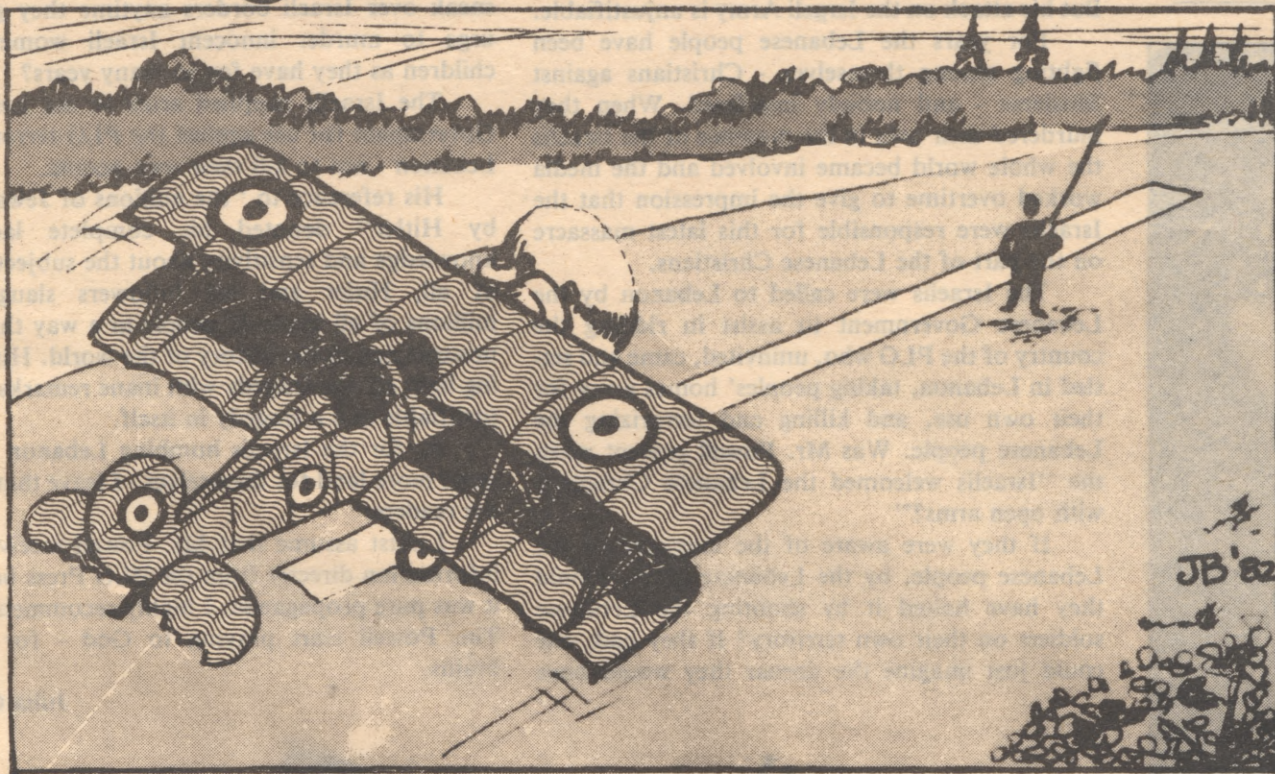


Losing Control near the Runway



Graphics by Jean Blanchard

"I didn't know where it was," he said. "I did the best I could."

MARYBETH ACEVEDO
Managing Editor

The first three rows of the P.C. parking lot resembled a setting for a low-budget take-off on the movie *Airplane* last week, when a remote control model airplane crashed into a police cruiser.

The incident occurred Tuesday, Oct. 5 at 10:05 a.m.

Officer Barrios and Colin Ramsey, an FIU student, were eyewitnesses to the mishap. Barrios estimated that he and Ramsey were four feet from the cruiser when the plane dove between them, missing

Ramsey by inches, and slammed into the left rear fender of the car.

"I didn't hear the plane's engine until after it struck the car," said Barrios, "there wasn't any warning." He estimated the plane's weight at 15-20 lbs. "If it had hit someone he could have been seriously injured."

Cesar Miguel Collazo, the plane's operator "lost control" of the airplane. "I didn't know where it was," he said. "I did the best I could."

Collazo, who is insured, offered to pay for the damaged police car.

Aerial acrobatics performed by the planes are a familiar sight to FIU students, especially those who use the SW 117 Ave. entrance. Model airplane enthusiasts based on the Tamiami Park grounds fly the planes on a daily basis over the south-west section of the campus.

Ronald Arrowsmith, vice president, Administrative Affairs, understands that Tamiami Park requires all model plane operators to have insurance.

"There isn't any legal prohibition to the flying of those planes over the campus that I am aware of," said Harvey Gunson, director of Public Safety.

Student funds to be spent

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

On Tuesday, October 5, Student Government officials met with FIU administrators to discuss how 4.7 million dollars in student capital improvement funds will be spent.

The 4.7 million dollars is made up of student activities and service fees collected by the Board of Regents and invested in bonds. Since then the bonds have matured and returned to FIU. The purpose of the capital funds is for construction of the University's facilities to benefit the students. A rule by the Florida State Board of Regents states that the University Student Government Association must approve all administrative proposals.

Five of the six proposed are athletic-related, at a cost of \$2,551,600. SGA objected to the original proposal on the grounds that more student oriented facilities be included in the plans. Construction of a walkway from PC to UH, an amphi-theatre where minor concerts would be held, and a power generator in the UH building (since the building's expansion will require greater power capacity) were proposed by SGA officials.

FIU administrators and SGA representatives reached a compromise Tuesday afternoon. All three SGA added proposals were in the agreement. \$60,000 has been cut from the Baseball stadium improvement project to make way for the added proposals.

New Circle Formed



Omicron
Delta
Kappa

Omicron Delta Kappa is a national leadership honors society for college men and women. It was founded in 1914 at Washington and Lee University to recognize and encourage superior scholarship and leadership by men and women of exemplary character. Membership in O.D.K. is a mark of highest distinction and honor.

The purpose of O.D.K. Society is threefold. First to recognize men and women who have attained a high standard of efficiency in collegiate activities and to inspire others to strive for conspicuous attainments along similar lines.

Second, to bring together the most representative men and women in all phases of collegiate life and thus create an organization which will help mould the sentiment of the institution on questions of local and intercollegiate interest.

Third, to bring together members of the faculty and student body of the institution on a basis of mutual interests and understanding.

Omicron Delta Kappa recognizes and encourages achievement in scholarship; athletics; student government; social and

religious affairs; publications; and speech, music, drama, and the other arts. O.D.K. places emphasis upon the development of the whole person, both as a present member of the college community and as a prospective contributor to a better society. This society believes that while good scholarship and intellectual development are the chief objectives of college years, the life of the mind is not the only life students will have to cope with as the result of their college experiences. It is not enough to be merely a scholar; other indispensable qualities have to be cultivated.

A new circle of O.D.K. is being formed at FIU. Charter members include Denise Fellows, president, Jorge Espinosa, vice president, Alex Currias, treasurer, Jose Acosta, Annika de Groot, Carmen McCrink, Sarah Nichols, Kathy Cooper, and Jose Mejada. E. Joseph Kaplan will be serving as faculty secretary. William Brinkley, director of Admissions, Donald Watson, chairman, English Department, George Simmons, College of Business, Mark Rosenberg, Political Science and Peter Cistone, dean, School of Education will also be working closely with the society.

LYSISTRATA OPENS - see page 8

Walking Your Wits

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

Dear Editor,

Mr. Powell's personal opinion article that appeared on page three of the October 6 issue was just that - PERSONAL OPINION.

If he wished to attack the Lebanese Christians for a crime they committed in their own country against their own people, that was his privilege. But his attack on the Israeli Army is unjustifiable.

For years the Lebanese people have been fighting among themselves - Christians against Moslems - and nobody interfered. When they murdered their own in the presence of the Israelis the whole world became involved and the media worked overtime to give the impression that the Israelis were responsible for this latest massacre on the part of the Lebanese Christians.

