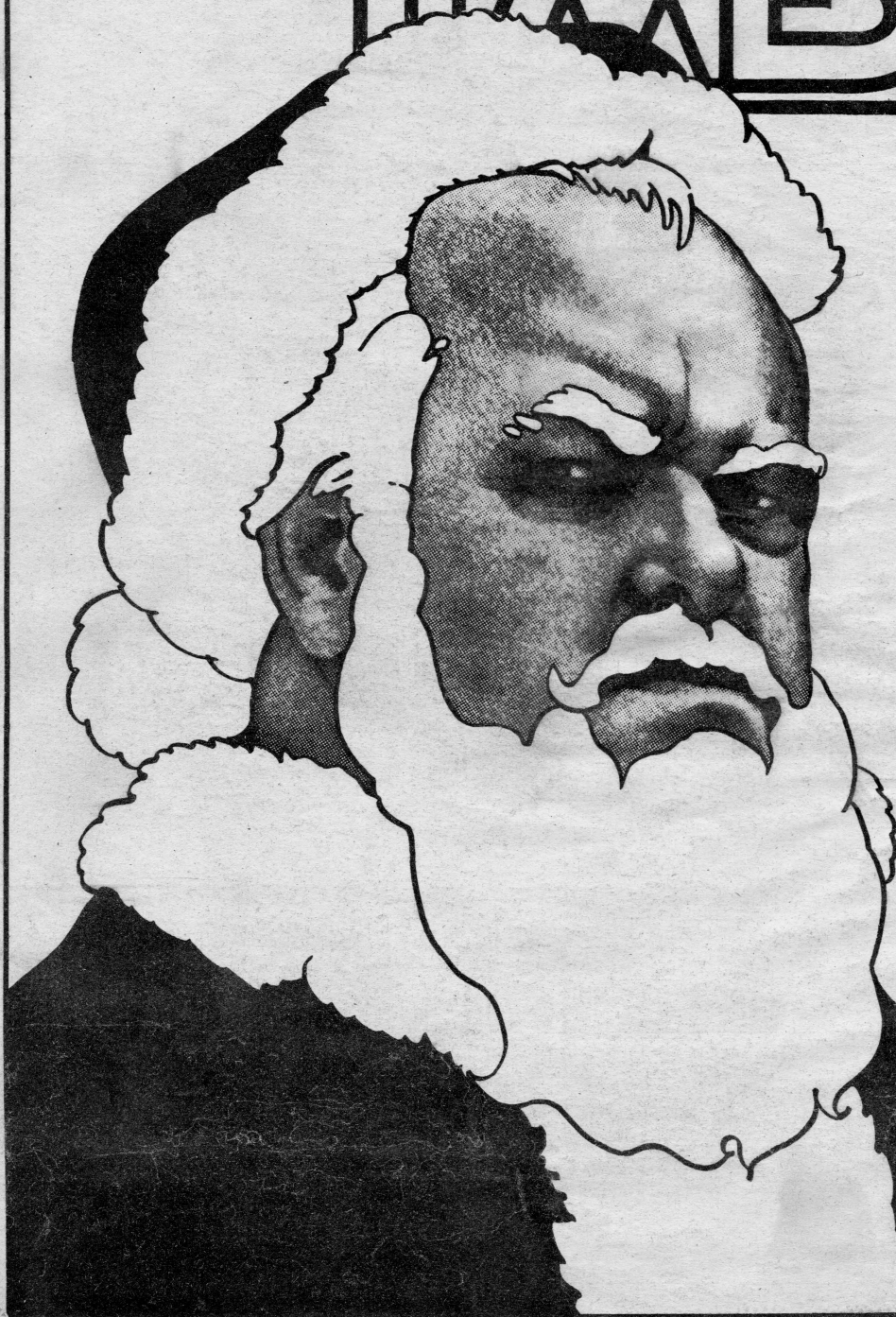


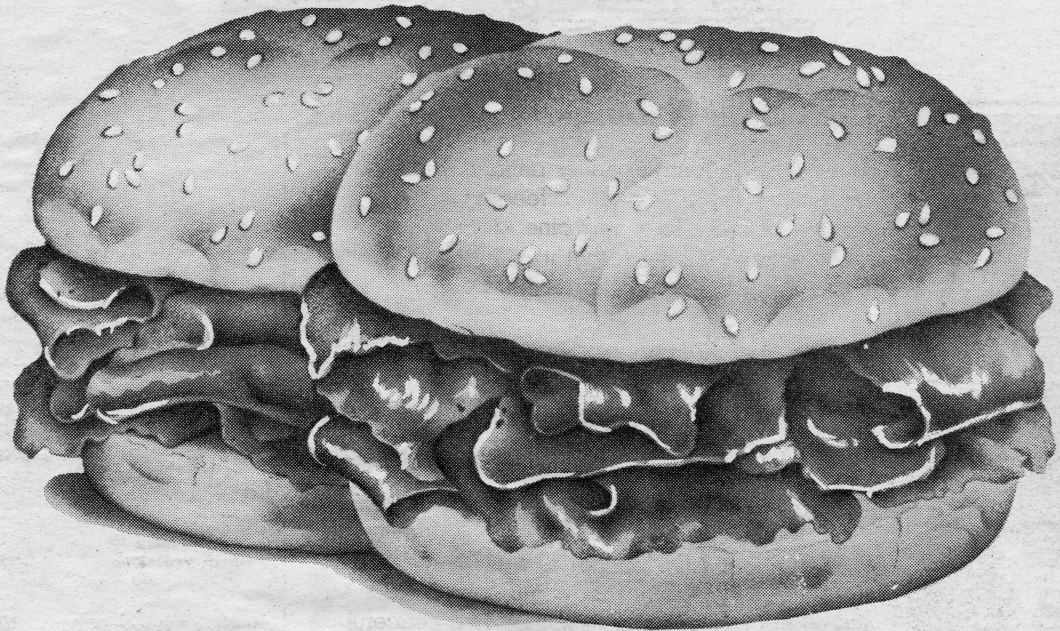
# COMMONWEALTH TIMES



THE  
SECOND  
ULTIMATE  
ECCENTRIC'S  
GIFT-GIVING  
GUIDE ☆

DEC.  
6-13,  
1977

# **HARDEE'S® ROAST BEEF. THE SECOND ONE'S ON US.**



**Hardee's gives you a break  
when you take a Roast Beef Break.**

You get a break when you buy a Hardee's roast beef sandwich.

A second roast beef sandwich free.

Two for the price of one. That's some break.

**BUY A ROAST BEEF SANDWICH,  
GET ONE FREE.**

Good at all participating Hardee's.

**Hardee's®**

The place that brings you back.

© Hardee's Food Systems, Inc., 1977.

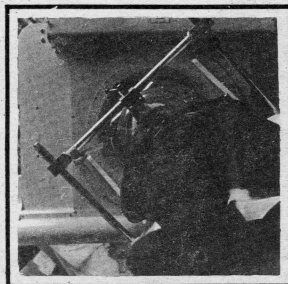
One coupon per customer, please.

Coupon expires Dec. 31, 1977



# COMMONWEALTH TIMES

VOLUME 9, NO. 12 DECEMBER 6-13, 1977



## Cold, Hard Treatment

12

Whether positioning cancer patients beneath ominous x-ray machines or feeding them masses of cell-killing medicine, doctors on the east campus tell them that it's all for the best, it's all for the best, it's all for the best.

*By Randi Hicks*



## The Second Ultimate Eccentric's Gift-Giving Guide 15-22

It's a pull-out section that'll help you make your holiday unconventional. How to meet Abe Lincoln or send a child on a visit to Santa Claus; how much to pay for an illegal high; how to give someone a peaceful evening at home.



## A Close Encounter With New York 23

Monday and it's rainin' to beat all and our man is on the 45th floor of the Americana Hotel and he went to see a movie that he didn't know nothing about so he's just having a hell of a time writing about it and oh it's rainin'.

*By J.P. Donnelly*



## Violence Without the Coconut Butts 29

With Ric Flair and Ricky Steamboat heading the bill, it's a hot night for wrestling fans at Richmond Arena. Pop out a beer and get ready to scream at the athletes' remarkable acting ability.

*By Mike Bowen*

## STAFF

**Mike Welton**  
Executive Editor

**Brett Averill**  
Managing Editor

**Mike Fuller**  
Business Manager

**Marty Croll**  
News Editor

**Susan John**  
Advertising Manager

**Bill Pahnalas**  
Folio Editor

**Susan Wadleigh**  
Accounts Manager

**Bobbie Harrell**  
Sports Editor

**Michael Sherbert**  
Art Director

**Sharon Jordan**  
Copy Editor

**Ray K. Saunders**  
Chief Photographer

**Sherry Hockman**  
Campus News Editor

**Pat Sherman**  
Listings Editor

**Laura Cameron**  
Shorts Editor

**Rebby Sharp**  
Assoc. Prod. Mgr.

**Mike Bowen**  
Assoc. Sports Editor

**Lovelace Moore**  
Circulation Manager

The *Commonwealth Times* is a weekly news magazine serving the VCU community, and is published every Tuesday during the academic year except during holidays and examination periods by students at Virginia Commonwealth University. Our offices are located at 916 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va., 23284.

Telephone: 770-6461, 6462

Subscription rate (for non-students) is \$5 per year. Please allow three weeks for delivery, and address all correspondence concerning subscriptions to the Circulation Manager.

All contents copyright © 1977 by the *Commonwealth Times*, Virginia Commonwealth University, and may not be reproduced either in whole or in part, without the express written consent of the editor.

The *Commonwealth Times* is funded partially by Student Activities Fees.

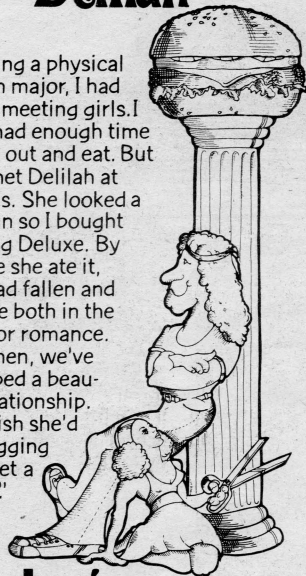
Opinions expressed in the *Commonwealth Times* are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the *Commonwealth Times* or the university.

ON THE COVER:

Illustration by Michael Sherbert

# Thanks to the Deluxe I found Delilah

"Being a physical exertion major, I had trouble meeting girls. I barely had enough time to work out and eat. But then I met Delilah at Hardee's. She looked a little thin so I bought her a Big Deluxe. By the time she ate it, night had fallen and we were both in the mood for romance. Since then, we've developed a beautiful relationship. I just wish she'd quit bugging me to get a haircut!"



**Hardee's**

**FILL THE SPACE UNDER YOUR TREE  
WITH PRESENTS FROM**

SHOES  
PANTS  
DRESSES



BOOTS  
BLOUSES  
JEWELRY

410 N. HARRISON ST.  
353-7992  
OPEN 10-6:30

PREPARE FOR:

**MCAT • DAT • LSAT • GMAT  
GRE • OCAT • VAT • SAT**

**NMB I, II, III • ECFMG • FLEX • VQE**

**NAT'L DENTAL BOARDS • NURSING BOARDS**  
Flexible Programs & Hours

**There IS a difference!!!**

For Information Please Call:

(202)

**244-3010**



4201 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008

Centers in Major US Cities Toronto, Puerto Rico and Lugano, Switzerland

Our  
39th  
Year

## Richmond's Leading Source for Casual Shoes and Boots!

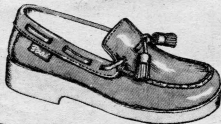
Featuring the Quality Products of

"Rockport"

"Bass"

and "Dingo"

**BASS  
COUNTRY**



**Sea  
Dream  
leather**

11" W. GRACE ST.  
150-4807

1" INCREASING MALL  
745-1184

REGENCY SQUARE  
740-3875

## Martureo Fellowship

An "in" gathering for those  
who follow the Son...  
and for those who have  
honest questions

Fri & Sat nights-8p.m.  
2522 Hanover Ave. Apt.1  
Free coffe & tea  
Come join us!

## Stuffy's

Now offering subs on whole wheat,

rye or white sub roll.

Buy a super roast beef

and get one regular spiced ham

**FREE**

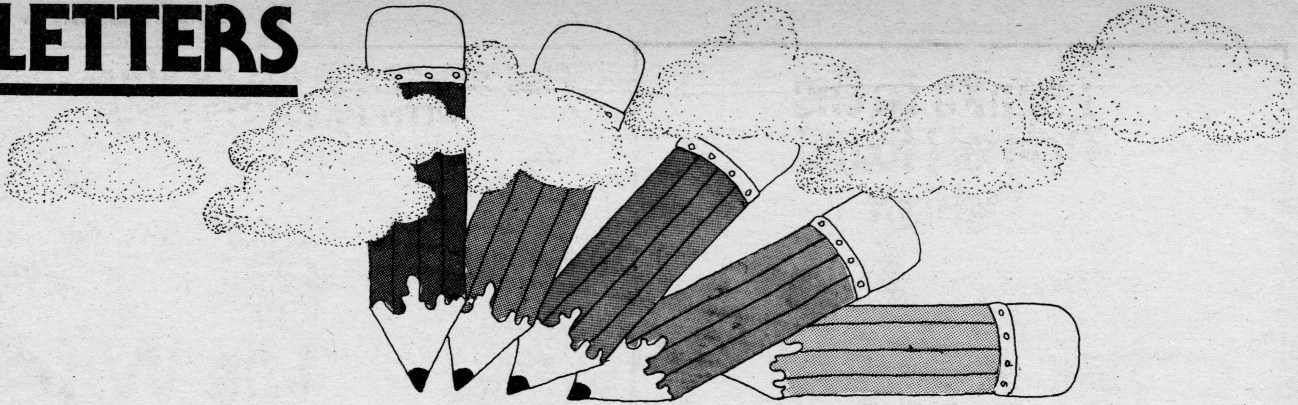
**This offer good until December 16**

Stuffy's 411 N. Harrison 355-6853

Open till 2 Fri. and Sat. nights.



# LETTERS



## IT'S UP TO YOU

Considering that there is an 83 percent recidivist rate in Va. and this is parallel to the national average, it is safe to assume that the high-priced business of prisons is far from a success. With "crime" being a number one problem plaguing the nation you would think that penal reform would be considered a very important issue. However many national and state leaders feel that penal systems should be made more brutal and debilitating than ever. This ludicrous reasoning is being taken up more and more by the media which in turn has the general public focusing their attention on anything but penal reform.

