



Anitra Thorhaug is one of FIU's most interesting personalities-

more on page 3

98-48 VICTORY

for Women's Basketball team

details on page 11



Photo by Werner Berntsen

Nov. 10, 1982

the INTERNATIONAL

The Independent Student Newspaper of Florida International University, Miami, Florida

Students Robbed At Gunpoint

MARYBETH ACEVEDO
Managing Editor

FIU students participating in a meeting of The Way International, a fundamentalist religious group, were robbed, and one man was shot, Halloween night.

Two men, one wearing a gorilla mask, entered the Coral Gables home through an open garage door at about 9 p.m.

"At first I thought it was another skit," said Ed Horney, Physical

Therapy major, and founder of the Mystery Club, an affiliate of The Way. "We had just been discussing the Greek term *kakourgoi* which means robber, when the gunman entered the living room.

Everyone was ordered to lie quietly on the floor. The second gunman held the rest of the club members in the garage.

"He seemed to get confused," said Horney, "and he moved us from the living room to a Florida room in the back

of the house."

Seven people were forced to hand over their wallets and pocketbooks.

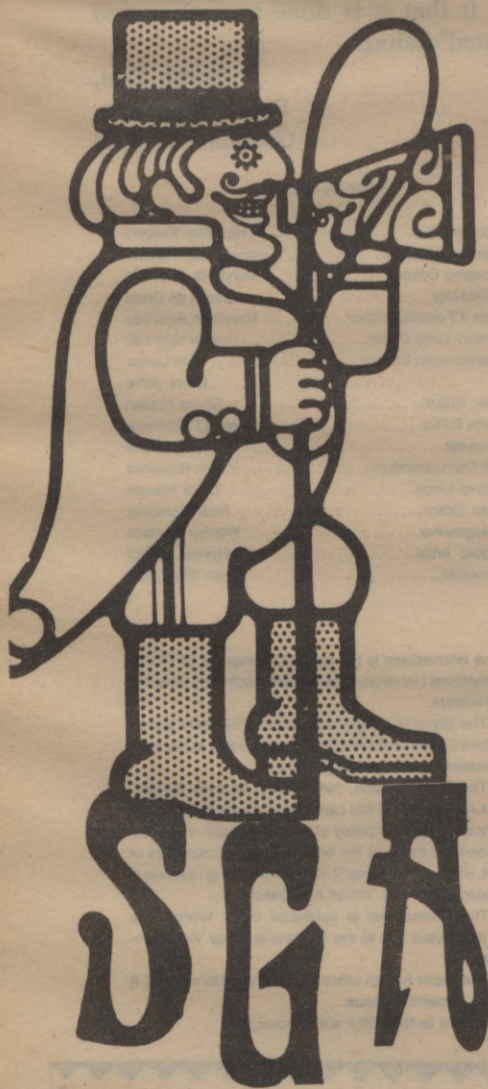
"I felt very assured that nothing bad would happen. One of God's teachings is- be not afraid of sudden fear," said Horney. "Everyone was very calm, which I think was unexpected. I think the big power play was to get everyone afraid."

Horney was not in the living room when Palmer Smith, 31 was shot during

an attempt to disarm the gunman. Smith, a patient at South Miami Hospital, has improved since he was first admitted in critical condition.

Horney had some advice for students should they someday find themselves in similar threatening circumstances.

"Panic is not a productive reaction. Because everyone remained calm, I think this helped reduce the amount of violence that might have occurred."



ELECTION RESULTS

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

The '82 fall SGA senate election results are in. FIU recorded the highest student voter turn-out in its ten-year history.

A record 5.2 percent—628 students, voted during the Nov. 1, 2, and 3 elections, breaking the '82 spring election tally of four percent. The Tamiami Campus had 437 voters and the Bay Vista Campus counted 191 students.

The five positions in the International Court have been filled by Olive Oddman, 46 percent, and Roberto Dominguez, 41 percent; Heidi Zitter, Kathy Cooper, and Kim Butcher were elected as write-in candidates. All write-in candidates' positions are pending until SGA processes their eligibility.

The newly-elected students in the College of Arts and Sciences will serve one year terms in SGA. The winners are Maggie Bouza, 25 percent, Ivonne Anton, 16 percent, and Eugene Cohen, 13 percent.

The five uncontested seats in the School of Business have been filled. Prospero Herrerra, Salum Cassum Mitha, and Ann Moss will serve an entire year since they received the highest number of votes. Richard Monegue and Derik Murray will serve until the '83 spring elections.

The School of Hospitality also had five un-
ted seats filled. The top three candidates were Dan Andrezjwski, Mark von Dwingelo, and Scott Melander. They will serve one year terms. Karl Skjer-

saa and Walter Sperling will represent the School of Hospitality for one semester.

Aurora Acosta was the only ballot candidate elected in the School of Education.

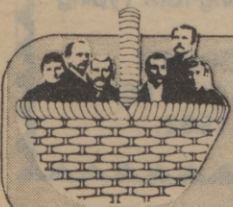
Four write-in candidates won seats in the senate. They are Evelyne Haber, Elina Garcia, Diane Serrano, and Liana Varona. Acosta and Haber have earned positions in the senate for one year. A run-off between Garcia and Serrano will determine who will occupy the other one year seat.

Two seats in the School of Nursing were decisively won by Lisa Lopresto and Richard Sobel. Kathy Novak, Deborah Moore and Eva Price will go into a run-off for the remaining one year position. Losers in the run-off will represent the Nursing School for one semester.

Jeanette Maria Abin, June Elizabeth Keedy and Muhammed Iftekher ul Haq will serve one year for the School of Public Affairs. Alhaji Shettima Baba will serve for one semester.

The School of Technology awarded Michael Bromfield, Fred Kopec and Carlene Lichenstein one year senate seats. Al Lopez and Randy Wadle will compete in a run-off for the remaining one semester seat.

A referendum changing SGA elections from the fourth week of the semester to the eleventh week of the fall and spring semesters was passed by 68 percent of the student vote.



wine • records • where to eat

all in the Leisure Suite
- pages 8 & 9

Dear Editor,

Please allow me a few lines to thank the many students who supported my candidacy for senator of the School of Business. We were successful and we WON!

I restate, my pledge made to you to serve all the students at FIU and bring SGA more in touch with the common students.

Thanks again for your vote of support!

Derik Murray
School of Business

Dear Sports Editor,

In reference to the Oct. 29 editorial, "No Play No Pay," by Rick Gonzalez, I would like to show my sincere appreciation on an excellent opinion.

Rick's editorial exemplifies the current situation and adds a personal touch to a crisis which affects a good deal of us. Mr. Gonzalez saw a solution to a controversial problem, and added a humorous side to a serious issue by suggesting that recreational activities are of greater importance than chronic television viewing.

Tom Carlson

Dear Editor,

I am currently soliciting volunteers for a research project related to diabetes in young adults. I need volunteers to be interviewed who are between the ages of 18-25 and have diabetes. These volunteers will be interviewed at a time and place of their choice. Interviews will take less than two hours and participants will be paid \$10. Confidentiality will be maintained.

Interested persons may phone me at 554-3031.

Betty Morrow
Chairperson,
Home Economics

Dear Editor,

In speaking with Ms. Acevedo regarding the intent of Mr. Powell's Oct. 6 column, I feel obligated to clarify several issues for our fellow students. It appeared that Acevedo was more concerned that a handful of students were involved in writing a reaction to the article. She explained that the article was written in the literary style of Mark Twain's *War Prayer*. This attempt at black humor was intended to accomplish the aim of viewing war as an absurd and senseless act of man. I feel that it is the editorial staff's responsibility to make this clear to the readers, as well as welcoming any issues war on the Lebanese crisis.

