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### Suffolk Journal, Parody Issue, 4/1/1978

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SUFFOLK

# ENQUIRER

April 1, 1978

Parody Issue of Suffolk Journal

**Giant chickens  
attack TKE p. 2**

**Sex scandal sweeping Suffolk**

## DEAN SULLIVAN, 57, GETS IT ON THE SIDE

Armless, legless  
woman becomes  
prostitute to support  
family  
page 22

"Never again!"  
says accepted coed  
after succumbing to  
Coughlin's  
"admission tests"  
page 23

Dean Ronayne's  
new sex diet  
sheds lbs but  
spreads crabs  
page 24

Editor Santoro,  
Mother, indicted in  
child prostitution  
ring, page 27



**"... I haven't had it in so long,  
I didn't know they moved it!"**



# Chickens lay frat's egg

## Giant birds tweak TKE in bloody massacre

by Rock Balboa

Suffolk Security members, led by Dean D. Bradley Sullivan, today announced that the death toll in what has been popularly termed 'the TKE massacre' has risen to eight. Two members of the fraternity are still alive and listed in poor condition at Massachusetts General Hospital.

The last grisly remains were found today as workers from the Suffolk Police and volunteers finally removed the last bit of debris from the fraternity's office in Ridgeway Lane.

"It was really gross," a tired Carl McRook panted at the scene. "There was blood everywhere. It's amazing that those two other boys survived, looking at the remains of the dead bodies that we found. They were really hacked up something bad. But the funniest thing about this whole incident is that there were chicken feathers scattered all over the office. We also found some defecation here and there which certainly wasn't human. The Biology Department is currently analyzing it."

Dean Sullivan was more outspoken. "That was definitely chicken that I smelt when I entered, not fish or anything else. I really can't understand it."

In an exclusive Inquirer interview, this reporter spoke to James Black, one of the

two survivors at Mass. General. He seemed to be delirious. "Oh God, it was awful," Black moaned, as if the recollection pained him. "We were sitting around the office reading magazines and all of a sudden we heard a knock on the door, accompanied by some squawking and clucking. Someone opened the door, and, suddenly, they were everywhere: These big,

monstrous chickens pushed their way through into the office! They must have been six, seven feet tall! They started chuckling and clucking about 'revenge' and then they started beaking people left and right! Oh it was awful!" At this point the nurse gave Jim his hourly valium and told him to calm down. This reporter noticed that Mr. Black's body was riddled

with apparent claw and beak marks, and that when supper came in several minutes later (it was chicken) Mr. Black started going into convulsions.

Ken Yarni, Director of the University Counseling Center, was apprehensive about the whole incident. "This sound no-good. Evil spirits of dead chicken come back to kill. I go down to office with magic potion and get rid of evil spirits."

President Foolin has promised an investigation.

Meanwhile, the Biology Department was busily trying to determine what type of creatures invaded TKE's office last Thursday. At four p.m. yesterday afternoon, they announced that the feces had been identified as chicken dung. "But what has us puzzled," Dr. Goodlooker said, "is that we found the defecation in big piles, like dog dung. Usually when chickens take a shit it comes out in little tiny pellets. These were big mounds, and they smelt like anything."

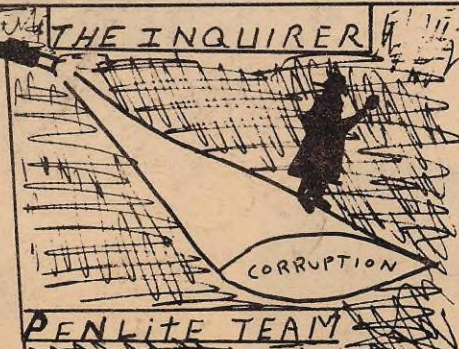
The facts seem to indicate that last Thursday, sometime between four and four-thirty, the TKE office was visited with a close encounter of the twenty-seventh kind, that is, chickens with superior intelligence pecking one to death. Why, or if they'll come again, one can only speculate.



Giant Broilers chant "BEAK TKE, BEAK TKE!" in pre-massacre rally.

## Everything is relative at SU

### says renowned genealogist



by Susie Scoop

When it comes to getting a job or getting ahead at Suffolk University, it is a family affair, the *Journal Penlite* team has learned after a lengthy, difficult investigation. The obstacles put in the team's way by various factors and factions throughout the faculty and administration cannot be imagined.

What we found was a string of cousins, uncles, aunts, and innumerable in-laws. The cast of offenders and inter-relations among them read like a cast for a medieval movie.

"Uncle Tom" Foolen, President of the University, is one of the prime offenders. Under his wing, the whole English Department was hired by the University simply because each and every one of them are related to the president. Stanley Vogel, the chairman of the English Department, is the only exception. "Well, they couldn't have all idiotic fishmongers teaching English, could they?" Foolen denied that there was any connection between the university hiring the various members of the English Department and his being related to them. "Ridiculous," he quipped. "It's only a coincidence. There's nothing wrong with helping out your family anyway, is there? After all, look at all the furniture movers and grocers and so forth named 'something and son.' Nothing wrong with it at all. Look at Sanford and Son. Why don't you people go bother them?" When reminded that it was a lot easier to move furniture than

teach English, Foolen begged to differ. "Bullshit. You teach English and you can go home after working all day, take a shower, go out for dinner, a show, dancing, whatever. Even if you're hung over the next day, no one will know the difference anyway. Nobody listens to English teachers no more, don't you know that? But on the other hand, if you move furniture all day, you're tired, let me tell you."

Francis the First, Vice President and Treasurer of the University, is also a chief offender. Each of his sisters, Maria, Consuelo, Fifi (the red-haired firecracker), Tania, Latitia, and Sophianna are all working in the cafeteria cooking food. Frank's sisters can be seen any day of the week serving thousands of students, merely because he is related to the girls. And how did Francis become involved with the school? "He's my favorite nephew," beamed Stanley Vogel, Chairman of the English Department.

