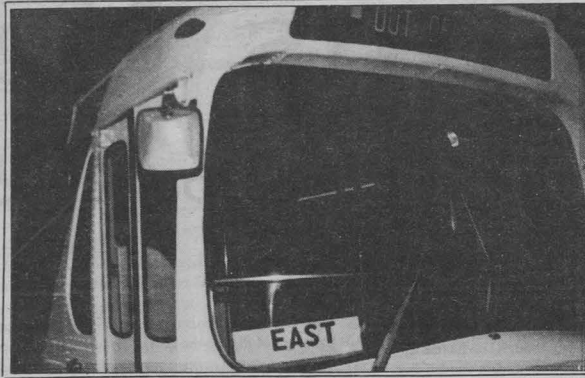


The Exponent

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1989 - VOLUME 82 NO. 2



BTS
Routes
Change

see page 2

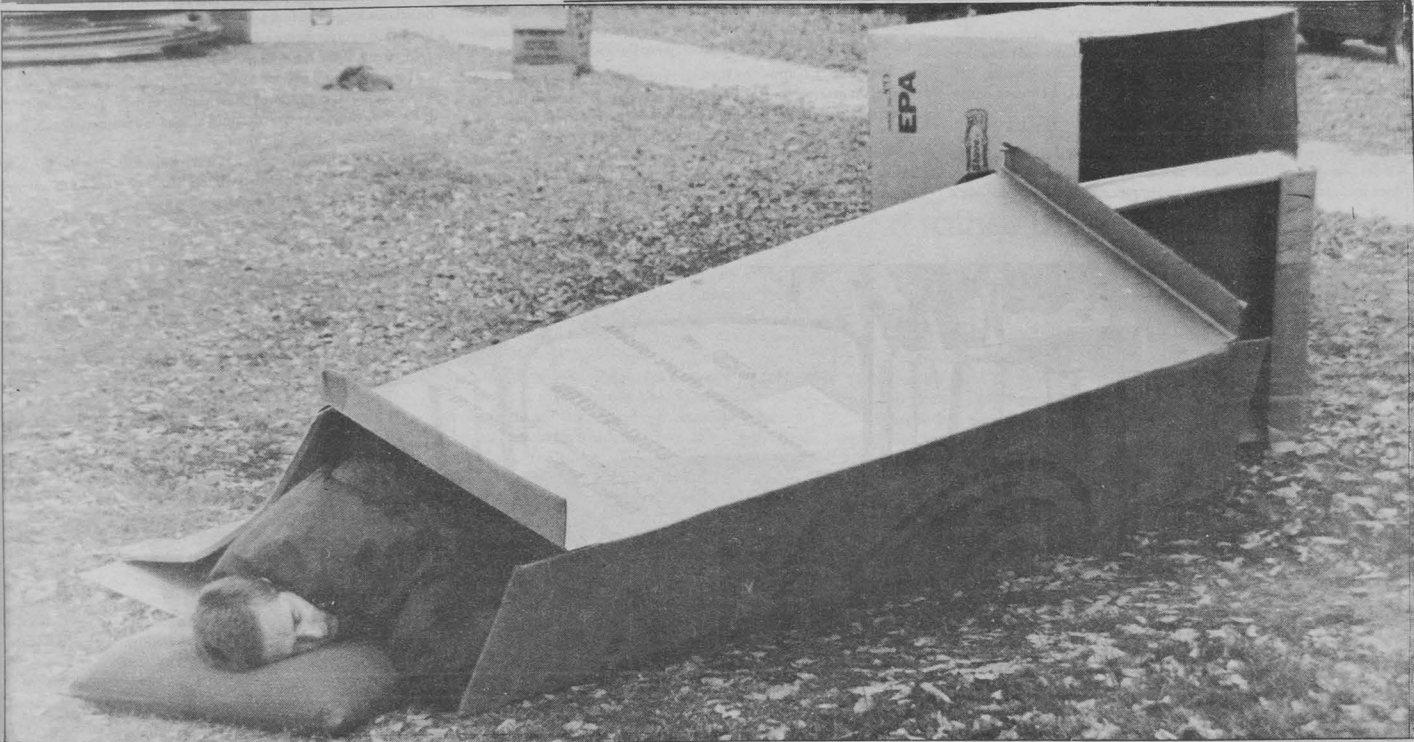


photo by Doug Allen

Money raised for Homeless

by Michael Vraa

News editor

Many of you may have noticed large refrigerator boxes placed in a seemingly inexplicable pattern in different places around campus this week. Was it an after-effect of the Soviet-Extra-Terrestrial connection. Are these aliens trying to construct a new, toned-down Stonehenge. No, these boxes didn't symbolize the construction of some celestial observatory, they represented poverty and homelessness.

50 different people slept out in the boxes over 4 nights. One night, the "village" was set up behind Roskie, one night it was found in Lewis and Clark park and the portable city was situated behind Hannon hall for 2 nights. Jim Lambert, who was the mastermind behind this project, said that around 20 people were present each night. Each person collected pledges for each night that they stayed. The pledges they accumulated had to total at least \$5 a night. Lambert was hesitant in predicting a total, since the pledges had yet to be collected, but he estimated the total earnings to be between \$800 and \$1,000. Where does the money go? A shelter for homeless

people is established in Helena, and this money will help to financially support it.

Although I did pledge somebody, I decided that I needed to try to sleep out in a box myself to write this article. You know, like the actor who throws himself into the part by studying for 6 months with people in his newly assigned profession. So off I went to the box with a blanket and a pillow, and hopes of learning what homeless people go through.

12:30 am: I finally climb into my box. I figure I've killed enough of the night talking with people and realize it's time for the show-down, just me and the box. No problem, right?

1:10 am: In the last ten minutes, leaves have rustled by my box loudly enough to stop me from finally dozing off.

1:30 am: I leave my box and chat with the "security guards" who are playing cribbage. I confess to the cribbage players that I can't sleep. They politely wish me luck as I return to my home for the night.

2:17 am: I can't believe the almost continual procession of cars, motorcycles and pick-ups that find tremendous humor in honking their horns by my new home. Two words should suffice in my description of these fine, noble homo-sapiens—Total Class.

3:47 am: After sleeping for almost 40 minutes, I realize my face is cold. I quickly remedy the situation by pulling my blanket over my

head. That should do, I think.

3:57 am: I suddenly realize that by pulling the blanket over my face, I have exposed my feet. The rest of the night, I am destined to alternate between face and feet, never being completely warm.

6:00 am: I wake up for the first time, but notice it's still dark. I crawl out of my box—big mistake. By exposing myself to a slight breeze, I become completely chilled. I find myself shivering often for the duration of my stay.

7:30 am: I wake up for good. Most of the others have left to prepare for early classes. I head to my apartment for a shower and some quick breakfast. As I'm eating I think, "Damn, that was stupid. I've been on the verge of a cold for weeks and this will finish me off. I shouldn't have slept outside in a box." Realistically, I shouldn't have slept in a box, but realism is the key here. This isn't fictitious. People sleep outside not because they want to have the experience to compose fabulous prose, but because they don't have an apartment to return to. Sleeping in a box wasn't hell for me, because I knew that it wasn't permanent. "Tomorrow night will be better, I'll be warm." This was my quasi-mantra for the night. I experienced maybe 1% of the things homeless people deal with and I hated it. Nobody should have to deal with it.

If you care to make a donation, contact Jim Lambert at 994-2153.

Campus News

Bobcat Transit expands routes; now serving Belgrade

by Angela Clemmons

Exponent staff writer

As the school year starts up, so does the Bobcat Transit System. No, this is not a Pep-Bus-From-Hell story (although I do have a few of those), but an informative article on the student-funded bus system.

You may have noticed on your fee payment receipt at registration a \$3.00 Autumn bus fee. This fee is paid by all students and it enables the student to ride the bus for the rest of the quarter free of charge. All one must do then is show the driver a valid MSU I.D. card when boarding, and an incredible journey has begun.

There are three commuter routes, and a shuttle bus Monday through Friday. The commuter routes are divided between East, Central, and West Bozeman areas. The West commuter schedule does include Belgrade, a change just implemented this school year.

The commuter buses make 2 runs in the morning and 2 runs at night (or late afternoon), except the West route, which runs to Belgrade only once a day.

The shuttle bus leaves campus nine times a day and makes stops at the Main Mall, and the downtown area, returning to the campus hourly. The shuttle service starts at 9:00 am and ends at 8:00 pm.

Bobcat Transit schedules can be found at the Ask-Us Information desk or the ASMSU office. The new schedules have a typo, though; they are printed as 1988-89, but they are the 1989-90 schedules.

Jerry Ellis, Chairman of Busing, is responsible, along with Karst Stage, for making sure the buses run every day. He is also in charge of accounting and advertising, but is hoping to find people willing to take on those responsibilities. Ellis emphasizes the fact that the bus service is funded entirely by the students and is available to all students, their spouses and children (if accompanied by an adult.) Spouses do need a spouse pass, which can be found at the ASMSU

office, free of charge. Ellis finds most people are satisfied with the system, but always welcomes suggestions. He has recently begun thinking about putting a suggestion box up in the SUB, but right now he can be reached through the ASMSU office. He also feels another route to Belgrade might be a good idea and is looking into it for the future. The passenger load so far this year also pleases him, although he acknowledges the foul weather may have played a role. He would like to see everyone take advantage of the system. It is quite unique in Montana, if not the country, since it is student-funded.

If anyone would like to see an extra stop added to their neighborhood, one must get an approximate number of people who would ride the bus on a regular basis. One must also have a petition signed. Ellis will consider all requests carefully.

The Bobcat Transit System is a reliable, cost-efficient mode of transportation. With Bozeman winters being what they are, you may want to consider the advantages.



Exponent file photo

Exponent staff 1989-90

The
Exponent



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The Exponent is published each Tuesday and Friday of the regular school year by the Associated Students of Montana State University.

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Opinion

Pandora's Box

Brazil: To burn or not to burn

by Andy Malby and Michael Vraa

Managing Editor

News Editor

Mike: I think we should let those Brazilians go ahead and torch their forests.

Andy: Are you serious?

Mike: Yea, and I have some very rational arguments for it, too.

Andy: Uh huh, and what are those?

Mike: Well, 300 years ago our forefathers cleared off literally zillions of acres of thick, rich, and heavily aromatic forests. They just did it to get ahead economically, just like the Brazilians today.

Andy: Are you serious?

Mike: Of course I am. Brazil belongs to the Brazilians, not the left-wing radicals who like to stick their noses in other people's business.

Andy: At least they stick their noses someplace useful, and not where our right wing, reactionary president has his!

Mike: The fact that our popularly-elected chief dignitary isn't prone to intervening where his assistance isn't required or requested doesn't earn him reactionary status.

Andy: Yes, Mike, but that's the point. His methods of operation earn him no status at all. Besides, people who are prone to intervening, whether their assistance is required or requested or not, are the backbone of this country. Think about what would happen if people sat back and didn't get involved in what affects them. Are you promoting apathy here?

Mike: I'm all for apathy if it's unprovoked.

Andy: And how does one go about provoking apathy?

Mike: Two ways: You can either numb somebody with grossly rhetorical liberal speeches, or you can employ enough force to insure that resistance is impossible.

Andy: So what is the point, and where does it live with rain forests?

