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1980

### Suffolk Journal, Vol. 36, No. 4, 9/11/1980

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REGISTRAR MARY HEFRON will be in charge of keeping the records straight on grades.

## The plus of a minus added to grading system

by Maryann M. Bartolo

The grades of A-, B-, C- and D- will be added to the present grading system.

Until now, minus grades have not been counted. This will affect cumulative grade (see chart).

According to Mary Hefron, College registrar, "It was the faculty's decision." Such proposals are recommended by various committees within the faculty.

In this case, it was the Education Policy Committee who made the proposal and presented it to the faculty of both the college of liberal arts and sciences and the college of management. Faculty of both colleges then voted on a decision.

Hefron stated that she had talked with faculty members and they felt that the

minus would help them in evaluating the students' work.

"It's going to give a better picture of performance in the classroom," she added.

See CHART page 2

Dr. Joseph P. Vaccaro, assistant professor of marketing and member of the Education Policy Committee said, "I have been a proponent for it for many years."

He stated the change was made for a few reasons. There was a concern over too many people making the Dean's List. Also,

some students felt teachers were more likely to give them a B+ rather than an A when they were between grades.

He also noted that the graduate program has had minus grades for the past 3 years.

Vaccaro said he had talked with students and they felt "jypped" (hurt) without the minus grade."

Journalism Department Chairman Malcolm Barach, also pleased at the change, commented, "I think it's good." He felt that grades would be more accurately reflected.

See page 2

# SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Volume 36, Number 4

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BEACON HILL, BOSTON, MASS./ (617) 723-4700 x323

September 11, 1980

## Ashburton: confusion picture

by Nina Gaeta and John Heyes

Contradiction surrounds the construction of 8 Ashburton Place, the university's new building.

The three main sources of information about the building, the architects, the construction spokesman, and the university, all differ on the same questions: When will it be finished, how much will it cost, and which answer is right.

In 1977, the law school, seeking additional accreditation, made a move towards the acquisition of the undergraduate cafeteria. The Fulham administration, not expecting the outcry of protest by undergraduate students leaders, had approved the move and told the undergraduates a snack bar would be set up in a large classroom.

After many meetings, some secretly held, the administration went looking for more space and negotiated for the former United Way Building at 8 Ashburton Place.

The university hinted that the building would open when Fulham retired or sometime in 1980. Fulham retired in July of this year, and the heralded opening will not happen until 1981-82.

During the 1978-79 academic year, students, faculty and trustees met in the Building Committee forum as the Campus Expansion Committee. It was learned the upper four floors of Ashburton would remain empty and the Ridgeway Building would be rebuilt to two floors containing a



DEADLINES... Have they been missed?

gym and student activities. None of this renovation can be done until Ashburton is finished and can temporarily house student activities.

According to Vappi Engineer Dom Monday, the top floors (from 6 up) are supposed to be finished by October 1981 and the floors from 5 down finished by November 1981. Classrooms and office space will be assigned by December.

Knight, Bagge and Anderson are the architects for Suffolk. Spokesman Richard

Bridge said the building will be completed by September 1981 for fall classes. Bridge said the university "jumped the gun a bit by announcing premature plans for opening." In September of 1978, the university said the building would be occupied by January of 1981, and in December of 1977, Fulham said the acquisition, renovation, and occupation of the building should be completed in a year or two, making the opening date January 1980.

Up until September of 1978, the final purchase had not been made contradicting the university's previous announcement in

December 1977 that the building had been purchased.

Monday said the architects change the plans of the building "almost every other day. They look the plans over and decide to move a wall here, or change a classroom around."

Bridge said that statement is wrong. "We may decide to move something around, but not every other day. I mean, it's up to the university's Building Committee. They review the progress and the blue-prints. If they want a change, then we change it," he said. Resident engineer for the project John Wilson would not comment on the design changes and said he "observes the work to make sure it is being done in compliance with the architectural design, which is absolutely is." Wilson also said the building will open in September, 1981.

Wilson refused to give out any more information, saying Public Relations Director Louis Connelly "gets daily reports so Suffolk is right up to date."

Connelly said the renovation of Ashburton is going smoothly, and denied the university gave false dates for completion of the building. However, Journal's dating back to December 1977 quote various administrators, Fulham in particular, as saying the building would be occupied one year after purchase.

The university has targeted \$8 million for renovation of the building; Vice President and Treasurer Francis X. Flannery is quoted as saying the money

Continued on page 3

## Flannery holds down the fort

by John Maiona

The President's office is empty this month, it's occupant a thousand miles away and not returning until the end of September.

President Daniel Perlman is in Chicago, trying to sell his home, move his family to Boston, and tie up loose ends. In his



VICE PRESIDENT AND TREASURER Flannery wears a third hat.

absence, Vice President and Treasurer Francis X. Flannery is acting president.

Flannery will be responsible for presidential duties. "This consists of mainly going through the mail," he said, and taking care of any administrative

duties that require immediate attention. Flannery will be in touch with Perlman every few days to keep him up-to-date on the happenings in the University.

This is the second time in the past three months Flannery has been acting president. While the Board of Trustees deliberated choosing a new president,

finally settling on Perlman, Flannery became acting president. However, he was on vacation for most of his term; Fulham stayed on until Flannery could return.

Flannery said he is "looking forward to working with Doctor Perlman," and while he is in the power seat for now, he would rather stay Vice President and Treasurer.

Perlman's secretary Dolly Madden said she could not comment on her duties while Perlman is gone. "I need clearance from personnel."

## A young man holding old creditals

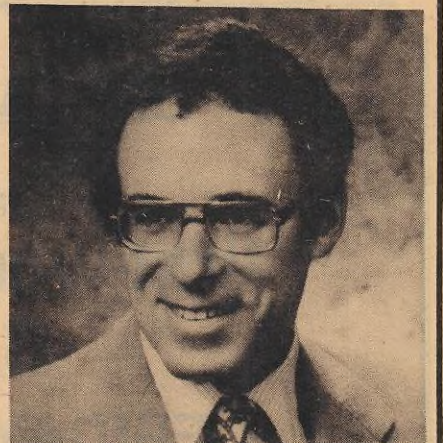
by Denise Babin

Suffolk University students returned to school this past Monday sporting new clothes, trying to adjust to new schedules, and anticipating the renewal of old acquaintances and the making of new friends. They also returned to a school that is under the leadership and guidance of a new president, Dr. Daniel H. Perlman, who at age 44, is the youngest person ever to hold that position.

Although President Perlman is relatively young to hold such a high position, he most certainly is not a newcomer to the field of education. President Perlman has been associated with Roosevelt University in Chicago

for the past 19 years. In 1972, he became Dean of Administration at Roosevelt, a position whose duties and responsibilities led to him being named Vice President for Administration, a position he held until being chosen President of Suffolk.

"I feel very fortunate to be coming here," said the new president, his voice



somewhat softspoken yet sincere. "Boston is a very exciting city. The wealth of cultural opportunities that exists here is immense. I look forward to sharing and taking part in these resources with my family. I also feel the students here should avail themselves to the cultural and educational resources that can be found in Boston."

Continued on page 7



# Suffolk's grading system is reevaluated

continued from page 1

The following is the new grading system which will apply to all students:

Letter Grade	Honor Point Equivalent
A	4.0
A-	3.7
B+	3.3
B	3.0
B-	2.7
C+	2.3
C	2.0
C-	1.7
D+	1.3
D	1.0
D-	0.7
F	0.0
I	*
L	*
W	*
P	*

The following is the former grading system which applied to students during 1976-1980.

Letter Grade	Honor Point Equivalent
A	4.0
B+	3.5
B	3.0
C+	2.5
C	2.0
D+	1.5
D	1.0
F	0.0
I - Incomplete	*
W - Official Withdrawal	*
P - Pass	*
L - Registered, but never appeared	*

"A", "B+", and "B" are honor grades. "C+", and "C" represent satisfactory work. "D+" and "D" represent passing but unsatisfactory work.

### GRADE POINT AVERAGE

The semester grade point average is calculated by dividing the semester honor points (HP) by the number of credits attempted (A). The cumulative grade point average is determined by dividing the honor point totals (HP) by the cumulative credit hours attempted (A).

## The brand new orientation

This summer SGA secretary Ann Coyne served as the coordinator of the orientation program for the full-time and part-time enrollment at Suffolk.

Coyne, who has been on SGA since she was a freshman, worked closely with former orientation coordinator Kevin Scott on last year's program. Coyne said that Scott did "train" her for the job although there were a lot of things she had to learn on her own.

Coyne said, "I feel as if the program is really mine. I did a lot more of the zeroxing and the typing instead of just writing things out and handing them to Fran (Student Activities Office Supervisor Fran Guida)."

Part of Coyne's job entailed preparing the orientation packets, producing two slide shows (one for the full-time enrollment and one for the part-time enrollment), helping to form a interpersonal game session for small groups, as well as heading a selection process to chose orientation leaders.

This year Coyne changed the "Play Fair" session from last year to a new session called "New Games." Coyne explains the transition, "Last year we got both good and bad responses from Play

Fair. So we decided to make the change." Coyne first saw "New Games" interpersonal games method used at Fitchburg State College where she said, "it went over very well." The major difference between "New Games" and "Play Fair" is that "New Games" requires you to become more actively involved and forces you to use your mind and your coordination.

Coyne said, "the orientation program is very important. The ceremony, the time with the orientation leaders, and the tour are people's first impression of Suffolk. It is essential that it be a good impression."

