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# SAGAMORE

The IUPUI Newsmagazine  
May 25, 1983



## GENESIS

PRIZEWINNING

ARTWORK, FICTION & POETRY

# Staff Council fair promotes health, fitness

by Aubrey M. Woods

Enjoying life more and keeping "Fit as a Fiddle" were themes of a May 20 Fitness Day and Health Fair held on the grounds of the Union Building and the Physical Education facilities.

The fair was sponsored by the IUPUI Staff Council. Planners feel that it will become an annual event.

Some highlights of the day included free medical testing, several sports clinics in which spectators were urged to participate, and demonstrations on such subjects as cycling, weight lifting, tumbling and aerobic dance.

"We hope to provide fringe benefits for the faculty, staff and students," said Shirley P. Newhouse, program director for the Fitness Day and Health Fair. Participants may benefit, she noted, from the free tests for diabetes, blood pressure, sickle cell anemia, tuberculosis and stress as well as many other health problems. Each examination will be followed by further testing and medical attention if a participant is found to have a health problem, according to Newhouse.

"We also hope that with the clinics and demonstrations, people will start a continuing total fitness program—something that people will use throughout the year," Newhouse said.

The idea for a Fitness Day and Health Fair had been proposed by the Staff Council for several years, according to Pat A. Jenkins, council president. "Dorothy Medcalf [current vice-president of the council] was the person who kept the idea in front of the council the past several years," Jenkins said.

Late last year, Medcalf said, Dr. Glenn W. Irwin, Jr., IUPUI vice-president, and Dr. Steven C. Beering, dean of the medical school, for the first time gave their support to the idea.

Staff members as well as participants may benefit from future health fairs, said council president Jenkins. "We did not try to make any money on this first fair, but in future years we hope to do some fund raising for scholarships for members of the staff at IUPUI," Jenkins said.

The IUPUI Staff Council represents more than 5,000 clerical, technical, hospital and other workers on the campus. The council's functions include reviewing personnel policies, representing staff personnel before the administration and, Medcalf said, "making IUPUI a better and better place to work." The Fitness Day and Health Fair, she added, is a part of that continuing effort.

# SA begins new year

by Mark J. Goff

Setting of policy and appointment of committee members were the orders of business at the first meeting of the new IUPUI Student Assembly held yesterday.

Tamera Calhoun, vice-president of the assembly, expressed a desire to avoid assembly involvement with controversial issues having nothing to do with the university. "Typically," she stated, "the IUPUI Student Assembly is very conservative, and it is in our best interest to continue this stance in the upcoming year."

Maintaining "credibility with [IUPUI] faculty and administrators" was the reason Calhoun cited for continuing the conservative stance.

Calhoun was president pro tempore of the assembly for the 1982-83 school year, and she said her previous experience has proven to her that involvement in issues far

removed from university concerns can erode the assembly's credibility.

"The student assemblies at some universities and colleges can afford to risk their necks by getting involved in issues such as nuclear arms and abortion," Calhoun observed; "but experience has shown us that we at IUPUI cannot be so bold."