I might be naive but after five years of being involved with penal reform I'm convinced that if the general public was aware of the conditions and problems concerning their penal system they would press for changes to be enacted. Unfortunately the general public is bogged down with stereotypical myths that surround prisons and prisoners. Contrary to popular belief, prisons are not filled with James Cagney look-alikes who are in constant conflict with the "screws." Their truth of the matter is prisons are filled with human beings who need help and conditions conducive to rehabilitative programs.

On August 1, prisoners inside Va.'s State Penitentiary held a non-violent protest in order to achieve recognition of 32 grievances. An American Corrections Association investigation was held and the report agreed with 31 out of the 32 grievances. The warden of the penitentiary was forced to resign after the report was made public and everyone seemed to agree that the protest had been justified. Needless to say, the Dept. of Corrections were not pleased at being publicly embarrassed and chose to retaliate against those prisoners they considered "leaders" and have placed them in punitive segregation throughout the state. This action by the Dept. of Corrections once again illustrates the insane logic that seems to rule the department.

I would like to ask your support in the release from punitive segregation of those inmates. I would also like to ask you, future leaders, to become aware of what is happening in the penal system so you can have an informed opinion, not one clouded with misconceptions. Many of your alumni, Michael Burnstine, Terry Smith, Mary Courtney, etc.,

as well as professors, Dr. Ken Campbell and Maury Erickson have been involved with working for a better penal system. It is up to you to get involved and try to help bring a change. Do volunteer work or at least tour the penitentiary and look behind the glib answers the prison's officials give to the problems. Show that you care and give help so that we will be able to help ourselves.

If you have any questions or advice or even comments, feel free to contact me. Thank you in advance for your support.

Ron Greenfield  
M.C.C.  
P.O. Box 500  
Boydton, Va. 23917

Affairs did not rule on the formal appeal, as the article also indicates. With the recommendation of a grievance committee, the Acting President of the University, Dr. H.I. Willett, made the decision to grant promotion from assistant to associate professor.

Tenure review is a very complex, sensitive issue. While I stand by my statement regarding the arbitrary manner in which tenure decisions in the past have been made, particularly in the School of Community Services, I am distressed by critical errors of fact in the article.

John V. Moeser  
Associate Professor,  
Urban Studies and Planning

## I KNOW YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT I SAID...

Ms. Young, In her article "Students, Teachers, Tenure—Who Wins, Who Loses," apparently confused promotion proceedings with those for tenure in at least one instance. She writes that "[Dr. John] Moeser, of urban studies and planning, was denied tenure but subsequently granted it."

Actually, it was not a denial of tenure that Dr. Moeser appealed since he was granted tenure, it was his denial of promotion to associate professor which he successfully appealed through the university faculty grievance and appeal procedure, of which the Vice President for Academic Affairs is only a part.

David L. Ames, Acting Dean  
School of Community Services

The article, "Students, Teachers, Tenure—Who Wins, Who Loses," which appeared in the November 15, issue of the *Commonwealth Times* contained several factual errors which need to be corrected. The reporter interviewed me regarding the tenure review process at VCU and during the interview I noted that I was never denied tenure, as the article indicates, but that I appealed a promotion decision. The promotion appeal was filed through the grievance system of the University and, as a consequence, the Vice-president for Academic

*Editor's Note: Mary Young, in compiling the information for her article on tenure, proved herself to be as human as the rest of the students, faculty, and staff here: her perception of Dr. Moeser's comments differed from what was actually said. The Commonwealth Times regrets the error and any inconvenience it may have caused.*

## CIAO

In order to give a dedicated but exhausted staff some time to tend to their much-neglected studies, the *Commonwealth Times* will not publish next week.

We appreciate your support, comments, and letters over the past semester, and hope to continue to respond to the unique needs of the university community in the upcoming year. Just to tease you a little, look for coverage of VCU's new president and the inauguration of Virginia's new governor, as well as an interview with the outgoing governor. Also in the planning stages now are two special supplements: one will cast a scrutinizing eye on the value of education received by students here; the other will turn around and take a retrospective look at a radical's history of Richmond.

Once you make it through your examinations, enjoy the holidays, and look for us on Jan. 17.

JMW

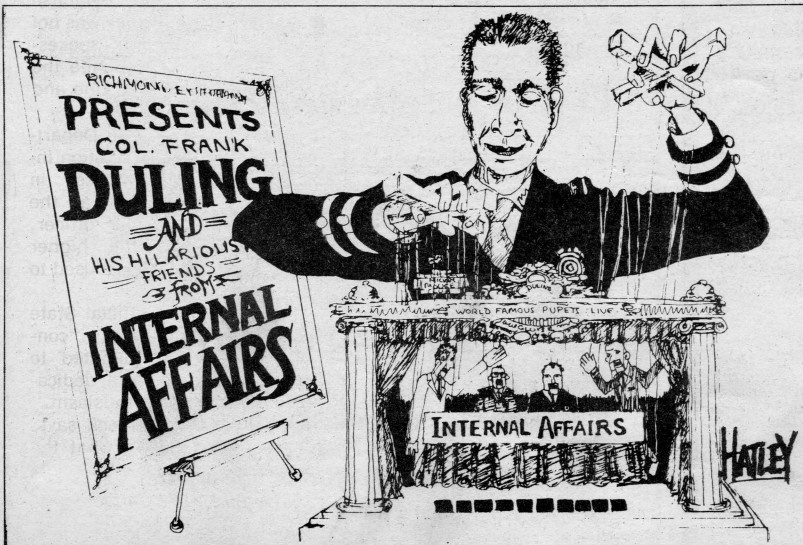
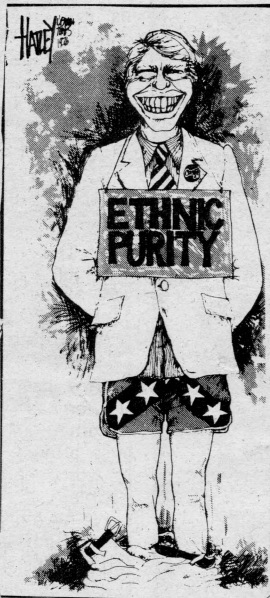
© Copyright, 1977 United  
Features Syndicate, Inc.

According to an official State Department handbook, "consular officers are obligated to serve their clients with dedicated professional enthusiasm." That's what the textbook says. All too often, it isn't what the consular officers do.





# Hatley



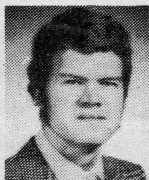
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:  
 THE END OF THE CURRENT SEMESTER ALSO MARKS THE END OF MY STAY IN HISTORIC RICHMOND. I AM MOVING TO THE ROANOKE TIMES AND WORLD NEWS TO PURSUE MY CAREER AS A POLITICAL CARTOONIST. V.C.U. HAS PROVIDED ME WITH MANY HUMOROUS, ENLIGHTENING, AND DECIDING EXPERIENCES. IT IS A VERY UNIQUE SCHOOL IN THAT IT HAS ALMOST EVERY TYPE OF INDIVIDUAL ONE COULD POSSIBLY WANT. IT HAS AN EXCELLENT ART AND THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT AS WELL AS A VERY GOOD MASS COMM. FACULTY. I HAVE SEEN A GREAT NUMBER OF CHANGES SINCE 1974 ~~my~~ MY GREATEST HOPE IS THAT ~~NOT~~ THE SCHOOL DOESN'T LOSE ITS GENUINE HUMOR AND CRAZINESS TO MIDDLE AMERICA OR THE BELIEF ~~FOR~~ THAT A CAREER IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN LEARNING. RELY I SINCERELY WISH ALL MY FELLOW STUDENTS AS MUCH ENJOYMENT AND PERSONAL SUCCESS AS I HAVE DERIVED FROM THEIR SUPPORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT. AND A HIGHER STANDARD OF CULINARY ENJOYMENT THAN THE V.C.U. CAFETERIA

# EARN THE MBA WITH AN OUTSTANDING GRADUATE FACULTY AT RUTGERS

STUDY WITH THE LEADERS.



Philip C. Shaak, D.B.A. — Harvard University. Internationally-known Management Development Specialist. Author. Teacher and Consultant in General Management, Organizational Behaviour and Production. Professor of Business Administration.



David K. Whitcomb, Ph.D. — Columbia University. Specialist in Industrial Economics and Security Market Operations and Investments. Author. Teacher and Researcher in Finance and Economics. Associate Professor of Finance.



Buckner A. Wallingford, II, Ph.D. — University of Michigan. Teacher, Researcher and Consultant in Corporation Finance, Securities Markets, Investment Analysis, and Portfolio Selection and Balance. Author. Associate Professor of Business Administration.



Richard D. Marshall, L.L.B. — Howard University. Former Corporate Officer of the Government National Mortgage Association. Consultant and Advisor in Housing Development and Municipal Management. Teacher of Real Estate Finance and Land Use. Professor of Business Administration.

"One of America's  
top Graduate Schools of  
Business Administration."

From *A Guide to Executive Education*  
in *Business Week Magazine*

Convenient locations on our Newark  
Campus and in the New Brunswick Area.

Rutgers, The State University, offers you an opportunity to study with one of the nation's most distinguished faculties in management education — whether as a full-time or part-time student. The Rutgers MBA program is one of three in the N.Y. Metropolitan Area accredited by the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business.

Trimester study program.  
Full-time admissions June and  
September. Part-time admis-  
sions September and February.



## RUTGERS

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY  
Graduate School of Business Administration  
92 New Street, Newark, N.J. 07102  
Please send me full information on your  
MBA program.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## The New York Times

**Independent Campus Representative Wanted  
for the Virginia Commonwealth University Campus**

Position involves marketing, promotion, sales and service of The NEW YORK TIMES NEWSPAPER on campus. Must be a VCU student. Earnings based on bonus and commission. Previous experience helpful but not necessary. Car preferable, training and expense allowances provided. FOR INFORMATION, CALL COLLECT BRUCE WILLIAMS, COLLEGE SPECIALIST AT 212 556-1311.

The New York Times College Service 229 West 43 Street New York, N. Y. 10036

## THE FAN, FIN & FERN SHOPPE

FINE TROPICAL  
PLANTS

FINE, TROPICAL  
& OTHER, FISH



937 W. Grace Street  
Next to the Village



**HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS  
WORTH OF DOOR PRIZES  
GRAND OPENING DEC. 3  
OPEN MON.-SAT. 10a.m.-7p.m.**

## Computer Junction, Inc.

LOCATED IN

**THE CLOVERLEAF Office Park**

Small but powerful computers for the  
small budget featuring:

- Vector Graphic
- North Star Terminals
- PolyMorphic Systems
- Soroc Terminals

**COME by AND play SOME GAMES with US**



Located One Block From VCU Campus  
Offering

**Fine Food and Excellent Drinks**

Full Meals—Omelets—Sandwiches  
Served Monday thru Saturday 6:00-12:30  
COCKTAILS Each Day 4:00-1:00  
**LIVE ENTERTAINMENT Thur.-Sat.**

Pine and Cary Streets  
643-0580



## The Great Depression, Holiday Style

Depression is more than just a state of mind. In its more serious forms, it is probably a chemical imbalance affecting the state of your mind.

And often it takes the holidays for a person to realize that he is depressed, according to Dr. Robert O. Friedel, chairman of the MCV's department of psychiatry.

Depression is a serious problem in the United States, affecting about 15 percent of adults aged 17-65, according to surveys of the National Institute of Mental Health.

"We're talking about 20 million people who are suffering emotional incapacity to some degree," Dr. Friedel pointed out. He added that a person suffering from depression also has accompanying symptoms such as pain, insomnia or anxiety. The pain is generally experienced as headache, backache or stomach ache.

"Because of his pain symptoms, a patient is often misdiagnosed. For example, many doctors attribute the symptoms to old age in elderly patients. The tragedy is that depression can often be readily treated," Dr. Friedel said.

Depressions which require treatment with medication have five distinct characteristics. The most common one is a decreased mood involving feelings of sadness, hopelessness and guilt. Often a person will have crying spells for no apparent reason.

"A factor distinguishing depression from the normal grieving reaction to death of a loved one is that depressed individuals experience feelings of guilt and lose their ability to experience pleasure. Often people are not aware of their decreased mood but blame their inability to feel pleasure on the pain they are feeling. It seems that the more physical pain a patient has, the less likely he is to experience emotional pain.

"The holidays, especially Christmas, often make a person recognize that he is depressed because he realizes that he isn't enjoying the season as usual; he isn't feeling 'Christmasy'. The contrast between what he is feeling and the joy of others makes it apparent to him that he is depressed," Friedel observed.

The second major characteristic of depression is a change in sleeping

pattern. Most often, a depressed person goes to sleep promptly, sleeps three to five hours, then awakens early in the morning and is unable to return to sleep.

Most persons suffering depression have a decreased appetite, resulting in a significant weight loss—usually seven or more pounds over a two-month period.

A fourth characteristic of depression is a lack of sexual interest. For men this generally results in impotence, and women complain of being unable to enjoy sex.

Psychomotor changes are the final major characteristic of depression. A depressed person often has difficulty in concentrating. In reading, for example, he is unable to retain comprehension from paragraph to paragraph. Indecisiveness and fatigue are also common. In addition to losing his ability to concentrate and to make decisions, a person usually experiences some noticeable change in his activity. Either he will become agitated and be quite active or he will be passive and very quiet.

The professor estimates that at least one percent of the population has manic-depressive illness, characterized by episodes of severe depression and also periods of euphoria and over-confidence. "Manic depressive illness appears to be genetically inherited," Friedel said.

"It's sad that so many cases of depression go undiagnosed because depressions are a group of disorders for which there are a variety of effective treatments," he added.

After a person's symptoms are diagnosed as depression, the patient may be given anti-depressant medications. "It's not certain why these medications work, but they appear to alter the brain's chemistry to restore it to its proper chemical balance," Friedel said.

"With this added treatment aid, we can successfully treat 80 to 90 percent of people suffering from the type of depression we've described," the psychiatrist noted.

However, after a patient's depression is alleviated, his treatment, in one sense, just begins. Then, it is the psychiatrist's responsibility to help the patient pinpoint the factors which initially contributed to his depression.



Theatre-VCU's production of "Tropical Madness" will be performed for the final time Tuesday, Dec. 6 at 7:30 p.m. in the Shafer Street Playhouse. Polish playwright Stanislaw Witkiewicz tells a story of a bizarre infatuation between a beautiful woman and a stranger suffering from "tropical madness," a condition some call a nervous disease in the tropics, arising from the influence of the terrific temperature, the influence of spicy foods, alcohol, and the constant sight of naked bodies.

## Fan Tour Highlights Architects

The Fan District Association and the Valentine Museum join forces this year to present a Christmas house tour that goes beyond interior decorating and into architectural history.

