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Merry Christmas

A Christmas without Lennon
See page 7

Christmas movie preview
See page 10

Women's basketball wins first
See page 14

SUFFOLK JOURNAL

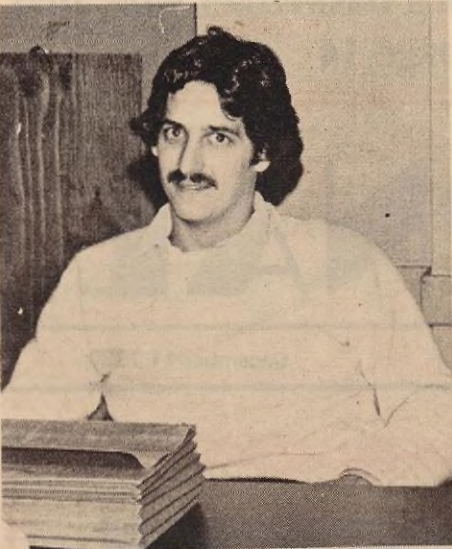
Volume 36 Number 17

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

December 11, 1980



SGA rates their performance



Senior Class President Mathew Dignan

by Nancy Rezendes

In a recent series of interviews, SGA members gave the organization grades ranging from A to D for various aspects of their performance and progress this past semester.

The SGA assigned members to various committees just last week. Yet the majority of those interviewed feel that the delay was legitimate and necessary. "There's a whole new SGA this year," says secretary Ann Coyne. "Before we had the same group of people," "Now there's a whole turnover with all different people and better ideas."

In October SGA members held a retreat where they devised a number of long and short range goals. According to President Mary Singleton, the retreat benefitted SGA members since they devised the committees specifically to meet the goals discussed.

A major change implemented by the SGA this year was the establishment of the Program Council to deal with social issues. In past years the SGA has handled both academic and social affairs. This change

has now enabled the SGA to focus its concentration on academic concerns.

Yet a major issue rose out of this change when various members felt the SGA should handle students social events instead of a separate board doing so. SGA Vice President Philip Sutherland felt the Program Council should not have been an issue to begin with. "We said we'd wait a year before we made any decision on it," said Sutherland. "It resulted in a lot of criticism."

In a previous *Journal* article, graduate student and former SGA member Joseph Paluzzi was quoted as saying "The program council has done their job, the SGA hasn't done theirs." Sutherland says he feels that Paluzzi's point of view "is right."

Singleton responded to the quote saying, "First of all, I thought he was out



SGA Secretary Ann Coyne

of line in saying this. His statements were ill-founded." Singleton said she felt that Paluzzi's comment "was an attempt of the Program Council to get him to say these things." Later Singleton said she had no comment on the Program Council issue, saying that she is "staying impartial."

Concerning her feelings on the Program Council issue, Coyne, who is also secretary to that board, said that the SGA "should have realized the decision they were making."

Aside from the Program Council issue, Senior Class President Mathew Dignan feels the SGA has made "some pretty good decisions this semester. There were no real wrong decisions," he said. "We got off to a slow start," said Dignan. "There are a lot of new members. It takes a while to see how you can work together." When asked about the goals he felt the SGA has accomplished this past semester, Dignan said, "We're working towards things not revolutionary to the school." Dignan has been involved in trying to implement birthdates on student IDs. Yet in terms of accomplishments, Dignan said he would



Junior Class President Barry Fitzgerald

more. "We haven't covered the scope of student problems. We should look into them more." Fitzgerald suggested using questionnaires to determine student needs. He feels that SGA efforts to obtain goals haven't been used to their full extent as of yet." Yet, he adds, "the SGA does a lot of things that didn't really stand out in students' minds."

Two ongoing concerns of the SGA are establishing better communication with the Board of Trustees and getting student input into the development of the new Ashburton building. The SGA would like to see student activity space in the new building. "It's important that the trustees know we need some kind of space. It will be hard for students to have classes at the top of the hill and then have to walk all the way down to Ridgeway Lane," says Coyne. In this case, "student activities will really suffer."

In addition to the space for student activities, Dignan is working on having the senior class donate a gift to the new Ashburton building.

Concerning the trustee issue, Singleton says "it's an ongoing battle." When asked about the SGA's position on the new bill filed to change Suffolk's charter, Singleton said she "didn't want to make any comment."

A bill was filed by the Organization to Promote an Equal and new Suffolk (OPENS). The purpose of the bill and of OPENS is to establish a new Board of Trustees within Suffolk University. In a previous interview, Singleton said that the SGA "will actively support the charter." However, Singleton denied this saying that the SGA will wait until all the research is in and then vote on it.

Aside from the trustee issue, SGA is actively involved in the Massachusetts Independent Student Coalition (MISC) which is described by sophomore class president Anne Harrington as a "student lobbying group."

If the SGA could start the semester over again, Harrington said she would "have tried to have the SGA more organized. There was a lot of nonsense that went on; Program Board was attacked too much." Harrington said that the SGA will be meeting over the vacation and feels they will get a lot more done next semester.

Singleton feels that the individual members were making good personal progress. SGA students are actively involved in various student and faculty committees. "Students should come and look at what we've done," says Singleton. "The record speaks for itself."

Sophomore Class President Anne Harrington

give the SGA a grade of D. "I don't think as a body we have gotten that much done. People forgot about the lessons we learned on the retreat," he said.

Singleton gave the SGA a B in terms of accomplishments saying that. "there are some things that don't get recognized."

She cited how the SGA has implemented Monday's reading day for students, and the current research that is being done on the issue of gaining better communication with the Board of Trustees. Singleton also mentioned the issue of getting birthdates on student IDs and how the SGA is dealing with the problem of noise in the library. Also cited was the SGA's fund raisers through alumni and the SGA's charity efforts for Globe Santa. "These efforts seem to be overlooked," she says.

Singleton gave the SGA an A grade in terms of meeting student needs and being available to them. "The success is up to students," she says. "We are receptive to them."

Junior Class President Barry Fitzgerald feels that the SGA could have done a lot

MENU

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| Dinner | 3:00 P.M. - Closing | Saturday, Sunday | CLOSED |

ENTREES

| MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY |
|---|--|--|--|---|
| Roast Beef gravy Whipped pot. veg. \$2.25 | Turkey Devonshire Vegetable Rissolie Pot. \$2.25 | Pot Roast Whip Pot. Peas, carrots gravy \$2.25 | Lasagna Sm. Salad Gr. Cheese \$2.25 | Batter Dipt Fish Cole Slaw French Fries Tartare Sauce \$2.25 |
| Chicken Chow Mein noodles and rice \$1.95 | Stuffed Shells Sm. Salad Gr. Cheese \$1.95 | Keilbasa on Bulkie French Fries \$1.95 | Pepper steak French Fr \$1.95 | Mac. & Cheese Sm. Salad \$1.95 |
| Veg. Soup \$.55-.75 | Chicken Noodle Soup \$.55-.75 | Beef Barley Soup \$.75-.75 | Minestrone Soup \$.55-.75 | Clam Chowder Tomatoe Soup \$.55-.75 |

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TAKE OUT TOO!

Council focuses on Financial Aid

by Lisa Griffin

Last week's Council of Presidents meeting brought to focus an important bill before the lame-duck Congress which could affect the financial aid status of students throughout the country.

Financial Aid Director Darcie Lincoln spoke before the council for 15 minutes, urging students to contact their legislators to show support for the defense of the current financial aid programs. The Higher Education Reauthorization Bill (or HR 5192) was brought before Congress on Nov. 12, 1980. However, under the proposed appropriations before the House and Senate, the Basic Educational Opportunity Grant (BEOG) and the Guaranteed Student Loan (GSL) programs will fall dramatically short of the amount needed to cover last year's financial aid deficit of \$272 million (as predicted by the Congressional Budget Office).

More specifically, the total amount needed for the programs is in the range of \$1.2 to \$1.46 billion, depending on estimates and whether the maximum amount awarded for the BEOG will be raised to \$1,900. Also, unless the BEOG program is increased to this figure, some 107,000 "current student recipients" will lose eligibility for the program.

In addition to affecting the BEOG and GSL financial aid programs, HR 5192 will also affect the National Direct Student Loan program. If the Higher Education Reauthorization Bill is passed, the amount appropriated for the NSDL program will

be \$100 million below current NDSL funding. According to these figures, 100,000 needy students who are currently eligible will lose their loan if this cut is successful. Lincoln urged students to consider all of the options concerning their financial aid packages and to contact the financial aid office for more information.

Also before the council was *Journal* Editor Alice I. Whooley, who gave a report with Richard R. Caprio concerning the 13 new guidelines currently under study before the Ad-Hoc Publications Committee. In her report, Whooley said that the *Journal* will not be publishing a parody issue this year, stating, "I don't think the parody is worth risking the *Journal*."

In other action before the council:

—Treasurer Nicholas Babanikas reported that there is currently \$7,086.58 remaining in the President's Council budget.

—In an SGA report, Douglas White gave a report on the upcoming plans for the SGA Jail Day, Pie-throwing contest, and various other selected events.

—Appropriation was made of \$125 for the Psychology Club. The club will be showing the film "Repulsion" in the auditorium at a tentative date of Jan. 22.

—Appropriation of \$25 for the Society for the Advancement of Management who will be having a speaker lecture on "Management in the 80's" sometime in the near future. The amount appropriated will provide for the travel expenses of the

speaker.

—Appropriation of \$100 for the phone bill of the President's Council office. President Donald Carriger also noted that a phone lock will be kept on the office phone until further notice.

—Appropriation of \$100 for the New Directions phone bill.

—Discussed a proposed amendment to the Council of Presidents' Constitution.

Under this amendment, there would be a total of seven specific articles in Article IX, section II which concern funding and allocation procedures. Further discussion of the amendment will be on Jan. 22.

—Failure to pass an appropriation request of \$190 for New Directions to hold a Relaxation Week in the lounge which would have provided refreshments and pastries for students during final week.



This week, four coats were stolen at the Riley's Pub Rathskeller.

Coats stolen at RAT

by Jody Manfredonia

Four coats were stolen at the Nov. 26 Rathskellar at Riley's Beef and Pub.

The four victims of these crimes were Angelo Pappas (Crime and Delinquency '81), Ann Marie Cienava (English '83), John McDonnell (Accounting '83), and Steve Skeffington ('83).

Describing his feeling, Angelo Pappas said, "Safety precautions should be taken by the management at Riley's in order that coats be returned to customers."

Riley's Beef and Pub Manager, who wished to remain anonymous, said that Riley's has no coatcheck policy. One simply hangs his coat on the hangers and

rack provided, she said. This way Riley's is not liable for any stolen coats. "Everyone is responsible for their own coat," she said.

Ann Marie Cienava, another victim, said, "It probably was our own fault but we didn't expect it to happen."

At a recent Program Council meeting Tom Lenox (Spanish '82) moved that the Rathskellar committee provides a coat rack run by the committee, but the motion was defeated.

John McDonnell (Accounting '83) said, "I think students would be glad to pay a quarter to have their coat watched."

As for what, if anything, will be done at future rathskellers to prevent the problem, nothing has yet been decided upon.



Ad-Hoc Committee Member ... Richard Robert Caprio discusses the Ad-Hoc Committee guidelines which were passed by SAC.

clip and save

The Program Council Film Committee presents:

Second Semester films

- Jan. 22 The Life of Brian
- Jan. 29 Halloween
- Feb. 12 Time After Time
- Feb. 26 Reefer Madness
- March 12 Night of the Living Dead
- March 26 Clockwork Orange
- April 16 The Kids are Alright
- April 28 The Song Remains the same

S.G.A. NEWS

The S.G.A. is sponsoring a Jail Day and a Kissing Booth Today.

Jail Day — 10:00-2:00 p.m. in the cafeteria Dec. 11, 1980.

Kissing Booth — 10:00-2:30 p.m. in the cafeteria & Rat Dec. 11, 1980.

There is a position for **Freshmen Representative** available. Petitions are available in the Student Activities Office now. They are due back in the S.A.O. Friday, Dec. 12, 1980, by 12:00 noon.

All candidates must make a speech Jan. 22, 1981, in RL 3. Elections will be held Tuesday & Wednesday, Jan. 27th & 28th.



Gail Spring Photo

Gold Key Society President Thomas Keaveney ... announced new club members and upcoming plans.

New Gold Key members

by Greg Beeman

The Gold Key Honor Society recently named 18 new members and last week held its first meeting of the semester.

The new members are: Michael Bates, Stephen Clifford, Vincent Conte, Daniel Doherty, Licia Firmani, Peter Hunter, Mary Jason, Richard Lonergan, and Elisa McKnight.

Also, Lorraine Messina, Julie Minton, Elizabeth Mulherin, Thomas O'Coin, Jeffrey Putnam, Suzanne Radovich, Katherine Rohan, Amy Scarborough and Angela Tsaffaras.

At the meeting, President Thomas Keaveney told members that "all will have the same amount of input" in planning the organization's activities. This way, he said, there will be "no excuse for not coming up with good ideas."

Keaveney said that Gold Key's funds

are "definitely limited" and their total budget will be between \$300 and \$500. He suggested a party as a possible way of raising money.

In the past, Keaveney said, Gold Key's chief functions have been holding a college bowl, a "Parent's Day" to familiarize parents with the university and ushering at Recognition Day.

Keaveney, however, would like to see Gold Key become more active. "Either we're going to be a worthless organization or one that helps the school," he said.

"It's going to take a concerted effort to push this thing along," Keaveney said.

In January, Keaveney said, present members will be able to nominate sophomores, juniors and seniors to Gold Key and the membership will then vote on these nominations.

Truman candidates announced

Two Suffolk students were recently selected as nominees to the Harry S. Truman Scholarship Competition.

Thomas Bagarella and Dorothy Manning, both members of the class of 1983, were chosen from a field of nine candidates. The screening process was conducted under the direction of Assistant Professor of Government Agnes Baines, who is faculty representative to the

competition.

The Truman Foundation annually awards up to 79 scholarships to capable sophomores with potential leadership in public service careers.

To qualify, a student must have a 3.0 cumulative grade average, be in the upper quarter of the class and be enrolled in an undergraduate program preparing for public service.

Registration wrap-up

by John Maiona

Registration is more trouble than it is worth to many people. To the Registrar's office, it is virtually a full time job. To a student who discovers he has been closed out of his English course, it is a mystery.

According to Suffolk Registrar Mary Hefron, it is as complicated a process as it appears to be. Registration begins several months before the thought first occurs to most students; the faculty must set up what courses they want to teach and when they will teach them. Then, registration materials are mailed to students, who must return them before the deadline. "I hope students will honor deadlines ..." said Hefron.

Once the registration forms are signed and turned in, the real work begins. All the information on the registration forms is put into the university's new computer. Students are put down for the courses they requested, pending payment of tuition. When the Accounting Office notifies the Registrar's Office that the student's financial obligations have been met, the student is formally registered.