Mike: Well (typical way a Republican begins a sentence), all of these crusading Brazilian tree savers who predominantly reside in the Northwest, where logging is a huge industry, should take a glance at what's happening in their back yard and not what's happening on a different continent.

Andy: And what's that, Mike? What is happening in our own backyard?

Mike: Look Andy, we've got some incredibly fertile land in parts of this country. We might not be able to create any rain forests because the climate is unsuitable, but we could set up some pretty dense vegetation in present-day megalopolises, if we so chose.

Andy: What you're saying, then, is that we need to plant thick, rich, and heavily aromatic forests in Seattle and L.A., right?

Mike: No. Of course not! That's ridiculous. This is just my point, however. We can't expect Brazil to give up potential Seattles and LAs just because we think it's ecologically unsound. We have a lot of land of our own, and if we really cared, we could employ it like we're retelling the Brazilians to employ theirs.

Andy: Oh, please! First of all, the key word here is 'potential.' The Brazilians are going to take decades to build any Seattles or LAs, and by that time they will have clear-cut the entire Brazilian Rain Forests causing global warming, a desert climate, and death of thousands of people around the world. After all, Brazil has the greatest rainforests in the world. Deforestation in that area will devastate the globe. Secondly, if you think one can employ our forests to build a large, wonderful woodland, think again. Logging is big business, and whether we need the

timber or not, forests are not going to cease to be logged. Furthermore, logging is now being done more and more in the manner mentioned above: clearcutting. It is far more profitable to clear-cut an area than it is to cut a tree here and there. Not only that, but the Forest Circus is not stressing rejuvenation of the forests. The same thing is happening in Brazil. We need to worry about Brazil in addition to our own land. You know something, Mike?

Mike: What's that, Andy?

Andy: I saw something on the wall of a toilet stall the other day that really applies here, and I wish it were implemented globally.

Mike: What's that, Andy?

Andy: A saying: 'Save a tree; wipe your ass with a log!'

Mike: I can't believe it, Andy! You've finally revealed the source of all of your brilliant editorials.

Andy: How stupid of me! But now that the secret's out, I'll tell you how I was inspired to write editorials. I was in a stall in the basement of the SUB and there, above the toilet paper hanger, I read the following: 'Write for the Exponent...No conscience required!'

Mike: Great anecdote. I'll send it home for my folks to read. But back to the pressing issue at hand, I don't think we can ask Brazil to go ahead and cancel any economic plans just because the rest of the world thinks clear-cutting is a bad idea. You're right; it might take decades to create a Seattle or an L.A., or even a Reno, but none of these cities were created by the twitch of the nose of Samantha on 'Bewitched.' These things take time; we should allow them to at least try.

Andy: Oh please! Samantha on 'Bewitched?' At least the source of my ideas doesn't come off the television. I think perhaps you are being disillusioned by all the TV you watch. The Brazilians, first of all, don't have the technology to have megalopolises, so what are they going to do when they have thousands of acres of treeless land and no cities? What are they going to do if they do start a city and, due to global warming, etc., the oceans wash it all away? Huh, Mike, what are they gonna do then?

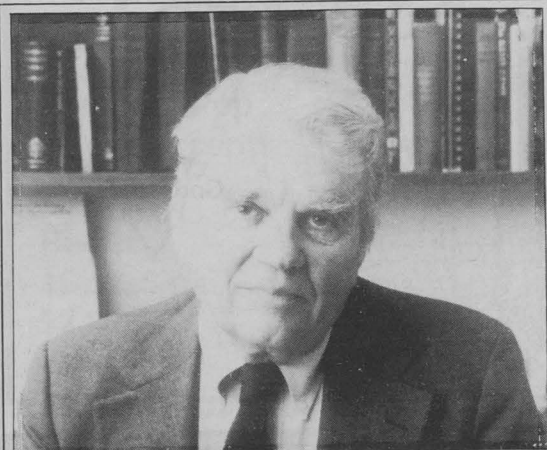
Mike: Obviously, Andy, you took a different geography course than me. I was taught that not all the land in Brazil is presently at or below sea level. And besides, Andrew, you've demonstrated here before our scant readership one of those true liberal traits: help somebody that's down only so they can get a glimpse of what they could have, then suddenly, without warning, cut their funding, claiming they've succeeded. My proposition, let them do what they will, succeed or fail, retains for them the right to the fruits of their labor which cannot be easily retracted.

Andy: Sure. And if, as science has declared, the fruits of their labor spell disaster for not only them but the entire globe (you and I included), we will then say, "oh damn! Maybe we should have helped to educate those poor Brazilians so they don't cut down all the trees and kill us all!" Does leaving them to create the disaster they will sound like the best way to 'help' the Brazilians "get ahead?"

Mike: No, Andy. You're right. Let's haul in the Nimmitz and load it up with aspiring Peace Corps officers like yourself. Just look at their success rate over the last twenty-some years. Great idea.

Andy: Ok, so let's ignore the poor bastards and let them destroy the world. Let's pack up and send 'em home. Let's ignore the progress organizations such as Peace Corps and the Red Cross have made and let the peoples of the Third World try as they might to survive, often doing more harm than good in the process.

Mike: You forgot motherhood and apple pie in your goodwill groups. Grow up, Andy, it's survival of the fittest, and you don't get fit by depending on Democrats.



I'd rather be round than square

by Andy Rooney

syndicated columnist

Today we'll talk about shapes, with particular emphasis on circles and squares but touching also, on triangles.

Circles are good shapes, although they're hard to draw. A square or a triangle is easy to draw because you can use a ruler, but you can't draw a circle with a ruler. One of the first lessons a small child with a crayon learns is how hard it is to draw a good circle. You can draw a circle with a compass, but often you don't have or can't find a compass. When we say something is "round," we mean it is a circle. A ball is a solid circle. The word "ball" bears the same relationship to the word "circle" that the word "cube" bears to "square." A pyramid is a solid triangle. The football is an exception to this rule because it is neither a circle or round.

A lot of very good things are circles. Our eyes are circles, our Earth is a circle and so are marbles, oranges, grapes and melons — all except watermelons, which are not. Neither is a watermelon a trapezoid. Indications are that a watermelon is an ellipse. The word "ellipse" means falling short. A watermelon falls short of being a circle. We forget what a trapezoid is.

The diameter of a circle is how far across it is at its widest point. To find out how far it is around the circle, multiply the diameter by pi. Pi is three point something and is the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of any circle — but, of course, you knew that. The formula for finding the area inside a circle, strangely enough, involves the word square. It's pi r square. A more common practice, of course, is to guess.

Circles and squares each have their own uses and you can't usually use one where you need the other. For instance, if you're building a house, you need something square at the bottom to start with. If you start with a base that is round or circular, the house would tend to roll.

Squares, on the other hand, would not make good bicycle wheels because squares don't roll. If any scientist was ever able to invent a shape that had the good points of both a circle and a square, he would become a famous man.

Things that are square take up less room on shelves than things that are round. There's a lot of wasted space with round things because circles don't fit together tight. Square things, like boxes, fit right up against each other. We have been unable to find out why soft drinks and beer don't come in square bottles. We estimate that 12 round bottles or cans of Diet Coke would hold 6.9 percent less than 12 square cans. This could account for why they put it in round cans.

One of the best names any shape has is the isosceles triangle. Unfortunately, while isosceles triangles are studied in high school, they seldom come up in real life. In all my years, I have never actually seen an isosceles triangle outside a geometry book.

An equilateral triangle is a triangle that has equal laterals. Triangles, like squares, do not tip over easily but, unlike squares, cannot be sat on.

When people are lost in the woods, they usually walk in circles. For many years, scientists thought this was because most people have one leg that's shorter than the other but another scientist came along and ruined this theory by pointing out that when pilots are lost without instruments, they usually fly in circles, too.

There has never been any good explanation for why some things are always circles and why other things are usually squares and why so few things are ever triangles. Coins, for example, are almost always circles, even though it might be better if they were squares because they wouldn't roll under things or down the sewer when you dropped them.

The word "square" is also used to describe someone who isn't with it.

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Letters

Jason,
I think you're
dreadfully
wrong.

Dear Jason Johnson:

I must comment you on the firm stand you have taken on your beliefs. So few people in this world today have the guts to be committed to any one thing. Unfortunately, Jason, that point is as far as I can go in giving you a pat on the back. You see, Jason, I am a Christian also, but alas, at the very point where our ideologies converge, they also diverge.

You, sir, seem quite worried, to the point of being an obsessive compulsive with such insignificant topics as flags and films. I think that you time would be better spent on you own spiritual growth rather than physical matters. But since these five-senses matters mean so much to you, I hope you do not mind if I shed some light on them for the benefit of our diligent readers.

About the American Flag, I have been a member of the U.S. Army for almost ten years now. The flag of our country means very much to me, so much in fact that if necessary I would lay my life down for it. In doing so I would be laying down my life for people think as you do, but also, more importantly, for those people who don't. Jason, if someone buys a flag, what they choose to do or not to do with it is their decision, not governments. The Constitution protects any individuals right to chose the means of disposal of their private property. Besides, how would you enforce a law prohibiting flag burning? If a six year old child threw his miniature flag into the fireplace, what should we do? Throw him into the fire also? Get real, Jason. Such a law would go against everything his country stands for. Freedom. The flag is but a symbol. Now if someone were to attempt to destroy the Constitution, then there would be grounds for a law.

The Last Temptation of Christ was nothing more than a private interpretation of the scriptures. If Peter 1:20 says: "knowing this first, that no prophecy (prophecy is the Greek word propheteia, which means a public exposition) of the scriptures is of any private interpretation". The interpretation in The Last Temptation of Christ was no worse than many of the religious sects and denominations in the world today. As for Jesus being portrayed as a pervert, which was "your interpretation" of the movie, you are right he was not. But Hebre 4:15 tells us that Jesus "...was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin". Jesus was a man, perfect, but a man. Jesus was tempted with it. Since Jesus was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, He could not have been Elohim, God the Creator. James 1:13 states "...for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man". When people make Jesus

out to be God, they become idolaters. If you believe that Jesus was god, then you and anyone else who does, needs to reevaluate the basis of their beliefs.

Sincerely,

David Bailey

Pair of ultra-conservatives abuse value words

Dear Editor,

The American mind has been pacified by value words.

Two writings in the October 6 issue of the Exponent have prompted me to write: Jason Johnson's letter to the editor and the Homeless article from the director of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. I see a striking similarity in the rhetoric used in their arguments. Both use value words (liberal, communist, fairies, queers) to try and solidify their arguments. What are value words? They are words used for their positive/negative, good/evil connotations disregarding the true definition of the word.

Take the word liberal, for example. We are lead to believe that a liberal is one who is in the process of becoming some enslaving, godless individual who wishes to destroy the well being of the nation. Interestingly a reputable dictionary (Webster's) defines liberal as one favoring progress and reform; one who is open-minded or tolerant. Hnum... I didn't think that was evil, and the flippant use of the word communist turns my stomach. Communism is evil (just ask Ronnie.) Sorry, I don't buy it. Have you ever considered what communism was intended to be according to Marx as opposed to Leninist communism or even Chinese communism. Or are you just content to close your mind and disregard the difference?

These value words are effective because we allow them to be. We read them and accept them just as they were intended without looking behind them to find the real story. If we recognize value words for what they are - words which no longer have a true definition but only positive/negative connotations - then the users of these words will see their decreasing effectiveness and faze out their use. But then again, it's always easier to embrace these value words thus eliminating any need to really evaluate the situation and take a stand.

