



Financial Aid cuts Making Change

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EDWARD M. ELMENDORF
Guest Columnist

Newspaper, radio, and television reports of substantial cuts in Federal financial aid to college students have triggered a barrage of phone calls to the U.S. Department of Education in Washington, D.C.

Callers, both students and parents, are often confused by misleading or incomplete information. Many have expressed fear that the government has let them down; that college is no longer affordable.

It is true that student financial assistance programs have undergone considerable change in the past two years. There have been some reductions. Most of the changes, however, reflect an effort to return the aid programs to their original purpose, which was to help students cover the cost of a college education—not to carry the whole burden. A successful return to original intent will help ensure the survival of these aid programs for future students.

Federal financial assistance is divided into three categories. "Grants" are awards of money that do not have to be paid back. "Loans" are borrowed money which a student must repay with interest. "Work-Study" provides the chance to work and earn money to off-set college costs while attending classes.

The Pell Grant Program is one of the best known of the Federal student aid programs. Formerly called the Basic Educational Opportunity Grant, Pell is often the first source of aid in a package which may be composed of other Federal and non-Federal sources. In the 1982-83 school year, 2.55 million students share \$2,279,040,000 in Pell grants.

The U.S. Department of Education uses a standard formula to determine who qualifies for Pell Grants. Students should contact the college financial aid administrator to apply on the free "Application for Financial Student Aid." This is the form used for all Federal student aid programs. The Department guarantees that each participating school will receive the money it needs to pay Pell Grants to eligible students.

The Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grant provides another mechanism for making awards to students. SEOG is different from the Pell Grant in that it is managed by the financial aid administrator of each participating college. Each school receives a set amount of money from the Department and when that money is gone, there are no more SEOG funds for the year.

In 1982-83 the Department of Education will pro-

vide 440,000 students with \$278,400,000 in Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants. Students will get up to \$2,000 a year under this program.

Grant programs are designed to help the most needy students get a college education. The Pell Grant, in particular, is targeted to help those students whose families earn less than \$12,000 per year. Grant aid is not meant to cover all college costs but is expected to be combined with a reasonable contribution from the student's family and individual self-help, generally in the form of loans, private scholarships, and work. Another type of student financial assistance is the College Work-Study Program. Designed to provide on- or off-campus jobs for undergraduate and graduate students who need financial assistance, Work-Study is usually managed by the college financial aid administrator. Some 950,000 students will receive \$528 million under this program in 1982-83.

A great deal of publicity has been generated lately on Federal student loans, particularly the National Direct Student Loan Program. Although all colleges do not participate in the NDSL program, 3,340 of them do. This program makes available low interest (5 percent) loans that students must begin repaying six

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RULES OF THE GAME

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

The gameroom is offering recreational tournaments, new organizations, and social services this term.

The Table Tennis and Chess Club are looking for players on all levels. They will be having intramural practices at a later date to prepare for a match with the University of Miami.

Registration is open for the following Fall tournaments: Chess September 24, Billiards October 15-16, Table Tennis October 22 and 23, Backgammon November 12, and Foosball December 3. Anyone interested can pick up an application in the gameroom.

On August 24, a gameroom committee was activated to initiate new pro-

grams and events. Their plans are to organize a TV club because students crowd and fight for program preferences. Efforts to buy a new giant-screen television and additional television sets have begun.

The committee has hung a new message-board for students desiring to contact other students. A giveaway table for books has been placed in the entrance of the gameroom for those willing to donate or exchange books. A suggestion box will be placed at the front desk for ideas.

The Lost and Found and locker rentals are located in the gameroom. The gameroom is open to all students, faculty, and staff from 9:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.



Letters to the Editor



Mournful
into
Obscurity

To the *International*,

Thank you for your front page article on the Greenpeace organization and the recent visit to Miami of its ship "Rainbow Warrior."

Greenpeace is an activist group dedicated to stopping the continued hunting and killing of whales, and on occasion its members even have obstructed such practices by sailing between modern whale-hunting ships and the animals.

Most hunting of whales these days is conducted by the Soviet Union and Japan, both of which refuse to halt their slaughter of these marvelous and endangered creatures.

As a Greenpeace member, I would encourage anyone to join who is interested in the whale issue, the baby harp seal issue and wildlife conservation in general. Greenpeace maintains offices in several major cities in the U.S., including Boston and San Francisco, and in Canada.

I am also enjoying your expanded coverage of FIU intercollegiate sports, and hope you will include a schedule of the various teams' games for each upcoming week.

Andy Gollan

Dear *International*,

I was very impressed with the *International*. Please offer my congratulations to all those who worked to make it a first-rate first edition. If the student affairs staff can assist you in any way, please call us.

Again, congratulations on an excellent job.

Henry B. Thomas,
Vice-President of Student Affairs.

To Lillian Martin, the *International*,

I'm impressed by the amount of information you retained during and after the time of our interview. I like your writing style and you made the research I am engaged in understandable and enjoyable. You are then, a good journalist...but also a good teacher.

I must say, I laughed when I read that (bottom of column 2 and top of column 3) I would study sex differences...but that "It would require more equipment than he has!"

Thanks... I enjoyed it. I'm sure others will.

M.J. Wagner
Assoc. Professor,
Subject Specializations

Dear *International*,

The *International* now looks and reads like a first class college newspaper-thanks to you.

Your expertise and journalistic know-how has certainly made for a new newspaper.

Sincerely,
Dahlia Morgan,
Gallery Director
Dept. of Visual Arts

To the *International*,

The art of criticism has a long and distinguished history. Critics rarely are, but they should try to be, totally above reproach. Something about glass houses...

The Sept. 7 issue listed Mr. Deke Hauser as a contributor, by Sept. 8, Mr. Hauser was a critic at large.

The only reason I can think of for the title change was that "at large" means "at liberty" and that you took the liberty to call the man a critic. Certainly the restaurant reviews of the above dated issues prove my point that it is you who took the only liberty in assigning reviews to someone who is singularly unqualified to review restaurants, qualified as Mr. Hauser may be in analyzing the great sport of professional wrestling (or is it wrasslin'?)

Point: Maidenheads, Arab sexual preferences - This is a restaurant review not a Freudian therapy session

Point: Cambodian invasion, unreported atrocity - politics and dining don't mix.

Point: Saltillo, Puerto Vallarta - both as far away from the orient as Calle Ocho is from Milwaukee. Mention them when you do a review of a Mexican restaurant.

Point: munchies, Buzz - Zap comix are out of business and even *Rolling Stone* has passed through that phase.

Point: Not one word about the service or decor of the restaurants.

In conclusion: Your readership deserves better than a sophomoric display of sexual and scatological one-liners. Personal opinion and objectivity must be well balanced in a critique; One may like skinny skinless duck, however it is the fat and skin that are cherished in the orient.

If only Tom Robbins and Hunter Thompson rate four typewriters, Deke Hauser gets no typewriters!

Edgar Garin,
School of Business and Org. Sci.

p.s. - If four is good enough for Michelin, and five for Mobil, you may be overdoing it by giving Hauser six!

Dear *International*,

Congratulations on an excellent first edition of the *International* newspaper. Much success with the new school year, and keep up the good work.

Ozzie Ritchey,
Asst. Vice President,
Student Affairs

Dear *International*,

On behalf of the Art Gallery and the Visual Arts department, I want to express our sincere thanks to you and the staff of the *International* for your generous donation to the visual arts gallery. Your gift was very well timed and gave a big boost to my spirits just when I was deeply worried about the budget for the gallery.

With your support, I am sure we will continue to achieve the excellence which prompted your generous gift. I thank you.

Sincerely,
James A Mau,
Dean of College of Arts and Sciences.

We are unique amongst college newspapers in that we are run entirely by students and receive no financial support from the University. Our existence depends entirely upon advertising revenue, and we have frankly been falling somewhat short on that account.

Due to the loss of our business manager, the editorial staff has been serving double duty working to procure advertising for the paper. We would like you to become involved in selling ads for the *International*. The opportunity exists to earn 25 percent commission on ad sales.

Advertising in the *International* provides an opportunity to reach a community of 15,000 students, faculty and staff. Average student age at FIU is 28 and about 85 percent of the students are employed.

The *International* is a legally incorporated non-profit organization. This year we are donating five percent of our advertising revenue to the FIU Visual Arts Gallery, which has provided the community with splendid exhibitions and has suffered severe cuts in its operating budget.

As an example of our commitment to our advertisers, we have held our advertising rates at last year's level. Our challenge is to meet the obvious increases in production costs by providing service which will encourage businesses to advertise with us more often.

Perhaps you know someone who would be interested in advertising in the *International*, or perhaps you'd be interested in using your salesmanship to earn some extra cash. Whatever the case we would certainly be happy to have you help us put out the best possible newspaper.

DENISE DAY FELLOWS
Editor-in-Chief

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The paper is independent of the University and its Student Government Association; the editor is the chief administrative officer and publisher.

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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Khomeini: the Great Pretender



Iranian students protest Khomeini's regime

Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

Over three years have passed since the revolution of February 1979 which culminated in the overthrow of the Shah's regime. The people of Iran had hoped that the Shah's downfall would herald the emergence of a democratic and flourishing country, offering peace, welfare and progress to the nation. But due to the absence of a democratic leadership and the misuse of the people's religious sentiments and hatred for the Shah, Khomeini usurped the leadership of the revolution.

Once Khomeini assumed power, he began to restrict the people's freedoms and democratic rights, for which tens of thousands of lives had been sacrificed. Not only did Khomeini fail to realize the aspirations of the Iranian people, but he also exacerbated the existing economic, political and social problems of the country. As a result, all the economic resources of the country have been destroyed and Iran's economy is on the verge of collapse.

Khomeini's rule became more corrupt and repressive with every passing day. As people's discontent and protest increased, the regime resorted to increasingly violent means of suppression to stay in power. Eventually, on June 20, 1981, (two and a half years after the Feb. '79 revolution), Tehran witnessed a 500,000 strong peaceful demonstration organized by the People's Mojahedin

Organization of Iran against the new dictators.

Khomeini responded by ordering the massacre of the demonstrators. Over 50 people were killed, hundreds wounded, and a greater number arrested. Mass execution and brutal torture of all political opponents immediately followed this demonstration. Since then, the regime has executed 15,000 people including teenagers, pregnant women, and elderly men and women. More than 40,000 innocent Iranians have been imprisoned and subjected to the most barbaric torture.

