

the INTERNATIONAL

Florida International University, Miami, Florida

Ecological Warriors Visit Miami

LENA LEVY
Contributor

The Greenpeace ship "Rainbow Warrior" is an unlikely guest in the huge slip that normally hosts the luxury liner Norway. The towering white dove of peace bearing an olive branch on the bow and several huge rainbow designs amidships negate the rough seas that have taken their toll on the British Research trawler turned-ecological gladiator. With most of the crew at sea undergoing an Ocean Survival Training program, the *International* had veteran Jim Stiles, 2nd assistant engineer, all to itself to update Greenpeace's ecological goals in Florida and around the globe.

"Greenpeace is excited about its first trip down the Florida coast because it holds the promise of more in the future," Stiles said. "Until now, we could not run our cold-water ship down here, but our new 600 h.p. engine means we can campaign in warmer waters."

Greenpeace did not arrive in time to help resolve this season's mass "bambicide" of Everglades deer forced to rot and starve in high water. However, serious plans are under way to combat several other Florida ills before irreparable damage is done.

Although the largest living reef is in John Pennekamp State Park, a smaller, lesser-known living reef near Tampa has been "of on-going concern to Greenpeace and possible action is seriously being looked into." Their objection stems from the fact that when community fathers began dredging Tampa Bay, they chose the living reef site upon which to dump the refuse.

The *International* informed Stiles that even the future of John Pennekamp's reef is questionable due to Key Largo's unchecked resort development, and credited the *Miami Herald's* recent "expose" series with the first rumbling of public outcry.

Also of paramount Florida interest is the inevitable damage that will accompany James Watt's decision to open the Outer Continental Shelf for oil-drilling. Greenpeace warns that Florida's tourism and unique wildlife need staunch protection from the public.

With South Florida's proximity to some of the greatest fishing in the world, Greenpeace reminds us that it is currently involved in a suit against the federal

government, charging that its choice of the Georges Bank as an oil-drilling location violates the Endangered Species Act. Georges Bank was one of the world's richest fishing grounds. However, scallops recently harvested from these very banks contain a toxic component of offshore drilling muds. The chromium contamination can be harmful both to the scallops and to humans that consume them.

A stay in Miami ends too quickly when filled with the endless chores a crew must accomplish while in port. Jim Stiles was "sorry not to have time to visit Miami's cageless Metro zoo. But I would certainly hate to be here if Christo's 'Wrapped Islands' is allowed to happen."

Stiles is referring to the controversial pink-plastic wrapped islands proposed to adorn Biscayne Bay at some future date.

"It's sick!" He continued. "For the amount of money involved in the project, I would hate to think this is the best Miami can do for its animals and its art. I can only hope your dwindling number of coastal manatees don't drown under it. Or that your cormorants and pelicans don't tangle their legs and suffer a prolonged death or drown."

Returning to the plight of the Everglades deer, Greenpeace had this to say: "It's hard to second-guess a situation we have not been actively involved in. Any animal rescue effort has minimal results each time out, as we have shown in our efforts on behalf of whales and seals. For any measure of success, the effort must be repeated again and again."

"It is our understanding that only one day was spent trying to relocate the deer, and 8 of 18 have since died for various reasons. Jack Kassewitz's Wildlife Rescue Mission and Cleveland Amory's Fund for Animals are to be commended for their attempt. The 723 deer killed in the controlled hunt the following day surely relieved the stress upon some of the 948 who have died since, but only temporarily.

"The Greenpeace position regarding hunting is

that if you shoot it, you'd darn well better eat it. The problem with hunters in this type of hunt is that they tend to shoot only the best specimens and these deer are far from healthy.

"We would prefer to see permanent resolutions attempted such as the restoration of natural water levels through drainage in the neediest areas. But that's usually only a last resort if it conflicts with the desires of the human populace."

It's obvious to the *International* that if and when Greenpeace opens an office in Florida, they will be a helpful adjunct to the ecological organizations already battling the serious issues of the day.

Greenpeace began less than ten years ago when a tiny group of people joined forces to protect atmospheric nuclear testing. Along with other groups, they succeeded in implementing the testing ban.

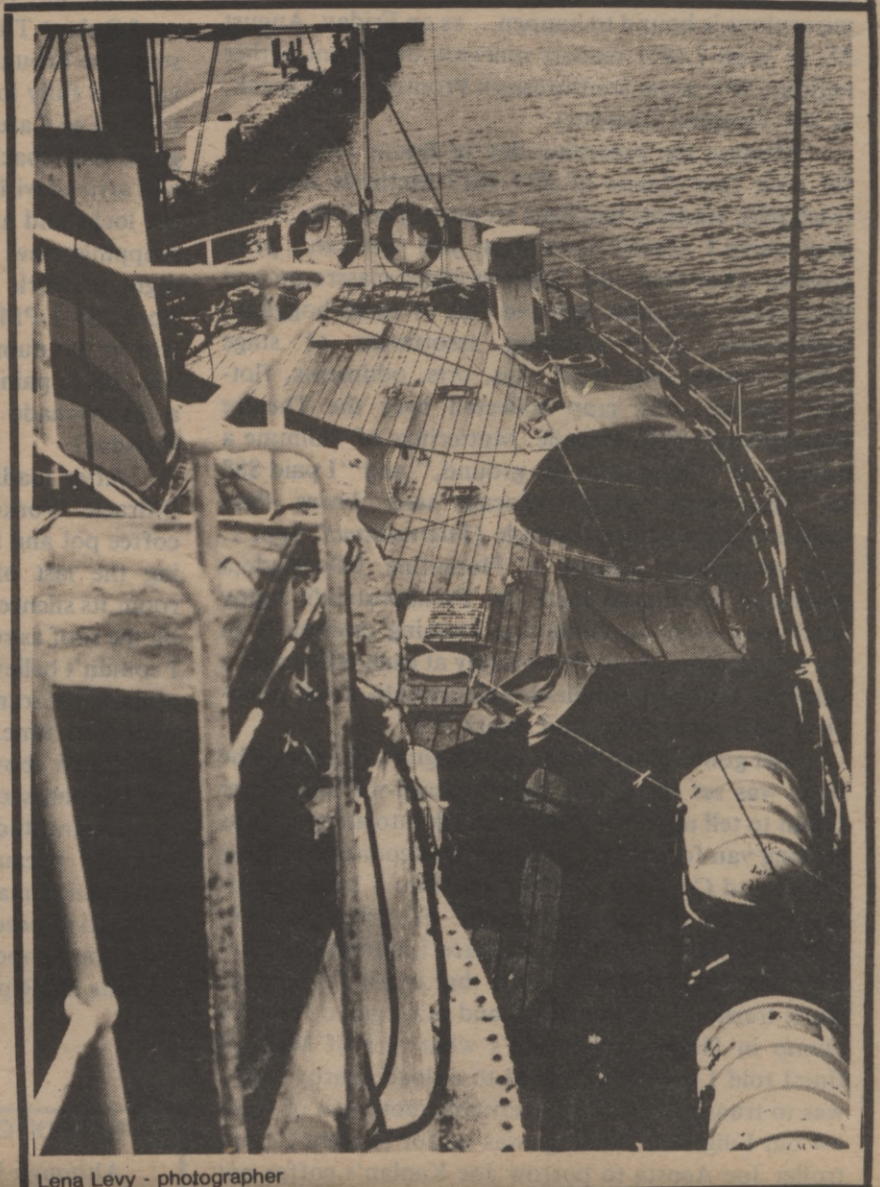
Riding on this success, Greenpeace began making its voice heard in other ecological areas such as anti-whaling, seal protection, endangered species, and pollution. It acquired ships to sail the world, fighting for the ecology with direct confrontation tactics, for which it is now famous.

Greenpeace has captured the hearts of many celebrity spokespersons as well. Congressman Lehman of Fort Lauderdale recently visited The Rainbow Warrior to voice his support. The Save the Seals campaign, where seal pelts are sprayed with indelible dye to render their coats valueless, has been aided by Bridget Bardot, Vermont congressman Jim Jefferds, and politician Leo Ryan, who was later killed on the airstrip in Guyana during the Jim Jones uprising. Jimmy Buffet has also done some work for Greenpeace, and is currently involved in Florida's Save the Manatee campaign.

Daniel Ellsberg accompanied Greenpeace vessel "Sirius" to Leningrad to protest nuclear testing. He and Sirius were soon thrown out for "distributing subversive balloons" along the coast. The balloons were emblazoned with the message "USSR Stop Nuclear Testing NOW."

The Sirius, by the way, is the same vessel that last week unleashed Greenpeace in rubber dinghies on a Dutch freighter that was dumping 3,000 tons of

con't. on pg. 3



Lena Levy - photographer



Lena Levy - photographer

International reporter, Lena Levy, visits with Greenpeace crew aboard Rainbow Warrior

Dear *International*,

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus; leprechauns and good faeries abound in this university. Even miracles can happen because "We've got the spirit, Man, and we've got the Power," as one technology major was overheard to say. Mix 'em together with a little music, food, and drink then something miraculous is bound to happen... as on Friday, August 27, in West-1. (For readers unaware of distant nether regions, W-1 is the Southwestern Frontier, so to speak, of the Tamiami Campus).

Meeting the preceding day in Room 110 of W-1 for their first classes in ETI 4613 Methods Analysis (with lab), students had been stunned speechless. Well, they weren't *exactly* speechless; you just can't print most of what they said. Their assigned classroom and laboratory was packed jammed full of mind-boggling, wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling assortment of stage props, scenes, sets, flats, rugs, orts, oddments, flotsam, jetsam, and crap collected over the Theatre Department's First Decade. Mutterings of "Gimme a bulldozer," "Raze it to the ground," and "I paid \$88 for this?" were heard. Morale sank lower than Gainesville's summer sinkhole (*International*, Sept. 1, p.6) as, wedged among a Florentine balustrade, a telephone booth, and mad Dr. Frankenstein's zappy machinery with La Guillotine looming ominously in the background, we peered bleakly at each other over a witch's boil-and-bubble-double-trouble kettle complete with rocks, twigs, and ersatz fire.

But good things had already begun to happen. The stage was set for a fast-moving, hard-working Peter Glenn to tell us which things to pack into an enormous moving van for storage at Bay Vista (courtesy of Rose Foster and Co.) and which to toss into a 2-ton dump-truck to be driven with precise dexterity by Jerry Llevada (trucks donated by Bruce Lindmuth of Student Services). Did you know that in an FIU dump-truck trash is "commercial" and must go to the City Dump in Homestead? That's what one of Miami's finest told Llevada who tried to unload nearby. Jerry was to transport 3 loads, a veritable mountain of trash --- but I digress. The stage was set for Student Comptroller Joe Acosta to borrow Joe Kaplan's coffee pot and ice chests from the PE Department and toss in his own stereo tape set and for me to bring coffee, soft drinks, donuts, and snacks. Most importantly, the call was out in Industrial Technology for student volunteers, dressed in their worst, to arrive at W-1 at 8:30 the next morning.

And arrived they did! Sixteen magnificent Heroes and a Heroine in Sneakers and Dungarees (more appropriate that Shining Armour) manifested student mastery of Vince Lombardi's "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." In the roles of Miracle Workers were Farzad Zandi, Herman Duran, Lazaro Bravo, David Schoppaul, Sam Hadden, Santos Irizarry, Jose Morel, Carlene Lichtenstein, Dante Fonseca, Robert Lariosa, Ned Kelly, and Joe Acosta from the student chapter of AIIE (American Institute of Industrial Engineers) and Sid Caplan, Kevin Maxwell, Victor Feblles, and Herman Solis from Alpha Eta Rho (Aviation Fraternity).

