Divestment, finite math, and pencil sharpeners: A look back on this year's news

by Rick Dunn

On Tom Petty's new single "Jamin' Me" the rock star comments about the proliferation of useless information by the media and news coverage of people and events that he finds rather unimportant. While some of the news that the Journal reports isn't exactly earth-shattering, every story is of interest to someone. However in the past school year there have been several stories that directly impacted the Suffolk community. Suffolk's Divestment in South Africa, violence at social events, the pell-mell results of the finite math competency exam, and the drop in enrollment for the fall semester. The news stories that managed to escape such probing news as "SGA solves pencil sharpener dilemma" the Journal's notorious art pages.

The Suffolk students and faculty members who were happily stunned when the board of trustees voted to divest Suffolk monies a few weeks ago. Organizations such as SOAR (Society of Organized Against Racism) and the Student Government Association, as well as all Suffolk student groups, rallied to protest Suffolk's investment in South Africa which later resulted in Vice President T.J. Scully's attackers commenting that student pressure was a factor in the board's decision.

The future of Suffolk sponsored social events outside of school was threatened after the Worcester Polytechnic Institute (WPI) Task Force was formed to investigate the eruption of violence which was unheard of in previous years. The findings have yet to be revealed, but the consensus of popular opinion was that a handful of people were the culprits. The debate over Finite Math resulted in some angry letters and editorials in the Journal. SGA polling of some 500 students who took the Finite Math competency exam failed, while many others just barely passed. The math department insisted that Finite Math is a necessity while it is possible the English department might think that someone in the math department needs a competency test in spelling, because the dictionary is the department's. The mystery continues.

The Journal would be lost if it weren't for the further exploits of constant Cover woman Christine Perry of Financial Aid and Cover man and WSFR Manager Mike Maloney who together covered more front page stories than Madonna and Michael J. Fox. WSFR was the victim of a rash of robberies, but the consensus of popular opinion was that student pressure was a factor in the board's decision.

SGA polls students on cafeteria smoking policy

by David Hayes

A recent SGA poll revealed that nearly two-thirds of Suffolk's students would like to see a change made in the school's cafeteria smoking policy. The poll of 145 students in the Sewey Cafeteria revealed that 25 percent of the students would like to see the smoking and non-smoking areas divided evenly in the cafeteria. Another 25 percent would like to see smoking banned altogether in the room. Forty percent of the students polled like the current policy, and do not wish to see it changed.

President Daniel H. Perlman expressed concern over the issue. Maggie Faulkner, Assistant Director of Admissions Joe Walsh was misquoted. His statement that he "immediately gives the negative side to Suffolk" in recruiting students was wrong. What Walsh actually said was he "immediately gives both the positive and negative sides of Suffolk when prospective students ask parking and housing."
EDITORIAL

Much has been said and written against the Suffolk administration regarding South African divestment. Credit, however, should always be given where it is due. Suffolk University President John Daniel H. Perlman deserves a great deal of credit for his decision to side with the students of the University at the last Board of Trustees meeting. It was Perlman’s affirmative vote that gave students their victory. Had Perlman voted against divestment, as he had done in the past, a 6-5 tie would have occurred. Board of Trustees chairman John Howe would have held the tie-breaking vote, and only divine intervention would have kept him from voting against the majority.

A great deal of heartfelt effort and moral fortitude went into the student’s position in calling for divestment. It may not have been an economically perfect idea, but students felt that economics was not the point. Perlman recognized this. His affirmative vote told students that they could in fact implement change, that their word does hold weight in the operations of the university. Students refused to be denied on this issue, and their persistence paid off.

Had Perlman simply voted the other way, which probably would have been easier, the school year would have ended with no substantial progress being made. Key figures in the movement to divest would have graduated, and it’s entirely possible that the whole thing would have died.

But now Suffolk has decided to divest. The funds invested in corporations which have employees working in South Africa will now be invested in corporations that do not. It is a credit to the students at the University for not giving up on something they believed was right, and a credit to their president for listening, and acknowledging their voice.

To Sandi — Fix your headlines, and sing like Tom Petty. Get a job. Again, thanks kid.

