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SUFFOLK JOURNAL

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

OCT. 2, 1980

Computer Science may be major

by Donna Lombardi

A proposal has been made to add a computer science major to the College of Liberal Arts and Science curriculum.

A significant increase in student enrollment of computer science courses moved Associate Mathematics Professor Eric Myrvaagnes to suggest that the university offer a major in computer science. "Computer science is a valid, intellectual endeavor," Myrvaagnes explained to members of the Curriculum Committee this week. "There are a large number of students who are very much interested in this program."

Presently, the university offers courses in computer science as part of interdepartmental programs. There are combined major programs in Biology/Computer Science, Chemistry/Computer Science, Mathematics/Computer Science and Physics/Computer Science.

The program now being proposed would introduce a Bachelor of Science Degree Program in Computer Science under the Mathematics Department.

The program is similar to a new one in the School of Management (SOM) which was recently approved by the Board of Trustees. Within SOM, students who study Computer Science received a B.S. Degree in Computer Systems. However, it differs from the program which would be initiated in the Mathematics Department in that it is a business orientated program.

Although Committee members responded favorably to the proposal, one

faculty member pointed out that only a B.S. degree in Computer Science, and not a B.A. degree in the program, would be offered. This contradicts a statement in the University catalog which says that students have the option of a B.S. or B.A. program within any major.

But Physics Department Chairman, Walter Johnson, who, along with several other faculty members, helped create the Computer Science proposal, said it would be difficult to devise a B.A. program in Computer Science. Johnson added that the catalog statement has been inaccurate for some time, since other majors do not offer both B.A. and B.S. programs.

He suggested that the statement should be removed from the catalog. "My opinion is that it (the statement) should not be there."

"I'm definitely in favor of it (the new major)," Johnson later said, and added that the University definitely has a commitment to the importance of computers in the University. Particularly with the recent purchase of the Prime 750 computer. "We have the capabilities of adding 64 more terminals."

Associate History Professor David Robbins, Chairman of the Curriculum Committee, also responded favorably to the Computer Science proposal. "I think it's a very solid program." He pointed out

that the addition would probably increase enrollment at Suffolk. "It will probably bring in Computer Science majors."

Although favorably received by Curriculum Committee members, the



Gail Spring photo

CURRICULUM CHAIRMAN David Robbins would like to see computer major.

ROTC hanging from talks break

by Donna Lombardi

"A serious communication breakdown" between former President Thomas A. Fulham the Curriculum Committee, and possibly the U.S. Government, has left a proposed ROTC exchange program in an uncertain position, according to the Committee's Chairperson, Associate History Professor David Robbins.

Last spring, the Committee approved a program which would allow ROTC students from Northeastern University to take courses at Suffolk. It differs from a cross enrollment program within Suffolk, which would mean military courses would be taught here.

"We agreed to a cross-enrollment arrangement which would last two years. Then we would look at the idea of an extension program," Robbins said.

But last Friday, Robbins was informed that the Federal Government had approved an extension program and not an exchange program. He was also told that the University has until October 9, 1980 to make a decision on whether it wants the program.

Robbins says that Major James Rooney, a Suffolk Law Student and a ROTC instructor at Northeastern, was

See page 4



Lisa Camenker photo

"GET THE ISSUE RESOLVED..." Dean of Students, D. Bradley Sullivan

SAC - who, what, when?

by John Alabiso

Currently, the Student Affairs Committee (SAC) is in a state of confusion. No one knows what four trustees with chair the committee, what issues will come up, and when the first meeting will be.

A meeting is called when a proposal is

advisory students to the presidential Search committee, the original open meeting, a student on the building committee, and a student on the Board of trustees. Only the proposals concerning the alcohol policy and the Search Committee passed, the others failed.

NEWS ANALYSIS

presented concerning the students but so far none has, therefore, no date has been set for their first meeting.

Student Government Association (SGA) President Mary Singleton said that issues to be brought up this year were space for student activities, new guidelines for the *Journal*, and a second open meeting proposal.

Last year SAC only had two meetings which contained a handful of proposals many tabled. They included a new alcohol policy (due to the drinking age change under Gov. King's administration),

Singleton remarked they are basically the same issues as last year, and citing student apathy as a problem. "If students don't come to us and say something, what can we do," she replied, although "it's still a vehicle of communication."

SAC evolved from an idea in January 1979 after a rally was held by the SGA in November 1978. A strike was then set up for Jan. 30, 1979 and Feb. 1, 1979 which united students in a cause for more input. Then on Feb. 14, 1979 the trustees voted unanimously to create SAC.

See page 4



Gail Spring photo

VOTE OF APPROVAL ... The Committee says students are interested in Computer Science.

proposal must still be voted on by the committee and sent to the Educational Policy Committee (EPC). If approved, the program request will be presented to the entire faculty and to the university trustees for final approval.

Other reasons given in support of the proposal included optimistic job prospects for the future, a need for Suffolk to keep competitive in the next decade, and that Suffolk has faculty with many years of computer experience in government, industry, teaching and scientific research.

See page 3

Pressed with deadline *Journal* faces guidelines

by Nina Gaeta

Guidelines for the *Suffolk Journal* must be drawn up and approved by the Board of Trustees by December to keep the newspaper alive.

A meeting called by the Publications Committee discussed who should be delegated to the *Journal* Guidelines Task Force. The new committee does not have much time to operate because of a deadline set by the Board of Trustees to review the *Journal*'s performance in December.

College of Liberal Arts and Sciences Dean Michael Ronayne said "We are not a deciding committee, only a recommending one to the Student Affairs Committee. They must have them review and revise and send the final guidelines to the Board of Trustees."

Guidelines were imposed on the *Journal* by the Board of Trustees as a deal to continue provisional funding for the newspaper. Funding was pulled last semester by the Board when the annual Parody issue hit the stands. The "*Suffolk Phalynx*" satired then-President Thomas Fulham, Vice President and Treasurer Francis X. Flannery and Board Chairman Vincent Fulmer as male strippers and presented their wives as hags in the audience, cheering the strippers on.

Fulmer then sent a letter of apology to the other men's wives, via the *Journal* and, a few days later 1979-80 *Journal* Editor Ann Hobin was notified that the Suffolk *Journal* funding was cut. Finally a four paragraph letter was sent by the Board to the *Journal* stating funding was cut because of journalistic irresponsibility, bad taste, and poor judgment over an extended period of time.

The funding question was held in limbo while student organizations, some faculty members, and a few trustees vocalized support for the *Journal* in the form of

letters, student meetings and proposals. The Board reversed its decision with the stipulation the *Journal* receive funding provisionally until the Board could review the paper's performance this December.

1980-81 Editor in Chief Alice Whooley proposed additional faculty support in the way of advisors and agreed to look into the future status of the parody. The Board then said guidelines must be set up for the *Journal* to follow.

Ronanye, Dean of Students D. Bradley Sullivan, Associate Chemistry Professor Jehudah Leftin, Journalism Chairman Malcolm Barach, Journalism Instructor, Richard Preiss, Assistant Professor Richard Bray, *Venture* Editor Michael Gustafson, Whooley, *Beacon* Editor Amy Scarborough, and Archives Director Dick Jones were present at the meeting last Friday.

The Publications Committee was called by Ronanye because of the time element involved, and because the College Committee had discussed what was being done with the *Journal* question. Ronanye outlined what the Trustees called for: additional guidelines for publication, guideline review by the Student Affairs Committee, additional faculty involvement in the paper, and a review by the Trustees.

The meeting drew up names and departments that should be involved in the formation of the guidelines. "We have to get more students involved, and there has to be a balance of students and faculty-administration on this committee," said Whooley.

The members discussed involvement of the Evening Division Student Association

see page 4

Perlman invited to SGA meeting

by John Heyes

After considering a number of proposals, the Student Government Association (SGA) decided to invite President Daniel Perlman to a future SGA meeting and meet with him informally afterward.

SGA members hope that through this meeting, tentatively scheduled for October 23, they will be able to develop a "positive working relationship" with the new president.

The SGA approved sending the invitation after a lengthy discussion of several other alternatives, ranging from a formal dinner at Polcari's restaurant to an open forum in the Ridgeway Lane Lounge.

Junior Class Representative Douglas White, who had been commissioned by the SGA to check the costs of having a formal dinner for SGA members and the new president at different Boston restaurants, proposed holding the affairs at Polcari's.

He said that for \$422, or an average of \$10.96 per person, they could have a dinner at the North End restaurant. This appropriation would cover a five course meal, wine, and gratuities, and would cost "only a little bit more" than having the dinner at the campus.

But several SGA members hedged at the expense and pressed concern that the rest of the student body would be excluded.

"I can't see justifying the expense" of the dinner, Junior Class President Barry Fitzgerald said, although he admitted that it sounded like "a great idea."

"Instead of throwing a party for ourselves," he said, "we should use the money" for student activities.

"I don't consider it a party," White countered, explaining that it was "a better way to meet the president which would ultimately benefit the students." "We work for the students" he said. "It's for their benefit."

White then moved to allocate \$372.64, which would cover the cost of the meal without the wine, but the motion was



John McDonnell, Doug White, and Bill Haynes at SGA meeting.

defeated by a two to one margin.

As a compromise, White proposed allocating \$230 for the dinner and having SGA members pick up the other half of the bill, but this motion was also defeated by a two to one margin.

The SGA also approved forming a committee to find ways to control the noise level in the library.

Carla Berardi told the SGA members that "Noise in the library is a very big problem that's been going on for over a year and so far nothing has been done about it."

She suggested beginning a petition demanding a solution to the problem "to show how strongly we feel" and said that

the petitions would "show how strongly we feel about this problem."

Junior Class Representative Darren Donovan said "the root of the problem" of excessive noise is that there is not enough room for students to socialize.

In other action, the SGA nominated the approved SGA Secretary Ann Coyne as Junior Justice on the Student Judicial Review Board. The position opened after SGA Vice President Philip Sutherland became Chief Justice of the SJRB.

The SGA also defeated a motion for the SGA to see the Joe Perry Project at Mr. C's Rock Palace as part of its annual retreat. The vote was tied at five, and SGA President cast the deciding vote.

Assert yourself now! A program for women

by Maryann Bartolo

An Assertiveness Training Workshop, sponsored by the Women's Center, will be held on Saturday, Oct. 18th, from 10 a.m. - 4 p.m.

According to Women's Center Coordinator Mary Anne Minacapelli, the workshop involves "becoming aware of who you are as a woman and what you will be doing in the future. It's an attempt to discover and organize oneself - to speak the truth." It will teach "how to set goals, how to assess yourself, and what aggression and assertion is."

She adds, "I think women need to be more assertive in their life planning, in their career goals. Men have top positions and for every dollar a man makes, a woman makes 59 cents."

"Once a woman starts realizing her potentialities - what she's best doing in life - either working in business, as an artist, as a secretary - once she realizes who she is - what she does best - then, she can assert herself in her line of work. Planning starts early. It's good to get a head start at the Placement Office. Before you know it, four years have gone by."

The workshop has been conducted for the past three years. According to Minacapelli, "the first year only five women attended and the second year was fantastic. Sixty women attended and participated. The majority were older women returning to work," she said.

Instructor for the workshop will be Cheryl Evans from the Cambridge YWCA.

One may register to attend in the Women's Center, RL20, for a fee of \$3.00. Lunch will be served at the Workshop. There is a limit of 35 participants. If more wish to take part, another workshop will be conducted next semester.

The Women's Center is also planning the formation of a support group for older women returning to school and a support group for body awareness which will deal with nutrition, health, and exercise. A rape awareness week is also being planned for November.

S.G.A. NEWS

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Student Development Committee formed

by Tricia Kelley

A meeting held last Thursday in order to familiarize the Suffolk Community with the Counseling Center resulted in the formation of the Student Development Committee.

The purposes of this new committee are information sharing, problem solving for specific groups, identification of resources, a pro-active approach to student development situations and feedback from the students as consumers. Organizations other than the counseling center that were represented at the September 25th meeting were Student Activities, Career Planning and Placement, New Directions, the Campus Ministry, the Journal, the Student Government Association, and the Evening Voice. Dean of Students D.