What good-natured hustle! What bright FIU bustle! No bored, blase, complaining, narcissistic, hircine dilettantes here! These students dually demonstrated that "The difficult we do immediately; the impossible may take a little longer". Their irrepressible spirit was

contagious.

Long before the room was cleared Herman Danker and Mike Baldwin with the Miracle Men of Maintenance were on the job. Richard Covey and Robert Caruso repaired and replaced burned-out lights and damaged ceiling tile. Bob and Herman checked out the air conditioning and a previously leaky roof. Robert Tito replaced a broken towel holder and someone brought in a wall clock. By the time the big van was fully loaded dripping plumbing had been rectified; Lee Caruso and Andy Flores had scrubbed off gunk and spackle-patched the walls. Mike Baldwin had arrived with two Key Bankers to check and change the locks and arranged for Louis Swart and the floor-stripping crew from Housekeeping to come in that night to work on a pathetically stained and scarred floor. By 3 PM when the truck returned from its last trip to the dump, painters John, Gene, Andy, and Alex were set to paint the walls with primer on Monday and a lovely shade of pale blue before the next class on Tuesday!

After loading Joe's car, Acosta and Lichtenstein (Miracle Workers Extraordinaire) left to return the coffee pot and ice chests. At 3:30 PM I sat, alone, sipping the last of the coffee in that big, empty, clean room, its silence broken only by the sound of footsteps on the roof as repair continued on the A/C unit. Truly, I couldn't believe my eyes. Room 110 had undergone a remarkable transformation in an absolutely impossible period of time. Merely to say "Thank you" to those mentioned above and others whose names I missed in the hubbub seems pitifully inadequate. How can one express gratitude to a group who so casually created a miracle? Because of the energy, spirit, dedication and cooperation manifested at all levels I know that FIU is destined to become a leading University irrespective of irritating, temporary set backs as drastic cuts or limiting BOR policies. Up with FIU!

Appreciatively and proudly yours,
Sybilde Groot, Ph.D.
Professor, Industrial Systems

TO THE EDITOR:

Although FIU is already a very good university it has the potential of becoming a much greater university.

One thing that would help make FIU a greater university would be the addition of a school of medicine.

Aside from the positive effects that such a school would have on the image of FIU there is an important justification for building the school. It is needed! I have two basic reasons for saying this: 1) a school of medicine here would give more potential doctors the opportunity to prove their ability, and 2) to increase our current supply of physicians. The first reason should be easy to accept as a student, the second would be easier to understand if looked at from the perspective of a consumer of medical services, which we all are at one time or another.

There already is a medical school in the area, the University of Miami's. This school, a private institution, gets over 8 million dollars in appropriations from the state of Florida, and accepts students from practically every corner of the country, not to mention the world. A local student would have quite a difficult time getting accepted to any of the schools at the University of Miami let alone their school of medicine.

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The administration, faculty and Student Government Association of FIU cannot and do not dictate or influence the editorial policy of the newspaper. Views expressed are those of the editorial board, columnists or letter writers. Five percent of our advertising revenue is donated to the FIU Visual Arts Gallery.

The *International* is published every Wednesday and distributed free at the Tamiami and Bay Vista campuses.

The paper has an office in University House 212 A on the Tamiami Campus.

Letters to the editor are encouraged.

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Almost every race has someone in it who is willing to support this project. If these people were elected FIU would be that much better off. In the real world it does not matter how worthy or good a goal is. What matters is how much support a goal has behind it.

Ask the candidates in your district how they feel about funding for education and ask them to commit themselves. Besides being students you are also voters. It makes no sense to vote for someone who is opposed to helping FIU.

JOSE GUTIERREZ
Business Administration Major

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Greenpeace continued

Changing dollars for sense

A former senior economic advisor and chief economist with the U. S. Treasury Department has accepted an appointment as a professor of economics at FIU.

Herman I. Liebling, who began his new duties on Aug. 25, served several secretaries of the Treasury from 1962 to 1976. During that time he had responsibilities for forecasting the U. S. economy and formulating overall macro-economic policy. He also served as the department's career service representative on the "Troika," the government's economic policy-making inter-agency task force.

His tenure with the Treasury Department spanned Democratic and Republican administrations and he became known by both for his independent views, warning Democrats in the late 60's of inflation and later warning Republicans of low growth and high unemployment.

For these activities, Liebling received the federal government's Meritorious Service Award in 1969 for "his skill in discerning basic economic changes and his ability in forecasting." The Exceptional Service Award followed in 1976 for "his role as chief forecaster and the rare ability to digest and make readily intelligible the most complex of economic issues."

From 1976 until accepting his appointment at FIU, Liebling was Smith Professor of Economics at Lafayette College.

He has written more than 50 articles and scholarly papers on economic issues, several books, and presented many talks before business and banking groups on the economic and financial outlook. His books include *The Trend in Profitability of Nonfinancial Corporations* (in 1979); *U. S. Corporate Profitability and Capital Formation: Are Rates of Return Sufficient?* (in 1980); and a forthcoming volume *American Capital Formation: Problems and Solutions*. He has five entries in the recently published *Encyclopedia of Economics*.

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nuclear waste into the Atlantic off the coast of Spain.

Cleveland Amory, animal ombudsman who founded the Fund for Animals, has provided financial support on a number of occasions. Paul Watson, a dedicated but somewhat overzealous Greenpeace, clubbed a seal hunter who was about to club a seal, and was asked to part company with the non-violent Greenpeace. It was Cleveland Amory's Fund For Animals that bought Watson a lead-ballasted vessel, the Sea Sheperd, which was modified to break through miles of pack ice to reach the baby Harp seals before the hunters. A recently published book by Watson explains why he later decided to ram a pirate whaling vessel with the Sea Sheperd.

"Jim Stiles, on his first campaign last March, climbed 684 feet to the top of the smokestack at the Clifty Creek power plant. This is the fifth largest emitter of sulfur dioxide in the country, and publicizing the link between sulfur dioxide pollution and the devastating effects of acid rain outweighed his personal safety.

Stiles is one of many Greenpeaceers who are willing to put their own safety and well-being on the line for something they believe in — the Earth. They're ready to dodge harpoons, protect infant Harp seals with their bodies, jump in the path of an oncoming

chemical dump ship, and even go to jail. In short, they will take whatever action is necessary against the destruction of our environment.

This lifestyle may sound intriguing to you, but it is not easy to become one of 15 crew members on any of the 4 vessels in constant service. An application and resume must be submitted to Greenpeace Headquarters in Washington, DC. Persons with sailing and general maritime skills, navigators, and engineers, have the best chance for acceptance.

For the land-lubbers among us, becoming a member through financial support and receiving a quarterly newsletter is a viable alternative. The greatest benefit for Greenpeace supporters is the knowledge that they are contributing to an organization which has a proven record of success in defending the environment.

After short stops in West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, and Miami, the ship will spend several weeks in Key West for repairs before embarking on several intensive ecological campaigns off the coast of Panama.

The Greenpeace ship "Rainbow Warrior" was docked at Miami's Dodge Island from August 27 to August 31st. The *International* was the only Dade County newspaper to visit the ship and meet its crew.

Liebling has served as a U. S. representative in consultations with the International Monetary Fund and the Organization of Economic Corporation and Development (OECD), lectured to business, government and university groups in Mexico for the State Department, and served as consultant to other agencies.

He is an elected member of the Conference on Research on Income and Wealth, the Forecaster's Club of New York and the Downtown Economists Club of New York, as well as being involved in other professional organizations.

A native of New York City, Liebling attended public schools there and received his graduate and doctoral degrees in economics from the American University in Washington, D. C.

He and his wife, the former Mabel Barbara Rudman of Jamaica, New York, have two children.

*****Campus Briefs*****

FIU's division of continuing education is conducting registration for a secretarial skills course which will meet on Saturdays for eight consecutive weeks on the university's Bay Vista Campus, beginning Sept. 4. For more information, call 940-5651.

FIU's department of conferences will offer a course in principles of translation for bilingual speakers of English and Spanish beginning Sept. 21 at 7:30 pm on the Tamiami Campus.

There is a \$65 registration for the course which will concentrate on translating and interpreting commercial, legal, medical, literary, and scientific content.

For more information call Carol Green at 940-5651.

FIU's department of conferences is offering continuing education programs in Spanish for business, legal and medical personnel at the Bay Vista Campus this fall.

Spanish for business and legal personnel will be taught Mon. and Wed. Sept. 20 to Dec. 8 from 7 to 8:30 pm, and Spanish for medical personnel from Sept. 21 to Dec. 19 from 7 to 8:30 pm.

The courses, designed to give people working in these fields the ability to communicate effectively at a basic level in Spanish will all be conducted in the Bay Vista Campus Student Center.

The registration fee for each program is \$75. For information, contact Carol Green at 940-5648.

Emanuel Harris, Jr., who has been personnel relations director at FIU since May 1981, has been appointed vice president of Human Resources, a new position at the university.

In his new role, Harris is responsible for administering personnel services, affirmative action and employee development, and for directing the department of public safety.

In announcing Harris' appointment, Gregory B. Wolfe, FIU president, said, "Mr. Harris is a skilled, sensitive administrator in the field of personnel services. He has initiated innovative practices at the university and has proven himself to be a fair and equitable decision-maker."

Singers and musicians in the South Florida community are invited to audition for the FIU Community Chorus, Orchestra, and Wind Ensemble.

Persons wanting to audition for any of these groups are asked to call the FIU department of performing arts at 554-2895. Openings are available in all voices and instruments.

The Community Orchestra meets on Tuesday evenings, beginning Aug. 31. The Wind Ensemble meets Wednesdays, beginning Sept. 1. The Community Chorus begins on Mon., Sept. 13. All the rehearsal sessions will be conducted from 7:30 to 10 pm in VH 118.

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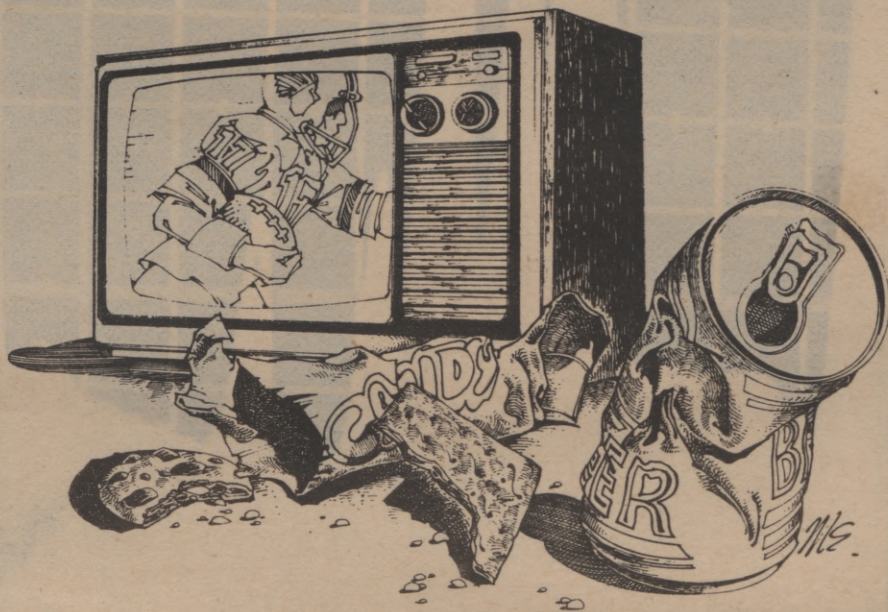
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DAYDREAM LEARNING

LILLIAN MARTIN
Contributor

There is one professor at FIU who will never tell his students to "sit up and pay attention" when they are daydreaming in his class because he believes they learn better this way.