A.R. Olson



HOMECOMING CANDIDATES

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Mortar Board News

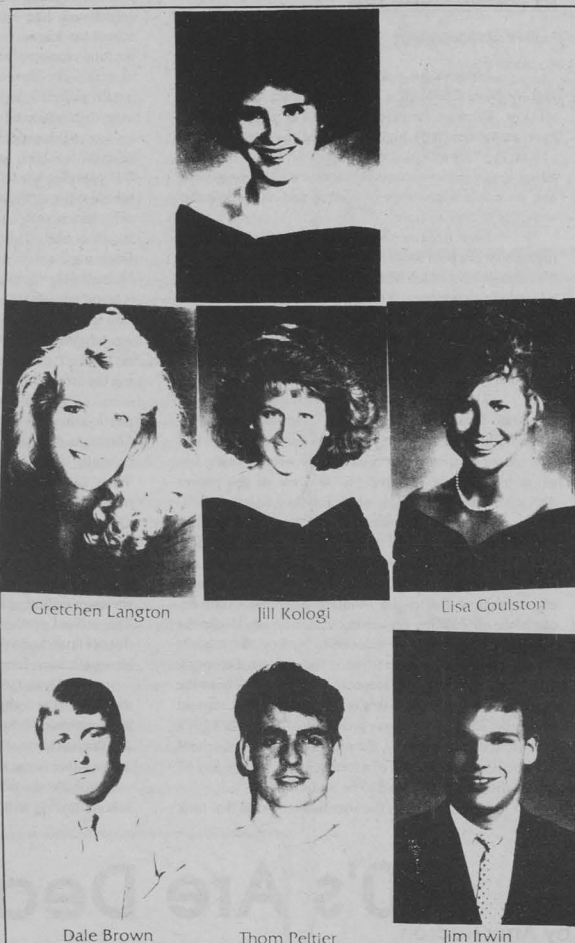
by Julie Bennet

Contributing writer

On Saturday, October 14, in conjunction with the 1989 Homecoming activities, Mortar Board will be having a special Constitution Tree Ceremony. Last spring Mortar Board, a national senior honor society, planted a tree north of Wilson Hall to commemorate the 200th Anniversary of the Constitution of the United States and to stand as a tribute to Montana's Centennial. The upcoming ceremony will serve as an official dedication of the Constitution Tree to Montana State University.

The ceremony will begin at 11:15 a.m. (just after the Homecoming Parade at the tree's location north of Wilson Hall. Representative John Vincent, Speaker of the House, and Kent Peterson, ASMSU President and current Mortar Board member, will be the guest speakers.

Everyone is welcome to attend. Mortar Board would especially like to extend an invitation to all Mortar Board Alumni who would like to attend the function. The ceremony is scheduled to be one-half hour in length.



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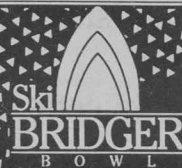
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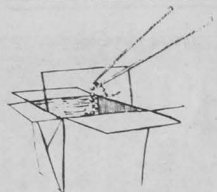
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School Funding

by **Jason Johnson**

Exponent staff writer

Imagine for a moment that you attend junior high or high school in a Sun Belt locale that is fairly affluent. Because the property values in your neighborhood are substantially high, the school you attend can see to it that you are afforded every opportunity to enrich your education. You have access to brand new IBM computers, and there is a wide range of classes and extracurricular activities to choose from.

Now imagine that you attend a junior high or highschool in a poor neighborhood on the east end of town. You do not have much of a chance to make much of your educational experience. Your school can not afford to purchase new computers, and the range of classes is limited. Moreover, the textbooks are beat up and outdated. There are hardly any extracurricular activities, save football and basketball.

The scenario pictured above is a symbol of what has some Montana educators and lawmakers worried: specifically the discrepancy between the state's poor and rich school districts. The discrepancy worries many because it is widely felt that the students of the poorer districts are not getting the education they deserve.

The school funding issue is something that has captured a great deal of the limelight in the past few months, and will likely continue to do so in the near future. Efforts to create a more equitable funding system began in earnest this year after the Montana Supreme Court declared the old funding system unconstitutional. Under the old funding system, the amount of money the schools received was heavily dependent on the amount of property taxes collected in their respective districts. Thus, the districts with larger tax bases receive the greatest amount of money. This system was a provision of Montana's 1972 constitution. Incidentally, the recent ruling on the school funding issue was a result of a four year lawsuit filed by 68 school districts considered to be underfunded.

In a hearing on the equalization issue that took

place earlier this year, an attorney representing the state told the Supreme Court that the framers of the Montana constitution had intended that only the state's share of school funding was to be equalized. This did not extend to the total amount of money that the individual districts had to work with. However, Jim Goetz, an attorney representing the plaintiffs, argued that school equalization meant an even distribution of resources.

Education Forum, a coalition comprised of schools, teachers, and government agencies proposed a five year plan which would implement the equalization of school support beginning in 1990. This plan would be in compliance with an order mandated by Helena District Judge Loble. The order was to find a new means of financing the state's schools. Another plan, sponsored by Missoula Democrat, Bill Kadas, called for an increase in state property taxes as a means of financing the equalization bill. Other proposals for financing this piece of legislation were the coal severance tax, an income tax, and retail sales tax. In fact, governor, Stan Stephens approved of financing the school bill with the coal tax earlier this summer.

By no means is the financial equalization of public schools a new issue, nor is it limited to Montana. Some years ago, a book entitled *Rich Schools, Poor Schools* was written by a gentleman named Arthur E. Wise. Like many, Mr. Wise was concerned about the gap between poor and rich school districts. In first method calls for the state to collect all school monies and distribute the funds by means for a statewide property tax, which is currently being done in various locales nationwide. This method of equalizing school finances also extends to using revenues collected by means of income and sales taxes. The second method calls for the redrawing of school district lines, and a third method calls for the manipulation of equalization formulas and tax structures.

Almost everyone would be in accordance with the idea that everyone is entitled to a quality education, as it is considered to be a fundamental right. However, some feel that taking money from one school district and giving it to another is not the best solution, and is socialistic.

As the next decade approaches, it appears as if school funding will be one issue to be reckoned with.

60's Are Dead

by **Amy Hudson**

College Press Service

Sixties music may still be in concert halls, but the sixties fashion craze that afflicted many campuses last year is supposed to be over.

Levi Strauss & Co., the giant San-Francisco-based jeans manufacturer, said the trend's epitaph is found in the results of its survey of 1,400 collegians on 10 U.S. and four foreign campuses.

Asked what looks were "not in," 83 percent of those polled listed sixties-style looks such as bell bottoms, peace signs and smiley faces as stuff not to be seen in.

Even tie-dyed t-shirts are losing favor, asserts Levi's spokeswoman Debbie Gasparini. "Clearly, college kids aren't making or buying them."

But it seems lots of them haven't gotten the message from Levi's yet.

"In Chapel Hill, (the sixties look has) never gone. You see a lot of it around," said Billy Dillon, manager of Beach Connection, a surfing shop popular among students from the University of North Carolina.

"Plenty of people wear tie-dyed clothes," added Nicole Breck, a Connecticut College senior.

And at the University of Maryland in College Park, "They are still tie-dyes running around," reported senior Keith Paul.

"Patches, the Deadhead look, peace symbols...there's a lot of that on this campus," added senior Dana Rudnick, who works at University Boutique, a popular Maryland haunt.

"There's a certain fascination among students with the sixties," observed James Combs, a professor of politics and pop culture at Valparaiso University in Indiana. "A lot of them wished they kind of lived through it, although very few people look good in it."

The Levi's 501 Report, conducted by the Roper Organization, indicates that collegians regard backpacks, stereos and, of course, blue jeans, as their most essential possessions.

T-shirts, black-colored clothing, leather jackets and mini-skirts also rate high.

Foreign students from Milan, Paris, Tokyo and Toronto, included for the first time in the annual survey, had strikingly similar tastes to their American counterparts.

The only differences were how their clothes fit and what sort of accessories they chose. Americans like it loose and casual, while the foreign choice is for a tighter tailoring and dressier accessories.

"kids in Europe are trying to look American," Gasparini concluded. Nevertheless, clothing store managers near campuses predict many fashion-conscious students will try to take on an "ethnic look" this year with Guatemalan belts, Israeli jewelry, exotic beads and anything that looks like it came from somewhere else.

Combs guessed it reflects the changing mixture of America's "melting pot" and the growing fascination with different cultures.

"fashion is a way to ease into different sorts of cultures," he mused. "it is a playful way of dealing with things."

"but it is really mysterious why they pick up on certain things and not others."

University of Idaho students are picking up on "the New Age look," wearing lots of flowery clothes, say Ana Pena of Rock Bottom, an off-campus shop. Also big are jackets styled after the World War I chemical warfare coats, which students like to pair with baggy jeans.

Baggy clothes are a hit at UNC, too, say the Beach Connection's Dillion. "we have 90-pound girls coming in to buy extra-large sweatshirts all the time."

Alcohol Awareness Week

by Mark Gillis

Exponent staff writer

The quarter, as always, began with the usual round of parties, which invariably include copious amounts of alcohol. Now that classes have begun, the MSU Student Services Division's Alcohol Concern Team has put together a program of events, starting October 15th, that ask us to stop and think about our use of alcohol.

The most obvious feature will be the banner announcing Alcohol Awareness Week, in the main entrance to the SUB. This, of course, is not the limit of the activities. Everyday there will be an information desk staffed by professional counselors who will be able to answer many questions that you may have about the physiological and social effects of alcohol. To back up this service there will be information available for reference including contact numbers of self help groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

As part of the program, a panel of experts on various aspects of alcohol use and abuse has been put together to answer questions. The legal adviser to ASMSU will be there to give the full picture on the changes in the penalties for DUI. There will also be a chemical dependency counselor who has a knowledge of the addictive effects of alcohol and how these can successfully be overcome to control a drinking problem. To give the panel a human dimension there will be representatives of the self help groups in Bozeman, who will be able to give a personal perspective on alcohol use and abuse.

In many ways such campaigns suffer from the problem of preaching to the converted, only people who see that they have a problem will ask for help. In an attempt to give the campaign some popular appeal a national competition to design a poster to promote responsible drinking, the University is also awarding its own award to the best poster with the slogan "Know when to say when." ASMSU is also sponsoring the slogan "It's O.K. to say no" trying to reduce the pressure that some people may feel to drink even when they are no longer enjoying themselves.

The other program designed for mass appeal is a video program which will broadcast in the SUB at lunch times during Alcohol Awareness Week. The aim of the video like all the other events of the week is to give us the information to make educated decisions about our use of alcohol.

The programs will not be limited to the SUB but there will be events in all the residence halls. Susan Crane, the R.D. for Mullen and Johnstone Halls argues that the message of responsible drinking is an important one for Residence Life since approximately 90% of all serious offenses that go before the J-boards are alcohol related.

NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ALCOHOL AWARENESS WEEK

OCTOBER 15-21

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY

MON-FRI SUB All Day	INFORMATION TABLE
TUE / 17th Northwest Lounge 12 - 1 pm	INFORMATION FORUM: Phyllis Bock, ASMSU Attorney Dr. Bob McKenzie, Wellness Committee Jeff Linkenbach, Chemical Dep. Coun.
WED / 18th Northwest Lounge 11 am - 1 pm	VIDEO: Adult Children of Alcoholics
FRI / 20th Northwest	VIDEO: Your Alcohol IQ

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Calendar of Upcoming Events

OCTOBER 13, 1989
ON CAMERA ; VIDEOTAPED
MOCK INTERVIEWS
10:00-12:00 Noon
Strand Union Room 272
Admission Free. Sponsored by
Career Services. Perfect your
interview skills by watching yourself
and others in video
interviews. Sign up in advance at
125 SUB.

