

# PEPC Generation Speaks Out

RIKKI LEMUR

At the Miami meeting of the Post-secondary Education Planning Commission (PEPC) last Thursday, many FIU students and administrators voiced their displeasure for the PEPC Master Plan proposal to funnel state dollars into private institution post-graduate programs. Specifically targeted was the Commission's suggested allocation of state funds to the University of Miami, a private school, instead of to FIU.

The Commission which sought to prevent the creation of all new doctoral programs at FIU and to keep the university focused almost entirely on undergraduate education, reversed their proposal to limit FIU's academic growth.

According to Steve Altman, university provost, "The PEPC members' definition of FIU's role is now much more consistent with the way in which we view ourselves.

"We now have four co-op doctoral programs but intend to offer students free-standing doctoral programs by the 1983-84 college year," stated Altman. His staff has already begun planning but he warns that the doctoral approval process is a lengthy one and that there are, "risks when you try to do too much too soon."

The July 20 draft of the PEPC Master Plan that will guide the course of Florida postsecondary education through the next two decades, was presented to the governor's Cabinet workshop on Aug. 4.

Since that time, many important developments have occurred, all of which directly effect FIU's chances of developing into a comprehensive research university.

Background information on the Postsecondary Education Planning Commission is necessary in order to evaluate the recent changes in their attitude toward FIU.

According to PEPC, "The Master plan is based on the needs of the State through the year 2000. Instead of looking at the needs of existing institutions as a starting point, the Commission first identified the needs of the State and then proceeded to explore the ways all educational resources could best respond."

The Plan's major recommendations concern the development of more distinctive institutions, the building of linkages and structures which coordinate all of the educational resources of the State, and the strengthening of educational performance in the process.

**NEEDS:**

The commission identified these trends in the state of Florida which include shifts in population growth and an increasing need for critical skills. Major trends include:

1. Continued population growth, particularly in the Southern half of Florida, primarily due to migration of older, white persons to West Central and South Florida.



"In 10 yrs. we're going to be a fully formed university."

- 2. Great increase in the numbers of people over 24 years old, a modest decline in 15-24 year olds from 1980-1990 and then slight increase between 1990-2000.
- 3. Enrollment of 15-24 year olds in college expected to decline while enrollments of older, place-bound students increase, meaning that community colleges and urban institutions will be prime centers of growth from 1980-2000.

con't. on pg. 4

# SGA Sounds off!

*"We are outraged by the limitation of growth the PEPC plan would impose on our university."  
Jorge Espinosa*

RICK GONZALEZ  
SGA Correspondent

Last Thursday, September 16, the Post-secondary Educational Planning Commission (PEPC) met in conference to discuss FIU's post-graduate future.

Representatives from Miami-Dade and Palm Beach Community Colleges, as well as FIU President Gregory Wolfe and SGA president Jorge Espinosa debated the PEPC report. The report will allow only four universities in Florida to offer doctoral programs, limiting the other six universities to baccalaureate and masters programs. The University of Miami was mentioned as one of the four schools included. Those institutions mentioned in the PEPC report will be publicly funded. FIU, a public institution, is fighting for the right to have doctoral programs instead of U of M, a private institution.

Jorge Espinosa presented the commission with two major reasons why FIU deserves a doctoral program.

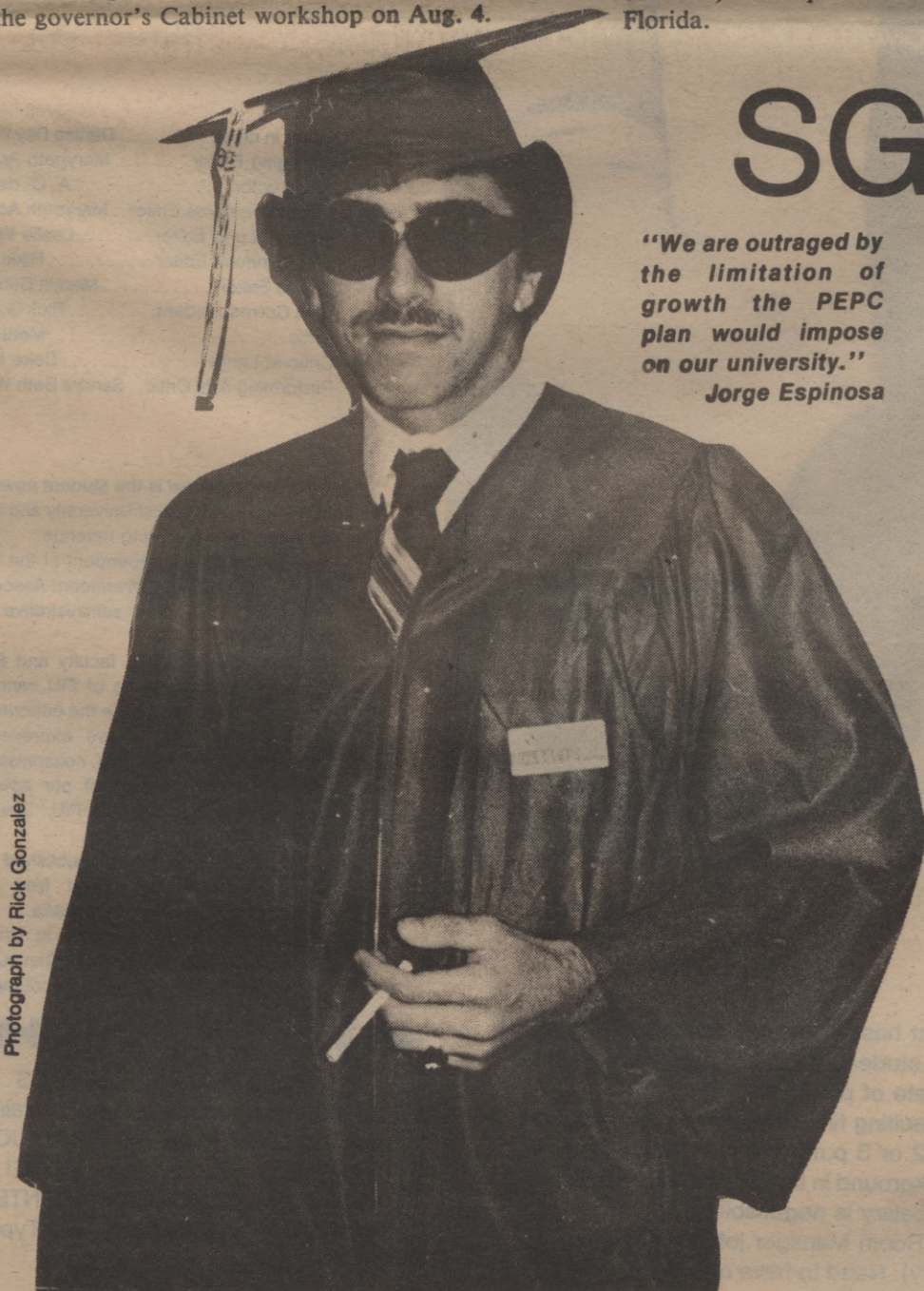
"The place-bound student is a very large group in the Miami community, due to socio-economic problems in latin and black cultures. There is a desire not to have the family split up from the stu-

dent studying out of the city. The way economic circumstances stand, students can not afford to study abroad. They much prefer to study while living at home with their parents."

Espinosa went on to say that "there is no assurance that a private institution will maintain its level of quality education. Public institutions have to maintain a certain level because the state continues to be our watch dog. If a private institution wishes to change its programs within two or three years, all the money invested in it goes down the toilet. The state has no control or say over what private universities program."

A final verdict has not been reached. The board has decided to reconsider the plans. "I feel we have made progress in fighting against what has been an intended plan that has erroneous conclusions. The majority of the board is in favor of allowing FIU to expand," said Espinosa.

The report will be reevaluated by PEPC board members in three weeks. The report will then be sent to the state legislature and the Governor for approval.



Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I have been reading the *International* for seven years, and had about given up hope, when I came upon Sandra Beth William's two poems in your Sept. 8 edition. More, please.

Yours truly,  
Kenneth S. Most,  
Professor

Dear *International*,

This year, because of our increased attendance, there is a demand for parking space in the major lots which often exceeds available spaces. As a result, great numbers of people are choosing to park on the grass or in other restricted/unauthorized areas.

As a service to the community, I would appreciate it if you will, in your next paper, notify the community that a problem exists, and recommend parking in the more remote areas (runways) where spaces are still available. It should be pointed out that the absence of spaces in a preferred lot does not justify parking in violation.

Your cooperation in this matter will be appreciated.

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The *International* is the student newspaper of Florida International University and is funded solely by advertising revenue.

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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Co-Op/Placement has a "General Office Help" position available for a student. Must be on Financial Aid in order to qualify. Rate of pay: \$3.35/hr.

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Visit your Co-op/ Placement Department, UH-340, for further information. The Department also has listings for many other full and part time jobs.

# FSA opposes financial aid cuts



RICK GONZALEZ  
SGA Correspondent

The Florida Student Association has instituted political action regarding primary candidates' involvement in education. The FSA is opposing financial aid cuts and tuition increases.

FSA president, John Markis, is fighting President Reagan's financial aid cuts and Governor Graham's proposal to increase tuition. "These new proposals are hurting access to higher educational opportunities. They are making education a privilege of the rich," said Markis.

FSA has organized a new program this summer to initiate political action. Questionnaires concerning education have been sent to all gubernatorial, congressional, state, and house candidates. Most of the questionnaires have been returned.

University Student Government officials have done follow-ups on regional candidates. FSA met last month and it is endorsing candidates who are committed to quality education. FIU Student Government officials have made recommendations for candidates

based on the material presented in the questionnaire.

"State senate and house representative stances are not well defined when it comes to student issues. In the U.S. Congress lines tend to be more clearly drawn with the Republican party favoring financial aid cuts," said Markis.

The Florida Student Association represents the nine state universities in Florida. They pay \$5,500 a year to lobby for student concerns in Tallahassee. The FSA backbone lies in the involvement of the students. They need students to campaign for FSA, endorse candidates, and to write their legislators. "We need students to back up our lobbying by writing to their local representatives," said Markis.

Florida Atlantic University, the University of N. Florida, Florida State University, and University of Florida have staged rallies this year against government proposed financial aid cuts. SGA president, Jorge Espinosa, is getting in touch with student clubs and organizations to initiate a proposed rally this semester.