Michael Wagner, associate professor of subject specialization, believes that a relaxed, daydream state is best for some types of learning.

"Learning hasn't changed much since Socrates," said Wagner, "Teachers have not found a better way for students to retain facts. Most new theories end up being discarded for the old methods."

But Wagner thinks he's on to something. With the help of biofeedback devices in his Psychophysiological Learning Laboratory he is studying different levels of alertness in students to discover at what level they are more likely to learn.

To demonstrate the operation of his equipment Dr. Wagner gave this writer the opportunity to be a volunteer. Like all his subjects I sat in a comfortable chair facing a Sony Trinitron and stereo speakers. The lab resembles a family room with its wood-paneled walls, framed photographs, and two recliners. Wagner believes a relaxed atmosphere is necessary for his work.

Wagner connected sensors on three fingers of my right hand with Velcro fasteners. These devices measure galvanic skin response, which means the level of a person's arousal as energy is released through the skin. The level of arousal shows up on the TV screen and is measured on a graph.

After adjusting all the knobs on his equipment Wagner instructed me to sit still while he suggested different images: something exciting, frightening, or stressful. After a three-second delay, the line on the graph measured my response to each image.

"What this shows," he explained, "Is that all energy is action and reaction." The purpose of this device is to show subjects what causes stress, tension, and anxiety so they will be able to learn how to control these emotions by placing themselves in a relaxed state of mind.

Wagner has another biofeedback device which records brainwave activity. The frequency of brainwaves are measured in cycles per seconds. These brainwaves range from Delta, the lowest level of brain activity such as in death or a coma (0-3 cycles per second), Theta, considered heavy sleep (4-7), Alpha, light sleep or daydreaming (8-12), through Beta, the most alert stage (13-30).

For this test Wagner used 3 electrodes embedded in saline-dampened sponges which he attached to the right side of my skull with a Velcro headband. The same graph was used, but now a box and a dot appeared on the screen along with the colored lines.

The graph showed the dot moving back and forth along the side marking Beta waves. Whenever I relaxed enough to be in the Alpha stage, the dot entered the boxed area of the graph.

While still connected to these devices I wore a set of headphones connected to the "Wagner Box." This is a plain metal box which could easily fit into your glove compartment. It is an invention of Wagner's, and when connected to a tape recorder allows a subject to hear music only when in the Alpha stage.

The music played on and off while I wore the headphones. The purpose of this device is to train the subject to relax so that the music will play continuously. Results prove that students are more successful with the oral feedback of the "Wagner Box" than with the visual feedback of the graph.

Wagner hopes to prove that by discovering a student's best level of learning for certain subjects, he can be taught to place himself at that level. Some students might need to have their brainwaves brought up for more attentiveness, while others might need to have them lowered. Wagner is also hopeful that his research will answer questions on learning disabilities.

For the past twelve years Wagner has been studying biofeedback. It was the subject of his doctoral thesis. He first became interested in the subject when he learned that musicians tend to have more Alpha waves than other people. He suspected that this was due to the relaxed state in which they studied and played music.

It was this information which led him to suspect



Lillian Martin strives for Alpha Waves

Jose Alonso - photographer

that it was the daydream state which allowed more knowledge to be absorbed. He wondered if there weren't other subjects who could be better taught in a "relaxed, opened state."

The research being done at the lab now involves the learning of foreign languages. Two graduate students, Richard Rose and Pat Arnett, are conducting the tests with volunteers from some of Wagner's classes.

About forty students are involved in the study. Half of them listen to a language tape when they are in the Beta stage, while the other half listens in the Alpha state. The language they listen to is German. It was chosen by Wagner, "because it is not heard here in Miami." The test can only be accurate if the student has never had prior contact with the language. The tape consists of a series of words, first in English, then in German: "to dream...traumen...room...das Zimmer...to mean...bedeuten...simple...einfach..."

Once the study is completed, Wagner will compare the results and see if there is a marked difference in the ability to learn a new language depending on the stage of alertness of the student. Then the results will be published in a research journal.

In his work, Wagner studies both sides of the brain. Some subjects are found to have more Beta waves on both sides of the brain than Alpha waves. For others just the opposite is true. In some cases he has found subjects who have more Alpha waves on one side of the brain, while more Beta waves on the other side of the brain.

Wagner hasn't studied these differences in brainwaves on the basis of sex. He also hasn't compared

learning abilities of the different sexes. That type of study would require more equipment than he has, but he hopes that the university will one day supply him with a computer which will enable him to store more data. "When that happens," says Wagner, "questions about sex differences can be answered with the touch of a button."

It took Wagner ten years to convince the university to buy him all the equipment he now has. Once purchased, it took six months just to set up. Everytime a different study is done, it takes up to eight hours to prepare the equipment for the new research.

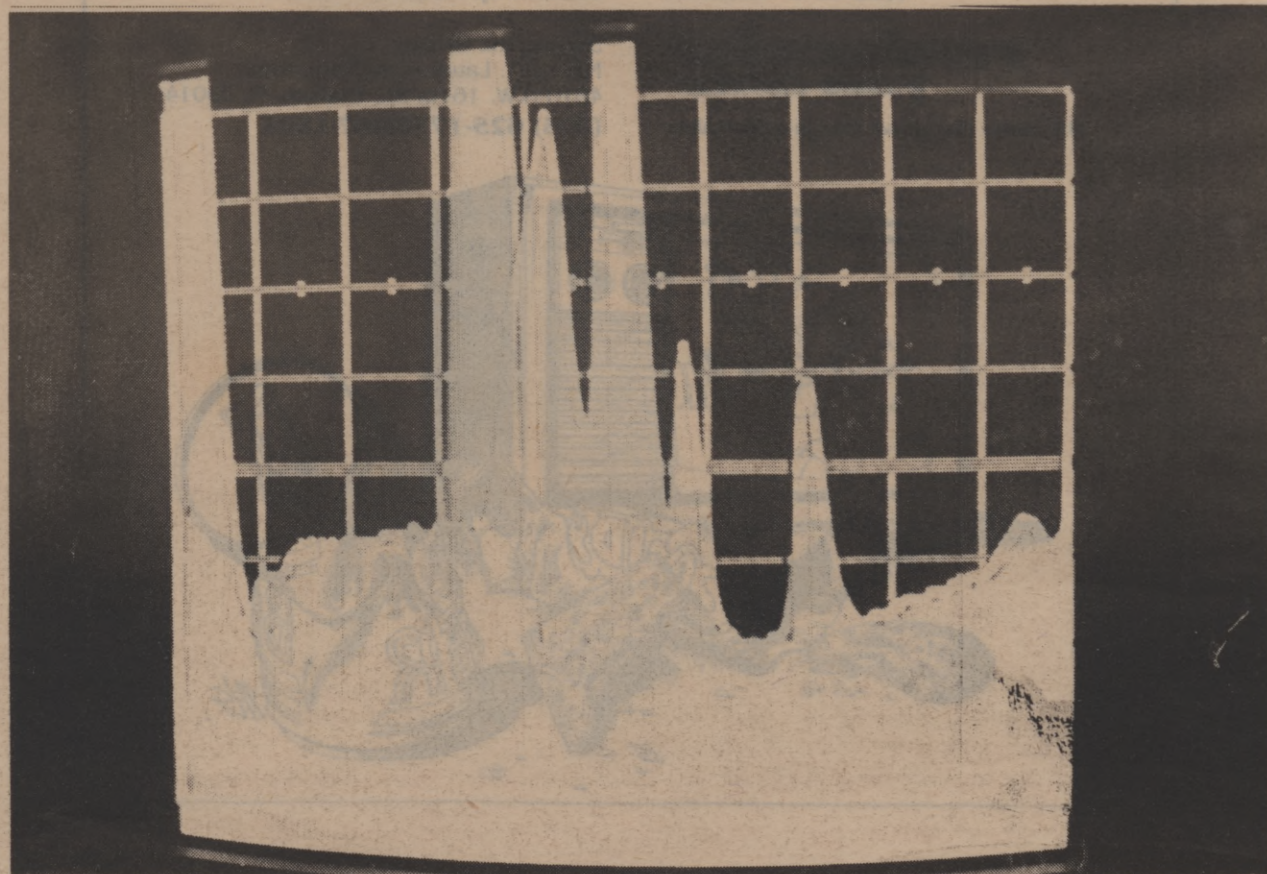
In his lab Wagner has experimented with recently published learning theories. Some were taken from a book called *Super Learning* which received "rave reviews" from some educators.

He tried some of the new teaching theories to see if they really facilitated learning. He discovered that these methods produced inferior results to the more traditional methods of teaching.

Another study he concluded was on the once-popular "sleep learning." After purchasing all the apparatus he discovered it was a failure. "It didn't work," says Wagner, "The only thing we do when we sleep is sleep."

Wagner has been contacted by P.M. Magazine and Walter Cronkite's Universe for information about his work and the possibility of an interview.

Wagner keeps up to date on the studies published on biofeedback and hasn't come across any dealing with his type of research. "That I know of, no one is using biofeedback just to study learning. This is the only laboratory of its kind in the world."



Jose Alonso - photographer

Handicapped: Help is Here



Visual Tek struts its stuff

MARY ACEVEDO
Managing Editor

"The handicapped try to blend into the background, they don't want to identify themselves or ask for anything special," said Counseling Coordinator Kathy Trionfo.

This tendency toward silence frustrates the efforts of Trionfo and Jim Beauchamp, director of environmental health and safety, whose jobs are to insure that handicapped students have equal education opportunities.

Beauchamp and Trionfo agree that identification is the major stumbling block in their efforts to fulfill the needs of handicapped students.

"A handicapped student can be on the campus for years without our identifying them," said Trionfo. "We usually discover them when they hit a snag and need help."

Students who wait until they need assistance only handicap themselves further. Beauchamp projects his budget for auxiliary handicap aids a year in advance. Because federal law prohibits the mandatory identification of the handicapped Beauchamp can only estimate the number of students he will need funds for. A student's failure to identify his/her special needs can become a crucial problem.

A prime example occurred last year when a blind student wanted to study computer science. Terminals for the blind cost \$10,000 and Beauchamp had already projected the budget when the request for the terminal was made. There weren't enough funds available for such a large purchase. However, if the student had identified himself and his intent to register for the class a semester earlier the equipment could have been ready for him when classes began.

Unfortunately Beauchamp and Trionfo cannot anticipate the needs of handicapped students. A student must request education learning aids before they can be purchased. However, once the equipment has been acquired it remains on the campus for the use of future students.

There are a number of auxiliary aids already available on the Tamiami and Bay Vista Campuses. Presently in the libraries of both schools is a piece of equipment called a Visual Tek. This machine is for visually impaired students. The Visual Tek magnifies the print from a book or a piece of paper and projects it onto a television screen. It can also be connected to a regular typewriter so the student can easily see what he/she is typing.

Last semester Beauchamp acquired two portable lab stations which can be used for either chemistry or biology classes. There is one portable lab available on each campus.