STUDENT DANCE
Friday, October 13, 1989
9:00 pm
Student Dance \$3.00 persona, \$5.00
couple, SUB Ballrooms
9:00 p.
Royal Coronation, SUB Ballrooms

OCTOBER 14, 1989
Saturday, October 14, 1989
7:00 am
Booster Breakfast, Elks Club- 106
East Babcock (tickets at
the door)
8:30 am
Parade Line-up, Between 11th & 8th
on Main St.
10:00 am
Parade, Main Street
11:45 am
All Alumni Luncheon, SUB
Ballrooms
2:00 pm
MSU Bobcats vs University of Idaho
Vandals, Reno H. Sales Stadium

**ALTERNATIVE FUELS WORK-
SHOP**
Tuesday, October 10, 1989
8:00 - 4:00 pm
Strand Union 276

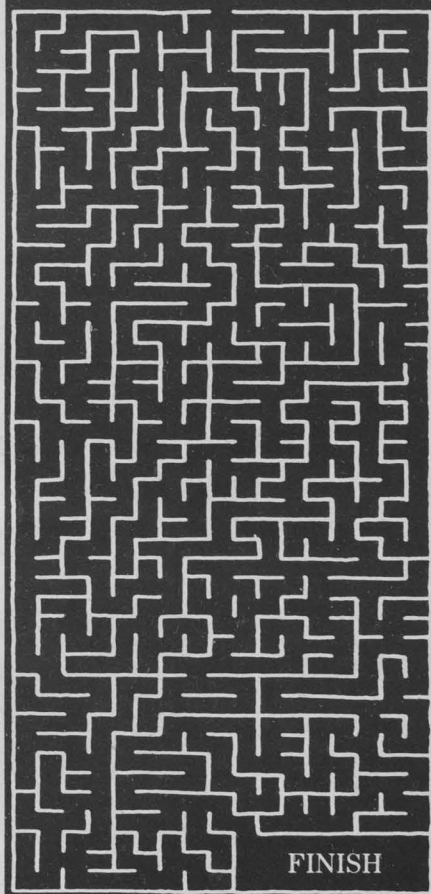
OCTOBER 13, 14, 1989
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
7:00 & 9:00 pm
Sponsored by ASMSU Filmcats
Linfield Hall
Friday, October 13, 1989: Admis-
sion \$2.50

OCTOBER 14, 1989
CRAZY 8'S-DANCEBAND
Saturday, October 14, 1989
9:00 pm
Molly Brown
Admission \$4:00 Students, \$6.00
Non-Students. Tickets at Cactus
Records and SUB Box Office

OCTOBER 15, 1989
'LIBERATION THEOLOGY;
JUSTICE FOR THE POOR'
Sunday, October 15, 1989
7:00 pm
Christus Collegium
Phil Shull, United Methodist
Campus Pastor

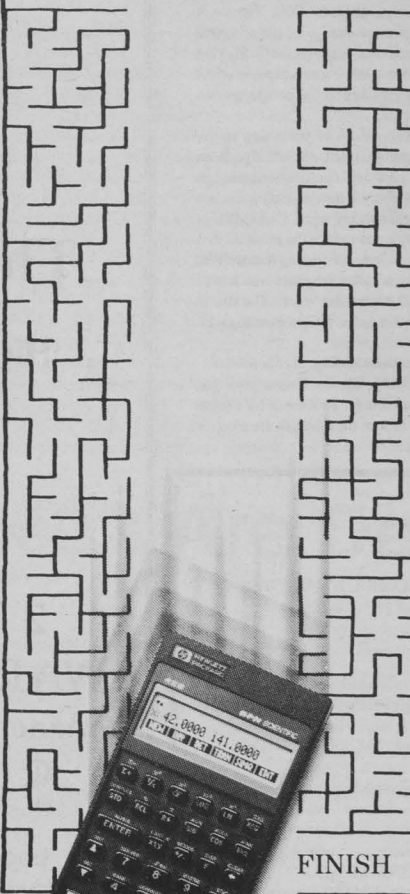
"CRY OF FREEDOM" FILM
Sunday, October 15, 1989
1:00 pm
Northwest Cafeteria
Donald Woods struggle with apart-
heid in Africa. Sponsored by
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Their way.



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Arts & Features

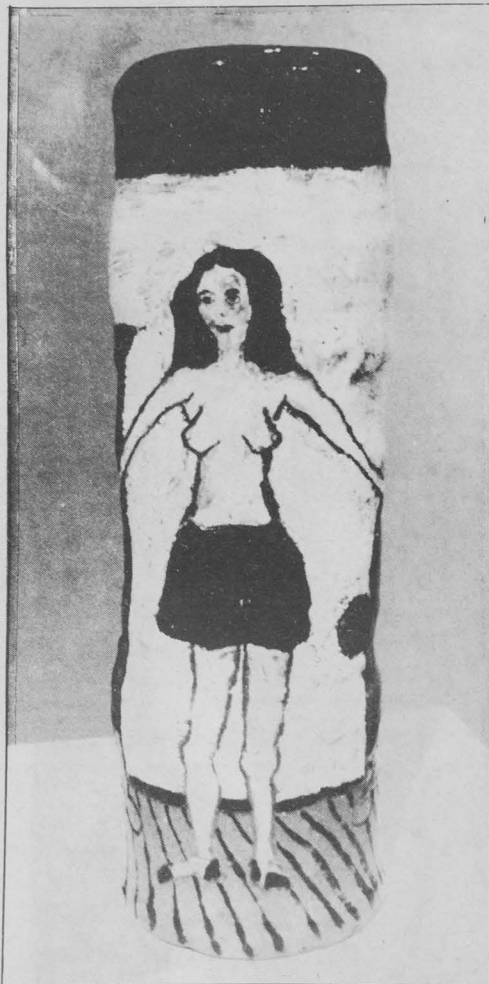


Jamey Catching's theater in clay can be seen now at the EXPT.

photo by Judy Hardasy

Ceramic Artists' Guild Annual

Pot Luck Show: well-kept secrets



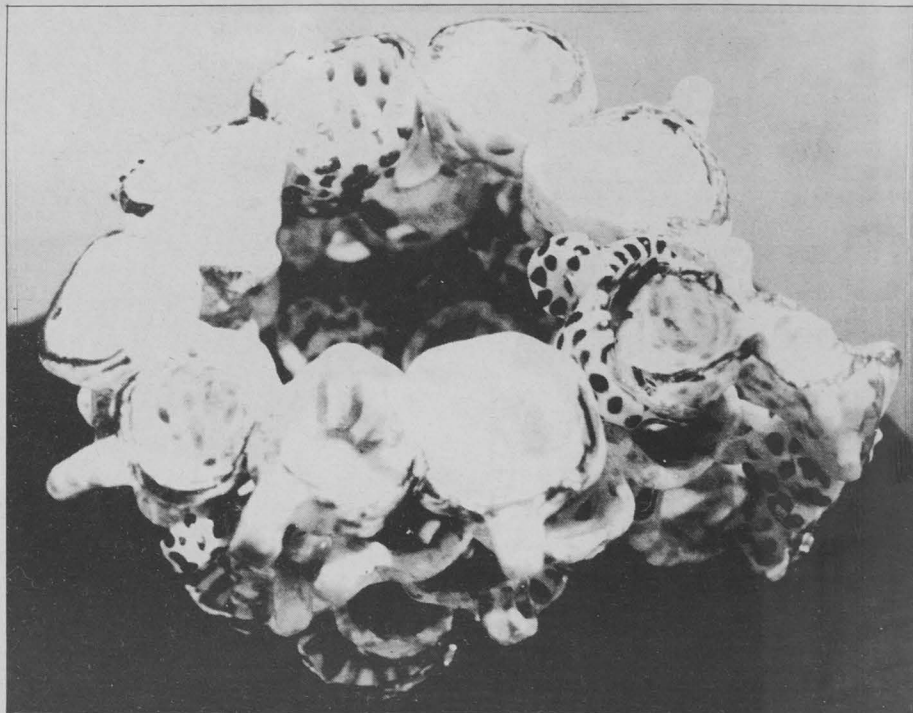
Untitled by Kat O'Connor.

photo by Judy Hardesty



Self-Portrait by Jason Lohbeck.

photo by Judy Hardesty



Teacup teacup by Rene Westbrook.

photo by Judy Hardesty

by Lucy Curtis

arts & features editor

◊ Ellen Ornitz juried this year's show. A local Bozeman artist and graduate of MSU, she did a terrific job. All the pieces are worthy of exhibiting and all of them have a unique voice and perspective. This is a tribute to instruction over in the art department, where young ceramic artists are encouraged to develop their own style.

◊ Some of the artists, of course, are influenced by each other. I think Paddy Ferriter, Rene Westbrook, and Mike Ryan were meant to show together. Their work is really witty. Especially Paddy's *She Used to be a Princess*. Rene chooses a drier approach and Mike a more direct cartoon attitude. Bright colors. Fun stuff.

◊ Susan James, Ken Jones, and David G. Peters seem to have had a pretty good time with raku, especially Ken Jones, who uses the pinched pot, the carved relief, and the deep tones capable in raku to make magic.

◊ Kat O'Connor stands out in a category of her own, as usual. Although one of her very first pots, it's a success in the way she can't help but make art. It would be really nice to see her hundredth pot.

◊ And that Jamey Catchings, WOW! He just gets better and better. They said he rode his piece over on his bicycle, so it must be sturdy. Ken doll faces slip cast inside drapes and skeleton head atop barbieque body and christmas gifts in tact with thin little bows and a human size bunch of fingers pushing up through the floor holding a newborn creature from somewhere else. Maybe it's E.T. But not quite that easy. Genius, pure genius.

◊ Dave Kinsey's *Out West* is an novelty cup. Like a souvenir, a curio, but glazed with the traditional "zen" salt fire and geometrically soft shaped, it takes on an East meets West quality. Interesting.

◊ Lisa Salisbury's *Burial Jar* looks like a Kansas City Art Institute ceramic undergrad work. Maybe there's room for you at Archie Brae? It wouldn't hurt checking out. The pot looks like fish and horses' necks without heads. Deep black adds to the mystery.

◊ Jason Lohbeck's *Self Portrait* looks like a cast skull, but is way too small to match his own head. This brings to mind not only long ago and far away, but childhood memories as well.

The skull sits atop two clay bricks, which reveals to me a kind of raw, primitivistic, gut approach to the making of things in clay.



3rd Orgasm by Packy Cronin.

photo by Judy Hardesty

The Exponent is looking for ghost fiction, ghost poetry, and ghost art for the Halloween issue. So get your Macbeth head on and slip your wicked visions into the art editors mailbox soon. Very soon.

They must be 300 scary words or less, to accommodate as many writers as blood will allow.



photo by Judy Hardesty

All dressed up and no place to go by Paddy Ferriter.

Crusoe

a Bozeman Film Festival

Review

by Dennis Aig
contributing writer

The Bozeman Film Festival at the Rialto Theatre continued October 16 to 19 with Caleb Deschanel's *Crusoe* (1989). The film will be shown once each evening.