To repel Khomeini's onslaught against the lives and liberties of the people and to safeguard the achievements of the revolution, the democratic and popular forces resorted to armed resistance against the regime. The principal force and the organizer of this resistance is the People's Mojahedin Organization of Iran, (PMOI). Today, the resistance forces are engaged in a decisive, popular and well-organized resistance throughout the country.

On July 22, 1981, the National Council of Resistance was formed, as the united front for all popular and democratic forces loyal to Iran's independence and freedom. The Council acts as a framework which binds all the members of the popular front to a democratic and revolutionary relation-

ship while openly acknowledging that differences of opinion and disagreements exist.

Since its formation, the National Council of Resistance has attracted the support and affiliation of various democratic forces representing all classes and strata of Iranian society: workers, women, jurists, teachers, doctors, nurses and academics. The affiliation to the Council of the Kurdish Democratic party, as the major representative of the people of Kurdistan, has guaranteed the preservation of national unity and the country's territorial integrity, signifying another step towards the establishment of a united popular front.

Support for the N.C.R. has grown to worldwide dimensions. Many political parties and organizations, labor unions, university professors, lawyers, student bodies, democratic members of the European parliaments, and many other well-known democratic personalities have expressed their support for the N.C.R. and the program of the provisional government.

On Sept. 29, 1981, the program of the Provisional Government was announced by Mr. Massoud Rajavi, who is in charge of the N.C.R., and also its official spokesman. This program was ratified by the president, Dr. Bani Sadr and the entire membership of the Council. It stresses the following points as the fundamental guidelines for the democratic administration of the country's affairs at this particular juncture:

- *Administration of the country's affairs through locally elected councils thus ensuring popular sovereignty;

- *Equal social and political rights for all citizens;

- *Recognition of the people's individual and social rights, as so stressed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights;

- *Complete social and political equality of men and women;

- *Complete freedom of thought, speech, media, parties, associations, councils, and syndicates;

- *Internal autonomy for the National Minorities, particularly for the people of Kurdistan;

- *Radical agrarian reform according to the principle of "Land to the Tiller";

- *Restoration of the rights of the workers and peasants;

- *Nationalization of medicine and public health and expansion of hygienic networks and public insurance;

- *Non-aligned policy;

- *Co-existence, peace, and international and regional cooperation.

During February and March of this year, the N.C.R. held a series of sessions to make important ratifications of its policies in the administration of the country's affairs after the anticipated downfall of Khomeini. According to

these decisions, Mr. Massoud Rajavi, in charge of the N.C.R., will appoint the government of the Democratic Islamic Republic of Iran. The principle task of the future government at this juncture, however, is to convene the constituent assembly through free and fair elections no later than 6 months after the downfall of Khomeini's regime. The representatives of the Iranian people in the constituent assembly will then decide upon the country's new system of government.

The positions of president Bani Sadr and Mr. Rajavi are, therefore, temporary, and will become null and void once the new assembly is formed.

The Moslem Iranian Students Society is a student organization that has chapters in the United States, Europe, Canada, and Asia. M.I.S.S. supports the People's Mojahedin Organization of Iran which is the largest opposition force inside the country striving for democracy and independence through the elimination of Khomeini's regime. M.I.S.S. is also a member of the National Council of Resistance, the democratic united front of the political forces opposed to monarchy as well as to Khomeini's regime.

M.I.S.S. activities, have been successful in bringing to the public's attention the gross violations of Human Rights in Iran. During the past two months alone, M.I.S.S. attended 50 Sunday Masses in Miami and 650 Sunday Masses throughout the U.S., asking people to pray for the 50,000 Iranian political prisoners under persecution, an estimated 116,000 people complied. M.I.S.S. has also held approximately 200 picket lines, appealing to the public to protest against the carnage in Iran. Every Tuesday M.I.S.S. will have a literature table, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. in the UH building. For additional information, contact the Moslem Students Society, PO Box 68:1096, Miami FL 33168.

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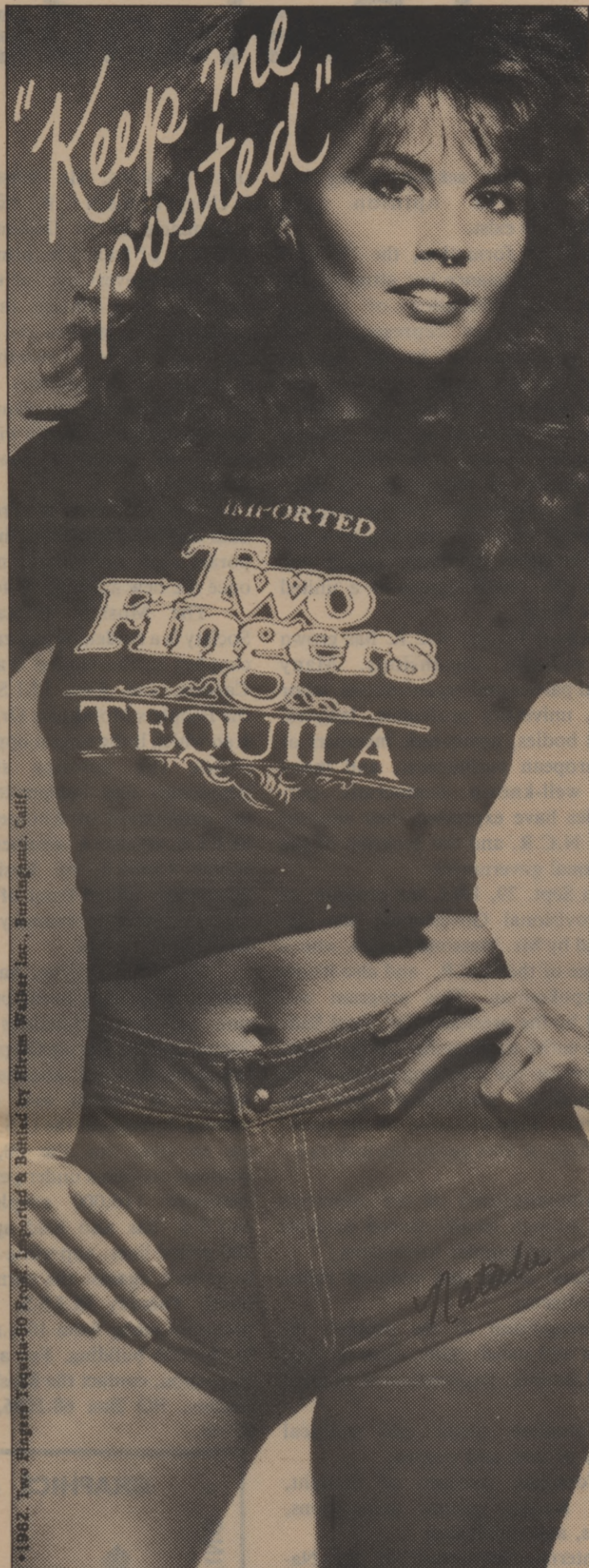
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Financial Aid makes change

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months after completing school (either by graduating, leaving, or dropping below half-time status). Up to 10 years is allowed to repay the loan. Application is made to a school's financial aid administrator who manages the loan fund. The fund is a revolving account, designed to allow a school to continually make new loans as existing loans are repaid. About 800,000 students will receive NDSLs in 1982-83; 10,000 more than in 1981-82.

Recently, Secretary of Education T.H. Bell signed a regulation which provides incentives for an institution to reduce the default rate of its NDSL program fund. A college which has a default rate over 25 percent is asked to turn responsibility for collecting the debt over to the Federal government. If an institution is not prepared to do this, and the default rate remains 25 percent or more, the Federal government will cut off NDSL funding.

The Guaranteed Student Loan Program, much in

the news lately, makes available low interest loans to students with the Federal government paying the interest while a student is in school. These loans are made by a lender (such as a bank, credit union, or savings and loan association) and insured by either the Federal government or a State Guarantee Agency. This, the largest student aid program, will make available over 9.5 billion in loans during the 1982-83 school year.

Undergraduate students can borrow up to \$2,500 a year and graduate students can borrow up to \$5,000 under GSL. The total debt an undergraduate can carry is \$12,500. For graduate or professional study this figure is \$25,000. A student borrower whose family income is less than \$30,000 automatically qualifies for an interest-subsidized loan. Students whose family income exceeds \$30,000 may still be eligible for GSL in

terest benefits if the college's financial aid administrator determines that the student has demonstrated financial need.

A new loan program started in 1981, called the Auxiliary Loan (or PLUS) Program, allows parents, independent students, and graduate students to borrow up to \$3,000 a year. There is no income cut off for eligibility. The interest on PLUS loans will be lowered from 14 to 12 percent sometime in October as a result of lower average U.S. Treasury bill interest rates.

As the economy continues to recover, we can expect a continued lowering of interest rates, thus easing student repayment costs and reducing Federal expenditures. In addition, the Reagan Administration has embarked on a major initiative to collect delinquent and defaulted loans under the National Direct and Guaranteed Student Loan Programs. It is anticipated that \$80 million will be collected in 1983. Congress has been asked to allow funds collected on delinquent loans to be recycled in the loan programs; under present law, such funds are returned to the Treasury. Returning money to the loan funds would make more money available to future college students.

Student aid reforms proposed by the Reagan Administration re-establish the fundamental principal that a student and his or her family share the primary responsibility for meeting college costs. The Federal and State government have a role in bridging the gap between what a family can reasonably contribute and the cost of attending college. Only by maintaining its fiscal integrity can the Federal government continue to play its part in bridging this gap through student aid programs.

SGA aids FIU

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

The Student Government Association is supporting student interests by acknowledging local congressional candidates. SGA is also assisting in the development of new campus facilities.

On August 31, regional congressional candidates campaigned in the UH center. SGA president Jorge Espinosa organized the event to make students aware of the candidates who are sympathetic to educational causes.

Student Government is working on improving the development of the University's plans for new facilities. The SGA assisted with the original plans for the construction of the new gym. However, the administration is cutting spending on the gym, delaying the previously scheduled racketball courts. The SGA will watch for any future unnecessary cuts in the funding of the gym.

The Housing Committee and SGA representatives are now working together in analyzing and preparing the format for the proposed dorms.

