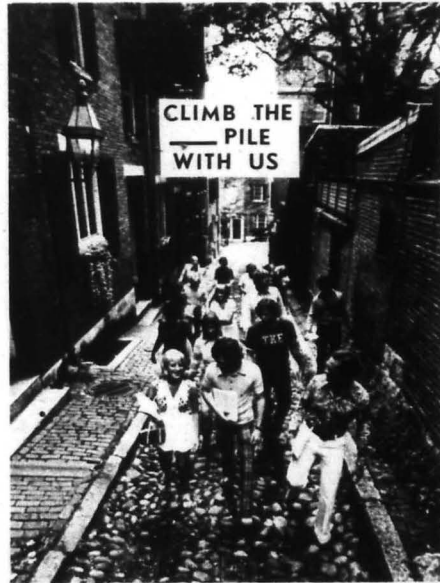
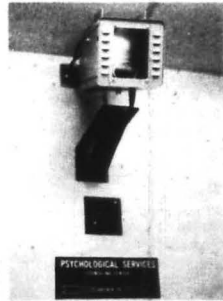

Suffolk University Bulletin

College Catalogue Issue 1975-1976

Days • Evenings • Graduate



April 1, 1976
Parody Issue

editorial

a classical gas

It may start with one too many cups of coffee or spicy foods. No matter which, it's all the same in the end. If the digestion of food stuffs is not complete, or possibly incomplete, one's duodenum, jejunum and all the rest begin to form small gaseous pockets. As the digestive process progresses, so does the size and pressure of these trouble areas. The right and left colic flexure of the large intestine begin to bulge and experience muscular activity of an intensity bordering on the convulsive, which terminates with a violent gaseous release near the pelvic colon. In short... a fart.

After four years at Suffolk University a student is afforded the opportunity to observe this type of flatulent behavior and its results. This anomalous situation, however, is quite justifiable, after all, we're human. Our main concerns rest with those subhuman individuals who find it necessary to eliminate this natural excess, as well as their discomfort while in a crowded elevator or classroom. Talk about Suffolkation! It seems reasonable to ask intelligent college students and their teachers, who are involved in a thriving academic situation, to exert some self-control... both physical and psychological.

An individual's psychological governors should not be hard to develop. Man has the highest intelligence level of all the beasts (excepting the dolphin, who shows no evidence of suffering from this problem), which gives him the ability to will a mental defense to his aid while combatting such gastronomical neurosis.

Physical control can be acquired through a series of simple (and quite enjoyable) exercises from the book *I'd Rather Do It Myself* by John H. Cutter. This work not only provides illustrated instructions on how to overcome such difficulties, it discusses as well the sociological implications of a flatulent society and the possible long range effects.

This is not a small problem. It is up to us to drag ourselves off the gastroconvertable and fight for our olfactory rights! It's time we stopped those unresponsive individuals who have no concern for the mountain-fresh ambience of Boston.

This farting around has got to stop.

letters

On the Lambs

We would like to take this time to compliment S.G.A. members Gerry Lamb and John Cummings for their excellent investigative report on the proposed recreational facility (*Journal*, 3/5/76). It is our feeling that the *Journal* would be a far better paper if it had more reporters in the likes of John and Gerry.

Thank you,
Gerry Lamb &
John Cummings

Exposed Limbs

As a concerned citizen of Boston I wish to make it known that there is a Hooker everpresent at the State House. I became aware of this 'horrendous' situation after completing a long and enterprising day of classes at the University. I was passing through the House's small foyer which serves as a 'short-cut' from Mt. Vernon to Beacon Street, when I came across this infamous person. At first, glance it was obvious that this Hooker had been around. The dress indicated a propensity to enjoy a certain "bedding down with the troops."

Since this initial observance there has not been a time that I have passed the State House when I have not seen the Hooker, still confidently poised near the right entrance steps. The exposed limbs, even on the coldest days, and the defiant eyes, right where visiting school children and Bicentennial

Pilgrims would be hard pressed to avoid an encounter. Rumor has it this Hooker is descendent from a long line of Hookers but can this be a justification for such condoned exhibitionism? I appeal to the common decency of each member of this community. Please, go to those steps, see for yourself! I promise you'll see the BIGGEST Hooker you've ever imagined. Let us band together against this eyesore. We'll have one less ostentatious Hooker in our fair city.

C.L. Birmingham
Chairperson for
Save Massachusetts'
Urbane Treasures
(S.M.U.T.)

In a Jam

Concerning the article run in the March 5th issue of the *Journal*, the introducer's statement about blacks not being able to visit Carson Beach without fear is correct. On my last visit to the South Boston beach, I was accosted by three predominately WHITE rowdies. Had it not been for my forty-four magnum, I would have surely been in a jam. Needless to say, when I displayed the weapon, the three predominately WHITE honkies quickly fled.

It is good to know that we blacks have some recourse in defending ourselves against "whitey".

Respectfully,
Bill Hanana
Professor of Psychology

Dear Breth:

Dear Breth:

My boyfriend Roger and I have been dating for over two years now and we've always enjoyed a happy, normal relationship. On our last date, however, he tied me to the back seat of his car and covered my body with the special sauce from a BJG MAC, then while dressed as Ronald McDonald he molested me.

Last night he called me up and asked me out for our usual Saturday night date. After I said yes, he replied, "Good. I just bought two hundred pounds of jello and a vacuum cleaner." I love him very much and don't know what to do.

How Far Should I Go?

Dear "How Far Should I Go?":

Don't worry, simply write to this newspaper for our free pamphlet, "How to be Kinky and Avoid Lower Back Pain."

Dear Breth:

I am 18 years old and mother won't buy me a bra. She says I'm too young and that there's plenty of time.

Steve

Dear Steve:

You'll just have to be patient. In the meantime try wearing your underwear backwards.

Dear Breth:

Several nights ago my boyfriend Bobby and I had planned to go to the movies. Rather than have him pick me up I decided to drop by his house early and surprise him. When I did, I found him running around the house dressed in his

mother's clothes and playing Doris Day albums. When I ran out of the house crying he yelled, "There's nothing wrong with being 'BI'." Confused

Dear Confused:

The next time he calls you up tell him good 'bi.'

Dear Breth:

I have been going out with the same girl for two years. We are really in love. I'm seven years old, and she is sixty-two. Our relationship is really beautiful except for one thing. She told me yesterday that she doesn't want to get married. She wants us to live together and grow herbs. But I'm allergic to herbs! What should I do?

Weed

Dear Weed:

Eat shit!