# Sugar Cane Seminar to be held at FIU

Some 32 specialists from 18 countries will present papers during the third annual Inter-American Sugar Cane Seminar — a three-day workshop open free of charge to members of the sugar cane industry — to be held Wed. through Fri., Oct. 6-8, at FIU's Tamiami Campus in AT 100.

The subject of this year's sugar cane seminar is varieties that produce high yields and are resistant to pests and diseases.

Friday's session will include a field trip to research centers in the Okeechobee area and a buffet luncheon in Clewiston.

The annual sugar cane seminars are organized by Diego R. Suarez, president of the Inter-American Transport Equipment Company.

Registration information may be obtained by phoning Tony Latour at the Miami-based company, 633-0351.

Technical support for the seminar is being supplied by FIU's College of Technology; Louisiana State University, agronomy department; Nicholls State University, agriculture department; the U.S. Sugar Corporation, research department; the University of Florida agricultural research and education center; the U.S. Department of Agriculture sugar cane field station, and the newspaper *Diario de Las Americas*.

## Alumni says: You can come home again

KKI LEMUR  
Entertainment Editor

Last June the 1982-83 Alumni Board of Directors was elected. Heading the organization as president is Barbara Maggart. Patrick Mason is the new vice-president and Joanne Hayek, an incumbent, will resume the position of secretary/treasurer.

Other Alumni Association members on the board are Judith Anderson, Ricardo Beato, Antonio Boada, Ronald Book, Michael Braid, Newall Daughtrey, Joseph Featherston, Norma Goonen, Seth Gordon, Linda Hamilton, Rhoda Jacobs, E. Joe Kaplan (past-president), Sara Lambert, Barry Levine, Dianne Rubin and William Thayer.

The Association's first major activity this fall will be the unveiling of the Alumni Living Wall during the Second Decade Reception on Oct. 2 at 8:00 p.m. An Opening Theatre Night & Reception will be held on Oct. 20 to celebrate the opening of "Lysistrata". Saturday, Nov. 6 is the day to bring your fried chicken and flasks to FIU for an old fashion Tailgate Party sponsored by the Alumni Association, and beginning at 11:00 a.m. This event will precede the Homecoming Soccer Game which will begin at 1:00 p.m. The Alumni Association will round out their fall semester activities with a Holiday Cheer Party on Dec. 4, at 8:00 p.m.

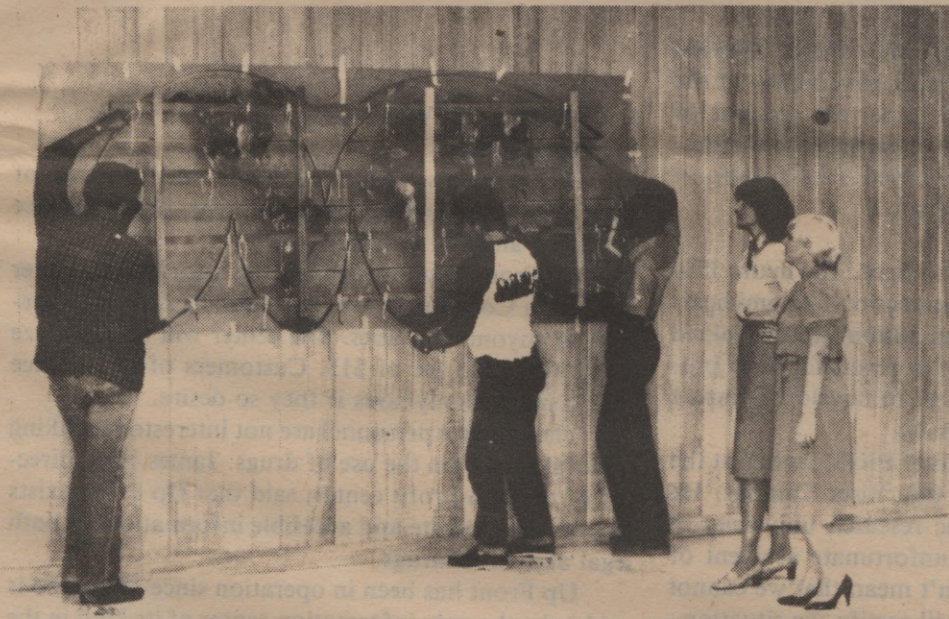
For more information please contact Joanne Hayek, at 554-3334.

## R.S.V.P.

Your Alumni Association cordially invites you to the Unveiling of the "Living Wall" Sculpture in the Alumni Room, UH 210, on Saturday, October 2, 1982 at 7:30 p.m.

This complimentary event will feature the artisans who designed and created the sculpture, as well as music and refreshments for your enjoyment.

We hope you join us as we celebrate a new FIU tradition at the beginning of our Second Decade. Please RSVP at the Alumni Office 554-3334.



Photograph by Rick Gonzalez



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# PEPC Continued

con't. from pg. 1

4. Demand for vocational education will increase because older people require skills updating and retraining. Also, the growing importance of the technician to the continued growth of Florida's knowledge- and technology based economy will put more emphasis on vocational programs, particularly in the community colleges.

5. Critical skill areas will be those related to acquiring and communicating knowledge, including writing, mathematics, reading, problem solving, analysis and evaluation. Math and science skills will be particularly important. Management skills will be at a premium as a means to organizing the complexity in the emerging economy and society. Knowledge of the liberal arts will be important to rounding out the educational process.

6. Lifelong education and attention to differences in individual needs must be more prevalent.

7. Access to potsecondary education is good in most areas of the State. The community college-to-university pattern of undergraduate education is cost-effective and provides access to a baccalaureate degree in all areas of the State. Access to vocational education is excellent for most programs. With the access goal essentially met, the State's current emphasis on improving quality is appropriate.

8. Florida high school graduates continue their education at a rate above the national average, particularly in Central and South Florida.

9. A disturbing element is the declining enrollments of blacks since 1977 as a percentage of enrollments. Hispanic enrollments remain at a low level, while showing slight but steady increases.

## DISTINCTIVE ROLES:

The PEPC Master Plan stipulates that "The roles of each Florida University be distinctive so that resources may be focused on limited priorities. Unnecessary duplication of institutions or programs must be curtailed."

The Commission believes that a defined scope of activities for each institution will help resources be used more effectively while quality is enhanced.

The Plan suggests guidelines for the development of distinctive university and community college roles. The guideline highlights for the State's universities are as follows:

1. Every university should emphasize undergraduate education to a greater extent.
2. Six public universities should adopt as their primary mission baccalaureate/master's education, particularly in their regions. Doctoral programs should be sharply limited at these institutions.
3. For the near future Florida's advanced educational needs will be met by four universities with broad purposes and range of advanced degrees and professional schools (UF, FSU, USF, UM). The remaining six state universities' roles should be oriented toward meeting regional needs for baccalaureate/master's

education. Doctoral programs at these six universities should be limited sharply.

4. There will be a growing need for doctoral programs to meet the needs of professionals practicing in non-academic settings (business, education, engineering, public affairs, etc.). These programs should be added only when community needs are compelling and there is a planned university commitment to apply resources directly to meet these needs through close ties with the community, which are specific and measurable.

## CHANGES: guidelines

Of the guidelines suggested by the PEPC members, the most detrimental to FIU is by far the proposal to limit FIU's chances of becoming a doctoral granting institution.

As Brian Peterson, professor of History stated in a Sept. 1 *International* editorial, "the recent draft report of the Post-Secondary Education Planning Commission has dramatized efforts of the Florida power structure to define FIU permanently as a second class institution. The report limits state funding for new, high quality doctoral programs to four universities." FIU was not included in the four.

Peterson continued by stating that, "at a time when the Miami area requires large numbers of new professionals, this policy is extremely short-sighted. It also reeks of racial, ethnic and class bias, since low and moderate income students will not be able to afford attendance at the University of Miami even with state aid.

"This policy is part of the North Florida Porkchoppers' plan for cheap state government at the expense of Dade County, and important sections of the power elite in Dade County, including the utilities, real estate interests, and the moneyed *wasp's*, support this policy," according to Peterson.

## AT BAY VISTA:

At the Bay Vista Campus, Sept. 16, many FIU supporters appeared at the Commission's Miami hearings. FIU students, faculty and administrators rallied to pressure PEPC members into reversing their proposal which limits FIU's chances of developing into a comprehensive research university.

Preston Haskell, chairman of PEPC, spoke at the the PEPC meeting on FIU's Bay Vista Campus. He said that the lack of a public research university in Southeastern Florida is an "unfortunate accident of history," but this lack "doesn't mean that we cannot move in a direction" which will rectify the situation.

Jorge Espinosa, president of the FIU Student Government Association (SGA) read from a resolution prepared by the SGA senate.

"We are outraged by the limitation of growth that the PEPC plan would impose on our university. We strongly condemn the proposed limitation and will bend our energies to oppose it," stated Espinosa.



This punch sure has some kick to it!

## Up Front

MARYBETH ACEVEDO  
Managing Editor

FIU students concerned about the contents of their recreational drug purchases can obtain advice and drug analysis locally.

Up Front, a state-funded drug information center located in Coconut Grove, will provide drug information to anyone that asks. The center will also analyze drugs for a lab fee of \$15. Customers of this service may remain anonymous if they so desire.

The center's personnel are not interested in taking a moral stance on the use of drugs. James Hall, director of the non-profit center, said that Up Front exists to provide accurate and accessible information on both legal and street drugs.

Up Front has been in operation since 1973, and is said to be the only information center of its kind in the country. Its customers number in excess of a thousand per month.

Concerned individuals may also educate themselves by using the center's extensive drug library, which is open to the public.

For more information call 446-3585, or visit the center at 2980 McFarlane Rd.

## Club News

ANTONIA SAN JORGE  
Contributor

The Pre-Medical Society, based on the Tamiami Campus, is dedicated to increasing the awareness of students interested in entering professional schools in the fields of allopathic medicine, osteopathic medicine, dentistry, optometry and veterinary medicine.

To do this, the society holds a bi-weekly seminar series with prominent leaders from the community's health fields. The seminars are scheduled on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 12:30 p.m. in OE 100.

The next guest lecturer will be Dr. Stephan L. Mintz, professor of Physics and chairman of the Pre-Medical Advisory and Evaluation Committee here at FIU. He will speak on September 23.

Mintz will discuss preparation,

competition and the probability of entering the professional schools, as well as discuss what FIU's Evaluation Committee can do to help your application. There will be a question-and-answer session following the presentation.