It was clear to me that in his column Mr. Powell omitted any actions of cruelty in any equivocal way the manner in which the P.L.O. between the years of 1968-82 murdered over 1,000 civilians and wounded 4,250 as a result of P.L.O. terror attacks. This fact is easily verifiable by any agency of the Israeli Embassy.

Thirdly, Mr. Powell quite adeptly omits the countless atrocities which the P.L.O. forces penetrated against the Lebanese Christians living in Lebanon. These Christians resisted the P.L.O.'s utilizing of Lebanon as a base for which to carry out terrorist attacks against Israel. These documented cases of torture, mutilation and murder are also a matter of public record.

War is tragic. It is difficult to examine in terms of black and white, what is clearly right and what is not. However, when an accurate portrayal of events is desired, both the columnist and the staff of the media are responsible to see to it that it is done in a clear and unslanted manner.

Thank You,
Beryl Glansberg,
Graduate student

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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.

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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.

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The paper has an office in University House 212 A on the Tamiami Campus.

Letters to the editor are encouraged.

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Anitra Thorhaug

RIKKI LEMUR
Entertainment Editor

FIU Research Scientist Anitra Thorhaug is one of the university's most interesting figures. For eighteen years she has been involved in the research of tropical and semi-tropical near-shore eco-system processes. This includes the study of sea grasses, macroalgae, animal community and the effects of physical and chemical factors on growth and productivity.

Thorhaug's work in coastal areas has included investigating pollution, planning environmentally sound sites for industries and restoring vegetation in those areas. She has developed an innovative technique of sea grass bed restoration in impacted coastal regions.

Noted projects which Thorhaug has initiated include her large-scale restoration project at a South Florida power plant and at a causeway in North Biscayne Bay.

In North Biscayne Bay the shoreline had been destroyed. Oysters and shellfish had virtually disappeared and those remaining were laden with tumors and sores. Native buttonwood and mangrove trees were replaced with seawalls and the sea grasses which had covered the bay floor and supported marine life, were gone.

Thorhaug, a microbiologist, had already conducted a successful experiment at Florida Power and Light Co.'s Turkey Point generating plant, a 25 acre flat in South Biscayne Bay in which sea grass was destroyed by thermal pollution.

In the North Biscayne Bay project, Thorhaug and others repaired biological damage by replanting turtle grass, or *Thalassia*. The damage had been caused by silt and sewage.

The cost of *Thalassia* replantation is approximately \$25 per square foot. The plantings were made in strategic portions of the bay and then the new sea grass spread to cover the bay floor.

"If someone had denuded as many square miles on the land as they did in the bay, there would have been a public outcry a long time ago. But because it was underwater, it was out of sight, out of mind," says Thorhaug.

She believes that industrial decision makers and environmentalists can work in unison in the construction of "least damaging ecological designs" in the coastal zone.

In the past two decades, Thorhaug has written more than one hundred scientific articles and books and is presently developing a system of clean energy utilization for the Caribbean, as well as managing coastal resources in the tropical Pacific.

Last spring, Thorhaug was awarded the 1982 Environmental Leadership Medal by the United Nations Environment Programme. The award was designed to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment. It was given in recognition of Thorhaug's distinguished contributions to the "cause of the environment."

stock market trends: More Jobs ?

LEIGH METZLER
Contributor

Students exist in the realm of studentdom as observers. The view of the world today is uncertain with the unemployment rate escalating to double digit figures. Most students are hoping to gain greater opportunities in the job market. But the escalating unemployment makes many students feel uncertain about their futures. As graduation nears for some, this joyous occasion is dimmed by the uncertainty of finding a job after graduation. However, the future may not be so grim, as there have been some recent positive trends.

The economy has reached bottom and is beginning to climb upward according to many economists. The most important indication of the beginning of an ascending climb is the drop in the interest rate. Increased business activity is reflected in stock prices. Blue Chip Securities, which had fallen below their value two years ago have recovered reaching new record highs. Trading on the New York Stock Exchange has set new records and broken them again. The sleeping economy seems to be raising its head. Stock market trends will spread to other sectors of the economy if these gains remain firm.

The November 2 elections reshaped Congress with 26 new democrats in the House of Representatives. The campaign was fought on economic grounds and sends a clear message to Reagan that he must modify his policies.

Reagan will be left in a stalemate if he does not compromise. A compromise may be reached on economic policies which have accelerated unemployment. The clamor over unemployment may be met with new policies which will relieve unemployment to some degree.

Public and private trends may combine to lessen the pressure of unemployment, and open more positions for graduating students. We have not seen the end of the unemployment problem, but we may soon see its remission.

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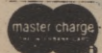
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Cat Tales

Darlings, while in a drunken stupor at the FIU Halloween fete, your Bootsie let it slip that she has been blessed since childhood with a sixth sense. Moi can always feel it when my panty-hose are about to spring a run, or when one of my Kendall garden parties will be ruined by a freak faux-pas (like the time Conchita tried to molest the caterer and ended up face-down in the pate).

Needless to say—once moi let the proverbial cat out of the bag—the *International's* Editor-in-chief, Denise Fellows, pleaded with moi for some predictions about the coming year.

Galumph joyously while you can. Then fasten your seat belts sweeties—1983 is going to be a lumpy ride...

Early in the year, Phyllis Schlafly will die in a tampon-related accident during a taping of the *Phil Donahue Show*.

A leprosy scandal will strike the FIU cafeteria when a Japanese exchange student discovers a finger in his bean-and-weenie entree.

In late spring, Billy Graham will lead a mass lemming-like Exodus of Evangelists off a cliff in Southern California.

Richard Simmons will be cannibalized by protein-starved members of his studio audience.

In April, Government scientists will reveal that monkeys are closing the evolutionary gap.

In June, 83, James Watt will be carnally known by a grizzly bear while on an oil-scouting mission in Colorado.

Ronald Reagan will admit to an affair with Elvis' ghost.

Jorge Espinosa will reveal that he was raised by wolves.

Dr. Ambrose Gainer will be found naked in a sleazy hotel room with three circumcised schnauzers, one trumpet, and Mrs. Pulitzer.

Moi was, of course, properly shocked by some of these oh-so-gauche predictions but I am helpless. Your dear Bootsie is but the vessel by which the power of fate manifests its oftentackly whims.

Bootsie Cavendish



SAPPHIRE "GO-GO" LABELLE
Contributor

One of the things I love most about South Florida is the summer climate. For four months out of every year, I am privileged to live in an environment that not only parallels the surface temperature of Mars but provides the same amount of humidity as if I had moved my bed and TV into Sportroom's steamroom.

These characteristics are invaluable tools for those of us engaged in a lifelong campaign against corpulence. I do not refer to the massive hulks whose fear of Namu the Killer Whale prevents them from wearing black-and-white outfits along lonely shorelines. I address the greater part of the population whose weight problems show as subtle vacillations between pleasantly plump ("you're tall, you can handle it") to normal, to Rubenesque ("boy, you must have really big bones"): whose shifting sands always seem to settle over a waistband or forge dry riverbeds along a bra or panty line.

Bask in the reward tropical heat has afforded you—a year-round opportunity for bodily awareness with four intense months that allow no chance for self-delusion!

I grew up on the Jersey shore, where hoodwinking yourself is a passion, and camouflaging flab is an art. In Jersey, you can fool yourself into thinking you're not that fat, because there is always someone nearby who is fatter than you—and the blame lies solely on the curse of the New Jersey climate.

During the fall you wear a bulky sweatshirt over girdle-tight jeans to meditate in the woods, wondering about the many colors of autumn leaves and what savages those Indians must have been to eat multi-colored corn.