The Israelis were called to Lebanon by the Lebanese Government to assist in ridding the country of the PLO who, uninvited, came and settled in Lebanon, taking peoples' homes away for their own use, and killing and terrorizing the Lebanese people. Was Mr. Powell present when the "Israelis welcomed the Lebanese Christians with open arms?"

If they were aware of the massacre of the Lebanese people, by the Lebanese army, should they have halted it by shooting the Lebanese soldiers on their own territory? If they had, one could just imagine the uproar they would have

created around the globe.

The *People Now* group he refers to is against Israeli soldiers being sent to other countries, and rightfully so.

As for Begin being a terrorist who killed people -when and where? When Israel was fighting to exist? If he was a terrorist thirty years ago, does this mean that the PLO should be allowed to sneak over Israeli borders anytime they get the urge to murder innocent Israeli women and children as they have for so many years?

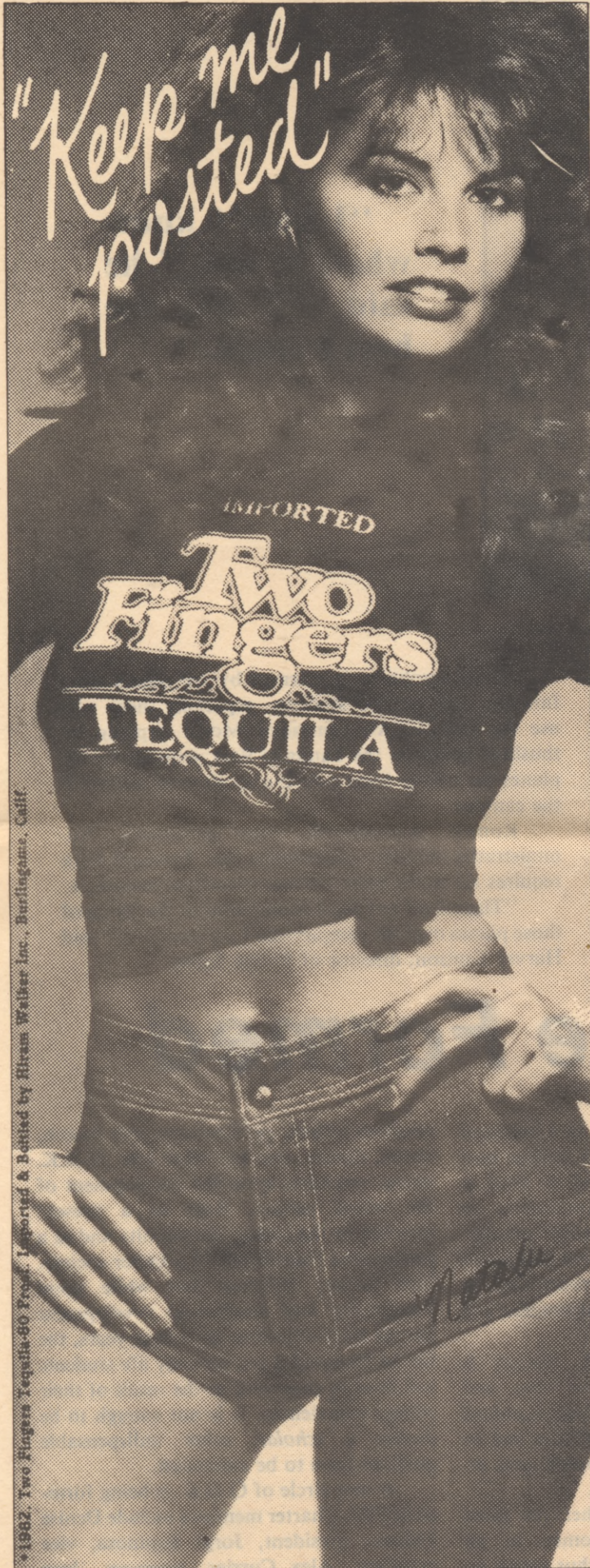
The Israelis supplied arms to the Lebanese Government for use against the PLO terrorists in Lebanon - not to kill their own people.

His reference to "the millions of Jews killed by Hitler" denoted his complete lack of knowledge and sensitivity about the subject. First of all, Hitler and his followers slaughtered millions of all kinds of people in a way that was unsurpassed in the history of the world. His making light of that tragedy with inane remarks is unjustifiable and a tragedy in itself.

As for the Israelis bombing Lebanon to acquire more land for themselves - I leave that up to the readers.

I must assume that Mr. Powell received his information directly from the PLO Press because it was pure propaganda. I highly recommend that Tim Powell start praying to God - for some brains.

Julia Cohen



FIU FASH90MS



On Tuesday afternoon, students celebrated Hispanic Heritage Week with a Latin fashion show.



Photos by Werner Bertsch



These are clubs on probation due to failure to attend required I.O.C. meetings held every first Friday of each month:

- | | |
|--|--|
| American Chemical Society | International Islamic Assoc. |
| American Soc. of Heat, Ref. Air Cond. Eng. | Karate Club |
| Club Managers Assoc. | Mass Communication Club |
| Club of Mech. Engineers | Sociology/Anthropology Soc. |
| Computer Science Club (BVC) | Student Achievers in Black Life Experience |
| Elan- Yearbook | Students for International Understanding |
| Federation of Cuban Students | Students Physics Society |
| FIU Accounting Assoc. | Supporters of Moslem Student Society |
| FIU Sunblazers Fitness Club | Women in Communications |
| Institute of Business Design Club | Young Democratic Club of Bay Vista |
| Inst. of Electrical/Electronic Eng. | History Club |

Petitions on the clubs' behalf may be filed in the SGA office.
Honor before Nov. 5, 1982.



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BORN TO RULE



GUY HODERSON
Contributor

Royalty seems to have a monopoly on recent headlines. Perhaps most familiar to the majority of readers is the recent Monaco tragedy. The disastrous events of black Sept. 13th continue to weigh heavy on the hearts and minds of a world all-too-accustomed to having its heroes and heroines snatched away. Some of our more distinguished journals are devoting vast amounts of time and energy to the search for the truth surrounding the tragedy. Indeed, these publications show no signs of relenting in investigations which could seemingly go on for months.

We're delighted to report that here at FIU, royalty has been spared the woes of Rainier and his family. Mavel Rodriguez, an FIU student and one of last year's Orange Bowl princesses, took on some stiff competition and was chosen to reign as Queen of this year's festivities.

Mavel has been in this and similar arenas before. Her titles read like a map. She is currently Miss Miami and attained honors as runner up in the Miss Florida contest. Let's not forget Miss Broward, Miss North Miami, and *Reina de la Hispanidad*. I'd take a bus, but I just wouldn't know where to get off.

Not one to rely on her looks alone, Mavel is a senior in the School of Education, with special interest in dance and physical education. She is interning as a student teacher this term at Coral Park Senior High. She attained membership in Kappa Delta Pi, education Honorary.

Coming up soon is yet another shot at a title, specifically FIU Homecoming Queen. I don't know if Mavel is entering this one, but it sounds like small potatoes. I suppose it won't be easy, though, to pass up the honorary post which goes to the homecoming queen: Queen of the Rat.

From Dinghies to Dufours

RIKKI LEMUR
Entertainment Editor

Well, it's not Bermuda to Block Island, but it's fun. Yes, the 29th annual Columbus Day Regatta began Saturday morning with 720 registered craft and hundreds of seadog touring vessels which sailed along for the sheer fun rather than competition.

The world's biggest cocktail party began around 9 a.m., Saturday, with the starting gun sending off eight International Offshore Rule yachts, the thoroughbreds of the saltydog world.

Leaving from the starting line near Dinner Key, the course was set for East Featherbed Banks, 14 miles south, near Eliot Key.

Fifteen more starts at 10 minute intervals sent everything from catamarans to luxury cruisers toward a hedonistic destination.

Around 11 a.m. *Guanabara II* had distinguished itself not only by its skill but for the utter lack of apparel donned by the crew.

Finishing cards were flashed from the decks as each craft crossed the finish line. Scott Pipe's *Pipe Dream*, a Swan 43, was the official winner of the first leg of the race.