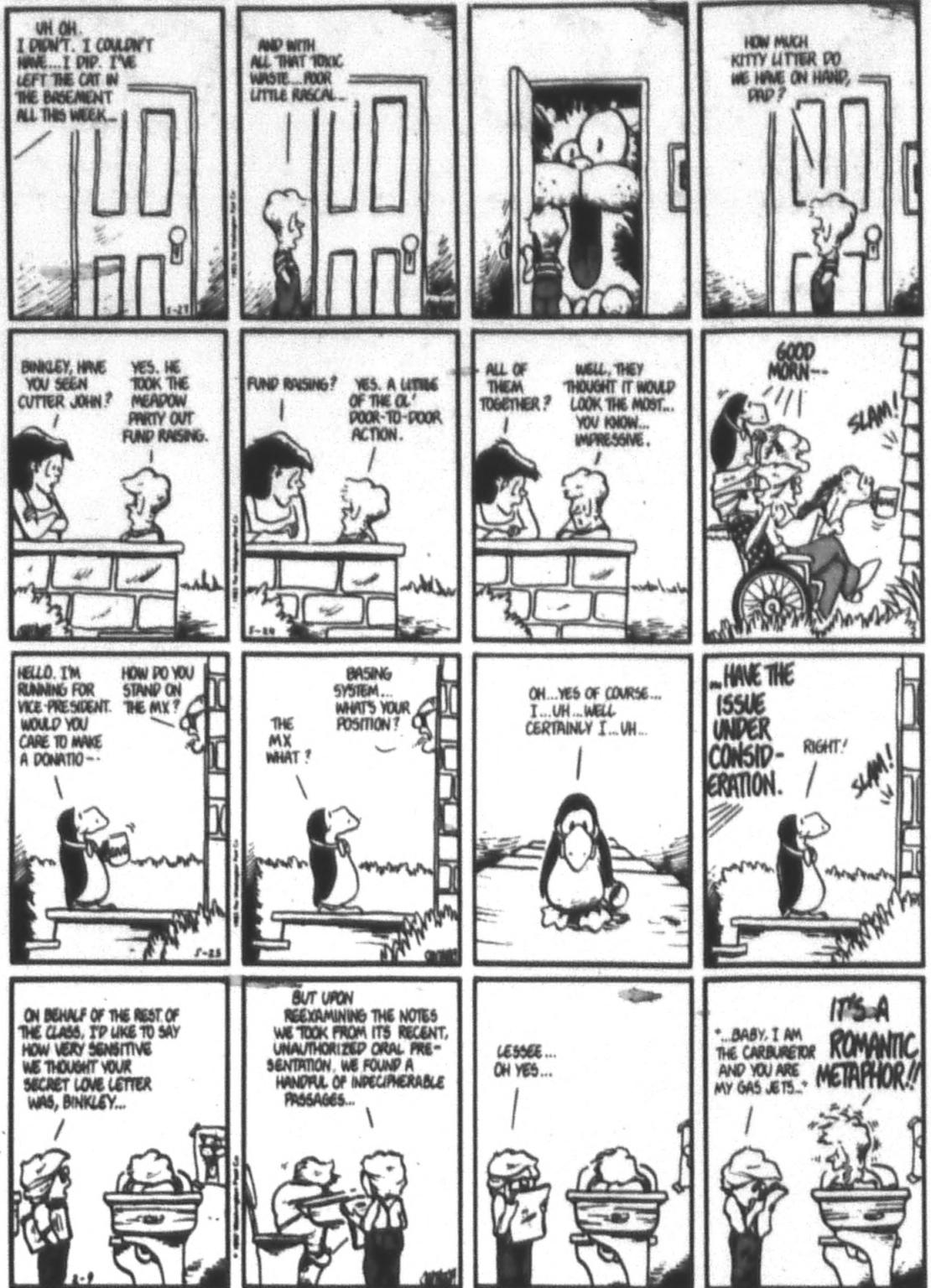
Illustrating this point, Student Body President George Graves remarked that the Student Activity Fee allocation to the Progressive Student Union was jeopardized when the union marched for peace at the Naval Avionics facility in Indianapolis.

"Community interaction can help the university," Graves said, "but not when it takes the form of involvement in controversial issues."

Calhoun added, "We must present a positive image for the entire university and maintain

## BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



a professional stance on issues."

Many seats on the assembly remain unfilled, Graves said in a report to the assembly, and he proposed a plan to help fill them. Graves' plan entails sending letters to the deans of all university schools, requesting that they prepare a list of students they feel would be interested in joining and working for the assembly.

Current members of the assembly were asked to consider joining standing committees within the assembly as well as university committees chartered with a seat for a student representative.

The next meeting of the assembly will be held in three weeks. Committee appointments will be made final at that time.

*Yes, Don Palmer's*

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*Sagamore*, 425 Agnes Street, Room  
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## Students urged to seek competent tutors

To the Editor:

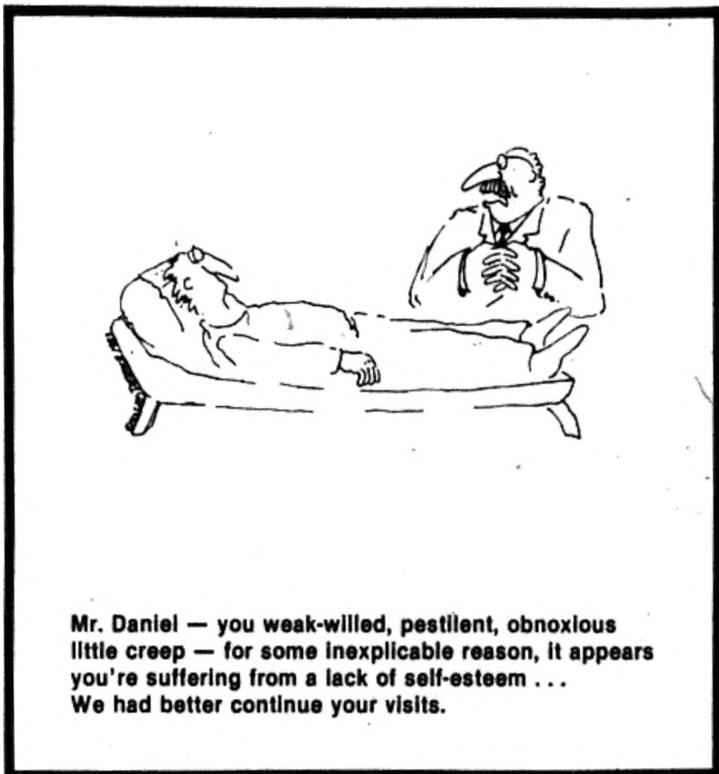
In regard to the letter to the  
editor of May 11 headlined  
"Tutor found overpaid, under-  
worked," we regret the  
student's unfortunate ex-  
perience with a tutor in CS200  
(or CSCI220).

