



Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

Athletics hit by Thieves

Joe Walsh, equipment room manager, estimates the loss at \$2,000. The entire collection of women's white basketball uniforms was among the stolen items. Replacement cost for new uniforms was placed at \$1,500. Miscellaneous items - mens soccer shorts, softballs, and sanitary socks for the men's baseball team constituted the rest of the loss.

The thieves also broke into student lockers located in the main hall. Tennis racquets valued at \$350 were stolen from

locker while he was at practice. Someone also broke into the training room last week and stole some clothing items.

"I think all of this could have been prevented if proper security measures had been taken," said Walsh.

Harvey Gunson, Director of Public Safety, readily acknowledges that the athletic facilities are not secure. "It was very simple to gain entrance," said Gunson.

"We have been asking for an alarm system over here for the last three years," Olson said. "just recently we were placed on the Minor Projects List."

Daniel D'Oliveira, Director of Plant Management at Bay Vista, confirmed the alarm request. "The alarm system is currently on our funded list (number 34). However, we are still waiting for the funds from the Board of Regents in Tallahassee."

Some leads as to the identities of the thieves have already been given to Public Safety. Students are asked to call Public Safety at 554-2626 if they have any tips that might be helpful to the investigation.

MARYBETH ACEVEDO
Managing Editor

Sometime during the night of Sept. 21, the Athletic Department's equipment room in W-6 was ransacked and burglarized.

The thieves entered by breaking through a false ceiling in the main hall and dropping through to the equipment office. A door to the wire-mesh enclosure which protects the equipment area was ripped off its hinges.

members of the men's tennis team.

The theft of the women's basketball uniforms is a serious blow to the team. The white uniforms are traditionally worn at all home games. Nancy Olson, Director of Athletics, believes it will be difficult if not impossible to replace the uniforms before the first home game on Nov. 6. "There just isn't any money in the budget for new uniforms," Olson said.

Thefts are not unusual at the Athletic facilities. Last Monday a soccer player had \$80 stolen from his

Women's Center Opens

MARYBETH ACEVEDO
Managing Editor

The FIU Women's Studies Center, located in PC 114, celebrated its grand opening Sept. 16. The Center's quarters were filled with cheerful well-wishers. People spilled out into the hall as the celebration gained stride, and late guests arrived to greet the Center's founding director, Marilyn Hoder-Salmon.

A Women's Studies Center has been a much desired goal for several years at FIU. In 1980, a needs assessment survey questionnaire revealed that an overwhelming number of women desired 1) a Women's Studies Program, 2) a place where women could meet informally, and 3) access to published materials directly relating to women's needs and education. With the Center's

grand opening, all of this and more will soon be available to women students at FIU.

The Women's Studies Center, a non-profit organization funded by Academic Affairs, will begin its activities with an historical event. The very first Academic Women's Studies Conference in South Florida will premiere under a co-sponsorship between the WSC and Co-Op/Placement.

The conference, a three part series, entitled Seminars In Career Exploration and Skills For Women, will begin Wednesday, Oct. 20, DM 100, at 7:40 p.m. It features FIU faculty on their Women's Studies research.

"The objective of the Women's Studies Movement," said Salmon, "is to include the study of women in traditional disciplines. Particularly now that we are learning that the omission of women has skewed women's basic knowledge. It's like all your life you have seen things in black and white, then someone gives you color vision. Everything is different. Its a re-vision of all knowledge."

Women and men interested in the seminars can contact the Women's Studies Center at 554-2408 for additional information.



Duffy, Raoul. Nude on a Pink Sofa.

Norton Exhibit in full swing at the FIU Visual Arts Gallery. For Gallery hours call 554-2890.

Bootsie bares it all - See page 3 for details



Hispanic Heritage Oct.8-15

Opening Ceremonies Mon. Oct.11, 1982 11:30

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Academic Coordinator/International Studies Program/
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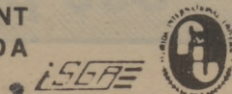
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Walking Your Wits



The *International* welcomes letters on topics of interest to the University and its community. All letters must be typed and must contain the writer's name, address and phone number—and if the writer is a student — ID number. The deadline for publication is Friday at 5 p.m. for Wednesday's issue. All letters are subject to editing to conform to space and style requirements.

INTERNATIONAL

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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.

Dear *International*,

Where various rumors concerning Joe Kaplan's continued involvement with Student Affairs may or may not be factual, the following lines are written to discourage those in power to disassociate Dr. Kaplan's ties with Student Affairs, Student Activities, and Student Government.

First, let me begin by saying that Dr. Kaplan is more of an exception than a rule among administrators/educators who really care for and respect student needs. Dr. Kaplan, or Joe as he is known to many of us not only spends countless hours counselling students, but also never has his doors closed. He is generous when giving of his knowledge and time. An invaluable resource that many at FIU shut off at 5:00.

Joe is an asset to the University and to Student Affairs. It would be very disheartening to hear that another friend and talented administrator of the student body was being alienated from us students.

Joe Acosta,
 SGA Comptroller

iHola! as they say East of Kendale. It's been an absolutely enchanting last few weeks here at FIU. Why with all this Second Decade fuss I haven't had a second to relax and write my little column.

Folks, I must say that the Founders Day Celebration was just too much! Yours truly found herself *tete a tete* with all manner of illuminaries. Of course *moi* is not easily impressed. However, I just loved the clever way that ex-FIU president Chuck Perry sucked all the glory away from Wolfie. And you can bet your tan that *El Lobo* was peeved!

My dearest chum Conchita Ogelthorpe tells me that the Premiere of the new Women's Studies Center Sept. 16 was absolutely darling; but oh *so* boozh-wah, as the mis-guided dears served only wine and cheese. Golly! Any woman worth her salt knows you absolutely must have red meat of some sort at these *fetes*, otherwise the indispensable gentlemen won't make an appearance!

Needless to say I was quite shocked when Conchita revealed the true nature of the Women's Center. Why all along I thought it was *THE* place to go for a quick nap when menstrual cramps get the best of a girl. Phyllis will definitely spit bricks when she hears about this!

The social event of the semester took place in the Rat last week, when the jolly crew of the *International* surprised their managing Editor with a Third Decade Birthday Party! *International* Editor-in-Chief Denise Fellows swore that Mary Acevedo *WAS* indeed the thirty years she claims. However, those "in the know" revealed that Acevedo's youthful looks are due to a more or less permanent blood alcohol level of at least 1.5 percent. Nothing can wither under those conditions, eh, folks? Acevedo, a known curmudgeon to her cronies on the *International* staff, was rumored to have taken the whole affair in an uncharacteristically gracious manner.

Speaking of Birthdays. Rumor has it a secretary received a very special *gift* for hers—and on her knees yet! Special tip for ladies— When accepting indiscreet gifts, always lock the door!

Ciao til next week,
 Bootsie Cavendish

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FIU plays host to **New dean in Education** Public Flea Market

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

FIU has a warehouse full of defective equipment and wants to sell it to you.

The Property Department will be selling \$15,000 worth of surplus equipment from Sept. 27 through Oct. 20, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Most of the equipment is only slightly damaged, such as broken gauges and burnt-out transistors. The state requires FIU to dispose of its surplus property either by auction, a closed-bid sale, or simply by dumping it. Property Manager Harold Mann prefers the idea of the closed-bid sale.

"This way we have three weeks. We'll have more buyers, and the buyers will have more time to choose," said Mann.

The office-buff will have a large selection of computers, calculators, and microfilm projectors to choose from. There is also plenty of lab and scientific equipment for the aspiring Dr. Frankenstein.

Mixers, ovens, coin changers, floor polishers will be on sale, and Hi-fi fanatics will be able to buy color televisions and electronic equipment. Two 1977 Dodge Sedans will also be on sale, and they reportedly are in running condition. Remember, most of the items are defective in some way, and there will be no warranties.

The sale is open to the general public. The merchandise is being stored in the W-10 building located on the west side of campus adjacent to SW 117 Ave.

All bids must be in by 4 p.m., Oct. 20, in PC-519. For more information contact Harold Mann; 554-2167.

Peter J. Cistone, formerly associate dean for academic affairs at Temple University, has accepted the post of dean of the School of Education at FIU.

Cistone, who arrived in Miami on Sept. 10, has been at Temple since 1976 in his capacity as associate dean and as a professor of educational administration.

His responsibilities as dean of Education at FIU will include

guiding the development and administration of curricula and programs leading to undergraduate, graduate and doctoral degrees in education.

Cistone's career also has included positions as visiting lecturer, Division of Education Policy Studies, Pennsylvania State University and associate professor, Educational Administration, University of Toronto.

He has published more than 30 articles, chapters, monographs, and papers on educational research, administration and other aspects of his profession. He is the editor of a book, *Understanding School Boards: Problems and Prospects*, as well as serving in editorial capacities on numerous professional publications.



Self Awareness Class Means Finding Inner Space

MARYBETH ACEVEDO
Managing Editor

If you are ill at ease, depressed, anxious, frustrated, or just plain clumsy, Kathleen Barry may have the answer to your problem.

Barry, an FIU Social Work major, will be teaching an intriguing new approach to self awareness as part of her independent study this fall.

The course, titled "Opening Your River of Life," will incorporate "dance, movement and breathing exercises to increase the student's awareness of self and release the creative spirit," said Barry.