In practice, nothing is ever this simple. There are literally dozens of things that can and do go wrong. For example, many students miss registration deadlines.

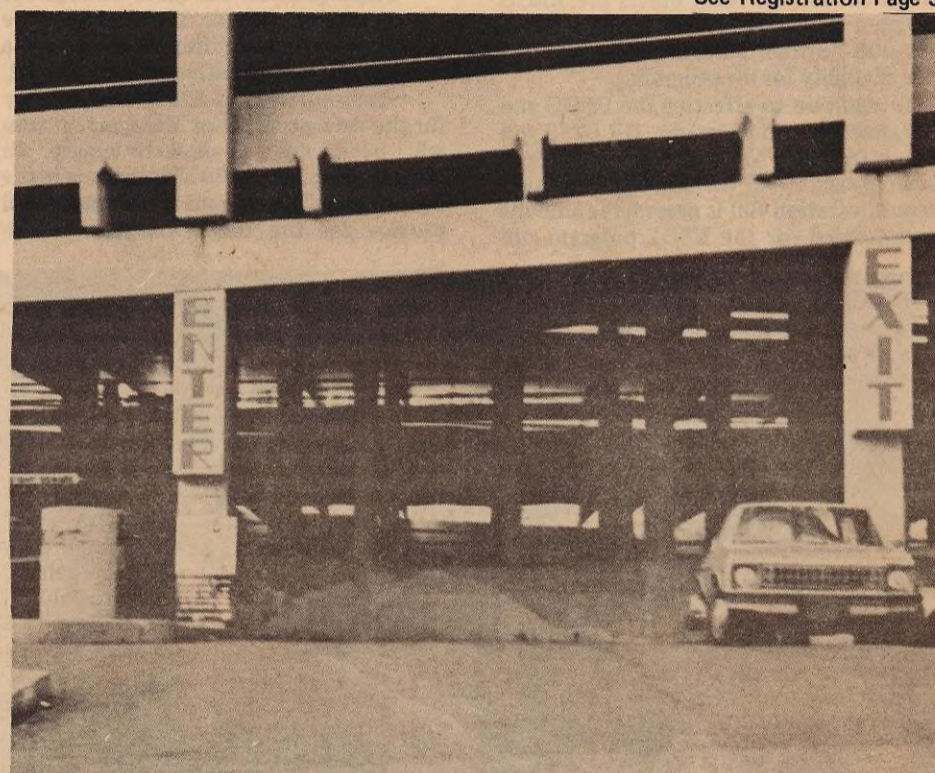
"We are on a tight time schedule this year," said Hefron. Both fall grades and an early start on the spring semester this year have shortened the time available to process registration. "We will be here through New Years weekend," said Hefron. Thus Late Registration could be a major problem.

Also, many students register for courses without sending in their tuition payments before the Dec. 15 deadline. This means their names have to be pulled out of the courses they are listed for—"deregistered." Then they must late register.

Students who fail to list alternates for their course choices often get closed out; when they get their confirmations back, they may be listed for only two or three classes.

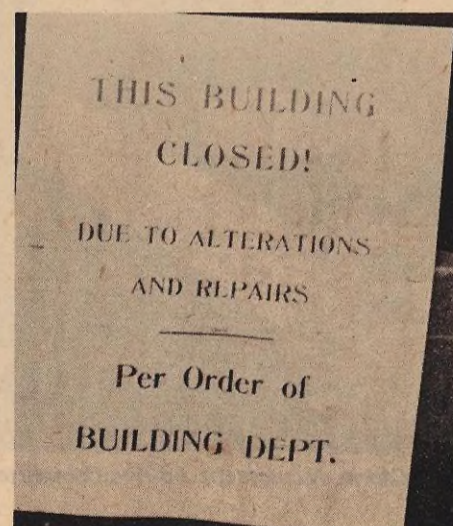
Most of the heavy paperwork involved in registration is done by computer. This is not new to Suffolk; in the '60's Suffolk was with a data services contractor and in

See Registration Page 5



Lisa Camenker Photo

THE GOVERNMENT CENTER GARAGE (above) which was closed this week due to its unsafe condition. A sign (left) offers no hope of a quick re-opening.



Lisa Camenker Photo

Good bye
and good luck
to
Richard Robert
Caprio

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looking for a new
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Gail Spring Photo

SGA Members to convene during Christmas break to revise the SGA constitution.

SGA wants to get things done

by Larry Buckley

"Is anything going to be done before next semester?" was SGA President Mary Singleton's main question to the SGA at this week's meeting.

Singleton said that the SGA has been getting "a lot of flack" for not being able to spark student interest. "The committees aren't moving; they aren't doing anything," Singleton said before making strong recommendations for SGA and committee meetings over the semester break.

Among the meetings to be held over break is a meeting to revise the SGA constitution. That meeting will be held Wednesday, December 7 at 1:00 p.m. in the Ridgeway Lounge.

Because of the absence of Program Board and Council (PBC) Liaison Barry Fitzgerald, SGA Secretary Ann Coyne informed the group that the PBC Christmas Party is "still up in the air." She said, however, that ticket prices have been fixed at \$3 for students and \$5 for guests.

The \$5 charge reflects an effort to limit the number of "non-Suffolk students." Each student will be limited to one guest.

In other business, the SGA voted to draft a letter to the Rathskellar Committee recommending a coat check service be provided at all Rats. This motion came in view of a recent incident where some coats were stolen at Riley's.

Junior Class Representative Darren Donovan felt that this was "a minimum service to provide for the students." After all, he said, "we (the students) pay \$35 a year for student activities."

The last item of business was today's Jail Day/Kissing Booth, for the benefit of Globe Santa, coordinated by Donovan, in cooperation with the TKE fraternity and the Suffolk Cheerleaders. Singleton requested that all SGA members participate in order to encourage other students to join in.

"Go up and kiss everyone," Donovan recommended.

Bundle up this winter

by R. Scott Reedy

Last week's bitter cold and thoughts of the long winter ahead have prompted some Suffolk students to question the effectiveness of the heating in the university's five buildings.

"The temperature should be 68 degrees Fahrenheit, no more and no less," according to Assistant Physical Plant Director Edward Farren. Checks last week showed the temperature in the Fenton building to be 72 degrees or 74 degrees. The Mt. Vernon bldg. registered at 68F, as did the Donahue building, which also went as high as 70F. Temperature in the Archer building was 68 degrees. While the classrooms and stairwell of the Ridgeway Lane building are often stifling, an empty office in that same building last week registered at 64 degrees.

Farren said there are many variables which affect the heating. He said, "If a class is jammed with students the temperature is bound to rise." He continued that "location is a factor, too" and "how far you are from the heat source."

Explaining why the buildings temperatures are not uniform, Farren said, "The differences could be a result of a closed damper that is shut down for some reason." He said that his office "won't know (this) unless we get a call."

Addressing specific questions, and complaints about the heating in the Mt. Vernon building, Farren said that "Mt. Vernon is an old building, but we had two new boilers installed last year." He said that there were some earlier problems with the new boilers which were corrected, and that "whatever problems there are now, are being worked on by the company." He further said, "We may be waiting for a part." "You can't do repairs without proper parts."

Commenting on factors which affect the heat but which are beyond his control Farren spoke of the cold wind and its affect on certain sides of buildings, and not others. He also said that some complaints

"are matters of personal comfort and hard to solve."

"If people have a problem they should call, and let us know," Farren said.

. . . Registration

Continued from page 5

the early '70's Suffolk used the computer at Babson College on a time sharing basis.

Last year, the university purchased a computer of its own, from Prime Computer Co., for administrative use. Unfortunately, there are still problems with both the computer and the software, which the university purchased from a company in Virginia. "Everything is new this year," said Hefron, "it is a baptism of fire."

Despite these problems, Hefron expects to have the course confirmations "back to the students by the first of the year." You just pray every day," said Hefron, "that the system is up and the computers running."

* Happy holidays *
* to all *
* from the *
* News *
* Department. *

FINAL EXAMINATION SCHEDULE FOR THE DAY DIVISION

NOTE: MONDAY, DEC. 15 IS READING DAY

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|
| All classes that meet | will be examined on |
| MWF 8-8:50 AM | Wed., Dec. 17, 9-10:50 AM |
| MWF 9-9:50 AM | Thurs., Dec. 18, 9-10:50 AM |
| MWF 10-10:50 AM | Fri., Dec. 19, 9-10:50 AM |
| MWF 11-11:50 AM | Wed., Dec. 17, 2-3:50 PM |
| MWF 12-12:50 AM | Thurs., Dec. 18, 2-3:50 PM |
| MWF 1-1:50 PM | Wed., Dec. 17, 11:30-1:20 PM |
| MWF 2-2:50 PM | Tues., Dec. 16, 2-3:50 PM |
| MWF 3-3:50 PM | Thurs., Dec. 18, 11:30-1:20 PM |
| TTH 8:30-9:45 | Tues., Dec. 16, 9-10:50 AM |
| TTH 10-11:15 AM | Fri., Dec. 19, 2-3:50 PM |
| TTH 11:30-12:45 AM | Fri., Dec. 19, 11:30-1:20 PM |
| TTH 2:30-3:45 PM | Tues., Dec. 16, 11:30-1:20 PM |

NOTE: ALL CLASSES NOT LISTED WILL BE
EXAMINED AT TIMES ARRANGED BY THE
INSTRUCTOR

UP TEMPLE STREET

CLUBS/ORGANIZATIONS

Thurs., Dec. 11
1:00 - 2:30

- F338A Student Life Committee meeting
- F338B Council of Presidents meeting
- F438 Society for the Advancement of Management meeting
- F530 Psychology Club meeting
- R-2 Cheerleaders
- R-3 Ski Club

EVENTS ACTIVITIES

Thurs., Dec. 11
1:00 - 2:30

Modern Language Club Christmas Party
Program Council film comm. presents "In Laws" —
Auditorium
SGA sponsors Jail Day and Kissing Booth to raise
money for Globe Santa.

editorials

It's Christmas time again

In these hard times it is hard to maintain the Christmas Spirit. The repression. Finals. The death of John Lennon. All of these factors alone could kill someone's christmas spirit without even tackling the subjects of Christmas shopping and where to park. Hum-bug.

Christmas 1980 at Suffolk could turn anyone into a scrooge.

Let's look on the bright side. The Modern Language Club Christmas party is today. For those of you who don't sing Christmas carols and are waiting for your Spanish final to see Dr. Mendez, there is a rathskellar at Riley's pub this afternoon. Is the Christmas spirit beginning to infiltrate your body.

WSFR is decorated in the most festive of manner (tacky, but festive). No matter how gloomy we feel, Christmas is here; be ready to be joyful. Christmas has hit Suffolk.



Christmas is the season of love. The spirit of giving is important this time of year. Remember this when people ask if they can borrow your notes to study for their English literature exam. Forget the broken down Transit system, the overpriced merchandise, and the snitty sales people. Ho. Ho. Ho.

Although Christmas 1980 is not coming in the most ideal of times, we should revel in the Christmas spirit of joy, love, peace and harmony of the season. Deck the halls. Wear red and green next week. Have the merriest of Christmas season's; forget the commercial element of Christmas and be whimsical. Merry Christmas.

letters

Fran will always be remembered

Editor:

To think of all the times in the last four years I said "bye" to Fran Guida at the end of a long Suffolk day and took these words for granted. I always figured that the next day of school I would find her behind her desk and it was a comforting feeling because then there would be at least one person in school I could count on to make me laugh. But it is hard to believe next Friday, I'll be saying "good-bye" for the last time to one of Suffolk's finest people and to a personal friend.

Fran is one of the most personable, professional, and compassionate people I have ever met. She will leave Suffolk as quietly as she came in with no hand-shakes and well wishes from the Board of Trustees, who I'm sure don't know she exists. But that doesn't matter to Fran because everything she has done in the last four years was for the students and they're the ones who will miss her the most.

I feel bad for all the people at Suffolk that never got to know Fran because they are missing someone the rest of us will never forget. Sure, Suffolk will go on without Fran, it was here before Fran came and it will go on after she leaves for her new job. But for a small person, it appears she will be leaving behind a big empty space that will never be filled.

Fran, when you leave you'll take with you your smile, your personality, your charm, your class and your wit — things we have enjoyed for four great years. But there are two things you're forced to leave behind, they are your friendship and great memories. Both we'll always have and you can't take them with you.

See ya,
Tom Keaveney

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters provide an open forum for you to air your opinions, criticisms, and thoughts about the Journal, or the Suffolk Community.

Letters must be submitted to the Journal(RL 19) before 5 p.m. on Fridays to make the following issue.

Remembering Sister Maura Clarke

Editor:

Sister Maura Clarke was murdered last week in El Salvador. Suffolk students and faculty remember her and urge this community to indicate their respect for her work by participating in the work for Peace which consumed her life.

Nearly one year ago, a gathering of Suffolk students and faculty met in the Fenton Building with two quiet and intense women with powerful voices. The women were Maryknoll Sisters who had recently returned from years of work in Nicaragua to bring a message to Americans who were confused about news coming from that tiny war-torn nation. The news they brought to us was that the Somoza government was corrupt and cruel, and that its official agents were involved in brutalities against the poorest and the weakest in the country to keep them from participating in the Sandanistan movement to liberate Nicaragua. We were stunned by what those Sisters told us, particularly as their accounts were persc ial and recent. They had been eye witnesses to incredibl terror in their capacity as relief and religious workers in tiny country villages in rural Nicaragua. They passed a can around the room asking for donations for food and clothing for refugees, of the terror they described, and urged us all to write telegrams and letters to members of Congress and to the President demanding that all aid to the Somoza Government be immediately terminated and that the U.S. break diplomatic relations with that regime.

I had nearly forgotten those gatherings here at Suffolk until last week when I saw the picture of one of those brave Maryknoll sisters flash across the T.V. screen. Sister Maura Clarke was dead. Her body had been found in a shallow grave in El Salvador, some distance from the burnt out van in which she and Sister Ita Ford and two other sisters had been travelling from the airport. After attending a Maryknoll meeting in Nicaragua they were returning to the villages where they had been working since September of this year. Those accused of murdering them are official Government Security Forces, who are distressed by the threatening work that Sister Maura and Sister Ita were doing. Their work consisted of providing shelter and food for families who have been made homeless by official acts of violence by El Salvador's government. They had also been working to locate family members who are "missing" and feared held by government forces who suspect their lack of support for the government. If and when they found jailed villagers, they had volunteered to drive them to their homes in the countryside. This work, considered by the government to

be a threat to their security, had earned them death. Sister Maura Clarke and Sister Ita Ford were buried in El Salvador near the village where they worked. Because the U.S. government supports the present regime in El Salvador, a diplomatic team was sent to investigate the murders. So far, no information has been released about their findings.