Recently FIU was one of 200 universities to win a \$25,000 Xerox grant which will provide the school with a Kurtzweil Reader. The Kurtzweil reads printed material orally. It will be available to blind students in late 1983.

Beauchamp keeps smaller educational aids available in his office. Students may borrow talking calculators and Dictaphones for their classes. Recording tapes are provided for the Dictaphones and student's tape-recorders as needed.

Trionfo and Beauchamp also provide students with readers, note-takers, and translators. Students should notify them as soon as possible if they need this type of assistance because advertisements must be placed to hire people for these positions.

Blind students who need material brailled should contact Beauchamp's office. It takes up to three weeks to have this service performed as the material is sent to a special printer. Students should get their material in quickly because of the time needed for reproduction.

Beauchamp's alternate role as 504 coordinator places him in the position of responsibility for ensuring that handicapped students have physical access to campus facilities. If a handicapped student has difficulty with access or a complaint of a physical hazard he/she should contact Beauchamp immediately.

The majority of physical obstacles that frustrate handicapped students originate through carelessness. The courteous student doesn't chain his/her bicycle to the safety handrails on the wheelchair ramps, or park his/her vehicle in handicapped spaces. A thoughtful mature student will think twice before crowding aboard an elevator and denying access to a student in a wheelchair.

New Dean in Nursing School

An educator who has been a pioneer of three nursing school programs elsewhere in the nation will take on that role a fourth time as the first dean of FIU's new school of nursing, which opened Aug. 25 at the Bay Vista Campus.

Linda Agustin Simunek, who was responsible for the initial National League for Nursing accreditation at Chicago State University and Lewis University in Illinois and the founding nursing dean at Edgewood College in Madison Wisconsin, will begin her new duties in early July to make preparations for between 85 and 90 students arriving on campus in late August.

She earned her doctorate in educational administration from Loyola University of Chicago in 1979, her master of science in teaching medical-surgical nursing from DePaul University in 1969, and her bachelor of science in community health nursing from the University of the Philippines in 1962.

In 1977, Dr. Simunek received a Presidential Award in the Republic of the Philippines as that nation's outstanding educator overseas. She was honored as a distinguished alumni of DePaul University in 1981 for her pioneering efforts in the field of nursing education and served as a member of the Illinois Board of Nursing.

Commenting on her new assignment, Simunek said, "I look to this as a denouement and I will accept nothing less than a masterpiece."

She said that nursing services, in terms of quality and availability of nurses and nursing education, are "an index of the quality of life in a given community."

She lauded the commitment of nine member hospitals of the South Florida Hospital Association for providing nearly \$250,000 in funding to support the FIU nursing program. Dr. Simunek called this community participation "innovative, probably the first project of its kind in the nation," adding that she expects it to become a model project.

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the Wrath of Cohen



JULIA COHEN
Columnist

The Social Security System in the United States was born in 1935. We were one of the last of the industrialized nations to establish an old age benefit system. The first such program was created in Germany in the 1880s, and was quickly followed by other European countries.

I believe that the current Social Security fiasco in our country is the result of our youth-oriented society, whose goal appears to be to discard all the elderly.

This trend towards youth began when the fashion industry introduced the mini-skirt during the 1960s, followed by the advertising industry beckoning the old to imitate the young through their "look-younger, feel-younger" television commercials. They have just about succeeded in their campaign to put "old" out of style.

Of course we cannot dismiss the migration of the "young-marrieds" to the suburbs where they and their offspring resided far away from the grandparents. This resulted in the deprivation of many of our young people of the love, wisdom, and friendship they might have gained through a relationship with an older person. Consequently, our elderly are not afforded the respect or understanding they deserve.

The vast majority of the elderly in the United States worked hard all their lives, earning barely enough to get through their early adult years and to support their children and themselves. They always "made do" and their pride, even during the lean depression years, kept most of them from seeking welfare of any kind.

Most of these citizens do not receive more than the minimum Social Security has to offer because they earned so little, though they are the people whose sweat enabled our industries to achieve their superior status and to rake in billions of dollars.

Nobody seems to care if these people haven't enough to eat, or that they live in substandard, rat and insect infested housing. Many of the children they struggled to bring up and educate have also forgotten them. No only are our elderly being slowly swallowed up by poverty, neglect, and loneliness, but now their government constantly holds the threat over these people of taking away their meagre monthly subsistence-level Social Security check.

"Social Security was never meant to be the only means of retirement income for our elderly, they should have been better prepared for their retirement." This may be true. I am certain that these people would have loved to have earned enough money during their years of employment to have been able to make investments for their future. However, most salaries were not enough to cover even basic living expenses.

Terminating Social Security would be the final step taken to reach the ultimate goal of our youth-oriented society. The elderly would then starve and/or freeze to death, thereby relieving the country of any further responsibility in this area. I can't help wondering what those people who are not yet considered "over the hill" are planning for their own old age. Are they aware that the only solution to keep from growing old is to die young?

Toad Flurries



Toads away

We here at Toad Flurries, being firm and unswerving supporters of everything that toads represent, must register extreme shock and dismay at the Epsilon Omega Chi frat at the University of Southern California, which, contrary to its secularly humanistic aims of "Strength, character and brotherhood" (yeah, but what about getting laid and stealing Wham-O Suckermen, huh?) continues to have its annual Toad Olympics. These "games" involve little more than subjecting toads to degrading, ballstomping, lethal "events" like the Marathon Race (which finds innocent toads lurching, sweating, and spazzing their way through a 100-yard obstacle course of rocks and falling objects). And the Toad Toss (which finds the surviving innocent toads being tossed 20-plus yards through the air and landing in a bloody heap of gore and grue). Few toads survive the Race and none, as you may have guessed, survive the Toss. EOC head honcho Dan Godfrey says it's all "good, clean fun." No comment from the toads or the folks at Greenpeace.

Gee, my hair tastes terrific

Face it. If you're a 10-year-old girl languishing away in a burg like Chesterfield, England, you're gonna be bored to your gullet and desperate for something to do to liven up your dreary little life. Anything will do ... Stealing a crucifix and re-enacting scenes from *The Exorcist* and *The Graduate*. Sticking a younger sibling into the microwave and watching them melt down to a viscous pool, or developing a nervous habit like pulling your hair out and eating it. Which is exactly what caused the death of Alison Garlick, a 10-year-old Chesterfield girl who died of peritonitis (inflam-

mation of the membrane lining the stomach), a fate which, given the young lass' strange eating habits, did not surprise doctors.

Nearer my Swazi to thee

For reasons that we can't yet figure out, a group of students at Eastern Michigan University have started a Swaziland Appreciation Society. As Charles Campbell, founder of the SAS, boldly states, "Swaziland is an island of sanity in the morass of growing pains, white racism, and black in-fighting that is modern Africa." The Society, which so far has 12 members, was started in memorium to the "late, great King Sabhouza." The Society plans to prove to the world that Swaziland is "a really cool, egalitarian kind of place" (sez Campbell) by distributing mimeographed English-Swazi translation books, disseminating information extolling the glories of Swaziland, and singing the Swaziland national anthem in crowded public places.

Put out that roach

The staff of the ever-exciting and newsworthy University of Nebraska library has, as of late, been appropriately freaked out and disgusted by the proliferation of cockroaches in their fine, upstanding building. The cockroaches, they say, have a nasty habit of eating paste and paper, which is, in a way, rather ecology- and famine-conscious of them, especially when you consider how many starving Sikkimese children would give their all for a heaping plate of paste and paper. The good people of the library staff don't see it this way, however, and are about to crack down most stringently on thoughtless deviate students who leave food lying around in the library, thereby attracting the vicious and hungry roaches.

TIM POWELL,
Columnist.

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1. Your sex:
Male _____ Female _____
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2. Your race:
100 yard dash _____ Unnamed as yet _____
Black _____ White _____
3. Body Type:
Tubular _____ Two-dimensional _____
Somewhat like a phone book _____
4. How much education have you completed?
High School _____ High Skool _____
Collage _____ Colladge _____
5. Which of the following would you date?
Whites _____ Blacks _____
Clones _____ Pygmies _____
Carmen Miranda imitators _____
Easter eggs _____
Surface to air missiles _____
Anything with good buns _____

6. How intelligent do you consider yourself?
Exceptionally bright _____ Closet Genius _____
Cretin _____ Bright but boring _____
7. What language do you speak?
English _____ Igpay _____ Atinlay _____ Sign _____
8. Which of the following do you believe in?
Ernest Angley's toupee _____ Fate _____
Evolution _____ Waterless Cookware _____
The National Enquirer _____
Carly Simon's lips _____
9. Where do you like to go on a date?
Any filing cabinet _____ Keebler Elf Tree _____
Clam dip orgies _____ Vaseline Factories _____
Nautical Museums _____
Anywhere besides Cleveland _____
10. What are your views regarding marriage?
Only between consenting pearl divers _____
It's not for me _____ Never on a Sunday _____
11. Do you like children?
Yes _____ No _____
Only those who are sexually precocious _____
12. Who raised you as a child?
Both parents _____ Mother _____
Father _____ Pack of wolves _____



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13. Within which relationships do you feel that sex is permissible?
Engagement _____ Relatives _____
Exclusive dating _____ First sight _____
 14. What qualities do you value most in a date?
"Hung" like a pachyderm _____
Constant state of "Heat" _____
Pendulous breasts _____ Sophistication/
Dog collars _____
Tattoos/kindness _____
Magnificent buns _____
 15. Choose the motto you live by.
Share yourself with a kid _____
Always leave a trail of crumbs _____
Eat that which confuses you _____
Never use your teeth when a chainsaw will do _____
Canada is unnecessary _____
 16. Your favorite "nickname for yourself."
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Velvet tonsils _____ Stud Muffins _____
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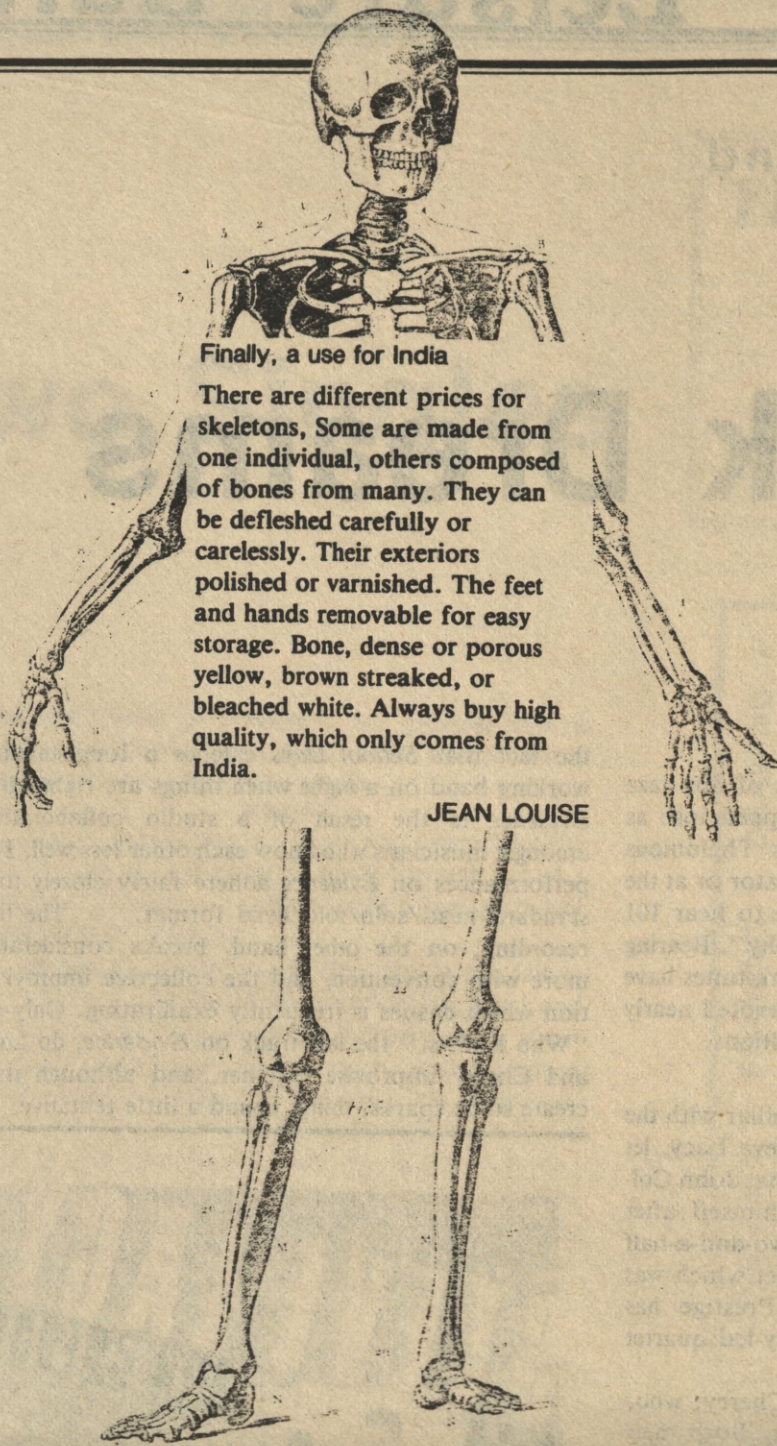