The Hefron sisters are also a huge wedge of those employed at the school. Mary the White is the only one of the girls who hasn't changed her name to something less identifiable. Some of Mary's sisters are Mary Frazier, Dorothy-Martin-Alford, Bonnie-Good-Bettters-Best, Colleen Kaszinowski, Florence Petherick, and several others on the night shift down in the laundry room. Together these girls wield a vast cudgion of power at Suffolk. Mary Frazier, Secretary to Dean Sullivan, denied the charge. "I'm a Southie broad. Us Southie Broad's don't have nothin' in common wit them high-falootin' Arlington dames like Mary Hefron. Sisters? Nah. Now get lost." Mary's great-grandfather, Charlie Niles, has attended Suffolk tuition free for nearly nine years. A source close to Hefron said that the nursing home was getting too expensive, so she dumped him at Suffolk.

But the corruption does not stop there. Phil 'Delphic' Santoro, Editor of the *Journal*, can't write, everyone knows that, and he's even worse of an editor than he is a writer. Well then, how did he get the job? He just happens to be Dean D. Bradley Sullivan's son, that's how. He can be found, occasionally, down at the *Journal* office cutting articles out of the *Globe* so he can use them in his editorial column. And he dares criticize the administration in his weekly (weakly?) editorials!

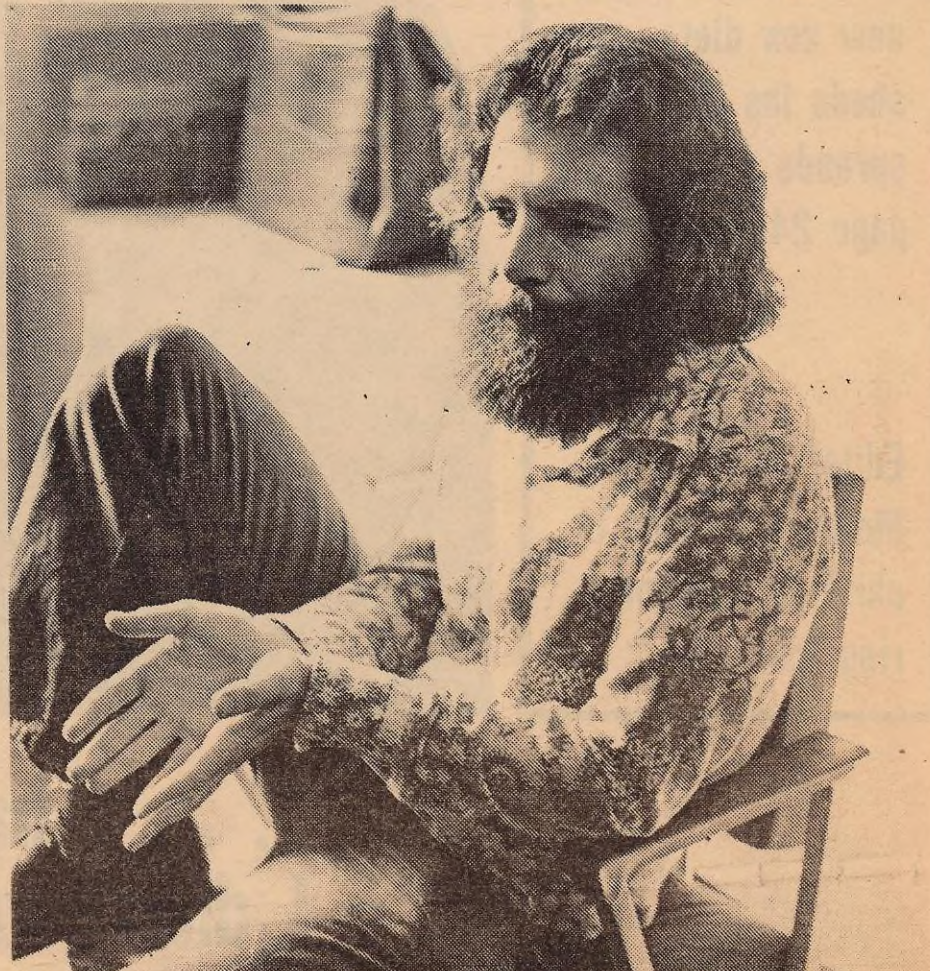
Also, another student leader 'just happens' to have a family connection here at Suffolk, and that's John Fartley, the President of the SGA (Sour Grapes Association). John is the son of Student Sexual Activities Director Bonnie Good-Bettters-Best and her personal whipping boy, Penny Trilling. John, embarrassed when pressed about the issue, pulled a Vincent Fulmer and threw us out of his office. Well, that's okay. We wouldn't want to be in anybody's office whose middle name was Colpoys, anyway. Anyway, all the cheerleaders, who receive full free boot here at S.U., are John's sisters, except for Sharayne Jacovides, who's Mike Lividoti's sister.

There is still another student leader who is where he is because of family connections, and that is Mohamed Barrie. In

reality, he is James Hannah, the son of Professor Bill Hannah of the Psychology Department. And all those years he tried to pawn off that 'Sierra Leone' act. It wasn't until a real Sierra Leone native was brought in to question Mohamed that the truth was known. He eventually broke down when it became obvious that he didn't speak a bloody word of Sierra Leonean.

Gary Castinino, Sociology Professor, procured his tenure of professorship through Suffolk's Madame Bovary, Virginia Pipeline, during a summer intrigue several years ago.

So there you have it, another fictitious Pen-lite report. Be sure to read us next week when we bring you: WSFR: What the Letters Really Stand For.



Paul Korn comments on situation: "I'm sick of this shit."



President Foolin, a prime offender, has 217 relatives on the payroll.



# Female Drinking on Rise

by Shelly Teetotler

A tight-lipped, distraught Ed "Big Stick" Farren, head of Suffolk Security, announced today that the university police are currently formulating a plan to combat and destroy the growing incidence of female "drinking, and resultant rowdiness" that has been sweeping the campus lately.

"I am forced to announce this, everyone knows about; I guess these women are really making strides," Farren quipped. "Let me paint you a picture of a recent incident. A group of girls are drinking at a Rathskeller. They're getting drunk, ribbing each other, having a good time. One of the girls has a crush on this particular guy seated at the next table.

"Her friends start ribbing this particular girl, I'll call her Sally, and they talk her into asking this guy to dance. They bet her that she can't grab the guy's snapper and get away with it. She's had a few, so she agrees. The guy won't even dance with her. Sally gets mad. Her friends give her a hard time, they start joking her. Peer pressure being what it is, Sally gets mad. She goes to take a leak. Frustrated, she belts some small, petite girl on the next hopper.