Barry will also utilize some aspects of yoga, karma, and rebirthing, to help her students adjust their inner space. "When you clear space within yourself you create space for everyone and everything in relation to you," Barry said.

One of the most interesting topics covered in the class is the concept of "rebirthing." This subject has received considerable media coverage in the last few months, especially on the Phil

Donahue Show.

Rebirthing teaches the student how to purge himself of negative energy blocks acquired through the physical trauma of birth. The breathing techniques used in rebirthing may also be used to rid the body of negative blocks acquired after birth.

Barry has been a dancer for the last 25 years. She was a professional dancer with the Pennsylvania and the Atlanta Ballet companies. Barry studied dance at the Joffery National Ballet School in Washington, and at the Miami Conservatory.

The class will begin October 14 and will run through November 18. Class will meet Thursday from 12:15 - 1:30 at room 333 in the Trade Center Building at Bay Vista. There will be a charge of \$18 for the course, which is non-credit.

Barry has limited the size of the class to 30 students, so that everyone may receive the benefit of personal attention.

Students needing additional information can contact Susan Weitz at 940-5648.

Club News

Imagine yourself skimming breathlessly as you windsurf across miles of sapphire-blue water, or gracefully exploring the silent mysteries of a living reef. These exciting leisure activities are enjoyed every weekend by members of the FIU Diving and Windsurfing Club.

The DWC has begun its yearly membership drive this fall with a raffle. The pot, which will be comprised of proceeds from raffle ticket sales, will be split equally between the winner and the club. One lucky person could walk away with a prize of \$125 if all the tickets are sold. Ticket prices are 50 cents apiece or three for \$1.00.

There is no requirement for membership in

the club, except for a keen interest in water sports. However, club spokesman Rich Portney strongly recommends that individuals have an advanced swimmer rating.

The DWC has a certified SCUBA instructor, and plans are being made to offer diving instruction to members at a reduced cost.

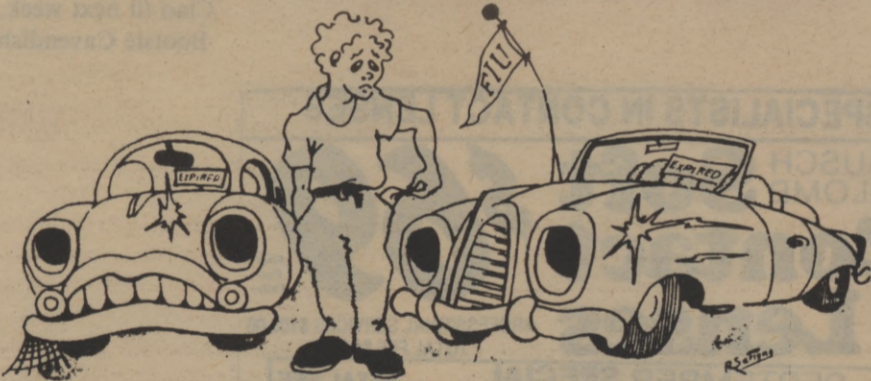
New members interested in windsurfing may obtain free lessons every Friday morning on the Rickenbacker Causeway at Windsurfers Beach. Champion windsurfer and club member Denis Jacques has kindly agreed to share his expertise.

The primary emphasis of the DWC is to promote water safety.

Every club expedition will include one diving instructor and at least two dive masters certified in advanced water safety to supervise the activities.

Club outings planned for this semester include snorkelling, spear fishing, reef, and wreck diving. The club's first excursion is a beach dive scheduled for October 3 at Lloyds State Park in Hollywood, Florida. Divers will need to furnish their own equipment, however carpooling will be available and plans for a barbecue are underway. Students interested in the beach dive or raffle tickets may contact Rich Portney at 554-2591 or 264-0238.

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SCENES AROUND CAMPUS



Students enjoy festivities on Founders Day by participating in "Tug of War."

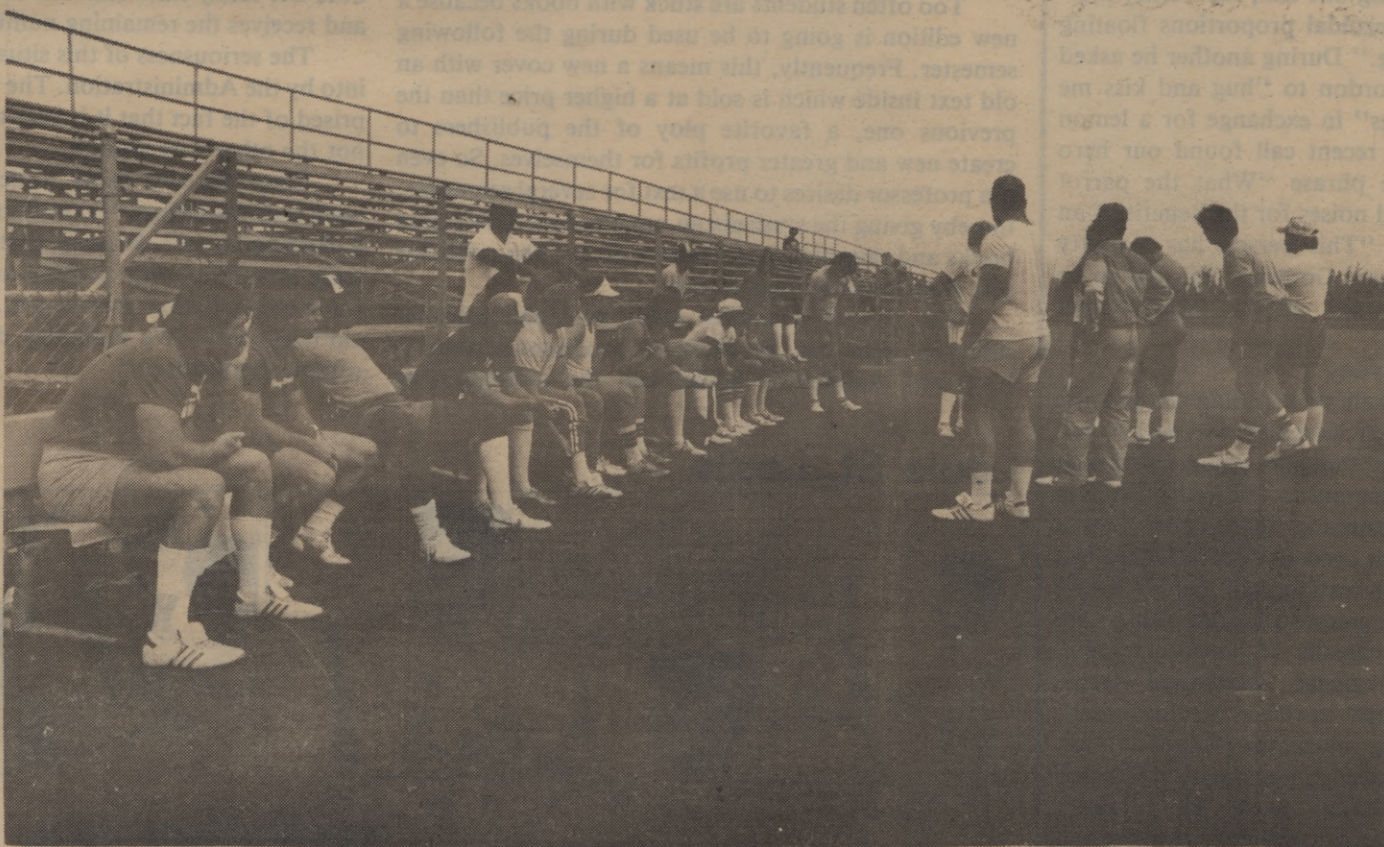
Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

Here we see students preparing for hands-on experience in their field. The giant monument in the background was erected to commemorate Student Inebriaty.



Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

Dolphins keep in shape on FIU's soccer field.



Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

Term Paper Cheating

LILLIAN MARTIN
Contributor

By the time a student reaches college it is assumed that a degree of maturity has been acquired such that the eagerness of making an A is surpassed by the willingness to learn. Unfortunately, this is not always the case.

When it comes to research papers many students are too lazy or too rushed to write their own and will resort to literary theft, often without considering the grave consequences if caught. There are basically two ways in which a student can plagiarize a term paper: either by copying from previously published material or by purchasing a paper written by someone else.

Two years ago an article appeared in *Tropic Magazine* about a woman who accepted a job offer from one of the research centers that sell term papers to students. The writer took a job as one of the staff writers so she could expose the business.

After the *Tropic* article appeared there was an attempt made to pass legislation forbidding the buying and selling of term papers. It wasn't passed. Robert Hann, a professor from the department of Philosophy/Religion, explained that while the form of selling term papers has changed, they are still available. The buying and selling of term papers is difficult to outlaw because it comes close to violating the First Amendment.

"The legislation could not be warded against a graduate student who wished to sell old term papers. This left room for other possibilities in the research paper business."

Many term paper centers defend themselves by claiming to supply only research assistance. One of Hann's colleagues has a list of topics available for sale. If a student's paper has a topic similar to those offered for sale, there may be a possibility of fraud. The professor can then check sources or writing style of previous assignments to see.

Although Hann sees research paper centers advertised around campus, he is hesitant to disclose the locations of these centers. He wants to avoid tempting students to enlist these research services.

