

## Parking Violations Add Up:



MARYBETH ACEVEDO  
Managing Editor

"I think it's atrocious that they charge staff members to go to work," said Peter Glynn, technical director of FIU's Theatre Department.

Glynn's refusal to purchase and display a parking decal eventually culminated in the towing of his vehicle from its loading dock parking space behind the VH building.

"On Tuesday, Oct. 12 at 7:30, I was working with my students on the show *Lysistrata* when my students screamed they're towing your car away," said Glynn.

According to police reports filed by Corporal Shedd, Glynn exited the theatre yelling "Hey you bastards if you touch that car I am going to kill you", and then "threw his upper torso on the hood of his car" to prevent its towing.

Glynn readily admits to using vulgar language. "I used as much as I could," he said. But he denies threatening anyone with physical harm or having contact with the car's hood.

Joe Haj and Frank Estrada, theatre majors present at the time, deny the sequence of events. When asked if Glynn had behaved in such a manner Haj emphatically replied, "If they said Peter threw his body on the car to keep it from being towed it's a blatant lie."

Glynn does not deny that he climbed into the vehicle at the suggestion of a student who claimed that the car couldn't be towed if it contained a passenger.

There is a state law prohibiting the towing of occupied vehicles. However, the car was towed with Glynn in it to the physical plant area on Corporal Shedd's orders.

# Professor Gets Towed

Glynn was informed that the car would be released after he had paid the towing charge. He was also told that if he drove the car back to the theatre, it would be removed again. After paying the charges Glynn went home.

At the time of the towing, Glynn's car displayed a current runway parking decal, and a special windshield mounted sticker which allowed him to park in restricted areas.

Police records indicate that Glynn was notified in writing on September 2, 1982 that his parking privileges were suspended due to his past accumulation of tickets.

However, the week prior to the towing Glynn did obtain the two permits allowing him to park on campus.

Public Safety employees speculated that Glynn was able to obtain the permits due to a failure in the issuing system.

Harvey Gunson, director, Public Safety, explained that Glynn's past tickets although paid, had accumulated to the point where his parking privileges had been rescinded.

"A maximum of four citations within the decal year are permitted without additional punitive action. On receipt of the fifth citation during the decal year the offender's registration is subject to revocation and he or she may be prohibited for the remainder of that year from registering another vehicle on

campus," (page 9 of the Public Safety Handbook).

"During the 1981-82 year Glynn accumulated 10 tickets plus two additional tickets on October 5, 1982 for parking without a decal.

Glynn states that he has had previous difficulties with Public Safety.

"Last year during *Cabaret*, Gunson ordered every car towed from the field behind the theatre." This meant removing patrons' and actors' vehicles. "I called him (Gunson) to settle it and he said that the cars were to be towed. So I called David Ashley (director, Physical Plant), who called Ron Arrowsmith, and Arrowsmith put a halt to it."

During this past summer Glynn said he was approached by several Public Safety officers who told him "Gunson has you on a hit list. He wants to make a spectacle out of you. He wants to get you for what you did to him."

Gunson explained that the term 'hit list' was a euphemism used for the list of violators' cars to be towed, and that Glynn's car was in fact on that list.

Gunson's only comment regarding the towing and Glynn's interference with the performance of the police officer's duties (entering the car) was "I thought that the officers extended an extraordinary amount of restraint."

## MORE GREEKS ON CAMPUS!

No—not another fraternity but rather Aristophanes' play *LYSISTRATA*. See page 12 for more information.



Photo by Werner Bertsch

## historical first

MARYBETH ACEVEDO  
Managing Editor

FIU students have an opportunity to attend an historical event this week. The very first academic Women's Studies Conference in South Florida begins Wednesday, October 20, at 7:40 p.m. in Deuxieme Maison, room 100. The conference is free and open to the public.

Marilyn Hoder-Salmon, director, Women's Studies Center, suggests that students interested in Women's Studies attend the conference. "Students will find answers to some of the most common questions regarding Women's Studies by attending the colloquia."

The October 20 conference is the first in a series of three. Panel topics are: Strategies for Survival, Women, Love and Marriage in 17th Century France, George Eliot: Wollstonecraftian Feminism and Socialism, Romance and Personal Politics.

Those interested may call the Women's Studies Center for further information at 554-2408.



Photo by Aida M. Corrada

Students, dressed in their most representative togs celebrated their Hispanic Heritage last Tuesday in a Fashion show. See page 3 for more.

**Toad Flurries Returns - on pg. 5**

## Walking Your Wits

Dear Editor,

Julia Cohen's personal opinion article that appeared in last week's issue was just that—PERSONAL OPINION, in her attack on Tim Powell's article of the Oct. 6 issue.

It was odd for a college student to come up with such a blind and immature article. She claimed "The Israelis were called to Lebanon by the Lebanese Government." This allegation is just like saying the Israelis were called to Iraq by the Iraqi government to destroy the Nuclear Medical Center last year. Both were done forcibly. If Julia had done her homework she would not have put that on paper. Several weeks ago a presentation was made on the TV program *Nightline* where Ted Koppel interviewed both the Israeli and Lebanese ambassadors. The Lebanese ambassador conveyed in words his anger for the "Israeli invasion." Julia in her article mentioned that the Israelis came "... to assist in ridding the country of the PLO who, uninvited, came and settled in Lebanon." She is behaving as if she had been there and had come back with facts. For her information, the PLO represents almost four million Palestinians. After the establishment of Israel

in 1948, the majority of Palestinians were forced to seek refuge in neighboring countries. The Palestine Liberation Organization is a reason which came from a cause.

The PLO started to grow as a government and 110 offices were established all around the world, (including countries like Spain and France). The head office was in Lebanon. A great percentage of Palestinians are in Lebanon—the reason for the Israelis military concentration in that area. Several years ago, before the Lebanese Civil War (1975) the Israelis succeeded in expanding their territories by occupying more lands from Syria, Egypt, and Jordan. They also succeeded in buying and adopting members of the Christian group. This new group, called "allied" by the Israelis was used to promote internal confusion in Lebanon. Julia also talked about the "massacre." We all strongly believe that the assassination of Bashir Gemayel and the entire plan of the "Three day Massacre" were both planned by the Israelis; both plans worked step by step with the same intention.

Julia's response wondering about Mr. Powell's article concerning Begin's terrorist activities 30 years ago states,

"As to Begin being a terrorist who killed people— where and when?" We support Mr. Powell's correct allegation against Begin. Julia should read Begin's autobiography (*Revolt*, pg. 162) where he confesses that on April 9, 1948 his own terrorist organization "Irgun" massacred a Palestinian village called *Dir Yasin*. This organization murdered 258 people, giving as a reason, "It was necessary for the state of Israel." It is worth mentioning that Begin is a prime minister in a country that calls its government system democratic, but he was not born there. Yasser Arafat, the PLO leader was born in that land but he can neither live there nor can he exercise his human rights there.

The questions we would like to leave for the readers are:

\*If the PLO are terrorists, why in their departure from Lebanon were there hundreds of International troops trying to provide peaceful transportation to help the PLO leave Lebanon?

\*Israeli's government used to say "we entered Lebanon to protect the border from the PLO." After that they destroyed cities until they reached the capital and they could go no further because of the PLO forces. After weeks

of killing 10 innocent soldiers for every PLO soldier, the PLO agreed to leave, if they were provided with International Security. When the PLO left, they left their children, wives, parents, relatives, and friends with tears in their eyes. But the Israelis did not leave, they created more conditions. Once they got in the bloodshed habit, they wanted to see more blood and, by the massacre, quenched their thirst. If anybody would like to know where the Israeli troops are now, just have a look at the Syrian border.

