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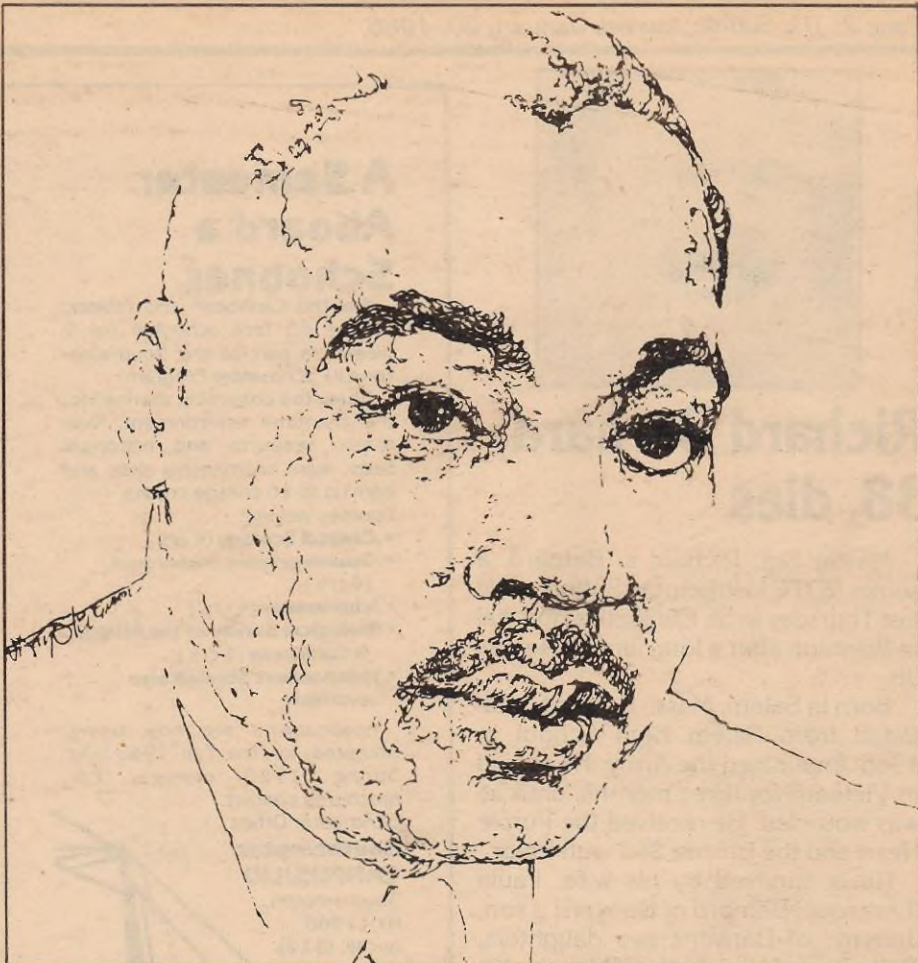
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"The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge. . ."

Martin Luther King, Jr.
1928-1968



The Suffolk Journal

Volume 41, Number 18

January 20, 1986

House makes changes in financial aid programs

This is the first in a two-part series examining what changes the U.S. Congress is proposing in existing federal financial aid programs. This first installment will examine major changes in the financial aid reauthorization bill, passed by the House of Representatives late last year. The second part will deal with the latest Senate proposals and changes in the House bill and will compare both Senate and House versions to existing financial aid programs.

by Regina Gillis

The U.S. House of Representatives passed a bill December 4, 1985 extending higher education funding for financial aid programs through the 1991-2 academic year.

The bill (HR 3700) is basically a reauthorization of the Higher Education Act of 1965. But along with the reauthorization come changes aimed at the federal financial aid system to direct existing funds towards those students in most need of financial aid. The measure also calls for changes in the repayment schedules and interest rates of federally subsidized loan programs, including the Guaranteed (GSL) and National Direct Student Loan (NDSL) programs.

Among the revisions sent to the Senate for consideration is a stipulation in the distribution of Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants (SEOGs) requiring colleges and universities to distribute 75 percent of SEOG funds to low-income students also receiving Pell Grants (BEOGs). Currently, there is no such distribution requirement for SEOG funds.

Proponents of the bill claim that it will require institutions to rechannel funds to students on the low end of the demonstrated financial need scale. Other "distribution"-type regulations include the establishment of a needs eligibility test for NDSLs and GSLs. Indirectly, the provisions for part-time students, including lower minimum BEOG awards and eligibility for all financial aid programs except GSLs are designed to accomplish the same redistribution goal.

Suffolk Financial Aid Director Christine Perry says that the House bill paints an incomplete picture. "I don't know what to tell you with this Gramm-Rudman thing . . . until the [Congress and the President] come up with specific areas they want to cut," Perry warned.



Christene Perry Photo by David Grady

"And there are so many exceptions (to Gramm-Hollings) that every time they add one more exemption, they are limiting the pool from which the cuts must be made. . . So the cuts will have to be more severe," Perry said.

The Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill, signed into law in December by President Reagan, calls for "gradual" federal deficit cuts across the board, with a few exempted areas, in an attempt to eliminate the deficit by 1991. If Congress and the President fail to reach the approximately \$36 billion in cuts each year, the law requires certain automatic reductions to be made — (See *Journal*, Volume 41, No. 13).

The House bill also alters the composition of repayment schedules for GSLs and NDSLs. In the GSL program, the House calls for the multiple disbursement of loan checks directly to the institution, instead of the current policy of issuing the lump sum check to the student co-payee.

The bill would also allow students to borrow up to \$5,000 in the last two years of undergraduate study, com-

Suffolk for Hire: On location with *Spenser*



Star Robert Urich between takes.

see Page 3. Photo by David Grady

per year plan. The interest rate, now at 8 percent, would jump to 10 percent in the fifth year of repayment. The repayment schedule would begin nine months after separation or graduation from college, as opposed to the current six months' grace period. Finally, the bill would allow students to borrow an additional 5 percent of the face value of the loan to offset the 5 percent "origination fee" charged by the lending bank. Currently, the origination fee is deducted from the face value of the loan when the check is issued.

In the House recommendations, the grace period before repayment for NDSLs would change from the current six months to nine months. Although the interest rate would remain at 5 percent, the bill calls for the establishment of a late fee of no more than 20 percent of the student's quarterly payment.

In both loan programs, teachers could automatically defer their loans for an additional three years and parents with infants an additional six months.

