

Suffolk University

Digital Collections @ Suffolk

Suffolk Journal

Suffolk University Student Newspapers

1989

Suffolk Journal, Vol. 46, No. 21, 3/06/1989

Suffolk Journal

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.suffolk.edu/journal>

Recommended Citation

Suffolk Journal, "Suffolk Journal, Vol. 46, No. 21, 3/06/1989" (1989). *Suffolk Journal*. 1179.
<https://dc.suffolk.edu/journal/1179>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Suffolk University Student Newspapers at Digital Collections @ Suffolk. It has been accepted for inclusion in Suffolk Journal by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Suffolk. For more information, please contact dct@suffolk.edu.

THE SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Volume 46, Number 21

March 6, 1989

Icemen lose victory in final minutes of final game



by Ross Neville

The 1989 hockey season ended on a sour and bitter note Wednesday night in Burlington, Vermont. The Rams went down to defeat 5-4 at the hands of St. Michaels College in the opening round of the ECAC Division III playoffs.

In an ending that will long be remembered by coaches, players and the large group of Suffolk fans on hand, the Rams saw a 4-3 lead evaporate in the final minute as St. Mike's scored two goals to steal the victory. What made this all the harder to accept was a penalty call with 1:07 to play which put Suffolk down a man on top of the fact that St. Mike's had pulled their goalie for an extra skater.

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

After the game a slightly perturbed coach Peter Saggese said of the late penalty, "There is a cardinal rule in this game, the referee should never decide the outcome. Well in this case they blew it because that is exactly what happened." Even victorious St. Michaels' coach Lou DiMasi, while saying he did not see the penalty, conceded some luck was involved. "We have gotten the breaks all year and that continued tonight. I thought when we

got down 4-3 we were in trouble but our guys never quit."

What made this penalty call so hard to accept was the fact that for most of the game the referees had let the teams play as they wanted, letting numerous holding and hooking infractions slide by. To make that call with a minute to go in a one goal game is hard to comprehend.

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

The second period really saw the momentum swing to Suffolk. St. Mike's jumped out to a quick 2-0 lead two and a half minutes into the period as defenseman Rick Paracini failed to keep the puck in at the St. Mike's blue-line and a 2 on 1 break ensued leading to the goal.

However, Russ Rosa came back only a minute later to pop in a rebound of a Chris Levy shot from the blueline. That goal gave the Rams a big lift as only the great work of Crowley kept Suffolk from breaking the game open.

With six minutes left in the period #18 Jim Zulon tied the score as he picked up a rolling puck in the slot area

(continued on page 11)

Prof. Lynch: The significance of "African-American"

by Suzanne O'Neil

"The search is not a new one. It has been sustained over time, and it is symbolic of the need for dignity and identity."

Professor Hollis Lynch, a tenured Professor at Columbia University, gave a lecture at Suffolk University on February 23, with the above idea as the theme. It focused specifically on the term African-American as the new phrase to use for American blacks.

As the title of the lecture suggested, ["What's in a Name — the Significance of Africa-American"] some feel that terms such as Negro are sufficient, and that there is no need to find a new one. However, Lynch and many others see the newest term as more positive and accurate.

The struggle to find a term that portrays Blacks in a true light is not new. It has been going on for quite some time, and is highly symbolic of the African-American people's need to "find themselves" as a race, as a whole and united people.

Most of the outdated terms are now passé and may even be construed as insulting, according to Professor Hollis. Terms such as "colored" are not widely used today, although the NAACP uses it. The word is "inadequate and did not promote unity."

The term Negro has its own history, which includes a battle to have the word capitalized, to signal respect and dignity. Then, "New Negro" was in vogue, and was promoted by the liberal ideas of WWI. It stood for, in the words of Hollis, "...a Negro who was no longer intimidated." He had fought in the war and was [over] due for some recognition and respect.

Out of the upheaval of the 60's came the phrase Afro-American. This was another symbol of the continuing struggle for roots and, in addition, a result of a pervasive feeling of alienation from American society as a whole. The newest term is also an offshoot of that feeling.

(continued on page 7)

Bush's budget calls for student loan cuts, end to some grants

(CPS) — Overall spending on college student aid would drop a little, certain kinds of grants would disappear, black colleges would get more money and the federal government would provide less money for students to borrow under the budget proposal President George Bush made to Congress Feb. 9.

The proposal, which Congress will now weigh, covers federal higher education spending for the Oct. 1, 1989 through Sept. 30, 1990 fiscal year.

"It looks more impressive than it actually is," said Charles Saunders of the American Council on Education (ACE) of the proposed budget.

Janet Lieberman of the United States Student Association (USSA), which represents campus presidents in the capitol, contended Bush "is actually cutting education funding by not allowing for inflation. He says he's freezing defense spending, but there he's allowing for inflation."

Yet all the lobbying groups that will be trying to wring more money out of the government for colleges during the budget process were far less alarmed by Bush's proposed education budget than they had been by Ronald Reagan's.

(continued on page 8)

Myths and prejudice examined in *Pink Triangles*

by Gienna Shaw

*I feel sad for them.
I don't know any, thank God.
I don't think it's normal.*

The pink triangle is a sign of solidarity. It is worn to remember and to remind. Warren Blummenfeld wore a small pink triangle on his jacket lapel last Thursday. He and Cathy Hoffman, filmmakers, were on hand to introduce their creation "Pink Triangles," at Suffolk.

In 1935 the Nuremburg laws were published in Germany. Violation of these anti-gay laws resulted in two years in jail for a first offense, three years for a second offense and three time offenders were placed in concentration camps.

A triangle slip of faded pink cloth was affixed to the uniforms of gay men in concentration camps. Very few gays survived.

"Pink Triangles," produced in 1982, is a documentary film about one aspect of the gay and lesbian experience — prejudice.

"I am a gay man and I am also homophobic," said Blummenfeld last Thursday. "I've internalized society's opinions about me." Everyone, he said, is homophobic because of deep-rooted attitudes and fears.

*Gays are revolting.
They should be shot.*

The film is an effective combination of historical and contemporary persecution of gays and lesbians. When the concentration camps were liberated, homosexual men who were discovered

by American officers were sent back to German jails to serve their prison sentences under the Nuremburg laws.

The number of attacks on gay men and lesbians have been increasing recently. According to social and medical workers quoted in the film, the motivation for these attacks is not primarily to steal money but to hurt and dominate those that have been labeled "inferior" and "revolting."

Furthermore, the film illustrates that the organizations that are meant to protect and help victims often further violate gay and lesbian victims. Police are not immune to homophobia. "There are no legal protections for gays," said Hoffman. Wisconsin, for example, is the only state where one can not be fired for being gay. "Ironically, you can't be fired for having AIDS but you can for being gay," said Hoffman.

It goes against nature.

"Expectations that I hadn't even been aware of were being shattered," said the mother of a lesbian in "Pink Triangles."

Expectations prevail yet vary in different communities. A gay Asian male who grew up in Chinatown explained that he received no support from his friends and family and was afraid to ask for it. When he told his mother, "Ma, I love men," (even language barriers exist between Asians and gay men) she replied, "I don't care if you love men, you still have to get married."

(continued on page 5)

The Suffolk inquisition

by Biff Smick

I like to sit in the Common on a nice day, and watch the world go by. It kills the time very well. Plus, observing some of the more grotesque aspects of my fellow species-mates makes me feel better about myself in general.

Anyway, last week, after suffering through one of the fine CLAS classes which is designed to make me more of a well-rounded person (actually akin to washing 5 Sominex down with a bottle of Nyquil), I took a stroll down to my favorite bench, to let the cool air revive my sagging frame. I kicked the occupant of the bench off (he was homeless — who cares?), sat, and stared at the distended pigeons. Slowly, I felt myself drifting away, victim to a Math course that is so far removed from my life's plan, it's absurd. My last thought, before losing consciousness, had something to do with the function of functions in the life of a BSJ recipient.

All of a sudden, my happy reverie was broken, by a sound that jolted me to my senses. A trumpet, clear and loud as any I have ever heard, sounded from somewhere in the Public Garden. And it got louder, as it moved closer, it was playing a war song, a call to battle.

I could hear muffled voices, then, out of nowhere, large rocks were being thrown at me. One hit me in the leg, so I hid behind a tree, to observe.

The voices became louder. "Kill! Kill! Smick must die! End this madness!" I couldn't believe my ears — whoever they were, they were out for my blood.

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

"There he is!" shouted one of the

voices. "Let's get him!"

I immediately ran to the safest place I could, where people can go and never be seen again — the Sawyer Library. I hid in an individual study cubicle, and read the intellectual graffiti, most of which dealt with oral sex. Then I heard the trumpet again, and I was cornered — nowhere to hide.

I could only stare in horror as I watched the gruesome procession walk down the stairs towards me. Leading the lynch mob was Professor David Tuerck, elaborately clothed in the garb of the Grand Inquisitor. His exotic dress still found room for a plastic pen holder in his shirt pocket. He was wielding a slide rule, with very sharp edges and the trumpet.

Close behind him were the following: President George Bush, brandishing a spear, flanked by the Secret Service goons, and the FBI who were there to check out Suffolk before their recruiting visit.