The September student elections will be postponed until November due to budget problems. Positions are now available until the elections. Interested students may contact Rick Estrada through the SGA. The addition of a Nursing Major to the FIU campus has added five more available seats to the Senate.

Senate meetings are held weekly on Wednesday at 3 p.m. at UH 150. Meetings are open to all students. For more information call the SGA office 554-2121.

Advisors Advised

LESLIE WEINREB
Monkey-Lung Editor

The Task Force on Academic Advisement began work last fall to review the current state of academic advisement within the State University System. On July 23, they presented their report to the Board of Regents, along with recommendations aimed at improving the academic advisement process.

The task force report called for the review and revision of undergraduate catalogs, and for each institution to develop an implement an integrated, coherent policy on advisement. It recommended that faculty members and others who engage in academic advisement be trained for this activity, and that faculty participation be rewarded. Finally, the current state of technology in data processing should be brought to bear on the problem of advisement.



Just a few bolsterous gals giving their all for FIU

Now you sit right there...

You can meet me and my friend next week in the Leisure Suite!

Photograph by Jose Alonso



Nursery Tales

LILLIAN MARTIN
Contributor

On the west side of campus there is a group of students getting an early education in life. While they may be years away from attending the university, they are already getting a feel for classroom procedures.

These students, ages 2½ through 5, attend the Child Care Center at Florida International University and are the children of faculty, staff and students here. The center, which has been in operation since September of 1975, is a non-profit organization funded by a grant from the United Way and tuition revenue. Although located on land leased from FIU, it is not associated with the university.

The Director of the center, Nancy Ponn, has created a learning environment for the children with a positive emphasis based on verbal communication, rather than a negative emphasis based on "don't." Instead of telling children what not to do, they are given the chance to take responsibility for their actions while respecting the rights of others.

Along with Ponn, the staff includes four teachers and one teacher assistant for the 50 children now enrolled. The teachers are trained to treat children as individuals by encouraging their creativity as well as teaching them the usual academic skills.

When two children are involved in a confrontation, a teacher guides them towards a solution rather than telling them how to solve it. This training assists them in learning acceptable behavior without constant adult interference.

Part of the children's day is spent in activities such as art, music, dramatic play, science, pre-reading, water play, pre-math, cooking, story telling and unstructured play. For some activities the children are divided into age groups, but for many all the age groups are together.

In the afternoon all the age groups are together on the playground. This is a fenced in area, shaded from the sun, where they can run around freely under a teacher's watchful eye.

There are four classrooms, two in each of the large, air-conditioned trailers. The children's art work decorates the walls of each room and an assortment of toys are available.



Photograph by Jose Alonso

In the hallway by Ponn's office is a large bulletin board which contains a list of activities, a newspaper clipping of Mr. Rogers, "your child's first day of school," an article which appeared in the *Herald* about the center, and sample t-shirts from various fund-raising activities.

"We put up a list of daily activities each week so the parents can look at it when they come by," said Ponn.

This list includes titles of books that will be read each day, songs and games they are taught, and news about "magic circle." During "magic circle" the teacher introduces a topic, such as how it feels to be in a new place, and encourages the children to verbalize their feelings.

There is a calendar on the bulletin board which lists concepts for instruction for each week: family, pets and toys, seasons, colors or food groups.

Parents are invited to attend Open House to get a feel for their children's school day. They are also invited to visit the center and involve themselves in some of the activities. In late January individual parent-teacher conferences are set up, as well as special appointments when deemed necessary by either a parent or a teacher.

"We encourage parents to participate in their children's school functions," said Ponn.

Some parents volunteer their services on the Parent Support Committee. This consists of three sub-committees: Special Events, Fund Raising, and Parent Education. These sub-committees work with the center's staff to plan the different functions.

To introduce the children to the outside world they are taken on field trips, or hear guest speakers from such places as the fire department, Metro zoo, libraries, M.T.A. buses, Post office, Eastern Airlines, doctors and dentists.

Eligibility for admission to the center is on a first-come first-serve basis. The tuition is based on a sliding scale determined by income and number of family members. There is a maximum fee of \$40 a week for full-time and \$24 for part-time attendance.

At present the center has room for 50 children, either on a full- or part-time basis. It is open from 7:45 a.m. until 6:15 p.m. Monday through Friday all year round. For more information call: 554-2143.

Two years ago the Student Government Association contributed \$50,000 for the purchase and renovation of a second trailer. Around that same time the United Way gave funds to open the center year-round.

"Before we got the second trailer there was room for only 30 children and a waiting list of 70 families," said Ponn. "Now the waiting list is down to 20 families."

Sean O'Leary

Dr. O'Leary,

I am embarrassed. Recently I found running sores near my genital area. Since I have never been intimate with anyone but my boyfriend, I didn't know what to think. I fearfully asked his advice and after hemming and hawing he admitted that he had Herpes! I don't know what to do.

Embarrassed

Dear Embarrassed,

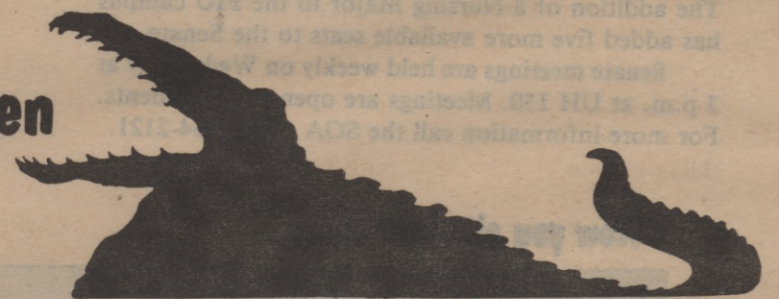
The very first thing to do is go to a doctor and have him/her make a definitive diagnosis. If you have been infected with *Herpes Simplex II*, I suggest three things: 1. have a yearly pap smear and keep abreast of current findings on Herpes. 2. Refrain from any sexual contact during your active stages (your M.D. can advise you). 3. Your boyfriend is ignorant, stupid or self-centered, or any combination of the above. Is this man really your friend?

p.s. Your physician or the local medical community can advise you of a self help, information and mutual support group. Good luck.

Editor's Note: Sean O'Leary, licensed consultant. Specializing in individual and "couple" counselling, sexual dysfunction, alcohol and drug abuse.

Readers questions are welcome. To have your questions answered in this column, write to: Dr. O'Leary, PO Box 441473, Miami, FL 33144.

the Wrath of Cohen



JULIA COHEN
Contributor

All refugees should be allowed to remain in the United States. Our country is composed almost entirely of "refugees." Only the American Indian is a true native. It appears that most of us have forgotten that at one time we or our ancestors were also refugees. It would certainly have been a shame if people in the past had adopted the present-day attitude of some of our population.

Time after time, statistics have shown that most refugees take any job they can get when they arrive in the United States. Usually only menial jobs are available to them because, even if they do have a skill, they cannot speak our language well.

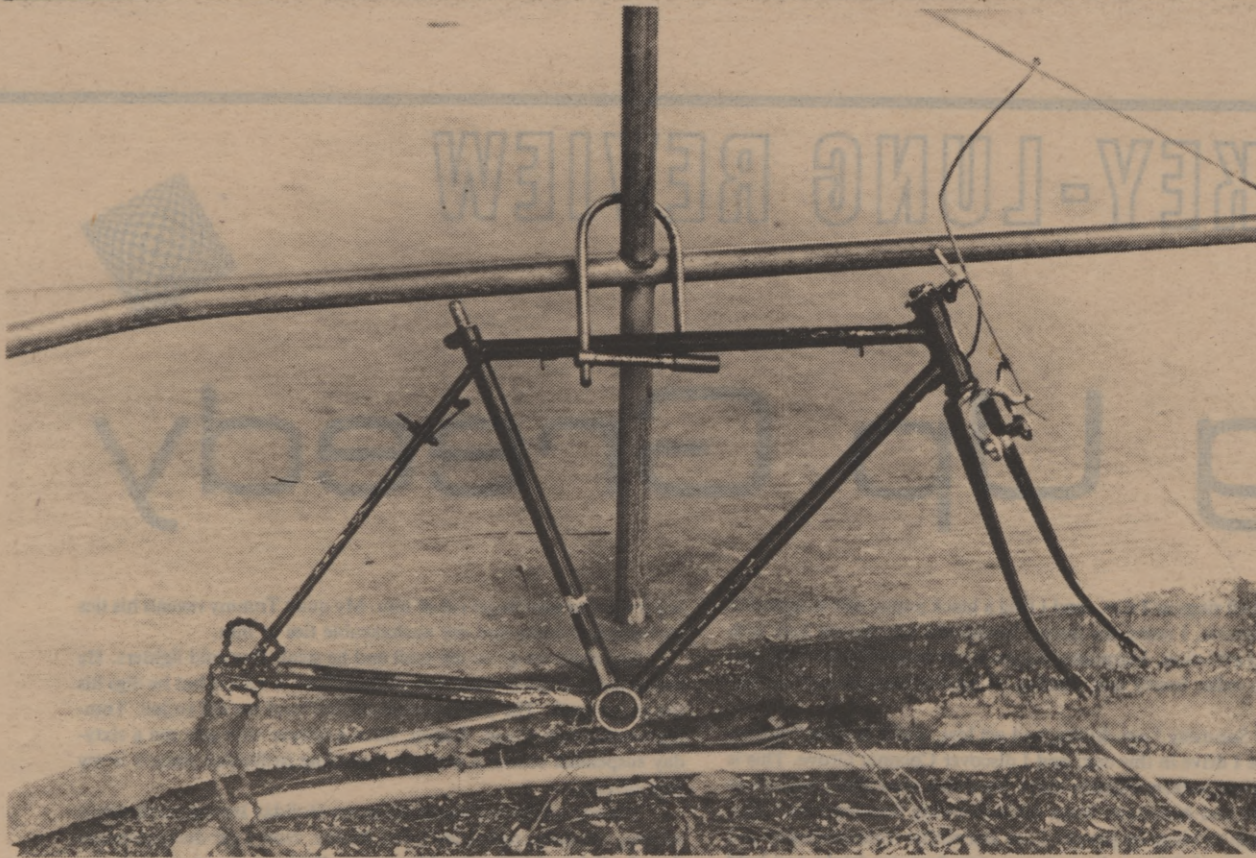
On the other hand, if they are highly educated, skilled, and speak our language, that is all the better. We could always use more people of this caliber in our population. Either way, we are winners.