Finally, we all wish that Jews, Christians, and Moslems could live together. We are all human; we have the same God.

We hope and pray to God that Julia Cohen gets lots of brains before using her pen again. Dirty politics can't be put on paper. While we think her other article on cars and traffic was alright, we agree that everybody should put on their safety belts before driving!


Fareed Nassar, (Lebanese Christian)  
Ahmed Hijazi (Lebanese Moslem)  
Sofian Zakkout (Jordanian)  
Talal Alsakka  
(Director of Palestinian Students  
Association of So. FL)




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## FRI., OCT. 29 UH AREA


 Film - "Rocky Horror" - 6, 8, & 10 p.m., UH 140


 FIU Orchestra in Costume presents -  
Halloween Concert - 8 p.m., AT 100

Dr. Philip H. Fink, Conductor  
Program


Procession of the Nobles.....	Rimsky-Korsakov
"Unfinished" Symphony #8 in B Minor.....	Franz Schubert
I Allegro Moderato	
Peer Gynt Suite No. 1.....	Edvard Grieg
II The Death of Ase	
IV In the Hall of the Mountain King	
Danse Macabre.....	Camille Saint-Saens
	Arr. Merle J. Issac
	Violin solo - Richard Karl
Selections from "The Wiz".....	Charlie Smalls
	Arr. Philip H. Fink
	DaVonda Simmons, Soloist
The Pink Panther.....	Henry Mancini
	Arr. John Cacavas
Amarito Roca.....	Jaime Texidor
(Spanish March)	Arr. Aubrey Winter

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In case you experienced a time warp, recently got out of a long coma, or were just plain out to lunch in Frog City, the celebration of Hispanic Heritage came and went last week. Here are the highlights of Tuesday's fashion show.



Photo by Aida M. Corrada



Photo by Aida M. Corrada

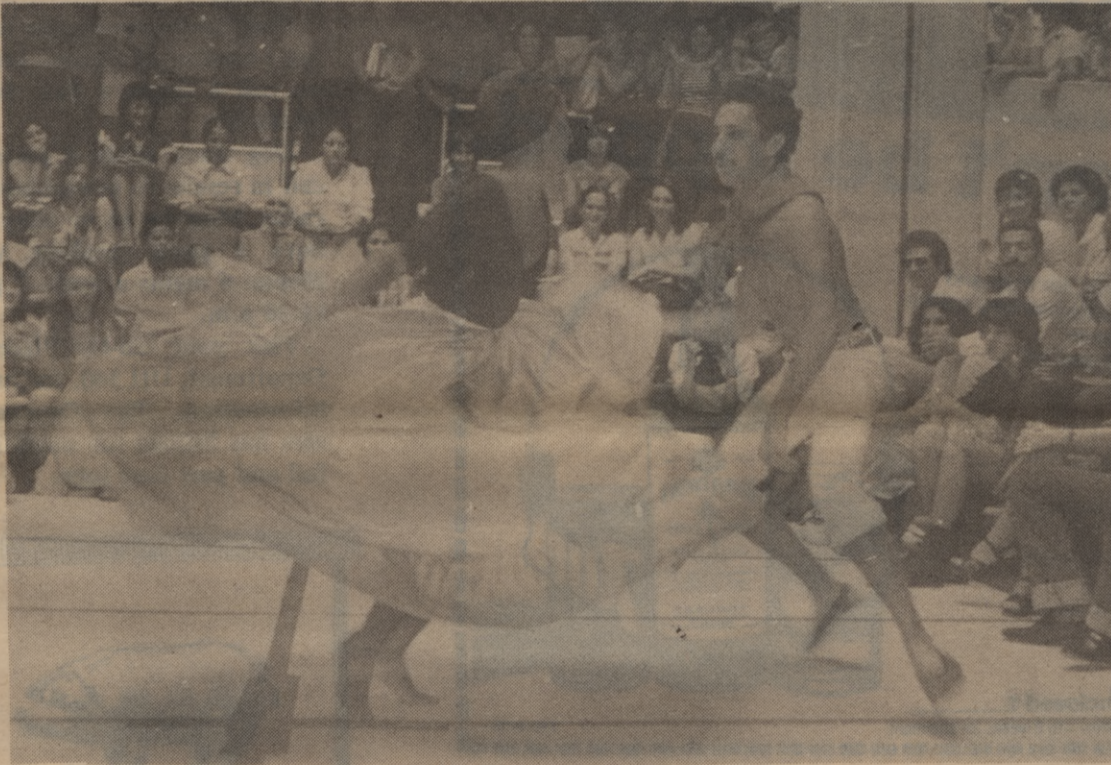


Photo by Aida M. Corrada



Photo by Aida M. Corrada



Esten altanto la semana que viene para mi entrevista con el famoso Alvarez-Guedez.



Photo by Rick Gonzalez



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## Toad Flurries



TIM POWELL  
Columnist

### TV Party

In our rather senseless yet never-ending attempt to endear this column to the coffeehouse intellectuals who have seen at least three foreign films in the past week and want the government to give tax breaks to the existentially sensitive, we hereby present the very first quasi-concept Toad Flurries. In it we will delve into the netherworld of our very own U of Miami, where weird, cryptic correspondences between Mrs. (Leave it to Beaver) Cleaver and Mrs. (I Love Lucy) Ricardo have taken place in the school newspaper. Example: "Mrs. Cleaver: Do you know where Beaver is? I saw Wally and Eddy near Club Babalu this morning. Weren't they supposed to take the Beaver to a matinee?—Mrs. Ricardo." We anxiously await Beaver getting invited over to the Montefusco's for dinner.

### TV Party, II

Hardly had any wary yet brain-saturated media buffs recovered from that first salvo when this appeared... "Mrs. Cleaver: I just spotted the Beaver. He's with Nanny and the Professor. I wouldn't worry about him. Nanny will take care of him. She can handle anything—almost as if she knew about things before they even happen.—Mrs. Ricardo." We breathlessly await Beaver getting sold into white slavery by the Brady Bunch.

### TV Party, III

...So with that little brat Beaver under control, our heroines could get down to some serious business... "Mrs. Ricardo: It's true. Wally and Eddy got arrested on charges of kidnapping Mr. Ed. But don't worry. Perry Mason can get them off.—Mrs. Cleaver." We twitch in orgasm over the possibility of the Bugaloos and the Banana Splits hiring the Hair Bear Bunch to get revenge on Wally and Eddy for cruelly to animals.

### TV Party, IV

...And like Japanese water torture or the plot of General Hospital (same thing, we know) our saga continues... "Mrs. Cleaver: The Ghost and Mrs. Muir saw Mr. Ed trot by. Seems he got tired of reruns.—Mrs. Ricardo: P.S. My hair is NATURALLY red." We brazenly anticipate Mrs. Ricardo getting arrested for drunk driving in My Mother the Car while returning home from a beerblast with the San Pedro Bums.