Bradley Sullivan also attended the meeting.

Future invitations to the Student Development Committee will be extended to Financial Aid, the Council of Presidents, Admissions, the Evening Division, Suffolk's radio station, WSFR and television station WSUB, fraternities and sororities, the School of Management and all organizations represented at the last meeting. A support staff for the Student Development Committee will also be present.

The committee will meet three more times this semester (October 9, November 6, and December 4). The topic of discussion for this month's meeting will be Student Activities.



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International Students gearing for new year

The International Students Association elected new officers and discussed different ways to revitalize the group at their introductory meeting this week.

The following people were elected unanimously as officers: President Layla Safavi, Vice President Jackie Abrahamian, Treasurer Ali Manocheri, and Secretary Hanna Mannoon. During the meeting Safavi and the members discussed the special problems that the foreign students at Suffolk face and the need for this organization on campus. According to Safavi, there are presently 70-80 foreign students at Suffolk, most of whom have never become involved with the organization. Everyone present was told that their help would be needed if the upcoming year was to be a successful one for the association.

One of the problems that the foreign students have encountered is a lack of space. They have no place to meet. According to President's Council Chairperson Donald Carriger, this is a problem that many clubs in the Council face. Carriger feels that the International Students Association fulfills an especially important need to the Suffolk community. He said it is a good organization because it

understands the special needs of the foreign students and it gives them a feeling that there are not alone in a strange country.

The advisor to the foreign students, Government Professor Dr. Judith Dushku, is going on sabbatical next semester on a maternity leave. Assistant Economics Professor Dr. Saroj Sawhney and English professor Dr. Stuart Millner offered their assistance in the upcoming year. Millner said that as long as the officers of the organization are strong, the International Students Association can have a good year. He also feels that a club can benefit from having more than one advisor.

During the meeting, plans for events for the upcoming year were also discussed. Sawhney said she would help the students get some films from India and Pakistan and show the films possibly on International Night or during International Week.

Members of the International Students Association will attend a conference for International Students this week in Stockbridge on Thursday and Friday. There will be conferences and workshops. Safavi said it will be an excellent opportunity to meet other foreign students.

First Exec. Session

by Amy Scarborough

For the first time in its history, the President's Council was called into executive session.

Susanne Radovich, president of the Society for the Advancement of Management (SAM), requested that the session be called, according to Council President, Donald Carriger. Carriger said that a few other council members requested the executive session also, but that Radovich was asked to move it.

Although he would not elaborate on the subject of the discussion, Carriger did say that it involved "policies pertaining to the council as a whole." When asked if the Committee Against Political Injustice (CAPI), which has been threatened with losing its funds was discussed, Carriger said, "Discussion of CAPI did come up in the course of the executive session, but that is not why we went into executive session." A CAPI representative was not present at the meeting.

Carriger added that he thought it was necessary for the council to go into executive session. "Some issues might come up that are personal . . . members can express themselves more freely."

In other council action, the formation of a Policy and Publicity Committees was announced. Council policies will be determined by the Policy Committee. It will also evaluate new council programs.

Publicity and advertising will be

handled by the Publicity Committee, which will also be responsible for informing council members of meetings.

The council also voted to elect Licia Firmani as liaison to the Program Council, of which she is a member.

Several allocations were also approved, which totaled \$1443 of the council's \$12,600 budget. Appropriations included \$218.50 to the Literary Society. The funds will be used for a lecture and refreshments by author William Martin, author of *Back Bay*. The society was also given \$134 for Edgar Allen Poe Week, which will include a showing of the film, "Murder in the Rue Morgue."

The Society for the Advancement of Management (SAM) was awarded \$250 to register 25 students in the national chapter of SAM. The society also received \$75 for a management film.

In addition, the Council allocated \$500 to its own fund, in order to keep the necessary bank balance required by the Student Activities Office.

In other action:

—The Pre-law Society was given \$35 for a Journal advertisement.

—The Accounting Club obtained \$20 for refreshments at a lecture in the MBA program.

—The American Marketing Association received \$25 to register five students for the Collegiate Chapter Leadership Day.



ADVISOR . . . Saroj Sawhney



PRESIDENT . . . Layla Safavi

. . . Curriculum Committee

continued from page 1

In other committee action, Robbins announced that members of the EPC and the Curriculum Committee should meet in joint sub-committees and attempt to come to a compromise on a new curriculum for the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

In March of 1979, the Curriculum Committee approved a proposal which attempted to balance the degree requirements for both B.A. and B.S. degrees. It consisted of 53 semester hours divided between the natural sciences, social sciences, humanities and communication options.

The requirements in the present curriculum vary depending on whether a student is earning a B.A. or a B.S. degree. For the student striving for a B.S. degree,

there are 38 semester hours divided among English, communications, social science, humanities and laboratory sciences.

For B.A. candidates, there are 50 semester hours divided among the humanities, social science and natural science. The two programs are unbalanced in that the requirements for a B.A. degree are more stringent.

The new balanced curriculum went to the EPC for approval in March 1979, though action did not begin until the fall.

The EPC modified the original proposal. "They endorsed a document by (EPC Chairman) (CLAS) Dean Michael Ronayne, which is similar to the Curriculum Committee's proposal." The two Committees must now agree on the new curriculum proposal.

UP TEMPLE STREET

Thurs. Oct. 2

F134A	TKE
F330	Irish Cultural Club
F603	Committee Against Political Injustice
R-2	Phi Sigma Sigma

Tues. Oct. 7

F554	Literary Society/Reception
F603	Society for Advancement of Management
F636A	Women's Program Center

Thurs. Oct. 9

F134B	Black Students Assoc.
F338B	Presidents Council

Sophomore Rep. & Freshmen class election speeches will be held in R-3 at 1:00 Thurs. Oct. 2.

Program Council Film Committee presents 'BLAZING SADDLES' in Aud. at 1:00.

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... SAC analysis



Lisa Camenker photo

COUNCIL OF PRESIDENTS CHAIRMAN Don Carriger has SAC to turn to if needed, but will it ever be needed?

SAC continued from page 1

The members included Dean Sargent, Ronayne, McDowell and Sullivan, Evening Division Student Association (EDSA) President Ann Toffey, SGA President Singleton, Student Bar Association (SBA) President Susan Howard, Council of Presidents' Chairperson Donald Carriger, Director of Student Activities Duane R. Anderson and four rotating trustees.

Since all these people are involved, then SAC must exist but what it has done and what it plans to do are two separate issues. SAC said Anderson, "only meets if there is a proposal." He then explained, "SAC is not a pro-active committee, it takes action, but the student organizations have to use it."

Asked how successful it has been, Dean Ronayne answered, "I think its been a useful tool in getting the students opinion

into the trustees." In mentioning of the past issues and future ones he replied that SAC is, "a forum to hear these proposals which originate with the students."

However, if students don't bring up issues, they'll be no new proposals.

SAC is always on call, and takes two weeks for a date to be set aside for a meeting when a proposal is presented. So far, proposals have yet to surface from the student organizations involved. Carriger said that at this time he has no proposals to bring up.

Dean of Students D. Bradley Sullivan said "it's a prime benefit among the students and the administration," he replied, "it's the only body that brings the Board of Trustees into direct student contact of issues intimate to the lives of he students."



HARI KRISHNA 'S on Tremont Street worship their God on a blustery day.

... Journal guidelines

the School of Management, the SGA, President's Council, and law school faculty versed in communications law.

"We would like to get this thing resolved once and for all, but it is the final decision of the Trustees whether or not they want the Journal's performance reviewed every year, said Ronayne. Sullivan said that the Student Joint Statement on Rights and Freedom was nine years. in the making and in the final

stages, one paragraph defining the role of media was deleted. "I would have liked to have seen it kept in, then maybe we wouldn't have to set up these guidelines." Ronayne added that there must be a better editor-publisher relationship because "there has been none in the past." Sullivan said the guidelines have to be developed for everyone to work with.

Bray insisted a faculty ombudsman be one of the guidelines for the Journal. "I think there should be one in the event that a story comes up and there is question on it." Bray said the ombudsman would then question the writer of the story, the editor and whom ever else was involved with the story to "get the research on how the story was done. They would then write a story about it for publication in the Journal. The Boston Globe does it." Whooley explained the Letters to the Editor section was the usual forum for any complaints.

Ronayne then explained that the first meeting was only to discuss future courses of action and who should be on the committee. No guidelines were discussed.

The next meeting will take place as soon as members of the Committee are finalized. Guidelines will then be discussed and set up to be sent to the SAC for review and finally sent to the Board: they have the final decision.

... ROTC


informed by Fulham of the approval, but added that to his knowledge, neither the Educational Policy Committee (EPC) nor the Curriculum Committee knew of the approval.

The EPC meets tomorrow and if they act on the issue, will send the proposal to President Perlman for final approval.

Otherwise, Robbins says, it will die in Committee.

Robbins added that he has mixed feelings about an ROTC Program, saying "I don't know whether it's good or bad." Although he "has two minds" about military program at Suffolk, he did say "it could be a good program."

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ENTREES

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Boneless breast of Chicken	Salisbury Steak	Spaghetti & Veal	Chinese Beef & peppers	(Seafood Platter)
Rissolie pot.	Gravy	Sm. Salad	Buttered Rice	Haddock sq.,
fricassee sc.	Mashed Pot.	gr. cheese	Broccoli Spears	Shrimp, clams,
Peas	Mixed Veggies.			Cole Slaw
\$2.25	\$2.25	\$2.25	\$2.25	French Fries
Manicotti	Hot Turkey	Beef Stew	Grilled Reuben	Tartar Sc.
Sm. Salad	Sandwich	Sm. Salad	Sandwich	\$2.25
gr. cheese	Mashed Pot.	\$1.95	French Fries	Am. Chop. Suey
\$1.95	Cran. sauce	M. astroni	\$1.95	Gr. Cheese
French onion	Corn Chowder	so. .75	Mushroom Soup	Sm. Salad
soup	\$5.5 - \$.75		\$5.55-\$7.5	\$1.95
\$5.55 - \$.75				Clam Chowder
				Chicken Rice
				soup
				\$5.55-\$7.5

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editorials



SAC must go

The Student Affairs Committee (SAC) is a sub committee of the Board of Trustees, formed after a student strike in 1979 for representation to the Board and a direct line of information to the students. Neither provision has been realized.

The striking students fought for the right to direct access to the trustees. They were given a sub committee. They fought to be heard and more importantly, listened to. The SAC convenes rarely to discuss student orientated issues and even then it must pass on recommendations to the full Board.

Trustees are given rotating positions on the SAC. Where is the stability the committee needs? No trustee is on the committee long enough to form a relationship between the Board and the students. Present student leaders have no clear idea what the committee can be used for. The SAC is a token committee for the students, given in the spirit of appeasement by the trustees. There must be a student elected to the Board to present ideas and proposals directly, not through a committee. SAC should be abolished and serious thought given for the acquisition of a student on the Board of Trustees.

Evaluation . . . worthless?

Course Evaluation only provides the Suffolk student with raw data on the effectiveness, relevance, and the over-all importance of the course and whether the instructor was able to present the material clearly. There is no room in this booklet for analysis or for lengthy explanations of how individuals benefited from the course.

Some students complain that the "Of Course MCMLXX" booklet is confusing and does not give an honest impression of the course and the instructor. Others feel that the booklet does provide a real service to the Suffolk community.

A survey asking questions about how the Suffolk community feels about course evaluation and its usefulness has been distributed and the results should be in by the end of the week.

Last year, Suffolk spent \$2, 904 on course evaluation (half of this sum was paid for by the university and half of

the money came from the student activities fee), course evaluation could contain the same information and be done much cheaper if it was on newspaper print instead of in a booklet form. Think of all of the space it could save in those bulky orientation packets!

Course evaluation would serve the same purpose if it was done in this fashion and the students would be able to see their Student Activities money spent in another area. One look around the Ridgeway Lane Building could tell you that would be beneficial.

The Student Government Association is making a step in the right direction by asking the Suffolk community how they feel about course evaluation. It is a service that has been designed for them and "Of course" they should have a say in it. This way if there is a Course Evaluation it will be what the community wants. Let the people speak.