A \$4 ticket buys entry to eight Monument Avenue homes on Sunday, December 18 from 2 to 8 p.m. You may compare the contributions of three turn-of-the-century architects, Henry E. Baskerville, William L. Bottomley and Duncan Lee, all of whom had to meet the design challenges of placing a large house on a narrow city lot.

In conjunction with the tour, the Valentine Museum is displaying an exhibit on the work of these architects that includes architectural drawings, old photographs and other memorabilia relating to the featured houses.

Tickets are on sale at Thalhimers, Miller & Rhoads, China and Silver, Inc., at Regency Square and Volume One Book Store on Grove Avenue. If you wait until the day of the tour, tickets will be on sale at the Branch House Garden, Davis and Park Avenues or St. John's United Church of Christ, 507 N. Lombardy.

## Hit the Books—And Guard Them

Twice a year students go bankrupt buying textbooks they think no one would care to own, and twice a year students become victims of textbook thieves.

During the week of December 12-16, the VCU Bookstore pays cash for textbooks, many of which are not brought in by the original owner. Careless misplacement of a \$20 textbook before an exam can be detrimental to the student, but quick cash for pilferers.

Leaving textbooks on tables in the library or in a classroom desk are the surest ways to invite thieves. If you have had books stolen, Michael Lowery, the textbook manager, suggests, giving

your name to the bookstore to be put on a list during the Buy Back Week.

"Only about 15 to 20 students actually turned out to tell us about their stolen books, but I'm sure there are more. Not only are students losing the value of their books, but losing out when their books are stolen one week before an exam," said Lowery.

The temptation becomes greater during the Christmas season, so take heed. You may not need locks and chains or an eight-foot fence like the bookstore uses around the textbook aisles, just awareness. —Sherry Hockman

# Good Grades Come Cheap



By Clara Silverstein

A grade-point average of 85 earned Cynthia Weglicki a cum laude diploma from Bryn Mawr College less than ten years ago. Weglicki, now auditing classes at VCU, complains that "employers will think I'm stupid when I show them my records—my average now translates as a C."

Since the mid-1960s, undergraduate grades have spiralled up at institutions across the nation. At Harvard, 82 per cent of the 1974 graduating class earned a cum laude or better. The average grade at Stanford was recently reported as an A-minus. More than half of the University of Virginia's class of 1975 made the dean's list.

Grade-point averages at VCU reflect this trend, though perhaps less severely than other schools. Undergraduate scores rose from a 2.61 in 1971 to a 2.79 in 1976. This latter figure ranks slightly above the national average for that time period.

Educators cite several causes for the inflationary trend. Many hold the Vietnam War responsible, claiming that professors granted higher grades then to help students avoid the draft. Reports reveal that some instructors hope to gain favorable student evaluations by giving easy "A's."

An investigation of grade inflation by the Virginia Council of Higher Education suggests that pressure among undergraduates to enter professional school contributes to the trend. Lenient class withdrawal deadlines and pass/fail options eliminate the poor grades which lower an average.

The idea that students should not experience failure prevails in some institutions, and causes instructors to award high grades to undeserving pupils.

Dr. William J. Beck, chairman of the VCU foreign languages department cites another reason for the inflation problem. "Education is the American dream," he says. "Everyone can get an education somehow. Either you sacrifice quality by bringing the bright students down to the slower level, or you cut out the less able students in the beginning."

Despite the recent statistics, many department chairmen at VCU deny that rampant grade inflation occurs in their divisions. "We get an occasional criticism that we hand out easy grades," says Dr. George T. Crutchfield, chairman of the Mass Communications department. "Evidence does not support this. We have some instructors who go through a semester without giving any 'A's.'"

Dr. Beck reports, "Inflation is not as serious in this department as it may be in some others. Languages are consistently harder than other subjects. Students must be able to communicate clearly, or they can't possibly earn a good grade."

"Over the long term, averages in our department haven't changed very much," Dr. Billy Sloope, chairman of the physics department states. "Information is pretty well fixed in math and science. There is no room for debatable ideas, which are hard to judge. A student either understands a concept, or he doesn't."

Students also fail to notice grade inflation in their courses. "I think I've worked for the grades I've gotten," Joanna Taylor, a senior in special education, says. "I'm not really aware of a problem."

The inflation trend, slight as it may be at VCU, does lead instructors and administrators alike to question the traditional grading system. Many complain that since scores are relative to a particular course and instructor, they cannot possibly reflect the true academic ability of a student.

"Grades are generalizations in shorthand," comments Dr. Bryant Mangum, a professor of English. "As is true of most shorthand and all generalization, we exchange precision, accuracy, and complexity for convenience when we use grades. The grading system assumes a standard or absolute 'A,' which probably does not exist."

Dr. David Franks, chairman of the anthropology and sociology department, feels that "grades don't always correlate with what a student gets out of a class."

"If I give someone a good grade, all I know is that they answered the questions correctly on an exam. Students can often predict a professor's

responses in class, and consequently 'psyche' them out on their exam. They really don't know the material—they can just guess his behavior."

Yet not everyone laments the unfairness of the grading scale, and the occurrence of "easy 'A's.'" Joanne Taylor admits that she "prefers an easier instructor." "You can still benefit greatly from a class and not constantly have to be working. I don't think an instructor who makes the requirements less strict is any less qualified than a harder one."

Some professors insist that a poor student who makes good grades in such lenient classes will eventually betray his ineptitude. Dr. Beck feels that grade inflation will catch up with a student when he seeks a job.

"If a graduate with a 4.0 average can't write a decent English sentence on a job application, he won't be employed."

The Mass Communications department tries to compensate for misleading grades by supplementing "cold credentials" with detailed letters of recommendation. Statements interpreting particular grades are included in some instances.

Ray Laakaniemi, an assistant professor of mass communications, contends that when grades are averaged out over a semester, the cumulative score will cancel out any significant variations in grading methods.

Although solutions to the grade inflation problem seem hopelessly complex, most educators have become sensitive to the trend, and are searching for ways to curb it.

Some schools have instituted a Relative Transcript, which includes the number of students in a course and their average grade along with a student's individual score.

"Grade inflation, I suspect, is an academic protest against misconceptions....about the things grades cannot measure. Perhaps there should be more interest in correcting the misconceptions than in actively trying to remedy grade inflation," Dr. Mangum said.

Dr. Sloope proposed another solution to the problem: "Students gain an education when they are learning to think, discuss material, and read. If they can do that, then I wouldn't worry about grades or grade inflation." ☆☆



# A Question Of Balance

**Man, Woman,  
Rainbow Flesh**

By Holly Allen

Since its conception in the late 1960s, the issue of affirmative action has evoked much controversy among its proponents and opponents alike. The debate involves undefined, yet emotionally-charged phrases like "equal opportunity"—terms used widely, but rarely qualified.

This year marks the first time the nation directly will deal legally with the issue of affirmative action and its related problems uncovered by the Alan Bakke case.

The value question lying at the heart of the affirmative action debate is whether it is still justifiable to hold some individuals back in order to atone for damage done minorities in the past.

WRVA radio reporter Constance Ober thinks not.

With a few exceptions, she said, "Enough has been done; the ball is rolling now."

Provoked by what she believes to be biased employment of black interns at WRVA in order to meet the Federal Communications Commission's minority quota requirements, Ober recently broadcast a "sixty seconds comment" opposing favoritism shown women and other minorities.

People who were incompetent—college students who had about as much sense as high school students as far as any drive or education or the way they spoke—were hired because they were black," she gave as the reason for her commentary. "I know from my own experience that there are a good number of white males at VCU who could have done an adequate or better job."

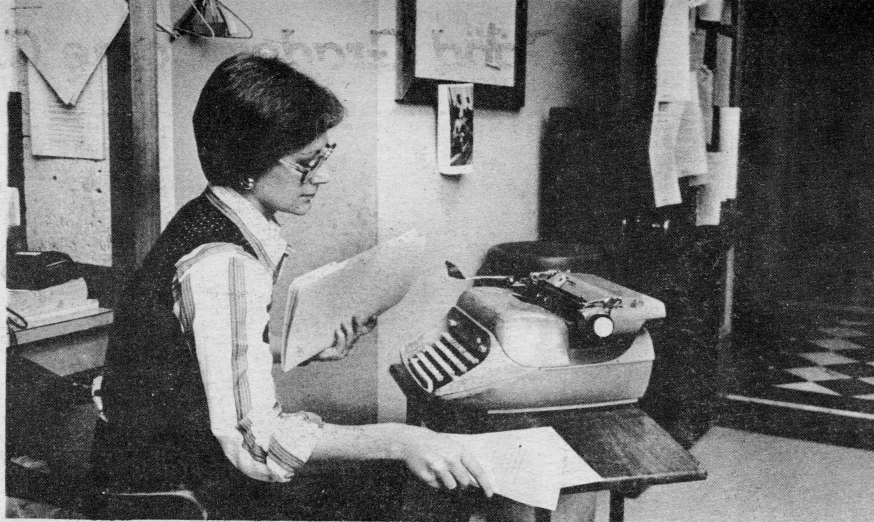
She does believe affirmative action served a needed function at one time and acknowledges that she enjoyed its benefits directly.

"A couple of years ago, when I first started, there was a strong prejudice against women in broadcasting," she said.

But, she added quickly, "I'll tell you one thing I feel real strongly about....If you know that you were hired simply to fill a quota I don't see how you could have any pride in your work or yourself if you're not judged on your own qualifications. That's what the real problem is.

"Now some people don't care: these interns... didn't really care about the job to begin with.... It really bothers me that people who would love to have that job, who'd love to work here and get that background, were not able to."

Thompson Middle School curriculum specialist Al Taylor is not satisfied that past injustices to minorities have been atoned for by recent



Above: WRVA radio reporter Constance Ober has broadcast sixty seconds worth of opposition against favoritism shown to woman and blacks. Below: Al Taylor, considered

a successful blackman, says Equal Opportunity is not the same for everyone.

affirmative action programs. Unlike Ober, he believes more special consideration to blacks and women is necessary for the achievement of equal opportunity.

How much should the white male relinquish in order to undo past damage done to blacks and women?

"I don't see it as 'relinquishing,'" Taylor said. "I tend to think there's enough opportunity to go around."

Yet, "I think we are entering a new era where we still have to look at race and sex in order to make up for some of these injustices. But at the same time it might take the form of, instead of hard and fast quotas, of saying you are to give special consideration to minorities." This he predicts will be the alteration the impending Bakke ruling will make on affirmative action programs.

He describes the Bakke case as "disturbing, truly disturbing."

But he believes it gives us a chance to "either affirm the direction in which we are going—that

is, opening up things so minorities can have access—or to do what we did in the 1870s: turn our backs and go the other way."

Oddly enough, no objections were raised, even by Bakke's opponents at the University of California Medical School at Davis, to the assumption that the 37 year old applicant was better qualified than most of the other applicants for the degree program. His qualification was determined by his outstanding rating on the standardized tests required for admission. Yet studies have shown, and both Taylor and Ober agree, that standardized tests do not always guarantee comparable success in the work to be undertaken by the applicant.

Taylor commented, "I think the tests are unfair because they don't reward creativity. They don't even reward native intelligence. There is a cultural bias because the makers of the tests include themselves in the tests."

He cited evidence that those who have had more experience with tests and more education tend to have an edge over others. He believes minorities have the unique qualifications of being more than likely to return to minority communities after training where their skills are needed and where they can be a source of encouragement for the disadvantaged.

Ober suggests that applicants for reporting jobs be given trial assignments to cover to prove their abilities. However, she declined to generalize about what factors other than standardized tests should determine qualification for employment and higher learning outside of the broadcasting business.

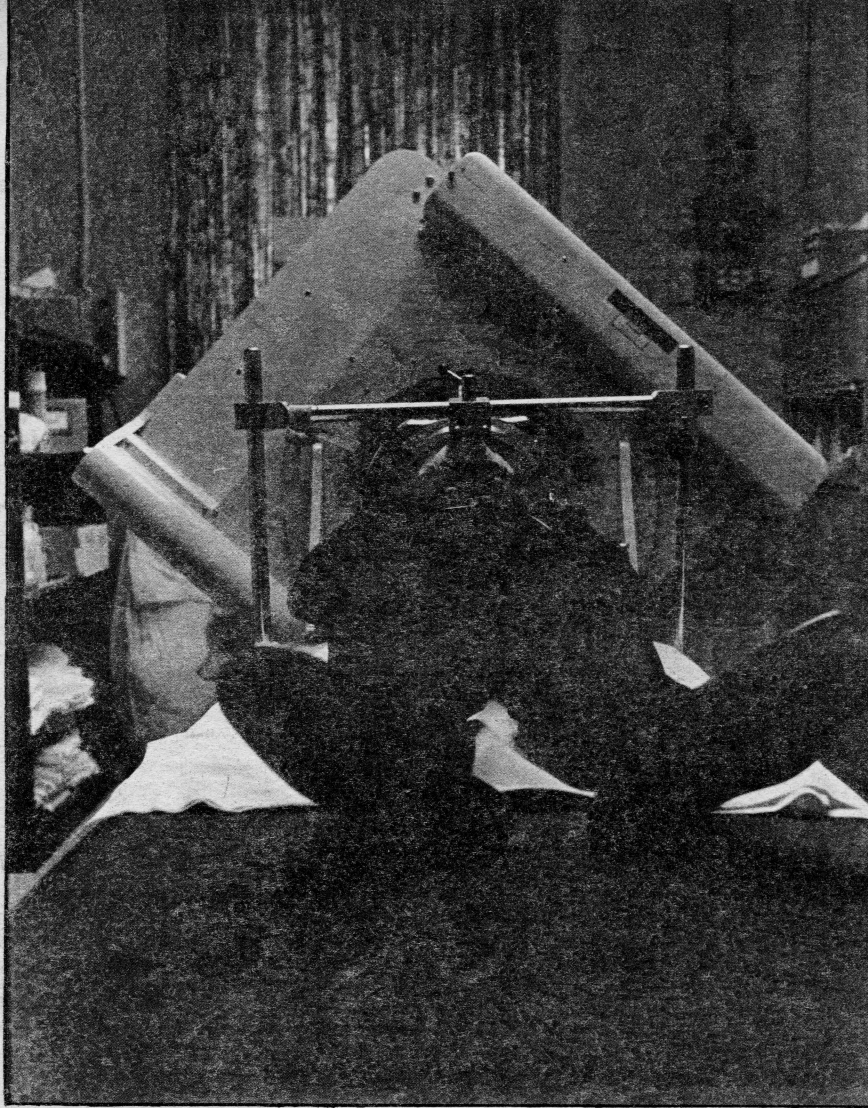
"The people who don't make it when they get out of high school don't make it," she said. "You don't keep pushing them along through some kind of system until they prove themselves."

