

The week to celebrate international influence

March 7 began International Week, the biggest celebration of the year at FIU. Several staff photographers captured highlights of the big week. They are displayed on page 10.

The day the earth didn't stand still

March 9 was supposed to be last Tuesday. The real last Tuesday. But, alas, the world didn't end and that leaves Todd Anthony dazed and disillusioned. See page 12.

Wednesday

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# international

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Jennifer Guy/INTERNATIONAL

Officer Viglione swears Bucky Hayes in (top), Hayes hugs Viglione as father Charlie looks on, Bucky cheers as his mother congratulates him

## Sunblazers' biggest fan made honorary FIU officer

By GREG BAKER  
Managing Editor

There is a tendency — no, a tradition — in this so-called civilization to pass judgments. To limit fellow humans by categorizing them based on their appearance or manners.

Off the pigs. Get your haircut. Oh, that person must be unhappy — he only has....

But Monday, March 15, a few people and a lot of people came together to show that love — compassion and open-mindedness — can wash away all the filthy prejudice that warps happiness.

Monday was a good — in the purest meaning of the word — day.

\* \* \*

Bucky Hayes is a man full of dreams and accomplishments.

He bowls (with a 108 average), he loves fishing, he is the Sunblazer baseball team's most devoted supporter.

And Bucky Hayes is an admirable man who admires others: He loves the police, truck drivers and all sports (except soccer).

His accomplishments are on the walls of his room: trophies, plaques, model trucks. His dreams are another story.

When he was born 31 years ago in Missouri a tragic accident (he was dropped in the hospital) left him bent and paralyzed — confined to a wheelchair, his spine mangled, his vocal chords twisted.

"He could have been a doctor or lawyer," his mother Helen said. He is an intelligent and extremely likable guy.

And those qualities have helped him turn shattered dreams into a life full of accomplishment and success.

Monday he became an FIU honorary police officer. (He also is an honorary sheriff's deputy in Arkansas and Highway Patrolman in Missouri.)

\* \* \*

At 3 Monday afternoon two police cars with sirens wailing whipped into the FIU baseball field where the 'Blazers were warming up to play John Jay University.

Of course Bucky was there. He doesn't miss FIU baseball games.

Officer Louie Viglione walked up to Bucky, whose wheelchair was parked in the shade on the 3rd base side. He sat, buckled into the chair, with his father Charlie and mother Helen.

Viglione handed Hayes two police trainee shirts (with official public safety patches sewn on). Then he presented badge No. 43 and swore Bucky in.

"You take care of things," Viglione said. "And just call me if you ever need help."

Bucky's twisted body turned about in exuberance.

He made the guttural sounds that are his form of speech. Only his parents understand most of what he says.

But when Viglione came back to his side, Bucky's words burned in eloquence unequalled

in sincerity: "I love you," he said, and embraced the young policeman.

Bucky's strongest feature is his eyes. They are not only filled with the emotion he feels at the moment but they are extremely powerful.

"He sees planes before they come into our sight," Helen Hayes said.

Sure, sure.

Bucky makes guttural noises. "What's he saying?"

His mother interprets: "He sees a blue van parked in the bushes over there and he doesn't like it. I think Louie created a monster."

A few minutes later a blue van comes across the runway towards the field.

Cynicism becomes belief.

"That was a ball," Bucky says on a close pitch the umpire called a strike. One tends to believe the umpire made a bad call.

Bucky doesn't have time for pity or self pity. He's too busy.

"He's an all-around boy," his mother says.

That's an understatement.

At Trail Bowl he uses a ramp and his foot to bowl ("he picks up splits you wouldn't believe," Helen says), he goes boating and uses a special pole for fishing. He loves the ocean and such sports as golf, basketball and especially baseball.

(As a St. Louis Cardinal fan he garnered a couple of other nifty keepsakes. Bob Gibson's glove for one.)

He began following FIU baseball three years ago when the family moved near Tamiami Campus.

"One thing you don't want to do is play poker with him," his parents agree. And, Helen added, "He'll draw for an inside straight and nine times out of 10 he'll get it." Maybe luck. But he wins at solitaire and Rummy 500, too.

Another thing Bucky won was the friendship of truck drivers.

Red Sovine's touching ballad "Teddy Bear" is based on a song called "Bucky, We Love You So."

Three years ago in Arkansas some truckers who loved Bucky bought him a deluxe, motorized wheelchair. "Just like Ironside's," Helen says. "But it didn't fit in the car."

So the truckers chipped in and bought a van.

That's not charity. The Hayeses surely don't need charity. That's friendship.

The baseball game continues and Bucky's eagle eyes become like crystal balls. The other team has a one-run lead with FIU at bat and a runner on second.

"Don't worry, we're gonna get it back," Bucky says.

As he finishes forcing the sentence confidently, a single up the middle scores the tying run.

Of course FIU won the game (8-6). Monday was a good day.



## Watergate mastermind

# Liddy speaks like a comic

By PAUL EVANS  
Staff Writer

The speech starts on a humorous note, the speaker tells the audience that he has to be careful because he's had trouble with microphones in the past. Everyone laughs. Gordon Liddy sounds more like a stand-up comic than the convicted mastermind of the Watergate affair.

March 10 Gordon Liddy was speaking at FIU's Tamiami Campus.

In January 1973 Liddy was sentenced to 21½ years for his part in Watergate. He served a few years, in nine prisons, before he was finally released. He tells the audience of the intelligence operation he set up at Danbury prison, how he used the prison's telephone repair equipment to tap telephones, how he broke into the warden's desk and photocopied papers that he thought might be important. Prison didn't punish Gordon Liddy, Gordon Liddy took prison officials to court and punished them.

Liddy justifies his Watergate activities and his role in the Pentagon Papers by saying what everyone else involved with Watergate said: "We just did what everyone else does every four years."

His career started in the U.S. Army. His title was Artillery Officer, but he says that the Army really trained him to perform clandestine operations. After the army, Liddy went to law school and after graduation he joined the FBI.

"I found that the FBI was going into foreign embassies on a regular basis, breaking into safes and photographing information," Liddy says. "The CIA did the same thing outside the country. This is something the KGB and everyone all over the world was doing."

At the age of 29, Liddy became a bureau supervisor on the staff of J. Edgar Hoover. But by the time the 1960s came along he had four children and was not making enough money to feed them, so he moved to Manhattan and began a law practice.

He didn't like what he saw happening in the early '60s so he took what he thought to be a logical move: he entered politics, in the role of assistant deputy prosecutor in Dutchess County, New York, an ultra conservative area.

Soon after Liddy arrived in Dutchess County, Dr. Timothy Leary arrived doing what Liddy calls "experimentation with LSD and sex." After two raids on Leary, the good doctor got the message and left town, and Liddy decided that he gained enough notoriety to run for Congress. He lost, but in the process managed to gain the attention of John Mitchell, who recruited him to help in the election bid of Richard Nixon.