After finishing, everyone sailed through the narrow channel at East Featherbed Banks,

a treacherous stretch where I've spent a fair amount of time aground.

In an instant, all night party was formed as more than 7000 crew members swapped tales, drank and swam.

Deke Hauser, chef to the masses, served up and harrassed the *Guanabara* crew with his cobra water pistol.

As his vessel carried the hungover Hauser back to Dinner Key, our Critic-at-Large could be heard proclaiming (with the added resonance only a well-crafted porcelain bowl can provide), "My, ain't she yar!"



INTERNATIONAL

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The paper is independent of the University and its Student Government Association; the editor is the chief administrative officer and publisher.

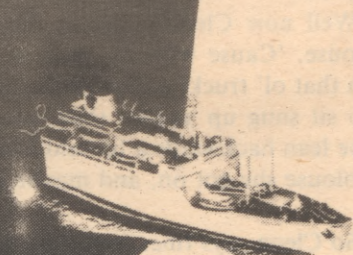
The administration, faculty and Student Government Association of FIU cannot and do not dictate or influence the editorial policy of the newspaper. Views expressed are those of the editorial board, columnists or letter writers. Five percent of our advertising revenue is donated to the FIU Visual Arts Gallery.

The *International* is published every Wednesday and distributed free at the Tamiami and Bay Vista campuses.

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

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The Monkey- Lung Review

is wildly interested in the short fiction and poetry of FIU students. Please send or bring material to UH 212 A. Include phone number for consultation. Call 554-2118 for more information

Club News

The FIU Diving and Windsurfing Club is offering a Basic Certification Class starting (PADI) Sunday, Oct. 17, from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. for five consecutive Sundays. All equipment is included, (excluding mask, fins and snorkel). The \$95.00 tuition includes instruction for two beach dives and diving certification. The deadline for ap-

plying is Thursday, Oct. 14. If interested, please contact Rich at UH 212C - 554-2195, or after 11 p.m. at 264-0238.

There will be a drift and wreck dive at West Palm Beach on Saturday, Oct. 23 - \$20 for members, and \$25 for non-members. Only 15 spaces available, on first come, first serve basis. Experienced divers only (25-30 hours logged).



Cat Tales

Darlings! You should have seen the splendiferous display of guayaberas and sombreros (machetes were checked at the door) promenading through UH 210 Oct. 5-8, during the third annual Inter-American Sugar Cane Seminar.

Moi was absolutely enchanted with the buffet luncheon featuring Kraft cheese slices and jello molds. This All-American fare most surely impressed our 18 nation list of prestigious guests.

Conchita y *moi* extend their heartiest congratulations to NOEMI and VALENTIN. These lucky young people were actually married in highly touted *Hall of Flags Room* (UH 210), Oct. 9.

Wedding decorations included red roses and pink mesh-netting. (*Moi* deduced this by inspecting the contents of trash barrels).

"It must have been one hell of a wedding. We cleaned over three and a half tons of garbage out of the place this morning" (Sunday), Juan, the janitor, said.

Moi and Conchita (while masquerading as school nurses) were rudely interrupted during our bi-monthly turn-your-head-and-cough inspection of the soccer team Monday, when a nasty orange model airplane buzzed our startled audience.

Conchita agrees with *moi*— there is absolutely NO reason to allow those flatulent boorish contraptions to violate the sanctity of FIU air space. What good are they? One can't very well fly to Europe on them. Why— they can't even pull a cute little sign!

"They could cause serious harm, too," Conchita shrieked. "One young fellow almost received a torsion testicle when the horrid orange devil whizzed past his left ear during inspection!" (But then Conchita's always talking about the one that got away!)

Students desiring social page coverage of their school activities and parties may contact *moi* and Conchita through the *International*.

Bootsie Cavendish

Editor's note: If Conchita and Bootsie are extended the courtesy of a good meal or free booze, the quality (positive) of their reviews has been known to increase accordingly.

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the Wrath of Cohen

JULIA COHEN
Columnist

Sitting in traffic on the Palmetto Expressway for an hour-and-a-half several mornings each week, en route to school and work, has given many of us time to reminisce about the good old days.

The good old days when we were required to sit caged in our cars for an hour or two only one day a year. i.e., when we waited in line at the Automobile Inspection Station.

Complaints were heard from everyone about this annual inconvenience that was once inflicted upon us by the State of Florida. When Governor Graham was elected, he heeded our cries and quickly rid the citizens of this bothersome burden.

It is only now, after many months that people are becoming aware of the shortcomings surrounding the removal of our automobile inspection stations.

Most of the time the backup of cars on our roads is caused by a stalled car, or two, or three, in dire need of repair and maintenance. (One morning last week I counted seven such cars while on my way to school).

During these delays we are all given a chance to view these neglected klunkers as we pass them— at a speed of one mile per hour— overheated, with bald flat tires, burnt-out headlights, or other defects, parked in the center of the road until with great difficulty, they are moved to the narrow road shoulders.

Not only are we faced with increasing delays, but

we are pushing pollution into our atmosphere in enormous quantities. Each morning we see thousands of cars on our roads, unable to move, engines running for however long it takes— and carbon monoxide fumes taking over.

Then there are those with defective mufflers, or without mufflers— that cloud our highways and streets with great gusts of poisonous fumes that have become the biggest detriment to our environment. It is amazing that the drivers of these vehicles are not even ashamed of the violation they are committing upon our earth.

We have only ourselves to blame for this situation and for allowing it to continue. It can be rectified as easily as it was created. If enough of us wrote to or phoned Governor Graham, he would most certainly give the problem immediate consideration.

If we continue as disinterested spectators, we are only fooling ourselves. It is time we all became aware that we are on a genocidal path if we continue to ignore our pollution problems.

Problems don't go away by themselves. They must be solved. Of course, the pollution problems will disappear by themselves after we are no longer around to add to them and/or create new ones.

Reviving the automobile inspection stations in the State of Florida would be a big step in the direction of survival.

Cleon Goes to Town

BARBARA H. WILSON

The day Cleon left for town in Popa's green truck (the one with *Farm Use Only* painted on the side), Mama didn't think she'd ever see that boy again. 'Specially since he took her brand new pair of pantyhose with him.

But up around Wednesday he came draggin' his scraggly ass up the side of Miller's Creek just laughin' his head off. It weren't till supper time he calmed down enough to sup up some beans and cornbread. And it weren't till the baked apples was on the table that he could talk.

Now, Cleon's a bright boy, don't get me wrong. But to be gone for nigh onta four days with the truck and the pantyhose, and to come home with neither, well... we was a might surprised.

Seems Cleon seen this girl in town a few weeks back and got ta thinkin' 'bout her. Got ta thinkin' so hard on this one fact that nothing would settle in that bitty little mind a his till he could see her again. That was why he took the truck.

But findin' her weren't so easy. And oncen't he did she weren't alone. Had this big chunk of a boyfriend with her that looked meaner than a bull penned up with a hard on. 'Course that didn't bother Cleon (he knew he were better lookin').

Well Cleon followed 'em into one a them bars where they serve beer in cans, and got ta talking to this guy. Seems the feller's truck broke down on him and he didn't have no way ta take the girl home.

So Cleon, being the generous sort that he is, offered ta drive her on home. "No," says this feller. He can't trust nobody with this beauty, he'd have ta ride along too.

Well now Cleon's just as tickled as a fox in a henhouse. 'Cause with the three a them in the front seat a that ol' truck, an her in the middle he'd at least git to sit snug up against them glorious thighs. And maybe lean backwards a bit and look down the top o' that blouse she got on, and maybe git a peek at some teet.

So Cleon says fine. And they all load up just like he imagined, they's all travelling out in the backland crossing cricks and humping that ol' truck up and down hills. And Cleon's just a watching them teets bouncing up and down and pooshin' up against that blouse.

When all of a sudden the right front tire blows on the pick-up, and the dang thing lurches forward like a pig's nose in a trough, and that big feller's head goes crunch on the dash. Out like a light.