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

The members of the Black Students Association were there as well, holding a noose. One of them asked, "Can we join in — or is this a closed execution?"

Behind them were — My God!!! The staff of the *Journal*. My peers, my contemporaries were now snickering at my final end. The editor was drying his hands with a Holiday Inn towel, bearing a sad look.

"He betrayed us!" shouted a pair of gals named Dolores. "He gives us enough ropes, now it's time to hung him real good!"

"Horrible writers, eh?" sneered Dominic O'Flaherty. "We'll show him whom the real writers are around here!"

SGA President Gary Christenson

hung out with the *Journal* staff. "Tsk, tsk," he said. "This'll sure give him something to think about."

All of the cafeteria regulars were there too, their glistening, spiked hair glowing under the fluorescent library lights. "Kill the jerk!" shouted some nameless girl with huge hair and a "Kelly's Roast Beef" T-Shirt. The rest of the cafeteria crowd couldn't even talk, they were the lap-dog soldiers of the group, only able to communicate in grunts and moans. They were the ones responsible for the rock-throwing.

Taking up the rear of this lynch mob was an unlikely trio. Patricio G. Carcamo-Tapia was chatting amiably with J. Danforth Quayle and Elvis Presley, about how I was to be killed. Patricio wanted me to be guillotined, and Elvis wanted me to be deep-fried in oil and served to him with a gallon of Rocky Road. Danny couldn't think of any new ideas, so he went along with Pat and Elvis, happy just to be alive.

They formed a semi-circle around me. The air was heavy with excitement — or was it the scent from the Cafeterions?

Tuerck took the noose from Lucille Andrew, president of the BSA, and advanced towards me. "No one escapes the Suffolk Inquisition!" he yelled, while fitting the rope around my neck. "Any last requests?" he asked.

I thought really hard. "Yes, guy!" I said. "I want to write one more column. Please? It'll apologize to everyone, and endear me to the entire Suffolk Community. Pretty Please?"

"Is that what you want?" queried the Inquisitor from Economics.

I again thought. "No. Sorry. Just kidding," I said. "I could never do that. Why be nice, when there are so many

other people in the world that haven't been offended yet? I'd rather die."

Then *Journal* faculty advisor Gerald Peary stepped through the crowd. Audible gasps came from the *Journal* staff, as this was the most contact they had ever had with him, other than reading his name in the staff box.

"Please, everyone. Be reasonable. There has to be a compromise. What can Biff do to redeem himself?" Upon hearing Peary's words, Tuerck took on a reflective look.

"Two things," said the Inquisitor. "First, he has to promise to stop writing moronic dream sequences and stick to real columns. Substance! Secondly, and most importantly, *he has to tell us his real name.*"

I thought for a third time. "Okay. No more dream sequences. My real name is... Salman Rushdie Jr. — ah, just kidding!!! Actually, my real name is um... um —"

"— Biff! Biff! Are you alright?" I was awakened by the familiar voice of Managing Editor Gienna Shaw, who happened to be walking through the Common, on her way to work. "You were talking in your sleep, and you were shaking. Have you been taking any illicit drugs lately?"

"No, Gienna, I haven't. Just Math class."

"Ah... say no more," she said, while walking away. I got up from the bench to head back to class, and tripped over one of the many large rocks that seemed to be thrown around my bench.

"Hmm..." I wondered to myself. "Why do these dream sequences have to have such silly 'Twilight Zone' endings. This is something to think about."

The final solution

by Wendy Cincotta
and Andrew Bissaro

Existent in our gloriously rich culture is a pop psychology realization that has long remained conveniently buried. Let's unbury it. Let's dig it up and utilize it. It's time for some psychological warfare.

A solution has been arrived at recently, the result of countless hours of deliberations and broodings. We say broodings because a solution of this nature does not come lightly. You see, we have discovered the cause and cure for prejudice in our time.

Where does the need to discriminate come from? What motivates an individual or group to dominate and brainwash another into lesser status? The answers are quite hysterical. In a nutshell — fear, and good ol' ignorance, plain and simple. Fear of inadequacy, insecurity, shallow self-preservation — take your pick.

In order to understand the solution for prejudice in our world, we must first understand the cause of it. Dwell for a minute, on instances of prejudice — from the hateful antics of the Ku Klux Klan; to the laughter of a pack that suffers from an inbred intolerance to outsiders; to the humor of a "harmless" ethnic joke.

Whenever someone pre-judges a race or a person, they are combining the elements of fear and ignorance. Ignorance is the reason that these pernicious attitudes exist. Fear is the underlying current of emotion that leads to the perpetuation of the ignorance — *why* the attitudes exists.

Fear causes us to respond in widely polarized ways. We can conquer our fears, or we can hide them, subverting them into other emotions. Granted, it is a subtle form of fear, more of a nebulous feeling of uneasiness. But it is there, and it is channeled into feelings of hatred or humor, by sheer

ignorance.

Throughout history, we have always feared what we do not understand. For example, the "poisonous" fruit, the tomato. Little Green Men. Sasquatch. It is certainly odd to consider it this way, but *the majority usually fears the minority.*

Knowing this concept can only lead to betterment. The majority is insecure, masking their fears of the unknown. This is *great* — those who espouse hateful views can now be seen as the insignificant little gnats they really are.

What can we do with this powerful nugget of knowledge? A lot. We can find, and use, the cure for prejudice. This cure, and we sincerely hope you are sitting down — is laughter. The best medicine is also an agent of change.

A person, finding him/herself discriminated against, laughs heartily at it's source. Loudly. Laughter will not only make the victim feel better, but it will also cause the perpetrator to feel as he/she should — stupid. Imagine how deflated this sad, prejudicial weakling would feel, with his/her weapons taken away, insulted, like a rebellious toddler. We can even see the offender as a balloon, punctured with a pin-hole of laughter; squealing furiously, ricocheting uncontrollably off of buildings, rocketing upwards until it's form and squeal disappear, finally falling to earth, devoid of hot air.

There are countless things we can do with this revelation. Clear-cut programs and structural ideas can be implemented to constructively change the system. Groups can organize, the process of self-empowerment can begin. Ad Campaigns: "Laugh, and be Stronger." "Pity the Hateful."

But let us remain on the personal level for awhile. Let us laugh, and force the system to change, to suit our needs.

And while we're at it — since those who choose to discriminate feel in-

secure, let's wonder why. What is it about these victims that is so strongly feared? These so-called "victims" are actually much more powerful than they think. Otherwise, there would be no fear and insecurity. This leads to a clever role-reversal, the victims taking the guise of oppressors, able to mentally dominate with a simple laugh. This thought should aid us in our laughter,

as well.

In the face of such ugly, pompous attitudes, armed with this knowledge, we can now pity these unenlightened parties. Poor soul, attempting to raise yourself above others, because you feel so utterly bad, useless. Poor delicate, fragile person, limiting yourself by your own ability to bluff. What will you do now that we've blown your bluff away?

Schwebel to speak on International Court of Justice

His Excellency Judge Stephen M. Schwebel will be the featured speaker at the third Dwight L. Allison International Lecture on Thursday, March 30 at the Hotel Meridian in Boston. He will speak on "The Docket and Decision-making Process of the International Court of Justice."

Judge Schwebel has been a member of the International Court of Justice (the World Court) at the Hague since 1981. He is an eminent American jurist and arbitrator of international disputes. His career, which spans nearly four decades, includes service on commissions for the United Nations and with the U.S. Department of State and various international arbitration boards.

Judge Schwebel, who is also acting Burling Professor of International Law at Johns Hopkins University, has lec-

tured and written extensively in the field of international law and mediation. He is the author of *International Arbitration: Three Salient Problems* (1987) as well as numerous articles.

The Dwight L. Allison International Lecture Series was established by a grant from the Dwight L. and Stella Allison Fund administered by the Boston Foundation. The late Mr. Allison, for many years an outstanding trial lawyer in Massachusetts, was graduated from Suffolk University Law School in 1922 and was awarded an honorary doctorate of laws by the University in 1980.

The reception for Judge Schwebel will begin at 11:30 a.m. and will be followed by a reception at 12:15 a.m. For more information, call 573-8453.

Racism 101

"Racism 101" will be shown this Thursday in Sawyer 927 at 1:00 p.m. The video is an examination of the issue of racism on college campuses in the U.S.

The depictions of the racial incidents and attitudes are alarming, at times painfully shocking. But the film also

provides an inspiring look at fights for resolution.

Anyone who is unable to attend Thursday but is interested in viewing the film may call and leave a message for Wendy Cincotta at the Campus Ministry Office, 573-8325.

ENTERTAINMENT

Throwing Muses show improvement

RECORDINGS
The Throwing Muses
Hunkpapa
Sire

by Andrew M. Bissaro

This well produced, punchy album is a definite improvement for the Throwing Muses, who, in their earlier efforts, tended to be a bit grating on the ears.

True, vocalist/guitarist Kristin Hersh can still make one's skin crawl with the best of them. And it's true that *Hunkpapa* features the same jarring tempo changes, quirky, nervous melodies and minimalist arrangements you come to expect from Newport's favorite



daughters (and son).