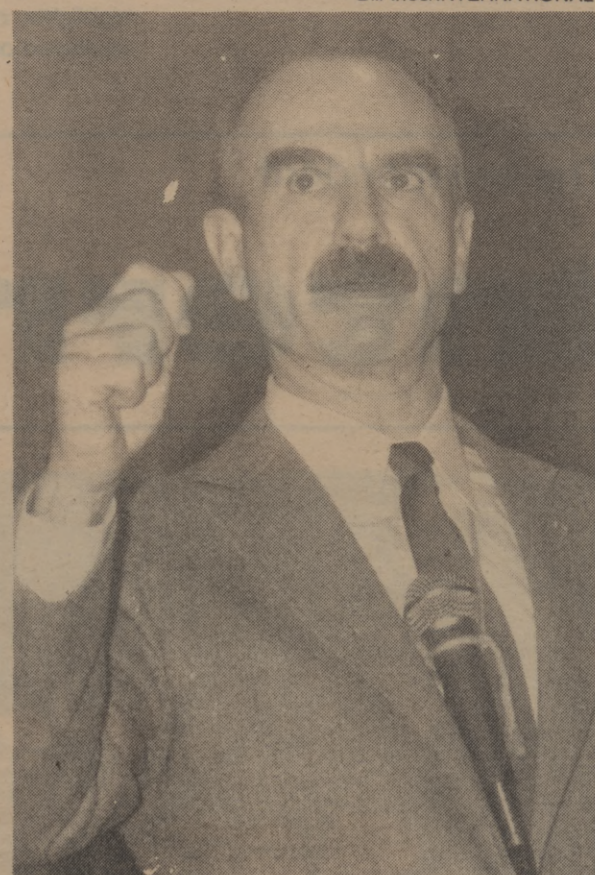
That was 1968. Nixon got elected, and Liddy became a special assistant to the secretary to the president, and then a special legislative consul and finally, a member of a White House special intelligence agency that was responsible for breaking into the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist and Ellsberg's apartment. Ellsberg was an employee of the Rand corporation. Rand held a lot of government contracts, and Ellsberg gave what the White House considered classified information to the *New York Times*.

And finally, there was the Watergate affair. Five of Liddy's operatives were caught breaking into Democratic reelection headquarters in the Watergate building. A careful search disclosed microphones used to record conversations that might possibly damage Nixon's chances of getting reelected.

Liddy was convicted by Judge John Sirica, a man Liddy calls "stupid" and "a hypocrite."

Since his release, Liddy has become a successful author with his biography, *Will*, and a lecturer on the college circuit. He speaks on everything from Thomas Jefferson to Ralph Nader to his idea of "a risk-free society," something he says never has and never will exist.

"Can you imagine Ralph Nader poised on the banks of the Mississippi ready to take the wagons West?" Liddy asks, then laughs. "Wait a minute,"



Gordon Liddy

Nader says, "have you tested the performance of that wagon wheel in hot sand?" The audience laughs. "The point is," Liddy adds, "with that kind of attitude you never would have had the Industrial Age, much less the opening up of the West."

Liddy also spoke about the federal budget, which he says is out of control and will remain out of control unless Congress makes drastic changes in the federal laws of this country. He didn't say what changes need to be made though.

After the lecture, there is a question-and-answer period. Liddy is accused of being a neo-Nazi, he denies it. He also denies having ever acted on his own on anything. And as the questions continue, it becomes obvious that no matter how critical the questions become, Liddy is enjoying himself. Watergate didn't ruin Gordon Liddy, it made him a star.

## Faculty to get more parking spaces at Tamiami Campus

By KIMBERLY MILLER  
Staff Writer

The number of faculty and staff parking spaces will be changed in several lots at the Tamiami Campus beginning in two weeks, according to a recent decision of the University's traffic advisory council.

The council made the decision after reviewing a survey and listening to FIU professor Robert Hann's grievances, which were substantiated by approximately 300 signatures from faculty and staff. Both Hann and the survey, which was conducted by FIU's Public Safety Department, concluded that there were too few faculty/staff parking spaces in the DM lots and too many such spaces in the PC lot.

Hann thought there were "insufficient spaces allocated for faculty in the DM lot, as well as in OE. Some of the faculty members are parking in student

spaces because there aren't enough spots for us."

He felt this was causing student resentment towards faculty and staff because all members of the FIU community are required to pay for a parking decal.

Hann said faculty were upset because they must pay \$5 more than students for a parking decal, yet there aren't enough "preferred spaces" for them in some areas. Students now pay \$7.50 for a decal, while faculty and staff pay \$12.50.

Another grievance expressed by Hann was that students are parking in faculty spaces.

"I believe this is due to the poor marking of the areas designated for staff," he said. "If a student approaches the area from one angle he sees no signs, while if approached at another angle there are all kinds of signs."

The council approved Hann's and the survey's

recommendations by voting to install new signs, repaint affected parking blocks, and to initiate these changes:

- The DM-west overflow will be made entirely faculty/staff parking
- The VH lot will have 10 more faculty/staff spaces
- The PC lot will have 40 fewer faculty/staff spaces
- The OE parking lot will have 10 additional faculty/staff spaces

Donn Ashley, director of physical plant, wants to complete the changes "in small jumps" and "watch the results." Ashley thinks this will save his department from making additional changes in the near future if analyzed now.

The alterations are expected to cost between \$400 and \$500, Ashley said, with most of that absorbed by labor.

## Tamiami health clinic gets inexpensive but limited pharmacy

By CHRISTINA A. CHEAKALOS  
Staff Writer

There are no generic discounts or two-for-one values, but even discount drugstores can't match the prescription prices at FIU's Tamiami health clinic.

From birth-control pills to antibiotics, the clinic offers the service of filling prescriptions for \$3 each on campus.

"This service was started this semester as a convenience to the students," said Kathleen Morrison, health services coordinator.

Morrison feels the flat \$3 fee for all prescriptions is the simplest way to

handle the charges because it covers the cost of the drugs and is a break for the already financially burdened student.

"This makes it easier for them [students], and this way we know they are getting the medication they need," she said.

The service is still limited because a prescription can be filled only when a doctor is at the clinic to sign for it. And because there is not enough demand for a doctor at Bay Vista's clinic, the prescription service is not available there at all. Morrison hopes the service will be available at Bay Vista sometime next year.

## FIU professor wins award

By KIMBERLY MILLER  
Staff Writer

FIU has its first Educator of the Year in criminal justice in the ten-year history of the University.

Robert Clark, a veteran police officer, was chosen the winner of the 1981 Educator of the Year Award in Criminal Justice from a field of six by the Florida Criminal Justice Educators Association.

"The criteria used to select the winner are teaching ability, publications, organizational services, program development and research activities," said Regina Shearn, past president of the Florida Criminal Justice Educators Association. She added that "extra emphasis" was placed on teaching

ability.

Clark, a professor at FIU since 1972, based his "practical teaching methods" on his work as a police officer with the New York City police department for 24 years before coming to FIU. He said the "field experience" has contributed to his practical teaching style, which tends to be "not too academic."

Clark has written six books and more than 80 articles in the field of criminal justice. One of his books, *Police and Community: An Analytical Perspective*, has been hailed as an "advanced work" by leaders in the field of criminal justice.

Bonnie Gaughan contributed to this article.



### It's unique

Ever wonder about the experiences of a French economist travelling in Latin America? We thought so. FIU professor Rene Higgonet, director of the University's International Banking Center is a French economist who has had experiences while travelling in Latin America. And he's even willing to share these experiences with anyone who comes to his free lecture tonight at 6:15 in PC 327.