Friends of Sister Maura ... here at Suffolk and elsewhere ... remember her well and wish to repeat the message she brought here last winter and would want brought here this winter. That message is: please, students and faculty ... use your influence by writing personal letters to members of Congress and to the President and the President-Elect. Tell them that you, as American citizens do not wish your government to tolerate regimes like the previous Somoza regime in Nicaragua, nor like the present regime in El Salvador. Urge them to break off relations with this present dictatorship, and to stop all aid to those who kill peasants and other helpless people daily, and kill friends of ours ... like Sister Maura Clarke.

Judy Dusku
Assistant Professor of Government

Fulmer objections

Editor:

I strongly object to the tone of Mr. Fulmer's letter in the November 26 issue of the Journal. Mr. Fulmer failed to address the issue, his objections to the organization known as OPENS. Rather, he used the opportunity to insult certain members of the alumni.

I was personally stung by those insults. My anger makes me want to "hit him back." However I do not feel that trading insults is the solution. I also do not feel that any newspaper should be used as a vehicle for personal attack.

Mr. Fulmer refers to a "hard core of dissident former students." This is a very poor choice of words. The term "hard core" is usually linked with extremists such as pornographers, junkies, guerillas, etc. Dissident means to think differently, to have a different opinion. Mr. Fulmer repeats this word as if it were a fault to have one's own viewpoint.

I was especially stunned by his comment that "these dissident former students are fundamentally out of touch with the plans, programs, and progress of Suffolk University." If this is true, the University is in grave

See Fulmer page 16

SUFFOLK JOURNAL

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

"Best college newspaper in the country for school community under 10,000."
(1979) Columbia Scholastic Press Assn.

"Top college newspaper in New England."
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side tracks

Lennon's killer a 'screwball' but does it matter?

by Mark Micheli

It is easy to wipe our hands as we walk from John Lennons grave: to brush the dirt off of them, so to speak.

After all, we did not fire those fatal shots that sent pangs of grief into the stomachs of people across this globe. A "screwball" shot him. Television and radio reports, late Monday evening and early Tuesday morning, referred to Lennons' killer as "a local screwball", "one of New York's screwballs," "a cuckoo," "an idiot," "a nut," "a deranged man" and other terms which imply mental illness.

WHDH was receiving phone calls, early Tuesday morning, from John Lennon fans. An apparently stunned man with a British accent called to ask "How are people in my country (England) going to accept this? It's (the news of Lennons death) is just breaking during breakfast. Why does it always happen in the U.S.?" He then mumbled something about Martin Luther King.

Perhaps a more important question than "Why does it always happen in the U.S.?" is "What will be done about it: what will happen to Lennons' murderer?"

Outraged Lennon fans might suggest stringing the crazed killer by his testicles and then swinging him from the top of the Albert Hall. Thomas Szasz, a once practicing psychiatrist who turned critic on his profession, would probably agree if that practice was used with all murderers regardless of whether they were diagnosed "Mentally sane" or "mentally insane."

In an article, entitled *Therapeutic Tyranny* which appeared in the March edition of *Omni* magazine, Szasz says we must first "recognize that criminals cannot be divided into two categories: those who break the law because they choose to and those who break it because their 'mental illness' compels them to do so. All criminal behavior should be controlled by criminal law and psychiatrists should be excluded from administering the law."

The view that the 'mentally ill' person is helplessly in the grip of an 'illness' that 'causes' him to display abnormal behavior is false. Although 'mentally ill persons' may not consciously choose their symptoms, their behavior is, nonetheless, conduct."

Szasz then quotes Gilbert K. Chesterton who said "The last thing that can be said of a lunatic is that his actions are causeless. . . . The madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason."

Szasz goes on to say that "such an explanation is too simple and too painful for modern man. Just as medieval man believed in religion and was offended by rational explanations that demystified theological theories and promises, modern man believes in science and is offended by common sense explanations that demystify medical theories and promises. Unable or unwilling to bear the inexorable tragedies of the human condition, people now seek solace in the utopian claims of psychiatry concerning the causes and cures of everything 'bad' the human heart is heir to."

It is hard to say what will happen to Mark David Chapman, the man who has been accused of taking away the life of one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time. However, one can be relatively certain that he will soon undergo a number of psychiatric tests which will be brought into the court proceedings in an attempt to set a "fair" punishment that will be based on the utopian claims of psychiatry.

An important question that we must ask ourselves, as Americans, is "Can we wipe our hands, so easily, of John Lennons death by simply washing them in the mystical pool of psychiatry which asks the irrelevant question, Did Chapman gun Lennon down because he chose to do so or did Chapman gun him down because he was compelled to by "mental illness"?"

Regardless of whether we can or cannot

... And so this is Christmas



by Alice Whooley

She sat on a corner of the kitchen counter detached from the celebrating crowd around her. . . . She sipped on a kitchen tumbler of Cribari and methodically smoked on a joint more to forget her loss than to get high. The elaborately decorated tree, the mistletoe, and the heavily spiked punch were all wasted on her. The unintelligible sounding of the B52's blaring in the next room made her heart more heavy and her head ache. It was too soon after his death for her to be socializing. She hadn't realized the depth and the magnitude of her loss until tonight.

It was love at first sight between them. The type of love that makes you weak in the knees and sit up nights worrying about the person. Even when she finally understood that things would never work out between them and they had both chosen different partners, she would never forget how she felt about him. He was her first love and now he was dead. She pushed her cardigan sweater closer to her. It's funny how very few graduate students can afford heated apartments.

He had always been her favorite among them: the rebel, the trouble maker, the leader. Yet, there was a side of him that was child like and very vulnerable. This was the side of him that she loved the most of all. This was the side of his character that made her cheer and clap for him when he appeared on the Ed Sullivan show.

He was still alive to her. His boyish grin, his charm, the way he could always give the interviewers a snappy answer, all of these ingredients had helped to make him a superstar. It was almost inconceivable that one person's music, outspokenness and courage had shaped a generation and that the evidence was still here today. She noticed how her

contemporaries were dressed and realized that he had influenced even that. The tears that were beginning to formulate in her eyes warned her that it was time for another glass of Cribari. Maybe she could get drunk enough to block the pain out of her mind, but she didn't think so.

The ragged group of people scrounging around for their M.A. in English Literature that she called friends were still in fine, partying spirits. Finals were over. The Christmas break stretched before them like an endless span of time to enjoy, appreciate, and most of all relax. She really should go home, but somehow she was not ready to step into the cold, deserted, Cambridge air. Someone put on the Alvin and the Chipmunks Christmas album. It was almost sacreligious. Were these people so caught up in their own lives that they couldn't realize what they had lost? He had been one of them, and yet he had been superior to them. John Lennon was dead.

Her heart lightened for a minute. Maybe it was a publicity stunt like the last time. Maybe it wasn't true. Her eyes darted across the room to a several day old copy of the *Boston Globe*. No, she couldn't fool herself, the reports were too legitimate, too authentic, this time.

She remembered how adamantly she and her father had fought about his music. It was too loud, too disrespectful, too sexy, too everything. She laughed to, herself thinking that they had to share his music with someone she loved as much as her father so she dragged him to Shea stadium for the Beatles concert. Although you could barely hear the music, the entire aura, the magic, and the ambience of the Beatles shook through the stadium. Her father had to admit, after much debate, that the evening was magical.

She was supposed to be flying home to New York tomorrow. She would rather spend her holiday in her cramped studio apartment in solitude. The turkey, the glitter, the presents all seemed meaningless to her.

For years she had collected every article, souvenir, or memorabilia that had anything to do with John Lennon. She felt so intimate and close to him. He wasn't just another musician.

She looked down at the bright red sweater she had bought expecially for this night. Christmas wasn't bringing her any joy. But his music had brought her joy. His very existence seemed to bring joy to the world.

It was truly a successful Christmas party for everyone but her. Everyone was glowing. A great quantity of wine had been consumed and marijuana had been smoked. She should leave. She tried to remember where she had last seen the hostess. She shouldn't leave without saying good-bye. She gave up after several unsuccessful attempts to find her. She reached for her coat. Suddenly she noticed that someone had gratefully put an end to Alvin. Lennon was singing about Christmas and rejoicing over the end of the war he had despised so much. She began to cry. Someone was handing her a beer and saying, "He'd want you to be happy. If he was here he'd join in on the party. He'd be the party."

That's what his life had been, a huge party that he gave to the world through his music. It had brought people together and made them realize how special love, god, and the whole world around them, and the very life they were living was. He had taken them through a magical mystery tour and left them stronger and more feisty. She took off her coat. Somewhere, she knew, he was smiling.

(wipe our hands, so easily. . . .) the court members will undoubtedly spend much of their time deliberating this irrelevant question.

And we, the fans of John Lennon, the ingenious British musician, songwriter, composer, author, farmer, poet, philanthropist of brotherhood and

dreamer, will be forced to accept the courts verdict and sentencing.

We will sadly grow accustomed to the demise of John Lennon: time has a way of mellowing our grief. However, there is one positive thing we can be sure of — The evidence of an upswing in John Lennon sales (his albums and books), and the

thousands of people who got down on their knees immediately following the shooting, as well as the way radio stations (on both the AM and FM bands) which changed their broadcasting format to give a tribute to John Lennon, is evidence that none of us will be forced to *Hide Our Love Away*.

more sidetracks

Nutcracker - sugarplum fairies and a dream within a dream

by Nina Gaeta

The curtain rose and the twinkling bells of the orchestra signaled the dancers to begin. Up in the balcony, a little girl leaned closer toward the stage, eyes mirrors of the foot lights. The Nutcracker Ballet began.

And in that balcony box, the little girl held her breath in awe at the ballet's perfection. The orchestra's crescendos hypnotized her. The dancing Clara, the heroine, fluttered across the stage to receive her Grandpapa's gift; a wooden soldier nutcracker. Clara held him gently in her arms and dreamed of sugarplum fairies, wooden soldiers, mice kings, and a handsome prince.

The little girl watched the dancers leap on the stage. Her fingers disengaged themselves from the railing and she unconsciously mimicked Clara's arm movements. As she watched Clara, she felt her body become numb with the joy of the dance. She closed her eyes and let the music fill her very soul; touching her to depth of her being. When she opened her eyes, Clara was dancing as the Sugar Plum Fairy, her dream within a dream. But wait, this Clara was different, her hair, height, everything about her was different.

The dancer turned around, positioning herself closer to the balcony. "Why, that's me. Daddy, daddy, look, that's me." Her father did not hear her. No one did. She looked back at the dancer. The princess looked up at the balcony and winked. She was indeed the little girl.

The little girl held her breath as the dancer began her solo, the most beautifully choreographed dance created. The princess waved to the girl as she started her first plie. The little girl's body felt the same muscle movements that the dancer's did.

The glittering costume was veil like and with each tour je ta, it fluttered around her legs. And then the dancer started a series of roun de jons' she felt the pain of the movements course up her legs.

Clara returned from her dream world on the stage. The SugarPlum fairy transformed the Nutcracker into a handsome prince. The little girl sighed with love and joy at the transformation. When The Prince placed his arms around the Fairy, she felt it, when he whispered into the Fairy's ear, she heard it and when the Fairy almost stumbled, but regained gracefully, she felt the twist of the ankle and the pain. When the final pecay turn faced the Fairy once more towards the little girl, the princess looked at the little girl and winked again. The little girl felt drained and the princess' features returned to those of the original dancer's. The ballet was over.

"Julie, Julie, wake up. It's time to go." Her father was dressing himself and preparing to help her.

"Oh daddy, I wasn't sleeping, I was on stage ... dancing, just like the Fairy Princess! I told you to watch me, but you didn't hear me." Her eyes watered. "I felt the dance, I was dancing." Her father smiled at her and had to turn away to wipe the tears from his eyes.

"I believe you honey. Honestly. But your mother is waiting for you at home with some nice Christmas presents. We have to go." He leaned down to pick her up. The heavy braces on her legs slowed him a bit and he winced in pain when the toe of the braces hit his leg.

"Someday honey, You will dance just like that. I promise." "Really daddy? You think I can?" "Anything for you my baby."

And he carried her to the foyer where her wheelchair waited.

Lovers and other strangers at Christmas

by Richard Robert Caprio

Christmas is many things to many people. To some it is school vacation, to others, a time of family reunion. Then there are religious overtones to some and thoughts of a post-Thanksgiving feast for a few.

Constantly you hear people speaking of baby's first Christmas. The child's initial sight of colored lights, brilliant wrapping, smiling faces aplenty and the continual feeling of love. LOVE. That is what Christmas is truly about.

Be it the annual telephone call to a friend, long since gone far away; the hugging of two people who have quarreled through most of the year; a realization that life without a family would be shallow indeed; love, that intangible sensation that has never been described properly by any of the world's great writers, touches each and every one of these episodes.

But can there be any greater evening than a couples' first Christmas? The sensation of warmth that flows through you as the one that you love opens the gift that you spent hours deciding on, and weeks (months?) paying for. Is there any better feeling on Earth, than the one you receive as your loved one curiously unwraps your present, then smiles and kisses you, thanking you for your thoughtfulness? That smile is worth all of the pain that might have been, and may yet arrive. That smile glows brighter than the fireplace that you're nestled in front of.

If any holiday is special to couples, Christmas is. When else are the downtown streets and shopping mall avenues filled with people, paired, yet walking so close that they almost appear as one? At what other time would spending hours in a shop,

waiting to buy that tie for Uncle Bill, be so much fun? How come the littlest thing, a snowflake settling on your nose, becomes the funniest event of your life? And why does every sentence seem to end with a kiss, rather than a period?

Meeting the other side of the family isn't as unsettling as you would have thought. Throughout dinner there is a constant reassuring of your status in her life, by her foot rubbing against your leg, under the table, even while Aunt Trudy is telling you of all of the benefits of moving to Dedham. At those uneasy, uncomfortable times, there is always the knowing nod, or wink, even just a glance, letting you know that everything is fine and that she loves you.

Most holidays are enjoyed with the company of family or close friends, and Christmas is the same, but it is after everyone has left, when you're sitting in front of the tree, wrappings, envelopes, and other remnants of the evening just past are lying around you, nothing is being said, nothing is being done. You both lie there, staring at the tree, then at each other. Those moments separate Christmas from any other night. When the unpaid bills, the car that won't start, and all of life's other worries, seem so trivial and meaningless. When the only people in the world are the two of you, and the most wonderful place to be is exactly where you are. That is the spirit of Christmas.

Of course, even if you are not with someone that you love, these feelings still abound. It's near impossible not to be caught up in all of the love, caring and warmth that permeates the air at Yuletide. But rather than bringing a smile to your face, all of this emotion brings about a

sense of loss. A feeling of not belonging.

You stop in a store while shopping to ask an opinion, then you remember that you're alone. As you walk down the street, your arms want to reach out and grasp a hand, an arm, but there is no one there. As you lie in bed you say goodnight, but there is no answer.