Deschanel is the acclaimed cinematographer of such visually outstanding films as *The Black Stallion*, *The Natural*, and *The Right Stuff*. His directorial work is equally impressive but less popular. *The Escape Artist*, his first film as director, was an unconventional study of a teen-aged magician and the adults around him. In *Crusoe*, Deschanel explores the larger social implications of a favorite adventure story.

In this freely adapted version of Defoe's 18th century classic, *Crusoe* is a slave trader in the early 19th century who deals in slaves from the West Indies. Played by Aidan Quinn, *Crusoe* develops new insight into society's racial prejudices when two black men help him survive after a shipwreck.

The screenplay has been criticized for anachronisms of language and attitude. Too often the characters sound and act like late-twentieth-century human rights activists. The performances of the cast, especially Ade Sapara and Hepburn Graham as the two islanders who save and enlighten *Crusoe*, undercut this criticism by creating a screen environment in which the film's historical insight seems appropriate and believable.

Crusoe suggests that Deschanel will develop into a director who films defy easy categorization. His challenging work may limit the size of his audience, but his defiance of film expectations will greatly please those adventurous viewers who follow his growth as a director.

ALICE

by Mitch Moore
staff writer

Imagine a world in which a stuffed rabbit comes to life in its glass taxidermy case, noisily hemorrhages a pile of sawdust, dons a crimson waistcoat, and dashes into a dresser drawer for an appointment. Alice, of Lewis Carroll fame, follows. They descend on an elevator, passing jars of fetuses and baby bird skulls. From there, things only get curiousest and curiousest.

Jan Svankmajer, who produced eighteen short films before "Alice," has received numerous awards and critical acclaim for his works. In this feature-length film, Svankmajer loosely follows Carroll's plot, moving from one surrealistic collection of images to another. Alice finds herself in a different sort of Wonderland, a nightmarish, fascinating sort of place where live action and animation are masterfully intermingled. When she swallows a bottle of ink labelled "Drink Me," she shrinks and becomes her animated-doll double. After nibbling an "Eat Me" tart, she just as suddenly grows into the live actress (young Kristyna Kohoutova) again.

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Mainstream

Grey Hell

by Mark Heinz

staff writer
edited by Lucy Curtis

I've had my share of bus rides, both good and bad, mostly bad. There were the busses in Mexico, real winners, standing room only on two lane highways. They don't have bathrooms on Mexican busses either. I don't think I'll ever go back to Mexico if I can help it. There have been numerous trips to Colorado to see the family or to go to work. They always route me through Utah. God, I hate Utah. Nothing good ever happened to me in Utah. The most recent Greyhound venture I had was a nifty little stint from Phoenix back home to Bozeman. A real winner it was indeed. It all started when...

I am standing outside the Phoenix bus station, standing in the sun. Well, in Phoenix, a more appropriate name for it would be the "sun of a bitch", 110 degree PLUS temperatures. (And people actually leave Montana to live here? Must be some bad mushrooms going around.) Downtown Phoenix is much like downtown in any large town these days: fancy skyscrapers and prim looking businessmen intermixed with destitute bums and prostitutes: America at its best. After bidding a fond farewell to the sun, the traffic, the drug traffic, your general urban insanity, I say goodbye to the my friend Neil and board the Big Grey Dog.

The trip between Phoenix and Vegas goes by rather uneventfully. I take my traditional seat: second one from the back on the left hand side. I read and stare blankly out at the vast and barren countryside. But hey, after a Summer of looking at half-assed shopping centers and California Wanna Be's in low riders, vast and barren looks pretty good.

As we near Vegas, an older man begins to talk more and more excitedly about how drunk he is going to get when he gets to his apartment. Hell, I sure wish I had a cold pack right now. Oh, well, one cannot expect to have everything.

After a short layover in Vegas we are once again on our way, plowing through the desert night - the backbone of the poor man's transportation is slow, steady, smelly - a private Hell for all trapped within its steel sides. I am now surrounded by a group of people more or less my age. There is a nervous young man going to see his father for the first time in more than a decade. Behind me is a thin blonde girl, just out of high school, going to see her father, whom she has never met. In the deep back sits a wild-eyed youth who very rarely stays still. He has two bullet wounds in his right arm land is being "sent away" by his parents.

We pass around Jack Daniels (strictly no-no, of course, but none of us gives a rat's ass). We make idle conversation... The guy with the wild eyes does most of the talking, with little real meaning. The girl wants to join the Army. The nervous young man wants to fish with his dad. I am looking forward to getting back to school - at the same time realizing that no matter how educated or rich I may become, I should never lose touch with these people. The slob, the dogs of society, the destitute in the back of the bus, the ones who may lie from time to time, but who never pretend. They ride on Greyhound: Die, yuppie seum.

Somewhere in the middle of the night in the middle of Utah, Wild-Eyes goes into the john with a reefer. Soon I awake to the smell of sweet leaf permeating the coach. The driver, threatens to kick Wild-Eyes off the bus. Wild-Eyes sits down and passes out.

There is no other way to put it, no way for me to mince words. The Salt Lake City bus depot sucks shit. It is my least favorite place on the entire planet.

The scene here is always the same. There are the plastic



She used to be a Princess by Paddy Ferriter.

Radio

chairs that torture your back and make sleep near impossible. There is always the arrogant bunch of European tourists in one corner and the torn and tattered near vagrants scattered throughout the station. There is always at least one screaming kid and one old cowboy wandering around giving everybody else dirty looks. Jesus, I've wasted too many hours of my life in this place. This white room of despair set in the very heart of the Mormon empire.

September, 1986, a six hour layover. June, 1987, four and one half hours. December, 1988, three hours... Please, God, wake me! I can't carry both my typewriter and my book bad with me, so I opt to leave my typewriter here. Anybody who is stupid enough to steal the piece of crap is welcome to keep it.

I wander around Salt Lake City. Actually, it's not a bad looking town. I just keep getting this feeling that big Mormon brother is watching me. Oh, well, I won't do anything bad - I promise. I check out the capitol building, crawling with Japanese tourists. (And, yes, they all have cameras). I stumble back to the station and find that my typewriter is still there.

I start talking to two teenaged brothers, headed for Billings. Just before our bus leaves, the younger one vividly describes a two hit acid trip to me.

Back on the road. This time I sit in front of the two teenagers and beside a young father with two wild little boys who talk at Maximum volume. I am just getting to sleep when the drivers makes an announcement over the P.A. system: "Those of you who are partners, please refrain from fucking on the bus." What? I sit up and shake my head, fighting off a massive fit of laughter. I then realize that what the man said was, "Those of you who are smokers, please refrain from smoking on the bus."

"Ogden, Utah, smoking piss break!" The P.A. smashes my dreams, and there is a spider on my leg. I jump up, and about the time my muddled mind is figuring out the message was "smoke and stretch break," and the spider is actually the foot of one of the teenagers, one of the little boys leaps into the aisle and screams "Some Chinese girls are very pretty!" Gee, thanks, kid, you nearly shattered my brain. A large crowd of smokers and stretchers heads for the door, but I opt to sit down and check my brains for cracks. After a short recovery I get up and look out the window - no erotic oriental women. The kid probably just thought it was incredibly important that the whole world know about the pretty Chinese women, even if there aren't any around right now.

The boys' father, as well as a sympathetic old woman, begin the kids pop. Thus, they each get a wonderful sugar high, and their loud conversation is punctuated by bombastic belches. This makes reading impossible, but I manage to sleep through the rest of Utah.

"Daddy, that pee splashed on my face, and on my shirt, and there is pee on my hands...." That's what I like about bus trips, they are so damn earthy. No social class on a bus, everyone is equally worthless. Everybody smells, nobody sleeps very well, there are sore muscles everywhere, we all look as if we had just gotten out of bed after a two day party. Yea, this is the life. Now if I can just stay alive for ten more hours.

Somewhere south of West Yellowstone, the bus begins to vibrate violently. After investigating, it is collectively decided that our big grey dog has blown a camshaft. Fucking wonderful, just what I needed, a free stay in Dead Dog Idaho!

Our driver calls for a new bus to be delivered up from Picatello. We wait. I read until the sun goes down and then shoot the bull with the teenagers and a shy young Indian woman. The new bus finally does arrive. I gratefully pass out for the rest of the trip home.

Back in Bozeman, I wander down to Safeway to buy some munchies. The streets are dark and quiet. The air is clean. The drone of the Greyhound's engine and the shifting of its gears is still in my head, where it will remain for hours to come. I also notice that some weepeters built a Pizza Hut down by the Molly over the summer. Oh well, it could be worse. I could be in Utah.

Paradox in the Pacific

by Walker Buchanan-Willmuth

contributing writer

edited by Mark Goring

The wrinkles and sun spots on the old man's face augmented his chronological age considerably. His body was stunted and twisted like the banyans that grow amidst the fishers cinder shelves. His ambulatory capacity had been reduced to practically nil. The steps he took resembled those of an infant. Beneath a shock of bleached white hair, his coffee brown eyes maintained a vitality that seemed incongruent with the rest of his debilitated figure.

The old man approached the rock. He stopped beside me and introduced himself, speaking in broken English with an almost impenetrable Hawaiian dialect. Though his character is fixed firmly in my memory, I will never be able to recall his native polysyllabic name.

He was holding a small brown bag in one hand and several green palm leaves in the other. He set them both down as he leaned uneasily against a large rock next to where I was sitting. Quietly, he began talking with slow gesticulations about the storms that had raged through Hilo (the littoral city where we were) years ago.

As he spoke he picked up one of the palm leaves from his pile and removed his buck knife from the leather pouch on his belt. Starting an incision at the wide base he slid the blade delicately between the thorny edged spine and the green skin of the long narrow leaf. He cut all the way to the pointed tip and let the spine remain attached to the skin by a few fibers.

As he folded the dark green strip (making incisions where necessary) he described, with no change in speed or volume, the day his home was sent plummeting down the side of the mountain after heavy rains eroded in the ground. The destruction of his house (and most of the belongings therein) forced him to move into town.

Surgically holding his knife, his agile hands moved comfortably around his creation, seeking out the final unattended details.

With a single curt nod of satisfaction he held up the product of his efforts with one hand and quietly closed his knife and placed it in his belt pouch.

The spine of the leaf was now a slender pole that bowed gently under the mass which hung by its own fibers from the narrow tip. At the end of the spine he had woven an origami bird with its wings outstretched in flight.

Traces of a smile crossed the old man's face as he glanced past the bird at me. He extended his hand, gripping the miniature pole between his thumb and two fingers. "For...you," he said, bobbing his wrist slightly.

I carefully took the end of the pole, uttering a hushed and inadequate "thank you." The jungle-green bird floated up and down from the motion of the exchange.

I was captivated by its intricacy, the delicate folds and angles which gave the ornament life. I heard the man start talking, but I did not see him pick up his paper sack.

He said that he had many birds and that he had taught his grandchildren to make them, though the younger ones would always tear them up with their playing.

I nodded mutely. When he paused I turned the pole towards me and looked at the ornament from the front. "Your creation is superlative! I've never seen one like it before."

The old man told me how difficult it was to pay three hundred dollars a month to rent his new apartment. He opened his bag and continued speaking. "I have many birds...if you like, I sell for one dollar. I have to pay ribbon for make."