Another person who played a very important role in the Orientation program is Student Activities Office Supervisor Fran Guida. Coyne said, "Fran is very organized and supportive. You can never pester her enough. She made me out a time table of what should be done when."

Coyne said if she has learned anything from being orientation coordinator it is that, "You can accomplish anything if you are organized." Through her term as orientation coordinator she said she has had time to meet administrators she otherwise wouldn't have met. Coyne said she found her experience so beneficial that she would like to be orientation coordinator next year.



## Program budget heads first SGA agenda

by Donna Lombardi

The Program Council asked the Student Government Association to evaluate the supplementary budget, approximately \$6450.

The council this fall is a separate body from, but funded through the SGA, and have planned several events for the coming months. They include a September 18 performance by the acrobatic group Locomotion Vaudville, a booze cruise on September 27 as well as several parties.

The Program Council was formed last

spring to organize all social activities so that the SGA would have more time for student issues. Previously, social events were handled by various committees within the SGA. Those committees now comprise the Program Council.

Council Vice President Barry Fitzgerald, who made the request at the SGA's first meeting of the semester, said that the budget request would probably be cut due to limited SGA funds.

Freshman elections were also briefly discussed. SGA President Mary Singleton announced that candidate petitions will be available on September 27 and due back to the SGA by September 30.

She added that candidate speeches will take place on October 2. Election days are set for October 7 and 8. There is also one sophomore position vacant.

Singleton stressed the need for more SGA publicity, noting that "a strong publicity and public relations committee" is needed. Singleton said many students are not acquainted with the SGA. "We do more than have Tuesday meetings and hold course evaluation," Singleton commented. "It is important for SGA to establish ourselves as a legitimate body."

Urging members to consider working for SGA publicity, Singleton noted that, "there is more to publicity than putting up posters." She pointed out that a questionnaire for students could be a possibility and that it would also be inexpensive.

Singleton, a government major, spent a semester in Washington, D.C. as an intern and learned that there are national organizations that want to hear from students. "We should get involved in politics and national issues," she said.

Also discussed at the meeting was the



SGA President Mary Singleton

possibility of a one or two day reading period prior to final exams, which was voted down by the faculty last spring. Singleton, who initiated the drive for a reading period, said the SGA should continue to work on the idea.

In other action, the SGA unanimously voted in favor of allocating \$100 for a deposit for a SGA weekend retreat at Osgood Hill.

Also, Singleton announced that Suffolk University would be represented at the Boston Jubilee 350 Parade on September 27. The university has acquired a float that celebrates Suffolk's 75th anniversary. Several Suffolk students will ride on the float she added.

Members also discussed renovations to the SGA office in order to utilize more working space. Singleton said she would talk to maintenance about shelves and other possible adjustments.



Barry Fitzgerald.

**DELTA SIGMA PI**  
  
presents  
**first-week-of-class  
BASH**  
  
**FRIDAY EVENING  
SEPT. 12, 1980  
7:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.  
at  
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Dorchester, Mass.**



Get results!

Advertise in the *Journal*.  
Deadline is Friday  
at 12 p.m.

*Program Board on its way  
plans its first events;  
prepares final budget*

The Program Board is requesting the SGA allocate them an additional \$4,100 as a supplementary budget. This is in addition to the \$35,626.00 that they originally requested. The SGA will vote on the new board's budget sometime in the upcoming week.

The supplementary budget would allow representatives from the board to attend the NECCA (National Entertainment Campus Convention Association) \$3,000, an office operation budget of \$1,000, and a \$100 emergency fund.

There will be \$300 spent on the initial kick-off publicity campaign for the council. This money will be spent on buttons, tee shirts, pens, and pencils. The board is also looking into the possibility of buying an electronic word belt which

would help to advertise the board's upcoming events.

The Board's first program of the year will be Locomotion Vaudeville which will take place on September 18 in the auditorium. The program includes a clown and other entertainment to create a circus atmosphere. Last year's vaudeville show was one of the most highly attended programs of the year.

A booze cruise, sponsored by the board, is tentatively set for September 26. The band Striker, who recently appeared at the "Paradise" Club will supply the music. The board is also looking into the possibility of hiring a disc Jockey.

The program Board, one of Suffolk's newer organizations, will be housed in RL 1. This office was formerly an SGA office.

*Journal alumni Peterson, Newman honored*

by Alice Whooley

Two former *Journal* editors were awarded prizes for excellence in journalism at Sigma Delta Chi's Region I convention.

Susan E. Peterson (English '80), news editor of the 1978-79 *Journal* was awarded first place in the "Spot News" category for an article written during the student strike in February of 1979. Headlined "Fulmer Abused By Pickets Again," the article detailed the chase and harassment of Trustees Board Chairman Vincent Fulmer on the second day of the strike.

Peterson is the first Suffolk student to win a first place award.

Jeff Newman, a senior majoring in accounting and the *Journal's* photography editor in 1979-80 placed third in the photography contest for his photograph of the Quincy Marketplace at dusk.

Sigma Delta Chi is a society of professional journalists which sponsors regional and national journalism competitions every year. Region I of the SDX includes the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

Ashburton delays

continued from page 1

will not come from tuition, but from outside grants and donations.

However, Monday said the cost has reached \$7.9 million, and that figure may rise because of contract negotiations with workers. He did not say that would definitely happen, but it is a possibility that cannot be over-looked. Bridge said the cost will remain at \$8 million and will not rise.

school will move into the cafeteria and convert it into classrooms. The Donahue building, paid for with undergraduate money and originally intended for undergraduate use, will be totally utilized by the law school.

The undergraduate library and cafeteria will be housed in Ashburton, and the law school library will expand to the vacated undergraduate library. The move is expected to be completed by 1982.

When Ashburton is completed, the law

\*\*\*\*\*

Are you handy with a camera?

Are you good at business client relationships?

Would you like to lay out?

Well, come and find out what we're all about at the first annual **Beacon Yearbook** meeting.

Thursday, September 18, 1980 at 1 p.m. in Ridgeway 9.

\*\*\*\*\*

ALL INVITED

**"PRELAW DAY"**

**Wednesday, October 1**  
**from 1:15 to 4:15 pm**  
**Fenton 134 A, B, C**

Over 25 Law School Representatives from all across the country here to talk with interested Suffolk students.

- \* Admission requirements and information will be provided.
- \* Chance to ask any questions concerning Law School that you may have.

SPONSORED BY THE  
PRELAW ASSOCIATION

ALL INVITED



# Do you like the smell smell of sweatsocks? Maybe you can be the *Journal Sports Editor* Come to RL19

## Modern Music: a sign of the times

Look for the signs. The signs of our times.

The political and social auras of our era are constantly and consistently reverberated back at us. However the reverberations are hazy or to someone who sees the world in black and white, fall somewhere into the confused gray area.

These political and social reverberations maul over us and stick to our skins like leeches that suck blood into us instead of out, piercing us through advertisements, leering at us through television shows and yes, even skydive into our minds through pop music.

Music has often played a role in telling its' listeners something about the world around them. In what other time could a song entitled "Born Again" be popular?

The popular music of today brings listeners news in a less urgent way than do Newspaper headlines, and it is the lack of this urgency that allows some popular

musicians to add insight. In the "new wave" music that has increasingly become popular one can find a goldmine of political and social statements that jump out at the listener, reflecting current day society.

The Boomtown Rats hit single "I Don't Like Mondays" tells the story, of a young girl who open fired on a group of students in a playground during recess. The story is true. When asked why she did such a thing, the girl simply replied "I don't like Mondays."

A cut off of Hall and Oates's new album tells of a psycho subway murderer who kills while thinking about the classic melody of "The Duke of Earl."

The Pretenders sing out about infidelity telling us something about the pains and frustrations of the female "homewrecker" in the song "Private Life." Their song "Lovers of Today" says that more and more people are afraid of close

relationships.

Robin Lane (who sprinkles her lyrics with Christian beliefs — a main one being that pain is to be expected, endured, and somehow used to make one a better person) does not focus so narrowly and tends to make generalizations such as "Many Years ago you could lead a simple life."

The "new wave" artist's insights are not always so apparent.

The Talking Heads describe Heaven (in the song of the same name) as "a place where nothing ever happens." They describe Life During Wartime (in the song of the same name) as a life without rock clubs, discos, records, and education. The war they sing about takes place on American soil.

The Heads also tell us not to worry

about the government (in the song "Don't Worry About the Government") because "civil servants are just like my loved ones / They work so hard and they try to be so strong."

Just the titles of some songs can tell us something about our world. The B52's tell us that "There is a Moon in the Sky (called the moon)". The police describe the feelings of love in "Walking on the Moon." The Ramones sing about a vast majority of people in "I am a Teenage Labotomy" and Elvis Costello tells us that "Accidents can Happen."

There is only one thing of which we can be certain. The signs of the time are interpreted differently by different persons. And they can only be completely ignored by those of us who have been medically diagnosed, a human vegetable.

## FINANCIAL AID FACTS

Did you know . . .

that pending legislation will change the interest rates on student loans? The U.S. House and Senate Conference Committees debated all summer, and have agreed to increase the interest rate of Guaranteed Student Loans (the Massachusetts HELP loan) from 6% to 8%, and the interest rate on the National Direct Student Loan (NDSL) program from 3% to 4%. Although Congress had hoped to make this change effective for October 1, 1980, voting by the Senate this past weekend negated this attempt.

While the interest rates for Guaranteed Loans will be increased in this legislation, so will lending limits.