To Mike — Dammnit, I’m going to live to see you lose your cool someday, boy.

Bob Hanson — nobody knows who you are!

Mike, Lorraine, Zig, Bob Carney, Bob Rice, Vin, Lioa, the list goes on and on… Thanks for rounding out the team and for making these years oh so divine. (Ahem)

That’s it. Oh, wait…

To Mike DeSimone — My hero. Thanks. Morton! buddy of pal of mine. Don’t let the world get you and don’t let the taxi cops see your beer.

To Helen — Thanks for being there when I needed you most. I love you.

T’d like to dedicate this year, for bet­ ter or worse, to my parents, for all their caring and support through four difficult years. Thanks for never leaving my side and being just a phone call away. I love you both.

Well, hey, it’s all a game. Inside I’m still the same. I apologize for any inconvenience I may have caused you right­ wingers and three-piece-suiters and Westies and fans for wasting my hair too long. I blow you all a great big kiss.

Keep fighting for your rights. And thanks for four years of education (and what not.)

David B. Hayes

Dear Class of 87,

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for giving me the chance to represent you in Student Government. As your Class President, I have tried to give you the best Springweek events possible. Although we were unable to have a cruise or outing, I would like to thank the Springweek Committee and especially you. THE CLASS OF 87 did make giving me your sup­ port and devoting your time to helping me. At this writing, the 87 Days Party and the Parent/Student Brunch are sold out. I’m sure the other 2 events will be equally successful. Without you, none of this would have been possible. Again many thanks.

David B. Hayes

Thanks for the memories,

Neil J. Petrocelli

Class of 87 President

Chairman of Springweek Committee

The views and opinions expressed by students here do not necessarily reflect those of the Administration.

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The Suffolk Journal

Typsetting by Goss-Gum
English students honor
Mark Twain

by Gail Ellis

On April 23, English Honors Class D13 presented Professor Miller's rendition of Mark Twain's life. Students wrote the play using excerpts from Twain's works and his autobiography, The English class consisted of 11 students who nervously performed Mark Twain's stories.

The shining stars of the play were Deborah Silva, Lisa Ferrera, and Douglas Sook. Each student played Twain or one of Twain's characters at some time or another during the play. Silva and Sook stole the show. Sook's portrayal of Twain was enhanced by an unfortunate case of stage fright, which made the southern drawl more authentic. Silva added a feminine touch to Twain's character. A confident and articulate reader was never seen. A triangle was formed between the audience and the story.

Other honorable mention candidates were James J. Reynolds, John Barry, and Anne Hogan, and Karen Webber who confidently wins the awards of Twain. Student Gallant, John Mele, Gary Salcido, and Bonnie Sidi read the play well but had opening jitters. The reading was well stage with Twain's sarcastic wit and humor, which gave the play the edge it needed to succeed. Although the play had few props to enhance the reading, and had no costumes the students could be proud. Black hi-top converse sneakers added to Twain's character.

by Bob Rice

The irony in the news from Washington at the end of the second Twain is that the President is in danger of being rescued by his enemies from his friends.

The Soviets, whom he has called "the source of all evil" and "an evil empire" have tossed him a political lifeline with an offer to sign an arms control agreement on terms that he himself had once proposed. This has given his "damaged" presidency something to do that catches headlines and creates the appearance of a presidency in forward motion: motion toward a deal that is widely perceived to be a good goal.

The arms control delegations at Geneva have been cranked up. The President could accept a negotiated agreement on terms that he himself has had little success. In return, Washington would desist from the arms-for-hostages deal that stopped the negotiations.

The irony in the news from Washington is broken into three times. Needles are stolen, headphones are smashed, and French teachers should have English class. The duplicate keys persist. Thank you, SAO.

FACE THE NATION: Tony Shaw, Suffolk's locksmith for 23 years, gets mauled by a pitbull the first month of his retirement. He lost. He got 87 stitches, but he's okay now.

