Icemen lose victory in final minutes of final game

by Ross Neville

The 1989 hockey season ended on a sour and bitter note with a Wednesday night battle in Burlington, Vermont. The Rams went down to defeat 5-4 at the hands of St. Michaels. College. The opening round of the ECAC Division III playoffs. In an ending that will long be remembered by coaches, players and fans, the large group of Suffolk fans on hand, the Rams saw a 4-3 lead evaporate in the final minutes of the game. St. Mike's scored two goals to steal the victory. What made this all the harder to accept was a penalty call with 1:07 to play which put Suffolk down a man on top of the fact that St. Mike's had pulled their goalie for an extra skater.

With the manpower advantage St. Mike's #22 Brian Mullathy took a pass from behind the net and fired home a quick shot from in close to tie the game. Mullathy had spent most of the shift harassing the Rams scoring sensation Brian Horan. Mullathy was Horan's shadow for the evening and got away with murder as Horan became rather frustrated.

After the game a slightly perturbed coach Peter Seggesse said of the late penalty, "There is a cardinal rule in this game, the referee should never decide the outcome. Well in this case they blew it because that is exactly what happened." Even victorious St. Michaels' coach Lou DiMasi, while saying he did not see the penalty, concurred some luck was involved. "We have gotten the breaks all year and it continued tonight. I though when we got down 4-3 we were in trouble but our goalie held us together.

What made this penalty call so hard to accept was the fact that for most of the season the referees had kept the gay men playing as they wanted, letting numerous holdings and hooking infractions slide by to make that call with a minute to go in 1 on 1 game is hard to comprehend."

The goal of the first period came at 8:19 as St. Mike's took a 1-0 lead. A St. Mike's winger broke in from the left side, went around the defense and slid a backhand past a sprawling Phil Imbrescia. Both teams played a wide open game. St. Mike's, which saw both goalies, Imbrescia as well as St. Mike's Mark Crowley, come up with some spectacular saves.

The second period really saw the momentum swing to Suffolk. St. Mike's jumped out to a quick 2-0 lead two and a half minutes into the period as defender Rick Paracini failed to keep the puck in at the St. Mike's blue line and a 2 on 1 break ensued leading to the goal. However, Russ Rosa came back only a minute later to pop in a rebound of a Chris Levy shot from the blue line. That goal gave the Rams a big lift as only the great work of Crowley kept Suffolk from breaking the game open.

With six minutes left in the period Jim Zuion tied the score as he picked up a rolling puck in the slot area.
I like to sit in the Common on a nice day with a book to go by. It kills the time very well. Plus, observing some of the more grotesque aspects of my fellow man is often a way of me feeling better about myself in general.

Anyway, last week, after suffering through a campaign, which is designed to make me more of a well-rounded person (actually akin to washing my lousy clothes and socks with a couple of bottles of Nuyall), I took a stroll down to my favorite bench, to let the cool air revolve my agitating frame. Ilicked the occipital of the bench off (he was homeless—who cares?), sat, and stared at the distended pigeons. Slowly, I felt myself drifting away, victim to a Math course that is so far removed from my life’s plan, it’s eluding. My feet were moving before losing consciousness, had something to do with the function of my lower extremities.

All of a sudden, my happy reverie was broken, by a sound that jolted me to my senses. A trumpet, clear and loud as any I have ever heard, sounded from somewhere in the Public Garden. And I nearly died. I nearly died.

I could hear muffled voices, then, out of the darkness, out of the shadows. It was a warping song, a call to battle. I again thought. “No. Sorry. Just kidding!”

Then, I couldn’t believe my eyes—whoever they were, they had me. Once again, I was out of control.

Then, I couldn’t believe my eyes, when I saw who they were. A parade of oddities, gathered for a single purpose—my destruction.

“Read my lips,” Bush spoke. “This kid is in deep doo-doo!”

The Suffolk Journal

The Suffolk Journal
ENTERTAINMENT

Throwing Muses show improvement

**RECORDINGS**

**Throwing Muses**

**Hunkpapa**

**Silt**

by Andrea M. Biasaro

This well produced, punchy album is a definite improvement for the Throwing Muses, who, in their earlier efforts, tended to forget the music. True, vocalist/guitarist Kristin Hersh can still make one skin-crawl with the words, but this time... who left me alone? What do you mean you're alone? goddamn wolves/no one's home/ this is the last time/ I need an umbrella/ if I'm gonna go in... so sad...

"... who left me alone?/ What do you mean you're alone?/ goddamn wolves/ no one's home/ this is the last time/ I need an umbrella/ if I'm gonna go in... so sad..."

Cleariy this record would not have been nearly as good had it not been for Kristin Hersh's influence on the Throwing Muses. The three songs on Mystery Girl were produced by fellow Wilbury Jeff Lynne, and, in fact, three were written by the songwriting team of Orbison/Lynne/Tom Petty. Inclusion of these key radio hits, Got It, which sounds like an outtake from the Traveling Wilbury's Volume One LP.

The overall flavor of the music on Mystery Girl is what one would expect from Orbison. He seems to be reaching for his rock roots (left), as the music reflects the country-rock style that Orbison was known for in the early 60's. In fact, the whole record could have been recorded in 1960 without changing anything about the production. As the string arrangements have the exact same texture as those on Orbison's early 60's hits.