For the first time since receiving the gift I looked away from the bird. The man removed his hand from the small bag. He was holding three colored birds, each woven of a different shiny ribbon. The three were geometrically similar to the one that I held, but that's where the likeness ended.

The ribbon birds were of the variety indigenous to the kitchen refrigerators of households all over. Here, in their loud colors, they were suddenly repugnant and anticlimactic.

The ineffable elation I'd found from watching the aesthetic creation drained out of melike water on desert sand. I felt parched and ill, a revolting aftertaste of bathos began to inflame my cynicism.

I fished a dollar out of my pocket for one of the bright mushrooms.

Torn between gratitude for the old man, an unquellable sense of anger and loss, I said "thank you" to the man and gave the best forced smile I could.

As I walked beneath the now mundane trees towards the car I couldn't help thinking the man's ribbon birds cost much more than he knew.

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World Trade: a new album

In the international exchange of musical ideas, few bands possess the compelling originality of WORLD TRADE. With its towering sound, WORLD TRADE centers on the expansive themes of hope, exploration and discovery. Yet unlike some bands from the epic rock tradition, there are no dungeons and dragons, no swords and sorcery in their music, only the down-to-earth concerns of the real world.

As the group's self-titled debut album reveals, WORLD TRADE forms a link between select virtuoso bands of the past and the future direction of progressive rock. The heart of WORLD TRADE is

Bruce Gowdy and bassist/lead vocalist Billy Sherwood. Together with keyboardist Guy Allison and drummer Mark T. Williams, the L.A.-based quartet has fashioned a premier recording of near cinematic drama and scope.

WORLD TRADE also has a razor-sharp edge on songs like *Wasting Time* and *Fight to Win*, both bottom-heavy rockers. Gowdy's gyroscopic guitar style and the group's intricate harmonies are used to great effect on *Emotional Wasteland* and *Sense of Freedom*, the latter being one of the band's most emphatic calls to self-fulfillment and global unity. The album's closer, the mysterious *Open*

the Door, exhorts the listener to "open the door/find another world."

Formed in early 1988, WORLD TRADE is the outgrowth of two earlier well-respected bands, LODGIC and STONE FURY. Sherwood and Allison were both members of LODGIC which was first formed in Las Vegas before heading west. Sherwood started out as the band's roadie, and eventually worked his way up to bassist and co-lead singer, toiling for years before landing the elusive record deal.

Only 18 months passed between WORLD TRADE's inception and release of the album, a mere blink of the eye in music industry time.



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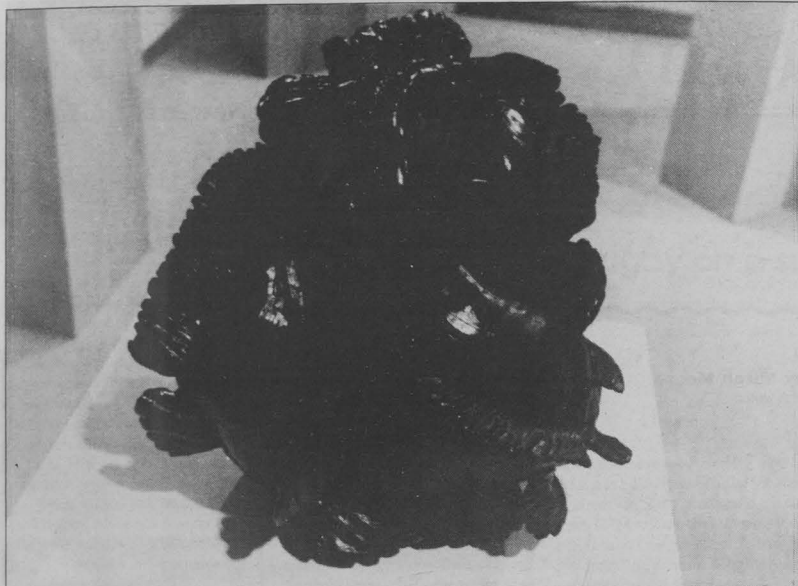
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Burbot Jar by Lisa Salisbury

photo by Judy Hardesty

My Summer of Hell

by Kevin Woods
staff writer
edited by Mark Going

Ah, Alaska. Land of rugged wilderness, land of coastal beauty, land of the fish cannery. I was excited at first...at first. From the moment I walked out of the office of All Alaskan Seafoods, my hopes were high.

It was only when I caught the first glimpse of the big, flat, rusty floating thing that I began to have second thoughts.

Myself and about five other people were greeted by a rotund and surly looking creature of native descent. He uttered forth something like, "how's it going?" and then belched. A real sick one, too.

As we climbed aboard, the creak of metal echoed throughout the dank and stinky lower level. We had to watch our step so as not to slip on patches of lime and the trampled guts which layered the floor. It was a challenge even on the dry parts due to the huge warps and fractures apparently in the early 30's this thing had been on fire three different times).

We were then lead topside and introduced to the galley. The King's Table it was not. The strange feeling I had wasn't seakickness because there was very little movement. Instead was a sense of no balance. Later at dinner-time, the reason became clear when my "food" began to favor the left side of the plate. The atmosphere in this alien environment needed a lot of work too. I had a choice between biting arctic wind or smoke.

Five days of this shit went on without a word about why we were there; a job. There was absolutely no work. And nobody knew when, why, what, who, where.

So there I was, sitting on board the furthest thing from a cruise ship as possible, with a bunch of ex-

cons, metal heads and derelicts. I was trapped, anchored just 500 yards off the lush green coastline of freedom. If I jumped, I would freeze and die. If I jumped and didn't freeze and die, I would reach the shore and starve and die. I was fucked.

So I decided to take some action. I found out when the next boat load of prisoners was to arrive (which was difficult since even the captain didn't know what year it was). After politely and diplomatically ting them to piss off, I was accused of reaking contract, mtany, conspiring to comm a logical act, etc. Finally, at 3 a. m. skiff ws up and was sentenced the next phase of my ongoing nightmare. ("skiff" is just a fancy term for a tiny row boat which has no business being on the ocean to begin with) As we played "boat vs ocean" on the swelling waves, I could taste the salt on my now completely doused face. It was kind of hard to see land because every ten seconds or so a five foot wave would obstruct my view. It was kind of hard, however, and the ride was actually quite exciting.

Once on the beach I thought "hmm...I'm in Alaska. I'm hundred of miles from anywhere. I have 540 dollars."

Finally a faint buzz could be heard over the sound of wind and surf. Once on the beach I thought "hmm...I'm in Alaska. I'm hundred of miles from anywhere. I have 540 dollars

Finally a faint buzz could be heard over the sound of wind and surf. The small craft skidded to a halt in the gravel and my thumb went up. The pilot informed me that he wasn't supposed to carry any passengers because he was transporting some dangerous compressed gas...but he'd make an exception. Oh, great.

My hopes went up when I learned that there was work in Dillingham. It's a good thing because that was

all the further my last 50 dollars got me.

I began my new job at Dragnet Fisheries immediately, helping set up tables, sweeping, painting and other stuff; until the fish boats arrived. And, oh boy, did they arrive! We started one afternoon and never stopped. We were all clad in dura-plastic bibs and gloves and the fun began I foolishly volunteered for the position of gulleter, since no other position was any better. With a hydrolic gillitine on one side of me, and a couple of very tired people with knives on the other, we plodded on through the night. Hundreds of decapitated salmon were slid to me to be gullited (which means to ram the fish onto a horizontal drill bit, thus swirling their guts around and round and making an awful mess. After 18 hours of causing blood and strands of flesh flying in all directions, I was ready to put that drill to a different use.

With freezing cold hands, soaking wet feet and slime covered clothes, I retired to the bunkhouse. At last, six hours of sleep! This is going to be great...Oh shit! I analyzed the walls and the air around my face. There were thousands of mosquitoes flying in formation toward me. Attacking every inch of exposed flesh with vampire-like accuracy, they managed to ruin all my possibilities for sleep.

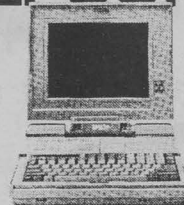
Everyday, all day, and most of the night, fish. I would wake up in the middle of sleep and see fish. I would go to work and throw fish. My entire existence was fish, fish, fish. Never before in my life had I seen so many mosquitoes and fish in one place at one time. God, what have I done?!

We switched positions regularly, and I met some really cool people. All in all it was a neat experience and I made a little money. So when the season neared the end of Dragnet, I bailed. The rest of the summer was to be spent at Big Lie Montana, but that is another story.

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Can You Spell

Skank?

by Mitch Moore
staff writer

Have you ever been surrounded by miles upon miles of teased, bleach-blond hair? No, not the kind encountered daily on the MSU campus or the countless clone-clique chicks at the R-Bar. I mean the REAL thing, accompanied by fishnet, lots of cleavage, and, above all, a black leather mini-skirt worn just above the navel.

What is the most descriptive word possible when referring to such a creature? You guessed it (or just looked at the title); this woman is a skank. And what is a skank's very favorite thing besides a trip to the mall or a discussion about hairspray? Attending a rock concert, of course.

The particular concern I am referring to is Richard Marx's recent performance in Billings. This excursion seemed the perfect remedy for those familiar first-week-of-class blues. We arrived just as the concert opener, a Mr. Warren Zevon (zee-vaughn), was announced. As luck would have it, three girls who looked and smelled like true skanks should be occupying our seats. After initially playing dumb (at least I think they were playing), everything was soon straightened out and the lights went down.

Zevon took over the stage with his keyboard and guitar. The closest thing to this New Age folk-artist I've seen is a night at the Hauf with Tex Tucker. Zevon is known in certain circles for his lyrical, politically-laced ballads. Unfortunately, most of the 3900 in attendance hadn't paid \$15 to see a 60's guru (skank terminology) croon for 45 minutes. Although quite entertaining at times, no one was really in the mood. At that point my attention began to wander and I realized that true skankiness is actually an art form. The attitude with which a skank carries herself can only be achieved after years of hard work and practice. After all, there really is a perfect combination of caked-on makeup, high-heeled boots, and a nerdy boyfriend (real skanks don't like to be shown up by their men). I marveled at the life of commitment these polished women endure in their quest for skankiness. Many of them, upon closer inspection, actually appeared to be suffering intense pain. Perhaps spending so much time in leather causes chafing?

Finally, the show everyone had been waiting for began. Marx and his 6-man band were greeted with the expected cheers, but also with more

than a little dismay. Marx wore a black, fringed leather jacket; I could tell the skanks were livid with jealousy. But soon they were so capti-

colored lights and Marx's flashy stage presence that they broke down and began to enjoy the music.

A short blond skank standing next to me decided that she couldn't see. Her name was Inga from Sweden (actually it was Tina from Germany, but I just wanted to point out that Swedish girls have had a tremendous historical influence on skanks around the world). She asked to stand on the back of my chair and hold onto my shoulders so she wouldn't fall. Everything seemed hunky-dory, until she announced that if I moved, she would surely fall. Soon, however, I found myself gyrating with the rest of the crowd and she went down, poor skank...

Most of the songs from Marx's two albums are standard Top 40, sure, but Marx proved to possess a talented, full-ranged singing ability, complete with a flamboyance that warmed the crowd to him almost immediately. (Remember the Doublemint commercials? That was his lively vocalizing.) Also particularly impressive was lead guitarist Paul Warren, who carried large portions of the 1 1/2 hour show. The drummer, for his part, made a lot of fancy-shmancy sound with his percussion machine, but exhibited little real proficiency.