President Perlman - when we call will you hear?

During the next few weeks President Daniel Perlman will become acquainted with Suffolk. If the amount of time you have to wait for an appointment with him is any indication there are a lot of people who want to be a part of the orientation process.

President Thomas A. Fulham had an open door policy with the students and the faculty. One often wondered whether he had an open ear policy too or whether he thought just meeting with these people was enough. We suggest that if President Perlman really wants to get to know the students and faculty at Suffolk that he meet them on their ground as well as his own. If he wants to eat in the cafeteria sit with a table of students, attend some university department parties and receptions, become aware of the prime places where he might be able to meet a vast percentage of the Suffolk population.

Communication between the different interests of a university is essential, especially in a commuters school like Suffolk. Students and faculty at Suffolk are often frustrated because they feel they have no link with the people who make the important decisions at Suffolk.

An accessible president could help ease this situation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Let us know your opinions, thoughts and criticisms about the Journal, Suffolk, or life in general. Letters provide and an open forum to air your feelings. Let them be known!

Letters must be sunb submitted by Friday afternoon be fore before 5 p.m. Drop them at the Journal Office, RL 19.

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

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(1979) Columbia Scholastic Press Assn.

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side tracks

Suffolk invades the home of the hots



Tony Beradini, Program Director, hard at work.



Jerry Goodwin, "Duke of Madness" ... wrong door?



Mark Parenteau sneaks a bite.



Janet, Mat, Nina ... the interns with the big guy.

"We're pretty easy to get along with, but, never forget: interns are replaceable. Welcome to the world of radio news." —

DINAH VAPRIN, News Director, WBCN
by Nina Gaeta
and Janet Constantakes

It was the making of a long, hot summer. Fresh out of finals, two give-em-hell journalism majors decided to breeze through the summer by picking up three easy credits going for coffee, ripping wire copy, answering phones and grumbling about how they would never get a crack at the big time ... an internship.

Not just anywhere, not just any beautiful music station, they wanted the top: the top of the Pru ... WBCN. Hey, they heard 'BCN was pretty loose, kind of druggy, and enormously popular with their peer group. They were wrong on the first two counts.

THE MEETING

They were tipped off that 'BCN was looking for interns by Instructional Media Center (IMC) Coordinator Nina Wiesberg one day in May. She pointed to a pile of letters tacked on the wall. Under various Positions Wanted was a letter from Dinah Vaprin asking for anyone interested in joining BCN for the summer. "It'll be great experience, and maybe you'll get to use the equipment." The letter directed them to the Prudential building, 50th floor, Room 5.

The two joked in the elevator going up 50 floors about becoming sensations; a show next week, working with the biggies and getting all the promotional benefits that went with the job. Stepping out of the elevator they saw a crowd of people standing and sitting in one little room.

Thirty to forty people stuffed the front office of the Home of the Hots for a chance at the internships. They were dressed like executives, most of them. The Dynamic Duo had donned painters pants and dungarees for their grand debut. When the others opened their mouths to ask questions, their voices were the voices of trained professionals, not like the D.D.

A woman cleared her throat to get the attention of everyone in the room. "I'm Dinah Vaprin and I'm glad to see all of you here today. This is Steve Strick." She gestured to the bored looking blonde man sitting beside her wearing farmer jeans. Was he the idol? ... this young boy only two or three years older than the two?

"And this is Matt Schaffer, producer of the Boston Sunday Review." A guy wearing a baseball cap with a shirt and tie looked up once and lit a cigarette. He glanced around the room and smiled briefly.

Vaprin hired everyone on the spot ... on a two week trial basis. "We allow a few screw-ups, but too many and forget it. We are a professional outfit, so don't get the idea that we're as laid back as we're made out to be. This is a news operation and don't forget that." Dinah said. "You'll have a chance to play with all the toys (equipment) in time, but they are

expensive so don't forget that farmer jeans man said. They still could not believe that this was Steve Strick, their Superstar. By this time, confidence had disappeared and terror filled the bone marrows of the two Suffolk interns. They were going to use equipment?

"You are going to take a little test, just so we can see how experienced you are," Vaprin grinned. What? A test?

Janet wanted to leave quickly. "They didn't say anything about a test Nina. Let's go, now." "Well, let's try it anyway," Nina said. "Shit, we've been writing this kind of crap for years, it'll be a cinch to keep up."

"All right, I'll stay but if they pull another fast one like this test, I'm LEAVING for sure." Janet tersely whispered.

The test taken and submitted, they toured the station with Steve Strick.

"Janet, I don't like his attitude, who does he think he is anyway?"

"Nina, I don't like any of them,"

"Let's make sure we don't pick his afternoon hours to work, let's go for the early spots."

"That sounds all right to me, but what I really want to do is work the Boston Sunday Review (BSR), that Schaffer guy looks pretty tame."

THE FUN BEGINS

The station was under going moving plans to a new location and the news department would be the first to broadcast from there. Engineers were knee deep in wires, tools and a few empty beer bottles. "We won't be calling you until we've been moved in enough to start training. In other words, don't call us, we'll call you," intoned Strick. They nodded their heads in agreement ... never work his hours.

Two weeks passed and there was still no word as to when the Dynamic Duo were to start. Finally, Nina got the call to report to work the next day for training. She had to work with Strick.

"Hi, I'm Nina Gaeta and I'm here to ..."

"Dinah, the studio is all pulled apart and I don't have any sound for tonight! Look at all this shit on the floor! How do they expect us to work in rubble! Oh, hello, who are you?" He spoke to her. "I'm Nina and I'm here to ..."

"Are you an intern? Right, I called you. There isn't much to do right now, so why don't you sit over there." He pointed to a box in the corner of a small room in the new location. "Here, open the mail."

Dinah disengaged herself from behind two file cabinets that served as her desk. "Our first intern! As you can see we're not equipped to show you anything until the move is over, so I'll show you how to sort the mail."

Nina felt a chill of disappointment. They were not going to assign her top news stories, nor would she get to use the "toys". And where was Janet? She spent the rest of the week working on Rolodex cards and re-writing wire copy, all the time wishing she had never heard of BCN but hoping to pass the two week trial. The worst part of the deal was that she had to sit

directly opposite Strick and watch him pound the typewriter keys, churning out story after story while she struggled with one. Finally, they assigned her a tape recorder and microphone ... go cover the insecticide spraying press conference at the State House and get some sound.

After racing to find the room in the State House, she set up the microphone and pushed "record." The mike that worked so well in the station did not work at the press conference. No sound. She raced back to the station in tears and waited to hear that she screwed up and was terminated.

"What happened at the conference?" questioned Strick. She couldn't bear the thought of him hitting her. "I, I, I um, the um. I HAVE NO SOUND! The mike didn't work! I'm sorry, I screwed up." She handed him back the mike and the tape recorder, only to see part of the recorder come part in her hands when she gave it to him. Oh God, he was going to kill her. He stepped away from her and betrayed the slightest grin. "So it fucked up on you. It happens. Don't get too worked up about it."

He walked away and she gave a silent offering to God in thanks. Maybe he wasn't so bad after all. He gave her the Rolodex. "Just write me up a short story and get back to work on the index."

The last two days of the week passed quickly. She was given a new recorder and mike and was sent from downtown to outer Cambridge for stories, still not talking to anyone at the station and she had only the barest know-how on the workings of the studio. Janet called her on the last day with good news ... she would start BCN the middle of next week.

TWO STARS ARE BORN

Two statements floated around in Janet's mind as her first day at BCN dawned: "interns can be replaced" and "you have two weeks to do or die." "Well, it can't be that bad," she thought, "if I hate it I can quit before the trial period is over. Besides, Nina's been there a week and nothing bad has happened to her." Nothing good happened either according to the daily reports she got from Nina.

They drove to BCN, ready to start as the Dynamic Duo, Huntley and Brinkley, Walters and Savich, Chase and Curtin.

Instead, they were met at the base of the stairs by the entire station crew, Mark Parenteau broadcasting from a microphone hooked into a battery, a cassette recorder playing tunes that were transmitted to the top of the Pru, 50,000 watts strong.

A power outage closed down all of Kenmore Square and left the Home of the Hots cold for an hour. Finally, Virgil the engineer hooked everything up to a battery and that's how the station ran for a few hours.

The two interns sat on the stairs and waved at beeping cars, just like they had been there all their lives. Nina tried introducing Janet to Mat and Steve, but they really did not care to know who she

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Steve and Mat take a break from chasing news.

more sidetracks

A rose blooms at the Harvard Coop

by Laurie Camenker

When thinking of a rose one may think of innocence and sweetness, well that may be true for a rose but surely not for "The Rose". That's right "The Rose", Bette Midler herself with all her raunchy thoughts and constantly moving mouth made a special appearance last Monday at The Coop in Harvard Square. This divine lady was there for an autograph signing session of her new book, "A View From A Broad."

The book, just like Midler herself is humorous and entertaining. It is filled with tales from her world tour that are complimented with some electrifying photos. It's price is \$12.50 but according to her, "I think it is much too expensive, but the \$9.95 price they are selling it at today is more reasonable."

According to the *Boston Globe* more than 2,000 fans lined up around 9:00 a.m. to wait for the Divine Miss "M" who was supposed to arrive at 12:30. The line started inside The Coop, wrapped itself around the building and ended down the street at the Oxford Ale House. The crowd remained patient, even though the heat was dreadful and Midler was over half an hour late. They were asked to clear the streets to make room for the long black limo with five police escorts. The crowd started cheering and waving to Midler who was sitting in the last seat of the three door limo: smiling as usual.



Bette Midler and Alan Bates in a scene from "The Rose."

Suddenly the flaky Midler jumped out. Dressed in a high cut lime green dress with a veil covering her face, she looked like something out of *Vogue*. The Harvard band began to play and Midler began to dance. While she danced erotically to "The Stripper", the once straight line of fans

became a massive crowd that pushed and shoved their way into The Coop.

Inside, Midler sat like a queen at her rose smothered desk. She signed books, records and anything else her fans brought up to her. One loving fan had her sign his cast, while another had her kiss her baby.

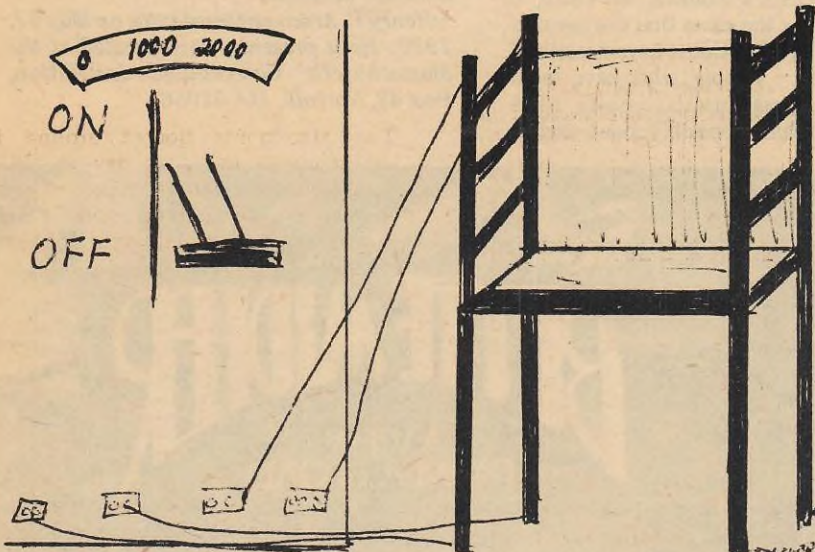
The gesture provoked Midler to say, "I should run for mayor, I love kids."

Through everything, including obscenities thrown out by the crowd, Midler kept her sense of humor. She even joined in when the autograph seekers began to sing "The Rose", and thanked the many fans who yelled out. "We love you Bette, you are definitely a 55 in our book." They were referring to her interview with Barbara Walters when she asked Midler to rate herself, and she responded with a 55.