So Cleon's a sitting there looking at this feller on the floor. And then he looks at this gorgeous thing sitting beside him. Now Cleon's a bright boy, don't git me wrong. But to be gone for nigh onta four days with the truck and Mama's pantyhose, and ta come home with neither, well...



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Limping Your Way to Health

SAPPHIRE "GO-GO" LA BELLE
Contributor

Our bodies eventually signal the need for extra attention concerning the daily pattern of living.

For some of you, this means having your will notarized with Mom as beneficiary and organizing important documents like your car payment booklet in a grey steel box just in case.

This column is dedicated to you other people who opt to go on a health kick with the same zealous enthusiasm and lack of forethought that you devote towards New Year's Resolutions.

Don't be offended if I criticize before you've even started because your commitment is so strong. Since the erratic binging of food, booze, cigarettes, and television is a world-wide phenomenon, I am simply pointing out, as one compulsive to another, that a full-scale fitness program is the logical way in which compulsives cope with their excesses.

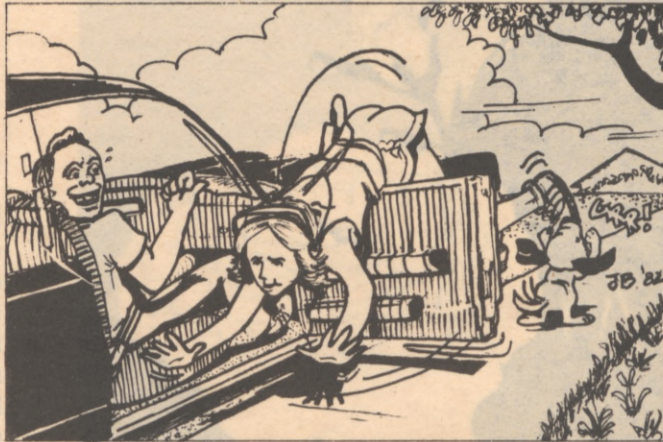
There are several ways to tell if *you* are compulsive. If you firmly announce to your friends at school your plans to start an exercise program this Monday, and on the way to your car, you lock eyes with your reflection in each passing car window while fanatically repeating the mantra "thistimeIreally-meanit" through gritted teeth. Then you are a compulsive. Once you're alone at home, you spend the next forty-eight hours consuming the entire contents of the refrigerator by slurping cold spaghetti sprinkled with malomars instead of meatballs. If after you've cleaned out the refrigerator, kitchen cabinets, dusty bottles of Cherry Heering and Kahlua mixed with Coffee-Mate, all the cigarette packs in your open carton plus the stale Turkish ones you've saved for three years because you like the box, you find yourself trying to bury bizarre hopes that the dog will leave some Alpo in his dish, then you are a compulsive personality.

Am I exaggerating? Maybe. Only *you* know the truth. But the Day of Reckoning has arrived and you must, as Olivia says, Get Physical.

The most common initial choice is to run before dinner. We all have driven past numerous runners with a gleaming layer of sweat encasing tanned, muscled limbs. Since you never see the same runner after two or three weeks, you must judge for yourself whether this is all the time needed to run yourself into a 10 or whether this is the life expectancy of a runner.

Another reason people choose running is that it mistakenly strikes them as an inexpensive form of exercise requiring no elaborate equipment or prepara-

tion, WRONG, Bulbous Buns! The first week tests your endurance beyond its limits. You will be jostled mercilessly until 11 p.m. each night assembling your outfits at Dadeland. The Look is three-quarters of the preparation for a successful running program.



Graphics by Jean Blanchard

Life in the Fat Lane

Serious runners purchase terry-cloth headbands, at least one full-length sweat suit and three different colored nylon track-shorts sets with obligatory white stripes running the length of the body. It is a well-known fact that stripes imply warp speed.

You culminate the outfits with tri-striped running shoes—*never* refer to this foot apparel as sneakers. The important guidelines to selecting the appropriate footwear is that they *not* be endorsed by the NFL and that they cost at least one third of your weekly salary. Once your running ensemble is complete, there are no valid excuses to prevent you from hitting the streets. Sorry.

Beginning runners normally require lonely backroads or the grassy doggie heavens that rim the apartment complexes. The fact that these lonely routes allow deeper concentration is the *least* important consideration for the runner.

Saving face is of primary importance. Envyng a firm, tanned runner with a month's experience is inspiring. But remember the occasional grunting jellybellies with white thunder-thighs courageously pounding the pavement their first week out? Can you bear the thought of passing drivers saying about you what you said about the jellybellies? I thought not.

As each jolt on the concrete pounds your arches

flatter, your jowls bounce around your face with the intensity of a motorized jackhammer. Waving away a pack of love-struck basset hounds, you'll know the glory runners feel when going into overkill with their second wind. You may even hit the wall thanks to the goons in the souped up Chevy who opened the car door in time for you to smack into it.

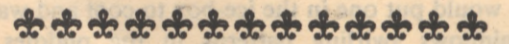
The second reason for using backroads is to enable you to perfect the popular beginning style of ten long strides with varicose veins jutting out like genoa sails followed by fifty limping steps where the veins subside, something akin to a man's throbbing temporal vein when he holds in his stomach for prolonged periods. For those of you who have had 3.2 children, backroads are a *must* until after your bladder suspension surgery.

Finally, plenty of bushes along your route provide many places where you can hide your secret weapons—a container of vegetable oil and a spray bottle of water. During rest periods, about every fifty yards, vegetable oil should be applied so that you too will have what appears to be the glistening sweat of exertion.

The water should be sprayed down your back, on your midriff, and under each armpit. An additional thermos of screwdrivers is optional. Don't worry about the calories in the screwdrivers because running is the most effective way to lose weight. Afterwards, the intense fatigue and pain tend to decrease your desire to eat or to do anything else except chug a gallon of water in a single gulp.

The physical state attainable after the first few trial runs provides a sense of accomplishment second only to surviving a mugging by the eternal flame in Friendship Park. When after a month you develop the deep-rooted conviction that running is best left to masochistic politicians, it won't be long until you find yourself in line at the Winn-Dixie with fixin's for an anchovy fluffernutter behind a woman in a running outfit clutching pickled herrings, Smucker's marmalade, and a bag of Hartz Mountain Flip Chips.

Look at each other and smile, for now you know what's become of the former runners before you.



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MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW

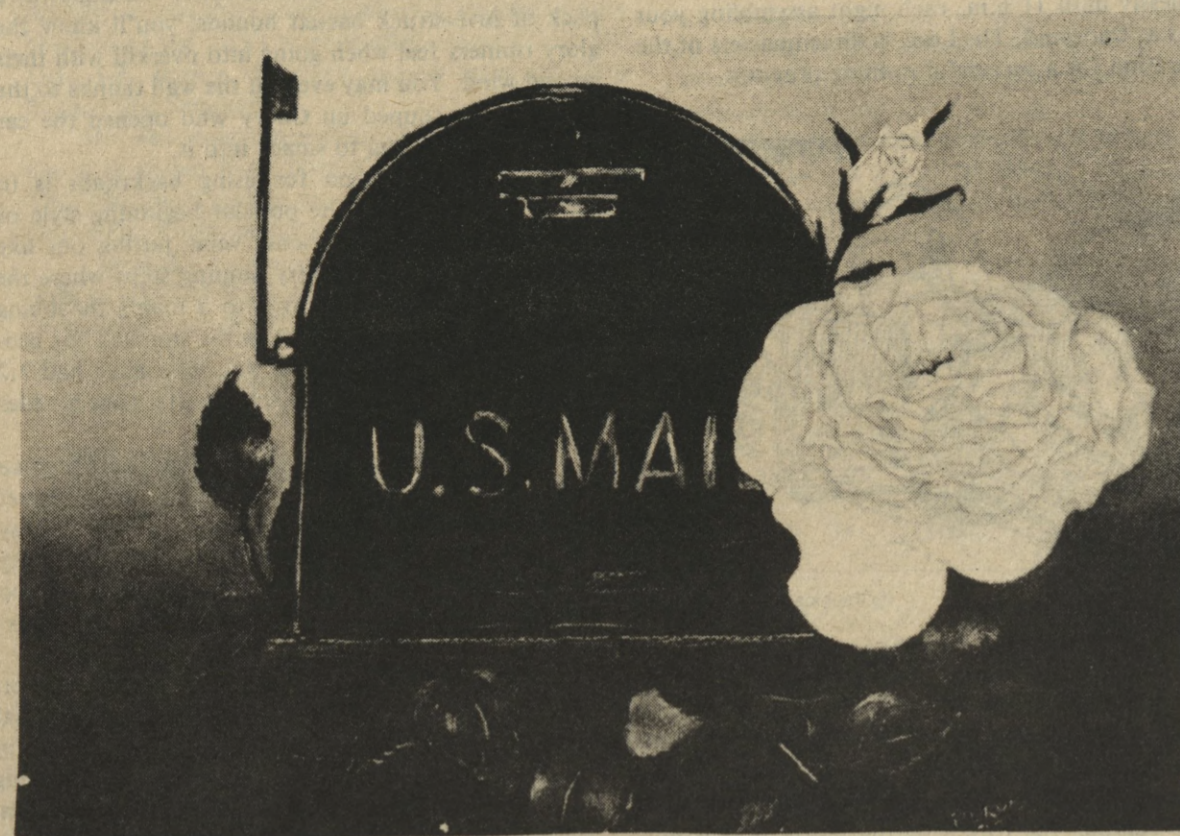


Photo by Jose Alonso

Illustration by Woody Purvis

My House

Nothing squeaks in my house. I see to that. Nothing rattles or bangs, groans or gripes; nothing creaks in my house.

I grew up thinking that there were fiddleback spiders in the toes of my unused shoes;

"Shake them out! Get that little flashlight from the kitchen drawer and look way down in those shoes—they sat in your closet all summer; God knows what's crawled into them!"

The first woman that I ever fell in love with was my grandmother, when I was four or five. There was a metal chest in her carport that held bottles of Coca-Cola. I would put one in the ice-box to cool and watch the rainbows swirling patterns in the puddles of driveway grease. Nothing was as beautiful as those patches of color, and I'd pop the bottle-cap off feeling that almost-pain under my tongue; that sharp gush that forecasts sweetness.

Grandmother; tall, regal, ice-white haired, lived in a shadowy house with hidden rooms and rusted metal cabinets that yawned so that a small child could see jars marked 'Poison'. From the top of the stairway to the basement floor where great-grandmother lived, a gradual inkiness began that at the bottom was black—even in daytime; black. From bottom looking up to top was like seeing heaven. At the top of the stairs was a painting where an angry moon squeezed out a single drop of blood that hung ready to spatter a crowd of jeering, mocking, waving shapes made by sharp cuts of a palette knife in thick paint. The canvas was meant to have been a wasted one that Granddaddy wiped his excess paint on. Weeks and months of that had built violent, scary shapes that he had liked and with the moon as an afterthought he had called it 'A Gathering of Witches'.

Granny--great-grandmother; a small withered shape who reads to me from her bible. Her doctor still made housecalls and the room without her was an empty place to be, but her bed was a huge old four-poster, high enough for me and the dog to hide under.

Once a small me bounded down those stairs and around the wood-paneled corner of her room and a big sort of mason jar was catching her blood from a tube and the top was foamed with a pink sort of foam and I stumbled back against the dog. Her doctor was as old as she was and I received a small smile from him but still didn't know why he would let such a frail person bleed.

Sometimes I sat on the middle step, and below me was the black cool basement and Granny with her foaming jar. Above me was the moon dripping on that eerie crowd. I sat on the middle step with my boxer-dog and listened to the voices saying that Granddaddy finally broke down, and I think that no matter what they do to me I'll never break down.

Down on that basement floor was a room that looked just like part of the wall until a small block of wood was turned and the panelling opened. In the middle of the room it revealed hung a naked bulb. I had to grit my teeth to get through the dark and frantically grab for the pull-chain. The bulb would swing crazily and make the shadows breathe. Decrepit dolls sat stiffly on packing crates, staring from dulled-glass eyes, reaching out their awful empty arms. I fell in love with the smell of damp, bug-nibbled books; the smell today makes my stomach glow. I read the books that my mother and her mother had read, and played with toys that had passed through a hundred hands.

I had to sleep on that cold basement level, in an uncle's old room where bleached-white steer skulls hung on the walls. When the lights were out I could still see their faintly glowing outlines. I thought that they floated slowly through the quiet house at night, sharpening their horns in the panelling and looking for something to impale.

I would wake up in the night needing to pee and be afraid to move, and the cool dark would offer up a scraping sound and I was sure that if I moved, those huge snapping teeth would charge at me, those glowing horns would run me through and right into the wall. They had seen me before Grandmother turned out the light and they knew I was there in the bed in the corner. They'd float towards me and in a minute I'd hear the small icy snaps of those teeth sounding their way around the room and then when it got very close it would stop--and SMASH they'd be on me.

A foreign-smelling wooden chest sat on the brick hearth. Granddaddy got it in the war and in it was a real grenade with the pin still in and I would take it out and feel it, surprised that it was so heavy. I would dare myself to drop it. The box also held long pointed bullets that made me shiver. Above the fireplace were stylized African masks; dark, smooth, with closed eyes. My grandfather was as silent as those masks. At the dinner table I would feel his eyes on me and realize my elbows were on the table. He was a silent man, oh

my yes a most subtle man, a writer, a painter--when he did speak, he teased. Otherwise the only ways he expressed himself were non-verbal. He died of peritonitis because the doctors who took out his appendix ignored him when he said that something was wrong, something was still very *wrong*.

"Go to the top drawer of the dresser in Granny's old room and get me your age in buttons."

Seven buttons is as old as I am. The drawer is too high to see into and the only chair is too heavy to pull over, so I feel my way around the contents of the drawer; a feathered pen, a small, cold picture frame, a bundle of letters, and the first box that I come to I shake and it makes the right sort of rattle for buttons so I pry the box open with my arm aching over the hard edge of the drawer and grab a handful and start to count out seven and they're *teeth*, they're all Granny's teeth, and my hand does a sort of tablecloth trick without me even thinking and the handful of teeth hangs in the air a moment as if deciding whether to bite me before they fall. Some roll under the dresser and I can hear Granny's crackling voice reading a passage from her yellowed bible about casting dragon's teeth and armies springing up where they fall.

When my brother was born they took me to the hospital. It was nighttime and very white and quiet. I thought that the nuns were ghosts. Late that night we pulled into the driveway at home and the headlights swept the broad lawn that seemed to have sprouted hundreds of huge white toadstools...no, not toadstools, because red flashes answered our lights...it was hundreds of white rabbits on the lawn, sitting very still in the glare with mad red reflections in their eyes. I sat up for nights watching out the window, but they never returned.

From the back windows one could see the lake. I would walk through the woods down to its mushy edge. I turned up the flat pink-and-grey flagstones that made the path, and the pillbugs and earthworms would scatter, the pee-stink of centipedes would reach up and slap me. Cat-tails grew by the lake, which was wide and long but very shallow. Later someone decided to have it dredged. The water turned thick and



Photo by Jose Alonso

Illustration by Woody Purvis

bloody when the clay bottom was disturbed. It never cleared, and the lake remained a huge open wound that I could see from my grandmother's house.

I have oiled the cabinet doors in my house. Everything is very neat. I shut the closet doors before I go to sleep, and I never leave my clothes hanging in such a way that they could be something else *not* clothes when the lights are out. There was a certain Renoir painting, a picnic scene, but the shadowy eyes and empty faces bothered me and I had to take it down.

I pause in my typing to watch out the window. The sun has grown hot enough to wilt the morning glories. My garden becomes simpler each year, and I find myself content to have a different flower blooming at each time of day. As the morning glories give up their struggle against the heat, there is another mass of flowers just starting to open. When those are through, the evening plants take over, then the night-blooming jasmine whose scent makes me giddy when I'm writing at night.

Here's the postman--nine-thirty sharp. I know that he likes my stop the best because of the white roses that climb my letter-box. That is something for your morning; roses the color of heavy cream, big as coffee-saucers, and you must lean into them to do your job, and the air around them is so thick with their scent that you groan with pleasure.