History has proven that we in America really do

not have to fear losing our jobs to refugees. We have only to look back into our past to see that refugees have always been assimilated into our society in spite of the hardships they have had to endure when they arrive. In fact, they enrich our culture by bringing us their traditions, language(s), cuisine, etc..

Refugees have always met with prejudice, but at least they were given a chance to remain here and establish themselves, even if it did take a long time and they had to struggle. Eventually the rest of the population realizes that their prejudices are unfounded and things quiet down until the next new group arrives. Are we more prejudiced than we were in the past, that we would now turn people away altogether? The extent of the prejudice exhibited by many of our people today, and the fact that we have more educated citizens than ever before is a paradox.

Welcome all refugees with open arms. Look at them as you would a gift, because that is what they are. These people have much to offer our country—we should offer them our hospitality in return.



Was this your bicycle?

Bike Commuters Need Lockers

"Bicycles are outselling cars," says Larry Shahboz, owner of 'The Bicycle Shop' in South Miami. He's right. Bicycles have outsold cars in this country for at least the past two years. They are the main mode of transportation in many countries, and are a favored recreational vehicle of millions of Americans. The rising popularity of the bicycle is encouraging, yet what is more exciting is the appearance of the commuting cyclist.

The commuting cyclist is at the front of the bicycling movement, slowly changing the way city planners and engineers think. Bike paths are being looked down upon in favor of wider road margins. These allow the cyclist to move with the flow of traffic without hindering it. Gainesville is a state leader in this area, according to Dan Burden, Bicycle Coordinator for the Florida Department of Transportation.

From another angle, new office buildings under construction are designed to include locker and shower facilities for employees. Closer to home, the Metrorail will incorporate the bike into the station feeder system, providing 50 bike lockers at each station. Planners for the Washington D.C. rail system have found the bike locker superior to conventional locking systems in its ability to stop bicycle theft. Further planning has called for a "bikes on trains" program which allows the weekend bicyclist to use the last car of the train to bring along his or her bike.

All of this is encouraging to cyclists, but com-

muting students would like to see the involvement of this university. Many on this campus have been discouraged from commuting to school because of the lack of a viable security system for their bikes. Those who do ride to school are complaining of inadequate bike locking systems i.e., the bicycle rack. Thefts of rims, pumps, and entire bikes are not uncommon. There is a solution. The solution is an investment. An investment in a bike locker system which could be administered through the same channels as the book lockers to encourage and support those who choose to leave their cars at home. Revenue derived from the rental of the lockers would go towards paying for them. The University of Miami presently has 200 lockers, all of which are rented. Such a large scale program at this university would be impractical, however, a pilot program with 10 to 20 lockers would be appropriate. A bike locker program of this size would go far in promoting the use of a healthy, viable alternative to the automobile.

Any student presently desiring to ride his bike to school should know that there are showers available in the locker rooms on the west side of campus. If you are interested in any aspect of this subject, please get involved and complete the questionnaire provided.

Editor's Note: David Silberman is a student at FIU serving as a senator from the School of Business. He can be contacted through the SGA office in UH 310, ext. 2121.



BIKE SURVEY

- 1) How many days a week do you come to school? _____
- 2) Do you own a car? _____
- 3) Do you ride your bike to school? _____
- 4) If yes, how many days a week? _____
- 5) If a locker system were installed, would you pay \$10 a semester (\$2.50 per month!) to use it? _____

Comments: _____

GET INVOLVED

name _____
address _____
phone _____

Toad Flurries



TIM POWELL

Columnist

Ancient Chinese secret, huh?

From our Confucious Don't Say Department comes an item from Princeton, where an official from the Random House Publishing Co. recently recounted the grim and agonizing battle the firm went through for permission from Peking to publish an American cookbook in China. When the company's costly marketing campaign failed to inspire the Chinese people to buy *Mastering Western Gourmet Cooking*, trouble-shooters were called in to overhaul promo strategies and discovered the flaw. Chinese pictographic representation of the words *Mastering Western Gourmet Cooking* translates literally to "smashed objects clutter the city" or "circular salted death objects."

Hard in the yard

Far be it for this column to offend the sensibilities of folks who believe in preserving the things that made this country great, especially things like the ever-transcendent lawn ornament, which has a folklore and history virtually oozing with richness and gravity. Which brings us to the girls of Ohio State U's Tau Epsilon sorority, who believe in preserving what made this country great as much as anyone and are pretty fed up and revolted by the twisted guttersnipe who has lately been skulking through the DTE lawn at night and leaving behind lawn ornaments with larger-than-life clay genitalia conspicuously attached to them. So far, the perpetrator has adorned the DTE yard with lawn jockies (black and white), flamingos, Virgin Marys, and a Jesus-on-the-cross complete with nails, thorns and red paint, all of which had penises the size of salamis affixed to various parts of their bodies. The DTE girls, intent on preserving the bedouched sanctity of their virgin rosebuds until the day they let the Perfect Man (a rich pre-law major bearing an engagement ring) take it away from them, are ready to just gag and retch all over the place because of this grody display of tackiness and vulgarity. "We're very upset!" said Marjorie Kovatch, DTE prez. The offending ornaments (10 in all) have been turned over to campus authorities. "Some sickie is using this as a depraved prop!" said Marsha Ochs, rather cryptically. "But we don't know who would do this or why they're picking on us!"

Splish, splash, they'll be takin' a bath

Pepperdine U (Malibu, Calif.) has lately been the breeding ground for a group called Ready and if you think what they're Ready for is the next issue of *Women and Lizards in Chains*, you're dead wrong and maybe in danger of being just plain dead because what they're Ready for is impending Armageddon, which (they say) will be ushered in by California having a series of massive earthquakes and sliding into the Pacific for the biggest gol-darned baptism this world's ever seen! "God will punish the world for sin and He will start in California!" explained clear-headed Ready president Leonard Block, who has determined that California is some kind of sin headquarters. Ready plans to give "survival seminars" which will cover such lively topics as "Where In the World Is It Safe?" and "The Path to Destruction." All this sliding into the ocean stuff should take place around 1986, so set your watches, kiddies. "It's about time the citizens of California took this more seriously!" said Block.

Oregon under alles

From our College Builds Minds and Prepares You For Life File comes a report from the U of Oregon where a Bob McNeese plans to spend a good part of this year dressed like a duck as the mascot of the rather pitiful Oregon football team. McNeese says he "really looks forward" to jumping around the sidelines, flapping his wings, throwing rubber dummies at fans ("I hope they'll squeeze them when we score and fill the air with squealing duck sounds!") and generally behaving like Big Bird on hallucinogenic drugs. McNeese also plans to get down on his little duck legs and lead prayers for the team, and since praying ducks aren't too common (unless, of course, you do a lot of hallucinogenic drugs) this could be one of the highlights of this college football season.

MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW

Growing Up Greedy

My parents are married on Kentucky Derby Day and move to New Jersey to wait for a horse that never comes in.

My father squats down to pat a three-year-old me on the head while I play with my wooden blocks on the floor. His sole intent is to keep the peace with my mother and pretend this little rug rat is the dearest thing he has ever seen. As he descends, I hold up a block and strategically bust open his upper lip, laughing with delight at his funny dance steps.

At seven, I am stealing fake plastic gems off of all the greeting cards in a department store. I tell my mother I was counting fish in the pet shop.

As a pudgy eight-year-old with a pixie cut and no front teeth, I am in church without the quarter for the collection plate my mother has given me. Beneath my jumper are the two twelve-cent Superman comic books I bought along with the double-thick twenty-five cent issue I stole. I couldn't make up my mind between the two so I did the logical thing.

At twelve I enter the big leagues and am banned permanently from shopping at the local Two Guys store. I am in a secret room with a store detective and my mother is crying for them to throw the book at me to teach me a lesson. I had stolen a twelve-cent eraser. After that I start taking books as though Two Guys is a lending library.

At thirteen I sneak out of my bedroom window and take the car for a joy ride. I end up with a flat tire at 4 AM in the post-riot Asbury Park slums.

At fifteen I lose that atrocious pixie cut and last and gain a body that does all my talking for me. Each night I steal change and cigarettes from the 7-11 where my boyfriend is a clerk. That New Year's Eve I lose my virginity in the freezer while praying that no customers will come in to buy egg nog.

My parents die running a red light when I am sixteen and I go on the FBI—no, in that order—and my weight balloons up from nerves and binging on food. I resort to stealing laxatives from the supermarket. To me, being discovered as a user of laxatives would be more embarrassing than being caught shoplifting.

At seventeen I have worked full-time for two years at a clothing store after school. Many nights at 10p.m. I have approximately ten pounds of clothing hidden beneath my smock. I am the head night cashier and soon master the art of saving customer receipts, writing up over-rings, adding a penny to the drawer—clothes always cost something—ninety-nine—and then pocketing the whole amount. I am their most trusted employee and they promote me to bookkeeper. Need I say more?

By eighteen I am married. Our first date the year before is an arrest involving my age and a can of beer. We begin going steady in the police station because it seems a romantic place to start.

He is a security alarm installer and keeps a steady stream of hot stereos and appliances flowing through our love nest. When a record needle goes bad, he replaces the entire stereo. My true soul mate? He also trickles a fair number of women through there when I am not around.

I do require loyalty, if not total integrity, so the marriage comes to an end. Being tired of having no money and never being able to travel to exotic places, I move to Miami where I can be broke but still feel like I am on vacation. I sell my 300-book Superman comic collection to finance the move.

My first introduction to this glamorous city I have heard about all my life is the Motel Frolics on NW 36th street and Biscayne Boulevard. It's the best I can find for \$80 a week but short on glamour, long on child hookers, misfits, and high-rolling kinkpins of vague means. On the TV news, I see a weekly update film of a body being removed on a stretcher from this very motel. I turn up the sound to hear "shot in the stomach as she slept." I move to a sixth-floor studio apartment in Little Havana. I find support with my previously mentioned finesse as a bookkeeper.

Ninety percent of my neighbors are Spanish-speaking Cuban exiles. We smile at each other in the elevator. The rest are airline employees or doctors who are never around long enough to become friends with.

The only one that even knows my name is Joaquin, who has a wall-eye, slightly deaf ears, and a forty-five year old case of acne. He is our building's night security guard. Twice a night, between late movies, he patrols the parking lot for prowlers and waves up at me. Miami has given me a tan and chronic insomnia. At 3 a.m. I am still on the balcony smoking cigarettes while staring at the lights of the airport reflected in the half land-filled lagoon that runs parallel.