It's also true that Hersh lyrics are as isolating and weird as they've ever been. Take this, from "Mania": "... who left me alone?/ What do you mean you're alone?/ goddamn wolves/ no one has that dream/ hallucinate/ I need an umbrella/ if I'm gonna go insane. . . ." This is how most of the songwriting goes on — even the two songs from co-singer/guitarist Tanya Donnelly evoke eerie atmospheres.

Well then, if the Muses have retained their eccentricity, you ask, why is this an improvement?

Hunkpapa is an improvement because it marks the Throwing Muses's arrival as a band. Their previous works have served only as vehicles for Hersh and Donnelly's bizarre compositions, not vehicles for a cohesive band.

Hersh and Donnelly's guitars have never clicked as they have here, especially on "Devil's Roof" and "No Parachutes," where their axes weave in and out, intertwining acoustic and electric guitar lines in a way the Feelies could only dream of. The rhythm section of bassist Leslie Langston and drummer David Narcizo has become tight and powerful, reaching the point where they can provide solid backing without over-the-top bombast.

It's obvious that the Muses worked very hard on this record. Understated touches abound: from guest Bernie Worrell's keyboard layerings, to sundry horns and violin. They seem a bit too accessible on the single, "Dizzy," where Hersh seems to take on Sinead-like vocal-lines, and twists the guitar line from Joe Jackson's "(Do The) Instant Mash." This is forgivable, though, as the song is endlessly catchy (I never thought I'd describe a Muses song that way).

Throwing Muses purists might cry "SELLOUT!" after hearing *Hunkpapa*, but then again, Muses purists would. *Hunkpapa* could be considered a bid for commercial success, and they have taken on a somewhat smoother sound. But I think it's a turn for the better — I can only listen to their other albums when in a certain "Throwing Muses mood"; whereas *Hunkpapa* is constantly on my CD player.

The Throwing Muses have never sounded as comfortable as they do on *Hunkpapa*. Of course, they still manage to make the listener feel uncomfortable — but this time you'll definitely come back for more.

Roy Orbison leaves *Mystery* behind

ROY ORBISON
MYSTERY GIRL
Virgin Records
★ ★ ★ 1/2

★ = Poor
★★ = Fair
★★★ = Good
★★★★ = Excellent

by Marc Masse

The resurgence of Roy Orbison probably began in 1977 with Linda Rondstat's cover of Orbison's *Blue Bayou*. An album of new material by Orbison followed in 1979. There was a grammy-winning country duet ("That Lovin' You Feeling Again") with Emmylou Harris in 1981. Also that year, Don McLean's cover of early 60's hit *Crying* sold well, as did Van Halen's version of *Oh, Pretty Woman* the following year. Last year, Orbison himself returned to the top 40 with his own cover of *Crying* in a duet with country singer K.D. Lang. Late last year, Orbison hit the album charts as a member of the laid-back supergroup The Traveling Wilbury's, which also included George Harrison, Tom Petty, Jeff Lynne, and Bob Dylan. Now the comeback cycle is complete with the release of *Mystery Girl*, a surprisingly strong collection of fresh material by the late Orbison.

Clearly this record would not have been nearly as good had it not been for Orbison's involvement in the Traveling Wilbury's. Three of the songs on *Mystery Girl* were produced by fellow Wilbury Jeff Lynne, and two of the three were written by the songwriting team of Orbison/Lynne/Tom Petty, including the record's key radio hit *You Got It*, which sounds like an outtake from the Traveling Wilbury's *Volume One* LP.



The overall flavor of the music on *Mystery Girl* is what one would expect from Orbison. He seems to be reaching back to his roots (which he never really left), as the music reflects the country-rock style that Orbison was known for in the early 60's. In fact, the whole record could have been recorded in 1960 without changing anything about it. Even the string arrangements have the exact same texture as those on Orbison's early 60's hits.

Only on *She's A Mystery To Me*, the song from which the album's title takes its name, does there represent a departure. Written by David Evans and Paul Hewson (aka U2's The Edge and Bono), more songs of this type would have brought Orbison into modern times and still would have utilized his full talents. The song has a tropical mood

to it, with its coconut drums and rhythm guitar lines played by Bono that have an almost sitar-like fluidity. The drumming throughout the tune is the same stumbling drumbeat style typical of many U2 tunes. "Darkness falls and she will take me by the hand/ Take me to some twilight land," Orbison sings, as he provides his best vocal performance on the album. Musically and vocally this song displays Orbison's greatest range and gives a hint of how great *Mystery Girl* could have been.

But it probably doesn't matter. What matters more to Orbison fans is what could have been had Orbison remained alive to record more albums as good as *Mystery Girl* and to play this new material to live audiences. What would have been? This, like the album's title, still remain a mystery to us all.

The worst novel in the world

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CITY
by Jonathan Franzen
Farrar, Strauss, Giroux, 1988

by Steven Clark

Hyperbole, like firearms, should only be used as a weapon of last resort, but here I feel justified. Mr. Franzen, a former St. Louisan, has written a novel (his first) about his native digs, and being of that tribe myself, I bought the book and, despite my serious misgivings by page 60, dutifully continued on until I finished page 517, and thankfully returned once again to blank pages. What has been written by this author is an example of some of the worst tastes in contemporary American literature, and was what I considered to be a genuine disappointment, considering its subject matter.

St. Louis (whose population size ranks as twenty-seventh in the country, hence the title) has not been dealt with kindly by either writers or by the rest of the country, nor for that matter, its home state. The city has a flatness about it, and its downtown skyline appears meager; like many other mid-western cities, its suburbs have usurped the city proper, and the resultant migration has left entire blocks deserted, giving this once lively crossroads of the nation an abandoned look, much like East Berlin before you come to Checkpoint Charlie. Missourians really don't want the city (to them, Kansas City is the real Missouri city, showing that Missouri has something of an identity crisis as well); to them, St. Louis is an eastern aggregation that somehow, under the cover of darkness

and history, slipped across the Mississippi.

St. Louis hasn't the assurance of an identity such as New York or Chicago, or any of the western or southern cities who simply borrow from the region for their nuances, nor the eccentricity of a Boston or San Francisco. To discover the city, one has to go deeper, into its neighborhoods and into its people, for St. Louis, much like Missouri, has an uncertain, schizophrenic conception of itself. It is a city that has produced T.S. Eliot, Kate Chopin, and Tennessee Williams (by way of a migratory flight from Mississippi). There is, indeed, a subject, and it was with much anticipation that I began to read this book.

Mr. Franzen's book is set, as he describes it, "in a year much like 1984," and is about a strange, charismatic woman from Bombay — S. Jammu — who becomes the new chief of police, and, after reducing the crime in the city, begins to take St. Louis over by attempting to unite St. Louis County and City (both have remained separate political institutions since the 1870's). Meanwhile, suspicious activities abound, as large numbers of Indians are seen moving into the city, terrorist groups begin to strike which may or may not be actually under control of Jammu herself, and the marriage of Martin Probst, St. Louis's most respected businessman, suddenly falls apart. The plot thickens, and in fact becomes as opaque and as thick as amber that has been painted over.

I found it difficult to understand how Mr. Franzen intended his book to be taken. As a comedy? A meditation on the decline of urban America? Or

perhaps a satire on urban renewal? It is all of these things and none of them, for Mr. Franzen seems to discard his plot and return to it at his desire, leaving the reader uncertain what is happening, and he spends almost no time in developing his characters, all of whom are essentially cerebral, lifeless creations. Much of his prose is spent, in true minimalist manner, describing such minor details as kitchen cookware, trips to the supermarket, with enough prose spent describing the weather to make me believe he actually majored in meteorology when he attended Swarthmore. Even in all the years I spent there on those long nights when the restaurants closed early and there was nothing but pledge drives on public television, I found a city and people much more full of life and interest than this sterile, pointless city that Jonathan Franzen has unloaded on us like a vengeful god.

Certainly his meandering plot must take its cue from Old Man River. Although a major part in Jammu's drive to control the leaders of St. Louis involves thought control process called the state, we are told nothing about it, nor how it occurs. It just sort of . . . you know, happens. Then, for a woman whose power base is the police department, Jammu seems to spend almost no time doing her job, and in fact there is hardly any description of the police department, which to me seems a glaring omission. The only time the author wishes to show us any policemen in action is on page 484, as a black and a white officer converse:

(continued on page 5)

Surf and sailing club constitution ratified

by Andrew Bissaro

Like a breath of fresh sea air, the Suffolk University Surf and Sailing Club has officially arrived.

The fledgling club has been officially recognized by the University with the ratification of its constitution by the Student Government Association and the Council of Presidents last Tuesday. Co-founder and club organizer Sam McCormack is ready to get started. The loquacious transfer student has been instrumental in the formation of the SSC and has a clear vision of the club's philosophy.

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of women in small bikinis, or men in Speedos, if you're a woman," he joked.

McCormack and co-founder Gerry Cody ("The sailing half"), have put together a motivated roster of 25-30 students. The surprisingly large turnout is in part due to the informal, relaxed nature of the SSC.

"The University needs something like this, because to me, clubs seem too structured, and others seem too closed," McCormack said. "We want ours to be open to anyone. Everyone's opinions will be recognized."

