

Faculty group calls for formation of university faculty senate

BY BOB RUFF

A "Joint Caucus" of 25 A&S chairmen, faculty representatives of the A&S EPC, UAS, Faculty Commission, and A&S Dean's Search Committee decided in a stormy session at Alumni Hall March 7 to support the establishment of a university-wide faculty senate.

The Tuesday night meeting, closed to students and most professors, witnessed the unexpected arrival of President Joyce who informed the group that he "didn't see how (he) could change" the 6 faculty/4 student ratio on the A&S Dean's Search Committee.

Joyce's comments came in response to a request by an "emergency" February 29 meeting of the same faculty group that he "preserve" the 2-1 ratio earlier established by the administration. Joyce told the group that he based his decision in part on the advice of his Presidential Advisers and a 1970 A&S EPC subcommittee report which recommended a 6-4 ratio. Joyce's remarks came in direct

conflict with an agenda item, apparently written by Professor David Lowenthal (pol. science), that the President had yielded "to student pressure by granting 6-4... and (did) so before consulting Faculty Advisers."

Professor Harold Peterson (economics) confirmed Joyce's side of the story, however, by stating that the President had definitely consulted with the Advisers about the 6-4 ratio before making his decision.

An informed source at the meeting told *The Heights* that Lowenthal and his supporters "had nobody to blame but themselves" for the faulty information, and that it was time for "the faculty power movement to pass out of the hands of the extreme conservatives of the Faculty Commission." A professor from the social sciences felt that Lowenthal had definitely "lost credibility... among some people" at the nearly five-hour Tuesday night meeting.

The more conservative elements in the group had garnered enough support at the "emergency" Feb.

29 meeting to pass a resolution by 24-6 urging Joyce to reconsider the 6-4 ratio. *The Heights* has learned that professors Goldsmith, Thie, Wangler, and apparently Roy and Wallace, voted against the resolution, and professor Malec abstained.

But at the March 7 meeting the more moderate elements present

were able to overturn a 15-12 vote calling for a general A&S faculty meeting to consider Joyce's decision to stay with a 6-4 ratio.

Faculty senate

The only motion passed March 7 was that A&S "join with the other faculties in forming a University Faculty Senate." The motion was accepted by

unanimous consent.

Informed sources at the meeting read the proposed senate as a "compromise" measure aimed at mollifying antagonized elements among the faculty. The sources further speculate that the senate may secure support from professors anxious to replace the A&S Faculty Commission with a more moderate body.

Directors to decide disputed Sopka tenure case

BY MICHAEL KERR

The tenure case of Professor John Sopka of the Mathematics Department, which has been dragging on in appeal and review procedures for more than a year, is nearing a final decision.

The final decision of the Board of Directors, which according to University Statutes has the final say in such matters, is expected at its meeting next weekend.

Sopka came to Boston College in 1969 from a tenured position at the University of Texas. He was at that time appointed Director of Computer Programs and Professor of Mathematics. Sopka signed a two-year contract with the university, but claims he had an understanding with university officials that would grant him tenure at the end of this two-year period automatically, barring gross incompetence.

Sopka's expectations of tenure proved unfounded, however. On Feb. 26, 1971, he received a communication from Dean Richard Hughes informing him that he had not been promoted.

In addition to claims of a breach of the understanding he had with university officials, Sopka also claims that his right to tenure has been violated on two other grounds: 1.) he claims that he is entitled to tenure on the basis of the seven-year limitation on faculty probation established by the American Association of University Professors; and 2.) the university failed to give him adequate notification of its decision to terminate his employment.

All of these claims have been rejected by administrative authorities.

After these authorities turned him down, Sopka took his case to the University Hearing Committee, the first step in the appeal process. The founding of the University Hearing Committee was authorized by the University Academic Senate (UAS) in May, 1969, and was set up the following December. Sopka's case is the first which the Hearing Committee has dealt with since it was organized.

The Hearing Committee, chaired by Professor Gary Brazier (Political Science), found Sopka's claims justified in all three cases.

The Hearing Committee Report, dated June 18, 1971, calls the only notice given to Sopka prior to the communication from Hughes "vague and uncertain." It also found his claim to tenure rights under the AAUP principle previously noted credible.

With regard to Sopka's claim that he had an understanding making the granting of tenure almost automatic at the end of his two-year contract, the report states: "To believe that one would abandon a professorship in exchange for a directorship without some assurances of security puts too great a strain on credulity. No reasonable person would leave a position of great security in the academic world to assume one as shaky as this one appeared to be... There are too many indications and evidences in the correspondence, both to and from him, that he was making security of tenure a condition of his acceptance to let that doubt arise."

The report of the Hearing Committee was submitted to University President W. Seavey Joyce, S.J.. According to Sopka, "Joyce said he disagreed with it and was submitting it to the Board of Directors for an appeal hearing."

Instead of the whole board hearing the appeal, a subcommittee was appointed to hear it, a move Sopka claims is illegal. The subcommittee consists of Directors David Nelson, Joseph Brennan, and William J. O'Halloran, S.J.. The subcommittee heard the appeal in August, 1971, and did not accept the recommendations of the Hearing Committee.

The subcommittee also stated that the Hearing Committee had overstepped its bounds in overruling the decision of the administration not to grant Sopka tenure on the basis of his service at other universities.

The matter then went back to the Hearing Committee for reconsideration. The Hearing Committee met and reiterated its support of Sopka, "even more strongly," according to Sopka. It also rebutted the claim of the (continued on page 14)

Fine Arts protest consolidation

BY BARBARA FLANAGAN

The Priorities Committee's recommendations concerning the Fine Arts area have drawn protest from each of the four programs involved: the Fine Arts and Music departments, the Film Program, and the artist-in-residence studio programs.

The Priorities Committee report recommended that all four programs "be united under a single administrator with a savings of perhaps a third of the present combined expenditures." (p. 17) Initial objection to the recommendation came from representatives of all four programs at a meeting with the Priorities Committee in early January.

At that time, the Committee informed Jean Lozinski (Fine Arts), Olga Stone (Music), Alison Macomber (studio programs) and Gus Jaccaci (Film Program) of its intended recommendation. "None of us find it feasible," according to Lozinski. "This should be more thoroughly discussed, with everyone taken into consideration."

Charles F. Donovan, S.J., chairman of the Priorities Committee and the academic vice president and dean of faculties, has sent a letter to President W. Seavey Joyce, S.J., suggesting that no action be taken on the Fine Arts recommendations until a new Dean of Arts and Sciences is chosen "who can take a hard look at the whole area."

This is not entirely acceptable to the Fine Arts department. Its chairman, Josephine VonHenneberg, will be on sabbatical next year, and the faculty and students feel they will lack the leadership essential to

discussing the recommendations with the administration.

A petition signed by Fine Arts majors, students and faculty has been sent to Fr. Donovan, protesting the combining of Fine Arts, Music, Film Program and artist studio programs.

The basic objection of the Fine Arts faculty and students to the recommendations is that Fine Arts is "an academic discipline," whereas the other areas are "primarily creative programs," according to Lozinski. They also believe that the responsibility for administering each area should be left to that individual area.

Representatives from the Music Department could not be reached for comment; Jaccaci did not want to comment at this time.

Donovan said that the recommendation was made in the interests of "neater administration and finances." He said the committee was trying to minimize the numbers of "disparate programs" and to "pull together things that go under the arts." Having a "critical mass of people in the same area," he said, could mean "more equity for the chairman" in terms of other, larger departments.

Fine Arts representatives claimed that the committee never made it clear to them exactly how one-third of the total expenditures would be saved.

The only possible financial savings Donovan noted was in the Film Program budget, which he said has been "disproportionately high" in comparison with the other three areas. The Film Program, he said, "duplicates some of the things Fine Arts is doing, and it could be handled more efficiently" under one

administrator.

Fine Arts major in question

Other objections to the recommendations center around the Fine Arts major, which was established during 1970-71. The Priorities Committee felt that it could "not support at this time the expansion of the... Fine Arts major." And, the report continued, "unless this major can be adequately implemented by present staff and/or by cooperative arrangements with other local colleges, it would seem best to phase it out."

Trends in Fine Arts enrollment appear to be on an upward swing. Until this year, an introductory Fine Arts course was required of all students in the School of Education. Enrollment in the required courses outnumbered elective enrollment. This year, however, when all Fine Arts courses are on an elective basis, the enrollment is nearly as high as the total enrollment of previous years. In 1969-70, elective enrollment was 246, and an additional 360 students were (continued on page 14)

Coles to speak Apr. 13

Robert Coles, famed psychiatrist and author, will speak at Boston College on Thursday, April 13. Coles has announced that he will donate the honorarium from the lecture to Dorothy Day and The Catholic Worker Movement. Coles is scheduled to speak on "The Achievements of Dorothy Day."

Coles, who recently appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine, has

authored an award winning series of books on America's white and black, urban and rural poor. He met Fr. Daniel Berrigan, S.J., while Berrigan was underground in the summer of 1970, and edited a collection of interviews with him in book form, *The Geography of Faith*.

A final location for the lecture had not been determined at press time.

News Briefs

TODAY

The Italian Academy presents Professor Franco Simone from Harvard who will speak on the Renaissance in Italy, France, and England. The lecture will be held at 7:30 p.m. in the Cushing Faculty Lounge; admission is free and refreshments will be served.

Mr. Jackie Robinson, President of the Boston NAACP, will discuss the "Educational Changes Needed in Urban Schools" at 3:00 p.m. today in Murray Conference Room in McElroy Commons. The lecture, sponsored by the Boston College Studies in Urban Education Program, is open to all interested persons.

The History Department presents "All Quiet on the Western Front" today in Nursing 001 at 4:00 p.m. and in Higgins 307 at 7:00 p.m.

"Metropolis" by Fritz Lang will be shown today at 4:00 p.m. in Lyons Hall, Room 209, and at 7:30 in McGuinn Auditorium, with an admission charge of \$.50.

FILMS
 March 21—"And Then There Were None" by Rene Clair, 1945, from the novel, Ten Little Niggers, with Walter Huston, "his most successful American film," 8 p.m. Higgins 304. Free.

March 22—"Paths of Glory" Higgins 304 at 4:00 p.m. and Higgins 307 at 7:00 p.m. Sponsored by the History Department. Free.

March 22—"Sallah" with Fiddler's Tool, sponsored by the Jewish Student Alliance, at 7:30 and 9:30 in McGuinn Auditorium. Free.

March 24—"King and Country" McGuinn Auditorium at 4:00 p.m.

and Higgins 307 at 7:00 p.m. Free.
 March 24, 25—"Night of the Living Dead" Friday at 7:30 and Saturday at 5:30 and 8:30 p.m. in McGuinn Auditorium. \$.50 admission fee.

March 25, 26—"The Hour of the Furnaces" Parts II and III: "Act of Liberation" and "Violence and Liberation" Saturday and Sunday at 12:30 p.m. at the Orson Welles Cinema in Cambridge.

HANDICAPPED STUDENTS
 The College of Arts And Sciences Counselling Office is in the process of evaluating services and facilities offered to handicapped students. The Counselling Office is collecting data to be used in developing programs for the handicapped and would appreciate any information from handicapped students relating to problems encountered on campus.

Any individual who would like to discuss handicapped students' problems is encouraged to visit the A&S Counselling Office, Gasson 114, and ask for Mr. John Hennessy.

PULSE
 If you are interested in applying for the directorship of the Joshua Center for 1972-73, please contact Pulse as soon as possible. Room 113 McElroy or 969-0100, ext. 781.

WORK-STUDY
 All students interested in

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summer Work-Study, including those presently on Work-Study for this semester, should leave their name, local address, and telephone number with the receptionist in the Financial Aid Office after returning from Easter vacation, April 10 through 14 and April 17 through 21. Interviews for summer Work-Study will begin May 1 and student eligibility will be determined by these interviews. Students who do not contact the Financial Aid Office before April 21 will seriously jeopardize their chances for summer Work-Study.

SCHOOL OF ED
 The School of Education Freshman Assistant Program for 1972 is looking for people who would like to be Freshman Assistants for the incoming Class of 1976, or people who would like to participate in the Freshman Assistant Program in any capacity. If interested, please fill out an application in Mr. Taylor's office, Campion 104 B, any time after March 15, 1972.