Perhaps the most drastic of the House provisions is the revision of the "independent student" definition used by financial aid officers to determine the amount of need a student requires. The new definition would automatically consider *all* students under the age of 23 as financial dependents unless the student were married, a ward of the court, a veteran, a graduate student, or unmarried with children, unless the student could prove other special financial circumstances. That clause, as it stands now, only requires that a student prove no financial support from his or her parents and that the student was not claimed as a dependent on his parents' tax forms.



Richard Bernard,
38, dies

Master Sgt. Richard a. Bernard, a senior ROTC instructor at Suffolk, died last Thursday in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Brighton after a long illness. He was 38.

Born in Salem, Mass., Bernard graduated from Salem High School in 1966, and joined the Army. He served in Vietnam for three months, until he was wounded. He received the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star with Valor.

He is survived by his wife, Paula (Levasque) Bernard of Danvers; a son, Jeremy, of Danvers; two daughters, Michelle and Viki, both of Danvers; his parents, Sylveo and Loretta (Picard) Bernard of Salem; two brothers, Arthur of Danvers, and Sylveo Jr. of Beverly and a sister, Elizabeth Rankin of Haverhill.

A funeral service was held Saturday at 10:30 a.m. in St. Alphonsus Church in Danvers. Burial was in Greenlawn Cemetery in Salem.

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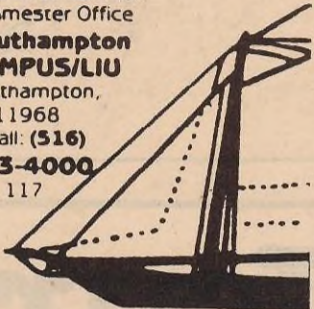
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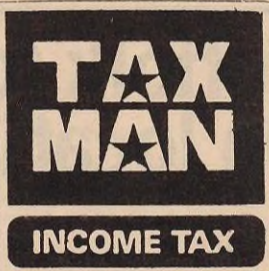


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SPRING 1986

DATE	TOPIC	PRESENTER
January 22	COUNSELING ADOPTED CHILDREN	Joyce Pavao, Ed.D. The Family Center Somerville, MA
February 5	ALCOHOLISM IN THE WORK PLACE	Ron Flemming, LICSW Dept. of Social Services M.I.T.
February 19	EATING DISORDERS: TREATMENT STRATEGIES AND IMPLICATIONS	Mary Ann Gawelek, Ed.D. Assistant Professor and Clinical Coordinator Counseling Psychology Leslie College
March 5	DEATH, LOSS AND GRIEVING	Hester Hill, LICSW Division of Oncology Beth Israel Hospital
March 26	LOSS IN DIVORCE AND RE-MARRIAGE	Rita VanTassel, M.S.W. Co-Director Step Family Associates Brookline, MA
April 9	ADULT CHILDREN OF ALCOHOLICS	Barbara Acksen, Ph.D. Clinical Director Marion Center for Human Services
April 23	PHOBIAS: TREATMENT STRATEGIES	Daniel Brown, Ph.D. Director Psychology Training and Clinical Science Behavioral Medicine Program The Cambridge Hospital

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Delta Sima Pi — Recruiting	9-1	Cafeteria

Meetings 1:00-2:30 pm

WSUB Workshop	A402
Math Clinic	A403
SGA	S423
Finance	S426
Economic Tutoring	S1146

THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1986

Delta Sigma Pi — Recruiting	9-1	Cafeteria
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Meetings 1:00-2:30 pm

Greek Club	S426
Economic Tutoring	S1142
WSUB Workshop	A402

The
Suffolk
Journal

8 Ashburton Place
Boston, MA 02108
617/723-4700 x.323

The Suffolk Journal is the official newspaper of the student body of Suffolk University; it is published weekly throughout the academic year and monthly during the summer. It is the policy of The Suffolk Journal to be an opinion leader and sounding board for student views by providing a medium for democratic expression. Those who work on the staff gain invaluable practical experience in newspaper writing, re-writing, copy editing, layout and advertising, available to all interested students regardless of major.

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On location with *Spenser*

by David Grady

Hollywood invaded Beacon Hill last Wednesday as *Spenser for Hire*, the Boston-based television detective series, shot several scenes at Suffolk University.

The television film crew and a small army of carpenters converged on the Donahue Building January 14 and 15, covering up Suffolk signs and transforming the building from the Law School in to "Willis Technology," a fictional communications company.

The script called for Spenser, played by Robert Urich, to follow the villainess, played by Caitlin O'Heaney, into the offices of Willis Technology. Scores of curious students and passersby crowded Temple Street to watch the shooting, which ended late Wednesday, January 15.

One scene called for an explosion in the office of Mr. Willis, actually Dean Sargent's office. A pre-shattered pane of special effects glass was installed in



George Comeau interviews Guy "Mr. Willis" Strauss for an upcoming segment of WSUB's video magazine "Brownstone."

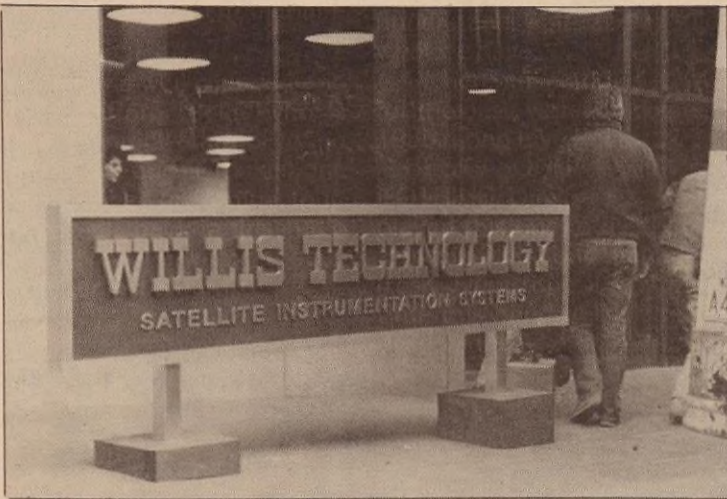
one of the windows, with the action following the explosion shot around the pane of glass. The actual explosion and glass shattering will be completed in a nearby Brighton studio.

The sub-zero wind chill factor failed to discourage many onlookers from stealing a glimpse of Urich. "God, he's gorgeous," said one shivering Urich fan. Another onlooker threw Urich a sweater, which was promptly thrown back.