### It's equinox

March 20. Day of the spring equinox. Also known as Earth Day. How about that. Just 10 days after the farcical Doomsday, people around the world will be celebrating "that instant when day and night are of equal length and in temporal balance," according to the news release. That instant is supposed to happen at 5:56 p.m. A spokeshing for God was unavailable for comment.

### It's revolting

Just because the discontent citizens of one Central American company up

and revolt doesn't necessarily mean discontent citizens of others will do the same. That's the belief of Mark Rosenberg, associate professor of political science and director of FIU's Latin/American Caribbean Center. Rosenberg will reject the dominoes theory and explain why in a free lecture March 23 at 8 p.m. in PC 213.

### Kids in trouble

"Adolescents in Legal Jeopardy" is the topic of Edward Seidman's March 19 speech. If you're curious what these adolescents are in jeopardy of, as we are, you can attend the free lecture, courtesy of FIU's psychology masters program, at 3 p.m. in PC 330.

### Intern, intern, intern

The House Legislative Intern Program is accepting applications until March 31. The one-year internships pay \$600 a month and fees for up to 12 credit hours. Sounds like a deal. Contact Adam Herbert at 940-5840 or write to the selection committee at 414, Capitol, Tallahassee, 32301.

### Double visions

The West Dade Regional Library is featuring "Two Photographers in Miami: Liz Maggio and Joanne Logg." Maggio and Logg each earned a bachelor's in fine arts from FIU, and the library is actually featuring some of their work. The exhibit continues until April 30. A free lecture is scheduled for March 22 at 7:30 p.m.

### Plays at the Bay

*The Sea Horse* is a comedic drama now playing at the Ruth Foreman Theatre at the Bay Vista Campus. *Tom Sawyer* will begin there March 20, and anyone who doesn't know about *Tom Sawyer* probably just slipped through the slick hands of America's decrepit education system with no problems. *The Sea Horse* plays through April 10; *Tom Sawyer* runs until May 1. *Sawyer*, by the way, is designated as for the kids, but they're letting adults in anyhow. Ticket information: 891-1830 for Dade; 940-5902 for Broward.

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Letters**Improve it, don't criticize school**

To the Editor:

In the news lately, I have been listening to remarks stating that education is going down the drain. It is easy for people to criticize the bad things about education without even considering what is good in education.

This nation has produced many brilliant minds in the past and will continue to do so in the future. Without education there would be no advanced technologies, no sophisticated computer equipment, and not even the space shuttle. Every year more individuals from all parts of the world want to come to the United States to get an education in specialized fields. Today there is probably a larger percentage of educated individuals than there was 10 years ago because people see the value of being educated.

We as a whole should not criticize so much but try to improve upon what we have. Hopefully in the near future people will realize that education is worth every penny spent.

LINDA R. IGLESIAS  
Student

**Child care center offers quality program**

To the Editor:

I wonder if our students, faculty, staff and the community in general are aware of the quality program offered at the child care center here at this University's Tamiami Campus. (Yes, it's open to the community.)

Because one of our children is currently attending, I feel I can offer both some facts and personal feelings about the center.

The child care center is on the west end of campus adjacent to the tennis courts. It is open from 7:45 a.m. to 6:15 p.m., Monday through Friday, year-round. Staffed by four excellent teachers and other teacher assistants, it serves children between 2½ and five years of age, in addition to having a full kindergarten program. Children can attend full-time or part-time, and fees are based on a sliding scale.

The term "child care" is perhaps a misnomer, however. The center has a full educational program that includes art, music, science, unstructured play, water play, cooking, magic circle, dramatic play, pre-reading, pre-math, developmental tasks, storytelling, field trips and other learning activities.

What the facts don't tell you (but obviously I will) is that this outstanding school provides children with a happy learning environment that emphasizes not only how to effectively deal with others, but also teaches them how to be in touch with themselves and their feelings. These kids are treated like individuals, not little serfs.

My husband and I have seen our smallest son Denis blossom in many ways since he started there almost two years ago. I hope more of you can also take advantage of this excellent opportunity for your children.

NORMA M. GOONEN

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Bring or mail letters to the *International*, Florida International University, UH 212A, Tamiami Campus, Miami, FL 33199.

Exposures

Jennifer Guy/INTERNATIONAL

Column**Beggars take the free out of freedom**

By PHYLLIS SPINELLI  
Staff Writer

That's it. Enough is enough!

Why is it that because we are the "land of the free" we have to put up with all these "religious" fanatics — grubbing our hard earned money from us?

The other day I was approached three times in four hours by these people (all for a good cause they say, although they don't get too specific about what that cause is; I suppose I should just take their word for it). I'm really getting tired of it. Either they're banging at your door or they're posted at every major traffic light in Miami, just waiting like vultures.

I literally cringe when I see them coming with their literature, carnations, candy canes, candles or any other come-on device they may use. Did you

ever notice how much alike they all look with their washed-out eyes and Pepsodent smiles? What continues to amaze me is that their smiles stay pasted on their faces when you know they're cursing you under their breath for turning them down.

While they have the right, because they live in a "free" country, to ask for charitable donations (or in laymen's terms, to grub), they don't have the right to infringe on my basic freedom — the right to be left alone.

Why don't they get a job? Better yet, why don't we gather them together and ship them to an island somewhere in the South Pacific — and leave them there to grub off each other. Or let's get the Reverend what's-his-name to buy the island for them. Then he can own his own country (could it be a dream come true?), become a dictator (another dream?) and before we know it they'll be taking over. But not to spread communism. They'll simply want our money.

Some say live and let live, and I'm all for that. I'm for a good cause too, when it's backed by solid information and I'm presented with identification.

But the next time I'm stopped at an airport or a traffic light, I'm either going to scream or ask them for a donation to help put me through college. Surely, if nothing else, they can afford it.

The Independent

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The paper has an office in University House 212A on the Tamiami Campus.  
Letters to the editor are encouraged.



# Enrollment increases but funding is down

By KEVIN YELVINGTON  
Contributor

Guess what, average FIU student? You're 28 years old, female, white (non-hispanic), and unclassified or non-degree seeking. And now there are 11,902 of you enrolled at FIU, compared to 11,885 in fall 1981.

But even though total enrollment is up slightly, funding dropped 14.6 percent from the 1980-81 school year.

University funding is based on the number of FTEs, or full-time equivalents. A student who takes 15 credits is considered full-time; if one student takes three credits, he counts as one-fifth of an FTE. There were 6,780 FTE's in 1980-81; there are currently 5,793. "This certainly has financial implications," said

Doug Spencer, assistant director of resource analysis. "The [State University System] as a whole went down. Ours was a steeper decline because we have more part-time students than other schools."

Spencer blamed part of the drop in FTEs on the fall 1981 switch from quarters to semesters. "Students are taking one course now instead of taking two," he said.

Almost all of FIU's schools showed an increase in majors who are enrolled from the fall to the spring. The following indicate graduate and undergraduate students: Business increased from 2,474 to 2,556; Arts and Sciences from 2,124 to 2,194; Technology from 1,445 to 1,474; Public Affairs from 583 to 629; and Hospitality Management from 679 to 685. The School of Education decreased from 834 to 828, as did those listed as unclassified or non-degree seeking from 3,746 to 3,536.