SAILING
 The Boston College Yacht Club will hold its annual meeting on March 23 at 4:30 p.m. in Murray Conference Room. Purpose of the

The chess club has meetings for anyone that plays chess or wants to learn. This means you. Yes, you! Mondays 4-7 PM in Fulton 409. If that's inconvenient, try our office in O'Connell Annex, weekday afternoons. Look for the sign in the window.

Ride needed to St. Louis for Easter vacation. Call 965-1786. Ask for Bob.

Rider needed to Washington, D.C. area and back to Boston, leaving Wednesday, March 29. Call Bob, 965-1298, or leave word in The Heights office in UGBC.

50 COLLEGE STUDENTS work 22-35 hrs each week. Speech and drama majors, and accountant. Apply at 20 Boylston St. Room 614, Boston. Mon-Fri 10AM-4PM.

Lost: Boston College ring with initials JRDK inside. Vicinity of the Modular area. REWARD Contact Jim, Modular 2A, 965-1786.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING
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meeting will be to sign up for spring regattas. Also, schedule for practices will be set up and election of officers will be held. All members and anyone else interested in competitive sailing are urged to attend.

MUSIC
 Berj Jamkochian, organist of the Boston Symphony and Boston Pops orchestras, and university organist at Boston College will present a performance of Marcel Dupre's great opus, "The Fourteen Stations of the Cross" on March 27, 1972, as the March offering in the current series of Boston College organ recitals.

The concert will be given in St. Joseph Chapel at 8:00 p.m. For the concert, Berj Jamochian has asked the Rev. Robert Ferrick to offer a series of meditations before the performance of each "station." The Fine Arts Department will supply slides, selected from works of fourteen centuries, to be shown during the musical performance.

The New Music Society presents Ran Blake and The Mark Harvey Group in concert at Harvard University Lowell House (Mt. Auburn Street) on Saturday, March 25 at 8:30 p.m. The New

Fly to Europe from \$170.00 round trip, student vacations and tours, employment services etc. Air mail for full details. Campus Agent also required. A.A.S.A. Limited, 15 High St., Ventnor IW England.

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George Liser please contact Bob Marble c/o The Heights, OK?

Marble sucks.

Joan CLX? Uh... right.

The Beach Boys are coming!

Music Society is a "non-profit organization dedicated to bringing new musical forms, particularly jazz, to the greater Boston community." Admission is \$1.50 at the door.

POETRY READING
 Poetess Muriel Rukeyser will read selections of her poetry in McGuinn Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. on Tuesday, March 21. The reading, sponsored by the Boston College Humanities Series, is free.

YOGA
 "I don't know where heaven lies I can't really say But if I knew just how to get there You know I'd leave today..."

Come to a transcendental feast on Wednesday, March 22, at 5:00 p.m. in O'Connell Hall. Sponsored by the BC Krishna-Yoga Society.

“ I am trying to bribe you with uncertainty, with danger, with defeat. ”

...jorge luis borges

That's mostly what you'll find if you commit your life to the millions in the Third World who cry out in the hunger of their hearts. That...and fulfillment too...with the

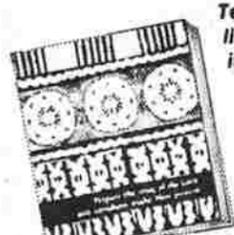
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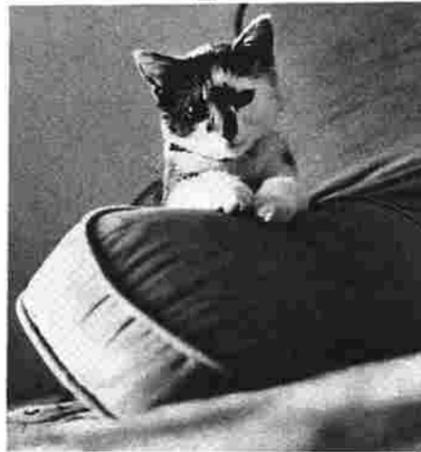
The 101st New England Spring Garden & Flower Show is a lot more than just a bunch of potted plants. Come see for yourself March 18-26 at the Commonwealth Armory, Boston. Massachusetts Horticultural Society

Hous. Off. threatens to kick pet-owners out of residences

The Housing Office has notified approximately 89 resident students that they face possible removal from university housing unless they get rid of their pets by March 22.

In a letter from Assistant Housing Director John Coley Walsh to the students, the Housing Office informed the students that "if your pet is not permanently removed by Wednesday, March 22, 1972, the Housing Office will not act upon any Housing Application (sic) submitted by you for 1972-73. In addition, the Dean of Students will be asked to initiate action to effect your suspension from University Housing (sic), with due notification to your parents or guardians concerning the reason for initiation of such action."

Director of Housing Kevin Duffy said that "this action is in keeping with the recommendations



Kittens are the latest victims of U.S. Imperialism. Either these cute, little, innocent creatures of the Lord (sic) are out of university residences or their owners will be brought before the Grand Inquisitor in Der Dean of Students Office (with a Kapital K) and kicked out of house and home (sic). Photo by Dave Blohm.

of the Priorities Committee Report that the no-pet regulation be enforced." He also pointed out references to barring pets in the so-called "residence agreement"

and in at least two of the three "Resident Newsletters" distributed to students in the dorms.

Duffy explained that the timing

of the crackdown was due "to the death of two cats, apparently due to starvation, over the semester break." Also instrumental in the timing was the public spectacle of

"half-starved boa constrictors eating live mice in front of an audience of students recently in Gonzaga."

Other administrators also referred to animals "shitting" in the hallways and to several workmen being bitten by dogs.

Housing Director Duffy said that such a regulation excluding animals from university housing "is for the general good" that must be "enforced across the board." Duffy admitted, however, that "some students, like Kevin Hull, take good care of their cats, but we can't hire a full-time animal inspector."

Officials in the Dean of Students Office told *The Heights* that they had not yet determined a procedure for kicking out students who refused to give up their pets, but added that it might include some form of administrative suspension. They added that this does not necessarily mean a change in policy toward the other animals inhabiting the dorms.

Watch Boston College's epic drama of 1972 unfold. Turn to pages 4 and 5.

'Pornography' and Constitutional Law

BY DR. JERRY SIMPSON

A hundred years ago, Anthony Comstock began his relentless war against what he called the "hydra-headed monster of obscenity... the greatest curse to the youth of this country... a deadly poison, cast into the fountain of moral purity." Obscenity, Comstock believed, "defiles the body, debauches the imagination, corrupts the mind, deadens the will, destroys the memory, sears the conscience, hardens the heart, robs the soul of manly virtues, and imprints upon the mind of youth, visions that throughout life curse the man or woman." Congress' 1873 "Comstock Act" prohibited the dissemination of "obscene" materials through the U.S. mails.

From Comstock's day to the present, our federal and state governments have continued their crusade against "pornography." Although almost anything is available to the shopper in just about every American city of any size, the Comstock Act is still in effect. Neo-Comstockians have long maintained that to allow items which they judged obscene to be widely available would destroy the moral fiber of America. In rejecting the conclusions of the recent Presidential Commission on Pornography and Obscenity, Vice President Agnew said: "As long as Richard Nixon is President, Main Street will not be turned into Smut Alley."

Throughout the 20th Century, the Supreme Court has handled cases challenging the basic moralistic premise from which such conclusions derive. Slowly and only very unsurely, the High Court has been brought to consider the basic question: Is "obscenity"

a type of speech and press protected by the First Amendment? Since the framers of the Amendment did not pronounce upon obscenity, to attempt to read into the fundamental free speech-free press guarantee a prescription for dealing with "lewd" utterance is to be beset by difficulties. The weight of opinion, until just recently, has favored the Comstockian interpretation.

Court Change

A change of great significance, however, has occurred both in the thinking of many Americans and in adjudication by the Supreme Court. In 1969, the Court ruled (in *Stanley v. Georgia*) that a person may keep any item of "obscenity" in his own home for private enjoyment. If John Doe can get it, he can keep it. But how to get it? For most Americans who wish to buy such stuff, a trip to the local dirty book store does the trick.

And how does the porn shop get its goods? Evidently, if it comes in by truck or rail, there's no problem. But if it comes through the mails, either to a retail store or a private individual, the Comstock Act applies; and the Post Office Department can, and does, rule arbitrarily, sometimes interfering, sometimes not.

In early 1971, the Supreme Court unanimously declared unconstitutional two Federal Laws that had authorized the Postal Department to suspend service to mail-order houses dealing in pornography. The decision actually made no difference in practice, because the laws had not been applied since 1962.

First Amendment

But potentially the 1971 decision is of considerable

importance. What remains for the court to consider anew is the constitutionality of the basic obscenity law, which means a full-scale reconsideration of whether or not the First Amendment protects "obscene" utterances as a form of free speech. If not, then Comstockery is still very much in flower. If, on the contrary, the Supreme Court should rule that "obscenity" is indeed a form of speech protected by the First Amendment, then the findings of the President's Commission will in fact be effected by judicial decision, whether or not Congress decides to legislate accordingly.

Mr. Justice Brennan's ruling in the 1971 case quoted Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., that "use of the mails is almost as much a part of free speech as the right to use our tongues." Coupled with a 1965 ruling by the Supreme Court that prohibited movie censorship in Maryland, the 1971 decision paved the way for an examination of the whole question.

The moralists continue to maintain that letting down the guard will be, as Comstock excitedly put it, to allow the "blaspheming and deriding of the holiest things." And the constitutional libertarians continue to read the First Amendment—"Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press"—and take that to mean all speech and all press. If America's often-proclaimed liberties are realities, must we not have the right not only to believe what we want to believe, but also to print what we wish to print and read what we choose to read?

Since the January 1971

Supreme Court ruling mentioned in the first part of the article, considerable confusion has marked the situation of pornography and the law in the United States. Within thirteen months' time, the "Hard-core"-ness of pornography has become more obvious; book stores have proliferated; hundreds of new magazines and books have appeared, all catering to the taste of those seeking such items. No significant single event, however, has occurred to draw national attention, until one week ago.

At that time, Publisher Ralph Ginzburg began the three-year jail term to which he had been sentenced ten years ago, for violation of the Comstock Act. Mr. Ginzburg's crime was that he published a sexy magazine called *Eros* and advertised it. The Supreme Court had upheld Ginzburg's conviction by a 5 to 4 vote, not declaring *Eros* obscene but ruling that its publisher had "pandered" because of the advertising. The pandering standard has been applied by the High Court only to Ginzburg, never before and never since. In fact, in that 1966 decision, the Court actually created the "pandering" doctrine, in effect amending the 1873 "Comstock Act."

The Ginzburg case is chockfull of irony. Mr. Ginzburg goes off to jail, ceremoniously burning his

copy of the Bill of Rights; hundreds of bookstores across the land are selling thousands of books and magazines that make Ginzburg's *Eros* look as naive and harmless as the Collected Speeches of George McGovern. Movies in scores of movie-houses, mere blocks from the Manhattan Federal Building where Ginzburg submitted to custody, are screening celoid epics that sizzle and flame, beside which *Eros* seems fit for a place next to Aunt Maud's illuminated copy of the Book of Common Prayer.

In Justice

But "justice" will be served, and so off Mr. Ginzburg troops to jail, to languish as a martyr for the intellectuals who come to life over just this sort of thing. Here, for once, the aggrieved literati, like Arthur Miller, are quite right. The whole thing is grotesque, an assault on real justice.

The question of whether so-called pornography is a good thing, or an evil thing, is another matter entirely. But those who have mounted their broomsticks for the witch-hunt against pornographers, "child-corrupters," and all the other lovely epithets (continued on page 14)

NLRB seeks to enjoin farmworkers

BY BILL SPALLINA

A group of about 75 United Farm Workers and their supporters picketed the State Republican Headquarters on March 16 as part of an effort to fight an injunction scheduled to be issued against them on April 6. The injunction to be considered by the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) on April 6, will severely restrict the farm workers' nonviolent tactic of boycott, if handed down. It will

also prohibit secondary boycotting (i.e. picketing a store to urge shoppers to refrain from buying certain farm produce.

President Nixon has recently appointed several new members of the N.L.R.B. who are Republicans which now make up a majority on the board. Farm workers are not protected by the N.L.R.B. and therefore feel they are free to use boycotts as a means of arbitration. In issuing its preliminary ruling the

board charged that the farm workers' boycotts were affecting interstate commerce and the national economy.