At one point, Marx performed personalized renditions of Elvis Presley and Sam Cooke originals. My favorite was a harmonized a cappella version of Cooke's "Bring It On Home To Me." The fans were extremely pleased; one excited young skank found the time appropriate to throw her bra at Marx, which he proudly flaunted around his neck.

At the conclusion of the regular show and encouraged by the tremendous roar of the crowd, Marx returned for the inevitable encores, including "Hold Onto the Nights" and a phenomenal show of red and white lasers.

After escaping from the post-concert traffic jam, we found ourselves in another skank domain, McDonald's. Although somewhat rumpled and crowding the women's restroom for quick hairspray fixes, the skanks seemed thoroughly pleased with the show. When asked their opinions of Marx's effectiveness as a performer, four very nice young ladies from Big Timber expressed nothing but praise: "awesome! cool! incredible! really nice butt!" and et cetera. Skank wanna-be's, all, but at least they know what they like...

Thoughts on Art

New Art Club forms by Lucy Curtis

arts & features editor

The students over in Haynes Hall will never be the same. They have joined forces and formed an ART CLUB. Its purpose: to bring about yuppie levels of income for the art department, to make noise, to make art noticeable and proud on this campus. Art made by the students, for the students.

Their art club has already met two times. In this short span they have begun plans for a dance either November 3rd or 4th at the Molly Brown. The Molly will never be the same. This should be wild as all get out, as art students are notoriously good dancers and attract good dancers and fun souls. So don't miss out scholars, the Art Club is invading the community in a big way.

They are also making up great t-shirts which will feature Bob DeWeese as artist. He'll probably draw a cool tie and their will be lettering announcing the art club's name, THE PURPLE CIRCLE.

Local rich and famous artists, John Buck and Debra Butterfield have offered to match all the money the Purple Circle makes so I tell ya what—we're in the money!

We couldn't be happier, except unless we all grow rich and famous too!

It's not all grad students either. Undergrads from fine arts include the Ceramics Club and the Design Club join forces to present a united and wealthier front to the public.

Let's hear it for art power! Who knows, maybe we'll get those bubble gum sculptures after all. Maybe the sororities and fraternities will stage a performance dance on the lawn some day.

Cause *someday* art will be undeniably, absolutely, purely, integrally a major part of this campus' thinking, educational processes, ways of being.

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! The Purple Circle has lost its gourd. Yahoo!

We're selling stuff at the Christmas arts & crafts fair too, so tell all your mommies who love printed hot pads to stop by and we'll charm them into buying a t-shirt for you for Christmas, dear.

What will Beaver do now? There is no telling. Maybe he'll grow up and be an art dealer or a rich banker and buy lots of avant garde prints for his new office complex up at Big Sky.

You know, when you buy our art, we don't ask you how you voted. Never. It's your little secret. You don't even have to MEET us or KNOW us. Just make out the check. Or better yet, pay cash direct to the artist and skip the gallery scene altogether. Better YET, buy student work now and invest in yours and their future. It's a smart thing to do. A hip thing to do. You know, I heard that students who have original art on their walls get laid more often. Really. No joke. I know. I've seen the back side of a few places. Yes, indeedly.

Sports

This week in Sports

World Series begins Saturday

(All times Mountain Daylight)

Saturday, October 14

San Francisco at Oakland 6:31 pm

Sunday, October 15

San Francisco at Oakland 6:28 pm

Tuesday, October 17

Oakland at San Francisco 6:21 pm

Wednesday, October 18

Oakland at San Francisco 6:28 pm

Thursday, October 19

Oakland at San Francisco 6:28 pm;

if necessary

Saturday, October 21

San Francisco at Oakland 6:28 pm;

if necessary

Sunday, October 22

San Francisco at Oakland 6:28 pm;

if necessary

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Cats to face Idaho Vandals in 1989
Homecoming Showdown Saturday
page 18

MSU Deerslayers 2-1 after opener
this page

X-Country takes 6th at Minnesota
page 19



photo by Mark Goring

Rugby on a sunny day



The Deerslayers rugby team held their annual Octoberfest tourney last weekend. The University of Saskatchewan took the championship.

MSU Deerslayers end season opener 2-1; prepare for season

by Biff Cheddar

Deerslayer correspondent

Last weekend marked the start of another fall season of rugby for the MSU Deerslayers. The annual Oktoberfest tournament was held on campus Saturday and Sunday. Teams from Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Canada were in attendance.

The overall atmosphere at the tournament was one of friendly camaraderie. The entire event was won by the University of Saskatchewan Dogs when the University of Wyoming, the only other undefeated team, opted to forfeit the championship game Sunday morning.

For the Deerslayers, it was a good weekend. Many fresh faces got a taste of what quality rugby is all about. The MSU coaching staff, however, had a difficult time attempting a learning environment on the field by playing the younger and the more experienced players together.

In the first game against the Butte Crabs, 'Boz' scored his first try for the Deerslayers. Keith Bright also scored

a try. Final: Deerslayers 8; Butte 4. The contest against the Portneuf Valley, ID team proved more of a task for the ruggers from MSU. The coaching staff decided to go with a very seasoned side in a bid to dominate the always tough side from Idaho.

The Deerslayers got on the board early when Brian Wittenbecher scored three points with a penalty kick. The rest of the game was filled with exciting rallies from both sides. MSU scored the first try of the game when Wittenbecher scooped a sloppy ball up in the 'slayers end and rambled for 40 yards. The ball was then passed to Rob Neibauer who ran another 15 yards before being stopped. Neibauer managed to get the ball back to Wittenbecher, who was tackled just after a quick pass to prop Quentin Rhoades, who took the ball the distance for the score.

A short while later Rob Neibauer displayed his speed and 'juking' ability while putting the Deerslayers further up the scoreboard.

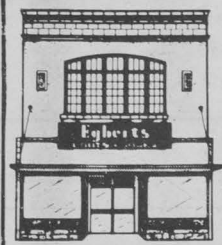
In the second half, flyhalf Chris Fritzen took command of the ball and dodged past the weary Portneuf Valley defense. The final score showed the

Deerslayers ahead of Idaho for the first time. Final score: Deerslayers 15; Portneuf Valley 0.

In the final game, the lesser experienced Deerslayer players were given a chance to show their talent against the Wyoming team. To the pleasant surprise of the coaching staff, the players all gave excellent effort. MSU scored first when 'Thor' used his towering size and strength to power his way across the opposition's line. This was also his first score for the Deerslayers. Unfortunately, it was the only score for the local team. Despite a valiant effort to the finish, Wyoming managed to score two tries and win the game. Final: Deerslayers 4; UW 8.

This quarter the Deerslayers are planning trips to Missoula and Laramie, WY for collegiate tournaments. The big event being in Laramie. Last year at the tourney, the Deerslayers lost a squeaker to the Air Force Academy in the dying moments of play.

New players are always welcome to come out and play. Practices are held Tuesday and Thursday at 5:00 p.m. on the rugby pitch behind the SOB Barn. Bring your boots and mouthguard.



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Leadership Excellence Starts Here



The 'Cats go up against the Idaho Vandals tomorrow at 2:00 p.m. in Homecoming action in the Reno H. Sales Stadium. Exponent file photo

Bobcats to tangle with Idaho Vandals

by Dan Huffine

staff sportswriter

The challenge facing the Montana State Bobcats this Saturday during Homecoming '89, will be to try and slow down John Friesz. If you put the clamps on a guy who may very well be the best player to ever come out of the Big Sky Conference, chances are good that the 'Cats might pull off a major upset and gain their second Big Sky win. If not, Friesz may do to MSU what he did to the Grizzlies a few weeks ago when Idaho racked up 24 points in the first quarter and a half of the game.

"With a player like John Friesz, who is a premier player in our league, the key things that you do is number one, make him have to take time in relationship to moving the football and the other thing you have to do is keep the ball on offense," said Bobcat head coach Earle Solomonson.

All you need to do is look back to last weekend to see how good Friesz really is. Against a Northern Arizona team ranked number two against the pass, Friesz racked up 423 yards passing and five touchdowns. In total, the Vandal offense rolled up 536 yards against the Lumberjacks.

"Overall, the Vandals are pretty much a one dimensional team," said Solomonson. "They will run a little bit to keep you honest, but they want to establish the passing game."

The big question will be whether the Bobcats can get their patented running game going enough to keep the clock moving and keep the ball out of Friesz' hands. Going into the game, MSU has the number one ground game in the Big Sky with an average of over 200 yards per game. On the other hand, Idaho comes in ranked last in total defense.

"Our defense will have a lot of pressure on them this week," Solomonson said. "You're not going to stop Friesz, you can only hope to slow him down. The best way to neutralize a great player like Friesz is to keep him off the field."

"We are going to have to put together sustained drives and not let Idaho get the ball a great deal. Overall, we need to put together a solid effort for the full 60 minutes."

Kickoff for the homecoming contest is set for 2:00 p.m. at Reno H. Sales Stadium. A crowd of over 10,000 is expected for the contest.

THE EXPONENT NEEDS AN EDITOR

- pick up an application in the ASMSU office, room 281 of the SUB.
- deadline for applications Tuesday October 17, 5:00 p.m.
- Editor Selection Wednesday, October 18th.

GET INVOLVED

MSU X-Country team finishes 6th at Minnesota invitational meet

by Dan Huffine

staff sportswriter

The Montana State University women's cross country team finished in eighth place last weekend at the University of Minnesota Invitational meet. Taking first place honors at the meet was the top NCAA team, the Villanova Wildcats. "Some of the best teams in the country were at this meet and we feel we competed very well," said MSU women's coach Dale Kennedy.

Kathleen Monaghan turned in her best performance of her college career on Saturday and finished sixth overall.

"Kathleen ran a great race," said Kennedy. "She ran intelligently and very competitively."

For her efforts, Monaghan was named Big Sky Conference Runner of the Week. Stephanie Harris also turned in a strong performance for the Bobcat women as she finished in thirty-first place. Christine Mount finished 53rd, while Monaghan's younger sister Molly crossed the finish line in 50th place overall.

Freshman Terra Bohnenblust also ran a solid race and ended up finishing sixty-seventh.

"We did better than we expected with this many young runners," said Kennedy.

"And this meet shows that we have a lot of things to look forward to in the future." The women's team is off this week and will return to action October 21, when they will travel to Boise, Idaho.

The BSU Invitational begins at 11:00 a.m. at Ann Morrison Park in Boise.

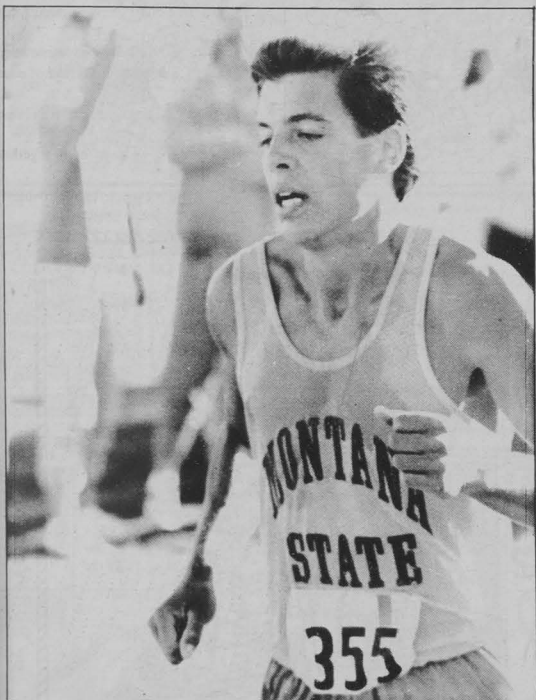


photo by Mark Goring

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LIMIT 1 WITH COUPON.