The American Broadcasting Corporation (ABC) made a donation of an undisclosed amount on behalf of *Spenser* to Suffolk for the use of its facilities, according to George Comeau, president of WSUB-TV.

Amidst the confusion on the set, the 3M Corporation, which was attempting to make a legitimate delivery to the Donahue Building, saw the "Willis Technology" signs and left.

"Spenser at Suffolk" should air in about four weeks on Tuesday at 10 p.m.



The offices of Willis Technology, once known as the Donahue Building.



The villainess, Caitlin O'Heaney.



The Spenser mobile.



Filming on the stairs of the State House.



Photos by David Grady



Carpenters cover up Suffolk signs before filming.

Black leadership: Yesterday and today

by Dolores Ponte

Robert Moses, civil rights activist and former Field Secretary for SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) was the speaker at Suffolk's celebration of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday.

Approximately thirty students, faculty and administrators attended the event sponsored by the Office of the President, the Black Student Association and the Campus Ministry.

After introductions by Dr. Daniel Perlman, Suffolk University President and Dr. Carolyn Jordan, Assistant to the President and Director of Minority Affairs, Moses reflected somberly on black leadership in the sixties and today.

"I think about Dr. King as a leader, a highly visible media figure, a very forceful person . . . today, Bishop (Desmond) Tutu is in the same vein, emerging as a leadership figure in the movement in South Africa," says

Moses.

He describes leaders as compact and visible particles and organizers as a diffused, gravitational field. The "particles" like King and Tutu are more visible, but the "fields" like SNCC and the African National Congress in South Africa go unnoticed.

"That's the nature of organizing," says Moses, "They're not seen, but it's acting behind the scenes."

Moses says he could appreciate what is happening in South Africa. The African National Congress organized the removal of students from high schools. Moses says the civil rights movement in Mississippi never reached that extreme, but in the summer of 1966, 1000 white, middle-class students joined the Freedom School with poor, southern blacks who had been organizers for years. The 1966 march through Mississippi called for black power that sparked South Africans to black consciousness.

Moses cites official government op-

pression as a parallel between black Americans and South Africans. Mississippi did not have a local FBI office in 1964, only local people that were on call to the FBI, but political pressure forced the FBI to establish a local branch.

South Africans facing oppression do not have a national power like the United States or the Soviet Union putting pressure on their government for reform.

"We are witnessing the last chance for the superpowers to get involved (in South Africa)," says Moses, "The economic machinery of the Western world is grinding itself to do something about South Africa."

Moses believes that if there was no civil rights movement in the United States, South Africa would not have rebelled. Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination dismantled the civil rights movement in the United States.

Moses says, "For the first time, poor, rural blacks were an organized group

and that was too threatening for the country."

"A few years ago, there was a riot in Miami," continues Moses, "and everyone was rushing in . . . to calm things down. It struck me that children rioting in Miami were the same as children rioting in South Africa. This country can support that kind of action in South African townships . . . (but not) in Miami. On both sides of the ocean, the struggle isn't over."

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Resorting to skiing

by Sandra Miller

Normal people take their winter vacations in warm, frolicky locales such as the Bahamas, Florida or New Orleans. Not this New England masochist. No, I've always stuck it out here, thin blood and all, believing I'll keep better. So when I was asked to go for a weekend of Maine skiing — whoa, I leapt at the chance like a penguin takes to sliding down an iceberg on its belly.

Not that I had ever skied before. But I immediately pictured myself as cutting a mean, sleek streak down a snow and pine-filled mountain, swooshing snow behind me like Suzy Chapstick. The wind combs my hair and the Coors-quality mountain air fills my lungs. Ah, Wilderness!

Oh, and maybe I'd take some lessons from the flanneled Pierce Brosnan-like ski instructor. Later, I'd fake a tiny fall and feign limp for the sole purpose of having a few "snow rabbits" carry me to the nearest lodge and fill my grog-cup by the roaring fire.

The trip, won by raffle, was . . . Don Pardo, please!

Well, Sandi, you and a partner will be awarded a fun-filled weekend in Rumford, Maine, accommodated by the Madison Motor Lodge Inn. The Madison is complete with health club facilities, including pool, sauna, weight and whirlpool to help you with those tired muscles for a long day of skiing. And to help keep you warm, celebrate at the Madison Lounge, to help you dance the night away. And in the morning, enjoy skiing at the . . . Sunday River Ski Resort, in Bethel, Maine!

I should have known better.

The first sign I should have picked up on right away was the fact the winner of the vacation actually was no other than — my brother. Sigh. Don't get me wrong. My brother is a fine, morally upstanding young man. But the problem was that he is a fine, morally upstanding young man.

Granted, he wasn't too thrilled with the prospect of his kid sister going either, but the good thing about families is their last minute notice capability — to be there when everyone has already made plans to have fun elsewhere.

Another foreshadowing should have been the seven hours it took to get there; three to get to Maine, one to get off the highway, two to figure which Maine resident was giving us the right directions and one to stumble accidentally upon it.

Both very saddlesore, from the seven hour ride, we grab the key and tiredly trod over to our motel room. The room itself overwhelmed me: with two king-sized beds, four cots and a convertible couch, the room could have slept ten comfortably. I felt the same guilty feeling I had at Thanksgiving when eating to all the Ethiopia videos.

Then I remembered my brother's tale about his last trip to Sugar Loaf: all the non-stop, all-night smorgasbord of

beer, drugs and general trashing of any room left standing. The beds, I reasoned were for those happening to pass out on the floor. I rush by my brother, who also lay passed out in front of the television, which surprisingly through the use of a dish had both Boston and Canadian channels for those craving a more cosmopolitan broadcast. I flung open the door and listened carefully in the midnight air, scanning up and down the hallways in search of life. A frightened elderly couple stared back at me, as the hurriedly jammed their key in their door. Nothing.

I then poked my brother and dragged him off to the lounge. We found more middle-aged couples discoing to the sound of the two lounge-lizards doing Van Halen's "Jump." A few watered down drinks later, we left before it closed at 12:30, and fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke to the thumps of an especially loud water pipe behind my baseboard. The snow reflected an unnatural, painful sunshine into the room. My brother is already suited up and staring at me. "No, really, I am psyched up to ski!" I grumbled in defense and dressed for an especially cold but fun day.

