Dia de Obatala

by Asselia Charles

The Dia de Obatala was properly observed last Tuesday, Suffolk, just as it is throughout Latin America and the Caribbean. And no doubt, the mighty god of peace and purity, and creator of the universe, was pleased. For, as required, there were fervent prayers and songs to the rhythmic beat of the drums. His altar was properly raised, with the cloth of his favorite color, white, the lighted candles, the artifacts — straw hats, wooden chairs, straw carpets — and the fruit put on the floor in offering.

The commemoration of this Latin American and Caribbean tradition — the celebration of the September 24 birthday of Obatala, the Supreme god of Brazil's Macumba religion, Cuba's Santeria, and Haiti's Voodoo — was part of a cultural program organized by Prof. Pedro Ledesma and presented under the auspices of the Modern Languages Department.

"Bembe: A Ritual to Obatala," as the program was entitled, was a brief but enriching insight into the different cultures of South America and the Caribbean. It underlines the fact, as pointed out in a short opening statement by Dr. Cleophas Boudreau, Chairman of the Modern Languages Department, that the people of those regions, although multicultural and multiracial, share many cultural traditions, one of which is the celebration of Obatala's birthday.

The first part of the festival was the showing of "Reve de la Rani Moro," a short film in Swahili relating the story of a small Puerto-Rican boy's encounter with the gods. As the tale goes, this small boy was living in fear ever since he saw some masked men during the celebration of the Puerto-Rican religious Feast of San Juan. The boy, who had to go to the forest every day to fetch wood for his parents, thought he could hear coming from the trees the frightening laughter of those masked men. Then one day, springing from behind the bushes, a real masked man surprised the boy. But he was really a god who charmed the boy with his funny tricks, and then taking him by the hand, crossed a stream to enter another world. There they found other gods wearing the same hideous mask. These gods however turned out to be even more amusing and charming, and the boy lost his fear.

Following the film was the bembe or celebration of the gods. It was a pot-pourri of dances, and hymns and songs in Yoruba, an African tribal language, performed by Mpelilezi Kasini, Yusef Chowder and Ms. Alexis Chowder, three members of the "Yusef Chowder Ensemble," a professional group specializing in Afro-Latin music and dances. The hymns, sung by Ms. Chowder accompanied by Yusef Chowder and Kasini on drums, were invocations to the gods of the popular religion known as Santeria in Cuba, Macumba in Brazil and Voodoo in Haiti.

As customary in a bembe, the first song was in honor of Elegguad or Legba as he is known in Haiti, the faceted guardian of the crossroads. Then followed invocations to Oggun, the warrior, god of all things; prayers to Ochioni, the hunter; praise for Chango, the god of all things; prayers to Ochosi, god of crossroads. Then followed an invocation to Ochun or Erzulie of Haitian Voodoo, the sensuous and helpful goddess of love, the seducer of men. The last hymn was a prayer for peace addressed to Obatala, the supreme god; the god of creation, of peace and purity.

"Bembe" was an exciting and informative cultural experience. The only regrettable fact was that such a program designed to promote cultural understanding did not attract a greater number of students, since only 25 showed up for the performance.

SGA Attempts Change In Board Structure

by Dennis Vandal

In recent meetings, the Student Government Association decided to continue its efforts to change the structure of the Board of Trustees of the University.

In the last issue of the Suffolk Journal, it was reported that the SGA had sent a letter to the Board of Trustees recommending that the chairmanship of the board be awarded without salary. Other recommendations included the abolition of Life Term memberships and the founding of a search committee which would be used to find suitable candidates for the university's ruling body.

The first communication from SGA apparently fell upon a conveniently deaf ear. One of the members of the board, George Seybolt, replied by simply stating that he refused to answer letters that were not signed. The letter did not have any signatures except for "Respectfully, the Student Government Association, Suffolk University."

In order to remedy the situation, President David Cavalier sent a second letter to Seybolt informing him that the letter had, indeed, been sent by the Student Government Association.

Cavalier received a reply from Seybolt on September 19. In the letter, it was stated that the late Judge John Fenton was paid while he held the position because of "the fact that his salary as President was extremely low as these positions go and there was no formal pension plan, so his income was spelled out through the time of his service to Suffolk."

Concerning the abolition of the Board of Trustee life memberships, Seybolt said that elimination of such positions would be in direct violation of the by-laws of the university. The by-laws state that there must be a total of 21 positions and that 15 must be term memberships and the remaining six be life positions.

Seybolt did say that if revisions of the by-laws would occur, however, that he would "willingly resign, retire or whatever was necessary to do to move over to a term Trusteeship in a general revision of the by-laws with regard to the position of Trustee."

As far as the establishment of a search committee was concerned, Seybolt said that one already existed and that it was made up of members of the board.

Since the SGA received the letter, it has decided to send another letter to the Board of Trustee's treasurer. This letter requests an auditor's report which would reveal practically all financial matters which were decided on by the Board since the last complete fiscal year.