"She tips over the waste-paper basket, scattering towels everywhere. She flicks her cigarette butt onto the floor, and leaves. The ladies room catches fire, costing the university thousands of dollars in kickback repair deals and costs.

"All this because some guy wouldn't dance with Sally. But if she didn't drink, she would probably never react that way," Farren concluded.

This is just a typical incident. Anyone around the university has seen the rapid increase in female drinking. Jean DeAngelo, chairwoman of the Rathskeller Committee for the SGA, was unavailable for comment, suffering from a hangover and

the vapors, so this reporter talked and talked and talked to Ken Chester, also from the SGA's Rathskeller Committee. "Yes, there's no doubt about it, female drinking and resultant rowdy, vicious, promiscuous behavior is certainly on the rise. What I think we might be looking for is a concrete plan in black and white, preferably black."

Anne Clark, a spokeswoman for the Woman's Program Committee (WPC), lauded this rise in imbibing behavior, however. "Sure, why not?" she quipped, "Don't we have a right to get shitfaced, horny, rowdy and destructive, just like guys?"

Carolyn Powers, a fellow-member of the WPC, echoed Clark's sentiments. "That's great. I applaud their actions." Carolyn is currently being investigated for going under the name Sally.

Monica Duppy, however, a senior mixology major, conceded that female drinking should be curbed. She's formed a group to help other women deal with their imbibing excesses here at Suffolk.

The group, known as Suffolk Chics Hitting Liquor in the Corridors (SCHLITC) meets every afternoon from 3 til 5 at the Red Hat.

Beware, they are everywhere. You can see them in the corridors, chanting WE WILL ROCK YOU!!! They are dangerous, they have been drinking! Mad bache, they are coming now down the Ridgeway Corridors, pounding on the Journal door! AHHHHHHHHHHH They are snatching at my typewriter, trying to destroy the truth that I have written. If anyone reads this, please tell Pam H. that Tommy K. is ready and willing and waiting at Joe's apartment! They got me! My mother always told me not to go to Suffolk because of the drinking girls there — so long, I'm a gonna . . .



If the freshman class is any indication, the drinking problem can only get worse. 2 frosh girls show why.



Maintenance complains: "When these girls drink, they go anywhere."



Promiscuous, drunk coed applauds size of her next victim.



A two-fisted drinking-girl: a sure sign of future DT's.



What evil thoughts lurk in the minds of these girls? Evidently the young man knows.

## Grick Club Bends Over, Dies

by Nikos Grikos Grick, correspondent

In recent action, the Student Government Association voted in a rather close decision to strip the Suffolk Grick Club of its Organizational status at the school.

"These expenses that they have listed in their budget are just absurd," quipped

John Fartley, SGA President. "Look at this. \$2776.89 for 234 crates of vaseline petroleum jelly — who's kidding who? Someone's padding the budget, so we decided to revoke their charter."

Nick Upyabumalopolous, President of the now-defunct Grick Club, was stunned, angry, and upset. "This action will certainly go down in the annals of treachery," he announced this evening at a press conference. "Such a move was a definite kick in the butt. We certainly intend to appeal this action. This organization has been taking up the you know where for too long, and we're not going to stand for it any more."

Dean Bradley Suluman was on hand today to close down the Grick Club office located in the rear of the Ridgeway Building. Suluman wished to make no comment to the press, but sources close to him said that he was also upset by the action. Reportedly Suluman sympathizes with the Grick Club due to his ancestry.

According to a reliable source, Suluman's father was once a Rear Admiral with the Grick Navy.

Members of the Grick Club received the news in the midst of one of their football games in Suffolk's intramural program.

"It's a lousy trick. We were winning this game, too. When the news came we were in the midst of a long, successful drive downstairs, I mean down field. It stalled after that," reported an anonymous member of the Grick Club.



Grick club holds early practice on Boston Common.



Alumnus Jim Torney shows new recruits how it's done.





# JUICY GOSSIP

## Ginny tells all!

by Virginia Pipeline

Hello dears! I'm so glad I've been given the chance to do some chit-chatting here at Suffolk. That dreadful People mag has been keeping me so busy lately I haven't had any time at all for my hobbies. Speaking of which, Jean-Paul is still as hung as ever . . . on me, of course! Haha! Like I say, I haven't been around for a while, but the good people up at the University Counseling Center have been good enough to let me have the run of their files all this past week so I could dig up a little dirty gossip, so let me say thank you right now to all those nice people. Weird, but nice. So let's you and me catch up on all the gossip concerning events of the past semester at Suffolk . . . first off, have you ever seen a nicer looking female freshmen class than this year's? Oh no, I'm not bi or anything, I only look at women's figures in an envious, bitchy sort of way as I tuck in my tummy, but all my male friends here keep telling me that this year's flock is the best in years. As a matter of fact, the President of SGA, John Fartley himself, has been chasing a certain mad freshperson around since September. But after the way that he acted that night of the APO party, it's no wonder that she's been giving him the cold shoulder. One president of the student body is enough, right honey!

Anyway, getting back to those pretty freshmen . . . Ginny (that's me for you initiates) went right to the Director of Admissions, Bill Coughing, and put the question to him. He said no, so I asked him about those freshmen girls. (I've always liked Bill!) He said that yes, indeed, there were a lot of pretty freshmen girls around, and that no, it wasn't just a coincidence. "You see, Ginny," he told me over a few tall frosties, "the only people I deal with are freshmen. I'll tell you, I get damn sick and tired of looking at all those dumpy broads all the time every September, so I decided to change

the admissions policy a little bit. Oh no, don't worry, you still can be stupid and get in like before — what do you think we run those ads in the Globe for — but if a girl is pretty, you know, and kinda built, well, more power to her! She'll be getting into Suffolk!" But how in the world does Bill get the time to interview all the women that apply to Suffolk? "It's not easy," he replied, "but somehow I did it this year. But next year will be a lot easier. We're asking all the female applicants to enclose a picture of themselves. Naturally, we asked them to make it a very recent picture — that means they'll more than likely have it taken during the summer, when they wear those cute little shorts and nasty halter tops — hey! You're not writing this stuff down are you?" Well dears, needless to say, that was the end of our little tete-a-tete.