Another sign told me to turn back — the fluorescent orange ski suit I borrowed from my sister was a size too small. Not to be deterred, I squeezed into it got out my shoe horn and made the best of it. My knees would no longer bend, but I'd manage.

We arrived at Sunday River only to be greeted by an hour's wait and cold feet outside the Jack Frost ski store to rent some equipment, which was quickly running out. And just when I got the hang of actually carrying the equipment and moving about in the Frankenstein Walk-inducing ski boots, my experienced-skiier brother dropped me off at ski school.

There I was, alone and clumsy, watching my brother disappear into the swarming mass of touk-ed and downwardly-mobile humanity. I and six others were herded onto a truck and transported to a partially roped-off area.

Our crew-cutted ski instructor, Scott, looked us over, while slapping a ski pole into his gloved palm he barked, "Which of you were here this morning?" In other words, "which of you are brain-dead?" Three people raised their hands, and they were taken away, never to be seen again.

We remaining three quivered, whether it was from the wind chill or his arm band, I was unsure. He then commanded us to put on our skis, probably because we were embarrassing him with our awkward handling of the six-foot-long slats of wood.

I started to sweat. I couldn't get them on. My eyes pleaded for forgiveness into Scott's Ray Bans. He stood there, his arms crossed over his thin sweater (he wore no jacket or hat — just the sweater and a headband with stretch-pants) and shook his head. "All you have to do is put your foot in and step — see, the other two have it. . . ." O.K., I'm panicking. I slipped them on. Within five minutes I feel. To my horror, I could not get back up without creating a new kneecap. "Excellent," said Scott, "perfect opportunity to teach you how to get up." Hence he

proceeded to "fall," although we doubted that he had ever fallen by accident in his life. He then rolled onto his stomach, and "walked" his way back up with my hands. But I couldn't bend my knees in my makeshift body cast of a ski-suit, so he generously gave me a hand.

So we were instructed to the amusement of the "real" skiiers, waiting in the long, snake-like line for the ski-lift, and we often served as traffic cones for skiiers. Step by awkward step, we were guided on the ups and downs of skiing.

Within a half hour, everyone got the hang of it but me. "Well, it seems that the other two are a bit more, uh, advanced," he said menacingly, "so we'll let them go up the lift and help two others learn." After another half-hour, he decided that we too could ski on the real slopes like everyone else, and went on the ski lift.

Despite the cold winds, it was fun — sort of like the Sky-line at Disney World. Probably the best part of Sunday River. Finally we reached the top of our slope. Disembarking from the lift seat, I fell again. Again. I panicked, trying to get up before Scott, who rode behind us, could see. Too late. I took his hand again, his mouth frowned into a "perhaps she isn't ready, perhaps she's just an idiot," expression.

But once on the slopes it was like I pictured, albeit a bit in slow motion. It was like ice-skating on a hill. Yeah. Swish, swoosh, ahh, the sporting life . . . swoosh, . . . splat. And splat. But I was cocky, and I was doing better than my fellow students. "Exactly, exactly, Sandi, I knew you could do it." Encouraged Scott, "See, you've got it. Exactly, exactly."

I was ready to go solo. Yeah! I sauntered up to the ski-lift ticket counter, and gave her five dollars for one ride (it was by that time three o'clock, and the slopes closed at four.) She suggested that I try the other lift. "Since this will be your last trip of the day, you might as well take the longer slope instead of buying two tickets." Amazed at the hospitality of these people, I happily took the ticket and took the lift up. And up. And up. Getting off the lift, I fell again. Uh oh.

I stared down the icy 45-degree angle expert slope. I gulped. I think I must have been standing there twenty minutes pondering whehter or not to ask the lift conductor to let me ride down. After watching perhaps the 53rd five-year-old attack the trail, I decided

that it really only appeared dangerous, and gingerly slid down. The first ten feet wasn't bad, and I started to feel better.

Suddenly I spun into a kamakaiz-diver. Unable to remember how to use the skiing golden rule, "keep in control" to my benefit, I curved toward the forest, but decided that a tree was not the best solution to my problem, and slashed straight again. Finally I corrected the situation, which was rapidly spiralling towards 50 m.p.h. with my more natural instincts — I fell. And fell. And tumbled and fell some more.

Whoa. When the stars disappeared, I somehow managed to colled my sun glasses over there and my ski over here and my other ski up the hill. A few people stopped to survey my condition, and then good-naturedly assured me that the same thing happens to everyone. Except them, of course.

Skiing sucks, and then you die from head injuries, I surmised. However, I still had to get down, since I was only halfway down and no "snow rabbits" had arrived. Shakily, I slowly and cautiously made it to the bottom waiting for the brain hemorrhage, I reminded myself of the little signs posted everywhere as well as the agreement I signed, saying that the odds are strong that you'll break something but it's not our fault concerning such imperfection. I wasn't in too many pieces that I couldn't make it to the hot cocoa dispenser and wait for my brother to arrive, but I decided then and there that this was the end of blazing any more snowy tracks.

The next morning, when I couldn't move any joint in my body, my resolution was confirmed. Thanks for the holiday, but next time I'll be content with "Wide World of Sports" and accept the "agony of defeat."

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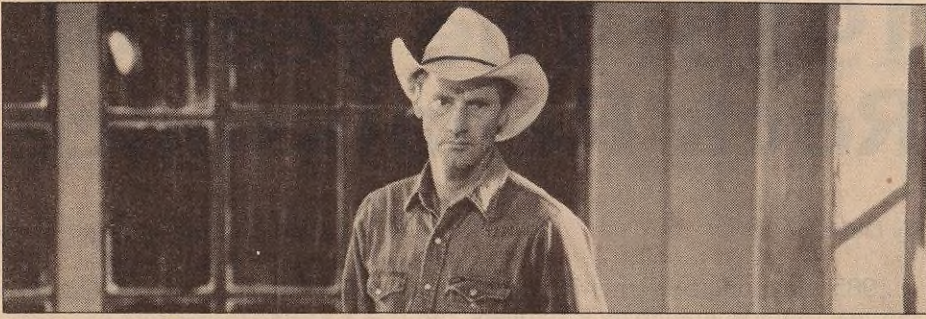
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ARTS



No Love lost

FOOL FOR LOVE — A Cannon Films Release. Directed by Robert Altman. Screenplay by Sam Shepard based on his play. Starring Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton. At USA Cinema Copley Place and Harvard Square. Rated (R).

by Rick Dunn

Trash-mongers Golan and Globus, who control Cannon Films, are trying to change their image, and producing Sam Shepard's Obie award winning play *Fool For Love* was a valiant attempt, but no cigar. What we get is a powerfully acted, but stagnant passion-play.