### TV Party, V

What with Mrs. Ricardo's persistent and rather thoughtless lack of compassion for other people's facial tics, it was only a matter of time... "Mrs. Cleaver: Did you notice that constant twitch in Samantha Stevens' lips? No question it's cute—but she must have twitched a hundred times last night. And did you notice how nervous Darrin was? By the way, was that Ozzie and Harriet in the first row?—Mrs. Ricardo." We fearlessly await McGarrett and Danno to book Mrs. Ricardo for criminal stupidity and force her to wheel Ironsides around for an entire episode while Barnaby Jones looks over the whole scene and says, "Well...looks like we got the murderer-of-the-month club!"

### TV Party, VI

...And now kiddies, with a lack of mercy befitting of the truly great, one more message is sent... "Mrs. Ricardo: Ward and I are going to a Partridge Family concert Friday. Why don't you and Ricky join us and Darrin and Samantha Stevens. The Mertzes said they would babysit the Beaver and Little Ricky.—Mrs. Cleaver." We stupidly predict a painless end to all this. Perhaps Mrs. Cleaver and Ricardo could be beamed up into the Starship Enterprise as an example of non-intelligent life or exiled to Gilligan's Island or just locked up in Room 222 with Me and the Chimp. The mind reels and boggles.



## Dr. Vickers, I Presume?

LILLIAN MARTIN  
Contributor

The Siona-Secoya Indians of Ecuador inhabit the northwest portion of the Amazon Basin. Unlike the highland Indians of the Andes region, the lowland Indians have managed to preserve much of their ancient culture by going deeper into the Amazon jungle.

William Vickers, professor of Cultural Anthropology at FIU, has been studying the Siona-Secoya for the past ten years. In that time he has made five expeditions to the territory. During one expedition which lasted 18 months, Vickers did intensive research for his dissertation among the the Indians of the Shushufindi village. These Indians, whom many Ecuadorians consider ignorant and savage, Vickers found to be quite open and friendly.

Vickers, who had spent two years with the Peace Corps in the Andes mountains, decided to study the lowland Indians as they have suffered the worst population decline. There was concern over the impact that large oil companies were having on the Aguarico River region since the discovery of oil in 1968, and fear that these lowland cultures might disappear.

During the summer of 1972, Vickers spent a month at the settlement making a preliminary survey of the research site. The Siona-Secoya speak Tuckanoan, which has no cognates with English. Vickers is fluent in Spanish and was able to communicate with the Indians because some of them spoke in a broken Spanish learned in mission schools.

At the end of the month the Indians gave Vickers a warm farewell and hinted that on his return visit he could bring his wife. The invitation proved to be prophetic for the bachelor anthropologist.

A year later when he returned to the village he had married a Brazilian school teacher. She accompanied him on his expedition into the Amazon.

The Siona-Secoya practice shifting cultivation, hunting, fishing, and gathering of untamed resources. They are familiar with over 2,000 species of plants.

They are semi-nomadic and move their settlements very five to ten years. Reasons for resettlement include inter-group tension, individual death, disease, or depletion of resources.

The Indians had migrated since his last visit and all the men were busy building new houses and planting crops. They had no time to help Vickers build a house, which left him at the mercy of teen-aged boys for assistance. He describes the outcome of his construction endeavors as "atrocious."

His house was built of palm fronds and rested on tall wooden stilts. Part of the roof was constructed with tin sheeting to collect water for bathing.

It rained often, but during dry spells Vickers had to bathe in the muddy stream nearby. "At least the stream was of fast moving water which meant it was safe from piranha," said Vickers.

"The worst part was the adjustments during the first few weeks."

The lack of privacy was a difficult adjustment. The floors and walls of the house were made of palm slabs which had little cracks between them. Sometimes Vickers and his wife would look down and see several of the Indians staring up at them.

Nothing they did went unnoticed. If Vickers went to the river to empty his trash, the Indians would immediately search his garbage. The plastic and cardboard containers of products they had brought with them were novelties to the Indians. Twenty minutes after disposing of their trash Vickers would see the Indians emerge from the river area proudly wearing the garbage as jewelry.

Another adjustment concerned food. Plants comprise most of the caloric intake of the Indian's diet. Fruits and vegetables are either grown or gathered; berries, plantains, maize and manioc (a root crop). Protein in their diet comes from nuts, turtle eggs, armadillos, monkeys, tapirs, wild birds such as macaws, manatees, catfish, piranhas, caiman and palm grubs.

The palm grubs are collected from the trunks of palm trees. Beetles lay their eggs there, and the eggs develop into grubs. When the grubs grow to the size of a man's finger, they are collected, fried and eaten. Vickers tried the grubs once but didn't care for the taste. He did eat piranha often, but stayed away from monkey meat.

For the villagers it was usually a matter of feast or famine depending on the time of year. During the dry season it was possible to catch huge catfish, most weighing 30-40 lbs.; some as much as 60-70 lbs.

One complaint Vickers had was that the Indians would always show up at meal time. They would stand around and watch Vickers and his wife Edite eat. "You want to be generous and offer them something," said Vickers, "but not at every meal." Edite would sometimes cook the food and hide it until the two of them were alone. She was able to make doughnuts from flour sugar, eggs and oil. They were able to order and receive some products by carrier plane. What Vickers said he missed most was green vegetables (the Indians ate no salads, just starchy vegetables) and cold beer.

"I never felt completely out of touch," said Vickers. He had a short-wave radio on which he heard the news, football and baseball games. They had taken some magazines with them: *Time* and the *Ladies Home Journal*. These they shared with the Indians who liked to look at clothing ads. There is some acculturation in that Indians wear native costumes as well as city clothes. Certain fashions—especially beach wear—irritated them.

The temperature in the jungle never exceeded 100 degrees because of the humidity. Average temperature was 94 or 95 degrees, with the lows between 68-70 degrees.

Vickers didn't encounter much trouble with insects in the village. The only insects he found inside the house were mosquitos or tiny gnats. These weren't

## Vickers

much trouble because the large tarantulas which roamed freely inside the house ate them. "The tarantulas don't bother you if you ignore them," said Vickers. "I never heard of anyone in the village being bitten by one."

What did bother Vickers and his wife were the mice which ran all over the house at night and made a lot of noise. "They used to drive us crazy," said Vickers.

Mosquito netting helped them sleep through the night without getting bitten by anything which might fly into the house. It also kept them safe from the vampire bats which would fly into the house. A bite from one of these bats could mean rabies. "You had to be careful a finger or toe didn't stick out of the netting or the bats would bite it," explained Vickers.

The only uncomfortable incident he remembers was finding a poisonous snake in the house. Vickers chased it away safely. It is uncommon to find snakes in the houses because of the stilts they are built on. However, some Indians have died from snake bites.

There were a few accidents while Vickers was there. One man was bitten by a fresh-water stingray and developed a bad infection. Another man was stung by an electric eel and subsequently died while in shock.

To handle emergencies the village has a two-way radio to contact the mission infirmary 20 miles away. A carrier plane evacuated the victims of serious illness, accidents, or snake bites. However, the landing strip has no light so the plane is in operation only between dawn and 6 p.m.

Before embarking on the expedition Vickers went to his physician for a check up and to pick up a medical kit. Medical supplies included anti-biotics, anti-malaria pills, anti-fungal medicine, antiseptic creme, aspirin, and a bottle of Pepto Bismol.

The Indians process most of their medicines from plants. These include anesthetics, insecticides, contraceptives, abortants, love potions, and hallucinogenics. They also make their tools, weapons, building supplies, crafts, clothing and body ornaments from plants.