Naturally, all this has caused a furor among the female groups here at Suffolk. The fraternities and, oh I'm so sorry, I mean the sororities and the Women's Program Committee has demanded that this policy of the Admissions Department be changed so that men who get in are also let in because of their looks, etc. In a prepared statement, Ms. Myna Penis-Envy, representing the Women's Program Committee said that, "If this sexist policy is to be purpoted on our fellow sisters trying to get into Suffolk, than it's only fair that men trying to get into Suffolk be well hung."

Honestly! Things are certainly getting wild on the old campus! Well-I'll-Be-Department: Who would have thought that cute Jimmy Nelson of the Athletic Department would get thrown out of a game, yes, *thrown out of a game* for receiving two technical fouls last semester in a close basketball contest up in Maine? Well, he did! Jimmy's wife, however, was not as surprised as the rest of the Suffolk Community. "He always behaves like that at home," she quipped when I asked her

about it later.

Shit-Luck-Dept. You remember Tony Ferullo, the *Journal's* Doctor of Dese and Dose? Well, whenever I asked him what he was going to do when he graduated from Suffolk this past January, he'd say, like a typical Italian, "Don't worry 'bout a ding. I got a connection." Well it turns out that Tony's connection was Tom Heinsohn, late of the Celtics, who is, incidentally, being considered for the Women's Hoop Team Coaching post. Poor Tony! Hang in there, you'll make it, we'll fire Lou like he said he was going to do to you if you wrote that story.

That on-again, off-again romance between Bonnie Good-Betters-Best, Student Activities Director, and Asst. Dean Peter Sartwell, is, evidently, off again. After a stormy luncheon at Conda's, Ginny saw Bonnie storm out, shouting back, "Shave that shit off!"

I hate to say it, but Ginny's in for a little competition soon. A certain female from Psych Services is planning to come out with a weekly gossip column here at Suffolk. You've heard of The Eye, the Ear, The Nose? Well, she's going to call herself the Tit, of all the lewdness. I can see it now: 'Tit's only a rumor, but, etc etc.' How awful!

Have you heard that juicy news about the faculty-administration ski weekend held over last semester break? No? Well, listen to this!! Doctor Hartmann didn't go, cause it wasn't free, but almost everything else did! Almost all the women members of the faculty were seen enroute to the scintillating chalets of Northern New England with the popular two-foot high 'Hussey Hairdo,' so important, I'm told, in letting that all-important man know that, yes, he can! Now how the hell can you ski with a do like that, tell me? I even heard that a certain Dean whose name rhymes with Mullivan dyed his hair black for the occasion! Incidentally, he's also been named Chairman of the newly



Santoro smokes . . .

formed ad hawk, I mean Huck, I mean hoc committee on student spitting . . .

Student Romance department: Brian Greeley, the man of the gifted tongue, has dumped Anne Clark for the hot little Dobbie Bananna. "Clark was too smart for me . . . I hate wise-ass broads," Greeley chortled in between puffs. Anne had only one thing to say: "Men!"

And Phil "Delphic" Santoro, Editor of this rag, is still going out with last year's editor, Debbie Burke, but only, according to sources close to the couple, because Phil can get cigarettes cheap.

Don't you think that it's a little odd that Pam Stasen's new baby is already two feet tall? After all, neither Pam nor her husband Rick are in any danger of being drafted by the Celtics, or even the Rams, and you know how short they are. I've even heard that Randy New'-man wrote that ghastly 'Short People' after spending a weekend with the Strasens. But, after all, Pam did work for Student Activities, and we all know what Students favorite activities are! I myself suspect Jackie Cotter . . .

Vicious rumor department: It is not true that a certain member of SGA goes out with a six-pack of hershey bars on the weekend and gets 'zit-faced.'

Well, that's about it from my little peep-hole on the world. Do take care, and remember those endearing words of SGA President John Fartley: "Is this any way to go through Suffolk tuition-free? You bet it is!"

## Cotter on Pets

by J. Balducci, veterinarian

Owning a pet can be one of the most rewarding experiences imaginable. The satisfaction and pride of raising your own pet is more than enough compensation for the time you must give them every now and then. But it is important that you do give them a little tender loving care and attention when they require it.

For example, if your pet is hit by a car, don't leave him there. Look at all the joy he's given you. Walk over to him. If he's dead, throw some newspapers over him. If not, get him to a vet as soon as you can, if possible, unless he's a tiresome pet. If he is tiresome and a bother, you might want to run him over yourself.

CATS. Cats are funny. Either you like them or you hate them. I used to know a kid in East Arlington who used to bury

cats up to their necks down at Thorndike Field and then tee-off on them with his golf club. Conversely, I've also known people who would just die if anything happened to their innumerable number of cats. I myself can take them or leave them, but right now I do have a cute little kitten. One of the most difficult parts of owning a cat is 'having a little fun with them,' you know, like beating them. It's easy to beat your dog, but cats tend to hide and run away, or bare their claws and get nasty about the whole situation. Also, cats can get nasty about things when you try to bathe them. If this is the case, I suggest that you do what I do. First, find a swimming pool preferably one of the neighbors on vacation or something. Then do as I am doing in the accompanying photos. Grasp the little moth-

er firmly by the neck and tell him exactly what you intend to do to him. Shout, "You won't take a bath, huh? Alright then, this is what you get!" and hold him up so he can see the pool. Then toss him in. If he ever resurfaces, you won't have any problems bathing him in the future.

DOGS. Dogs are a lot of fun. I've already hinted at one of these pleasures, beating. Try it some time if you are not already an afficianardo of this. Next time when you come in shitfaced at four in the morning, and your dog comes running up stairs, tail a-wagging, give him a good right uppercut to the jowl, followed by a left haymaker.

When caring for your dog, remember his needs. He loves attention, and his idea of doggie heaven is when you make a big fuss over him. During the recent blizzard, when we were all confined to the house for weeks, my dog needed his requirements, just as all dogs do, regardless of the weather. As you can see in the picture, I did all in my power to relieve my dog of his tensions and fulfill his needs.

Owning pets can be fun. See you next week!

"According as the man is, so must you humor him."

—Terence, *Phormio*, 1. 431

The creation of this supplement came, not from malicious minds, but from a collection of ideas shared by those humorists, satirists and comedians who otherwise have no vehicle for publication of their art. Whether their creation is rejected or accepted by the public is not discernable. This parody issue, like the *Suffolk Journal* is a tool used in teaching.