I lean my elbows on my desk to watch the postman linger at my stop. I feel like a voyeur. I would be embarrassed to think that someone was watching me take such pleasure.

He is gone and the phone wires stretching from pole to pole resemble measures of music, empty of notes. The notes are busy taking breakfast on a neighbor's fresh-cut lawn. They are panicked by a cat and arise *en masse* to fill the measures with music. I wish I could read music! I should copy it down and find someone to play it, for it must be a beautiful, changeable piece. It would put all other music to shame, this Symphony in Phone and Electrical Wire; I would never fly a kite where it is playing.

JESSIE HARPER LEE



The *Monkey-Lung Review* wishes to apologize for last week's printing error. Our centerfold article was entitled "Remembering Martha Foley" and was written by Mildred Jordan Brooks.

QUICK MY HORSE

Quick my horse, I cried me landlord has just been struck by lightning and I laugh jesting Buenas Dias, mes amigos, or is it perhaps, amigas, may I, por favor

In class learning, joking Espanol, yo soy muy embarasado and everyone chuckling, why pray tell whatever may the matter be? Oh I see, I am not, correct, very embarrassed, I see

Quick my horse, Oh I see the landlord has just been struck, I believe I am in error, I am not very pregnant, you see I am a can't do that type of man, I see by lightning, embarrassed, correct, quick my horse!!

fish and fowl

going to sleep without a thought to how a program ends, you pull out the phone plugging up your ears forgetting i am there...

until the end, i watch and wash my face, brush my teeth waiting for jazz to rock me at midnight and close the blinds, i shut up tight, blowing fan turned down, stirring you shiver when my foot beats your calf, i rub your warm back rubbing

up with roosters, you drink coffee and smoke, windows open, lights blaring overhead, reading paper, watching news, i sleep pillows overhead until the sun shines brightly and rush hour ends, you close bathroom doors and i leave them open, you shower alone, i like pleasure of your company shaving, i leave falling things where they lay, you find little places as we leave you double check, tidy, your phone must sit on its stool by your easy chair, always upright unless you push it back to read.

to each of us our separate rituals, dictations of our dalliness, opposition synchronizing until fish and fowl seek other refuge.

L'AMERIQUE EST FOLLE

Back fifteen years or so, I was down from Connecticut, a misplaced Jamaican.

Daddy, a judge could pass for white--me with my blow hair and "flat white" ass--In short, not your ordinary nigger.

In those times, days, at Yale, of all places, not Black enough, Dr. King and Selma chimed through the decade. I cut my hair Afro, wrote Black Drama in New York, My Black ass came at nineteen, in North Philly, a ghetto child. This time; and, by God, I was Black.

But never quite right in a word, insincere. In London thought to be a "foreigner", in France maybe from Morocco, in New York, classy like Lena Horne, golden girl, tennis whiz in the California sun, "Fijian" in Hawaii and all this brought me close, Black, close to Jamaica in the soft blue Caribbean back home where I see and feel my blood, Black and White, blue eyes and straight hair and I, another darker curlier sort of mongrel nigger.

In Martinique, I found a Black Paris perhaps waiting for something not that; not that silly vexation--So how do you like this pickaninnie now, mon ami, Uncle Sam, mon hypocrite lecteur, mon sembla'le, mon frere.

I am once again, waiting, remembering how I couldn't go to Gateway School or join the Beach Club, my Black skin brought Black tears torn on sharp electric wires pain.

My niggerish heart quakes Black broken, raged driven once again to Negritude, crazy America. Here in Miami reading Fanon, Louise Bennet, Derek Walcott and watching Debbie Allen, friend, on T.V. I embrace my Black voice and sing my Black songs and wind my Black loveliness, sinewy body around a Black man. L'Amérique est Folle.

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS



ein halber hund

Permuting Themes

BRUCE KAPLAN
Music Editor

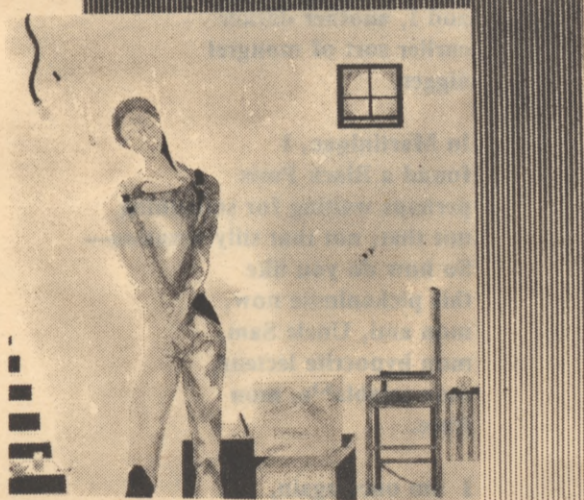
The trouble with the fusion bands of the early 1970s (i.e. the Mahavishnu Orchestra/Return to Forever lineage) was that their mixing and matching of jazz and rock proved to be ass-backwards. The jazz-trained musicians dipped into rock and funk, and instead of divining the straight ahead energy which is at the music's heart they came up with a high-tech, high volume concoction that seemed more an imposition than a fusion. They replaced jazz's syncopation with a backbeat, but what a tortured backbeat it was, shoved into all manner of self-consciously awkward time signatures, beaten and hammered until it threatened to give up the ghost.

Fusion was initially seductive by virtue of its newness and the virtuosity of its principals. Innovations that endure, on the other hand, generally jar sensibilities before stretching them and becoming assimilated. Ornette Coleman has done it twice—first with his 1959 quartet and more recently with his electric band, Prime Time. When I first heard Prime Time, on *Dancing In Your Head* (released in 1977), I felt as if Coleman had betrayed his own classicism by introducing electric instruments and working with a funk beat. I should have had more faith in his vision, because it's become increasingly apparent that whereas the fusionists faltered, Coleman's melange of jazz and funk is unerringly sensible and coherent.

Prime Time's music is based on Coleman's *har-molodic* concept: "Rhythms, harmonies and tempos are all equal in relationship and independent melodies at the same time." Feel free to ruminate on that at your leisure, but your curiosity would be best served by letting the theory lie and picking up on *Of Human Feelings*, the most recent of Prime Time's three LPs. Crank it up and let your senses slip.

Of Human Feeling

ORNETTE COLEMAN



Why is Coleman's music so immensely satisfying? First and foremost, it is as physically involving as the very best rock or funk or any other music you'd care to put it up against. The funk groove is relentless.

The music's complexity, then, is not to be found in convoluted rhythms. Rather, it lies in densely layered collective improvisation, an area which Coleman has pioneered for better than twenty years. The drums (here, Calvin Weston and Ornette's son, Ornette Denardo) function as a fixed center, but the other instrumentalists all work outside the roles which convention would dictate.

Bass guitarist Jamaaladeen Tacuma is one of the bassists working to elevate the instrument's potential melodic role to the level of its traditional rhythmic and harmonic roles. (This has been developing for many years amongst jazz bassists, but it's still a rare approach to the electric bass guitar). This conception obviously makes great demands on the player, yet Tacuma never falters as he manages to combine virtuoso melodic improvisation with rock-solid rhythm. His work is so prominent that, to the extent that it's possible (or desirable) to delineate a hierarchy in music this collective, his bass combines with Coleman's alto saxophone to comprise the band's front line.

The guitarists, Bern Nix and Charlie Ellerbee, percolate under Tacuma and Coleman. They dart in and out of the melodic line, totally defying the notions of "lead" and "rhythm" playing which have been ingrained since the time amplification allowed the guitar a role in jazz and popular music. Someone like Derek Bailey is certainly doing far more radical things with the instrument, but he isn't making party music. Prime Time IS making party music.

Coleman himself does not stretch out as much here as he did on the two previous Prime Time albums. The presentation here is more succinct, and Coleman is more involved with permuting his themes than with taking off for the outer reaches. While I miss the full-bodied wailing that developed more frequently during the extended improvisations on *Dancing In Your Head*, Coleman's playing is always rich and never very far from the blues.

