

INTERNATIONAL

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

more fun at registration

FPIRG Seeks Funds

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

Students registering for the Spring Semester will be asked to donate \$2.50 to the Florida Public Interest Research Group (FPIRG).

Along with their registration forms, students will receive a document which they can sign authorizing the additional fee.

A petition signed by the majority of the FIU student body during the 1982 Spring Semester, and approved by FIU's administrative staff, forms the basis for the fee solicitation.

FPIRG is a student organized research advocacy organization. Their programs include consumer hotlines, price surveys, state-wide lobbying on housing and energy, and student-oriented consumer books such as *The Landlord Tenant Handbook* and *The Grocery Record Price Comparison*

Guide.

Recently, FPIRG helped convince Governor Graham to reject Interior Secretary Watt's Off-Shore Leasing Program.

Funds donated to FPIRG will be used to establish an on-campus office in the UH building, where a professional staff will aid students with campus and local issues.

Some FIU Student Government officials say FPIRG may not receive the total support of the student body until it can show some tangible results.

"High performance standards will be set for FPIRG," said Jorge Espinosa, SGA president. "If they don't perform, I won't allow them to solicit financial support during registration again. In other states similar groups have performed well. We just have to see how FPIRG performs."



Photo by Rick Gonzalez

Remember how much fun you had during the last registration?

Dubbin to Chair BOR

RIKKI LEMUR
Entertainment Editor

Miami lawyer and former legislator Murray Dubbin has been elected Chairman of the Florida Board of Regents. He will begin his chairmanship in January of 1983. Dubbin will succeed Tallahassee lawyer DuBose Ausley as the leader of the board.

The Florida Board of Regents (BOR) direct the state universities' activities. Other South Floridians on the 10-member board are attorneys Frank Scruggs of Miami and William Leonard of Fort Lauderdale.

Historically, the election of Dubbin is noteworthy since this is the first time in the 17 year existence of the

Florida BOR that the chairman has been a South Florida resident.

Dubbin will be serving as chairman during a crucial time in Florida's educational history. Not only is the educational system confronted with immense budgetary problems, but the state is striving for national recognition as a serious academic university system.

Dubbin and the other regents face the challenge of maintaining the strengths of the more established institutions while promoting the growth of the younger schools. Nine state universities comprise the regents' charges. In the past, there has been fierce competition

between them, each trying to insure its portion of the monetary pie.

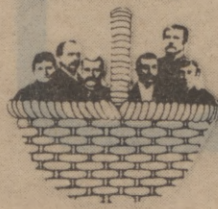
A Nov. 14 editorial in the *Miami Herald* states, "If Mr. Dubbin's election as chairman reflects the regents' recognition of the importance of the Southeast Florida area that they ignored for too long, then it's to be applauded...Dade legislators are determined as never before that past neglect must cease."

According to Dubbin, there has never been a more challenging time to be involved in the Florida educational system. "With the threatened revenue shortfall, we must never lose sight that our main goal is to develop the university system," he said.



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What's In Store
For You



What do bat-beaters,
Brigham Young U officials,
firemen and Thurston Howell
III have in common? They're all
in *Toad Flurries* on pg. 5

Bruce Kaplan serves up
more jazz, Deke Hauser en-
joys a good spread, and Guy
Hoderson gets plastered in
the *Laisure Suite* starting on
pg. 8.

On a more subdued level...
Chekhov's *The Seagull*
opens at FIU on Thanksgiving
Day. Philip Church provides
exposition on pg. 9
Also, a review of *The*
Dresser now playing in the
Grove.

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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.

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

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

Review Panel to Decide on FIU Architectural School

MARYBETH ACEVEDO
Managing Editor

An eight member independent review panel, composed of professional architects and educators will be at FIU November 15-16 to evaluate the school's viability as the site for a proposed School of Architecture.

Currently, FIU offers four undergraduate programs: architectural technology, construction management, construction engineering technology, and interior design, plus one graduate program, a Master of Science in Urban Systems.

Three of the undergraduate programs would be altered within the new school to offer degrees in professional architecture, building construction, and landscape architecture.

FIU is not the only contender for the School of Architecture. The

University of Florida and Florida State are competing also.

"There appears to be political support for USF in Tallahassee," said Iraj Majzub, Chairman of the FIU Construction Department.

Majzub believes that FIU is the logical choice for the new school.

"Architecture is essentially an urban profession, FSU and USF are suburban schools. There are few opportunities for students to get practical knowledge at these schools as little construction occurs in their areas," said Majzub.

In contrast, FIU's location is advantageous, as construction constitutes the second largest component of economic activity in South Florida.

According to the Construction Depart-

ment's self-study, the present course study material available at FIU compares well with the undergraduate programs at accredited schools. Thus, a school of architecture could be developed at FIU with the addition of just a few courses.

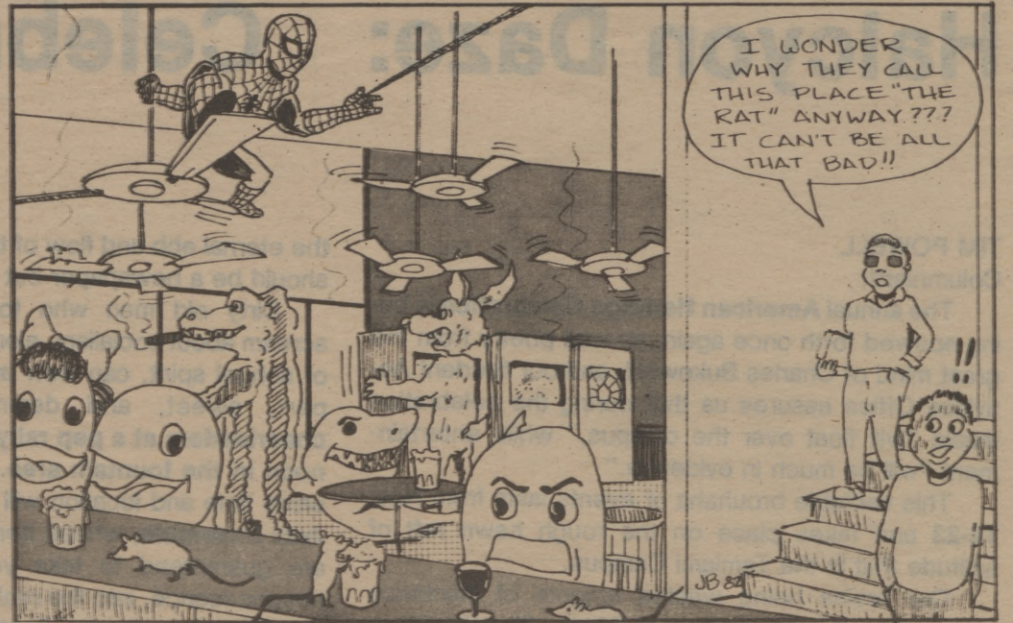
The self-study outlines a number of advantages offered by FIU as the proposed site for the new school.