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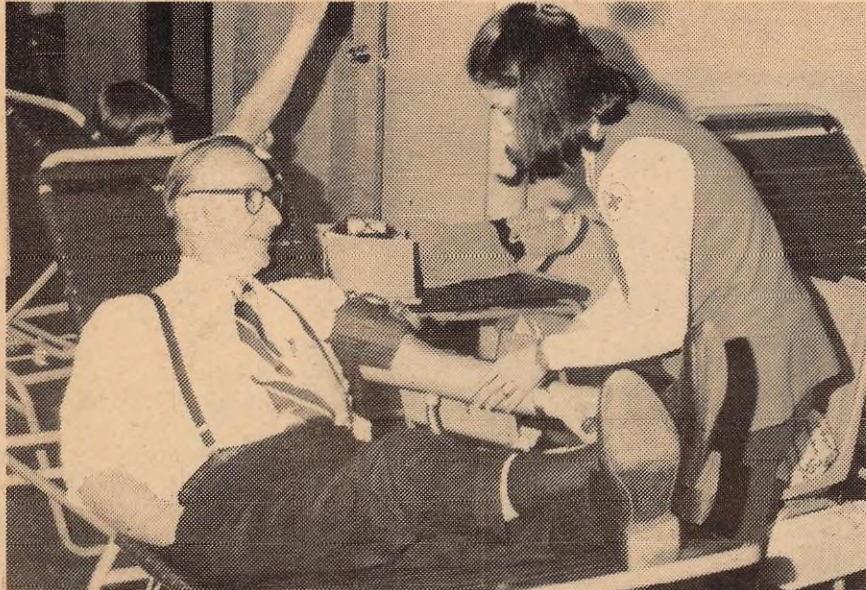
#### WHY ARE THESE GIRLS SMILING?

Probably because they've just "blown" their chance to become our editor-in-chief's new Girl Friday (does that make sense?). Santoro finally picked Zazu Bahfungu (center) citing 2 qualifications. "For one, she has the whitest teeth I've personally ever come across," he gleamed, "nuff said?"



#### CAN'T GET BLOOD FROM A STONE

Boston Red Cross aide Doris Fletcher calms President Thomas A. Fulham after her third attempt to extract blood. Says Fletcher, "I don't understand. I get better results from a corpse."



#### BOOK 'EM, DANNO

Suffolk Spanish professor and film star Alberto Mendez is currently filming 13-weeks of *Hawaii Five-O* in South America. Mendez has just finished shooting the soon to be released autobiography of Ricki Ricardo for Desilu Studios.



#### SPRING VACATION

Assistant Dean Peter Sartwell became the most recent coma victim this week at Boston Memorial Hospital. According to officials in the Dean's Office, the issue is simply a matter of rescheduling. "Sartwell has a couple of weeks vacation coming to him anyways."



#### BABY, IT'S COLD INSIDE

Suffolk Freshman Tom Keaveney, like so many of us, got stuck in the snow in the great Blizzard of '78. Said Keaveney, "It wasn't as bad as people say."



#### PIGGING OUT

Dean of Student and reknown race car driver D. Bradley Sullivan, disguised as author Truman Capote, makes a selection on his seventh helping at the Freshman-Sophomore outing last fall. Frosh David Jackson gets his first taste of the Suffolk scene.

#### HAVEN'T HADDOCK IN SO LONG

Phyllis Feelit, friend of Suffolk University President and New England Fish Entrepreneur Thomas A. Fulham, made an appointment with Boston's Preterm Center last week. Although Fulham nixed the plan for a Preterm Referral Center on campus, Phyllis claims, "There are just some things you can't do without."





# Happy April Fool's from SU's three stooges: Vinny, Tommy and Frankie





# Suffolk University

## Does NOT Discriminate

On the basis of race, sex, religion or age



Admissions Director William Coffin says: "We enroll more niggers, spics, wops, dagos, micks, ayrabs and Canucks than any other school. The Curriculum Committee is revising the colleges' program of study to include among other things: spear chucking, pocket picking, spaghetti eating, bongo playing, beer drinking, oil drilling and in-class hockey, all for the well rounded immigrant."

Campus Minister Abu a Boo Boo is new to the campus this year, and has opened up a Mosque in the Zieman Poetry Library. Abu invites all new students, no matter what religion, to come down and get involved. It should be noted that the ritual slayings of four Christian students in the Mosque last week are in no way true (we think).

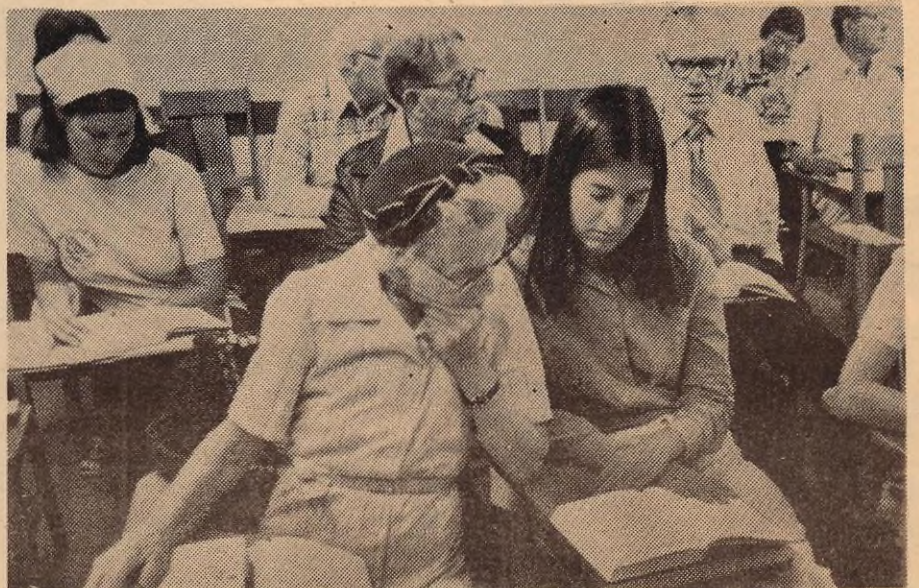


Admissions Director Coffin and his staff are seen here on a recruiting tour encouraging new students to come to Suffolk.