On the term "equal opportunity":

Ober: Equal opportunity means "being able to let everybody prove themselves if they want to go that way," and to receive equal basic public education.

Taylor: "I think it is not the same thin for everybody, which might make some people mad. To me, when you have equality of opportunity, that is not the same thing as equality of conditions. That's something I hope we never get to."





# Cold Hard

By Randi Hicks

When a person thinks he has cancer he must act quickly. Many first go to a family doctor and then to a hospital for tests. A scanner and fluoroscopy machine are used to verify the presence of a tumor. If the cancer can be removed surgically, an operation is performed. If not, the person takes drugs and tries to let controlled radiation kill the aberration. Roughly 25 percent of cancers in early stages are cured by radiation therapy at MCV; the other 75 percent cancer patients prolong their lives for several months or years by undergoing radiation therapy that makes them feel more comfortable.

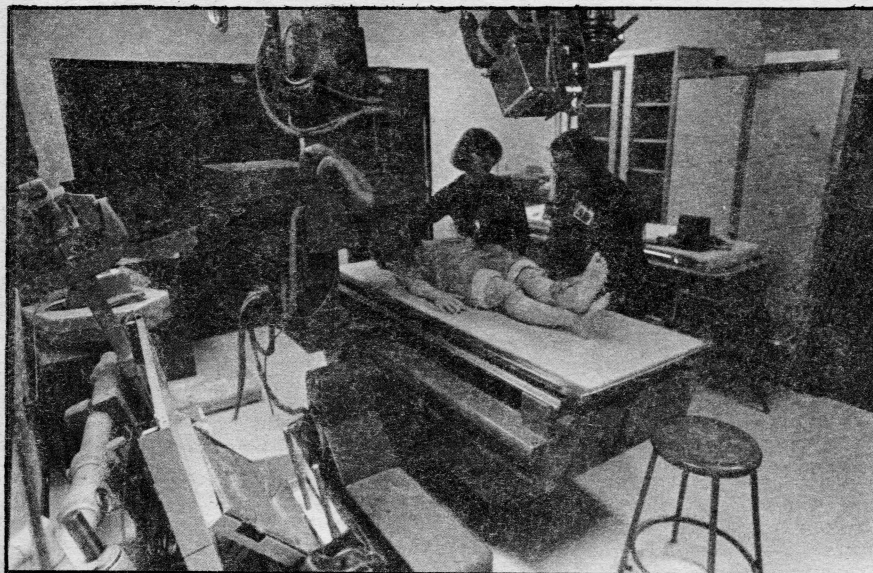
MCV's radiology and radiologic technology department help a patient throughout his treatment using at least seven types of cancer specialists who together help the cancer victim. The diagnostic technologist runs the fluoroscopy, x-ray, and scanner machines or uses radiopharmaceuticals to isolate organs for further study. The therapist helps those who have inoperable cancers. The chemotherapist often works with the therapist by distributing cancer-killing drugs. The surgeon, the pediatrician, the gynecologist, and the hematologist all provide special skills to study specific kinds of cancers.

The number of cancer specialists who work together is what Dr. E. Richard King, in the E.G. Williams Clinic in MCV North, says makes MCV unique in its cancer program. This pooling of knowledge to help each patient is "found in few places in the country," he said.

Diagnostic technologists, who can learn their skills through a three-year program at MCV, use scanners and fluoroscopy, neuro-vascular, x-rays, and vascular machines. The full-body scanner, which has not been fully installed in MCV, revolves to give pictures of the body, shaped in angles, like pie slices. The scanner makes a print-out and flashes a picture on the screen. Its counterpart for the head has been fully installed at MCV. There is less risk with the scanner, according to Director of VCU-MCV's Radiologic Technology Department Carl Gerhold, than with other x-rays, and these scanners are more accurate. Radiopharmaceuticals are often used with these scanners because they isolate the organ to be studied by giving off characteristic rays that make the organ more easily seen by the scanner.

Ultrasound, another new development in diagnostic radiology, is also relatively safe from radiation because it uses sound waves instead of cell-destroying x-rays. It may also use a radiopharmaceutical, which does not necessarily need

Photos by Robert Sauder





# Steel but a Hope for Life

to be ingested, but may be rubbed on like a cream. Technologists move a wand-like object around the area to be studied and a picture of the body part is flashed on a screen.

From diagnoses, the patient goes either to a surgeon, where his tumor is removed, or to a therapist and kemothapist where he is treated. Therapy at MCV has been aided by funds from the American Cancer Society. It is funds like these that have helped therapy departments across the country get "out of the basement and further away from the morgue," claims instructor Michael Bell. MCV's therapy department is still located in the basement, but will expand because of funds from the bond issue and government agencies.

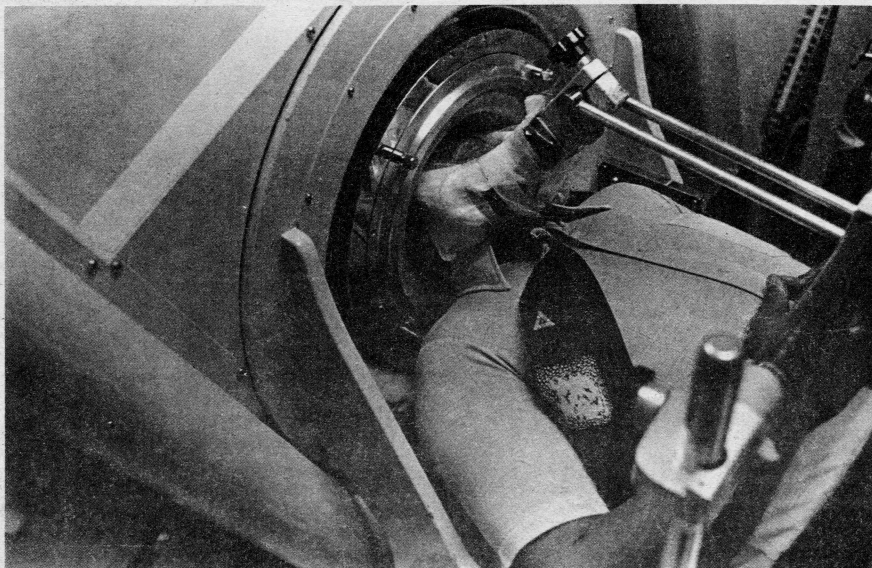
Now, the therapy department has only two treatment rooms, a far cry, King feels, from what is needs. These treatment rooms are used daily like machines on a factory assembly line, and allow little time for individual attention. Planned is a new four floor structure with new therapy rooms, new educational rooms, tumor study rooms and rooms for cancer research.

Early forms of cancer can sometimes be cured by a combination of radiation therapy and kemothapy. A patient will generally be scheduled for daily treatment periods and will visit his doctor once a week. Kemothapists will administer drugs to kill cancer cells or to make the person more comfortable if a cure is impossible. King says that early Hodgkins disease, as well as cancers can be cured either by radiation therapy alone or a combination of radiation therapy and kemothapy. Lung cancers, even if detected early, are still almost never curable.

Perhaps the most widely known fear of radiation therapy is of its effects. There are many. If therapy is directed toward the bone marrow, the blood may lose some of its potency. **Kidneys, lungs, and the liver are the most sensitive areas and ray dosage too strong may cause these areas to malfunction or to cease functioning.** Mild soap must be used for bathing, and vigorous wiping of the skin with a towel, as well as heating pads, ice packs, exposure to direct heat or cold, and ointments, creams, and powders are dangerous during treatment.

People being treated in the head lose hair, and treatment near the gonads may sterilize you. Stomach treatment can cause nausea and diarrhea. Much research is still needed to discover **the right dosage to minimize side effects and maximize cure.**

Though machines here are simply cold, imposing, frightening-looking machines, indivi-



*Below: Machines like this one and (opposite page, top) that one are modern technology's way of dealing with diseases long since deemed incurable. Opposite page,*

*bottom: Note the way therapists carefully position each part of the patient's body.*

dual contact with patients by nurses and therapists can make therapy less terrifying. When the new project is completed, more therapy rooms will allow therapists to spend more time with patients. Since one machine may cost millions of dollars, expansions must be financed by government agencies, bonds and donations.

Diagnostic radiologic technology is a saleable skill for the job market and can be learned in three years at MCV. Therapy is more specialized and takes more time to learn. "It takes a special kind of person," said Bell, "because therapy is so depressing. Many people who start out to become therapists find out they don't like it and go into nuclear medicine (the branch of diagnostic radiology that uses radiopharmaceuticals) or special procedures (a branch of diagnostic radiology that requires knowledge of more specialized machines).

The department here is small in number of students and so students working together closely and desire to help one another come easily, according to senior Gilbert Jones. The department mixes clinical experience with classroom training. MCV's urban setting allows the

student to "gain a lot more exposure to procedures as well as different types of patients," instructor Joanne Greathouse says. This makes MCV a special type of teaching hospital, unlike a lab in a small college town like at the University of Virginia.

Classroom instruction includes courses in operating the machines, professional writing, and physics. Students use an 80 pound mannequin with bones and tissues like those in humans to learn how to position bodies in machines. Students practice moving her from stretcher to fluoroscopy table, and take radiographs of different parts of her body. This eliminates students from making mistakes during clinical training with real patients and eliminates exposing the public to unnecessary radiation, says instructor Jim Wasseen.

Radiologic technologists are in great demand, and the demand is even greater for therapists. Whether treatment specialists, cancer researcher, doctor, surgeon, or diagnostic technologist, all are a part of a team to help the patient live with his cancer more comfortably or, sometimes, to live without any recurrence of cancer at all.


☆☆

**THE NICKEL BAG**  
 818 W. Broad  
 (at Grand)



*Handmade Mexican Sweaters now \$40*

**SALE**



**Hair Station, LTD**

MEN & WOMEN'S  
 HAIRSTYLING

NO APPOINTMENT  
 NECESSARY

5803 Patterson Ave.  
 (At Corner Of Libbey  
 & Patterson)  
 Richmond, Va. 23226  
 288-9022

OPEN EACH NIGHT  
 UNTIL 7:00PM

**Just Looking**  
 929 W. Grace St. Phone 355-8978

Looking for something different  
 to give friends this Christmas  
 Just Looking specializes in handmade,  
 imported merchandise including:  
 Bedspreads and Rugs  
 Dresses, Shirts, Pants, — Men and Women  
 Jewelry and Paraphernalia  
 All under \$10

We've got the unique gift for your unique friends

**Penny Arcade**  
 944 W. Grace

next to the Gramophone

Hot Dogs      Homemade  
 Knockwurst      Chili  
 Kielbase and other Sandwiches

Open Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m.-12 p.m.  
 Come Play Our Games While  
 You Enjoy Our Food

**Free medium drink with the order of any sandwich.**

# UP TOP SUB SHOP

917 W. Grace St.  
 355-7364

**Combo, Country Ham, Tuna,  
 Turkey Breast, Roast Beef,  
 And Meatball Subs.**

**Sub Sizes :**  
 1/4 ; 6"      1/2 ; 12"  
 whole ; 22"

**Cherry      Coke  
 Orange      Root Beer  
 Lemonade      Sprite  
 And Dannon Yogurt**

Open Mon - Thur:Sun      Fri.-Sat.  
 11:00-1:00 (AM)      11:00-2:00 (AM)



**GET YOUR CAREER OFF  
 TO A FLYING START**

It takes four years to get a college degree. How long will it take you to get a good job?

If you haven't settled on a company or corporation yet, why not get your executive career off to a flying start as a pilot or navigator in the United States Air Force? It's the finest flight program in the world, the pay is excellent, and you'll enjoy the prestige that goes with the silver wings of an Air Force pilot or navigator.

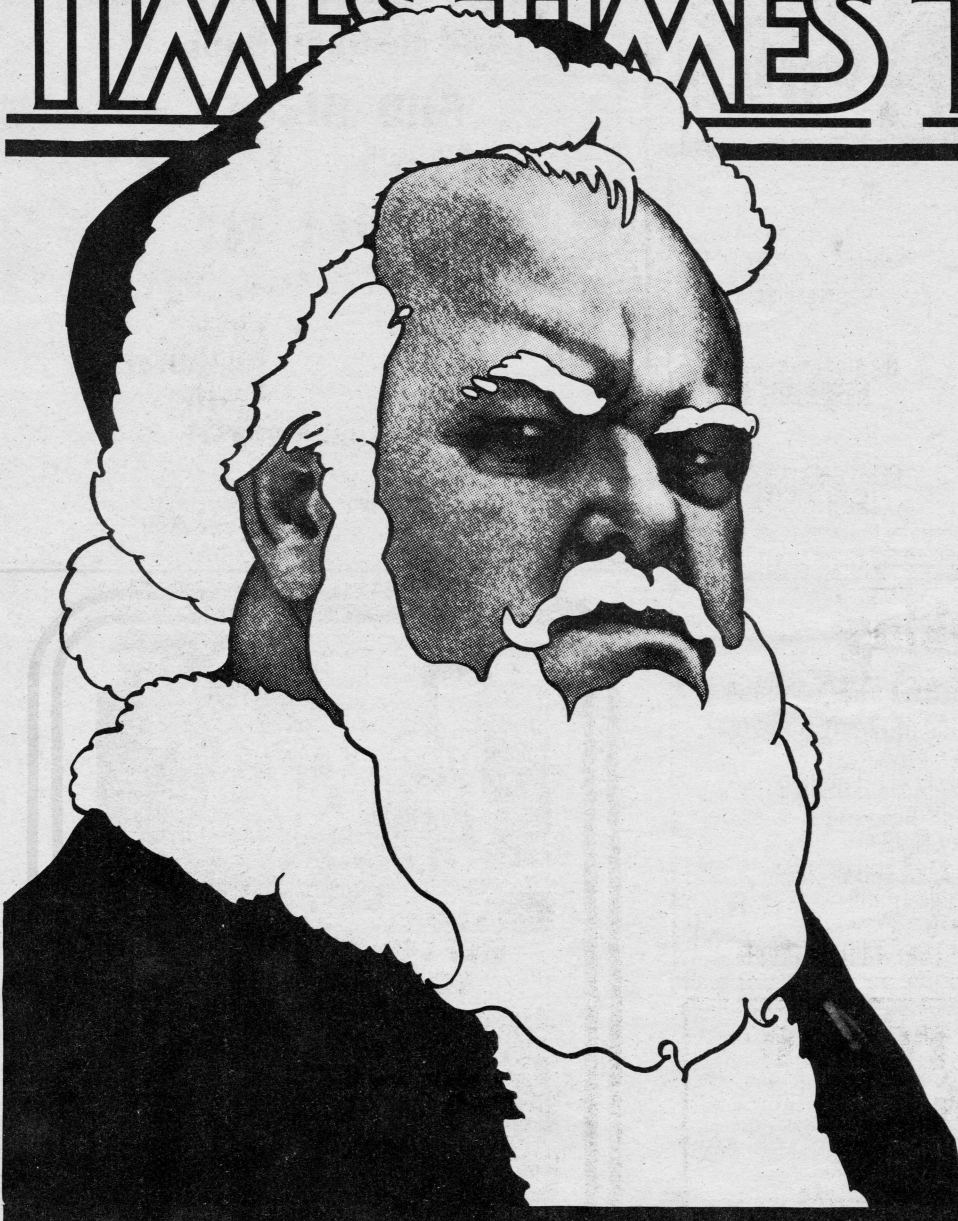
It's one of the finest opportunities in the nation. And a great place to gain executive experience with million dollar responsibility. Find out today about the Air Force flight program. Contact

M. Sgt. Bill Thompson    USAF Recruiting office  
 PO. Box 10071    Richmond, Va. 23240  
 Phone 804 / 782-2838

**AIR FORCE**  
 A great way of life.



COMMONWEALTH COMMONWEALTH COMMONWEALTH  
**TIMES TIMES TIMES**



THE SECOND ULTIMATE ECCENTRIC'S GIFT - GIVING GUIDE

# Peace & Quiet, Frames & Prints: Domestic Delight

By Miss Dominique Francon

You want to give your parents something tasteful for the holiday. And your best friend—you want to give her something she'll treasure. Your cousin is so hard to please, and just once you'd like to give Grandmother something she won't return the day after Christmas. You don't have much time left, and shopping is a colossal bore anyway. How can you get it all done as fast as possible and still put some feeling into it?