Only on *Shes A Mystery To Me*, the song from which the album's title takes its cue from, does the record go deeper, and in fact, more songs of this type would have brought Orbison into modern times and still would have utilized his full talents. The song has a tropical mood to it, with its coconut drums and rhythm guitar lines played by Bonito that have an almost sitar-like fluidity. Drumming throughout the tune is the same stumbling drumbeat style typical of many U2 tunes. "Darkness follows me and I try to chase it/ Take me to some twilight land," Orbison sings, as he provides his best performance on the album. Musically and vocally this song displays Orbison's greatest range and melody, and to play this song, one would think that great Mystery Girl could have been.

But it probably doesn't matter. What Mr. Franzen seems to discard is the plot and return to it at his desire, leaving the reader uncertain what is happening, and he spends no time in developing his characters, all of whom are essentially cerebral, lifeless creations. Much of his prose is spent, in true minimalistic manner, describing such minor details as kitchen cookware, trips to the supermarket, with enough prose spent describing the weather to make me believe he actualy majored in meteorology when he attended Swarthmore. Even in all the years I spent there on those long nights when the restaurants closed early and there was nothing but pledge drives on public television, I found a city and people Perhaps much more full of life and interest then this sterile, pointless city that Jonathan Franzen has unloosed on us like a vengeful god.

Certainly his meandering plot must take its cue from Old Man River. Although a major part in Jmma's drive to control the leaders of St. Louis involves thought control process called the state, it is not included on the album, nor how it occurs. It just sort of... you know, happens. Then, for a woman whose power base is the police department... Jamma seems to spend almost no time doing her job, and in fact there is hardly any mention of the police department, which to me seems a glaring omission. The only time the author wishes to show us any policemen, in an action scene is on page 454, as a black and white officer converses:

("continued on page 5")
Surf and sailing club constitution ratified
by Andrew Bissaro

Like a breath of fresh sea air, the Suffolk University Surf and Sailing Club has officially arrived. The fledgling club has been officially recognized by the University with the ratification of its constitution by the Student Government Association and the Council of Presidents last Tuesday. Co-founder and club organizer Sam McCormack is ready to get started. McCormack is instrumental in the formation of the club's philosophy.

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," McCormack said dryly, with a demonic laugh. "I've seen a glut of posters lately," said Coach Walsh. "People will put anything on them to attract attention. I know that a surfer has the image of being a laid-back, partying guy, but the image we want to project is that of participation, fun, and the idea of getting something off the ground that people can't be done." McCormack agrees. "I have nothing against drinking. I drink myself," he said. "I'm not saying that none of us ever drinks. But, in order to be in the Surf Club, you don't have to drink, or be a partier. Just come with an appreciation of beach life in general.

"If you want to stay in the city all your life, then the club is not good for you," McCormack stated. "But if you plan to go and on trips, and be an active crazy person in general, then the Surf and Sailing Club is just what you've been looking for." (The Surf and Sailing Club will meet Tuesday, March 14 at 1.00 in Sawyer 925)

A Dripp family adventure
by Gienna Shaw

It was a quiet, dry morning and I was in the kitchen of my suburban apartment doing dishes. The coffee maker needed cleaning so I ran some vinegar through it. While I was flushing water through the machine I felt pangs of guilt, so I filled the empty vinegar bottle with water and walked into the bathroom, removed the cover from the toilet tank and placed the bottle in the tank.

It was a simple procedure that would save a quart of water each time we flush and considering the time spent in that particular room, the potential was astronomical. I put the cover back on the tank and forgot all about it.

And then the Dripps came home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dripp have built in radars that alert them to any suspicious activity. And when the Dripps came home, Mr. and Mrs. Dripp have built in radars that alert them to any suspicious activity. And when the Dripps came home, Mr. Dripp walked immediately to the fish tank and said, "Who moved the lighthouse?" Mrs. Dripp replied, "Who changed the seat of my suburban mobility?" Mr. Dripp said, "It's been moved a fraction of an inch.

"'Who moved the lighthouse?' Mrs. Dripp. "'I think I'd rather have the car seat? The lighthouse? Who cares about this club?" he said, "It's supposed to rain tomorrow."

Mr. Dripp lost interest in the vinegar bottle.

A few hours later it was gone — it was too big for our tank and Mrs. Dripp was getting too upset. Anything to do with the vinegar bottle.

It was a quiet, dry morning and I was in the kitchen of my suburban apartment doing dishes. The coffee maker needed cleaning so I ran some vinegar through it. While I was flushing water through the machine I felt pangs of guilt, so I filled the empty vinegar bottle with water and walked into the bathroom, removed the cover from the toilet tank and placed the bottle in the tank.

It was a simple procedure that would save a quart of water each time we flush and considering the time spent in that particular room, the potential was astronomical. I put the cover back on the tank and forgot all about it.

And then the Dripps came home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dripp have built in radars that alert them to any suspicious activity. And when the Dripps came home, Mr. and Mrs. Dripp have built in radars that alert them to any suspicious activity. And when the Dripps came home, Mr. Dripp walked immediately to the fish tank and said, "Who moved the lighthouse?" Mrs. Dripp replied, "Who changed the seat of my suburban mobility?" Mr. Dripp said, "It's been moved a fraction of an inch.