•The developmental cost of a program at FIU is less than the cost of new programs elsewhere.

•FIU's Architectural Technology program is more in line with the recommendations of NCARB examination requirements.

•Entry requirements at FIU make it accessible to lower and middle income levels.

The review panel's decision will be submitted to the Board of Regents in January.



Rat Renovations

RICK GONZALEZ
SGA Correspondent

The UH building is undergoing a much needed face lift. The sound of hammers and the scent of fresh cement centering around the Rathskeller patio marks the beginning of the University House renovation project.

The patio of the Rathskeller is under renovation to improve seating capacity and outdoor atmosphere. The entire area from the exterior wall of the Rathskeller will be resurfaced with a decorative concrete pavement. Twelve tables are being added to the five tables already in use. A new canvas awning will roof the entire area, enabling students to eat outside when it rains. A chimney extending from the ceiling of the awning has been added to extract smoke from the hamburger stand at the east end of the patio.

A plan proposed by Tom Riley,

Student Union Coordinator, to relocate the gameroom from UH 243 to UH 210 was approved by the Board of Governors three years ago. FIU was not able to begin construction until now, because of insufficient funds.

In addition, a new reception room will be located in room 243. Room 243 is the largest room in the UH building and is now under construction until February. The new reception suite can seat 419 more people during a reception and 200 more during a banquet than the old reception suite in room 210.

"Signs will be posted to notify students. The gameroom will only be closed for two days. I do not think the relocation of the gameroom will be an inconvenience to anyone," stated Riley.

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—Rodney Dangerfield

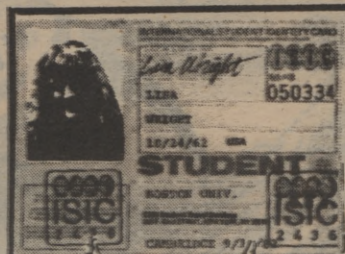
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There will be a presentation of Belly Dancing free to the public at 7 p.m. on Wed. Nov 17. The presentation will be held in the Rat, and United Way will be collecting donations from the audience.

Kramer and Company will perform a magic show free of charge Thurs. Nov. 18 in the UH Forum.

With his partner Judie, Kramer treats audiences to mysteriously produced live rabbits and birds, as well as "dissections" in a coffin-like box, and other death defying illusions.

Loco-Motion Vaudeville, a three person troupes featuring juggling, acrobatics and mime, will perform free of charge Tues, Nov. 23 at noon in the UH Forum.

Loco-Motion Vaudeville has performed throughout the world, including Paris, Amsterdam and Saudi Arabia, and was seen on ABC-TV's *Wide World of Sports* broadcasts from the 1976 Montreal Winter Olympics.

Spanish Feminist leader Lidia Falcon O'Neill will speak on women's rights Tues., Nov. 30 at 7:40 p.m. in AT 100.

O'Neill's lecture, free and open to the public, will be delivered in Spanish.

Lidia Falcon O'Neill, an attorney, journalist and author, is a founder of the Feminist Party in Spain. In 1976 she participated as an arbiter in a Tribunal of International Crimes Against Women held in Brussels, Belgium, and in the same year helped to found the monthly review, *Vindicacion Feminista*.

In addition to her work in behalf of women's rights, O'Neill has had articles on law and literature published in numerous periodicals, and is the author of several novels.

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Halcyon Daze: Celebrating America

TIM POWELL
Columnist!!!

The annual **American Heritage Celebration** is being spewed forth once again, as was poetry from the great mind of Charles Bukowski, and our Student Activities Office assures us that during the celebration music "will float over the campus," while entertainment "will be much in evidence."

This veritable brouhaha of events lasts from **Nov. 16-23** and takes place on the rough hewn raft of solitude that is the Tamiami Campus.

Our brains being wasted spigots of insolence toward the starving children of Sikkim, **Thanksgiving luncheons featuring turkey and other neat stuff will be served on both campuses Nov. 18.**

The ineffable and delicate mysteries of the past, like the Civil War and anthropomorphic clans advising you to buy fine Catadina products, will rise, Phoenix-like, before all that same when people dress up in clothing from the halcyon days of yore and **have old-time photos taken from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on the first floor of University House.**

A **carnival**- the Magna Mater of all carnivals- will materialize **Nov. 18-21 at the Owa Ehan (OE) parking lot** to benefit FIU athletics and contract perfectly into

the eternal ebb and flow of the daily slipstream, which should be a newspaper but isn't.

Dirty old men who fondle their crotches and scream about socialism, along with other appreciators of school spirit, can view and otherwise gaze at the pert, sweet, and damn-near voluptuous **FIU cheerleaders at a pep rally, which starts Nov. 16 at noon in the fountain area.** Also commencing at this same time and location will be a **concert by the FIU Jazz Ensemble**, whose penetralia of dextral rhythms are guaranteed to take you beyond sex, beyond detumescence, into the realm of the terrible smiling of the gargoyles who sit, Sphinx-like, in mute testament to sex and detumescence themselves, along with the **Great American Smoke Out**, brought to you by **The American Cancer Society**, which will feature Dolphin Denny, another paragon of terrible, smiling, and try to get smokers to stop their oral retentive habits for 24 hours.

All this Wacky Hijinks Aplenty will be accompanied by banjo music- for one day, anyway- when that searing sonic amalgam, **The B.G. Ramblers**, picks and grins its way into the synapses and sinews of those in the realm of the senses everywhere **Nov. 18 at 11:30 a.m. in the fountain area.**

The lurid, loud, concupiscent ramalamas of apocalyptically dissonant early rock 'n' roll will make the wastrel and insolent alike desire and even crave to share the miracle of physical love, or its reasonable facsimile, with the pert, sweet girl of their choice at a **Fifties Dance, Nov. 19 at 10 p.m. in the OE parking lot.**

By now, the excitement of the American Heritage Celebration has mounted to such a furious, headbanging fever pitch that to continue further would blow your bowels asunder or cause you to melt, margarine-like, into a Librium puddle of liquiscent drool. And we haven't even gotten around to the Magic Show, Banana Splits, the Vaudeville presentation or the Country and Western music night.

But let us now sit high above Hialeah, gazing into the dark, feckless blackness and pondering the meaning of it all, remembering that the American Heritage Celebration is not just a ripping good time but a way of life and (sez the Student Activities Office) "an appreciation of the personal freedoms guaranteed by the US Constitution," without which...

And if you, like all of us, still don't know what's going on, **call 554-2137 for further elucidation!**

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Stick with me kid, I'll make you a star...

Smokey is the Bandit, the new Jackie Gleason movie, is looking for more extras. They want to fill the Hialeah Speedway on November 19 with hoards and hoards of fun loving Miamians, ready and willing to watch Jackie Gleason's car get shot out of a cannon, and stunt driver Joie Chitwood do his stuff. They will be offering record albums, radios, free dinners for two and a raffle for a \$500 cash prize as an incentives for the lucky crowd. It all starts at 8 p.m. so if you have a hankering to see yourself on the silver screen, be there. Aloha.