In the winter you don't wonder about much of anything because that would use up valuable energy your heart needs to pump blood to your internal organs. From November to March you'd need a high speed shutter on a camera to catch a glimpse of your body as it changes from fuzzy slippers, flannel granny gown, and floor-length imitation moose fur, two layers of woolen socks, knee-high non-waterproof boots (waterproof boot that will stave off the debilitating effects of slush have never been invented, though I hear the Russians are coming close), thermal underwear, heavy pants, horse hair shirt, turtleneck sweater, down-lined parka (ducks have it tough in NJ), and a six-foot scarf. Even your fat little fingers are covered in rabbit fur-lined leather gloves (the situation for rabbits is worse than for ducks). Hats are preferred over facial ski masks unless you are an amateur criminal from Hoboken. These garments are sufficient protection if your bedroom is over the unheated garage, if you want to go outside, double them!

From the horror of the unveiling in March, until the reluctant, tentative search for last summer's swimsuit in May, Jerseyans are stricken with desire to eat their meal on the Fourth of July or sign up for Yukon's Summer Dog-sled Olympics.

During June and July the sun at the beach becomes hot enough for tanning but you don't have to go because it takes a long time to thaw an ocean. The water is too cold for

CONFESSIONS Of A Chronic Porkette

swimming until the latter part of August. Your reprieve comes to an end around Labor Day when the water is at least tolerable for swimming but the sun is not as strong.

So one weekend out of the year you arrive at noon to be an inconspicuous blob among the bodies that dot into the horizon. After an hour or two of lying immobile and holding your tummy in, you complain loudly to an imaginary companion about the lack of sun, then go home to look for your fall sweatshirt.

My shape was appropriate for my hometown but then again I lived near the blimp base that housed the Hindenburg. Freed from the fear that the ten-foot waves of Asbury Park would pull me to England, I felt healthy and svelte swimming in the vast bathtub off Crandon Park. I never want to relive the embarrassment I felt the first time I got out of the water and a crazed group of vigilante ecologists informed me that I was so fat, I had left a ring around Biscayne Bay.

I noticed scores of other porkettes embarrassed into leaving the main beaches and realized that rather than ecologists, they were obviously law officers enforcing Miami's string bikini quota for public beaches. In practical Northeast, researchers had confirmed long ago that local municipalities saved thousands of dollars annually in unneeded lifeguard salaries because chubbies cannot sink in salt water. Nonetheless, we were dispelled to the parking lots despite the anguished pleas of the Snack Bar owner.

At the southernmost tip of the Florida peninsula at Cape Florida State Park, we congregated to enact our revenge, hoping to jump up and down until we broke the Rickenbacker Causeway away from the Miami mainland. Our only results were few lousy sinkholes in central Florida, so we dispersed to search alone for our own place in the sun.

I made a wrong turn and found refuge in the myriad of isolated beaches near the sewer plant on Virginia Key, encouraged by masses of homosexual and nudists who couldn't afford to be too picky. By midsummer I wore the skimpiest string bikini east of the city sewer and never returned to public beach.

Thanks to the summer sweatbox that was now home, I was ready to tackle the real challenge of Florida living—the Poolside Playboy.


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TIM POWELL
Columnist

The Lord works in mysterious ways

Well, looks like good old God forgot to start giving California the heave-ho last month. We're referring, of course, to the earthquakes, tornadoes and other apocalyptic phenomena that were supposed to commence in October of this year and come to a shuddering climax some time in 1986 at which time California will slide into the Pacific as punishment for all the sin and stuff that has gone on within its borders. This information comes from the group Ready, a gaggle of religious doomsdayers based at Pepperdine U in Malibu. Leonard Block, head doomsdayer, says that earthquakes, tornadoes and other apocalyptic phenomena didn't strike because of some kinda discrepancy between how quickly God plans to dispose of California and how quickly He'll be able to do it thoroughly that is (Block says) far too complex to explain to laymen. So we can apparently count on having California to kick around for a little while longer than was anticipated. And Block would like us all to know that the current NFL player's strike is nothing less than "a sign that people should go to church on Sundays instead of letting their minds and souls go limp in front of the TV set."

Pleased to meet you, hope you guessed my name

In other religion news, the Reverend Donald Bishop of Birmingham, Alabama has just been really upset and revolted (and we ask you, are reverends ever anything but upset and revolted?) by what he sees as some sorta Devil-inspired brainwashing of Our Impressionable Youth led by none other than the Rolling Stones. "These long-haired, drug-using disciples of Satan are by far the most dangerous threat to morality that rock 'n' roll has managed to shove down our throats, even worse than the Beatles or Led Zepplin," said the ever-articulate Bishop, who is monomaniacally intent on having a record burning near the U of Alabama campus later this month. For the benefit of all those aspiring record-burners out there, Bishop cites several particularly offensive Stones albums: *Tattoo You* ("It shows their singer and guitarist tattooed with Satanic images and on the inside sleeve is a cloven hoof!"), *Between the Buttons* (The buttons on the cover are the eyes of the Devil and if you stare at them long enough you can see him laughing at you!), *Their Satanic Majesties Request* ("Every song is about evil defeating good!") and *Beggar's Banquet* ("It has the song 'Sympathy for the Devil' on it and if that isn't blatant Satanism, nothing is!") And lest we're naive enough to believe that other rock bands won't do as much devious damage to our fragile souls, Bishop reminds us that "all rock bands are walking billboards for the Devil saying, 'Burn in hell, burn in hell!'"

Busting out all over

Concerned U of Florida officials (and, by gum, are university officials ever anything but concerned?) are getting really intense over the backalley depravo wretch who has been stealing marble busts from the campus library. The thief, who is as yet unknown to the U of F power structure despite their ballbusting attempts to weed him out, has stolen busts of William Howard Taft, Abe Lincoln, Aristotle and U of F prez Robert Marston since the start of the fall term. Last month he sent a ransom note signed "Be Bop Banana" to the always anesthetizing *Alligator* (the official campus rag). In it, he referred to the four marble men as "the fat zombie" (Taft), "the pissed off old man" (Aristotle), "pubic hair face" (Abe Lincoln) and "the constipated one" (Marston) and added that "unless acid rain fallout shelters are provided for all indiginous robots" he will "smash the busts into little pieces and throw them into a tarpit." University officials, determined to discourage other potential bust-grabbers, have put the library under constant surveillance. "We think this is the work of a severely troubled individual," opined campus security bigwig Dean Mapplethorpe, "but if he returns the busts in one piece we won't punish him."

next week:
COOK'S CORNER
presents
Deviled Chicken!!



Photo by Werner Berntsch

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

Steve Landesberg, "Arthur Dietrich" from the television show *Barney Miller*, was welcomed to FIU by a responsive crowd. This very funny comedian began his monologue with a series of one liners, priming the audience for a rollocking evening.

Bringing a mini tape recorder with him onstage he said "I brought the recorder just in case I land some good jokes—I can use them for the Carson Show."

Landesberg delighted the audience by mimicking stereotypical idiosyncrasies of ethnic groups. Responding to all the cameras flashing in the crowd he said in a Japanese accent, "What iz dis, everybody here have camera. Picture, picture, picture!" He has an ability to laugh not only at others but also to make light of his own ethnic background. His insight for Jewish jokes had the audience in stitches.

Ask Dr. Flanders

Dear Dr. Flanders,

Please help me with my anxiety about tests. When I review I read the material, and two minutes later I can't remember what I have just read. When I get my exam, I panic. I have got pretty good grades all my life, even at FIU up to the middle of last spring when a professor told me I did not have the aptitude to finish my degree. I would like some specific things to do before exams come along this semester.

Maria

Dear Maria,

You share the problem of test anxiety with many other students. I can give you some concrete options to try. However, these ideas assume your fear of tests is relatively isolated. If your test anxiety is part of a much larger or more serious problem, I recommend the FIU Counseling Center or outside professional help. If your fears are fairly specific to academic test-taking, try the suggestions below.