If any holiday brings out as much loneliness as it does love, then the winner is Christmas. After talking to friends and their spouses all evening, wishing them well and thanking them for their generosity, there is a missing person that you would like to sit down and relive the evening with.

As the night grows late, I look out over the living room, glance at all of the decorations, run my eyes along the length of the fully trimmed tree, and wonder aloud, "Who is it all for?"

The blinking lights in the window beckon. Once warm and joyful, they now seem evil. Taunting me, reminding me of my situation. Their constant flashing have the effect of a drumbeat, pounding the message into my head, over and over, "It's Christmas and you're alone! It's Christmas and you're alone ...!" and on and on and on and on ...

But then it's over. The chill of the night begins to enter my body. A numbness fills me, and for the first time this season I feel warmth. I gaze up at the lights, still blinking and the scattered glass forms a prism as their colors blend into a rainbow, covering me, as if I were in front of a church window.

My eyelids begin to feel heavy, moving up and down to the rhythm of the lights, finally the lights flash no more and I find peace, at last.

'Twas a month before Christmas

'Twas a month before Christmas
When all through the stores
Not a salesman was idle
Nor a credit card ignored.

Displays were in place
Since Thanksgiving or so
And just as expected
Gift prices weren't low.

The children were terrors
All jumping on beds
While visions of computer games
Danced through their heads.

Mom in her curlers
And I in my prime
Had just settled down
For a jolly ole time.

When out of the window
There arose such a chatter
There was St. Nick
He was using a ladder.

"Away from the window"
I told him to get!
"For Christmas is still
another month yet."

"The fares are so high
It makes me quite mad
This year I was forced
To deliver by cab."

"A little old driver
So lively and quick
I knew he could get me here
Just in the nick ..."

"So I whistled and shouted
And called him by name
I told him we goofed,
My watch was to blame."

"We are a bit early, Nick,
For your annual date
But in lieu of it all
Would you rather have been late?"

He sprang to the cab
To his driver gave a buck
And away they both fled
With the force of a truck.

I heard Santa exclaim
As they left from our yard
"By the way driver
Do you take Master Card?"

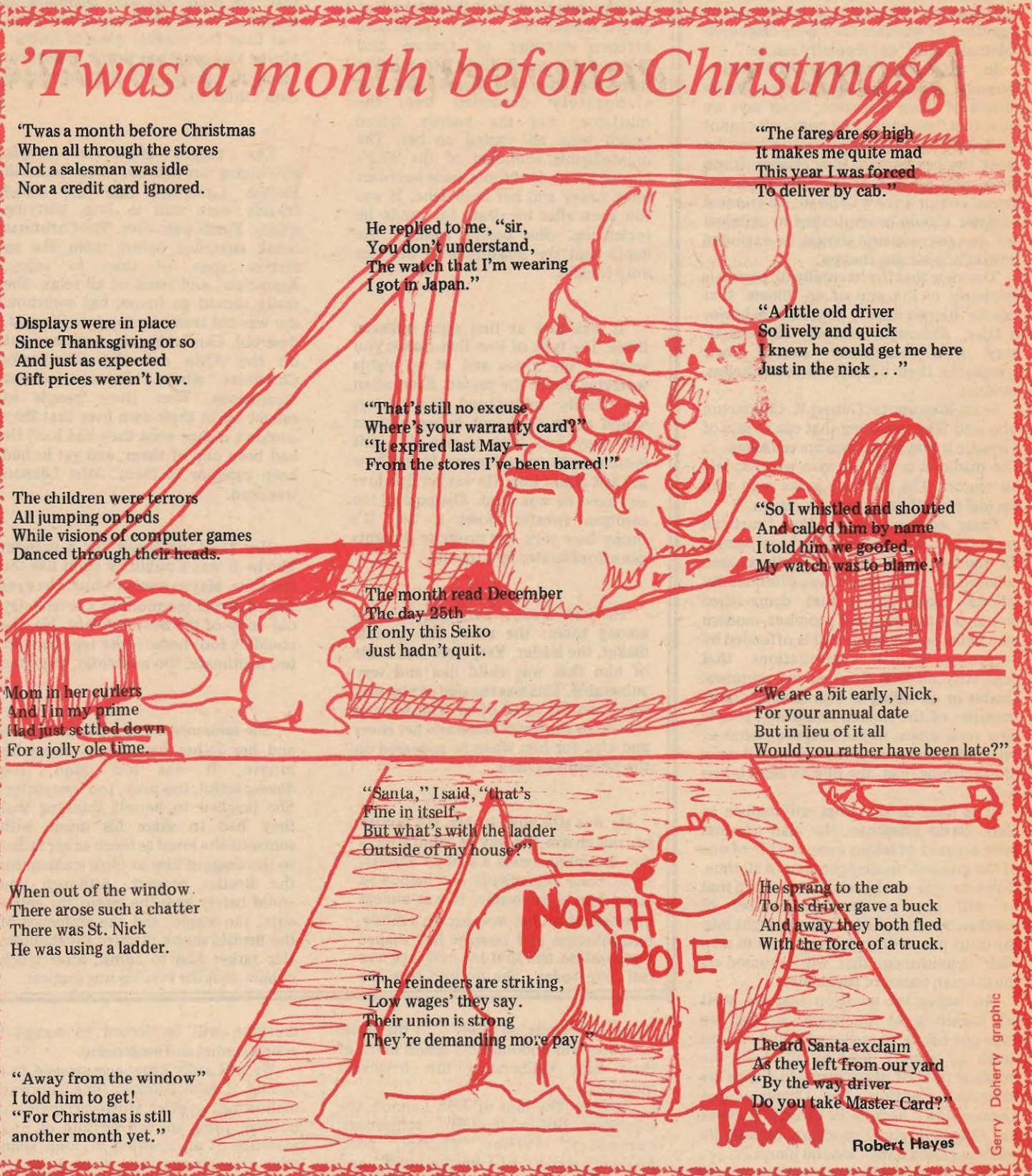
He replied to me, "sir,
You don't understand,
The watch that I'm wearing
I got in Japan."

"That's still no excuse
Where's your warranty card?"
"It expired last May —
From the stores I've been barred!"

The month read December
The day 25th
If only this Seiko
Just hadn't quit.

"Santa," I said, "that's
Fine in itself,
But what's with the ladder
Outside of my house?"

"The reindeers are striking,
'Low wages' they say.
Their union is strong
They're demanding more pay."



Robert Hayes

The story behind your Christmas tree

by Diane Michelangeli

"Most people don't realize the work that goes into a Christmas tree plantation. They think the trees just grow by themselves and magically appear in lots just before the holiday!" Forrest Higgins laughed and shook his head.

"I've been in the Christmas tree business for 10 years, and it gets more complex each year." Higgins is the owner of Higgins Family Christmas Trees, specializing in Nova Scotia Balsam Firs.

Higgins grew up in Nova Scotia, as did his wife, Kay. "We love the back country. We want to preserve the beauty of the woods. We are very careful every year in cutting down trees."

The entire family gets involved in the business. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins have a home in Holliston, as well as in Moose River, Nova Scotia. Their son, Brud, lives year round in Moose River, taking care of the trees.

"We have about 600 acres of land up there. Last year we sold approximately 3,000 trees. Most of the trees we sell by the truck load to retailers — flower stores, garden shops, places like that. We also have two retail lots ourselves in the Holliston area."

According to Higgins, the Canadian government is very supportive of his plantation. The government is trying to encourage people to grow trees, rather than just cut them down. "As long as we employ Canadian workers, the government will pay them for us. We actually pay the workers, but then the government reimburses us."

"It's a risky business. You never know how well you'll do each year. Last year was a good one. We made \$40,000 clear profit. A lot depends on the weather. If you have a few nasty days of snow or rain, you don't sell nearly as well. Every year we give trees away on Christmas Eve. We can't sell them, so we'd rather give them away than burn them."



Ah, Wilderness . . . The dream of anyone who ever spent hours gazing at a Christmas tree. A forest full of spruces, pines, and readymade memories.

Higgins explained the process he and Brud go through to insure that their trees are as beautiful and full as possible. "We shear each branch of each tree that we plan to cut. We do this in the spring. Of course, we know what trees will be cut each year for the next five years."

So, after we shear the trees, we fertilize each tree. This insures that after the tree is cut, it won't turn yellow, no matter how early in the season we cut them. This enables us to cut the trees early and get them ready to go, before the rush."

The shearing is what makes the trees grow full and bushy. It makes the needles grow around the whole branch of the tree, rather than just on two sides.

The cutting process begins around November 20th each year. "It takes 10 to 12 people working for three weeks to get all the trees cut and loaded. We load them onto several trucks and trailers and ferry them from Nova Scotia to Maine. From there we drive to Holliston. This is the part my wife loves. We unload all of the trees — 3,000 of them — in the yard. The smell is wonderful."

"This is our distribution center. From here we send out the smaller truck-loads of orders to the retailers."

The Higgins' also have three daughters and sons-in-law who get involved in the selling of the trees in the lots. "When the girls were in college, their friends used to make extra money for Christmas selling

trees for me. It's cold work, but we have fun."

How do you protect the trees from being stolen at night? Higgins doesn't become very concerned about it. "We tie the trees together every night and cover them. We expect some to disappear every year. But it doesn't happen as much as you might think. Besides, it's Christmas. I certainly don't begrudge anyone a tree at Christmas time, especially if they have to steal it."

Boston's enlightening ceremonies

by Keith Franzone

The City of Boston's annual Christmas tree lighting ceremonies take place every year, just after Thanksgiving, and it seems like a routine affair. But much time and planning goes into these events, with the Prudential tree lighting and choir singing, and the Boston Common festival being the most elaborate in the city.

Barrie Keller, of the Boston Parks and Recreation Department and Brent Collier of the Public Relations Department of the Prudential Tower spoke of their respective roles in the planning of the Christmas season's annual activities.

Keller stated that the Parks and Recreation Department's festival in the Boston Common was a big success this year. "It was more visual this year, and not as tacky. It was less glittery and a little more refined," she said.

The City of Boston pays for this event, supplying the lights and figuring how much equipment will be needed. They then send out bids, granting the lights to the lowest responsible bidder, who must provide his own manpower and equipment to put up the lights.

Everything does not always go as planned, though. "We've come to expect the Jesus figure to be stolen once or twice a year. Also Proposition 2½ could hurt our funding this affair," said Keller. She explained that Boston communities and city merchants, who have been served by the Parks and Recreation Department over the years, might have to lend a helping hand to keep this affair going through the 1980's.

Brent Collier, head of the Public Relations Department in the Prudential Towers, described his company's assistance in getting the Christmas festivities underway there. "We gather a security force and get staff people to help in the launching of our program. This is the ninth year that we have had the tree and it seems to be more exciting and tremendous every year." The 55 foot spruce tree, donated by Nova Scotia, was lighted Friday, December 5.

Collier spoke of the ceremony as being a "class event." Five Hundred Boston area school children were invited to sing in the choir. "We invited dignitaries for the



'Tis the season to be jolly . . . even for the problem ridden city government.

lighting. This year, His Excellency Bishop Thomas Daily was here, along with Boston Pops conductor John Williams," said Collier. All of the people coming together particularly impressed Collier. "The merchants in the Prudential are all helpful, and are helping themselves by attracting people to the ceremony," he said.

Brent Collier is not worried about

funding his event and sees no cutback by Prudential Towers in the future. "This is too tremendous of a festival to not want to have in the coming years," he said. With Collier and Barrie Keller feeling so strongly about keeping Christmas in Boston, it seems there will be no problem finding Yuletide cheer here in the Hub.

Dear Santa

by Greg Beeman

Who says there is no Santa Claus? No one has yet been able to prove conclusively that he does not exist; cynics may not accept him, but Christmas is not for cynics.

Since a bit of optimism is beginning to seep in to the *Journal* office (probably due to our anticipation of the semester's end), we've decided to give Santa the benefit of the doubt and are sending him this letter registered mail.

Where will we be sending it, you might ask? Well, the *Journal* has obtained, from a very reliable source, an address for Mr. Claus. This source told us that, contrary to popular belief, Santa DOES NOT live in the North Pole. We can't reveal the address, but here is the letter.

Dear Santa,

We at the Suffolk Journal have decided to write to you this year in the hope that you might be able to reward the Suffolk community for its (mostly) good behavior this year.

We realize that we may not be as important a school as Harvard or Yale, but we have some pretty special people here, Santa. The *Journal* asked some of these people, as well as some of our hard working staff members, what they would like if they could have anything in the world for Christmas.

Of course you probably will not be able to fill all of these requests, but at least you have something to work with. Remember, Santa, we really deserve a break this year.

Some Suffolk students have practical requests. Mary Singleton would like to be able to attend the law school of her choice. Tom Lenox would like to be able to find a job after graduation.

Predictably, some people do not want anything practical. A one-way plane ticket to Austria is what Barry Fitzgerald would like more than anything else. Trips are a popular request this year. Cheryl Collins would like to be able to go to Bethlehem and see a re-enactment of Christ's birth. Certainly an original idea. Fran Guida would like to travel to Hawaii; this really isn't too much to ask. See what you can do, Santa.

Automobiles topped many lists. Duane Anderson would like a silver Porsche 911 Turbo. Wanting to stand out on the highway, Amy Scarborough wants to have her own purple Corvette. Don Carriger doesn't care what kind of car Santa brings him as long as it drives.

see SANTA page 15

arts & entertainment



Christmas movies:

by Jeff Putnam

The most significant release of this holiday season is no release at all; Michael Cimino's \$36 million *Heaven's Gate* was recalled by red-faced United Artists executives after it opened to unanimous critical disapproval in New York last month. The *Heaven's Gate* fiasco epitomizes the failure of the American cinema, which is currently dominated by studios overseen not by creative artists, but by businessmen, whose impetus is making money, not movies.

That *Heaven's Gate* should have to be recalled, by the same executives who rushed it into release before Cimino felt satisfied with his finished product, exemplifies the current American studio system's crisis in simultaneously creating profits and cinema. Apparently, the shift has turned to the profits (of doom), as films like *The Blues Brothers* and *Caddyshack* and *The Blue Lagoon* proliferated during this past summer.

Ironically, the only films which generated major box office success this summer were the pre-sold *Star Wars* sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*, and the surprising out-of-nowhere *Airplane!*; and, as only a few films—*Long Riders*, *Dressed To Kill*, *The Stunt Man*—found favor with the critics, the American cinema in 1980 has found itself failing in both its pursuits—money and movies—which makes this Christmas season particularly critical for its future.

More desperately than ever, the American cinema demands a battery of successful films—both monetarily and artistically—in order to regain its former position as a leading and flourishing national cinema. The Christmas season

traditionally has served as a major money-making period for the industry; although last year only *Kramer vs. Kramer* garnered any box office success and critical acclaim, while expensive epics like *Star Trek—the Motion Picture* failed dismally.