Co-Op/Placement UH 340 FULL TIME

Tax Accountant position is available (N.Y. Stock Exchange Corp.). Must have Bachelor's in Accounting and two years experience (flexible). Salary: Low 20's.

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Local Hospital is seeking a Day Care Early Childhood Education. Salary: \$11,500-\$14,000/yr.

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Sales position is open - entails demonstrating a new product in the health/physical fitness field. Hours: weekends, 12 noon to 3 p.m. Salary: \$4.50/hr. and commissions.

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

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DEVILED CHICKEN

KAREN J. KLINE
Contributor

Being a college student with limited funds does not mean that you have to reduce your diet to potatoes, rice, and pastas. There are many foods that are inexpensive from which you can devise tasty, nutritious and appealing dishes. Cooking tasty food does not mean you have to use French truffles and veal medallions.

If you are a busy student and don't find yourself with the time to spend hours in the kitchen playing the Galloping Gourmet, there are many recipes that are quick and easy and may even be prepared in one step. On the other hand, if you do have the time, be adventurous! Don't be afraid to cook either for yourself or your girl/boy friend.

Today's trend is to include less red meats in the diet. Chicken is a popular food among students. It is inexpensive and can be prepared without a lot of know-how. An important thing to remember is that a meal should include ingredients from the four basic food groups: meat or fish, dairy, fruit and vegetable, and starch. These four groups working together form complete proteins. Starches alone are incomplete proteins and don't give the nutrition needed to keep an active student on the go.

I have included here a recipe which is easy to prepare, and will utilize many ingredients already found in your home. It is great for one person and a delightful dish to prepare for a friend. Bon Appetit!

Deviled Chicken

1 Broiler-fryer chicken (1½-2 lbs.)
1½ c. of water
1 tsp. salt
½ c. flour
1 tsp. paprika
½ tsp. pepper
¼ c. butter or margarine
1½ tsp. prepared mustard
½ T. Worcestershire Sauce
½ T. minced onion
½ tsp. salt

Wash chicken; pat dry. Simmer wings, necks and giblets in water with 1 tsp. salt for 30 min. or until tender; drain; reserve broth; chop giblets. Combine flour, paprika, and 1 tsp. salt and

the pepper in a plastic bag; add chicken; shake until well coated. Reserve any remaining flour mixture. Melt butter or margarine in a large skillet; saute chicken until golden on all sides; place in a 2 quart casserole baking dish and add giblets. Stir 1 T. of reserved flour mixture into the skillet which you cooked the chicken in; add mustard, worcestershire, onion, ½ tsp. salt and 1 cup of the chicken broth. Heat until thick and bubbly; add to chicken; bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes.

A good idea would be to serve this dish with either baked potatoes or white rice. An added attraction is broiled tomato. Just cut a medium sized tomato in half, top with bread crumbs and parmesan cheese, and bake for 10 to 20 minutes at 350 degrees.

Toad Flurries



TIM POWELL
Columnist

Beat on the bat

From our Directly From a Hunter Thompson Drug Fantasy to You Department comes a report from the U of Texas where thousands of hairy, rabid bats invaded the campus ("flying and squeaking through the hallways," sez the campus rag) causing much consternation and shock among the rather unsuspecting student populus. These bats were flying through on their annual migration, innocently contemplating the hot 'n' kinky batsex the impending bat mating season had in store for them, when they were greeted in the hallways by a buncha violence-crazed Texans. Holy *Clockwork Orange!* Almost 1,500 bats were pushed off their mortal coils by Texans bearing brooms, nets, tennis racquets and .410 gauge shotguns. They're even gonna shoot cyanide into the bats' roosting area to prevent them from freaking out future generations of students. And what are the bats doing about this?! Letting this grim batocide continue! Letting their poor, cyanide riddled bat bodies plop to the ground! What a way to have your mating season called off! Will you be able to find out the answers to these and other questions by tuning in next week, same bat-time, same bat-channel? Not likely.

All the young nudes

Brigham Young U officials are distressed by what they see as a rise in decadence and immorality (and, by George, ain't it fascinating how Brigham Young officials are never anything but distressed by rises in decadence and immorality?), especially after a group of subversive students assaulted the officials' sensibilities to get the notoriously neanderthalic BYU dress code changed. However, despite the changes, the code still bans such wearing apparels as swimsuits, sweatsuits, gym clothes, thongs, dresses with slits or hemlines above the knee, cut-off jeans and (for women only, we presume) "the braless look." As usual, the officials' blamed the lack of any real change on some bureaucratic higher-up ("These clothing distinctions have their origin in God's eternal plan for men and women!" spoke one bigwig) and attempted to hide their own lack of sexual identity ("We think women should look like women and men like men!" saith another). We here at Toad Flurries suggest mandatory complete nudity for all students and faculty as a solution to this pressing problem.

Flashed before their eyes

Several U of Alabama women have alleged that a Tuscaloosa fireman forever besmirched and filthified their virginal minds by exposing himself in their presence. This traumatic event occurred after firemen answered a false alarm in the wee hours of the morning. The girls were so shocked at the fireman's offending anatomy that they had his partner haul him away and got the police to investigate. We here at Toad Flurries suggest that the flasher was just comparing himself to the firehose.

Fear and loathing under the influence

We here at Toad Flurries (TF) were pretty damn taken aback a few weeks ago when our official TF accountant, Thurston Howell III (noted former castaway) went to Georgia to explore the source of mind-altering red clay and dedicate the 800-foot high monument to Ted Turner's ego when he was arrested for trying to violate an exhaust pipe while publicly drunk. So we here at Toad Flurries girdled our loins and got our legal advisor Guy "Black Flag" Hoderson to write a testament to Mr. Howell's exemplary personal habits, a testament which will be used at Mr. Howell's trial next week. And as a public legal service, here it is.

"To the court: It was with great shock and utter dismay that I learned of this despicable attempt to lay this bum rap on Mr. Howell. Thurston happens to be one of the most law-abiding, God-fearing people I've ever had the pleasure of having coitus interruptus with and his hard-earned cash can be put to better use than feeding some grifter of a Georgia cop.

"You ask if Thurston drinks? Let me answer that question by way of your response to this one: Do you get a hard-on when some ravishing Moonflower Girl comes before you on morals charges? Tell me you don't quietly relish the tales of bondage and analingus that you drag out of her in the name of "justice." So the flesh is weak? Big fucking deal.

"There will come a time when more enlightened minds will prevail and free spirits like Thurston won't be harassed by old farts like you, Your Honor. Until that time, I remain yours respectfully, Lovey."

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MONKEY-LUNG REVIEW

Tumbling
After

"He threw out all my pots and pans."

My mother opened the door to meet us as we walked up the five steps to the small brick porch. The panic was barely noticeable in her eyes and her voice. She wore her good shoes and earrings, which meant she was dressed up under her old cobbler apron.