It sounds like your grades went downhill since a professor damaged your self-confidence. Your previous good grades including some at FIU are testimony from many professors that you do have the aptitude to get your degree. Consider that one professor's comments as one negative opinion among many positive opinions. Perhaps you expect to win them all, which is unrealistic in any field. Perhaps you can adjust your sights to winning most, and losing some, and interpret your lack of concentration as a reaction to stress. In every activity I have observed in detail (e.g. school, athletics, applying for graduate school, success in business) a common denominator is persistence. So don't give up the ship.

To deal directly with fear of tests, the procedure of "systematic desensitization" has proven quite successful. Using this method, you may be able to desensitize your fear reactions to tests on your own.

First create a written list of 20 situations that range from a totally safe scene as number 1 to a very fearful scene as number 20. For example, 1 could be having a pleasant meal with a friend; 2 could be looking at your calendar showing a test a week away; 3 could be marking times for studying in your date book; and so on up to 18 as the scene of entering the classroom building; 19 as entering your classroom; and 20 as getting your test paper. Each scene on the list should be visualizable as a picture in your mind with specific details. The fear aroused by each scene should be more than the previous scene but only by a small amount. The exact scenes you choose should be your own. The examples above are of my creation which

Steve
Landesberg
(Steve Landesberg)
INTERVIEW

Landesberg was very loose on stage. When one woman from the audience yelled remarks pertaining to his personal life, Landesberg calmly turned in her direction, put his hand on his hip and said, "Shut up bitch, you should know better than to talk when I'm talking."

During our interview Landesberg spoke of his career and his future. "I miss *Barney Miller*, especially my parking space, but I don't miss television. The show would not have been as good as it was had we kept on doing it. Right now I would rather do stand up comedy than bad scripts."

Landesberg began his comedic career in small bars in Greenwich Village with other comedians such as David Brenner and Jimmie "J.J." Walker. In 1971 he appeared on the *Tonite Show* which led to other acting assignments.

Landesberg played Sgt Arthur Dietrich in *Barney Miller* for six years. During that time, he earned three Emmy nominations. "It was easy to fit the role. The writer of *Barney Miller* wrote it for me."

After *Barney Miller* Landesberg returned to stand up comedy, performing in front of packed houses in concert halls and college campuses across the country.

Landesberg talked of how he would like to get involved in film. "I'm waiting for someone to offer me a good script. I can do both comedy and drama."

Those students who were unable to see the show missed a rare opportunity to laugh at one of comedy's best.

you may or may not wish to use. After your "fear hierarchy" of 20 scenes is constructed, your task is to ascend the hierarchy one step at a time. It's the old divide-and-conquer, one-step-at-a-time strategy used in a systematic way. You can ascend the hierarchy in one of three ways: armchair, role-playing, or in-vivo.

In armchair desensitization you first learn deep muscle relaxation. This will take a week or two. *You Must Relax* or *The Relaxation Response* are useful paperbacks here, or you can get cassettes from major bookstores on progressive muscle relaxation. Once you learn to relax, you begin to imagine scene number 1 in your mind with your eyes closed as vividly as you can. You do this while already in a state of deep muscle relaxation. If you can visualize scene number 1 vividly without anxiety, then you go on to scene 2. If you have anxiety, you back up and/or add scenes until you can go on to the next scene without anxiety. Proceed in this way, scene by scene, until you can visualize scene 20. Once you have done this, you will likely have reduced your real-life fear to a low level. The process of ascending the hierarchy will probably take 10-20 sessions of a half hour each. Do no more than two sessions in any single day.

In the role playing procedure, you role-play each scene and go through the motions on, say, a Saturday. Role-playing with a friend may help. Running positive statements through your mind may also help. The procedure is again to ascend the hierarchy step by step, only this time you go through the actual physical motions involved in each scene. For example, if there is a scene about driving to FIU, you actually get in your car and drive to FIU, only on a non-class day. With role-playing it is OK to feel some anxiety before going on to the next step.

The in-vivo or real life procedure, is like the role-playing but you go through the steps using a small quiz, not a big test. In-vivo means real life, so here it's for real.

Books such as Rosen's *Don't be Afraid* paperback and others are available to help. This procedure of desensitization seems to work with all sorts of phobias, such as fear of snakes, meeting new people (shyness), tests, flying in airplanes, and so on. If it doesn't work, I suggest seeking some professional help.

Dr. Flanders
Mail letters to-
Dr. James Flanders
Dept. of Psychology
Tamiami Campus
FIU 33199

There in their brittle nights, cocoons of infirmity,
 Memories coming on, lifetimes spent yearning for
 Exemption from violence and loss. What's left
 Of the flicker in the hollowed eyes of the aged
 Is hidden in the tepid darkness behind musty drapes
 And warped, closed doors. Recognize the hollowedness
 And flickering are ancient and acknowledge the blame
 Elsewhere. But the warping, the closed doors are
 Of our age. These elders hide not only in fear,
 But also shame, ashamed of the indifference of
 Their prodigy. The city, looking on with a wry,
 Mirthless smile, doesn't care. Our shifting,
 Complacent perspectives provide humor for the
 Inanimate.

There's a rasta chant, the beat of bleached bones;
 Even with our backs turned we're listening. To the right
 A grim black god appears from the grating, joined by
 Others, more and more, primal and hip, the Motown and
 Zulus from old Germantown, tribes and rituals,
 The mask of the beast, cruelty and unusual beauty,
 Lion—we see ourselves now—hunting by night, tempered
 Blue-black barrels bored for the quick kill.
 Motown sings some cold, hard blues; melodies still
 To be feared. Zulus dance, high-stepping, in
 Fevered trance, screaming at us, weeping over them,
 And wailing for all. Applications which had been
 Put forth in primitive, undecipherable languages
 Have been sent back at you. When have cities ever
 Welcomed Zulus?

Thes veils of color are inevitably only a tragedy
 Of perception, with no perceptible impact on
 The stalk through our houses and towers for those
 Curios and things of decay. The gods can attain
 A certain coherency of passion, of lively sorrows,
 In their system of survival. They can be real and
 Strive to stay that way. We hear in the music pockets
 Holding conversations about the weather of souls
 And the storms of the mind, the sun and yesterday's
 Dry wind wheezing through the cracks in the skull
 Of the city. Beyond I.Q. or schooling. Here,
 Nothing is funny and laughter is a sign of fear.
 Now, the music, always the music, swirling liquid
 Rhythm and psychotic penetration, swells
 And fills the pocket. We are shivering with it.

Sirens, cold poetry on the rocks, sound, and
 Someone says it's like the sound of a human being
 Screaming, that clarity and otherworldliness
 And mention is made of extinct animals, screaming
 Like sirens arriving too late. At our feet, domestic
 Dogs gone wild and mad, cats swatting mice the size of
 Rats, scream too in the path of oncoming chrome.
 And yet, all screams are familiar: Have you
 Beaten your child today? Someone call the cops!
 Are we alone? Who can see from their windows at night?
 Remember, this is war, and the small gods are watching
 Better than Big Brother.

Sorry to keep you up so late. We see some bedroom
 Lights extinguished. A soft urge, the instinct of sleep,
 Lulled by sirens, is temporary death, simple
 Vulnerability in an upheaving darkness.
 While silken dreams are woven, a mad riot
 Is being performed in quiet panic. The monsters
 Of childhood somnulence are real.

We wander sleepless downtown, where love is
 Waged, nylon thighs wrapped tight, spiked and exotic,
 Nipples and hips and babydoll lips, temptation
 At a discount. While lovers, lost in their shadows
 Search for a source, the bloodless Holy Grail
 And hellish, fevered Moors, despair and impossible
 Perspective, reaching into infinity and touching
 Other fingers, losing all sight of the goal.
 We leave them, in envy, to their exquisite pain.