This student is typical of the psychologically handicapped student who comes to Suffolk. He is also typical of the ambitious young man who comes to Suffolk, runs for SGA president and goes on to Suffolk law school.

Suffolk has one of the finest education programs for the elderly. Here we see one elderly student, Annette Barbarosa, cheating on an exam.





# Scene Around



Anne Clark caption

Doc Hartman asks President Fulham, "Now, about my retirement pension ..."



Boy, has he got a long leg!



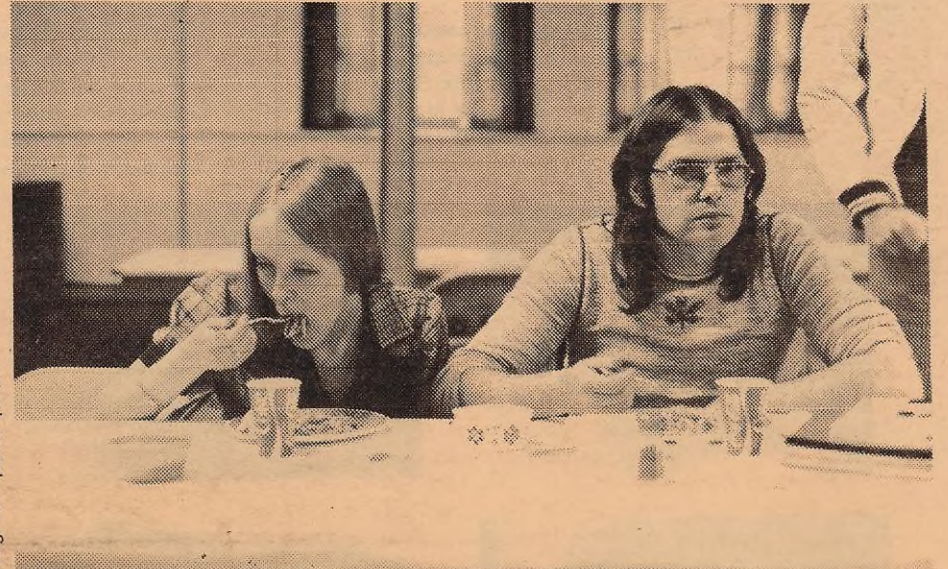
Bob Hayes caption

Look, Guido, the sign said Free Pizza, now gimme it.



Virginia Pipeline photo

A confused Jean DeAngelo ponders an uncertain future as John Bartley walks out of her life.



These Suffolk students were once beautiful before they started eating in the caf.



An overworked Dr. Marshall chortles "I am Napoleon!" to his confused students.

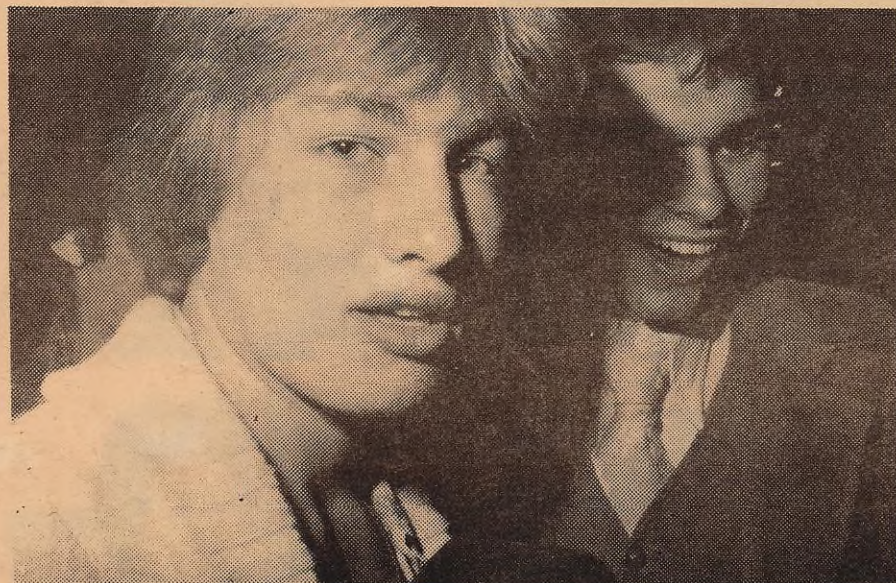


Dr. Hartman photo

Woman's Program Committee demonstrates self-defense techniques: "Ugliness is the best weapon."



A bored, sinecured Dr. Webb rehearses for Faculty-Funny-Face Contest.



Kathy Kenney photo

Two Bad-Ass Suffolk women on the prowl for adventure.



Ken Chester caption

"Make your own pancakes, sucker!"



# Lousy Reviews on Lousy Records!

by John Terror  
and Rick Crudden

All punks and pre-pubescent school kids will be glad to know that a new album has just been released by *Piss*. This new piece of garbage, *Shove Gun*, combines all the filth, tastelessness, nausea, vomit, and caraches of *Demolisher* and *Cough and Kick Over*. As is typical of a *Piss* albu, all the tunes sound pretty much alike. The majority are strikingly similar to *Hard-Up Woman* and *Breath*. One of the weaker cuts is *Christine-Eleven*, but this song is a good illustration of the age level (and the I.Q. level) of the people to whom *Piss*' music is geared.

Punkville will similarly delight in hearing that the Boston Garden has surrendered and agreed to hold a *Piss* concert soon. The police said yesterday that they will be forced to use extreme security precautions. Any punk found to be raising hell at this concert will be sprayed



in the face with mace, kicked in the ass, slapped a few times, and then sent home. Absolutely no drugs will be allowed into the Garden. Any brat or punk who attempts such a dastardly deed will be pinned to the stage while *Piss* members vomit on him.

Aside from *Shove Gun*, some other important new albums have been released, (or have escaped) in the last couple of weeks. Among the mentionable are *Motel Arkansas* by the *Buzzards*. This album about livin' the low life contains the hits *Death From Speeding in the Fast Lane* and *New Call Girl in Town*.

Of course, the biggest, all-time super #1

album is *Tumours* by *Plywood Mac*. The big single is *Nightmares*, by Stevie Knocks. It goes like this . . . "thunder only happens when you're having a picnic . . ." A couple of tunes by guitarist Linseed Cluckingham are *Second Hand Booze* and *Grow Your Own Weed*. There's also the old favorite *Don't Start*, as well as *The Whip* and *You Make Loafing Fun*.