While the Indians still hunt and fish with spears, clubs, and blowguns with poison darts, many adult males own single-barrel shot-guns. Most of these are 16 gauge shot-guns of American, Canadian or Brazilian make, along with some cruder models of Ecuadorian or Columbian manufacture. In the past 20 years these weapons have been slowly replacing the ancient methods of hunting.

It is the shaman who understands the magic qualities of the *Banisteriopsis* plant of which *yahe* (a hallucinogenic) is made. Their art, mythology and rituals are based on the use of this drug. The knowledge of the shaman is believed to be caused by his extensive use of *yahe*. The Tuckanoan term for shaman, *yahe unkukt*, literally means "drinker of *yahe*."

The *Banisteriopsis* vines are collected and prepared by the shaman and some of his assistants, called *yahe kwakoki*. The vines are then cooked and made into a drink which is consumed by the entire village during their monthly ceremonies.

"It is considered to be a sacred plant and the medium for which knowledge is sought," explained Vickers. His office walls are decorated with pictures and art objects he gathered while living with the Indians. A dyed piece of cloth on one of his walls, and a large earthenware vase both have artistic designs made by the Indians while tripping.

Under the influence of this drug the shaman has the power to cure illnesses, call upon supernatural animals and practice black magic. The ceremonies are held at sundown and serve the purpose of appealing to the spirits to insure good hunting, or to stop the rains.

All members of the village participate in the drinking of *yahe* except for very young children. For this special occasion the Indians wear their native dress, a tunic called a *cushmas*; body paint, colored beads and fragrant plants.

In less than two hours the drug begins to take effect. At first the Indians experience nausea and diarrhea, but after the sick feeling leaves they are ready for a spiritual experience. During this time the shaman is chanting and shaking a rattle to ward off evil spirits. During their trip the members of the village are visited by heavenly spirits. The duty of the shaman is to make sure that demons do not appear at this time.

While Vickers believes some of the activities of the missionaries in Ecuador are worthwhile, namely the creation of schools and infirmaries, others pose a threat to the endurance of the Siona-Secoya culture. Although most of the Indians follow the religious practices of their ancestors, the missionaries have converted many of them to Christianity.

The missionaries have tried to suppress the Indians' dependence on hallucinogenic drugs. They also have tried to instill the concept of sin and explain that the religion of their ancestors which they have practiced since before the invasion of the white man is really

The Indians do not express affection in public, even between married couples it is considered shameful. Couples may kiss their children, but not each other.

As children, boys and girls may play together, but once they reach puberty, they are segregated. Chastity before marriage is emphasized, so courtship is very formal. A girl is closely supervised by her mother and is not allowed to leave the vicinity of the household unsupervised.

A boy who calls on a girl really visits with the men in the household. The girl is not allowed to join in the conversation. The couple's meeting is limited to occasional glances at each other. There is no physical contact between the couple prior to marriage.

If both sets of parents are satisfied with the match, a wedding is planned. Before this takes place the boy and girl must show signs of maturity and knowledge of appropriate work activities.

**"Sometimes a baby is heard crying for hours after it has been buried since suffocation isn't always immediate."**

The ceremony consists of a feast given by the girl's family to which the entire village is invited. For the union to be complete, the couple sits together in a hammock (this is their version of 'I do'). Then the wedding party moves outdoors for music and dancing.

Fertility is encouraged among the Indians, although small families are the rule. Mothers seldom have more than four children, spaced at intervals of four-to-six years. Too many children too soon is considered to be extra work and pain for the women. To control the birth rate there are several methods the women can choose from, but the easiest and most common is abstinence.

When labor pangs begin a woman goes into the jungle accompanied by another female from her household and gives birth in a shelter her husband has built for her.

Infanticide is not uncommon among the Siona-Secoya. It is considered an acceptable solution to deformities or multiple births. Twins are considered an abnormality among the Indians and one or both may be killed at birth. If the twins are of different sexes, usually the boy is saved.

For the Indians who have not accepted the Christian meaning of sin, there is no guilt involved. The mother digs a hole in the ground, places the baby face down and covers it with dirt. Sometimes a baby has been heard crying for hours after it has been buried since suffocation isn't always immediate.

While this is considered an atrocity in Western cultures, Vickers explains that to the Siona-Secoya this is seen as a necessity to insure that only the best survive. In the case of twins, the survivor is provided with better nutrition especially during periods of scarcity. Since the settlements are small and there is much intermarriage within the group; eliminating those born with deformities serves to protect their small gene pool. Procreation insures the survival of the culture and any individual who will not be able to contribute to the society is seen as a threat.

This should not be interpreted as a sign that the Indians disregard human life. They are not a violent people and Vickers was often surprised at their generosity and kindness. Parents are very protective of their children, especially regarding the dangers of the jungle.

As in many uncivilized cultures, old people are not only looked after by their family, but revered for their knowledge and experience. Those too old to work spend their time spoiling the grandchildren.

Vickers discovered that the Siona-Secoya do not consider death a natural end to life. All deaths are attributed to three causes: 1) accidents, (such as drowning) 2) White man's disease (influenza, smallpox, measles) 3) illnesses or injuries resulting from sorcery. The majority are attributed to this last category.



**A Shaman attempting to cure a patient by removing evil spirits.**

Vickers originally had planned to study only the ecological adaptation of the Siona-Secoya, especially their knowledge of hunting and gardening. At the time he had no intention of studying their religion or use of drugs. What he discovered, however, was that their daily activities were so intertwined with their religious beliefs that they could not be separated.

Since the Siona-Secoya are patriarchal, the eldest male in each household is responsible for the members of his extended family. There are no chieftains in these tribes, only a headman-shaman who has no authority over the village. However, his knowledge of medicinal herbs and his contact with heavenly spirits gives him great influence over the Indians.

the work of the devil. This interference by missionaries has split many settlements between the converted Christians and those of the true faith.

Vickers disagrees with this interference in the groups' life because it has had an adverse affect on marriages in the villages. Since most of the villages are very small there is not much selection available for marriage. The missionaries instruct the young Christians not to marry outside of their faith. This narrows down the selection even more. The result is that some remain unmarried or marry outside of their village. Both of these results cause tension in families whose cultural survival depends on marriages within their communities.

## Vickers

When members of a settlement begin to die and no reason is found, the villagers assume a curse has been set on them. A shaman tries to convince the Indians that the curse was placed on them by the shaman of another village. This explains the fear and hostility between villages. If the members of a settlement have cause to believe that their own shaman is responsible, then the group murders him.

Except for the killing of shamen, murders are rare. The worst incident occurred in 1980 when a young man with a history of violence, whom Vickers had known and liked, murdered his wife by hacking her to death with a machete. The Indians usually like to handle their own crimes, but in this case the girl's father notified the authorities.

Theft is not a problem. Vickers was surprised that in all the time he was there nothing of his was ever stolen, unusual considering all the expensive equipment he had. The only cases of theft he knew of in the village occurred when someone borrowed a tool and did not return it, or stole a bar of soap.

During the months that Vickers and Edite lived with the Siona-Secoya, they made some very good friends. Since then, Vickers has made several shorter trips to the settlement of Shushufindi whose name has now been changed to San Pablo.

"These people have a great sense of humor, we were able to joke with each other," said Vickers. "They were very generous and very charming... they really captured our hearts."



Vickers interviews a Shaman of the Siona-Secoya tribe.

## the Wrath of Cohen

JULIA COHEN  
Columnist

In recent years, handicapped citizens in the United States have organized and succeeded in arousing the consciousness of federal and local governments to many of their problems.