The last movies are letting out. Our and other eyes
 Walk to their cars. The vicims among us have never
 Made it. We well-fed walk out closing restaurants
 Smearing grease with rags. Some of us go to slaughter,
 Lowing like stunned cattle processed for the mouths
 Of children by false kings and clowns. Every last particle
 Of what we call real is destined to be consumed.
 Even the city, with the slow rot of maintenance,
 Is digested in the bowels of its own machines.
 There isn't a way not to follow food to its decay.

In the Hall of Records there are blueprints
 For all of this. We are confronted everywhere by
 Art, but it is now the fear of beauty, expressions
 Of sham or misery, reports of announced murders,
 Portraits of chaos in full bloom, still lives in frame
 Or movie, sculpture repeating architecture repeating
 Planes and height, casings for elevators. Still,
 The heartbeat art pulsates our feet which drives the beat
 Still faster. We drink to music and what the hell,
 We can't stop dancing anyway.

Now stop dead still. The death rap rolls
 For the changing of days, church bells toning,

Howling, moaning; familiar midnight. The star family
 Recessed in velvet black, framed in cement and steel,
 Twinkles a wink at the passing hours.

A sudden event in the public part of the street.
 Eyes focus and fix for detail, witness the release
 Of a spirit by blade, an event unparalleled,
 Though repeated like the thrusts of steel, the glistening
 Screams and last, few, penetrating grunts. Unlike
 The ancient jungle, killers never howl in the city,
 The hot kill heralded by grimace and flight,
 Always flight, for the deep shade of Jealousy, Lust,
 Perversion or Need. Let's step away in silence;
 All is done. Distinct with heavy mass, a woman's
 Draining corpse awaits disposal, the used confetti
 Of an event.

Around us night crawls like bloodworms
 Through the veins of the city. The city—we
 Are but nits—squats in a vast and twilit,
 Dark cathedral. It never sleeps or dozes, those
 Electric eyes wide open stare into the depths
 Of the great cathedral, at nothing. This cement
 Ponders only itself, hardening, ever hardening
 Even as it darkens, even in the light of day,
 Hardening against the universe in its ignorance.
 There will never be cities softer than today.

What is ultimately sinister, a devil appears alone.
 These devils are not common; gods are common.
 The path of a devil parts the sea of beings, to
 The right, to the left. The small gods choose sides
 And dive into the sea. There is no being on the good
 Side of a devil. Watch him pass, the reflection of another
 Person in the plate glass; soulless. Store windows
 Cannot reveal devils. Look quickly into those
 Blasted eyes. Glance at the stolen, royal jewels
 And run. The city cannot reveal devils; deathless,
 Boundless. We stiffen as a door opens and a pale light
 Draws him in. The floor bows beneath him. The light
 Goes out. The true door will not close on his presence.
 In our streets the sea of beings returns to normal,
 Except for the wide, foaming wake of his misery.

The crime watch ticks, police roll up, perfect
 Timing, trailing devils from a distance. We can't see
 Inside these men, not deep enough to see how much
 They don't like their jobs, their heavy cruisers and
 Their radios, guns and badges, sniffing at the heels
 Of devils, their look of authority. We see only
 How, when dispatch squawks, the light show wails
 Across the city's main corridors at tireless bay.

Ignored, the still corpse turns colors in the dark.
 It considers the sun in a new way, without daylight
 Scorch, but shining as if impaling the night, impaling
 Cement. For it, the significance of all religions
 Has returned. Significance has returned. Without further
 Alternatives. Dressed for traveling nowhere.

The clock strikes the hour of the head, the hour
 Of the drunk. All thought blurs toward oblivion, the highest
 Lake in the world, and placid, waveless, where ancient
 Incas watch perpetual inertia. This is the hour
 Of cool, liquid drugs. It lasts only one hour.

Suddenly passengers, we read vehicular ads: Hate
 The Masses; Pigface Loves You; Don't Look Back.
 At sixty miles an hour. We can't follow expresswa:
 For they never end, even at top speed. Ride
 Only when necessary, keep your eyes on the road, and read the ads.

A sound so soft somewhere out there is morning
 Murmuring prayers for Bitter Malice and Tiny Pride.
 In unlit ceremonies throughout the neighborhoods
 The Rebel of the Week Awards are given out at this
 Late/early hour; inauspicious honors in the land of
 Thieves and gangsters, molls and brawls, two hundred
 Fifty million, minor revolutions.

We are fading.
 The bloodworms turn deepest black.
 The Police, still trailing devils by spotlight,
 Consume a few, small gods along the way, roughage,
 Good for the system.

Love sighs as the night dies.
 A saw-tooth devil yawns and walks away. (A
 Door closes.)

The old and hopeless grit their teeth
 Against themselves.
 The city ponders, heavier and harder,
 Welcoming no one.
 A darkling god disappears indoors, joined by
 Others.

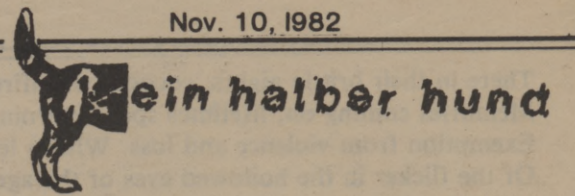
The music is swept from the streets by warm
 Breezes.

Soon, dawn will slit the dark sky open
 Like a bloody sword hacking away at anything.
 I leave you to those wet eyes opening, others
 And more, to those creatures of a separate realm,
 Days of labor, where night was a locked room now
 To be escaped.

Work replaces gods.



MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW



BRUCE KAPLAN
Music Editor

It's sometimes hard to reconstruct the scene of the crime days later, or to reestablish the course of an idea in a second *Weekly Reader*, but its a risk I'll have to take. On, then, with More Minimal, Moods for Moderns, Part 2...

Steve Reich's *Tehillim* has created the sort of stir beyond the usual assortment of fans, followers, and would be cognoscenti that makes it a certifiable Art Event of the Season. It premiered in West Germany in the summer of 1981, and this fall has seen a flurry of activity: a four day Reich retrospective at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, a debut performance of a full scale orchestra version of *Tehillim* by — Drumroll, Fireworks—the New York Philharmonic, and, with special relevance for us hinterlanders, the release of the chamber version of *Tehillim* on ECM Records.

Tehillim is the Hebrew word meaning "Psalms," and the piece is comprised of four psalms set to music. In the program notes which accompany the album, Reich states that, "as opposed to the cantillation of the Torah, and Prophets, which is a living 2500 year old oral tradition throughout the Synagogues of the world, the oral tradition for Psalm singing in the Western Synagogues has been lost. This meant that I was free to compose the melodies for *Tehillim* without a living oral tradition to either imitate or ignore." The result of the conjunction of Reich's music with the ancient textual material—which obviously has a very deep seated significance for the composer—is an exceptionally beautiful and haunting, even mystifying work.

For Reich, this is uncharacteristically expansive music; less minimal to ammend my glib intro. Two key elements of Reich's best known previous works (and of minimalist composition in general) are notable for their recession from prominence in *Tehillim*: short repeating patterns and fixed metric structure. Reich goes to considerable length to explain how the textual material dictated his compositional approach, but there's no real need for defense or explication. While less austere than what I've heard of Reich previously, the compositional tradition which Reich helped to create is apparent in *Tehillim*'s chanted rhythms, even if the musical language is less rigorously limited.

The chamber version heard on the album features four women's voices, six percussionists, four woodwinds, four stringed instruments and two electric organs. The voices weave a scintillating fabric with the Hebrew phrases; their own pulsation is charged by the instrumentalists and percussionists. The presentation benefits greatly from the pristine production for which ECM is well known.

As Reich's music has become explicitly spiritual, it's fascinating to compare it with the work of Terry Riley, last week's "Original Minimalist," whose music is steeped in the spirituality of the East. While Riley expresses a seemingly effortless ease and grace, *Tehillim* strikes me as a labored, sweaty piece of music. There is a distinct impression of the very human work which went into its creation: I get the feeling that the inter-fencing of the Psalms with Reich's compositional concerns was by no means effortless.