Dear Breth:

My boyfriend broke up with me last night. He said he couldn't make love to someone who only had three toes. I lost the other seven in a lawnmower accident when I was fourteen. They never grew back. I tried to tell him that the toes would not affect our relationship, but he doesn't believe me. I really want him back, but I'm afraid that if he ever does come back to me, he will leave me for good when he finds out that I have three breasts.

Uncoordinated

Dear Uncoordinated:

Hah hah aha haha hah hah ha ha hah!

Stuffit Journal

- Big Shit
- Raving Asshole
- Justa Fart
- Hot Shit
- Dumb Shit
- The Trots
- Doesn't Shit
- Dog Shit
- Dung Fish
- Sneaker Fulla Shit
- Crap Trap
- Heapa Manurg
- Slings Shit

- Joanne Torracco
- Mark C. Rogers
- Phillip Santoro
- Brent Marmo
- Robert Patrick Michael Carr
- Mary C. Buckley
- Stephen Corbett
- Pooch Repucci
- Paul Donovan
- Click Gavin
- Patty Fantasia
- Brian Walker
- Bustin Bill Ruthless

Quick Shits

- Bruce McIntyre
- Barbara Ochs
- Barry Oullette
- Johanna Roberts
- Sheri Rogers
- Rick Saia
- Judy Silverman
- Pam Strassen
- Paul Toadisco
- Debbie Burke
- Patty Catto
- Marilyn Coleman
- Nannette Collins
- Mike Covino
- Fran Cullen
- Brian Donovan
- Cheesy Hayes
- Footloose Lancaster

BEAUTIFUL CAPE COD

Are you interested in experiencing a summer on Cape Cod as so many college students do? We have available up-dated information on the following: THE TYPES OF JOBS AVAILABLE, HELPFUL HINTS IN SEEKING A JOB ON CAPE COD, WHERE THE BEST AND MOST REASONABLE PLACES TO LIVE CAN BE FOUND, AVERAGE COSTS OF LODGING, SALARY RANGES, THE COLLEGE NIGHT LIFE, TENNIS, SWIMMING CLUBS, ETC. For information and publication please send \$1.00 and a self-addressed stamped envelope to CAPE COD PUBLICATIONS, Box 834, Hyannis, Massachusetts 02601

KITCHY-KOO
is waiting for you!

The Golden Dome
PUB
150 Bowdoin St, Boston
(across from the State House)

NEWS BRIEFS

I Came Back

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The man supports this claim by saying that he can instinctively fly an airplane.

Relatives of the man say that they can disprove many many things he has said.

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Martin Gavin Photo

"Om . . ."

No Parking

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The student said that he was coming out of the Donahue Building when he saw his car being towed away. He followed the police tow truck to a tow lot in Chelsea where the car was pushed into a machine and smashed.

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"The seminar will provide adequate information for any interested person who would like to know the basic essentials in serving

cookies and pouring coffee for any social function ranging from political rallies to wedding showers," a spokesperson for the Women's Committee said.

This seminar is first in a series of women's programs which will occur during Thursday activities hour.

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1989 Space Problem Solved

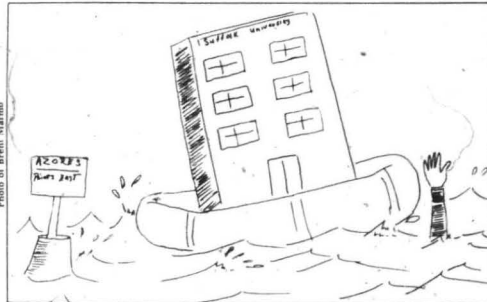


Photo of Brent Marmon

Bob Carr Graphic

by Azi Seyem

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University President Dr. Howard "Howie" Cheetham said that the day has finally come in which the massive space problem has been greatly facilitated with this edifice which will house both the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and the College of Business Administration.

Features of the \$3.5 million project include 40 closets, a 50-seat auditorium and 225 faculty "cub-holes."

Workmen put the finishing touches on the building last night as 15 oxygen tanks and masks were inserted.

The first "floating" school building opened this morning as Suffolk University undergraduates swam to classes at their new

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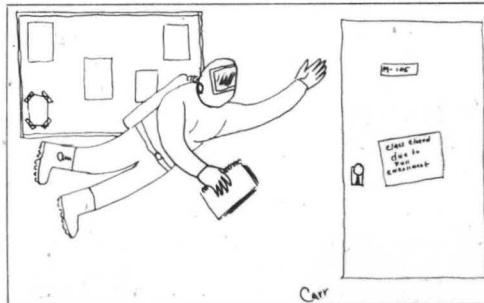
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Despite the roomy surroundings, students are disgruntled. They feel that the long-lasting "space problem" has not been alleviated. One student pointed out that three classes were already overcrowded and that students were bumping into each other in mid-air in the corridors.



Cart

Bob Carr Graphic

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Hawaiian News Service Photo

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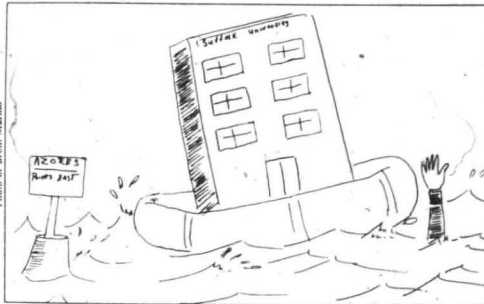


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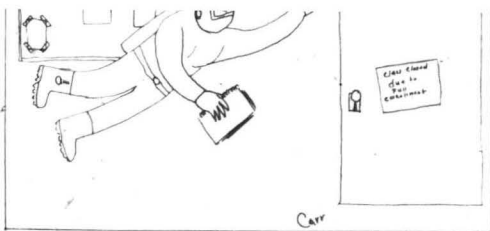
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malDEN 2 plus 3

by Cobh Farr

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"You're a damn good writer," I boasted instead.

"Yeah, right. I know."

"You should probably do more of it, though," I continued. "Don't forget - Bill Ruthless wants to see that novel you're supposed to be working on."

"Did you tell him about that?" me asked.

"No, you did," I offered.

"Oh?"

"Oh?"

"Yeah, oh. Like oh me, oh my!" I me said snidely.

"Well, don't get upset!"
"Oh I'm sorry, but I just really haven't recovered from that party I gave for the slobs on the Journal!"

"Well, I haven't, either, you know."

"Yeah, but I think the whole affair was worth it. Don't you?" me asked.

"How do you figure?"

"How do I figure? Did you hear what Mark Rutgers said when me asked him if he had a good time?"