RUBBER RODEO: John Clark, a Suffolk student forms a company called "Responsible Relations" that sells condoms through the mail. Gives whole new meaning to the term "Sex Education." The poll showed a radical change from a 1984 SGA poll which showed no one would allow them to meet and compete with other students across the country. Furthermore, the original agenda called for building useful negotiations with the Soviets on an improved US military position. The improved military position has not been achieved. It would now be logical, and in fulfillment of the Reagan plan, to proceed to the negotiations.

SGA UPDATE: The SGA spends a few days travelling (this year, for example. The students a lot by allowing them to meet and compete with other students across the country. The students a lot by allowing them to meet and compete with other students across the country. We have a great chance of breaking into the top twenty teams in the country and possibly into the top ten.

The team heartily encourages new people to participate.

But in the back rooms of the reformist White House, the new managers of American foreign policy have been working on the possibility of a negotiated exit from the affair.

This could take the form of a deal with the junta leadership in Managua, under which it would renounce foreign offensive weapons, submit to inspection by neutral neighbors and promise to refrain from aiding subversive movements in other countries.

In return, Washington would desist the contracting. Undoubtedly the President himself would prefer to overthrow the regime in Managua. However, its actual overthrow has not been achieved. In fact, the declaring of the operation has been a great deal of optimism about the next few years.

Thanks to the Soviets, such a negotiated way out of the contra policy can perhaps be obscured from embarrassing public notice by the excitement of fresh, new socializing with the Soviets. The Soviet proposal to go ahead with a deal on intermediate-range weapons in Europe, separate from other arms negotiations, immediately unleashes speculation that Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev might come to Washington.

Suppose that after all the fiascos start toward East-West agreements there should actually be a deal during the Reagan presidency as Israel and the contra wars. That was all done during the Reagan presidency as Israel and the contra wars. It's finished. It's finished. It's finished. It's finished. It's finished.

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The team heartily encourages new people to participate.
For John, the reputed “runner’s high” seemed to come in the fulfillment of his life-long dream, and he speaks as proudly of his accomplishment.

“Bringing the mighty high for him these little kids, handing out the orange slices and cups of water, made me feel like a somebody,” he said. “They meant a lot to this man from Somerville, who runs the five miles home after work. As they hand you an orange or a cup of water it’s a big thrill for them. They’re all holding their hands out for little high-fives. The people lift your spirits.”

“My feeling is that it comes from inside, from the heart,” he said, “there was pain, mentally and physically, but you reach down inside and just pull it out, you take it in stride.”

“The high that he felt seems to have had a lasting effect on him. They’re all holding their hands out for little high-fives. The people lift your spirits.”

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Swimming to Cambodia

A stroke of genius

by Sandra Miller

Sort of like a lonely My Dinner with Andre. Swimming to Cambodia is more than a monologue, but less than playing a part, art. Similar to a multimedia expository rap session, Gray's narratively faced in his pella with shirt, his hair a disheveled brown-gray mass, behind a desk. Before him is a great pad of paper and a neglected Ronald McDonald notebook.

Occasionally a generic sunset will flash on the screen behind him as he talks about topics such as follicling in the Indian Ocean, or he will use an international map or two to help explain the Cambodian takeover. But he alone serves as monoparagaph number one, discussing his relationship between the two times he's in The Killing Fields and the differences between living in Boston and New York.

The insanity of the Khmer Rouge at times seem to overwhelm his own narratives — he talks rhythmically and monotone — snapping his fingers non-stop in beats of three, building from three of whatever needs to be entertained. With a slick transition, he shifts into a discussion of Operation Breakfast — the secret American bombing of Cambodia, which killed "15% more of the enemy than was needed" according to military advisors, and resulted in the Kent State outrage.

Gray then shifts back into low gear ranting about the obvious neighbors which overlap the other like anxious puppies wanting a turn to feed. In one stream of recollections, he notes that his favorite movie of one scene cost him the film $300,000. Later, he deadpans that most of the extras in the movie had to be imported since "Pol Pot killed all the actors, we had to hire social workers from Manhat.

The constant switching back and forth between horror and humor keeps from threatening the audience's sense of coherence.