At the last SGA meeting held on September 24, Steve O'Leary made the motion for such a letter. It was seconded by Peter George and passed without opposition. SGA has also decided to invite George Seybolt to one of their meetings at his convenience to answer any questions that the student body has.

Chris Spannolazo also announced that the Trustee Bill Committee will hold a meeting on October 22. This committee is responsible for the initiation of legislation into the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts which would change existing laws concerning the trustee structure.

In other SGA matters, the idea of extending the period between the end of classes and exam week was discussed. Some members said that a flyer which would present both sides of the issue would be presented to students along with an ad in the Suffolk Journal. No definite plans have been made for the change since some students at the meeting were opposed to the idea. Some said that the extension of this period would make it difficult for many Suffolk students to find employment during the summer.

Cavalier also announced that the Graduating System Committee would reactivate to bring about changes in the grading system at Suffolk. The committee is made up of Don McGrath, chairman; Mike Powers and Joe Shaw.
WOMEN’S WEEK or
The Invisible Woman

by Gail Toft

The week of September 23-27 may not have any national significance, but at Suffolk University it was observed as Women’s Week—a week of workshops and panel discussions focusing on the woman’s role at Suffolk.

The events were sponsored by the University’s Women’s Committee in an effort to inform students and make them aware of the Committee before their general meeting on October 1.

On Tuesday, September 24, a panel discussion took place in Rm. 220 of the Donahue Building on the topic of The Invisibility of Women at Suffolk. The panel was composed of six women from different professions within the University who shared their experiences relating to the topic.

Serving as moderator for the panel was Judy Dubicki, a faculty member in Government. The other members were Carol RoRo, Suffolk’s chaplain and lecturer in Humanities; Kaye Ladd, Asst. Professor in Chemistry; Nancy Bliss, Secretary to Dean Rosanye; Raye King, former Suffolk secretary and presently a full time student; and Linda Henry of the History Department.

During the discussion, an interesting point was made by explaining that the Women’s Committee realizes women are in a minority at Suffolk and wants them to be more aware of such other and their existence as a group at Suffolk.

The topic grew out of a conversation in which someone remarked that despite her hard work, competency, efficiency, and capabilities, her efforts and accomplishments were unrecognized; she felt invisible. This in turn caused others to respond with similar feelings and generated the idea for a panel discussion to allow Suffolk women to communicate their experiences and feelings.

The result was a discussion that created awareness in many Suffolk women.

ACTIVITIES

STUDENT

in the lobby
Oct. 2 & 3

Everyone is Welcome

Another Blast at Black People

NEW YORK (LNS)—Claude Reese, a 14-year-old black, was shot and killed by a policeman September 16 as he hurriedly stumbled out of a basement in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn.

“Almost the kids in the neighborhood are scared to death,” said Willie Boone, a resident of the block who works as a security guard. “They’re afraid the big bad man in the blue uniform is going to get them.”

According to the police, officers Frank Bosco and Arnold Tanaroff, both white, were answering a report of a burglary in the building. Bosco said he fired in self-defense when Claude leaped at him with a knife.

But there are at least 18 eyewitnesses telling another story. According to residents, Claude was cleaning out a basement room in preparation for a party along with some other youths. Startled by the officers kicking in a rear door, they fled into the courtyard.

“We were cleaning up the basement,” a neighbor said. “They burst in and all of us became a target.”

Witnesses said that Bosco did not identify himself as a police officer or fire a warning shot. They also said that the officer didn’t have his hat on.

“First the police said it was a sow in Claude’s hand, then it was a hammer. Now it’s a knife. How could a kid be carrying so much?” asked Reese’s father.

The shooting has set off angry community reaction. In nightly noise clashes with police in front of the station house, protesters express their outrage over the killing. Irene Austin, a spokeswoman for the Ad Hoc Committee for Justice for Claude Reese has asked that the officer responsible for the fatal shooting be fired and arrested for murder.

“It’s a senseless murder. It’s unwarranted and just another blow at black people,” Austin said. “It’s a crime. And it’s called murder.”

by Peter Fleischer

John Lennon in is the midst of a complicated legal battle to prevent his deportation from the United States. Branded on “undesirable security risk” by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, Lennon has spent the past two years unsuccessfully fighting the U.S. government in an attempt to gain American citizenship.

The reasoning behind the INS’ steadfast refusal to extend Lennon’s non-immigrant visa is mysterious. The official Justice Department position cites Lennon’s 1968 guilty plea in England to possession of hash, as justification for its deportation actions. But this position may soon be classified as “inoperative,” in the classic Zingerian sense, as many bizarre new facts have recently surfaced.

Consider the following points:

1.) The English police woman who busted Lennon is currently serving a jail term for planting dope on unwitting victims he subsequently arrested. Lennon claims he, too, was planted.

2.) Although being arrested for drug possession without knowledge of the drug’s presence is a crime in England, it is not in the United States. Thus, in Lennon’s case, he would not have been found guilty of any crime if he had been arrested here.

3.) Possession of hashish, is not specifically listed as an illegality which can prevent an alien from gaining American citizenship. Although marijuana possession is such a crime, Lennon was busted while carrying hash.