The farmworkers believe the ruling was made against them because of contributions made by farm owners to the Republican National Convention. To substantiate this charge the U.F.W. has demanded that the Republican party release a listing of contributors.

Newton Aldermen to consider new dorms tonight

BY PHIL ARMSTRONG

The Land-use Committee of the Newton Board of Aldermen generally approved Boston College's construction of four high-rise dorms on the lower campus last Thursday, March 16 by a vote of 7 to 1. The committee, however, placed certain restrictions on construction and use of the dormitories, including the number of parking spaces and the prohibition of hanging flags, signs from the windows or decorating them in any way.

The proposal is to be submitted to the full board at tonight's meeting for final approval, but it is possible final approval might

not come until the Aldermen's April 3 meeting.

Committee Chairman Alan Barkin told *The Heights* that the committee had rejected a motion which would have limited the number of apartment complexes to be built to two. Barkin said that the case of the Town Houses was the first where a need was seen to put restrictions on the number of dorm facilities. "The Committee," he said, was "hamstrung by the carte blanche given to educational institutions." Otherwise, he went on, there would probably be fewer dorms on BC property today. Barkin saw the major problem as being the "intensity of the use of the land" and "concern about open land."

ANALYSIS / CASE STUDY I

The Case of Jack, The Ripper...And Little Aesop

The following testimony was solicited from the four principals connected to the thickening plot of the mysterious "Aesop Case". As a further attempt to enlighten the university community to the dark implications of these crimes, and as a further warning to those remaining innocent bystanders, we have attempted to expose the newest threat to Boston College's security and peace. . . . that sinister, underhanded, dastardly, sneaky, satanic, and downright bad, Jack, The Ripper.

The Prosecution

TO: Gerald Butler
Timothy Anderson
John Tessitore
Kevin Hull
James May
Chris Stowe

FROM: Mr. John C. Walsh
Staff and Resident Life Coordinator for Housing

RE: Pets in Residence Areas

The Housing Office has been informed that you are currently housing a pet in violation of residence hall policy. This policy has been clearly enunciated in the "Rules Incorporated in the 1971-72 Boston College Residence Agreement," in additional reminders included in **Resident Newsletters**, and in personal contacts with the resident staff, all of which you have seemingly chosen to ignore.

Please be informed that if your pet is not permanently removed from University Housing by Wednesday, March 15, 1972, the Housing Office will not act upon any Housing

Application submitted by you for 1972-73. In addition, the Dean of Students Office will be asked to initiate action to effect your suspension from University Housing, with due notification to your parents or guardians concerning the reason for initiation of such action.

During the past several weeks, two members of the University community have been bitten by dogs belonging to resident students. Over the inter-term recess, lack of concern for pets resulted in two cats being locked in residence buildings and starving to death. In addition, animal excrement within residence buildings and on general public walkways has become an increasing problem.

The Housing Office, therefore, insists on compliance with the "no pets" regulation for the purposes of general health and sanitation, for the protection of the rights of all residents to freedom from annoyance or harassment due to animals, and for the good of the animals themselves.

For those pet owners unable to find another home for their pets by March 15th, assistance can be found at the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 731-2000 or at one of the three "Animal Shelters" listed in the Boston Yellow Pages.

Your cooperation in observing Housing policy with respect to this matter is earnestly requested.

The Defense

Dear Mr. Walsh:

I realize that you are a true Christian. I realize that you could not possibly have foreseen all the consequences of your recent memo in regard to the housing of pets in university facilities. I am sure that if you had known the disastrous

effects that your threats would have on some members of the Boston College community you would have been less stern and showed a bit more concerned Christian Love.

I came home to a horrible scene, my roommate was viciously beating his cat with a club while screaming that the cat had conspired with the Housing Office to have him expelled, removed and expunged from university housing. It was terrible, he had torn out his hair and our carpet was soaked with blood (for which we will be billed, I am sure).

Here I am, My roommate is insane and our cat has been brutally beaten to death. I don't blame you. I know you are a good Christian. It wasn't your fault. I am sure you didn't realize that expulsion from university housing could mean so much. Please Jack, no more letters!!

Sincerely,
Distracted
Mod. 38A

Character Witness I

JCW Mr. John C. Walsh
Staff and Resident Life Coordinator
for Housing:
Dear Coley:

My friends and I read the results of your recent campaign effort with interest, for we realized that on it depended your continued presence among the ranks of the BC administration. Several of us suspected that your defeat would cause you to return to your erstwhile endeavors with increased vigor and with, shall we say, even a bit of acerbity.

But even the most realistic among us were not quite prepared to withstand the shock of your first post-campaign assault on the BC student body. Thus I have to admit to being a bit surprised by the content and tone of your truly memorable memorandum of March 9 on the subject of, of all things, pets. This letter, which was as insulting as it was pompous, warned me of the dire consequences that would befall the residents of my modular should we fail to relinquish our cat Aesop. Not only would our parents be notified of our gross misdeeds, but Fr. Hanrahan would declare us anathema, at least as far as BC Housing is concerned. I would like to believe that my parents have the intelligence not to care about whether Modular 38A shelters a kitten; and as for the good Fr. Hanrahan, I think my past record shows that I'm not entirely awestruck at his alleged omnipotence. Your letter comes across as a ludicrous scare tactic, threatening a punishment not even nearly fitting the crime.

If you were really concerned about "the rights of all residents to freedom from annoyance or harassment," I suspect my mailbox would not have been sullied with your memo. Who do you think you're kidding anyway, Jack?

At any rate, I am moved to give your letter something more than it deserves—a response.

First of all, it has been my contention all along that your housing contract is at best of questionable legality. Housing on a college campus is not exactly a free agreement which can be accepted or rejected—out of state students are more or less constrained to live in university housing for a least a year or two. Thus I smell a rat when I'm told that I am compelled to

The Registration Rumble

BY RICK SHEPHERD

The recently released Priorities Committee report has directed itself to many important areas of student concern, but one aspect deals with an especially sore spot in the life of the average undergraduate: university registration functions.

The last registration here at BC brings many pleasant memories to mind. Hundreds of students jammed into a Roberts Center lobby, standing in various postures of discomfort, and growing very nasty about the whole thing. The signal is given and the students charge to the appointed tables like so much stampeding cattle, various elbows being thrown here and there as they jockey for position to pick up registration materials. The run from Roberts to the various departments heavily favors cross country runners, and the maybe four flights of stairs at the end of a sprint proves too much for some, who you pass gasping for air on corridor floors. And everybody knows the guy who knows somebody and will register for all his courses in one afternoon despite strict rules against such procedures. It's especially fun to

watch disparate people on the final day of registration who wander from department to department searching for a fifth course, ANY fifth course.

The Priorities Committee has made recommendations which will result in a total revamp of registration procedures. Not only would these measure, in the informed opinion of the Committee, result in "savings of not inconsiderable magnitude", but would make registration for courses the relatively easy procedure that it should be.

With the appointment of a University Registrar, who would hopefully centralize and streamline Registration in time for fall of '72, students would be able to choose those courses which would influence their lives without undue complications.

It will be interesting to see just how far BC goes in attaining this goal. Without trying to sound overly fatalistic, we would hope that the system is changed before someday some unfortunate soul falls down when the milling throng begins its charge for the tables and gets trampled half to death.

The Heights Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167

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The Heights, established 1919, is the student newspaper serving the Boston College community. The Heights is published weekly by The Heights, Inc., and is supported by the efforts of students and faculty.

Join

As may well be apparent, The Heights needs help. The position of Managing Editor is now open and anyone interested in this position should contact Chris Campos in the UGBC office.

CASE STUDY II

Even if we accept, for the sake of le jeu, the legality of the contract in question, problems remain. There is, for example, the question of the systematic and equitable enforcement of the contract. If you will kindly refer to the document, you sign a contract if I am to be granted the privilege of living in BC Housing. Especially when the "contract" is like the one that you and your cohorts devised, in other words one that stipulates a great number of responsibilities for the students, but virtually none for the administration. This, needless to say, is rather typical of the BC administration. will see that, among other things, cohabitation, alcohol, and drugs are forbidden by Rules 17, 25, and 26 respectively. Of course everyone knows that these rules are virtually unenforced, and everyone also knows that they are not

All this seems to lead to the question of the competence and caliber of service provided by the Housing Office. Your staff's response to the recent flooding of several modulares put you forward as simply a paragon of concern for student problems. And then there's the ever-vigilant security system around here, whose predictable results can be seen in the lead story of the 3/13 issue of *The Heights*. (Yes, I know, it's the fault of physical plant, the Budget Committee, Seavey Joyce, Kevin White, Jesus Christ—I've heard it before.) There are also off-campus freshmen, Weston, Ho Jo's, your peachy new dorm and its 6-occupant apartments, etc., etc. It's clear that you people don't spend much time serving students, so I can see that the anti-pet campaign at least has the therapeutic effect of filling up your day.



enforced because they are obviously ridiculous. Why, if such lapses are winked at, do you propose to enforce an equally ridiculous rule with threats of suspension from housing?

I can assure you that Aesop causes far less disruption to the campus than any of his human roommates. As ex-President Anderson and I have repeatedly told you, there is absolutely no reason why modular residents should not be allowed to keep cats. You know that you can't think of a reason either. If you suggest that the rule must be enforced simply because it is a rule (law and order, you know), I will remind you that we told you the rule was stupid last summer, before it became a rule.

This, Jack, brings me to the end of my little venture into the abyss of BC Housing. Allow me to conclude with a personal note. I was offered a position in the new UGBC, but I decided not to accept. One of the reasons for this decision is that I am becoming quite bored by the inanities of the BC administration. I'm no longer amused by your escapades, and I no longer have the energy to fight back. For the moment I'd simply like to leave you alone. In return, why don't you leave me alone too?

Sincerely yours,
Kevin J. Hull
Modular 38A

Character Witness II

My dear Mr. Walsh,

My cat, Aesop asked me to write you this letter. But it should be understood that I do agree with him to a surprising extent. In his defense, I must say that Aesop would never consider leaving his "excrement" as you call it in the public way. He is supremely private about this matter. Aesop is also able to refrain from biting people. (He has however, threatened to bite you, Mr. Walsh.)

Aesop enjoys reminding me of his excursion to Chicago with me at Christmas time. He did not starve to death, but he did manage to get lost in Canada for two days. Aesop gets confused easily, I guess. He was confused over the ITT case and the Howard Hughes affair and even over the spiteful attack by Lowenthal on Dean Hughes. Aesop is really quite confused about the threats of throwing all six of us out of our Modular and of contacting our parents. (But even our PARENTS could see the ridiculous nature of your letter, threat, and rule.) But Aesop is flattered. Do you realize that this is the only non-academic rule that is enforced on this campus? Don't you feel silly? Aesop's reaction to all of this was to say that it was all very nice and to call a meeting. He asked all of us what we thought of him. We all agreed that he was no trouble. We did agree though that the Housing office and especially Jack Walsh was giving us trouble. Aesop raised an interesting motion that passed unanimously. The spirit of this resolution was that a rule be passed banning Jack Walsh from campus for bothering us instead of turning on the lights in the lower parking lot or fixing leaking modulares etc etc etc etc.