Instead, Gray's instincts create an in-sane whirlwind in Swimming — the swirl of history can be far weirder than the fictionalized, and his personal life will not be able to come back after the deaths of his pets, of mortifying and his awakening sexuality, aided by the girl next door, whoýs perpetually perplexed with historical events for perspective, such as the bombing of Hiroshima and the polio epidemic (which Gray "prevents") by washing his hands with rubbing alcohol and avoiding crowded movie theaters.

In 1983, he was cast as the American ambassador's aide for The Killing Fields, which centered on the friendship of New York Times reporter Sidney Schanberg and Cambodian photographer Edward Simut. He went on to write the 1975 coup, his cameo in True Stories, and his appearance in David Byrnes'True Stories, all of which have made him a star. Now he is gaining fame, fortune and a communication problem with his wife — the couple speaks solely through their children's notebook. Currently Gray serves as artist-in-residence at the Taper Forum in Los Angeles, and has written eleven monologues. He can presently be experienced in the feature version of Swimming to Cambodia, directed by Jonathan Demme (Something Wild, Stop Making Sense).

Shades of Gray

From Providence to Boston, from Travesties' Virginia, to the Killing Fields of Cambodia, Swimming to Cambodia's Gary's tales have seen and swam far...Through his monologues such as Swimming to Cambodia, now recorded on film, he lives and relives more memorable and twisted experiences. "I'll never run out of material as long as I'm alive," Gray states. The biggest disappointment is that I probably won't be able to come back after the deaths of my pets, of mortifying and his awakening sexuality, aided by the girl next door, whoýs perpetually perplexed with historical events for perspective, such as the bombing of Hiroshima and the polio epidemic (which Gray "prevents") by washing his hands with rubbing alcohol and avoiding crowded movie theaters.

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Swimming to Cambodia

Fox a Success in Secret


The secret of Herbert Ross' new film Secret of My Success is simply its star, Michael J. Fox. Fox, the star of TV's Family Ties, also plays the energetic Brantley Jordan, president of the firm which his uncle heads. There is more to Secret than just an appearance in David Byrnes'True Stories, all of which have made him a star. Now he is gaining fame, fortune and a communication problem with his wife — the couple speaks solely through their children's notebook. Currently Gray serves as artist-in-residence at the Taper Forum in Los Angeles, and has written eleven monologues. He can presently be experienced in the feature version of Swimming to Cambodia, directed by Jonathan Demme(Something Wild, Stop Making Sense).

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An Assault on the senses

THE ASSAULT — Directed by Fons Rademakers. Based on the novel by Rademaker.

After seeing Shoah, Claude Lanzmann’s heart shattering 9½ hour documentary on the Holocaust, the Houyhnhnm-like figure that was the end of a long line of great European films about World War II, Reeve found himself in emotional death. For how could any film, especially a work of fiction, add anything new to WWII after Shoah had dismantled history and redeemed the evil of Hitler’s Germany?

Yet Fons Rademaker’s The Assault reveals that the ghost of WWII continues to haunt the European landscape. Unlike the United States, which shut off its conscience and white-washed history the day after Hiroshima, Europeans are still wrestling with the memories of the war. Unlike the European filmmakers still drawn on its complexities to this day, a similar film opens in the Dutch town of Haarlem during the last days of WWII. In the year 1943, Anton Steenwijks’s family is having a quiet evening at home when Fakke Ploeg, a local fascist, breaks into his house, but in front of neighbor house by the Dutch Resistance.

The neighbors, knowing German occupation will be swift and arbitrary, move the corpse so it is in front of the Steenwijken’s house. Before Anton’s brother Peter can move the body, the SS arrives. Within an hour, Anton’s house is burned down in front of his eyes and his family is arrested. The shot even though the Germans know they are innocent. After a night in jail with the SS, his family, and Dutch police beating student who tells Anton “The who killed your parents are the ones who did it and no one else”. Anton is sent to Amsterdam to live with his uncle.


The Assault

From here the film cuts abruptly into the future and we find an older Anton who has little interest in his past. He is an anesthesiologist both literarily and figuratively as he numbs himself by sublimating his memories. Clearly, Rademaker is warning us about the dangers of forgetting the past. Although this premise has been done to death, Rademaker is able to inject enough new twists into it as we follow Anton from the early 1950’s to 1983.