University Division offers  
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We encourage students who  
are in need of tutoring to call  
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to become tutors to contact  
Mrs. Lewis or myself at the  
above number to discuss our  
requirements and their  
qualification as potential  
tutors.

Norman L. Merkler  
Director of Special Programs  
University Division



## NOTICES

Deadline for "Notices" information is 5 p.m. Friday

**The Fencing Club** will hold a meeting on June 4 at 8 p.m. for those in-  
terested in becoming members. The location of the meeting has not yet been  
decided. For information call Mike Yarling, 899-5370; James Johnson, 849-5370;  
or Larry Shields, 782-4179.

**The University Writing Center** is open through July 28 from 9 a.m.  
to 5 p.m. Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Students needing help in  
writing classes or other classes that require writing can receive free tutoring at  
the center.

**The Fellowship of Christian Athletes**, IUPUI chapter, will hold  
a meeting Monday, June 13 at 8 p.m. in the Grissom Room of the Student Union.  
All interested students are invited. For more information, call Dr. Mercer at  
264-3547.

**Members of the Class of 1973** of Arsenal Technical High School  
are looking for their classmates to help plan reunion activities. If you are a  
member of the Class of 1973 or know where members can be located, please con-  
tact Marilyn Hoffman, c/o Arsenal Technical High School, 1500 E. Michigan St.,  
Indianapolis, IN 46201, or call (317) 266-3916.

**The International Students Bible Study Group** cordially invites you  
to its weekly meetings every Friday at 7 p.m., in CA 201. There are a variety of  
programs, including special dinner weekends, film shows and Bible study. Your  
new ideas or suggestions are also welcome. You will enjoy it! For more  
information call 782-3690.

**The Southport High School** class of 1973 will hold a 10-year  
reunion on Saturday, July 30, at the Murat. Call 787-1474 or 888-9474 for more  
information.

**The Dutch Tour**, a Holland adventure, is being organized by Dr. Nels  
Goud of the School of Education, co-founder of QUEST/Humanistic Adventure  
Education. The program is scheduled for July 4-14. Participants will be able to  
design their own adventure singly or with other QUEST members. Possibilities  
include visiting vast flower preserves and medieval castles, windmills and dikes;  
touring the Rembrandt and Van Gogh museums; biking, canal cruises and train  
excursions; and lounging on the North Sea beaches and strolling the Amsterdam.  
QUEST will provide travel arrangements and orientation sessions and materials.  
For further information contact Dr. Nels Goud, School of Education, 264-8296 or  
849-6568.

**The Governor's Fellowship Program** provides a 12-month  
training experience in state government. Following a brief orientation, Governor's  
Fellows are assigned, on a rotating basis, to various state agencies in which they  
observe and train. In addition, the Fellows participate in seminars and field trips  
with top policy makers in state government. If interested in this type of job  
experience, ask for additional information at the Political Science Department  
office, CA506.

**The 1978 Class of Perry Meridian High School** is planning a  
five-year reunion. For information call 888-6238 or 784-9093 by May 6.

**Members of the Class of 1973** of Arsenal Technical High School  
are looking for their classmates to help plan reunion activities. If you are a  
member of the Class of 1973 or know where members can be located, please  
contact: Marilyn Hoffman, c/o Arsenal Technical High School, 1500 E. Michigan  
St., Indianapolis, IN, or call (317) 266-3916.