Hann recognizes that many students plagiarize out of ignorance. He is willing to spend time with students who need help by showing them what research materials are available in the library, by ex-

plaining about footnotes, and by checking first drafts. With the help he offers to students, he is unwilling to tolerate any form of plagiarism.

Howard Kaminsky, chairman, History department, became suspicious of a student's term paper and checked the source the student had used. The term paper had been copied verbatim from a book.

When Kaminsky showed him the book, the student's defense was that he had paid \$20 for the paper. The student was very angry because he had expected an original paper for the money he had paid. Instead of feeling ashamed of getting caught by his professor, the student felt only anger at being the victim of someone else's dishonesty. He was upset at being cheated. Kaminsky did not ask the student whom he had paid for the term paper.

The history department's guideline for students has information about writing term papers. There is a

con't. next page

the Wrath of Cohen



Toad Flurries



TIM POWELL
Columnist

Ringin' in your head

Things are going from bad to weird at the U of South Carolina where the night shift security guards have been getting some pretty weird phone calls lately. "They're all from the same person... some crazy kid trying to imitate the voice of a senile old Southern woman," said confused security person Joshua Nash. This obviously deranged individual has called nightly at exactly 3 a.m. for the past three weeks. Other confused security persons who have answered the phone vouch for this. According to them the caller starts by asking, "Do you have the time of day?" and then starts ranting about how he wants to bake lemon meringue pies for them. During one call, the "crazy kid" reported "a cow of trapezoidal proportions floating over the fine arts building." During another he asked security person Harry Gordon to "hug and kiss me and do a few other things" in exchange for a lemon meringue pie. The most recent call found our hero maniacally repeating the phrase "What the parrot saw!" and making animal noises for the benefit of an utterly befuddled Nash. "This person has a pretty weird sense of humor," said Gordon. "He should be calling the emergency ward of the local mental hospital."

Smilin' Jack is watching you

What with the football strike going on and the way fans are gnawing their knuckles raw over it and the definite disillusionment that goes along with seeing your favorite hulking mesomorph reduced to human proportions around a negotiating table, it was only a matter of time before some cynical, disaffected human being started rooting for a team mascot (which, being an object, obviously can't go on strike and is therefore above the scumblasting catcalls of pissed-off fans). Which is exactly what cynical, disaffected Archie Clayton of the U of Tampa has done. Archie, a self-described "rabid, drooling, ejaculating" (not at once, we hope) Buccaneers enthusiast, has started a fan club dedicated to honoring Smilin' Jack, the infamous Tampa Bay pirate who graces the team's helmets and looks like a hopped-up Slim Whitman poozwick about to abscond with your daughter's underwear. "Smilin' Jack is the only Buc who is totally blameless in this situation," said Clayton. No word yet on whether a fan club will be formed for Smilin' Jack's cousin, the Oakland Raider, winner of the Moshe Dayan Look-Alike Contest.

JULIA COHEN
Columnist

A university is one of the least likely places one would expect to find a monopoly in motion. Yet our own campus bookstore is a consummate model of a monopoly. In the area of most colleges and universities there is always at least one off-campus bookstore where students can buy books at a lower price. We at FIU do not enjoy this privilege.

As a result, students must pay exorbitant prices for their books--new and used. When books are bought back by the bookstore at the end of each semester, students must accept whatever they are offered, if anything.

A suggested solution is for several student groups to get together and sell used books on a consignment-commission basis in competition with the bookstore. They would then be performing a service for the student body while at the same time raising much-needed funds for their own organizations.

Too often students are stuck with books because a new edition is going to be used during the following semester. Frequently, this means a new cover with an old text inside which is sold at a higher price than the previous one, a favorite ploy of the publishers to create new and greater profits for themselves. So even if a professor desires to use a text for several semesters, thereby giving the students an opportunity to buy used books and save money, he cannot do so. The publisher just stops printing that edition.

The greatest and most easily avoidable injustice inflicted upon us is when a professor orders a necessary number of books and the monopolizing

bookstore deliberately orders at least one-third less from the publisher. This holds up many classes because all the students cannot get the book at the same time. Where technical books are concerned this is especially disastrous. There is absolutely no way a professor can begin teaching a technical course until every student has his/her book. This campus crime is committed even against professors who have been ordering the exact number of books for years, and who have never over-ordered.

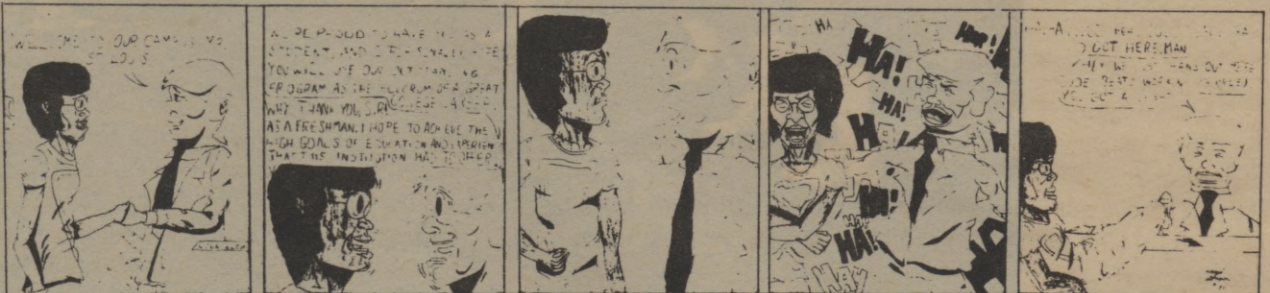
At least three or four weeks of the semester are wasted before the remaining number of books arrive. According to Mr. Lindsay of the bookstore: "We order fewer books than the instructors request of us because we do not want to over-order and have to send books back to the publisher."

It is ironic that the students pay tuition and the State pays salaries to the professors, yet they are all at the mercy of a monopolizing bookstore. The semester does not really start until the bookstore finally orders and receives the remaining number of required books.

The seriousness of this situation warrants looking into by the Administration. The bookstore must be apprised of the fact that it is here to serve the university, not the other way around.

There are also many students and teachers who have been inquiring: "Is the bookstore converting into a clothing store?" It seems that a large section of the store now filled with clothing used to be stocked with trade books-fiction, novels, etc.. Do we need a campus clothing store? We definitely do need a cooperative campus bookstore.

Louis St. Louis



Visual Arts Gallery
Florida International University
Miami, FL 33199
(305) 552-2800

Cheating con't.

con't. from pg. 6

warning about plagiarism, and a recommendation that students consider their papers *creations*, rather than just requirements.

"Some students think the paper is an artifact, just like buying a pair of shoes," said Kaminsky, "then they go out and buy you the best pair they can find."

In May of this year *Time* and *Newsweek* published articles about an honor student at Princeton who had plagiarized her senior thesis. This was not the case of misuse of quotation marks, but of quoting word-for-word and presenting the paper as her own.

What could cause a bright and normally conscientious student to cheat on a term paper?

"Pressure," said Dr. Kenneth Johnson, "it breaks some people."

Johnson is new to the English department, having recently taught at Brown University in Providence R.I. He feels a professor must consider the psychological motivation behind cheating. Many students put off their assignments until the last minute, then discover they have several papers due in one week.

One incident he recalls involved a young woman who plagiarized a paper and was not disciplined.

"She pleaded insanity and sought psychiatric help," said Johnson.

The English department at Brown University has an informal policy on plagiarism to guide professors in deciding fair punishment. The policy differentiates between hard and soft plagiarism.

Hard plagiarism constitutes "premeditated use of another's ideas or statements," and results in a student's expulsion from the university. Hard plagiarism is difficult to prove because the professor has to find all the sources as evidence.

Soft plagiarism constitutes "misuse of quotations of outside sources," either through ignorance or carelessness, "or using a phrase not their own without a quote." This is excusable only in students unfamiliar with writing term papers, such as freshmen, and is not severely punished.

None of the other four Northeastern colleges and universities Johnson taught at had policies on plagiarism. He believes a policy is necessary, especially one that differentiates between hard and soft plagiarism.

"Some students are severely punished for soft plagiarism," said Johnson, "some teachers react so strongly to plagiarism that they don't seek out the differences or problems."

Since cheating is more likely to happen on open topic writing projects, Johnson handles the problem by controlling the writing topic and watching his students' term papers in stages of progress; he checks outlines and notes. This is difficult to do in a large class.

While teaching at the University of Washington at Seattle, Asher Milbauer, also of FIU's English department, had an incident with a student who, except for the opening and closing paragraphs, had plagiarized an entire paper. He noticed this discrepancy when the body of the paper proved to be more professional than the other papers the student had turned in.