It's simple: art. Give them all prints for Christmas.

Here's what you do: get on the bus at Main Street (the #13, River Road, leaves every 20 or 30 minutes) and get off at Nansemond Street. Walk one block south to Carytown.

Start at the top. The Scott-McKennis Gallery, 3465 W. Cary St., has a large selection of original etchings, lithographs, serigraphs, and other prints by local, American, and foreign artists. Almost all the works are contemporary or modern art—some representational, some abstract, and a wide choice of styles and techniques. These are the real thing, and the prices are hefty. The bulk of the prints sell from \$50 to \$100, but there are also many in lower price ranges. The gallery will frame your selection if you wish.

A five minute walk down the street takes you to George Day's Art and Frame, Inc. at 3402 W. Cary. The selection here features a large amount of Early Americana: hunt scenes, wildlife, still life, ships, and other decorative reproductions in the \$5 to \$20 range. Prices start at \$ 2.20 a foot for frames, and you pay also for matting, drymounting, and glass—non-glare is more expensive than regular. You can probably expect to pay in the \$18-\$20 range to have an 11x14 print framed.

Across the street at 3401 W. Cary St. is The Paint Spot. Custom framing prices start at \$1.50 per foot, extra for dry mounting, matting, and glass. Probably you will pay, at the most, \$20 for a 12x16 frame. There is a good selection of attractive walnut and unfinished birch ready-made frames, and other (chrome, Plexiglas) do-it-yourself frames from \$3 to \$22. The selection of reproductions is limited, but the wide variety of frames is worth looking into.

A few blocks down at 3037 W. Cary, Bill Williams' Frame Shop has a large selection of custom frames, but almost nothing in the way of prints and reproductions. Prices are competitive.

From Bill Williams', you are two minutes from Art and Frame Studio at 13 N. Belmont. Here is a huge selection of prints and reproductions and a great Civil War collection; also, ready-made frames in many styles, sizes, and prices. Custom framing is competitive in selection and in price with the other shops in the area. But the prints are the main attraction here: whimsical and children's prints, Vanity Fair reproductions and Harpers' Weekly pages stand out. Prints start at \$3 and stay within the \$5 to \$15 range. □



By Laura Cameron

A quiet evening at home. Sounds like an intangible? Well, maybe money can't buy peace of mind, but sometimes it can buy peace and quiet. Here are some gift possibilities that promise domestic delight:

Give someone with an inoperable fireplace a chimney cleaning. \$52.50 for one story. (Honor Thy Hearth, 11252 Patterson Avenue, 740-1767. They also sell fireplace accessories.) Throw in a load of firewood, \$35 per load. (Allied, 7441 Rockfalls Drive, 272-3222. Better ask for a definition of load!)

And a hand-painted table to prop feet on or to hold a bottle of liquid warmth. Prices vary. (William and Rebecca Perrine, 1135 W. Franklin St., 353-2932. They specialize in painted furniture, but will also stencil floors and walls.) Add a bottle of an imported, controlled alcoholic beverage: Liqueur Galliano, 23 oz., \$10.85; Cointreau, 24 oz., \$8.95; Grand Marnier, 23 oz., \$12.85; Harvey's Bristol Cream, 25 oz., \$7.25. (At any state ABC store. Sorry, no Billy beer.)

And some cheese. All kinds, all prices. (Bacchus & Bread, 917 W. Grace St., 358-5364. The store also features wine, bread, and beer in returnable bottles.) Or try an almond coffee cake for \$1.50. (Dot's Pastry Shop, 3136 W. Cary St., 358-2011.)

Some Indian incense. 75 cents to \$1. (Just Looking, 929 W. Grace St., 355-8978.)

A copy of the first edition of Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. \$12.50. (The Book Room, 359-2744. Specializes in modern British and American literary first editions and books about books and printing.)

A conference call among friends who can't spend a quiet evening together. Prices on request. (Ma Bell, dial 0 for operator.)

For the letter writer, imported stationary. Prices vary. (The Unique Horn, Inc., 708 E. Grace St., 648-2400. Beautiful selection of cards and Christmas ornaments, too.) And a roll of 100 13-cent stamps — \$13. (At any post office. Make the check payable to Postmaster.)

Some felt tip pens with very fine points — 69 cents each. (Richmond Office Supply Co., Inc., 816 E. Main St., 644-4025. Ask for the Pilot Razor Points.)

For the diary keeper, aspiring poet or closet novelist, a blank book. \$2.75, \$3.75, \$6.25. (VCU Bookstore, basement of the Hibbs Building, Park Avenue at Shafer Street, 770-6861.)

And to keep those quiet evenings free of intruders, a dead bolt lock. About \$25. (Pleasant's Hardware, 2024 W. Broad St., 359-9381. Also have selection of "Do Not Disturb" signs.) □



# Probable Score Hits the Floor

By Mike Welton

I walked into the room, blinking through a cloud of thick blue smoke that nearly hid the figure of Probable Score, hunkered down in a corner, sucking furiously on a small toker.

"Colombo, no doubt," I said instinctively.

In a violent fit, Probable coughed up everything he had been trying desperately to fit into his hopelessly crippled lungs. "Yeah, it's the real thing," he sputtered.

I started to snort in disgust, but thought again. After all, in the ten years I've known Probable, he has never settled for less than the finest. So I got straight to the point.

"I am here," I explained, "because there is a story to be told. And you," (pause; subtle gesture with the right index finger) "are the one to tell it."

Probable winced. He knew what I was after...a drug story...hmmmmmm.... Slowly, I could see that his THC-addled brain was picking up my drift.

"Nothing controversial," I coaxed gently. "Just a few descriptions and some prices for a Christmas gift-giving guide, you know?"

"Nothing controversial?" he screeched. "Why, do you know what could happen if I were to publicly rattle off trans-high quotations to the entire VCU community? Hi Willett and Wyndy Blanton would roll both me *and* you in last week's *Times*, fire us up and just pass that big old joint around to the Board of Visitors, Ron Taylor and the VCU cops, and turn around and deliver the roach downtown, or maybe even to the state boys." He shook his head in disbelief and wonder. "You *are* crazy. Do your story on something else, anything else....How about small arms?" Then, with a sinister whisper, "Do you have any idea what the going price is these days on a box of .44 wadcutters? It's outrageous."

He was being stubborn. I had anticipated it. I shrugged: "Okay, no names, everybody's anonymous. Who would care anyway?"

Actually, he could be right, I thought. I *am* asking for information concerning things that...well, things that some zealots have in the past blamed for horrifying birth defects, mysterious chromosomal damage, wheezing and hacking bronchitis, pitifully pointless suicides, bloody nostrils or a strange lack of nostrils altogether, scorched lungs, mindless basket cases, and, most often, lack of rent money.

But, as Probable has asserted, all these things would most likely exist without drugs.

You see, through a haze of dense, almost choking smoke, Probable views the world as a hassle, a constant state of chaos which can be manipulated only through the use of drugs. Not just any mundane brown-bush Mexican, you understand, but what he calls the "real thing:" small sticky red buds of Colombian that glue your fingers together as you roll that joint; sparkling crystal rocks of cocaine that need only be shaved slightly with a razor blade and deftly inhaled for the subtle but confident high; LSD stamped with an owl,

denoting that it has somehow made the underground trip from the secret west coast laboratories of Robert Owlsley.

This is the stuff of Probable Score.

And that's why I knew I had him where I wanted. I pulled out an envelope, waved it in front of his nose, and let curiosity do the rest.

Probable lunged forward and hungrily, desperately, grabbed for the envelope, only to trip and knock to the floor two cherished prints: one an art nouveau poster depicting the pleasures and depravities of absinthe, the other a lithograph portraying a turbaned character billed only as Alexander: The Man Who Knows.

"What is it?" he pleaded from a prone position.

I looked down, then bent over and slid a tiny scrap of paper out of the envelope. Stamped on it was the unmistakable image of a Zap comic book character.

"Mr. Natural blotter!" wheezed Probable in amazement. Then came the predictable question: "How much did you pay for it?"

"Didn't buy it," I replied nonchalantly. "But I hear it cost \$4 a hit."

"Four's too much." Probable was stumbling directly into the trap. "Three's the max for that stuff," he said with a proud air of authority. The hedonistic gleam in his eye betrayed all earlier refusals to cooperate. I handed him the envelope and winked.

Probable sighed slowly. "All right, but let's get it over with quick, okay? 'Cause I'm going to eat this right now, and it won't be long before those crazed Albanian dwarfs and their decapitated ducks start popping in and out, you know? It could get real looney very quickly."

So, after many hassles, much garbled rhetoric, and more than a few frenzied outbursts, here are the latest market quotations from the streets of Richmond's wealthy West End, impoverished Fan district, redneck and nouveaux Southside, aloof-but-always-aware Church Hill, and the sprawling surrounding counties:

Homegrown marijuana (what's left from the fields of West Virginia, North Carolina, and of course the Old Dominion): \$10-15 for a healthy-sized bag of bush.

Mexican (average quality, lots of huffing): \$15-20/oz.

Mexican flowertops (rich brown in color): \$25-30/oz.

Mexican Gold (the best from Mexico): \$30-35/oz.

Jamaican (dark brown, few tops): \$30/oz.

Colombian (golden blond in color): \$35-40 oz.

Colombian (the "real thing"—red buds of goeey delights): \$35-45/oz.

Thai sticks (tied together with hemp, not string): \$25-35 apiece.

Moroccan hashish (blond in color, sticky and excellent in quality): \$6-8/gram, \$80-90/oz.

Lebanese hashish (light brown in color, nutmeggish in taste, mediocre in quality): \$4-6/gram, \$65-75/oz.

Black Afghanistan hashish (deep brown or black in color, thick heavy smoke and good high): \$6-8 gram, \$70-80/oz.

Cocaine (poorly cut, rough on the pocketbook and nose): \$55-70/gram.

Cocaine (medium quality, good ratio of lactose to crystal): \$75-90/gram.

Cocaine (Peruvian or Bogota flake): \$80-110/gram.

Purple mescaline (when available): \$3-5/hit.

Acid, Mr. Natural (when available): \$3-5/hit.



# **Surprise, Surprise!** **Meet Abe & Mary**

By Will Butler

So you and your special friend are browsing at the Virginia Museum when she hints that, if you were not already shopping for her Christmas, she would be interested in one of those rusty old Dali jewels. A small one, she coos, nothing fancy. And you were just thinking well of your purchase at Harrison Street's Coconut Jewelry.

Relax, my friend, those little baubles locked behind that guarded glass aren't for sale. But if you talked a good game and could get in to the Dali collection's owner, the Owen Cheatham Foundation in New York, you would need — well, the price is confidential. The collection hasn't been for sale since the early '50s. Of course, the owners only say they're not selling. Make an offer. It's worth a try.

Since, however, that friend on your arm has robbed you of the initiative—the Dali jewels were her suggestion—you have several strategies left. First, in your most knowing voice, you tell her, offhandedly, that you have heard that sort of jewelry is boring. Old fashioned. *Declasse* is the word you use. She is surprised at your knowledgeable tone. She wonders what you know that she doesn't. But not for long. With less than three weeks to Christmas, you have some work to do. It's its grandeur she wants, you'll make this a holiday beyond dreaming about.

At the first chance you beeline downtown to the F&M Building. Inside the pavilion next to the monolith is William Carreras Diamonds Ltd.. You take in the clean, subdued, formal decor.

The show starts. "Start me off with diamonds," you say, trying to sound experienced. "Parcels of, let's say, one carat, brilliant cut." What color? "Oh, the usual," you blurt. Then, on the table is a folded packet, three by five inches and bulging in the center, specially ordered from Harry Winston in New York. The parcel is opened. It is two layers of paper: purest white onion skin on the outside with a dead black liner. But when the paper is unfolded, you see the shimmering fire of 500 VVS(very, very slightly imperfect—few carbon spots) Fine White diamonds. \$1000/carat. A- cut. They prick at your eyes. The overhead light catches the pile of icy stones and splinters into a million colored sparks. The whole parcel is yours, you are told, for \$1/2 million. You imagine a scene of Christmas morning:

*A black velvet bag pulled from the toe of a red stocking. She tugs it into view, opens it cautiously, curiously. She pours the contents into her hand, filling her palm, spilling the rest onto the floor. Her eyes wide, she stands*



*holding the stones like Thor clenching a fist of lightning. A scream frozen in her throat.*

Quantity is nice, but overwhelming. You ask to see a solitary stone. From another paper comes a pear shaped, two carat, blue (the most rare) at a modest \$8000 to \$10,000. The jeweler is patient.

You are told that color, cut, carat, and clarity—the four C's—are the factors to consider when purchasing precious stones. Gems are one of the oldest investments known to humanity. But still something is missing. This is a gift, you tell yourself, not a stock portfolio. There is more here than investment value. What you want is more the experience of jewelry. You consider a half-carat ruby. A round one, fine color, brilliant cut. (Siamese \$15,000; Burmese \$100,000) You settle on the Burmese. You call MCV's Dental School. They estimate that for \$350 to \$400 you could have the ruby set in one of your lady's central incisors. Salvatore Dali, eh! You remember that Mick Jagger had one similarly set (later removed). You fantasize:

*The ruby, gleaming red against the black velvet. And next to this a small white envelope, a gift certificate from your dentist.*

No, this isn't the effect you are after.