**Time Management Workshops** run by Dr. Tom DeCoster, of the  
IUPUI school of business, will be held July 12, 13 and 14 in BS/SPEA 4096.  
Covering such topics as "Effective Daily Scheduling" and "Controlling Telephone  
Interruptions," the workshops are tailored for secretaries and administrative  
assistants (July 12), executives, managers and supervisors (July 13) and the  
managerial-secretarial "team of two" (July 14). Each workshop will run from 9  
a.m. to 4 p.m.; the fee is \$89 for each. For further information call 264-3418.

**Law School Students** entering in the fall may be interested in "Paper  
Chasing . . . An Introduction to Law School," a Continuing Studies course  
focusing on basic legal study techniques to help entering law students survive  
the first semester. This one-day seminar will be held Saturday, June 25 from 9  
a.m. to noon and 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. at the School of Law. The cost is \$30 and  
information about registration can be obtained by calling the IUPUI Division of  
Continuing Studies at 264-4501.

**The Phys. Ed. Curriculum** is under study by a committee that invites  
suggestions and comments from students regarding ways to improve and enlarge  
the School of Physical Education's new elective program. Send your ideas to  
Lorinda Church or Keith Martin, Curriculum Committee, c/o S. Sue Barrett,  
Associate Dean, School of Physical Education, PE 251 C. Messages may also be  
placed in boxes located in the Hideaway and the Student Lounge of  
Cavanaugh Hall.

**ID cards for faculty and students** will be made at the following  
times and locations: June 20-24 at the School of Physical Education  
Building/Natorium, Monday and Thursday 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.; Tuesday and  
Wednesday 9:30 a.m.-6 p.m.; and Friday 9:30 a.m.-12 p.m. An appointment is  
necessary. Cards will also be issued in LE 106 on August 11, 12 and 15 from 9  
a.m. to 5:30 p.m., and on August 18, 19 and 22 from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. No appoint-  
ment is necessary. Cards will be issued October 4-6 from 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. by  
appointment. Students must bring a current fee receipt; faculty and staff not  
listed in the IUPUI directory must bring a letter from their department head  
authorizing issue of the card. The cost is \$2. For further information or to make  
an appointment, call 264-3931.

# GENESIS

PRIZEWINNING

ARTWORK, FICTION & POETRY

EVERY SEMESTER the editors of *Genesis* award prizes in recognition of outstanding art and literary work. We are happy to share with our readers this semester's prizewinning contributions of poetry, fiction and photography.

Copies of *Genesis* are available, free of charge, at IUPUI bookstores and at other locations on campus.

## I Will Never Leave Russia

SEPTEMBER, 1918 — this will be my poem the poem of Olga a poem at Perm in the Ural Mountains although I do not know Perm, by day and I only dream of the Urals — their earthen opulence iron, copper and gold. I imagine impregnable tallness of taiga unending cathedral the evergreen forest Russian birch white-threading Siberian spruce, and Siberian stone-pine. There is a house in that forest the deep Russian forest where someday I'll dwell with Tatiana, my sister longest my companion in a low-roofed cottage no dacha, no palace but a home in the forest of our own and we will grow peaceably old together. There will be birds at the daylight in the evening, the fanning of ethereal wings but no other sound. I will sit in our doorway open to the darkening pinewoods and drink my tea Tania busy behind me. Tatiana keeps us though I am the oldest. I am twenty-two, nearly twenty-three. I am Olga, the Tear's

first-born daughter, and I am a Russian I said in the summer of 1914 I am a Russian, and I mean to live and die in Russia.

AND —

I am in Russia I am in Perm a town in the Urals I have seen solely at night. We are held in a cellar of dank indifferent walls underground, with one guttered candle our daylight. Guards stand at the stairhead and guards at the foot watch us, without faces for I will not look I will not remember the merciless helplessness of us — my sisters Tania and Marie and our mother. Marie once was solicitous toward our guards fluent in their families. Now she is not. Mama lies on her pallet a thin mattress on flagstones someone's greatcoat her pillow. Maria and Tatiana sit with her, or sleep on their pallets — more mattresses our only furnishings. I follow the walls my steps wearing an outline like water on stone and sometimes, I whistle.

AND —

I will not grow old I will never marry

and I will never bear children. I knew that before when I found I may carry the seed of the bleeding: I could not bear children. My child was Alexis — Baby, to us four sisters the youngest, the Heir the bright-haired boy whom illness infuriated, our brother who bled inside and died of the bleeding at the end, when our father — o Papa, Father-Tear Batiushka, Little Father my own little father! riven from us by the bullets of the Bolsheviks a soldier's death, you would have said, and been proud. O my father, had you only been as you dreamed an ordinary soldier a Russian soldier not Tear.