For me—a Jewish boy going into neurology and

thinking about too little sleep and Western, day-to-day sorts of things—the sense of strain in Reich's music elevates it above the products of a serenity which I lamentably do not know. *Tehillim* has the ineffable grandeur I've sensed inside Gothic cathedrals: a spirituality rooted not in doctrine or language or even poetry, but in the fashioning of bricks and mortar to reach for an uncertainly conceived grace, which does more for me than trees or brooks or bamboo temples.

★★★

There are occasions when I feel I've been rewarded for having approached something with misconceptions intact. Joel Chadabe's *Rhythms for Computer and Percussion* is a case in point. Imagine opening a door behind which you expect to find whirring, grating machinery and instead you're hit by a soft, warm puff of wind, and there's a kid throwing cotton balls at you.

In keeping with the time-worn notion that all HalberHunds should stand on their own two feet, Chadabe preserves our tenuous thread by virtue of his minimalist connections. *Rhythms* presents his computer/synthesizer system as a springboard for improvisation by percussionist Jan Williams. Chadabe's system generates repeating rhythmic figures and has the capacity to create variations, the specifics of which aren't predetermined, in response to sound. It's remarkable how seamless the improvisations between the two performers really are; it often becomes difficult to distinguish the synthesizer from Williams' vibes or marimba.

The result of the collaboration is a fresh, engaging music which, although mellifluous, persistently resists becoming "easy." Quirky and genuinely funny, *Rhythms...* is a small gem. If you are unable to find it, write to: Lovely Communications, 325 Spring St., NY, NY 10013.

★★★

Here's a last bit of notable news courtesy of the people at Lovely Communications. Alvin Lucier, noted composer and Lovely fellow, will be performing locally on Feb. 17, under the auspices of Mary Luft. Mark your calendars now and we'll keep you apprised as details arrive.



LE GLACIER

GUY HODERSON
Contributor

It's refreshing to see a small business make good, expand and manage in the course of expansion to retain the virtues which were responsible for its initial success. Case in point: *Le Glacier*, a delightful little French restaurant and ice cream parlor.

Owner Jean-Claude opened *Le Glacier* in 1979 as a modest yet charming emporium notable for sumptuous salads, French country cuisine and home-made ice cream. His restaurant, located next to the Sunset Theatre in South Miami, rapidly won an enthusiastic following. In fact, in the wake of one laudatory review, Jean-Claude was forced several times to turn away hungry diners because he found himself without enough food to feed the hordes. About a year and a half after opening in South Miami, continued success prompted the opening of a second *Le Glacier*, at 166 Giralda Ave. in Coral Gables.

Of course the reason for *Le Glacier*'s success lies where it should—on the plate (or bowl, as is often the case here). Start with their French Onion soup, which is a widely acclaimed favorite. It's topped off with the familiar melted cheese but here you can

eagerly anticipate the pleasures of going below the surface. The broth is full-bodied yet manages to retain a delicacy and definition all too often lacking in this staple.

Salads are another speciality. As a hard core carnivore and Black Flag devotee, my own feeling is that a meal without meat is like a guitar without strings. Reports from fellow diners who are aficionados of this lighter form of cuisine, though, are uniformly enthusiastic. Special kudos go to the *Salade Nicoise* and the Spinach Salad. From a healthy distance, I can say that the damn things look big enough to bust a gut. So if you're eating lighter, chow down.

For diners who share my taste for flesh and blood, heartiest recommendations go to *Le Glacier's Chicken Provencale*. Half a chicken is baked and served in a light gravy accented by tomatoes and assorted vegetables. If your planets are properly aligned, you may hit *Le Glacier* on a night when *Civet of Beef* is available. (This used to be a regular menu item but is now available from time to time as a special.) The *Civet* is a glorious French stew—beef, carrots, potatoes, etc. plus that certain *je ne sais quoi* which separates the Champs d'Elysees from

South Dixie Highway.

I could babble on about the escargot, the *Ragout de Beef*, the Cuban sandwiches (!), the wine and Martinelli cider. I could even go on ceaselessly about decor and service the way Hauser does. But let's get down to brass tacks: to go to *Le Glacier* and not sample *les glaces* would be like going to Plato's Retreat to talk politics. Jean-Claude makes all the ice cream himself and for my money he's got Haagen Dazs beat hands down. Typically available are vanilla, chocolate-chocolate chip, pistachio, banana-oreo, and several more. All seem to have their vocal proponents, but my own favorite sin below 32 degrees is Jean-Claude's caramel ice cream, which is a pleasure totally divorced from life on this planet. Any and all flavors can be taken on in a variety of settings, ranging from the cone or dish for timid to a massive banana split designed to overwhelm the most gluttonous amongst us.

Le Glacier's success is partly a result of its being many things to many people. Snacks, light meals, full meals, all with a continental flair at a reasonable price—they do it all consistently well. And, oh yes, there's the ice cream. Pleasant dreams.

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WINE



BARRY WASCO
IFSEA President
Cabernet Sauvignon

This wine, one of the most popular of the Bordeaux region has many fine qualities. The rich aroma, full body and dry qualities make for a fine tasting experience. California as well as France produces fine Cabernet from various regions, notably the Sonoma, Napa, and Monterey Vinyards.

Tasting the wine at first may seem a little unusual; to truly appreciate this wine it should be drunk at room temperature.

As you develop a taste for Cabernet you can also explore other wines from the Bordeaux and California vinyards. As you will find, every wine— and the year it was produced— has its own personality. The more wines you taste, the better your chances on finding just the right types for your own personal occasions.

Cabernet Sauvignon is an excellent selection for dinner with a delicious red meat entree, but would over-power fish or poultry dishes.

If you're interested in getting to know this wine a little better it so happens to be the Wine-of-the-Month in our own Rathskeller, a Gallo product from Somona, '77 vintage and not too bad...Until next time, Happy Tasting!



On Friday, Nov. 12 at 12 noon there will be a free presentation of scenes from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" in DM 150. The performance will last about 50 min. and it being the lunch hour, food and drink are permissible inside the theatre.

NY Art Critic John Canaday at FIU

John Canaday, long-time art critic with the *New York Times*, teacher, author of several books including *Mainstreams of Modern Art* will speak Nov. 17 at 8 pm in AT 100.

Canaday's lecture is free and open to the public and is part of the 3rd Annual Art Critics Lecture Series presented by the FIU Visual Arts Gallery under the direction of Dahlia Morgan. Call 554-2890 for more information.



Photo by Werner Bartsch

Pictured are the winners of the FIU Talent Contest held last week (left to right): Bruce Walker (3rd place), Prof. Marie Leeds of the Music Dept., Lucy Sudasassi (2nd place), and Gregory Pratt (1st place).

FIU ROAST

SYDNEY BACH

The semi-packed AT 100 auditorium was the sight of the FIU Homecoming Roast. Students, faculty, and the administrative staff combined their sincerest efforts and put together a truly humorous show.

Robert Winter opened the extravaganza with small anecdotes and a video tape of past homecoming roasts. Then the Homecoming King, Queen, and Court were introduced.

Spoofs of the baseball fields, poor lighting, the new FIU traffic court of appeal, and intramural athletics were humorous, but the timing on the punch

lines was a little off. One faculty member showed the audience he could play a guitar and sing a catchy tune, but what was supposed to be a little tune turned out to be an LP!

Gregory Wolfe, (*El Lobo*) was portrayed in a parody of a session of the Board of Regents meeting where a senile FIU prof who was not able to make competent decisions stole the show.

The skit that took the prize, for me was "the Fifth Floor in PC." This satirical scene depicted the trials and tribulations of being a secretary in the PC building.