The fans brought her all kinds of gifts from roses to stuffed animals. In return Midler gave each one a smile along with an autograph. Some wanted more than that as one fan asked "Hey sexy how about a kiss?" Midler, being the outgoing, modest person she is, gave him one, right on the lips. When asked about being a sex symbol she simply replied "I could be in *Playboy* but I don't think they deserve it."

She is seen to many as a very dirty minded lady, who at times goes overboard. Though she is obscene, she has her tender side to her. This apparently contradictory personality is revealed in the way she sums up her new book — "You know, I wanted so to leave you with the memory of the good beneath the gaudy, the saint beneath the paint, the pure little soul that lurks beneath the lurid exterior, but then again I figured: Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!"

Death row: the horror of awaiting the electric chair



Nina Gaeta graphic

by Henry P. Arsenault

Special To The Journal

My name is Henry Powell Arsenault.

I am afraid I am no stranger to this Court, since my case has been before you twice and both times my conviction was affirmed.

In 1955 I was convicted of first degree murder. My co-defendants were also convicted. We were all sentenced to death. For over two years, after the judge sentenced me, I lived on death row feeling as if the Court's sentence were slowly being carried out.

I understand that this Court may soon rule on whether the new death penalty law in Massachusetts is constitutional or unconstitutional. I have read the brief that the lawyers in that case have filed with the Court, and I understand their arguments that executing prisoners convicted of certain crimes is cruel and unusual punishment. I know that the Court will read that brief and give their arguments careful consideration. Also I am sure that the Court is well-informed on the issue in general and has read what the experts have written about their findings concerning whether the death penalty actually prevents crime. I myself have read a great deal on this issue. I have never, however, read another personal account such as the one I wish to present to the Court in this brief.

Even after the passing of twenty years it is hard for me to talk about the time that I was facing death, but I think it is important for the Court to understand that just knowing that I was to die in the electric chair unless some miracle happened was real and terrifying. I think it was a type of cruel and unusual punishment.

I was involved in a stupid crime in 1955. My effort to get rich quick with two others by scooping up a bundle of cash from a wealthy gambler was a complete failure, and during the time that the fiasco was unravelling a young lawyer was killed. I am not going to go into the details of what happened or the evidence at the trial because this Court can go back to its own opinions and the record those cases. I am also not going to try to have the Court reconsider the case. I was found guilty, and I have to accept the jury's verdict.

Never, though, could I accept the sentence of death, much as I tried to come to terms with the fact that I was going to die in the electric chair.

"Despite these stays, I knew I was facing death in the electric chair, and I believed that each delay was just that—a delay, but no change in the fact that I was going to die in that chair. I was very sure that I was going to die...."

When I went to death row, I had already served some very tough time. I had received a six-year sentence in Florida in 1946 for stealing six oranges. I escaped and served a federal Dyer Act sentence at Atlanta because I had driven a stolen car in my escape effort. When I was returned to Florida to finish up my oranges sentence, I was shown where I would have to serve the remainder of my sentence at the Florida State Prison. The cell had a solid wooden door. On the inside the ceiling, walls and floor were painted black. There were no windows, no bed, no mattress, no sheets, no blankets, no clothing for my body (except for the leg irons on my ankles) and no toilet facilities. There was no running water — just a little hole in the middle of

the floor. The solid door was locked on me, and not unlocked for the thirteen months and two weeks, when I was discharged, led to the highway, and pointed to the North.

The conditions in the Florida prison were horrible, and I am sure that most courts today would find them to be unconstitutional. Yet I can honestly say that the miserable physical conditions there in Florida were nothing compared to the incredible psychological torture that comes with being under sentence of death. I knew that I would get out of the jail in Florida, but I knew I was going to die when the judge in Massachusetts sentenced me and my two co-defendants to the electric chair and I was placed in a cell on death row at the Old Charlestown Prison.

In January of 1956, after we had spent about six months at the Old Charlestown Prison's death row, the three of us were transferred to the newly opened state prison at Walpole and its death row. We waited there for two and a half years. Although we were on death row, there were many stays of executions. I cannot remember the exact number, but I believe there were over two dozen stays of my execution date. Despite these stays, I knew I was facing death in the electric chair, and I believed that each delay was just that — a delay, but no change in the fact that I was going to die in that chair. I was very sure that I was going to die. I was terrified of dying and spent my time thinking of little else. There was a day to day choking, tremulous fear that quickly became suffocating. From the early weeks of

between Blocks 8 and 9. I tried for a while to convince myself that I should not let just seeing the scene of my future electrocution bother me, but I couldn't turn off my terror at sighting the chair. Even without having to look at the chair itself. I was tortured by visions of the fate awaiting me. (It is a slow and horrible death as the recent descriptions of Spengelink's death in Florida made clear. He took six minutes to die. His organ systems exploded from the shock, and the smell of smoking flesh filled the room.)

There was a correctional officer seated right in front of my cell to watch my every move. When he watched my attempts to move my constipated bowels and my shaky attempts to control my urinating, every shred of self-dignity and being a human being was stripped away.

Sleeping was very hard. I would snap awake in a cold and frightened sweat from the nightmares about what was ahead for me down at the end of the corridor. Bit by bit, over the prolonged period of being under a death sentence, the Commonwealth was killing me. I was a nervous wreck and completely unable to pass any food down my constricted throat. My weight dropped from 160 pounds to 124 pounds. Gradually I came to want to die so that the torture of waiting would be over. The many stays of execution, most of them coming only a very short time prior to the set date, contributed to the imbalance of my sanity. I was jumping every time the telephone rang or the steel door unlocked to admit a correctional officer.

In late September 1957 there was an appeal to the Governor not to permit "a mass execution" of three men. Governor Furcolo responded by commuting the death sentences of the other two men involved in the holdup; but at the same time he scheduled my execution for November 7th. I watched my co-defendants walk past, leaving me behind on death row as they went in to the general population of men at Walpole State Prison.

For almost all of the next six weeks I was alone on death row. Those weeks went by unbelievably fast because that's all I had left. I had nobody to talk to except the prison guard standing outside of my cell, and I didn't want any conversations with him. September passed and October passed, and it was becoming increasingly difficult for me to sit still on my bunk, or to eat the prison food, or to sleep during the nights. The fear was mounting in me as

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more sidetracks

Life on death row

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November 7th grew closer and closer. I had had no life to speak of in the past, but I didn't want to die. I wanted to live.

During this time I met a very young man, also sentenced to death, who was put in another cell. He kept wailing about wanting to die. The warden asked me to talk with him to see if I could calm him down. He killed himself in his cell near the end of October.

When the early hours of the morning of November 7th came, my desperation and fear were suffocating me. I felt like I had a large softball stuck in my throat. I couldn't eat. I hadn't eaten for about five days. I hadn't slept in around three weeks. I couldn't. All I could do was walk back and forth in my cell — the only comfort I had because I had to go down to the death chamber.

On the morning of November 7th I was exhausted from pacing the whole night through. It was the last day on earth for me, and the guard, seeing me stirring, edged up close to the bars and said, "The warden will be coming by today to see you at three different times. His first visit will be this morning." I didn't even acknowledge the guard's explanation. I just continued with my pacing. It was the only comfort I had left.

Around mid-morning the warden came to my cell. He walked right inside and sat down at the foot of my bunk. I stopped pacing to listen to him. He explained to me that the policy was that condemned men were permitted to have visitors on their last day, but that these visitors were restricted to immediate members of the family. Since I had no family at all, I would not be permitted to have any visitors. I told the warden I understood. He offered to make arrangements for me to speak to a priest, but I told him I didn't want to. The warden left my cell, explaining that he would return for a second visit.

Around late afternoon he did return, along with the meal tray that was slid under my cell door. When the guard who had brought the tray left, the warden explained that he had deliberately visited me along with the meal tray because he wanted to make me realize that there was no special last meal for the condemned in Massachusetts. He said, "You are getting the same food that all the other men in Walpole State Prison are getting." It was bologna and beans. I couldn't have eaten the meal if it had been steak and potatoes and ice cream.

Next the warden explained the law relative to any medication for the condemned. It was quite simple. "There will be no medication, because the courts want to be assured that when you walk down to the death chamber, you will do so with the full knowledge of where you're going and why you're going there," was what the warden said. He got up, and as he was leaving the cell, he turned back to me

and asked, "Isn't there anything I can do for you, Hank?" I said there was one thing. I asked him, "When you come back to get me the next time, will you ask the guards not to put their hands on me? I want to try to go down there on my own." The warden, nodded and left. I returned to my pacing to try to ease the trembling inside of me.

Late that night the warden returned to death row. He instructed the guards to open my cell door. Then he beckoned me out into the corridor. As I stepped out, the warden turned to the guards and said, "You men stay behind me. Hank thinks he can do this on his own." With that he nodded, and I walked down to the green door of the death chamber. As I neared it someone from inside saw me coming through a little window and opened the door inward.

"On the morning of November 7th I was exhausted from pacing the whole night through. It was the last day on earth for me..."

I already knew the electric chair was the right, so as I entered I turned right to go to it, but the warden's hand on my shoulder stopped me. He said, "It's too early to sit in the chair now. Time of execution isn't until 11:05. Sit here on the left. On this stool. We will wait together." It wasn't ten o'clock yet, but the hands on the clock seemed to be moving too fast. A little time passed, then the rear door was unlocked and the thirteen witnesses filled in, as has been inherent in our laws at all executions, taking their seats behind a two-way glass that was a mirror to me and window to them. The State Executioner came into the chamber and crossed over to my left to the electric panel where he worked for a few minutes, and goosed the power up. All the lights at Walpole dimmed when the executioner threw the switch to catch sufficient electricity. The prisoners screamed. They knew what was happening. Next the chaplain entered and knelt beside me. He gave me the last rites then left the death chamber. As he went out, the door slammed shut. The noise echoed in the chamber for some time, bouncing off the walls. The only other noise was the loud ticking of the clock on the wall in front of me. The ticking was keeping time with my heartbeats. I was scared. I wet my pants.

With less than a half an hour to go, the intercom box directly underneath the clock came alive with a voice. It was lieutenant Governor Murphy calling the warden. "John! John! You there? John!" Finally, the third time he called, the warden snapped out of it and reached over and pressed the lever down. "Yes. Here I am. Yes." It was Lt. Governor Robert Murphy, who told the warden that the

execution had been called off, this time for good. The warden turned to me and told me I could go back to my cell. I tried to stand, but my legs wouldn't hold me. I had walked down to the death chamber, but I couldn't walk back. The guards had to carry me. I was trembling uncontrollably when I was put back into my cell. The prison doctor knocked me out with a shot of some sort of tranquilizer. Soon after I was moved off death row and placed in the general population at Walpole State. I was no longer under the death sentence.

It was days after this close brush with the electric chair that the full realization of the miracle that I had experienced hit me. While it was the governor, a believer in the death penalty, who had upheld the decision of the courts that I be put to death, it was the lieutenant governor to whom the final decision had come. In early November Massachusetts had been hit with an epidemic of the Asian Flu. The day before my scheduled appointment with the electric chair, Governor Furcolo was bedridden, unable to perform his duties. Lieutenant Governor Robert Murphy, who was strongly against capital punishment, had to take over, and he summoned together the eight members of the executive council for a final vote to save my life. He appealed to them on my behalf. The lieutenant governor's appeal resulted in the votes going my way. The officials at Walpole State Prison were then notified, just in time. I had escaped electrocution by a matter of sixteen minutes.

Fifteen years after the death penalty had originally been imposed on me, the United States Supreme Court found that I had been denied a fair trial in 1955. It was that unconstitutional first trial which had almost resulted in my being killed. If I had not been spared by the lieutenant governor and the governor's council in 1957, I would be among the cases that the lawyers in the case before this Court have described in their brief — people who have been executed in Massachusetts despite what seem now to have possibly been unfair

trials. At the re-trial I was again convicted, and the jury recommended that the death penalty not be imposed.

I do not believe that the death penalty has ever acted as a deterrent in the past or that it ever will in the future. Any adjustment that a person can make to the death row environment is likely to be in a negative, anti-social direction.

Studies by experts indicate that inmates under such stress become less able to re-enter the general population of prison or society as a whole. My personal experience confirms this. It is a horrible punishment to live with the knowledge of a set time and place for your own death. I hope that the Court will rule that this is cruel and unusual punishment.