Love from oblivion,
Timothy Anderson
(Retired hot shit)
Modular 38A

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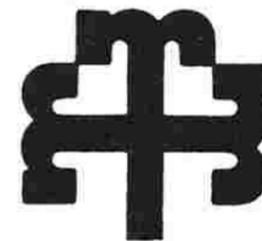


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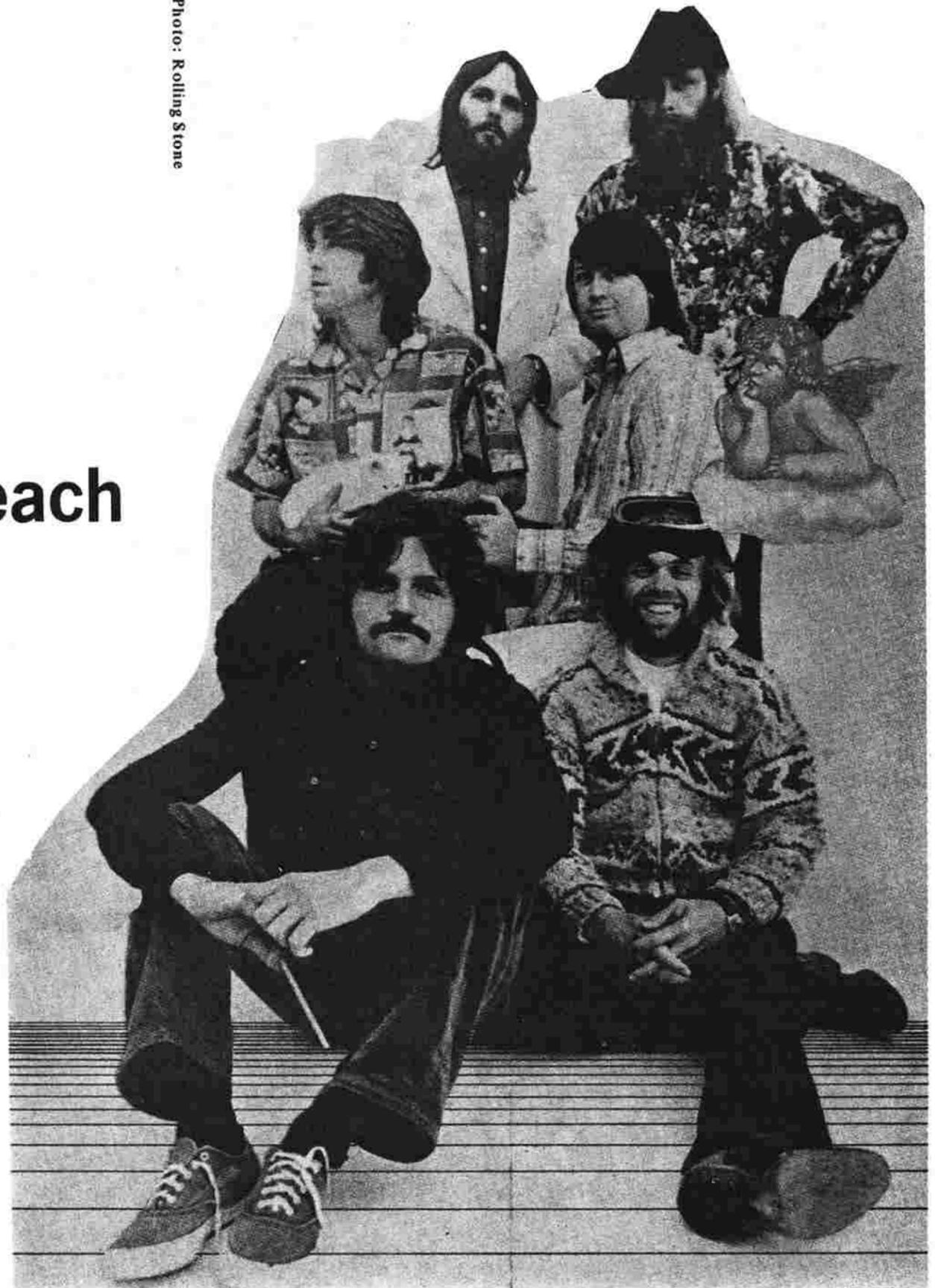


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Fear and Loathing in Redondo Beach

Photo: Rolling Stone



BY BOB RUFF

Kai and I were 12, and I think Jimmy and Dave were a year older. It was 1963. The four of us were crouched behind the four-foot hedge in our front yard, waiting for the next car to drive past our house on Summit Avenue.

Jimmy, the iconoclast of the group, held in his hands the not-so-successful product of my mother's efforts in the garden that spring.

Rotten, moldy tomatoes.

We were kids and knew the neighborhood a lot better than the guy driving the convertible who probably tore his soggy pants climbing the same fence which vaulted us to safety that day.

We decided to stop heaving tomatoes for a while.

It was a close escape, and in any case we had better things to do that summer than torment the drivers of suburban Maryland. Better things like listening to Lou Christi, Del Shannon, and Danny and the Juniors over our \$14.95 Japanese 6-transistor radios.

It was over WPGC AM (1580: "the good guys station") that summer that we each heard our first Beach Boys 45: "Surfing USA."

Right. What's a skeg? Where's Waimaia Bay? Where do you wear baggies? How do you hang-ten?

These were crucial questions to twelve-year-old kids whose first exposure to surfing had been 2 minutes 24 seconds of Beach Boys lyrics.

We all decided to buy surfboards and spend our summer in Ocean City, Maryland.

Immediately.

Our assests combined totaled maybe \$35. A new surfboard back then cost \$110, plus color, shipping, tax and removable skeg. (Oh, a skeg is the phallic thing hanging down from the bottom of the surfboard. It's like a fin.)

Everybody bought skateboards instead. In our spare time we argued with our parents about what a great place Ocean City was. Four years later we went to Ocean City and bought:

**DEWEY WEBER PERFORMER
SURFBOARDS**

Everybody in the summer of 1967 had either a Weber Performer or a Hobie Proper. We listened to old Beach Boys songs, got drunk on red Ripple (surfers hadn't discovered dope back then), and saw the *Endless Summer* at the Shore Drive-in at least twice a month.

And while we surfed the Beach Boys died, at least as we knew them. They had discarded their surfboards (1964), their sting rays (1965), and finally, by the summer of 1967, those incredible candy-striped J.C. Penny sport shirts.

Brian Wilson had tried a lot of acid in 1966, and all of a sudden was doing some very strange things.

Like building a sandbox in his living room.

Like making studio musicians wear firemen's hats while playing music he had written about the Great Chicago Fire.

Like driving into downtown L.A. in a \$20,000 Rolls-Royce limousine looking for Pioneer Chicken drive-ins.

Like putting to Beach Boys records the sounds of dogs barking, water pouring into a glass, and vegetables being chopped on a wooden board.

In short, Brian, who hasn't toured with

the group since 1965, was trying to prove to the LA-FRISCO critics that he really was HIP and that all those surfboard-sting ray songs he had written were a thing of the past to be pursued with the passion of yesteryear by maybe Dick Dale or maybe Jan and Dean, but most assuredly *not* by the Beach Boys.

It took the rest of the group three years to catch up to Brian. "Heroes and Villains" (1967) was the result, and you probably haven't heard of, about, or from the Beach Boys since. *Smiley Smile* (1967), which includes "Heroes and Villains, killed the group on AM, and FM never really considered them sufficiently HIP for air play.

For three years, then, the Beach Boys passed from the musical scene, only a handful of Beach Boys freaks hanging on. Then *Sunflower* (1970), *Surf's Up* (1971), and all of a sudden it was 1963 all over again. This time, though, popularity sprang from the quality of the music and not from the sociology of the sixties. Rock critics throughout the nation hailed *Sunflower* as a new arrival. *Surf's Up*, nearly as good, earned the group another gold record last year.

SAGA breakfast, Tuesday morning, three freshmen reading *The Heights*, looking incredulously at the Beach Boys ad on page two:

"The Beach Boys are coming to Roberts the 24th . . ."

"Christ, I don't believe this picture."

" . . . can't even recognize them without their surfboards and short hair." (laughter)

"Heh, you guys going to Katies Friday night? . . ."

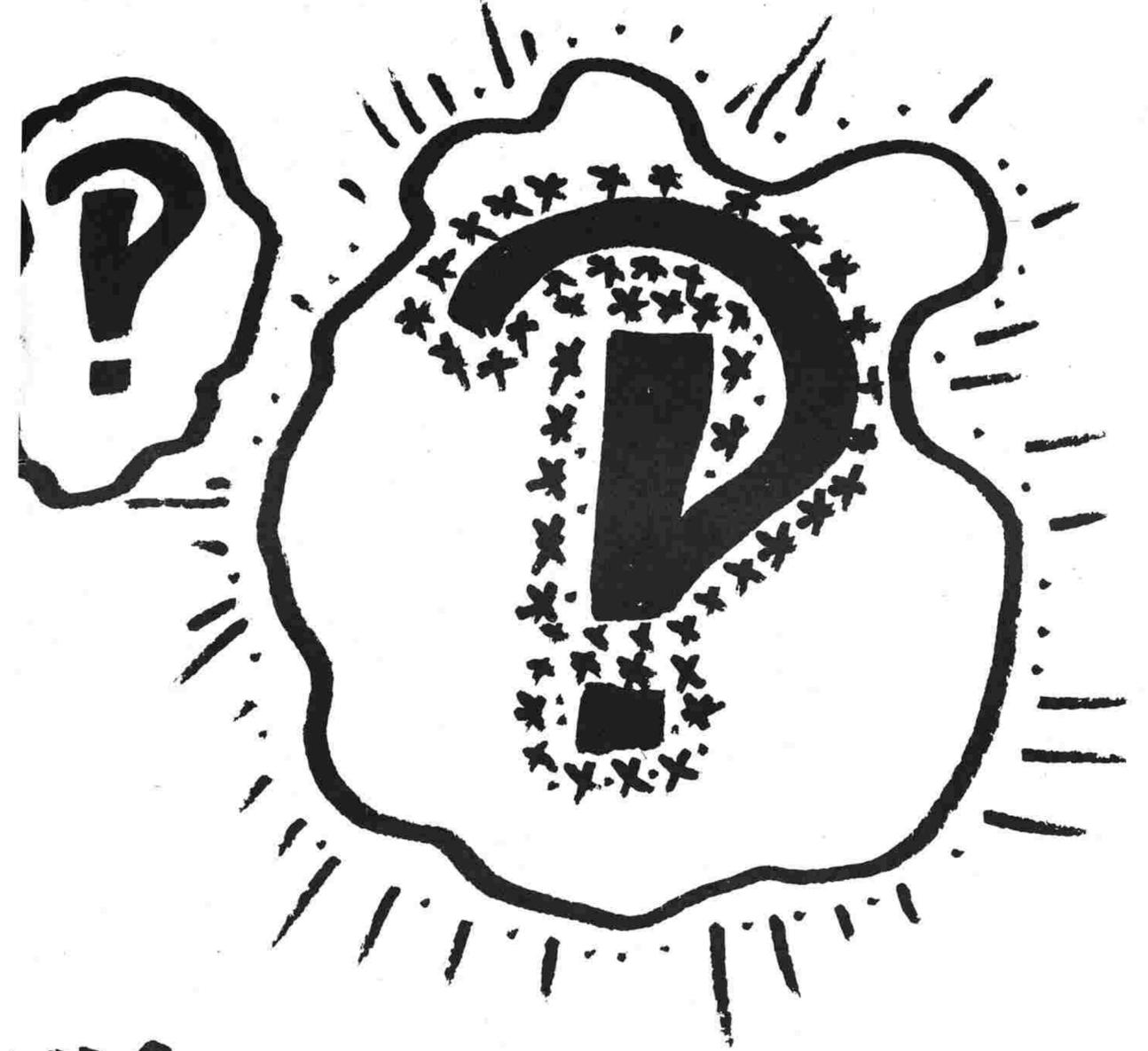
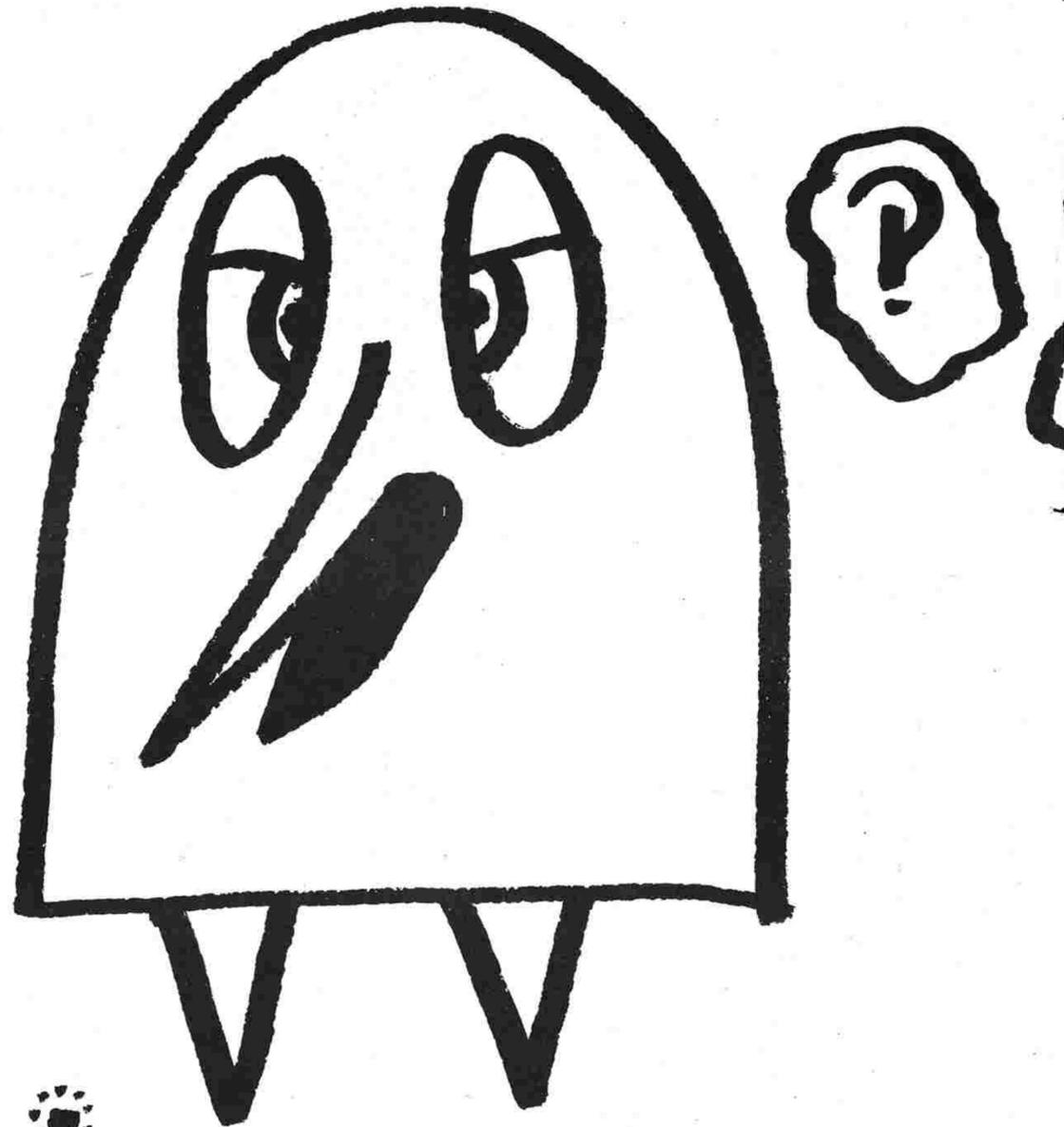
They're scheduled to do two sets Friday night. Don't holler for the old stuff. They'll play it eventually. Do *listen* to the new stuff, *Sunflower* and *Surf's Up*. You're going to like it. Beach Boys freaks will, of course, go bullshit. We've been talking about this concert since Spetember.