For me, *Of Human Feelings* is Prime Time's best-realized album. With more than two years experience playing together at the time of this recording, the band is tighter than ever; roles aren't constricted, the players just seem more at ease with each other and reactions are more sure. The record was recorded digitally, and while I hear conflicting opinions on the merits of this new technology, the sound here—especially the drums—is far crisper and cleaner than on the previous LPs.



Ornette Coleman

What more is there to say about a music which is incredibly active on multiple levels yet always moves straight ahead; that has the lean electricity of James Brown or Otis Rush; that makes complete sense? I put it on at a party and people moved.

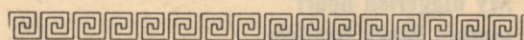
Although released this year, *Of Human Feelings* was actually recorded in 1979. From reports of live performances, Prime Time has continued to move onward and outward. Here's hoping we won't have to wait until 1985 to hear what Coleman's doing in 1982.

★ ★ ★

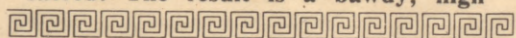
Two musicians who worked and studied with Coleman and who have taken off in their own directions are guitarist James Blood Ulmer and drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson. Both have brand new albums out which we hope to be able to report on soon.



LYSISTRATA



Sex, politics and war are an explosive mixture. FIU Theatre's first production shows that this has always been the case, even in classical Athens in 300 B.C. In this case, the explosion is comic. *Lysistrata*, by Aristophanes, is about the ingenious plot women devise to get their men to end the disastrous war between Athens and Sparta. They choose the one thing men cannot do without, which they withhold until a peace is made. Besides war and peace, the play deals with the issue of women's right to have a say in the important matters which affect their lives. While these are serious issues, they are viewed through the eyes of a master humorist to whom nothing is sacred. The result is a bawdy, high



Photos by Werner Bertsch

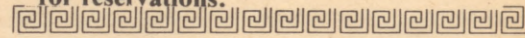


Players making war, not love

spirited celebration of life.

The production is directed by Therald Todd and Lili Bitá, a Greek-born and trained actress, director and poet. The vitality of the play will be reinforced through Greek music and dancing. The choreographer is Electra Spillis, a prominent local expert on Greek dancing. *Lysistrata* should be a perfect example of how contemporary, pertinent and entertaining a great classic can be.

Performance dates are October 13-16, 20-23, at 8:00 p.m. in VH 100. Tickets are \$4 general admission, \$3 for students, *FIU students free*. For faculty or staff who attend on Wednesday or Thursday, tickets are \$3. Call 554-2895 for reservations.



Pretentious Posturing

SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS
Dance Critic

On Friday, Oct. 1, FIU's resident touring company, under the direction of Philip Church, presented Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* to an FIU audience.

Church, of FIU's Theatre Department, sees this humorous contest of pride and will as a perfect piece for *Commedia dell'arte*.

Commedia dell'arte is an acting style that arose out of Renaissance Italy. It relies upon the use of masks and exaggerated movement to indicate the essence of a character. The direction of attention is taken away from the face of the actor, and focused on the body. *Commedia dell'arte* insists upon honesty within the caricature. Says Church, "Through pretentious posturing characters are seen lampooning and being lampooned."

The sophisticated plot of *Shrew* is enhanced by the actors' use of masks and farcical movement. These conventions of *commedia dell'arte* help to unfold an Italianate scenario based on deception, disguise and arranged marriages (all common themes in *commedia dell'arte*). We are duped by the masked characters just as we are duped by Kate's ostensible shrewishness; their facades become a metaphor for her shrewd, defensive front.



Photo by Therald Todd

Shrew taming: not quite what B. F. Skinner had in mind...

Although written in 1594, *Shrew's* themes of Equal Rights and Behavioral Modification are just as pertinent to today's audiences. *Shrew* is not a tale of male supremacy, but rather the process of one man's efforts to help a woman recognize the faults in her particular way of thinking.

Petrucio, the lead male character, is initially after Kate's wealth. As he learns to value Kate as an equal, he discovers his own appreciation of inner beauty and gentleness. Kate, who has battled physically and emotionally with her father Baptista, her sister Bianca, and herself sheds her shrewish, hot-

tempered, scheming personality and develops into an independent, happy and loving wife. Kate's realization in turn fosters Petrucio's growth; both characters tame each other.

As the play unfolds we discover that Bianca, who has pretended to be sweet and innocent— but really plays cruel and selfish games with everyone around her— is the true shrew of the story. Her marriage to Hortensio is as false as her appearance. Through her character we realize that outward beauty and wealth are not what bind two people together in a true marriage.

Church has brought professionalism to FIU's amateur arena. His basic teaching premise is a conservatory style; approaching acting through intense training, and demanding the complete dedication of his actors.

"I try to squeeze a lot into a short class period, which is challenging and exhausting," he says. "I'm sure my students get more work out of me per capita..."

Kim Ostrenico, who portrays Kate, adds, "Church is open to suggestion. He is invigorating. He tries to stimulate imagination. It's rewarding working with him. There's an incredible exchange of energy because Church gives totally."

"Church knows what he wants to get across and guides us there. He believes in one-on-one," says Walter Reyes, who plays Petrucio. "Working *Commedia* is arduous, tedious, and thorough, but soon becomes second nature after intense rehearsing."

Jose Alvarez, who portrays Grumio, the servant, says, "Working *Commedia* I learned to be a cog in the wheel. Everyone is needed to keep the balance. Church is highly technical and he won't allow us to look bad as actors. His honesty and sincerity have given me focus— I've learned how to become myself."

It is Church's intention to make Shakespeare palatable to high school audiences. He has condensed the play into 45 minutes, and gives the audience an explicit narration of the story. Props, colorful scenery, bold costumes and baroque music add to the atmosphere.

Church's *Shrew* is total theatre; absurd, amusing and precisely choreographed. The staging is animated. The actors' voices are finely tuned instruments capable of subtlety and broad tones.

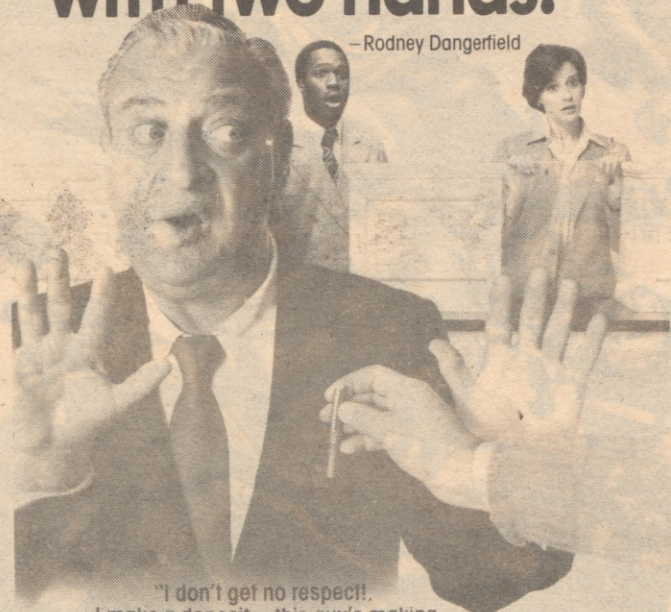
Ostrenico is awesome as Kate. Reyes is her quietly powerful counterpart. Alvarez, hysterically spouting lines in a Scottish brogue, and yet being in complete control of himself throughout the play, is the perfect clown and go-between. Josie Ball, as Bianca, is a painted doll who contrasts perfectly with Ostrenico's Kate.

"Touring is an invaluable experience. It's part of an actor's heritage; the minstrel ethos."

As a director, Church has given us a pensive, educational, and admirable interpretation of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Watching the production I saw the importance of the ensemble; cohesiveness is more than evident in both cast and crew. Church plans to take *Shrew* on the road, touring local high schools. "Students must learn to become total actors and find out what it's like to be *on the road*. Touring is an invaluable experience. It's part of an actor's heritage; the minstrel ethos. The duty of the University is to offer the community something of itself and also share technique and philosophy with other universities and colleges."

"Pilot pens! You have to hold onto them with two hands."