(The car seat? The lighthouse? Who can understand the Dripps?) He went into the bathroom.

A few minutes later Mrs. Dripp said, "Boy, that toilet's been running a long time." The gig was up: I told her about the vinegar bottle.

Mr. Dripp came out of the bathroom.

"There's a bottle in the toilet tank," he informed us calmly (but with a twinge of fear and bemusement). "It's a vinegar bottle," Mrs. Dripp told him, sounding nervous and distressed.

I spoke up. "We're having a water crisis," I told the Dripps, who stared at me blankly. (Or was it disbelief?) You know: we haven't had any snow or rain since circumstances beyond my control prohibit me from saving water in my home, perhaps someone out there will attempt it in theirs. My only advice is this: check the size of your tank before selecting a bottle: use glass because plastic will not last, metal will rust and a brick will eventually corrode and may damage pipes; and finally, beware of drips.

Editor's note: Gienna Shaw is adopted.

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT DANCEFIT
AEROBICS • BODY TONING LOW IMPACT

ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 14, 1989

5 full weeks of unlimited classes $69
Daily at Dancefit (across from the Holiday Inn)
CALL NOW! 523-5334

Dancefit
21 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114
Mary McGinn B.S.Ed. Director

OFFER EXPIRES

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT DANCEFIT
AEROBICS • BODY TONING LOW IMPACT

ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 14, 1989

5 full weeks of unlimited classes $69
Daily at Dancefit (across from the Holiday Inn)
CALL NOW! 523-5334

Dancefit
21 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114
Mary McGinn B.S.Ed. Director

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT DANCEFIT
AEROBICS • BODY TONING LOW IMPACT

ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 14, 1989

5 full weeks of unlimited classes $69
Daily at Dancefit (across from the Holiday Inn)
CALL NOW! 523-5334

Dancefit
21 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114
Mary McGinn B.S.Ed. Director

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT DANCEFIT
AEROBICS • BODY TONING LOW IMPACT

ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 14, 1989

5 full weeks of unlimited classes $69
Daily at Dancefit (across from the Holiday Inn)
CALL NOW! 523-5334

Dancefit
21 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114
Mary McGinn B.S.Ed. Director

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT DANCEFIT
AEROBICS • BODY TONING LOW IMPACT

ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 14, 1989

5 full weeks of unlimited classes $69
Daily at Dancefit (across from the Holiday Inn)
CALL NOW! 523-5334

Dancefit
21 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114
Mary McGinn B.S.Ed. Director

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT DANCEFIT
AEROBICS • BODY TONING LOW IMPACT

ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 14, 1989

5 full weeks of unlimited classes $69
Daily at Dancefit (across from the Holiday Inn)
CALL NOW! 523-5334

Dancefit
21 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114
Mary McGinn B.S.Ed. Director

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT DANCEFIT
AEROBICS • BODY TONING LOW IMPACT

ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 14, 1989

5 full weeks of unlimited classes $69
Daily at Dancefit (across from the Holiday Inn)
CALL NOW! 523-5334

Dancefit
21 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114
Mary McGinn B.S.Ed. Director
The worst novel in the world
(continued from page 3)

Luzzi spoke with the security guard and got back in the car. "Something about a Benjamin Brown," he said. "Huh."

"Are you familiar with the individual?"

"It's a name you hear."

"If these people stick around and make trouble in the crowd tonight, they'll be picked up separately. They aren't local."

"No, sir."

Luzzi shook his head and jotted on his pad.

"East St. Louis! The root of all evil."

"We've had enough of your humour, White."

I found this to be a ridiculous conversation, and so I leaned over and asked Luzzi if he was American.

"No, sir."

"Something about a Benjamin Brown."

"Yeah."

"I'm inclined to support the first draft of this book, I would have blue-pencilled the theory. Certainly if I had written this book, I would have blue-penciled the following:

... She was prettily innocent, like the simple brain of a time bomb.

... The kittens were squirming like living excrement on the dead leaves.

... It's become rather lesseppherian.

... The cigarette was making them raise their breasts bared to the weather..."

This is a dead work, still-born in a desolate, its street intersections strange laneless crosses the color of spiders. Lorne cars pushed pale pools of light along in front of them. If this were a bombing mission, we'd be scraping high-rises, but St. Louis lay low, and desolate, its street intersections strange laneless crosses the color of spiders. Lorne cars pushed pale pools of light along in front of them. It's become rather lesseppherian.

I must depict life, and he must have someone's laboratory, a novel that isn't simulated, a skirt raised from the skies. Perhaps this is what Joyce's Dublin. St. Louis is certainly a meeting of love and death between a small-time hood and an American girl selling newspapers on the streets of Paris. It's not American. It's demoralizing. It's not American. It makes you sick. It should be kept in your own home. Definitely.

(Short form on man-on-the-street interviews to a quick success of advertisements with men kissing women.) How is it that public displays of affection are only "sick" and "demoralizing" when they are between members of the same sex? "People ask us all kinds of questions about sex," said Hoffman. Like we're the experts. "For some reason, heterosexuality has been synonymous with love. Homosexuality is defined as sexual," said Blumenfeld. "Most of us are leading happy, productive lives. We have relationships," said Blumenfeld. He sees a shift away from the use of terms such as "homo sexual" to avoid this misconception.