Joseph Walsh, faculty advisor to the Surf and Sailing Club, is pleased with the club's progress. "The thing that excites me about this club," he said, "is that great student interest has been shown. Many people have expressed interest so far, and the enthusiasm is very surprising to me. There is a good combination of students, of all years and skill levels, kind of like a good ball club. I have a feeling that this might sail, so to speak."

According to McCormack, the SSC offers big plans for everybody. "We're planning a trip to Florida over spring break, and surf and sailing trips to Saugus, Hampton Beach, Cape Cod,

Newport, and possibly a trip to New Jersey in the fall. We are also considering deep-sea fishing."

Walsh believes that skill level should have no bearing on participation in club events. "The group is mostly made up of people who have never before surfed. I'd like to encourage anyone who has never tried it to put your inhibitions aside and come to a meeting to see for yourself."

But what about the keg that sits in the background of one of his posters, reading "Drink Me,"? Is alcohol consumption part of the Surf and Sailing

Club philosophy? "If you get busted, you have to take care of yourself," McCormack said dryly, with a demonic laugh.

"I've seen a glut of posters lately," said Coach Walsh. "People will put anything on them to attract attention. I know that a surfer has the image of being a laid-back, partying guy, but the image we want to project is that of participation, fun, and the idea of getting something off the ground that people say can't be done." McCormack agrees.

"I have nothing against drinking. I drink myself," he said. "I'm not saying

that none of us ever drinks. But, in order to be in the Surf Club, you don't have to drink, or be a partier. Just come with an appreciation of beach life in general.

"If you want to stay in the city all your life, then the club is not good for you," McCormack stated. "But if you like to plan and go on trips, and be an active crazy person in general, then the Surf and Sailing Club is just what you've been looking for." (The Surf and Sailing Club will meet Tuesday, March 14 at 1:00 in Sawyer 929.)

A Dripp family adventure

by Gienna Shaw

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

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

And then the Dripps came home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dripp have built in radar that alerts them to any suspicious changes in their lives. Mr. Dripp walked immediately to the fish tank and said, "Who moved the lighthouse?" Mrs. Dripp replied, "Who changed the seat in my submobile?" Mr. Dripp said, "It's been moved a fraction of an inch."

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

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

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

I spoke up. "We're having a water crisis," I told the Dripps, who stared at me blankly. (Or was it disbelief?) "You know: we haven't had any snow or rain to speak of and we may run out of water this summer. A water crisis," I added lamely.

"It's supposed to rain tomorrow," said Mrs. Dripp.

"Is this saving me money?" asked Mr. Dripp.

"It'll save the landlord money," said Mrs. Dripp. "I think I'd rather have the 2000 flushes back in the toilet tank."

"You could get the kind that sticks to

the side," said Mr. Dripp.

"The kind that smells like the men's room in a public restaurant?" asked Mrs. Dripp.

I had to interrupt, or the Dripps would forget the original conversation. "A few days of rain may not solve the problem," I said. "And the bottle is not saving you any money, but that's not the point, anyway."

Mr. Dripp lost interest in the vinegar bottle.

A few hours later it was gone — it was too big for our tank and Mrs. Dripp was getting too upset. Anyhow, this is the reason that I am writing this article: since circumstances beyond my control prohibit me from saving water in my home, perhaps someone out there will attempt it in theirs. My only advice is this: check the size of your tank before selecting a bottle; use glass because plastic will not last, metal will rust and a brick will eventually corrode and may damage pipes; and finally, beware of drips.

Editor's note: Gienna Shaw is adopted.

ANNOUNCING THE SUFFOLK WORKOUT SPECIAL AT

DANCEFIT

AEROBICS • BODY TONING
LOW IMPACT

**ACT NOW
OFFER EXPIRES
MARCH 14, 1989**



8 full weeks of unlimited classes

\$69

Daily at Dancefit
(across from the Holiday Inn)

CALL NOW!

523-5334

Dancefit

214 Cambridge St.
Boston, MA 02114

Mary McGuire R.N.B.S. Director

AIM HIGH

PUT YOUR COLLEGE DEGREE TO WORK.

Air Force Officer Training School is an excellent start to a challenging career as an Air Force Officer. We offer great starting pay, medical care, 30 days of vacation with pay each year and management opportunities. Contact an Air Force recruiter. Find out what Officer Training School can mean for you. Call

**USAF OFFICER RECRUITING
603-430-1833 COLLECT**



FBI

INFORMATION SESSION

SPECIAL AGENT CAREERS

THUR., MAR 9 - 5 PM

SAWYER 521

ALL CLASSES - ALL MAJORS

The worst novel in the world

(continued from page 3)

Luzzi spoke with the security guard and got back in the car.

"Something about a Benjamin Brown," he said.

"Huh."

"Are you familiar with the individual?"

"It's a name you hear."

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

"No, sir?"

Luzzi shook his head and jotted on his pad.

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

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

I found this to be a ridiculous conversation, and the looney, sterile relationship between these two characters make me wonder what Joseph Wambaugh or Elmore Leonard would have done with this premise. But then they wouldn't attempt to make profound, baroque observations like this:

... In New York or Chicago they would have been scraping high-rises, but St. Louis lay low, and desolate, its street intersections strange laneless crosses the color of bone. Lone cars pushed pale pools of light along in front of them. If this were a bombing mission... Night flight brought out a special proneness in American cities, or so it seemed to Buzz, who was thinking how America, St. Louis, had never been bombed and now never would be by anything short of nuclear warheads. The lack of an intermediate experience sharpened his feel for the frailty of the continent, whose population had no cultural mem-

ory of black plagues or air raids. A splendid illusion, this North America, gave rise to the most pitiful dread...

Pretty ominous and overblown stuff, and Franzen's own interpretations of grammar and sentence structure dot the book so much that I feel that he is either trying to become a yuppie James Joyce, or else this is a first draft that he didn't get around to correcting. I'm inclined to support the first draft theory. Certainly if I had written this book, I would have blue-penciled the following:

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

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

... It's become rather leisenbergian.

... The cigarette was making Jammu's sense of vertical swim.

Franzen's ponderousness always tends to get in the way of the action. Descriptions like:

... Barbara passed sore-looking breasts bared to the weather, ecstasies in which only the agony wasn't simulated, a skirt raised above a meaningless vulva framed by black straps.

made me look at the bookjacket to make sure it was published by Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, not the National Lampoon.

This is a dead work, still-born in someone's laboratory, a novel that does not involve itself in either the mechanics of good writing or of believable characters, with every other paragraph telling us more about driving along a deserted street than we would ever care to know, and every third paragraph yet another dark rumination

about nuclear war or the wish to drop a bomb on people or machine gun them from the skies. Perhaps this is what those in Creative Lit 101 think is the human condition, but I am declined to believe life has more to offer.

Certainly Franzen's credentials are lacking, as he to having received 200 rejection slips for his short stories. You think some people would take a hint. However, my basic question is where the audience for this book is. Certainly, having read on the bookjacket that the likes of Hugh Nissenson, Howard

Nemerov and Bob Shacochis recommend this book makes me doubt their critical abilities, if not their literary ones. No. It will not do. The novelist must depict life, and he must have something at stake in life itself that he wishes to bring to our attention, as writers have done in every time and location, from Petronius's Rome to Joyce's Dublin. St. Louis is certainly worth a novel, and perhaps after Mr. Franzen has learned his craft and the world he might want to give his hometown another try.

Write for the Suffolk Journal.

Myths and prejudice examined in *Pink Triangles*

(continued from page 1)

I also dislike it because male homosexuals prey on little boys. Lesbians aren't much better... but I've never heard of them going after young girls.

It is a dangerous and erroneous myth that homosexuals are major perpetrators of crimes against children, said Hoffman. She noted that incest largely occurs in families with heterosexual parents.

Many open homosexuals are not parents, she added, because it is one thing to open oneself up to hostility and risk: it is quite another when a child is involved. "To risk our children is an extraordinary price to ask us to pay," said Hoffman.

It's demoralizing. It's not American.

It makes you sick. It should be kept in your own home. Definitely. (Shoot from man-on-the-street interviews to a quick succession of advertisements with men kissing women.)

How is it that public displays of affection are only "sick" and "demoralizing" when they are between members of the same sex? "People ask us all kinds of questions about sex," said Hoffman. Like we're the experts." For some reason, heterosexuality has been synonymous with love. Homosexuality is defined as sexual, said Blummenfeld. "Most of us are leading happy, productive lives. We have relationships," said Blummenfeld. He sees a shift away from the use of terms such as "homosexual" to avoid this misconception.

WSFR's Top Picks

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

33. The Pursuit of Happiness
34. Art of Noise Featuring Tom Jones
35. The Primitives

Drops

Tracy Chapman
The Feelies
Information Society
The Sugarcubes
Hothouse Flowers

New Adds

1. Thelionious Monster
2. Thrashing Doves
3. Rain People
4. Slammin' Watusis
5. Yello
6. Animotion

Adventure Picks

1. What I Meant To Say - Bangles
2. Black Velvet - Lilac Time
3. Coal Train Robberies - Elvis Costello

Top Cuts

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

Top Audience Response

Elvis Costello
REM
Violent Femmes
Lou Reed

BREATHLESS

By New Wave Director
Jean-Luc Godard

In French with English subtitles



TUESDAY MARCH 7
1 PM SAWYER 921

A meeting of love and death between a small-time hood and an American girl selling newspapers on the streets of Paris.