WE HAD all been buoyant that last July evening trusting the breath of change in the air an autumn tang scenting the stupor of summer. They had said to us Soon you depart the House of Special Purpose our Siberian fortress. After midnight, they woke us, we hurried to dress then they sent Papa downstairs. They took us to the train without Papa to the train with shuttered blinds that brought us to Perm. O! the deathly certainty dawning, then drumming: there would be no rescue. When we felt the train move without Papa, Alexis though convalescent from his most recent accident hurled himself like a senseless thing against the doors and he bled inside the final bleeding.

NOW our mother does not speak; she prays, her lips constantly murmuring, but in silence. Prayers for their souls, for Papa and Alexis, her Nicky and Sunbeam? or prayers of contrition? (Rasputin, the Dissolute — to her, Father Grigori Our beloved Friend —

said that we all would be dead within two years if he should die. In December '16 he was murdered, by our cousins.) She will not tell not even Tatiana neither does she look nor listen. She does not see there are only three sisters. She does not know her fourth daughter, Papa's Imp. Malenkaia, the Short One Anastasia has run away. They have her again of course, but not here. Now she cannot be with us my daredevil sister. "I don't want to die here!" she hissed while I whistled her eyes darkened in passion. I feel what she feels, but I am older, more tired and I know I am too weak and too worn to outwit them.

THIS IS ALL I have left my mother, my sisters — Marie, perhaps the best of us and the prettiest sister Marie who used to be fat little Bow-Wow Marie who only wanted to marry, and mother children of her own and Tatiana, assured of an auburn-haired elegance Tatiana our Governess the younger ones teased her. These were my sisters who now lie on pallets curled up on their pallets on the stone cellar floor — my mother, my sisters are all I have still that I have always had. I will not leave them. The year is dying in summer and I will never leave Russia.

A YOUNG NURSE came down the stairs to our cellar with her brother, a guard. I was a nurse once I looked away. "Who is that thin blonde girl?" I heard the nurse whisper. "Is that thin girl whistling the Grand Duchess Olga? Is that the arrogant Grand Duchess Olga?" I sat turned away from them, on my mattress and I whistled.

by Sally Boniece

Sagamore

# Dazzle Dance

by R. F. Russell

DRESSED ONLY IN JOCKEY SHORTS, Ray stared out the open window as the hot sun rose orange in the polluted sky. On the street below, Dizzy Johnson limped to his battered Chevy, started it with a roar, and wheeled from the curb in a black cloud. Mrs. Holliman vaddled to the bus stop toting a large, empty shopping bag in either hand. Sweat stained her dress. Slider, the tenement's gray cat, slipped across the street into a still dark alley. Ripple, Buster's dad, weaved past after a night shift at Cole. Ripple struggled up the tenement steps to sleep off the booze and work.

"Today's the day," Ray said out loud and smiled. Teenage-lean and bony, he stretched in the scant light. "Today."

By ten o'clock the heat bounced off the sidewalk in distorting waves; the pace of the neighborhood slowed. August sunshine broiled the squat, square tenements; the asphalt streets drank the light and bubbled with heat. Inside, the superheated air stagnated and clogged the rooms. People, drifting in to avoid the sun, were driven out again.

"Dazzle dance," Spider Grimm muttered.

"What?" someone asked.

Spider squinted up from the front stoop of his dry cleaning shop. Older than the stoop or the worn machinery inside, Spider closed one eye and rubbed his bald head. "Ray?"

"Yeah, Spider."

"What you doin' in the boiler room?"

"Lookin' for Slick. Seen 'im?"

Spider shook his head. "You don't want nothin' with Slick. He bad."

"Got business."

"Get shade, boy. Else the sun'll have you dazzle dancin'."

"Tell Slick I'm lookin' for 'im."

"Stay away from Slick. Ain't no good."

Ray moved down the sidewalk. Spider shaded his eyes with one hand. "Dazzle dance," he repeated.

BOSS TUGGED the hoist chain with huge, sweat-covered arms. The car engine lifted off its mountings. Flies buzzed; the tree limb groaned. Boss had abandoned his garage. It was cooler under the tree — if scorching was cool. Boss paused a moment to catch his breath. He wiped his face on his shirt. He wanted the engine out before lunch. No one worked after.

"Hi, Boss."

Boss glanced over his shoulder. "Hi, Ray."

"Seen Slick?"

Boss frowned. "What you want with Slick?"

"Business."

Boss pulled at the chain, his muscles rippling.

"Slick's a disease."

"Seen him?"

Sweat beaded at the tip of Boss's nose. He shook it free.

Ray moved on.

The engine swung free. Boss panted.

Willie Tubbs wiped his Formica bar top with a wet towel as two men plopped heavily on stools. "What'll it be?" Gray-headed Willie owned the Korner Karryout Lounge.

"Come to get cool," the taller man said.

"Ain't wastin' air conditionin' on no-sales," Willie answered. "Buy or hit the bricks."

"It's hotter'n your mama's pants outside."

"No pay, no play."

The shorter man threw a wrinkled dollar on the bar. "Beer, I ain't leavin'."

Willie drew the draft as the taller man also produced a dollar.

"Hey, Willie, seen Slick?"

Willie looked up. "Ain't been in. Buyin'?"

Ray shook his head.

"You for the street," Willie set the beers on the bar and collected the dollars. Heat poured off Ray's body.

"Go on," Willie said. "Too young to be here anyways."

Ray shuffled to the door.

"Air conditionin' nice," the taller man said.

"Best General Electric made," Willie answered.

"Cool a buildin' twice this size."

THE TREE STOOD gnarled and twisted in the middle of the trash-strewn lot. Stunted, half dead, its small, dappled shade stretched over two teenagers. On their backs, barely breathing, they outlasted the sun-fried afternoon. They didn't move as Ray propped his back against the truck.

"Hot," Ray said.

"Talkin' don't make it better," Stickman whispered. Stickman's bones jabbed his skin as if trying to get out.

"Seen Slick?" Ray asked.

Stickman moved his head almost imperceptibly.

"Slick's in a hole somewhere, a cool hole. Why?"

"Business."

"Whath business?" Big Wheel lisped. When Big Wheel was four, his mother's boyfriend had cut out most of his tongue. "Gonna get mothivated?" He laughed softly.

"Business," Ray repeated shortly.

"What you need that shit for?" Stickman asked.

"Ain't you never tried it?" Ray sneered.

Big Wheel chuckled. "Gonna get mothivated."

"How old you?" Stickman asked.

"Sixteen," Ray lied.

Stickman opened one eye and examined Ray.

"Shit."

Ray stood. "Tell Slick, 'Ray's ready.'" He walked away.

"Gonna get mothivated," Big Wheel laughed.

THE REVEREND CLANCY stopped in the middle of the sidewalk to wipe perspiration off his bifocals. Despite his straw hat, sweat streamed down his face; his Bible felt heavy under his arm. The widow Hanchar had sacrificed her fourth boy to the state prison system, and the Reverend had consoled her in the steam bath she called a parlor. He preferred to spend the afternoon in his cool study, composing Sunday's sermon to the air conditioner's hum, but the flock came first. The Reverend replaced his spectacles to find Ray in front of him.

"Hello, Ray. What're you doin' on such an afternoon?"

"Goin' to the store," Ray lied.

"How's your mama?"

"Fine."

Reverend Clancy smiled. "Did I see you in church Sunday?"

Ray glanced at his feet.

"Ray, the Lord rejoices more for one lost sheep than for a hundred new lambs. Comin' Sunday?"

Anger flashed in Ray. "Ain't nothin' in church for me."

The Reverend retreated a step and raised his Bible as if to fend off Satan. "The all-powerful Lord is a forgivin' Lord, but He's just — terribly just. You got to . . ."

"Hell no! I don't got to!"

"Your mama . . ."

"You been bleedin' mama dry. You and your god-damn church!"

The Reverend blinked and gasped. He raised his gaze to heaven. "Lord, he's young. He don't know what he sayin'."

"Don't pray for me!"

Reverend Clancy closed his eyes. "The young can't be expected to know, Lord."

Ray's hands folded into fists. "Hell!" He yelled and ran.

"Lord, he don't know," the Reverend intoned.

"Help him, Lord."

Ray sprinted, a blurred madman letting his vital juices bubble out his pores. He ran until his sides ached, his lungs burned, until he couldn't run anymore. He collapsed against a brick wall in a shady alley, letting his cheek rest on the pavement. He hoped it would be cool. It wasn't. Sweat rolled off his body. His head spun. Everything faded to black.

WHEN RAY AWOKE he was hungry. Standing initiated fresh waves of dizziness, but they soon subsided. He stared into the harsh sunlight. A fly buzzed close to his ear. The sidewalk was very white, very hot.