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Laurel Leaves

I was sleeping
when god created
the universe, tossing,
turning, entangled
in sheets.
the thunder of breakfast
pots and pans awakened
me to the soft sizzle
of the Westing-House
box-radio, and the slow
cadence of rusted
water marching
on the stained porcelain.
Spring rain washed
blue and white flowers
in the window box,
then fell into the cool
black dirt, I remembered
when I couldn't
tie my own shoes,
and Grandfather whipped
me till I could.
The rusted water missed
a beat. At the open
window I thought
how green the leaves
over Grandfather's grave.
I felt its cleansing.
His death had been
the second time
he'd caused me pain.

DANIEL W. COURTNEY



Finally, a use for India

There are different prices for skeletons. Some are made from one individual, others composed of bones from many. They can be defleshed carefully or carelessly. Their exteriors polished or varnished. The feet and hands removable for easy storage. Bone, dense or porous yellow, brown streaked, or bleached white. Always buy high quality, which only comes from India.

JEAN LOUISE

gods of cambodia

I

down the river
an unnamed temple
in the midst
of rain forest,
mekong delta, land
of rice paddies
and thatched roofs.
mud, stone, plants
in spaces split
with age.
three sun baked
clay ottomans grace
its front court.
remnants of dead
gods meditate
cross-legged
with beaked faces,
feathered limbs.

II

behind the ottomans
four columns
before an obelisk,
a petrified tree,
and a faceless maiden
with outstretched arms.
in her hand
a strange stringed lyre.
her other arm rises
above but the hand
has broken, fallen
to the temple
floor overgrown
with vines.
this was cambodia's
temple, their joining.

III

the maiden wears
no clothes
but the twining robe
of vines laced
purple and white.
across the temple
floor blossoms
of orchid cactus
cluster copper, red,
maroon. this
is the end
of all things.
a marriage
of things opposite.

IV

a flock of parrots
startles the trees, then
safely tuck away.
rains and winds pound
the distant forest tops
like drums dripping.
afternoon siesta
and the animals
are quiet. small frogs,
yellow eyes bulging
hug slick trees
of tropical bark draped
over the river
like alter pews, lizards
striped red grasp
the crags of river
pulpits where fish jump
before it rains,
and scamper
over temple walls to sit
in the laps
of the ottoman gods
who slowly waste away.

DANIEL W. COURTNEY

Chip and Bessie

even though you made
me be indian and i
dropped a brick on
your cowboy head and
mummy bought us
boxing gloves to-
have a referee and
you swung a golf
club so hard like
arnold palmer and i,
your stupid caddy took
the blow, and
when mummy died, you
brought home somebody
drunk to screw and i
came back early and
your hands in anger about
my neck;
nearly put you away, i
did, but you're chip and
i'm bessie, sixteen
months apart.

the rockers will crash
over mummy's head and
sofa are trampolines,
windows are made for
exits and roofs are
doors and we will
break telephones and
kick holes in walls and
hide food we hate
in closets to stink, and
our love will never
change; we are blood.

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS





ein halber hund

Monk Dreams

BRUCE KAPLAN
Contributor

Aside from Ellington, I can't think of any jazz composer whose songbook has been dipped into as often by his fellow musicians as has Thelonious Monk's. I've yet to hear Monk in an elevator or at the Pantry Pride, but I'm waiting. I'd love to hear 101 Strings take on something like "Epistrophy". Bearing particular witness to the fascination Monk-tunes have held are two recent releases which are devoted nearly entirely to interpretations of his compositions.

For those of you who may be unfamiliar with the work of soprano saxophone virtuoso Steve Lacy, let me point out by way of an introduction that John Coltrane reportedly took up the soprano himself after hearing Lacy on the horn. Lacy spent two-and-a-half years in the early 1960's leading a quartet which was devoted solely to the Monk canon. Prestige has reissued *Evidence*, which features a Lacy-led quartet interpreting four Monk compositions.

The trumpeter on the date is Don Cherry, who, like Lacy, is an exceedingly agile player. Both men create strikingly angular lines -- beautifully suited to the spirit of Monk's tunes -- which frequently hover at the edges of the rhythm yet never lose their propulsion. Billy Higgins' work on drums is exceptionally strong. He, along with Cherry, was a member of the Ornette Coleman quartet which came to New York in 1959 and impacted on jazz as had nothing since Charlie Parker. The weakest element on this LP is the work of bassist Carl Brown, which is rather pedestrian and contributes little to the music.

As it happens, the quartet heard on this recording is not Lacy's actual working band from his "Monk period," although I presume that it dates from about the same time. (The LP carries a \$5.98 list price -- a nice touch -- but as is all too frequent on budget reissues, the recording date is omitted.) Lacy spent the bulk of the period from 1961-1964 working with trombonist Roswell Rudd and drummer Dennis Charles. This group, augmented by bassist Henry Grimes, was documented on a live recording from 1963 released several years ago by Emanem Records under the title *School Days*.

A comparison of *School Days* and *Evidence* points up some of the relative shortcomings of the latter album. Most of these can probably be attributed to

the fact that *School Days* catches a long-standing working band on a night when things are right while *Evidence* is the result of a studio collaboration amongst musicians who know each other less well. The performances on *Evidence* adhere fairly closely to a standard head/solo/solo/head format. The live recording, on the other hand, breaks considerably more with convention, and the collective improvisation which ensues is frequently exhilarating. Only on "Who Knows," the last track on *Evidence*, do Lacy and Cherry improvise together, and although they create some sparks, things sound a little tentative.



If you can find a copy of *School Days*, notice how well Roswell Rudd's big brash trombone complements Lacy's sinewy soprano. Also listen to Dennis Charles, best known for his work with Cecil Taylor. Charles is from the West Indies, and his background has contributed something to his drumming which makes for a truly unique sound.

Both of these albums are well worth checking out, *Evidence* will certainly be the easier of the two to locate. Lacy and Cherry are major figures on their instruments, and it's great to hear them in the same group. I wish I could hear more of them together.



Sphere

Sphere is a quartet comprised of veteran jazz men Ben Riley on drums, Kenny Barron on piano, Buster Williams on bass and Charlie Rouse on tenor saxophone. Riley and Rouse worked regularly with Monk for many years, and when the group came together early this year, they decided to record some of Monk's less well known compositions for their first album. Ironically, they recorded on February 17 and learned after completing the session that Monk had died that morning.

Four in One is the album which came out of the February date. What I'm struck by throughout is the utter professionalism which pervades the proceedings. I'm well aware that professional can connote a certain tired facility, but Sphere's professionalism is a distinction gained from having lived within music long enough that it has become part of their inner nature.

Relatively lacking is the sort of obvious emotional bravado which allows the listener full and immediate access to the music. What is more prominent is an attention to detail which repays repeated listenings. Williams and Riley, in particular, not only support (and solo) impeccably but also contribute playful rhythmic touches which really bring the music to life.

Pianist Barron doesn't approach his instrument with Monk's rhythmic or melodic eccentricity, and it is to his credit that he doesn't allow his personality to be overwhelmed by the project. My only complaint is that his piano seems to be undermixed; he comes off sounding somewhat muted.

Four in One, like the Lacy albums, is of value beyond its own pleasures as an exploration of some relatively obscure work by an important American composer. Going back to my own Monk collection, I realize how lacking it is beyond his most familiar pieces, a condition which I'll hopefully be able to remedy before too long. Monk's work will endure and continue to be investigated. It seems certain that there remain fresh riches to be uncovered.

BLACK HOLE

MOHL HEALY
Critic

X is the best of the bands which arose from the ashes of the punk movement. As such, the band features a straight forward rock beat but is less simplistic in material than the punk groups were.

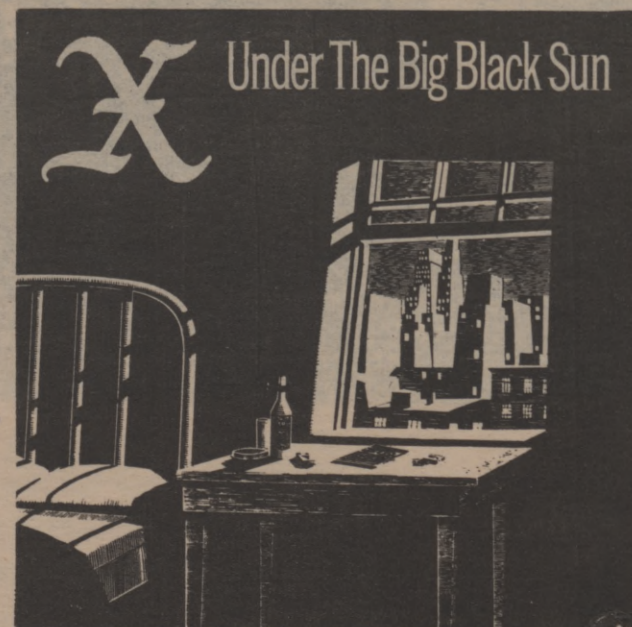
All of X's songs are written by John Doe and Exene, who are the group's vocalists and also husband and wife. "The Hungry Wolf" and "Because I Do" are reflections on their marriage which point up both passion and frustration.

The album is dedicated to Exene's sister, Mary, who died in a car crash last year. Her accident and its aftermath pervade the work. "Riding With Mary" deals with the accident itself. "Come Back To Me" conveys the emotional agony of coping with the death of a loved one.

The title song is the centerpiece of the album in the sense that it weaves together so many of the group's preoccupations. Sex and drugs are routes of escape which ultimately don't work. As "The Have Nots" implies, this applies not only to their audience but also to the blue collar class as a whole. Senselessness and a feeling of impotence are the fruits of loss. Related to this is the inability to find solace in religion and religious institutions.