- Dependent students will be able to borrow up to \$2,500 per academic year, with a ceiling of \$12,500 for undergraduate education (this represents an increase from \$7,500 maximum);
- Independent students will be able to borrow up to \$3,000 per academic year for a ceiling of \$15,000 for undergraduate education (also an increase from the \$7,500 maximum);
- Graduate students will be able to borrow \$5,000 per academic year, with a ceiling of \$25,000 from combined undergraduate and graduate study (an increase of \$10,000 from the present \$15,000 maximum).

The proposed legislation needs approval from the full Senate and House, as well as commitment from the Appropriation and Budget Committees for financial support. It is unlikely that students who have previously negotiated guaranteed loans will be forced to negotiate any remaining educational loans at the higher rate, but we will have no definite response until finalized legislation is approved.

Since there may also be changes in the National Direct Student Loan program, we are anxious to negotiate these loans with student borrowers as soon as possible. The Office of Financial Aid will be mailing promissory notes, and program explanation materials to all NDSL recipients. Students should complete these notes and return the designated forms to the Accounting Office so that proper credit can be applied to your student account. We will begin mailing this information to you on September 15, and urge you to return it to Accounting by October 1st.

If you have questions regarding the program, or changes in regulations, please call the Office of Financial Aid, 723-4700, X361.

## Cut Class



## Next Week

Pick your favorite ArtCarved class ring. Cut it out. Keep it with you for a while. Get an idea what it's like to own the ring that says, "I did it!"

Then, next week, have the genuine article fitted by the ArtCarved representative visiting campus. For one week only, you'll have our newest selection of ring styles to choose from — and a specialist who will make sure the fit is perfect. Plus, there will be some incredible ArtCarved offers to cut the cost of your class ring . . .

CUT your ties with the past during our "Great Ring Exchange!" Trading your old 10K gold high school ring for a new ArtCarved college ring could save you as much as \$90.

CUT the cost of a traditional or contemporary Siladium ring to just \$74.95 — a special ArtCarved "Ring Week" discount up to \$20.

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September 18 and 19th

Suffolk Cafeteria

Deposit required. MasterCard or VISA accepted.

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editorials

# Thanks!

If its true that your true friends come to your assistance at the times when you need them the most, then the Suffolk Journal is blessed.

During our recent crisis, when the Board of Trustees voted to slash our funding for the 1980-1981 academic year, we received support from faculty members, alumni, members of the student body, and countless others. If it weren't for this support RL19 (the Journal office) would not be resounding with the sound of typewriters and people screaming for silence while they were on the telephone. The newspaper that is now on the newsstands and sprawled on cafeteria tables would be invisible. There would be no Suffolk Journal.

There are certain people who must be singled out: the members of the 1979-1980 Student Government Association especially former SGA President William Sutherland and Robert McCarthy who helped us to plan the all-university meetings and the proposals that went before the college committee; the members of the college committees especially the professors from the CLAS faculty: Psychology Professor Margeret Lloyd, History Professor David L. Robbins, Chemistry Chairperson Maria Bonaventuram, Economics Professor Saroj Sawney, and Biology Professor Walter Johnson.

"Thank you" seems like a very meager phrase to explain the gratitude we feel toward these people. But, we can only express it this way thank you. We will also insure you that none of your efforts were in vain. The Suffolk Journal will continue to be the same outspoken and courageous paper that it has been in the past.

The editors and staff of the Suffolk Journal learned a great deal during their recent crisis. We have learned how imperative the role of the student journalist is. Because we have been given such an important job there are certain things for which we are accountable. We must be constantly aware of the accuracy and the objectivity of every story. We also realize that as student journalist we still have a great deal to learn and that it will sometimes be to our benefit to seek the help of our faculty advisors.

The Suffolk Journal will continue to allow space for members of the community to comment on its coverage, its views, and its policies.

We hope that this years' Suffolk Journal will be as informative and thought provoking as it has been in previous years and is able to improve its standards.



Gerry Doherty graphic

## Fending for themselves

The most essential part of any Suffolk student's apparatus the first week of class is one small piece of paper. No, not a check for the text books that become more outrageously priced every semester. That is the second most essential piece of attire.

The most important component of the ensemble is a magical slip known as a drop-add form. Possession of one of these at precisely the right moment can instantly make one a member of the elite group of Suffolk: those people who are registered for the five classes which they want to be in at the time they want to be in them.

It is to be expected, as a freshman, sophomore, and even a junior one will not always get that ideal schedule that one carefully slipped into the mailbox, last April.

But by the time a student reaches senior status, and enters those final magic 30 credits, certain privileges

should be given. It is only logical that upper classmen, who in most cases take courses that are prerequisites for graduate, should be given special consideration. It does not seem that way at Suffolk this year.

Countless numbers of seniors were closed out of classes this semester. The truly perplexing thing about this phenomena is that these same classes contain underclassmen. These people will all have opportunities to take these classes again.

There must be a way, in this new computerized registration, that the needs of seniors can be considered. One possible way would be to allow the seniors to register a week before everyone else and give their applications prime consideration. This would save next year's senior class the frustration and the exasperation of this year's upperclassmen.

## S.G.A. NEWS GET INVOLVED!

Freshmen elections for Class President  
Vice President and four Representatives

Sophomore special election for Representative

Pick up your petition in the Student  
Activities Office beginning September  
22.

They are due in the Student Activities  
Office by Sept. 30, at 2:00 p.m.

All candidates must make a speech on  
October 2 at 1:00 p.m. during the  
Activities Period in Ridgeway 3.

Elections will be held on October 7 and  
8 in the cafeteria from 10:00 a.m. to  
2:00 p.m.

## SUFFOLK JOURNAL

"...every issue of the paper presents an opportunity and a duty to say something courageous and true;...to rise above fear of partisanship and fear of popular prejudice."

— Joseph Pulitzer

"Best college newspaper in the country for school  
community under 10,000"

(1979) Columbia Scholastic Press Assn.

"Top college newspaper in New England"  
(1977 & 1978) Sigma Delta Chi

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## side tracks

## N.H.'s Mystery Hill — America's Stonehenge

by Richard Robert Caprio

Is it possible that the greatest archaeological find in the Western Hemisphere lies just north of Boston in Southern New Hampshire? Could it be that neither Columbus, nor the Vikings were the first Europeans to land in North America? Further, were there indeed people inhabiting North America as far back as 2000 B.C. and they were not American Indians? The answers to these and many more questions are surfacing at a site in North Salem, New Hampshire, appropriately named, Mystery Hill.

What is Mystery Hill exactly? Experts tend to agree that it served as a religious site, not a residence for members of a community. The size of the area involved indicates that it was a site of major importance.

Carbon dating has proved that the site is at least 4,000 years old, which would date it in the Bronze Age. Though there has been numerous and continual criticism that the structures were built by Indians or colonial Americans, the carbon dating seems to have put most of those theories to rest.

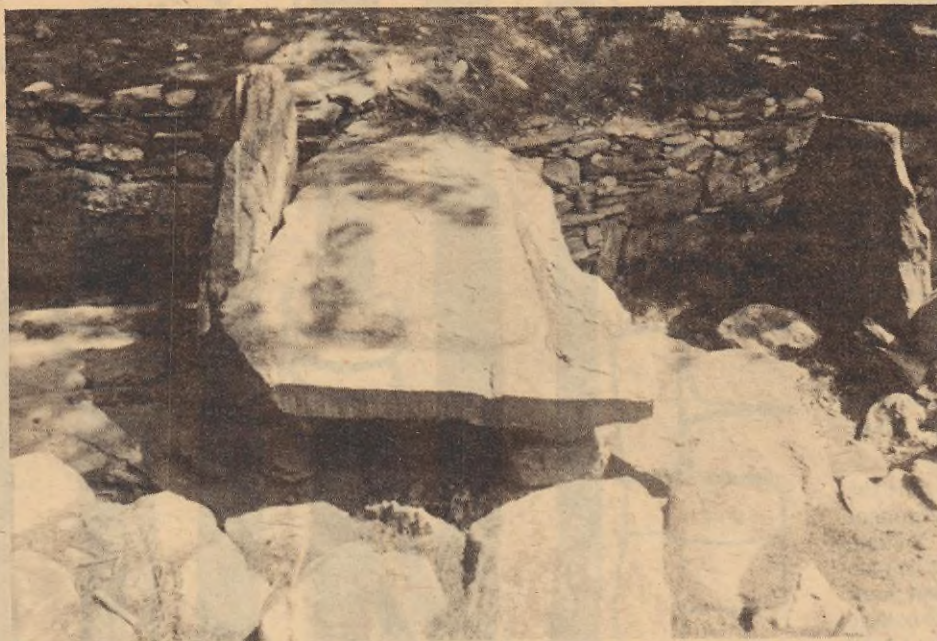
The first serious work done at the site was in the 1930's by William Goodwin. Goodwin theorized that the site was built by Irish Culdee Monks around 1000 A.D. The site was in a state of ruin when occupied by Goodwin. Previous years saw 40% to 60% of the slabs of stone carted off to nearby cities for use as curbstones and sewers. Thus, one of Goodwin's first acts was to construct a fence around the main site, which still stands today.

A major problem was that Goodwin was not a professional archaeologist and, while he did save the basic structures, he may have destroyed valuable evidence and artifacts without knowing it. Also, he was so caught up in his Irish Monk theory (he published a book on the subject in 1946) that he may have overlooked anything that didn't fit into his theory.

Order was brought to the site in 1956 when Robert Stone first saw the site, and subsequently purchased it. The site was opened to the public in 1958 and Mr. Stone has been working there ever since.