Despite my halting Spanish and his non-existent English, we become allies of the night, six floors removed. After months of this,

the doorbell rings at 2 a.m. and I find a black puppy gift-wrapped in old *El Herald's*. I name the puppy Joaquinito and shower him with stored-up affection. Joaquinito becomes a symbol of how I have put myself in exile, lonely and wanting to belong somewhere or to someone.

One Saturday I am driving and get lost, which is what happens each time I drive in this city, and I discover Coconut Grove. This is the first time in three months that I have seen men with ponytails in blue jeans and American Wasp families eating foot-long hot dogs.

I begin to binge on people. I am starved for companionship and seek out crowded bars where strange men buy my drinks and hold me while dancing. They take me home and make love to me, but always have a reason for why they must be somewhere else by 4 a.m. After they leave, I turn away from Joaquinito's sad-eyed stare, glad that he can't talk.

"Being tired of having no money and never being able to travel to exotic places, I move to Miami where I can be broke but still feel like I am on vacation."

The management here does not allow dogs, so for six months I keep my secret by walking mine after dark. One day the dog starts barking like crazy. In the living room I find the landlord has let himself in and wants to make a deal about letting me keep the dog. His *oozing Latin come-on* turns me off and by the time I push him out the door, I have thirty days to get lost.

Again I put myself in exile by moving to Naranja, twenty-five miles from downtown. A girl I meet in an all-night diner owns the condo but can only take living there for six weeks. It's in decaying farm country that is being civilized by the advent of a Winn-Dixie and is surrounded by hundreds of anonymous single-level condominiums.

This never-never land is a potent brew waiting to boil over. It hosts retired alcoholics from the Air Force base, urban cowboys from down-home Homestead with four-wheel drive trucks and Rebel flags that warn Yankees that they are on Dixie turf, topped off with plenty of dubious minorities and the Krome Avenue detention center for Haitian refugees.

Not surprisingly, the rent of the condo is low enough for me to afford and there is a fenced-in backyard for the dog. After a week, I borrow a gun from a man I meet in the diner. Mexican migrant farm workers from the labor camp try to look in my bedroom window at night and I am afraid they will try to get in.

In testing the sincerity of men I am dating to find out if I am important enough to drive twenty-five miles for, I find out how deeply the truth hurts. One of them even comes right out and says "The one thing you can depend on is that you can't depend on me." He can't even wait till our after-the-fact cigarette. I am in love with him for two years and see him eight times in all. The rest of the time I am telling myself I don't need anyone while I am dressing to go to a bar, hoping to meet the special man who will change my life.

Then I meet Tommy. He's a quiet-spoken car salesman who is harmless to have around. His personality is as colorless as his pale blonde hair. After searching for a sexy, independent man who will be true to me, I slowly come to believe that those qualities cannot be found in one man. They are either dull and true or exciting and temporary. In a turmoil-filled bout with the need for stability, I let Tommy move in with me.

His company is nice at first, then stifling as he tries to possess me. As he relaxes, Tommy reveals a violent temper that is especially unsettling. Rather than outbursts, there are silent acts of ruthlessness. He settles an argument with his ex-mother-in-law by calmly hitting her across the back with a two-by-four.

The octopus in his salt-water tank fascinates me. Tommy becomes jealous of it because it looks like a scrotal sac, and that somehow proves that I am disloyal. After our first fight, he gets even by draining the tank so it's dead when I get home.

Tommy wants me to meet his sons, he says they will need a new mother. He says his ex-wife is no good, and a worse driver. When she dies in a fishy car wreck the next week I want him out of my life,

but it isn't so easy to get rid of him. My quiet Tommy reveals his ties to organized crime and my unshakable ties to him.

One night we go to the mall and he steals five gold lighters. He forces me to conceal them in my purse. I try to refuse but he digs his fist in my back. The police arrest me and haul me off to jail. Tommy's seedy best friend, Buddy, hires a lawyer who gets me a sixty-day suspended sentence and non-reporting probation since it is my first offense.

Tommy becomes a bartender at the Holiday Inn where Buddy is staying. He keeps telling me I owe Buddy. Now I get the impression that the lighter bit was to obligate me. Without my consent, he arranges for me to thank Buddy with a visit to his hotel room. Tommy doesn't scare me when he tells me Buddy is a part-time hit man. I think it's corny but the details are convincing.

Even so, I go to bed after Tommy goes to work, standing his friend up. At midnight I hear the key in the front door and the next minute Buddy is standing over my bed, holding Tommy's key to the apartment.

Buddy smiles down at me with empty blue eyes as he strips off his coat. As he leans toward me, I pull the blanket up close to my neck. "Don't come near me, I'll tell Tommy."

He laughs with no sound and his dimpled cheeks make him look cruel. He reaches out his hand as though to caress my hair and I shudder as I shut my eyes. "You're wrong not to take me seriously, babe. If we want you to work for us, what do you think about it doesn't matter."

Buddy pulls me out of bed by my hair, dragging me into the kitchen while I am screaming into his hand. He rapes me on the cold linoleum, then kicks me in the back as he goes out the door.

It's not that I chose a quiet man. He was a car salesman and that should have told me something. I packed my clothes and a few odds and ends in my car. I drive to a motel in South Miami and soak in a hot bath, but the filth penetrates to my core. I am at the bottom but find strange comfort in the fact that I can only go up from here.

I relocate to a duplex in Coral Gables with a lush tropical yard. I head a McDonald's drive-in and each time I open the windows I hear "Is that all, sir?" I throw myself into my work with a concentration and enjoyment I have never known.

I never date, and being a person of extremes, come to embrace my celibacy as I did my lascivious times. I spend my days gardening and my nights drawing and painting. Perseverance has its rewards and I am promoted to Assistant Supervisor at work. I still oversleep sometimes, but now it is due to insomnia, not hunting for men all night. My boss keeps suggesting I buy an alarm watch. Jim Block always stands up for me and if it wasn't for him, I might have lost this job long ago for my tardiness.

When my car breaks down at work one day, Mr. Block drives me all the way home from downtown. He is a really nice guy, Sunday-tennis tan and greying hair. I can tell he's jumpy as hell at being alone in his car with a single girl.

At the house he comes inside for a thank-you drink, and to give the traffic on I-95 a chance to ease up. I like showing him my new-found homemaking skills. It's not much from the outside but the inside is all wicker furniture, plants with macrame hangers I do myself, and original paintings that record my sleepless nights.

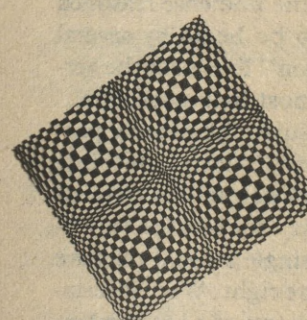
He is drinking his vodka as I join him with mine on the couch. Jim tells me of a trip to the museums of Europe twenty years ago. I don't know of these places but I bluff my way to prolong his presence and excitement at his memories. I lean back, trying to picture him twenty years ago and realize with a shock how attractive he is. My face feels hot and suddenly it's hard to continue the easy eye contact of a moment before. I shift my face away from him, counting the threads of my brown shag rug.

Putting my glass on the coffee table, I look at him, embarrassed. I haven't blushed in years. Jim stops talking and stares at me. I gaze into the table, unable to take my eyes off of the rings of water. I sense him leaning forward and hear the loud chink of a glass on the table.

Goosebumps appear on my arms. I don't believe what is happening and turn my head to see if I am wrong. His arms surround me and he buries his head in my neck as he says my name.

I hug him to me and then we are kissing each others' face and lips. He pulls me to my feet; this is the return to reason where he will leave me with some embarrassment but his honor intact. Instead, he leads me to my own bedroom, undressing me like a fragile doll and placing his clothes on a hanger. We begin our affair.

Jim changes his evening insurance appointments to visits with me, three nights a week. Weekends are off-limits because of his family, as is calling him at home. On night Jim isn't with me, I shop



for the professional outfits he is teaching me to wear. I develop a smug pride telling old boyfriends I am attached, don't call anymore. The two-year "don't depend on me" man tells me, "That's a shame. You were always high on my list."

For months I am in my glory, then Jim doesn't show up at night for a week. In a distant, professional manner he says he will try for next week. By Friday night I am so confused I just know I will have to be extra special next week. I decide to shop for an alarm watch to please Jim and get myself out of the house.

At the jeweler's I want to buy a cheap Timex, but Jim always says not to be penny-wise and pound-foolish. The salesgirl acts impatient when I don't plop down the cash without a care like her other customers. My eyes keep returning to a gold watch with diamonds. I would like to own one like this for a change but I lay it down and return my attention to the plain ones.

A South American woman with silk butterflies in her hair walks up in a perfumed cloud that dispels the air at the counter. Her hips are smothering in designer jeans and she waves my salesgirl away with a pack of fifties in a hand that will never change a flat tire. "I am here to pick up my daughter's quince anos gift—the Rodriguez diamond ring." She brushes some imaginary dust off her sleeve. The salesgirl gives her a wide smile and runs to the back in her rush to serve the rich woman. Mrs. Rodriguez looks down at my watches, then at me, then up to the ceiling as if that were of more interest to her. As she wanders away, I pick up the gold watch and hold it to my wrist. I start to set it down when suddenly I stuff it in my pocket and quickly walk back into the mall.

Mixing into the throng of people, I am horrified yet more than a little pleased with myself. I hear the reassuring click of my heels on the marble floor. The sounds of hundreds of conversations ring in my ears unheard as I stare straight ahead at the exit doors. A security guard sips an orange slush and watches a girl's barely covered breasts go by. I push through the door. Someone rushes up from behind and grabs my shoulder. With his other hand he thrusts his badge in my face.

I can't sit up straight because of the handcuffs, and my back aches from the awkward position that force-feeds me a twisted view of downtown Miami at 55mph. At the police station, a woman fingerprints me and marks my papers with a county stamp without once looking at me. A redneck guard leads me down a hall of chipped green cinderblocks to a desk and a phone. "Make your call, lady."

My hands are shaking. I can't call the Mafia guy from the first

time. They are in Orlando running a corporate scam so successful they've lost track of small fry like me. It has to be Jim. I dial his home number and pray that he answers the phone.