Billy Zoom's guitar work is strong though a bit less focused than usual. He does a particularly fine job on "The Have Nots" and "How I," and he contributes a nicely understated sax solo on "Come Back To Me." D. J. Bonebrake's drumming provides a very basic yet effective backdrop throughout.

If you think that a hard rock band is only capable of loud music and mindless statements, check out X.





A Tale of Two Singles

BRUCE KAPLAN
Contributor

The Raincoats create music possessed of a profound inner logic from seemingly disparate elements from varied cultures and musical genres. Their new single is a cover version of Sly Stone's "Running Away," and it makes me feel so good that I'm getting embarrassed in anticipation of the effusive praise I feel compelled to lavish upon it. I'm listening to it right now. Were there justice in this world, "Running Away" would have been heard over every car radio in America this summer.

I'm on my fourth play this sitting, and I'm struck by the magic of the instrumental chorus -- trumpet and percussion with vocal punctuation. Every element of the performance seems perfect, from the rollicking bass line to a tasty guitar fill to sandpaper, etc...I could go on like this *ad nauseum*, but the song feels so loose and spontaneous that further dissection would seem a crime against life.

The flip, "No One's Little Girl," is lovely as well. With its droning, slightly disintoned violin underpinning lilting vocals and its less immediate -- for lack of a better description -- "commercial appeal," the tune is more reminiscent of the group's last album, *Odyshape*.

I should mention that the aforementioned album, their second, has provided me some of my greatest musical pleasure in recent memory. Listening to it, I've been moved to prayer, and it's the only album I know of on which the kalimba playing alone

justifies the price of admission. My greatest hope is that, somehow, this single proves to be a teaser for an even more astounding third album.

I heard John Cougar's "Jack and Diane" for the first time on my car radio. I saw it through out of a stupefied curiosity: I needed to find out who had perpetrated the crime.

Immense quantities of insipid treacle can fail to move me to the physical revulsion I feel for "Jack and Diane". There is just something so badly phony about the whole enterprise. Every line is a cliché which pretends to profundity through some sort of false vision of what's honest and *basic* and, well, *real* in this great land of ours. Sadly, even the memory of poor James Dean suffers yet another defamation by being invoked as a handy icon in this sorry mess. Cougar reminds me of a kid I knew in junior high who was sure *he* was going to write the Great American Novel. Remember?

This is sort of an aural equivalent of a Bruce Springsteen paint-by-numbers kit. Its strictly skeletal and osteoporotic at that. There is not an ounce of flesh in either conception or execution. Should you feel compelled to contribute to this fellow's impending fortune, restrain yourself for a moment, move up the aisle and pick up one of Springsteen's albums. Better yet, take a chance on Graham Parker. (Try *Squeezing Out Sparks*...I promise you'll like it.) Maybe the best idea would be to surprise your mother and buy her some flowers.

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EYE ON YOU

MOHL HEALY
Critic

A fine film titled *Death Watch* is currently playing at the Arcadia Cinema in Coral Gables. The film was made in 1979 but has only now reached South Florida. *Death Watch* is a difficult film to categorize. It takes place in the future but it is futuristic only in the vaguest sense of the term. This society of the future is very similar in most all outward respects to our own.

Death Watch is directed by Bertrand Tavernier. This is his first film in English, but he is known in this country for his French films *The Clockmaker* and *Let Joy Reign Supreme*.

The gist of the film is obliquely suggested by the title. In the future, cancer and most all fatal diseases have been eliminated. The main causes of death are war, accidents, and old age. People have become emotionally detached and life is terribly predictable. In this static atmosphere appears Katherine, a relatively young woman who is dying of an unspecified terminal illness.

Television is even more of a force than at present. A television series, entitled *Death Watch*, has been programmed to film the last few days of those like Katherine. The people watch this program because it is one of the few shocks left and because it touches them on an emotional level. Viewers are ap-



Death Watch: stars Romy Schneider and Max Von Sydow

palled yet fascinated. As a network man says, "Death is the new pornography."

The premise of filmmaker-as-voyeur is present in films as disparate as *Ciao Manhattan* and *Last Tango in Paris*. *Death Watch* takes this to a new extreme. Roddy, a video journalist, agrees to have video equipment implanted in his eye. The filmmaker ac-

tually becomes the camera -- or is it vice-versa? Roddy manages to ingratiate himself to Katherine, who has signed a contract to do the show but believes that she has outfoxed the network. She meets Roddy under stress and feels she has found a friend. There are no commands of "lights" or "action," but there is the unseen camera.

Romy Schneider is superb as the dying Katherine. She brings a complex mixture of nobility, self-pity, and anger to the role that makes her predicament utterly believable. This is no mean feat, and the performance is one of the best of her career. Her portrayal is all the more poignant given our awareness of the actress' recent death.

Harvey Keitel is also excellent as the "camera-man". Roddy undergoes a transition from filmmaker-as-voyeur to filmmaker-as-human being. He finally rebels against his participation in this travesty by allowing himself to stay in the dark for a few moments. The nature of his surgery is such that more than a few seconds of darkness results in blindness, certainly an ironic fate.

Harry Dean Stanton also deserves praise for his performance as the amoral network man who will do anything for a high rating.

The script by the director and David Rayfiel is incisive and even succeeds at injecting humor into the rather dark proceedings. Pierre William Glenn's cinematography is great, especially in scenes highlighting the beautiful Scottish countryside.

Death Watch is an intelligent film dealing with the increasing technology and concomitant alienation in our society. The role of the filmmaker-as-artist is also examined with sensitivity and a refreshing lack of self-righteousness.

Book Reports

Hey, Bud, let's not



Cameron Crowe. *Fast Times at Ridgmont High. A True Story.* Simon & Schuster, 1981. Paper, \$5.95.

Reviewed by Sutton Dalm.

I suppose if I had come of age in Dublin, I would have some natural right to think of James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as the book that transforms my sleazy youth into imperishable myth. Instead, I grew up in Redondo Beach, California, and I went to Redondo Union High. So did Cameron Crowe, to research this book. At 14, I had no choice. Crowe, as a 22-year-old free lance for *Rolling Stone*, infiltrated the place for a year in pursuit to the Truth About The Kids, for what it has been worth. Even though thirty years divide our sojourns there, his book has its own claim to be my real myth. Let's see.

Actually, the current writhing heap of books and films about adolescence lets you pick your specialist. The set of kids in this one are not university-bound preppies or grinds, nor are they factory-town proles or ghetto rejects either. As the middle-middle class issue of hillside condos, they tend to be "in fast food," as both producers and consumers. Their cliques build on the rank of the places where they work. A kid is as good as his franchise. On the social periphery lounges the late shift at 7-Eleven, "then the *Kentucky Fried Chicken* and *Burger King* crowd, the *Denny's* and *Swenson's* types, all leading to the top-of-Ridgmont-Drive-location Carl's Jr. employees." Well, Stephen Dedalus didn't have a job, and I didn't either. His life-of-the-pub father was very uncertainly occupied, and mine, when he was in the States and out of trouble, told me to say he was an Expediter. Consequently, my humiliations came not from confrontations with Irate Customers. They emerged from intrusions on my reveries by old queers in the downtown L.A. Public Library.

Which brings us to sexuality proper. In this book, sex is constant, comic, and alarming. It ranges from Animal House grope and jerk off, through the ruinous effort of a girl with braces to give practice head to a banana, to its climax in the adventures of Stacy Hamilton. Sexually and otherwise, Stacy is the most authentic creation in this 'true story.' Her chin-up determination to lose virginity at 15 leads her as close as the language comes to richness. After the deed in a baseball dugout, she goes

home and requests a Led Zeppelin track from the local FM jockey, "It was Stacy's idea of the perfect touch — the supreme lullaby for her rite of passage. 'Stairway to Heaven,' with all its mythic optimism and thundering guitar soloing, had been her favorite song since fourth grade." From romance, she rises to wisdom: "There's one thing you didn't tell me about guys," said Stacy Hamilton. "You didn't tell me that they can be so nice, so great...but then you sleep with them, and they start acting like they're *about five years old.*" And from wisdom, she descends to the Free Clinic for a suction-and-scrape job, to round out the tenth grade.

Times, of course, change. It wasn't like that for Stephen and me. The facts were less vivid and the fiction more so. What is missing here is any real riot in the mind; the delirium so sweet, as they say, the sense faints picturing it. Take Stephen's vision: "Her eyes had called him and his soul leaped at the call. To live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life! A wild angel had appeared to him, the angel of mortal youth and beauty, an envoy from the far courts of life, to throw open before him in an instant of ecstasy the gates of all the ways of error and glory. On and on and on and on!" Well again, there it is, both the heightened feeling and the going on and on about it. If you are lucky enough to get the choice, life can be full of such meanings, at the risk of such foolishness, or it can be fast, frozen, zipless, easy off, no deposit and no return — as it is for most at Ridgmont.

The difference is not just narrative intensity. No one in this book is really allowed to respect his or her own young life. Guilty, humiliated, and confused as he was, Stephen Dedalus knew that he was *better*. And so, by association, did I — don't ask me in what way. And we were inclined as well to stand beside ourselves and watch. No boy at Ridgmont could say, at a chance encounter with a former sweetheart, "Talked rapidly of myself and my plans. In the midst of it unluckily I made a sudden gesture of a revolutionary nature. I must have looked like a fellow throwing a handful of peas into the air. People began to look at us. She shook hands a moment after and, in going away, said she hoped I would do what I said." Well, maybe we did and maybe we didn't. But the source of great falls lies in finding your self-image in a soaring Icarus or a "Stairway to Heaven." If, I grant, you get the privilege of choosing.

In the summer between Redondo (Ridgmont) High and UCLA, I took a final class in Mechanical Drawing. One lunchbreak, I had *Ulysses* propped up on my board and had just come to the departure of Stephen's first employer, Mr. Deasy, "On his wise shoulders through the checkerwork of leaves the sun flung spangles, dancing coins" — when the kid next to me looked up from his bag of fries and said, "Hey, that's the third shirt you've worn this week. What are you, rich?" I hope I didn't say something insufferable like, "Only in my fashion," but I have long believed that a boy is as good as his text.

Flying to Freedom

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS
Contributor

There's dynamic new energy in West One. A quiet brilliance explodes in the petite, graceful shape of Lee Brooke, FIU's dance instructor. Lee received her early training at the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and later graduated with a bachelor of science from Julliard School. She is currently a member of the Patricia Strauss L'Image Dance Company. Her goal at FIU is to instill an enthusiasm and love of movement in her students. She twirls and turns with an exuberance which makes anyone who is motionless compelled to find inner rhythms bouncing in counterpoint.

"Teaching at a university is exciting. Teaching at FIU is like travelling... I love the multi-ethnic flavor on the dance floor. There are no cultural barriers. The body does all the talking. It's thrilling to watch how easily translatable movement becomes, transforming the students. If I only can give them one thing, I want to give them joy; the acquisition of another way of communication with self and the world," said Brooke.

One of her favorite quotations is from Ralph Waldo Emerson: "gliding up and down a hollow for no purpose that I could see — not to eat — not for love — but for gliding."

"That's how I feel when I'm dancing," she says. "I am dancing for the sheer sake of dance, covering space. I love adventure; I've done everything but sky-dive. Photography, food and travel are three of my biggest passions.