"All my pots and pans. I had them for twenty-nine years." She took the baby out of my arms and reached out to kiss Alec and Jenny.

"Look Jenny, here's Grandpa." Alec led Jenny across the worn living room, toward my father who sat in his favorite chair, with his gout-swollen foot propped up on a footstool, a scarf on his neck, a blanket on his lap, although the house was warm.

"They were old pots and pans. No good anymore. I bought her a whole set of new ones. Bright orange. You can see them better."

"Hi Dad. How are you feeling?"

He shrugged my question away. I bent to give him a hug and a kiss. His bald freckled head was the only smooth skin left. His eyes looked more glassy and bulged than last time. Each time we came everything looked older and smaller than I remembered. Especially my father. He turned to look down at Jenny and the baby, Nancy, who crawled around in circles in a frenzied effort to use up the energy she had accumulated during the two-hour drive.

We had come down from our home in the Catskills to spend Thanksgiving with my parents. They lived in the old empty house with only my mother's bachelor brother who had never been much company. Our visit was a yearly ritual. Other times they took the Short Line bus and came to visit us for a week or so at a time. But each Thanksgiving we came for the day. We wound down through the mountains on the New York State Thruway, over the Tappan Zee Bridge, through Westchester, the Bronx and Manhattan, then finally into Brooklyn. The trees were bare when we left home, their bright burnished leaves having fallen by Halloween; but as we drove into the city most trees were still green, though the landscape was grey. My parents lived in Flatbush not far from Sheepshead Bay.

"They're fat. They must be good eaters," my father said as he patted Jenny's curls. He summoned Alec closer with a crook of his finger.

"Jill was a terrible eater. We used to sing and dance when we fed her so she would forget she was eating. Ugh! Was she skinny." He looked me over. "Does she eat okay now?"

"Sure she does. Like a pig." Alec winked at me over my father's head.

"Pork isn't kosher. Don't bring it into this house." He poked a finger up into the air and made a small circle for emphasis. Then he looked at the children. "Which one is older?"

"Don't you remember, Jack? I told you this morning." My mother rolled her eyes toward the ceiling. "Jennifer is almost four and Nancy is eleven months."

"Of course I remember," he snapped. "I remember when they were born. Was I there?"

"Yes, you were there."

"Sure. Where else would I be?" He turned toward me. "I remember when you were born. New Year's Eve and snowing. Not a taxi in sight. A doctor in a tuxedo. What timing." We all shared a laugh for the first time that day.

I followed my mother into the kitchen. Bright orange pots and pans, hissing crackling sounds and sweet smells of her cooking surrounded me. I knew exactly what was in the oven, what was in each covered

pot on top of the stove. Vegetable soup with dumplings and fricassee in the kettles on the large burners. On the smaller ones, pots of vegetables; peas with mushrooms in one pan, carrots in the other. Hidden behind the oven door, a huge stuffed turkey and a pan of candied sweet potatoes, covered with toasty marshmallows. On the table, wrapped in tinfoil, two cakes--a fruitcake for my father, and a sour cream cake, my favorite. Nine eggs and a pint of sour cream.

"How are you managing, Mom?"

"Some times better than others." She dipped her ladle into the largest pot and stirred. "Here, taste some fricassee. Last week I thought he was better, but then I came home from the butcher's and my pots and pans were gone. Every last one." Her agitation grew as she went on. "I hope the food will taste the same." She glanced at the shiny new cookwear with doubt.

"Oh, it smells great, and the fricassee is delicious, Mom. Just the same as always."

"I can deal with the sickness. It's his craziness that gets me so nervous. He calls people on the phone to fight with them, people he hasn't seen in thirty years. Some of them don't even remember who he is. The milkman rang the doorbell at five-thirty yesterday morning to tell me that Dad was up at the corner in his bathrobe. I found him there yelling at the people driving by to go home and get some sleep. And his smoking. He falls asleep sitting up with cigarettes in his mouth. Just look at these holes in the kitchen floor. One night he'll burn the house down."

watching a football game, so engrossed that he didn't see that Jenny was in the fish tank up to her elbows and Nancy was eating the contents of an ashtray. Her hands and face were smeary black with ashes. Small flecks of tobacco stuck to the corners of her mouth.

My father had fallen asleep where he sat, head flopped forward onto his chest, mouth open, jaw slack. A thin line of dribble ran down his chin. I wiped him dry with the washcloth I had brought in for the baby. He opened his eyes but they were dull, glazed over. Long seconds later he closed his mouth. He couldn't yet muster up the effort needed to raise his head.

"Call Uncle Arthur down for dinner." My mother gave orders in a last-minute flurry of activity. I went to call him while Alec went to get the extra chairs.

Uncle Arthur hardly spoke to anyone and came out of his room only for meals. He had no interest at all in other people. He was just the opposite of my father, who worried too much about everyone, even strangers in their cars in the middle of the night. Uncle Arthur lived only for food and trashy detective novels. My brother and I used to steal them to read sometimes, before we outgrew them. He had them stored in cardboard cartons under his bed, their covers all the same; a man with an oversized gun in the foreground, hat tilted over one eye, cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth; a half-undressed voluptuous woman in the background, usually in a reclining position.

As we came in to dinner, my father seemed somewhat revived. He struggled up from his chair and balanced himself on the floor with some difficulty, but then seemed to gain strength as he inspected the table.

"Where's the salt shaker?" he bellowed.

"You know you're not supposed to have it." My mother always tilted her head to one side and put her hands on her hips when she defied him.

"Get me the salt. It's Thanksgiving!"

She got him the salt. He sat at the head of the table with Jenny at his right and Alec at his left. I sat between Jenny and Nancy, who was chewing on a crust of bread and banging on the metal tray of her hi-chair with her free hand.

"She's got good rhythm." He loved it when we laughed at his jokes. "Do their shoes fit right?" He ran his thumb and middle fingers around the outside perimeter of Jenny's shoes, to be sure there was room for her toes. He had sold shoes for forty-nine years, retiring only after he was robbed at gunpoint twice and beaten up the last time.

"They fit and they're Stride-Rite. The best." He gave me a nod of approval. "Does my daughter behave herself, Alec?"

"Of course she does, Dad."

"That's good. Boy, did she give me trouble when she was growing up. The things she brought into this house. Chinese food, boys, even lipstick. And then she moved out. Her own apartment. A big shot! It's a good thing you married her."

My mother stood at the sideboard and ladled soup into bowls. I brought them to the men and children at the table. Uncle Arthur began eating immediately, like a robot. You couldn't tell whether the spoon propelled the arm or the arm propelled the spoon.

"Jeffy didn't call yet?"

"He called. You spoke to him."

"What did I say?"

"The same as always. Stay away from drugs and hippies."

"That's good advice."

Alec gave me a prodding look. It was time to take the plunge.

"We had a nice long letter from Sherry, Dad. She sounds so happy. She really loves him."

"Love? What does she know about love. Your mother wiped her bottom and I walked the floors with her all night when she had earaches. Now she lives with a painter. In Colorado."