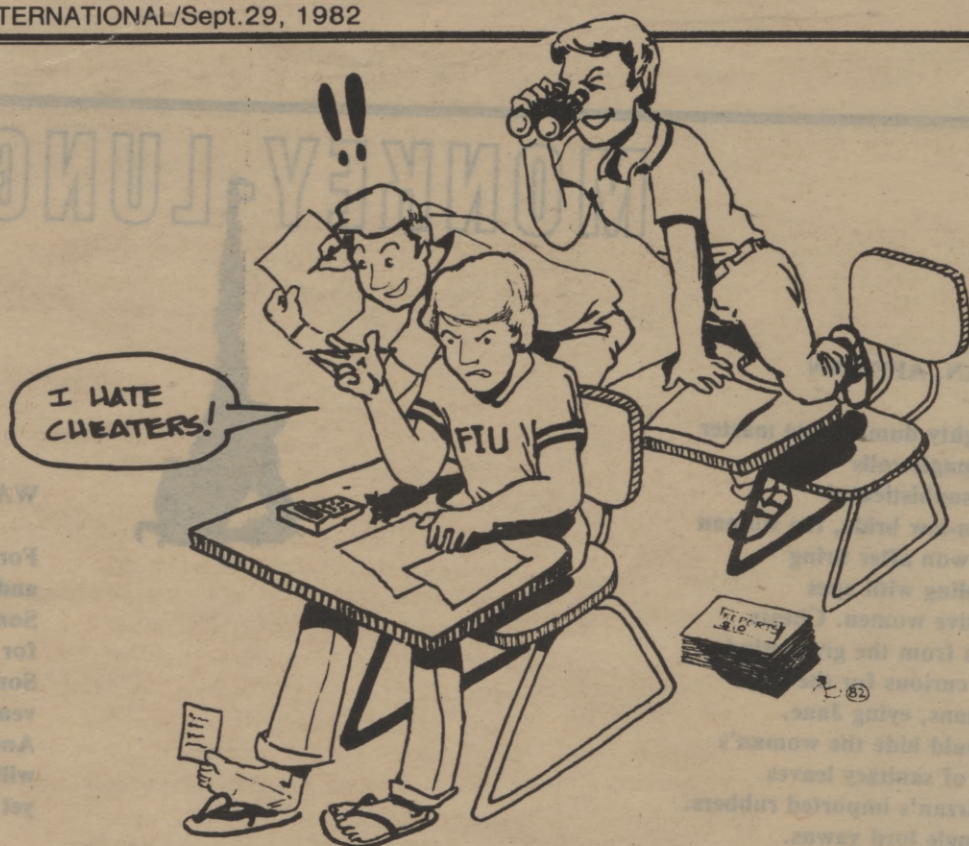
Milbauer approached the student who became angry and defensive, claiming she had been "inspired" while writing the body of the paper. She never admitted the crime, but dropped the course to avoid "further intimidations" from Milbauer.

Not all Milbauer's cases turn out this way. Usually a student repents. Depending on the type of plagiarism committed, he will give the student another chance. This usually means an "F" on the plagiarized paper, and a self-written paper from the student. He then averages the two grades together. Other than having the student drop the course, Milbauer finds this the easiest and shortest process.

How can a professor protect himself from plagiarism?

"There is not much you can do about it. It is not easy to check all the sources... all you can do is advise students not to cheat. Many do not understand plagiarism," explained Milbauer. "the same student who cheats in one class will cheat in another... sooner or later he will be caught."

One of the research assistance centers posted on the bulletin boards at FIU is located out of state. When this writer called the toll-free number for information on their operation, the young man on the other end of the line said that the company is the largest and



cheapest in the nation, has been at the same location for the past ten years and is listed with the Better Business Bureau.

The company claims to have over 14,000 research papers in stock, but if a student needs a topic not on file, one of their staff members will write it. Depending on the work required, they charge by the page or by the hour.

When questioned on the access a Miami student might have to the materials used for the term papers he assured me that the sources are mostly journal articles which are available in most campus libraries. He also said that if a student listed what sources to use, they would use only those mentioned. A student is also welcome to send them the books he wants used for the research and they will mail them back at no extra charge.

Their business includes term papers, book reviews, and graduate theses. I was assured of professional work. Their staff is headed by a published writer and the minimum requirement for their staff is a B.A., although most of them also have an M.A.

Concerning the possibility of getting caught, he advises a student to use as much of his own writing in the paper as possible. He explained that on every page of the 'preliminary research paper,' which is the term he used in reference to the purchased term papers, there is a blank space in parentheses where the student is advised to expand on the material in his own words. It also contains suggestions on areas the student should contrast in his own words.

They have had zero complaints about plagiarism. A customer is required to sign an agreement stating that he will put in some of his own writing. The more writing a student does, he explained, the less chance of getting caught.

But if there is enough material sent to comprise a completed paper, what's to keep a student from copying it word-for-word?

"It is possible to copy, we can't police it... but that's cheating," he said.

For only \$1 a student can receive a catalogue which lists all the topics available. Once a topic is chosen, the student calls the toll-free number and the research paper is in the mail within an hour. They even accept Master Card.

"A lot of our advertising is done by word-of-mouth... half of our customers are referrals."

I told him I was curious as to how a research center in another state could have notices posted on campus bulletin boards in Miami. After a long pause, he answered.

"Ah, well, that's our secret... you wouldn't expect IBM to reveal their advertising strategies... that's our trade secret."

In distinguishing between buying a term paper or buying only the research, Robert Hann contends they are both example of cheating.

"If the research has been done by someone else, then the student has been only the editor and not the author."

The purpose of writing a term paper is to give the student the experience of dealing with a topic at a greater depth than would be possible in a lecture. If someone else does the research, the student has missed this learning experience.

Hann believes that students should have the opportunity to experience the pleasure that comes when they realize they have discovered an angle, or question, or a study which has never been dealt with.

As far as buying a term paper versus buying the research, Hann said, "The form is different, but the matter is the same."

Donald Watson, chairman, English department, sometimes suspects papers because the sources are not the type available in Miami. This happened once in a film class where a student listed a source which Watson was familiar with and knew was not available in the area. The student denied the charge that he had cheated in any way.

"You can ask the student about a source," said Watson, "although you can't always check every possible source."

Depending on the circumstances of a plagiarism case, a professor may decide to forward the offense to a review board for a formal hearing.

The Division of Student Affairs publishes a booklet which explains the University's policies and procedures regarding student conduct. In this booklet *plagiarism* is defined under Section 3. Academic Misconduct. It explains all the legal procedures a student must follow if caught plagiarizing.

When an informal hearing between a professor and a student does not resolve the problem, a formal hearing before the University Academic Conduct Review Board is arranged. If the UACRB panel finds the student guilty of the charge, disciplinary action is decided.

To avoid any misunderstandings about term papers, Watson gives all his students copies of the English department policies. This paper clearly defines plagiarism and warns against it. It also explains footnotes and bibliographies so that a student will not present someone else's work as his own.

Watson was asked how a professor can know for sure if a student has cheated on a term paper.

"Sometimes it's very, very hard."

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TEST PREP — TUTORING — COUNSELING — SPEED READING

The Happiest Two People

Once more the middle-aged man smoothed his well-cut Italian silk jacket and looked anxiously toward the doorway of the cocktail lounge.

A young woman entered and stood there. She was beautiful. She wore a beige-colored sheath that rose and fell with the contours of her body, and she stood proudly, as a woman will when she knows she is beautiful.

The man jumped up from where he sat and rushed toward the girl.

"Darling!" He caught hold of her hand and stood looking at her.

"Am I late?" The smile began--a slow little half-smile that put a light in her eyes and gave her an almost demure look that contrasted oddly with her air of self-possession.

The man studied the girl and his eyes went soft and moist. He opened his mouth to speak, his throat worked, but no words came.

"I'm sorry, darling," the girl said. It's the new car. I suppose I haven't really learned to handle it yet."

"Should I have gotten you a smaller one?" he managed to ask.

The girl drew her eyebrows together in mock dismay.

"Heavens, no! This one's perfect. I love it."

The room had been heavy with talk before, but now the hum receded as people turned to look at the girl. The men took long sensuous draughts of her and their eyes widened in discovery. The women looked, their eyes narrowed, and they looked away.

The girl became conscious of people staring at them. She glanced about, then plucked at the man's sleeve.

"Where are we sitting, Charles?"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" He touched her elbow, indicating their direction. They made their way through the packed room to the booth he had left and sat down opposite each other. He settled himself, careful to adjust his coat in a particular way over his stomach. "It's just that when I see you I forget where I am."

The girl propped her smart tan handbag on the table, up against a mirror designed for reflecting hands and glasses.

"I like your excuse," she said, "I forgive you."

"I ordered two of the usual--I hope you don't mind. I wanted to save time. I have very good news..."

"Oh, Charles!" She stared at his hair and her smile was almost full. "You *did* it--you had it cut the way I said!"

"You like it?" He ran his hand through his hair and grinned, awkward and half-embarrassed. "I was afraid it might look silly."

"Oh Charles--you look fifteen years younger!"

His face glowed. "According to what you said yesterday that would make me about twenty-five."

Her eyes shone in their unique way. "Or even less."

He had watched her as she smiled, watched her lips as they formed words, her eyes as they studied his hair. His eyes misted over and he reached across the table for her hand. He pulled it across to his side and cupped it in both of his.

"We're going to be the happiest two people on earth," he said, "I know it." He paused as if for an answer. "I'm going to give you all of the things you've never had, and you're going to help make up for all the things I've missed. Right sweetheart?"

"Of course--of course it is." And suddenly she drew her hand away.

Loss filled the man's face and his hands lay empty on the table. The girl nodded in the direction behind him.

"Sorry, darling," she said, "Our waiter..."

"Oh!" Immediately happiness was back in his face and he leaned over to whisper.

"I love your modesty," he said. "I love you for it!"

She raised her eyebrows in apology "It's probably silly. It's probably very silly--"



Aramis O'Reilly

"It's not silly," he replied quickly. "It's the lady in you and I love it!" He pulled back as the waiter's thigh pressed against their table. The man wore his blissful look, the soft eyes glowing and playing over the girl as before. Without looking away he felt for the rectangle of cigarettes that lay on the table and held them out to her.