"I throw myself wholly into all the things I do. My husband and son share my thirst for life and support me with their love and devotion. I'm a lucky woman. Life is so short. I want to make the most of it. Dance is life. I bring all of my experiences with me when I teach, choreograph, or when I perform. I find integrity when I dance because there isn't anything I can hide. The thrill is being in the present. The moment is like flying to freedom. Nothing else matters but that moment, that image, or that shape."

Reflecting warmly about her days at Julliard, Lee recalls the intimacy and



camaraderie of the students in the Dance Ensemble. They were professionals and toured the New York City schools, performing throughout the state. She did summer stock in Chicago, and was a member of the Radio City Music Hall Ballet Corps, and danced with several Miami companies.

"Working with Patricia Strauss and L'Image gives me the intensity I need. Perhaps that comes from the strong influence of such geniuses as Anna Sokolow and Anthony Tudor, with whom I worked at the Julliard. Working duets gave me new dimensions. I discovered how beautiful sharing and expressing could be and how it must captivate an audience. I feel the same things when I teach and rehearse; a valuable exchange of energy which is a rich creative force. There is an aura in the studio during rehearsal which uplifts me. I am discovering new things; I almost feel like an archaeologist discovering ancient treasures. My students are precious to me. Watching them grow gives meaning to my work. They will make their own contributions."

If anyone is interested in working with Lee, please come to West One at noon on Monday and Wednesday and at 10:40 on Tuesday and Thursday. We are having a dance concert on the 9, 10, and 11 of Dec. Any help will be appreciated: advertising, staging, costuming, lighting and especially dancers, male and female. If Lee is not there, please see Dr. Therald Todd in the performing arts department or leave a message with the secretary, Griselle.

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Bruce Kaplan - photographer

Hauser Howls for Hy-Vong

DEKE HAUSER
Critic-at-Large

"Hola Paco! ¿ Como esta usted?"
"Hola Maria! Estoy bien, ¿ y usted?"
"Estoy bien, gracias. ¿ Va usted a la biblioteca?"
"No. ¡Yo voy a Hy-Vong!"

There are twenty five million conversations in the naked city each day, and this is only one of them, but whether it is Spanish, English or Serbo-Croatian the message is still the same: when it is time to do that little

something special that helps make life worth living, when it is time for that one brief escape, when total uninhibited lusty sex just won't do the trick, you won't catch Paco and Maria heading for the biblioteca, you won't catch Tom and Jane running off to Burger Doodle, and you won't catch Irving and Rachel schlepping off to Pumpernicks. No my friend, as Paco says, the only place to be going to is the *Hy-Vong*.

The *Hy-Vong* is probably one of the greatest additions to the Miami restaurant scene in the past twenty

five years. Specializing in Vietnamese cuisine, this warm, intimate little restaurant is a sure-fire bet to please the discriminating palates of both young and old. The appetizers at *Hy-Vong* taste as if they were created just this side of heaven. Young virgins have been known to sacrifice their maidenheads for an order of Spring Rolls (\$1.50). Not to be outdone, virile young Arab males are reported to have relinquished the manhoods of their camels for an order of Pork Rolling Cakes (\$2.50).

The entrees at *Hy-Vong* are drawn from the four corners of the epicurean cosmos: pork, fowl, fish and beef. Our party was particularly impressed with the seafood offerings, which surpassed even *Venus on a Halfshell* with their subtle taste and beauty. The Fried Shrimp (Korean Style) are beautiful, fleshy crustaceans that almost appear to wave their pert little egg-batter-dipped tails at the diner. Both the dolphin and grouper filets are good enough to make ol' Neptune shake his trident with joy. A delicate blend of spices only serves to enhance these delicious thick filets (\$7). The whole snapper, steamed or fried, is a real treat and without question is the best head you will find on Calle Ocho (\$8).

Another entree of particular note is the spicy chicken. A quarter chicken is pan fried to a dark mahogany brown in a sauce so spicy that it reminds me of the last time I went bobbing for jalapenos in a bordello outside of Puerto Vallarta. At \$5 this dish is a must for all those looking for a cheap thrill.

All entrees are served with either a light soup or a salad. The soups are uniformly excellent, and they are prepared fresh daily. The salad is avocado-slice-by-fresh-ripe-avocado-slice one of the best to be found anywhere.

It will be no surprise to learn that the Cambodian invasion in the Spring of 1970 was an attempt to rescue the *Hy-Vong's* recipe for flan from the invading communist hordes. It must be eaten to be believed. With an adequate amount of this flan I could work the Sunblazer cheerleading squad into heights of ecstasy unknown in the history of womanhood.

To the *Hy-Vong* I award an almost perfect 5½ tines.



Bruce Kaplan - photographer

5½ tines out of 6

Sympathy for the goalie

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

Covering a soccer game on Sunday was not my idea of a fun holiday.

On my way there, I kept thinking I would rather sit by my pool and drink beer.

Some members of the baseball team had the same idea.

A dozen or so brought beach chairs, beer coolers, left their shirts at home, made themselves comfortable on the sidelines, and acted like grandmothers at one of Deke Hauser's wrestling matches.

They heckled.

Both teams.

"Have you ever thought of kicking in the NFL," one baseballer yelled.

"Did you hear the alarm go off this morning," shouted another.

Finally the poor, hot, sweaty, hard working Jacksonville goalie, who was in the direct line of fire and couldn't move, wouldn't take any more.

"Will you shut the ---- up?" he yelled.

The fans laughed. The hecklers looked embarrassed.

I sympathized with the goalie.

Sportsmanship be damned. A human being can take only so much.

I decided it was more fun than sitting around the pool listening to my neighbors yell at their kids.

Only next time I'm going to take my beach chair and cooler.

L
O
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S
e Grip



DEKE HAUSER
Critic-at-Large

A survey of the rankings published by the leading professional wrestling organizations, the National Wrestling Alliance, the American Wrestling Association, and the World Wide Wrestling Federation, reveals that each group has a different world heavyweight champion. However, a review of those same rankings by a true wrestling cognoscente will reveal a more important fact: the number one or number two contender in every poll is the same man, namely, Dusty Rhodes.

No one in wrestling today has the universal appeal of Mr. Rhodes. He is to wrestling what Franklin Roosevelt was to the presidency, an unbeatable blend of charm (definitely more homespun than Mr. Roosevelt's patrician style) coupled with the competitive will and spirit of a winner. Just as FDR was viewed as a savior by many who had lost their pride and self-respect during the Great Depression, so Mr. Rhodes is viewed in much the same way today by his followers. His jingoistic, slightly xenophobic (xenophobia is an important undercurrent in pro wrestling) yet open, big-hearted, willing-to-help-a-friend, "that's a fact, Jack," philosophy has auditoriums packed with fans all over the state of Florida just waiting to hear his message and to see him perform.

In the ring, his strength, quickness (remarkable in a man who weighs 270 lbs), wrestling savvy, and his fierce, unquenchable thirst for victory make him an awesome opponent. But, alas, the only way to really appreciate Dusty Rhodes is to see him on a televised match or ideally, as Dusty would say, up close and personal Jack, and that's a fact, because he is if nothing else an "American Dream."



Marcia Cummings - photographer

Soccer team is off to a winning start

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

Soccer season got off to a winning start Sunday.

In spite of playing one man short for most of the second period, FIU defeated the Jacksonville University Dolphins, 5-1.

With the score at 4-1 and more than 30 minutes left in the game, midfielder Ben Collins, who is playing his first season with the Sunblazers, was red-carded for unnecessary roughness.

However, the Sunblazers were unaffected by the loss and out-played the Dolphins to rack up their first victory.

"We didn't look like we were playing with only 10 men," said Paul Minott, a defender from Jamaica and FIU's co-captain.

FIU drew first blood on a free kick by Joe Marshall, a returnee from 1981 who was injured in an exhibition game with Miami Dade South last Monday.

The Dolphins rebounded with a penalty kick by midfielder Tony Novo to tie. It was the first and last goal for Jacksonville who spent most of the game

defending against FIU's more aggressive attack.

Hermann-Josel Engels, Greg Anderson, and Max Rodriguez each scored to make it 4-1 at half-time.

In the second period, in spite of the Sunblazer's handicap, Jacksonville was unable to score or prevent Rodriguez from making it 5-1.

"It looks like a promising season," said Anderson, a midfielder from Edenvale, South Africa, and captain of the team. "I didn't think it was an easy game for us but we played very well in the first half. In the second, we rested on our laurels."

"We just toyed with them," said one ecstatic player.

"It was nothing," added another.

The Sunblazers will have a chance to do more than "toy" as they face the University of Central Florida Sept. 7.

Right now FIU and UCF should be an even match. They are both ranked second behind the University of Tampa in Florida's division II.

"We'll have a chance to find out how good we are against UCF," said Minott. "If we do well in that game, people will be looking out for us."

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Gone to the dogs

KEVIN ROSEN,
Contributor

Greyhound racing is one of the most popular sports in the US.

There are 48 tracks in 14 states and, according to Florida state records, the sport captures greater crowds than horses and jai-alai combined, and attracts a larger audience than an entire Florida football season — both college and pro.

It draws almost nine million fans to Florida's 14 major tracks and provides a direct source of state funds. In 1978, dog racing accounted for \$54 million in taxes. Some of the dollars go to FIU.

There are three tracks in the Miami area — Flagler, Biscayne, and Hollywood.

Flagler just opened, and offers an escape from the books or a chance to



win some spending money for those 18 and over.

Greyhounds are born to race. When the boxes open and they see the lure, they run pell-mell, frantically tumbling over one another trying to catch "the rabbit."

There are usually eight dogs in each of 13 races. The distances vary and race times range from 32 to 60 seconds.

One of the best greyhounds in the country, Latana Glamour, is racing now at Flagler.

Lantana will run in the \$25,000 Sprint Championship on Saturday, Sept. 18. This speedster won the Hollywood Classic and the Biscayne Sprint Championship at the same distance.

Flagler is offering two \$100,000 events this season — the Hecht Marathon at 2,310 feet on Oct. 8 and the Tom Benner Super Marathon at 2,970 feet on closing night, Oct. 30.

Sept. 11 is "half-price" night and the prices will be low on everything but



the betting.

Speaking of betting, there are plenty of those "wonder windows" — the pari-mutuel counters which pay back with interest — if your dog wins.