Our tentative agenda for the next few weeks includes seminars with Dr. John Robinson, dean of student affairs at the University of Miami School of Medicine (October 7), Ms. Pat Lipmann from the American University of the Caribbean (October 21) and Dr. Arnold Melnick, dean of South-eastern College of Osteopathic Medicine (November 4). Visits to the county's hospitals and autopsies will also be held.

For further information about our activities, or on how to become a member, you can contact Antonia San Jorge at 223-4924.



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## Toad Flurries

TIM POWELL  
Columnist

### The altered states of America

Nothing like confronting your own unconsciousness, having rebirth experiences, and watching crazed wombats bent on your destruction coming out of the walls to liven up a dull evening. All this and more can be yours through the use of LSD, says Stanislav Grof ("world renowned psychiatric technician"), who is apparently trying to become the Timothy Leary of the '80s. Grof, who has been on a campus lecture tour, said (at Northern Illinois U) that hallucinatory psychedelic experiences take you beyond the mechanical definition of people into the realm of phantasms and mystical occurrences and force it toward a new transpersonal paradigm that fully opens the human mind. This translates basically to "Tune in, turn on, drop out." LSD can also, he says, make you experience being "born again" which makes you wonder about Ernest Angley and all those awkwardly smiling, bug-eyed healers on *Praise the Lord and The 700 Club*.

### Night of the iguana

Have you ever looked deeply into the eyes of an iguana? If you have, you probably took immediate note of the enormous sensitivity and awareness they personified (or iguanified, as it were), and then you probably called up all your friends to tell them how excited you were about truly understanding iguanas for the first time. And all your friends probably suggested that you're the most burnt out person they ever met and you should stop mixing helium and Be-Bo fruit pies. Well, you've got the last laugh now! Because at the U of Colorado one Jim Kavanaugh is starting a crusade to raise iguanas to their rightfully exalted level. Kavanaugh, a natural history major who stresses that he is not kidding, says that iguanas are "the most intelligent of all reptiles, right up there with dolphins and chimps in the brains department" and have behavior patterns that are "alarmingly human at times." The owner of three iguanas (Succubus, Iggy, and Lester), Kavanaugh, who really does stress that he is not kidding, plans to petition the University to do more iguana-related research. "We should study them more!" he says. "Their excrement is more valuable than either bat or worm excrement!"

### Stick it under the stall, sonny

From our Walk On the Wild Side Department comes a report from the U of Florida where people are really excited about increasing homosexual activity in the men's rooms. Seems you can hardly go to the head for a blissful, all-American whiz after winning the frat beer blast chug-a-lug contest without some commie pervo underminer-of-morals sticking his hand through a hole in the stall and trying to squeeze your wing-wang or, on a more direct level, asking if he can wrap his lips around your throbbing pelvis appendage. UF police, who are incredibly opposed to commie pervo underminers-of-morals, say they receive several calls a week reporting various acts of sexual experimentation going down in the men's rooms. "Most people are disgusted and just walk out," said UF cop Gene Watson, "I'm sure a lot more happens than we're aware of." It's grim facts like this that lead authorities to conclude that it's only a matter of time before hulking, sweating men alathered with K-Y Jelly are enjoying orgies in the extra-large stalls for the handicapped. So, if you're passing through UF, the bathrooms to avoid (or seek out, depending on your preference) are the second and third floor men's rooms in the Union.

## the Wrath of Cohen

JULIA COHEN  
Columnist

In most states the age of eighteen is considered the time when adulthood has been achieved. At eighteen, young men are required to register for the draft, people of both sexes are afforded the right to vote in national and local elections, marry without parental consent, and engage in all the activities that are supposedly reserved for adults in our society. It is an age when the young must begin to bear responsibility for their actions. In the eyes of the law they are considered adults and are treated as such by the courts.

During recent years, however, our Judicial System has been trying children as adults and placing them in adult prisons where it is difficult for even an adult to survive.

What has happened to our Juvenile Justice System? Where are these "saviors of our youth"? The Juvenile Justice System was designed to help our young people who, for whatever reason and whatever crime they may have committed, need help. These juveniles were supposed to be given any treatment or assistance they may have needed to keep them out of institutions. It is a known fact that confinement, even in a juvenile facility, results in a child becoming more adept at committing crimes. In fact, a child gains knowledge about crimes he probably never would have imagined had it not been for confinement.

A normal, healthy, happy child does not commit crimes. Therefore, if he is not normal—he needs treatment. If he is unhealthy—he needs medical attention. And if he is unhappy—his parents may need advice on how to communicate with the child to be able to determine the cause of the unhappiness so that it can be resolved.

Since most children begin attending school at the age of five or six years, their teachers are in a prime position to notice any odd behavior that may exist, and should call it to the attention of the parent(s)

and/or the school counsellor or social worker.

If a child is upset about his life there is nothing he alone can do about it. Children require the care and assistance of adults.

An outrageous incident took place in Ventura, California this past June. The court convicted a seven year old boy of three counts of misdemeanor mischief and petty theft involving a fire and other vandalism at a storage yard. The boy was described by his attorney as "the youngest defendant in California history." He was ordered to return to Court July 1 for a probation hearing.

The prosecutor in the case said the authorities prosecuted the youth "in the hopes of securing an order for counselling or Probation Department supervision." One would think that this could have been accomplished in a hearing in the Judge's chambers. The thought of all those "adult" men standing around the courtroom in their three-piece suits trying to decide what punishment to mete out to a seven year old child presents a preposterous picture. It is also frightening and foreboding.

A citizen is considered an adult when he reaches eighteen years, at which time he is afforded all the privileges that go with adult status. A citizen is considered to be an adult before reaching eighteen years, but only when he commits a felony crime. Where's the logic in all this? Who is really responsible for the actions of our youth?

Too many of our children are not given the protection they deserve from abuse, hunger, illness, and illiteracy. If a child is well-fed, healthy, and knows he will not be abused, he will be happy. If he is happy, how many crimes will he commit?

The adults are the real offenders, because they have the power to prevent juvenile delinquency but are too apathetic to the needs of the young. Rather than caring about and nurturing him, they find it easier to "try a tot" in a Courtroom.



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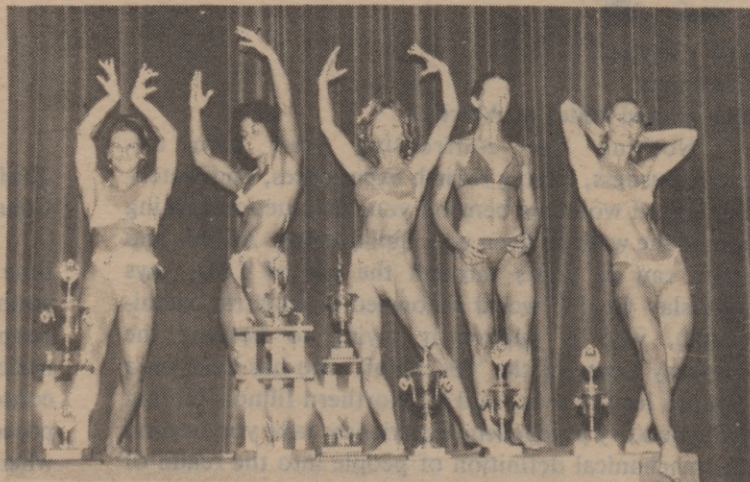
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# ERA Marches On



GLADYS MARCHI  
Contributor

Despite the recent defeat of the Equal Rights Amendment by the Florida Senate this past June, ERA supporters, though disappointed, have certainly not given up the fight. If anything, their resolve has been strengthened and their intent is to infiltrate the political spectrum in a "big way".

The Florida Legislature reapportioned itself this year and the resulting plan calls for members of the House and Senate to run for re-election this fall. For incumbents trying to maintain their political careers this has created some very real problems, as voting records are being scrutinized closely.

What all this means to ERA advocates is that a very advantageous situation has been created in which their influence and support can contribute to the making or breaking of certain candidates. By mobilizing themselves in certain campaigns, ERA supporters intend to live up to their promise--"We'll remember in November."

In a recent interview, Leanne Seibert, Legislative coordinator of the Florida National Organization of Women (NOW), asserted that some of NOW's cam-

aigning has already paid off.

Of the 22 senators who voted against the ERA, 6 are not running for the Senate again. Two of these senators, Alan Trask and Dick Anderson, were the targets of some heavily negative campaigning by ERA proponents.

Anderson allegedly pulled out of the race to pursue his business interests. He recently conceded that the publicity aroused due to his voting against ERA was a contributing factor in his decision not to seek re-election.

Representative Roberta Fox, a strong legislator for women and the ERA, won the democratic primary for Anderson's old district. Fox will face representative Jim Brody (R) in the general election.

The women of NOW have been actively campaigning for Fox and have made financial contributions to her campaign on both state and local levels.

Another triumph for ERA supporters was the recent victory of Senator Jack Gordon over Paul Steinberg in district 35. Although both Gordon and Steinberg were pro-ERA, Gordon has always been a strong advocate of women's concerns.

Seibert maintains that NOW is not simply con-

cerned with a legislator's vote on ERA. They seek to endorse candidates who have actively supported women's rights through both legislation and public advocacy.

In Dade County NOW has endorsed candidates in 20 House seat races. Only 4 of their endorsements lost in the primary elections. All of their endorsements in the Senate (districts 33-37, 39 and 40), were successful, and will compete in October's run-off, or in the general election in November.

Two statewide elections that ERA proponents were able to affect were those for Governor and State Comptroller. Governor Bob Graham, a supporter of the ERA, was victorious in the primary election. Comptroller Gerald Lewis, defeated anti-ERA opponent Ralph Haben, former Speaker Of The House. Haben is now out of the political picture completely.

Ms. Seibert feels that by November there is "...a very real possibility and a very real chance that we will have a pro-ERA senate majority in Florida."

On the national front the ERA has been re-introduced in Congress with 51 Senate co-sponsors and over 200 House co-sponsors.

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# How to tell when you're out of it

SAPPHIRE LA BELLE  
Contributor

Over a decade ago, the nation embarked upon a natural high of fitness, good food, and health consciousness that is still running rampant today. Did I say running? Are your legs cramping spasmodically along with your shin splints? Should I have said jogging?

Many of you grown-up women would rather not be reminded of these words that were once an integral part of your lifestyle. Time has marched relentlessly onward since the days when we spouted Love and sprouted mung beans. In all probability, you have exchanged your burned bra for a burnt orange coordinated running outfit symbolizing your dedication to fitness while loading your cart with cashews and Doritos at Publix.

If you are a nouveau Floridian, you use a dark tan to imply strenuous outdoor activity like sailing across the Gulfstream before breakfast then challenging Chris Evert-Lloyd for three sets after lunch. But your secret's out, because I've been peeking—I've seen you hard at work on that tan in the privacy of your backyard hot tub, vodka in hand, storing up the energy to go sit under My Fair Lady's sun lamp.

As we mature, our motivation for intense effort decreases (usually around pubescence). Sporadically, women try Dr. Atkins-Stillman's Grapefruit-Water-Cambridge-Carbohydrate Nutri-Diet and end up so demoralized that they return to the old standby See Food (and Eat It) Diet.

The ONLY answer is to burn off more calories than you take in. Some women prefer outdoor activities like swimming. An enlightened group prefer indoor activities like SEX, even though sex only burns 150 calories at a time. (It boggles the mind to think about how this figure was determined and, if accurate, it stands to reason that burning off cake or peanut butter will be a lot more fun than burning off mung bean sprouts).

Nutritionists state that for every 3500 calories you eat and do not use, you gain one pound of weight. This pound is stored food energy in the form of fat and to lose excess fat you have to *somehow* use up stored energy.

As you can see, sex as a calorie-burning exercise can be a lot of fun and will go far to insure the continuing success of a marriage if you are only a few pounds overweight. But what if you are single with no steady boyfriend and no desire to lose your weight—or your life—looking for Mr. Goodbar?

What if you are already a chubby but very happily married dieter whose husband is hooked up to an IV of vitamin E enriched Gatorade for life support? Do you head to the waterfront with your calorie-burning meter watch saying "Hey Sailor..." of course not!

You must do what thousands of other South Florida women have done. NO, don't become a hyperactive real estate agent! You must commit yourself to a realistic assessment of your fitness and bad habits. Develop greater vitality by juxtaposing your intake of tobacco, alcohol, or the ever-present "other" with good nutrition and lots of exercise. Since the waterfront is out for most of you, you may consider joining a health club or investigating the indoor/outdoor sports activities that are right for you.

First, you need to figure out if you are simply out of condition or if you've totally lost it all together. It cannot be emphasized strongly enough that before you begin any reducing plan or fitness program, you should visit your doctor.

Doctors are very lonely over-achievers whose only real contact with the outside world is through the pages of *Barron's Financial Weekly*. So stop by for a visit. He will explain the reasons for your overweight condition and unless the stock market is dropping fast, will do so without asking you to stick out your tongue and say "Oink."

A truly sensitive physician will also suggest the best way to cope with your particular problem.



Fun in the Sun...

However, before you allow his brother-in-law the orthodontist to wire your jaws shut, let's complete this simple Medical History that will help you off the couch and on the road to fitness:

DO YOU NOW HAVE OR HAVE YOU EVER HAD...

- .....allergies to over three quarters of all Florida vegetation
- .....blood pressure with as many levels as a tide chart
- .....circulation as stagnant as the Miami River
- .....a deviated septum and an open ticket on Avianca Airlines
- .....enough untapped energy reserves that James Watt has put out an all-points bulletin in your name
- .....halitosis and few pen pals
- .....hemorrhoids and a controlling interest in Preparation H, Inc.
- .....herpes chancres or a fever blister depending upon whom you're talking to
- .....posture that makes you resemble the missing link
- .....addiction to penicillin and servicemen named Joe
- .....sinuses that run more often than you do
- .....vitamin deficiency so advanced your doctor prescribes alphabet soup
- .....recurring warts despite a frog-fetish cured by psychotherapy

In the next section, we enter the punitive realm of Personal Pudge Profile which is helpful in determining our capacity (or propensity) for aging. For this test you will need: One full mirror and no clothing.

- 1) Stand erect with both feet flat on the ground. If you can't see your feet, this is the first clue to being out of shape. Check to see if your big toe is perpendicular to the others from wearing flip flops so you don't have to bend over to tie laces.
- 2) Cup hands loosely over hips and squeeze until all your flab juts through flush with your fingers.
- 3) Hold arms out straight from sides. Jiggle them vigorously until your underarms appear like a DC-10 straining to leave the ground.
- 4) Continue holding arms out straight. Check to see if the tips of your tobacco-stained fingers make it look as though you are in the middle of coloring yellow Easter eggs.
- 5) Take a minute to get your second wind before we begin the second half of the test. When you are rested, place arms at sides and give yourself a toothy smile. Does it look as though you've swallowed the egg dye?
- 6) Next, open your eyes wide and follow the red-lined roadmap of New Jersey, courtesy of the beer, wine, or poison of your choice. If there is no white in your eyes, the pickling is advanced.
- 7) Examine the degree of breast droopage. If a size A cup, see if a pencil placed under your breasts remains suspended. Size B and C may substitute a sixteen ounce can of the Green Giant's Premium Niblets.
- 8) If last year you were a fresh peony with the facial skin of a grape and this year you're an extra-terrestrial dandelion with raisin-like skin, it might be a good idea to check your face for telltale lines and wrinkles. If you smoke, the cause is decreased blood and oxygen supply. If you do not smoke, check to be sure your PABA sunscreen is not Liquid Paper.

If you answered "UGH!" or fainted dead away in fright from one or more of the above tests, then you really know it's time to clean up, dry out, work out, OR break your mirror and have all your groceries delivered after dark!

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# MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW

I stepped behind the curtain surrounding Yoshiko's bed and into the thick odor of her decay. I can remember thinking that it was somehow inappropriate for a human to smell like some clump of rotting flesh and fur liquefying beside a freeway.

Seeing her now, it was hard to believe that six months ago we had all, male and female alike, caught our breath at her beauty. She had been a perfect Japanese doll, her delicate figure framed to the waist by an ebony flow of hair. Yoshiko's lightly honeyed complexion had been just the right counterpoint for her enormous brown eyes. Her only physical flaw had been a tiny wart-like growth interrupting the precise part in that shining hair.

She had cried the morning we shaved her head--the only time she ever cried. How do you explain to someone who was thirteen miles from the epicenter at Nagasaki that radiation will halt her cancer? I talked, she listened, believing not my words but the sincerity in which they were offered. Then holding my hand she sat patiently immobile for the meticulous measurements, and the application of tattoo ink that mapped a landing strip for the cobalt beam across her scalp. In one month's time the invader retreated until it was only a dry scab to be avoided with the washcloth.

Her husband's job kept him away from our distant research hospital except on weekends. She and I explored the stores, selecting wigs and slightly daring negligees for those too-few weekend interludes.

She taught me how to eat with chopsticks, to arrange flowers, and to recognize the beauty of simplicity. In return I nourished the hope, fed it like an infant night and day, until I believed it myself.

Then the morning came when her scalp was tender. The wig hurt, and she wore a scarf to cover her boyish hair. Within a matter of days small tumors puckered her scalp and she was started on chemotherapy. Unable to eat due to the chemicals, she lost weight and we opened veins to feed her.

The small tumors under Yoshiko's scalp grew, and like tulip bulbs sprouting toward the sun they split her flesh and soon almost obliterated her scalp with their blackened forms. The pain taxed her strength, and the time came when she could no longer leave her bed except to sit beside it on a chair heaped with pillows.

When her husband left her for an airline stewardess she began to fear the night and I changed shifts to keep her company. Sometimes I read to her, or she would talk about Japan, and once she spoke of death.

It happened one evening after a bout of diarrhea. While I was carefully soaping her fading hips trying to avoid the painful unerupted tumors incubating beneath her skin, she asked me if I liked dogs.

"Yes, I love them--especially puppies."

"When I was a child in Japan I had a dog, his name was Tofu. He was just a small dog, and one day some boys beat him terribly with sticks. I tried to heal him but the wounds became infected and filled with maggots. My father told me that we had to end his suffering." She paused slightly, then hurried on. "So my father killed Tofu swiftly and without pain."

A bedpan clattered metalically against the floor punctuated by a hacking cough from Miss Putnam's corner of the room.

"Is Yoshiko all right?" she wheezed.

"She's fine, I'll be out in just a minute."

Yoshiko was anything but fine. In the past six months I had spent hundreds of hours in her company, but this time I was really seeing her. She couldn't have weighed much more than fifty pounds. An aluminum-ribbed U-frame covered her from knee to waist, dwarfing her emaciated body. The frame was used to shield the massive scaly tumor rising out of her belly from the abrasion of the sheets. Yoshiko moaned in her sleep,

turning to reveal the left eye-socket now almost filled with a budding tumor, and a thin stream of fluid too thick for tears that was trickling down her cheek.

She moaned again and the air mattress on which she lay vibrated with motion. I was afraid that her legs might be in spasm so I pulled the sheets off the frame and nearly vomited.

When I was a little girl, horses were my first love. I tried to imitate everything about them, spending hours whinnying and snorting as I raced across imaginary pastures. But try as I might, I couldn't mimic the way horses rid themselves of flies by twitching their skin. One day I confessed my frustration to my mother, who laughed and explained, "Only animals can do that." Mother had been very wrong.

With every low moan the flesh on Yoshiko's abdomen rolled taut around the tumor, then flickered. I stepped quickly to the head of the bed, calling her name several times before she awakened.

"Yoshiko, can you hear me?"

"Oh, Terry--I hurt so bad," she said, long strings of saliva hingeing her lower jaw to the roof of her mouth. She closed her eye and whimpered, cracked lips retracting in a snarl over her teeth.

In seconds I was back at the nurses' station loading a syringe with Yoshiko's usual dose of morphine.

"Yoshiko's hurting pretty bad, huh?" Randolph asked between bites of candy bar and half-guilty glances at the novel in her lap.

"Yeah, she's due for pain medication in fifteen minutes so I thought I'd hit her up a little early."

"You shouldn't, you know. She'll become an addict." I whirled and stared at Randolph, unable to comprehend her stupidity.

"What do you mean she'll become an addict? She already requires enough morphine to kill a dozen junkies and we still can't control her pain."

"Well you shouldn't give in to her so easily. She'll try to manipulate the rest of us who try to follow the doctor's orders."

"Damn you," I snarled, storming out of the nurses' station.

At Yoshiko's bedside I removed a vial from my pocket and carefully added its contents to the syringe. She awakened, and seeing the syringe tried to pull her sleeve up to expose the withered muscle in her left arm. I stopped her, then put my fingers to my lips and pointed to the IV line threaded into a vein beneath her collarbone. A warm smile of comprehension slowly wove its way through the maze of tumors scattered across her face.