"No--thank you."

"Oh, I forgot. I always forget." His smile took on a fatherly benevolence. With his eyes still on her he took a cigarette from the pack, lighted it, and exhaled to one side. "But don't think it's unimportant to me. Actually I'm proud that you don't smoke."

"Then I'm glad," the girl said.

The man tried to force the smile from his face and pretend a pout.

"You don't seem very much interested in my news."

"What news?"

"Don't you remember? When you got here I told you I had good news."

"No--I don't...I was so excited over your hair."

"Oh, darling!" The man's move was abrupt and he almost upset the girl's glass as he reached for her hand and pulled it to his side of the table. "That's what I love about you. You always build me up!" He clung tightly to her hand and there was more than mist in his eyes now.

"Now, Charles--is this the good news you had for me?"

"No, darling." He reached for his handkerchief. His smile was back, though a bit wobbly. "It's about Janet and the divorce."

"No!"

"Yes. She came to my office this morning--with her lawyer. She's reconsidered. She's going to give me the divorce."

"Oh, Charles--I can't believe it!"

"It's true, darling. All the details were ironed out this morning. She's leaving for Reno next week."

"Oh Charles, how wonderful!" She sat staring at the man as though she couldn't believe what she heard. "But tell me," she said, "Why did she change her mind so quickly?"

"Simple. She decided that if I didn't want her she shouldn't want me."

"That sounds rather sad, doesn't it?"

"Yes--yes it does. But what can you do? If you stop loving someone. I mean--if you fall in love with someone else--there's nothing you can do, is there?"

"No, I suppose not."

"I have another surprise for you." He took a

small velvet box from his pocket, opened it, and held it toward her.

She did not take the box; instead she sat as if transfixed by the fiery stone housed within the dull little shell.

"What is it?"

"Your engagement ring."

Still looking, the girl flexed the fingers of her left hand and felt with her thumb for the ring she was already wearing.

"But what about this one? It must have cost you--"

"That's for second best." He took hold of the ring and slipped it from her finger, replacing it with the larger one. He held her finger and turned it from side to side. The stone shot its sharp fire right, then left. "Besides, this one's to prove something."

"What?"

"How much I love you." He leaned close. "I'm not very good at words, darling, and I don't like comparisons--but there's something I want to tell you." He laid his finger over the ring. "Of all the things I ever gave Janet, all those thirty years..." He tapped the ring. "All of them added up didn't cost what this ring did."

"Why, Charles--" The girl's smile disappeared.

"I knew that would make you happy."

She closed her eyes. "Yes," she said, and rose from the booth. "Will you excuse me a minute, please?"

The man was up at once. "Anything wrong, darling?" He forgot this time to arrange the coat over the thickening part of his body.

"No," she said. "No--it's just that at times like this--when something especially nice has happened--I like to be alone for a moment." The little half-smile was back again. "Understand, Charles?"

"Of course. Just promise me you'll hurry back."

"I promise."

She reached the restroom door, looked back and saw that his eyes had followed her. Still wearing the little smile she pursed her lips toward him, pulled the heavy door open, and entered. The restroom was empty. She stood where she was and nervously fumbled in her bag until she found a cigarette. She lighted it, drew until her lungs were deeply filled, then sank back against the door with her head thrown back and her eyes closed. She exhaled slowly.

"Son of a bitch!" she said.

MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW

TARZAN, APEMAN

The mighty dumb brute master of the jungle rolls off his sophisticated common-law bride, the woman he had won after tiring of coupling with apes and native women. Cheeta watches from the grass window always curious for the ways of humans, eying Jane. Sha would hide the woman's supply of sanitary leaves and Tarzan's imported rubbers. The jungle lord yawns. Jane yawns. Cheeta yawns. After his early-morning piece of ripe melon the Ape King swings off into the back yard to kill a crocodile or two, beat up on arrogant lions, and save the baby Timba from the tar-pits before lunch. Mighty loin-cloth Tarzan perched high in the tree-tops trumpets his famous yell. His genitals inflamed from something he can't pronounce. "Oom-gao-weh!" he orders, but the herd of insect beasts won't obey him like the Timba. And in the quiet of jungle leaves Tarzan is restless.

Daniel Courtney

TO A LION FROM A SCORPION

You are the wind and I am the soil.
Your roar is wide and it soars.
My movements less majestic,
Understood only by rock dwellers
Not open plains; rather, cellars.
Perhaps our colors were meant to
Pervade,
Not mesh,
Not mix,
Not fade.
But if ever you get lost in the
desert, please allow me to show
you the shade.

Peter R. Molinari

NOTE LEFT ON AN UNFLUFFED PILLOW

I've heard you
typing, bleeding
in the morning hours.
You have the universe
on your shoulders,
or on a string.
Sometimes
I can't tell which,
Nor can you.
But I'm your wife.
Shouldn't I know
what drives
you to words;
that other world?
What about us?
And children?
Linda.

Daniel Courtney

WATER

For many set out to sea
and don't return
Some serve as markers
for they've been this way before
Some serve as guides for they've
ventured further
And it is true that some
will never leave the shore
yet drown within the waters of themselves

Dawn Davie

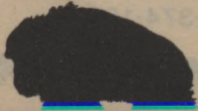
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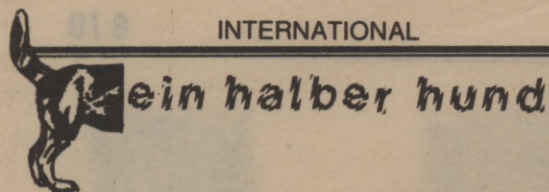
DESIRE

Oh, it's you again,
Just like all the others
You can't have me at any price.
This is my home,
And I don't like you coming around
Offering gifts, you showboat,
All gussied up for the weekend:
Grasshopper-green pants,
Pumpkin shirt,
Mirrored sunglasses
A pockmarked gofer face
A sigh that would make your own mother
Wee in her pants hysterically.

I see
Your darting tongue, your quivering cheeks
Turn cyanic with desire
As I slip my rear from side to side
Away from you.
Where I go it is dark and dangerous,
Only the tough survive,
You dare not follow.
Go home buster,
Your type is useless around here
I'm too wise to end up
Another trophy.
I'm happy with my life,
I'm the incalculable fish and
With a swish or two, I can propel myself
From your view,
Upstream where the water is crystal blue.

Garrett Van Smith





Velvet scraps

BRUCE KAPLAN
Music Editor

Unimpeachable sources have informed me that despite growing interest in musics permuted in one way or another from the punk/new wave line, some of its foundations remain all too unexplored. With the passage of time, the Velvet Underground (VU) looks increasingly like *the* seminal band of the 1960s, and none of the many bands and musicians who bear their influence have surpassed their body of work. Although Lou Reed, as lead vocalist and principal songwriter, was always the central figure in the group, his cohorts (John Cale being the best-known) were both integral and stellar. Reed has gone on to do some magnificent work as a solo artist, but the Velvets stand apart.

"*the velvet underground—etc.*" is just what the album's title implies: a collection of odds and ends. It is comprised largely of material which could be obtained 5 or 6 years ago—with difficulty and at no small expense—on two bootleg EPs, *The Primitives: pre-Velvets* and *White Heat*. The latter has ranked as one of the small treasures of my collection. Great songs (credited to "L.H. Read"), superb cover art; the record never failed to draw a quiver from any VU fan seeing and hearing it for the first time.

The Primitives' songs (4 in all) are on side A of



"the velvet underground etc."



"etc." As it turns out, we hear not only the Primitives, but also the Beachnuts and the Roughnecks, all three being monikers under which Reed and unidentified associates recorded for Pickwick Records in the mid-sixties. As C. Walker relates in his liner notes, the company's idea was to use salaried, unknown musicians to mimic then-current trends and bring in big profits on the basis of low expenses.

Hearing these songs, I have to believe that the joke was on Pickwick. Instead of slick mimicry they got perverse variations on the styles of the day. Surf music, hotrod music and "new dance crazes" all served as grist for Reed's mill. On "The Ostrich," Reed directs his audience *a la* Chubby Checker: "Everybody get down on your face/ Take a step forward and step on your head/ Do the Ostrich." All four arrangements feature prominent background vocals and choruses behind Reed's singing. These range from screechy falsettos on "Cycle Annie" to yelping responses to the leader's exhortations on "The Ostrich."

Besides featuring Reed's utterly distinctive vocals and his sense of the bizarre, these songs presage the Velvets in other ways. On "Cycle Annie" we hear Reed's churning rhythm guitar, which would become a VU trademark. The insistent, unadorned pulsation of "You're Drivin' Me Insane" is prototypical of any number of Velvets classics.

On the second side you'll find the four songs from *White Heat*. This is bona fide VU material, recorded after Cale departed (ca. 1969), between the group's second and third albums. In describing these songs as "comparatively light weight," I really don't believe Walker does them justice. They're rough takes, but for a Velvets fan they're essential.

"Foggy Notion" is sort of a companion piece to "Sister Ray," the 17 minute epic from their second album. The song's a blues (!), with violent imagery and fittingly raw guitar work. I'm told that it was at times a highlight of VU concerts.