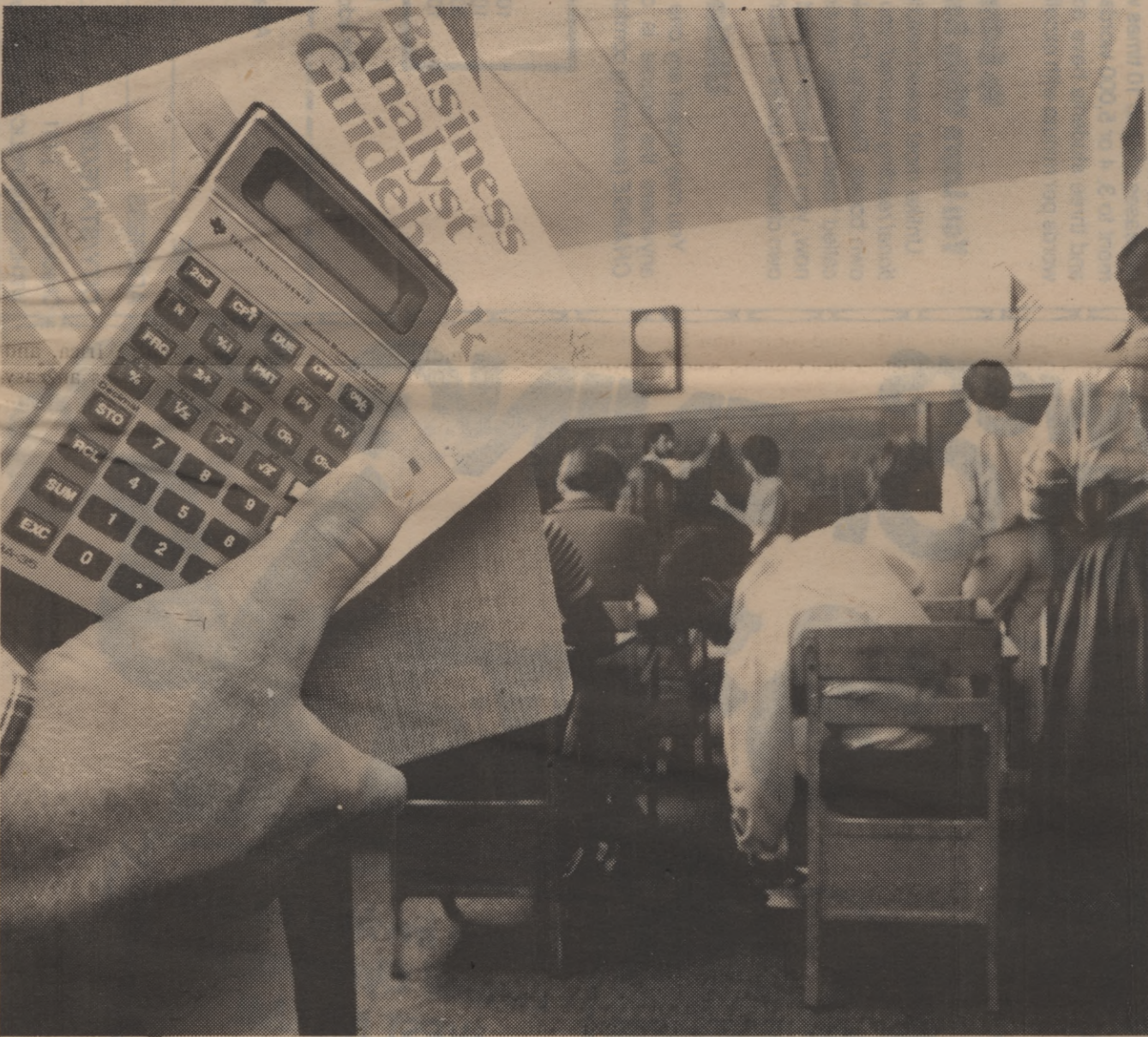
Straight bets start at \$2 for a first, second or third place finish. The pay-offs are based on odds determined by the amount of bet and the amount on each greyhound.

The exotic type include the quiniela, perfecta, trifecta, and pic six which have larger pay-offs but are much harder to choose.

A first time bettor should study a program which includes the past statistics, results from different starting boxes, past performances, type of races, and distances.

Flagler offers matinees each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and nightly performances at 8 pm.

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TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

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Coach boasts

JOHN MESSAM
Contributor

"Athletics is a vehicle through which one gains maturity."

So believes Jose Rodriguez, the FIU head cross country coach, who was born in Cuba and migrated to New Jersey where he competed in track and field.

He spent his college years at Montclair University in Montclair, NJ, and at Biscayne College in North Miami. Since neither college offered intercollegiate track, Rodriguez's involvement evolved into coaching community programs.

He landed the head track coach job at St. Thomas Aquinas, in Broward County, in 1971, and, in 1979, moved to South Plantation High School.

In Jan. of 1982, he was hired as head cross country coach at FIU and asked Joe Catania, a long-time associate, to join him as assistant. Catania works with the men's team and Rodriguez coaches the women.

The head coach is waiting to see what happens during the fall season and is not sure of what to expect because of the small number of women runners.

He is overjoyed with the 14 runners who turn out for the men's team.

"There is strength in numbers," says Rodriguez. "But the women's team, although small, is very good."

The coach speaks highly of the sprinters he acquired this year.

"I have a crack speed group lead by Columbus High School's Ray Morris and Alex Ozzerein of New York," he says. "The longer distances will be handled by Steve Collison and Angel Garcia, both from Miami Dade."

A major problem facing the squad is the lack of scholarships. Only the cross country team has them. The track team must make its own arrangements.

Rodriguez has already gotten pledges of donations from the organizers of the Young Lawyer's Race in Sunrise and the Avon Ladies' Roadrace

"In these days of austerity, one cannot hope to introduce a program and have it funded," he explained. "It must be able to function viably, or, in the language of the times, it must prove and pay for itself."

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In order to make this course more available to FIU students and interested persons, the fee will be reduced to \$112.00. Usually the fee for this course is \$225 per student (as compared to other courses offered off campus at \$275-345).

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The course will meet once a week for seven weeks, each lesson lasting 1½-2 hours. One hour of homework is required each day. The course is not magical, practice makes perfect.

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102	Tamiami	SAT	Sept. 11 - Oct. 23	10:00 am - Noon	DM 114
103	Tamiami	MON	Sept. 13 - Oct. 25	4:00 - 5:45 pm	DM 114
104	Tamiami	TUE	Sept. 14 - Oct. 26	4:00 - 5:45 pm	DM 114

Please bring three books typical of your reading to class

For additional information contact: **SHEILA or EARL WALLACE at 448-0265**

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MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW



The Love of Ivy

JESSIE HARPER LEE
Contributor

The hill began to rustle and sigh as the last sunlight faded into yellow-tinged evening. Tendrils on vines stretched like sleepy children and night flowers yawned, spilling heavy fragrance. Daylight packed up as the nightworks began to whirr with mechanical insect sounds.

She came as she did every evening on small sneakered feet, white cardboard box in hand, head tilted back to the world of the trees. The pines, the sweetgums, and the massive old oaks grew cloaked and bearded with ivy that crawled up trunks and out along branches. In this light they made themselves monstrous, like shambling hulks of something nameless. She nodded a silent greeting to branches stretched like shaggy arms, hearing just the slightest sound of leaves in reply.

She set the box down and kicked at a sweetgum ball with the toe of her shoe, watched it skitter away. She pushed her glasses up on the bridge of her nose and flipped a stray piece of dark hair back over her shoulder. Lightning bugs began to flash over the deep green of the hill and she sat down to watch.

The hill was part of a long ravine cut into the Georgia terrain by some long-ago river, and it ran along parallel to the Buford Highway. She could hear the cars as they zipped past above her.

Here at the bottom she wandered for hours each day, examining rocks and breathing in the damp-dirt smell. She foraged for acorns and blackberries. She stood in banks of poppies and sprayed seeds from the mature pods. She sat still as a stone and the red, green, and gold dragonflies came like her familiars to light on her shoulders and knees, winging away to hunt down bugs, returning like falcons.

Some places in the ravine's sides were made of the slick red clay which she slid down and used to draw magical symbols on her body and face. Elsewhere there were small bare cliffs of the flecked granite that runs under the northern part of the state from Stone Mountain out in all directions. These she conquered, planting her flag at the tops, panting and triumphant.

This part of the ravine, though, was different. Here the sides sloped up in gentle curves higher than the granite cliffs, above the highway wide and full. Ivy covered the hill so thickly that she hadn't ever climbed it, and once she saw a cat wander in and it had thrashed and howled and then gone silent. She didn't see the cat again. The bear-monster trees were covered even at the tops, and strands of ivy hung and blew in the breeze like pieces of spiderweb, linking the trees together in places to form a thick, solid canopy that darkened the hill.

The small girl stood, brushing the pine needles from the seat of her jeans. She picked up the box on the ground and removed from it a white rat, which she

stroked. The evening breeze picked up and whispered in the ivy. She kissed the top of the rat's head on the soft fur between its pink tissue-paper ears, and held it up to look into its black-bead eyes. Then she heaved it as far as she could into the ivy-covered hill, hearing it screech once before the green closed over it.

"Have to," she said. "You know why."

Summer days she spent there, climbing her cliffs, building fortresses where she brought books to read, calling her dragonfly army as she ran, hair flying, feet brown and strong, chaser and chased in her fantasies. She set elaborate traps for anyone who might invade her playground. She kept a careful watch of the cars on the highway from the limb of a tree, imagining enemy tanks or herds of dangerous animals. And always at evening she would wait at the foot of the hill where the ivy trailed, the box at her feet, for that certain twilight moment, the nightworks shifting into gear, whose rules she heard and followed. Then the kiss and the bugs flashing urgent now/now/now messages, and the whisper of ivy in the dark-scented breeze of hurry up/hurry up/hurry up/now! and the screech as her arm followed through with its motion and the ivy closed in.

She didn't see him watching from the highway. She didn't hear him put down his dusty knapsack and begin to creep down the side of the ravine. He stood in the shadow of a tree and watched as she fondled a rat and let it climb to her shoulder to gnaw at the flannel collar of her shirt. She was absorbed in the flashing and in waiting for the whirring of the nightworks. He padded out of the trees on the thick pine needle carpet. The rat paused in its gnawing and dashed under her hair, and she turned, seeing him standing, silent and still.

He smiled, knowing from her eyes that she wouldn't scream, defiant little thing, as he pushed her down into the ivy at the base of the hill, tossing her glasses away, tugging tiny jeans over little-girl-thin hips, ripping off sweet white-cotton panties. He held her down with one heavy hand and his knee across her stomach as he fumbled at himself and he saw her eyes widen as she realized what he was going to do, and then she looked around wildly, craning her head to see the rat disappearing into the trees. She tensed as he began to touch her but made no sound. He felt the breeze pick up and rustle in the ivy as he readied himself, and he looked into the small girl's face and she had the look of someone listening intently, as he listened too, and heard a million whispers in his head of hurry/hurry/hurry up/now/do it now and as he lunged, tearing her, she howled and he felt warm blood on him, and then he heard her laugh. Raising himself in confusion he heard the rustling of what she knew as the nightworks and the ivy closed in.

Blackberrying

Remember blackberrying in the snow? You and me yanking a stubborn American Flyer runners choked on milkweed stalks crackling like fire beneath our boots. The apple crate lashed aboard we never filled. Stumbling wet mittened against magnets of frozen steel, continental seams joining coasts we only dreamed. You and me, blinking teary icicles, hunting for blackberries, fruit of the coalfields, along the B&O.

JEAN LOUISE

The Yard

neva wanted to
join me folks an' bury
foo foo in'a cemetery, tis
a'wast'a good cash, always
said do'an want no box, made up,
dressed in'a monkey suit. Me
prefer urn, just put me on de
shelf, one holy, rotted ash.

t'aint got no qualms 'bout
visitin' de yard, tis a fin'a
place like any otha'; all dem
dere, gramumma, granpuppah, mummah,
puppah just gone, dem already made
reservation for brother an' me...

neva like de country town where
we grew, such'a sorrowful place;
thought I might try out west, you
know, in america, in big, ole
hollywood; always tole me i could sing

t'aint nobody left no more, all
alone, gotta pack me gear an' before
i gone, tis one more wish lord mus'
grant; gotta plant rose, in de yard unda
detamarind tree in de yard an' tell
dem: me firs' golden record me mek, mus' bring
de ting back an' bury foo foo in'a cemetery.

neva wanted to join me folks.
always did prefer me quake, shaking,
reggae rockin', mekin' music, not de earth
in'a yard, seen...out dere in big, ole
holy,hollywood, mekin' good; "unforgettable"

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS