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soccer:

Sunblazers beat U of M

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

In spite of the absence of three regular starters, FIU improved their chances of receiving a play-off bid when the Sunblazers shut out the University of Miami Hurricanes 5-0 in the annual Mayor's Cup competition last Saturday at FIU.

Defenders Blanca Bowman, Paul Minott and forward Eyvind Olsen were sitting on the sidelines nursing injuries as midfielder Ben Collins, a junior from Liberia, scored 3 of the 5 winning goals.

In a lackadaisical game whose second half resembles the action at a senior citizen's tea party, the UM goal keeper was the busiest man in the game. The Sunblazers totaled 28 shots on goal compared with Miami's 6.

Tom Sedita, a midfielder from Boca Raton, and Dale Schilly, a defender from Missouri, added the other goals for FIU.

"They didn't really seem interested in playing us," FIU coach Karl Kremser said of the Miami team.

"We were playing a powerful school," said UM coach Ozzie Selent. "We were just trying to keep things down a little."

At the start of the season FIU, along with the University of Central Florida, was ranked second behind the University of Tampa in Division II in Florida. The Sunblazers are now 11-3-1 and their one loss was to Clemson, a Division I school that was ranked in the top ten in the nation earlier in the season. During regular season play, FIU beat UCF 2-1 and tied with Tampa.

Although the three—FIU, UCF, and Tampa—should be the teams to beat in the NCAA play-offs this coming week-end, this week's action will determine who gets there.

"The big game is the one against Rollins," said Everton Edwards, the record-breaking goalie in 1981 play who has been in and out of the game this season due to injuries.

"The team morale is excellent and we should do very well against Rollins," Edwards said.

Pity poor Rollins—the key to the play-offs. The Tars will have a hard time keeping the wolf from the door with games lined up against Central Florida and FIU this week. Both are greedy for a spot in the regionals.

According to Rich Kelch, sports information director, and Kremser, the thinking goes something like this: FIU beat UCF. UCF beat Tampa. FIU tied Tampa.

Now if UCF beats Rollins and FIU beats Rollins then FIU should have an excellent chance of getting a bid.

"Two teams from this region will receive automatic bids," said Kelch. "And there will be 4 at-large bids from across the country."

Depending on the results of the Rollins' games, FIU may have to hope for one of those at-large invitations.

"The UCF game against Rollins is very important," said Kremser, who, despite the team's problems earlier in the season, says things have settled down.

"We've had our ups and downs and it's been frustrating at times," says Kremser. "We had problems learning to get along but we have gotten everything straightened out."

Whatever UCF does against Rollins, the players think that FIU has a good chance to beat the Tars.

"This is a very talented team," said Olsen, an outstanding freshman forward from Norway who was hurt in the Florida Southern game. "Injuries have

UPCOMING SPORTS

Nov. 12, Fri. - Baseball: FIU vs MBCC New World Center. 3 pm at FIU.

Nov. 13-15, Sat.-Mon. - Women's Golf: Pat Bradley Invitational Golf Tournament. Key Biscayne Golf Course.

Nov. 18-21, Thurs-Sun. - Athletic Dept. Benefit Carnival. OE lawn.

been our biggest problem but I think we can play very well against Rollins."

Olsen plans to play in spite of his possibly broken foot.

"He's crazy," explained Edwards.

Along with Olsen, Bowman, who like Collins, is from Monrovia, Liberia, was recuperating from a foot injury suffered in the Florida Atlantic game.

"I'm letting them rest up before the Rollins game," said Kremser. "They should be well and able to go on Wednesday."

Unfortunately Paul Minott will not. Minott broke a leg early in the season and will be sidelined for a year.

"I'm red-shirted this season," said Minott who was looking at a possible pro draft this year before his injury. "I'll probably stay at FIU for next season."

With the way the season is adding up, the chances to beat Rollins and to receive a bid look pretty good after Saturday. But no one can be sure.

"You never know," said Kremser. "I thought we should have gotten a bid last year."

AMERICAN HERITAGE CELEBRATION

Florida International University

Program Outline Tamiami Campus



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Florida International University

Tuesday, November 16

12:00 noon Pep Rally
UH Area

12 noon-2:00 p.m. Marketing Fair
UH Forum Area

12:30 p.m. FIU Jazz Ensemble
Outside Rathskeller

Wednesday, November 17

12:00 noon Men's & Women's Basketball
PC Steps Area Team Exhibition

Thursday, November 18

11:30 a.m. Mini-Concert
UH Lawn Area B.G. Ramblers

11:00 a.m.-3:00 p.m. Olde Tyme Photographs by
UH W. Wall Judy Chins
\$4.00 per picture Dress Up in the old American Era's

12:00 noon Thanksgiving Luncheon
UH Area Carved Turkey, dressing, sweet &
\$2.50 (subsidized) mashed potatoes, peas, corn,
STUDENT PRICE pumpkin & apple pie, tea &
while they last. coffee. Tickets available UH 211.
\$3.75 (regular) Ticket Price

12:15 p.m. Kramer & Company
UH Forum A magic spectacular Magic workshop to follow show.

Thursday, November 18

6:00 p.m.-12:00 midnight Carnival

Friday, November 19

6:00 p.m.-12:00 midnight Carnival

10:00 p.m. 50's Dance
OE Carnival Stage WAXY: 106 FM SOLID GOLD
SHOW featuring GREG BUDSELL.

Saturday, November 20

12:00 noon-12:00 midnight Carnival

9:00 p.m. Country & Western Night
UH Bldg. Area Featuring Country Singer Mickey Carroll, Western Casino

Sunday, November 21

12:00 noon-12:00 midnight Carnival

3:00 p.m. FIU Orchestra for Young People
AT 100

Monday, November 22

12:00 noon Banana Splits
UH Forum Co-sponsored by the F.I.U.
\$1.00 Donation Childcare Center and Cheerleaders.

Tuesday, November 23

12:15 p.m. Locomotion
UH Forum Banana Splits
"Locomotion Vaudeville Circus"

Bay Vista Campus

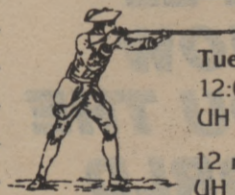
Tuesday, November 16—Tuesday, November 23
For more info. call 940-5680

Sunday, November 21

2:15-4:30 p.m. B.G. Ramblers (band)
Trade Center

4:45 p.m. Kramer and Company
Bay View Park Illusion and Magic Show
Magic Workshop after the show

Pie eating Contest
Prizes and Fun!



WAXY



Photo by Werner Bertsch

SCORE BOARD

Soccer: Nov. 5, Fri: FIU 5, Florida Southern 1.
Hermann-Josef Engels scored 2 goals. Greg Anderson scored two.

Nov. 6, Sat. FIU 5, Miami 1
Ben Collins scored 3 goals.
FIU is 11-3-1.

Volleyball: FIU d. Tampa, 15-10, 15-2, 15-2
FIU d. South Florida 15-1, 15-9, 15-10
FIU is 35-6

Women's Basketball: FIU 95, Edward Waters College 48

Women's Basketball

BILL RICH
Contributor

Speed, depth, size, desire and experience are qualities all basketball coaches yearn for in a team. For FIU's women's basketball coach Cindy Russo these are not mere fantasies. The Sunblazers are loaded with all of the above as they embark on the 1982-83 season.

Last Saturday night, at Miami Christian High School, the Sunblazers showed all the promise of the pre-season prognostication as they waltzed over Edward Waters College 95-48 in FIU's season opener.

The Sunblazers will see the majority of the 1981-82 team (5) returning. Of those five, four were starters a year ago. Bench strength was non-existent by the end of last season with only eight players suiting up. Therefore, quality depth was number one on the Russo shopping list when the recruiting wars began last spring.