"Hello? Block residence." It's a woman's voice and I hear his two girls screaming in the background.

"Uh, hello. This is Miss...Mrs. Johnson. I need to speak to Mr. Block about a policy he's drawing up for my husband." Oh God, please let him be home! Can she tell from my voice that I am sleeping with her husband?

"Well, I don't know. It's awfully late for business."

"Please, Mrs. Block. It'll just take a minute." The phone slips in my sweaty hand.

"All right, Mrs. Johnson. Just a moment." Louder I hear her say, "Honey, telephone!"

Then his voice is on the other end of the line and tears are in my eyes. "Jim, this is Stacy!" I hear him suck in his breath. "I'm sorry it's an emergency. I told her I was Mrs. Johnson calling about her husband's policy. I'M IN JAIL! I've been arrested and I need you to post bail." The guard smiles at me.

"Mrs...Johnson. Is there any way this can wait till Monday?" His voice sounds very flat.

"Please, Jim. I can't stay here all weekend. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I see. Your husband is leaving on a business trip. I'll bring the papers for him to sign tonight. What's the address?"

"DADE COUNTY JAIL!"

"350 Pisano. Yes, got it. I'll be over within the hour."

Three hours later a guard arrives to release me from the holding cell. I wave goodbye to the roaches and pinch my cheeks as I near the release area. Jim looks worse than I do; his eyes are red, his tie is crooked, and he's wearing two different-colored socks.

I bury my face in his chest and he does not respond. He has on his severe boss-face that he's never directed at me before. Without emotion he says, "Let's go, Stacy. Get your things."

I turn quietly to the officer at the desk Jim walks outside without waiting for me. He drives home without saying a word. We pull up to the house and I start to get out when I see that he isn't moving. "Jim, aren't you—"

"No, Stacy. No more." He puts both hands on the steering wheel and rests his forehead on top of it in a gesture of weary defeat.

I can't believe it. "Jim. Honey—"

"Don't say that! I said there's no more, Stacy."

"But I have to explain what happened with the watch. Please, don't shut me out this way."

"There's nothing left to explain. You broke probation, your bond is set at \$1000 for Grand Theft. Your second arrest in a year."

"He looks at me with disgust. "You told me you've never even had a parking ticket!"

"Well, I never have. I'm sorry I had to call you at home. That's it, isn't it? Does she suspect anything?"

He stays silent. I touch his arm and repeat my question.

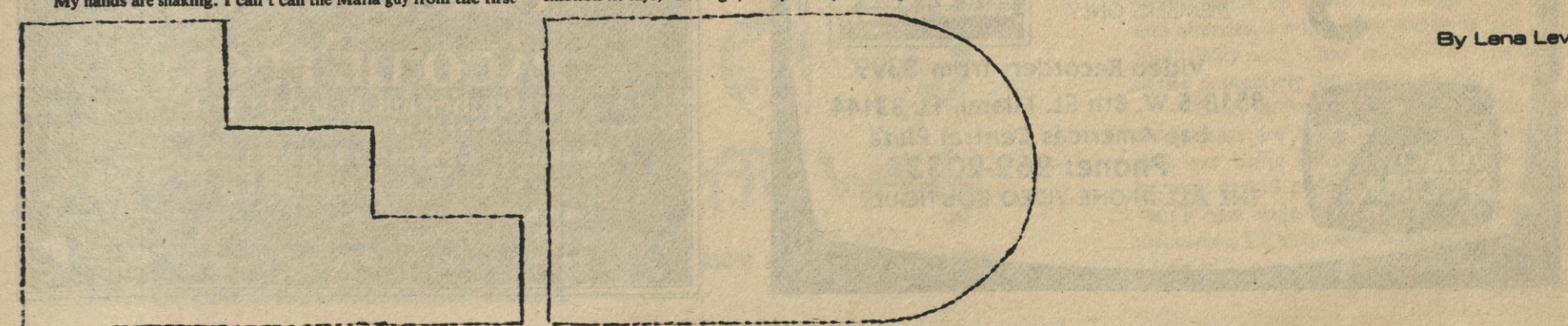
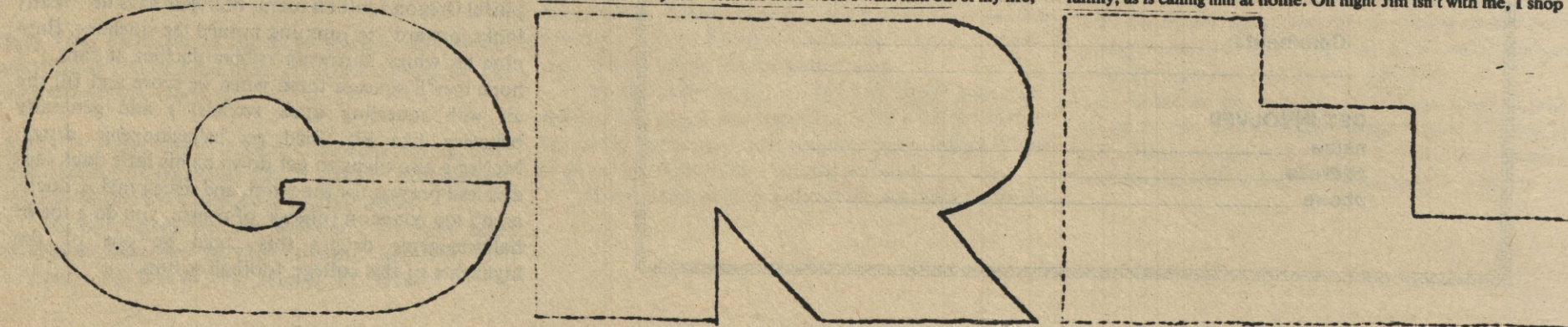
"Oh, I'm sure she does—not that she'll let me know, at least not with words. The address I made up is a parking lot at the University of Miami. I'm not as experienced in deceit as you are."

Now he can't even look at me. "But it may comfort you to know that whatever else, you will not be a homewrecker." He catches the term and looks at me, as if for the first time tonight.

"But I love you, Jim."

He gives a feeble laugh. "Stacy, you're special to me, too. But you'll dust yourself off and go on. My wife doesn't have that kind of strength. Maybe I don't either."

I allow myself one last deceit, and let him drive out of my life thinking my tears are for losing him, and not for me.



By Lena Levy

Costello

Live at the Sunrise

BRUCE KAPLAN
Contributor

Defying the oddsmakers, Elvis Costello appeared on stage at the Sunrise Musical Theatre on Sunday, September 5. How this came to happen remains a matter of speculation. This is sort of hush-hush, but the story which reached me was that at the end of a long, drunken evening, Costello's manager thought he had booked a date in Atlanta and our local promoter was under the impression that Journey was coming to Sunrise. O, cold light of morning!

I went up to Sunrise fearful that this South Florida Event would turn out to be a non-event. Several friends who had seen Costello concerts in the past had told me that his performances were extremely brief (in the 30-40 minute range) and that he remained as emotionally distant from his audience as possible.

As it turned out, we neglected Floridians were the beneficiaries of a poetic justice rare in this world, as Costello and the Attractions regaled us with more than 35 songs over the course of a 2 hour plus performance. The group played most of their latest album, *Imperial Bedroom*, numerous selections from their previous albums, and threw in some unrecorded covers and new original material. It struck me that what started out for Costello as work somewhere along the line became a good time.

For me, older songs provided some of the high points of the evening. The band did rousing, rapid-fire



ein halber hund

versions of "Mystery Dance," "Watching the Detectives," "Accidents Will Happen," "Pump It Up," and "(What's so Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love, and Understanding." "Radio, Radio" had me jumpin' and singin'. These tunes featured a driving rock 'n roll band in prime form: Costello spitting out lyrics and slashing at his guitar, Steve Nieve providing piercing organ work while Bruce and (especially) Pete Thomas drove things along behind them.

Imperial Bedroom proved more problematic in the transition from studio to stage. This seems inevitable given the great diversity of form and increased complexity in arrangement and production which marks the new material. The songs which suffered most featured Nieve attempting to use his keyboards to duplicate the studio arrangements. "Long Honey-moon," "...And In Every Home" and "Shabby Doll" all seemed to fall flat. Versions of "Beyond Belief," "Man Out of Time," and "Pidgin English" were in contrast quite satisfying.

Costello's vocals were superb all evening, but were perhaps most striking on his ballads. At the slow

tempo his voice seemed especially rich and expressive. "Almost Blue" was deep and wonderful, marred only by the fact that some cretin in the audience reasoned that this was his best chance to be heard by several thousand people. Hearing "Alison" live made the version on his first album seem almost inconsequential.

Despite the numerous pleasures the evening provided, there was something missing which kept things from reaching the level of emotional and/or physical resonance which characterizes the very best live performances. If I had to pinpoint a single reason, I'd have to say that the pacing wasn't quite right. When it seemed things should keep building on top of a hot number, the next tune would all-too-frequently defuse the momentum instead. Although it didn't reach the level of my pantheon performances—which includes Otis Rush ('73), Don Cherry ('73, '75), Sun Ra ('73, '75), Bruce Springsteen ('74), Talking Heads ('77) and Ramones ('78)—I'm awfully happy not to have missed what really did turn out to be an Event.

Speaking of Talking Heads, some new quirk of fate has them coming to Sunrise on September 21. Hearing them live prior to the release of their second album converted me from a luke-warm admirer to a true believer. They've changed a lot since that time, and I'm not going to miss this chance to let them juice up my enthusiasm again.

Professor asks students to

Sing Out!



MARK SMITH
Contributor

The dynamic new force of FIU's music department has a wealth of knowledge and experience to contribute to the performing arts program. John Augenblick is bursting with enthusiasm and eager to share his knowledge and experience with FIU students.

Augenblick joined FIU's music

faculty in the fall of 1981. Phillip Fink, chairman of performing arts at FIU, commented on Augenblick's performance thus far — "He's a young dynamic individual who loves to build and recruit. The sky's the limit when it comes to his work. His collaboration with the theatre department has resulted in greater interest in the performing arts program. He has earned the utmost respect of the music faculty. He's a builder."

