

Here Comes Miami Spice

Bridget is willing to employ almost anything to nab Bart, the hunky football player—including S-E-X. Then again, that act means no more to witchy Bridget than "taking out the garbage." But if *she* keeps fooling around with Bart, her erstwhile "friend" Merc will blab a deep, dark secret—and Bridget will just *die!* Meanwhile, the dean is spying on students—including campus band members who may be using (drum roll) *controlled substances.*

Such shenanigans are par for the courses at Weston University, the mythical setting for the upcoming University of Miami-produced soap opera, "Passions." And of course, like the Carringtons on "Dynasty," everyone at WU is good-looking—even the faculty. Former Miami Dolphin quarterback Bob Griese is set to appear as a coach.

Griese's cameo will be unpaid, since the soap is a no-budget venture. "We haven't got a cent," says "Passions" originator Judy Wallace, associate professor of telecommunications. But unlike "General Hospital," the college soap doesn't need expensive sets or high-priced stars. Instead, "Passions" uses equipment from the student-run campus cable station to film for free in dorm rooms and local hangouts. And the soap casts students who are thrilled to act the parts of the assorted vixens and villains.

More than 90 students auditioned for 24 regular parts on the show, which airs this month on the university cable system. Will it be half as steamy as that other local product, "Miami Vice"? "I hope to God not," says Wallace. Still, there are many episodes of "Passions" to go—and who knows what Bridget might do?

MULTIPLE CHOICE

An Illustrious Alumna

Many schools are hard-pressed to come up with exciting themes for their anniversary celebrations, but Mount Saint Vincent College had to look no farther than the headlines. When the Bronx, N.Y., college marks its 75th birthday this month, part of the program will be dedicated to Corazon Aquino, the new president of the Philippines—and member of the class of '53. Aquino's dramatic defeat of the Marcos regime has brought pride and prestige to a small (1,000 students) co-educational liberal-arts college that was not widely renowned for illustrious alumnae. "It always used to be a pain to explain where you go to college," says Lynn Gensoli, a

sophomore whose father is of Filipino extraction. "Now we can say, 'Mount Saint Vincent—you know, that's where Cory went'."

The Aquino fervor at the Mount (as the students call the school) burst forth as soon as she took charge in February. A banner proclaiming "Our Woman Won" was draped on the administration building. Posters of her smiling face cropped up all over campus, and the school took out a full-page congratulatory ad in The New York Times. Tina Lopingco, a senior who emigrated from the Philippines in 1979, immediately set about assembling a scrapbook of articles on the election and the school to send to her heroine.

Students also launched a drive to refurbish Cory's old dorm room to display a collection of memorabilia. Faculty memories of the young, shy French major—who was a



The faculty, students, staff and administration of
The College of
Mount Saint Vincent
proudly salute alumna

**CORAZON
AQUINO**

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and pray that under her leadership
the Filipino People may enjoy

"a government dedicated
to upholding truth and justice,
morality and decency in government,
freedom and democracy."

member of the French and Math clubs, secretary of the Epsilon Psi honor society and performer of the "tinikling," a Filipino folk dance, in campus talent shows—shouldn't be hard to assemble, as several of

Taking Their Aurals at Syracuse

At Syracuse, as at some other schools, students vent their exam anxiety the primal way: they shout, shout, shout it all out. In early March, at the peak of midterms, hundreds of pent-up crammers flung their windows open and screeched in assorted styles

for 15 minutes. Some were verbal: "I hate my professor" and "I can't stand it anymore." Others weren't, issuing Taran yells and one blood-curdling noise that was described as "orgasmic." Planning for these aurals began last fall during finals. "We talked

about how frustrated we felt," said Bob Stohrer, a communications major who helped to organize the noise. "We just wished we could scream to let off the tension." Later this semester the howlers hope to extend their therapy to 15 minutes every night during finals.

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER DASEVE