During this time Anton reconsports that terrible night in 1945 piece by piece. Like in those box of questions, each time he remembers or discovers something important about his past it leads to more complicated issues.

For instance, Anton is confronted by Ploeg’s son who reminds him that he’s suffered also. Ploeg wants to know why his family must inherit the sin and pain of his father. Nor can he understand why his father was murdered, when the end of the war was so near. The Resistance fighters would have murdered him, but he is unable to explain that to them, so they are blame for the ruin of both families. Finally, we learn that Ploeg is innocent, but without having a perverted sense of honor — he joined the NAZIs in late 1944 to take a stand for himself, but in even that obvious he was the NAZIs on their way out.

At a funeral for a Resistance fighter, another sets meets Gijs, the man that Fakke Ploeg and triggered the most eventful flight of Anton’s life. Gijs is still at war, with himself this time. A ruthless man who, like the SS, understands that you win the war you’re a hero, if you lose, you’re a butcher. Nothing wrong with fighting fascism with fascist. Anton learns the Resistance picked his neighborhood because it was “quiet” and that Gijs has to remorse for what happened after war, he believes he has done for his mother lived there, Anton demands.

The Assault

Rademaker frequently cuts away to news footage of historical events to provide a frame of reference, and to show that Anton is as ignorant of current events as he is of his own history. By injecting clips of the Russians in Hungary in 1956, Americans in Vietnam, and Dutch police beating student protesters, Rademaker hints that the libertators of 1945 have now become fascists themselves.

Anton’s 40-year odyssey to make peace with himself finally ends at an anti-nuke rally in 1983. At the rally, he meets the neighbor who deposited Ploeg’s corpse in front of his house, and gets to ask him why they picked his house and not the neighbors on the opposite side?

Even though the ending is a bit pat, The Assault is stirring. Intriguing and somewhat disturbing work which was more than deserving for its Oscar for best foreign film.

A shopping guide for the rock consumer

by Chris Adams

Remember the good old days? Y’know when rock bands released great records without the slightest compromise for commercial success? Yeah, it’s pretty hard to remember. Just look at what’s “hot” now. The Cure’s new single sounds like a bad Led Zeppelin song produced by Nile Rodgers. The new fashion bands like Pseudo Ego and Frozen Ghost are overproduced pieces of sludge. Even Julian Cope’s new album, as good as it is, leans more towards conventionalism than any of his previous releases. It’s disillusioning enough to make you consider giving up on pop music for good.

Rock isn’t dead, it’s just sort of... “in hiding.” There’s still plenty of great rock and roll. You just have to look a little harder.

The Jesus and Mary Chain — They’ve been compared to the Sex Pistols. They’ve been compared to the Velvet Underground. Personally, they should be compared to a sort of a Phil Spector sound for the 80’s; the Ronettes after a crash course in angst. Basically, the JAMC’s music consists of wall-to-wall feedback, minimal but propulsive drumming, with the bass and vocals supplying some pure pop melodies. They’ve released a handful of singles plus one LP (Psychocandy) which is possibly the freshest, most unique sound you’ll hear this decade.

Love and Rockets — Any fan of avant-garde rock will undoubtedly remember Bauhaus, the first real gothic band, barrios the Banshees, perhaps. Alas, Bauhaus is long gone, but out of its ashes rises Love and Rockets, consisting of all Bauhaus members except lead singer Peter Murphy. Love and Rockets’ music is chiming, somewhat eerie trip into the minds of the band, as well as your own. Sure, that sounds a bit pretentious, but after hearing “An American Dream” off L.E.F.’s latest LP, Seventh Dream of a Teenage Heaven and Express, the latter being the best pop/rock album of 1986. Also, it’s probably the only album in existence totally dedicated to the Eastern Zen philosophy.

The Mighty Lemon Drops — Back in the early 80’s, when we were all still wearing our Out Queen albums, Lennon pool came out with its first distinctive sound since the Beatles. Critics tagged it “neo-psychdelic” although the forerunners of this sound, Echo and the Bunnymen and The Teardrop Expansion, had been around since the early 90’s. Well, the Teardrops have split, and who knows what’s happened to the Bunnymen, but all is lost. Enter the Mighty Lemon Rumps, who seem well on their way to carrying on the grand tradition. They sound like nothing else except Happy Head. The singer sounds like a cross between Julian Cope and Ian Dury. It certainly is one of the best pop albums of the eighties.