Presented by Program Council, Council of Presidents
and International Students Association

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

I haven't written a letter to the *Journal* in years; but the controversy about quality speaks to some issues which have been on my mind, and I'd like to say something about it.

Patricio Carcamo-Tapia sneers "there was ever an apex?" about the *Journal's* quality. Yes, there was! There may have been several — but the most recent one came in the late seventies, when *Journal* reporters unearthed two separate cases in which businesses owned by members of the Board of Trustees had been awarded no-bid contracts with the university — one for computer services, and one for investment advice and management. This was student journalism at its best; discovering and reporting information which students had a right to know, and which they wouldn't have learned otherwise.

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

I have enjoyed the essays by José Santos, Fabian dePeiza, the students who went to Nicaragua, and others — especially Biff Smick — very much, and am grateful to the *Journal* for printing them. I have *not* enjoyed the relative absence of news stories from your pages, or the relative prominence of administration press releases, puff pieces, and CNS stories among the news items you do carry.

As Biff so rightly says, there are some stories out there. It wasn't your fault that you had just gone to press when President Perlman announced his

resignation. But surely by now you might have put together a story about *why* he resigned — or at least checking out some of the theories that are going around about this. And what about his replacement — will we have an open, participatory search process, or will we go back to the old system of cronyism? This issue is being talked about all over campus — has the *Journal* nothing to say? On a more mundane note, what about the proposal to shorten the spring semester and provide a reading period — wouldn't your readers like to know about this?

And don't you find it a little bit embarrassing to have been scooped by the *Evening Voice* on the formation of the new Surf Club?

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

If you did know about all these stories, but couldn't find the staff to cover them, perhaps you need a policy; perhaps reporters should earn the right to have their essays and cultural reviews run by covering at least one hard news story each week.

Don't get me wrong; I love the *Journal*. Suffolk would be a bleaker, less open place, and would educate our students more poorly, without it. But it's frustrating to think about all the news which doesn't see the light of day because no one but you has the resources and the will to print it. Let's have some news!

Yours truly,
John C. Berg
Professor of Government

As the Journal turns

Dear Editor, Adviser, and Staff Members of the Suffolk Journal

The internal problems of the staff at the *Suffolk Journal* have indeed been noticed by the students at Suffolk. Being a first year student, I have read almost all the newspapers that the *Journal* has published this year. In the beginning, I read the *Journal* to learn about various programs and activities that were being offered. Now I read the *Journal* to keep up on the school's most widely known soap opera.

The purpose of this letter is to hopefully put an end to the harsh and childish criticism that has been overwhelming our school's newspaper. Biff Smick was wrong in writing the letter regarding his thinking of not writing further articles until he had something useful to write and he was further out of line to state that his absence would diminish the quality of the paper ten-fold.

Biff, if this is how you feel then simply do what the rest of the student body of Suffolk has the option of doing, submit articles when you have the desire to do so. If the article is important or newsworthy, the editor of the *Journal* has a responsibility to his readers to publish it. If the article gets turned down, please don't whine but go and write another one! I don't believe that any of the writers on the *Journal* staff are professionals either but I commend each and every one for doing his and her part in putting forth the best possible *Journal* to the students at Suffolk.

Ladies and gentlemen of the press, enough is enough!!! Please stop criticizing each other and go back to doing what you do best, writing. If anyone should do the complaining about what goes into the *Journal* it should be its readers! So please, let's drop this cry-baby act and go back to work. We, the students, look forward to next week's newspaper.

Sincerely,
Daniel Picard '92

The Suffolk Journal
148 Cambridge Street
Boston, MA 02114
Ridgeway 19

The *Suffolk Journal* is the official newspaper of the campus community and offers the opportunity to gain practical experience in journalism and its related fields. All students, regardless of major, are invited to contribute to the production of the *Journal*. The views expressed in these pages are in no way meant to reflect those of the school's administration.

Editorial Board

Editor-In-Chief Michael E. Smith
Managing Editor Gienna Shaw
News Editor Sandra Stacey
Sports Editor Maureen Pirone
Business Manager Kevin Kiley
Adviser Dr. Gerald Peary

Staff: John Adams, Andrew Bissaro, Patricio G. Carcamo-Tapia, Steven Clark, Wendy Cincotta, Dolores DiGiovanni, Marc Masse, Babette Mortell, Melisa Mosier, Elizabeth Mourad, Ross Neville, Dominic O'Flaherty, Jose Santos, Dolores Sauca, Michael Scafidi, Ruth Simon, Biff Smick, Heather Swails.

TYPESETTING BY COOL-COMP



Pultizer utopia disturbing

To the Editor:

As a former Editor-in-Chief of the *Suffolk Journal*, it distresses me to discover the kind of sparing match between *Journal* staff members that I observed in last week's issue. It does, however, not surprise me. Critical bashing among *Journal* writers and journalism students concerning the quality and content of the *Suffolk Journal*, while at times productive and healthy, has a way of spinning wildly out of control. I use the word "bashing," because a majority of the criticism leveled at the *Journal* is the result of mis-information, ignorance, and egoistical indifference.

The *Suffolk Journal* has never purported to be the *New York Times*, but it is frequented by competent writing more often than not. Some have diagnosed the *Journal* as suffering from "journalistic anemia" (however that malady is defined), but it takes further investigation to ascertain why the *Journal* may or may not suffer from this rare disorder. Aided usually by two people, the *Journal* editor has five days to assemble, design, and produce the paper while attempting to attend classes, work, and live at the same time. There simply aren't enough writers. Attempts at recruiting more writers have proven fruitless. Unless someone has the desire to write, they won't. Many of those who do write prefer to scribe opinion and feature oriented articles not straight news. It is a matter of taking what one can get. If the *Journal* was integrated into the curriculum by having students in daytime advanced reporting, feature and special articles, and reporting fundamentals assigned stories for *Journal* publica-

tion, things would be different.

What I find problematic is the apparent egoism perpetuated by so many journalism majors who, while floating around in an idealized Pulitzer Prize utopia, will not associate with the *Journal* because they find it below them. Contributing their non-apparent brilliance for the betterment of the paper seems out of the question. What is even more profoundly disturbing are those contributing writers with ears pressed firmly against opposite walls who believe their masterworks are the only glowing entities in the whole paper. Some of those same writers chastize the *Journal* as a purveyor of fluff. Nearly every *Journal* writer has been the source of at least one masturbatory, self-indulgent scribbling that signifies nothing. This phenomena has less to do with journalistic narcissism than it does with testing one's writing abilities and idea formulation. The sun doesn't shine out anyone's behind and I question the credentials of anyone who thinks it does.

Some might and have asked, in a rather rude and offensive manner, if the *Journal* has ever succeeded in its modest goals. It has. Up until the effects of declining enrollment hit, the *Journal* was an award-winning newspaper. Since 1985, when the *Journal* ceased publication for two months only to resurface, the administration and faculty have left the *Journal* to rot. Only a handful of students have had the dedication and energy to keep the paper from folding permanently. Those students should be celebrated by their peers, not scorned.

Sincerely,
Rick Dunn

ISA questions answered

Dear Editor:

When most people discover that I am one of the presidents of the ISA, they usually ask me two questions. The first one is "I didn't realize you were a foreign student. What country are you from?" The other: "The International Student Association, isn't that just for foreign students?" The answer to your questions: Yes, I am an American student. I've lived in Boston for twenty-two years. And yes, the International Student Association is for International Students. But, American Students are encouraged to become members of the ISA, because they are International Students. American students are just as "foreign" to foreign students as foreign students are to American students.

I have always been interested in learning about different cultures, so it seems only fitting that I am a member of the ISA. By joining the ISA, I have learned a lot about various cultures and have come to appreciate people differ-

ent from myself.

The ISA is about helping each other. Our goal is to increase appreciation and awareness of the "small world" that we live in, to gain knowledge about different cultures and customs and to teach to others what we have learned. These goals are accomplished through various activities sponsored by the ISA.

Last semester, the ISA sponsored an International Evening at Chef Chang's in Brookline and our annual International Party. And currently our organization is working on the
(continued on page 7)

Send your letters to the EDITOR - THE SUFFOLK JOURNAL, c/o 148 Cambridge St., Ridgeway 19, Boston, MA 02114. All letters must include a name and phone number for verification. Unsigned letters cannot be published, but names can be withheld on request. All letters must be typed double-spaced and should run no longer than 150 words. The *Journal* reserves the right to edit all letters

Shelters full despite mild winter

by Ruth Simon

They wander through the streets and alley-ways of Boston, rummaging through garbage cans and dumpsters hoping to find some leftover food or a bottle of whiskey for their next meal. Once night fall comes they are in search for a bench to sleep on and newspapers to keep warm as the winter wind whips through Boston.

They are Boston's homeless.

Each day, an estimated 12 to 14 thousand homeless people in Massachusetts find their way into shelters in and around Boston. Nearly 1,000 homeless people go to the 900-bed Pine Street Inn each day, for either shelter or a hot dinner, according to John Rood, the shelter's spokesman.

Robby, 45, Bobby, 56, and Kevin, 38, are three homeless men who have been drifting along the grounds of the Boston Common for 10 years. Some nights it is difficult to get into a shelter, they said, because they are often overcrowded.