FIU gives consideration to the wheelchair-bound citizen by providing one dozen, that's right, twelve (12) designated wheelchair spaces on the Tamiami Campus. FIU's highly educated, thinking, compassionate, concerned, considerable citizens have done their duty.

For those interested parties, these spaces are provided as follows: Four spaces in the visitors lot, two in the PC handicapped lot (there used to be four or five but they have disappeared), one in the Public Safety building lot, three in the DM extension lot and two next to VH.

The tragedy of this generosity in the provision of spaces is phenomenal. There are nine wheelchair-decal persons on our campuses, one of whom is a faculty member. However, among our faculty, staff, and students there are sixty-one who are entitled to handicapped parking facilities.

The rule they must follow is: **Cars with wheelchair stickers may park in a wheelchair or handicapped-designated spot. However, cars with handicapped stickers are not allowed to park in a wheelchair-designated spot.**

In the little book handed out to each purchaser of decals by the Department of Public Safety, Section 35-1-Parking Regulations: refers to Handicap designated spaces and makes no mention of Wheelchair designated spaces.

Therefore, a handicapped person must park in a wheelchair spot if he wants to get close enough to the school buildings. And, when he does his car is ticketed by the Public Safety Dept. (A Catch-22 situation).

It isn't enough that these people are plagued by physical problems, but if they attend school or work at FIU they are constantly aggravated by the Public Safety Department whose cries of "I'm only doing my duty" can be heard far and wide around the campus.

One handicapped staff member tried to explain to an officer that she could not find a handicapped space, but he gave her the ticket anyway. When she brought it to the attention of his superior, she was told she could appeal the ticket.

No wonder "more fine money was collected during the 1981-82 school year than ever before in the history of the University." An achievement we can all be proud of! It would be interesting to know where all this money went.

Part 4 Enforcement (f) 4 of the Public Safety Dept. booklet instructs individuals who receive tickets to pay them at the Public Safety Dept. office. An individual arrives there only to be told the ticket must be paid at the Cashier's office in the PC Building.

What about the \$91,347. taken in by the University from parking decal sales? This, plus the cash balance left over from the 1980-81 year of \$25,418 gave the University a total resource fund of \$116,766.55 from the Decal Account for the 1981-82 school year.

Isn't there a law somewhere about use of these funds? A law that specifies: "Monies collected from parking assessments and infraction fines shall be deposited in appropriate funds and shall be used to defray the administrative and operating costs of the traffic and parking program at the institution, to provide for additional parking facilities on campus, or for student loan purposes."

We have a total of seventy people on both campuses who need special parking privileges and who are provided with special gold stickers for their automobiles. Unfortunately, all we do is stick it to them.

I strongly recommend that the four spaces now allotted to Wheelchair stickers in the Visitors lot be increased to at least ten—six for handicapped students. In this way we will have some protected spaces for the people who need them because the guard in the booth (when he is there) cannot keep unauthorized people out of them. We have many people on this campus who, although they are physically fit, continue to park in Wheelchair spaces because they are just too mean and lazy to walk to the buildings from the students lot.

Handicapped-designated parking spaces must be allotted immediately—surely we can spare seventy spaces on our campus to accommodate nine wheelchair and sixty-one handicapped persons.

We must not allow this situation to continue. We must not continue to torture our handicapped.

This is an EMERGENCY situation and must be noted as such by everyone associated with our University.



*Cat Tales*

Howdy Doody one and all!

The fashion update is in— *Moi* and *Conchita* sighted the first faggot of fall this weekend in the Grove, and it appears that the look this season will be Preppie Paratrooper. Honestly— the crowd at Backstreet resembled nothing less than a combined orgy of Harvard's Marching Band Members and !Cuba Libre! shock troops. *Moi* suggests hitting the Army-Navy stores early before one gets stuck with only last year's feathers to wear.

Frijoles flowed freely (try saying *that* ten times) at last week's Flatulence Festival during Hispanic Heritage week. *Moi* and *Conchita*, nasty WASPs that we are, remained locked in the office until the Marachi tirade was over. Culture shock can be so tacky. *Moi* y *Conchita* do not resent the vast expenditure of dineiro spent on the Hispanic celebration. However, we do feel that a WASP Heritage Week featuring mayonnaise, white bread, Cheese Doodles, and a Brady Bunch Marathon Film Festival should be placed on next year's calendar (sometime around Easter).

*Moi* and *Conchita* lacking any additional material for this charming column wish to leave our readers with a few pertinent questions to mull over with their white wine.

- ★ Do you know where your G spot is?
- ★ Do you know someone who can tell us where ours are?
- ★ Is the request, "Please quench my pelvic thirst" really circulating throughout the Physical Plant?

*Bootsie Cavendish*

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# MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW



## English as a Second Language

And so it was, having brought his life to something more or less equivalent to a full stop, he boarded the plane for South America to teach English to a group of oil explorers deep in the interior of the country. The arrangements had been made by an acquaintance with connections in the oil company. Although the teacher had no idea what was awaiting him, in a life which had unwound like an old clock to dead stop time, to such a condition where even the position of the dead hands was of no importance, surprises appeared indifferently welcome.

The first plane was a jumbo jet. Every seat was filled with South Americans returning home. Nothing of the myriad conversations was intelligible to the teacher; he spoke neither Spanish nor Portuguese, for his method of instruction excluded the use of any but the target language. When the visas were passed out by the exotic stewardesses, the teacher thought that he alone was given a red foreigner's visa, and this without being requested. At the head of the paper was printed in bold black letters the word *Extranjero*.

When the jet landed in South America, the teacher stood a long time in the customs line. The agents merely checked passport photos against faces, noted the number of travelling bags, in general without opening any, and returned the passport to the owner, waving him or her through. Still, the line moved with desperate poverty of speed.

At length he passed through and trundled himself and his luggage to the next boarding area and within half an hour was flying to the interior. This plane was a twin-prop and very small. Other than himself and the pilot, there were only three other passengers aboard; dark-skinned, black-eyed men of Aztec, Inca, or Mayan descent, who spoke in low whispers broken only by rare bursts of laughter, during which their teeth showed strong but missing in some places. They didn't remove their gaze from the foreigner the entire flight.

"You are teacher?" the man asked when the plane had landed in a field hewn from the surrounding jungle. The traveller nodded and smiled. The other was tall, almost the height of the teacher himself, and waved a sinewy hand as a sign he was to be followed. Another man; dark, short, and powerful, had already loaded the luggage into a muddy blue jeep beside the brick edifice at the edge of the landing strip. "Antonio," the tall man said, patting his chest.

"Egon," the teacher replied.

"Peak Pani, Hego?"

"No."

"Good. Come."

The road was a dirt path through steadily climbing lush tropical greenery. Scattered throughout the foliage along the way, and heralded by the hovering stench of excrement, could be seen houses, or shacks, constructed of planks and odd sheets of wood, cement blocks, corrugated aluminum, branches—apparently any item the peasants could find in the vicinity which might be nailed or wedged to the next to create shelter. The numbers of children, dark and naked, were surpassed only by the numbers of dogs. Chickens and goats mingled between.

They arrived in half an hour of bumping and swaying. The bad condition of the road did not impede in the least the speed at which the driver drove. The jeep halted before an elegant, if somewhat dilapidated, hacienda, thronged on three sides by giant, swaying banana fronds and overhung by even taller forest trees garlanded with curling, brown and grey, wiry vines. The teacher stepped from the jeep to the dirt of another century.