4.) Syndicated columnist Jack Anderson noted on August 29 that many aliens have been allowed to remain in the United States for “humanitarian reasons” despite convictions for rape, murder, burglary, robbery, perjury and drug possession. According to Lennon’s attorney Leon Wilde, one such alien has “six convictions including rape, burglary and impounding the morals of children.”

So the question remains, “Why is John Lennon being refused citizenship?” In the same Jack Anderson column of August 29, Les Whitten, Anderson’s assistant, revealed another reason for the actions against Lennon. It seems that Sen. Strom Thurmond (R-South Carolina) heard rumors in late February 1972 (which later proved false) that Lennon was to lead an anti-Nixon demonstration at the 1972 Republican Convention in Miami. He immediately sent a note concerning Lennon to his buddy at the Justice Department, John N. Mitchell, then the Attorney General. Mysteriously Lennon’s immigration problems began that week.

Although he has admitted writing the letter to Mitchell, Thurmond said it was strictly informational and did not recommend any specific action. Apparently Mitchell read it differently, however, as on March 6 the INS revoked a 15 day visa extension they had already granted Lennon on March 1.

But according to the latest issue of Rolling Stone, Thurmond’s note is just a link in the chain of government efforts directed against Lennon. Last September, Lennon obtained an intelligence document from a former New York City narcotics officer, which had been prepared in cooperation with the INS. The report, noting Lennon’s friendship with Jerry Rubin and John Sinclair and his many political commitments, which were “unfavorable to the present administration,” directed a constant surveillance on the Lennon home to commence.

A courtsihan, John Lennon vs. the United States, has been launched in response to the report, charging the government with illegal surveillance and other related crimes.

So while the infinitely more undesirable Richard Nixon wallows in San Immununity, California, gleefully fingerimg his tapes and dictating his fantasies to Patrick Buchanan, the case of John Lennon vs. the INS lies in the Court of Appeals where it may remain for the next year. Nixon, as you remember, was pardoned by the gum-chewing Gerald Ford for the crimes he committed while in office, which included obstruction of justice, conspiracy to defraud and tax evasion—all of which make John Lennon’s drug bust look like child’s play. Ironically the pardon came two days after Lennon was originally to have been deported.

John Lennon took as active interest in American political affairs and tried to change what he thought to be wrong. His songs.
SUFFOLK STUDENT ASSOCIATION

MAKES

Committee Changes

by Dennis Vandal

After deliberating for two meetings, the Student Government Administration has ratified long-needed changes concerning the structure and activities listed under A U.D. Regulations.

The changes which affect the structure and activities are listed under A.U.D. Regulations, the Division of Students and five members of the outgoing senior class.

The major revision for the procedures comes under Appeal Regulations. Formerly, those who ran for a position on the SGA had the right to plead their case to the Appeal Board which was made up by the station manager of WSUB, the editor of the Suffolk Journal and the president of the SGA.

Under the revised constitution, WSUB, the other original members remain and are joined by the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, the Dean of the College of Business Administration and the Director of Student Activities.

Under the present situation, however, the Appeal Board may render an ineffective decision due to the even number of members. If this occurs the original decision made by the election committee will be upheld.

As for running for office, any day division student who is not on educational or disciplinary probation or suspension may draw nomination papers from the office of Director of Student Activities.

The nomination papers must then be signed by at least 25 members of the candidates’ class.

On a final note, the revisions also provide for the college to allow a candidate to demand a recount. This request must be made within 48 hours of the closing of the election.

WALDEN

(Continued from Page 8)

I arrived at the Donahoe Building — the most impressive looking office "off campus." The lobby is almost empty as I plop myself down on a long counter for a moment and let my feet finish up for a little while. It’s still early yet for my class.

I lay down my bag and throw the empty pack away. I remember about the good old days when I’d take the subway from my dormitory and light up before being caught. I’d duck into the bathroom to take care of necessities, mainly brushing my teeth. Ralph would look me over, putting in his contact lenses in front of me. How gross! It was as if we tenured and decided on ourselves. He always was in there when I’d walk in. "Hey, Marge, can I borrow a bell rings. What the hell is this bell ringing? I feel I’ve regressed to high school days. Aren’t we old enough to keep track of the time? It’s not like we have to rush across a 1100 acre campus that we must be enlightened about precise time, last we be late. Bell ringing insults my integrity as a student. I push out of my seat and reach for my notebook. The elevator doors open. Push, push (but not as severely as in the sub). Can’t fit. Wait for the next one.

My voice breaks. It’s not that they’re unfriendly. It’s that they’re not sociable. They are friendly but are too preoccupied with school alone when they come — how fast they leave. We

"Past! Miss may I have a word with you?"

"Yeah like a shit in a brick!"

a squat of Colgate? I gotta remember to get some tomorrow.

"Sorry Ralph," I chuckle. "I’d like to go back a bit."

I take out a Salem and throw the butt in the ashtray."Fifth, please." No one speaks.

"Fifth floor? Who else is there?"