Drummer Maureen Tucker is lead vocalist on

"I'm Sticking With You." Her vocals are heard infrequently on the VU albums, although a recently recorded solo LP is now available. Tucker's fragile singing is surprising in view of the implacable, almost monolithic drumming for which she is best known.

The band creates a tightly structured frenzy on "Ferryboat Bill." The lyrics speak for themselves: "Ferryboat Bill won't you please come home/ You know your wife has married a midget son." The totality is evocative of a space somewhere between Twain's Mississippi and the sludge on the bottom of the Hudson River.

Rounding out "etc." are a couple of pieces of mid-sixties graffiti. "Conversation" was recorded in 1966 at Andy Warhol's Factory and was issued as a flexi-disc in Warhol's *Index*. Tunes from the first VU album are heard behind the group's chatter: a curio. "Noise" was released as part of the East Village Other's *Electric Newspaper*, a commemoration of the 1966 marriage of LBJ's daughter, which happened to fall on Hiroshima Day. The band supplies a quasi-Eastern drone (or maybe they're just tuning up) to accompany some suitably banal TV commentary on the wedding.

Although "etc." is a must for Velvet fans, it is certainly not the place to begin checking out the group. For that purpose I'd recommend either the first or last of the band's four studio albums. *The Velvet Underground and Nico* (1967) is the rawer and darker of the two. The record is always great, sometimes shattering, but its perhaps best known for Andy Warhol's cover painting, *Banana. Loaded* (1970) is the Velvet's most immediately accessible work. Every song's a gem, and "Sweet Jane" and "Rock and Roll" are classics.

You can pick up "etc." at Yardbird Records in Coconut Grove. Yardbird also has the best selection I've seen in this area of the other Velvets albums.



Heads Over Heels



TIM POWELL
Columnist

Face it, Talking Heads fans... David Byrne is a wimp. And his entire career as the head Head has been dedicated to making himself look like less of a wimp. It's his artist impetus, his muse, if you will, and you can forget all that crap about the source of his inspiration being the conflict between paranoia and the desire to be some kinda cross-cultural mystic and I'm reminded of the writer who said Dave was a cross between Big Bird and Franz Kafka. I say he's Dale Carnegie and Jonathan Richman, but that's beside the point (as is usual with wimps).

What is not beside the point is that it takes a while to get past the wimpiness and hear the Heads for what they are: one of the two or three great rock bands that has never sung about sex.

Like on *Remain in Light*, which I now regard as one of the major accomplishments of Western Man and a lot of fun, too, but at first sounded like a buncha abstruse candygram words kicking their way backwards into cerebral polyrhythm blitherings that had a lot more side-slashing kick to the guts and brain when Sly Stone did 'em 10 years earlier, another gaggle of white kids who wanna be black. "Divine to define, she is moving to define, so say so, so say so"... How could that ever hope to compete with "Bird, bird, bird, bird, is the word?"

Furthermore, every wheezing rockcrit from the sleaziest fanzine on up has made big whoopee over the

intellectual aspect of the Heads, jamming their lyrics through the academic wringer and either a) waxing metaphysical with them and coming all over the place or b) cutting them down for being pretentious twits. And both camps were painfully off.

First, David Byrne's most cerebrally-stimulating couplets could never hope to match the thrill of hearing Joey Ramone yell "Hey, ho, let's go!" over three chords of benzedrine primordial smash because Dave may have had command of the lexicon but Joey had command of the emotion along with the pure, howling enthusiasm and in rock 'n' roll (not to mention poetry) that's what counts. I mean, Byrne was not a guy you could picture singing "Surfing Bird" (something I've always regarded as a litmus test for all rock vocalists).

Or was he? Cause on the other hand the man had an amazing vocabulary of wild animal shrieks like "I-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi!" and "Goo-goo-ga-ga-ga!" and sounds that don't even lend themselves to mere letters plus a feeling for total weirdness and paranoia that goes a long way in counteracting wimpiness so that he could sing about hating Life in the Suburbs or the irrelevance of time and motion or a guy who wills his face to change its shape without sounding like a pud. Besides that, their musical thrust, at its best, was just as physically involving as the Ramones' or the Velvets'.

Which brings us to the Talking Heads' performance last week at the Sunrise Musical Theatre, which was as fettle a backblast directed straight at the pelagic

nerve endings as I've ever been privileged to hear, one twisto warpace soundspew after another. David Byrne onstage is a truly funny guy, but mysterious, too, like John Cale before shock treatment and the rest of the band (augmented by four black funk musicians) was so hypnotically propulsive that when the tour-de-forces ("Once in a Lifetime," "Take Me to the River," "Crosseyed and Painless") were extended beyond their normal length the effect was exhilarating, like going over a cliff in your car and surviving, instead of your typical Deadheaded, in-concert, luded-out thrummage that's the musical equivalent of a drunk trying to remove a straight jacket in a small room and running into walls repeatedly. Unintentionally funny, maybe, but you can't dance to it. In fact, the energy level was so up that I didn't even care that they left out "Mind," "Big Country" and "The Listening Wind."

On each of their albums the Heads have accepted wimpiness and then— to use a classic rockcrit word—transcended it. But how much further they can go before dividing and dissolving into the shrieking of worms, musique cement, recitations of tone poems over aural whack-off and soldering irons plugged into guitar amps is anyone's guess.

It doesn't matter to me, though, because I'm in love with the wimps now. The possibility's endless and for me to miss one would seem to be groundless. Because some kinds love are mistaken for visions and I'm confident that one day they'll do a killer version of "Surfing Bird."

Go-Go-Going on Vacation



HELENA TETZELI
Contributor

Not surprisingly, the audience at the Go-Go's concert at West Palm Beach Auditorium last Wednesday night was composed primarily of teenagers. The reasons for this are obvious once you've heard the Go-Go's music. Their material is accessible, flashy, and (with hesitancy I use this much maligned word) *cute*. This is not a denigration by any means. In fact, those very qualities are what I like about the Go-Go's. To expect more would be to miss the point of this band, whose music has no real point and is meant to be enjoyed on a superficial level.

The lyrics, while seldom banal, deal with commonplace themes of summer romance, gossip, and breaking up. The tone is humorous and devoid of any angst. Even the songs dealing with unrequited love are upbeat in mood. The appropriate response to their music was rapidly evident in concert: by the time their first song, "Skidmarks On My Heart," was over, both the audience and the band were bouncing around like hyperkinetic children.

Following this, lead singer Belinda Carlisle appropriately mentioned how nice it was "to be in Vacation Land, U.S.A." The band then dove into songs from their new album, *Vacation*. The title cut is quintessential Go-Go's—melodic, with a catchy drumbeat and tongue-in-cheek lyrics.

Surprisingly, some of their more elaborate pieces,

such as "Automatic" and "Lust to Love," did better in transition from studio to concert stage than did their simpler, more popular songs. One example was their rendition of "Our Lips Are Sealed," which sounded insipid and hollow in comparison with the studio version. That, however, was an exception. On the whole, the frothy, yet satisfying sound heard both on their new album and its predecessor, *Beauty and the Beat*, was successfully delivered in concert.

The opening band, A Flock of Seagulls, gave a performance which threatened to upstage the Go-Go's.

Their material deals with themes of love and alienation in a high-tech world, in which emotions tend to be detached. Among the songs they did were "Modern Love is Automatic" and "Space Age Love Song."

Although this band has in some quarters received the critical kiss of death—accused of playing music reminiscent of disco—I don't think they deserve it. While definitely danceable, I would think twice before dismissing their music as disco. There is an undeniable rock and roll edge to their sound, which is dominated by P. Reynolds' ethereal lead guitar.

All in all, the evening was well spent seeing and hearing the two bands play uncomplicated but effective music. They got us dancing without insulting our intelligence.

eating out

寿司

DEKE HAUSER
Critic-at-Large

"Holly came from Miami FLA... a hustle here and a hustle there... And the colored girls go doot da doot da doot..." Yes, the lyrics of Lou Reed's "Take a Walk on the Wild Side" just seemed to ease into my consciousness as I cruised down 79th Street on a recent balmy evening. But the girls strutting about in red satin hotpants and ten inch spike heels who had the habit of knocking at the passenger window and innocently inquiring, "Wanna date, Sugah?" would not deter me from my mission that night, a sneak attack on the pride of Miami's Japanese restaurant fleet, *Su-Shin*.

Located just before the beginning of the 79th Street Causeway on the Miami side of the bay this comfortable little restaurant and *sushi* bar has been a welcome addition to the Miami area restaurant scene since it first opened years ago in Coconut Grove. However, it was not without a large measure of trepidation that I approached this meal. You see, due to unusual circumstances I was playing host to the Consul of a powerful Arab oil state and his gracious wife, the Lady Diva. And so, as I followed the camel droppings to the front door of the restaurant it occurred to me that my guests had already arrived. Sure enough I found them inside, happily sipping Kirin Beer and fondling their goats, which were tethered to a nearby table.

We started our repast with several interesting and unique appetizers. The *Yakitori* (\$2.50) are probably best described as small broiled chicken shish kabobs. Very tasty. The *Shigiyaki* (\$2.00) is eggplant that is cooked in a subtle sweet sauce and is really too much for one person. This dish is unusual and a real palate pleaser. The *Oshitashi* that we tried was a \$1.50 bowl of boiled spinach that is served well chilled. It has an interesting but undefinable seasoning; another unusual dish that is worth a try.