"Is he a housepainter or an artist?" Alec was trying to be helpful.

"What difference does that make? She lives with him in Colorado. He's a painter. Like Hitler."

We cleared away the soup plates and served the fricassee, a marvelous conglomeration of meatballs with chicken necks, wings and giblets, all browned first, then simmered in tomato paste. We all loved it. I had taken the recipe and tried to make it, but somehow it was never the same.

"I made a big pot full, Jill. You can take home what's left."

"Don't give her all of it." That was the only thing Uncle Arthur said throughout the entire meal. My father put down fork and glared across the table.

The meal was completed. My mother and I cleared away the dishes. The baby napped while Jenny spread out on the livingroom rug with crayons and paper. Only my father and Alec remained at the table.

"How's the law business, Alec?"

"Oh, pretty good, Dad. Real estate's been very active lately."

"That's good, I like real estate. I own this house. Free and clear. Tell me, do you get many criminals?"

"Not too many."

"Watch out for criminals. Sometimes they're not honest. Jeffy didn't call yet."

My mother was happy as we cleaned up the kitchen. She loved having us visit with the children and her big meal had been a success.

"Wait 'til he gets to the ties."

"What ties?" I was baffled. She laughed.

"You know how Daddy loves a bargain. Poor Alec."

We were getting the children into their pajamas and ready to leave when he remembered.

"Where are the ties? Bring them in. I almost forgot."

As my mother went to get them, he lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Don't worry about Mother. Jill. I'll take care of it."

"What do you mean, Dad?" I was surprised by his sudden urgency. He put his hands on my shoulders the way he did when I was much younger. I always used to feel that he was giving me strength with his support, but now it seemed the other way around. We sat down together on the tired brown corduroy loveseat.

"What do I mean? Don't you see how nervous she acts sometimes? I don't know what it's from, but maybe I'll take her to see the doctor. I just want you to know that I'm still in charge here. I can take care of her."

"I know that, Dad. You always took care of all of us."

"You're damned right."

My mother brought in three large paper bags overflowing with ties in nightmare colors and patterns. She put them on the low table in front of my father. He dipped in to pull one out, a bright purple one, with yellow triangles and chartreuse stars sprinkled liberally over it. He held it out toward Alec.

"Here, you can wear this one when you go to court. It'll look real snappy with your dark blue suit. How do you like them? A hundred and thirty-four ties, a quarter apiece." He beamed with pride.

"Gee thanks, Dad." Alec scratched his head. He didn't know what to say. "So many ties."

"You don't have to wear them all." My father was becoming expansive in his generosity. "You can give some to Jill to dust with. Here. Look at this red one with the fox heads. Do you ever go hunting?"

"No, Dad."

"Oh well. You can wear it this winter when you shovel the snow."

Alec loaded up the car as we said our goodbyes. The last thing I heard my father say as we walked down the porch steps carrying two sleepy children was, "Jeffy didn't call yet."

As we drove through the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel and back out onto the streets of Manhattan, the street lamps were swimming in front of my eyes. Alec reached over to squeeze my hand from time to time when the traffic was light. The baby was asleep in her car seat. Jenny curled up on the rest of the back seat with her favorite doll and blanket. The bright orange pot of fricassee was on the floor at my feet, the three bags of ties safe in the trunk with the hi-chair, which rattled over every bump in the road all the way home.

Michelle Gersten



Kein halber hund



More
Jazz

BRUCE KAPLAN
Music Editor

There are highly proficient, exciting musicians creating jazz which hovers around the harmonic and rhythmic conventions of the music while eschewing the commercial concessions which mark the most popular music currently passing as jazz. If mellow muddle is your listening pleasure you probably don't have ears for Parker, Mingus, or Monk, but if you're interested in solid, swinging contemporary jazz rooted in masters such as these, read on. It's not as easy to see Ira Sullivan—the towering figure of

South Florida's jazz scene—perform locally as it was five or six years ago. Sullivan is an immensely talented performer by any standards, with a mastery of both reeds and trumpet that defies the laws of science. He lived here through the 60s and the 70s in what seemed a self imposed exile from the major jazz centers, where he had apparently attained a mythic stature. Only in 1980 did he begin to travel, touring with trumpeter Red Rodney (an alumnus of Charlie Parker's quintet) and receiving wildly enthusiastic notices everywhere.

Sullivan and Rodney's most recent LP is *Spirit Within*, on Elektra/Musicalian. It's the sort of varied repertoire throughout which Sullivan prefers, ranging from a lilting, latin tinged "Sophisticated Yenta" to ballads to driving, post-bop modernism. The music is first rate throughout. My own favorite "Crescent Tempo," on which the two principals rave it up with rapid fire flugelhorn exchanges. Pianist Garry Dial (who contributed four originals) and former Miamian Steve Bagby both provide crisp, solid support and lean solo work.

Elaborations, alto saxophonist Arthur Blythe's fifth album on Columbia, presents the leader's very singular music to a hopefully growing audience. In Blythe's quintet there is no bassist, the bottom being laid out by Abdul Wadud's pizzicato cello and Bob Stewart's tuba. The tuba in particular fits extraordinarily well with Blythe's jaunty swaggering alto. This is a vibrant music which, while showing an awareness of post-Ornette Coleman freedom, has its foundations firmly in the jazz tradition. Recommended.

Next week...Chico Freeman, wunderkind tenor saxophonist.



West End Hit opens in the Grove:

The Dresser

JEFF HAMMOND
Contributor

Set in 1942 wartime Britain, *The Dresser* is full of parables and analogies of conflict on both an individual and a global scale. Opening to sounds of an air raid in a small, regional theatre in the provinces, this play within a play allows us to eavesdrop on the almost parasitic interrelationship of a fading actor and his valet. Although *The Dresser*, a London hit since 1980 now making its Florida premier at the Players State Theatre in Coconut Grove, stars Jose Ferrer in the role of Sir (the actor), the true focal point is his dresser Norman (Michael Tolaydo).

The theme of the play is set early. The acting company has been decimated by the war and the draft, nevertheless, it continues nightly to bring Shakespeare to the masses. Its actor-manager, Sir (an ironic and paradoxical term since he aspires to knighthood but has been passed over) is ill and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He has never missed a performance, however, and leaves the hospital to struggle on at the theatre. Curt, sarcastic, and cynical, Sir lapses into a crying, near-catatonic state.

His doting assistant, Norman, manages to hold things together. He is prissy and effeminate, but the question of his possible homosexuality is not important to the play. He is impish, exuberant, positive and cajoling. He quotes Shakespeare from memory and could undoubtedly be a star on the stage in his own right. He has found his niche, however, catering to the crusty and vain Sir. For him the importance of doing things right is the basis of his day to day existence: "One must not make a decision; one must make the right decision."

Through Norman's urgings Sir manages to fight off his fears and continue with the show, which on this evening is *King Lear*. It is not without significance that on this, perhaps the most important performance he will give, Sir must play possibly the most demanding Shakespearean role. The interplay between Norman and Sir and the expression of their values, allows the audience to alternately laugh, hate, hope, and reflect.