At FIU, Professor Augenblick is the director of two vocal groups, the Sunblazer Singers and the University Singers. The Sunblazer Singers, a show choir that performs in a variety of styles from madrigals to contemporary jazz, travels to area high schools and churches to spread the musical message of FIU. The change of name from Collegiate Chorale to Sunblazer Singers reflects an identity for the group that is

synonymous with the university. This select group of singers is composed of FIU students with a variety of majors from business to computer science as well as music majors.

The University Singers represents the music department's community outreach. This choir is composed of local singers with limited musical backgrounds and FIU student music majors. The repertoire of this junior Mormon Tabernacle consists of major choral works and oratorio. This year's offering will be the performance of Poulenc's "Gloria" and the "Chichester

Psalms" by Leonard Bernstein. Professor Augenblick describes the University Singers as "A place where people of different backgrounds who love good music come to perform great works. Singers who sing as a hobby join forces with aspiring professionals and together make Beethoven come to life."



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DANCE

Delma Iles leads movement:

Dance is Alive!

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS,
Contributor

Miami is a flourishing cultural community. "It's an inevitability," said Delma Iles, co-director of the Miami Momentum Dance Company. Dance is alive. Audiences are conversing and laughing with the electricity of this young, dynamic choreographer.

"My parents were very young when I was born. They danced rock 'n roll and listened to Beethoven. I wore out their collection. Later, we moved next door to a well-known, local jazz musician who entertained the likes of Maynard Ferguson and Billy Taylor. They had jam sessions until four in the morning. It seems as if I've always been around music."

"Movement had fascinated me before I even took my first ballet class when I was eight. I paraded around the house making up steps and then would

look to my friends for staging. If my parents could have afforded to send me to dance classes earlier and just to get me out of their hair, I'm sure they would have. I begged to go. I guess I always knew I would be a dancer. Painting has also intrigued me. Even now, I find I work the same way with paint as I do with bodies in terms of spatial organization. Contrary to belief, choreography is not like sculpting clay; dancers are able to communicate. Their own energy stimulates the piece. It's quite advantageous to have the dancer's input."

"When I start a piece, the idea generally comes first. Sometimes the music precedes. I have choreographed in much the same way a writer writes: with a beginning, middle, and end. I worked on *The Thrill* in this way. What was so interesting about this piece was that I found the music, *Rhythm King*, by J. Hoover, first. The rest seemed to follow naturally. I go from the abstract, which is the conception, to the concrete, which is the actualization: the dancers dancing. I weave a dramatic line or I might allow a lyric line to create the narrative. Sometimes I opt for pure movement. I've been inspired by music. I'm working on a piece using Handel."

"I have been inspired by poetry, such as Wallace Steven's '13 Ways of Looking at a Blackbird.' I don't want to rehash something which has already been done. I am creating a different work of art, one which evolved from the poem, with new impressions and feelings. Then I would translate it to a type of movement, then the music would follow—in this case, music from the Eddie Sauter Orchestra and Modern Jazz Quartet. The steps came last. The idea dictates the movement, in essence."

"Working in the studio generates an incredible energy, something almost akin to divine inspiration. It's mystical, as if someone is waving a magic wand, especially in the beginning of a piece. It's a group effort, which happens during the moment, depending on what the dancers had for breakfast or the weather, and the extraspecial connection and energy flow which exists right then. It's wonderful, exciting and absolutely joyous!! I bring my experiences to the studio. I give them to the dancers. Each of us is unique. The dancers have special talents and abilities of their own; without judgement or obstruction these help design and create the piece."

"When I see the finished product on stage, I am terrified. That's me on the line. My name is attached to that piece. After the initial shock, I watch the piece



Delma Iles

evolve into something else. The dance is no longer mine. It lives on the stage. A good dancer is an interpreter, someone who has a deep understanding of the piece. If their technique is strong and if their understanding of music is good, they are able to appreciate and actually transform the piece. A good dancer has an unselfish desire to construct, perfect and give life to the work. Once the work begins, especially in the early stages, it takes on a life of its own. I'm told this happens to many artists. It's part of the mystery of creating, the golden aura which surrounds one's imagination. I've sometimes seen dancers who don't permit the exchange of knowledge. Then there are choreographers who don't give a dancer what is best for him for their own selfishness and possessiveness block the natural flow. Dance is about perceptions. I want my pieces to be gifts for the dancers and for the audience. Dance suggests emotions and has meanings."

"If the audience is somewhat familiar with the subject matter or is exposed to certain styles of dancing, or better yet, is educated and aware of particular working methods, their appreciation and interest are further cultivated. People generally enjoy what they understand and they will be hungry for more."

"Personally I set no limits. I think big. It's a lot easier to scale something down than to scale it up. Part of the beauty of creating for any artist is the realization that this is, in fact, the art of making art come to life. I would like my work to become as immortal and satisfying as that of Michelangelo. Maybe it already has. I set high goals. I would like for Momentum to become a world class company. At present, we are initiating a lecture-demonstration series for the schools and community centers. We want to make dance more meaningful to Miami and give them a more intimate picture of dance; introducing them to local and out of town companies."

Iles went to the University of Cincinnati for one year. It was there that she learned the importance of musical theory for dancers. She graduated from Virginia Intermont College with a degree in Ballet and Education. She did her graduate work at New York University with an emphasis in choreography.

"I have been greatly influenced by George Balanchine, who is utterly contemporary. Twyla Tharp's mathematical methods have also influenced me. Modern Dance owes a great deal to Merce Cunningham, whose philosophies of what movement is have totally revolutionized dance. Sitting on a chair can be dance, not just *plies* and *arabesques*. There are no limitations and I love that."

"Fred Brasher's (a local choreographer) way of putting steps together has contributed to my own approach to choreography. Every artist is indeed original. In fact, if I were doing creative cooking and were making an apple pie, I might add some raisins and cherries, I might even decide to put in some cat food. Why not? It has possibilities. The lack of boundaries is precisely the essence of any creative act."

"Every movement has been done, but since my movements are being channelled through my mind, they are being tempered by my experiences. They become new. I certainly don't think someone will invent a new body, but then again, who knows? In the meantime, I'll keep on creating as I know it to be now. I love it."



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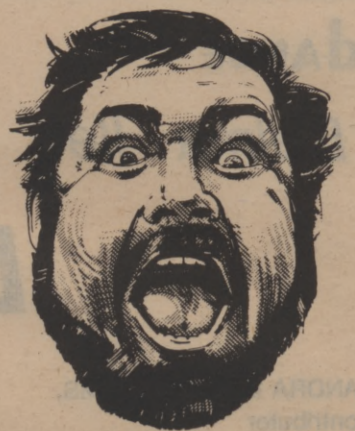
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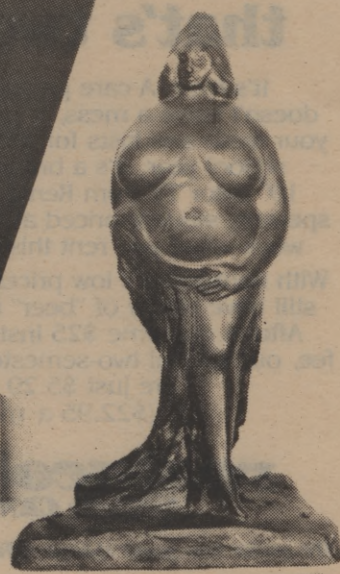
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Treasure from the Norton

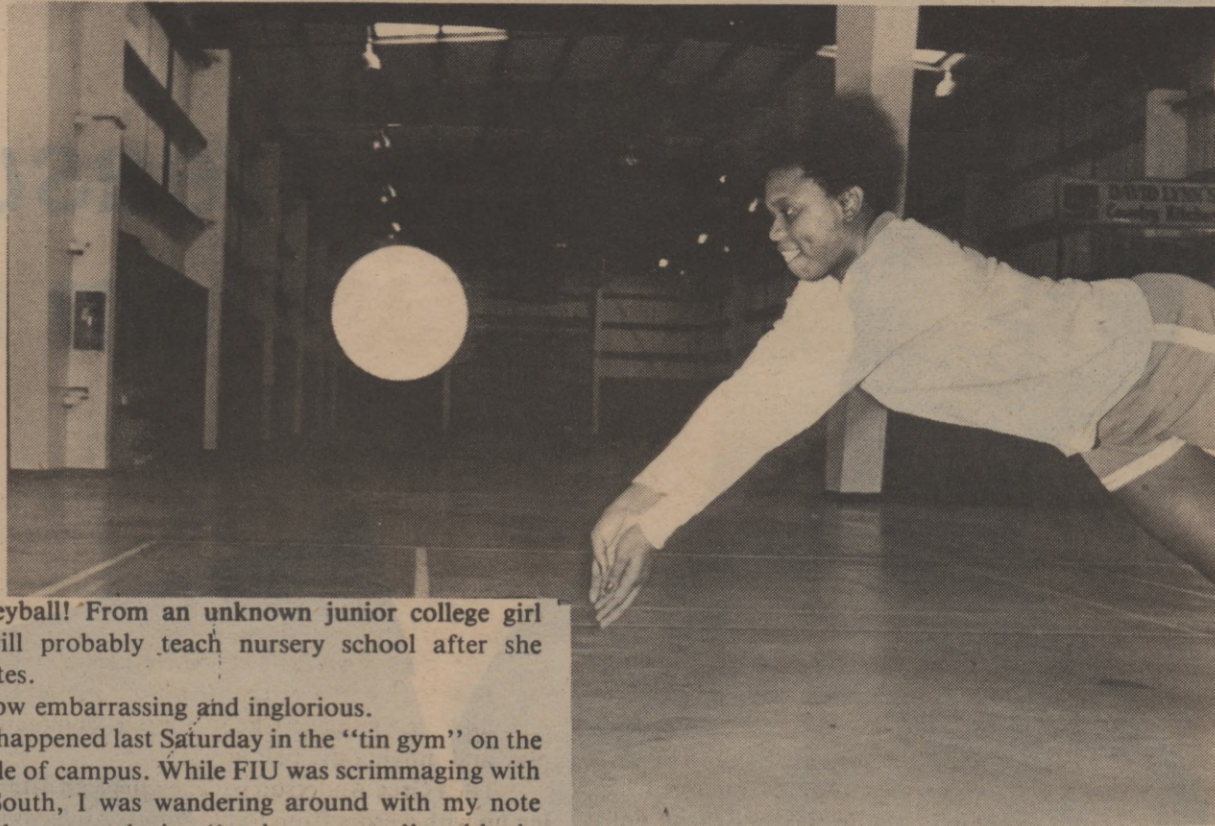


These works are part of the exhibit "Treasures from the Norton," being displayed in the Visual Arts Gallery (PC 112) beginning September 25.