Bring a blanket, a little wine, and expect 100 degree heat in Roberts.

-11/7/70 is just a shout away.

features. . .

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO CELEBRATE DIXIT?



DIXIT STARTS MAY 11 AND GOES, AND GOES.....

ALTERNATIVE '72

IDEA LOOP NO. 18

BY GUS JACCACI

Love is an energy gift.

Remembering that it only takes a few discouraging words of fear to destroy an energy gift or the possibility of one, it seems nevertheless that with current interest on campus the time may have come for Boston College to equal the likes of Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale in offering and enjoying an atmosphere of learning founded on close personal relationships between the learners and those who profess to teach.

It is worth noting that when Harkness offered Harvard the money to build colleges like the Oxford and Cambridge ones, Harvard turned its alumnus down. Yale saw the promise of these communities of scholars and friends, so Harkness built Yale colleges. A few years later Harvard saw the light and the generous not-to-be-discouraged Harkness built them the "Houses" we know today: Lowell, Eliot, Winthrop . . .

It is also worth noting that the tutorial system at Harvard affording tutors and students the opportunity to lean together "at home" is partially held together with the glue of academic credit for work done together "at home" on a mutually chosen subject.

Boston College seems poised to develop some such community of scholars and friends, and perhaps the following ideas free of cash and building worries might get us moving. After all, we already have the buildings and the courses numbered 199. It doesn't cost anything to be friendly; it's an energy gift.

If students want teacher friends to share in their lives, they should poll all the faculty and coaching staff and administrative staff and alumni to find out which ones want to be affiliated with a living unit for cultural and/or social and/or athletic and/or academic reasons.

All the campus living facilities should then be divided into appropriately sized groups with special care given to include the entire commuter group into the resident affiliation. It might, however, be advisable also to have one or more facilities and groups made up only of commuters if they wanted it.

After the student groups are formed the "faculty" could be rationed out equally to all the groups on a one or two year rotation basis with a mixture of interests and abilities going to each living group to beef up their teams, performances, cosmic glimpses . . .

Richard Lowenthal was right when he said that eating together is one of the best ways to become friends and that the new dorms should allow the possibility. Harvard thinks enough of this idea to ask for help, and the Ford Foundation has voted yes with a generous gift for faculty and student dinners even in a system where each house of scholars and teachers has its own dining room and eats together regularly. Without much effort and money worry it would be possible to use the McElroy faculty dining room one evening during the week and both evenings during the weekend to allow a rotation system for each living group to have a party, dinner, dance, show, movie, speaker, etc. together at least twice a month with the regular Saga fare. This kind of informal regular celebration would be friendly fun for all the group members with great evening program additions to the cultural and living flavor of Boston College.

If enough faculty would be interested to participate, almost all academic departments could be represented in each living group. Tutorial study is then simply a matter of initiative and of student and faculty energy gifts.

Equally, if not more, important are the other student-faculty activities: athletics, theatre, art, music . . . Group journals, one act play contests, touch football, basketball, softball, ski trips, sailing, mountain climbing . . .

It would be ideal to provide facilities for faculty, invited dignitaries, and student friends to visit these living groups.

If this whole idea interests you, do something. Remember this is not high school. The student is not the enemy. The teacher is not the enemy. In the words of the great POGO, "We have met the enemy and he is us."

Love is an energy gift.

RESPONSE REQUESTED

If you wish to reply to this idea, please send or bring your comments and a self-addressed envelope to Gus Jaccaci, Lyons 132B. All replies will be copied and sent to all persons who reply.

IDEA LOOP NO. 19

BY GUS JACCACI

McLuhan's picture of a car driver speeding down the highway and looking in the rear view mirror where he sees A Wells Fargo stage coach and horses coming after him has its counterpart in organizations, especially colleges dedicated to the ideas and images of society and civilization: trying to do the business of today and tomorrow with yesterdays ideas and images. A sense of history and humanity is vital—a good rear view mirror. Fortunately, however, the rear view mirror is not the only piece of glass for viewing in an automobile. Some glass is designed for an awareness of now and some for where the driver and car are going. Speed limits decrease when the glass, weather and time make visibility limited. Most colleges now know they can no longer drive fast with poor visibility looking in the rear view mirror if they wish to remain alive and solvent.

The Priorities Committee has clearly indicated the necessity for planning and a concern for the future to guarantee our university's stability, self-preservation and continuing excellence. Another reason for interest in the future is that society is now increasingly looking to higher education for the definitions of what man is to be and become.

The enormity of this break-through time for man and the individual responsibility of it is not yet the stuff of our daily institutional life. It should be. Bucky Fuller's image for man now is a young chick who until now has been the unthinking product of the totally enclosed egg and who has just broken out of the shell, blinking and stumbling, faced with having to define henceforth his life and act it out in the universe. Contemporary art and music that is not working in the object-contemplation-sensitivity system of all so-called art to date has moved into the area of conceptual experiences and process plans. Karlheinz Stockhausen's process plan "Stimmung," recently performed by six singers at M.I.T., is a complex and profound example. So is Donald Burgy's "Art Ideas For The Year 4000." As its title suggests, it hypothesizes experiences in technologies still unborn, perhaps drawing us toward their design.

We are fortunate at Boston College in having several teachers with three way vision: past, present and future. The subject of their daily lives and their teaching is the interaction of past, present and future. This is a rare and valuable gift. Dick Hughes of the College of Arts and Sciences is one such man, as is Bruce Baker of the Graduate School of Management.

It is time at Boston College that we recognize and address ourselves to the meta-question of the future of man on the planet. It is time that teachers and students concerned with the future on any scale of process make themselves known to each other in order to learn from and encourage each other. In this way some of us at Boston College will be daily engaged in using the front windshield for our community.

If you are interested, make yourself known.

REPLY REQUESTED

If you wish to reply to this idea, please send or bring your comments and a self-addressed envelope to Gus Jaccaci, Lyons 132B. All replies will be copied and sent to all persons who reply.

Joni: Peridots and Periwinkle

BY CHRISTOPHER MEHNE

Looking at a picture of Joni Mitchell in her latest songbook, the overwhelming impression that strikes me is that Joni the writer, Joni the singer and Joni the person are one and the same. When she performs her poetry there is no doubt that she has experienced each line inside and out—if the songs do not tell of her own life (which many seem to do), she at least projects a sense of real identification with each situation she sings of. When Judy Collins recorded "Both Sides, Now," its beautiful images and lush orchestration made it a million-copy seller. But not until Joni herself sang it on her second album, accompanied only by her guitar, did the song become the simple, personal statement of a disillusioned dreamer that it was intended to be.

Joni Mitchell's appearance at the Boston Music Hall last Monday night was a reinforcement of this impression. Even one not familiar with her recordings could immediately tell that she was not performing from behind a stage mask, but genuinely sharing her musical thoughts with a group of friends (in this case, a packed house). She seemed as sensitive to the implications of her words as if she were hearing them for the first time, especially

the love songs, at which she excels in both content and style. Accompanying herself with equal skill on the guitar, piano and dulcimer, each song was technically perfect. Her unusual voice, which sounds at once both innocent and knowing, was clear and beautiful despite the cold that she apologized for at the beginning of the show. Joni has a tremendous range and a unique system of vocal expressions that can convey every conceivable emotion, from the lightheaded playfulness in "Carey" to the sympathy of "He Played Real Good For Free" and the solemn celebration of "Woodstock."

The program included several new songs, which sounded still in the experimental stage but were distinctively in her style. They were generally of a serious nature, except for the amusing "Oh, Honey, You Turn Me On—I'm a Radio." The ten or twelve other songs that she sang were mostly from her last two albums. Joni's songs show incredible imagination—they are not typical folk songs that pretentiously attempt to solve social problems, but rather tales of people and places that inspire personal feelings. She employs vivid imagery and metaphor in all her songs which heighten the listener's sensations as she performs.

Particularly beautiful and touching was "A Case of You," a melancholy plea for reconciliation with a lost love:

*Oh, you're in my blood like holy wine
You taste so bitter and so sweet
Ho I could drink a case of you, darling
And I would still be on my feet
I would still be on my feet.*

Joni ended the show with two encores, the second being "The Circle Game," which she invited everyone to stand and sing with her. It was a very happy ending.

Jackson Browne, a songwriter who has turned singer and who has written for Tom Rush and others, was the warm-up act. I found him generally mediocre—his songs were pleasant but unmemorable and he has problems with his vocal range onstage. But seeing and hearing Joni Mitchell live was more than worth the price of admission. She has seen the world but still retains the innocent presence of a child. Using her own definition, she is truly a lady of the canyon.

In medieval times it was the custom for the townspeople to put candles in their windows, hoping that strangers would come who were attracted like moths to the candlelight.

BY MATTHEW C. PETERSON

There is not a great deal in *A Clockwork Orange* that we accept without some sort of emotional or intellectual response. One exception is the quietly repeated assertion of holligan Alex that he is "your" humble narrator. Our narrator. That we can readily and subconsciously accept this identification of ourselves with a murderer and rapist is an affirmation of both the magnitude of Kubrick's artistic achievement and the importance of the message it contains.

A Clockwork Orange unfolds as Kubrick's chilling alternative vision to *2001: A Space Odyssey*. No longer do we have the assurance that man will be able to transcend petty politics and technology-run-wild; instead, expedient politicians and 'value-free' scientists unwittingly cooperate to create a society from which the alienated and violent Alex

the arrival of the third aeon in human history. The first of the aeons was that of Isis, the mother, and was characterized by the worship of nature. This stage was followed by the aeon of Osiris, the father, and the rise of the patriarchal religions. In the aeon of Horus, the child, the emphasis would be, according to Crowley, upon the true self and the true will; thus, the supreme Law, "do what thou wilt." Crowley also believed, and remained convinced to his dying day, that he had written *The Book of the Law*, referred to at several points in *The Diary*, under divine inspiration. And there really was an Abbey of Thelema with the Great Beast himself as its abbot, and Crowley considered this a most profound experiment in "life, love, liberty, and light." Yet somehow he never managed to make most of the rest of the world catch on—hence, should we fear, our present state of spiritual destitution?