For Sir every evening is a new battle. This is brought home by the sounds of bombs falling in the background. Although this is the 427th time he has played *Lear*, he still cannot remember his opening lines and requires prompting from Norman. For Sir the audience is the enemy that must be won over. As he asks Norman, "Do they care? I hate the swine."

For Norman, a full house in the theatre is not necessary. If need be, he would act for only one person. When her Ladyship (Brenda Curtis) asks, "Who really cares if he acts or not?" Norman answers, "There is bound to be someone." Sir has bravado; Norman has strength. Sir has pride; Norman has dignity. Norman is a modern day Sancho Panza.

While Sir has no identity without a part to play, Norman needs Sir as a foil to create his own identity. This love/hate relationship of the jilted lover comes to the fore in the second act. Shortly into the beginning of the second act, we know that this must be Sir's last performance. The question is will he die or quit.

The Dresser is a serious play with comic interludes (although Ferrer's entrance as *Lear* in Act II is too slapstick). Its themes of winning and losing and of struggling on in the face of adversity, failure and unattained goals are those which the audience can identify. *The Dresser* is what the live stage should be—

theatrical and entertaining. Michael Tolaydo in the lead role does a spectacular job in a marathon performance. It is an exhausting role in which he virtually never stops moving on the stage. Jose Ferrer, with one of the best known and best suited voices in the theatre, is outstanding in his demanding role as the cantankerous, disheveled and yet sympathetic Sir. An interesting touch is Ferrer's use of make-up and his on-stage transformation into *Lear*. Special mention should go to Betty Leighton who plays Madge, the stage manager. Although a small role, it is critical in setting tone and background and she does it well.

The set designer (David Trimble) employs a stage within a stage which is intriguing. One should be aware, however, that a good portion of significant action in Act Two takes place to the audience's right on stage left. Make an effort to sit in the center or left side of the theatre.

One significant criticism is the background sound of wartime. This noise is far too loud, particularly in the back rows. Since we are unaccustomed to British accents, the audience must listen with almost painful care. The background noise is disconcerting and interferes with the actors, particularly in the first ten minutes. Be it the acoustics of the theatre or the loudspeakers placed behind the last row, one is advised to sit no further back than row T.

The Dresser is well done and should not be missed. It will be at the Coconut Grove Playhouse, 3500 Main Highway through November 28. Performances begin at 8:15 p.m. Tuesday through Sunday with 2:00 p.m. matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Tickets range between \$8.25 and \$15.00. Call the box office at 442-4000 for information.

The Seagull



Photo by Theraid Todd

PHILLIP CHURCH
Contributor

"Just imagine, I'm writing a play which I'll finish probably not earlier than the end of November. I'm writing it with pleasure, though I sin terribly against the conventions of the stage. It is a comedy with three female and six male parts, a landscape, much talk about literature, little action and tons of love." Less than a month later, Chekhov had completed *The Seagull*. "I began it forte and finished it pianissimo— against all the rules of dramatic art."

Chekhov recognized a desperate need to purge the theatre of a cosmetic theatricality. An ostentatious realism had reigned throughout the nineteenth century, which spawned a gross melodramatic style in *mise en scene* and acting. However, his first play, *Ivanov*, upheld many of the old conventions, and was hailed a success. Experimenting with his next play, *The Wood Demon*, (later revised under the title of *Uncle Vanya*) Chekhov faced public failure

as he attempted to reduce the use of contrived plot and action for the sake of greater character and relationship development. Five years later he regained the courage to tackle a process of synthesis, and *The Seagull* emerged. Hastily produced at the Alexandrinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg, it proved an utter disaster. Had it not been for the belief of the great Nemirovich-Danchenko and Stanislavsky, Chekhov's career as a playwright might have remained stunted. Presented by the newly formed Moscow Arts Theatre in 1896, it was an immediate success. Encouraged by this moral rejuvenation, Chekhov continued writing for the company. A seagull became the company emblem, in gratitude to Chekhov's efforts.

For the first time in theatre history actors could stand or sit with their backs to the audience! Stanislavsky, Danchenko and Chekhov, unperturbed by the cries of scandal, advanced along the path of naturalism. The deliberate use of symbolism stunned the St. Petersburg audience, but was readily accepted by the intelligentsia of

Philip Church's thoughts on 'The Seagull'

Moscow. Calling it "Ibsenism" Chekhov's literary enemies quickly made use of the opportunity to demoralize these "new art forms" calling it "revolutionary theatre." Both Trigorin and Trepliov in *the Seagull* articulate the frustrations of the playwright himself. The representation of simple, ordinary people involved in a complicated four triangle relationship, plus an off-stage suicide which denied the usual pre-death speech, was a flagrant contravention of nineteenth century theatrical expectations. Yet Chekhov strove for a theatrical synthesis, a process of refinement that has been championed by playwrights up to the present day. One discovers coincidental parallels with the works of Sartre and Beckett, not to mention the obvious parallels with Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. A central theme in *The Seagull* is that of Man-in-Transition, a transition both morally and spiritually brought about by major political changes in Russia. It is the purely existential state of Man during this transition with which Chekhov is concerned. Although there are departures and arrivals during the course of the play, one is reminded of the Sartrian *No Exit* situation; characters fixed by other characters in a dead-end stalemate. Shamrayev, perhaps aware of this condition, only increases his position by refusing anyone the use of the only means of transport to town— the horses.

In *The Seagull* Chekhov highlights the theme of moral and ethical degeneration in Man's personal synthesis from childhood to old age. The play hinges on a cyclical formation. He places this within a visual metaphor of Thepliov's stage platform in Act I; from the exuberant hope and idealism of youthful creation to the bare bones of a neglected temple. As Man comes to his own private state of bare bones so he is able to "see" himself more clearly. Chekhov's ability to bring about a theatrical synthesis in his own work, arrived through his talent for minute observation, making the unimportant important. He saw the error of the Russian Bourgeois way, his feeble inability to rise above a self-acclaimed defeat, and it was out of this that he fashioned his inimitable brand of humour, more widely termed, Chekhovian Comedy. The posterity of future writers will undoubtedly remain indebted to this great man of literature, for he has shown us the significant complexity of life's most insignificant simplicity.

Editor's note: Philip Church is the director of the upcoming FIU presentation of 'The Seagull.'

SHOW TIMES

Nov 25-27, and Dec 2-4; curtain: 8 p.m.,
in DM 150. FIU students get in FREE!
Call 554-2895 for more information.

WINE

German Vintage



GUY VERNON HODERSON
Contributor

In addition to their exports of Mercedes Benz automobiles to Gables Estates and low key citizenry to Argentina, the venerable German Republic also sends the Americas a generous sampling of their vintners' finest wines. Although the Blue Nun herself may have taken flight to the realm of Ian Curtis, Ernest Hemingway, and Dave Garroway, the bottles she graced continue to be guzzled by gourmets from Dania to Tavernier. For, in vivid contrast to this reviewer, German wines are anything but tasteless.