Myths and prejudice examined in Pink Triangles

(continued from page 1)

It is a dangerous and erroneous myth that homosexuals are major perpetrators of crimes against children, said Hoffman. She noted that incest largely occurs in families with heterosexual parents. Many open homosexuals are not parents, she added, because it is one thing to open oneself up to hostility and risk; it is quite another when a child is involved. "To risk our children is an extraordinary price to pay," said Hoffman.

The cuts

1. Elvis Costello
2. Violent Femmes
3. Lou Reed
4. New Order
5. U2
6. Scruffy The Cat
7. R.E.M.
8. "Til" Tuesday
9. Fine Young Cannibals
10. Voice Of The Beehive
11. Edie Brickell & The New Bohemians
12. 10,000 Maniacs
13. Michelle Shocked
14. Dead Milkmen
15. Bangles
16. Erasure
17. The Waterboys
18. Fairground Attraction
19. Siouxsie & The Banshees
20. The Saints
21. Choirboys (NEW)
22. Bruce Cockburn (NEW)
23. The Go-Betweens
24. That Petrol Emotion
25. Living Colour
26. They Might Be Giants
27. Lilac Time (NEW)
28. National Velvet (NEW)
29. The Cuts (NEW)
30. Julian Cope
31. Sonic Youth
32. Janes Addiction
33. The Pursuit of Happiness
34. Art of Noise Featuring Tom Jones
35. The Primitives

New Adds
1. Thelonious Monster
2. Thrashing Doves
3. Rain People
4. Sliarmin'Watusis
5. Yello
6. Animation

Top Cuts
1. Stand - REM
2. Little Miss S - Edie Brickell & New Bohemians
3. Punk Rock Girl - Dead Milkmen
4. Dating Days - Violent Femmes

Top Audience Response
Elvis Costello
REM
Violent Femmes
Lou Reed
Dear Editor:

I haven’t written a letter to the Journal in many years,ever since the discussion about quality speak to some issues which have been on my mind, and I’d like to say a few words about them.

Patricio Carcamo-Tapia snears “there was ever an apex?” about the Journal. This is not the case, but the recent past may have been several — but the most recent one, came in the late seventies, when I reported for the Journal and married my wife. This was student journalism at its best; discovering and reporting information which was important and which they wouldn’t have learned otherwise.

By a strange coincidence, the Board of Trustees voted a few months later to end all financial support for the Journal. The Journal immediately got its money back; but I had not since reached the same level of investigative journalism.

I have enjoyed the essays by José Santos, Fabian dePeiza, the students who have contributed in various ways — especially Bill Smick — very much, and am grateful to the Journal for printing them. It is a shame to see the absence of news stories from your pages, or the relative prominence of opinion and letters columns. Does not the reader care about news stories, and CN5 stories among the news items you do carry.

As it stands today, there are some stories out there. It wasn’t your fault that you had just gone to press when President Perelman announced his resignation. But surely by now you might have put together a story about this. And what about his replacement? We have had a full-fledged participatory search process, or will be go back to the old system of cronynism? This issue is being considered at all our campuses — has the Journal nothing to say? On a more mundane note, what about the promise to publish the spring semester and provide a reading period — wouldn’t your readers like to know about this?

And don’t you find it a little bit embarrassing to have been scopied by the Tufts Voice in the formation of the new Surf Club?

If your reaction is that you didn’t know what was going on all along, don’t you think you should have known — or that you need to develop some journalistic techniques to cover the stories which don’t walk through your door on their own two feet?

If you did know about all these stories, but couldn’t find the staff to cover them, perhaps you need a policy: professional writers should earn the right to have their essays and cultural reviews run by covering at least one household in your area once a week.

Don’t get me wrong; I love the Journal. Suffolk would be a lesser, less lively place if it didn’t exist. But I do not believe that the students are more poorly, without it. But’s frustrating to think about all the news stories which we can’t follow or write because no one but you has the resources and the will to print it. Let’s have some news!

Yours truly,
John C. Benz
Professor of Government

Bill, if this is how you feel then simply do what the students of Suffolk has the option of doing, sub articles when you have the desire to. If the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the article gets turned down, please don’t whitewash it and go write another one! I don’t believe that any of the writers on the staff has a responsibility to his readers to be published; if the
by Ruth Simon

They wander through the streets and alleys of Boston, rummaging through garbage cans and dumpsters in search of food. Once night falls they are in search for a place to sleep and newsworthy events are the winter wind whips through Boston.

They are Boston's homeless. Each night up to 14,000 homeless people in Massachusetts find their way into shelters in and around the city limits. A few make Boston their home and others come for a short while until they find the next shelter that is scheduled to open. "We are the homeless people who go to the 900-bed Pine Street Inn each day, for either shelter or services. We are a part of the scene," said John Rood, the shelter's spokesman.

Robby, 45, Bobby, 36, and Kevin, 38, have all been observing the Boston landscape for years. They have been in and out of shelters and on the streets. "It's very difficult and painful experience to turn someone away at the door of hospitality. I would advocate that we accommodate them," explained Rood.