"Will it hurt?" she whispered.

"No, you will just go to sleep. There won't be any pain at all."

"Please, I want to watch," she said pulling gently on my skirt.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I have to. It's the Japanese in me." She smiled.

I pulled the IV pole over to the bed and draped the tubing across her chest so she could see the rubber stopper through which we injected her chemotherapy drugs.

"Are you frightened?" she asked, reaching for my hand.

"Very much." I was terrified. At any moment Randolph or one of the aides could enter the room.

"Terry please, you don't know how I have prayed for this." A spasm of pain vibrated her mattress, and she squeezed my hand until it passed.

"Hurry Terry, please--before it comes again."

Time halted. It seemed to me that I was watching my hands from some vast distance as they slid the needle through the stopper. Suddenly I remembered

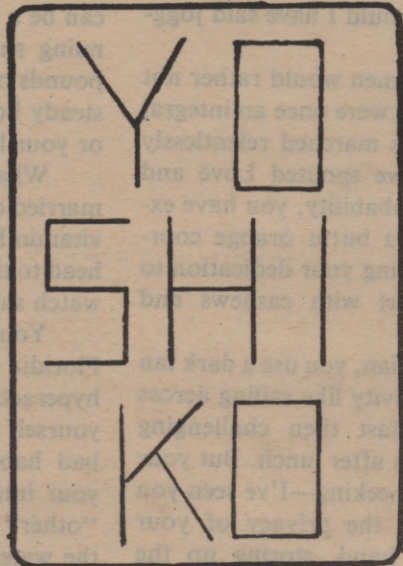
my high school graduation. My father had been so proud of me that day. After the ceremony he'd kissed my hands, then turned them in his palm to read my fortune, predicting a future full of happiness and success.

"Terry please," Yoshiko begged. I slammed the plunger, creating a small bubble that marked the progress of the advancing drug through the narrow tubing. Yoshiko watched the bubble with me until it dipped below her eye level. Just before it entered her body she said "I love you too," and then the world emptied.

Fifteen minutes later I was back in my chair smoking a cigarette when Miss Putnam began a frantic non-stop assault on the buzzer. But this time it was Randolph's turn to answer.







by Mary Frazier

The buzzer's staccato burst ruptured my 3 a.m. haze. From my vantage point at the reception desk I could easily see the insistent red glow of the signal light above room seven.

"Who is it?" Nurse Randolph asked.

"Probably Miss Putnam ringing for Yoshiko," I answered, rolling my chair away from the desk.

"Do you want me to get it?" Randolph asked.

"No, I'll get it," I said, angrily stubbing my cigarette out. It was my first break in over four hours but Randolph's laziness was legendary. I knew if I let her go she would just call me in to help, so I might as well take care of it myself.

I reached over and snapped a switch on the master control panel and down the hall the cyclops eye above room seven winked out.

"If you need me, just ring," Randolph called.

"Sure," I said glancing through the door of the nurses' station where Randolph was sloppily eating a peach and reading a detective novel. The cover showed a naked woman lying in a pool of blood, a single red rose nestled between her breasts.

Just once I wanted to tell Randolph what I thought of her, but as usual I kept quiet and hurried toward the room.

My flashlight beam fluttered over the grey tiled walls and the dull scrubbed surface of the terrazo floor, finally coming to rest on the handle of the two inch thick door.

It was supposed to take forty-five minutes for a fire to penetrate that much solid oak. The safety factor it provided was ironic considering that most of our patients wouldn't give a damn if they died of smoke inhalation or the cancer that was slowly eating them away. But the air-tight seal around the door was a blessing since it prevented the sickening odor of decay from escaping into the hall.

I stepped inside, closing the door firmly behind me. For the first few seconds I breathed shallowly while adjusting to the odor. The industrial pine deodorizer that we used to mask the room's stench was useless. The nauseating smell of rotting flesh hung like a damp fog, permeating everything. I always washed my hands twice after leaving Yoshiko's room, scrubbing until the soap burned my skin. But the scent always lingered on my fingertips like some macabre perfume.

"Yoshiko is breathing funny," Miss Putnam said, taut eyed with fear. Her yellow parchment face was accentuated by the orange glow from the light above her bed. She sat lopsided against the headboard, her one remaining breast, more massive by its singularity, poked through the torn armhole in her cotton gown.

"It's taken me sixty-one years to decide, but I know there can't be a God. If there was, he wouldn't let that child suffer so much," she said, leaning forward to pull a cigarette from the pack on her bedside table.

ein halber hund

# Folkways Remains Active and Vital

BRUCE KAPLAN  
Contributor

Folkways Records is an American Institution. It was formed by Moses Asch in 1947, long before the folk revival of Folkways was—and continues to be—the label of Pete Seeger and associated musician-activists. Although folk music has again receded from the limelight, Folkways remains active and vital.

Never narrow in focus, Folkways is, in their own words, “dedicated to the documentation and communication of Mankind’s cultures.” Their catalog now numbers over 1700 titles. They cover the waterfront with, in addition to what is customarily thought of as “folk” music, documentation of all manner of traditional American musics: jazz, blues, bluegrass and a wide variety of regional musics. They offer a vast selection of international music, children’s music, recordings of literary works, electronic music and much more.

Recently released on Folkways are *Mr. Trouble* and *Tears Don’t Fall No More* by Lonnie Johnson. Both are from a 1967 session which features Johnson on vocals, accompanying himself on electric guitar. The tapes were apparently discovered only recently, having languished on a shelf in Asch’s office for 15 years, essentially forgotten.

Johnson’s recording career dates back to 1925, when he cut a single for Okeh Records. Although best known as a bluesman, Johnson was an active and respected jazz guitarist and vocalist as well. He played with Louis Armstrong and was invited to sing with Duke Ellington’s band. More remarkable still, he actually began his professional career on violin. In his later years, he concentrated to a large extent on interesting popular ballads, a move which did not endear him to blues purists.

Johnson died in 1970, and the recordings on these two albums were amongst his last. Not unlike a few recordings made by older figures from blues history about the same time as these, we are presented here not with a relic but with an artist whose vitality and skills are intact. Age has tempered the music but by no means diminished it.

Both LPs present a well-balanced mix of blues and ballads. To my surprise, I find myself particularly drawn to Johnson’s ballad interpretations. His vocals are silky and finely modulated, and his pronounced vibrato brings to mind the crooners of the 30s—it sounds anachronistic, yet the effect is timelessly poignant rather than nostalgic. While Johnson’s voice here is smooth by the standards of the blues, it has considerably more grit than the usual popular balladeer delivers. The ballads also gain substance through the

intimacy of the solo performance, as contrasted with this song form’s usual burial in vast, maudlin orchestrations.

“How Deep Is The Ocean,” on *Mr. Trouble* is a highlight amongst the ballads. Johnson’s guitar is exceedingly deft beneath his spirited vocals. Another remarkable performance is “My Mother’s Eyes,” on *Tear*, an unabashedly sentimental tune which somehow is lifted in Johnson’s performance to the realm of deep feeling and pure delight. It also features one of Johnson’s best guitar solos.

My dwelling on Johnson’s ballads is not meant to slight his blues. His voice takes on a rougher edge, and his guitar work—which continually interlopes elements more often hard in a jazz context—is exceptional. As Samuel Charters points out in his liner notes, the imagery of Johnson’s blues lyrics is unusually vivid and consistent.

“Careless Love” is a special gem. Charters highlights Johnson’s personification of Careless Love as a “shadowy human figure”:

Careless love worried my mother until she died.

Careless love it worried my poor daddy until he lost his mind.

Now darn you, I’m goin’ to shoot you, shoot you four, five times,

And stand over you until you finish dyin’  
Then I’ll dig your grave, I’ll dig it with a silver spade.

I’ll dig your grave, I’ll dig it with a silver spade.

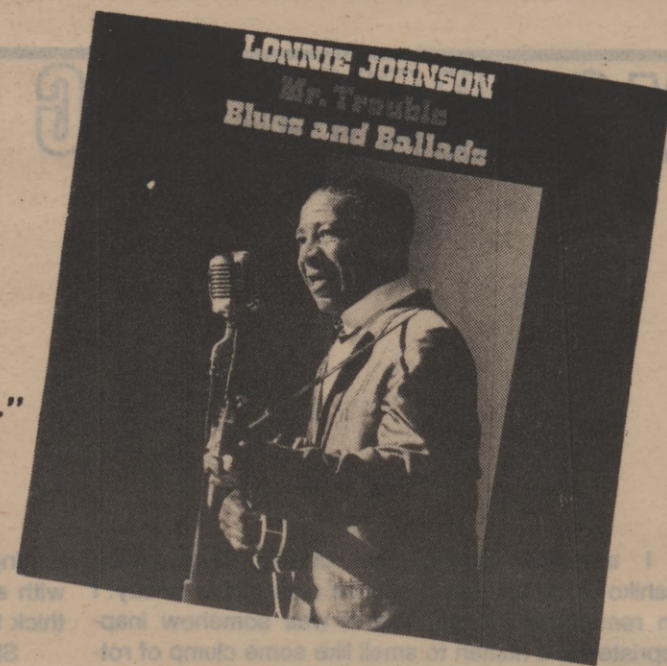
And I’ll bury your body out on some hillside close to Cedar Grove,

Six feet in your grave where nothin’ will ever be told.

While the lyrics are indeed striking, their musical context is largely responsible for their impact. Johnson, contrary to all expectation, delivers these violent images in his sweetest voice and melody. The effect is the creation of a bizarre, ethereal tension which tremendously heightens the impact of the song.

If I were presented with the proposition of choosing one of these two albums over the other, “Careless Love” would make me lean towards *Tears, Mr. Trouble*, though, features a 4 minute interview clip with Johnson which will certainly hold great interest for the historically-minded blues fan.

If you’re interested in either of these albums and can’t locate them locally, Folkways albums may be ordered directly from the company. Their catalog is worth requesting as well—there’s truly something for everyone. Write to Folkways Records, 43 W. 61st St., NY, NY 10023.



“Well balanced mix of blues and ballads.”



## Gregory’s Girl

MÖHL HEALY  
Contributor

Scotland is hardly known as a hub of the movie business. However, it is the source of an engaging film now playing at the Cinematheque in Coral Gables.