If you were weaned on *Thunderbird*, and *MD 20-20*, then refine your tastes by moving up to *Boone's Farm*. German wines might just be a good next step in your quest for acceptance at company picnics and faculty gatherings. Here's why. We all know what we're really in for when someone serves up one of those \$10 plus (*Mise en Bouteilles Au Chateau*) dry French wines. You have to sip it— wishing you had some ice or Seven Up,—the damn stuff's so bitter— and then try to come up with an enlightened comment about the bouquet or the ear or how a friend of yours got divorced because his wife broke a bottle of 1953 *Chateau Margaux*. German wines are different. They are distinctly

sweeter (especially the best- the ones they sell at Winn Dixie, the only ones I bother with) and you can chug it down quickly enough to get well looped. These wines are best served with their traditional accompaniments: *Cheese Whiz* and *Pigs in a Blanket*.

So here's some cocktail party chatter to impress the bigwigs, in the tradition of Cappy Dick's *Fun Facts to Know and Tell*.

The premier grape of Germany is the Riesling. It is grown in the three main wine producing regions along the Rhine. Rheingau is a twenty mile stretch along the east bank known for its extraordinary white wines. Rheinhessen, on the west bank, produces wine generally regarded as richer and softer than those of the Rheingau. Rheinpfalz, also on the west bank, is protected by the Haardt Mountains and is known for its rich, spicy dessert wines.

And here's a real show stopper: *Liebfraumilch*, as it happens, is not a specific wine but a name which can refer to any wine that comes from the Rhine vineyards.

Free feel to pull these juicy tidbits out of your hat whenever you please, but I'd feel most secure if jug wines are being served and your host's idea of a classy joint is *Beefsteak Charley's*.

Let's Thai One On

DEKE HAUSER
Critic-At-Large

Bangkok is the capital of Thailand. *Bangkok* is a type of rooster who crows like a string of firecrackers going off. *Bangkok* is what most men try to avoid doing when playing team sports. *Bangkok* is also the name of one of the best restaurants in the vicinity of the Bay Vista Campus.

Located at 163 St. and Biscayne Blvd. the *Bangkok* not surprisingly is serving the cuisine of Thailand. The appetizers were truthfully one of the finest collections of mouth watering delights that the Deke has ever run into (with the possible exception of a group of 16 year old Swedish girls who were running a massage parlor on a house boat moored

on the Tamiami canal across from El Lobo's finishing school).

The Squid Salad \$5.75, was one of the finest found anywhere. Delicately scored slices of squid are tossed with onions, carrots and cabbage and seasoned with ginger and lemon grass. The *Beef Satay* \$4.95, was an ample serving of skewered beef slices which the diner cooked on a miniature hibachi then dipped into a splendid peanut sauce.

Among the entrees were some equally impressive offerings. The *Mussels* \$7.75, were fantastic. Huge and cooked to perfection they were served with a garlic,lemon, ginger and pepper sauce that was a work of genius. The *Duck* \$10.99, was also a winner. The *Gai Yang*

\$7.75, is a half chicken that is first marinated in curried sherry then broiled and is served with sauteed vegetables. This chicken is also blessed with a sweet and sour sauce that is so good I almost wanted to cry. *Pad Rom Mit* \$7.95, is a mixture of slices of beef, pork and chicken cooked with garlic and fresh vegetables in a delicious tomato based sauce that is also outstanding.

The custard we had for dessert was not surprisingly just a little this side of Heaven. Believe me Bay Visters, the friendly and attentive staff plus the great food make the *Bangkok* a must for anyone who is hungry or heading for a late night trip at the New Haven Motel. I can't wait to eat there again. 5½ tines.



UM Wins Golf Tournament

MARCIA CUMMINGS
Sports Editor

Although Florida International was closing in, the University of Miami maintained a steady lead to win the 15-team Pat Bradley Golf Invitational this past weekend at the Key Biscayne Golf Course.

FIU, who hosted the annual tournament, came from sixth place after the first round to finish second.

The low first-round scores of UM golfers Penny Hammel and Donna Cusano put UM in the lead with 290 after the first day of the three day tournament, and out of reach of the ambitious Sunblazers. Hammel took the individual lead with a first round score of 4-under 69. Cusano shot 71 to tie for second.

At an 18-over 310, FIU was tied for sixth with the University of South Carolina. After the second round, FIU moved to third place with a 613 stroke total— 10 back from leader UM.

Furman's Joan Ellis moved ahead of Hammel and FIU's Mary Beth Zimmerman moved into a three-way tie for third.

The Sunblazers were on the move but time ran out. In spite of an FIU low-team score in the final round, UM maintained its lead and took first place with a total 911. FIU at 916, came in second. Ohio State finished third with a 921 and Furman was fourth with 928.

The individual title appeared to be a close fight between Hammel and Ellis in the final round.

The day started with Ellis leading at 2-under 144 and Hammel second at 146.

"The two fought it out all day," said Ken Juhn,

the FIU coach.

The the University of North Carolina's Page Marsh, who had started the day at 151, made up 8 shots to move ahead of both Ellis and Hammel. Marsh shot a 5-under 68 for a stroke total of 219 and left the two to play-off for second.

"Ellis was in command until the 9th hole," Juhn said. "She ran into trouble when she hit a ball into a water hazard and had a double bogey 6."

Hammel was in a position to win but bogied the 15th, 16th and 17th holes to finish one shot back according to Juhn.

Zimmerman finished third with a 221. Cathy Kratzert from Ohio State came in fourth with 222 and UM's Donna Cusano was one-shot back for fifth.

In spite of his team's second place finish, Juhn termed the tournament a "success" and was pleased with the results.

"It was well worth the effort," said Juhn, who had attracted major NCAA Division I teams to the sixth annual event. Part of the attraction was the free housing and transportation provided by area hotels and automobile dealers. "This tournament couldn't have been a success without their support," Juhn said.

"All the teams thought they received outstanding hospitality and want to come back," Juhn continued. He hopes to see the tournament become an annual event at Key Biscayne.

By moving the tournament to Key Biscayne, dropping the junior college division and restricting the invitations to the better golf schools, Juhn hoped to give the Pat Bradley major intercollegiate status.