Ancient kings held gems to be talismans—stones of more mystical power than conventional beauty. Perhaps a raw stone would be more striking than one faceted and polished.

*Blue sapphires. Dark, homely crystals, the surfaces rough, fractured. But held to the light, the Prussian blue pours out of the crystal like an ether dream, holding you in its narcotic spell.*

You imagine her reaching the toe of the stocking and pulling out Pan-Am tickets, roundtrip to Bangkok, Thailand (first class for two, of course). \$5848. You ruled out Burma as being too politically hot to visit.

*You hire a car at the airport. The driver, a good-natured, perky fellow who*



# Surprise, Surprise! Meet Abe & Mary

By Will Butler

So you and your special friend are browsing at the Virginia Museum when she hints that, if you were not already shopping for her Christmas, she would be interested in one of those rusty old Dali jewels. A small one, she coos, nothing fancy. And you were just thinking well of your purchase at Harrison Street's Coconut Jewelry.

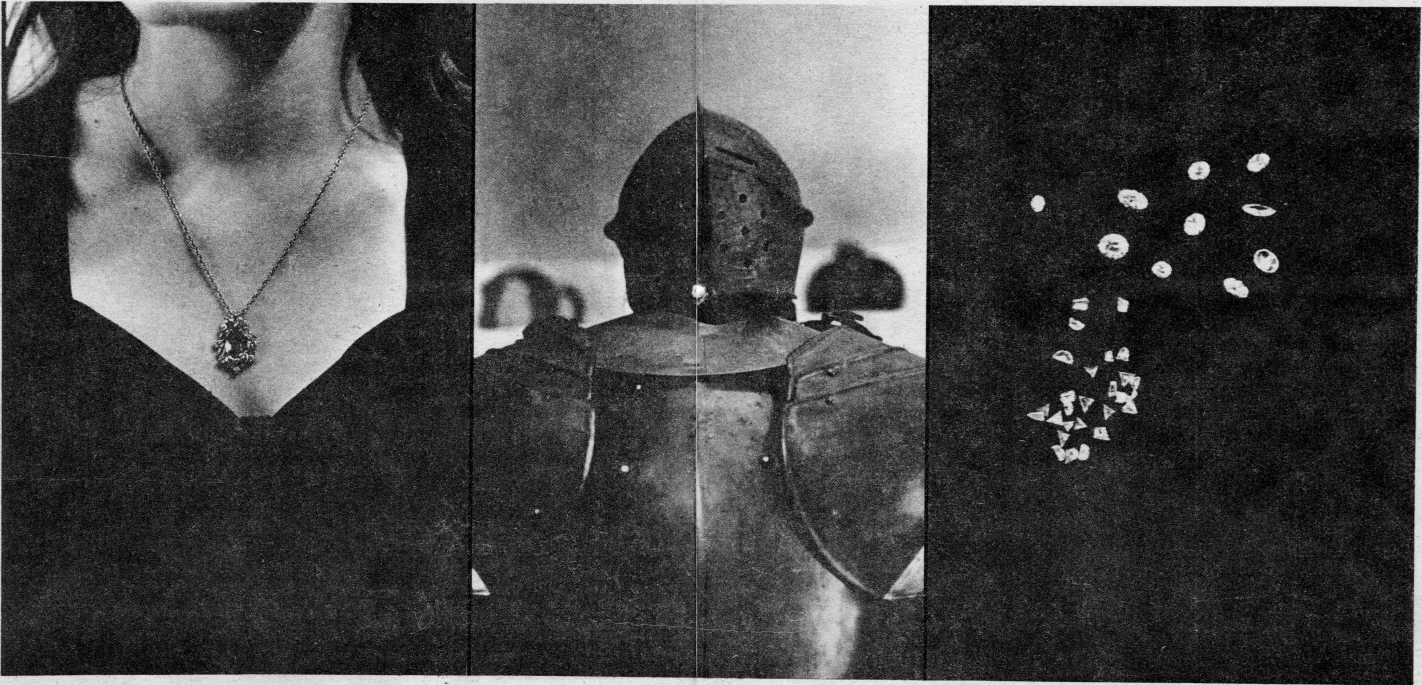
Relax, my friend, those little baubles locked behind that guarded glass aren't for sale. But if you talked a good game and could get in to the Dali collection's owner, the Owen Cheatham Foundation in New York, you would need — well, the price is confidential. The collection hasn't been for sale since the early '50s. Of course, the owners only say they're not selling. Make an offer. It's worth a try.

Since, however, that friend on your arm has robbed you of the initiative—the Dali jewels were her suggestion—you have several strategies left. First, in your most knowing voice, you tell her, offhandedly, that you have heard that sort of jewelry is boring. Old fashioned. *Declasse* is the word you use. She is surprised at your knowledgeable tone. She wonders what you know that she doesn't. But not for long. With less than three weeks to Christmas, you have some work to do. It's grandeur she wants, you'll make this a holiday beyond dreaming about.

At the first chance you beeline downtown to the F&M Building. Inside the pavilion next to the monolith is William Carreras Diamonds Ltd.. You take in the clean, subdued, formal decor.

The show starts. "Start me off with diamonds," you say, trying to sound experienced. "Parcels of, let's say, one carat, brilliant cut." What color? "Oh, the usual," you blurt. Then, on the table is a folded packet, three by five inches and bulging in the center, specially ordered from Harry Winston in New York. The parcel is opened. It is two layers of paper: purest white onion skin on the outside with a dead black liner. But when the paper is unfolded, you see the shimmering fire of 500 VVS(very, very slightly imperfect—few carbon spots) Fine White diamonds. \$1000/car. A- cut. They prick at your eyes. The overhead light catches the pile of icy stones and splinters into a million colored sparks. The whole parcel is yours, you are told, for \$1/2 million. You imagine a scene of Christmas morning:

A black velvet bag pulled from the toe of a red stocking. She tugs it into view, opens it cautiously, curiously. She pours the contents into her hand, filling her palm, spilling the rest onto the floor. Her eyes wide, she stands



holding the stones like Thor clenching a fist of lightning. A scream frozen in her throat.

Quantity is nice, but overwhelming. You ask to see a solitary stone. From another paper comes a pear shaped, two carat, blue (the most rare) at a modest \$8000 to \$10,000. The jeweler is patient.

You are told that color, cut, carat, and clarity—the four C's—are the factors to consider when purchasing precious stones. Gems are one of the oldest investments known to humanity. But still something is missing. This is a gift, you tell yourself, not a stock portfolio. There is more here than investment value. What you want is more the experience of jewelry. You consider a half-carat ruby. A round one, fine color, brilliant cut. (Siamese \$15,000; Burmese \$100,000) You settle on the Burmese. You call MCV's Dental School. They estimate that for \$350 to \$400 you could have the ruby set in one of your lady's central incisors. Salvadore Dali, eh! You remember that Mick Jagger had one similarly set (later removed). You fantasize:

The ruby, gleaming red against the black velvet. And next to this a small white envelope, a gift certificate from your dentist.

No, this isn't the effect you are after. Ancient kings held gems to be talismans—stones of more mystical power than conventional beauty. Perhaps a raw stone would be more striking than one faceted and polished.

Blue sapphires. Dark, homely crystals, the surfaces rough, fractured. But held to the light, the Prussian blue pours out of the crystal like an ether dream, holding you in its narcotic spell.

You imagine her reaching the toe of the stocking and pulling out Pan-Am tickets, roundtrip to Bangkok, Thailand (first class for two, of course). \$5848. You ruled out Burma as being too politically hot to visit.

You hire a car at the airport. The driver, a good-natured, perky fellow who

assures you he speaks perfect English, considers 1000 baht (\$50 U.S.) a good deal to drive two fuhrongs(foreigners) to the sapphire mines at Chantaburi. He would have smiled at half that, but you didn't know. You pass rice paddies and tapioca fields. The heat is outrageous. The car, a hybridized and thoroughly beaten Datsun, threads the twisted roads, passing out of the jungle fringe and brush-covered fields. The driver takes your breath away with his reckless speed and pleasant obliviousness. Even before you come to a stop, small, dark-skinned men, wearing only a thin, sarong-like plaid cloth, converge on the car. Behind them are mud-covered hills pocked with holes big enough, it seems, for only one man apiece: the mines. Without losing his smile, the driver says he has told the miners you are a dealer from the States. Good luck for you, he says. Baskets with rough stones are pushed at the car's open windows. Everyone is yelling in a language that to you sounds like garbled singing. You must be careful, your driver says, taking pity on your confusion. Some of the stones they offer are synthetic boules disguised as mine rough. The miners are pushing at the car. You can't think with all the noise. "Help," you say. The driver pulls a revolver and lays it in his lap.

A trip to the mines is exotic but still, you feel, not it. Too much anxiety for the amateur gemologist. Perhaps something that isn't so frantic. Metal, perhaps. Gold.

She pulls from the stocking a carbon copy of the bid you entered in an Alaskan auction. Gold miners have offered their finds to the sealed bidding of private buyers, thus eliminating refinery middlemen. Last week, sitting on the auction block, was a pocked, baroque-shaped, 62 troy ounce nugget of gleaming native gold, lying on the block as commandingly as it lay in the stream where the miner found it. The miner, however, turned down the only bid, \$145,000. Paltry by his standards.

You awake from all this reverie-turned-nightmare. Your wallet is empty. No

checks have arrived from home. It's too early to use next semester's financial aid. Christmas is upon you. There's no time left and that stocking is a yawning cavern, waiting for you to make up your mind. Then you remember the tiny box of hand-forged silver earrings in your pocket. You remember how you felt about it. And you relax. It was the feeling that you were after all along, that you wanted discovered deep in that stocking. Will she like it? Will she understand the feeling?

Stick with the feeling, you tell yourself. Go ahead. Take a chance. □

# Sorry, Ferrophiles: George Isn't for Sale

George isn't for sale, but he can be rented, and chances are good he can bring temporary satisfaction to that weirdo on your list who lusts for the extreme.

George isn't a blow-up doll. And unless you have a new concept of the word "cosmopolitan," you don't want him with you at those top-notch holiday social galas. George is a late 15th century suit of armor.

He stands forever obedient in the home of Glenn Crone, former channel 6 weatherman, present Santa Claus at Thalhimers and forever collector of anything: "If I don't have it, I'll get it for you or I can make it." And George—that name is used fondly around the house—can be rented by just about anybody. The price varies, according to the reason for use and ability to pay.

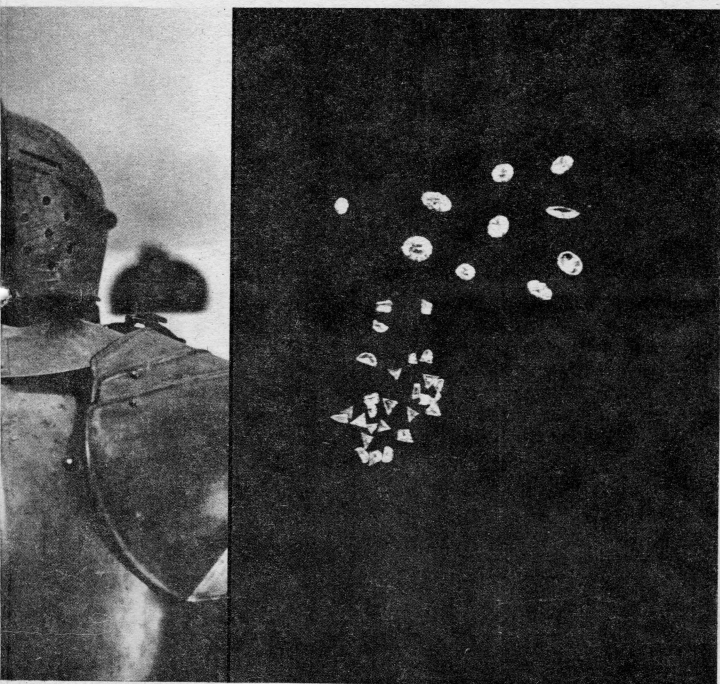
Crone bought George at a World Bazaar store in Regency Square about a month and a half ago, after lining up a couple of potential customers. Crone realized the need for armor in some circles and decided that the income to be had justified buying it—for around \$740, according to Ms. Mary Ball Montsinger, manager at the World Bazaar.

George is most often lent to local theatres. Crone noted that oftentimes "theatres just don't have the things you need" for an accurate and professional performance. Being a confessed purist, Crone could no longer endure "wrong" or "hodgepodge" armor: nothing like a 13th century helmet, a 14th century breastplate and a 15th century kneepiece all at one time.

So Crone bought his own. George is full armor, designed for someone of slight build, just right for the average 15th century man. He may not be that well articulated, but he is definitely functional—not a crack of exposed skin to invite poisoned spears.

—Peter Blake





assures you he speaks perfect English, considers 1000 baht (\$50 U.S.) a good deal to drive two fuhrongs (foreigners) to the sapphire mines at Chantaburi. He would have smiled at half that, but you didn't know. You pass rice paddies and tapioca fields. The heat is outrageous. The car, a hybridized and thoroughly beaten Datsun, threads the twisted roads, passing out of the jungle fringe and brush-covered fields. The driver takes your breath away with his reckless speed and pleasant obliviousness. Even before you come to a stop, small, dark-skinned men, wearing only a thin, sarong-like plaid cloth, converge on the car. Behind them are mud-covered hills pocked with holes big enough, it seems, for only one man apiece: the mines. Without losing his smile, the driver says he has told the miners you are a dealer from the States. Good luck for you, he says. Baskets with rough stones are pushed at the car's open windows. Everyone is yelling in a language that to you sounds like garbled singing. You must be careful, your driver says, taking pity on your confusion. Some of the stones they offer are synthetic boules disguised as mine rough. The miners are pushing at the car. You can't think with all the noise. "Help," you say. The driver pulls a revolver and lays it in his lap.

A trip to the mines is exotic but still, you feel, not it. Too much anxiety for the amateur gemologist. Perhaps something that isn't so frantic. Metal, perhaps. Gold.

She pulls from the stocking a carbon copy of the bid you entered in an Alaskan auction. Gold miners have offered their finds to the sealed bidding of private buyers, thus eliminating refinery middlemen. Last week, sitting on the auction block, was a pocked, baroque-shaped, 62 troy ounce nugget of gleaming native gold, lying on the block as commandingly as it lay in the stream where the miner found it. The miner, however, turned down the only bid, \$145,000. Paltry by his standards.