This winter season, Bostonians have been observing an increase in the number of homeless. But even this does not stop the flow of homeless people entering the shelters.

"As people leave the shelters, the warmth in the shelters helps to keep the homeless in a state of hope. We are making an effort to get them off the streets. In the winter we treat many who are suffering from hypothermia and common colds," said Rood.

In 1968 — when the Pine Street Inn was founded — its intent is to give food for long-term homeless men and women who have no permanent address.

The Pine Street Inn has come a long way in two decades. Today, the shelter offers an Outreach Program, in which a staff member visits the streets every night to pick up those who are in immediate need of shelter. Also, the Pine Street Inn has an 80-bed communal housing development which is rented to those who are "ready for it," said Rood.

Blakely Burkey, coordinator for adult services in Boston's Community Health Nursing Program, oversees health care for the homeless people who use 320-city-provided beds.

Through public concern for the homeless a large annual noisemaker and the holiday decorations are free from charge. "The shelter is full all year long. In the winter months, we are bused to the municipal brick shelter, with its million-dollar circuit of soup kitchens, moving constantly to keep warm until it is time to line up at the intake office at Boston City Hospital for the bus back to Long Island.

"People on the streets get worn out," said Blakely. "We have been observing. It makes me wonder why I smoke those things. It is now being directed at the PERSON. Very very disturbing."

The ISA is not a tool for correcting health deficiencies, but an invigorating experience which I am certain will facilitate a greater cultural fluency, as well as a better understanding of the world as a community, for Americans, and for anyone and anywhere who wants to know more.

Matt Downing

Vice President of ISA

"global community."

Personally, my involvement in the ISA has afforded me a singular opportunity for mutual self and philosophical interchange, an experience enriching beyond what one may gather from a rather bare reading. Prior to my involvement in the club, I had considered myself learned and somewhat urbane. I have since been enlightened. I am humble, for like many Americans, I found a plethora of cultural ignorance and prejudice, coming so being separated from the rest of the world.

The ISA is not a tool for correcting this deficiency, but an invigorating experience which I am certain will facilitate a greater cultural fluency, as well as a better understanding of the world as a community, for Americans, and for anyone and anywhere who wants to know more.

Matt Downing

Vice President of ISA

A new kind of prejudice

by Wendy Ciscotta

O.K. I give up. But it is not the pressure around me that moves me to my present decision. It is for my own health that I am quitting smoking. The pressure from non-smokers only made me rebel more.

Why? Not because I do not respect them. I do. And if I disturb anyone with it then I alwaysديد studied show that it disturb everyone, pass and non-smokers, whether they complain or not. But this reason is secondary — I am inflicting those around me; yes. But the first reason, the one that I am inflicting myself. I quit for me, I quit for me. That is the only reason.

So why the rebellion? Because I am deeply disturbed by the hatred that I have been observing. It is most disturbing about human nature. It makes me cringe. It makes me, well, sick.

Their hatred is not just directed at the aspect of the person; the fact that he smokes. It is the whole being directed at the PERSON. Very very disturbing. Very much so.

I can hear the new myths forming now: "Smokers are inherently stupid. "Smokers are quietly suicidal."

A new kind of prejudice

by Gary Christenson

"The SGA is the major channel of communication for students to voice their opinions and ideas to faculty, administration, and trustees."

The time has come for SGA to have its annual general election. We are hoping and encouraging everyone across the university to get involved, whether they are seats available for sophomore, juniors, and seniors. There are four representative seats on the office of Student President, and one president position available for each class so think about getting involved.

The procedure is as such: any full-time undergraduate student, in good standing, may run for a seat. Appearances and regulations, return the petitions with the required number of signatures back to the Student Activities Office. NOW, read the regulations and requirements, return the petitions with the required number of signatures back to the Student Activities Office. Finally, the future of SGA will be decided during elections on Monday, April 10, 1989, Tuesday April 11, 1989, Wednesday, April 12, 1989, and Thursday, April 13, 1989.

Here is the chance to make a difference — your leadership depends on it. If there are any questions about election procedure, don't hesitate to call the Student Government Association at 573-8232 or come to the SGA meet

Barbara Blakeney, coordinator for adult services in Boston's Community Health Nursing Program, oversees health care for the homeless people who use 320-city-provided beds.

Matt Downing

Vice President of ISA

society and are still struggling. The feeling of isolation and alienation from American society, as noted earlier, is still present.

Finally, the phrase is dignified, as is the African-American label to persons of power and spirituality. Africa. A great continent, strong and vital. Proud.

There is a need, that Lynch enunciated in his lecture... the "African personal... The person who has possessions, the intelligence, the spirituality, the dignity. He is a man who holds his head up and walks tall. Dignified.

Lynch's lecture was warm and inviting, and this reporter has not done it justice. There is more to this subject than names and terms. It is the story of a whole people struggling to find an identity that is comfortable and powerful. I hope we can find it together.

"If somebody did to me what I do to myself, I'd kill them," one of the three men said.

The stereotypical image of the homeless no longer holds true, according to staffers of the Pine Street Inn. Many who stay at the inn have day jobs and they can pay an affordable rent fee.

Peter Graham, 55, of South Boston, formerly a hooligan, said his life was on the road to recovery when granted affordable housing and got a job in the state.