The Diary of a Drug Fiend, though, is a good book. Crowley was a poet in a very real sense of the word, and in the first two sections of *The Diary* he plumbed the heights of ecstasy and the depths of despair that he had found in drugs in language as compelling as the experience must have been intense. The same holds true in the third part of the book, with its description of the redemption through magic. For just as the theory of the three aeons was one formulation of something that really is slowly infiltrating the consciousness of Western man, and the Law of Thelema is perfectly consistent with the teachings of all of the world's great religions, the redemption process as set forth in *The Diary*, stripped of its more bizarre idiosyncrasies, is a most valid, indeed stirring, rendition of the enlightenment experience that is at the core of every mystical tradition that has ever been.

If one is prepared to put up with a certain amount of preposterousness, *The Diary of a Drug Fiend* is worthwhile reading. There may even be some who will actually enjoy all the nonsense, for we all know that there are some pretty strange creatures running around disguised as people these days. In the meantime, this is the aeon of Horus, though it still remains to be seen, I suppose, whether Aleister Crowley will ever be recognized as its prophet. Yet it really would be too bad if the aeon were to expire before anyone found out that the man ever lived. The least we can do is to give him a chance.

Imagine it this way: Six-year-old Aleister Crowley running around with his magic wand saying, "Do what thou wilt," and none of the other little kids want to play with him.

A Beauty of a Beast

BY DAN PENRICE

The Diary of a Drug Fiend, by Aleister Crowley. Lancer Books. 368 pages. \$1.25.

For a man who professed to have been appointed by the gods to usher in the third aeon in the history of mankind, Aleister Crowley (1875-1947) has remained, to this day, remarkably unknown. Magician, poet, writer, mountain climber, chess expert, dope fiend and lecher; the subject of W. Somerset Maugham's *The Magician*; referred to by his contemporary press as "the most evil man in the world"; Crowley was notorious enough in his own day. Yet today, with people like Charles Manson and Mick Jagger to serve as folk heroes, Crowley, one of the most colorful characters in recent history, has been largely forgotten by all but a handful of hard-core occultists and drug-cultists. His voluminous writings, moreover, have been exceedingly hard to come by.

In 1970, however, John Symonds and Kenneth Grant published Crowley's autobiography, *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*. The "autohagiography," as Crowley called it, is a fascinating and exasperating *tour de force*, over 1000 pages of sterling eloquence and high adventure, as well as of the most shameless tripe and conceited invective. It is the story of a man who not only devoted himself wholeheartedly to a life of evil (Crowley referred to himself as the Beast, as in the *Apocalypse*), but brought a truly formidable intellect and will to the task, and who managed to come away with at least a glimpse into the secrets to which he thought he had attained full access. *The Confessions*, apparently, proved to be popular enough, and was re-issued in paperback form last year. And now, with the recent publication in paperback of one of Crowley's works of semi-fiction, the question becomes: Are we finally going to witness the spirit of Aleister Crowley coming in triumph to lead us all to salvation?

The Diary of a Drug Fiend was originally published in 1922, a year after Crowley had attained the highest possible grade, that of Ipsissimus, in the magical order known as the Great White Brotherhood. The hero of *The Diary* is young Peter Pendragon, a one-time medical student and former fighter pilot who had been knighted for distinguished service in the war. Upon returning home and inheriting a fortune from his uncle, Peter gets mixed up with a group of degenerated London artists and pseudo-sophisticates through whom he is introduced both to



cocaine and to a mysterious woman named Lou Laleham. Lou spends almost the entire evening of her meeting with Peter chanting a weird litany to IAO, the Dying God, and Peter is intrigued. The young couple quickly fall in love, are married, and depart on a whirlwind honeymoon, from London to Paris to Naples on the wings of heroin and cocaine. The honeymoon ends abruptly when Peter is robbed by an old schoolmate with whom he had been planning to invest in the oil industry, and the newlyweds are forced to return to London. There they vegetate in utter squalor and a monstrous heroin habit until forced to go cold turkey when they run out of dope. Peter attempts suicide, but is saved by Lou, and upon acquiring more drugs they resolve to use better judgement in the future. Yet Lou proves to be endowed with more discretion than her husband, and when she discovers a plan of Peter's to invest in a Swiss cocaine factory

she runs to her magical mentor, a rather frightening man who calls himself King Lamus, and threatens Peter with divorce. Both she and Peter end up going with Lamus to a place called "Telepylus, where the magician has his Abbey of Thelema. There, under Lamus' tutelage and the rule "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," Peter and Lou quit heroin, discover their own true wills (Peter's is to design helicopters, Lou's to love Peter) and the real depth of their love for one another, and prepare themselves to undertake the Great Work. Not, however, before Lamus has been careful to emphasize that drugs, in the service of the true will, can be very useful tools.

All of which will sound like so much nonsense to the average fellow, which it is and is not at the same time. It is true that for someone who claimed to have "crossed the Abyss" and obliterated his ego at the age of thirty-four, Crowley was often, in his subsequent writings, insufferably bombastic, and much in *The Diary* will strike one as being no exception. For both Pendragon and Lamus are Crowley himself—before and after, so to speak—and much of what was most maddening about the author is to be found in these two characters. Pendragon voices Crowley's hatred for the English bourgeois society of his time and displays the uninhibited delight with which the man wallowed in depravity, all in terms as turgid as those employed in *The Confessions*, Lamus, on the other hand, speaking for the "liberated" Crowley and, so we are to infer, for the Truth, comes across in many instances as a rather ludicrous figure, greeting everyone he meets with the words, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." Lamus' supercilious tone is supposed to be justified, though, by the simple fact that he has found the Way, and that is his will and duty to show the true path to others.

Crowley himself took all of this quite seriously. He claimed, after all, to have communicated with the messenger of no less distinguished a personage than Horus, and to have been appointed to proclaim

Tick-Tock Sunkist

emerges as the most 'human' inhabitant of that not-too-distant future. Kubrick's triumph is that he does this not by playing on that 'inherent beauty' of violence to which we Americans are supposed to positively respond, but by ruthlessly articulating his vision of the social context so well that Alex cannot help but appeal to us as he does. This is basically the old *Easy Rider* trick, done with such believable and complex perfection on a more universal scale so as to render comparison tenuous at best.

The Kubrick-as-an-intellectual-San Peckenpah critique was not very believable on the basis of his past films, and *A Clockwork Orange* offers no supporting evidence for this simplistic analysis of Kubrick's decision to make a movie with a significant amount of violence. On the contrary, Kubrick makes a distinct effort to make his violence as repulsive as possible. It is an ironic comment on the

manner in which the recent out-pouring of 'realistically' violent films and television programs have desensitized us that Kubrick resorts to surrealism to portray his most painful scene. In a slow-motion battle with his rebellious droogs, Alex draws a concealed knife across the open palm of one of his mates. It is impossible to possess any sensitivity and not wince at the gradual welling-up of blood and the slow unfolding of an expression of incredible pain and outrage on the injured mate's face. Kubrick makes it clear that anyone who responds positively to these scenes need blame only himself and the society which he has allowed to mold him.

The movie is loaded with similar stylistic gems which would have become clichés in the hands of lesser directors. Ken Russell gave us a hint at the possibilities of dipping into surrealism in a basically 'straight' film to illuminate a character's perception of himself and his environment

in *The Music Lovers*, but Russell succumbed to the temptation of gross sensationalism so as to leave the matter unresolved. Kubrick's suffers no such distractions. In Alex's underworld, intercourse is referred to as the "old in-out, in-out." For midday amusement, Alex picks up two girls at a record shop. Once the scene shifts to his bedroom, the film is sped-up, and the participants in this mini-orgy quickly undress and pop into bed for a fast-paced tangle of naked limbs, jump out, re-dress and depart. We are left with no doubt that this is precisely how Alex experiences sex. In-out, in-out.

Kubrick is at his best, though, depicting the morally bankrupt society which is Alex's context. With ruthless credibility, Kubrick films a world of insecure middle-class parents, confused prison officials, vengeful intellectuals and consciousness scientists presided over by politicians whose only creed is immoral expediency. Most of these scenes are given a blackly comic dimension: the scientists

who are only passingly concerned that they are 'curing' Alex of his love of "Ludwig Van's glorious Ninth" are thoughtful enough to have a lab assistant constantly wetting his painfully clamped-open eyes.

The highest achievement of *A Clockwork Orange* is that it is an extremely clear vision of an extremely ambiguous situation. There is no cop-out toward ideological conclusions. That a fire-and-brimstone prison chaplain could become the spokesman against the treatment which "makes people good" or that Alex could regain his humanity via a political whitewash clues us that there are no easy answers. Kubrick 'glorifies' Alex's lifestyle no more than he does that of his adversaries. Despite the frightening 'nowness' of the urban London setting, he is still dealing in science-fiction. Forewarned is forearmed, and motivated by the frightening scenario of *A Clockwork Orange*, we may begin to move in the direction of Kubrick's more transcendent visions.

Minnie and Moskowitz

BY RICHARD LORD

Movies are composed of magic and myth. Magic because people and things simply disappear on screen, scenes changing with a logic quite different from that taught us by our everyday experiences with perception. By custom or habit we allow more discontinuity to the film than we do to any other narrative form. Myth because we are involved in the creation of a reality, or a perception of reality, which owes its existence to the imagination of those who are responsible for the making of the film. In framing his shots, the film's director is actually framing a universe whose unstable borders he invites us to cross and live within for as long as we watch his film.

The film director. Or better still, the film maker. John Cassavetes for instance. Cassavetes has become a sort of Santa Claus of celluloid, making an appearance once every year with a bag of cinematic tricks flung confidently across his shoulder. And he hits us with all the tricks—rapid cutting, long track shots, soft focuses, making radical changes in lighting without changing focus, thus getting an eerie, bleached-out effect. After a number of early films which are rarely seen, Cassavetes drew a sort of cult to himself by dousing the audience with these techniques in *Faces* (1969) and (1970). His latest work, *Minnie And Moskowitz* shows a better handling of these techniques, and is Cassavetes' greatest personal triumph to date, if not an actual screen triumph.

All of Cassavetes' recent films might be entitled *Faces* because he concentrates on that part of the human anatomy, almost to the point of its becoming a cinematic fetish. *Minnie and Moskowitz* is no exception. In it we are amply treated to large facial portions of most of the film's characters, but especially, as you might expect, to the visages of the two title characters. By bringing us so intimately close to the eyes, noses, mouths and chins of his characters, Cassavetes seems to be attempting a more plunging into the souls of these characters. He thus employs his faces as the prime building material in the construction of his myth. And *Minnie And Moskowitz* is the greatest exercise in

myth-making that Cassavetes has yet undertaken.

Right at the beginning of *Minnie And Moskowitz*, Gena Rowlands as the screen Minnie is filled with a not-unusual case of mid-century melancholia after having seen a Humphrey Bogart flick. Minnie feels she has been cheated by her years of lonely nights at the movies because, as she says, "We never meet any Humphrey Bogarts or Clark Gables or Cary Grants." Ah, the war-cry of every myth-maker—the old myths don't work for us anymore. The new myth Cassavetes is going to provide us with is similar, if somewhat inferior, to the old ones. If you can't have Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant and Clark Gable, don't fret—I'll give you Seymour Cassel. After all, Seymour is so homely any girl can get him. And in this new myth, love, as usual, rises above all obstacles.

And love certainly has a good many obstacles to rise above in *Minnie And Moskowitz*. Minnie is supposed to be a middle-age career girl breathlessly awaiting the winner of the race between R. Right and monopause. Seymour Moskowitz, the plot tells us, is a young parking-lot attendant with shoulder-length hair and a walrus moustache who has come out West to seek a more suitable clime for living the free, spontaneous life. They meet in a late 20th Century version of the good-knight-saves-the-fair-maiden-from-the-awful-dragon escapade, and wind-up finding true love. Cassavetes tries to cover the whole thing over with irony, but the taste of kitsche still comes through.