Just today as I was re-writing this brief, I read in the paper that Amnesty International, the London-based human rights group, has called for a moratorium on death penalties and has called on President Carter to establish a commission "to examine whether executions violated the country's international commitments to human rights." Amnesty International is also reported to have suggested that such a presidential commission should "study several important aspects of capital punishment, including whether the 'living death inflicted on prisoners segregated on death row' violates the constitutional ban on cruel and unjust punishment." "Amnesty warns on US death row," (UPI), The Boston Globe, May 26th, 1980, p. 5.

No one can describe that living death except someone like myself who has actually survived to tell about it. I am writing this brief to the Court because any serious consideration of the issue of capital punishment should, I think, take into consideration the mercifully unusual experience that I have had living under a sentence of death.

—Henry P. Arsenault wrote this on May 27, 1980. He is presently incarcerated at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Box 43, Norfolk, MA 02056.



Bette Midler's new photo essay, 'A View From a Broad.'

Lisa Camenker photo



French craft, American style.

Now appearing at your local store.

... 'BCN

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was, and for that matter, they could care less who Nina was.

Nina pointed out BCN celebrities for Janet, who by this time was awe struck. "You mean that's really Tom and Eddie, is that really Ken Shelton, that nice looking guy is really Mark Parenteau? Boy, this is gonna be a blast," Nina gave her a glance that said "wait and see."

Parenteau made an appeal for cassettes and within 30 seconds a massive traffic jam formed in front of the building. Cars heading north turned south on one way streets. Parenteau joked that he had not seen a Mercedes with a BCN bumpersticker. He no sooner had the words out of his mouth then a silver Mercedes pulled up onto the sidewalk, the radio blaring BCN.

Three weeks passed and the number of interns dwindled from 30 to eight. All had set schedules; Janet and Nina had the Steve Strick shift. During those weeks, Nina showed Janet the ropes along with the other new interns. She really did not like being delegated this task because Mat Schaffer had only shown her how to use the tape decks and boards only once. All of



David Stimpson, engineer at WBCN

his instructions went in one ear and out the other... she was afraid of him. Mat had a way of making her feel inferior and he did not have to even be in the room either.

"Gee, I hope I'm doing this right, I really don't know if this is set up right," she said to Janet and another intern (who quit after two weeks). "I think I have the reels set up okay. Now, in order to record you have to press this button," and she did. A sound comparable to 1000 constipated hippos in heat was emitting from the machinery. Reel to reel tape started spitting up and flying all over the studio. Parenteau and Steve were talking to each other in the other studio, on the air as a matter of fact, when they heard the sound and looked into the windows.

The three women smiled at them and pretended not to be standing knee deep in tape. It took an hour before the tape was rolled up by hand and the studio back into working order. "I guess you don't do it this way."

They had been there about a month when they asked Steve if they were "safe" to stay on. "Put it this way," he said, "we haven't asked you to leave, have we? They were in... finally."

The summer was rushing by too fast. No vacations, just long days becoming nights at BCN. Soon the five days they were scheduled to intern turned into six. After a



Tom Couch, the other half of 'Tom and Eddy' in production.

month and a half, we joined the Boston Sunday Review. The man they had never thought liked them, Mat Schaffer, asked them if they were interested. They had always wanted to work the BSR, but when ever they had asked him before if they could, he would just grin and say "ask me later" or "tomorrow, we'll talk about it tomorrow." Now he was asking them!

With the BSR came the recognition they sought... thank you Nina, thank you Janet, for all your help this Sunday." What exposure!

The hum-drum internship they had anticipated never materialized. Work was anything but boring because of the station crew. One of the music directors would skip down the hallways humming the latest Mission of Burma tune. Tony Beradini kept some disc jockeys in line and ran disclaimers after one called Governor Ed King a bozo on the air, all the governors aides listening. Danny Schecter blowing in like a tornado near midnight to do his commentaries and whisking out again, leaving Nina and Janet to edit his mistakes. Oedipus screaming at his intern to get him "copy, I want headlines!"

They did not yet have the hang of operating equipment. Many interviews had to be re-done because no voices were recorded. They used to call friends for sound checks, hoping Steve and Dinah would not walk in on their phone calls to

their mothers to get sound levels. Cart machines would not stop when they were supposed to and sometimes they forgot to wind the tape back to the beginning so that when Steve or any newscaster pushed the play button, during the news, nothing came out over the air waves. Nina hid under a desk one time; Janet had hat, coat and scarf on, ready to run out the door as soon as the newscast was over for fear of forgetting some sound and not wanting to be there when the newscaster came out.

The news team was not made of the ogres the Dynamic Duo thought them to be. Steve Strick dropped his arrogant mask and was really a warm person with a very dry sense of humor. Dinah was a little person with a big mind and big ideas for news. Mat became Matty and though he refused to let them write any of his stories, he let them down gently by saying "I'm the best writer I know, so don't be too upset." Head Intern Mike Shoer, beautiful to look at, a pleasure to hear, Mike Shoer. The news operation was a family business, Dinah "Mother" Vaprin, and her three sons. The surviving interns were adopted also. See page 13



Steve Strick mugs for the camera



Judy Imber behind the scenes at 'BCN'.

Facts From The Financial Aid Office

Do you know

how a financial aid "package" is constructed? Although you are intimately involved in some parts of the process, you probably are uncertain how the final award has been determined, or how your family information has been analyzed in the award decision.

Institutions which participate in the SEOG, NDSL, and CWS programs must use a federally approved need analysis system to determine an "expected family contribution." The FAF from the College Scholarship Service is one of several approved systems, and we use the FAF at Suffolk so that our students can apply for State Scholarship monies at the same time as they apply for Suffolk financial aid.

The FAF provides us with an analysis of your family's ability to contribute to the cost of your education, considering such factors as income, assets, family size, unusual circumstances, debts, and liabilities. The expected family contribution (EFC) also includes your contribution from summer earnings, any outside scholarships, state scholarships, non taxable benefits, and part time employment.

The EFC is then subtracted from the cost of education, and the remaining cost is considered "need." This is an example of an "average" EFC and need for a full time, dependent, upper class

undergraduate for 1980-81:

Av. Parental contribution	= \$ 500.
Summer earnings/savings	+ 700.
State Scholarship	+ 900.
EFC	= \$ 2100.
Cost of education	= \$ 6300.
less EFC	- 2100.
"Need"	\$ 4200.

The basic Grant (now Pell Grant) program was designed to be the first step in a package to offset need. The average grant at Suffolk during 1979-80 was \$1176.

Need	\$ 4200.
less grant	- 1176.
Remaining Need	= \$ - 3024.

In an "equity packaging system," every student with a given need receives the same financial aid package. Some institutions have sufficient resources (institutional, federal, state, and private donor), to meet 100% of documental need, although most schools are forced to "gap" the need which they can meet. This is the situation at Suffolk.*

*In no case can an institution "over award"; that is, once the need has been defined, no combination of funding sources can exceed this need.

Many factors are considered when an award is made, and changes in degree status, course load, employment, and personal situation can affect an aid package. Any of these conditions should be noted on your application, and if you wish to know more about your own award, please stop by our Office and request an appointment with an officer for a detailed explanation.

arts & entertainment

Director Redford's rather ordinary debut

Ordinary People. A film directed by Robert Redford, written by Alvin Sargent, and starring Donald Sutherland, Timothy Hutton, Mary Tyler Moore, and Judd Hirsch. At the Sack Cheri and Chestnut Hill cinemas.

by Jeff Putnam

Robert Redford's directorial debut, *Ordinary People*, commences with a montage consisting of a wide-open, autumnal Midwestern sky; a cold, wind-rippled lake; a grove of trees, whose leaves are strewn about the paths below; and, finally, the glorious white exterior of the Jarrett house, whose interior is furnished with immaculately polished wood furniture and bathed in soft pastel lighting. It is, like its counterpart in Woody Allen's *Interiors* (which *Ordinary People* closely resembles), an ice palace — a state of mind as well as a state of being.

The entirety of *Ordinary People's* environment is an extension of the house's iciness: the cluttered symmetry of a psychiatrist's office; the hollow spaciousness of a high school's indoor swimming pool; the utter detachment of a Houston golf course; even the disorienting abstractness of a neighborhood McDonald's. And, like the confining encapsulation of the opening montage, the environment has gradually enveloped the Jarretts. Extreme close-ups of trains and buses and brick walls and elevator doors serve to accent the isolated entrapment of the family; the stairway railings of the house become prison bars from which the Jarretts are powerless to escape.

A little over a year has passed since the Jarretts' older son, Buck, was killed in a boating accident — an event which has severely altered the surviving family members and their relationships. Those who inhabit this icy claustrophobic world are icy and claustrophobic themselves: they are a family in name only. They are not ordinary people at all, they are, like the family in *Interiors*, mannered conceits — each one a psychological manifestation rather than a dimensional character.

Everything has been reduced to a psychological state; *Ordinary People* is riddled with middle-class WASP angst. Conrad (Timothy Hutton) has attempted suicide, been institutionalized, and received electroshock therapy, but still cannot relinquish his guilt after having watched his brother drown. Beth (Mary Tyler Moore) has become the ice princess, as emotionally frigid and desolate as the cool interior of her house; her disaffection isolates her from her husband (Donald



ICE PRINCESS MARY TYLER MOORE chats coolly with disturbed son Timothy Hutton in Robert Redford's directorial debut, *Ordinary People*.

Sutherland) and son until it finally drives her away from them. Calvin (Sutherland) adjusts to his son's death by forcing it out of his mind, realizing far too late that in doing so he has created a void in himself, which he is wholly incapable of replenishing.

Yet for all of this suburban angst, there is very little passion. Screenwriter Alvin Sargent's obfuscating rhetoric dissolves it away. Sargent becomes tangled not in the accuracy of the psychology, but through his insistent dwelling on the psychology through the words, rather than the actions, of his characters. When Conrad stumbles into the bathroom after learning of a friend's suicide, one almost wishes that he takes a razor to his wrists once again, if only as an embodiment of a troubled mental state. The Jarretts are as monotonously cut-and-dried as the case histories in a poorly-written psychology primer.

Sargent churns up a smokescreen of guilt and blame between mother and son which never dissipates. "We just don't connect," Conrad tells his psychiatrist, Dr. Berger (Judd Hirsch), in desperation. But even after Conrad comes to terms with his own guilt, which is driving him away from his mother, he remains unable to relate with her; there is an even greater schism between the parties of the film's central conflict, yet Sargent's rhetoric engulfs the

conflict's source: Beth. Does she love Conrad more than she can show, or does she not love him enough? It is a crucial question — and one which remains unanswered. With its central dilemma left unresolved — and for the most part unexamined (although the film surrounds it, it never really attacks it) — *Ordinary People* remains a mere superficial exploration. It is what Calvin eventually realizes himself as being: a collection of fragile facades with questionable intrinsic fiber.

Even a more experienced director than first-timer Redford would have trouble interpreting Sargent's impossible script: it unravels as quickly as the family with which it is concerned. However, Redford occasionally fills the lapses in the script with brilliantly subtle observations: Moore's confused and tormented gaze as a conciliatory Hutton envelops her in a hug; Sutherland's barely audible lisp; Hutton's disheveled hair in a world marked by symmetry and perfection (later we understand that it is in the process of growing back following his electroshock therapy). But still Redford is unable to surmount the inadequacies of the script: many of the scenes are forced and stazy, none of the characterizations are complete, and he can't escape the interminable rhetoric.

Instead he reinforces the rhetoric, adopting a tone of self-important seriousness, which owes as much to its being his first film as it does to Sargent's script. From the familiar ostentatious white lettering on black screen of the opening (as Pachelbel's "Canon in D" tinkles on the soundtrack) through the final aerial shot of father and son (as they sit alone, exhaling visible breath, on the back steps after Beth has left them), Redford makes clear his artistic aspirations: he is working for High Art. And while one cannot see the sweat, one can perceive the strain: his camera lingers on the Jarretts' license plate and silver rings on cloth napkin rolls and the editing technique which brought trains and buses and brick walls and elevator doors into close counterpoint is virtually abandoned after the first half hour.