Returning at guard are seniors Pat Felizzola (Paterson, NJ) and Jamee Houk (Bloomsburg, PA). Felizzola was FIU's answer to John Havlicek as she served the important "sixth man" role last season. Felizzola, though just 5'3", is fearless with a basketball in her hands. She takes it to the basket whether defenders are in her path or not. Houk is the complement needed in the backcourt, and a steady player who stays calm when the Sunblazers' running game isn't quite right. Houk is a good defensive guard who can go to the boards at either end and serve as a third forward.

Back at forward is All-American senior Karen Turnquest (Nassau, Bahamas). Turnquest averaged 23.4 points per game last year. She is not only the player the Sunblazers will look to in the clutch to score but is an athlete that wants the ball when the issue is in doubt. Turnquest has a good outside shot but her forte is rebounding and shooting from inside the lane. Though thought of as a scorer, her defense is more than adequate.

Russo says of center Kim Pellegrini (Tequesta, FL) "by the time she's a senior, she'll be one of the best centers in the country." At 6'3" and coming off a freshman season averaging 13.4 points, Pellegrini appears to be on her way to meeting her coach's expectations. As a rookie, she quickly established her presence in the middle at both ends of the court. She has a delicate shooting touch (rare for big centers), is a strong rebounder and gets more than her share of blocked shots. Her only roadblocks to progress are the need to gain experience and her tendency to injuries.

The other returning Sunblazer is sophomore guard Sharon Stotsbery (Miami, FL). Stotsbery played high school basketball on FIU's home court, Miami Christian. Stotsbery (5'8") saw little court time last year but should see more this season. Another returning player, senior Chaundra Timmons (Ft. Lauderdale) is currently sitting out the fall semester for academic reasons but will return in January.

Among Russo's newcomers are Lynette Richardson (Tampa, FL) and Cheryl Miller (Plantation, FL). Richardson, a freshman forward, is Russo's prime recruiting catch. A possible future All-American candidate, Richardson will start at forward opposite Turnquest. Miller is the backup center Russo needed to spell Pellegrini. If the big center continues to be plagued by injuries, Miller is most capable of handling the post chores.

Replacing Felizzola in the Havicek role is junior Lisa Spinosa (Weehawken, NJ). Spinosa, at 5'6", appears to combine the talents of the two guards she will back up (Felizzola and Houk).

Other new faces this season are juniors Loretta Risco (Pembroke Pines, FL), Rita Ivy (Miami) and Regina Hanshaw (also of Miami).

In 1981-82, the Sunblazers finished 27-10, won the state AIAW Division II championship and went to the AIAW national tournament. Before last year, FIU

had never won more than eight games in a season. With this new found success has come problems not of Russo's making. The 1982-83 schedule has 22 games on tap. Only seven are at home. Russo believes other schools in the region are avoiding the Sunblazers for fear of defeat. For example, Sunshine State Conference teams— Florida Southern, Eckerd and Tampa, who were on the schedule this year, cancelled. South Florida and Central Florida won't schedule FIU at all. The Sunblazers do have an attractive road slate, including defending Division II champion California Poly Pomona, but Russo would rather not live so much out of a suitcase.

Another cause of concern are the chances of receiving a post-season tournament bid no matter how impressive a record the Sunblazers compile. The Association of Intercollegiate Athletics For Women has ceased to exist. FIU is now a member of the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA). Their selection process is different than the AIAW. Instead of the Florida state champion receiving an automatic bid, there is no more state championship. Being an independent school, FIU must hope for either a nod as a top regional team or as one of nine at-large invitations. Seven conference champions receive automatic bids. Coming over from AIAW Russo sees FIU as "a new kid on the block" and fears politics precluding FIU.

In Saturday's victory over Edward Waters the Sunblazers were never pressed. With the score 7-4 FIU ran off a 12 point rush and the rout was on. FIU led 51-18 at the half and twice had leads of 52 points. Turnquest led the winners with 24 points while freshman Richardson tallied 22. Miller started at center for Pellegrini. The senior has been suffering from a hyper-extended right knee. Pellegrini did play about half the game and scored 6 points while Miller broke in with 11. Felizzola had been nursing a bruised tail bone but played effectively scoring 10 points.

FIU's next home game is December 4 against the University of Miami after a couple of road contests with Flagler and Armstrong State.

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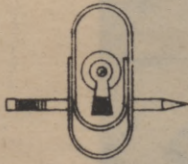
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COMMON GODS



Illustration by Erin Barber

How, pregnant with the semen of strangers,
Raped from birth, to deliver the night, this
Ugly child suspended, its foetal sac an atmosphere
Of thought and mother's holy excrement,
Into your lap. How even to persuade you to consider
Such things as these children of night singing;
Our mother sweet tomb, our father sweet tomb, or;
The day is dead, The day is dead, Embalm the flowers
In the sky, or other songs they seem too young
To have already known; to focus on their voices
Fading with the zephyrs of dusk stirring flags
With which both of us are perhaps unfamiliar.
How even to propel myself towards the task, merely
In its direction, not precluding an ending.

This is a night void of shepherds, lacking
Any pastoral qualities. It is a tickling threat
At the back of our necks. This night crawls
With cool, gloved fingers through the cracks,
Into rooms where the clown gods had just slept.
All this night long shoulders have eyes. Light is
Glowing lamps and glazed, unblinking headlights
Passing. The weak and hopeless, living in holes,
Grit their teeth against themselves, mourned
And mourning the day. There are no deep breaths
To clear the lungs in this city tonight, only
Sighs approximating such. A common night,
A nasty night, peopled with grief-stricken gods,
Small and grim, appearing from the steam of softly
Hissing side streets, joined by others, more and
More. Reckless intensity rules.

Odd channels crackle into broadcast, radioing
What's about to happen; dead news reborn nightly.
And there's music, everywhere the music, rolling
Up from down the road, like trucks roaring
In the distance; then there's no distance, only
The roar of an accident careening through
Human traffic, flooding the air, the wails
Of its victims integral to the roar of wreckage,
Of music.

In the tower tops up there near where the moon
Hasn't been for so long, is a family watching
t.v. God save them and their unit. Tell them not
To come down here without a flashlight
The size of the sun; not while their necks are
Tickling so. Tell them not to dare these small,
God-creatures they may find so strange and never
On the screen. Say to stay away from windows and
Bolt the doors while the grim gods gather, grow
And split, now walls and shadows, now shades, now
Only a vague, cloying scent, omnipresent and
Nowhere.

Out of synch, never quite on the up
Or down beat, expected yet unnerving, the first
Something breaks. A chain reaction; the heat,
Rolling reds and blues, scattered shadows clutching
A valuable or thing of curiosity. It sits the
Hungry hand easily. My gang, said the dying prophet,
Will get you.

It isn't easy to feel welcome here, but then
Nobody asked us to. The tight pattern of planes,
The vertical and horizontal city welcomes no one.
This night we walk with no one in the cyanide
Haze of the pavements, joined by others, more and
More, listening, listening for the sidewalk rustle
Of almost silent, small gods circling within the planed
Labyrinth, stalking us for the curio or thing of
Value to be hoarded or bartered or sold.

Just a step, a pivot, one of our endless,—
It always happens like this—and a mean god is
Revealed leaning against the bricks, his eyes
A death watch, varicose, grinning through us—
After all, who are we to such but transporters
Of the stuff—at a smaller god skittering
From chain link shivering to one of eternal alleys
Dropping his haphazard goods in the shade of
Another god absorbing him. Cycled. But let's not
Follow valuables to their decay, or curious
In endless, concentric circulation, let's not
Follow them.

We can no longer be invited to go our own way.
We have been taught with the efficiency of example,
Perhaps a scar or a queer curio of limited lifespan,
The city's simplest lesson, to learn to fear.
This is something we don't have the option to grow
Up and out of. It beckons the old ones, too,

W.E. Christensen