Snoopy turned on the grill and waited for it to heat. "What you want on your Snoopy burger?"

"Everything," Ray answered. "Seen Slick?"

The ceiling fan wafted heat across the counter. Ray sipped weak Coke from a condensation-slick glass.

"What you want with Slick?"

"Business."

Snoopy glanced over his shoulder and shook his head. "If you thinkin' you missed something, you ain't."

(continued on page 6)



photo by Angela Turner

Dazzle (continued from page 5)

"How you know?"

Snoopy slipped a hamburger on the grill. It sizzled. He faced Ray. "Lost two weeks at Carter thinkin' I was dyin'." Snoopy waved his spatula. "No methadone, no help. Cold 'T'. Just me and a thousand screamin' banshees fightin' for my soul."

"I can handle it."

Snoopy laughed. "Handle it? Shit. Ain't no one handle it." Snoopy shivered despite the heat. "Guy at Carter stuffed a bed spring down his throat.

Another guy chomped off four fingers before they got to him. Shit. They handled it."

Snoopy turned and flipped the burger. "Course, you different. Tougher'n us. Ray gonna ride that horse and not get throwed." Snoopy turned back to Ray.

The counter was empty.

Ray sat in the alley watching the street. Slider, the cat, padded past, out of reach. Slider looked cool, and he glided so smoothly. Ray wondered how it felt to glide like that.

The bus squealed to a stop. Mrs. Holliman waddled off, full

shopping bags in either hand. She moved slowly, almost in slow motion. The bus spewed diesel exhaust into the over-charged air. More heat. The day was heat on heat.

It began at the edges of his vision; dazzle ringed his sight. When Ray tried to focus on the glare it moved away like the name of a classmate long since gone. Always at the edge, the halo narrowed his sight into a tunnel like some amusement park ride. It changed colors like the afterimage of a flashbulb, but the dazzle didn't occupy the center of his vision. It circled like lights around a

marquee.

Ray shook his head. He squinted. He shut one eye, then the other. He rubbed and massaged. Still the dazzle encircled. For the first time in his life Ray was scared. He shut his eyes. Dazzle etched the blackness.

"Dazzle dance."

Ray heard the words and opened his eyes. The alley was empty.

"Crazy," Ray whispered and closed his eyes.

He tried to sleep, but sounds and smells echoed through the alley. Cars rolled past, all engine and fumes and horn — a

kind of mating call. Children shouted games and arguments and fights. The foul odor of fermenting garbage pulsed over him. Down the street a dog barked; a door slammed; a bottle shattered; a baby cried; a pot of spaghetti sauce boiled. Ray heard and smelled and felt it all. It sifted down from his head, falling through tiny pores in his mind to fill his stomach and chest. His body swelled as the odors and noise accumulated. Like some human balloon he stretched and grew until he felt he would burst. Dazzle danced across his eyelids.

Ray wanted to scream, but his mouth wouldn't work.

His mind turned black again. It was full night when Ray awoke. He tried to remember. He had closed his eyes because of the dazzle, but the dazzle was gone.

A fresh breeze absorbed the heat as cool rain plopped on the sidewalk. The first tentative drops gave way to a steady pour that drenched him. Ray let the rain wash away the dried sweat, the heat. He felt clean again, cool. If he could be there long enough, everything would be fine. He could begin again tomorrow. It would be cooler. Slick would drift into the street again. Finding Slick would be easy, and Ray could fulfill his wish. If it rained long enough...

Carolina carried the umbrella. A year younger than Ray, she carried a sack of groceries in her other hand. She shared the umbrella with Ray as their feet slapped the wet sidewalk.

"How'd you get so wet?" She smiled and was pretty.

"Fell asleep," Ray answered. "In the heat?"

"Rain'll cool things," Ray said. "Gonna rain all night. Cool everything. Won't get hot again for maybe a week, maybe never."

"Hear about Slick?" Carplina asked.

Ray shook his head. "Dude be doin' his thing from the house."

"For what?"

"Sellin' to undercover dudes."

Ray stared into the rain. "Who gonna take the space?" "Some new Slick."

Ray began to run, leaving Carolina behind.

"You crazy," she called after him.

Ray ran until he reached the tenement. Wet, clammy, he sank into the corner of the stairwell and waited for the dazzle.

## NAIA rates IUPUI number one

by Matt Shrum

IUPUI's women's softball team opened play in the National Association for Intercollegiate Athletics National Championship tournament yesterday as the top rated NAIA team in the United States, with a record of 34-8-2 and 19-0.