Redford's style is visually reminiscent of former cohort Paul Newman's (especially his 1968 directorial debut, *Rachel, Rachel*), but, whereas Newman tended to be mystically religious, Redford is abstractly philosophical. Both (over-) employ flashbacks, subordinate character to technique, and, above all, cloud already-flawed scripts with their pervading pretentiousness. But, on the asset side of their ledger sheets, each manage to work well with their casts (Joanne Woodward, Estelle Parsons, James Olsen and Kate Harrington gave memorable performances in *Rachel, Rachel*); in his debut, Redford presents himself as a formidable actor's director.

Under his measured direction, Moore offers an exceptionally strong-willed performance as the consummate ice princess; every line in her tight, worn face seems a measure of her emotional hardness, and every wrinkle of her lips beckons an army of emotions. Hutton (whose acting is reminiscent of a younger John Heard) manages to breathe life into an ill-defined role; for the first half of the movie, he is subjected to neurasthenic convulsions, and in the second half, when his character falls apart, he still succeeds in retaining a modicum of dignity. Sutherland is kept in check by the severe limitations of his sketchy character, and despite his ability and Redford's sympathetic handling, he becomes a disappointing casualty of Sargent's script.

Redford exhibits enough stylistic potential to be taken seriously as a director, and *Ordinary People* is an assured (if overly confident) debut, but he must develop better taste in choosing scripts should he want his directorial career to be anything more than ordinary.

Back into the public eye with Dear Abbie

Soon to be a Major Motion Picture, written by Abbie Hoffman, published by Perigee Books, Putnam and Sons, New York.

by Richard Robert Caprio

1968 was an interesting year. Jackie married Ari; Wallace and LeMay tried to run the country and Chicago hosted the Democratic convention. At that convention Abbie Hoffman gained international publicity, but his new book tells his whole story.

Hoffman has remained a most unusual figure in American history. Co-founder, with Jerry Rubin, of the Youth International Party (Yippies), Hoffman hasn't faded into the gray mist of times past, as have other soldiers of the revolution of the sixties.

Jerry Rubin now works on Wall Street. Dave Dellinger makes appearances to sparse crowds at universities. Last year, H. Rap Brown was running a grocery store. Eldridge Cleaver develops men's clothing. Even the F.B.I. has admitted that they are not actively searching for former radicals any longer. Why then, has Abbie Hoffman remained on the minds of the American People?

Hoffman has always been a master of the media. Playing his roles to perfection, he always appears to be just where the action is happening.

He has been a prolific writer, with *Soon to be a Major Motion Picture* being his sixth book. Interest in him increased as he constantly wrote for national magazines, while still being a fugitive. And he was a hustler, a huckster. In his book he admits, "... I'm only half-a-hustler. Half-a-martyr; half-a-hustler."

This latest book, his autobiography, tells the story of his life from his birth on November 30, 1936 ("... me and the birth-control pill were just about the most celebrated things ever to come out of Worcester. At onetime, most folks up there wished the pill had come first.") to late 1979.

Written with his tongue planted firmly in his cheek, Hoffman explains all of the troubles and experiences of his childhood, pausing frequently to inform us of prominent members of his family. Through all of the genealogy some insights to his early influences arise. He was truly moved by a speech given at Harvard Stadium in March, 1959, by Fidel Castro. He was also extremely involved in sports and sex.

Unfortunately, it appears that Mr. Hoffman has lived up to his reputation, once again. There has been volumes written on the sixties and its heroes, some of which were authored by Hoffman. Reading Hoffman's version of Chicago and other events are tolerable, but his early life reads like *Duddy Kravitz* and every other

stereo-typed Jewish Kid who grew up in the fifties.

It's not to say that the personalities of the 1960s weren't important, but enough is enough. As important as that period of time was, the story can only be told so many times before it becomes stale, boring, and seemingly unimportant.

Some of the better parts of the book are the latter pages, which deal with his underground life: a life marked by hidden homes, secret codes, and, always, that feeling of when it would all be over.

Even being a fugitive was a role for Hoffman. Near the end of his hiding he appeared before a Senate subcommittee and played softball against the U.S. Customs agents and the New York State Police.

Underneath all of the humor, below the crazy facade, was a man — a man who had family, friends and feelings. A man who felt he was helping his country by fighting against it. A man who was scared of going to jail for life (the maximum term for his drug bust, if he is convicted).

Hoffman himself admitted that he gave himself up this September because he felt that the nation's attitude towards drugs was "more sophisticated" than before. He also hoped that his recent community service work would be in his favor. But he surrendered as only Hoffman could.

Permitting an exclusive interview with Barbara Walters and other clandestine

sessions with the press before giving himself up was vintage Hoffman. Play the media for all that it's worth, for your own cause. Get public opinion on your side before letting Uncle Sam get his due. It would appear to be merely coincidence that his recent interviews and ultimate surrender coincided with the release of his latest book. This could be the greatest publishing hype in history.

The problem with the book, and unfortunately with most of the media, is its viewpoint. Mention Abbie Hoffman and most people immediately think of bombs, burnings, clenched fists, and all of the other symbols of the sixties. These activities brought Hoffman his fame and notoriety, but not his trouble. The government did not want Hoffman for any of his anti-war activities, they wanted him for selling drugs. This is the point that is constantly missed by the media. Hoffman was not a rebel leader hiding for his life, but a pusher running from a jail term.

Soon to be a Major Motion Picture gives us an insight into the private side of an American personality, albeit, one-sided. Hoffman has been a con-man hustler for most of his life and he now faces what could be his last hustle. The feeling that this is all a sham to cloud his alleged guilt is quite heavy. Most recent criminals have waited until after they were convicted to write their books, Hoffman seems to have jumped the gun just a little.

Willie and Phil (and Jeannette): Paul Mazursky's messy menage

Willie and Phil. A film directed and written by Paul Mazursky, and starring Margot Kidder, Michael Ontkean, and Ray Sharkey. At the Sack Cheri and suburban cinemas.

by Jeff Putnam

For the past decade or so, Paul Mazursky has been the American cinema's equivalent to Francois Truffaut: their *bourgeois* satires have shared more with each other than with their national counterparts; both have been roundly praised for their uncluttered cinematic approach; and both have been heavily criticized — and justifiably so — when their films have not measured up to their abilities (which, for both filmmakers, has been more often than not). But, aside from their disparate nationalities, an immediate distinction arises between them: Truffaut's best works precede Mazursky's by nearly a decade. There exists in Mazursky's middle class comedies a recognizable trace of Truffaut's genial sensibility.

Mazursky's films share more conceptually than stylistically with Truffaut's works: their films are pleasant to watch; contain wonderful, multi-faceted, realistic characters (like Antoine Doinel or Stephen Blume); and are fond testaments of The - Way - We - Live - Today. Atmosphere accounts for so much in their films that the viewer can almost taste the wine in Venice (in *Blume in Love*) or feel the switch in the reform school (in *Les Quatre Cents Coups*).

And despite these likenesses, Mazursky has never openly acknowledged Truffaut's influence, like DePalma; Hitchcock's or Allen Bergman's. Since it has always been a relationship of conceptual similarity rather than direct influence, anyway, acknowledgement has always been indirect.

Or so it was until Mazursky's latest film, *Willie and Phil* — a genuine homage to Truffaut's classic *menage a trois*, *Jules et Jim* (1961).

With *Willie and Phil*, Mazursky proves — as his critics have been saying all along — his inability to fill Truffaut's shoes, and, more importantly, that he might have lost his touch as a middle class satirist. Even in Truffaut's lesser films, a flicker of genius has been discernible, but in *Willie and Phil*, there is not even a single glimmer of the same intellect which spawned *Blume in Love*, *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, or *An Unmarried Woman*.

Willie and Phil opens as the final frames of *Jules et Jim* are projected onto the screen at the Bleecker Street Cinema in Greenwich Village. As the crowd exits, Jewish schoolteacher Willie (Michael Ontkean) meets Italian fashion

photographer Phil (Ray Sharkey) in the lobby, and "because of their mutual love for Truffaut," Mazursky's flat, voice-over narration explains (directly, and poorly, parodying Michel Subor's in *Jules et Jim*), they become fast friends.

One day, when the boys are out picking up girls, they happen upon Jeannette (Margot Kidder), fresh out of Kentucky and all alone in Washington Square. The threesome go off to a movie and, after smoking some pot in Phil's studio, decide that their "destinies are interlocked forever." After Jeannette runs out of money, they flip a coin to decide which of her suitors she will move in with. The voice-over tells us that "they were looking for the answers, but didn't know what the questions were."

Mazursky's sloppy 1970's American mechanics have replaced Truffaut's gently pre-WWII lyricism. But that isn't why *Willie and Phil* doesn't work. Mazursky utilizes the haphazardness of the decade whose morals he anticipated in *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* (1969) to his best advantage; *Willie and Phil* is as helter-skelter as the decade it covers. Unfortunately, Mazursky selects his details with the recklessness of a student hurriedly writing a composition an hour before it must be handed in. He throws everything up against the wall to see what sticks: his characters smoke pot, drop acid, resist the draft, practice yoga, join communes, sit in hot tubs and roller skate without revealing themselves to us. The only personal characteristics we learn about Willie and Phil are their misguided goals; Willie wants to be a jazz pianist (one listen informs us how hopeless that dream is) and Phil wants to be a Jewish intellectual.

No matter how vehemently he tries to supply *Willie and Phil* with an identity separate from *Jules et Jim*, he always points up just how inadequate his film is, and how dependent it is on Truffaut's. He's willing to draw us toward Truffaut's film in order to move us, in turn, to his film — a motion which eventually backfires, because the insubstantiality of his film ricochets us back to Truffaut.

Truffaut's trio — Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, Henri Serre — were perfect; Moreau's classic beauty could conceivably draw best friends to her and her free-spiritedness could satisfy each of them in truly different ways (sex notwithstanding); Werner's good-natured naivete could encourage his best friend to sleep with his wife, and convince us that he was sincere; and Serre's honest reluctance to come between his best friend and his wife is ultimately dissolved by his passion.

Mazursky's equivalents are perfect '70s boobs: Kidder's sole attraction is her winsome sexuality, she's not even really very beautiful (or at least not as enchanting as Moreau); Ontkean's vapidly replaces

Werner's naivete; and Sharkey's lustfulness supplants Serre's reluctant passion. But by merely updating the participants, Mazursky does not validate the relationship. (In both films, two friends meet a woman, whom one of them subsequently dates. During the courtship, the other friend becomes involved with the woman. The woman and her original suitor marry and go off on their own, but continue to communicate with their friend. Eventually they get back together, and the woman leaves her husband for the other man. And finally the three of them live together. Instead of having the woman kill herself and her lover as Truffaut did, Mazursky has Jeannette run off to New York to marry a Russian taxi driver.)

Mazursky's characters mean nothing to each other; Truffaut's troika were drawn together by forces greater than just a shared existence: Jules and Jim developed a veritable camaraderie and befriended Catherine in their search for ideal beauty. Whereas Jules and Jim and Catherine were united by a singular internal energy (fate), Willie and Phil and Jeannette are thrown together by a collective external energy (chance): Willie and Phil never develop an authentic bond of friendship and pick up Jeannette on a whim.

Mazursky's mere recognition of the antithetical energies of the periods can't mask his own traditional superficiality (how much do we really discover about Blume? or Erica? or Bob? or Carol? or Ted? or Alice?). Mazursky's threesome's

relationship and the changes it undergoes seem dictated not by chance, but by design. Mazursky desires his marionettes to dance independently, but realizes that he must exhibit control over their strings. His ineffectual details of the 1970s are just costumes that his puppets don, and their relationship merely a puppet show contrivance — a perverted caricature of *Jules et Jim*.

Willie and Phil fails as miserably at transferring the *Jules et Jim* ethos from its original European intellectual era to an updated American post-intellectual era as fledgling director Rob Cohen's *A Small Circle of Friends* did earlier this year. Neither captured the 1960s-1970s with anything more than an inauthentic superficiality; by merely employing superficial details, they do not reinforce the era's superficiality, but rather reinforce their own.