The trouble is, Cassavetes never explains why Minnie goes for Moskowitz. God knows it's not his looks. And his personality could not be more unsuited to Minnie's own. Indeed, Seymour seems to resemble in a good many ways the obnoxious lunch date Minnie walks out on. We feel a sense of justice (albeit poetic) at this hasty departure. We feel only confusion at her equally hasty marriage to Seymour.

This is not the only big flaw in *Minnie And Moskowitz*. A number of critics have attacked the casting and rightly so. Miss Rowland's youthful appearance coupled with Cassel's weather-beaten visage throws into question the credibility of the situation the two characters are supposed to be caught in. This is especially significant in view of Cassavetes' obsession with faces. Not that the performances aren't that good—they're both superb,

especially Cassel's. But his relative age and Ms. Rowland's relative youth have a viewer wondering over who is really what month in this May-December affair.

Indeed, one finds oneself wishing that Cassavetes would work out his face fetish and explore other possible shots. The other parts of the body can often tell as much about a character as a face can. The scene where Seymour's mother comes to meet his prospective bride, and engages in a hilarious bit of body language, is a good example of what might have been done if Cassavetes had pulled his camera back a little.

Another flaw of *Millie And Moslowitz* is that Cassavetes, in pursuit of his myth, takes us down too many well-travelled

roads in terms of thematic structure. One wishes that less familiar, more exotic paths had been taken on this journey. For instance, the early scene where Cassavetes gives us a peak at the travails of the aging, unmarried woman might have been extended and developed. Unfortunately, Cassavetes never does develop this idea adequately, dropping it in favour of the semi-schmaltzy romance between Minnie and Moskowitz.

Minnie And Moskowitz is currently playing at the Pi Alley Cinema. Despite its several flaws, it is not an uninteresting film and, indeed, it can be quite entertaining for brief stretches. But with so many first-rate films in town at the moment, you might put this one on your reserve list.

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Porn. and law

(continued from page 3)

which are attached to purveyors of so-called pornographic items—those witch-hunters are gleeful about Mr. Ginzburg's trek to prison.

The issue here is not whether or not pornography should be censored, but whether one pornographer, a rather chaste one at that (in comparison with his fellows today), should be punished

Fine Arts

(continued from page 1)

taking the education requirement. In 1970-71, elective enrollment was 288, and education enrollment 514. This year, the first totally elective year, there are 622 students enrolled in Fine Arts courses. VonHenneberg claimed that, in addition, the department was forced to turn away between 70 and 100 students in order to maintain certain class sizes.

The number of Fine Arts majors has gone from one last year to 22 this year.

Fr. Donovan explained that the Priorities Committee felt that it would be better not to offer a major at all if "we weren't doing justice to it." He said that since the major was begun in 1970-71, the Fine Arts department has requested one additional faculty member every year, "including this year when we're not adding faculty anywhere." VonHenneberg, however, pointed out that the number of Fine Arts faculty has been the same since 1961. If the need for additional faculty stems from a responsibility to the Fine Arts majors, he said, the recommendation is to phase out the major.

VonHenneberg claimed that the majors can be adequately handled

because of a standard in vogue a decade ago, while his obviously more salacious peers go scot-free.

The answer can be found in the Eighth Amendment, which prohibits cruel and unusual punishments. Now clearly it is not exceedingly cruel, per se, to languish in jail for three years—not cruel as a punishment in and of itself. But it is cruel that one man should so suffer the full measure of the law while thousands who do as he did, who in fact do more, should not be thus confined.

And it is unusual—though

by present staff, but that if the electives continue to be as popular as they were this year, "we would like to have more help" in terms of faculty.

"unusual" is an even more imprecise word than "cruel"—that while on a hundred streets in the land people can pop into stores and add to their libraries magazines showing cocker spaniels and chimpanzees copulating with ladies of the night, the publisher of tired, dull old Eros must go to jail. The American system of justice is one of the greatneses of our civilization, but we must certainly mourn when that superb judicial apparatus is so stupidly twisted.

Dr. Simpson's analysis is not necessarily that of The Heights.

Fr. Donovan said that "if it is true" that additional faculty are needed to handle electives and not the majors, "then phasing out the major does not make sense."

Sopka tenure case

(continued from page 1)

Board of Directors subcommittee that it had exceeded the bounds of its jurisdiction.

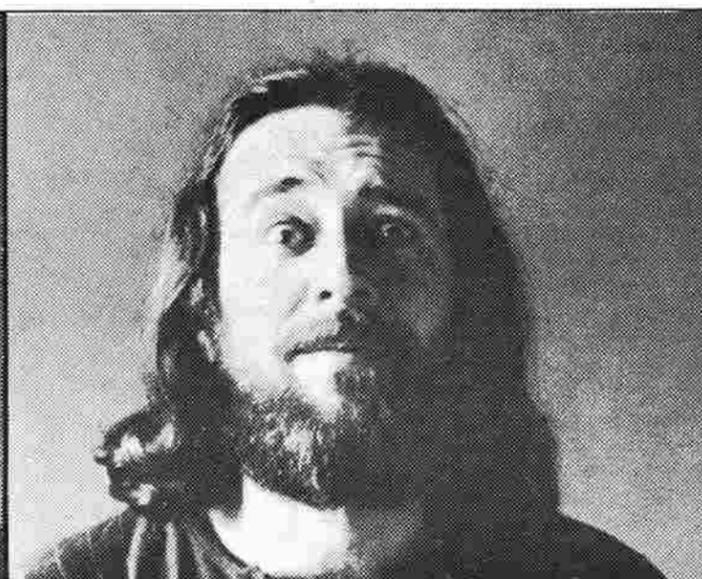
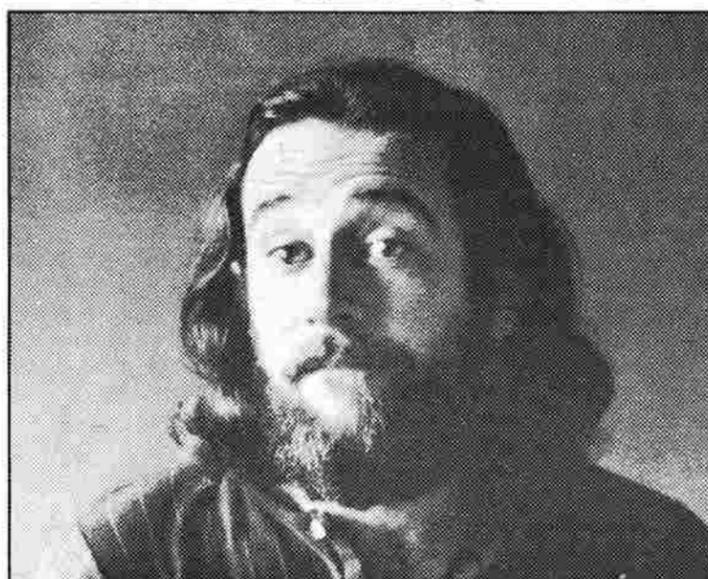
The matter is now once again in the hands of the Board of Directors.

According to Sopka, "Until the beginning of February, neither my attorney nor I had a specific statement of reason for the university's action in denying tenure, despite consistent requests for such a statement over the past

year."

The significance of his case, Sopka says, is that it is the first case held at BC under the new statutory procedures. "From the point of view of the faculty, if the Board of Directors still prevails in such a strong case, then there may be a real problem for the faculty. The Hearing Committee is upset, because they put in a lot of time on this case, and for what, when the outcome was already decided from the beginning."

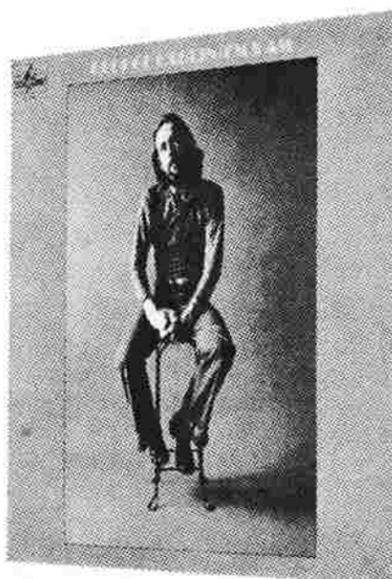
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Retrospective

(continued from page 16)

including captain Don Lewis and old starter Nehru King publicly called PC and Gavitt "racists" for exploiting the school's black athletes, four days before they played Penn at St. John's. It seems strange that a team with a 21-6 record could go so far with so many hassles. Meanwhile, old docile BC was involved in a fight of their own—but this one involved the team against the empty seats at Roberts.

What it takes to have fans in this area condescend to attend a basketball game, I'll never

understand. This season, BC's cagers gave their fans an opportunity to experience all the excitement they could possibly digest. To those hockey freaks who assert that you can watch a whole basketball game in its last two minutes, all that can be responded is perhaps you're right, but only because these two minutes of basketball action, are superior to three periods of hockey.

The players realize what the story is, too. Danny Kilcullen, who tied Pete Schmid for the team's scoring title at 14 per game, said it perfectly after BC whipped St.

John's before still an easy thousand empty seats: "All the guys would rather play on the road. Hell, I'd rather have people there booing me than have empty seats staring at me."

All this could be solved, people say if BC recruited a pivot man to accent their array of guards and forwards. Of the current local crop only the 6-6 Bob Carrington could

possibly fit the bill. But if BC wanted to start filling the place again there are a couple of guys named Ron Lee and King Gaskins who'd do it just fine. These two squared off at Roberts Saturday night. Since we're writing this on the Thursday before, the outcome is unknown, but I'd wager Gaskins, the 6-2 Catholic Memorial ace, was the key. In seeing him play twice

this year, we were entertained beyond comparison, so much so that King has to be on my "All..." team for '71-'72, INCLUDING college personnel. He's that good.

It was a very interesting season we had this year. Many people we met taught us a great deal. Then there were people like Lupica... but NEXT year...

Zuff and the one-pointers season

(continued from page 16)

the ultimate weapon. Ulrich. He appeared in the game for the first time with a half-minute left, was fouled, and sank two free throws to send the game into overtime. With five seconds left in the OT, and the score tied, he appeared again.

(Believe me, the religious undertones are not accidental.) This time, Ulrich threw up a thirty-ft.-off balance-push shot from the left sideline as the buzzer went off. Backboard. Swish. Gloria in excelsis dei. Or something like that.

But the one that was a bit much, the one that had everyone rushing out to the parking lot afterwards to see if there really was a full moon out, the one that had us all checking Zuffelato's horoscope and the Farmer's Almanac and the Old Testament, was the Rhode Island affair. This was an overtime game also, sent into the overtime when our Jim Phelan missed a lay-up (he forgot to read the script) at the buzzer. In the overtime, Rhode Island led by as much as five points with as little as thirty seconds left. But then as a group, the team rediscovered the art of the turnover with youthful zeal, Phelan finally stole a pass-in with 2 seconds left, and Zuff called time-Out. Phelan inbounded the ball from half-court and on a play which Zuffelato had been saving for precisely such an occasion, Dan Kilcullen cut off a Pete Schmid pick at the foul line, received the pass that for a very long time looked like it was going out the door, and made the lay-up. BC 64-Rhody 63.

That was the story of the season really. For awhile, the game plan was simple, though I am sure it was never consciously thought out. Bring a team, usually a good team, into Roberts Center, yank them down to your level, and then tweak them to death. And for the streak that made these people realize they were a good basketball team, it worked beautifully. And then it wasn't needed anymore.

One week before the season ended, the Eagles traveled to Worcester to play Holy Cross, which at the time was still letting

dreams of the N.I.T. cavort through the collective sub-conscious of the place. And on that night, the Eagles demolished HC. Oh, the final score read only 90-77, but you had to be there, and see this team, which had looked so intermittently bad and good during this wild season, play as a well-drilled yet free-spirited unit and just run up and down the court at the Worcester Auditorium, and beat Holy Cross. And then I knew that they were back.

In have mentioned few names, and no statistics. The ones who played the parts know their names and they know their contributions. Jere Nolan and his magical passes, and Dan Kilcullen and that perimeter jumper and the good rebounding Peter Schmid and Mark Raterink and their soul. Jimmy Phelan for just one helluva season. Tom Anstett and Dave Freitag. Thanks.