Sam Shepard is wonderful as a drifter-cowboy who travels over 2,000 miles in search of his lover, the frenzied Kim Basinger. The two have a lust/hate relationship that is the basis of the first hour. Shepard and Basinger can neither break-up or stay together, because of their deeply hidden secret. Listening to Basinger and Shepard hint about their secret is like watching a dragged out episode of *Dynasty* where

Joan Collins threatens she knows something, but we do not find out until next season. In *Fool For Love* we find out during the last half-hour, and that revelation is surprising, but not worth the wait. The only thing the first hour has to offer is, well, nothing. Shepard and Basinger can not carry the weak beginning, because they have nothing to do except sweat.

The biggest surprise in *Fool For Love* is sexpot Kim Basinger. Basinger pulls a Farrah Fawcett, or in other words, messes up her hair and make-up and proves she can act. The ubiquitous Harry Dean Stanton and Randy Quaid appear intermittingly, and it is these two that help move the narrative along.

Director Robert (M.A.S.H.) Altman did not seem to be an integral part in the process of bringing *Fool For Love* to the screen, because he leaves everything up to the actors, and does not even take advantage of the locale.

Fool For Love is not one of those films where the coming attractions are more enthralling than the film, but it is not worth the five bucks or the time.

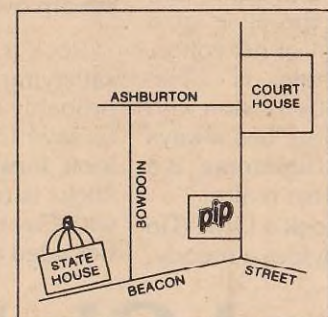


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MUSIC

Stevie Nicks Rocks a Little

STEVIE NICKS: ROCK A LITTLE, A Modern Records release. Produced by Jimmy Iovine and Stevie Nicks.

by Rick Dunn

Ever since she began with Fleetwood Mac, the husky voiced Stevie Nicks has always stood out as the group's most talented and popular member. Her latest solo effort, *Rock a Little*, supports those claims with relative ease. Again with mostly self-penned songs, Nicks reveals the world gypsies and witches she has so aptly created many times hence. However, the album also includes a few overdone top-fortyish numbers that are now requirement for any album to be a success with the general public.

Ms. Nicks weaves in and out of fantasy and reality with the style of a gothic romance in many of her songs, and a prime example is "The Nightmare." Her obvious fixation with mysticism and gypsy lore has always been evident, and "The Nightmare" is a further excursion into that realm.

On the title track "Rock a Little (Go ahead Lily)," Nicks provides a moody,

and somewhat eerie, tribute to a burned out rock star who can not go onstage. No chance of that happening here.

Unfortunately, Nicks felt the need to include a track that we could have easily done without, in particular "I Can't Wait." "Wait" is a truly weak song, but Nicks one of a kind voice and strong delivery can even make fodder like this seem bearable. The already top ten hit "Talk to Me," the only song not written by Nicks, is just over-produced.

Nicks shows considerable flare with "Imperial Hotel" and the humorous "Sister Honey." She burns through these songs, pushing her vocalism to the limit. Thankfully, neither song is overdone and both have that unrefined quality that separates them from mainstream overkill.

Rock a Little is a well-rounded and satisfying effort from Nicks, who is probably the only rock star not trying to save the world, and it makes one look forward to her upcoming tour. Nicks is reportedly back in the studio with Fleetwood Mac for what has been heralded as their last album.

1985: The year of Rock Renaissance

by Dave Hayes

1985 may long be remembered as the year third generation rock 'n' rollers like ourselves were for perhaps the first time able to hold our collective head high while holding court on the subject. It was the year of Rock Renaissance, a rebirth of inspired music the likes of which has not been heard since most of us were in kindergarten and most rock fans were carrying M16s instead of guitars.

Of course, it was not a year without flaws. Nobody's perfect and some of us are worse. It's still big business out there, kids, and terms like "hit potential" and "formula music" may quite possibly never excuse themselves from the rock 'n' roll table. Still we cross our fingers and wait, and thank God for what we have.

So here it is, kiddies — my choices for the best, worst, and specialties for 1985. Long Live Rock.

BEST SONG — MONEY FOR NOTHING, Dire Straits. Sure, the radio played this one to death, but it was a slow kill. This song managed to sound fresh every time it was played. High time this band got the recognition it deserved.



BEST ALBUM — FABLES OF THE RECONSTRUCTION, R.E.M. The height of musical integrity, these Georgia boys are an inspiration. Their best work yet, their best year yet. May many more follow.

BEST ARTIST — BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN. Forget all the hype. He didn't create it, and he didn't bask in it. Call it the He Who Keeps His Head While All About Him Are Losing Theirs award. He may be bigger than the Beatles, but don't tell him that.

BEST GROUP — R.E.M. Their work is their play, and it shows. This group could be the biggest in the world, but they'd rather be the best. They may have a way to go, but this year was all theirs.

BEST VIDEO — DON'T COME AROUND HERE NO MORE, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. This acid-drenched trip through Wonderland was gyped at the MTV awards. Petty is truly a Mad Hatter, keeping his cool amidst a dazzling swirl of special effects. Flawless.

WORST SONG (TIE) — HEAVEN, Bryan Adams. Possibly the worst songwriter of modern times. What do you expect from a guy who's first guitar came from a five and dime, and who learned how to play it til his fingers bled all in one summer? Get serious, buddy.

LOVIN' EVERY MINUTE OF IT, Loverboy. Hahahahahahaha. It is to laugh.

WORST ALBUM — RECKLESS, Bryan Adams. Hey boy, you look mighty cute in dem jeans. Adams does know how to get a song on the radio. Too bad he doesn't have the ambition

to go one step further and get a *real* song on the air. Brainless filler.

WORST ARTIST — DAVID LEE ROTH. It's good to see Roth has such a great sense of humor. I'm sure he's laughing all the way to the bank with the royalties from *Crazy From The Heat*. Surely Van Halen will sorely miss this man's creative genius and wagging ass. Or will they? Congrats, Eddie, you are free at last.