To further breakdown the student population, figures for the fall showed 5,823 men, 5,548 this spring. There were 5,618 women in the fall, 6,040 for the spring. The number of those not reporting decreased from 444 to 314. Changes in the racial cross section were as follows:

	Fall	Spring
White (Non-Hispanic)	5,874	5,894
Hispanic	3,506	3,536
Black (Non Hispanic)	857	868
Non Resident Aliens	867	846
Asian/Pacific Island	169	174
Indian/Alaskan	13	8
Not Reported	599	576

The average student has gotten older since the fall. The mean age for undergraduates for fall was 26.8, for spring, 27.9.



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Bill Ines/INTERNATIONAL



## The Police present an arresting performance

By TODD ANTHONY  
Staff Writer

Five years ago The Police embarked upon their first U.S. tour. They hauled their equipment (most of which was rented) around in a single dilapidated van, and played their distinctive brand of reggae/rock in practically any club or VFW Hall that could scare up an audience.

Today they motor to and from their concerts in sleek, black, chauffeur-driven limousines. It takes an 18-wheel rig and two long buses to get their equipment and road crew from location to location. The clubs and small halls have yielded to cavernous, multi-thousand seat venues.

All of which seems to beg the question: has success spoiled The Police?

Anyone who was fortunate enough to obtain a ticket to their March 12 sold-out appearance at the Hollywood Sportatorium knew the answer to that one within seconds after the band took the stage.

Sporting the original three-man lineup of bass player/lead singer Sting (formerly Gordon Sumner), drummer Stewart Copeland, and guitarist Andy Summers, and backed by a three-man brass section, the trio kicked things into high gear with a rousing version of their early hit "Message In A Bottle" and never looked back.

By their third number, "Spirits In the Material World," Sting was dripping sweat all over his upright bass and Summers had put some more mileage on his chipped and cracked '63 Sunburst Fender Telecaster.

Andy Summers and Sting lead the Police through a ripping set at the Sportatorium

Most of the audience was dancing with the first strains of "Message," but a dancing audience is far from a rare occurrence during a Friday-night show at the Sportatorium. It became apparent that this was going to be no ordinary concert, however, when "Every Little Thing She Does is Magic" cast even the burly, surly security guards under its spell. Twenty-odd gargantuan musclemen in yellow T-shirts weaving back and forth in imitation-Rastafarian style is quite a sight, and it took quite a band to pull it off.

By the seventh song, "DeDoDoDo, DeDaDaDa," they had the audience and security people not only dancing in the aisles, but singing along in a roof-rattling chorus of "Eeyoh-oh-oh," with Sting raising his hand to urge them onward to even higher decibel levels.

Sting is a truly enigmatic performer, with his gold earring, blond hair, basic black attire, and intriguing facial expressions. During a silent break in the middle of "Bring On the Light," he joined Summers at the edge of the stage in a bizarre little dance that looked like a pair of peripatetic marionettes having an epileptic seizure. The audience loved it.

Sting's voice and Summers' guitar were in fine form throughout the concert, and provided especially strong renditions of "Invisible Sun" and "Roxanne" to close out the regular portion of the set. A screaming, stomping audience managed to bring them back for four encores, beginning with "Don't Stand So Close to Me" and closing out the first night of their latest U.S. tour with a version of "Never Been So Lonely" that included a brief segue into and out of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

No, success has definitely not spoiled The Police.

## Controversial new film 'Missing' is political as well as invigorating

By RIKKI LEMUR  
Staff Writer

Filmmaker Costa-Gavras has always been fascinated by political transitions. His latest film, *Missing*, is no exception, and like its predecessors *Z* and *State of Siege*, the thematic content inculcates the film with an atmosphere of suppressive proletariat repression by right-wing imperialist forces. To *Missing*, Costa-Gavras adds a new layer of cinematic tissue. Far from being a Marxist romance, the film subtly depicts the initiation rite of Ed Horman (Jack Lemmon), and his eventual acceptance of knowledge.

In *Missing*, Costa-Gavras (who goes only by his last name) adapts Thomas Hauser's book, *The Execution of Charles Horman* (1978) to the cinematic medium. The book is based on the actual abduction and murder of Harvard-educated, American writer Charles Horman. The kidnapping occurred during the 1973 military coup and overthrow of the democratically elected Allende government in Chile.

Charles Horman's family and Costa-Gavras share the similar contention that United States military involvement in Chilean politics was directly responsible for the death of Charles. They believe that the U.S. armed forces and CIA actively participated in the dissolution and final destruction of the Allende regime. From a notebook which Charles kept during this period come entries which support these convictions — it is thought by many that his murder is a result of this knowledge of U.S. military involvement.

Costa-Gavras' depiction of U.S. responsibility in the death of not only Charles Horman but of 20,000 Chilean citizens has caused quite a controversy over the film's validity. The U.S. State Department has issued a three-page statement refuting the director's accusations, yet Costa-Gavras continues to support the film's "title card" which stipulates the rigor with which the subject matter has been researched.

*Missing* is Costa-Gavras' first American-backed film. To pigeon-hole it as a flagrant anti-American spectacle is to miss its point entirely. The director has gone to great lengths to provide a sense of universality to his work. Although *Missing* is obviously dramatically set in Chile dur-

ing the 1973 coup, the film script never mentions Santiago or even Chile by name.

By such an apparent deletion the director allows the viewer to witness and become enveloped in the synesthesia of the locale that he has cinematically created. The masterfully designed sets present a barrage of gunfire, exploding bombs, blood, confusion and hysteria. During times when the tumult is punctuated by the eerie silence of ceasefire, the viewer's as well as actors' nerves are most extended and riddled with exhaustion.

Costa-Gavras controls his medium superbly. Like Brecht in *The Jewish Wife*, he does not allow cathartic release or allow his characters the ability to change the given tenets of their fate. Frustration pervades — Costa-Gavras does not allow his characters to congratulate themselves in a Laingian outburst of emotional release. So intelligence, understanding and compassion must be drawn upon for salvation from the horrifying reality that has become existence for the Hormans.