Speaking of the big groups, there should be a new one soon from that great Indian group, the *How*. Several new tunes are being composed by Pete Godsend, the egotistical leader of the *How*. Last year he stunned the music world by teaming up with Lonnie Rain, to record *Tough*

*Chicks*, an album about girls who belted you if you tried to make advances on them.

Another one for movie buffs is the soundtrack album from the *Be-Gays*, called *Monday Morning Hangover*. The movie, incidentally, stars John Revolta, and centers around an adolescent who wears pink knee socks and picks his nose in public, and can't understand why he has no friends.

For those of you who are really on drugs, there's *Don Juan's Shitfaced Mother*, the latest effort (and I use that term loosely) from Joni Ditch-Hill. The only song that deserves any recognition is *Talking to Myself*, about a woman who can't hold her liquor. This album is a severe disappointment, especially to those who have heard *Con Man in Paris*, *The Square Game*, *You Turn Me Off — I'm a Light Bulb*, *Hump Me*, *Hit-and-Run Taxi*, or *Pissing On Summer Lawns*.

## SUFFOLK SCRAMBLE

This week's puzzle was submitted by Mary Frazier, Dean Sullivan's secretary. Many thanks, Mary. Simply match the pictures in the left hand column with the faces they belong to on the right hand side.

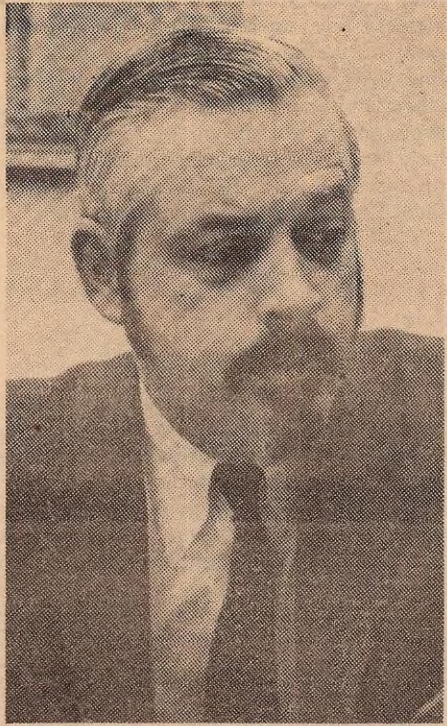
Like previous Suffolk Scrambles, the pictures have been mixed up so you'll have a harder time figuring them out. Draw a line from the picture on the left to the picture on the right if you think you've got it right. Drop off the finished puzzle at the Journal office by midnight next Tuesday. All winners will receive a free appointment at Psych Services. Out of all the correct entries, one will be chosen for the grand prize, a wet T-shirt. Good Luck!





# I was flat . . . . till I went fluffy

A pictorial review of your favorite Suffolk faces *then* . . . and now



**Dean of Students D. Bradley Sullivan**



**Mathematics Professor Cohn**



**Student Activities Director Bonita Betters-Reed**



**Vice-President/Treasurer Francis X. Flannery**



**Registrar Mary Hebron**



**Admissions Director William Coughlin**



**English Professor Stuart Millner**





# "Still here, ain't I?"

by Zeke Pitts

It sure was an unforgettable experience. I was about 21, and I got laid off down at the sawmill. Didn't feel like spendin the rest a' my days workin' on Daddy's faam, so I decided to go to the big city to seek my fortune. Only other time I had been to the big city was when I went to Skowhegan to sharpen my daddy's ax. Well sir, my mamma made me a suitcase full a' peanut butter sandwiches and set me on the train fer New York City. You know she made me wear clean drawers in case I got in a accident on the train on the way down.

Well I want ta tell ya it was some train. They even had a bowl contraption to wash yer clothes in up back. All ya did was pull the chain, but I couldn't figure out what happened after that cuz it ate up all my hankerchiefs, an I never I swear see them agin.

Well we eventually got to the city, and Great Jehovah you never seen such a place. Why, I figured the depot was the city, that's how big New York was. With all the excitement, I reckon I boarded the wrong train. I was supposed to be going to a boarding house run by a man who served with my father in the Civil War, but you know I was lost as a Jew at Sunday Singing. I got on the elevated and

rode for two hours when the conductor yelled out, "Last stop, all out!" Well, I knew I was lost, but I wasn't gonna get all rattled about it. I found myself in some place called Haalem or some sich truck. I was kinda in the need fer a drink, so I entered the first public house I seen.

Well sir, you know I musta had 'bout four or five drinks afore I knew that I twas the only white fella there, but I wasn't worried. We had a black cow and a white cow at home and the quality of their tit juice was jest the same. Anyways, I was gettin' ready to head fer the door when all of a sudden this huge black woman comes up to me an says, 'May I buy you a drink?' Well, my mama always told me twas impolite to refuse food or beverage when offered, so I said yes, specially since I seen she had a crisp C note tucked down her bosom, which was huge and fat. I swear this woman was so short she coulda greased five score of wagon wheels just by lookin at them.

Well, after me an her polished off two bottles of cheap scotch I reached fer my hat and rose to get goin. Suddenly, my black companion stood up an says, 'Country boy, I wan you to come upstairs to my room.' I told her no, I didn't think so. Praps some other time. Well, she got real

mad an says, 'You da only white ting in did place, an I'll have you kilt if you don do as I say.' Well, I couldn't argue with that logic, so upstairs we went to a cheaply furnished set of rooms. We polished off a few more drinks and then she said, 'Country Boy, why don't you take off your clothes,' and I said, no, I didn't care to, I was apt to catch a chill. And she said, suddenly pulling out a small pistol, 'Take

off your clothes!' So I did, an she took off hers. Suddenly, she said, 'Come over here, country boy, an set on my face.' And I said, no ma'am, that's where I draw the line, an I was about to make a run fer it when suddenly out shot her two thick arms an she got me in the tightest head lock I ever was in. Shee held her pistol to my head an said, 'If you don sit on my face, I'm gonna blow out your brains.'