Unlike Goodwin, Stone didn't "toss things about." Every item found was recorded and saved. All excavations were done professionally and precisely. Being a privately owned complex, all funding was out of pocket, thus work has proceeded very slowly, but as Mark Feldman in his book, *The Mystery Hill Story*, points out, "more has been accomplished in the past twenty years than in the previous two hundred, in the area of pre-columbian research."

Mystery Hill is a complex arrangement of stone structures, which closely resemble others found in Spain, Malta and Portugal. Using comparative archaeology, it can be determined that megalithic (ie. stone building) cultures may well be responsible for this site's creation.



TWO VIEWS of a sacrificial table. A hidden tube gives the impression that the table is talking.



Upon entering the site one walks a distance through a wooded path until the initial structures appear. These aren't overly impressive although they are of importance and a feeling of disappointment begins to take hold. However, once past these structures, the main complex is reached. After passing through the fence that Goodwin built the true adventure begins.

It is here, at the beginning, that the first sense of something strange is felt. The largest of the Megaron structures (a building surrounding a courtyard) is here, as is what could have been a sundial. Surprisingly, unlike many historic sites, a visitor can walk down and enter almost all of the buildings. On some, carvings can be

seen, along with markings of the stone robbers of earlier years.

Upon leaving this courtyard, one walks along a well defined trail (an excellent map, with explanations, is included with your admission) leads you past numerous structures until you reach the "Tomb of Lost Souls," where cremation ashes may have been placed. Next comes the "Mensal Stone," which perhaps was used in fertility rites to the "Mot" - "Goddess", a religion practiced by the ancients.

One passes the site where the excavations, dating the site to at least 2000 B.C., were done. This leads the visitor to the oracle chamber, easily the most impressive structure currently on the site.

Within this long, T-shaped chamber are numerous places of interest. There is a speaking tube which exists under the sacrificial table, thus giving the impression that the table was talking. There is also a space that is large enough for a person to hide in and be completely hidden from view, yet there is a small opening near the floor to enable the person to observe almost all activity in the chamber. There are numerous drains in the chamber and also the first wall-carving that was discovered at the sight (sometime during the 1930's). This carving of a running deer is now covered by plexiglass for protection.

Upon exiting the chamber one walks up to the astronomical viewing platform. Again, a very important part of the sight. For, while the main complex is fenced in, outside is 12 to 15 acres of land, upon which is laid out an astonishing alignment of astronomical points, many of which can be seen from the viewing platform.

Numerous monoliths are arranged to denote various days. November 1 (All Hallos Day) and May 1 (which has the largest monolith yet discovered at the site) are two holidays which were celebrated by the ancients. Other stones celebrate the

*Mystery Hill is indeed a mystery. Answers as to precisely who, when, and why it was built, can only be assumed.*

summer and winter solstice sunrises and sunsets; equinox alignments; and a true north stone.

Strangely, while these alignments could possibly have been set up by Polaris, which was not a functioning north star until 1450 A.D. they were probably set by Thurban, which was the north star from 2700 to 1700 B.C. Thus, this feature, plus the carbon dating, indicates that Mystery Hill must have been built sometime between 2700 to 1700 B.C. Several stones on either side of the true north stone, suggest the varied alignments of Thurban, further demonstrating that possibility.

Being privately owned has caused Mystery Hill to depend on private individuals to give of their time and knowledge to further expand the work at the site. In 1975 Barry Fell, a professor at Harvard, came to the site to decipher inscriptions found on some of the stones. He discovered that the writings were those of the Iberian Punic, thus the inhabitants must have either come or were associated with Iberian tribes (Spain and Portugal).

Others have come and offered aid in solving the mystery. To date only one tenth of one percent of the sites total acreage has been closely examined and excavated. Dennis Stone, a guide at the site for ten years, said that further research was scheduled for late September, or early October at the site.

Most of the work is done by members of the New England Antiquities Research Association. Founded in 1964 by Robert Stone, this group has been responsible for locating and recording over 300 stone structures throughout New England. The organization now numbers near 200 members, who voluntarily give of their time to work on Association sponsored projects. Now all information that is found has a central storage place, where it can be used for future projects.

Mystery Hill is indeed a mystery. Answers as to precisely knowing who, when, and why it was built, can only be assumed. It is deducted that the site was inhabited for 1,500 years, but no definite explanation as to the disappearance of the inhabitants can be offered, only speculation. Disease, war, inter-marriage with the Indians, and returning to Europe have all been offered as explanations for the sudden end to the inhabitants.

Strangely, it appears that the last persons to use the site expected to be back. Dennis Stone explained that upon examination of the site it had the appearance of a summer camp that had closed for the winter. That is, drains were blocked off with rocks, others were closed. It was as if they were just leaving for awhile, but they left forever.

Located on Route 111, in North Salem, New Hampshire, Mystery Hill is an amazing place. It is not simply the structures and alignments on the site itself that appear baffling, but the questions that enter your mind once you have left and begin to think about what you have just experienced are just as puzzling. Volunteers are always welcome at the site, but even for just an adventurous afternoon, it is a trip well worth the time. The answers to our own existence in this part of the world could be lying right on our door step. Now, if we can just open the door!



# JOB

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# New President takes on Suffolk and takes in Boston

continued from page 1

Roosevelt University, where Perlman left to come here, is in many ways similar to Suffolk and he feels that each institution plays similar roles to the communities where they are located. Both are urban colleges whose student bodies consist primarily of commuter students, many of whom are working to help pay the costs of their education. Roosevelt University does have a campus and even a small dormitory, and, although Perlman cannot see the addition of dormitory space to Suffolk University, he does not feel students here are lacking a campus.

"The entire city of Boston is our campus," he says.  
The State House loomed in the background outside the window of the President's office located in a corner of the Archer building. It was the perfect setting for what the President was saying.

He had been asked about any of his hobbies or interests. President Perlman paused a moment, a trait of his that could make him be described as a careful speaker, and then he answered. He spoke of his interest in the restoration and preservation of historic buildings. With the workman touching up the State House up on the scaffolding just barely out of view, President Perlman continued about the distinctive architecture that makes Boston and Beacon Hill so attractive.

Switching from an interest in historic buildings, President Perlman was questioned on what lies in the future for Suffolk University. Perlman spoke of a new academic and administrative computer that will provide a new level of capacity for instructional and administrative data processing, and he mentioned a long range plan for additional building improvements. He also sees an increase in enrollment of older students and transfers to Suffolk, as students

"become disenchanted by large institutions which provide less instruction and less attention to individuals."  
"I see Suffolk as continuing to play an important role — serving students from the Metropolitan Boston area who find it convenient to study on Beacon Hill," said Perlman.

President Perlman seems to be much more approachable than former president Fulham. He said he is looking forward to meeting the students of Suffolk but he will have to postpone meeting any students until he returns from Illinois. President Perlman returned to Evanston, Illinois, where he is a resident, in order to sell his Victorian style house, clean up any odds and ends, and bring his family back with him to Boston. Perlman and his family are still looking for a home in the Boston area.

Perlman's wife, Suzanne, had been on the faculty of Northwestern University specializing in learning disabilities. She expects to continue working in that field here.

The couple have two children, Julie, 11 years old, and David, 8. All will be returning with Dr. Perlman along with the family's menagerie of pets which includes a dog, several cats, a turtle, goldfish, a newt, a parakeet, and a coolieload. (A long, slender fish.)

Perlman expects to return to Boston at the end of September.

Even before assuming the duties of an administrator at Roosevelt University, President Perlman has long been associated with college. He began attending Shimer College, a small liberal arts college then located in Mt. Carroll, Illinois, on his 16th birthday. Shimer College offered several unique features: early entrance for selected students, and although the




PRESIDENT PERLMAN sees long range plans for additional building improvements. He looks forward to meeting the students at Suffolk when he returns from Illinois.

curriculum there was the same at the University of Chicago, no textbooks were used. Readings consisted of original works such as Plato's Republic, not secondary sources about the Republic. Perlman graduated from Shimer College in 1954. He then transferred to the University of Chicago where he completed his second

Bachelors Degree, a Masters Degree, and a Ph.D. in education.  
College life has therefore been a large part of President Perlman's life. And the slender newcomer to the Hill seems to be at perfect ease and happy to be in his new surroundings.

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## arts &amp; entertainment

# How I spent my summer vacation, or the demise of the American cinema

by Jeff Putnam

In *Those Lips, Those Eyes*, a completely forgettable movie about a young man's (Thomas Hulce) coming of age, Glynnis O'Connor shamelessly slips out of her panties as she prepares to make love to Hulce. Her face is perfectly blank: an emotionlessness probably intended as abandon, but suggesting only emptiness. The act becomes nothing more than a hollow tease when she later reveals that she is married; that which is smoothly seductive and momentarily satisfying is simultaneously an act of willful betrayal and emotional emptiness.

Before *Smokey and the Bandit II*'s opening credits roll, gubernatorial candidate Big Enos Burdette and son are delivering a whistlestop address to a group of Spanish-speaking migrant farm-workers, when a mini-squadron of WWII fighter planes unload their cargos of manure on them. As it turns out, the scene has absolutely nothing to do with the actual plot; it's vulgarity, thinly masqueraded as comedy, for its own sake.

These two episodes from movies released this past summer epitomize and symbolize the declining state of the current American cinema — smoothly seductive and momentarily satisfying (occasionally), and yet emotionally empty — the increasing rapidity of the current releases is a betrayal of the inherent power of film: to create a lasting image — and not at all adverse to resorting to a common vulgarity for lack of more sophisticated substitute, dumping symbolic gallons of manure upon the viewer.