"Oh yeah. Cobh, this is the best party I've ever been to. You're the greatest." Now I know that, and you know that, but it was a pisser to hear it from someone like him."

"You mean because he's editor of the Journal?"

"No, anyone can be editor, even I'm an editor!"

"Well, why?"

"Because he can get it every night. He's married."

"Oh."

"And how about Phallic Santoro. He said that I was the smoothest host since Hugh Hefner."

"That's true."

"Yeah, I know."

"I mean it was such a pisser feeling to have everyone come up to me and tell me how really pisser me and I am."

"Well, you gonna have another one?" I asked hesitantly.

"I don't know. I mean I don't know whether to have another one right away or to keep all those



Portrait of the artist as a young turkey.

schmucks waiting around for it. I'm not easy, you know."

"I know, I know."

"Hey, what's for dinner anyway?" me inquired.

"Well, there's a couple of six-packs in the frig."

"I can't drink two sixes. I cap't even drink one six."

"But you're supposed to be a big drinker," I insisted.

"Nah. I just act that way around Rock Morbid. When we go to the Hat I pour my beef into his glass. Sometimes I just sneak it into the head and pour it in the sink. That pseudo Bob McKillop doesn't know the difference."

"But I thought you liked Rock," I asked.

"I do."

"Well, what's the point in ..."

"Come out of Disneyland, schmuck. He has a sister. And she's the spittin' image of ... well, never mind."

"No, tell me," I pressured.

"She's the exact likeness of the girl of my dreams."

"And he's going to introduce you to her?"

"Hell, no. He won't let me get near her. Not right now anyway. I guess you could say he knows me too well."

"There's no way you can change that now," I said. "It's too late to meet him for the first time."

"I know, I know, but I've got a plan."

"What's that?"

"Rock said he wants his sister to marry a doctor. So I figure if I can graduate from here by 1984 I'll only be 34, and then ..."



"Maybe if we convert the 3rd floor men's room into a physics lab ..."

zen and the art of university maintenance

Characters

Fullham
Mr. Bareass
Chairman Row

Spinazzulu
Mark Rouger
A plastic plant

A Chorus of Suffolk Drones

Chorus. We are students from Suffolk U
We are wastrels proud and true
If you are reading this we mean you
We eat Lawyer stew

Mr. Bareass. (Nervously tugging his beard and mumbling) Oh, hear them chant. Just hear them. Always chanting behind my back. Always plotting my downfall. (Aside.) Actually I'm overjoyed to have such a plum job.

Fullham. Now, now. Nothing to worry about. It will blow over in a couple of months. Springtime, you know.

Mark Rouger. Snatch a catch of bubbling beaver hatch.

Chairman Row. Well spoken. Now down to business.

Mark Rouger. Excuse please, honorable one, but why not have an Aztec sacrifice beneath a burning bearnut bush?

Spinazzulu. Come on, now. Let's get serious. Look, Chairman me need space. No, not interplanetary, but real material space.

Chorus. O say can you seeee
thru a Law student's eyessss
What we so proudly exhale
He so gallantly deniessss

Chairman Row. Look, Chris, you must sell your ideas to us. We're a benign non-prophet establishment. Please don't spoil our beautiful euphemisms. What do you feel about this so-called "Suffolkation," Mark?

Mark Rouger. Like a pregnant sardine.

Chairman Row. And you, Mr. Bareass?

Mr. Bareass. Oh - oh, fine, no problem. (Aside.) Why me? Why do they torment me? I like my job.

Fullham. The whole thing will blow over. It's Springtime.

Mark Rouger. (Aside.) Polly want a cracker?

Chairman Row. And you, Mr. Author of this trashy parody. How do you feel?

Author. Like Galileo, reverent sir, about to resign humbly to your divine intervention.

Chorus. Join us next year for Suffolk Syndrome No. 2.

The cost may be more than you can chew.

But why should we be so blue?

We know that we have nothing else better to do.

ANN'S
CLUB

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Hawthorn Street Services Photo

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malDEN 2 plus 3

by Cobb Farr

"I like you," I said to myself as I combed my hair in the mirror. I wanted to tell me I love you, but I don't want me to get the wrong idea. (I mean, if I told me that, I might think it alright to shit on myself because I would think me could get away with it. And I couldn't have that.)

"You're a damn good writer," I boasted instead.

"Yeah, right. I know."

"You should probably do more of it, though," I continued. "Don't forget - Bill Ruthless wants to see that novel you're supposed to be working on."

"Did you tell him about that?" me asked.

"No, you did," I offered.

"Oh?"

"Oh?"

"Yeah, oh. Like oh me, oh my!" I me said snidely.

"Well, don't get upset."

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I just really haven't recovered from that party I gave for the slots on the Journal."

"Well, I haven't either, you know."

"Yeah, but I think the whole affair was worth it. Don't you?" me asked.

"How do you figure?"

"How do I figure? Did you hear what Mark Rutgers said when me asked him if he had a good time?"

"Oh yeah. Cobb, this is the best party I've ever been to. You're the greatest! Now I know that, and you know that, but it was a pisser to hear it from someone like him."

"You mean because he's editor of the Journal?"

"No, anyone can be editor, even I'm an editor."

"Well, why?"

"Because he can get it every night. He's married."

"Oh?"

"And how about Phallic Santoro. He said that I was the smoothest host since Hugh Hefner."

"That's true."

"Yeah, I know."

"I mean it was such a pisser feeling to have everyone come up to me and tell me how really pisser me and I am."

"Well, you gonna have another one?" I asked hesitantly.

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Portrait of the artist as a young turkey.

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"Hey, what's for dinner anyway?" me inquired.

"Well, there's a couple of six-packs in the frig."

"I can't drink two sixes. I can't even drink one six."

"But you're supposed to be a big drinker," I insisted.

"Nah, I just act that way around Rock Morbid. When we go to the Hat I pour my beer into his glass. Sometimes I just sneak it into the head and pour it in the sink. That pseudo Bob McKillop doesn't know the difference."

"But I thought you liked Rock," I asked.

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"No, tell me," I pressured.

"She's the exact likeness of the girl of my dreams."

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"There's no way you can change that now," I said. "It's too late to meet him for the first time."

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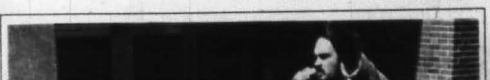
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'swinging new trustees

After months of pressure from alumni, students, and faculty, the Board of Trustees of Suffolk University have finally elected two new Trustees, both under 100 years old. The new Board members are also members of minority groups. Suffolk students in particular have been applying pressure for months for a few younger faces on the Board. Their demands have finally been met.