I look up from my journey and into the street where I spot a ’74 Monte Carlo, right in white color inside out.

"Pass! Miss, may I have a word with you?"

"Yeah, like a shit in a brick!"

"What the hell is this bell ringing? I feel I’ve regressed to high school days."

AUDACIOUS, ADORABLE, ARROGANT DUDES

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"Squirf, please." No one speaks.

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"What the hell is this bell ringing? I feel I’ve regressed to high school days."

audacious, adorable, arrogant dudes

My chin shining

Light I could touch

And hold and bring

My chin shining

My lawn is green . . .

— Steven B. Katz

I zoomed off in a style typical of the traffic I have been more than a month of driving. Jack Anderson and the New York Post and not the generation which squirts of Colgate? I gotta remember to get some tomorrow."

"Squirf, please." No one speaks.

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audacious, adorable, arrogant dudes
Suffolk Journal October 2, 1974

LETTERS

Change of Life?

The Student Government Association has recently taken action to abolish life membership within the Board of Trustees. This action, if made effective, will introduce "new blood" into the Board.

There are many reasons for the action. First of all, one result will be a more flexible Board, with newer members being introduced into a group of new ideas issue forth. Secondly, most colleges have all ready updated their Board of Trustees' terms to a few years rather than life. As always, Suffolk University is one of the last schools to effect a much needed change.

Lastly, too many members grow old on the Board which helps to stagnate the process of keeping up with the young.

Another action is the change of the paid position of the Chairperson of the Board to a non-paying position. This office was recently vacated due to the death of Judge John Totten. The action that is being taken is in the form of a petition. This petition specifically calls for the abolishment of life terms on the Board as well as the terminated salary of the Chairperson.

Hundreds of students have already expressed their concern for the action and have signed the petitions that are located in various parts of the Donahue building.

The Journal would like to urge all students to please sign the petition as soon as possible. When a sufficient number of signatures appear, the Student Government Association will then be able to send copies to the life members of the Board of Trustees.

Thank you for your cooperation. For one, the students will profit from this action rather than the man at the top.

Letter to the Editor:

Dear Editor:

This letter is directed to Leonard Murray in reference to his "Kangaroo Zero 2" article in the September 17 issue of the Suffolk Journal. I realize that the paper should be open to fair criticism by publishing your writings, but do you really have to be so harsh — one better yet — downright obscene?

If you possess any feeling at all, you would try to empathize with the woman who has to decide, based on these factors and emotional acts, to let the desire even to have a child, whether or not an abortion is appropriate. I understand that Executive- President John Garavaglia made the decision that, since I know your metier, abortion is appropriate. I understand that you really have to be so harsh — or better yet — downright obscene?

--Diane Costa

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A Newspaper for the Suffolk Community.

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Who's Who in America

Four members of the Suffolk community have been listed in Who's Who in America.

The individuals whose names appear in the latest edition are Suffolk president Thomas A. Fulham, former Vice-President and Dean Emeritus Donald W. Goodrich, Dr. Edward G. Hartmann, professor of History and Dr. William S. Sukhatkian, professor of Philosophy and Psychology.

Who's Who in America is the nationally renowned bibliographical reference authority.

Student Activities Fair

A two-day "Student Activities Fair" has been scheduled for October 2 & 3 in the Donahue Building Lobby from 10:00 am - 3:00 pm. The purpose of the Fair is to give each student organization the opportunity to solicit new members, show students what activities and events the organization engages and provide students with an opportunity to meet and talk with current club/organization members as well as to join or make participation.

In order to participate, simply inform the Student Activities Office of your desire. We will arrange to have a numbered table area set up for you (with one display board, if requested). Each table area should be manned by a club member at all times. Copies of mimeographed materials for the Fair will be duplicated by the Student Activities Office if provided on 2 days in advance. All clubs/organizations will be assigned table numbers on a first come, first serve basis. As we must set up the table area, no group will be admitted until 9:30 am on the first day. We look forward to seeing you there.

Thank you for your kind cooperation.

By Jerome Yegdasril

Anyone who had any doubts concerning Jerry Ford's outgoing reputation had them cleared up this fine Sunday morning in late September, as he received, in a congratulatory manner, the technique of "the weekend fake-off," and his pardon of Mr. Nixon. Promptly Jerry termed, for all intents and purposes, that there was more than one Archstreet and D'Ailly lane of this land. Almost immediately the shithammer fell. Politicians from every compass point of the country voiced their protest of Ford's decision. One point was "perfectly clear," the honesymoon was definitely over. As a matter of fact, in some quarters divorce proceedings were being plotted. Those people optimistic enough to believe Watergate was to be an end were soon proven wrong. Ford's brand new press secretary, Tom Loughlin, was in for a rude awakening. By Monday morning it looked as if the parties were just beginning.

One of the more startling ramifications of Ford's action was that Nixon's acceptance of the "full and absolute pardon" would seem to indicate that Nixon was guilty of any and all present and future charges levelled against him. Why else would he accept? Dick is obviously in the grip of Big Blue.

The dread specter of prison bars was a tangible reality.