The Woodentops — The Woodentops are one of those few British bands that started crawling from the wood work after the Smiths’ success. The “Tops” have two albums, Well, Well (a singles compilation), and Gurt, which both feature breathy vocals, heavy acoustic guitars, and some pretty nifty arrangements. Most of the songs are delivered in a manic free-for-all style which sounds more inspired than sloppy. One critics called Gurt “One of the greatest albums ever made.” That may be overrating it a little, but it certainly is one of the best pop albums of the eighties.

That’s just a taste of what’s out there. A ton of bands could have been mentioned (Psychic TV, Sonic Youth, My Bloody Valentine... the list goes on forever.) But this sampling should be inspiring enough to at least tickle your curiosity. Destroy your Steve Miller records.
SPORTS

A reason to remember Suffolk sports

by Michael Maloney and Maureen Pirone

We’ve all heard the saying, “Time flies when you’re having fun,” but this is a bit ridiculous. It seems like last week, when the cross country teams were sprinting to victory, the soccer team was booting the ball across the grass, the icemen were skating across the blue line, and the basketball teams were hustling across the parquet. Now in just a few weeks, we will have heard the last crack of the bat for this season. Sports fans, however, can’t just pack away the accomplishments by the Suffolk sports teams this year without some recognition going to the players who made this year one to remember.

Men’s Basketball

Ram of the Year

Mike Slattery — This senior forward did it all for the Rams on the parquet. He was a great defensive player, stopping opponents’ passes and blocking potential shots from reaching the basket. He could also post the points on the scoreboard, scoring clutch points when the Rams needed them the most. He will certainly be missed.

Rookie of the Year

Kevin Noonan — A freshman out of Everett High, Noonan displayed vast knowledge on the court. He controlled the flow of the game, overpowering opponents with his agility and his blinding speed. He is definitely a building block in the Rams plans for future championships. (Maybe his last name is really McHale.)

Ice Hockey

Ram of the Year

Rick Piracini — Sophomore Rick Piracini was a quiet hero of sorts. He did everything one could possibly ask: scored goals, blocked shots, and added intensity to the game each shift he skated. A definite team player with a lot of potential, Piracini will be looked upon in the future. (The Bruins could use him on their blue line.)

Women’s Basketball

Ram of the Year

Ellen Crotty — This versatile athlete from Chelsea was a constant inspiration to the players and coaches. Garibaldi gave 110% every time she stepped onto the court, scoring points, intimidating opponents, and being a true team leader.

Unsung Hero

Jim Ryan — The ever reliable captain played in his last game as a Suffolk Ram this season. He was always ready to carry the team through with his hard work and determined play. A key player in the Rams’ attack, he will be sorely missed by the coaches and players.

Rookie of the Year

J.P. Guilotti — Another sturdy defensivemen, Guilotti performed well for the Rams throughout the season. He not only defended the goalies, he could put on a few spectacular displays of offense. He will be a valuable asset for the Rams next season. (The Bruins could use him at the center.)

Soccer

Ram of the Year

Paula Nee — This freshman has worked extra hard to make the team, and has done an outstanding job in the process. She is a strong catcher with a lot of potential to make the future look bright for the Lady Rams.

Unsung Hero

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Rookie of the Year

Meg Leary — Leary, a sophomore from Quincy, was a steady performer for the Cross country team. She has been very competitive, and has brought the University much recognition with her outstanding performances.
“Springweek 87” invites you to spend
“An Evening of Elegance”
Westin Hotel at Copley Place
Friday, May 15, 1987
Tickets $20 per person
(Formal Attire Requested)
and See “Knights in Boston” at the Medieval Manor
Monday, May 11, 1987 — $14 per person (must be 21 years of age)
All Tickets on Sale in Cafeteria

SPRINGWEEK 87 - FINAL MEETING
APRIL 30 - SAWYER 421 - 2:00 P.M.