If the first release of this Christmas season, Dino De Laurentiis' gaudy *Flash Gordon* (see review in this issue), is any indication, this season bodes ill not only for the movie-goer, but for the industry as well. Only Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* and Robert Altman's *Popeye* offer any honest artistic hope for this Christmas season, although Buck Henry's directorial debut *First Family*, and John Avildsen's *The Formula* could generate some interest. But only Colin Higgins' *Jane Fonda-Lily Tomlin-Dolly Parton vehicle*, *9 to 5*, shows promise at the box office.

Here follows a prognosis of the releases scheduled for the Christmas season 1980:

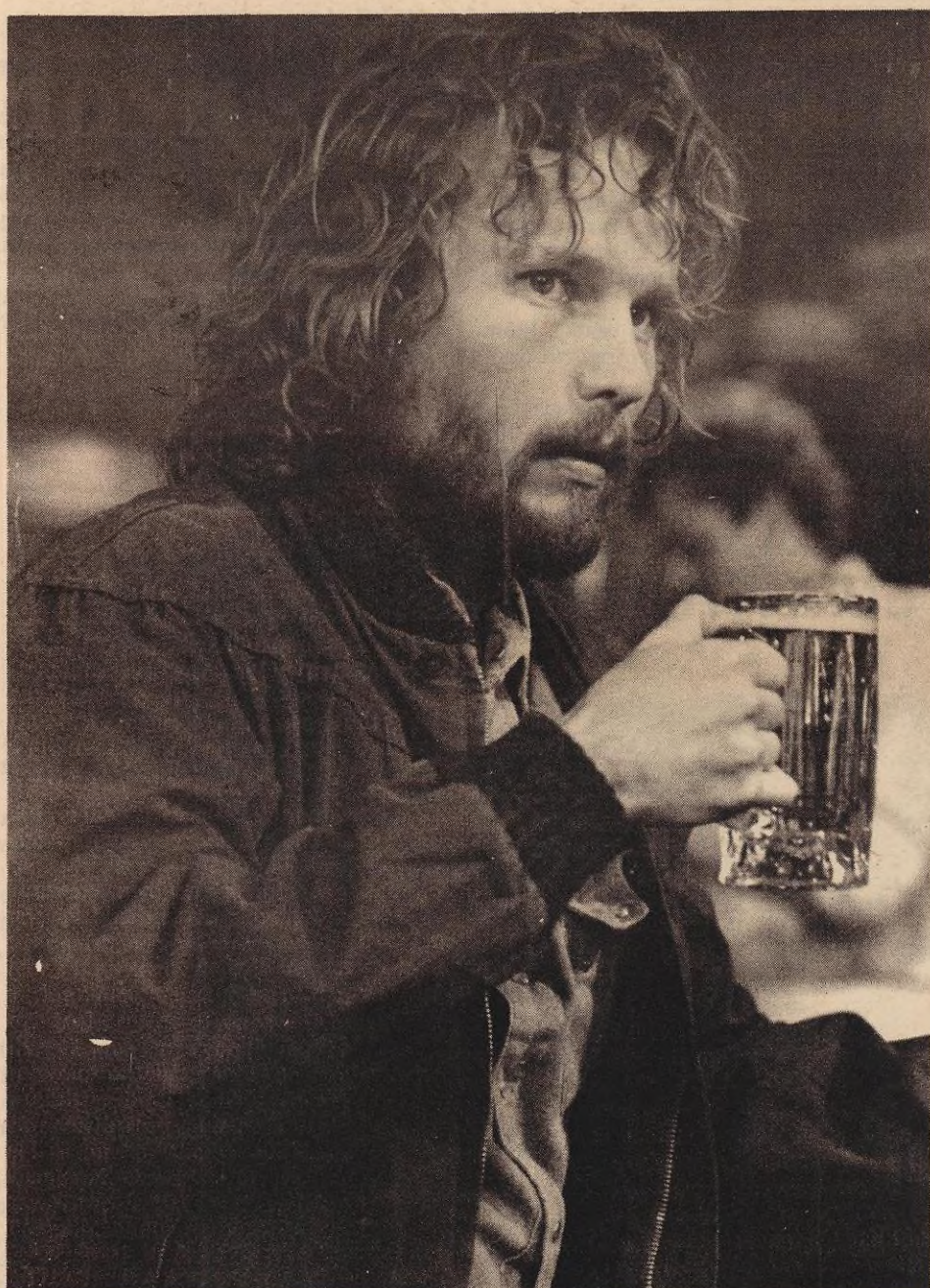
A CHANGE OF SEASONS—Shirley MacLaine, Anthony Hopkins, Michael Brandon and Bo Derek star in this mad sexual roundelay involving a housewife (MacLaine), her husband (Hopkins), their daughter, the husband's mistress (Derek), the daughter's boyfriend, the housewife's boyfriend (Brandon), and the husband's mistress' father. Confused? Not surprisingly! Chances are you won't be able to keep track of what's going on even with a scorecard—but watch out for the talented Mary Beth Hurt (*Interiors*, *Head Over Heels*) as one of the crowd, most likely the daughter. *Opens Friday, Dec. 19 at the Sack Beacon Hill and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: unlikely.

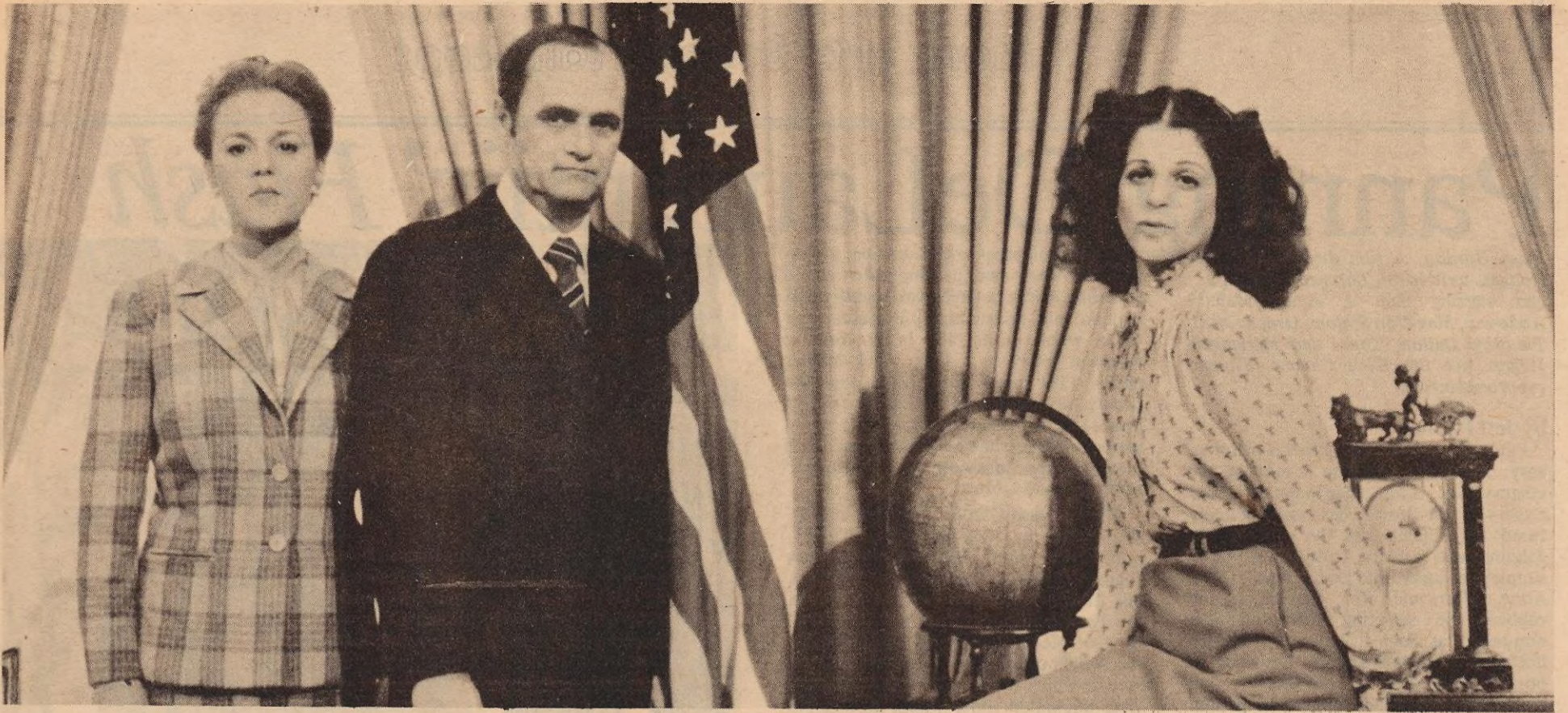
ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN—Bare-knuckle brawler Philo Beddoe (Clint Eastwood) returns in this inevitable sequel to 1978's dismal *Every Which Way But Loose*, and he brings with him Geoffrey Lewis, Sondra Locke, Ruth Gordon and, of course, Clyde the orangutan for some more good old-fashioned face-smashing (mostly directed at baddie William Smith, in what the press blurb calls "one of the most spectacular fights ever filmed"). It is trash like this (and its predecessor) that have lessened Eastwood's box-office clout for such comparatively superior films as this summer's much-maligned *Bronco Billy*. *Opens Wednesday, Dec. 17 at the Sack Saxon and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: bleak.

TOP: Shirley MacLaine and Michael Brandon in 'A Change of Seasons.'

MIDDLE: John Savage in 'Inside Moya.'

BOTTOM: Richard Dreyfuss and Amy Irving in 'The Competition.'





bah humbug!

THE COMPETITION — In his first film since the long-forgotten *The Big Fix* (1978), Richard Dreyfuss stars as a concert pianist competing in a musical competition with and falling in love with Amy Irving. Writer/director Joel Oliansky's film should include some good acting and a fine classical score, but otherwise sounds like just another boy - meets - girl, boy - competes - with - girl, boy - falls - in - love - with - girl movie. *Opens Friday, Dec. 19 at the Sack Cheri.* Prognosis: questionable, very questionable.

FIRST FAMILY — Buck Henry's directorial debut concerns none other than the nation's first family, and of course, just following an election and proceeding the inauguration, the film should have enough interest generated merely by national politics. Of course, the provocative casting of Bob Newhart as the president, Madeline Kahn as the first lady and Gilda Radner as their daughter, and Henry's typically humorous script should be all the convincing the public needs. *Opens Thursday, Dec. 25 at the Sack Charles.* Prognosis: promising.

THE FORMULA — Marlon Brando and George C. Scott headline John Avildsen's film of Steve Shagan's adventure novel, *The Formula*, a mystery thriller centered on a synthetic fuel formula. Avildsen and Shagan earlier teamed on *Save the Tiger*, a film about male menopause, (which earned Jack Lemmon an Oscar) and it will be interesting how they interpret a thriller. Word is that the action will be toned down in favor of the drama of power: an intriguing twist. *Opens Friday, Dec. 19 at the Sack Beacon Hill and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: generates more interest than premium.

INSIDE MOVES — John Savage stars as an out-of-luck drifter who unites his peers at a bar for losers in this drama written by Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin (*And Justice For All*). The press advances for this have been sparse as should the audience, undeservedly so. *Opens Thursday, Dec. 18 at the Sack Charles.* Prognosis: bound to be overlooked.

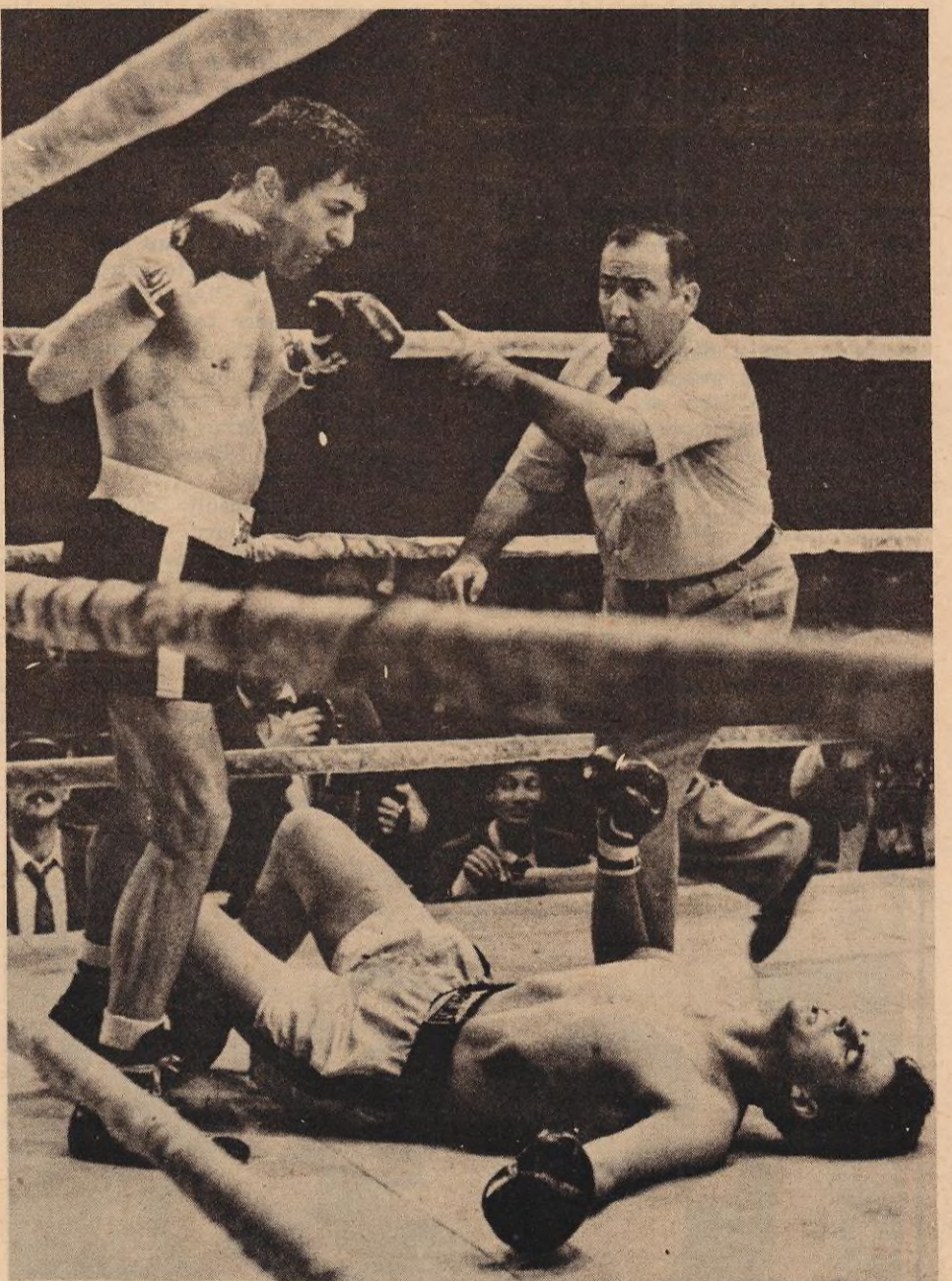
THE JAZZ SINGER — Neil Diamond stars with Sir Laurence Olivier in this remake of the first sound feature film, about a young Jewish man who breaks with family tradition (as cantors) and becomes a fabulously popular entertainer, and then must face not only the trials of success but also of his conscience. *A Star is*

Born didn't translate into the present and *The Jazz Singer* probably won't either, mostly due to the untested (and assumedly limited) potential of Diamond — who also wrote a whole slate of songs for the soundtrack, so that even if the movie bombs, he'll still have plenty of spending money. *Opens Friday, Dec. 19 at the Sack Cheri and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: solvent, but superficial.