Of course, inferior product is nothing new, it is as old as Hollywood itself; wretched movies are not peculiar to the 1970's. However, the contemporary American cinema is far too rapidly developing a proclivity for such filmic (perhaps because of its artistic connotations, "film" is no longer applicable) trash.

As James Monaco points out in his critical examination, *American Film Now*, in terms borrowed from economist Thorstein Veblen, the American cinema is no longer an industry, it has in the past decade or so become a business. While the studios flourished in the 1920's through 1950's, their primary objective was industrial; that is, "to make films first, money second, . . . many films were made . . . that would not otherwise have had a chance," says Monaco. Since then film has become a business; films are made no longer for their own sake, but for the sake of garnering profit (and the more profit the better). As Monaco explains,

If the accountant's analysis shows the profit margin is markedly greater if \$10 million is spent on one blockbuster and its attendant publicity then it would be if spent on ten smaller films, then the blockbuster will be made, the smaller films won't. It's not that those smaller films wouldn't have made a profit. It's



TWO OF THE SUMMER'S lesser films, 'Caddyshack,' starring Bill Murray (above), and 'Final Countdown,' with Martin Sheen, James Farentino, and Kirk Douglas (below), typify the bulk of current American releases: derivative and simple.



just that they wouldn't have made so great a profit.

Thus, those movies made simply to fill the soundstages of the old studios — and even the B-movies of the 1950's and 1960's, have become extinct as the Hollywood businessmen opt for the "blockbuster" over such smaller, more artistically creative films. Blockbuster need not imply extravaganzas, like *Gone With the Wind* or *The Ten Commandments*, but instead guaranteed commercial successes, whose formula consists of roles close to the immediately recognizable persona of the major cast members, plots structured mainly to include as much sex and/or violence as possible, and simplistic (if at all) messages that can be understood by the least intellectual moviegoer.

And of course, if the audience is already familiar with the product, so much the better, whether that familiarity stems from other media, actual occurrences, or, especially, recently successful movies. The object of the producers is to convince

potential audience members that their product is "just like . . . *Star Wars* or *The Bad News Bears* in *Breaking Training*. But since no producer wants to be accused of ripping off an already successful film . . . it's necessary to add the paradoxical caveat, but, of course, it's completely different. . . . Originality is . . . given lip service," according to Monaco.

Simplicity and mimicry have become tenets of the American cinema.

Traditionally, the summer months have been the receptacle of the most odious cinematic tripe, because that's when the audience is most vulnerable. Out-of-school teenagers (and increasing amounts of pre-teens) frequent sophomoric material directed especially toward them, while vacationing adults seek out hot-weather fare requiring only a modicum of thought (if any at all). And as such product slowly but surely manifests itself throughout the year, certainly the writing is on the wall for the American cinema.

This past summer may not have spelled

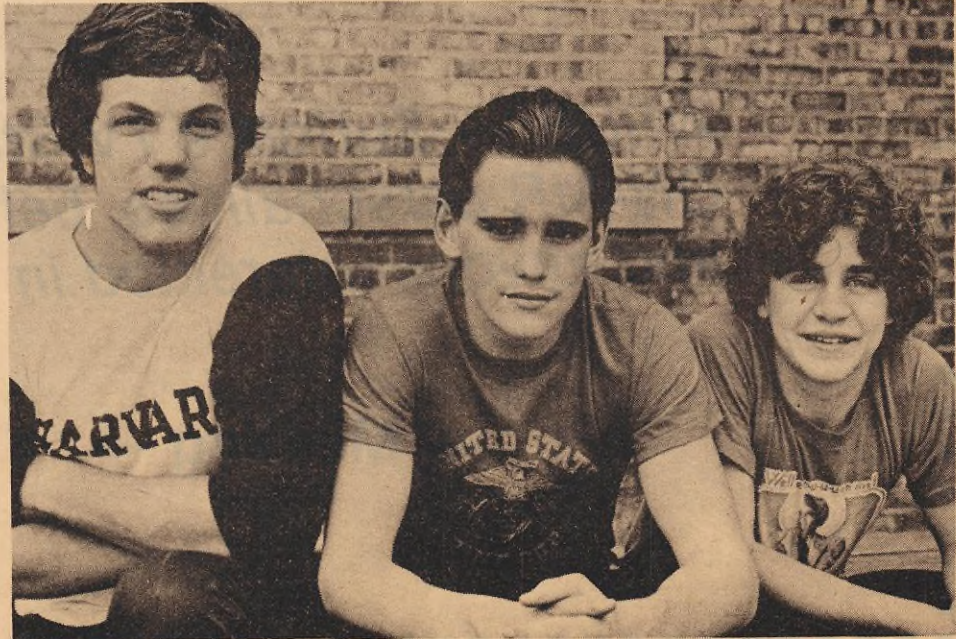
the end, but it most assuredly contributed one of the final chapters in the international importance of the American cinema, one of the longest and richest continuous traditions of any nation's. That which once graced the screens with *Citizen Kane* and *Top Hat* and *Little Caesar* and *Bringing Up Baby* and *Intolerance*, now concentrates on *Blue Lagoon* and *Xanadu* and *Blues Brothers* and *Roadie* and *Caddyshack*.

Its propensity for imitation escalated, as such influences as *National Lampoon's Animal House* (1978), *Monty Python's Life of Brian* (1979), *American Graffiti* (1973) and *10* (1979) appeared frequently, and in various combinations. Unfortunately, *National Lampoon's Animal House* (and its younger Canadian cousin, last summer's *Meatballs*) became the most influential film since *Star Wars*, as various respectable institutions fell prey to marauding youths. *Up The Academy* featured younger eight-balls screwing around in a military academy. *Gorp*, which owed more to *Meatballs*, brought in older protagonists to demolish a summer camp. *Used Cars* defiled automobile dealerships, as metaphors of the American Way. *Caddyshack* teamed older screw-ups Ted Knight and Rodney Dangerfield with Chevy Chase and Bill Murray (a couple of comedians who have great potential, should they ever grow up) to wreak havoc on a WASP country club. *Hollywood Knights* depicted one night of hell-raising in the mid-1960's by a bunch of older teens on the night before their hangout — a drive-in restaurant — closes down and one of their number goes off to Vietnam (sort of an *American Graffiti* by way of *National Lampoon's Animal House*). *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie* continued the over-drugged duo's anachronistic assault on modern culture as late 1960's clowns totally out of place — and very unfunny — in the 1980's.

Elsewhere, *Monty Python's Life of Brian* was very badly and unimaginatively imitated in *Wholly Moses*; instead of someone being mistaken for Christ, Dudley Moore was mistaken for Moses. *10*, a pretty awful movie in its own right, was the germ from which the dismal *Middle Age Crazy* was cultivated. The adventures of *Smokey and the Bandit* were needlessly extended into *Smokey and the Bandit II*, which was every bit as imaginative as its title. *Headin' For Broadway* was a quickie cash-in on *All That Jazz* and the then - not - yet-released *Fame*.

And when they weren't cannibalizing previous films, others of this summer's bumper crop turned to television for inspiration. *The Gong Show Movie* and *The Nude Bomb* (*Get Smart!*) were nothing more than expansions of the series from which they sprung. *How To Beat the High Cost of Living* would have made a quaint — if simplistic, even for the medium — television movie. The episodic *The Hunter*, though based on the real-life

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FOR CHILDREN ONLY — Many contemporary American movies, such as 'Blue Lagoon' (left) and 'My Bodyguard' (right), are made about kids, for kids, and with a mentality which often underestimates its audience.



# Caligula: still crazed after all these (2000) years

by Richard Robert Caprio

"The ultimate censorship is the flick of the dial"—Tom Smothers

June 17, 1980 is a date that Robert Guccione will look back on with a smile years from now. Leaning back in a plush chair in one of his homes, he'll tell friends of his fortune by playing *Caligula* in Boston. "The show wasn't doing well, playing to half-empty houses when it was seized. After that, lines appeared for every showing. Thank you, Boston's Finest \$\$\$," he might say.

On that day, for the first time in over four years, a major film was seized in Boston, the last being *Exhibition*, during its run at the Cinema 57. Guccione, publisher of *Penthouse* and other magazines, could not have bought this kind of publicity at any price. At the matinee showing the day before it was seized, there couldn't have been more than 40 people in the theater.

What is it that caused the city to come down so heavy on this film? After all, it was showing in the Combat Zone, where films depicting acts of rape, violence, oral sex, mutilation, and sodomy are shown hourly. All Guccione did was to put them all in one film. As a consumer, it was nice to save all of that money and just pay for one film.

The film itself has a strange history. Originally titled, *Gore Vidal's Caligula* it finally came out as *Caligula*. This occurred when, after viewing the final product, Mr. Vidal fled. Others (including director Tinto Brass) defected from the film also, making for some very strange credits, i.e. "editing by the production?"

Is the movie itself worthy of censorship, though?

Granted, there are many graphic scenes of sex and extreme violence. Actors are constantly depicted as being beheaded, castrated, mutilated or disemboweled. Sex occurs freely, openly and often.

The actual Caligula was fourth in the line of the much-heralded Twelve Caesars. His reign, from 37 to 41 A.D., was one filled with terror and depravity. The screen shows this in full detail, and that is where the problem lies.

