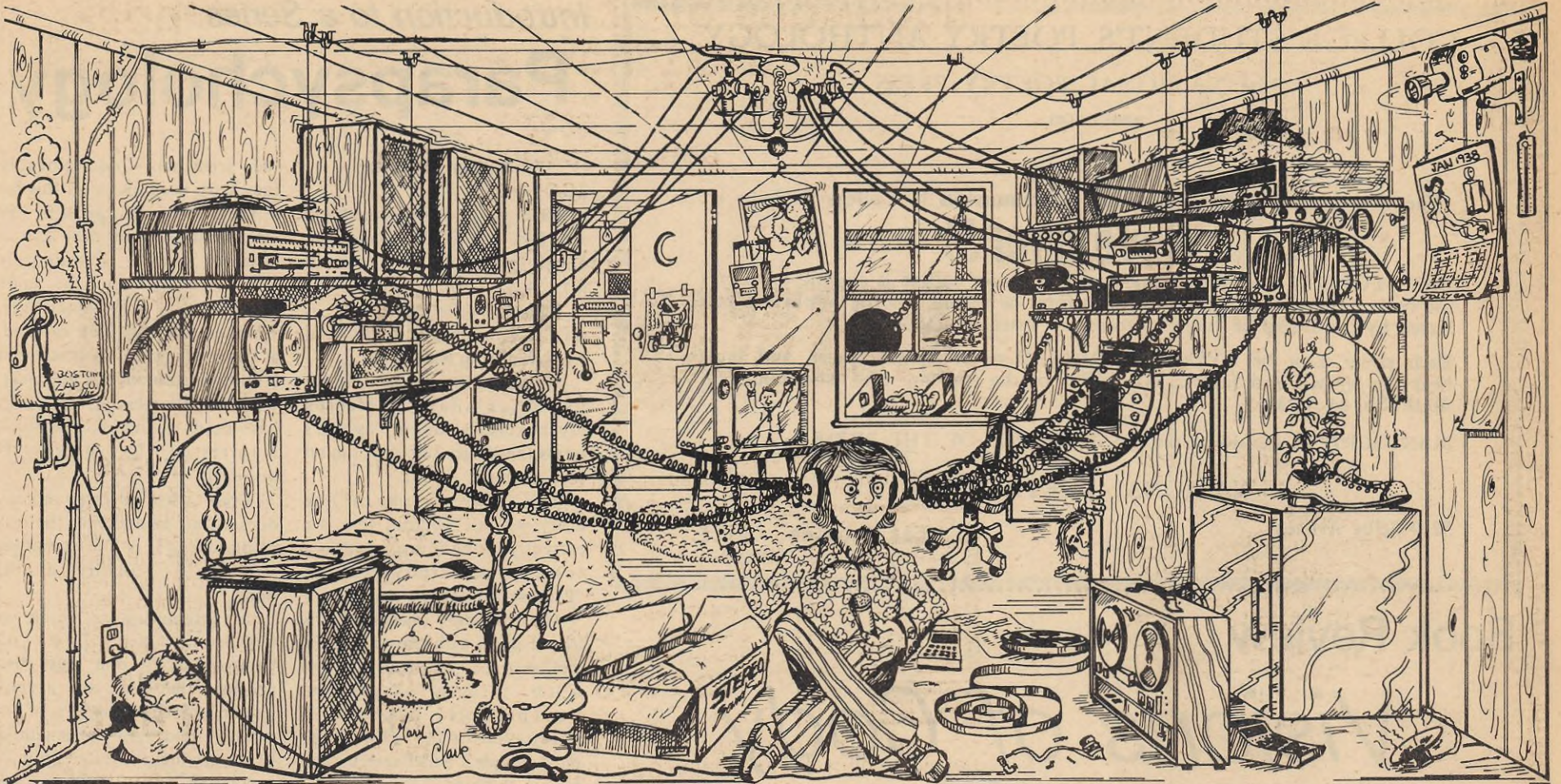
The food and clothes will be given to the Armory in Chelsea through Concilio de la Cominida. Money will be given to Alianza Hispana.

Tables will be set up to collect for the people of Chelsea. If you are interested in helping, please contact Jim Peterson in the Student Activities Office in the Ridgeway Building.

Those wishing to donate money or food and clothing may do so in the Student Activities Office.

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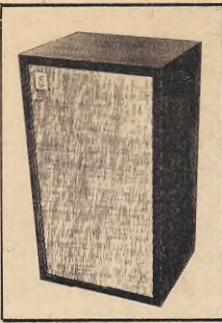
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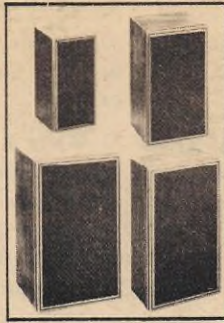
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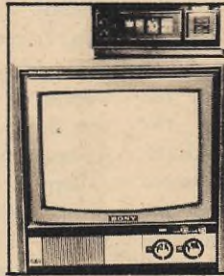
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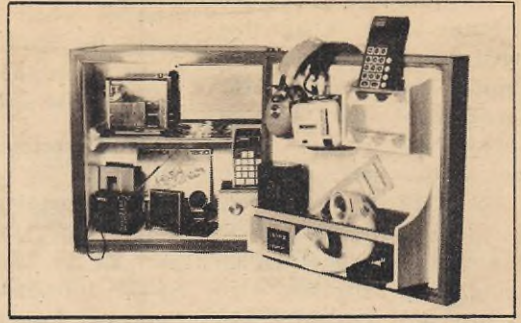
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