You awake from all this reverie-turned-nightmare. Your wallet is empty. No

checks have arrived from home. It's too early to use next semester's financial aid. Christmas is upon you. There's no time left and that stocking is a yawning cavern, waiting for you to make up your mind. Then you remember the tiny box of hand-forged silver earrings in your pocket. You remember how you felt about it. And you relax. It was the feeling that you were after all along, that you wanted discovered deep in that stocking. Will she like it? Will she understand the feeling?

Stick with the feeling, you tell yourself. Go ahead. Take a chance. □

## Sorry, Ferrophiles: George Isn't for Sale

George isn't for sale, but he can be rented, and chances are good he can bring temporary satisfaction to that weirdo on your list who lusts for the extreme.

George isn't a blow-up doll. And unless you have a new concept of the word "cosmopolitan," you don't want him with you at those top-notch holiday social galas. George is a late 15th century suit of armor.

He stands forever obedient in the home of Glenn Crone, former channel 6 weatherman, present Santa Claus at Thalhimers and forever collector of anything: "If I don't have it, I'll get it for you or I can make it." And George—that name is used fondly around the house—can be rented by just about anybody. The price varies, according to the reason for use and ability to pay.

Crone bought George at a World Bazaar store in Regency Square about a month and a half ago, after lining up a couple of potential customers. Crone realized the need for armor in some circles and decided that the income to be had justified buying it—for around \$740, according to Ms. Mary Ball Montsinger, manager at the World Bazaar.

George is most often lent to local theatres. Crone noted that oftentimes "theatres just don't have the things you need" for an accurate and professional performance. Being a confessed purist, Crone could no longer endure "wrong" or "hodgepodge" armor: nothing like a 13th century helmet, a 14th century breastplate and a 15th century kneepiece all at one time.

So Crone bought his own. George is full armor, designed for someone of slight build, just right for the average 15th century man. He may not be that well articulated, but he is definitely functional—not a crack of exposed skin to invite poisoned spears.

—Peter Blake



## A Tardy Shopper's Grandiose Delusions

When caught buying a gift for the person who has everything, all you can hope for is to surprise him. That's the philosophy of the people at Nieman-Marcus in Dallas, Tex.

For example: Neiman-Marcus accentuates the ho-hum, everyday hard hat with (what else?) complete 24 carat gold plating and a name plaque attached to the hat's bill. \$175.

Or, if you would rather celebrate Christmas year-round, try N-M's tree-of-the-month offer. Each month of 1978, the recipient will have delivered to his door a tree, two to four feet high, designed with that particular month in mind. The schedule:

January: Quaking aspen; February: Sweet cherry; March: Cork oak; April: Golden raintree; May: Norway spruce; June: Calamondin orange; July: American elm; August: Dogwood; September: Scholar tree; October: Witch hazel; November: Cranberry tree; December: Silver Bell.

Each tree will come in a three-gallon decorative container with full planting instructions. A special card will announce your gift at Christmas. Total price is \$800.

Or you might prefer to send yourself on a week-long flight into fantasy. The trip begins in Springfield, Ill., where you and your party (accommodations for five) are met by Abe and Mrs. Lincoln (actually actor/Lincoln scholar Richard Blake and his wife), accompanied by an honor guard of the Illinois Fifth Cavalry Regiment.

You will meet with Illinois Governor James R. Thompson for a tour of his office and the Governor's Mansion, where he will present you with a copper replica of a registered deed to a square inch of land on Lincoln's "Forgotten Farm"—a 40 acre tract 100 miles from Springfield which was accidentally left unlisted in the inventory of the president's estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake, in character as President and Mrs. Lincoln, will accompany you throughout the entire trip, which culminates in a camp-out—complete with Civil War tents and meals at an officers' mess on bivouac—on the "Forgotten Farm." In the course of the week, you will stay at a presidential suite in Springfield and attend a banquet in your honor.

Proceeds of the trip will be contributed in your name to Lincoln College in Lincoln, Ill. The price; \$30,000.

Order through Neiman-Marcus, P.O.Box 2968, Dallas, Tex. 75221.

—Mike Bowen



## Too Big for Dolls? Try a Gothic Mansion

She used to play with doll houses, but now she wants her very own home. Want to give her the gift she'll cherish forever? Then Richmond Real Estate is the place to call, for it is presently taking sealed bids for a cozy 125-room structure located in the downtown area.

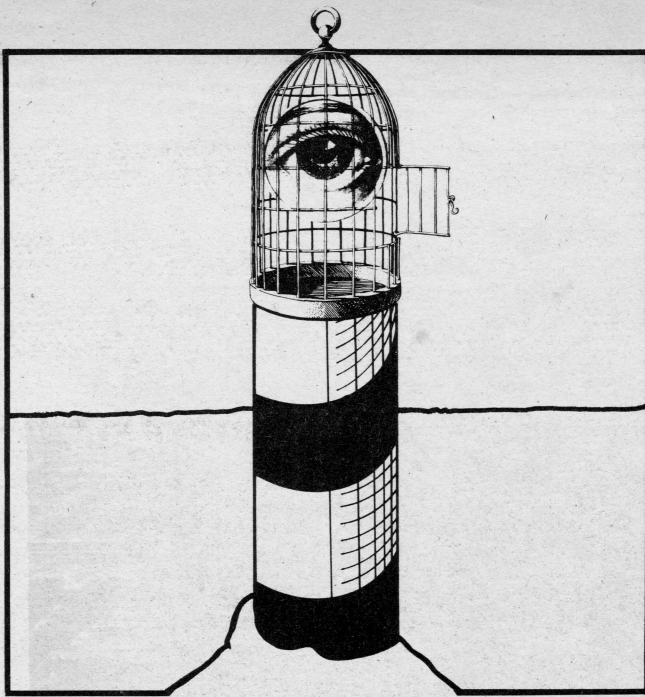
The building has had only one owner, the City of Richmond, which named the structure "City Hall." It was used to house the courts and city council chambers, but has stood empty since last year's completion of the John Marshall Courts Building.

Completed in 1894 after six and a half years of construction, the building stands five floors high. It has a gross size of 100,000 square feet with a net rentable area of 62,000. The building contains five million bricks, two million cubic feet of granite, 10 miles of conduit and wire and 692,999 board feet of heart pine.

Portions of the building, which resembles a Gothic castle, are centrally air-conditioned, while the rest contains window units. A spokesman for Richmond Real Estate said the building contains "the finest and most complete collection of gas and electric features in the country." He explained that when the building was converted from gas to electrical lighting, the electric wires were built along side the gas lights."

At the time of construction, the building cost \$1.3 million. According to the agent, it would cost over \$20 million to build an identical structure today. The assessed value is \$2.2 million, but "any bid that is reasonable will be considered."

—Bobbie Harrell



## For a Child, a Polar Visit

Maybe last year you gave the child in your life what you thought he wanted. In your spare time, you found yourself flipping through catalogues, browsing along toy counters, pointing out this thing and that and finally telling the cashier, with relief, "I want that. Wrap it up for me."

On Christmas Day, the little saucer-eyes brightened when they gazed at their treasures. But in three days the playthings lay unused, lonely.

You blew it. What made you think you knew what those tiny hands and that simple yet clutching child's mind would find fascinating?

This year, let him grab precisely what he wants—right as it comes off Santa's little elves' assembly line at 180 degrees longitude.

That's right: send the child in your life to the North Pole. Picture in your mind his glee as he stays with Mr. Claus explaining what he wants, watching it being crafted, and snatching it as it comes off the last leg of hand production, where elf XII coats it with unbreakable spellbinder.

One of the best ways to get you and he to Santa's house is by way of an airplane ride. A plane traveling 150 miles an hour and a pilot for the 65-hour trip there would probably cost about \$2300. Considering a 24-hour stay, 36 hours for mishap in arctic blizzards and the ride back, you could probably make it on \$7030. That's if you rent from local firms and take out no extra insurance.

Or you could leave Richmond bound for Seattle on rail, and once there, rent a helicopter to fly you to the Pole. The train trip—as long as you returned home within 21 days—would only cost you \$175.25 (Amtrak price), but the helicopter is slightly more expensive. Considering your stay and the weather, a trip that way would cost about \$13,735, plus or minus a few cents.

You'd probably have to travel by air from Seattle because just north of there in the winter the ground and roads are piled high with snow and ice. Greyhound runs a trip to Fairbanks for \$294, but you'd have to catch that bus driver in the middle of an extremely warm winter to convince him to drive you farther north.

—Marty Croll

## Vibrators and Plasticized Books

Many people will not believe it, but there is an adult bookstore close to the VCU campus. B&T's bookstore, 1203 W. Broad St. beneath Poor Boys), offers a wide selection of erotic literature, color-illustrated sex manuals, an assortment of sexual aids and novelty items, and 24 25-cent movie stalls. Past the tired old men, and the teenage punks who smash bottles on Harrison Street sidewalks, is a shop for those who have tasted the wilder side of life.

Across almost an entire wall are displayed the shop's numerous erotic periodicals. They vary in price and quality, the most expensive being *Men Together*, *Electra's Girls*, and *Strange Sex: The Digest of Deviant Behaviour*, for \$10. Others sold are *Young and Hung*, \$8, *The Erection Collection*, and *Hot Flesh Annual*, both \$6. For those gift-givers with tighter purse strings, *Sex Waitresses*, \$5, and *Frustrated Girls*, \$4, are sure-fire stocking-stuffers. Each glossy magazine and every book in the store is individually wrapped in plastic.

Among the novels offered for sale are *Campus Hot Mouth* for \$2, *Don's Teenage Harem* and *Matilda and Uncle Charles*, each for \$2.50, and *Daddy's Tasty Chicken*, for a surprising \$1.95. There's somebody in practically every family who would enjoy any one of these works.

There are many apparatuses sold for personal gratification at B&T's, simple, easy-to-use implements that would bring a little warm cheer during this frosty holiday season. Four products marketed as Personal Vibrators range in price from \$5.50 to \$12.95; the most expensive model comes equipped with all the attachments the ordinary person might use. Eggs cost \$12.95, as do rubber imitations of male copulatory organs. Spanish Fly Pills are \$6.

Unfortunately, B&T's does not have a large collection of 8mm films in sizzling color for sale, so their shows in stalls are what the shopper will have to settle for. The 3x5 cubicles are perfect for losing an afternoon or evening in; there's a trace of filth, but a slight smell of antiseptic. The almost gymnastic performances will startle the average person, who never imagined that human bodies could perform so rigorously.

Gift certificates, or a roll of quarters, are two ways of sharing this experience with others. One might leave thinking that vicarious enjoyments are better than the real thing...and that's the way everything is at B&T's.

—Bill Pahnalas

Contributors to the Ultimate Eccentric's Gift - Giving Guide:  
Photographers: Tom Matthews, page 20; Ray K. Saunders, pages 18 & 19;  
Tim Wright, page 16.  
Illustrator/Designer: Michael Sherbert.  
Editor: Brett Averill.





"PHONE ME, AL.... LET'S KEEP IN TOUCH\*...  
I DON'T WANT YOU TO FORGET YOUR OLD ROOMIE!"

\* NOW... TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW OUT-OF-STATE ONE-MINUTE DIAL-DIRECT SPECIALS. 2 1/4¢ OR LESS FOR NIGHT and WEEKEND CALLERS



**C&P Telephone**

Evenings 5 P.M. - 11 P.M. Sunday thru Friday  
Nights 11 P.M. - 8 A.M. Everynight  
Weekends All Day Saturday Until 5 P.M. Sunday  
first minute, interstate calls.  
Plus tax, excludes Alaska and Hawaii.

# Memoirs of a Press Junket

## A Close Encounter With New York

By J.P. Donnelly

Illustrations by Hatley Mason

It's Monday and I'm in New York City. What am I doing up here anyway? It's raining again. It's been raining for the last eight days. I should have listened to Noah. He tried to warn me, but would I listen? No. Too smart for my own good. I said, "Noah, what's goin' on, man. You got all this wood and shit in your backyard. What'chu buildin' anyway?"

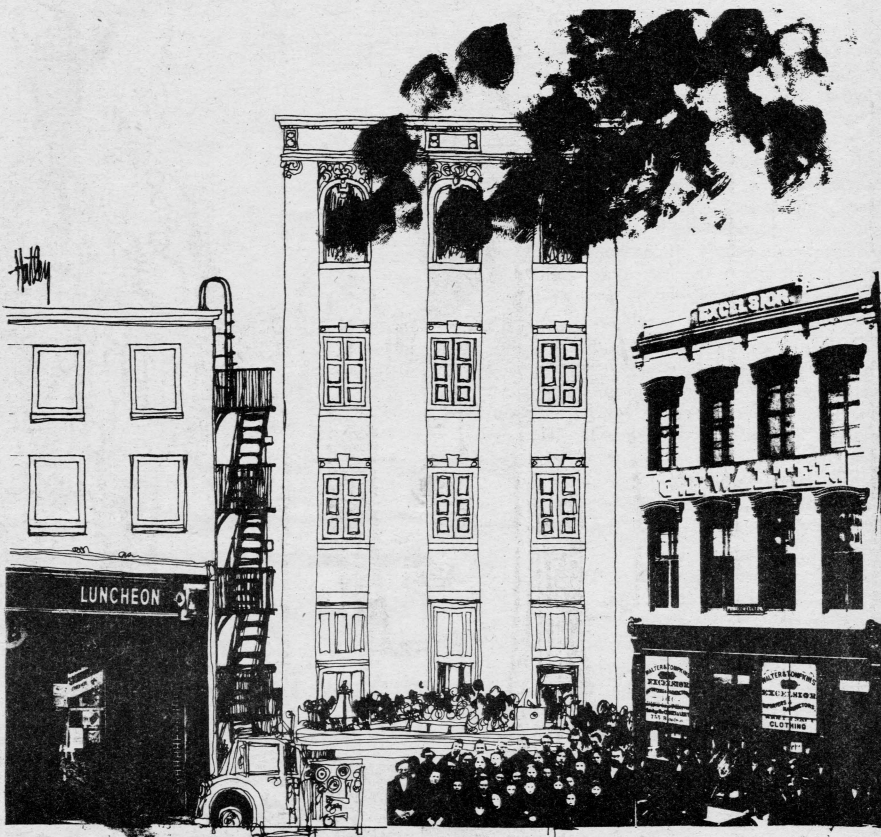
He said, "It's all over, jack. The Second Coming has arrived. There's a low pressure area moving south and a cold front on the rise. Just like the good book says—it's gonna rain forty days and forty nights, and all the oceans are goin' to swell up and all the little animals are gonna drown, and it's gonna come down in buckets and it's gonna come down in sheets, and it's gonna be grey, misty, damp, overcast-fogged in, sepia-toned feather-banked cloud layers of nasty, and it's gonna be wet, wet, man, a thousand times wet. But I'm ready for it. I'm gonna be dry. When the time comes I'm gonna be high and dry and you can float all the way to Pungo Pungo, but it won't make no difference to me, 'cause your white ass is goin' to drown whether you like it or not."