*Gregory’s Girl* is a film full of wry observations on the rites of adolescence. The film takes place in New Town, a contemporary development in Scotland. Gregory is a tall, gangly teenager who attends the local high school. Shy, incompetent and self-conscious with his peers, he is what he appears to be—an average teenager. His two major pastimes are soccer and drumming. He is at best mediocre in both pursuits. He is at the “awkward age”: his body is growing quickly and his mind hasn’t quite caught up.

Gregory’s life is routine until a new player arrives on the soccer team. The new player is unique to the team in two respects: talent and gender. Dorothy is both athletic and blond, a combination which leaves Gregory hopelessly in love. Gregory’s advances to Dorothy are both bumbling and endearing. He really doesn’t have a chance, however he is young and impetuous. The idealized romance which blossoms in his mind fails to translate into reality.

*Gregory’s Girl* is a small film in the sense that it focuses on a slice of time in one boy’s life. The movie is naive and pastoral in tone. Romance is defined in this film as a sense of fun and self-definition. Nevertheless the film is sensitive and realistic given its small scope. *Gregory’s Girl* is reminiscent of the works of Truffaut.

Gordon John Sinclair is superb as Gregory. He really doesn’t have all that much going for him but makes the most of what he has. He makes the character of Gregory hold real appeal. He is just a nice boy who would love to meet a nice girl. He is kind and doesn’t pretend to be more than he is. Gregory is not too proud to ask his precocious little sister for advice on women.

Dee Hepburn is attractive and likeable as Dorothy, who is young and assured. She is enigmatic enough to make Gregory very unsure of himself. Just what do women want? After thirty hard years of study Freud gave up, but Gregory ambles on.

The focus of the movie accounts both for its strengths and weaknesses. The director and writer, Bill Forsyth, gives a very true, if limited, account of coming of age. He has a fine feel for the slightly surreal aspects of adolescence and directs his young players with certainty. His pace is studious and a bit too static at times, perhaps owing to his having started out as a director of industrial films. Concentrating on the teenagers, he creates no adult characters of great strength, though this is a relatively minor objection.

*Gregory’s Girl* is no epic and is more a charming film than a great one. However at a time when American filmmakers treat adolescence in the cavalier manner of *The Last American Virgin* and *Porky’s*, it is reassuring to be able to enjoy a film like *Gregory’s Girl*.

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This Friday and Saturday the Eat and Charlie Pickett and the Eggs will be performing at 27 Birds. Pickett and the Eggs have a fine live album out on Open Records, which we hope to discuss on these pages at greater length in the not-too-distant future. The club is located in Coconut Grove, on Bird Ave. just west of 27th Avenue.

## DANCE

## Racing against time



Karen Peterson: "Our company will grow."

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS  
Performing Arts Critic

"I have a future here in Miami. My reputation as a dance teacher is good. If I was in New York, I wouldn't have the security of steady work. I can grow as a choreographer here. Miami is young in the dance world, but a lot is happening," says Karen Peterson, the co-director of the Miami Momentum Dance Company, a newly formed organization.

"Right now we are a company of women. We've had a few men—staggering in and out. All of us have performing and technical ability, responsibility, dedication and commitment. We aren't getting paid, except for performances and teaching, but we love to be together. Three of us choreograph for the company. We really do support one another.

"Our company will grow and, in time, because there are only two other modern dance companies in Miami, we know we will attract top quality dancers, male and female. There is a place for talent with us."

Karen Peterson comes from Worcester, Massachusetts. "It's a small town," she says. "I began modern dance when I was eight. My teacher, Trudy Sand, was a dynamic woman, and a major influence in my life. Any young girl would have been impressed by her as a teacher. As a person, she was forceful. She gave me confidence and allowed me to grow. She encouraged me. My mother, on the other hand, didn't have the artistic experience I needed. She was meek.

"I guess, Trudy really was the person who put me on the right track. She came from Germany. Her background was very different from anyone else I had ever come in contact with. She studied eurythmics and Mary Wigman technique; a highly expressive and percussive dancer. We used a lot of props and games in our classes.

"Even now, I find myself calling upon those memories when I teach children myself. Aside from my technique, which was my foundation, she gave us a freedom to find ourselves in composition and improvisation. She would cart us up to Connecticut College in New London every summer for the Dance Festival. I remember being terribly impressed by Alwin Nikolai, whose use of

imagination was astounding. He transforms dancers into art objects. His use of props, lighting and costuming was incredibly inventive and original. His technique was innovative. And Paul Taylor, well, he is just about the best choreographer I have ever seen. It was magic to watch him. His love of dance is so apparent in all his pieces. His dancers carry his joyful way about them as they strut across the stage. I'll never forget the first dance of his I ever saw; three men were walking three fake dogs on stage. Minutes later, three women were walking the three men. I still remember that. I love his satire, his traditional pieces and the way he uses movement. If I could do the same for my dancers, I would be thrilled. I have a lot of room for growth, but I know I will get there. I want to.

"My first experience in choreography was in the basement of my house. My sister, two friends and I would charge 25 cents and put on several shows. My parents were very supportive and they allowed me to be myself.

"Finally I got to the big city; to the Boston Conservatory School of Music. Since my background was in modern, I had to fake my way through the ballet audition. I made it. I didn't really surprise myself because I am very perceptive, and I was so nervous I didn't have time to worry about not knowing what I was doing. I just danced. I knew my modern was strong and I could make it. There's a special power most dancers have; called pressure. I remember one of my first performances during childhood, I fell out of my headstand in front of a large audience. I didn't cry or fall apart. I knew I had to continue. That's the kind of training which Trudy gave me. That's the kind of stuff I am made of. Every dancer is an actor. Not everybody is going to have good days all of the time. Sometimes it's tough to fight what goes on even inside ourselves, so we must call upon another force. And we make it. Maybe during these times, we are really truer to our selves and to our abilities than the times when sheer exhilaration lifts us up into the air and dictates the movements. I love to perform. It's as if I were as gigantic as Harvey the Rabbit and twice as real. I feel as if I am bigger than life; even more grand than I ever could be off stage.

"One of my first pieces in composition amused my teacher, Ina Hahn, another influential person in my life. I used a piano bench and set a piece to the music of the Grateful Dead. I am sure she never forgot that, and I'll never forget how much she encouraged me to continue in choreography.

"I have only one regret: as a child, I didn't take ballet. I couldn't really relate to it. Maybe I didn't have the discipline. I never saw myself as a dying swan or Giselle. And I am tall. Somehow those things never fit into my self-image to be partnered by guys who were five foot four.

"I could really relate to Judith Jamison, especially in "Cry" a solo created for her by Alvin Ailey. She is an absolutely gorgeous dancer. No one else can be

compared to her. Judith's technique is just phenomenal. Her body expresses a depth and range of emotions that only a genius could call upon. She is a true artist. Cynthia Gregory is a beautiful dancer as well. Now I can really appreciate ballet. In fact, I love it. I have an excellent teacher, Judith Newman who is our ballet mistress at Momentum. There isn't anyone who could compare to her outside of New York.

"After graduation from the Conservatory, I went to New York to try my wings. All dancers go there eventually. Some sooner than others. I studied with some good teachers: Joyce Trisler to name one. I did some performing with Rudy Perez among others. Yet I knew this life was not the struggle I wanted to live. It was a cold day in February, 25 degrees, to be exact, and I saw an audition notice for the Grove Dance Theatre (now Dance Miami). Why not, I said. I hadn't even heard of Coconut Grove but the sunshine and the weekly salary were two offers I couldn't refuse. So I packed my two bags and flew down to Miami. I've been here ever since.

"I've danced with just about every major company here. I've had a wide range of experience. I met Delma Iles and Nan Imbesi and formed a very deep bond with them. It was instantaneous and our friendships have gone further than one could imagine; we're like kindred spirits... We shared an umbilical period of our lives together as dancers. We danced with Fusion and later with Fred Bratcher, who is just about the best local choreographer and certainly is a very dynamic personality. I could never forget what I learned with Fred. None of us could. It was intense.

"After leaving him, we decided to form our own company. We were looking for something new. The old school of strictness and ruling with an iron thumb has disappeared. Things are changing. Dancers need to really communicate with one another. There needs to be love and closeness; human warmth and feeling. We are all creating something beautiful together. And we must be happy above all.

"I am excited about my future. For the two pieces I have done for our company, I have used classical music, "SISTERS AND CARAVAN." I want to explore other types of music now, more contemporary. I have a lot of ideas. My biggest asset is my love for what I am doing. I am patient. I really try to maintain an even keel; that's important. I also have a wonderful husband. In fact, he was a dancer. We met in ballet class. Due to a foot injury, he has since stopped and is in business now. He helps me, though. I value his opinion. He sometimes takes my classes and gives me a critique. We use our kitchen and the sliding glass doors if I need to work out a lift.

"Dance is a race against time, I know, yet it's a rewarding life. It really does have its ups and downs. But I want to bring joy to people. I know I can through dance. Miami Momentum is a maverick company. We're young, but we are courageous. Come see us and share our love."

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## Book Reports

## Listen to the Loreleis

Carolyn See. *Rhine Maidens*. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 1981.

Guest reviewed by Richard Dwyer.

Women's Studies. This review honors, in its fashion, last week's opening of the new offices of our Center devoted to them. All of Carolyn See's novels—*The Rest Is Done With Mirrors* and *Mothers, Daughters* and this one—are devoted to the lives of urban, middle class women. As a writer of fiction, she has not attracted labels like 'feminist,' for which her general outlook probably disqualifies her anyway. Her sense of comedy, irony, and style puts her on the far side of ideology with her friend Alison Lurie and fellow Californian Joan Didion.

One of See's two voices here is Grace, a foul-mouthed, pissed-off widow who largely avoids what she damn well pleases. "He made a mistake taking me back to his place, we should have stayed in Santa Barbara, but they always want to show you their place, right? It would have been a mistake anyway; we were too old for it. But I can remember being too young for it, and too fat for it, too thin for it, too pregnant for it, too sick for it, too mad for it, too bored for it, too sad for it. I can only remember about twenty times in sixty years when I've been for it, and as I remember, those were the worst mistakes of all. Sex is the worm, Pearl."