The installation of the new members took place last Friday evening at the Parker House in Boston, where a dinner was given in honor of the new appointees.

This reporter was allowed to interview both new members during and after the black-tie affair.

High Sku Chobe, the first new Trustee, is of Asian extraction. She is the youngest person ever to serve on the Board.

Several eyebrows were raised when High Sku calmly ordered milk à la bottle for her aperitif, but Vice President Flannery hastily explained to the Board that this was an old Oriental custom.



New trustee enjoys dinner at Parker House meeting.

piscatory murders

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The president said that after he had observed the inactivity of his fish, he called the university security office and ordered them to begin immediate investigation of what appeared to him as a clandestine scheme to overthrow the presidency.

Peter Innane, chief of Suffolk University security and coordinator of the investigation, commented to newsmen, "There are four dead fish. We are going to find out who done it."

A 24-hour vigil at the monitor desk in the Donahue Lobby is underway preparatory to solving the mystery of the four deaths.

Ted Hammond and Chris Spinaz-

Already Miss Chobe has begun to demonstrate her reputed outspokenness. Halfway through the reading of the minutes, she interjected: "Ahhgaguuuuu!"

Later I asked Miss Chobe what she had meant by this statement: "Gishhhh," she replied, wetting her pants.

It was at this point that Judge Rowe, Chairman of the Board, was heard to comment, "We knew it wouldn't be easy, having young people on the Board. Many of our ideas and attitudes are dissimilar. I myself object to pant-wetting during meetings, although some of the Trustees engage in it from time to time. Like I say, it won't be easy, but we're committed."

The second new trustee, although a member of a minority group, has a much greater rapport with the Board. "He's a great guy," commented Thomas Fulham, President of Suffolk. "We seem to speak the same language. No, I don't think the fact that he's related to the Judge will hamper or bias his performance. Archibald Rowe (the new trustee — ed.) is a free thinker."

The Judge agreed. "Many times," he commented, "Archibald and I would be out swinging through the trees, and we've had many tete-a-tetes. I was impressed by his basic concern for student needs."

An undisclosed source, however, said that Archibald Rowe had failed in most other professions and that the Judge merely set up his grandson in this insecure for lack of other employment. We have no way of confirming this.

Archibald, indeed, denies this. "I think I can relate well to the Trustees," he commented. "Of course, some things that go on bore me. Many times I nod out during

the reading of the minutes, but they'd put the Pope to sleep. Outside interests? Well, I have several cats at home that I enjoy. I enjoy dealing with students. I like to party a lot, though I feel anything that goes beyond moderation is dangerous and no good. I also enjoy gardening and dating."

All in all, students of Suffolk can look forward to better representation on their Board.



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Crab Grass (Creepus Crud)

Maryjane, it's all over the front lawn. Let me explain, dear reader, since it's not what you think. She is my wax bean on the window sill. Yesterday she complimented my lawn, saying that Kentucky Blue Grass would get Secretariat to do some fancy stepping.

But this morning, Maryjane, there are yellow flowers with six green legs crawling around the grass. Oh, sweet Nature (it's not right to fool Mother Nature!), you've done overnight what I've tried to do for the last two weeks. That dark blue-green was just too drab for a lawn; it needed some yellow highlights to be a neighborhood showpiece.

You will find it easy learning to raise healthy crab grass. Go to a neighborhood of fairly wealthy, middle-aged people. You know, the yards with the straw-hatted grey-haired gardeners (they're so cute when they grunt) in the front, and swimming pools and sundecks in the back. Finding such a location, you'll have to watch how they handle the plant, then do the opposite.

Don't use those pokers and nitrate poisons (hot stuff!) the gardeners use. Seeds are easily obtained, or you can transplant the crab grass. You will find very little opposition to lifting a plant or two from a neighbor's lawn.

Once you have a couple rooted in your lawn, getting more to grow is simple. All you have to do is water the plants. They will go to seed themselves.

If you were smart in transplanting, you put the plants in a spot where the prevailing westerlies will carry the parachute-like seeds across your dull green lawn. Some more water and sunlight and — voila! — six legs spreading and yellow flowers reaching skyward.

After a week or two the problem of dull lawns will be solved. Crab grass will have been successful in taking over. The Saturday ritual of

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Innane said that Fulham told him that Spinazzola had said, "Personally, I hate fish."

The link between Hammond and the fishes' death has not been solved yet, but it is alleged that there is some connection between a postcard signed by Hammond, that was near the fish tank, and the mysterious deaths. The post card demands that either Fulham return his library book or a 10¢ charge would be accrued daily from the due date.

Another suspect, whose name appears on a mail order insurance form which was lying on Fulham's desk at the time of the deaths, has not been located for questioning. The authorities are still searching for clues leading to the whereabouts of John Doe.

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The president said that after he had observed the inactivity of his fish, he called the university security office and ordered them to begin immediate investigation of what appeared to him as a clandestine scheme to overthrow the presidency.

Peter Innane, chief of Suffolk University security and coordinator of the investigation, commented to newsmen, "There are four dead fish. We are going to find out who done it."

A 24-hour vigil at the monitor desk in the Donahue Lobby is underway preparatory to solving the mystery of the four deaths.

Ted Hammond and Chris Spinazzo

involved in this alleged clandestine operation.

Innane said that Fulham told him that Spinazzola had said, "Personally, I hate fish."

The link between Hammond and the fishes' death has not been solved yet, but it is alleged that there is some connection between a postcard signed by Hammond, that was near the fish tank, and the mysterious deaths. The post card demands that either Fulham return his library book or a 10¢ charge would be accrued daily from the due date.

Another suspect, whose name appears on a mail order insurance form which was lying on Fulham's desk at the time of the deaths, has not been located for questioning. The authorities are still searching for clues leading to the whereabouts of John Doe.

Complications have arisen concerning the completion of the investigation. An autopsy could not be performed since the four fish bodies have already been flushed down the toilet.

wards with the straw-hatted grey-haired gardeners (they're so cute when they grunt) in the front, and swimming pools and sundecks in the back. Finding such a location, you'll have to watch how they handle the plant, then do the opposite.

Don't use those pokers and nitrate poisons (hot stuff!) the gardeners use. Seeds are easily obtained, or you can transplant the crab grass. You will find very little opposition to lifting a plant or two from a neighbor's lawn.

Once you have a couple rooted in your lawn, getting more to grow is simple. All you have to do is water the plants. They will go to seed themselves.