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

SUPER COUPON

2.7 oz. CREST
TOOTHPASTE
Reg. Tartar, Gel Flavor.

FREE 4929

WITH THIS COUPON.
Reg. Price 1.39.
LIMIT 1 WITH COUPON.

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

SUPER COUPON

OREO
COOKIES
20 oz. Reg. or Double Stuff
14 oz. Fudge Covered

1.88 4926

LIMIT 2 WITH COUPON

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

SUPER COUPON

JENNIE-O
PAN ROAST
Light & Dark Meat 2 Lb.

2.29 4935

LIMIT 2 WITH COUPON

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

SUPER COUPON

"Trimmed" ICEBERG
LETTUCE
U.S. No. 1 California

49¢ 4936

LIMIT 2 WITH COUPON

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

SUPER COUPON

PUREX
LAUNDRY DETERGENT
147 oz. Box

3.99 4925

LIMIT 1 WITH COUPON

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

SUPER COUPON

JERGEN'S
LOTION
Reg. or Extra Dry.
6 oz.

2\$1 4937

FOR 1
LIMIT 4 WITH COUPON.

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

SUPER COUPON

MARS
CANDY BARS
Snack Size

1.69 4938

LIMIT 2 WITH COUPON

B Buttrely
FOOD - DRUG

WRITE YOUR OWN **B Buttrely**
COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM
25¢ OFF ANY ITEM IN STORE

Does not include tobacco, dairy or alcoholic products. Must not exceed price of item. May not be used in conjunction with another coupon. LIMIT 2 COUPONS PER CUSTOMER. GOOD THRU 10-15-89. CASH VALUE .1206.

WRITE YOUR OWN **B Buttrely**
COUPON ONE COUPON PER ITEM
25¢ OFF ANY ITEM IN STORE

Does not include tobacco, dairy or alcoholic products. Must not exceed price of item. May not be used in conjunction with another coupon. LIMIT 2 COUPONS PER CUSTOMER. GOOD THRU 10-15-89. CASH VALUE .1206.

BOZEMAN
1601 West Main



OCT. 13, 14, & 15, 1989

Comics

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON

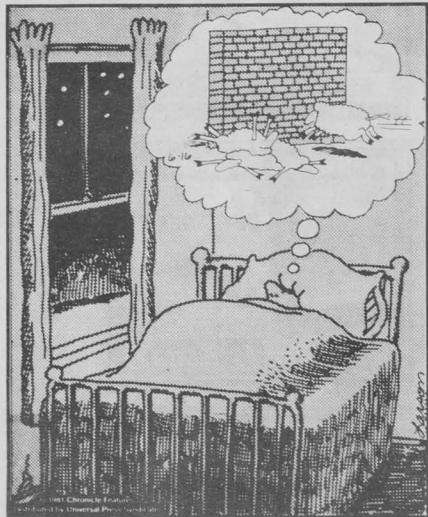


Calvin and Hobbes



by Bill Watterson

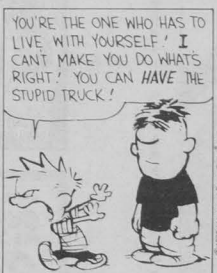
"Blast it, Agnes! ... If you're going to put your cold feet on me, you could at least dry them first."



Calvin and Hobbes



Calvin and Hobbes



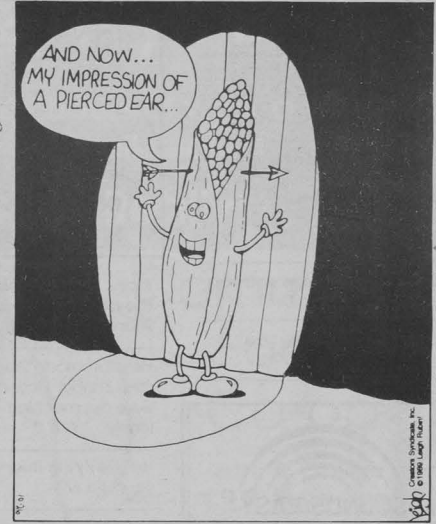
by Bill Watterson

by Bill Watterson

"Nice try."

Rubes

By Leigh Rubin



A corny routine.



"Don't be stupid, Marcie... of course I never look at other women!"



Classified

Personals

AOPI Spook House Oct. 31st

GO CATS!

See you at the Homecoming Parade Saturday

Tracey & Dean - What a cute couple! DI

Bobbie Oliver - Hope you had a great weekend. DI

Hi John & Kristal! You little bugger! plk

JoNaës
Handcrafted Chocolates

229 E. Main

OPEN HOUSE

Oct. 13 & 14

FREE SAMPLES

Thanx, Nancy Jean Farrier!
The pasties were delish.
Thanx, Thanx, Gracias. A & P

Hey Jamaican Stud & Lone-
pine Bunny! How are things?
Give our machine a call, it is
lonely. A & P

Hey Red and Beaner, we got
you! J & M

PERSONALS : 15¢ per
word for students; 20¢ per
word for non-students. Pay at
the Exponent, Room 330 SUB.



Reserve Your
Holiday Space
Today!

Seats are Extremely
Limited

Sun Chaser Travel
586-4778

**DON'T PUT
YOUR LIFE
OUT ON A LIMB.**

Stay away from overhead powerlines
when trimming trees. If a tree has
powerlines running through the
branches, don't try to trim it yourself.
The result could be a power outage.
Or worse yet, injury or death. Call your
electric company instead and let one
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**For health
insurance,
check with
State Farm.**

Call: Kirke Frantz
825 West Main
(Next to Safeway)
586-2200

**Personal Health
Insurance
the State Farm Way!**

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
Home Office, Bloomington, Illinois

Bon Voyage to Tamara West!

Roses are red, Violets are blue;
Kim and Michelle, here's to
you. Have a Schaefer Light on
me!

**Feeling Sad?
Feeling Blue?
Read the Exponent
Boop-Boop-Be-Do**

Join us in Germany. Dec 18th
to Jan 1st. T.C. & M.C.

Pikes are #1

For a good time call 322-5282

AOPI loves their new Pledges!

Kym is really "20" now.

Paul, who ever taught you
how to give directions!

Ginette, how about that tape
from Abby!

Anna Banana - Hope your leg
feels better! Let's drink to it @
25¢ beers @ The Rockin R Bar -
Dana

**BE A COOL CAT!
Pick Up the
EXPONENT**



**SOUNDS EASY
VIDEO STORES**

99¢ Movies*

-OR-
3/\$2.49

*EXCEPT NEW RELEASES

587-9721

200 S. 23 AV.
UNIVERSITY SQUARE
(NEXT TO ALBERTSONS)

The Exponent



It will open your mind

**"I HATE THE
WAY THEY WRINKLE
MY CLOTHES."**



STRAIGHTAWAY

**SPECIALIZING IN ALL TYPES OF
FOREIGN CAR REPAIR**

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- INTELLIGENT REPAIR
- REASONABLE COST

PARTS • SERVICE

Owner
Randy Wild



586-5452

MON - FRI 8AM - 5PM

1401 E. MAIN

NO JOB TOO LARGE OR TOO SMALL

5% off with Student I.D.

ASMSU **WANTS YOU FOR THE
1989-90 ACADEMIC YEAR
POSITION OPENINGS**

**Attention Pre-Health &
Management Students!**

Student Health Advisory Board:
4 POSITIONS OPEN; MEMBERS ACT AS LIASONS BE-
TWEEN THE STUDENT BODY OF MONTANA STATE UNI-
VERSITY AND THE SWINGLE STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE.
MEMBERS ARE ALSO INVOLVED WITH VARIOUS STUDENT
HEALTH EDUCATION PROGRAMS. GOOD MANAGEMENT
AND PRE-HEALTH EXPERIENCE.

APPLICATION DEADLINE IS OCTOBER 27TH BY 5 P.M.

APPLY AT THE ASMSU OFFICES, NEXT TO THE ASK-US
INFORMATION DESK

Truffles-Creams-Candies- Truffles-Creams-Candies-

**OPEN
HOUSE**

JoNaës

Handcrafted Chocolates

229 East Main

Drawings for Gift boxes Fri. Oct. 13
&
Sat Oct. 14

**Free
Samples**

Ticket for free Drawing

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone #: _____

Truffles-Creams-Candies- Truffles-Creams-Candies-

Wanted: Student Manager

For the Montana State University Men's Basketball program. Contact the basketball office at 2399

Thinking of taking some time off from school? We need MOTHER'S HELPERS. Prescreened Families to suit you. Live in exciting NEW YORK CITY suburbs. Room, board and salary included. 1-800-222-XTRA.

White House Nannies

invites you to *experience* life in The Nation's Capital. We screen in-person and place you with the best **transportation paid. Excellent salaries** for minimum one year commitment. **Contact Helen at (406) 549-1622 or write: 108 Strand Missoula, MT 59801.**

Exciting work, great (?) pay, and more! Positions open at the ASMSU Exponent. Pay/hours vary. Call 994-2611, or stop in at Room 330 of the Strand Union

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FREE

PREGNANCY TESTING

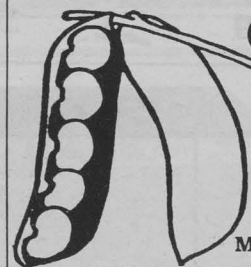
F. W. Balice, M.D.
586-1751

Associated Students of Montana State University is accepting sealed bids for **1979 Chevy Chevette**. Odometer reading 75,217. Bid solicitation forms may be picked up at the ASMSU Administrative Office Room 281 SUB. Bid deadline 4P.M. 10/20/89

30% Off Everything!

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Really!



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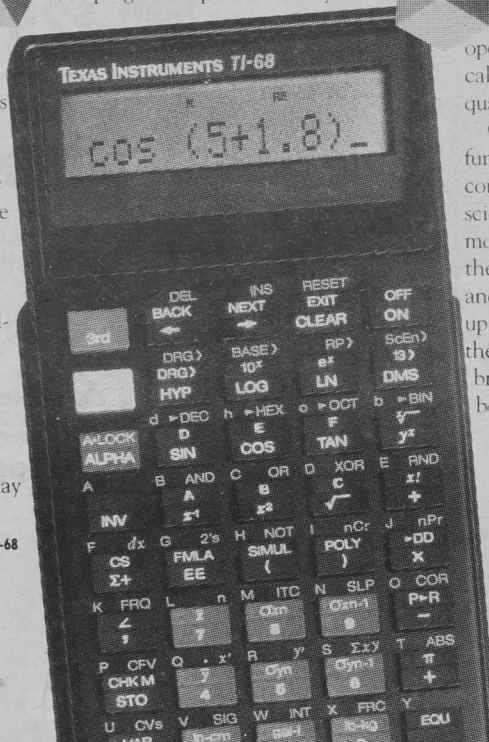
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answers without re-entering them. Formula programming provides up to 440 program steps for as many as 12

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Save on Ski Jackets, Shells, Stretch Pants, Sweaters, One Piece Suits, Turtle-necks.

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