"My life was in shambles because of the alcohol problem I had, but once I received public housing I had incentive to get on with my life and make something of myself," said Rood.

African-American Americans have struggled for a long time and have contributed to and feel a part of contemporary American society and are still struggling. The feeling of isolation and alienation from American society, as noted earlier, is still present.

First, it shows interest and concern about the country of origin, Just like Italian-American or Irish-American. But it is different in that the Irish and the Italians chose to come here, African-Americans did not, and in that way last make a choice to get away. The African-American says, he or she, itshows a desire to rediscover it.

Also, it helps foster a sense of identity. The African-American struggles long and hard to contribute to and feel a part of contemporary American
higher education, the Department of Education official said, but budget restrictions caused by the federal deficit tie his hands.

The deficit problem affects every­thing," he added, "It's a step in the right direction."
SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY PRESENTS

ITALIAN NIGHT
(UNA SERATA ITALIANA)

- Open buffet with the best of Italian cuisine and pastry
- Traditional Italian songs by table-side strolling serenaders.
- Dancing with a typical Italian band.
- Cash Bar: (ID required for the purchase of alcoholic beverages)

ADMISSION: $6.00 ($5.00 with Suffolk ID)
PROPER ATTIRE REQUESTED

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8
7:30 - 11:00 PM
SAWYER CAFETERIA

Sponsored by the Italian Club, the Modern Language Club, the Council of Presidents, the Cultural Events Committee and the Department of Humanities and Modern Languages.

THE PIONEER VALLEY GIRL SCOUT COUNCIL WANTS TO REACH YOU!!
If you are a Camp Bonnie Brae or Edith Newell former camper or staff member, please send your name and mailing address to: PIONEER VALLEY GIRL SCOUT COUNCIL, 40 Harkness Avenue, East Longmeadow, MA 01028, or call (413) 525-4124. We want you to join us for:

CAMP BONNIE BRAE'S
70TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
JULY 22-23, 1989

SAFFOLK STUDENT THEATRE PRESENTS

The Match Maker

March 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 8 pm $6 $3.50 students

Walsh Theatre 55 Temple St. Boston Info: 573-8282

C by Thornton Wilder directed by Marilyn Plotkins

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!!!!
EDSA ANNUAL RECOGNITION NIGHT
(AWARD DINNER FOR EVENING AND PART-TIME STUDENTS)
FRIDAY EVENING
MAY 12, 1989
6:00 P.M.
57 RESTAURANT

Tickets: $15/per person*
2 tickets for $25
(must show student i.d.)

INCLUDES PRIME RIB DINNER,
DANCING, AND MORE!!!
Validated Parking!!!

*Good news!! EDSA is subsidizing ticket cost this year!!!!

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION
MAKE A DIFFERENCE!!!

Run for a position on Student Government

Each Class has:
1 President
1 Vice President
4 Representatives

Pick-up your petition in the Ridgeway Building at the Student Activities Office

PETITIONS DUE BACK ON MARCH 28TH

REMINDER: March 13th is the last day to withdraw from a class.
The American Dream?

by Joseph Mont

Only a few people would ever speak to Michael.

In Boston the rules of order are usually: avoid eye contact, remain silent while riding the subway and quietly move away from anyone, homeless or disturbed individual.

Michael fits all of these categories. Perhaps the only reason the commuters were exposed to him at all was the fact that it was the early morning rush hour on the Red-line; and there was nowhere to move to on the cramped, silver cattlecars.

Michael got on at Wollaston Station, drunk and feral looking. His appearance held the usual scars of a street dweller, but something about his features rang of nobility. He looked a lot like Richard Harris playing a homeless man; a comparison that was not as ridiculous after he told me that he originally came to this country from Wales.

Draggling a sack of nickel deposit cans, Michael (the only name I could get from him) entered the train boisterously and bouncy.

"It's Howdy Doody time!" he asked me, laughing to himself. "It is Howdy Doody time isn't it? He paused, smiling, and added, "What day is it?"

I told him it was Thursday.

"Then it's not Howdy Doody time," he admitted, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

"Then it's not Howdy Doody time," he asked me, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

"Then it's not Howdy Doody time," he asked me, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

Having settled on a time frame, he began picking out women at random and asking them to smile for him. His thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

He admitted, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

He admitted, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

"Then it's the first,..." he paused forgetting the rest of the cliche, but it's meaning prevailed.

He then found me a suitable listener for his purposes, and in between marriage proposals to several female passengers, he told me of his mother and himself moving from Wales to the United States after his father died. He went to college and eventually became a certified psychologist.

He admitted, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

He admitted, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time isn't it?"

Michael at this point seemed to sour, and hesitate. His story would always end up signal and a cryptic cry of "look up." He would probably never have the redemption he was so sure of this morning. Instead he will wander the streets of an adopted land; a broken weapon of self destruction.

It's all right though. I'm a bum, but it's point of pride, a sacrifice for character." he boomed proudly as though it was a boomer.

As a citizen he went to war; an Englishman in Vietnam.

They turned me into a fucking Nazi!" His anger rose. "Because of that war I started shooting up; I had to shoot kids goddamnit! A Nazi!"