The Metros join 15 other teams at Kearney State University in Nebraska for a double-elimination tournament scheduled to end tomorrow. They learned of their top seed rating before leaving for the tournament on Sunday.

IUPUI advanced to the national tournament by

defeating Aquinas of Michigan in the Tri District tournament held here May 11-12. Aquinas defeated Defiance of Ohio in the first round of the tourney, advancing to play top-seeded IUPUI in the finals.

Strong pitching by Trudy Bernath enabled IUPUI to defeat Aquinas 2-1 in the first game of the best-of-three series.

The Metros scored their two runs in the third inning as Tracy Taylor hit a one-out single and was sacrificed to second by Marty Kalb. Cathy McCoy answered with a triple and then went home on an overthrow.

In the second game pitcher Rae Ann Eicheldinger also held down the Aquinas hitters. The visitors again managed only one run. The Metro's offense, scoring nine runs, left no doubt about their trip to the nationals.

IUPUI opened the second game, scoring three runs in the first inning as McCoy led off with a walk and Kim Satterly reached on an error. Judy Cummings sacrificed the runners up a base and Sue Baas followed with a two-run triple. A sacrifice fly by Shelly Hawkins pushed Baas to the plate, giving the Metros a 3-0 lead.

In the second inning Taylor hit a one-out single and Kalb sacrificed her ahead to second. McCoy doubled in Taylor for the Metros' fourth run.

The Metros added a fifth run in the third inning as Cummings reached on a two-base error. She then scored on a single by Hawkins.

IUPUI accumulated four



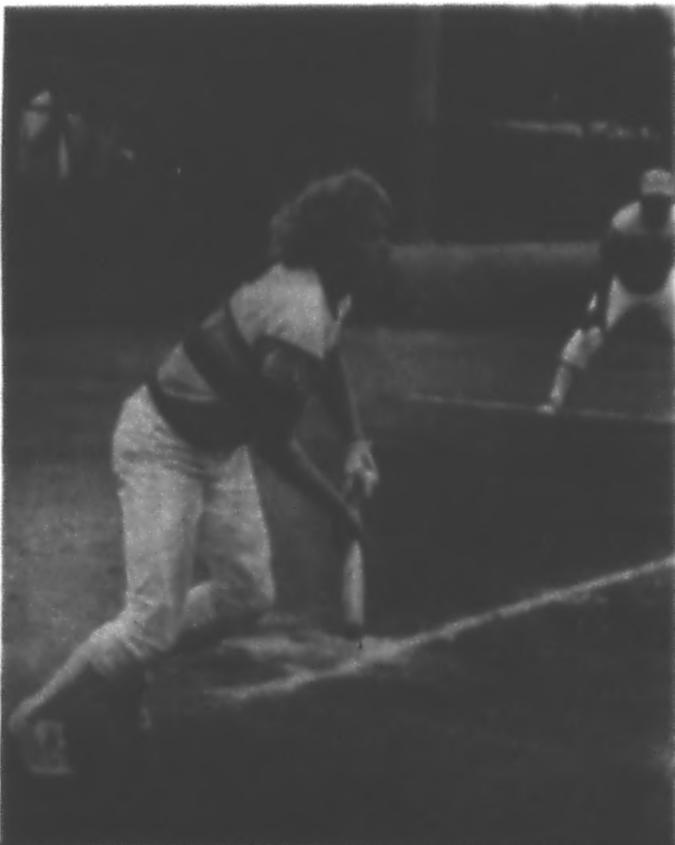
Marty Kalb (left), Metros catcher, confers with Chris Nichols, second base, before coming to the plate.

insurance runs in the sixth. Kalb led off with a single. McCoy and Satterly, also hitting singles, loaded the bases. The Aquinas pitcher then made the mistake of allowing a pitch up into the wheelhouse of All American junior Cummings.

A grand slam home run, clearing the left field fence with 10 feet to spare, showed the Aquinas pitcher her mistake.

The Metros are the first IUPUI athletic team to advance to the national championship round. For the past three years with coach Nick Kellum they boast a combined record of 94-21-2.

IUPUI also placed seven players on the All District team. Juniors Cummings, Bernath, Hawkins, Baas and Eicheldinger made the team, along with senior McCoy and sophomore Chris Nichols.



Teresa Allen puts down a sacrifice bunt in IUPUI's second game victory over Aquinas College. (Photos by Matt Shrum)

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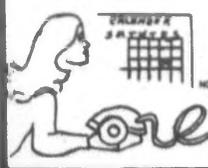
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