Ford's working philosophy of "playing football without a helmet" seems to have gone through. Not only was his action unpremeditated, it also poses several grave constitutional questions. One congressional statement that impeachment proceedings should be instituted against Ford because, in pardoning Nixon, he grossly abused the powers of his office. Legally there is nothing to pardon Nixon for. Many people explained that Ford to pardon Nixon once he was convicted of something but to do it before any court proceedings was the action of a moron, not the leader of a country.

As if pardoning Nixon wasn't enough, Ford went on to offer draft dodgers and insurers "earned amnesty." Those who desired could work in alternate service for a period of up to two years and thus any criminal charges against them would be dropped. Ford seemed to think that he was offering a good deal. Most of the draft dodgers refused to believe the offer. Some in fact refused to believe the offer. Some in fact refused to believe the offer.

As for Ford's working philosophy of "playing football without a helmet," Ford was granting a pardon to Mr. Nixon. Promptly Jerry terHorst, one fine Sunday morning in late September, as he received, in a congratulatory manner, the technique of "the weekend fake-off," and his pardon of Mr. Nixon. Promptly Jerry termed, for all intents and purposes, that there was more than one Archstreet and D'Ailly lane of this land. Almost immediately the shithammer fell. Politicians from every compass point of the country voiced their protest of Ford's decision. One point was "perfectly clear," the honesymoon was definitely over. As a matter of fact, in some quarters divorce proceedings were being plotted. Those people optimistic enough to believe Watergate was to be an end were soon proven wrong. Ford's brand new press secretary, Tom Loughlin, was in for a rude awakening. By Monday morning it looked as if the parties were just beginning.

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Who's Who in America serves to highlight the methodology of justice in this country. One of the reasons for the Nixon pardon was that Ford knew that Nixon and his family had suffered enough. Well, I may be wrong on this, but doesn't the family of every criminal suffer, or don't people experienced emotions like that? There are a lot of people in prison all over this country and Ford was quite sure that they are not really enjoying the "earned amnesty." As a matter of fact, in some quarters divorce proceedings were being plotted. Those people optimistic enough to believe Watergate was to be an end were soon proven wrong. Ford seemed to think that he was offering a good deal. Most of the draft dodgers refused to believe the offer. Some in fact refused to believe the offer. Some in fact refused to believe the offer.

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BARBS and BEATITUDES

by Bob Carr

The man who relieved me came late. He was so soon in the door that he didn't even need a name. He didn't need a name. He had rained all night and threatened to rain again at any time. I turned on the Northampton station just in time to see the last train pull out. Exasperated, I turned the station over to the daftest judge of the district. He pricked neatly from his thighs to my head, tingling along my shoulders. Yes, I was rained upon, after all. A breeze came from somewhere in the humid night and chilled my sweat-soaked sleeves to the bone.

I didn't slow down until I reached the St. James church on the fringes of town. I caught my breath and slammed my plex. The drizzle had evolved into a definite downpour. It was a down-pour that glued my hair to my temples and forehead. I ran diagonally into the churchyard. The Brennon and Boylston collude just as the light changed and found myself facing the judge. He was in both directions as some determined tuckers with an agility that would have done Gene Kelly proud and slammed myself into the shelter of a phone booth outside Boylston street station.

The rain was drumming steadily on the walls of the booth and might continue for hours. If I had to walk home in it, I had been prepared and unable to sleep. I glanced towards the door, but saw no one. I glanced at the judge. I glanced around and someone was on top of it. The judge was on top of it! His family, in a $200,000 suit, charged that Kohlenburg failed to consult and/or treat. I turned the station over to the judge. He felt warm inside at the thought of his own success. He felt bad about annoying the one and amused the other. They wanted to give me a lift. Yes. So, there really was someone there. I had felt bad about annoying the one. I felt good about treating them. I didn't understand how I'd annoyed the one and amused the other. They wanted to give me a ride. Yes. So, there really was someone there. I had felt good about treating them. I didn't understand how I'd annoyed the one and amused the other. They wanted to give me a ride.

"One, only one spot of innocence, for three blocks and I'm standing smack on top of it."
by Joe Gavaghan

Conversations with James Joyce by Arthur Power

Millingdon Ix, London

111 pages, £2.00 (two pounds)

Anyone who has read Ulysses or attempted to transcend into the super-reality of Finnegans Wake should read Conversations with James Joyce. Arthur Power, a friend of Joyce's during the Paris years, here describes the conversations he had with the famous writer before, during and after the writing of some of Joyce's most famous works. The insight gained from Power's book helps one understand the more paradoxes concerning the genius of the Irish author. One almost expects Joyce to resemble Stephen Dedalus, the fictional protagonist of Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. Power's portrait in image closer to Leopold Bloom is both dominant and outlook that should come as a shock to those who admired the artistic stance and dedication of Dedalus. The Joyce that Power knew was a shy, gentle man who valued material interests and avoided the public. He led a distinctly middle class domestic life and frowned upon the rabid artistic desires depicted in his works. Power recalls an occasion when Power and Joyce walked in Dublin. The friend was loud and somewhat of a drinker. Joyce was quiet and would often speak of the friend that had gone. Joyce made it clear that he disliked entertaining anyone.