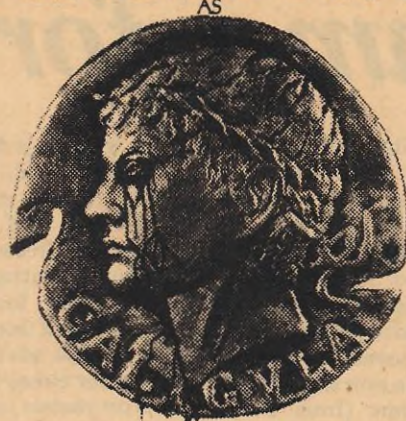
Anyone who has ever read Robert

Graves' novel, *I, Claudius* is well aware of the actions and personality of Caligula, and his predecessor, Tiberius. Graves leaves no doubt as to some of the actions of these two tyrants. The British television series of the same name, aired twice (on PBS) during the past two years, also gave its viewers a peek at what behind-the-scenes Rome was really like. What Graves and the BBC gave us was, for the most part historically accurate, and if we take what is given us, we can imagine what other atrocities occurred. Guccione leaves us with no suspense to linger for, he shows us all.

From the deflowering of a bride and groom on their wedding night, to lesbian love scenes and a night in bed with Caligula and his horse, *Caligula* holds nothing back. We are shown the blood and gore; we see intestines flowing out of a guards stomach; we witness orgasms by the actors and actresses. We can send our imaginations off for two and one-half hours, because our eyes and ears tell us all.

If a person is given hints as to the actual depravity of a character, and leaves the theater knowing that there was more to the film that meets the eye, that is acceptable. But when the director takes the viewer over the line, from the inferred to the actual, does that make a large difference?

MALCOLM McDOWELL



CALIGULA

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?

What *Caligula* offers is an explicit panorama of decadence. Various sexual acts, many forms of mutilation, and a plethora of madness is portrayed. If one leaves feeling shocked, saddened and horrified, that might be the same reaction one would get by either reading or hearing of the same deeds and people. If a director tried to show the Romans in all of their glory, with occasional scenes of shock, one might soon forget the bad and identify with the best. Guccione gives us the bad, in all of its glory, and hides none of it with glamour.

But who is to determine what is respectable for viewing? Again, everything that was portrayed in *Caligula*, has appeared in numerous other films, i.e. *Last Tango In Paris* gave us sodomy; *The Killing of Sister George* showed lesbianism; rape has definitely been overdone; and almost every B-grade horror film shows mutilation (*The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, *Last House on the Left*). If one or two forms of depravity can be allowed, why not have them all?

As comedian Tom Smothers has stated, if you don't like what's on, change the station. The best way to fight and oppose a film such as *Caligula* is to simply neglect it. The advertising in front of the Sack Saxon

(where it was originally shown until its seizure) had no pictures or stills from the movie, nothing for innocent young eyes to stare at (what are innocent young eyes doing in the combat zone anyway?). No titillating advertisements appeared in major magazines, with the exception of Guccione's own *Penthouse*. (As I recall, no one accosted me on Tremont Street and forced me into the theater. I, however, had to force my companion).

This shows the importance of a patron reading several reviews of a film. Not done simply to know the reviewer's personal opinion of the film, but to ascertain its content. Once a person is aware of the content of a film, anything that happens within the theater is of the patron's own consequence.

*Caligula* is having the same attraction that *Deep Throat* had several years back. That is, 'chic porno'. At six dollars a throw, not many people with hip bottles and popcorn boxes are attending. For four bucks they can stay in the Pussycat Cinema all day. No, *Caligula* is attracting the three-piece polyester crowd. While most patrons duck into the Art Cinema, people at the Cheri are parading around hoping someone they know will see them. Cocktail parties are enlivened by questions about the film. The newest status symbol is to say that you saw the film "p.c." — pre-censorship. (For that reason, I keep my Saxon stub in my pocket.)

In his final ruling, District Judge Harry Elam stated that although the film contained offensive sex scenes, there was a serious political message concerning the abuse of power in the film. To anyone who has seen the film, that indeed is a message that comes across plainly. The emperors held the lives of all of those around them in the palm of their hand. A snap of the fingers could cost a person his life, if the emperor wished. The deflowering of the bride and groom exemplifies this power. Humiliation, mutilation and even death, simply to satisfy the emperors desire for pleasure. Words alone couldn't convey this feeling, but *Caligula's* action does.

It is not known exactly how long *Caligula* will be showing in Boston, and if you miss it there won't be a definite void in your life, but there may never be another film like it.

## Simplicity replaces creativity in American cinema



'THE SHINING' AND 'THE LONG RIDERS' were two of the summer's best films; the former (top) wasn't made in America, the latter was the only impressive film made in America.



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experiences of bounty hunter Ralph Thorson, seemed to be more closely related to star Steve McQueen's early series, *Wanted: Dead or Alive*. *The Final Countdown* had a typical made-for-TV-movie plot and amateurish special effects and a matching mentality (the adventure was tidily resolved by a ridiculous *deus ex machina* ending). *The Blues Brothers* (aka John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, who like Chase and Murray might have futures if they would only grow up) continued their assault on the American public with one long tedious car chase interspersed with their howling renditions of blues classics, which even the presence of Ray Charles, James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Cab Calloway and John Lee Hooker couldn't redeem.

But the most resounding and disheartening failures of all of the summer releases were those which exhibited the exhaustion of traditional American genres: the western (*Tom Horn*, *The Mountain Men*); the musical (*Xanadu*); the love story (*Honeysuckle Rose*); the caper movie (*Rough Cut*); the adventure movie (*Raise the Titanic*); and the rites-of-manhood movie (*Those Lips Those Eyes*). Of course, these failures by no means invalidate these genres; the failure is of themselves, not of their genre. Such failures suggest that the American film, for the most part, has become no longer comfortable working with genres which have existed even before the advent of sound.

Those handful of movies achieving various levels of mediocrity were plagued by conflicting intentions — at once attempting to moralize or examine the way we live today, but simultaneously submitting to the aforementioned general success formula. The first hour or so of *Brubaker* was the most powerfully tense of all of the summer's releases in its

examination of various abuses of the American penal system. However, from there it broke down into a convictionless vehicle for star Robert Redford. *Urban Cowboy* created a viable metaphor for the New West in a mechanical bull at an enormous saloon, but no sooner than it had established itself, it degenerated into a mere love-'em and lose-'em affair for John Travolta. Clint Eastwood's *Bronco Billy*, on the other hand, became so enamored with pop culture's infatuation with the cowboy mythos, that it melted into the same overly-symbolic (the last shot is of a Wild West Show tent quilted out of American flags) pop sensibility that it attempted to examine. *Fame* (which was made in America by an English director, Alan Parker) worked very well as a musical, with some fiery but all-to-few production numbers, centered at the New York High School for the Performing Arts, but lost its spark as it resorted to show-biz clichés which it neither expanded nor exploded. *My Bodyguard* concerned itself with high school bullying, but was too roundabout in its examination (needlessly incorporating merciless scenes with the harassed youth's father and grandmother), and its ultimate point was all-too-simplistic and not very commendable (violence as a cure-all) in any case.

Of those films released this summer which managed to generate favorable (if only to a small degree) critical interest, only Walter Hill's brilliant chronicle of the final days of the James-Younger gang, *The Long Riders*, could be considered a crowning achievement of the Hollywood machine. Paramount's *Airplane!*, written and directed by Jim Abrahams and Jerry and David Zucker, was heralded more for its high-energy parody of disaster movies than for any artistic merit. *Sitting Ducks*, a minor independent movie written and

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## more arts &amp; entertainment

# A horrible summer for horror fans

by Richard Robert Caprio

"I didn't like the play, but then I saw it under adverse conditions — the curtain was up!" — Groucho Marx

Alas poor Groucho, you would have said the same thing after having viewed this summer's crop of thrillers. Unfortunately, the only chills I got in the theaters was from the air-conditioning.

The summer started off decently enough with (Stanley Kubrick) long-awaited screen adaptation of Stephen King's *The Shining*, but there was some disappointment. After having read the book, the movie leaves one with some haunting questions, and if one didn't read the book first, there are many unexplained happenings in the movie. Kubrick is a master, no doubt of that, but something in this film felt wrong. Jack Nicholson appeared to have more humorous moments than serious ones. Shelley Duvall seemed to be a skinny scream throughout most of the movie (look for her to play Olive Oyl to Robin Williams' *Popeye* in an upcoming movie). And little Danny Lloyd just pedals his bike around a lot.

It was good, even decent, but I expected more from Kubrick and Nicholson. The music was good, thanks mainly to Rachel Elkind and Wendy (nee Walter) Carlos. I'd suggest buying the soundtrack and reading scary novel, *The Shining*.

After being disappointed by two masters, what was I to expect from people that I had never even heard of before. Yes, not much at all.

Avco Embassy gave us a film that I knew would be terrible before I even saw it, *Death Ship*. One of my cardinal rules for film watching is that whenever name stars make a scary movie, it's never scary. The reasoning is simple, big actors make big bucks so even if the flick flops they're safe. A no-name has to look good, and if the picture is bad, they'll look scared because this could be their last film.

*Death Ship* starred George Kennedy (who is simply biding his time for *Airport '81* to come out) and Richard Crenna (who never got over being number-two man to

Richard Basehart). The film deals with a group of people on a ghost ship, on which strange things happen, and it was really bad.

The next fare was Michael Ritchie and Peter Benchley's *The Island*. Michael Caine will probably want to forget this one. Set in the Caribbean, it dealt with pirates and a time-lost land. Benchley scored high with *Jaws*, but has headed down ever since. Not even Jackie Bisset's T-shirt (from *The Deep*) could have saved this one, but it would have made it more interesting.