WORST GROUP — JOHN CAFFERTY AND THE BEAVER BROWN BAND — The first time I heard C.I.T.Y. I thought it was Kenny Loggins. Hailing from New Jersey is no excuse for sounding exactly like the Garden State's favorite son. The first time I heard "Tender Years" on the radio I thought it was Bruce and almost cried at how low he had stooped. This lip-synch wonder is nothing short of pathetic.

WORST VIDEO — PARTY ALL THE TIME, Eddie Murphy. One of the funniest men alive, Murphy pulls the biggest joke of his career, telling us all that he can sing and then releasing this embarrassingly bad effort. Rick James does an admirable job as the straight man.

So much for the grammy-type baloney. Now the good stuff.

MAN OF THE YEAR — Who else? Bob Geldof. St. Bob did more to raise our collective consciousness than any man in the history of rock. No need to rehash his efforts — we've all heard the story, still, we cannot praise the scruffy Irishman enough. Job well done, Bob. Take five.

BEST HEAVY METAL GROUP — Hehehehehehehehe. No, I'm just kidding. How about that group where the guy wears the buzz saw in the crotch of his pants? I nominate Spinal Tap.

COMEBACK OF THE YEAR — JOHN FOGERTY. I'm proud to wear my flannel shirt again. That the man can go through all the legal runaround and still write coherently is wonderful. Fogerty wrote, produced, sang, and played all the instruments, and damned if this isn't great music. Keep him in, coach.

HACK OF THE YEAR — LIONEL RITCHIE — Ritchie's best piece yet — his Pepsi ad. Life is one big jingle. Next time this guy has an "awesome dream," let's hope he keeps it to himself.

AIN'T THAT AMERICA AWARD (TIE) JOHN C. MELLENCAMP, TOM PETTY. What, no Bruce? Petty's entire career has been spent sketching America. Mellencamp has come a long way, baby, and though neither of these guys have ever rallied round the flag, (and never claimed to) they touch our spirit. Stay away from the anthem-shouters, kids. These are men of the people.

DEATH FROM OVEREXPOSURE AWARD — PHIL COLLINS. Wherever there were cameras and lights, Phil Collins was there. No wonder he never shaves, he doesn't have time. What a man, huh? Stick with Genesis, Phil. Remember Genesis?

BEST POLITICIAN/PUBLICIST — STEVEN VAN ZANDT. The former Boss sideman flashes his political consciousness for a truly good cause and simultaneously makes himself a household name. A good move all around.

BEST GROUP TAKEOVER — BONO. The new Messiah even has the beard to prove it. Who is Dave Evans, anyway?

God, I could go on forever. Well, that's it. Let's hope 1986 shows us this year was no fluke. That's Rock 'n' Roll.

Twisted Sister plays for attention

COME OUT AND PLAY, Twisted Sister on Atlantic Records, produced by Dieter Dierks.

by Ken Doucet

Dee Snider, Twisted Sister's lead singer has become a sort of heavy metal spokesperson. Through his hosting MTV's heavy metal specials, Snider has become the most visible, and certainly the most audible of metal's frontmen. *Come Out and Play* is an album that mixes a number of tested metal styles, but gives a performance that merits attention.

The opening song and title track "Come Out and Play" features an introduction straight out of the movie *The Warriors*. A voice mocks the listener screeching, "Twisted Sister, come out and play!" The song then roars into an Iron Maiden-like riff as Snider invites the listener to join his "wild fantasy come true."

"Come Out and Play," fades into the cut "Leader of the Pack," TS's metalized version of the Sixties classic. The bubble-gum lyrics and Snider's deranged cries of "Look out, look out," are just hokey enough to make the song work.

There are a couple of slow ballads; "I Believe in You," and if you bought the cassette, the bonus track "King of the Fools." Neither of these tunes are

gems, but neither are any worse than Mötley Crüe's "Home Sweet Home."

The Crüe-like "Kill or be Killed," and "Looking Out for Number One," are like the most rocking songs on the LP, although they delve into the "death metal" lyrics that have too often plagued heavy metal.

The surprise of *Come Out and Play* is "Be Chrool to Your Scuel." The Sisters are joined by such unlikely musicians as Billy Joel on piano, Clarence Clemons of Springsteen's E-Street Band on saxophone, and former Stray Cat Brian Setzer on guitar. Topping off the list on this cut is guest vocalist Alice Cooper. Cooper and Snider team up to reap havoc with educators throughout the land with their assault on the institutional learning process.

Other cuts on the record like "You Want What We Got," and "The Fire Still Burns," are weaker ones, relying on monotonous chanting of silly call-and-response type lyrics. These types of songs tend to work well in concert, but prove to be weak and worthless on vinyl.

TS takes few chances on this record, but the chemistry of the band and its sense of humor and spirit give this album a quality that any rock fan can appreciate. How else can one find out what kind of shampoo Dee Snider prefers, except by buying this album and reading the liner notes?

MUSIC WRITERS MEETING

Those interested in writing music of any style or origin are welcome to attend the *Journal Music Writers Meeting* on **January 23**, at 2:00 pm in the Journal office.

Whatever your musical preference is, there is room for your input. The Journal strives for the most diverse music section possible, and now that I'm music editor again, this will be my main concern.

Bring your interests and ideas to the meeting. If you can not make the meeting, but wish to write music, contact **Avery Bidmead** at the Journal office or call **x323** (Tues.-Thurs.)

SPORTS

Rams let it slip away, 74-73

by Mike DeSimone

"The saddest words, by tongue or by pen, are those that say 'What might have been'."

The phrase "What might have been" is the theme of Suffolk's 74-73 overtime loss to Worcester Polytech.

The "What might have been" part came with seventeen seconds left in regulation with the score tied at 62-62. The Rams Mike Slattery was at the free-throw line after being fouled by WPI's John Loonie as he was driving towards the basket. Slattery, on his way to an outstanding game (16 pts, 8 rebounds, 6 assists), had made one shot and was about to make his second when the Ram's Dan Anglin was called for a lane violation. The referee said he moved. The rest of the Rams said that he didn't, but unfortunately had no say in the matter.

"It cost us an important free throw," said Assistant Coach Joe Amorosino, who was filling in for Head Coach Jim Nelson, who was attending the NCAA Convention in New Orleans.

Had Slattery been allowed to shoot, the Rams might have had a victory, but there's no use crying over spilt milk.

The Engineer's Dave MacGregor, who at 5-9 is the shortest player on both teams, played like a giant as he hit for six crucial points in the extra session.