The stocky man disappeared with the luggage around a bend in the path through the trees while the driver, Antonio, entered the rolled, red-tiled roof house, leaving the teacher to himself. Looking around, he could see only the jungle, trees pressing against each other, impenetrable shadows enveloping the massive trunks, and patches of pale dry hot blue sky high above, as though farther away than heaven. He saw nothing to hold his attention, yet felt that perhaps he himself was the center of attention of eyes and minds unseen. He was relieved of thought by the emergence of a short man, handsome, with a pale complexion and black hair and eyes, yet somehow silly in his minute, swaggering walk.

"Bienvenidos, Professor," offering a delicate and well-manicured hand.

"Hello," shaking the hand and feeling in the very center of it a large mole or wart or some form of skin aberration which sent an odd shiver through his frame.

"I am Edgar Fernandez Mata, *dueno* of the area and *jefe* of the expedition. Of course, I am to be one of your students, but I tell you now it is to be difficult that I attend you, with the work here. But I try and see. Come, you are to be in the house down the street. Come."

It was four walls with three windows without glass, though one had outside shutters nailed forever open to the wall, and a door which was swollen with rain and warped and did not close more than ajar. There was a cubicle resembling a bathroom with shower just inside the door. The bed, lumpy but with fresh sheets and pillowcases, stood beneath the open, shuttered window.

"The best house but mine," Mata pointed out, sweeping his hand grandly as though to draw attention to every detail and spaciousness. Yet the man was serious. Quietly now, like a fog lifting, the teacher's past dissolved. There was nothing remaining but the memory of the muddy jeep and Antonio.

The classes were a ludicrous frustration. At nine o'clock each morning the teacher was collected with his briefcases into the jeep and driven twenty minutes deeper into the jungle, higher into the mountains, to an area which opened in a valley that resembled an architect's mock-up of a modern industrial plant set in the heart of nowhere. Scores of uniformed guards, carrying pistols and automatic rifles loosely, like cowboys, hovered about the main electric gate, or patrolled the fenced perimeter on foot or in jeeps. The classroom itself was deep inside the vast complex in a building, up a flight of shining copper and aluminum stairs and in the rear end of a maze of glass-walled offices (desks piled high with papers but chairs mostly

unoccupied). Black and orange vinyl chairs with chrome legs huddled about the long, solitary, cream-colored formica table. The teacher sat at the head of the table and waited.

The first three days no one appeared but the man, a different one each day, who brought lunch at one o'clock (fish, rice, and rounded cornbread served in aluminum containers). No eating utensils were provided, so, as the teacher did not know even the names for these he was forced to eat with his fingers, which he did with an eagerness born of growing hunger. On the fourth day and thereafter, a few students appeared, took the class with stupid patience, butchering pronunciation, scattering s's through present tense, rolling r's, and forgetting everything immediately. There were three classes, all basically alike in their futility of progress, with a two-hour break in the afternoon, during which the teacher, having nowhere else to go, sat-sometimes shivering in the cold air-conditioning, or paced the length of the room, until seven o'clock, when he was returned to his house. On the fifth and following days it was rare that the same student would appear. But others would trickle in and the course was compelled to start from the beginning each day. Still, he persevered, as much from doggedness as from a sense of necessity and survival.

During the night he was left to his own devices, writing notes to himself on his situation. More and more he felt a presentiment of disaster and a need to

express it somewhat concretely to himself. He read and re-read the few books he had brought along but, as the fury of writing waxed, the interest in reading waned, as though he no longer related to the books, no—the language he read. Then he would lay himself down in the lumpy bed below the window and listen to the hush and crackle of the wind and animals in the velvet, starless night. Often he would awake with a start from a dream, sweat broken out on his forehead, only to forget the dream and lie back uneasily once again.

It was as though he had already been forgotten and absorbed by the world. No one called on him. The only visitor he had was a young Indian girl who would bring his fish and cornbread suppers at nine o'clock, and change the sheets and pillowcases. And she, with her deep black eyes and loosely hanging dress, she with the lithe movements of some jungle snake, was his last, desperate focus of interest.

One night he wrote to himself, in letter form, as though to a friend: "A native girl comes to my seclusion to tidy my room and present my supper. She is a mere girl, her dress is too big for her youth, but, as the days, or is it weeks (months?) have passed, her youth appears to me to be too big for her dress. I am driven to communicate with her. Alas, it is certain to turn out badly."

But though he tried, with the experience of a teacher of English as a Second Language, to instill a few words into the girl's mind, it seemed a failure. Her

restless thoughts, the short time available before she would rush off to somewhere in the night, and her eyes, which roved the teacher's face and body, drove him to distraction and frustrated silence.

On one such night, at the close of a particularly trying hour, he rose in a fury, pointed to the open door, and shouted "Out with you. Go. Go to hell!"

The girl rose sleekly, silently, walked to the door with a faint smile on her lips, eyes turning in her head, watching the man, and stopped. She pointed a slender, brown finger at the wooden floor and quietly said "Here." Then she was gone.

The teacher collapsed exhausted, and fell into a deep, troubled sleep.

It was several nights later, the girl had not appeared, and the man had had to go without supper. He had already been losing a great deal of weight on his fish diet and was now becoming quite thin. The bed-sheets, too, were rumpled from lack of changing. The bathroom cubicle was beginning to emit an odor of urine, for it was quite impossible to urinate cleanly into the tiny hole in the floor and the cement slab was forever in need of cleaning to prevent stench. The teacher was writing: "Without communication, for my students are quite as mute in English as on that first day so long ago, I am left alone, like a peeling leper in a cave. Insane with ennui. In need. What it is I need I am not certain, but God I am in need. Driven inward. I would bite off, chew, and consume my



"Here, Hego, here," she beckoned, circling his wrist with her slim fingers and cupping his hand against her breast beneath the loose dress.

tongue in slow mastication if it would make a difference, even the slightest. Hunger is the wind and I am the waving flag of despair."

The days passed in the cold room of struggling mutes and the nights passed in dark sighs and silent cryptograms.

He wrote: "A tour bus stops at my window while I sleep. The sightseers disembark silently, watch in awe my stillness, then are gone in a wisp. Sometimes the driver spits on my face to let me know when I have awoken later that they had been. In the day I am stored carefully in the refrigerator."

When the girl returned he said nothing.

"Here, Hego, here," she beckoned, circling his wrist with her slim fingers and cupping his hand against her breast beneath the loose dress. They locked themselves together, naked, pumping, throbbing in silent passion, like lion and panther in mortal combat. This continued for years.

Alone, wandering the jungled mountains, he saw the sun set for the first time in eternity. It was pink spots in the treetops that turned brown, grey, then black. He lay down beside a massive, gnarled trunk and ate what was left of his tongue for supper. He thought, a distant memory rising up, how strange it was that the plane had been so full. Equally odd was how the hands of the clock had stopped while a faint but persistent ticking had continued. But the strangest thing was the cornbread, for he had never seen corn growing in this country. Still, he was only a vine strangling itself in the wordless jungle.

W.E. Christensen



eating out

DEKE HAUSER  
Critic-At-Large

Ever since Doc Watson's closed down there has not been any real reason to go to Miami Springs (especially to eat out). In fact, I'm not sure I've ever been to Miami Springs for anything. I've seen it a 100 times from the air sitting on the north side of the airport, a little green triangle bordered by canals on two sides, and runways on the third. Sounds lovely, doesn't it? Now don't get me wrong, there's plenty to do in Miami Springs. You can go down to the Steak and Egg and wait for them to burn some bacon or you can go over to the Savings and Loan and see if their shrubbery has been trimmed.