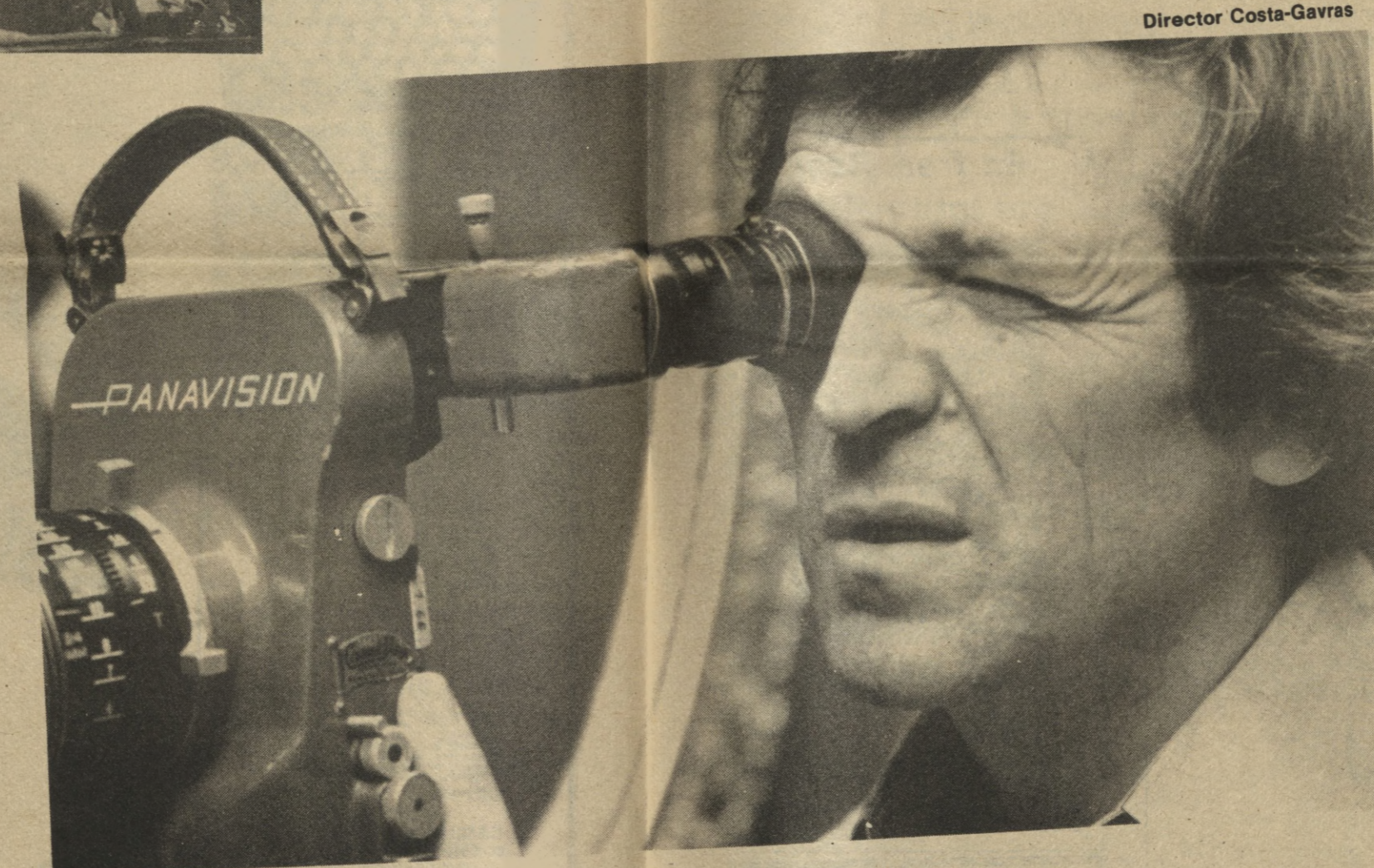
The film begins with the disappearance of Charles Horman. The linear progression of the film is interjected with a series of flashbacks, which help to reconstruct the events surrounding Charles' abduction.

Beth Horman (Sissy Spacek) is joined in Chile by her father-in-law, Ed. The interpersonal drama of the film begins at this point. The events of the search serve as a vehicle by which the schism between Ed and Beth gradually diminishes.

While *Missing* is a tragic film, it also is a poignant depiction of the slow and painful process of gaining concrete and self-knowledge. Conservative and morally traditional Ed Horman is skeptical of the counter-culture lifestyle his son and daughter-in-law have chosen. His antagonism is apparent in his initial interactions with Beth.

During the course of the film he is shaken from his infantile acceptance of his own cultural and moral superiority and is eventually able to join a more humble human wholeness. The lives of others, as well as his own, become increasingly more important to him in the face of so much death.

The epiphany of Ed's spiritual sojourn occurs



Director Costa-Gavras

when he intercedes on Beth's behalf just as two police inspectors are about to take her to be questioned. Ed at this point has experienced and expressed what Costa-Gavras would like us all to accept — universal responsibility for one another. No longer passive, Ed is now a full participant in the human journey.

Costars Melanie Mayron (Terry Simon) and John Shea (Charles Horman) mesh cohesively with Lemmon and Spacek. Lemmon is at his most restrained in this film. He conveys a spectrum of subtle emotions that eschew the stereotypical gesturing that has blighted much of his recent work.

Director Costa-Gavras has been making politically inclined films for over a decade. *Z* (1969) exposed the terrors of the Greek fascist military junta. *The Confession* (1970) confronts the leftist atrocities of the 1952 Prague trials, and is banned in most communist countries. *State of Siege* (1973) was

ironically filmed in Chile, but addresses the assassination of an American official by Uruguayan leftist rebels.

This film was criticized for not being historically accurate because Costa-Gavras rearranged a few sequential events to heighten dramatic tension. According to Andrew Kopkin (*Ramparts*, 1973) "the embarrassing accuracy of Costa-Gavras' descriptions of police terror and government duplicity in *State of Siege* was grasped by culture bureaucrats in Washington, who prohibited its showing at the opening of the Kennedy Center's film theatre."

As mentioned earlier, *Missing* has provoked State Department interest as well. Regarding all of this controversy, Costa-Gavras has brought forth the significant point: "The most significant extraordinary part of the story is that it shows how this country has the possibility of criticizing itself. Americans made the movie, not radicals, some very conservative people, and they back it

now. It's probably one of the biggest proofs of democracy and freedom in this country."

*Missing* is a very moving film. It makes a strong political statement that it defends admirably. The director can be commended for his restraint in depicting violence and gore, for the atrocities of the actual coup were apparently far more extreme.

Costa-Gavras does not proselytize in *Missing*; rather, he asks the audience to scrutinize its ideologies and disregard the trap of smug complacency. *Missing* is a refreshing change of pace from both mind-numbing television-style comedies and from works that seem to revel solely in the dissection of Self.

Costa-Gavras uses his art to illuminate injustice and inhumanity on a massive scale; the result is thoroughly unfashionable, and ultimately, in spite of this (or because of it) it is unusually invigorating.

## Joan Jett takes off in opening act that primed Police fans

By TODD ANTHONY  
Staff Writer

It was one of those typical South Florida nights: hot and muggy, with a faint odor of decomposing vegetation hanging in the thick night air.

Inside the Sportatorium, the audience was getting restless. Many concertgoers were already perspiring by the time they made it through the turnstiles, and the beefy security guards certainly weren't helping matters with their short-tempered approach to ticket checking. As most audience members were already functioning (or attempting to function) under the influence of one or more popular intoxicants, it is easy to see how a bad opening act could have caused serious problems. The potential for bad craziness was abundant.

Into the breach strutted Joan Jett and the Blackhearts, launching a 13-song rock-and-roll assault to which the rowdy audience quickly surrendered.

In a set heavy on songs from her

recent *I Love Rock and Roll* LP, Jett strutted, jammed (she's a competent guitarist) and wailed her way through originals "Bad Reputation," "Do You Wanna Touch Me," "Runaway," and her monster anthem "I Love Rock and Roll." These were interspersed with covers of classic rock tunes like "Shout (Say You Will)," Tommy James' "Crimson and Clover," and the Stones' "Star, Star."