If you were smart in transplanting, you put the plants in a spot where the prevailing westerlies will carry the parachute-like seeds across your dull green lawn. Some more water and sunlight and — voila! — six legs spreading and yellow flowers reaching skyward.

After a week or two the problem of dull lawns will be solved. Crab grass will have been successful in taking over. The Saturday ritual of



She is my wax bean on the window sill.









Brent Marmo Photo

sports

Rams Nip Stubborn Scurvey, 203-32

by Tony Fungullo

"Hey, over here. Let's get right to the point. You shoulda seen it. No, better still, you shoulda stayed at home and watched 'Almost Anything Goes' on the tube at eight. Or you coulda went to Salvi's and feasted on a plate of home-made potatoes-and-eggs. Anything woulda been more exciting than to witness the gargantuan rout of the Rams' 203-32 conquest over the ill-ridden Scurvy College, last night in Cambridge.

"The boys played well," exclaimed the estate Rams perennial basketball head hoop coach mentor Charlie Flaw. "But winning isn't everything. More importantly I try to teach my boys to develop a team spirit and mental appreciation for the game. That's why we carefully go over directions to the Cambridge YMCA before every practice. And now we all know how to dress ourselves in the locker room without getting too 'high-schoolish' about it. I'm proud of them. They're a good bunch of boys."

All right, so they're all shaping up to roundball dean Red Aurabach's standards, okay? So last night the boys from Beacon Hill showed the Scurvy quintet that they're, no lemons.

The score at the outset of this disaster was 0-0. Scurvy showed excellent poise at this point in the game, holding the Rams scoreless for the first six seconds. They then bombing began.

Leading the Rams attack was none other than the 7'11" Puerto Rican-Beacon Bobby Far-Far Out. Clad in 16" platforms (that surely would have put the Spinners in or-



The buzzer proves too much for Donovan Belittled.

bit) and a blue-and-gold black leather jacket, Far-Far Out bumped and hustled throughout the contest (which was no contest) collecting 16 field goals, 12 caroms, eight assists and two cheerleaders. Truly a stud in a pasture of young fillies.

Chris "the Crucifier" Tristos added a dozen from the floor as well as 12 from the charity stripe, and three more from the bench during half-time while no one was watching. Tristos showed why he is

a three-time winner of the NCAA Division III 'player of the week' by slipping the UPI reporter a saw-buck.

Captain John Howareya, playin' in much the same fashion as his perennial idol Ernie D. from P.C., twisted and turned in a style similar to Far-Far Out's cousin Vinnie's sister down on LaGrange St. Howareya poured 10 shots and a quart of Gatorade-through the strings for 22 points.

High man for the team was Steve Baretta, with a record 48 points and seven joints for his most productive night of the campaign. Baretta was instrumental defensively for the Rams, locking up the lane and arresting the Scurvys for assault with deadly elbows.

Pat Cryan was hurtin' for certain all night. Cryan was unproductive throughout and finally fled the gym at 10:45 to hit the packy for a quick six before they closed.

A near-catastrophe developed at the game's end when Far-FarOut and Donovan Belittled pulled switch blades on a sports photographer for taking their pictures. "Sheet," explained Belittled. "I thought he were from Roxbury District Court or sumpin'." "The sucker scared the shit out of us," confessed Far-Far Out. "We didn't know what was goin' down."

Assistant perennial mentor Gym Nelson commented on the game after the game. "It was a great game. Lookit, can you guys get the intramural standings in the Journal this week? Oh, by the way, softball rosters are now being accepted in the athletic office. Can you get that in the Journal, too? Hey, thanks."

When asked about the game's lopsidedness, Public Relations Director Lou Cornball quipped, "Well, I'll tell ya. There were so many turnovers in the game, I thought I was in a bakery." "Hey, did you see Don Gillis over there? C'mon, I'll introduce ya. How ya doin', anyways?"

It was a game to forget about. So forget about it. I'll say what I said before at the beginning of the story. This reporter shoulda went to Salvi's. Pass the gnucchi.

Coach Flaw Eyes Japanese Import

It's official! Suffolk University can now boast of a letter of intent from that Japanese basketball ace, Hege-Um-Py. Just think, the rising Sun's high school MVP for three consecutive seasons will soon be studying in the shadow of our Beacon Chambers.

In an exclusive interview with the Associated Press, exclusive because only AP could find Hege out in that bog of a rice paddy where he works, Hege freely discussed the reasons for his decision.

AP — "What made you decide to make such a big move?"

Hege — "Oh that... sorry... just scrape your shoe on that rock."

Later that day... "Anyway, I sorted through all the junk mail and I was really touched by a letter from Mr. Charlie Flaw. Let me read you some of it: 'Hege... I am interested in you. I am interested in your future. I am interested in your future in our honorable country.' Yeah... he goes on like that for a while."

AP — "But why didn't you choose a school a little closer to your home?"

Hege — "Well, I've always wanted to go to Boston. You see, I heard there was an interesting race problem in Boston so I figured if I didn't do so good with basketball I could always take up running."

AP — "What?"

Hege — "I said 'I heard Boston...'"

AP — "Ah, yeah... but why Suffolk?"

Hege — "Suffolk University finished this year with a 19-6 record. Such a flawless record plus the prospect of playing my college career at the lavish facilities at the Cambridge YMCA. I was overwhelmed."

Meanwhile in Boston, Charlie Flaw gave his comments on the prize conquest. "Hege's high school statistics are really impressive — 35 point scoring average, 13 rebounds per game, and only 4 counts of Breaking and Entering."

"We think he'll fit into the team. We hope he is a big man so we can build a strong future team around him."

Meanwhile back in the tiny



Perennial basketball head hoop coach mentor Charlie Flaw in a mild-mannered pose.

Japanese fishing village of Tiffin, Hege's high school coach and the village secretary/cook stand in the Public Hut School. His screams echo within the bamboo walls...

"No, you stupid woman, 5 comes after 4. How many times do I have to tell you that the only time 5 comes before 4 is when we measure Hege for American college records?"

The secretary/cook... could only surmise impishly, "Gee, I hope Mr. Flaw is as amused by our way of measuring as you seem to be!"

Coach replied knowingly, "Oh yes, dear, Mr. Flaw will do just fine. After all he works for Suffolk and at Suffolk their motto is 'We make a little go a long way'... Why! Have you ever seen where the cheerleaders practice?"

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Onett Photographers Photo

Good Sports in Action



Onett Photo

Good Sports in Action



Why is Elyse Wolfman smiling?