"Last night I could not get into a shelter, so I slept in an abandoned car," said Bobby. "I thought my arms and feet were going to fall off."

In the winter overcrowding at area shelters can be a major problem. When faced with this situation, many shelters check other shelters for extra space before turning anyone away.

"It's a very difficult and painful experience to turn someone away at the door, but we try our best to accommodate them," explained Rood.

This winter season, Bostonians have been lucky with the mild weather, however, this does not stop the flow of homeless people entering the shelters.

"Our shelter is full all year long. In the warmer temperatures many experience violence during their everyday experiences, so they come to us to get

off the streets. In the winter we treat many who are suffering from hypothermia and common colds," said Rood.

In 1968 — when the Pine Street Inn was founded — its intent is to give food and a night's rest to several homeless men and women who have no permanent address.

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

Barbara Blakeney, coordinator for adult services in Boston's Community Health Nursing Program, oversees health care for the homeless people who use 520 city-provided beds.

Though public concern for the homeless takes an annual nosedive after the holidays, Blakeney and her staff are still on duty at Boston's Shelter for the Homeless on Long Island when the inevitable flu epidemics and pneumonia cases among the homeless begin to mount.

Each afternoon, homeless people are bused to the isolated Boston Harbor island from Squantum in Quincy over a series of low bridges. But the municipal brick shelter, with its million-dollar view of the Boston skyline, is not quite a real home because it buses "guests" back into the city for the daylight hours if the weather is above freezing. There the homeless wander a six-mile circuit of soup kitchens, moving constantly to keep warm until it's time to line up at the intake office at Boston City Hospital for the bus back to Long Island.

"People on the streets get worn out

in the winter," said Blakeney.

Detoxification and community mental illness facilities were supposed to have replaced mental hospitals and drunk tanks where most homeless people would go on cold nights according to two pieces of legislation in 1966 and 1971, however, none were built.

Mental patients and alcoholics were dumped onto the street, and most found their way to the Pine Street Inn or other shelters.

"We are the largest mental health provider in the state," according to Rood.

Funding for special assistance programs are provided by private donations and through yearly contracts negotiated with the Public Welfare Department.

"We assist people with their habits by conducting AA meetings and other in-house services. We have some difficulty in meeting their needs because of lack of state funding. Many take advantage of our limited programs because they don't have medical insurance to go to a private agency," Rood said.

Robby, Bobby and Kevin said their reason for ending up on the street is because they suffer from a serious disease — alcoholism — and they say they have nobody to blame but themselves.

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

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

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

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

According to Rood, affordable communal residential housing is the solution to cut down the problem of homelessness in the United States.

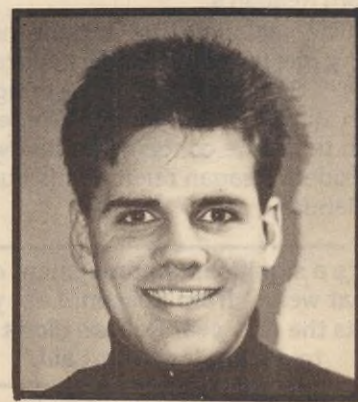
At The SGA

by Gary Christenson

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

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

The procedure is as such: any full-time undergraduate student, in good academic standing, must pick up nomination papers or petitions, which are available in the Student Activities Office NOW, read the rules and regulations, return the petitions with the required number of signatures back to the Student Activities Office by March 29th at 4:00 p.m. sharp. After checking the required number of signatures, the candidate will be placed on the ballot. Speeches are to be given on Thursday, April 6, 1989 (Room to be announced). Finally, the future of SGA will be de-



cided during elections on Monday, April 10, 1989, Tuesday April 11, 1989, Wednesday, April 12, 1989, and Thursday, April 13, 1989.

Here is the chance to make a change. Do it as the future of SGA's leadership depends on it. If there are any questions about election procedures, don't hesitate to call the Student Government Association at 573-8322 or come to the SGA meetings at 1:00 on Tuesdays in room Sawyer 423. Best of luck.

This is something to think about.

— Gary Christenson
is president of SGA

LETTERS

(continued from page 6)

possibility of sponsoring an International Fashion Show/Dinner in April, sponsoring another International Evening in March. Students should watch bulletin boards for more details and stop by the International Student Association office in the Ridgeway Building and appreciate people from all over the world.

Theresa M. Malonek
Co-president of ISA

Dear Editor:

The International Student Association is not a foreign students' club. Nowhere else in the world would "international" be interpreted as "foreign." The United States is fully a part of the international community as any of the European nations, in fact if not in spirit. With exposure to foreign students comes realization of the exceptionally isolationist character of Americans, still, even in the modern age of the

"global community."

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

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

Matt Downing
Vice President of ISA

African-American

(continued from page 1)

The Reagan era has left its mark. It created an atmosphere of uncaring, in which race relations could decline. Therefore, this new term, African-American, serves a number of purposes.

First, it shows interest and concern about the country of origin. Just like Italian-American or Irish-American. But it is different in that the Irish and the Italians chose to come here. African-Americans did not, and in that way lost much of their own history. The term shows a desire to rediscover it.

Also, it helps foster a sense of identity. African-Americans have struggled long and hard to contribute to and feel a part of contemporary American

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

Finally, the phrase is dignified, as is the African race. It calls to mind great power and spirituality. Africa. A great continent, strong and vital. Proud.

There is a term that Lynch used in his lecture... the "African personality." The person who has it possesses intelligence, pride, spirituality and dignity. He is a man who holds his head up and walks tall. Dignified.

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

A new kind of prejudice

by Wendy Cincotta

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

Why? Not because I do not respect their air. I do. And if I disturb anyone with it then I abstain. Indeed studies show that it disturbs *everyone*, passively, whether they complain or not. But this reason is secondary — I am infecting those around me; yes. But first: I am infecting myself. I quit for me first. I'm not selfless.

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

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

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

"Smokers want to be separated and neglected."

Sighs, looks and condescending tones are the cause of my stomach turning. Anger directed at me is the cause of my stomach turning. The non-smokers who revel in their newfound socially-supported status of superiority make my stomach turn.

Friends of mine who look to me with sadness and concern give me some hope that they care about ME and not solely their precious air.

As I sat by a window pondering my months-long quitting crusade attempts, a woman interrupted her phone conversation to scold me. She was a little bit ticked off. "Doesn't that bother your eyes?" she asked in a tone that rang with angered irony. "Yes," I replied. She mumbled under her breath and turned away "...don't know WHY you smoke those things."

I was defensive at first but then realized that her approach was not contingent upon HER air, but upon OUR air. And I didn't even know her, to thank her for being real.

And so I do it for myself, and for those around me who seem to care. And that is all.

Bush

(continued from page 1)

"There is a new climate," Saunders explained. "It's refreshing to have a guy (like U.S. Dept. of Education Secretary Lauro Cavazos). It's much better than (President Reagan's Secretary of Education William) Bennett, who would come in say 'Okay you bastards, we're gonna cut your funding.'"

In fact, Bush's conciliatory tone prompted Lieberman to call the upcoming budget debate "a negotiation instead of a battle."

"It's a significant improvement over what we got from Reagan," added ACE's David Merkowitz. "Last year was the first year Reagan didn't try to decimate student aid."

"This guy is willing to work with people to come to some kind of a compromise, to see what can be done," said a Department of Education official who asked to remain anonymous.

While the Bush budget does vary from the one proposed by Reagan in mid-January — most notably, it calls for greater funding for pre-school, elementary and high school programs — Bush's planned spending for higher education doesn't differ that much from Reagan's.

"The real point is: are the needs being met for postsecondary education now?" Saunders said. Answering his own question, he added, "We're left with the same concerns we had when President Reagan released his budget in January."

"It's a significant improvement over what we got from Reagan. Last year was the first year Reagan didn't try to decimate student aid."

Bush would like to do more for

higher education, the Department of Education official said, but budget restrictions caused by the federal deficit tie his hands.

"The deficit problem affects everything," the Education Department official said. "We've got to cut it or we're dead in the water."

"The only new money for post-secondary education," he said, "is for National Science Scholarships and traditionally black colleges."

The Bush budget would award \$5 million to 570 high school students who excel in science as college scholarships. The Education Department official said it's an attempt to increase American science competitiveness, which recent studies say falters compared to Japanese and European students. By 1992, the Bush budget calls for \$20 million to be awarded in science grants.

The Bush budget also calls for \$10 million to help bolster traditionally black colleges and universities, schools Bush has supported for decades. The budget calls for that funding to increase to \$16 million by 1992.

Overall student aid spending, however, would drop to \$8.8 billion, down from 1989's \$8.9 billion. But those who need it most, according to the administration, still will get federal help to go to college.

He's getting the money for "the disadvantaged," as the budget book calls poorer students, by taking it from other programs, critics contended.

"He's talking from the back pocket to give to the front pocket," Lieberman said. "That's not kosher with us."

Like all eight of Reagan's budgets, Bush's budget proposes killing the State Student Incentive Grants (SSIG) program, letting the students who currently get SSIGs apply for Pell Grants instead.