Michael calmed down and told me he no longer shoots up. He uses other drugs but the spike is no longer his weapon of self destruction.

The train rolled into South Station, and Michael bid farewell with a thumbs up signal and a cryptic cry of "look up." Sallie would probably never have the redemption he was so sure of this morning. Instead he will wander the streets of an adopted land; a broken shell whose downfall came because he tried to pay back his new notion with happiness.

Philosophy then began to creep into his being.

Last night I slept on the street," he boomed proudly as though it was a point of pride, a sacrifice for character. "It's all right though, I'm a bum, but it's all right, maybe I'll always be a bum, but today is different. I feel like I could accomplish something today. God loves us, that's all that matters.

"Today is the first,..." he paused forgetting the rest of the cliche, but it's meaning prevailed.

... PIZZA PARTY WILL FOLLOW.

* * * WE WILL PROVIDE EQUIPMENT.

* * * WE WILL PROVIDE EQUIPMENT.

* * * WE WILL PROVIDE EQUIPMENT.

* * * WE WILL PROVIDE EQUIPMENT.

* * * WE WILL PROVIDE EQUIPMENT.

HEALTH WATCH

by Dominic O'Flaherty

This past winter has been unusually mild for the eastern Massachusetts area. The amount of precipitation has been so minimal, we are now faced with the possibility of a drought.

On February 16, 1989, the Metropolitan District Commission (MDC) jointly petitioned with the Massachusetts Water Resources Authority (MWRA) for a state of water emergency.

The Quabbin Reservoir, which is maintained by the MDC, is located in the valley of the Swift River in western Massachusetts. It is approximately 18 miles long with a water surface of 39 square feet. Serving over 2 million people daily, it is one of the largest man-made reservoirs in the world. It is also the source of our drinking water.

The reservoir collects 186 square miles of watershed and serves 46 MWRA communities geographically located from Boston to Worcester. The Quabbin's normal elevation is 530 feet above Boston city base. Presently, the elevation is 512 feet or 68% of capacity which is the lowest it's been in 15 years. Herein lies the problem since the actual amount of available water is lower than the figure suggests.

In any reservoir there is a "minimal pool" which means the quality of water is not guaranteed past a certain depth. Any water below this line is relatively unsafe to drink.

In the Quabbin Reservoir the "minimal pool" is 30% which leaves only 36% of safe drinking water. Last year the elevation level was 517 feet or 77% of volume capacity. This left a minimal pool of 47% which shows a decline of 9% in the past year.

It would take 32 inches of rainfall or 320 inches of snow per year to return the reservoir to a safe level. This amount of precipitation would supply the Quabbin with 64 inches of snow pack. According to Craig Beaver, Senior Water Supply Manager for the MDC, "Snow is more important than rain since snow packs in the reservoir and thaws in the spring bringing the water level up for summer consumption."

The MDC and MWRA have initiated a water task force which is meeting weekly and is closely monitoring the crisis. If deemed necessary, another agency, the Department of Environmental Quality Engineering (DEQE) will be forced to place restrictions on the 46 communities serviced by the MWRA.

The average person uses more than 60 gallons of water a day which amounts to 22,000 gallons per year! A few simple changes in daily habits could reduce this usage by 40%. Here are a few suggested tips:

• Turn off tap when brushing teeth or shaving.
• Never use toilet as a waste basket.
• Don't take marathon showers.
• Only run washing machines and dishwashers when full.
• Pay strict attention to signs of any leaks.
• Be sure there are trigger nozzles on all your outside hoses.
• If people do not comply with saving water," maintains Beaver, "we will be forced to impose strict water laws which will include no outside use whatsoever and an actual rationing of water over a couple of years.

The MWRA's water distribution system can safely handle 300 million gallons per day. This "safe yield" is currently being exceeded by 35 mgd. "It's not an infinite system," added Beaver, "it's a finite system."
Lady Rams cruise past Emerson, 62-33

by Ross Neville

Led by Anne Christine Kruse and Laura Long, the Lady Rams cruised to an easy 62-33 win over Emerson, Feb. 23 in Cambridge.

Kruse was a force inside all night as she canned 23 points and pulled down 16 rebounds. Long added 16, many of these coming off some great moves from behind the basket out into the lane where she rolled in a couple of underneath scoop shots for the prettiest baskets of the evening.

Neither team would get much offense going early as Suffolk was cold from outside and Emerson got a hot hand from Horan who was on her game.

Emerson ran into early foul trouble and Suffolk found themselves in the bonus only 8 minutes into the game. Essentially this seemed like one of those nights where it was just a matter of time before Suffolk blew the game open. Horan swished a 3-pointer as is becoming customary for her, and it was 23-7 with 7 minutes left in the half.

Emerson was actually doing a very effective job on the boards, especially in the offensive end where they consistently had second and third shots. However, nothing would fall despite the extra shots and eventually the lack of scoring touch caught up to them.

Coach Walsh did a fair bit of substituting throughout the game, keeping Horan and Kruse well rested. Besides the sheer talent, edge, fatigue became a factor as Emerson only dressed 7 players, making the bench a key to the game.

The first half ended with a great basket by Long on which she was fouled and added the free throw for a nice 3-point play. Long followed that with a great feed to Horan for an easy lay-up and it was 36-17 as the half ended. Suffolk held this huge lead despite shooting only 38% from the floor (14 of 37) and 6 of 11 from the line.