The band, dripping sweat from every pore, left the stage but was called back by an enthusiastic audience for an encore which started out like the theme from a James Bond movie and segued improbably into a cover of David Bowie's "Rebel, Rebel."

The Blackhearts finally yielded the stage to enthusiastic applause and few, if any, cries of "Bring on the Police" roughly an hour after storming it. All told, the band had not only done an excellent job of priming the audience for Sting and company, but had also served notice that Joan Jett and the Blackhearts won't be content to remain a good opening act for long.

'I was such a little hambone that I'd do dialogue on the bus on the way home from school'

— Melanie Mayron



## Talented costar Melanie Mayron 'gets through' 'Missing' role

By RIKKI LEMUR  
Staff Writer

Costa-Gavras' new film *Missing* stars Melanie Mayron as a young woman caught up in the chaos of a political coup in South America. Mayron was in Miami last week and I was fortunate enough to meet this talented young actress. You may remember her from her many appearances in film, which include roles in *Carwash*, *Harry and Tonto*, and Claudia Weill's award-winning *Girlfriends*.

Mayron, who was born in Philadelphia, became interested in acting at 14 when her parents took her to see Cyril Ritchard as Bottom in the American Shakespeare Festival production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. She says, "I was such a little hambone that I'd do dialogue on the bus on the way home from school."

Trained at the New York Academy of Dramatic Art, her serious commitment to acting includes shaving her head for her role as Marianne, a member of a Jewish concentration camp orchestra in *Playing For Time*. "It was one of the most dramatic and heaviest times of my life. It was both a

trauma and a triumph — not the show, but getting through it."

Costa-Gavras extended this feeling of commitment to her role as Terry Simon in *Missing*. She speaks with much fondness of her fellow actors on the set of *Missing* and relates the sense of purpose which prevailed over cast and crew alike.

Far from the aggressive flamboyance of other young actresses, she was satisfied with her seemingly peripheral role. Her provocative and subtle narration of many of the actual events that occurred and her portrayal of Terry Simon convey the humanistic message Costa Gavras exposes in this film.

Terry Simon, the woman Mayron portrays, was also present at the interview. She spoke sensitively, describing not only the ordeal of losing a close friend but of being caught up in the maelstrom of a country that had completely lost sight of all civil order. She felt the film was an accurate depiction of the tumultuous events she was involved in in Santiago, Chile, in 1973, and added, "The gore and violence of the revolution was not overplayed in the film for box office sensation."



# Student art gallery features a wide spectrum

By RIKKI LEMUR  
Staff Writer

This year's Annual Student Visual Arts Show in FIU's gallery sports a myriad of artistic flavors. With the decision to expand the show — 92 works are on display, more than twice the number exhibited last year — one feels that the exuberance that is associated with student work has been conveyed beautifully.

The show is a stimulating display of the diverse talents nurtured at FIU. The panoply of artistic styles and media seen in the wide array of works exhibited ranges from figurative to abstract, surreal to pastoral. Accomplished works are displayed in the media of photography, prints, ceramics, fabric, oils, water colors, and assemblages.

Professor Lynn Krizan of the Art Department at the University of Miami served as juror for the show, selecting the *creme* of the 186 works entered. Working with the gallery staff, Krizan has assembled a remarkably coherent and compelling selection of works.

The exhibition has been dedicated to Lani Abramson, an FIU student who died unexpectedly last month. A piece of her work was entered posthumously. According to Gallery Director Dahlia Morgan, "This clay and copper piece stretches its media to their limits." The clay piece was torn apart and then sutured by a meticulous interweaving of copper wire.

Ken Arguinzoni's *Rhythm and Steel* is a massive steel sculpture that can be played as a percussion instrument. This welded steel structure is the first of a three-part work, which he is in the process of creating. Arguinzoni says that many of the

components of the sculpture resemble alphabetical symbols and have surrealist-influenced shapes.

Arguinzoni has worked with bronze and concrete, as well as steel. By attending welding as well as art classes, he goes to great lengths to insure the quality of his vision. He recently had to run over *Rhythm and Steel* with a car, to shape it correctly.

Last year's Best in Show winner, Grace Hendrick-Welti, has two pieces on display. Her *Source* is a powerful and romantically primeval work of clay, adobe and aluminum. Queena Townsend's *Dancing Waters* is a colorful oil that is directly reflective of the artist's exuberance. She has taken two formal painting classes and is a psychology major at the Bay Vista Campus, but with her talent, one hopes she will continue to pursue her artistic endeavors.

The medium of water colors is explored by Dennis Daley and Elaine Andrews. Daley's works, both entitled *Matheson Study*, won the prestigious *Betty Laird Perry Purchase Award*. Andrew's *Endurance* depicts a Big Sur landscape. She started painting about six years ago and has now switched from oils to watercolors.

Donna Balkin Litowitz's untitled black-and-white photograph of the landscape of Urumchi, China, conveys the open feeling of this relatively remote area, only recently open to western visitors. The photograph is possessed of seemingly effortless warmth.

David Capps' untitled North Florida red cedar obelish-like sculpture has a primitive and totemistic affiliation. Award winning Kevin Casey's spontaneous and expressionistic *Bhakti* is a superb example of a mastery of acrylics and gouache-on-paper.

*Polytechnio* by Kyriakas Geogoulakis is a charcoal drawing done using just two to three black values. The political theme of the work is consistent with the journalistic feel of the piece. He has recently published a book of poems with his own illustrations.

Sami Salha, who is studying computer science, won a merit award for his *Word Generator*, a mixed media work influenced by Duchamp. A sense of humor pervades this piece, conceived in part by operations of chance, and the whole defies logical interpretation.

Barbara Robbin's untitled monoprint of ink and oil builds a new environment. Blacks impart a sense of mystery. A concern for texture is an additional stimulus for viewer involvement with the work.

*Cephalopod I*, by Sherrill Schoening, is a hand-painted silk kinetic sculpture that is encountered immediately upon entering the gallery. The squid-inspired piece is hung from the ceiling and its bejeweled inner crevices are exposed when it is surrendered to tumescence.

*Best of the Show* honors went to Aramis O'Reilly for his angst-ridden acrylic painting. Fabric panels create a stage-like atmosphere cloaking the surrealistic human/puppet figures in this painting.

Merit Awards went to Sami Salha, Barbara Robbins, Julie Moskowitz, Helene Herskowitz, Maria Fernandez, Dennis Daley, Kevin Casey and Woody Purvis.

The show is on display in PC 112 until April 1. Call the gallery at 554-2890 for viewing hours.