Dean Coletti had just drilled one from the top of the key to tie it at 68 with 2:17 left when MacGregor took

over. First, he put his team back on top with a jump from about 15 feet.

The Engineers rebounded a Ram's miss, took their time down court, and when Dan Sioui missed after driving the lane, MacGregor was there to follow up the play for a 72-68 lead with



Suffolk's Rick Hayes

Photo by Maureen Pirone

just 33 seconds left. The Rams were never able to recover as it turned out, but they did make it kind of dramatic.

Anglin was fouled as he drove the lane, and when the shot rolled in, a foul was called. The three-point play cut it to 72-71, but with 23 seconds left, the Rams had to foul. Unfortunately, they fouled MacGregor, who calmly sank both shots.

George Hurley, who had come off the bench after Leo Fama (16 pts, 8 rebounds) fouled out, followed up a missed layup with nine seconds to go.

Suffolk called time to set up the defense, and it must have worked because when MacGregor took the inbounds pass, he was immediately surrounded by Rams, and stepped out of bounds. Six seconds were left, and Suffolk actually had one chance to win it.

Bringing the ball in to the left of their own basket, Rich Hayes (9 pts, 4 assists) inbounded to Hurley, but the ball was slapped out of his hands. Soon it looked like 4th and goal at the one as bodies piled everywhere for control of the ball, but time ran out.

"We're doing the right things in order to win, but we're just not getting the breaks," said Amorosino.

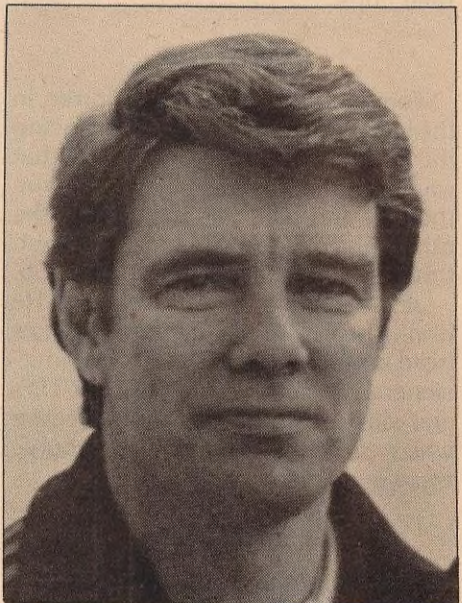
We banded together when we had too and made the key shots, but....."

The Rams are now 3-8.

The lead changed hands eight times in a low scoring first half with no team gaining more than a five point lead.

The Rams found themselves up by four, 27-23 at the break, led by Fama's 7 points and 6 from Colretti.

The tempo increased in the second half and when Fama got position and layed one in from the right baseline, the Rams had a 56-53 lead with 5:43 left.



Coach Jim Nelson Photo by David Grady

Worcester came back, though, led by Needham's Bill McCullen, who scored a game high 20 points. His bomb from the left side gave the Engineers a 62-58 lead.

Hurley, doing an outstanding job of filling in for Fama, hit three crucial free-throws down the stretch, before the adventure at the free throw line.

Rams overwhelmed by Fitchburg

by Mike DeSimone

In the end, Fitchburg State turned out to be too much to handle. After its convincing 10-5 win over Suffolk, the Falcons showed why they are one of the top teams in Division III.

The line of Chris Page, Bob McMahon, and Joe Gurney have contributed greatly to this fact, and tonight they were no different. The trio combined for five goals and a number of headaches for the Rams, and in turn snapped Suffolk's three-game win streak.

"That line played well for us again," said Fitchburg coach Dean Fuller, who looks more like a biology professor than a hockey coach. "They gave us an edge tonight."

It didn't start out that way, however, as Suffolk scored the first goal and, thanks largely to the goaltending of Rich Barret, found themselves with a 2-1 advantage at the end of the first period.

Dave Kaynakian scored the goal while the Rams were short-handed, converting on a pass from Dave Calautti at 3:11. The Falcons were trying to set up in the Rams' zone when Calautti intercepted. Fitchburg's Tom Curley tried to break him up with a poke-check, but his stick cracked in half. Calautti skated up ice, held the puck, then slipped it to Kaynakian who beat goalie Roger Poussard with a quick wrist shot.

Page tied it just five minutes later as the Falcons began to control the play but Barret, with sparkling saves on Steve Sawyer and McMahon up close, kept Fitchburg at bay. Barret was called upon to make 16 saves in the period.

The Falcon's big line, though, applied the pressure in the second period.

McMahon got control of the puck behind the Suffolk net and spotted Gurney in front of Barret. Gurney took the pass, swung to his right for a better angle, and put the puck in the net to tie the game at two apiece.

The Rams retaliated, started using the body and briefly took the lead on a goal by John Tringale with Fitchburg a man down.

Tringale, whose offensive opportunities, have been somewhat limited because of his move to the defense, showed some of his "old" form when he took the puck at center, blew past a Falcon defender, and ripped a 40-footer past Poussard where the puck settled in the top corner of the net. The Rams, though, were put on ice as the Falcons scored three goals in the last six minutes of the period.

Like any solid team, Fitchburg has depth, and Jim Paiva (two goals) tied it after making a good on a centering pass from line-mate Steve Boulas.

With the teams skating at four aside after a pair of roughing calls. Paul Duato put Fitchburg ahead to stay with a slapshot that was hit so hard that the puck rang off the post and crossbar before burying itself in the net.

Defenseman Bob Sargent gave the Falcons a 5-3 lead on a slapper from the point after McMahon cleanly won a faceoff in the Rams zone and drew the puck back to him.

It would be best not to even mention the third period, as Fitchburg scored five more times. Tringale got his second, and Steve Jackson also tallied for Suffolk, but by then, it was essentially garbage time.

"It's very frustrating," said a disappointed Rams coach Jim Palumbo, shaking his head. "We gave up too many shots (45). There's not much else to say."