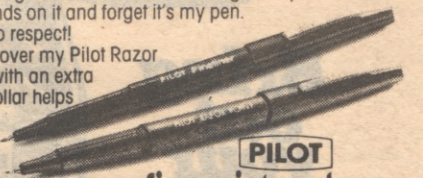
—Rodney Dangerfield



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Strike Out

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

THE STRIKE finally got to me.

I kept hoping that if I ignored it, IT would go away.

Even if IT didn't, I was determined not to dignify the meanness of the situation with lamenting.

I broke on Sunday night. It happened when I realized that Atlanta was out of the World Series race.

The lack of a Sunday and Monday and Friday night football game is not the problem for me. I don't have the 10 extra hours or so per week to sit in front of a television set.

I don't even make it a point to keep up with *Hill Street Blues*. If I'm there, fine. If not, fine. I don't want my schedule run by a television set.

The problem for me is not being able to follow my favorite teams. Even if I didn't watch every Braves games, they were there—in the running and, I like a race. Especially if I picked the winner.

And even if I don't pick a winner this season, there is always another sport, another team and another season.

Except of course for the 1982 fall football season.

I don't begrudge anyone trying to make a little more money and I'm sure there are abuses of the labor supply in football like in any other market.

Of course, there are also probably abuses of management.

Quite frankly, I'm not really interested in the abuses or the reasons.

I'm interested in its affect on my life.

And some of the fun and thrill are gone.

I feel about the NFLPA's strike like I feel about any strike. Usually the public is the whipping boy.

Whether it's the airlines, railroads, sanitation workers or auto workers, it's the public that is deprived.

We are involuntarily brought into the fray to benefit one side or the other—usually both. And what do we get?

A pain in the neck.

Our lives have become too fast and complex to be unwillingly forced into someone else's fuss.

Personally, I think the matter of strikes should be given over to attorneys and taken to the courts while the players play and the owners collect their money.

I realize that the solution might initiate a need for an entire body of new legislation—sports litigation.

Perhaps the solution is a little absurd but it is certainly no more absurd than what's happening now.



Photo by John Messam

Photo by Rick Gonzalez



More Confidence Needed

RICK GONZALEZ
Contributor

Mary Ann Hayward and Mary Beth Zimmerman are the Laverne and Shirley of ladies collegiate golf.

The FIU teammates share an apartment, play and practice together and are the best of friends.

Their relationship with the rest of the team is not so close.

"Not all of us get along," says Hayward, a senior from Beaconsfield, Quebec. "Golf is an individual sport and we do our own thing. The whole team lives in the same apartment complex. Sometimes we get sick of each other."

Zimmerman, a senior from Hillsboro, IL, approaches the situation differently.

"We all come from different parts of the world," she explains. "We have to be friends. The only people we actually associate with are the golf team. In tournaments, we cheer each other but, still, teammates cause a lot of problems."

By tying for third in the 1982 NCAA Division I Women's Golf Championships in California, Hayward earned a spot on the US Collegiate team to play in Japan this December.

"It feel very fortunate to play against the Japanese team," says Hayward. "I was chosen for the team because of my performance in the NCAA tournament. It came as a shock. I didn't

even expect to do well much less go to Japan."

Last year, Zimmerman was FIU's leading scorer and played in the US Open this summer. She finished 36th.

"I played real well the first two days in the Open," Zimmerman says. "But I was more of a spectator. There were so many people, I kept watching them. The next two days the crowds got bigger and so did the pressure. I wasn't distracted by the crowd—just mentally exhausted."

Zimmerman, who won All American honors in the 1981 Junior College Nationals, plans to turn professional next July.

The two golfers say the team's biggest problem lies in their confidence. They have been out of collegiate play for a few months and getting back is tough.

"Our biggest problem is that we're lacking confidence," says Hayward. "When we played in Tallahassee, the last week of September, we didn't expect to win. Our attitude was just to make it in the top ten. We'll regain our confidence. It's just a matter of time."

Both Hayward and Zimmerman like the approach of their new coach, Ken Juhn.

"We like Juhn," says Zimmerman. "He can sympathize with us if we had a bad day. He is really positive. Our old coach gave us bad vibes. She used to ask us why we played so bad."

Classic Run

JOHN MESSAM
Contributor

Shelly Gornick led the FIU Women's Cross Country team to a first place in the Sunblazer Invitational Cross Country Classic last Saturday at FIU.

Gornick dictated the pace from the first and finished the 5 kilometer course in 18:57 to help put the team ahead of second place Sante Fe (Gainesville).

FIU's Moises Sztylemeron led the men to a third behind Miami Dade North and Sante Fe.

The meet was the first Classic organized and presented by FIU and it attracted over 400 Florida high school and college runners as well as hundreds of spectators.

"I feel great about the meet," said head cross country coach Jose Rodriguez, who initiated and planned the Classic. "I feel that this meet has given the school some of the recognition it needs."

As well as runners and spectators, the Classic attracted McDonald's Restaurant as a sponsor and help from the U.S. Army and the Metro Dade County Department of Parks and Recreation.

FIU President Gregory Wolfe was on hand to present the trophies and awards to the competitors from aboard the Metro Dade County Showmobile.

BUD LIGHT'S BEAT THE GREEK!

Here's your chance to bring out your best and beat Jimmy the Greek at his own game. Just look over his college football picks for this week and check if you agree or disagree. Then compare the actual game scores against the Greek's picks... and yours.

My college picks for Saturday October 16.

Agree	Disagree	Agree	Disagree
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Bring
out
your
best.



UPCOMING SPORTS SCHEDULE

Oct. 15, Fri. - Baseball : FIU vs. M-DCC-South 3 p.m. At M-DCC
 Oct. 16, Sat. - Cross Country: Dade County Collegiate Cup. 8 p.m. Tropical Park.
 Oct. 17-19, Sun. - Tues. - Men's Golf: Miami Beach Sun & Fun. Miami.
 Oct. 18, Mon. - Baseball: FIU vs. Broward CC. 3 p.m. At FIU.
 Oct. 19, Tues. - Baseball: FIU vs. Miami. 3 p.m. At FIU.
 Soccer: FIU vs. Boca College. 3:30 p.m. At FIU.
 Oct. 20, Wed. - Volleyball: FIU vs. Broward CC. 7 p.m. At FIU.
 Baseball: FIU vs. Biscayne. 3 p.m. Biscayne.
 Oct. 21, Thurs. - Baseball: FIU vs. M-DCC New World Center. 3 p.m. At FIU.

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SPORTS RESULTS

VOLLEYBALL:

In spite of a serious handicap, the Sunblazers won four of their six games to finish 5th out of 15 teams at the University of Illinois Invitational Oct. 8 and 9 in Chicago.

The team was playing without the talent of leading point scorer Steny Garcia-Montes who sprained an ankle in practice a week ago. Garcia-Montes, an All-American from Miami Dade South, led the team with 47 points through 23 games.

The Sunblazers lost only one to the No. 1 seed, Western Michigan, 14 - 16, 8 - 15, and to Iowa State, 5 - 15, 12 - 15.

GAME RESULTS:

FIU d. Xavier of Ohio, 15 - 9, 15 - 2
 FIU d. Drake Univ. of Iowa, 15 - 11, 15 - 12
 FIU d. U. of IL., Chicago Circle, 7 - 15, 15 - 13, 15 - 7
 FIU d. U of IL 15 - 9, 15 - 1
 Kelley Wilson led the team with ace five 5 ace serves and 10 points.
 FIU is 16 - 4 over-all.

SOCCER:

Oct. 6 - Clemson University (SC), 5, FIU 0.
 FIU is 5 - 3 - 1.



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Insurance Underwriter (Auto only) job is open. Bilingual ability is preferred. Flexible hours: 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., or 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. Salary: \$4.00 /hr.

Accounting major entering senior year is needed for Junior Accountant position. Must have a 3.5 G.P.A. in major; 3.0 overall. Hours are flexible. Salary: \$6.00/hr.

Reader/driver needed to work with the blind. Ability to read is a must; if driving- needs to own car. Flexible hours. Salary: \$4.35/hr.

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

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