Martin Gustin Photo



Bobby Far-Far Out tries to drive home a point.



the nicest set of S's on Beacon Hill.

Phil Santoro Photo



Nurse's office plagued by dysentary victims.



"I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

Art Smith Photo



Watch my . . .

Nancy Buckley Caption

arts

A Child's Garden of Leprosy

"I don't see why we can't do a tasteful series about a family of lepers in French Polynesia."

Norwin Shear, boy-wonder sitcom impresario sat at his desk in velour lounging pajamas and pink suede Earth Shoes discussing his latest effort, a thirteen-part miniseries "in the tradition of *Rich Man, Poor Man*."

The show will follow the Bolajamu family through three generations as they migrate from island to island each time, drawing closer to Tahiti and the corrupting influence of Western society. In the series pilot, Michelene Bolajamu is lost at sea on her way to the flesh-pots of Papeete.

The rebellious girl washes up on the beach of a remote island leper colony and becomes the first

member of the family to contract the disease. Her father and older brother, Simon #1 and Simon #2 respectively, chance upon the island in time to rescue the colony from a volcano, but Michelene is too jaded to be saved. While the island disappears in a mist of steam and brimstone, the girl takes part in a bacchanalian debauch with a group of Portuguese mutineers from Macao.

Shear said that he isn't going in for shock value despite several controversial scenes, including one of a hula dancer falling apart on screen. "We feel that the lush sets and human interaction will overshadow the shocking aspects of the show," he said. "What we're trying to do is show how people use humor and compassion to overcome adverse

circumstances. The critics have made a stink about the fact that there were three murders, two volcanoes, a sea storm and a rape in the pilot. What can I tell you? You've got to get the audience's attention with the first show. You're competing with *Starsky and Hutch*. You need a little action."

The second show deals with Simon #2's efforts to help a group of Indochinese lepers return home in a leaky boat. Shear said that the basic theme of this segment is racism. Simon #1 refuses to sell the group tar to repair their craft, despite the urgings of his son. The problem is solved when the senior Bolajamu's head falls into the bay. The producer points proudly to the fact that there is only one murder and one seastorm in the second



Bob Carr Graphic

program, though there is considerably more lechery.

"We have to remember that these are primitive people," said Shear. "And primitive people fool around a lot. I mean, it's natural with them. They don't have our hang-ups about sex."

Asked if he intended to film on location, Shear said yes, the series would be filmed on location at the old *Gilligan's Island* set.

"Our budget doesn't allow for screwing around in Polynesia. Besides, the French inter-island government wasn't too crazy about having an American film crew poking around in one of its leper colonies."

The producer doesn't feel that the show's credibility will be hurt by the fact that everyone in his cast is Irish and has red hair and green eyes. "Hey," he said. "When did you ever see a Chinese Charlie Chan? You think James Caan and Henry Winkler are Italian? I think it's kind of a nice touch, using Irish people to play Polynesians. Lends sort of a universal appeal to the whole project. Besides, there are a lot of big-mother Samoans in the Bay Area where I live, and I wouldn't want to offend any of them."

As for future plans, Shear said that he's always thought that a really fine comedy could be done about quadriplegics. "It would have to be handled with taste, though," said the producer as he flipped the keys to his air-conditioned Bentley. "It shouldn't be cheap or exploitative. Know what I mean?"

Here Come De Judge

It had been one of those nights. I was driving around with a few friends, getting twisted and looking for something to do. We were becoming more desperate by the minute, when inspiration struck. Why not go see a movie?

We ended up at the High Alley Theater seeing "A Judge and His Dog." It is probably the most implausible movie I have ever seen. The characters are about as believable as the prospect of a new Ridgeway Building. The movie was set high upon a depressing hill in an even more depressing city. The time is somewhere in the recent past. The story opens in a plush wood-paneled office. There's a large desk prominently positioned in the middle of the room. The camera pans in, slowly, on the desk and focuses on a wily gray-haired man with a Basset Hound on his lap.

The way he looked at the dog seemed unnatural. What was even

stranger was the name plate on the front of the desk. All it said was, "The Judge"; and in small letters



Portrait of a crafty, evil basset hound.

below it, "Chairman." We hear his voice. He appears to be talking to himself, yet the dog is looking at him as if it understands every word being said. Angriily the judge snorts. "College kids these days, they have the gall to think they should have the right, the right to have some input, ha, input into the policies of this institution. In my day we knew our place. We went to classes. We studied. We didn't waste our parents' money on rallies, on harassing trustees..." The dog just shook his head in agreement.

Now, I have seen bizarre movies, but this one was obviously going to be the topper. The plot became more perverse by the minute. All of a sudden the door flies open. In storm eight typical college students, all screaming and yelling something about "suffocation." Then the scene suddenly shifts. Now we see the function room of a plush hotel. A group of about 18 men are sitting around facing the judge and his

(Continued on page 12)

The Truth About Orphan Annie

by Eldritch Gorm

"It took serious scholarship to disclose at last the full extent of Orphan Annie's drug problem. For years the true significance of those blank little eyes had been overlooked. Clearly the kid was stoned out of her mind."

E. Tromp Parmigan, Ph.D., author of the celebrated new academic sensation *Fear and*

Loathing in the Funny Papers, sat back in his English Dept. office and expelled smoke from a meerschbaum. Above his desk hung portraits of the two men he feels most influenced his university career, Matthew Arnold and Irwin Corey.

"The connection, of course, was Warbucks," he added. "Harold Gray's nightmarish vision even included the dog. Recent studies have suggested he was seeing eye, but if you look closely at the drawings you can tell he wasn't a dog at all. He was a large dirty sheep who wanted to be a dog."

Parmigan, one of the most respected professors of American Studies and popular culture in the college community, continues to break imaginative new ground interpreting for us "the Human Condition." It will be remembered that Parmigan was the first, in his well-

known critical essay "Love and Death in *Captain Kangaroo*," to reveal the sado-masochistic tendencies of Mr. Green Jeans; and, more recently, Parmigan's seminal work *Phallic Imagery in "Dick and Jane"* showed once and for all the urbane savagery of the modern primer.

"It's nice to be known," admitted the silver-haired sage. "For a long time I was utterly ignored, you know — academia is a cliquish profession. But when I achieved tenure with the publication of my study of the roots of investigative journalism ("Woodward, Bernstein and *Our Weekly Reader*" — ed.), the ivory tower recognized me, as truly one of its own. The students love me, naturally; you should see the enrollment for Dr. Seuss and the American Idea 101."