The entrees at *Su-Shin* are truly fantastic. The Vegetable Tempura, at \$4.95, is an incredibly delicious bargain. Broccoli, sweet potato, carrot, scallion, etc. dipped in a light batter and then deep fried is just a pleasure to eat. The *K'viage* (\$4.95) is really a plate full of large shrimp and vegetable fritters that are nothing less than fantastic.

The real centerpiece of *Su-Shin* is its *sushi* bar and the offerings to the gods that pour forth. *Sushi* to the uninitiated can be a frightening experience. The thought of eating raw fish is alien to the American palate, but luckily I did not have to adopt a "Try it, you'll like it" approach with my guests. The poetically arranged fish and seafood creations captivated them from the start and had them both merrily belching by the end of the meal. (Note: belching is the highest compliment an Arab can bestow on a meal).

And so, food fans, I can only urge you to turn Japanese some night in the future and have yourself a really enjoyable meal.

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A Nestful of Stifled Eroticism

MOHL HEALY
Critic

The Nest is a Spanish film currently playing at the Arcadia theatre in Coral Gables. The story involves an aging widower living outside a small Spanish town. Don Alejandro lives an ostensibly simple life. He has a nice house and spends his time playing chess, hunting and listening to the symphonies of Haydn. He lives alone, attended only by a sarcastic housekeeper.

One day, riding in the woods, he finds a series of messages, each directing him to the next one. These notes eventually lead him to a thirteen year old school girl. They become friends and hone a fine line between platonic love and eroticism. Goyita is an intelligent and intense girl, seemingly beyond her years. She is unhappy at home, caught between a passive father and a harpy mother. Unappreciated and frequently punished for her independent streak, Goyita is determined to escape her oppressive home life.

Don Alejandro also feels unhappy. He married for money, and although he treated his wife well, he never really loved her. He apparently left Spain after the defeat of the loyalists in the Civil War and was interned in a concentration camp in France during World War II. He has basically lived his life by compromise. He is lonely and aging rapidly.

Don Alejandro and Goyita find happiness with one another, but it cannot last. *Macbeth* and *Lolita* are both obvious influences on the film. Don Alejandro first sees Goyita rehearsing as Lady Macbeth for her school play. Like her character, Goyita is a study in stifled ambition and eroticism. Given their age difference and Don Alejandro's yearning for her, the parallels to *Lolita* are obvious.

The townspeople find out about their relationship and are alternately amused and shocked, primarily the latter. Goyita's parents send her away. Her father is a policeman and his superior, the sergeant, has always tormented her. She hates the sergeant and, in a Lady Macbeth manner, arouses Don Alejandro against him.

Don Alejandro and Goyita are different and they suffer continual torment from others. The film's ending is both ironic and tragic.



Hector Alterio in 'The Nest'

Don Alejandro is played with skill and subtlety by Hector Alterio. He manages to capture the yearning for life implicit in his portrayal without over doing it.

Ana Torrent is a marvel as Goyita. She has a screen presence which is riveted without being overbearing. Her sense of mission and purpose is never obliterated by her youth. She may be familiar to some as the star of *Spirit of the Beehive* and *Cria*. Her work is always good, and she is certainly a gifted actress.

Luis Politti sparkles in a small but pivotal role as the town priest who is Don Alejandro's only friend. He is human and seared by doubt; hardly the obnoxious cleric one would expect from, for example, Bunuel.

The Nest is both written and directed by Jaime de Arminan. He started out as a television director and by the late sixties had begun directing feature films. His best known feature is probably *My Dear Senorita*, nominated for an Oscar as best foreign film in 1973. Not incidentally, *The Nest* was nominated in 1981 in the same category. He has certain preoccupations long associated with Spanish cinema. Violence, obsessions, anti-clericalism and the legacy of the Spanish Civil War all find expression in his work. While Arminan may not possess the scathing wit of Luis Bunuel or the incisiveness of Carlos Saura, he has a deft touch with dialogue and an obvious feel for his material.

Whistler at the Bass

RIKKI LEMUR
Entertainment Editor

Whistler's *Symphony in White No. 1: The White Girl* may have been what drew throngs to the Paris Salon de Refuses, but it is his innovative lithographs that should entice you to attend the Bass Museum's preview exhibition on Oct. 3, at 5 p.m.

Whistler, an accomplished and original printmaker, will be represented by 82 lithographs. Whistler began utilizing this medium in 1878 and created over 160 works.

The selection of works being exhibited at the Bass include such subjects as the Thames, London's Chelsea district, depictions of tradesmen and portraits of family and friends. Whistler's feeling for tone and light is recorded with superb mastery. This exhibition was organized by the Smithsonian Institutions Traveling Exhibition.

Music at the Bass:

Under the direction of Thomas Tsaggaris, the *I Classici* string quartet and piano ensemble will present a 3 p.m. performance of music by Vivaldi, Loeillet, Haydn, Mozart, Joplin, Correlli, and Beethoven. Concert-goers are invited to come early and browse through the *Lithographs of James McNeill Whistler* exhibit.

The story of a weekend after a night at the opera.

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Chick Corea's *Touchstone*, featuring Flamenco guitarist Paco de Lucia, will be performing this Friday at Gusman Cultural Center in downtown Miami. Corea is capable of exquisite work in the right setting; I haven't heard him complemented by de Lucia, but the possibilities are intriguing. This concert is one of PACE's rare "admission charged" events, with tickets for the 8 and 11 p.m. shows going for \$10-12.

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DANCE

On Route to Another Sphere



Nan Imbesi in "The Thrill"

Photograph by Claudio Luzarraga

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS
Dance Critic

"I was a jock in high school. I used to giggle running to the bus with my mother in the morning." Nan Imbesi grew up in Manhattan in what was not the best of neighborhoods. "I rode my bicycle, rode the subways, and cursed at people. New York was ethnically varied, colorful and dangerous," says Imbesi, principal dancer of Miami Momentum and Patricia Strauss's L'Image Dance Companies.

"After graduation, I moved into a commune on the Lower East Side, cleaned people's homes, and got fat. I loved to exercise, so one day somebody told me about a free dance class. I walked into Eleo Pomare's studio and saw Carl Paris, a gorgeous black man with these incredible legs. Everyone was undulating in every direction. Heads were spinning for eight counts. Bodies jumped into the air and were suspended forever. I, of course, was totally spastic. When I left I was sore all over, and I couldn't walk for two days."

Imbesi had experienced African dance. Having Ethiopian and Phoenician ancestry, getting in touch with roots has been an unfolding process which has dominated her dancing career.

"I had dreams of being on an African game preserve, I was one of the animals. Sometimes I feel like a panther or a bird. I love animals. We have the same instincts. We, like them, are part of the universe, of God. African dancing is ritualistic; it's sexual and creative."

Speaking from my own experience, I, too, went to Pomare's studio and was mesmerized by all the activity. There was an intense warmth which surrounded these people; they were professionals and they were friends. They became both our mentors and our brothers and sisters.

The studio was a haven for both myself and Imbesi. Pomare, Dy'ane Harvey and Diana Ramos spoke in another language; a beautiful, imagistic, emotionally sensual way to communicate feelings. Imbesi learn-

ed to share her fantasies and weave stories with each movement.

"Shawnequa Baker-Scot was an incredible teacher. She would spend hours with me. She choreographed expressly for me. Being an American Indian and Black, her imagistic visualizations were at the heart of her dancing.

"If I'm reaching I just don't reach helter skelter. I'm reaching toward a person. When I look up and open my arms, I feel the sun on my face or rain or I'm smelling a fragrance of another person or flower."

Imbesi didn't have the training which Pomare's dancers had, but she had a mind which would work miracles. "I make magic when I dance. I remember doing a pitch turn in attitude, which was technically over my head, but somehow the image and feeling of what it should look like was guiding me. What a marvelous moment; to go beyond. I was flying. Dancing is like falling off a cliff."

At this point, Imbesi has developed the ability to extend herself to the fullest. Her years of ballet, modern, jazz and African training, coupled with her natural athletic ability give her an unusual grasp of movement. Delma Iles has said of Imbesi, "Nan is able to do things which nobody else can. She has this incredible back."

African dancing comes from the soul," Imbesi says. "The center is the pelvis. Pomare taught me the power of the torso. I went to May O'Donnell's studio in New York and met Arthur Curits (of Dance Miami). He taught me the importance of alignment. I remember thinking dancers were strange—they were so erect. Now I see how much my body has changed. O'Donnell gave me discipline and Pomare gave me dance.

"I moved to Miami. I love the peaceful way of life. The vegetation and the climate are so different from the smell of New York. I'm a Quaker, you see, and I believe there is God in everyone. I am meditating when I dance.

"While dancing with Fred Bratcher, Peterson, Iles and myself came together as a family. Fred's works were brilliant. He gave us all a sense of solidity, a goal. It was painful for me to leave him. To me he was the epitome of beauty and sensitivity. His works were masterpieces. I learned a lot about myself dancing with Fred.

"Now I'm dancing with Patricia Strauss, who is a pleasure. Sometimes we roll over in laughter with tears coming down our faces. Rehearsing is a joy. I've studied with dynamic disciplinarians and worked with neurotics who threw fits."