The second half saw the Lady Rams do whatever they pleased as Emerson offered little resistance. The Rams mixed their game up nicely, alternating between the fast break and the half court game. Walsh continued to give everyone ample minutes and as a result all the Lady Rams had at least one basket. The team cruised home with a huge 29-point margin of victory.

Victory stolen in final minutes

(continued from page 1)

score a power play by #19 Brian Gunning only a minute later.

The teams went to the final period tied 3-3. It remained a game where Suffolk was clearly carrying the play and coming up with the better scoring opportunities. Crowley as he was earlier this season in a 4-2 St. Mike's win over the Rams was stoning the Rams time and time again, especially when they were as far as shooting was concerned, the extra shots simply added to their toll shortly after and it was 18-6 down somewhat on the turnover Tufts started to take the toll shortly after and it was 18-6 with only 7 minutes elapsed. Besides the tenacious defense Tufts also was enjoying a wide edge in the rebounding department.

Kelly Harney hit her customary 3 pointer and Long followed with a short jumper to make it 43-32 with 3 minutes to play. Over the last five minutes of the half Suffolk was definitely in a much better flow as far as getting the ball up the court. However Tufts stayed very hot and Suffolk could not get back in the game simply by trading baskets.

The second half basically became a question of whether or not Tufts would score 100 points. While Suffolk cut down somewhat on the turnover Tufts strength on offense, especially on the boards, was too much to overcome. Every time Suffolk got the offense in gear, as when Long hit a couple of nice shots and was fouled as well, Tufts would come right back with a 3 point play of their own and add a copule of baskets on top of that. The Lady Rams were simply worn down by the mid way point of the second half and themselves behind 78-38 on the way to the 99-43 final.

Despite the score in this game the Lady Rams can be content with the fact that they won 3 of their last 4 games and looked very impressive in those victories. The talent certainly exists on this team to better the 7 and 15 mark of this year come the '89-'90 season.

LAST CALL TO FAME!!

Suffolks's annual talent showcase needs performers (singers, dancers, actors/actresses).

If you would like to perform in this year's variety show please contact IMMEDIATELY the Student Activities Office (Ridgeway Lane, 573-6320) or Dr. Alberto Mendez (Fenton 436, 573-8373)

Application deadline: March 27. Experience preferred, but not essential.
The continuing popularity of fake ID's

by Lisa Olivieri

Almost every under-age college student owns one. The small, lying plastic card that supposedly guarantees a good time.

Many college students today have some form of fake identification, whether it be a driver's license or a liquor license. Is there good reason for this? Let's probe into the minds of some Suffolk University students, shall we?

One 20-year-old junior said she obtained her false identification at the registry of motor vehicles. She "borrowed" a 21-year-old friend's birth certificate, diploma, and charge card, and feigned the loss of her license in order to obtain a duplicate.

"I have a fake ID so that I can get into good clubs. I usually go to Kenmore Square. I also have older friends and I like to go out with them to clubs," said the junior.

"What can you do if you don't have one? How many times can you go out to eat and to the movies?" she questioned.

Another 20-year-old junior said that she has false identification so that she can drink on the weekends and have a good time.

"I get mine at a store in Roxbury that makes fake ID's. I don't need it because I can drink without it, but it allows you to go to different clubs," said the junior.

It seems as if the owners of these fake ID's aren't afraid of getting caught.

"I'm not afraid of getting caught because I think they would probably just throw it away and laugh at me," said a 20-year-old sophomore.

Another 20-year-old junior stated that she wasn't afraid of getting caught because she doesn't think the punishment would be very harsh.

"The main reason that I have one is that there would be nothing to do without one," she said. "All my friends are either 21, or have fake ID's. I don't want to be sitting home when there are good times to be had."

Some kids said that they only owned fake ID's so that they could get into clubs, meet people, and dance.

Whether it be to drink or to meet people, it looks as if many kids feel that owning a fake ID is a must.

As soon as I finished Advanced Training, the Guard gave me a cash bonus of $2,000. I'm also getting another $5,000 for tuition and books, thanks to the New GI Bill.

Not to mention my monthly Army Guard paychecks. They'll add up to more than $11,000 over the six years I'm in the Guard.

And if I take out a college loan, the Guard will help me pay it back — up to $1,500 a year, plus interest.

It all adds up to $18,000 — or more — for college for just a little of my time.

THE GUARD CAN HELP PUT YOU THROUGH COLLEGE, TOO. SEE YOUR LOCAL RECRUITER FOR DETAILS, CALL TOLL-FREE 800-638-7600,® OR MAIL THIS COUPON.

MAIL TO: Army National Guard, P.O. Box 6000, Clifton, NJ 07015

NAME □ M □ F □
ADDRESS
CITY/STATE/ZIP US CITIZEN □ YES □ NO
AREA CODE PHONE SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER BIRTH DATE
OCCUPATION STUDENT □ HIGH SCHOOL □ COLLEGE FROM MILITARY SERVICE □ YES □ NO
BRANCH □ BANK □ ARM □ MOS

© 1985 United States Government as represented by the Secretary of Defense. All rights reserved.