NINE TO FIVE — Colin Higgins is certainly not one of the best of today's comic screenwriters (*Harold and Maude*, *Silver Streak*, *Foul Play*), but then he really hasn't had all that much talent working for him — an inexperienced Hal Ashby directed Bud Cort and Ruth Gordon in *Harold and Maude*, Arthur Hiller directed Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor (who have yet to gel as a comedy team, note *Stir Crazy* below) in *Silver Streak*, and directed Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn in *Foul Play* himself. Jane Fonda and Lily Tomlin are easily the most talent he has had to work with, and Dolly Parton is along for the ride in this comedy about vengeful secretaries. Because of the star quality of its three stars, *Nine To Five* has become the film voted most likely to succeed this Christmas; no matter what Higgins manages to come up with. *Opens Friday, Dec. 19 at the Sack Cheri and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: wealthy, but probably neither healthy nor wise.

POPEYE — Robert Altman's long-awaited treatment of the legendary E. C. Segar cartoon stars Robin (Mork) Williams as the beefy-armed sailorman, the great Shelley

see page 13



TOP: Madeline Kahn, Bob Newhart and Gilda Radner in 'First Family.'

MIDDLE: Robert De Niro (standing on left) in 'Raging Bull.'

BOTTOM: Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall in 'Popeye.'

more arts & entertainment

Panning DeLaurentiis' *Flash*

Flash Gordon. A film directed by Mike Hodges, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and starring Sam J. Jones, Melody Anderson, Max Von Sydow, Ornella Muti, Timothy Dalton, Topol and Mariangela Melato. At the Sack Cinema 57 and suburban cinemas.

by Jeff Putnam

Finding scapegoats for *Flash Gordon* is easy: *Star Wars*, because it reduced the cinema to a comic strip mentality, and *Superman the Movie*, because it actually fused the cinema and the comic strip. Finding who is really to blame is just as simple: producer Dino De Laurentiis (*King Kong*, *Hurricane*) for financing such rubbish and selecting such talentless non-actors as Sam J. Jones (Bo Derek's husband in *10*) and Melody Anderson to portray Flash Gordon and Dale Arden; screenwriter Lorenzo Semple, Jr. (whom we have to thank for *Batman*), who penned such memorable lines as:

Dale (to Flash, as their charter plane crashes in the middle of nowhere): Did your flying lessons get as far as landing?

Flash (breaking into a sweat): I was afraid you'd ask that! No!

director Mike Hodges, whose uneasy handling is busy, but never fluent, and who has thrown into *Flash Gordon* more than he can handle — most notably, sex.

Sex had a comic book cuteness in *Superman the Movie*, as when Lois Lane skeptically asked Superman what color panties she was wearing and he coyly answered, "pink"; but sex — or at least Hodges' Freudian implications of it — is ugly and repellent. *Flash Gordon* is a vulgar sado-masochistic turn-on / take-off of the original comic strip; at least the 1975 porno parody, *Flesh Gordon*, was forthright in its sexuality. De Laurentiis wanted there to be something about *Flash Gordon* to attract the mummies and daddies, who had been coerced into taking their little ones to see it, back for another viewing (or at least keep them interested through the first one); so there are

whippings of bare-backed women; a whip fight between two panting men and a wrestling match between two scantily clad women; men dressed solely in leather; and for a whole scene, the beefy Jones is wrapped solely in a tight black leather girdle. (The press notes boast that the filming involved "1500 square feet of prime leather.") But, like the nearly naked women of Ming the Merciless' harem, sex is merely a superfluous ornament to Hodges' messy thematic thrust.

When "Flash Gordon," the comic strip, was created by Alex Raymond in 1934, who better than Flash Gordon, that mighty symbol of American democracy, was there to destroy the evils of a world slowly heading for global war? Emperor Ming of Mongo embodied that corrosive evil, which usurped power by annihilating that to which it was superior in strength; Ming liquidated those whom he believed were inferior to him — those who bled blue, or light green, or red (dark green blood courses through Ming's veins).

Ming (Max von Sydow) practiced a ruthless conformity: his henchmen's uniforms and his palace corridors sport a symbol approximating the compass and square of freemasonry (if ever there were a more conformist bunch!) and the spaceships floating past the palace window, as he prepares to marry Dale, bear banners reading "All creatures make merry . . . under pain of death." His subjects greet him with rousing salutes of "Heil Ming," and one of his subordinates, in reviewing the memory of Jewish scientist Hans Zarkov (Topol) and seeing an image of Adolf Hitler, blurts out that "he had promise."

Hodges (probably unintentionally) dissipates the inherent struggle between good and evil before he can even lay its foundation; the blonde, blue-eyed Jones is obviously Aryan, a member of Hitler's master race — as a super hero, he must belong to a super race — he becomes a bridge between good and evil. He too becomes a conformist upon destroying



FLASH GORDON AND DALE ARDEN (Sam J. Jones and Melody Anderson) embrace in the court of Emperor Ming, as Dr. Zarkov (Topol, left in suit) looks on.

Ming; granted, not an evil Ming, but a Ming nonetheless. As the multi-colored costumes of the kingdom, united under Flash's ally, Prince Barin (Timothy Dalton), after Ming's dispatch, become a kaleidoscopic blur, Barin bellows: "From this day on, let every breed of Mongo live together in peace." Ming's ruthless conformity becomes Barin's harmonic conformity.

As the supposedly destroyed Ming reaches back to retrieve his lost ring at the conclusion, the legend "The End?" flashes onto the screen. Aside from setting us up

for a possible sequel, the question mark reinforces Ming's undefined "ultimate reality of the universe." Is it that evil (in the form of the apparently immortal Ming) will live forever? Or is that all humanity is conformist — whether evil or benevolent — and that its ultimate goal is a master race?

The answers are lost in Hodges' focusless direction, amidst Danilo Donati's (*Fellini Satyricon*, *Caligula*) garishly expensive sets and Queen's benignly vapid score. The purpose of the consummate cartoon is to imbue entertainment with meaning — *Flash Gordon* provides neither.



WICKED FATHER AND SEDUCTIVE DAUGHTER, Ming the Merciless (Max Von Sydow) and Aura (Ornella Muti), each want Flash Gordon for different reasons.

Off Duty: Suffolk grad makes good

OFF DUTY. A novel by Andrew Coburn. Published by Norton. 256 pages. \$10.95.

by Richard Robert Caprio

It is truly a pleasure to read a good book. This feeling is heightened when the book is written by someone related to you. Andrew Coburn and I are related in the fact that we have both attended Suffolk University. Just another example of a Suffolk "grad" made good.

Off Duty is the third novel by Andrew Coburn; his others were *The Trespassers* and *The Babysitter*. This novel centers on the lives of two men, Rupert Goetz and Frank Chase: Goetz is Boston's Chief of Homicide and Chase is Goetz's ex-partner. Before Chase left the force, he and Goetz tried one big score for themselves. Unfortunately, they cross an underworld kingpin and old scores must be settled.

The novel breaks down into episodes, each of which is filled with action, making the novel read quickly. A problem develops when you discover that you're already past page 180, and figure, what the hell, you might as well finish the book in one sitting.

Coburn has a unique style among modern "detective" novelists. His chapters are like a trail of candy. You keep telling yourself that you've had enough, but you

can't help picking up the next one, and the next, and the next, until you find the great big juicy one at the end. When you finish you don't feel bloated, but satisfied.

Coburn has a fine knowledge of Boston and its surrounding suburbs, and his local color is interesting. Like the setting, his characters are ones with whom we're familiar. We don't know them personally, but people just like them. A reader will feel comfortable with people that he knows, even if he doesn't like them, and *Off Duty* is like a family reunion.

We have the tough, macho man in Goetz and a flirting Lolita for his wife. Chase is a cool, level-headed family man, and his wife is sensual, loving and intelligent. For neighbors, Coburn gives us a seemingly cowardly husband (who unknowingly saves his wife's life) and his playful wife. While we have all seen these characters before, Coburn gives them depth and makes them more than just window dressing.

Off Duty won't be remembered as a classic, but it is extremely entertaining, a fine way to spend a lonely evening, which ranks it far ahead of some of the pulp advertised as literature these days. Most of us probably have never heard of or met Andrew Coburn, but when he's famous, we can say that we sat next to him in English Lit.



THE LATE JOHN LENNON (third from left) with the Beatles.

Goodbye John Lennon

by Gerry Pym

Former Beatle John Lennon was murdered outside his Manhattan apartment Monday night. He died in the Emergency Room of Roosevelt Hospital of multiple gunshot wounds.

Lennon was half of the prolific songwriting team from Liverpool. The Beatles captured the hearts of teenagers throughout the '60s. He and Paul McCartney created chart-topping hits such as "I Want to Hold Your Hand" and "I Saw Her Standing There." As a result, the Beatles accumulated a massive following which would make them the most successful rock 'n' roll band in history. The group picked up where Chuck Berry left off.

A *Hard Day's Night*, *Rubber Soul*, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *Let It Be* and the *The Magical Mystery Tour*, were just a few of the classic albums released. Writing songs of teenage love and psychedelic drugs (LSD), the band's success continued to flourish. However, due to a Lennon/McCartney personality clash the group broke up in 1970.

Lennon's musical career continued with a solo album *The Plastic Ono Band* (1970). *Imagine* followed and was semi-successful. The title single became a classic. *Mind Games* was released in 1973. *Walls and Bridges* was produced in 1974, and *Rock and Roll* was his last solo effort. (1975)

Lennon and wife Yoko Ono retreated to obscurity following *Rock and Roll*. Their profiles were relatively low key and the two were rarely seen in public. With the release of his new album *Double Fantasy*, John had broken his five year absence with a renewed vigor.

Lennon's new single "Starting Over" represented a radical change in his lifestyle. Earlier in his career he had struggled with drugs and alcohol. But with his latest release John Lennon had been reborn. He was beginning to live his life to the fullest.

Then he was shot and all his dreams of starting over were shattered. A legend's dreams cannot be taken away from him. Somewhere in the Rock and Roll Heaven John is "starting over." He will be sadly missed.

Watch out for 'The Boogey Man'

The Boogey Man. A film directed and written by Ulli Lommel, and starring Susannah Love, Ron James, Nicholas Love and John Carradine. At the Sack Charles and suburban cinemas.

by Dave Mullins

The Boogey Man. An ambiguous term for an unknown quantity. No one has ever defined what a Boogey Man is, or better yet, who he is. He could be the kind neighbor with a wife and two children or the crazed lunatic who just escaped from an asylum. Yet one thing is certain, he is to be feared.

This particular lack of identity could place the Boogey Man in a category among the "perfect killers" in literature and film. The mystery surrounding the character is heightened through each individual author or screenwriter's own interpretation of the identity of "him". Everyone knows that the Boogey Man is a killer, the intrigue is in seeing how he kills and his reasons for

doing it.

Yet the vagueness and generality of the Boogey Man character can also be the perfect excuse as well. The term could be applied to any murderer in an effort to hype a production, no matter how foolish the character is.

Director, screenwriter and producer Ulli Lommel offers this type of enterprise in his latest film, *The Boogey Man*. The film uses the guise of this mysterious character to hide a shallow story with even shallower characters. *The Boogey Man* is nothing but a cheap sexploitation film using the current popularity of horror films to gain access to better theaters and more profits.

Actually, the Boogey Man appears for only the first ten minutes of the film. Coincidentally, these are the best parts of the film. Little Lacey (Susannah Love) and Willy (Nicholas Love) are fatherless, and their mother's new boyfriend has an odd habit of tying them up while he has sex

with their alcoholic mother. The children revolt and Lacey watches the reflection in the mirror as Willy kills the mother's boyfriend.

The mirror catches all the event, and it is the spirit of the boyfriend (or "Boogey Man" as Lommel wants us to believe) that does all the actual killing from this point on. Since it is the spirit doing the killing, it tends to make the title useless. The Boogey Man is not a physical entity anymore, and therefore is tougher to relate to as a realistic killer. Add to this the fact that the name is never referred to in any of the dialogue, and the title looks more and more like a promotional device to help with the box office returns.

Lommel delivers a promising introduction to the story, focusing on the trauma incurred twenty years later when Lacey and Willy are older. The camera places its attention on the problems of the psyche; on memories of that night, and the resulting nightmares which occur.

Undercutting this dream sequence is an effective keyboard / synthesizer score that actually helps to hold your attention.

When Lacey seeks professional help from Dr. Warren (John Carradine), the film takes a nosedive; it too needs professional help. Carradine looks old and tired; and his acting makes the audience old and tired. The dialogue is plastic, and the movie goes flat.

By the middle of the film everything looks low budget. The colors are bland, and the lighting pitiful, as the sun mysteriously sets and rises at will in the same day.

The result of these technical flaws are giggles, jiggles and a poor entry in the slash and gore sweepstakes. Coincidentally, every girl murdered removes a good deal of her clothing before dying. All the women are naturally good looking, and even if not murdered, wear little, or overly suggestive clothing. The blood that does appear is excessive, and in most cases, unnecessary.

Raging Bull heavy favorite in Christmas free-for-all

continued from page 11

Duvall as Olive Oyl, Paul Dooley as Wimpie and Paul L. Smith as Plutto. Producer Robert Evans pledges that *Popeye* professes a universal philosophy of Olympian self-confidence, but *Popeye*'s most attractive quality could be the unique atmosphere Altman created and sustained in such films as *Nashville* and *A Wedding*. This, and not such films as *Quintet*, *A Perfect Couple*, and *Health* (his last three films), is what Altman excels at — a gala celebration. *Opens Friday, Dec. 12 at the Sack Cinema 57 and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: cheery.