Immaculate in leatherette and tweed, Parmigan pressed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with one

learned finger. Although age advances him, he stays resolutely in style; his hair is combed carefully forward from the nape of his neck, and in compensation for the thinness on top he sports jaunty sideburns the size of tea sandwiches.

"But the real coup in *Fear and Loathing* is my examination of the feminist conspiracy in Yogi Bizar. Yogi is obviously depicted as the male domestic, poking around those picnic baskets the way he does all the time. And he is constantly accompanied by a child incompetent clearly labelled an accident of failed birth control: Boo-Boo."

Parmigan leapt to his feet with characteristic energy, seized a volume from his capacious shelf and struck off for the auditorium. It was his day to give a dramatic reading from *The Crimestopper's* *Textbook*.

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MON-FRI: 10-5:30
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An Educational Cliff Hanger

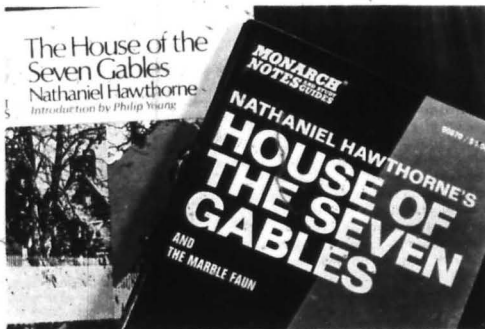
by Patty Fantasy

One of the greatest inventions known to college students is being denied to those patronizing Suffolk's bookstore. This invention is known as the "outline."

An outline summarizes certain publications assigned by the English department. This saves the student many precious moments of reading the texts and allows him to put the time towards more important things, such as learning how much beer he can consume before passing out or the mechanics of rolling a joint.

For example, if one were reading Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and wanted to discover what happens to Raskolnikov, he would have to read 546 pages in the novel. In the outline he can easily turn to the page marked "Epilogue" and two graphs down discover that the character receives only a six-year sentence.

The type used in the outlines is much easier to read than that in many novels. This allows for easy skimming and underlining. When skimming a novel, at times the print is so small that words run together and are difficult to comprehend. The print in the outlines is large enough and spaced far enough



Novel vs. Outline: The Long and Short of It.

apart to be skimmed with a flashlight, which prevents eyestrain.

As any student knows when he marks a book, the underlining has a tendency to become tangled because there's no breathing room between words. Not only do outlines provide this space, but lavishly provide it between paragraphs as well.

These wonderful time-saving devices can also save a tuition

payer from spending countless, useless hours in over-crowded, over-heated classrooms. One goes to an English class and falls asleep listening to the professor ramble on for 10- to 15-minute intervals before he makes a point about the current work. Then one must rouse himself sufficiently to mentally digest the information and scribble it down. For 50 minutes three times a week, this can be nerve-wracking; for 75 minutes twice a week, it's a cruel

and unusual punishment.

Outlines permit the student to rise above all this. Not only do they provide commentaries analyzing the action more clearly and more concisely than does a professor, they also give an in-depth description of each character in the piece, which is shorter, yet more involved than bits and pieces garnered in class discussions.

As an added bonus, the outlines have one thing the educators never share. They feature examples of possible test questions and their answers. This gives the student an idea of what will be expected of him on an exam and provides him with a writing style and ideas he can copy. One never appreciates this fully until he finds himself leaning over a mid-term with a hangover from partying the night before and having had no time to sleep.

Outlines are one of those things which should be immortalized by the college student. Because of this value, they should not only be sold in the bookstore, but should be given away freely; one for every \$5.00 purchase. This would serve as a symbol of goodwill between both parties and help further the students' academic careers.

What's Worse Than Seeing a Roach in Your Sandwich?

"What's for dinner?" asked Charlie, an expression of anticipation flashing across his face.

"Well, it's usually pot luck around here," said Sam. "Ever since they found Suzy in the bread drawer we've had to take what we can get."

Charlie looked at the pencil-thin



shaft of light filtering through the crack in the wall, then rubbed his antennae briefly.

"Boy, I hope they leave soon. I'm starved." "Relax, will ya? It's Friday, they leave early. Besides, you and I are the only ones around. The rest of the gang went to Primo's for a pizza."

At the sound of a loud click, the light from the crack diluted into darkness. Charlie's face lit up as he scrambled for the exit.

"Hold on," cried Sam as he grabbed Charlie's long brown body.

"If you don't settle down you're going to wind up like old Ben—a spot on the sole of somebody's shoe."

An audible trail of footsteps grew softer and softer outside the crack.

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The echo of the shoes climaxed with the bang of a closing door.

"OK," said Sam. "The coast is clear."

The two bugs crawled out onto the kitchen floor. The air was heavy with the remnants of a full day of deep-fat and burger grease thrust into the atmosphere by fourteen hundred degrees of frying. The constant hum of refrigeration motors undercut an otherwise bleak silence.

Light from the cafeteria crept under the door, cutting through the darkness and reflecting off the long stainless-steel counter.

"Do you eat out much?" asked Charlie as they walked down the long ribbed counter.

"Not really," replied Sam. "I got turned off to it when I was a kid. We used to eat at the Chinese place around the corner. The food was great, but, you know, three hours later I'd be hungry again."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," said Charlie. "I went to a Mexican restaurant once. I had heartburn for three days afterwards, and oh the gas."

The two bugs scurried in and out of all the nooks and crannies on the countertop. Food was scarce, but the scavengers eventually found their way to the snack stand.

Standing on a round cellophane-wrapped package, Charlie let loose a happy cry.

"Oh, wow! Chocolate chip cookies. My favorite."

"Don't eat those," warned Sam. "You'll probably break your teeth."

"Why?" asked Charlie. "Are they stale?"

"I've eaten fresher poker chips," replied Sam.

"Well, how about those?" he asked, pointing his antennae at a package of dark cupcakes with white squiggly icing.

"They're OK, I suppose, but they were much better before ITT

bought them out."

Suddenly Sam's antennae began to wave violently in the air. He cautiously moved his head from side to side sensing danger.

"What's wrong?" asked Charlie nervously.

"Someone's coming," said Sam. "I can feel the vibrations."

Strong legs carried their long slippery bodies down the rack and under the counter just as the door opened and light flooded the room. A man in uniform came into the kitchen and surveyed the area. Walking over to the rack, he took the package of cookies Charlie had stoo on, and went back out the door.

"He'll be sorry," snickered Sam.

Deciding against another trip up the snack stand, they headed for the grill area in hopes of a meal.