## See No Evil . . .

by Alice Hooligan

*The Invisible Man. Produced, directed and written by David Da Won. Sets by David Da Won. Everything, in fact, by David Da Won. Now playing at the Suffolk Theatre Co., Suffolk University auditorium every hour on the hour. Tickets are \$10.50, \$12.50 and \$15.00.*

It's rare to have such plush luxury in the Suffolk auditorium. Personally conducted to your very own seat by a buxomy blonde usherette in a tight-fitting uniform. Given an exquisitely blank program booklet. Smelling the scent of success in the air.

The lights go dim, a lone spotlight bathes the stage in brilliant light and the presentation begins.

*The Invisible Man* is a transparent pro-

mise of quality and professionalism.

You ponder life and how insecure it is. And you ponder your senses and learn how your senses can be fooled.

One wonders of the genius behind this *avant garde* presentation as the seconds tick by into minutes and the minutes into the allotted hour. You realize that the buxomy blonde usherette will return to gently tap you on the shoulder as the house lights grow bright to assure you that reality is real and the visitation is over.

The beauty of the abstract realism, the inspiration to be different and the audacity to present it with so little regard for cost or humanity.

The power of the unspoken word. The strength of the non-active activity. The pathos of the sympathetic representation.

## Dewey's Profile

(pronounced "Dewey's Fakers")



## Dorothy Martin-Elford

HOME: Beacon Chambers.

AGE: 42 if She's a Day.

PROFESSION: Financial Aid Rejector for Second-Rate University

HOBBIES: Bending over and grabbing her ankles; reading Phoenix Classifieds; fainting; shitting bricks; stealing hubcaps.

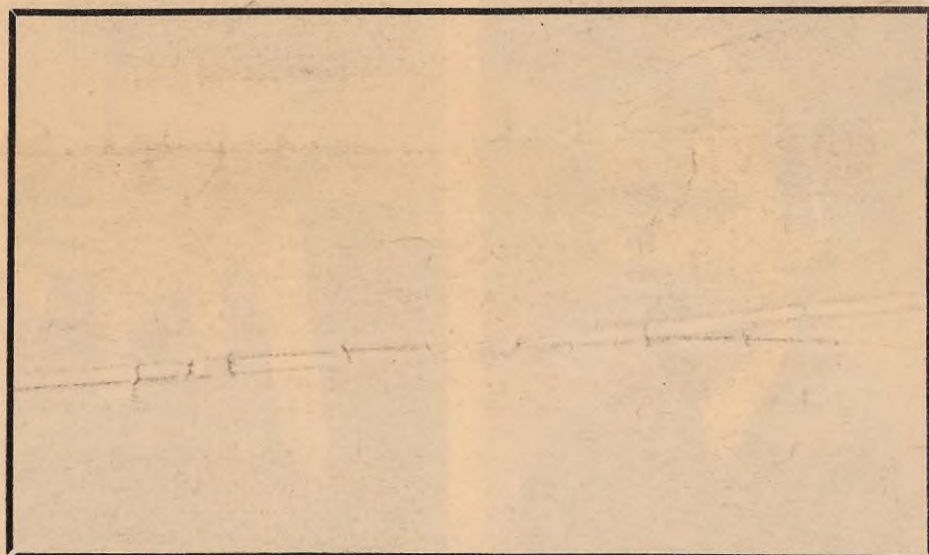
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN by Hannah Greene.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Rejecting 4000 students appeal for financial aid.

QUOTE: "Let them eat PCS forms."

PROFILE: Slovenly, unconcerned, and bitchy. Doesn't give a shit about student needs. Shows a concern for rights for all people through her selfless work with tribal groups.

HER SCOTCH: A Dry Sack on the rocks.



H.G. Wells photo

The cast of David Da Won's "The Invisible Man".

duction whose immediate appeal takes time to appreciate.

For the most part, the production is non-existent. There is no set, no dialogue, no actors — nothing.

But, this is the charm of the production. A play of staggering implications because of its simplicity and its ability to speak and yet say nothing.

Sitting in the semi-darkness, with your tuxedoed peers, you are alone to ponder the dynamics of the medium, its faults and its strengths.

You ponder the ticket price, with its

That image of the blank stage, featureless except for the intermittent rustle of the crimson curtain will remain in your memory as you search your soul — and your wallet — for a comparison.

Perhaps it is akin to an example in mythology of the Emperor and his new clothes. Few could appreciate the delicacy of the finery because few could actually see them.

But with David Da Won's production, *The Invisible Man*, everyone will see talents at work and the enjoyment one has purchased.

## Classifieds

Stud Service, discretion guaranteed, contact G. Castanino, F-35-A

Lauren — I'll always remember our big night — even though mine didn't turn out that big . . . JG

Rides wanted . . . Ride to nowhere, bend over, I'll drive you home. Contact Nick Upyabumalopolis, Anus 5-6969

Flounder no more . . . are your fish fantasies caught in a sea of boredom? Contact Thomas 'Don't Let Your Meat Shrimp' Fulham.

Mad Oriental Sex . . . Have you ever been slanted off? Try it, you will love it contact the feast of the east, Steve Squito, 738-8585

Do you have any perversions? I have heard them all, from rubbers to roller skates. Slink up to my plush Psych Services office and tell me more, batteries not included. See Ken Garni.

Having trouble getting into Law School? Would you do anything to get in? Send \$500 cash and kinky photos to Dean Sargeant

Wanted: Hockey players for next year's team. No Suffolk students need apply. Call Tom Foley.

Avery Summer . . . where have you gone? We miss the smell of your leather and the feel of your boots. Love, Tricia Kelley and Face Phaser.

Having problems sleeping lately? Send SASE to Dean Mike Snoozer Ronayne.

Do you suffer from hemorrhoids? NO? I always knew you were the perfect asshole.

HELP! Doing research for paper entitled FATHER'S DAY IN ROXBURY: MASS CONFUSION. Please forward all material to Leroy Whosedaddy Box 56, Suffolk Enquirer.

Is youse a skinny freshman that always gets shit beat outta youse? If dis is so, contact Anguile Protection Racket down in da caf. We'll give youse da muscle youse lack.

BOOTS. I love them. If you have white hooker boots and would love to walk on me while I wear only a G-string, we could make beautiful music together. Male or female, I don't care, just bring boots. Contact Pete 'Made fer Walkin' Sartwell.