So Sunblazers, it was not without a little suspicion that I responded to the invitation of my good friend Dr. Thanatophoric Grace and his lovely wife, Parthenophobe to dine in Miami Springs. Accompanied by their daughter Arkady (a well known hot tub aficionado) whose youthful countenance belied her worldiness we descended upon a little restaurant known as *The Italian Gardens*, located at 85 Hook Square. I immediately sensed that all was not what it seemed. First, Hook Square is really part of a circle. Second, the only gardens visible were covered with asphalt and planted with Toyotas. Third, I was introduced to one of the nicest little restaurants South Florida has to offer.

We started our meal with a small cold *Antipasto* (\$4.50) that was well chilled and loaded with delicious little cherry tomatoes. We also had a *Clams Casino* that was good, but a little steep at \$4.95 for six clams. These dishes were preceded by really delicious hot garlic rolls and small squares of pizza bread. The entrees were indeed a surprise. The *Veal Francese* (\$9.50) was tender and enveloped with a delicate batter that was still sturdy enough to hold up to the delicious garlic and lemon sauce with which it was covered. The *Seafood Alla Ignatius* (\$13.95) while expensive, was a real maritime cornucopia complete with clams, shrimp and lobster tails covered with a better than average white sauce and served on a bed of linguine. A really pleasant sign was the *Chicken Cacciatore Bianco* (\$8.95), the special of the evening. Both pleasing to the eye and to the palate, this entree was a gorgeous mound of deboned chicken, mushrooms, green pepper, red peppers and onions that was truly inspiration.

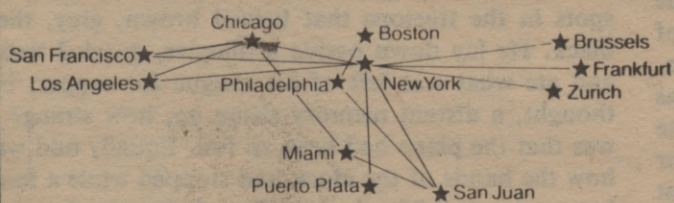


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The Boss is God

LIZZIE LEE BORDEN  
Contributor

What's a nice Jersey boy like Bruce Springsteen doing naming his first totally solo project *Nebraska*? Why not Arkansas, Rhode Island, or some other obscure state of the Union?

Well—it seems that the title track, which deals with a young couple who go joy-killing, is based on an actual grim incident which took place in that state. The way in which Springsteen deals with the Starkweather killings is highly reminiscent of Truman Capote's style in the classic novel *In Cold Blood*, which was based on the Clutter family homicides.

*Nebraska's* anti-hero has a simple explanation for his crime: "I guess there's just a meanness in this world": easily Springsteen's most powerful dramatic statement to date.

Throughout Springsteen's previous works there are quite a few recurring themes and images, and *Nebraska* is no exception. For example—the image of the highway appears in "Drive All Night," "Backstreets," "Stolen Car," "Wreck on the Highway," and "Racin' in the Streets." In *Nebraska* this image is again readily perceivable as one listens to "Highway Patrolman," "State Trooper," "Open All

Night," and "Used Cars."

For the most part, Springsteen's themes are based on a chain of events which places his characters in situations where they are forced to change; to lash out and drastically alter their lifestyles. Springsteen's work deals with the crucial point in an individual's life when he must take his course of destiny into his own hands.

In classics like "Thunder Road," "Born to Run," and "Rosalita," the end result for the listener is a feeling of what Pete Townsend called "fucking triumph."

This is where *Nebraska* differs drastically from preceding albums. The almost bleak honesty of the lyrics, combined with the very noticeable absence of the E-Streeters, lends a certain haunting quality to *Nebraska*.

This album, however, is not recommended for novice Springsteen listeners, who would probably remain unimpressed by its total lack of resemblance to any of the more commercialized material, such as "Hungry Heart" or "Cadillac Ranch."

Unfortunately, *Nebraska* will probably not appeal to the mass media, but all true fans of the Boss will take heart. *Nebraska* is a must for the collection.

As we finished our meal with espresso and fresh mouth watering home made *cennolis* (a must) the spirit behind this restaurant was revealed. While I had been impressed with the rapid, friendly service and had enjoyed the strolling minstrels, Jose and Rene, I had been unable to understand why *The Italian Gardens* was such a warm comfortable little eatery. As I said, this was revealed by the entrance of the owner and cook, Joe Peppy, a bear of a man who not only stopped to talk at each table, but regaled everyone with a series of melodies delivered from the lower end of the musical scale. It was indeed a memorable dining experience. I suggest reservations if you plan to go on a Friday or Saturday evening.

Rating 5 times.

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# norton lecture sized up

PAUL WING-DAVIES  
Contributor

The Visual Arts Gallery played host last Thursday to a lecture on their fabulously successful show, "The Treasures of the Norton Gallery of Art," by the curator of collections at the Norton, Mr. Bruce Weber. Though most of us have by now seen the pieces in the show and some have grown quite attached to their favorites, the Visual Arts Gallery thought a lecture by someone as intimate with the works as Mr. Weber, whose job it is to research and conserve each and every one for posterity, would serve to deepen our understanding and sharpen our eye.

Those of us who were among the packed house in UH-150 can be grateful for those two gifts because Mr. Weber did indeed offer some new facts for our delectation. Or am I alone in relishing items like Arthur Dove's having painted one of the large landscapes, now in the Norton collection, while he lived on the top floor of a building in "downtown" Geneva, New York that was formerly a roller rink? Perhaps knowing that John Sloane and Robert Henri composed and colored their portraits according to some arcane, wooden formula devised by a turn-of-the-century art teacher named Hardesty Maratta doesn't light up your synapses but there is a definite cozy place in one's brain for art historical trivia. Probably right next to miscellaneous population figures and select dinner party *bon mots* by Noel Coward.

The second gift of which I spoke was having Weber open our eyes (and sharpen the focus) to such

things as the exceptionally high horizon line and the tapestry-like bands of color in the Childe Hassam landscape, *Gloucester Harbor*. To be reminded that an artist has a thousand choices at every point in the creative process and that paintings of objects and scenes from the real external world get "handmade" from nothing by acts of will and intelligence as the artist makes these choices is truly a valuable present.

The only areas in which the evening fell short were the aspects of a lecture that are of the theatre and of the religious rite. The audience is assembled, the lights go down, the painting flashes bigger than life on the screen. We are ready for a show. But Mr. Weber's performance was far from bravura. While possessing a quiet, ascetic charm and considerable erudition he has little improvisational skill and an uninspired delivery. There were also several maddening audio-visual problems to distract us all during the evening.

On the ceremonial level, I was just not inspired. Not fired to passion and hunger. The best art historians have the ability to lecture on art as a shaman, wrenching the essential spirits out of the otherwise inanimate images and creating in their initiates a magical sense of being awash in the sea of possibility with only the fabric of their culture to keep them afloat.

But maybe I'm expecting too much. On the whole I was glad to have Mr. Weber on campus to share what he had. We need more outside input to keep us from being provincial and to help us develop discrimination and agile muscular minds.

## Up Your Stars



NIRVANA NIXON  
Contributor

★ **Aries (Mar. 21-April 20)** - You wild impetuous creature! Venus breathes life into your loins this week. Thursday could be your day for an interlude with a man of culture—and we're not talking Mr. Pogo!