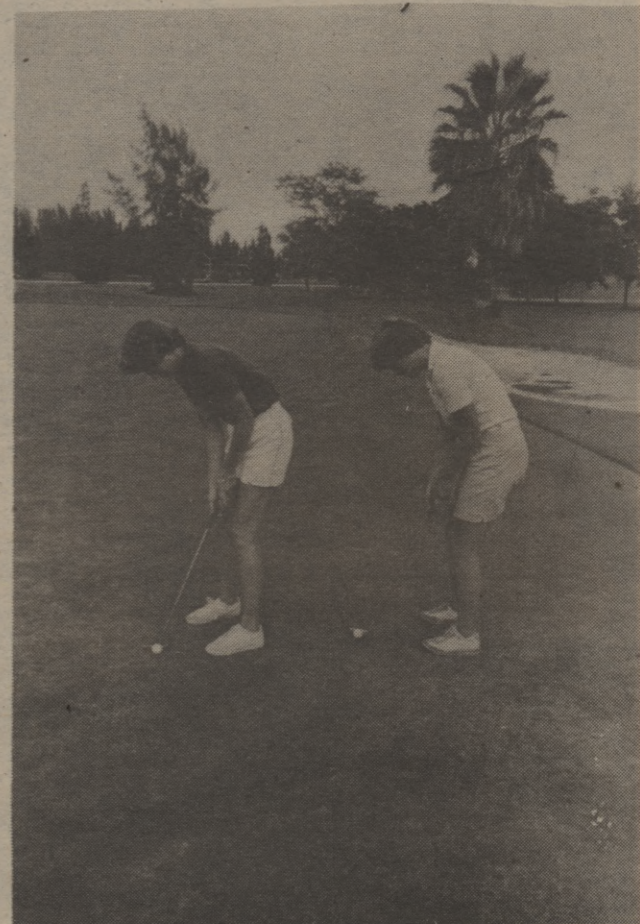


Photo by Rick Gonzalez

"Next year we will have no trouble getting a first class field," Juhn said. "That shows how much the tournament was up-graded."

The coach's satisfaction extended to his team's performance.

"We're really doing good," said Juhn, who is coaching his second year as head of the FIU women's team. "We finished 2nd, 3rd and 2nd in our last three tournaments and we got two really good scores on Saturday and Sunday which will help toward qualifying for the nationals."

FIU wins 1-0 over Rollins

BILL RICH
Contributor

It was just one of those weeks.

The FIU soccer team sweated through two teeth-gnashing matches against Rollins College to compete for a trip to the regionals play-offs. The Sunblazers prevailed to get a chance to play defending champs Tampa this weekend.

A goal by junior Carlos Izurieta at 73:40 proved to be the scoring story as the Sunblazers concluded their 1982 regular season with a 1-0 win over Rollins College at the Blazer Bowl Nov. 10.

Izurieta's score saved what could have been a scoreless draw. The sides appeared evenly matched and leaned heavily on their backs to keep them out of danger.

FIU totalled 15 shots on goal while Rollins fired 13 times. However, most of the 28 shots were either off the mark or resulted in easy saves by the keepers. Tar goalie Joe Raymond had four saves while FIU net-minder Everton Edwards turned away seven Tar shots.

The shutout by Edwards is his first full shutout this year and the eleventh of his career. Edwards and Wade Denero split a couple of shutouts earlier this year, but Edwards still holds the lifetime record of FIU shutouts which he set in 1981.

FIU closed the 1982 regular season with a 12-3-1 record. The losses were to Tampa, Division I power Clemson and South Florida. The draw was with Sunblazer coach Karl Kremser's former team, Davidson.

The win set up the Sunblazers for another test against the Tars this past Sunday—a game that meant storing the soccer balls or revving up for the regionals.

They were two warriors fighting for their turf. The battle ensued to the last breath.

When the war was done the Florida International University soccer team held aloft the victory flag with an overtime penalty kick defeat of Rollins 3-2 in the first round of NCAA Division II post season play at the Blazer Bowl.

FIU advances to the South Regional final at Tam-



Everton Edwards

pa this weekend against the defending Division II champions, the University of Tampa. Tampa beat FIU 1-0 earlier this season.

Carlos Izurieta, who scored the only goal in FIU's first win over Rollins, put in the winner on the fifth and final round of penalty kicks.

Rollins, the South Region's number three seeded team, scored first in the match as defender Jeff Wiley booted in a cross from Paul Butler at just 9:47 of playing time. At the interval, the Tars led 1-0. The number two seeded Sunblazers found the range just four minutes into the second half as senior Greg Anderson (South Africa) converted on a feed from another senior Max Rodriguez (Netherlands Antilles).

FIU gained its first lead at 61:49 as junior Eyvind Olsen (Norway) scored from junior Ben Collins (Liberia) cross. Rollins equalized at 70:10 as Scott Winkleman tallied to send the match into overtime.

After a couple scoreless 15 minute extra periods, the teams went to penalty kicks to decide the contest. Rick Laudel put Rollins up in the first but FIU's Hermann-Josef Engels equalized. Rollins went up 2-1 as Denny Ullo scored and retained the advantage as Tars goalkeeper Joe Raymond denied FIU's Anderson. The third round was in reverse as Sunblazer keeper Everton Edwards stopped the effort of Bruce Geise. When Collins converted, the score was even at 2-2 after three.

Edwards then deflected Mike Garvanian's fourth round shot off the right post while the Sunblazer's Tom Sedita hit on his opportunity. In the final round Butler hit for the Tars to even the score 3-3. However, Izurieta, the junior from Ecuador, calmly steered his chance to the right of a spawled Raymond.

The match was physical with a total of 65 fouls whistled and four yellow cards issued by Referee Bob Heilman. The play was more wide open than Wednesday as FIU recorded 23 shots on goal while Rollins shot 20 times. A strange statistic, considering the extent to which the Sunblazers attacked, was that FIU had but one corner kick while Rollins had seven.

UPCOMING SPORTS

- Nov. 19, Fri. - Men's Basketball: FIU vs. Illinois Benedictine.
8 p.m. at MDCC-South.
- Nov. 20, Sat. - Men's Basketball: FIU vs. Nova University
8 p.m. at MDCC-South.
- Women's Basketball: FIU vs. MDCC-South
7 p.m. at MDCC-South.
- Nov. 22, Mon - Men's Basketball: FIU vs. Edward College.
8 p.m. at MDCC-South.
- Nov. 24, Wed. - Men's Basketball: FIU vs. FIT-Melbourne
8 p.m. at MDCC-South.



LOOSE GRIP

DEKE HAUSER
Critic-At-Large

There's something rotten in the state of Florida. I'm not certain if it is a regular old fashioned Machiavellian plot or some bizarre Moonie-like infiltration of the professional wrestling world of Florida, but something strange is going on. Kevin Sullivan, a man who has proved in the ring that he is dangerous and not to be trusted has also started to act and talk outside the ring in a manner that is quite frankly disturbing. Joined by Jake "the Snake" Roberts (a man whose sanity is already suspect) Sullivan has been captured on film and on tape alluding to some goal, mission or dream. He appears to be a man under the spell of some

foreign substance or possessed by some unholy spirit. Looking like some devotee or true believer sitting at the foot of his guru, the Snake appears to be having some sort of seizure as he hangs on Sullivans every word.

Just what does all of this mean? Could this be part of some bizarre plot being hatched by J.J. Dillon to consolidate his hold on Pro Wrestling in Florida? Could it be that Sullivan and the Snake are bona fide candidates for deprogramming? Could it simply be that the pressures of big time professional wrestling have finally gotten to these unfortunate men? Stay tuned for more news about these developments.

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