A dedicated family friend, Joyce attempted to provide his family with a stable home life. During his lifetime, Joyce almost always felt the pressure of money. In these times, he would meet great people from Dublin eagerly demanding news of his beloved city. He was deeply saddened when he was told of the changes the city had undergone with the passage of time. No matter where he was, Dublin was Joyce's home and he recreated that city vividly in the pages of all his books. No other city could make the same claim.

During Joyce's stay in Paris, that city was regarded as the European capital for artistic development and endeavor. Joyce steadfastly refused to be caught up in the "movement" of writers, painters, and others of an artistic bent. Power describes a party he hosted which was attended by many of the popular people in Parisian art circles. He invited Joyce who, at that time, was beginning to receive critical acclaim for the just published Ulysses. Throughout the evening, people attempted to talk to Joyce questioning him about his work and art. Power realized that Joyce was applying his rule of "silence, exit, and (to a lesser degree) curtailting." The author placed himself in a corridor and proceeded to eliminate himself from the people in attendance. After several attempts to in­

EPIPHANY

by James Joyce

Tidestumle moon-driven ceaselessly as the elder stood alone at the edger of the stream as the edge of the waters. His crossed face and rugged hair caught the disheveled glow of sunshine washing the west. Obviously, he did not feel the sea tugging at his feet or the shadow obstruction with those thin clothes to his frail body. He minded with its lofty coves filled with ~winds, felt only passage pangs, the sensory swift of existence.

He stood, a withered sentry at the portals of Wintertex lethal, his mind resting on inestimable fringes but divinity denied, death was but an ending.

He remembered the thunders of years span out, the littered landscape of his life. Images returned to him hourly by many realities of emptiness, a hollow man at the twilight of a life, "Shall I go then, but where, and how and why .... Childly recollection crept up and somewhat, one way of narcotic fog. The elder became transformed. His eyes grew glassy and vacant before an awesome metamorphosis minded. -- She died my mommy told me, died last night dark. She smelled like death and dust and was cold for old and sick. Why did Mommy cry? I saw her. Joyce's mommy didn't die. No deadness drive. She smelled like my clothes when I put them on brand new clean. Or like dinner, warm and sweet... to make your stomach tell you it's hungry. Nano smelled like that once, when Mommy went to leave her but then she changed, she let die get her. "I'm not going to die. Mommy was happy. I don't smell like that but sort of warmylic like in bed when it's cold but not under the blankets. The cold can't get in there. Death must be like that. It tries to get you like the cold but it can't if you know it's there. Did she hurt when she died. Her face looked happy, like being asleep but then Joyce said that she wasn't wake up, that she went to Heaven to be with God. Did she put her in the truck, maybe she will take her there. Why did Mommy let her go and then cry after they were gone. Nano won't sit in the rocker anymore. I can hear her there, the voice like something breaking when she rook...."

She doesn't talk like Mommy she sounds funny. She sounds funny but nice like when we used to go to the beach and she'd ask me what I wanted to be. Those ladies used to laugh at the way she talked but she didn't care. I threw sand at them once and Joyce nodded but Nano thought it was funny. Nano said nano talks with a brogue and that how she learned to talk when she was little. I don't think she was ever little though. She was always like she is now.

"She said that she heard nano's footsteps on the back stairs this morning. I wanted to run under and see her but when I asked Joyce she didn't answer and left the room. Do told me to play with my toys. I'll play later and see if she's there.

"Sliding—space—ages—feelligs of stars—waving heavens— stillness deeper— stillness of annihilation and her voice."

The elder shed his reverie slowly, with lips of flesh screaming from the caverns of conscion­

sciousness. The sea, grown swollen, spread around him. Dying eyes captured a vision amidst the tumult, a vision cast from dead lands, far beyond the eyes of the living. She wavered before him, seadrenched hair covered by a hood woven of constellations. Regina, intaking, solitude, the weight of her soul reflected in the deep seafoal eyes dipping saltwatertly tears at the brink of human despiration. She spoke words chilling, echoes trembling through the obsidian. He moaned, the sound rising from a tortured ex­

BOOK REVIEWS

Pilgrim At Tinker Creek

by Ray King

Annie Dillard's prose flows like 

her poetry; engulfing us in the 

wonders of nature, she carries us 

to the sky, resting on her con­

sciousness, we float as on a 

delicate cloud. After immersing us in the beauty 

of nature and the infinite Univer­

se with words, "I had thought to 

live by the side of the deep lake, 

shape my life to its free flow," she 

brings us back to reality — a small 

green frog is dissolved in liquid 

water, a giant water bug devours 

its soul leaving nothing but an emp­

try skin to exult like an airless 

balloon before our eyes.

The energy and awareness within 

her words match with Emerson, Whitman, and Thoreau as Dillard sings in 

meditative tones sharing with us 

her own awe of the Universe. Like 

Whitman, she finds truth in all 

things. Like Whitman, she encom­

passes continents and holds the 

Universe in the palm of her hand.