★ **Taurus (April 21-May 21)** - Venus and Mars in conjunction heighten your sex appeal and magnetism. Since Venus influences business sense, receptivity to co-workers' advances could prove lucrative.

★ **Gemini (May 22-June 20)** - The stranger behind you wants more than you know. Those prints on your bedroom window take on special significance. Beware of mirrors and all forms of electromagnetic radiation.

★ **Cancer (June 21-July 22)** - Venus and Mars snuggle in for a week of bliss. As the War God and Sensual Goddess busy themselves with your psyche and loins the possibility of romance exists. Watch for blind fears and dogs.

★ **Leo (July 23-Aug. 23)** - The lion may try to roar but the muzzle is too tight. Mars teams up with Sagittarius (your House of Amour), so keep licking those chops even if you can't chew. Beware too of ties that bind.

★ **Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)** - Venus is all mucked up with Libra, (House of Income), so keep that income coming. You've worried about money enough this year; celebrate new found financial prowess with a well earned drunken stupor at the Rat.

★ **Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)** - Taciturn Saturn summons with mercurial Pluto to wreak havoc on your House of Personal Affairs. Effervescent Libra resists microwave bombardment by sourpuss planets with Ethanol shield. Wild, uninhibited sex could be the cure.

★ **Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)** - The hopelessly horny arachnid just can't get enough. In your menagerie, there are crabs on goats, lions under nubile twins, and a vice cop recording the whole scene on infra red film. Beware of subpoenas.

★ **Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)** - The Archer has his arrows of love aimed at Aries, but the nubile ram seems unaware. It may take keener ears and bigger guns to bag your wily prey. But don't lose hope! Mars, ruler of your House of Amour, aids crusade. You're adventurous, outrageous—even more than usual.

★ **Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)** - Mars is the squatter in your House of Secrets, and he's begging for eviction or a bigger bed. To balance the randy warrior's erotic nature, the guilt-ridden goat is fraught with angst. Take heart in Bill Shakespeare's immortal words, "She bears the load of lust he left behind, and he the burden of a guilty mind."

★ **Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)** - This gentle soul's been kicked around too long. Venus in your House of Travel sparks all manner of possibilities. But you know it's just another ruse. Banish false hopes and show the world who you really are—invest in Aramis and karate lessons.

★ **Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)** - It seems the fish is forced to swim upstream again. Mars rides roughshod on your career plans; the unemployment line beckons, but you'd be best advised to consider a new career in personal services or erotic arts. Walk softly, and pick up on a big stick.

*Astrologer's note: chilly evenings could be hazardous to the health of FIU darlings. Remember, Old Man Winter is on his way!*

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## Aristophanes Exposes Greek Fallacies

**SANDRA BETH WILLIAMS**  
Dance Critic

Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* opened under the joint direction of Lili Beta, Greek-born actress and poet and Therald Todd (chairman of Theatre), on Wednesday, Oct. 13. A cast of 28 and a professional staff of 8, myself included (script revisor and original chorus lyric writer) made this joyful celebration a true collaboration.

H. Paul Mazer and Marilyn Skow (of the Theatre Dept.) created a superlative blend in set and costume design. When the lights go up and the women dancers scurry across the stage, we are able to see from the onset that the play is set in ancient Greece. Mazer and Skow first value and love the theatre and then create says Todd. "They are both artists, intellectual, sensitive with a similarity in approach, working very closely."

Adding, "Peter Glynn is Mazer's right arm. He builds what Mazer conceives. And Philip Church with his uncanny eye brought focus to the play. He is an expert in vocal technique and has an innate sense of style and comedy."

Electra Spillis, native Greek, choreographed, adding her dances to collage with traditional renditions of the men's *syrtaki* and other folk dances. Says Garfield Mignott, a member of the chorus, "I learned that dance is an extension of the Greek man's emotions. It's as natural and as necessary as sleep, food and drink."

Even sex, as we discover to be the gist of this Greek comedy, which is really a broad farce.

Written in 411 B.C., its themes of women's rights and peace are timeless. Bita says, "Every man wants peace and dignity and wants to expand his own life and dreams without fear. This play is about strategy and survival. Women had been oppressed. *Lysistrata* was the first spokesman." Bita continues, "Comedy is light and fun. Its messages are clear and amusing. This play is contemporary. *Lysistrata* could walk in society today."

Says Skow of her costume design, "I told a story in color." As if she were using a palette she selected shades of blue and pastel for the Athenians and red for the Spartans.

"Blue being more tranquil complements the vitality and earthiness of the red," adds Skow.

Peace is an ideal alluded to throughout the play. Peace, as portrayed by Kim Ostrenko, becomes symbolic.

Says Skow, "Peace is purity and statuesque. She represents Greece at her best with pristine grace."

Blanche Janki, who portrays Lampito, the Spartan, says, "Being a hillbilly is an appropriate characterization. The diction is sometimes difficult to sustain yet it is a good contrast to Athenian city folkishness..."

Helen Marie Gordich as *Lysistrata* is majestic in her long, curly black hair, gold shoes, and sea blue robe. Loretta Stewart as Myrrhine is coquettish and comic. Her rose pink robe offsets the passion we see in Jesus Correa's interpretation of Kinesias, who agonizes hysterically over his inflated rubber erection. The scene between Stewart and Correa is the turning

point.

As a writer, I felt my biggest contribution to the production was to the chorus. I gave them fast moving rhymed verse, dosing them with lyric poetry and adding humor.

The chorus ensemble gave beautiful rhymical transitions to the flow of the play. Linda Chambers and Mignott are the most outstanding in the chorus. Jose Alvarez and Alicia Rodriguez compliment each other in stature and voice as the respective chorus leaders.

What we see in this co-production is a so-called war of the sexes, which, in fact, is Aristophanes' anti-war philosophy. Women abstain from sex. Men concede painfully, but nonetheless do concede and make jokes. Peace is the final victor. All join in a final joyful celebration and dance together contagiously. Sex is again in season.

My own fascination as a writer as both playwright-poet and journalist, is process. It's solidifying and essential to my comprehension of what writing and theatre are meant to be. In agreement, Todd says, "Theatre is pragmatic and one must give way to cohesiveness."

Says Bita, "Aristophanes has gone beyond understanding. The world today is awed by his work."

Bita and Todd have indeed revived this ancient comedy. There is love and joy in V.H. 100. The play will run Wednesday evening through Saturday October 23, starting at 8 p.m. Seating is still available. Call 554-2895 for reservations.



**UPCOMING SPORTS SCHEDULE**

Oct. 26, Tue. - Baseball : FIU vs. MDCC-North. 3 p.m. at FIU.  
 Oct. 27, Wed. - Baseball: FIU vs. U of Miami. 3 p.m. at UM.  
 Oct. 27, Wed. - Volleyball: FIU vs. MDCC-South. 7 p.m. at FIU.

**WEEKLY SPORTS RESULTS**

Soccer: 10/13 - FIU d. Fl. Inst. of Tech., 3-0.  
 - FIU d. Jensen Beach, 6-0  
*FIU is 7-3-1*

Volleyball: FIU defeated Miami Dade South  
*FIU is now 17-4*

Cross Country: Coleen Napolitano led the FIU Women's team to a first place in the Greentree Invitational at the University of Miami. Napolitano was the individual winner with a time of 19:37 over the 3.1 mile course.

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