Finally some hope, faint as it may be. Paramount super-hyped *Friday the 13th*, the likes of which hasn't been seen since *Billy Jack*. The movie starts off well, with some questions raised and some suspense. But it plods along as a combination of *Meatballs* and *Last House on the Left*, a lot of cute kids at camp who get killed one by one.

Initially, I thought that that film was sponsored by Bali or Maidenform, since the girls seem to spend most of their time running around in their underwear. But you can't read the labels too well with all of that blood on them.

And there is a lot of blood. Two kids are killed while the opening credits are being flashed. And there are some fascinating methods used to eliminate the counselors from the camp. Most surprising is the appearance of Betsy Palmer (whom I thought had disappeared with Peggy Cass, Orson Bean, Bill Cullen and Garry Moore back in the 1960s).

*Friday the 13th* isn't a great horror film, but it has its moments. What it appears destined to be is a perennial favorite among the drive-in crowds, along with such other great hits as, *The Last House on the Left*, *Night of the Living Dead*, and the *Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*.

Next came several films that were just terrible. *Don't Answer the Phone* dealt with a Vietnam veteran who goes crackers and kills, rapes and mutilates women. While he is doing this he is constantly calling a talk-show psychologist and telling

her what he is doing. Finally he meets her in person and, well, it should be kept a secret in case you should ever want to see this one. I'd suggest watching your ice-cubes freeze, it would probably be more stimulating.

A story loosely based on fact was written, and from this, *The Fifth Floor* was made. The ads for this movie read, "Once the door closes here, it never opens!" Well, unfortunately, someone didn't close it fast enough because this film got out.

Some name stars appeared in this bomb. Bo Hopkins, Mel Ferrer, and Sharon Farrell showed why they're not big stars anymore. Most of the action takes place in a mental hospital, but *Cuckoo's Nest* this is not. I feel sorry for the young girl to whom these events happened, as I also do for the people who paid money to watch them.

*Don't Go In The House* should have been titled *Don't Go In The Movie-House* thus enabling people to save a little money and time. Of all of the poor films this summer, this one wins the *Pink Flamingo* Award for poor taste. The plot, excuse me, deals with a son who loses his mother. All he can remember is that she used to hold his arms over the kitchen range when he was bad.

So what else is there for him to do? He picks up girls, brings them to a fireproof room that he has built in his house, strips them, douses them with gasoline, then sprays them with a blow torch. Perfectly understandable reaction. But then it gets kinky / he brings the charred bodies upstairs, dresses them in Victorian-style clothes, and poses them in chairs. And all through this, not once did anyone entering the house hold their nose! He must have used that new unscented gasoline.

Well, summer brings weddings, vacations, and proms. And we are given *Prom Night*. A producer usually has two criteria he uses when making successful horror film (this is inapplicable if the film is really scary, as, say, *Halloween* was). First, use ingenious ways to murder the victims. This will keep the audience

guessing about how the next one will get it. Second, have occasional shots of nudity to keep the patrons interested between murders. *Prom Night* supplies none of these. Leslie Nielsen appears as a high school principal whose daughter was killed in an accident several years earlier. The plot centers on the murders of each of the playmates that was with the girl when she died.

Jamie Leigh Curtis stars, and you almost wished that she had got hers in *Halloween*. Of course, being a prom, there is a disco-dance scene and during a chase scene we get a wonderful view of a modern high school. Doomed to be the first movie at a triple-feature drive-in, *Prom Night* is a good advertisement for dropping out of school.

Finally, a ray of light appears from heaven and Angie Dickinson is seen in a shower. After months and months of completely terrible viewing, something good arrives in *Dressed To Kill*. Just as last summer, when one had to sit through *Phantasm*, *Prophecy*, and *Night-Wing* before *Halloween* arrived, so it was this summer.

*Dressed To Kill* called for two viewings. After the initial one I wasn't sure whether it was a good (great) film on its own, or simply appeared good after three months of slop. After the second showing I was convinced, it was truly good on its own merits.

Angie Dickinson, true to her 'Police Woman' form, can't act at all, but superb performances by Nancy Allen and Michael Caine (I knew he was better than *The Island* suggested) brought this film up to first rate. DePalma took Hitchcock one step further in this film. While the 'Master' let your imagination run wild, DePalma lets you see all of the blood and gore. Suspense films should have good music, and the score for the movie was excellent. If you have suffered through any of the above-mentioned films, you owe yourself a treat, and a reward, so definitely see this one.

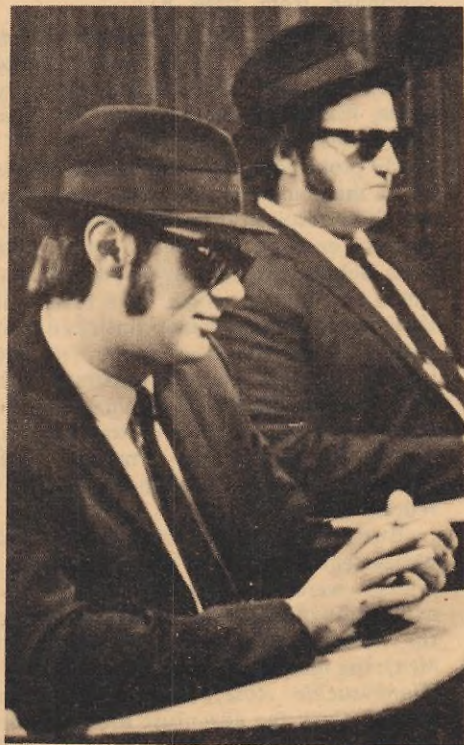
## Summer cinema '80 — waiting for the apocalypse

continued from page 9

directed by Henry Jaglom (a former colleague of Bob Rafelson and Jack Nicholson) existed outside the periphery of the "legitimate" American movie; ably acted by virtual unknowns, it was at best no worse than Rafelson's *Five Easy Pieces* or *Carnal Knowledge* (both of which it resembled in many ways), and at worst still better than nearly every other summer release.

The auteur of another of the summer's better movies, *The Empire Strikes Back*, executive producer George Lucas (certainly not director Irvin Kershner) staunchly derides the Hollywood system: "They're (the studio executives) rather sleazy, unscrupulous people . . . they make deals, do business in the classic, corporate American way, which is screw everybody and do whatever you can to make the biggest profit. . . . They're not filmmakers. I don't want to have anything to do with them," he told *Rolling Stone's* Jean Vallely, in an interview appearing in the June 12, 1980 issue.

One of the summer's (and year's) two best releases, *The Shining*, whose co-writer - director Stanley Kubrick deserted America for England in the early 1960's, can not be honestly considered an American film, despite its obvious roots in America (although made in England, it is situated in Colorado, starred primarily American actors, and was based on Maine author Stephen King's eponymous novel). The best American - made movie of the year, *Dressed to Kill's* writer/director Brian DePalma is as venomously opposed to the system as Lucas (both work to a small extent independent of the system): "Just look at our gods. Look at (Orson) Welles. He's the greatest director in the world, and he can't get a job and he's sold out. Totally. Orson Welles on the Johnny Carson show doesn't give us much to hope for. That is the story of this business," he is



ODD COUPLES — Cheech and Chong and the Blues Brothers (Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi) proved that two heads aren't always better than one in their summer movies, 'Cheech and Chong's Next Movie' and 'The Blues Brothers'.

quoted by British film critics Michael Pye and Lynda Myles in their book, *The Movie Brats*.

The sad story of this business is that it only produced one film, *The Long Riders*, of merit this past summer (and only two this whole year, the other Hal Ashby's *Being There*).

In the July/August 1980 issue of *Film Comment*, London columnist Gilbert Adair writes of Steven Spielberg's most recent effort, last winter's *1941*:

1941. The least appetizing genre in the



history of the cinema: epic slapstick. In counterpoint to the chorale of boos which preceded it across the Atlantic, however, a few English and French critics have judged this movie of interest precisely because in it the Hollywood machine ceases to function smoothly and even self-destructs . . . It is interesting to watch thirty million dollars go down the drain. But isn't that rather like the flaw in a postage stamp which makes it immensely valuable yet denies it its basic utilitarian function of assuring a letter's passage through the mail? . . . Hollywood has aged as little as Dorian Gray. But *1941* is its portrait.

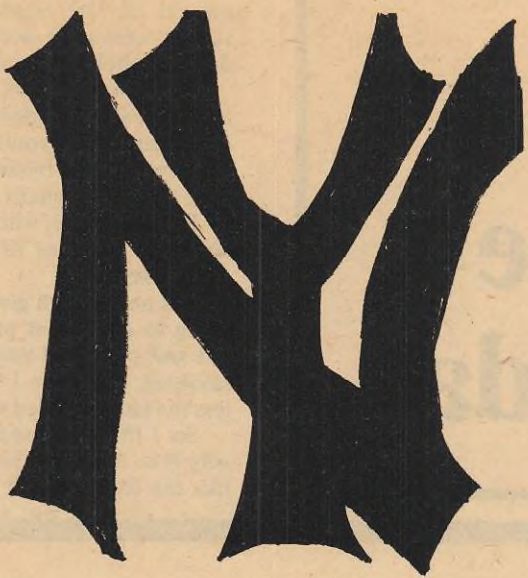
It's ironic that Spielberg's *1941* should be viewed as the beginning of the end for the "Hollywood machine." After all, Spielberg, like Lucas and DePalma, is regarded as one of the film generation's whiz kids; his earlier *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977) was a brilliant piece of movie-making, encapsulating everything enjoyable about American cinema — spirited, bright, and full of a love of cinema. But two short years later, *1941* encapsulated everything dismal about American movies — bloated and dimwitted.