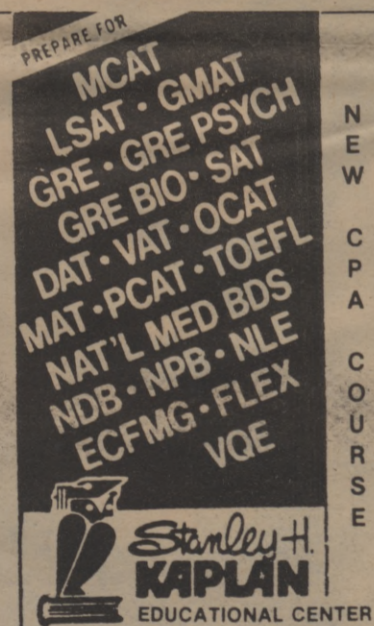
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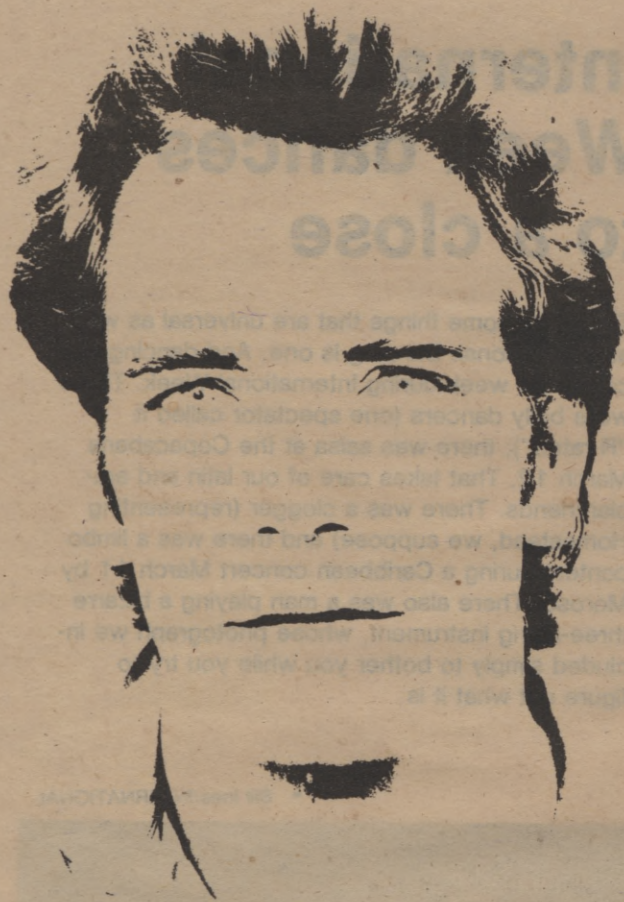


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# Huey Lewis and the News keep the rock rolling



Huey Lewis

*If you listen to the radio today and what they play today you can tell right away, all of those ass----- really need you. Everybody come back. If you listen to the radio today, you can tell right away, all those ass----- really need you.*

—from an unreleased song by Frank Zappa

By GREG BAKER  
Managing Editor

The News is in the front section of this newspaper. But that's news. Reality.

There are a few things that transcend the cold reality of this society. And that's News.

There's sex (which we can't tell you where to find), there's drugs (which we shouldn't suggest you find) and there's rock and roll. (It's in the News.)

Huey Lewis and the News is what the group is called and what they have done on a new album called *Picture This* is the same thing Bruce Springsteen and few others have been able to do: Launch listeners instantly and inexorably into a state of well-being while never leaving the tangential reality that makes such a lift so vital.

They aren't spacey lexicographers (Cars, The Police) and they aren't overproduced overpartied putons (Rolling Stones, J. Geils) and, hopefully they aren't going to become sell-out superstars (Jimmy Buffet, Blondie). Huey Lewis sings about love and working. That is reality.

But they do it so well, with such a devastating race through the blues/rock/progressive musical

spectrum, it is safe for any critic to say Huey Lewis and the News are the best thing to happen to popular music since Springsteen started jamming in bar bands in New Jersey in the late '60s.

How do they bring forth this miracle?

The six-member band, which also produced *Picture This*, has gone back to the roots of perhaps the greatest art form since fresco (we don't watch TV) while improving and modifying the sound with techniques that are unique.

It is pure and simple rock music (lyrics are sometimes a little strained, the entire band sings background vocals and there isn't much diversity) that covers its purity and simplicity with complex insights for those willing to interpret the songs on several levels.

The members dress the way rock stars used to dress: modern Beatle boots or sneakers, tight-fitting, straight-legged jeans, whatever shirt happens to be freshly washed.

They are staged similar to Springsteen's E Street Band: Lewis fronting the vocals with his near-perfect voice; Chris Hayes ripping his lead guitar to melodic shreds; Sean Hopper adding keyboards and much of the songwriting; Mario Cipollina on bass; Bill Gibson pounding out perfect beats on drums; and a fellow named Johnny Colla, who can make a saxophone sing and a guitar hum.

Their California background is safely hidden in the album credits...indeed, a brief description of their sound would be California's version of Northeastern rock.

And about the sound: It's smooth and biting, with enough hooks and antics to make some songs major hits while remaining listenable. (That is to say you might not get much out of it the first 80 or 90 times you listen but you won't stop listening.) It's the type of album that wears out stereo needles.

The most stunning track is "The Only One," a mindbender with a monologue break and a theme that is so vital in young America it can't be described. If you grew up (this song is masculine oriented) anywhere but in a cave, and you understand the song, you can't help but cry. It is one of those rare masterpieces that can change life, and one's attitudes toward it.

Most of the songs (the band members wrote seven of the 10) are about love, breaking up and trying to understand both.

But when they ask "Whatever Happened to True Love" (another excellent cut) they don't do it like the Bee Gees or Olivia Newton-John. They state straight out that there just is no good in such a thing, if it exists at all.

In "Change of Heart," the lyrics don't wallow in self-pity. They say "I might have a change of heart the next time."

There are two songs that are fun without being flippant: "Buzz, Buzz, Buzz" is a happy, '50s party song that exhibits again the amazing vocal ability of Lewis. "Tell Me a Little Lie" is a clever piece where the singer asks his dishonest departing mate to tell him one last lie to remember her by.

There are two songs that should make the charts if this group gets its deserved recognition. "Giving It All Up for Love" and "Working for a Living" were performed on the March 5 episode of *Fridays*. The band also appears on MTV, the cable music channel. After seeing them on video, a live concert appearance becomes a top priority for fans. These guys kick it out.

The album cover is one of the best ever: Lewis's steely blue eyes and blue shirt make his mug on a gray background a great selling point for the younger females. On the back the band sits in a circle on steps in black and white. Lewis holds the album cover over his face, it's in color. A brilliant effect (Hugh Brown photographed it).

The famed Tower of Power horn section plays on some songs and many others contributed to this LP. But the band can stand on its own. They don't want to. They want to stand next to you. (They thank all contributors but emphasize their regards to "the fans.")

Even if you have plenty of sex and truckloads of drugs there is no reason anyone should not get the News. *Picture This* is the best album of the past two years.

Springsteen is no longer the sole guardian of the future of rock and roll.

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Jennifer Guy/INTERNATIONAL

# International Week dances to a close

There are some things that are universal as well as international. Dancing is one. And dancing was call of the week during International Week. There were belly dancers (one spectator called it "R-rated"); there was salsa at the Copacabana March 12. That takes care of our latin and arabianfriends. There was a clogger (representing Homestead, we suppose) and there was a limbo contest during a Caribbean concert March 11 by Moroso. There also was a man playing a bizarre three-string instrument, whose photograph we included simply to bother you while you try to figure out what it is.