"How come you know so much about this place?" asked Charlie.

"I was born here," replied Sam.

"How about you?"

"Me?" laughed Charlie. "I was born in a Maytag washing machine carton."

With a grin like a Cheshire cat, Sam asked, "Are they really that lonely?"

"Look over there!" cried Charlie, pointing towards the edge of the grill.

Sam and Charlie stood motionless. They could not believe their eyes. Sticking halfway out from the base of the grill was a huge meatball.

"Heyyy!" said Sam. "This must be our lucky day. Let's eat."

But Charlie didn't have to be told and was already attacking the food. Sam did not hesitate to join him.

Having devoured the entire meatball, both bugs decided to stop and digest their repast. After a short while Charlie began to cry out in pain.

"Owww, my stomach! I must have eaten too much."

"Me, too," cried Sam. "Maybe we should lie on our backs for awhile. What do you think Charlie? Charlie!"

Turning his head, Sam saw his companion lying motionless. Moments later, overcome by the pain in his stomach, Sam's legs gave way and he collapsed into a dizzy state of unconsciousness.

After bringing out the eggs and utensils for the breakfast rush, the heavy set woman stooped down to turn on the fryolator.

Uttering a shrill cry, she jumped back, startled at the sight of the two brown bugs. She saw the light reflecting off their shiny leather casings but noticed their lack of movement.

Grabbing a whisk broom and a piece of paper, she swept the bugs and threw them in the trash.

Standing still for a moment, she thought out loud:

"Gee, I wonder what killed them?"

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... judge

(Continued from page 10)
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He spoke in a quiet tone; the audience must strain to hear. "Tuition increases didn't bother them. Do you really think that this suffocation business is going to be a problem? No," he said calmly. "I have never made a bad policy decision before, and I am not going to start now."

Well, that is the way the plot progressed, getting more and more unbelievable. "Could you ever imagine anyone taking all those things lying down? Really! I must say, however, the acting was really superb as a whole. Thomas Rough (the judge) was really convincing as a moronic puppet manipulated by the dog. The dog, who remained anonymous, was convincing in his portrayal of the crafty, evil Basset Hound. And finally, that fine cast of actors who depicted the Board of Trustees, they looked so disinterested that I could have sworn they really were sleeping."

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movie wasn't a total loss, as the ending was rather amusing. As it turned out, the students were complaining about the excessive amounts of animal waste on the sidewalks and streets. I must say, the delivery of the last line was so twisted, it was almost worth the price of admission. The big student rebellion had been quashed, the board met to savor their victory. The dog stopped before the assembly, the applause tumultuous. He raised his paw high in the air and addressed them. What he said was simple. "They've been doing it for years, and now, all of a sudden, they try to tell me they're tired of taking my crap."

Now I ask you, isn't that the most unbelievable plot imaginable. Who in his right mind could ever write something that ridiculous? It's no wonder no one took credit for the screenplay. What's even wierder is that the house is packed for every performance, even though the overall quality is so poor. I would definitely suggest avoiding it at all cost, especially now that I hear the price of admission is going up to \$1850. Suddenly I realized it hadn't been just one of those nights — it's been one of those years.



Landmark on Beacon Hill desecrated by vandals.

Barry Dubette Photo

Up Yours

EVENTS/ACTIVITIES

April 5, Monday

11:00 pm — Suffolk University President Thomas Fulham will give his annual State of the College address. Topic will be "Fads and the Maintenance of Student-Administration Communication." Speech to be presented as Pres. Fulham streaks down Ridgeway Lane.

12:00 pm — The Twelve O'Clock High Club sponsors a "Roach-Flicking" contest on the roof of the Archer Building. Come up and see how far they will go.

April 6, Tuesday

1:00 pm — L.I.F.E. Committee presents renowned ax-murderer Joseph Barboza. Open to all in auditorium.

1:00 pm — SGA Film Committee presents "Mary Hebron, Mary Hebron," a film which explores the harried life of a College Registrar — from the daily violence to recent allegations of an affair with John F. Kennedy.

2:00 pm — Humanities Club presents a washtub symphony featuring Ma and Pa Kettle, Buck Owens, Leroy Scruggs, and Bo Jangles. Mt. Vernon Street Building Art Studio.

April 7, Wednesday

MONGOLIA HOUR ACTIVITIES * To be held on the corner of Temple and Derne Streets. Admission: Whatever can be pouched out of you. Schedule of events follows.

Show and Tell

10:05-10:15 pm — Mongolia and you, customs and politics as they apply to the Suffolk Community, Noh Chans.

10:20 pm — Working to overcome the crippling problems of boredom and constipation. Crayon depictions to be provided.

10:50 pm — Free samples of authentic Llama-Foo-Yong. This Mongolian favorite was prepared in the kitchen of Nam Choe just before her village was liberated by Chairman Mao.

12:03 pm — Athletic Dept. presents a lecture by Dean Sullivan on "Tennis and the Administration of a College: or Successful Use of the Backhand."

12:30 pm — Gamma Pigma Sigma presents a "Blueberry Pie Eat-Off" in RL7. Free Tab for all participants.

April 8, Thursday

1:00 pm — The Accounting and Finance Club in conjunction with God presents Suffolk University Vice-Pres. and Treasurer Flannery as part of an Accounting Symposium on "The Art of Penny Rolling." Music to the tune of "Seventeen Reasons to Increase Your Tuition" will be piped into Room V-401.

2:30 pm — Women's Swimming — Beginner's Breast Stroke Clinic. To be held near water.

April 9, Friday

ALL DAY — Lessons will be given on how to use the phone system. Contact the Bursar to find out the location.

2:00 pm - 8:00 am — RATHSKELLAR ... hic — beer, wine, sex, and good cheer at nominal prices. 3rd floor Charles River Plaza.

Organizational Meetings

THERE WILL BE NO CLUB MEETINGS DUE TO LACK OF

- (a.) interest
- (b.) space
- (c.) funds
- (d.) all of the above

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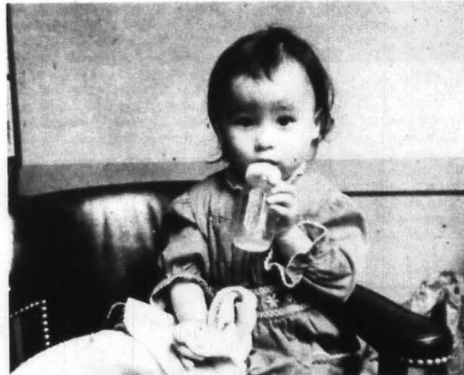
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