Which is not to say that, because of the era's superficiality, American directors will remain unable to reconstruct the relationship of *Jules et Jim* within the moral framework of the 1970s. It's just that they must initially distance themselves from the period, and in so doing come to terms with it. After all, *Jules et Jim* offered twenty years' hindsight on the era of its setting. Maybe in a decade or so, American directors will have come to terms with the social composition of 1970s' relationships, but by then, *Willie and Phil* will be — like so many of its era's denizens — remorselessly forgotten.



A GRUMPY WALTER MATTHAU plays 'Hopscotch' with the CIA.

Playing hopscotch with Matthau and Jackson

Hopscotch. A film directed by Ronald Neame, written by Brian Garfield and Bryan Forbes based upon the novel by Garfield and starring Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson and Ned Beatty. At the Sack Pi Alley and suburban cinema.

by Greg Beeman

When a film is preceded by a barrage of studio-created hype, there is usually reason to be suspicious of its merits. Avco Embassy, the distributor of *Hopscotch*, even goes so far as to award a "glamorous all-expense-paid holiday" to the theater owner who can "execute the most imaginative, innovative box office promotion."

If only *Hopscotch* were half as imaginative and innovative as Avco would like the promotion to be. *Hopscotch* could have been an engaging, entertaining film, but with Ronald Neame's (*Poseidon Adventure*, *Meteor*) tired direction it is neither.

Miles Kendig (Walter Matthau) is a CIA agent who is demoted for failing to arrest a Soviet KGB agent. Kendig realizes that arresting the Soviet will do the CIA more harm than good, but his boss, P.G. Myerson (Ned Beatty), does not want to listen. Kendig decides to leave the CIA and write a tell-all book exposing all of his secret CIA dealings. This poses a worldwide security threat and Myerson orders the CIA to prevent the book's publication.

In order to do this, however, they must locate Kendig. This proves to be a difficult

task, as Kendig is very clever and wants to keep them guessing. He enlists the aid of an old friend and former CIA agent (Glenda Jackson), and together they have a great time tormenting Myerson and the CIA.

Their delight, unfortunately, is not shared by the viewer. Ronald Neame's incredibly slow pace so completely bogs down the film that by the time the action does pick up the viewer has lost interest. Neame never allows much humor to surface in this supposed comedy. A major flaw is that Matthau and Jackson, a likeable combination, spend little time together. Most of their scenes "together" involve tedious phone conversations.

To make things even worse, during the film's first hour there is a noticeable lack of movement — both camera and subject. Neame cuts from one inside location to another, with the characters staring at each other and reciting dialogue.

Matthau and Jackson seem doomed to make terrible films together. *House Calls*, their 1976 venture, was a disaster and this is not much of an improvement. Ned Beatty, a veteran of another failed parody, last year's *American Success Company*, is wasted as the moronic Myerson. His constant swearing has earned the film an R rating. Obviously this was done in the ironic hope of attracting a younger audience.

Young and old alike, however, will be disappointed with this film. *Hopscotch* jumps around a lot, but ultimately goes nowhere.



A LOVE TRIANGLE FOR THE 1970's — Willie (Michael Ontkean), Jeannette (Margot Kidder) and Phil (Ray Sharkey), from left to right — interlocks destinies in a New York bar, in Paul Mazursky's 'Willie and Phil.'

more arts & entertainment

Bette Midler's divine madness

Divine Madness. Directed by Michael Ritchie, written by Jerry Blatt, Bette Midler, and Bruce Vilanch. Starring Bette Midler. At an exclusive engagement at the Sack Cheri.

by Alice Whooley

That trashy lady who received an Oscar nomination for her first film role, *The Rose*, gives another monumental performance in the flashy, irreverent, perfectly gaudy documentary of her recent concert tour in *Divine Madness*.

It is unfortunate in many respects that Bette Midler did not win the coveted gold statuette for *The Rose*. It would have been one way of insuring that the millions of people who tune into the stuffy Oscar festivities could have stayed awake through the entire broadcast, or at least until she made her acceptance speech. She is indeed an original, the only person who could suit the title "The Divine Miss M."

This 94-minute collage which captures some of the finer moments of Midler's stage act, is as fast and as freewheeling a cinema event in which you will ever partake. She is more than a songstress, or even an expert performer. She is an event. She leaps from stage to film with comparative amounts of talent and energy. She tackles the impression, masters the salty jokes, and adds her own distinct interpretation to every song she sings.



THE DIVINE-MISS M, Bette Midler, struts her stuff in her latest adventure, 'Divine Madness.'

Any faithful viewer who has suffered through two of the most recent concert films (*Rust Never Sleeps* and *No Nukes*) is aware of the tropes to which the concert film is prone. They can be poorly edited and muddled (*No Nukes*) and poorly edited and self indulgent (*Rust Never Sleeps*). But, because Midler is an actress as much as she is a songstress, she is very

comfortable behind the camera. It gives her an opportunity to enhance her exaggerated, campy style all the more. Midler adores the camera, the spotlight, the attention and we the viewer simply adore Midler in return.

Midler shifts moods, singing style, and expression as quickly as anyone. The audience has no time to become bored for

they are too caught up in her diversity. *Divine Madness* captures more than your average concert. Midler on stage is more representative of a one woman show; she changes costumes, characterizations and eras during the course of her performance. We laugh as she sings "My Way" as Delores Delgado, a third rate night club singer from Chicago, are touched when she sings "Do You Wanna Dance" as an elderly lush, and are brought back to a supposedly less-complicated era when she does her "Leader of the Pack" number.

Midler is such a successful stage performer because she is able to make fun of herself and her audience. What other performer would say to her audience, "after you're thirty, your body decides it wants a life of its own (referring to her own plumpness) or would comment to a young man in the front row, "Your voice is high, isn't it sweetheart?" Midler leaves her inhibitions behind when she steps on stage and she makes it almost impossible for the audience not to do the same. She is refreshingly human and delightfully outrageous.

She is also one of the finest entertainers in America today. If you don't believe it go and experience *Divine Madness*. Along with her singers (The Harlots), her band, and the excellently controlled direction of Michael Ritchie, it is a fine cinematic offering indeed.

Imitation: the sincerest form of flattery, but the cheapest form of filmmaking

In God We Trust. A film directed by Marty Feldman, written by Feldman and Chris Allen and starring Feldman, Louise Lasser, Peter Boyle, Andy Kaufman and Richard Pryor. At the Sack Charles and suburban cinemas.

by Greg Beeman

In any field, success often inspires imitation. In the film industry, however, success guarantees imitation.

Motion picture studios see a copy of a proven money makes as a sure way to make a profit. The success of last year's *Halloween* for example, was the impetus for a seemingly endless glut of ludicrous, low budget horror films.

Last year, the religious satire *Monty Python's Life of Brian* was a surprise box office hit. It was followed by this year's *Wholly Moses*, a terrible film that died quickly at the box office.

Now Marty Feldman offers his religious spoof, *In God We Trust*. Feldman's satire is, to understate the case, totally unsuccessful and only serves to prove that his disastrous directorial debut, 1978's *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*, was no fluke.

Feldman plays Brother Ambrose, a monk who is sent out of the monastery for the first time in his life to get money to pay the monastery's mortgage. This gives Feldman two sources for humor; along with religious satire, he can play off of Ambrose's naivete in regard to life outside the monastery. Feldman, though, proves incapable of handling this potential source

of laughs.

There is not an ounce of originality in *In God We Trust*. Feldman relies on the familiar and his overkill milks every stale situation for far more than it is worth. The first person Ambrose meets after leaving the monastery is a profitseeking travelling preacher (Peter Boyle) who, of course, steals his money and flees. Boyle is annoying enough in this scene, but unfortunately this is not the last we see of him.

Louise Lasser plays a hooker with a heart of gold named Mary (an obvious and unfunny religious reference). She tells Ambrose about sex. Here the thin jokes are stretched far beyond their limit. "You really are an innocent," says Lasser, as sappy strings cloy in the background. "It's touching, really touching." This scene is not. This character makes Mary Hartman look like an intellectual.

Andy Kaufman makes the most of his role as a powerful, money-hungry television preacher. He gets what few slightly humorous lines there are, but his character quickly becomes as grating as the others. Richard Pryor, who plays God, is completely wasted, as he was in *Wholly Moses*. Maybe he just likes to be a part of terrible religious satires.

The blame for *In God We Trust's* failure rests totally on Feldman. Successful satire is difficult to achieve - Feldman doesn't even come close. Even on a technical level this film is second-rate. The

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He Knows You're Alone. A film directed by Armand Mastroianni, written by Scott Parker, and starring Caitlin O'Heaney and Don Scardino. At the Sack Beacon Hill and suburban cinemas.

by Dave Mullins

It is said that a director is considered a master of his craft when his work is copied by his peers. If this is true, then John Carpenter, director of *Halloween*, must be considered a master.

He Knows You're Alone, the latest film by director Armand Mastroianni, is in itself, only an average horror film, but it pays homage to Carpenter's quick shock cinema technique, a style which made *Halloween* a horror classic.

Unfortunately, Mastroianni's idea of homage is to duplicate. The blame for this fiasco lies with the pen and thoughts of both Mastroianni and screenwriter Scott Parker, who conjured up a movie with many parallels to Carpenter's predecessor. Thus, the movie often suffers from extreme predictability.

Mastroianni's killer is a murderer of young brides-to-be with the same blank expressionless face as Carpenter's bogey man. He appears and disappears mysteriously and with great ease. It is easy to remember this character's predecessor's constant stares as he follows Amy Jennings (Caitlin O'Heaney), and her high school friends (remember Jaime Lee Curtis' character).

Mastroianni even uses the same technical devices. A hand-held camera follows Jennings while jogging, giving the audience the feeling that the killer is right behind her all the time. Constant foreground and background blurring is purposely given in some scenes to make you perceive what the killer is seeing. Many times the camera focuses on the central character, diverting your attention to him, while the killer, now a blurry shadow in the background sneaks around.

He Knows You're Alone is by no means worthy of 'Halloween.' The concept of quick-shock horror is to lull the viewer into a sense of false security, and then before he has time to prepare, shocks him with either an element of horror or surprise. *Halloween* used simple conversation to bridge the gaps between frights in creating this sense of security. *He Knows You're Alone* resorts to humor to attempt to achieve the same results.

Unfortunately, Mastroianni and Parker take humor too far, and end up with often too corny dialogue, ruining the designed effect. The slight of hand maneuvering never fully develops, and you begin to predict and expect what happens next. Predictability is sure death to a horror film.

Granted, Mastroianni is very adept at scaring people, and his chase and murder scenes are better than most. His imagery of what will frighten is important toward making this film believable at all. But instead of building suspense toward a final

See page 13



ANDY KAUFMAN PROVIDES the most redeeming aspect of Marty Feldman's latest turkey, 'In God We Trust.'



SHE KNOWS SHE'S A GONER — Caitlin O'Heaney cowers in the latest schlock thriller, 'He Knows You're Alone.'

This year's films

Suffolk's Program Council Film Committee Chairman Dave Mullins has announced this year's schedule of films to be shown on campus. The schedule is as follows, with times and locations to be announced:

FALL SEMESTER

Oct. 2: *Aguirre — The Wrath of God*
Oct. 9: *Blazing Saddles*
Oct. 16: *Nosferatu, The Vampyre*
Oct. 30: *The Exorcist*
Nov. 6: *The Goodbye Girl*

Nov. 13: *The Wanderers*
Dec. 4: *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (original 1956 version)
Dec. 11: *The In-Laws*

SPRING SEMESTER

Jan. 22: *Monty Python's Life of Brian*
Jan. 29: *Halloween*
Feb. 12: *Time After Time*
Feb. 26: *Reefer Madness*
March 12: *Night of the Living Dead*
March 26: *A Clockwork Orange*
April 16: *The Kids Are Alright*
April 28: *The Song Remains The Same*

Halloween revisited

Continued from page 12

climax, the film reverts to numerous horror peaks and low comedic valleys. It leaves the viewer with few memories, and those are forgotten upon leaving the theater.