RAGING BULL — Martin Scorsese's film noir biography of controversial fighter Jake La Motta (portrayed by Robert De Niro, who gained sixty pounds to play the

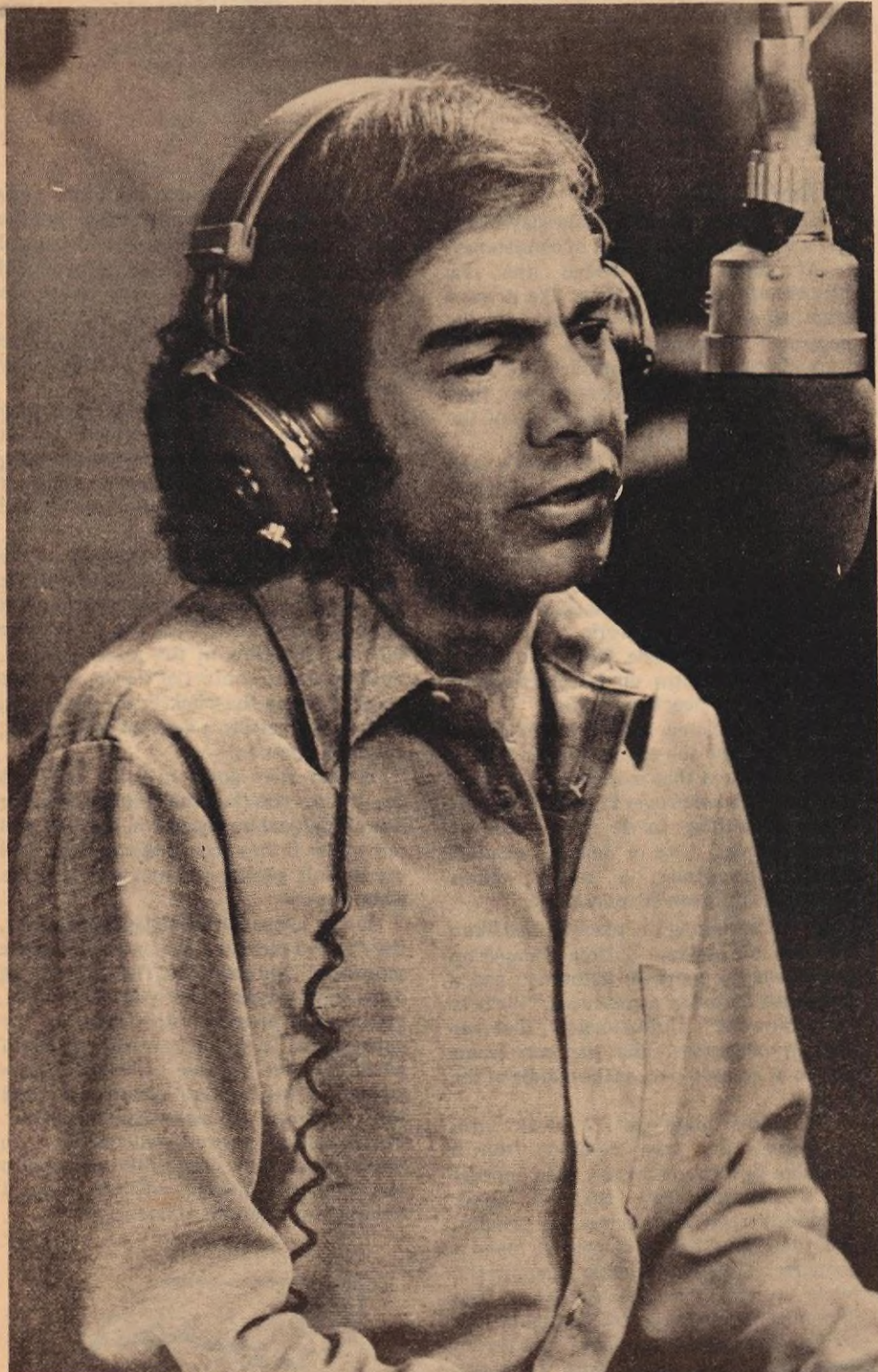
boxer in retirement) *should* be the best film of the season. *Raging Bull* should join Scorsese's *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver* as modern cinema classics, if Scorsese can reprove himself in this, his first feature since the disappointing musical *New York, New York* (1977) and his first film since the documentary *The Last Waltz* (1978), his record of the Band's last concert. *Raging Bull* probably won't reap in fortunes (Scorsese has never had a box-office success, and De Niro still isn't a marketable personality, but it should KO its meager competition in terms of aesthetics. *Opens Friday, Dec. 19 at the Sack Paris and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: healthy and wise, but possibly not wealthy.

SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES — Neil Simon has slithered continually downhill

since *The Odd Couple*, back in 1968; he's been sentimental (*Chapter Two*), feeble (*Cheap Detective*) and downright uninteresting (*Last of the Red Hot Lovers*), occasionally surfacing on middling material like *The Sunshine Boys* and — and this is stretching it a bit — *The Goodbye Girl*, which were redeemed by the performances of Walter Matthau and George Burns (in the former) and Richard Dreyfuss (the latter). *Seems Like Old Times*, the first screenplay Simon has written directly for the screen, reunites Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase from *Foul Play* in yet another crime farce. If Simon's on, which he hasn't been for more than a decade, even Chase and Hawn couldn't ruin his script; if he's off, forget it. *Opens Friday, Dec. 19 at the Sack Pi Alley and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: iffy, very

iffy.

STIR CRAZY — Sidney Poitier directs Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor, in their first film together since the abominable *Silver Streak*, as a couple of showbiz hopefuls who take jobs as singing woodpeckers and find themselves framed for a bank robbery. Written by playwright Bruce Jay Friedman (*Steambath*), *Stir Crazy* has the potential to be every bit as uproarious as its stars . . . but then so did *Silver Streak*. *Silver Streak*'s major problem was that Wilder and Pryor just weren't together enough (that and Colin Higgins' script, of course) but in *Stir Crazy*, they should be together endlessly — presenting themselves as a promising comedy team for the 1980s. *Opens Friday, Dec. 12 at the Sack Charles and suburban cinemas.* Prognosis: unlimited potential.



NEIL DIAMOND CROONS in 'The Jazz Singer' (left) while Clint Eastwood and friend clown in 'Any Which Way You Can.'



sports

Rams lose in double time to Southern Maine

by John Hoffman

Last Thursday, Suffolk fans were treated to a spectacular double overtime basketball game between the Univeristy of Southern Maine and the Suffolk Rams at the Cambridge YMCA.

Unfortunately, Southern Maine won, 75-67, keeping their record undefeated at 4-0. But the Rams gave them hell. The Rams who could easily be undefeated at this point in the season, came out in the first half leading 38-32 after a seesaw battle.

In that half Jim McHoul had seven points and John McDonough scored four points and pulled down seven rebounds, but the big factor was the ball handling and three steals by Pat Duffy that put Suffolk in the locker room leading.

At the start of the second half Steve Dager hit two quick baskets to put the Rams up by 8 points, but Southern Maine came roaring back behind the shooting of Mike Murphy (20 points) to tie it up at 42-42. They then took the lead 49-44 as Murphy converted a three point play and

John Jordan, who had 14 points hit two quick jump shots. Suffolk got back into gear though as Tom McDonough (12 points) started hitting from the top of the key, and Ed Mitchner (14 points and 7 rebounds) brought the Rams within three at 55-52 and forced Southern Maine to call timeout with 6:32 left.

The lead changed hands once but Suffolk got a bench technical foul and Murphy hit it putting SM ahead 58-56. They then called timeout with 2:18 left in the ballgame. Maine's strategy was to stall the ball and run out the clock but the Rams scored and tied the game up at 58 all. With 58 seconds remaining, Joe Doane hit both ends of a one on one foul shot putting S.M. up 60-58.

Tom McDonough then hit Mitchner with a pass to tie up the game. Mitchner then stole the ball with 14 seconds left but it was knocked out of bounds by the Maine defense with 6 seconds left in regulation. The Rams inbounded the pass and it got loose under the hoop. Duffy picked up the

ball and shot it in desperation but it rolled off the rim sending the game into overtime at 60-60.

The first overtime ended at 64-64 after 5 minutes of cautious ballplaying. Jim Roy hit the first basket putting Southern Maine up 62-60. Mitchner then tied it with a pair of free throws with 1 minute left.

Roy then hit another shot and Mitchner came back to match it sending the game into double overtime. Southern Maine finally ended the game as Murphy put a quick jumper to give them a 66-65 lead. Andy Dager then hit a foul shot for the Rams to cut the lead to one, but Roy came back with a three point play. After that John McDonough powered his way for a

basket underneath and forced yet another timeout by Southern Maine with the score 69-67 S.M.

Steve Dager then made a vicious block of a Roy shot and Suffolk had the ball back and called timeout with 1:27 left. Andy Dager then picked up a foul but S.M.'s Jordan missed the foul shots, but the Rams couldn't score either and Southern Maine got the ball back and Mike Williams was fouled. He hit both free throws with 25 seconds remaining and it was garbage time after that with the final score 75-67.

The game itself showed that the Rams are capable of beating just about anyone in their league, and come playoff time (if they make it) they just might do that.

Plymouth tops Suffolk



Gail Spring Photo

Rams in action in a recent game.

Willoughby preps hopefuls

by Ben Klemer

The other day the new Suffolk baseball coach, Jim Willoughby met individually with team hopefuls, and told them what he expects. "I'm sure they already know about grades, and the responsibilities of being on a baseball team. I wanted to fill them in on what to expect, and what I expect." The team will be working out in the Cambridge Y.M.C.A., doing exercises, becoming "physically and mentally ready for the start of the season."

The new coach seems to have a serious approach to the game, and he mentioned classroom instruction on the "Philosophy of pitching." He also wanted to get an idea

of what he has to work with. "So far we have a pretty good mixture of players, as far as year in school, and positions go." Willoughby is becoming aware of the competition, and, with that, he is getting an idea of how to prepare the team for the season.

Any players who want to meet with coach Willoughby should make an appointment with the Athletic office. By coming to Suffolk before the season starts shows he wants to prepare, and win. If you are any relation to Ed Armbrister, Larry Barnett, or Bobby Grich, come on in anyway. In reality we're all 22nd cousins.

Women's basketball ends streak with win over Brandeis

by Ben Klemer

Like a spell of bad weather, the streak came to a halt. The streak ended with the first Suffolk win in 16 games. Actually, there were 2 wins. Curry's team forfeited the season, which may have helped the Ramettes out of Monday night. They steamrolled over Brandeis with a tremendous team effort, and coach Rossi had much to tell about, this time with a touch of pride.

A forfeit is like getting a veg-a-matic for Christmas. You can say you own one, but it's nothing to really brag about. But, the game with Brandeis was earned, and officially stopped the losing streak with feeling, a victory by participation. Coach Rossi reflected, "I'm more optimistic than last season. This year's team has more players, and some outstanding new talent. Three freshmen, Patti Stan ziani, Janet Ruseckas, and Ellen Hogan have really made the team come to life.

The veterans helped carry and lead the team. College basketball is far more competitive than high school ball, and their presence is a big part of the operation. Captains Mary Minihan and Betty McCann are good examples of this. Their leadership helps the flow of the game, and helps inexperienced players play up to par. Sue Rae, whose cuts to the hoop helped the Suffolk offensive attack work "has

good basketball instincts," according to Rossi.

Maybe you've seen her around school. If you have not yet, you will. Six foot Sue Bumila makes her presence known to opposing defenses, and is a fierce rebounder. Along with Lee Stadelmann, she controlled the boards all night long.

Elaine Buckley is close to playing her best. According to Rossi, she "runs the team very well, is a great ball handler and will contribute further as time goes on." She's nervous at times, but is overcoming that with the college ball experience she's getting. The win was possible because of a strong, ready, and able bench. Cheryl Smith and Janice Green helped wear Brandeis down, who was really beaten by the half. A full court press was the main factor, and a strong bench is needed to apply one.

What do we expect to see in the future? "Against Emerson, we want to make their defense work. We'd like to keep the ball moving, and work on our fastbreak. We have people who can break games wide open this year — both individually, and working together as a team," said Rossi.

So, a streak is born. Coach Rossi looked very proud of the team's effort, and with these two wins, the season has a bold, new face. Let's hope the Ramettes can continue their winning ways. The Brandeis game hopefully made a permanent statement "Yes, we can."

by Ben Klemer

The Suffolk Rams lost Tuesday nights game 6-3 because of a lack of consistency.

At times they looked like real playmakers, and other times like it was a team tryout. These two styles of play happened in all three periods. When they were pressing, they controlled the flow, and when they were simply skating, they watched it all go by. At this stage of the season they are toying with victory.

Before the game, Coach Connell commented, "we've made some changes, and tried different combinations (lines)." He mentioned that "this team is starting to accept the fact that it is now a team, and not a club. When I have a practice, I expect everyone to show up. If hockey is taking too much time from work, or school, a decision has to be made. We have to draw a line . . . either show up for practices, or don't expect to play in the games."

During the game, sometimes the passes were smart, and the checks timely. If they could have kept that momentum up, they would have bowled over Plymouth. Maybe it has something to do with a loss of concentration. Like a family vacation finally becoming a reality, Mom remembers the oven 50 miles away.

In the beginning the place looked like a barroom on payday. Suffolk charged up and down the ice with authority, and a Plymouth State fan commented, "We're in for a blowout". Unfortunately, that was just an occurrence, and the two teams played at an even pace at the middle of the period.

Plymouth State got a break with the game's first goal, resulting from a scramble in front of the net, then another on a slapshot from the left point. Plymouth received the games first penalty, and the Rams had a chance to make a comeback, but had trouble bringing the puck up ice. The penalty ended, and Plymouth continued to dominate the action, and got another goal on a tip in. The first period ended with Plymouth earning many more scoring opportunities.

The bell sounded, and the Rams came out steaming in the second period. For the first 15 minutes, Suffolk was in control with some hard work in the corners, and some tight forechecking. They seemed to be believing the game was not out of reach, and were showing it on the ice. The question at this stage was — could they keep it up?


Their work got them a goal, and they seemed to be on their way. Then they lost that concentrated effort somewhere along the line, and Plymouth scored on a face off in the Suffolk end. The period ended, and it was 4-1.

The last period is supposed to be the biggie, the final surge. This time Suffolk was not as aggressive, although they did score the first goal. Then the surge came on, and the flow of the game changed. Suffolk was in control of the game at this point, keeping the puck in the Plymouth State zone, getting a goal for their work, climbing closer 5-3.

If they were going to come back and win it, now was the time. The backbreaker was a final goal by Plymouth, the only goal out of the 6 they scored that cleanly beat the Suffolk goaltender, and after that the game was over.

In the games Suffolk has played so far, they've had plenty of shots on net, but the scores don't indicate that. They are making some smart passes, but if you want to win, you have to press the other team for the entire game. The Rams have shown signs of what they are capable of doing. Maybe when they put together a total team effort for 3 periods it will make them feel better. Tuesday night showed some daylight. In other words, they have what is needed to win. It's just a question of how to put it together for 3 periods of hockey.