The other voice is Grace's affluent daughter, Garnet, who, at 39, records in the journal required by her Lifelong Learning English class how she figured her TV exec husband was slipping away: "How I knew was a certain look Ian gets, and I've seen it in other husbands. I see it at parties, and I think: *Oh, boy!* And then I read about it in Rona Barrett the next week or month. I see it everywhere. What they do, what Ian did, before he ever took a chance in broad daylight and took a girlfriend to Michael's, is just to turn away in his chair, almost exactly three-quarters away, and look something like three-quarters out." At the emotional lowpoint of it all, she muses: "What do men want, I wonder? Don't they know even Marin Jenson eats food for breakfast and says dull things? I think they know that, and that's why they look for the shift in the air, that break, that place, where they could slide out, and be gone."

In the modulations of these two voices, aging mother and grown daughter, Carolyn See achieves a funny, astringent artistry. The situations of the principals are plausible enough. Grace was abandoned by her first husband; the second, a tedious dotting schoolteacher, managed to drown in the Los Angeles river, and the third, Dick, a fine wreck of a guzzler, just sort of turned blue and keeled over. Now, as a flak-catching City Hall secretary in the oiltown of Coalinga, Grace freaks at it all and moves into the fake Tudor Brentwood home of her daughter. For Garnet, of course, the whole manicured scene—Sunday brunch, shopping at I. Magnin, Green Energy seminars on the Value of Money, tennis lessons for the kids—is quietly cracking, crumbling, drifting away.

What makes this novel different from some Women's Fiction, with its thrilling fantasies of victimization, is that the main characters, having realized that they are oppressed not only by other people but by themselves, choose to chuck their confining self-conceptions. The world is acceptable for what it is. Garnet's way is to end up in bed with the kids watching TV on Academy Awards Night, glad that Jane Fonda won and that John Wayne, sick as he was, could say "I'm going to be around for a long time yet." Even if he wasn't, Garnet knows she will be. And as for her mother, Grace and her friend finally take that Rhine cruise, overeat and dance late, and when the guide points out the rock where the lovely Lorelei lured sailors to their death, the old gal thinks of her drowning husband and decides that she must have been the only beautiful thing he ever found.

Have a good year, Marilyn.

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DEKE HAUSER  
Critic-at-Large

South Miami has always been caught in the middle. For years a building located at the intersection of Sunset Drive and Red Road advertised itself as "the place where town and country meet." Even today, when urban sprawl has reached to the very doorstep of Goulds, South Miami still offers a study in contrasts.

For example, *Neon Leon's*, a plastic glitter bar (which according to the *Miami Herald* has been the place where at least one cocaine cowboy has saddled up for the last roundup and headed for that big, snow-covered prairie in the sky) displays its rear end to *Robert's Western Wear*' a real, honest-to-goodness leather and denim emporium that has catered to genuine cowboys for over a quarter of a century.

Admittedly, such ironic juxtapositions occur in any rapidly growing sunbelt metropolis, but what gives this situation a distinctly South Florida, cheeseburger-in-paradise quality is the fact that located between these two establishments is a greek restaurant.

*The Grecian Corner* is owned and operated by a Greek-American family. The proprietor, Steve Evlogimenos serves a full regalia of Greek and American treats.

The appetizers are sumptuous. The *Spanakopita* (\$1.50) is a delicious spinach pie whose crust is made with thin, flaky layers of filo dough (like that used in baklava). The appetiser platter for two (\$5.25 - also available for 4 and 6 persons) is to be reserved for those who are seriously interested in full blown hedonism. An incredibly mouth-watering assortment of cheese turnovers (*Tyropita*), small spinach pies, caviar dip (*Taramosalata*), anchovies, sliced beets, tomato, cucumber, Greek olives and stuffed grape leaves is guaranteed to arouse even the most torpid libido.

To accompany your meal, *Grecian Corner* offers a wide variety of beers and wines. *Atlas* (\$1.50) is a Greek beer with a distinct mediterranean tang. A full

selection of Greek wines are also available including, *Kava "Minos,"* a dry white wine and *Retsina "Minos,"* a tasteful pine table wine.

The greek salad at the *Grecian Corner* is a veritable orgy of feta cheese, Greek olives, anchovies, fresh crispy lettuce, tomato and cucumber. Caution!! The small salad is almost big enough for two people.

A real bargain and treat is the *gyro*, which is the Greek answer to the taco or hamburger. A heartily seasoned, lamb-based meatloaf is cooked on a revolving, vertically oriented spit and sliced off to order. The meat is nestled into a bed of lettuce, wrapped in a slice of pita bread then covered with a palate pleasing *white garlic sauce*. This sandwich is almost a meal in itself.

Another entree the *Mousaka* (\$5.95), is a shepherd's pie-like dish made of layers of ground beef, potatoes, and eggplant. The mousaka is served with a soup of the day, a Greek salad, an order of green beans, roll and butter. At this price such a meal is almost hard to believe.

The *Pasticho* (\$5.25) is a ground beef dish. Herbs, wine and spices are blended with macaroni and topped with a light *Bechamel* sauce. Ground beef is utilized creatively again in the *Grecian Corner's* tasty *Dolmades*.

*Dolmades* is an exotic stuffed grape leaf dish which features the *Grecian Corner's* homemade *Egg and Lemon* sauce.

And finally, backing into the desserts, we discovered two of the most delicious homemade honey-laden pastries you will find anywhere. Both the *Baklava* and the *Kataifi* (\$1.35) must be savored to be appreciated.

Unbeatable prices and real home-cooked Greek food make *Grecian Corner* a must in your dining future.

*Grecian Corner* is located at 5854 Sunset Drive. They are open for lunch and dinner, Monday - Saturday. For more information, call 6665-6304.



Evlogimenos family serves up the best gyros!

Photograph by Bruce Kaplan

## BEARING GIFTS





Paul Klee: "Let the whole world in, then sort it out."

## Humphreys Tells All

BILL HUMPHREYS  
Contributor

It is not unusual to find artists, especially those straight from graduate school, commenting in a wry manner, chortling occasionally, and wrapping themselves in a cloak of detached cynicism. It's just self-preservation, of course. Things aren't easy for an artist in our world. As David Bowie said, "either they ignore us completely or, if you make it, adore us out of all proportion." Coming from that world, it was quite a pleasant surprise, upon taking up the duties of Curator at the Visual Arts Gallery, to find myself surrounded by a generous community of mutual interest. The occasion of my discovery was my involvement behind the scenes in the unfolding drama of bringing "The Treasures of the Norton Gallery of Art" to FIU.

Just for the record, none of the Norton's permanent collection has ever been shown as a group south of their facilities in West Palm Beach. It took the combination of Richard Madigan, the Director of the Norton, who has come to think of their collection as a public trust, and Dahlia Morgan, the intensely committed force behind our Visual Arts Gallery to make it happen. Ms. Morgan wanted a block-buster show to kick off FIU's second decade, but Mr. Madigan first had to convince his board. That accomplished, he came back with a generous offer: we would get 42 major works by the most famous names in 20th century American and European Art for a month at no rental fee if we agreed to provide all insurance coverage, a 24 hour armed guard and a police escorted, climate controlled moving van for the trip down and back. It sounded simple and straightforward on paper, but the way was not to be smooth. The problems, however, did not discourage anyone in the University community; instead they acted as an evolutionary irritant and brought out the best in everyone.

The first obstacle was a full time extra guard. The cost figured to be astronomical and we knew the Gallery didn't have that kind of money; but in stepped Harvey Gunson, head of Campus Security, who arranged to combine the services of a private company



Milton Avery: Delicate yet powerful arrangements of flat color shapes.

with his men, and *voila*— the deed was done. Then Ron Arrowsmith, vice-president of Administration, helped make possible special insurance coverage through Tallahassee that was within our means. Also the office of Development, Steve Altman, the *International*, The News Bureau, even the Controller's Office pitched in to help in various ways. And everywhere we turned there was President Wolfe smoothing the road in a genuinely humanistic way.

We were used to the constant support of the Art Department and Dean Mau of Arts and Sciences. We were also accustomed to the "above and beyond" hours of help from our student aides and gallery interns, but to receive creative problem solving on all levels virtually wherever I ventured in the University was a revelation. It seems to embody the two most important qualities of a student or an educational institution as proposed by anthropologist Gregory Bateson: that is, "Caring and Clarity."

# Norton Exhibit Opens Tuesday

RIKKI LEMUR  
Entertainment Editor

Through his theories of form, Klee taught others the principles of continuity. His works depict an "all-encompassing synthesis" which embraces all life, whether organic or inorganic.

From the well-coded "Twigs of Autumn" by Paul Klee to the *personal poetry* of Milton Avery's "Landscape with Black and White Horses," the Treasures of the Norton of West Palm Beach exhibit offers art lovers an opportunity to view some of the world's outstanding works of art.

Opening to the public at FIU's Visual Arts Gallery in Primera Casa 112

on Sept. 28, the free exhibit will be on display weekdays through Oct. 21. Exhibit hours are Mon. and Wed., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Tues., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Thurs. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

The exhibit was made possible under the auspices of Richard Madigan, director of the Norton Gallery and is part of the FIU Celebration of the Second Decade of the University, which opened in the fall of 1972.

In addition to Klee and Avery, artists whose works are a part of the exhibit include Winslow Homer, Pierre Auguste Renoir, Gaston La Chaise, Charles H. Burchfield, Robert Motherwell, Fernand Legar and others.

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# Confusion has its cost

## Volleyball

### Freshman has come far

JOHN MESSAM  
Contributor

It was a comedy of errors that should only happen to someone else.

"Interesting," commented head cross-country coach Jose Rodriguez. "It was interesting. Every few years you come across a meet like this."

"This" was the Florida Atlantic Invitational in Boca Raton this past week end.

While the women were running away from their opposition, the men's team was suffering from a spate of unfortunate incidents including snake bite, punctured feet, and wrong turns.

Led by the stalwart Colleen Napolitano, the women quickly dispensed with the job at hand and placed three runners in the top five positions. From the start, Napolitano and Shelly Gornick asserted themselves and, by the halfway mark, they were 25 meters ahead of the nearest competitor and running stride for stride. Napolitano, the hometown favorite, crossed the finish in first and Gornick followed a full 30 seconds ahead of her nearest rival.

The two front runners helped to give the team a 2-0 record and set the stage for an interesting women's season.

Unfortunately, the men did not fare as well.

At the starting line, they readied themselves to repeat the women's stellar performance.

Through the first lap, Moises Sztyleman and John Abbot followed by Urbano Menedez were poised in strategic positions right behind the Miami Dade team leaders.

As Menedez passed the coach, he mumbled "a snake has bitten me."

"Now I've heard everything," said Rodriguez.