Don Scardino and O'Heaney, the stars, are possible in their roles, considering the poor dialogue they receive between screams. The rest of the cast displays a total lack of acting ability. The killer never utters a word (lucky man), and the police use every cop cliché known to Parker (which is many). Had it not been for Mastroianni's ability to use horror as a means to revive the audience, this film would have been destined for a late night slot following a Ronald Reagan movie.

The film's appearance is actually more of a financial ploy rather than serious distribution. MGM/United Artists released the film now, before the re-release of *Halloween* in late October. With the sequel *Halloween II* in production and numerous other international horror films nearing release, the horror market will be quite full in the near future. Releasing it now meant getting a share of the profits before the market is flooded.

What's worse is that the audience (in a nice surprise ending, the best part of the film), never sees the wedding night killer die. Which again makes one wonder whether Mastroianni's imagination is actually his... or Carpenter's.

... 'BCN

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THE GOOD-BYE GIRLS

Yes, the "gopher" internship they thought waited for them never showed its face. Each day they learned new people, places and things, from racing over to Roxbury District Court for the Levi Hart inquest to scooping a fight between unhappy welfare recipients and Deputy Mayor Clarence "Jeep" Jones over the city budget.

They met groups like the Cars, the Elevators, Rocky Burnett and one night in particular, they zoned and laughed at a guy wearing funny leather pants with a spacey look in his eyes ie. Peter Wolfe from the J. Geils Band.

Reluctantly, they packed up their news stories to say good-bye to the "Home" as producer Richard Morse called it. But wait, leaving meant saying good-bye to everyone. No more Dinah sound in the morning, no Mike Sher to oogle, no Danny

see page 15



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No trust in Feldman

continued from page 12

direction is clumsy and the editing is choppy. A chase scene is notable only for its sloppy filming.

In one scene, Peter Boyle tells Feldman

that as an infant he was abandoned on the steps of a church with a note reading, "Attached child is a gift from God. Please return to sender." While *In God We Trust* is certainly not a gift from God, it should be returned to its senders.

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Fall into football 1980 with Joe Walsh

by Ben Klemmer

With studying, outside jobs, loused up dates, and the car problems we all are faced with, intramural flag football plays an important role in campus life. With 10 teams on the schedule, and super organizer Joe Walsh there to help out, flag football is a great way to "get your Ya Ya's Out." The season is young, and the teams and captains are showing a growing optimism about their play and he program.

White Heat has been the victim of the no-show dilemma, forfeiting their last game, and resting at 0-2. "We have a good team — a great team. We lost to the Raiders by only 2, and they're last years champs," emphasized captain Mark Galleger. "We're getting three new players, and plan to put it together," he said. "We don't want to forfeit anymore games. There are some new rules we have to get used to, but if we get everyone there, we'll be O.K." Gallager noted the Blocking Downfield rule as one his team has been called for and must learn.

The North End Raiders have five returning players and pride on their side. They are last years champs, and are 1-0 so far. The main problem now is "too many guys are over anxious and want to play, making it disorganized at times," according to captain Anthony Tricca. He pointed out the team's main weapon as the bomb. "Quarterback Mike Romano has a good arm," he said, and is capable of throwing it long." The captain commented that "the games are sometimes rough, but never out of hand."

With a 1-1 record, TKE captain Doug White claims his problems are primarily because "his team has never played together before." TKE boasts a strong pass defense, offset by an offense that can make the big play.

Along with TKE, many of the other teams are impressed with this year's organization, as compared to last years. "Joe Walsh has really put a lot of work into the league, and you can see it when he shows up at the games," remarked White.

At 1-0, the No Names have a good sized line, and have real offensive threat in John Valerni. "He's very fast," stated their captain Art Montuori. There main plays involve a short pass designed to get first downs, and like most other teams, possess the old Hail Mary play. Montuori calls his defense "quick" and sees the main problem now as getting people to show up on time.

The Stiffs have literally stayed that way with an 0-1 record, (because of forfeit). The team is fielding 11 new players, with hopes of being a competitor. "We have a good quarterback, throwing to some better than average receivers. Our main problem is getting people to show up," said Capuzzi. He suggested there be more time outs, but noted there are ways around that rule, (throwing the ball out of bounds, a player running out of bounds, etc. . .) as well as stopping the clock.

The Panthers stand at 0-1, and boast a double threat quarterback, "who has a decent arm" noted Mark Corbett. In their first game they were disorganized, but since then they have worked on executing plays, mainly the halfback option. The Panthers are working on a new game plan, (some new pass patterns) with a full squad in future games.

Joe Walsh suggested "more people should come and support teams playing. The weather has been good," he said, and people who wanted to play, but could not for one reason or another, might find the games interesting. Hopefully they will like what they see, and want to play in the



THE HAWKS (on defense) are back this flag football season under a new name: Dunkin Dolphins.

future. The Flag Football League offers a way for students to get to know each other. It acts as an ice breaker," he said.

You don't believe this league is competitive? One of the captains told me that last year a player from another team

called his house, and impersonated someone who wanted to join that captain's team. He asked questions about what plays they used, offensive strategies, etc. . . Some one's out there to win, one way or another.

Brockton boxer new champ

by Jon Gottlieb

It was short and painful for Alan Minter. In Marvin Hagler's corner, the new Middleweight Champion and his entourage thought the London fall was simply MARVELOUS.

After years of training and hard luck battles with virtually every promoter and middleweight in the world, the Brockton native took that coveted title away from Britain's Alan Minter, in less than three bloody rounds at Wembley Stadium.

Finally, and deservedly so.

Marvin beat the odds this weekend that seemed to be so much against him in any previous title shot. Vito Antuofermo ducked him for a while. Hagler claimed that he won the title when they finally did meet. He did not. There are countless other stories. There was Minter himself, different than the others not only because he was the Champ, but because he did not run.

All the fanfare at the Stadium was for the Champ. Minter had lost only five bouts. Hagler was a pound overweight. Minter was taller. Everything again appeared to be against Marvin . . . except when he stepped into the ring.

No one backed off in this one at any time. None of the shots were cheap.

Everything hurt. In Round One, each showed their quickness, coming at the other with jabs. They were testing each other, and holding nothing back.

In Round Two, Hagler started to look for some openings. Minter stood his ground, just waiting for the challenger to make a mistake. "The Marvelous One" threw a fast left-right combination at Minter, cutting him under his left eye. Minter remained aggressive, but Marvin had the edge.

The third and deciding round was all Marvin. In a little more than a minute, he wrote his name in the record books. Minter was now cut badly under each eye. His opponent worked on his face with every punch, the final blow coming on a jarring uppercut. The referee checked Minter and then honored Minter's trainer's request to stop the fight. TKO. Boston and Brockton had itself another champion.

It was sad and ironic that Hagler had to be quickly escorted out of the ring by a gang of bobbies after the angry fans threw garbage when their hero lost. However, things never came easy for Marvin Hagler. Now, its an undisputed fact. Short but sweet.

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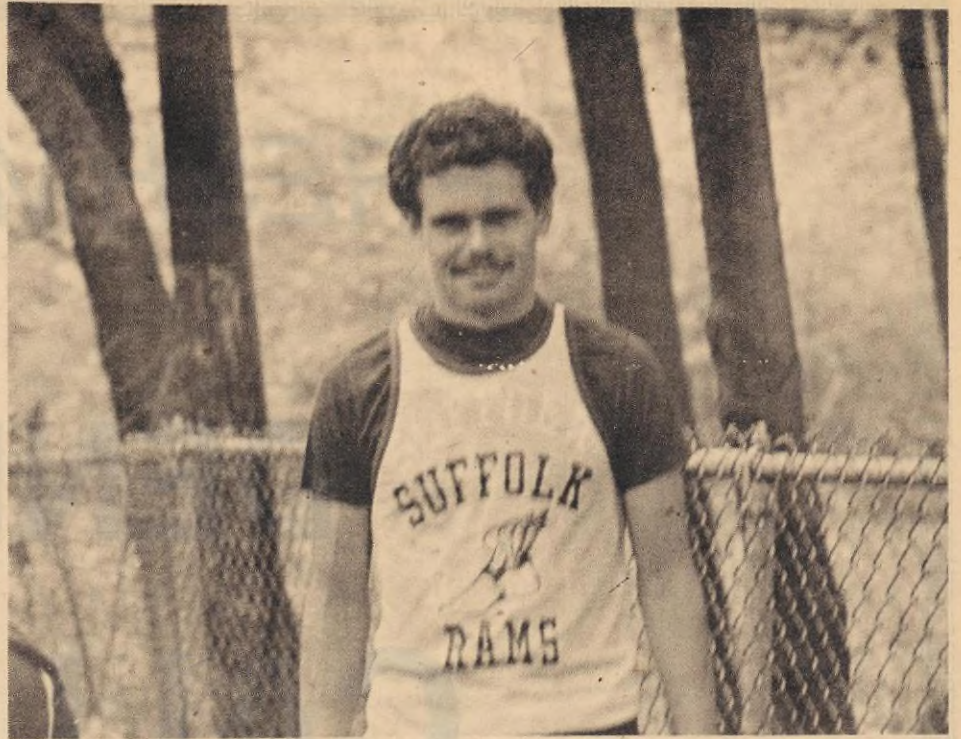
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RICK LONERGAN, despite injury, competed in Saturday's meet . . . and was Suffolk's fourth finisher.

Cross country drops second

by Joe Coughlin

The Cross Country team, competing without three of their top runners, nearly toppled St. Joseph's in Maine on Saturday, but could not pull out the victory, dropping their second meet by the close score of 24-31.

Dara Farrell and Bobby Flot both missed the meet because of work and Jack Cameron (was still nursing an injury he incurred in during Suffolk's 17-44 loss to Gordon College last Saturday. The rest of the team, however, was healthy and ready to run.

The first Suffolk finisher, placing second overall, was Lenny Casanoff. He ran the approximately five mile course in 28:56.

Senior veteran Larry O'Toole was the second Ram finisher, fourth overall, with a time of 29:33.

The third Suffolk finisher, sixth overall, with a time of 29:45, was junior Brian Callahan, who Coach Barry Dwyer said,

"has really shown a lot of improvement over last year."

Senior Rick Loneragan, running injured, was the fourth finisher for the Rams. Last year Loneragan beat five of St. Joseph's runners, but this season, Dwyer said Loneragan is to be commended on just running alone.

Rita Feloni, with a time of 43:13, was Suffolk's fifth and final scorer, placing tenth overall. Coach Dwyer was pleased with her performance. "Enough can't be said about her performance, said Dwyer. She drew a lot of enthusiasm from both sides."

Dwyer termed the meet "very competitive." "Had we two or three of our other runners it would have been a comfortable victory. We have a nucleus of a fairly good team," she noted.

The team will be looking for their first victory when they travel to the Barrington Invitational on Saturday.

. . . 'BCN

continued from page 13
Schechter to emulate!

Worst of all, they would have to leave behind the two who forced them to become responsible grown ups dealing with an irresponsible world . . . Steve Strick and Matt Schaffer. How could they leave Steve and not have him play with the typewriter keys and their copy still in the machine so they would have to do it over? How could they not miss Matt and his "my girls" greeting every day? The two they most feared and dreaded working with became the two they most feared and dreaded leaving. How could they go?

"Janet, what do you think about

staying on a while longer?"

"Do you think we could do it?"

"I don't know, I mean after all, we do work for nothing, we do spend most of the day and night here, and we do put up with a lot of lost nights, like missing the sailors when they came to town on the tall ships because we had to work . . . every night they were in port!"

"Yeah, Old Spice intrigues me, and I did miss out."

"Well, what do you say? We did get on the air once . . . all three minutes and thirty four seconds of our voices."

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The Program Board is in need of a Coffeehouse Chairperson. All interested students should apply in the Student Activities Office or RL.

All students interested in working on the Special Events Committee are invited to attend its next meeting on Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1-2:30 RL2.

LOGO CONTEST

Grand Prize — AM-FM radio

For most original logo for
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Entries due Oct. 7 - Asst.
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Winner announced Oct. 10.