Sports dept.
bids all
happy holidays

Dear Santa

continued from page 9

Santa, some people have combined practicality and luxury. Carla Bairos would like a diamond Seiko watch so that she can be on time for her classes. The diamonds will make the watch nice to look at when she checks the time.

The Christmas present Donna Piselli desires would be beneficial to the school as well as Donna herself. She would like a ten watt transmitter for WSFR as well as a lot of new albums for the station. However, she would be willing to give up the albums for a 100 watt transmitter.

You will be happy to know that some people are not being selfish at all this Christmas. Darren Donovan wants, above all else, his brother to be accepted to a good art school and become a successful artist.

Now Santa, here are some requests from the Journal staff. Some of these are most unique. Alice I. Whooley would like to marry Jackson Browne; he, however, seems to be spoken for. This is a tough one, Santa. An unlimited free pass to every

cinema in America is what would most please Jeff Putnam. Also, he would like a date (36-24-36) to accompany him to the screenings.

Joe Coughlin would like to have Monday's paper on Sunday so that he can win some money. The request of John Alabiso is a simple one: Cheryl Teigs. Rick Creedon would really like to be a famous rock star, see what you can do.

This last request, Santa, is a very special one. Student Activities Office Supervisor Fran Guida will be leaving Suffolk soon and we would like her to be happy in her new job. Also, we will be happy if you can find someone half as intelligent, capable and warm as Fran for her replacement. Actually, Santa, replacement is the wrong word; although someone will take over Fran's position, she will never be replaced.

Well, Santa, come Christmas we will be waiting to see if you come through. We don't expect miracles, just do the best you can.

Merry Christmas,
The Suffolk Journal

Growing up with gifts

by Richard Robert Caprio

Well folks, it's Christmas time again. That special part of the year when you get to open boxes, wrapped in the most beautiful paper that you have ever seen, tied with bows that would make a sailor blush, and containing three pairs of socks and a pocket calendar (with love from Uncle Harry and Aunt Eloise).

Christmas presents tell the tale of your growing up. The natural progression begins with toys and candy (which I would still relish today), to pajamas, to school clothes ("Ricky, look at the nice vest and bow-tie that Grandma gave you!"), moving on to shirts and ties, then after-shave and cologne (is there any guy out there who has never received either Old Spice or Avon for Christmas? All it takes is one Aunt who handles Avon and your presents for the next several Christmas' and birthdays are taken care of. I finally gave mine to school friends for presents. So much for friendships).

By now you're in college and, with luck, the fragrances cease, and the bucks begin to appear (in those cute little envelopes so that you can see if it's Lincoln, Hamilton, or, heaven forbid, Jackson peeking out. I received a Grant, once, and damned near French-kissed my aunt).

Finally you grow up and Uncle Joe comes up to you on Christmas and hands you a bottle. Your aunt is upset, even though you've been feeling good at her house before, and you say thanks.

You have now reached adulthood.

Of course, if you are a girl the above items probably would be replaced by frilly nightgowns, skirts, earrings, perfume and panties with the days of the week on them. But then, I wouldn't really know for sure.

But times are changing, and it is usually friends that give the most unique, surprising and useful gifts (I gave a friend a wind-up animal that swam in the bathtub. Problem was that he only had a shower stall. At least now he had a goal to shoot for.) I feel the same way towards my two little nephews. I vowed that they would never open a gift and say, "Gee, thanks for the great pair of slippers, Uncle Ricky." Instead, I want them to say, "Wow! What a great super-fast fighting Space Shuttle Ship, with mobile missile launchers and flashing laser beams and lots of space people. That's really neat!" And that way, I've got something to play with on Christmas, too.

For the really discriminating buyers, Christmas brings out the genius, and strangeness, in manufacturers. Gifts take on a new, and wierd, meaning, and look. This is just a sampling of some of the outrageous things that you can give, or buy for yourself, this Christmas.

Remember those little car game puzzles that you got as a kid? The ones where you had to arrange all of the numbers in a tiny square, in the right order? Well, there is now an adult size,

Xmas apprehension — College style

by Carla Bairos

I'm not going to tell you what I want for Christmas — sometimes I think that's one of those questions that no one really cares about the answer, like the casual acquaintance that says "Hi! How are you?"

Besides, what I want is very expensive.

Everyone talks of the Christmas spirit as if it was an old friend. More often than not that holiday spirit is pretty hard to find. How can I be in the Christmas spirit with finals breathing down my neck?

—Why does it feel like I'm always asking for too much?

Have you ever sat on Santa's lap and have him tell you to forget about that present that you really want, and to try to pick out something else?

The older I get, the more I'm beginning to realize that Christmas isn't all it's cracked up to be.

You know the bright lights you see on the Boston Common, and the beautiful Spruce tree down at the Prudential Center? They're just illusions.

I've begun to realize that Christmas is people shoving and pushing their way through stores, and spending more money on others than I would on myself.

What Christmas means to me is cramming for finals, working overtime for money to pay my charge accounts, and gas bills, and often times getting the short end of the stick.

Remember on Christmas Eve leaving hot chocolate and cookies for Santa and Rudolph? I remember that that was years and years ago. Now all I remember is spending Christmas Eve locked up in the Burlington Mall waiting on irate customers.

Actually I love Christmas. It's just that everything around me makes me

feel so pressured. Foremost, the schools should be closed long before December 19th. And talk about celebrating; there should be mistletoe on every doorway! After all, it's Christmas.

But what does that mean? What makes Christmas so different? There's always the answer concerning the fact that it's tradition. It's also the year nineteen hundred and eighty, and most traditions are by the wayside. Maybe we should conjure up some new traditions. Oh, I don't want to get involved with that.

Have you noticed that it doesn't even snow for Christmas anymore?

I was talking to this man the other day who said Christmas was for him a time of staying in his house and looking out the window.

I thought to myself "How awful!" But he continued to say that he loved to look at all the hustle-bustle, the people running around like a pack of wild Indians, the beautiful lights, the frost that gathers around the windows, the decorations, the children. He loved the fact that all that could exist without him having to contribute a thing. For him the beauty is that he doesn't have to join in if he doesn't want to, that way there's no buildup and there's no letdown.

I suppose holiday festivities frighten some people. The holidays often confuse a lot of people, and some simply don't want to get involved. It's like not wanting to fall in love for fear of getting hurt.

The thing that bothers me most about Christmas is that it has to end. It's like the feeling you get when you finally tell someone you'd love a diamond watch for Christmas and they just look at you like you have four heads.

— I told you it was expensive.

in solid brass, selling for \$90. Just right for the coffee table.

Do you enjoy chopping up and pulverizing nuts, vegetables, fruits or maybe frogs? Moulinex has La Machine III on the market for a mere \$95. And Sony has introduced an AM/FM radio, with two speakers, that's no larger than a cigarette pack. All for only \$219.95.

The market for video games has gone completely crazy. You can find games for baseball, football, ping-pong, chess, bridge and hundreds of others, ranging in price from thirty dollars into the thousands. Some of the television attachments have interchangeable cassettes, including educational ones. Educational T.V.? It'll never catch on!

Those of you whose tendencies and tastes lean toward the physical are also in luck. Frederick's of Hollywood has stores in many malls and now even feature unmentionables for men.

Kinkiest of all are the vibrating panties offered by a Mount Vernon, New York company. You simply plug the panties into your stereo and they pulsate to the beat of the music. Tired? Try a little Chopin, my darling.

Best of all are the little presents that you think up and make yourself. Something that you create with your own hands is the most personal gift that you can give someone. Anyone can take five bucks out of their wallet, throw it into an envelope and say, "Merry Christmas." It is the thought and the time that is valuable, not the expense.

Failing that, you can always fall back on the time-honored, old reliable present. Tie a ribbon around your head, some mistle-toe around your waist, lay down naked under the tree and wait for that someone special to come home. If they don't come home, you can always play with the train set.



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... Fulmer

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danger. Many of the dissidents, including myself, are very actively involved in alumni activities.

I am currently serving a three-year term as a director of the General Alumni Association. Gerry Lamb is treasurer of the Alumni's Washington D.C. chapter and is an annual fund volunteer for that area. Tom Elias now attends Suffolk Law. Anne Clark recently attended the Presidential Ball along with several other classmates involved in the student protests of 1979-80. Page 15 of the Suffolk University 1979-80 Report lists the contributors to the Annual Fund from the Class of '79. Scanning that list I noticed many names of students who participated in bringing requests for improvements before the Board of Trustees. To save the University from any danger caused by our being out of touch, perhaps Mr. Fulmer should see to it that we hold no alumni offices, attend no alumni events, and contribute no monies to the annual fund or capital campaign.

The second paragraph of Mr. Fulmer's letter confused me. He said, "During their recent student days these individuals were . . . discredited." He can't be referring to stripping any of us of earned classroom credits. My diploma attests to the fact of my successful completion of college requirements. (Although I do remember some attempt to expel a few of the "dissidents") He also can't mean that my reputation was discredited. My recent election to the alumni board, along with the cooperation I have received from numerous members of the Suffolk community, seems to prove I have not been ostracized. What does Mr. Fulmer mean by "discredited"?

Finally, Mr. Fulmer talks of a "continued adversary posture" which is "both irrational and totally irresponsible." My attitude is not an adversary one. However it probably will become one if Mr. Fulmer continues to degrade me as a result of such letters. My time and my money matter to me. Time which would have been spent today on alumni committee work is being used instead to compose this letter. The November 26 Journal arrived at my home within a few days of my receiving the first contribution envelope for the 1980-81 annual fund — not the best of circumstances.

Again, as I have done so often in the past, I am reassessing the extent of my commitment to Suffolk University. I am not sure that commitment can endure when threatened by the alienating tactics of Mr. Fulmer.

The final affront to me was Mr. Fulmer's closing his letter with "respectfully." Such respect has left me

Insulted, hurt, angry,
Carolyn Elizabeth Powers

Class of '79

Former Dissident Student
Current Dissident Alumna



New Year's Eve

by Carla Bairos

We shall celebrate
Salute each other
Ring in the new year
And play make believe.
We shall rejoice
Tip our glasses
Proclaim something new
And pretend to forget.
We shall then go home
Go to sleep
Wake up
And notice nothing's changed.



Santa for the fun of it

by Phyllis DeSantis

John Ferris, a department store Santa Claus for Grover Cronin in Waltham, says, "being a santa can be fun, but it wears you out by the end of the day."

Ferris, who is a santa for the first time said, "The kids are cute but I do get some fussy and demanding moms which make it not so much fun." "By the end of the day, I am really beat and ready to hit the sack," he said.

Ferris, 37 and single, has been in Watertown since November 1. He came here from California where he had been living for about 10 years. He is originally from Minnesota.

He is an avid skier and said, "I came out here to New England mainly for the ski season. I knew some friends out here and am staying with them." I plan to stay here for at least a year and then may return to California."

Ferris has a real estate license and was an Assistant Manager for a restaurant in California. He also worked as a salesman for Dayton's Department Store in Minneapolis. He attended the University of Minnesota and a Community College in California.

In addition, he is a musician and plays guitar on stage. "I took the santa job just for the fun of it," said Ferris "I don't need the money. The job works out just right for me. It's not demanding and will be over at Christmas time. Just in time for the ski season," said Ferris.

Presently Ferris has no other job. He got the santa job through Staff Builders, a temporary agency. He said, "I saw an advertisement in the newspaper for a santa. I called the agency on the phone for the job and got it."

Ferris did not have to have an interview for the job. "They told me the hours and asked me if I wanted the job," he said. "Santa is not an easy job to fill since not many people are available for his hours," said Ferris.

He likes working at Grover Cronins and considers it a nice store. He makes \$3.75 an hour and works Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The store supplies the santa outfit. Ferris does his own makeup and

said, "It takes me 10 minutes to get dressed completely."

Ferris started working as a santa one week before Thanksgiving. He will work until 5:30 p.m. on Christmas Eve. He is one of three santa's at Grover Cronins. The other santa's work the evening and weekend shifts.

Ferris feels younger men like himself make better santa's. "Old men don't have the patience and stamina to be a santa," said Ferris. "You need strength since you may have as many as three kids on your lap at once." Ferris is a well-built guy.

Ferris feels there are two most common reactions of kids who come to visit santa. He said, "The first reaction may be complete terror. Kids 18 months to one year old may sit on your lap and start screaming. You put them down but you can't quiet them down. Once they've started crying, it's useless," he said.

The second reaction is acceptance. "Little kids 3, 4, 5 and 6 year olds tell you what they want for Christmas," said Ferris. He said, "There are no borderline cases. Either they co-operate or they don't."

"Kids don't ask much of anything," said Ferris. "They believe in santa." "After two or three days it's a set pattern. Most mothers with small children come in the morning to visit. There is a rush after lunch and then the afternoon slows down." "A few teenagers may come in to see you."

Ferris has 1 hour for lunch and a 20 or 25 minute break in the afternoon. "The worst part of the job," he says "is when there are no kids."

He figures he sees between 150 and 200 kids a day. "It can get tiring after a while," said Ferris. "My beard and hair itch and I get hot in this outfit," he says. "I put a pillow in my trousers to look fat but it is very warm," he said.

His friends think it's amusing that he's a santa. "I've been asked to be a santa at Christmas parties before," said Ferris. "Maybe it's my round cheeks that make me look like good old Saint Nick. "My granddad was a santa," he said.

Ferris does not think he will be a santa again next year but said, "I'm not sorry I took the job, it has been a learning experience."

Mike Giangregorio graphic

PROGRAM COUNCIL EVENTS

Happy holidays to all the students and faculty members at Suffolk

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Entertainment by:

The Marsel's and DJ Mike Janedy

Free Buffet & Free Gifts
Tickets on sale in the cafeteria beginning Wed. December 10.

\$5 - for guests

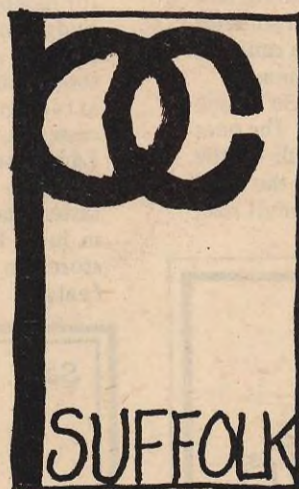
\$3 - for Suffolk students

MASS. I.D. & SUFFOLK I.D.

REQUIRED

NO TICKETS SOLD AT THE DOOR.

More info available at Student Activities Office in Ridgeway.



RAT

Thursday, December 11 - TODAY
AT Riley's
FREE BUFFET

ENTERTAINMENT BY A D.J.

SUFFOLK I.D.

MASS I.D.

REQUIRED

The **RAT** will start at 2:30 p.m. and end at 5:30 p.m.

FILMS

The Inlaws - Today at 1 p.m.
- Auditorium

MEETINGS

Program Council
Sunday, Dec. 14
at 7 p.m.