In one hand she holds the 

microcosm: small bugs, fish, lar­

vae, microbes and in the other hand 

she holds the macrocosm: the sun, 

the moon, the cosmos. Juggling 

them back and forth, she lets them 

fall at our feet resting there in 

transcendent beauty and mundane 

agitation.

Annie Dillard appeals to our 

sense of wonder. The wonder we all 

have experienced as children run­

ning through a field of grass, chas­

ing lightning bugs, watching antics

carry bits of food, or studying the 

weaving of a spider. She asks us to 

and helps us to recapture the sense of wonder as a Pilgrim. She implores us to really see what's going on. Really see a piece of magic and awe-inspiring especially to a city dweller who never really sees the sky, who in busy trading the ground to 

avoid dog shit or to find a dime in the dirt.

She encourages us to sit down under a tree, look straight ahead and see; look up, and see; look down, and see. Take a handful of dirt. Look at it. Really look for you are holding the Universe in your hand.

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek en­

courages us to recapture the sense of magic and wonder we ex­

perienced as children enjoying the mysteries of the Universe for the first time. It's a warm, wonderful, magical book.
Women’s Director Named

Philo Santoro
The Athletic Department last week welcomed the appointment of Suffolk University’s first Women’s Athletic and Activities Instructor. Mrs. Ann Guilbert, a Northeastern University physical education graduate (1975), was named to the position in compliance with the recently passed Title Nine law.

Mrs. Guilbert comes to Suffolk after teaching physical education at the Ward Melville High School in New York. The 29-year-old has also coached the girls’ track team and conducted a modern dance club.

Golfers Take Second Place

by Phil Santoro
Coming off a highly successful (6-1) season last spring, Suffolk’s golf team completed the first round of the Little Four Golf Tournament in second place, five points behind tourney leader Bentley College.

Team Captain Wayne Fick and member Phil Lussier each shot impressive scores while Paul De-Federico and Bruce Henriksen finished the day with 80’s. Also contributing to the team’s fine score were George Connolly and Rich LaFerriere who entered the clubhouse with scores of 81 and 89 respective­ly.

At the close of the first round of play, Bentley leads with 13½ points followed closely by Suffolk with 8½ and Assumption with 13. Clark has yet to score in the tour­ney. The final round of Little Four will resume Tuesday, Oc­tober 1.

FIRST ROUND RESULTS
Wayne Fick 40-38—78
Phil Lussier 39-39—78
Paul De-Federico 39-41—80
Bruce Henriksen 40-40—80
George Connolly 44-27—71
Rich LaFerriere 44-45—89

New Tennis Coach

Robert Stackback of North Andover has been named tennis coach at Suffolk University, Athletic Director Charles Law an­nounced on September 23.

Stackback, a senior at Suffolk majoring in government has been a varsity tennis player for Suffolk for three seasons and has served as a tennis instructor at clubs in the Merrimack Valley. He has also competed in tournaments in Florida and Puerto Rico and served as an instructor there.

Stackback has been associated with the Boston Lobsters of World Team Tennis and helped organize town tennis in the Lawrence area. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Diederich Stackback of 248 Greene St., North Andover, Stackback hopes to attend Suffolk University Law School.

On The Beach
by Gloria L. Busch
By the sea you’ll see muscled men with their seaweed hair or ladies clasped in their shells make waves at them or old men mowing oysters in the sand ask me what I’m doing tonight all tide up but I’ll go out with you later for afloat you can let me swim your boat or else driftwood alone along the beach just the other day I could not hear a word you said as we swam in the ocean and caught crabs and ate them your body became an organic hive when we were through we walked in sun sometimes we’d run then comb the beach with your fine-tooth piranha that feasted on you that silly creature what could you feature that I couldn’t have shared some? By the sea you’ll see muscled men with their seaweed hair or ladies clasped in their shells make waves at them.

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OUTDOOR AND SKI CLUB
MEETING
RM. 210 DONAHUE BLDG.
OCT. 3 at 1:00
For all interested in outdoor activities.

OCTOBER 2, 1974 Suffolk Journal
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Work has begun on a women’s tennis program at Suffolk with the organization of a women’s self-defense course. “Tae Kwon Do will begin in the school in about two weeks,” Mrs. Guilbert explained. “I also have a questionnaire in the lobby that will give me some idea of the women’s interests.

According to Mrs. Guilbert, swimming and tennis programs will be ‘very’ cute during the winter. “Arrangements are being made to secure facilities for the winter ac­tivities,” she assured.

Singing, biking and backpacking head the possibilities. “But,” added the instructor, “we’ll take one step at a time.”

As numerous universities involve women in intercollegiate competi­tion, Suffolk will eventually com­pete against local schools in women’s athletics. “Getting the women involved and the programs start are the first steps,” related Mrs. Guilbert, “but inter­collegiate competition could pos­sibly begin for as next year.”