The Pell Grant program, in turn,

TAKE A \$6000 BITE OUT OF YOUR TUITION


This year, with the new UPS tuition reimbursement program, you can take a big chunk out of your college costs with a part time package handlers job.

Eligible shifts for our plan in our Norwood facility are:
10:30pm-2:30am (approximately)
4:00am-8:00am (approximately)


UPS Package Handlers make \$8-9 an hour to start, and there's no experience necessary! There's lots more juicy benefits too, like steady, part time 3 to 5 hour shifts to fit your school schedule, full time benefits for part time work, chance to advance to a part-time supervisory position before graduation and the opportunity to get paid to shape up.

Start harvesting the UPS fruits today with our \$2,000 (after taxes) per semester tuition reimbursement, including summer sessions. But act fast. You must be employed two weeks after your semester begins to be 100% eligible for this program.

For more information about other shifts call (617) 762-9911. United Parcel Service has facilities in Norwood, Brockton, Watertown, Dartmouth, Dennis, Sagamore and Warwick, RI.



United Parcel Service
... for Unlimited Potential
Always an Equal Opportunity Employer



would get \$4.74 billion, up from 1989's \$4.48 billion. The administration also would let part-time students get Pell Grants, something they're prohibited from doing now.

"That's good," said Lieberman. "It's an encouraging move. This is a step in the right direction."

But a National Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators spokeswoman, who said her organization couldn't officially comment on the budget immediately, argued almost \$100 million of the Pell Grant increase won't do students much good because it will be used to cover 1989 shortfalls.

Bush also seeks to slash funding for Perkins Loans from 1989's \$205 million to \$22 million. Funding for Stafford Loans, formerly known as Guaranteed Student Loans, would also be reduced, from 1989's \$3.174 billion to \$2.962 billion.

Work-study funds would remain at 1989 levels, while Supplemental Grants funding would increase from 1989's \$438 million to \$452 million.

Take out a well rounded individual.

Our individual deep dish pizza is perfectly proportioned for any single person. Or, bring home a good looking regular for two or three people. Uno's.® The place for Chicago's original deep dish pizza.



The Four Cheese Pizza

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE

Purchase any size pizza and receive the second of equal or lesser value

FREE

Eat-in only
Not good in combination with any other offer



SUF Harvard Square, Faneuil Hall
Allston, Copley Square, Kenmore Square, 3/5

DOUBLE® DEAL

Purchase any two regular size pizzas for

Only \$9.95

Take-out only
Not good in combination with any other offer
Call ahead for take-out



SUF Harvard Square, Faneuil Hall
Allston, Copley Square, Kenmore Square, 3/5

LUNCH DEAL

Receive an Express Lunch with this coupon

Only \$2.95

Individual size pizza and soup or salad
5 min. service

Mon - Fri 11:30 - 3

One coupon per person
Not good in combination with any other offer



SUF Harvard Square, Faneuil Hall
Allston, Copley Square, Kenmore Square, 3/5

Kaplan "Early Bird" classes. Take one and fly high on test day.

Want high scores on the MCAT, LSAT, GMAT, DAT, or GRE? Then get into high gear with a Kaplan "Early Bird" class.

We'll prepare you for one of these career-shaping exams and still leave you plenty of time to spare. And if you need a quick refresher before the exam, bone up with our Test-N-Tape series at any of our 125 centers. Right up to the last minute.

So enroll. Today. Because everyone knows what the early bird gets.

KAPLAN
STANLEY H. KAPLAN EDUCATIONAL CENTER LTD.
Call now for our schedule of convenient class locations.

Boston
(617) 266-TEST
Cambridge
(617) 868-TEST
Newton Centre
(617) 964-TEST

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY PRESENTS



ITALIAN NIGHT (UNA SERATA ITALIANA)

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

ADMISSION: \$6.00 (\$5.00 with Suffolk ID)

PROPER ATTIRE REQUESTED

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8


7:30 - 11:00 PM

SAWYER CAFETERIA

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

THE PIONEER VALLEY GIRL SCOUT COUNCIL WANTS TO REACH YOU!!

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

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

Suffolk Student Theatre presents March 10, 11, 14, 15, 16

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



by Thornton Wilder directed by Marilyn Plotkins

8 pm \$6, \$3.50 students March 14 - \$1 Suffolk University

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

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

**INCLUDES PRIME RIB DINNER,
DANCING, AND MORE!!!**

Validated Parking!!!

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



STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

MAKE A DIFFERENCE!!!

**Run for a position on Student Government
Positions available in the
Classes of 1990, 1991, 1992**

Each Class has:

- 1 President
- 1 Vice President
- 4 Representatives

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

PETITIONS DUE BACK ON MARCH 28TH

**REMINDER: March 13th is the last day
to withdraw from a class.**

The American Dream?

by Joseph Mont

Only a few people would ever speak to Michael.

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

Michael fit all of these categories.

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

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

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

"It's Howdy Doody time!", he squealed, laughing to himself. "It is Howdy Doody time isn't it?" he asked me, "What day is it?"

I told him it was Thursday.

"Then it's not Howdy Doody time," he admitted, pausing to collect his thoughts. "Then it's Captain Kangaroo time," he beamed triumphantly. "Everybody grew up with the Captain."

Having settled on a time frame, he began picking out women at random and asking them to smile for him. His action stemmed from sexual harassment than it did from a desire to see at least a glimmer of happiness on the stoic train.

Philosophy then began to creep into

his banter.

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

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

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

Michael at this point seemed to sour, and hesitate. His story would always have the same damn ending, an inescapable past that destroyed his future.

He became a citizen. A mistake that would cost him his sanity and dignity.

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

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

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

The train rolled into South Station, and Michael bid farewell with a thumbs up signal and a cryptic cry of "look up."

Michael will probably never have the redemption he was so sure of this morning. Instead he will wander the streets of an adopted land; a broken shell whose downfall came because he tried to pay back his new nation with service.

HEALTH WATCH

by Dominic O'Flaherty

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

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

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

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

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

In the Quabbin Reservoir the "minimal pool" is 30% which leaves only 38% of safe drinking water. Last year the elevation level was 517 feet or 77% of volume capacity. This left a minimal pool of 47% which shows a decline of 9% in the past year.

It would take 32 inches of rainfall or 320 inches of snow per year to return

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

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

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

- Turn off tap when brushing teeth or shaving.
- Never use toilet as a waste basket.
- Don't take marathon showers.
- Only run washing machines and dishwashers when full.
- Pay strict attention to signs of any leaks.
- Be sure there are trigger nozzles on all your outside hoses.

"If people do not comply with saving water," maintains Beaver, "we will be forced to impose strict water laws which will include no outside use whatsoever and an actual rationing of water over a couple of years."

The MWRA water distribution system can safely handle 300 million gallons per day. This "safe yield" is currently being exceeded by 35 mgd.

"It's not an infinite system," added Beaver, "It's a finite system."

BE A PART OF SPIRIT NIGHT!!!

All faculty, Staff, and Administration are invited to join Student Leaders for an evening of volleyball, basketball and racquetball.



WHERE: Cambridge YMCA
820 Mass. Ave.
Central Sq. Red Line
Cambridge, MA

WHEN: Saturday, March 11, 1989
7:00-10:00 P.M.



*** WE WILL PROVIDE EQUIPMENT.
*** PIZZA PARTY WILL FOLLOW.

Lady Rams cruise past Emerson, 62-33

by Ross Neville

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

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

Neither team would get much offense going early as Suffolk was cold from outside and Kruse had not yet found her touch. Fortunately Emerson showed no sync on offense at all; in fact they never had any offensive motion all night. By the midway point of the half the Lady Rams were up 18-7 as Kelly Harney and Long started to utilize the fast break for some nice driving baskets.

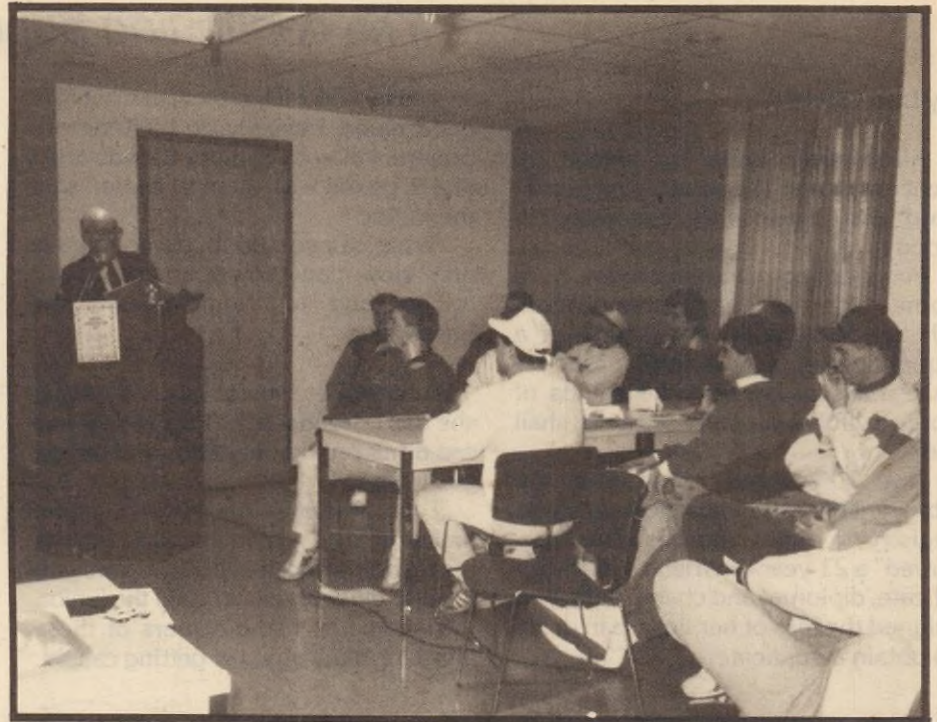
Emerson ran into early foul trouble and Suffolk found themselves in the bonus only 8 minutes into the game. Essentially this seemed like one of those nights where it was just a matter of time before Suffolk blew the game open. Harney swished a 3-pointer as is becoming customary for her, and it was 23-7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

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

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

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

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



Director of Admissions Bill Coughlin speaks at recent pep rally.