With two miles to go, a runner from FIU was in



Photograph by John Messam

second and beginning to assert himself.

Then it happened.

Confused by a questionable marker, the FIU runners took the wrong turn and were disqualified at the finish line.

Urbano turned up with a real snake bite and John Abbot, upset with the result of the race, stepped on a wooden spike which pierced his foot. They were both taken to the hospital.

"I suppose the meet can only be viewed as a character builder," said Rodriguez who intends to forget the past as quickly as possible and concentrate on the upcoming Florida State Invitational in Tallahassee.



Photograph by John Messam



Photograph by John Messam

## Calling All Jocks

RICK GONZALEZ  
SGA Correspondent

Attention former high school jocks.

Find your cleats and Gatorade. The FIU intramural leagues want you.

The football team will kick off its second season on Sept. 24 with games from noon to 6 p.m. every Friday and Saturday on the field west of the baseball diamond and adjacent to SW 117th Ave.

The six teams of players, a coach and a captain are looking for more players and more teams.

To qualify, you must be a student with a current FIU fee card, a faculty or staff member or an alumni. Register now at the W-9 building or call 554-2255.

"Last year we had twelve teams and played an eight game schedule," says Gary Montour, coordinator of intramural athletics. "The league went very well and there was a lot of enthusiasm. This year we are thinking of breaking the league into two conferences."

Although the game is not for the

fragile, the rules try to keep roughness under control.

Roll blocking is not allowed and players must remain on their feet. Blockers are allowed to use their hands as long as they are below the neck and above the ankles. Tackling is not allowed.

The win-loss record will be posted weekly at the fitness center. There will be a championship game after Thanksgiving and awards will be given to the winning team.

For gentler souls, there is also softball and soccer.

The co-ed intramural softball league has already begun play but is still accepting players. Games are scheduled at 5 and 7 p.m. every Thursday at the baseball diamond.

A soccer league is forming and will begin play in mid October.

Student activities officials are looking for an organizer. "We have about thirty soccer players," says Montour. "But we need someone to run the league."

## RACQUETBALL AT MIAMI COURT CLUB

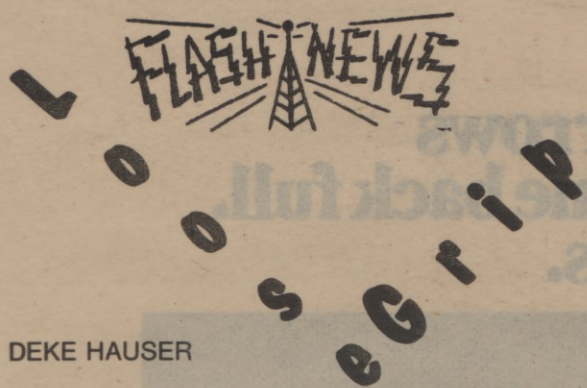


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DEKE HAUSER

On Wednesday, the fifteenth of September, a "Lights Out Steel Cage" match was held at the Miami Beach Convention Center. This match pitted the team of Hacksaw Reed and Sweet Brown Sugar against the team of Big John Studd and James Dillon. The results of this were not as important as the fact that James Dillon, better known as J.J. Dillon, was participating on an equal footing with other wrestlers in the ring. You see, J.J. Dillon is first and foremost a manager of professional wrestlers.

Dillon has assembled one of the finest groups of wrestlers to ever hit the state of Florida. The roll call of the stable of stars he has assembled reads like a Who's Who among the bad guys in professional wrestling today. In addition to Mr. Studd, Kendo Nagasaki (The Black Ninja), Bruiser Brodie, King Kong Tonga and Jim Garvin are all to be found in Mr. Dillon's corner.

But unlike other great impresarios, like Rudolf Bing and Sol Hurok, Mr. Dillon has an uncanny knack for interjecting himself before the audience while his clients are performing. It is Mr. Dillon's habit to, in effect, become an extra pair of hands or feet (or both) for his merry group of assassins as they set out to accomplish their different forms of mayhem.

While Mr. Dillon has been a colorful addition to the Florida wrestling scene, his antics only serve to ultimately bring disrepute to this fine sport. It is the hope of this columnist (and many other wrestling fans) that Mr. Dillon will get what he deserves before he is able to further tarnish the sterling image the rest of the professional wrestling world enjoys.

## SPORTS SCHEDULE

Sept. 24 thru 25-  
Volleyball team at Florida Southern Invitational, Lakeland.

Sept 25-  
Soccer vs. Flagler College at 3 p.m. at FIU  
Cross Country at Florida State University Invitational, Tallahassee.

Sept. 27-  
Soccer vs. Florida Atlantic University at 8 p.m. at Boca Raton.

For details, call the Athletic Department at 554-2756.

## Ah, That Old School Spirit...

NANCY J. OLSON  
Athletic Director

When I arrived at the University in Aug. 1979, a reporter from the *International* asked me what I would like to see develop in intercollegiate athletics. I told her "real school spirit"—the kind I remember from my undergraduate days.

Three years later I find that we have made much progress but it will take an even greater team effort by the University community to give our teams the recognition they so rightfully deserve.

A grass-roots approach by our student athletes who support one another is the base of our school spirit. John Pedersen, coordinator of the fitness centers, gets the word out. SGA is requiring clubs to attend intercollegiate sporting events. Joe Kaplan is the spirit leader from Student Affairs and advises our

cheerleaders. Faculty members, such as Dr. Manuel Cereijo, are encouraging their colleagues to come to games and tell their students to do the same. The Alumni Association has big plans for homecoming including a tailgate party by the soccer field.

The quality teams which represent the Sunblazers are a source of pride to the University. They reflect hard work, dedication, and time management of busy schedules. Besides class, studies, practice, and competition, many of our student athletes work since we are not funded to give full scholarships.

I encourage you to attend Sunblazer sporting events. FIU students get in free by showing their IDs. This fall we have soccer and volleyball on campus. Cross country runs at Tropical Park. The winter will showcase our men's and women's basketball teams playing at Miami-Dade South and Miami Christian School.

Men's and women's golf plays throughout the academic year. Men's and women's tennis begins in January and is followed by women's softball and track and field in February.

As we begin our second decade we also begin a new era in baseball - Division I status and night games. We think we can take the city championship again.

We need your help to complement the quality on the fields of play. Fans in the stands make the difference. We need your support and promise a first class product in return. You will also have a good time and meet fellow students, faculty and staff.

When you cannot attend an event, make sure you look or listen for our scores. If you do not see or hear them, call the media outlets and ask why. The media will be more responsive if they know they have an interested public.

Finally, please contact the Department of Intercollegiate Athletics and Recreational Sports (554-2756) if you have any questions or suggestions. We want to serve you and make you proud of being a Sunblazer. We wish all of you a very successful academic year and congratulate the University as we enter our Second Decade.

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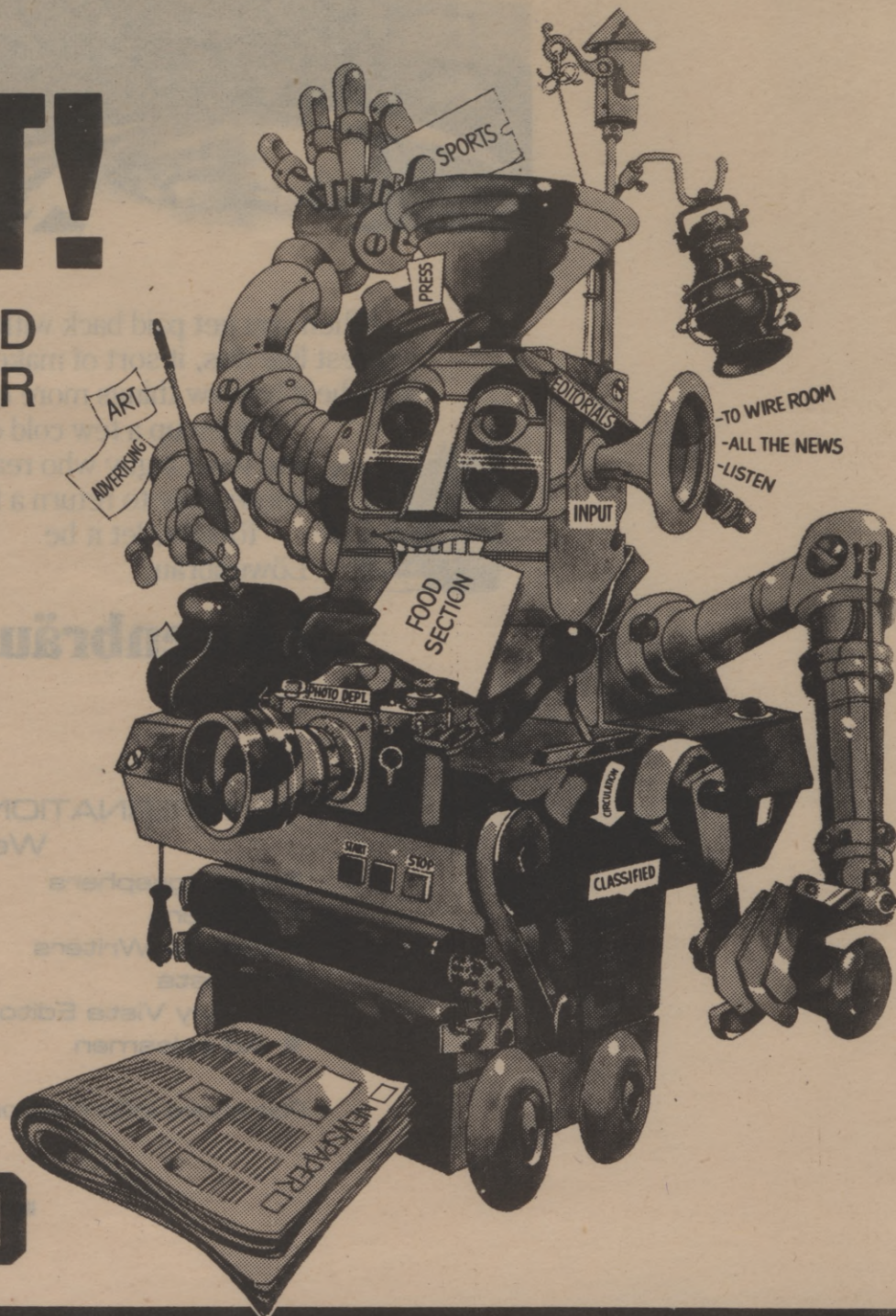
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