Imbesi has said that dance is work, drudgery, exasperation but a total experience. "Dancing is my life. My friends are dancers. I don't know anything else which is as satisfying except raising animals or growing things. I remember how I was during my freshman year at the High School of Performing Arts in New York, a political activist. In fact I was even kicked out because I spent more time worrying about Laos and Cambodia than I did with my drama classes. It's funny that I got accepted there. It was a fluke. I can sing, but I would be terrified singing in front of people. I couldn't breathe. My knees were shaking. They still shake when I'm on stage, but I'm moving so fast that nobody notices."

Imbesi is on route to another sphere when she performs. She is giving of herself, thanking God for life. A purple aura surrounds her. It's electric. It's a celestial celebration. Dance is a wonderful fantasy world which really translates into daily life. Iles' *Thrill* is about women in love and housewives.

"Solo work is interpretive for me. There's a freedom. Yet partnering is more intimate. I love company on stage. Group work is dynamic. I get that from Momentum and L'Image."

It is easy to imagine Imbesi dancing her way into the ground, eventually leaving this world for another, as she sails away towards a big red sun.

Golfers need to work at game

RICK GONZALEZ
Contributor

In spite of a few quirks, the men's golf team is looking at a "thumbs up" season.

At least that's the idea coach Bobby Shave has in mind. The rest is up to the players.

"Last year we had a fair team, this year we're much better," says Shave.

The performance of the 1982 team will be highlighted by three talented freshmen recruits: Bruce Holdendick, who came to FIU from Kentucky, Jeff Cahall of Ohio and Miamian Mike Monte.

Holdendick was the Kentucky state high school champion and runner-up in the high school national championships. Cahall was the Cincinnati junior champion.

"They are solid players who can help the team a lot," says Shave.

Shave expects his squad to perform well enough to receive an invitation to the National Collegiate Athletic Association's division II national tournament. He thinks that the chances are good but a lot will depend on the attitude of the individual players and their commitment to the game.

"The ability is there," explains the coach. "Now it's a question of wanting to play and being willing to work at it."

Shave thinks that the team's biggest problem is their narrow mindedness and their lack of appreciation of their opportunities at FIU.

"This team has great opportunity at FIU to learn to play well under the instruction of Bill Melhorn," says Shave, who considers Melhorn to be one of the best golfers to ever hold a club. "Melhorn is a terrific teacher and his teaching is unique but the players find it difficult to understand the things he tells them because they have never heard it before."

Shave says that "they would rather listen to each other. Unfortunately."

"I think they want to be good players," Shave says. "But they just don't put out. I stress that to them day after day."

In spite of their problems, the Sunblazers got their season off to a good start at the Yale Invitational last week. The placed fourth out of 32 teams from throughout the country and returning letterman Bob Luksis placed fourth individually.

The Invitational was the first of fifteen tournaments that the Sunblazers will play this season.

Their next tournament will be the Steve Clark Invitation on Oct. 3 at the Melreese Le Jeune Golf Course.



FIU cross country runners prepare for victorious season

Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

Volleyball Team is Testing out Skills

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

The FIU women's volleyball team got a glimpse of the upcoming year last weekend in the season's first tournament, the Florida Southern Invitational at Lakeland, FL.

The two-day tournament included six division II teams and gave the Sunblazers a chance to test their skills against some tough opposition.

The Sunblazers won five of seven matches to place second in the Invitational and to make their over-all 6-2.

In the first day of play, FIU defeated the University of Central Florida, the University of Tampa and the University of Montevallo, AL, to qualify for Saturday's matches.

On Saturday, the team soundly defeated Troy State, Al, and UCF. They lost two matches to tourna-

ment winner Florida Southern.

Steny Garcia Montes led the scoring with 36 points for the seven matches and led the team with 15 stuff blocks.

Senior Laura Martin was second leading scorer with 27 points and led the team with 13 ace serves.

Coach Linda Miskovic was pleased but admitted that she always prefers to win.

"We did better than I expected," explained Miskovic. "Last year we placed third in the Invitational and we did well for the first tournament of the season with a brand new team but I still like to win."

Miskovic hopes that the experience will help out when they face the University of Central Florida Friday in Orlando, FL.

"We need a lot more playing together as a team," says Miskovic. "And we're going to have to work harder to get to the nationals."



Understanding Soccer The Offside Rule

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JOHN MESSAM
Sports Writer

The game of soccer, unlike American football, is still in its infancy in the US and the rules of the game may not be as well understood by the spectator as those of the NFL.

However, without an understanding of the rules, it is difficult to enjoy the game.

One of the most important rules of soccer, as well as the one that causes the most controversy, is the Offside Rule.

It is the one rule that is misunderstood and more often than not misquoted.

The rule states: A player is offside if he is nearer his opponent's goal line than the ball at the moment the ball is played unless:

- the player is in his half of the field.
- two opponents stand between the goal and himself.
- the ball was last touched by an opponent or was last played by the player.
- the ball is received directly from a goal kick, a corner kick, throw-in or when dropped by the referee.

The Offside call is the one call by the referee which is sure to cause an outcry from the attacking team.

Soccer is a global sport and understanding it adds a new dimension to international perspectives.

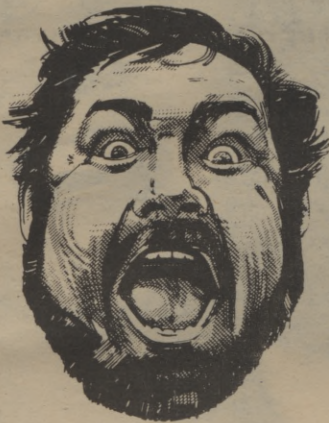


Dolphins: hot children of the city

Photograph by Rick Gonzalez

SPORTS SCHEDULE	
Oct. 1	Volleyball team at the University of Central Florida, Orlando Baseball team vs. Biscayne College at FIU
Oct 2	Volleyball team vs. Stetson U at Deland FL
Oct 3	Sunblazer golfers at Steve Clark Invitational, Melrose Le Jeune Golf Course
Oct 5	Baseball team vs. Miami Dade South at FIU
Oct. 6	Baseball team vs. Miami Dade South at FIU
Oct. 7	Baseball team vs. Miami Dade South at FIU
Oct. 8	Baseball team vs. Miami Dade South at FIU

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DEKE HAUSER
Critic-at-Large

Several weeks ago South Florida television viewers witnessed an act of spontaneous, unexpected savagery that rivaled the live network broadcast of the assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald. Eddie Graham, one of the greatest wrestlers the sport has ever known—but who has been retired for many years—was set upon by one Kendo Nagasaki when Mr. Graham attempted to give first aid to an injured young wrestler. Mr. Graham was hospitalized as a result of this brutal assault; thanks only to the quick work of the Hillsborough County Fire Rescue squad was a graver outcome avoided.

Kendo Nagasaki, the Black Ninja, is the latest in a long line of Japanese wrestlers who have fought around the state of Florida. Japanese wrestlers such as Mr. Nagasaki have always stirred up

the latent xenophobia of the American wrestling fan. Their use of karate, judo and other oriental martial arts in the wrestling ring has always served to alienate wrestling purists. As Mr. Gordon Solie has so aptly stated, "There are twenty six major pressure points in the body, and Kendo Nagasaki knows every one of them."

However, Mr. Nagasaki has gone beyond the bounds of ring decency with his all-too-frequent use of a dreaded green mist, which he blows from his mouth into the faces of his opponents. This mist temporarily blinds it's victims and renders them vulnerable to Mr. Nagasaki's vicious ring tactics. It is the hope of this columnist that one of wrestling's sanctioning bodies will put a stop to this patently unlawful use of a foreign substance. It is time to tell the Black Ninja that the use of the green mist will result in the loss of his Green Card.

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

Soccer results:

Saturday - FIU - 6, Flagler - 0

Hermann Josef Engels scored three goals.

Sunday - FIU - 2, Florida Atlantic U - 0.

Hermann Josef Engels and Eyvind Olsen scored.

Cross Country results

FIU women finished fifth in the FSU invitational. The FIU men finished eighth.

Shelly Gornick placed 18th in the 5,000 meter with a time of 18:16.

Women's Golf

After Sundays first round of the Lady Seminole tournament in Tallahassee, the Sunblazers were 16th in the 19 team field with 320.

Mary Beth Zimmerman was FIU's low score with a 7 over par 79.

The University of Georgia led the tournament with 295. The University of Miami was tied with the University of Florida for 3rd place with 300.

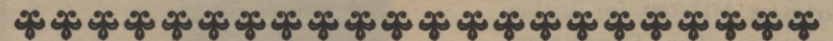
Coach Ken Juhn expected to improve in the standings in the 3 day tournament which ended Tuesday.

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Business Accounting	9/30	12:30 to 1:30 p.m.	UH 314	Patrick Russell
Education	10/22	1:00 to 3:00 p.m.	TBA	Elina Artigas
Engineering/Tech.	10/4	5:30 to 6:30 p.m.	UH 314	Olga Magnusen
All Majors	10/5	5:30 to 6:30 p.m.	UH 314	Patrick Russell
All Majors	10/7	12:30 to 1:30 p.m.	UH 314	Elina Artigas
BAY VISTA CAMPUS				
All Majors	9/29	12:30 to 1:30 p.m.	SC 361	Ina Roper
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TBA = To Be Announced

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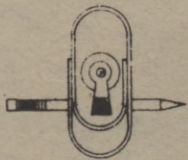
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