Women's basketball ends season with defeat

by Ross Neville

The Lady Rams ended the '88-'89 basketball season on a down note Monday night in Medford. They were the victims of a 99-43 loss at the hands of Tufts. The loss gave the Lady Rams a final record of 7 and 15 for the season.

If one word could describe the key to this game it would be turnovers. Tufts pressured Suffolk right from the start and the Rams had trouble moving the ball up the floor. Bad passes led directly to half of Tufts first half points, as they built up a 25 point margin.

Suffolk kept it close in the opening minutes as Laura Long (9 points) hit a couple of jumpers to keep the score tied at 4-4 three minutes into the game. However, the turnovers started to take their toll shortly after and it was 18-6 with only 7 minutes elapsed. Besides the tenacious defense, Tufts also was enjoying a wide edge in the rebounding department. Considering how talented they were as far as shooting was concerned, the extra shots simply added to Suffolk's woes.

Ann Christine Kruse (19 points) did not pick up her first basket until the 10 minute mark of the half, on a patented inside feed from Kelly Harney. By then Suffolk was in a big hole down 27 to 8. The Lady Rams offense was actually not bad when it got a chance to operate, but the turnovers simply meant that Suffolk was not getting off many shots.

Kelly Harney hit her customary 3 pointer and Long followed with a short jumper to make it 43-22 with 3 minutes to play. Over the last five minutes of the half Suffolk was definitely in a much better flow as far as getting the ball up the court. However Tufts stayed very hot and Suffolk could not get back in the game simply by trading baskets.

The half ended with Tufts up 51-26, this despite Suffolk shooting over 50% from the field (11-20). It's the 20 shots that tell the story. In the previous win over Emerson, Suffolk had twice as many shots in the first half.

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

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

Victory stolen in final minutes

(continued from page 1)

and fired a shot into the top corner. Once again only the exceptional goaltending of Crowley was keeping the game close. St. Mike's had essentially gone into a defensive shell after opening up the two goal margin and seemed content to simply dump the puck in from center ice and go to a heavy fore-checking strategy. "When we got the lead we wanted to be tentative," said St. Mike's coach DiMasi. "We knew Suffolk had guys like Horan and Rosa who can put the puck in the net in a hurry. Defense became the name of the game for us."

What was to be a key moment in this game came with a little under five minutes to play in the second period. St. Mike's were called for an interference penalty and the Rams had a chance to take the lead with their fourth power play of the night. However, only 30 seconds into the man-power advantage the Suffolk defense got caught at center ice as a St. Mike's forward got in behind them and took a perfect pass to go in alone and beat Imbrescia for a 3-2 St. Mike's lead. The Rams refused to quit as they stormed back on the same penalty and rebounded from the shorthanded goal to

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

The teams went to the final period tied 3-3. It remained a game where Suffolk was clearly carrying the play and coming up with the better scoring opportunities. Crowley — as he was earlier this season in a 4-2 St. Mike's win over the Rams — was stoning the Rams time and time again, especially Horan who was robbed on a half-dozen occasions. What looked like Suffolk's big break came with nine and half minutes to play as Rosa stole the puck at the St. Mike's blueline and went in on Crowley but was pokechecked on a great play by the goaltender. However, Guning was right there to follow up the play and he banged in the loose puck for his second goal of the night and a one goal margin for the Rams.

From there the minutes ticked away as Suffolk did everything they could to hold on to the lead. Just as victory looked imminent the nightmarish final minute and a half took place turning sure victory into heartbreaking defeat. With the loss the Rams finished a very successful season with a 18-7-1 record.

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
Beacon Hill
Boston, MA 02114



SPRINGFEST '89
VARIETY SHOW
Friday, April 28
7:30 PM
SU Walsh Theater

LAST CALL TO FAME!!

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

If you would like to perform in this year's variety show please contact IMMEDIATELY the Student Activities Office (Ridgeway Lane, 573-8320) or Dr. Alberto Mendez (Fenton 436, 573-8287).

Application deadline: March 27. Experience preferred, but not essential.

SHOW OFF YOUR TALENT! JOIN THE SHOW!

ALL INVITED TO ATTEND SPRINGFEST '89.

The continuing popularity of fake ID's

by Lisa Olivieri

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A 21-year-old senior offered one reason for the use of fake ID's.

"There is nowhere for kids between the ages of 18 and 20 to go. They're too old to hang around with younger kids, and too young to go to clubs. They end

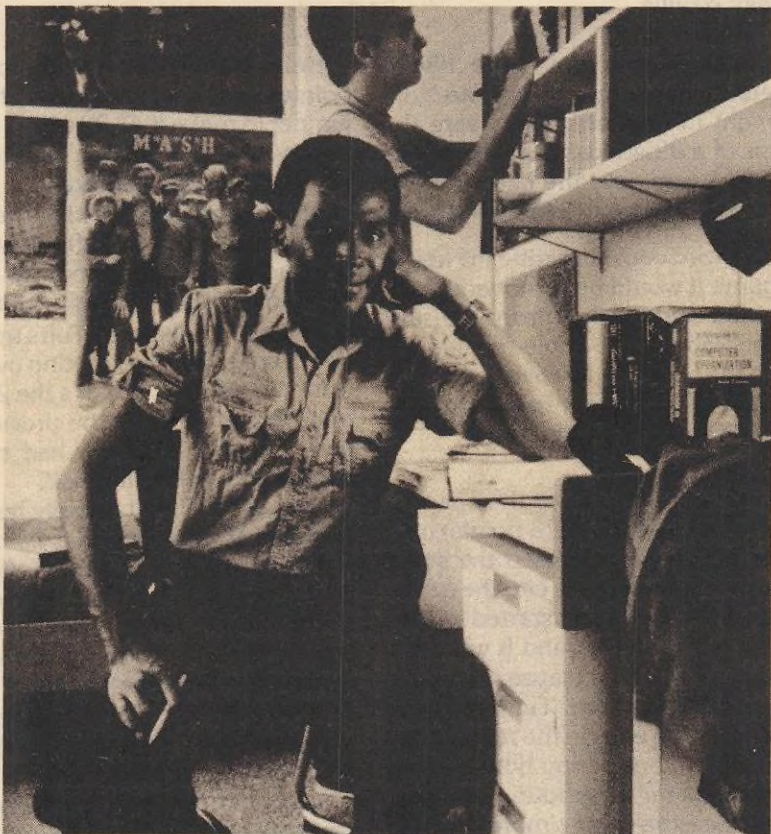
up getting older kids to buy beer for them. And then what? They get caught by the police for public drinking and get sent home," he stated.

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

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

**100%
Grade A
Filler**

"HOW I MADE \$18,000 FOR COLLEGE BY WORKING WEEKENDS."



When my friends and I graduated from high school, we all took part-time jobs to pay for college.

They ended up in car washes and hamburger joints, putting in long hours for little pay.

Not me. My job takes just one weekend a month and two weeks a year. Yet, I'm earning \$18,000 for college.

Because I joined my local Army National Guard.

They're the people who help our state during emergencies like hurricanes and floods. They're also an important part of our country's military defense.

So, since I'm helping them do such an important job, they're helping me make it through school.

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

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

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

It all adds up to \$18,000—or more—for college for just a little of my time. And that's a heck of a better deal than any car wash will give you.

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

*In Hawaii: 737-5255; Puerto Rico: 721-4550; Guam: 477-9957; Virgin Islands (St. Croix): 773-6438; New Jersey: 800-452-5794. In Alaska, consult your local phone directory.
© 1985 United States Government as represented by the Secretary of Defense. All rights reserved.

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

NAME ☐ M ☐ F

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

AREA CODE PHONE

US CITIZEN. ☐ YES ☐ NO

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

BIRTH DATE

OCCUPATION

STUDENT ☐ HIGH SCHOOL ☐ COLLEGE
PRIOR MILITARY SERVICE ☐ YES ☐ NO

BRANCH

RANK

AFM/MOS



A1CWJC0603NP

THE INFORMATION YOU VOLUNTARILY PROVIDE, INCLUDING YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER, WILL BE USED FOR RECRUITING PURPOSES ONLY. YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER WILL BE USED TO ANALYZE RESPONSE TO THIS AD. AUTHORITY: IOUSC-503

Army National Guard

Americans At Their Best.