The Norton Gallery of Art is one of the most important small museums in the United States. It contains distinguished collections of French and American painting and sculpture as well as an important Chinese Collection.

The Norton Collection is especially strong in late 19th and early 20th century French paintings and sculpture. Work by Gauguin, Cezanne, Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, Matisse, Brancusi, Maillol, Picasso and Braque are featured.

The American collection concentrates on the period from 1900 to the present and contains important examples by The Eight, Bellows, O'Keefe, Hopper, Marin, Sheeler, Davis, Dove, Demuth, Shahn and Pollack to mention just a few.



A volleyball! From an unknown junior college girl who will probably teach nursery school after she graduates.

How embarrassing and inglorious.

It happened last Saturday in the "tin gym" on the west side of campus. While FIU was scrimmaging with Dade South, I was wandering around with my note pad and camera playing "roving reporter" and looking for a good subject for my column.

I found it. Rather, it found me. A shiny, white, innocent looking ball connected with the right side of my face. They must not like my column.

It was like being rear-ended while sitting at a stoplight.

Dazed and disappointed, I went home and looked up the number of newsmen who had received purple hearts while covering NFL action.

There weren't any.

However, in a book of trivia, *Reagan's Believe It or Not: A Book of Firsts*, I found the record of the first death by volleyball. It seems that a broadcaster for a cable station was hit in the mouth by a volleyball. The ball was lodged so tightly that it took two hours to pry it loose. He suffocated.

I may change to ballet.

With my luck, I'll get kicked in the head by a ram-paging ballet slipper.

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

The life of a sports writer isn't easy.

While sensible people are relaxing, in the air conditioned comfort of their homes, watching games, I'm standing in the hot sun taking notes.

While other people laugh as a ball takes aim at a spectator, I'm dodging it.

My mother has given up trying to make a lady out of me.

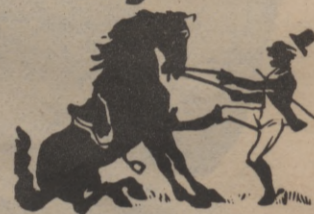
Reporters, photographers, and cameramen boast of being run down by three hundred pound tackle on the side lines of a football field.

There is glory in sports reporting.

What do I get? A slap in the face by a volleyball.

No scrambling out of the way of Mean Joe Green as he drags the ball, the player, the bench and the bench sitters into the laps of the spectators.

Horse Play



MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

At 4 am. Amy Poulter flicked on the lights in the barn. Smells of hay and horses greeted her as she picked out a halter and lead rope from the tack room and headed for Dr. John's stall.

The sleepy bay gelding cocked an ear and opened his eyes as she entered the stall to halter him and braid his mane for the 8 am. horseshow.

Dr. John was the first of three horses that had to be braided, groomed, bandaged, and trailered for the one hour trip to the all-day horse show in Kendall.

Poulter would spend the next sixteen hours handling horses and coaching kids from 6 to 16 in various class competitions which for several kids would mark the beginning of a life time addiction to the equestrian sport of show jumping.

It is all in a day's work for Poulter who, at twenty, is a professional horse trainer and riding instructor who works 10 to 12 hours a day, six to seven days a week giving lessons, training her horses and preparing for shows.

After taking her first riding lesson at nine, Poulter decided she wanted to be a professional horsewoman. At sixteen, she dropped out of Palmetto high school so she could study equestrianism. At nineteen, she graduated from the two yearequestrian studies program at Meredith Manor, Va. with a degree of riding master with a jumping major.

A year later, she has built her own business from scratch into a stable of three to four schooling horses and 15 to 20 students who practice during the week and compete on the weekends.

"My parents couldn't understand why I wanted to work horses," says Poulter. "They thought it was fine as a hobby but not as a career. They wanted me to be a nurse or a school teacher but I loved horses and the people around them. I wanted to be one of them and I'm very happy running my own business and being my own boss."

When she's not working, Poulter likes to relax with an ice cold beer, her husband Fred and a friendly game of pool.

Pool is one of her few interests aside from horses and she once thought of playing professionally.

"Amy's good," says a friend and frequent competitor. "She can beat me."

Hustling pool and riding in mechanical bull contests meant extra money for Poulter when she was attending Meredith.

"There was an arcade near the school with a pool table and mechanical bull," says Poulter. "I could have payed my tuition with the money I made."

Poulter is too busy with her business to play seriously now.

"I know my life is bizarre. But I just consider myself a country girl in the city."

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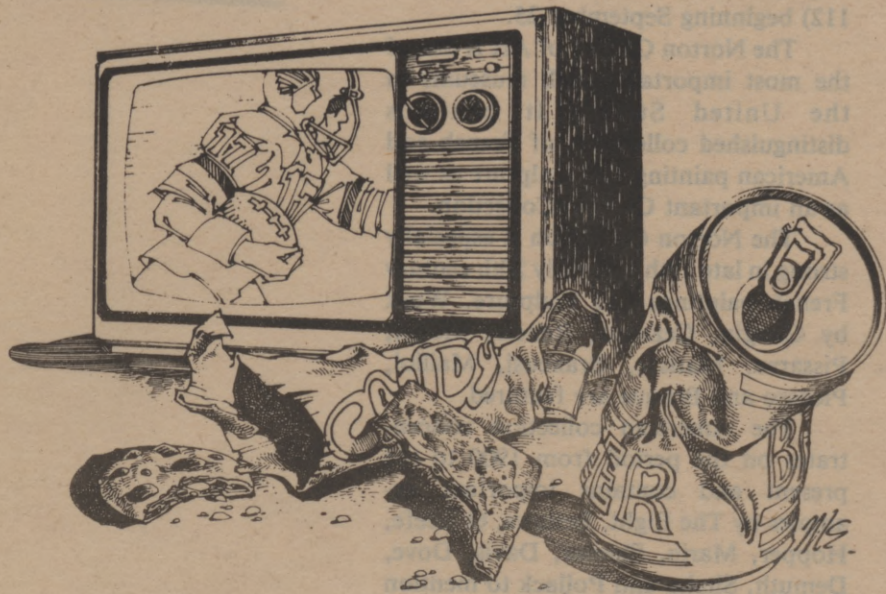
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Sunblazers Score a Second Win

Photograph by Jerry Margolin



TIM AMATO
Contributor

The '82 Soccer Sunblazers took their 1 - 0 record on the road Sept. 7 to the University of Central Florida and brought home a 2 - 1 victory.

It was an important game for the Sunblazers since the UCF Knights were rated only a fraction of a percentage point behind them in the pre-season poll.

The play was hectic in the first 15 minutes as the Knights came out storming.

"We knew going into the game they would start wildly so it didn't surprise us. Then we began to settle down into our style of control soccer and played well," said Coach Karl Kremser.

At the 17 minute mark, Hermann-Josef Engels

opened the scoring after taking a cross from Joseph Marshall. Engels was unmarked as the cross came in and he tucked it away in the lower corner.

This took some of the steam out of the UCF attack and the Sunblazers kept coming, dominating the play and moving the ball at will.

Then Greg Anderson widened the lead after hooking up with a cross from Paul Minott. Anderson found an open corner on the short side and made no mistake with finishing.

After Anderson's goal, the game was all FIU until the 75 minute when a ball played back to the Sunblazer goalie was picked off by a UCF striker who scored. That narrowed the lead to 2 - 1.

The game ended with this score but not after some

last-minute desperation pressure by the UCF offense.

They pushed everyone forward for the equalizer but the defense rose to the occasion to hold them off.

"It was a little tense for the last few minutes but the defensive play was good. We kept our concentration and didn't break down at a time when we were tired and under attack. But once again we let the other team back into the game instead of finishing on the opportunities we had earlier in the match, making it impossible for a comeback," Kremser conceded.

With victory in hand the Sunblazers must now set their sights on conference-leading Tampa on Sept. 17 at Tampa.

This will be the biggest game for FIU. The outcome will set the stage for the national championships.

Women Golfers Looking Good

RICK GONZALEZ
Contributor

The women's golf coach, Ken Juhn, is optimistic about the upcoming season.

"We expect a good year," says Juhn. "We'll have more depth. Last year the team was fifteenth in the NCAA Division 1 ranking and third lowest in overall team average. This year we hope to break into the top ten and get another invitation to the NCAA tournament."

Mary Anny Hayward, Mary Beth Zimmerman and Elizabeth Ornelas are returning.

Hayward was tied for third place in the NCAA tourney in '82. She will represent the U.S. Collegiate Golf team against Japan this December.

Last season's lowest scorer, Zimmerman, was tied for 36th place in this year's U.S. Open.

The Sunblazers are welcoming a new face to the team — Annette Pietersen, the Danish women's champion.

She was recruited this summer by Juhn.

"Pietersen is expected to help tremendously," says teammate Hayward.

The ladies will tee-off their first of eleven tournaments on September 26 in the Ladies Invitational in Tallahassee.

The Sunblazers are anticipating local competition from the University of Miami, the University of Florida, and Florida State University.



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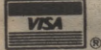


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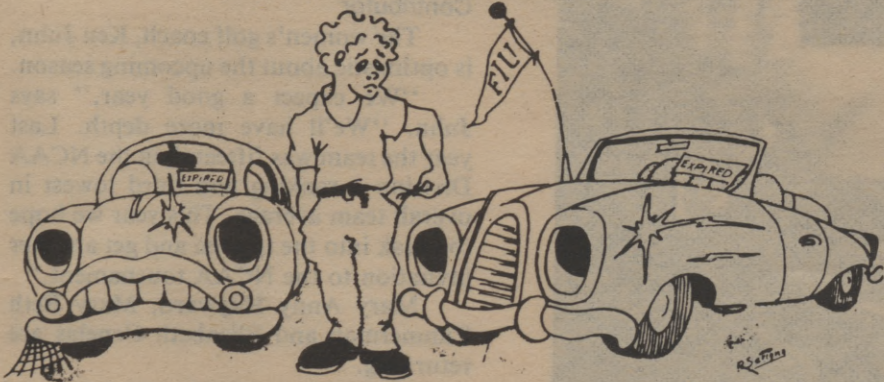
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Directly Across
from U.M.



**PHONE
665-HELP**