Bill Ines/INTERNATIONAL



Jennifer Guy/INTERNATIONAL



Aida Corrada/INTERNATIONAL



Bill Ines/INTERNATIONAL





## Soccer team battles the Strikers

The Sunblazer soccer team, always a tough Division II contender, took on the Ft. Lauderdale Strikers last week and battled to a 1-0 loss. Everyone expected a defensive battle, FIU's is one of the best, but the spread favored the pro team by a couple more points. That's Striker Jan Van Beveren on his way to another shutout as goalie.

Bill Ines/INTERNATIONAL



## Baseball team helps Price get 100th win

The Sunblazer baseball team defeated Pace New York Tuesday to give Coach Danny Price his 100th career victory.

It was the team's seventh straight victory as they pursue a national championship bid.

The 'Blazers opened up an early four run lead and maintained it to get a 6-2 victory.

The FIU offense was led by Ben Donisi who went 2 for 4 at the plate with an inside-the-park homerun.

Today at 3 the 'Blazers try to make it eight against Lewis at the FIU field. The team travels to play Eckerd this weekend.

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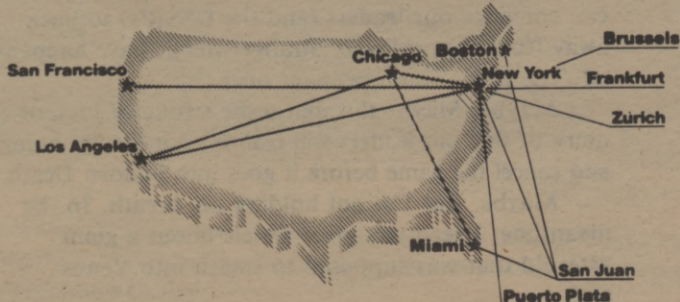
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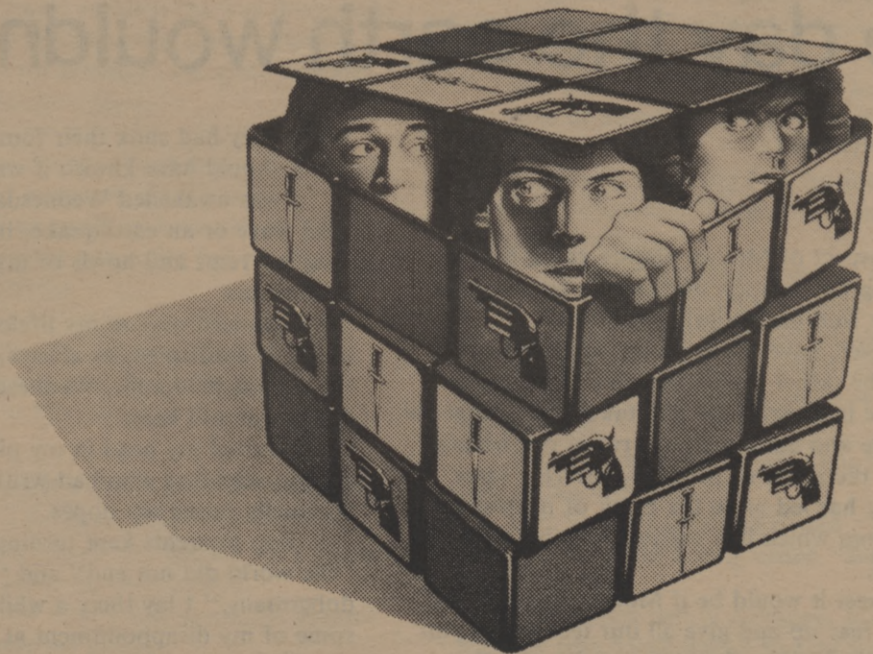


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The world's painted him into a corner

## Column

# The day the earth wouldn't stand for it anymore

By TODD ANTHONY  
Staff Writer

The prospect of Mother Nature going berserk and wreaking havoc upon mankind is not one that many people find particularly appealing.

I, however, have always considered natural disasters to be rather reassuring. For too long we humans have been arrogant and taken this planet for granted; time and again we have raped our natural resources in the name of progress, the very same progress that has led us to the brink of nuclear annihilation from which it is entirely possible we might never return.

How sweet it would be if Mother Nature were to suddenly rear up and give all our technology, industry and weaponry a firm boot in the ass. A massive earthquake here, a few well-placed meteors there, maybe a tidal wave or a volcano or two for good measure — what better way to reclaim what mankind has for so long abused and neglected?

Such was, in a nutshell, my basis for going to bed with a warm feeling in my heart last Tuesday night, March 9. The world as we know it was supposed to be gone by morning, courtesy of some interplanetary shenanigans known as "the Jupiter Effect."

In a few short hours, if everything went according to plan (which, alas, it never does), there would be massive destruction, natural disasters all over the place. The United States, the Soviet Union, and a cast of billions would be powerless to stop it. The Pentagon and the Kremlin would be under attack not from each other, but from the very ground into

which they had sunk their foundations.

I should have known it was too good to be true. I was awakened Wednesday morning, not by a tidal wave or an earthquake, but by the nerve-jangling yelps and howls of my next-door neighbor's dobermans.

I glanced over at my lifelong nemesis, the alarm clock. It confirmed, as always, my worst suspicions.

It was 8:30 a.m., Wednesday, March 10. The world was still here.

I buried my head in my pillow and cursed the pseudo-scientists who had written the book that had so cruelly raised my hopes.

Two thoughts kept turning over in my brain: "the world did not end" and "I will kill those dobermans." I lay there a while, trying to alleviate some of my disappointment at the former by visualizing several possible scenarios for the latter.

It was at that precise moment that my neighbor, in a voice that would be the envy of any self-respecting train whistle, began admonishing the dogs to stop howling.

From her kitchen window she bellowed, "You'll wake up the whole neighborhood," doing just that in the process.

It was all too much. The world was still here. The dogs were barking. My neighbor was screaming. The sun was shining.

I fled to the kitchen for refuge. Opening the cupboard and finding it bare, I suddenly remembered how I had polished off the last of the Frosted Mini-Wheats the night before, fully expecting that by morning earth and Kellogg's would be no more.

Earth was here, the Mini-Wheats were not.

At that point, depressed, disoriented and disillusioned, I should have gone back to bed and slept for a week. But my neighbor was still ranting at her dobermans, and I have heard quieter SST's.

I shuffled into the living room and turned on the TV. For what seemed like an unusually long time, there was no picture. I began to cheer up and permitted myself a few wildly naive, optimistic thoughts.

Maybe there had been some damage after all. Maybe Los Angeles had slid into the ocean. Maybe New York had been washed away by an immense tidal wave. Maybe....

The picture flickered onto the screen and I sagged back in my chair.

A pair of scrubbed and polished newscasters were smiling and joking about the end that didn't come. The program was *Good Morning America*.

Talk about rubbing it in.

So the "Jupiter Effect" was a big dud after all. We were back where we were before, on the brink of nuclear annihilation.

There are many people I have talked to who earnestly believe that if we try hard enough, maybe we can convince our leaders (and the USSR's) to back away from the precipice. Stranger things have happened. The Mets won a pennant once.

Maybe. Maybe through some stroke of luck or quirk of fate our leaders will realize what they're doing and cancel the game before it goes into Sudden Death.

Maybe. But I'm not holding my breath. In the meantime, I read this great article about a giant asteroid that was supposed to smash into Venus and....