Anyone interested in the pro­grams or interested in organize­ning others are invited to contact Mrs. Guilbert on the third floor of the Athletic Building (56 Temple St., Rm. 31, Ext. 261).

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Walden

(Continued from Page 5)

slowed. For the first time, I noticed
that John still had the tire iron in
his hand.

"Uh, you better give me that,"

"What, oh, here," I took it and
started back to the car. The prow
there's a knock on the door.

It's the landlord asking for the
sirens outside.

enough without screeching fire,

"Gee, I kinda forgot to get you
a phony? I mean, it was true at the
time and all.

"Oh, Adolfo's so insecure! Forget
it. He's like a little kid some times.
You call him a name and he goes
into a rage for hours. Forget it. I'm
telling you he's like you.

"I thought he was a liberal."

"Oh he is — as long as you don't
disagree with him."

"Hey Lesley! Why are you try-
ing to take my pants off? I told you
I didn't want to do it. Wanna watch
TV?"

"But Joey, if it's true love, isn't it
attractive?"

"WE JUST MET AN HOUR
AGO!"

"So? It was love at first sight!"

"Gee Lesley! You mean you
really love me?"

"Of course I love you. Now y
mind takin' your pants off? I don't
have all night y'know. I got my ego
to satisfy."

"Can't I leave my pants on? Huh? Please? In the movie, Marlon
Brando didn't havta take his pants off!"

"I said take your pants off!"

"I changed my mind. I don't
 wanna do it. I'm not that kinda
guy!"

"What's the matter this time?"

"I just don't wanna do it that's
all."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm saving myself."

"Saving yourself for what? I
thought you said you weren't get-
ing married?"

"I'm not."

"Then what are you saving
yourself for?"

"For science."

"FOR SCIENCE????"

"Yeah, for science! The way I
figure it is like this: Can you im-
agine what it'll mean to science to
find a girl 90 years old with gonads
in MINT CONDITION? I mean, outside of a few dreams my
gonads are as pure as snow. If I can
only live to be 90. LESLEY DO
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS
WILL MEAN TO SCIENCE?!!!"

"But Joey, sweetheart? Listen to
reason! What if you wait all that
time and your gonads don't work? I got
a feeling they don't work now but
don'tcha wanna test 'em out
just to make sure?"

"Look Joey, I never thought about that. Well maybe if we only go half-way? Uh ... uh ...?"

"Whatdamatter this time?"

"Uh Lesley! Uh ... Are ya gonn-
na do it for free? I mean like all I
brought with me was a couple of
bucks for subway fare and an ice
cream cone at Brigham's."

"Joey just shut up and climb
aboard!!"

Kangaroo Zoo

(Continued from Page 7)

FEINBERGS! AND I HATE
FRUIT SALAD! I ONLY EAT
IT TO MAKE THEM HAPPY!!
HONEST!"

"Relax, Joey! He knows you're
not gay. A little dense but ..."

"He's not mad that I called him
a phony? I mean, it was true at the
time and all."

"Oh, Adolfo's so insecure! Forget
it. He's like a little kid some times.
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into a rage for hours. Forget it. I'm
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cream cone at Brigham's."

"Joey just shut up and climb
aboard!!"

SGA Concert Committee

presents

An Evening with

JONATHAN
EDWARDS

S.U. Auditorium

8:00 pm Oct. 26

$3.00

Ticket Sale Dates
To Be Announced

Burned Coffee

(Continued from Page 3)

"No, not today," I assure him.

"I got too much to do." The sub-
rise back is just about the same.
offering cultural and sociological
experiences relevant to all writers.
Back on Boylston — another en-
counter. "Honey, How's about we
get together and put it together?"
Would you just leave me alone? I
don't feel like handling this, I know
how to; I don't want to. Dealing
with this one, I keep my cool and
walk away pretending I am
dead.

Up four flights of stairs and a
sincerely attempt to study begins.
Assignments are complicated
enough without something fire
stress outside.

Half way through my history
book, there's a knock on the door.
It's the landlord asking for the
rent. My roommate gives him half.
I figt for mine and unfortunately
find it. I reminded him of the leaking
sink, broken mailbox, inoperative
stove, missing bath tiles and
broken lock.

"I'll get to it tomorrow." It's
been more than a month of
tomorrows. But unlike trivial, tid-
bits of toothpaste — I mind lack of
dependability. He leaves. Thank
God.

Me retire at some ungodly hour
and then am distracted from my
dorming duration with a loud
knock at the door.

"Ralph! What are you doing
here?"

"Get, I kinda forgot to get you
that Colgate."

He walked in with two
vocational testing) offered by the Department of Psychological
Counseling Services (individual and group
counseling, academic counseling, psychological, educational and
vocational testing) offered by the Department of Psychological
Services will again be available to evening students.
DR. GARNI WILL HOLD OFFICE HOURS IN ROOM 514
(DONAHUE) ON WEDNESDAY EVENINGS FROM 5:00 TO
9:00 P.M. APPOINTMENTS CAN BE MADE THROUGH
THE SECRETARY IN ROOM 514 OR BY CALLING 723-
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