You see, it was always eleven o'clock this basketball season. And if you looked with tired beery eyes around the bar you might see a cheerleader or two, a couple of reporters, a 6 ft. 7 in. forward maybe, some fans and hangers-on. A member of your bunch of hangers-on would order another round. You would loosen the tie, brush the sweat-stiff hair out of your eyes, reach for another quarter so American Pie could be played once more. Then, you would glance warily around the table, look at each face very closely, all of you fully realizing that the BC basketball team had just won another game by one point. And all of a sudden, for no reason, you would just break into laughter. And for the one-thousandth time that night, someone would say, "I don't believe it. I just do not believe it." And none of us did. And that is why we all had such a damned good time.

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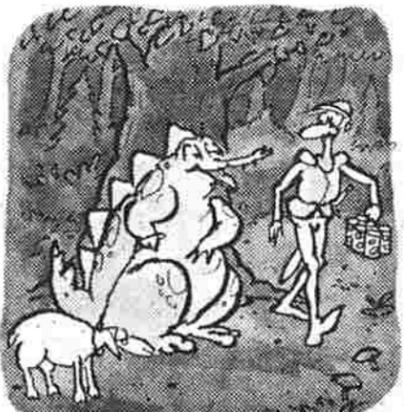
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Ambiguities, contradictions, paradoxes...and a miracle

BY MIKE LUPICA

It was a miracle, really. A minor miracle to be sure, not having Metsian or Jetsian proportions, but a miracle, nevertheless. And it was a miracle that did not last an entire season. You see, the material was not there, and God does have a way of keeping himself under control. So they settled for half a season. They stretched the miracle over ten games in this basketball season, from the time the team was 6-10, until they finally finished the season with that 13-13 record which was strictly someone's nighttime fantasizing before the season started. 13-13. We had a damned good time.

They did it without a superstar and they did it without fans. (Imagine four people seated around a bridge table. That's the student support at this place.) They did it with alms and prayers and luck and some shady Diehls. They did it with sophs and grit and a toughness that was engendered out of the season itself. They did it with a first year coach named Robert Zuffelato.

Somewhere along the line of Zuffelato's training process in his crazy profession, he most certainly received quite detailed training in two areas which are so essential when it comes to coaching and winning with the modern college athlete; the areas, of course, are psychiatry and the occult. Because he invented this season as he went along, with a kind of Tom Swift ingenuousness. He melded his own sneaky exuberance with his also indigenous pragmatism and he accomplished something akin to convincing Charlie Manson's boys

that they really could go straight. When you consider the material, there hasn't been a better performance since Richard Nixon.

There were so many ambiguities, contradictions, paradoxes. There was the loss to BU in the opening game of the season, and making a very good sophomore named Kenny Boyd look like the second coming of St. John the Baptist. (BU finished 6-22. Julius Erving's rep withstood the challenge of Mr. Boyd. Though if he did decide to transfer, well...) There was a defeat of St. John's later on, in the middle of the miracle, but the victory was tarnished somewhat when Mel Davis of the Redmen begged out of the game because of a Ping-Pong injury suffered that afternoon. Well, when you think back on that game remember that you were instructed Mel Davis did not play that night because he did not want to play. It was supposed to be our Chairman of the Boards, David Walker, against the recognized Chairman, Davis. A good ole Texas Death Match. But Mel Davis pulled one of the biggest gutless-wonder routines in recent history, and the show was cancelled. It was the Boston playgrounds against the New York playgrounds, and Davis turned tail and ran.

There was the defeat up in Hanover, New Hampshire when Paul Erland of Dartmouth threw in a 25-footer at the buzzer to send the game into overtime, and then watched his team pressure BC into mistakes and defeat after ballhandlers Jere Nolan and Bobby Smith had fouled out. The 93-88 loss there made the record 6-10,

and if you were there you thought the team was dead. but then they came back on a Saturday night in Roberts Center in front of 3900 people (they must have thought BC was organizing a street-hockey team), and they used the Erland weapon which they had just learned to defeat Holy Cross, now the Riker's Island of college basketball. It was here that Dave Ulrich began doing his imitation of a part-time God by entering the game for the first time with fifteen seconds left and his team trailing by a point, throwing in a twenty-footer to win, sitting down.

Good times, bad times. Bobby Smith, who thinks that shooting is something very close to doing away with a scab, finds himself with the ball and six seconds left against LaSalle in the Quaker City Classic. Shoot, Bobby, shoot. BC 62-LaSalle 61. And in the same tournament, there was the blowing of the final game against Tennessee, when the Eagles played 36 excellent minutes of basketball, and four better ones of bocci. Tenn 62-BC 60.

There were frustrating times, to be sure. There was the consolation game of the Beanpot, for instance, and watching Northeastern, which should be abolished because I have long since ceased to even pity the place, almost pulling off the upset in their inimitable style. On this night, the musky Huskies scored 51 points, which for a Jim Bowman or Dick Dukeshire team is run-and-gun. BC, praise be, scored 52.

And then there was Storrs, Connecticut, a garden paradise to be sure. It was the second to the

last game of the season, and Dee Rowe, who is designated as the head coach at UConn, was doing his imitation of a basketball coach. Now picture this. Coming into this game, our basketball team had a 12-13 record, and had come such a

very long way since the beginning of the season. But UCLA the team not yet was. And Dee Rowe (just think, he could have been the coach HERE) HELD THE BALL. He stalled. He stalled, but we had (continued on page 15)

MIKE LUPICA

Hmmm...

Hmmm...

The new freshman eligibility rule in the NCAA stinks.

a) Bobby Carrington; b) King Gaskins; c) Carleton Smith; d) any two of the above; e) any of the above—if you're reading this, we love you at Boston College.

I'm sorry, Coach Yukica, but I'm busy for lunch on Wednesday.

Ed Kenty hustled more than anyone on the hockey team this year, but had to score four goals in the BU-500th win for people to start realizing that the guy is one great hockey player.

What if Snooks Kelley's name had been Bob Zuffelato?

Incidentally, while we're on the subject of the Boy Wonder, I'm already thinking about the N.I.T. for next season. BC is going to be the new, streamlined version of the 1970-71 Fordham Rams.

I'm going to hold a contest starting right now to determine the starting line-up in basketball for next season. If you win, you get your choice of any suit in Ron Mitchell's closet. (Mitchell is the BU basketball coach who showed up for the opening game of the Beanpot Basketball Tournament wearing a sweatshirt, levis and red sneakers. One of the boys, you see.) The runnerup will get two suits.

Jere Nolan does not wear lifts in his sneakers.

Is there a worse aggregation of basketball coaches to match the boys club in New England? I mean, Tom Carmody, Jack Donohue, Ron Mitchell, Bob Harrison, Jack Leaman and Dee Rowe all in the same season are a bit much, right?

If Bob Zuffelato isn't Coach-of-the-Year in New England, (and Dave Gavitt of Providence is) well, maybe Hubert Humphrey really does have a chance. Hubert does take the cake for sheer audacity, doesn't he?

Every year, I tell myself that I don't hate Holy Cross that much. That they are poor and sick and tiresome. But then I go to the Worcester Auditorium and get a load of their kindergarten fans and their comic book band and the poor demented idiot in the Crusader costume and Jack Donohue wearing four different kinds of stripes, and the blood comes rushing to my head. (After Dan Kilcullen won the Bob Cousy Award as the best player in the Worcester game, one of the HC loyal yelled for him to "choke on it." For a Holy Cross person, this is known as erudition. What is the point in having a Holy Cross, really? Or a UMass, for that matter?)

Who, or what, is a Robert Scigliano, professor? And I'd ask him why he's saying all those terrible things about Dean Hughes, but I think I know. Did you make a lot of brownie points with David Lowenthal, Professor?

If Zuffelato is looking for an assistant in basketball, I have my resume prepared.

Whatever happened to Joe Keaveney?

Lenny DeLuca is not just another Italian joke.

Dave Ulrich does shave.

Thank God for Eddie Pellagrini to liven up a spring that is otherwise going to resemble a football skull session.

Watching the Bucks-Celtics game at the Tam the other night, I heard someone remark, after John Havlicek stole the ball for the second time in the last thirty seconds of the game, "Jeez, Havlicek controls a basketball like Bobby Orr controls a puck." Oh. Chris Shenkel is really beginning to get around.

If I was Mark Raterink, I would go out and get myself a hook shot and a fallway jumper. In case you haven't noticed, Mark, we don't have a center for next year and you would do just fine.

The baseball team deserves to have a good season for no other reason other than Bill Bedard has earned it.

Ernie DiGregorio should be New England basketball Player-of-the-Year. He made a believer out of me, though I still think he is only a short, ugly, Italian version of Jimmy O'Brien.

Zuffelato's last leap of the season was a half-gainer into a cup of Gatorade.

The ABA-NBA jumping war is getting to be a little tedious, like a Donald Greenbaum joke.

Dean Hughes, I still say you would have made a helluva tailback. If only you had learned to go a little better to your right.

Coach Yukica, I am not avoiding you. Really.

B-ball 1971-72: retrospective

BY LEN DE LUCA

In having the opportunity to broadcast 22 Eagle basketball contests this season, we ran across divergent personalities and situations of all sorts. They ranged from a coach who midway through the year took on double duties on the job, to one who in pre-season not to bother himself with winning. Both were moderately successful in their aims. Then there were two schools, roughly sixty miles apart, one which had a b-ball team infested with talent, great support, and racial disharmony and the other, one which had admirable harmony throughout, developing talent, but generally poor support. Which proved the axiom: The nicest house is an empty one (or "There's no reason to fight when you're not winning").

First, the personalities. Little did BC rooters realize midway through the inaugural showing of "Zuff Presents", that the youthful Connecticut was doing a sole—i.e. without an assistant coach. Tom McCorry resigned in late January for personal reasons, so Zuff was left holding the coaching-practicing-and-recruiting bag. So, Zuffelato, whose home address had previously been listed as Holliston, Mass., discovered some untapped trait in his ancestry and made with his touring Gypsy act. So, it was a double pleasure indeed when we saw the Coach of the Eagles being reunited with some lady in the lobby of the Auditorium in Worcester after the

Cross game, who introduced herself to me as Mrs. Zuffelato. Then I introduced her to the Coach.

Things were different in Washington though this year. BC's counterpart on the Jesuit school circuit down that way—Georgetown—engaged itself in a basketball season it would rather forget. It all was forewarned, I might add, on BC radio last December 2, when Billy Evans interviewed Jack McGee of Georgetown at the Boston Garden. It was then that McGee said simply, "I don't care about winning anymore. The pressure on these kids (and himself, he might add) is ridiculous. From the start, we're going out there to enjoy basketball, not to satisfy someone's alumni offering." Well, Georgetown's Athletic hierarchy aptly warned still did not expect the year they got. The Hoyas, the same team which two years hence had lost by only one to LSU and Pete Maravich in the N.I.T., were smudgeoning around with a 2 and 15 record. That's when those good ole' Alumni came shouting. Result: McGee was fired.

So it was as McGee brought his 3 and 22 team into Roberts Center on March 4 for the season finale. Rumor had it that McGee and his athletic director hadn't spoken since Jack got his pink slip. But McGee still was talking to any worthy audience.

"The NCAA are a bunch of hypocrites from top to

bottom... the entire operation is a farce," said Jack after his team had lost to the Eagles in one of the all-time anti-climactic season finishers in b-ball history. When asked if he had any second thoughts on his unique philosophy, he said, "No, but I'll tell you one thing, I've sure learned a lot about the "sport" of basketball, and most of it isn't good."

Ever want to coach basketball again, Coach?—"Yeh, I'd like to try my luck with a C.Y.O. team—with no parents around, naturally."

So it was that an ex-great athlete, a superb recruiter for Bob Cousy in his reign at BC, and a coach regarded highly in his first two years, suddenly became sickened with the high-pressure, disillusioned by the insincerity, and just plain fed up with the con-lines permeating the college-sports business. "It will be a lot easier now," said McGee while sipping a Scotch in the Roberts lobby. It certainly will for him, but meanwhile one wonders what a good guy like Zuffelato is getting himself into.

Then the school question. Providence College this year went to the NCAA tournament (don't remind me about them after they got there). They had great radio and TV coverage. All their home games were sold out. Groovy scene, right? Wrong. For Dave Gavitt started the year with seven black ballplayers—he ended with five in uniform, and two of those, (continued on page 15)