DIVISION III ECAC NORTH

	CONF W-L-T	ALL W-L-T			
SE Mass	11-0-0	11-0-0	SUFFOLK	4-4-0	4-5-0
Courry	11-1-0	12-2-0	Worcester St.	3-4-0	3-4-0
Fitchburg St.	6-2-0	6-4-0	Bentley	2-3-0	2-5-0
Hawthorne	6-2-0	9-3-0	Framingham St.	3-5-0	3-7-0
Plymouth St.	6-2-0	6-2-0	St. Michael's	2-4-0	4-5-0
Assumption	4-2-0	4-3-0	Keene St.	2-4-0	3-4-0
N.H. College	5-5-0	6-5-0	So. Maine	1-4-0	2-4-0
Stonehill	5-5-0	5-5-0	Nichols	1-6-1	1-6-1

RAMS HOCKEY

Scoring

	G-A	Pts.	Class	GP
Steve Acone	7-9	16	FR	7
Ed Poirier	8-7	15	FR	7
Dave Calautti	6-5	11	SR	7
Mike Linskey	5-4	9	SO	6
Bob Murphy	1-8	9	JR	7
Brad Seitz	3-5	8	SR	7
John Tringale	3-5	8	SO	7
Rick Piracini	1-7	8	FR	7
Steve Jackson	3-4	7	SO	7
Greg Kaynakian	1-6	7	SO	7
Bob Beshere	1-5	6	FR	7
Chip Forrest	5-0	5	SO	7
Andy Johnson	2-3	5	SO	7
John Pigott	1-0	1	FR	6
Steve Feeley	0-1	1	FR	7
Mike Fury	0-1	1	SR	3
Phil Joseph	0-1	1	SO	4
Rich Barret	0-1	1	SR	-
Dan Meyers	0-1	1	SO	-
Mike Hamilton	0-0	0	SR	1
Jim Carfagno	0-0	0	FR	1
Bob McKenna	0-0	0	SR	4
Jim Burgio	0-0	0	SO	-

Can the Patriots Bear it?

by Michael Maloney

Who thought a 2 and 3 team would soon be chanting "Squish the Fish" and win in the Orange Bowl? Who thought any Billy Sullivan-owned team would participate in the Super Bowl? But it has happened as Patriots fever has spread over New England. So as Super Sunday approaches, pull up a chair, guzzle a few beers and chow down the Domino's pizza and get ready for an experience that you may never see again.

A look at the position by position matchups.

Quarterback

Tony Eason has been error-free in the last three games, but will be facing the toughest bunch of animals that want to rip off his head. If the Pats run the ball and block as they did in the other playoff games and let Eason throw 15 to 20 passes, he'll do the job.

Jim McMahon is a rare breed. He drinks beer with his linemen, he likes head butts, and defying NFL Commissioners. McMahon has thrown 17 TD's and will run the ball. He's most effective when scrambling and has trouble throwing deep.

Running Backs

Craig James and Tony Collins could have a problem here because the Bears defensive line and linebackers play the run and can cover the backs out of the backfield. James needs to break away from the tacklers to gain any yards. Collins should be open if he gets single coverage from LB Mike Singletary. If James breaks the 100 yd. plateau it would give the Patriots a big boost.

Walter Payton needs no introduction. Over 14,000 career yards, a pun-

ishing blocker and an able pass receiver. RB Matt Suhey is reliable, but nothing more than a blocker for Walter. The Bears would have the edge because of Payton but a big game from James and Collins and the Patriots would do all right.

Wide Receiver

If Irving Fryar comes back it is a bonus. So Stephan Starring steps into the limelight opposite Stanley Morgan. Morgan will have a tough time since the Bear's defensive backs will double cover him. This should leave Starring off Lin Dawson with single coverage.

With Dennis McKinnon back in action the Bears once again have the double deep threat with McKinnon and Willie Gault. But the one fault with Gault is he drops too many passes. Sounds familiar Stanley? Who ever lines up on Ronnie Lippert will have a field day. Tight ends Emery Moorehead and Tim Wrightman will have some headaches after colliding with Tippet.

Offensive Line

The key to the game will be the Patriots linemen keeping the Bear's defense from pressuring Eason. Hannah and Holloway will have their hands full blocking Hampton and Richard Dent. Center Pete Brock will have numerous problems trying to figure out who is rushing with the complex 46 defense that the Bears use. The best matchup has to be 300 plus tackle Steve "The House" Moore vs. 300 plus defensive tackle William "The Refrigerator" Perry. The edifice vs. the appliance. What a battle.

The Bears have a very young, tough line. Captain Jimbo Covert will lead his

troops. Center Jay Hilgenberg easily will manhandle Lester Williams. Keith Van Horne will have a hard time covering Julius Adams and Garin Veris. I see these two wreaking havoc on McMahon as they blow by Van Horne.

Defensive Line

This is the Patriots' weak spot. Julius Adams and Veris will do their share of work, but Lester Williams has to come through with a strong game. The same with Smiley Creswell. If Ken Sims comes back, it will lift the Patriots' spirits.

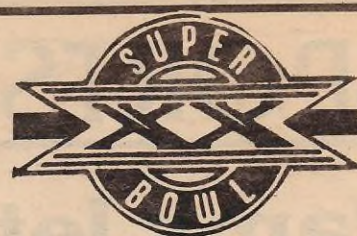
The Monsters of the Midway will try to dominate the line of scrimmage. Hampton, Perry, Dent and Steve McMichael will continuously pressure Eason until they can get him out of the game.

Linebackers

It's Tippet vs. Singletary. The two best in the NFL. Tippet will have lunch with McMahon in the Bear's backfield on numerous occasions. After being named MVP in the Playoffs, Don Blackmon will show the rest of the NFL why he should have been picked as an All-Pro. The brains behind the defense is Steve Nelson. Old Nellie won't give up until the Pats win the Holy Grail of football.

Now the other great linebacker. Singletary may be small for linebackers in the NFL but makes up for that by his sheer intensity. Otis Wilson may be the best blitzing linebacker next to Tippet. Wilbur Marshall is a headhunter and wants to collect some more.

I don't want to be the one to tell you but Ronnie Lippert is going to get burnt by Gault and McKinnon time and time



again. The only way he won't is if Freddy Marion helps on the coverage. Marion will continue his consecutive interception streak. I hope, no one tries to run on Clayborn and Roland James won't catch punts this game.

The Bear's defensive backs are susceptible to the deep pass. If Morgan and Starring get deep it could be a long day for the Bears. Gary Fencik is still one of the hardest hitters around and Dave Duerson is an All-Pro after replacing hold-out Todd Bell.

My prediction is Patriots by 3 on Tony Franklin's field goal with four seconds left in the game. Pats 23 - Bears 20.

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- Booker T. Washington
- St. Emanuel Stance

**Tuesday, January 28th in Sawyer S427
at 1:00**

Reception Following Performance in S521