As the dinosaur-like Hollywood machine dies of its own excesses, the evolution of a new American cinema may be forthcoming. Once freed of the strictures placed on them by the machine, talented filmmakers such as Spielberg (*1941* must be optimistically viewed as a mere momentary setback), Lucas, DePalma, Martin Scorsese, Robert Altman, Paul Mazursky, Paul Schrader, Terrence Malick and Francis Coppola (who through his personal success has achieved a certain level of independence with his production company, American Zeotrope) and even secondary directors like Alan Pakula, Michael Ritchie, William Friedkin, Philip Kaufman, and Ashby might form a strong, new national cinema, like that of the West Germans (Fassbinder, Herzog, Wenders, Schlöndorff, Straub) and the rapidly advancing Australians (Weir, Beresford, Armstrong); a national cinema united by natural boundaries rather than business interests.

So long as the Hollywood machine allows hacks like Randal Kleiser (*Grease*, *Blue Lagoon*) and John Landis (*National Lampoon's Animal House*, *Blues Brothers*) to proliferate, it only hastens its impending demise. And if the death of Hollywood promises the birth of a new American cinema, then perhaps we should hope for (to borrow Coppola's phrase) apocalypse . . . now.



## sports



Nina Gaeta graphic

## "It's just a shirt"

by Nina Gaeta

Caution: The New York Yankees may be hazardous to your health.

When Reggie puts on the pinstripes, outfielders groan. When Bucky wears the thin blue lines, women swoon. When I adorn those same stripes, people shoot me looks to kill, at least in Boston.

I suppose I should give some background on how my fierce loyalty to my Yankee shirt started. Yes, that's right, loyalty to my shirt, not the team. I only know Reggie from Murjani, and Bucky by his shampoo brand; the rest of the team is a mystery to me.

It was a hot August day, the kind of day when breathing is painful and flies get on people's nerves more than usual. The kind of day anything could happen. . . .

My birthday was only a week away. My friend Janet and I were south on Mass. Avenue in Arlington when she asked me what I wanted for my birthday. That's when I lost my mind for a second. . . . don't ask me where it went, but sanity was not with me that minute I turned my head and saw the shirt.

The Shirt was hanging up rit beside a Red Sox' one. The navy blue emblem reached out and grabbed me. The sleek pink striped blue lines would match any pair of jeans I owned. "I want that, the Yankee shirt."

Janet just nodded with a "you'll - be - okay - someday" look. The Shirt was forgotten.

My birthday came and went. Yeah, I got the usual stuff; I was happy to reach the national drinking age average of 21. But somehow The Shirt flashed in my mind.

I had not seen Janet during the week that followed my birthday because she was visiting relatives in New York and Philadelphia. When she arrived back in Arlington, she called me and said she had something for me. Could it be? . . . was it?

. . . Nah, she'd never remember The Shirt.

She did. Wrapped in clown paper in an athletic shorts box lay The Shirt. Oh it was beautiful; The Shirt and I, The Shirt is Enough, Love of Shirt. I was the proud owner of a Yankee pin stripe.

I walked out of the house the next morning proudly wearing the NY emblem. My uncle stopped me a block away from my house. He squinted at the emblem; he touched the fabric on my shoulder; he told me I was crazy. Undaunted, I continued my trek to the T station on foot.

I passed the sports shop on my way. I think the salesman/punk broke his nose when he slammed his face close to the window as I walked by. It was truly awe-inspiring to see heads turn at speed breaking records.

However, the closer I got to the station, the more my confidence disappeared. I'm no raving beauty, but once every three years I get a wolf whistle. This time I was openly booed, hissed at, and glared at.

I reached town in one piece. Cambridge Street has its share of vagrants, and every one of them are Sox fans. One man lurched over to me and almost intoxicated me with his "Girlie, the Yankees suck." Okay, fine. I knew what I was doing when I put The Shirt on, so I must take the consequences.

Running into the Ridgeway building, I almost killed an unsuspecting senior waiting to have his picture taken. "Oh, God, she's a Yankee!" He may have burst out crying; I was high-tailing it into one of the offices.

I thought I was safe. I began to relax. I congratulated myself for wearing The Shirt. "You've got a lot of nerve," one guy said as he stuck his head inside the door. "A lot of nerve."

The day progressed quickly after that and I waited for my ride. Let's just say he is a die hard Sox fan, and his remarks about

continued to page 12

## New faces in sports

by Joe Coughlin

Dara Fallon, a transfer student from Southeastern Massachusetts University will be one of the new faces around Suffolk this Fall who shows promise of making this sports season very interesting.

"Dara Fallon will probably be as competitive, as a top notch runner, as anyone in Division three that we will be competing against," said Cross Country Coach Barry Dwyer, commenting on his recruit. "He is quite a runner."

Dwyer is also looking to Jack Cameron, a freshman from Arlington Catholic High School, to help the team. "Jack is coming from a real good program at Arlington Catholic and should help us out."

The Cross Country Team is having a meeting on Thursday and Dwyer "would welcome the addition of anyone." Dwyer is still waiting to hear from several runners who have expressed interest in the program. "The loss of Brian Hurley (from last years squad) could be absorbed by anyone still."

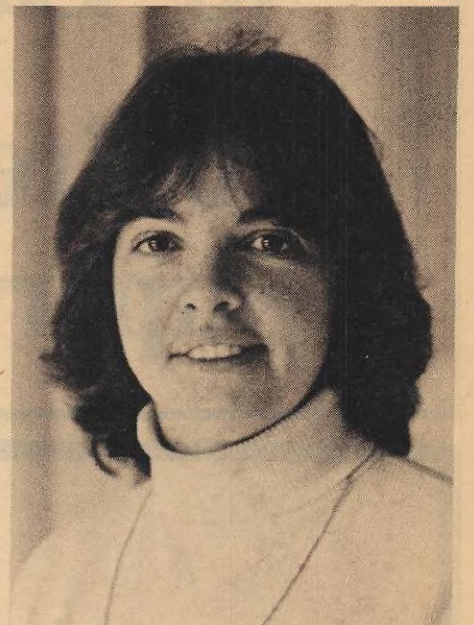
Dwyer would also like some more women runners to join Veterans Barbara Bean and Debbie Burke in order that a womens' team could be formed.

The team is scheduled to run their first meet against Gordon College on September 20th.

Women's tennis Coach Pam Rossi was also pleased with the new faces who turned out to play for her team this season. Three freshmen, Marta Carney, Lisa Creedon, and Patty Stanziani, all impressed Rossi at practices this past week.

"All three are pretty strong and have excellent ground strokes, both forehand and backhand," said Rossi. "They just need a little work on their serve and net game."

Two transfer students also have Rossi's hopes high. Janis Greene from St. Anslems and Lauren Boudreau from Massasoit Community College both use the top spin serve which should prove to be an asset to the team. Both are very strong and have deep strokes according to Rossi, who



WOMAN'S COACH Pam Rossi looks forward to a new season.

"hopes to see the women work on consistency and some net play now."

Gina Ciampa from East Boston was another newcomer for Rossi. "Although she has never played competitive tennis before, the interest is there and she could help the team," said Rossi.

Mary Minihan, the co-captain of last season's women's basketball team, is also giving tennis a try this season. Rossi believes Minihan's presence will serve a duo purpose; by helping the tennis team, and also keeping her in shape for the basketball season.

The only definite returning player on the team this year will be Senior Lorraine Messina. Pam Sieczkowski, also a player on last years team is, as of now, still undecided on whether she will return this season.

The tennis team practices every day from 3-5 pm and new members are always welcome according to Rossi. The team will have their first match on September 18 at LaSalle.

## Notes From The Athletic Office

Intramural 6-man flag football. Roster available at the Athletic Office, 100 Charles River Plaza. Roster deadline Wednesday, September 17.

Varsity Golf team Meeting Thursday, September 18 1:00 PM at the Athletic Office. New candidates welcome.

Cross Country team Meeting Tuesday, September 16, 1:00 PM at the Athletic Office. New candidates welcome.

Women's tennis practice, Monday through Friday 3 to 5 PM at the Charles River Park Tennis Club. Sign up at the Athletic Office.

Varsity Hockey Team Meeting Thursday, September 18 1:00 PM Fenton, 337.

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**Happy belated birthday  
to Earth Mother II.,  
you're a Super Office  
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#### YANKEES

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The Shirt are un-printable. "What's the matter? Don't you like it?" I laughed at him. "I love New York," he shot back, "It's the Yankees I hate."

We went to a party that night, and though he asked me (none too kindly) to get rid of The Shirt, I refused. My pin stripes were now becoming a symbol of defiance, boldness, courage, and stupidity.

Did you ever walk into a room full of strangers and get a distinct impression they could care less if you lived or died? I got a slightly warmer feeling than that ... the glare of their eyeballs was giving me a tan.

Did I care, me, who scoffs at classes and laughs in the face of failing finals, did I care? Yes.

But not enough give up The Shirt. I was going to circle that proud NY emblem in red and put a red slash across it, a.k.a. no smoking. The more I thought about it, the less the idea appealed to me.

So I think I'll wear The Shirt just the way it is. After, it's just a shirt, right? Just like the Red Sox will win the pennant ...



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