I said, "Noah, man, you're talkin' some terrible shit. I can't stand to hear this. I can't be around you when you talk like this."

He said, "You don't bother me. I gonna build my boat an' sail away; you be laughin' an' shit now, but we see how much laughin' you do when the James start risin' around your skinny legs."

Now I realize Noah's crazy and I shouldn't pay him any mind, but the way that water is comin' down, I don't feel any too good about the whole thing. 'Course, I'm better off than he is. His boat ain't shit—he won't get that thing finished, and even if he does, it won't float. Least wise I'm up here in New York City, way up here on the forty-fifth floor of the Americana Hotel. I can look down on all those suckers, swimming in all that wet trash floatin' around. It don't bother me. I got room service, a color T.V., a cassette tape machine, twin beds, hot and cold runnin' water, adjustable thermometer and a big picture window to look out of.

Yeah, I got a nice room, thanks to them Hollywood boys. They're nice folks—not too bright, but real nice. They flew me up here first class. That's when you get to ride up front with all the tweed suits and the fifty-cent cigars. Yeah, I feel pretty good about all this; never have been to New York before. I even got to ride next to the window—look out and see everything, well, not everything. It rained all the way up so it was real cloudy, sort of



like watchin' my old motorola, fuzzy-white and all. But that was a fast ride man. No sooner got in the air than we started to come down again. The captain didn't hardly get a chance to finish his welcome speech. But that was o.k. too, 'cause I was in a hurry. I just wanted to find New York City and get my room before the rain washed my poor ass away.

You probably wonderin' how a guy like me gets to ride in big airplanes and stay in fancy hotels. Well, my boss Mike, he came up the other day and said, "Hey J.P.—you wanta go the New York City?"

"So, what's it to you?"

He said, "I got a plane ticket, hotel reservation, and a free pass to one of them New York premiers. You wanta go, or doncha?"

"Why me?"

"'Cause you available, that's why."

"What's in it for you?"

He said, "You gonna write me a story, and I'm

gonna, print it, and we're both gonna feel good."

"But who's payin' for all this? You ain't payin' good money out of your pocket, Mike—I know you too well."

"Don't you worry turkey about who's payin' for it. You ain't gotta pay, and that's all that concerns you."

"Well, o.k. man. It don't bother me. But what is all this. What am I supposed to write about?"

He said, "Son, you're invited to big doin's in New York. Some people in Hollywood have gone and paid out twenty-two big ones for this movie called *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*."

"Close Encounters of the who—?"

"Don't worry about it J.P.; you've got all the information in this manila envelope right here. Now be on your way, and call me when you get there."

"But, Mike, I ain't ever been to New York City before. What am I supposed to do up there?"

"Don't worry about what you're supposed to do.



Nobody in this world knows what they're doin' anyway, so just do what they do and you'll be alright."

So I got into this New York airport called LaGuardia on Sunday, and took me a three-dollar busride into the city. The bus put me out at this place called Grand Central Station. I didn't see anything so grand about it; just another big, ugly building. You had to climb 'bout eight-thousand steps just to get to the front door. Hell, they got rich people's homes out at the west side of Richmond look better'n that thing.

But I will say this 'bout New York City—they got some tall fuckin' buildings in that place man. They just rise up out of the ground, right on up into these clouds—don't even stop jack, I mean they just rise and rise, look like glass mountains. Some of 'em have these elevators stuck on the side that you can ride all the way to the top. I want to say right now that I ain't never been in one of them rascals, and don't plan to be. No way, jack. Ain't no damn way.

One of those buildings caught on fire while I was walkin' down forty-second street. The redcoats had the whole block roped off, but that didn't stop much. People were all gatherin' around close, tryin' to see who got burned and maybe see somebody jump out of one of them windows. They had all kinds of trucks and sirens, but those little bitty ladders weren't for shit. They couldn't reach high enough. People were screamin' and yellin' and shit. You just knew somebody was dyin' in there, but them firemen couldn't get to 'em. After awhile some of 'em came out, all burned and toasted lookin'. The air smelled funny too. It was bad, man, for sure. I passed on away from there. I didn't need that kind of shit on my first day in New York.

I was having a little trouble finding that hotel, so I started lookin' for someone to give me directions. It didn't seem very crowded; maybe people in New York stay indoors on Sunday. But there was this one fella up ahead of me a ways, carryin' this humongous suitcase and sort of leanin' to the side, like as if a good stiff breeze might come along and tip him over. I tried to catch up with him. Well, this crazy dude starts lookin' over his shoulder and walkin' fast; must've thought I was tryin' to do something to him. He dodged over across the street, and I dodged over behind. Then he started walkin' even faster, so I started walkin' even faster behind 'm. Pretty soon we're both runnin' down the streets of New York—him lookin' over his shoulder and me wavin' my arms, tryin' to get his attention. 'Course you might say I had his attention, all right, that's why he was runnin' like hell. He ran funny too, like one of them scabby old city dogs—the ones



***Pretty soon we're both runnin' down the streets of New York—him lookin' over his shoulder and me wavin' my arms, tryin' to get his attention. 'Course you might say I had his attention, all right, that's why he was runnin' like hell...***

with a bad leg, that hop around real funny cause they been in too many fights with rats, and lost more times than they won.

After a few more blocks, I let him go. If he wants to get away that bad, I thought, he might start yellin' for a cop. People in New York are crazy anyway. They worry 'bout what one person's gonna do to the other, even before he does it. Man, they the worringtonest people I ever did see. But it don't bother me any. I'm just here on a visit. I'm gonna have a

good time. They can have that worry-shit to themselves, and they can have each other too.

Americana Hotel, and there wasn't anything cheap about it. Hell, there were three restaurants, a jewelry store, two clothing stores, a drug store, a travel agency, a lobby and 'bout fourteen bath-rooms all on the first floor, and I ain't even said anything about the rest of the building yet. There were fifty floors in all. My room was so high, even the birds got tired tryin' to fly up there. It was a mighty sight, for, sure; I didn't want to go anywhere. I just wanted to stay in my room and look out that fine window. But Mike wanted me to see a movie. That's why he sent me up there, so I figured I ought to look at one.

That afternoon when I checked in, the man at the desk gave me a yellow card. The card said I should visit this room on the fifth floor where all the movie people would be. Well, I got on the elevator and rode on down to meet these folks. I'm tellin' the truth, that elevator moved a whole lot faster than my stomach. I just hope those brakes never wear out on that thing. It would be a terrible mess, I can tell you. So, I went on down to see these people from Hollywood, and they turned out to be real nice. I said, "Hello. J.P. Donnelly's my name. I'm here to see 'Close Encounters for the Third Time.'"

They looked a little surprised to see me, but they gave me a nice welcome; asked me how was my plane ride and they were glad to see me and everything. They told me they worked for Columbia Motion Pictures, and hoped I would like their new movie. I told them I sure hoped it was good, 'cause I came a long way to see it. Turned out we got to be real good friends. They gave me a tape machine and a pile of glossy pictures to look at, and all kinds of information 'bout the movie, and even a little briefcase to carry it all in. I felt real important with my briefcase and all them papers stuffed inside. It was better'n Christmas. It was like being a spy for the government or sumthin'.

While I was there, more reporters kept showin' up. The Columbia people gave all these new folks tape machines just like mine. They must've had a lot of 'em to get rid of. The room started to get crowded. There were people comin' in from places like Toronto, Puerto Rico, Pittsboro, Biscoe, Beulaville, Yanceyville, Mocksville and Fuquay-Varina...just everywhere. All kinds of people. Most of 'em were young college students, but some of 'em were big name reporters from NBC and the Washington Post. Everybody was drinkin' and talkin' and havin' a good time. I asked this young girl from Ohio what this "press junket" was all about. She said that's when somebody pays you

hotel bill 'cause they want you to say something nice 'bout their movie or whatever it is they're doin'.

I told her I'd say anything they wanted me to say as long as they let me stay in that nice room they gave me. She laughed and said that most people there felt the same way. Seemed like a pretty good trade to me. After all, it wasn't every day that someone paid me to give my opinion on sumthin'. It was right flatterin'. But I was gettin' hungry, and all they had to eat were these frito things, and nuts and shit, so I left.

Everybody else was drinkin' anyway, but I didn't care much for those fancy mixed drinks they were servin'. I went on back to my room and fooled around with my new tape machine. I couldn't get it to work just right; it seemed like the motor was tired. 'Course them batteries might've been dead. Hell, I couldn't complain though; I mean, they just up and gave it to me for free. I didn't even ask for it. I reckon people from Hollywood got so much money they have to give it away, otherwise it just piles all up in their rooms 'n shit; probably gets in their way when they're tryin' to walk—big piles of money just fallin' down from the sky all the time. I wasn't too impressed though; if they were really big shots, they would've bought me a gold watch with my initials inscribed.

I couldn't get over that room. Had a color T.V. with programs on every channel; two beds; carpet on the floor; chairs, tables, lamps and everything. Even had a bathroom with a little refrigerator inside. And that picture window was sumthin' else. I could see the whole world from up there, even if it was rainin'. But that weren't the half of it. I also

***I told her I'd say anything they wanted me to say as long as they let me stay in that nice room they gave me. She laughed and said most people there felt the same way.***

had another room, with all kinds of living room furniture—you know, a couch, coffee table an' all. Hell, it was too good to be true. I kept expecting someone to come in and tell me I had the wrong room in the wrong hotel. Shit, I might've had the



wrong fuckin' city—one can never tell about these things. I decided to give old Noah a call—see how things were doin' in Richmond. I said, "Hey, man, what's goin' on down in crackerland?"

He said, "Why you askin' me, chump, you know so much?"

I said, "Everything's cool, everything's fine. I got a nice room, a TV, a telephone and twin beds...what you got turkey, besides a jive-ass boat that won't take you across the street, much less to New York City?"

He said, "Listen, fool, I gotta go. Ain't got time for your insults; water rose 'nuther two feet this mornin', and my boat needs fixin'."

"Noah, you jive-ass mother—you know as well as I do, there ain't gonna be no flood down there."

That's o.k., that is A-o.k. When your ass starts drownin', don't call me up."

I said, "I don't need you, man. I'm on the forty-fifth floor of the Americana Hotel. The water don't bother me. He didn't say anything, so I hung up. Noah's crazy as hell, that's for sure. But it don't bother me.

I decided to go on down below and find sumthin' to eat. I say "down below" 'cause in a buildin' this large, you don't say "downstairs." Nobody in their right mind goes down fifty flights of stairs. I took the elevator. Took about three seconds to ground zero. Now that, my friends, if flat movin'. Only reason I didn't order from that room service button was I didn't exactly know what would happen. I knew I didn't have any money in my pocket. Every breath I took up here was on somebody's credit card. I figured I wouldn't be gettin' any waiter mad at me for tippin' wrong. Since I was already told I could eat in the restaurant for free, I headed for sumthin' I was sure of.

That was some good eatin' place. I had more waiters than Rotor has Rooters. One feller brought me a napkin and a glass of water, then disappeared. Didn't say howdy or anything. The next guy asked me for appetizers. I think he meant appetite, but no matter. I didn't know what to say to him, so I just said yes. He said, "Very good," like as if I'd earned his favor, then he disappeared too. The next guy brought out a large menu, so large you had to rest it on the table in order to read it. All of the food was in big letters, but all of the prices were in these little weeney numbers that you could barely see. Since I wasn't payin' though, I didn't really worry about it.

I got talkin' to this lady next to me. Her name was Sandy. She said she worked in Washington D.C., and wrote stories. She called herself a free-lance reporter. I told her my name was J.P. Donnelly from Richmond, and I didn't know anything 'bout freelance reporters. She said that's when you go out and write sumthin', and spend you own money. The you hope somebody buys it so you can get your money back. She told me she had a whole bunch of stories layin' around the house that never sold. I asked her if she had a story to give me so I wouldn't have to write one for this movie thing. She said no, 'cause this movie was brand new and no one had ever seen it before, 'cept for some guys who snuck in at a show in Texas. She said they had security guards and everything down in Texas, but these guys still snuck in. I asked her what they said 'bout the movie, whether they liked it or not. She said that some of them liked it, and some didn't. I said I thought it was a real shame to have to sneak in and see a movie, and still not like it.

While we were talkin', one of my waiters came back and brought this hunk of meat 'bout a yard





long. He had to use both hands wrapped around one piece of it—had it slung over his shoulder like a side of beef. He came over to my table and plopped that sucker down right in front of me. I couldn't hardly believe it. I told him I didn't believe a knife would do justice to it; asked him could he bring me a hand saw. He laughed and then he disappeared again. One of his buddies showed up a little later and brought me sumthin' to drink.

I was gettin' along real well with Sandy when her husband arrived. His name was Bob. He worked for NBC, some kind of correspondent in Washington. We talked for awhile about this movie we had all come to see. Neither of us knew much about it; 'course I didn't know much about it either. Hell, I couldn't even remember what the name of it was.

When I finished eatin' two hours later, all of my waiters showed up at once and hauled away what was left. There wasn't much; I gave a good account of myself. I didn't pay for anything either, I just signed this paper. I wasn't sure 'bout this "gratuity" thing, so I asked Sandy. She said that meant tip and I could give as much as I wanted. I asked her how much was right; she said ten or fifteen percent. I took the easy number, multiplied by ten and wrote that next to gratuity. The waiter seemed real happy 'bout this. He smiled at me and bowed, and I didn't want to be impolite, so I smiled at him and bowed right back. He smiled and bowed hisself all the way back to the kitchen. People in New York don't usually smile so much these days; guess they just forget how sometimes.

After dinner, we walked over to the movie theatre where this "premier" show was gonna be. We had to wait in line with about nine hundred other people, but we squeezed in front just the same. The name of the movie house was Ziegfield, some kind

of German name. Sandy's husband said they had premiers at the Ziegfield all the time; said it was no big deal. Everybody important went to the Ziegfield. We waited about a half an hour before the guards opened the doors. You had to have a special invitation to get in. Even people who drove up in limosines had to show an invitation and wait in line like normal people. The guards were very strict, they wouldn't take any shit, not even from rich people. But we got in o.k.

The lobby was bright, with thousands of lights hangin' all over the place. It looked like Roman candles set on someone's birthday. We walked up two stairways with golden handrails. Everything was covered in velvet; the floor, walls and even the ceiling. Inside was the largest picture screen I'd ever seen. I'll spit on my mother's grave if it wasn't a block wide and tall as two telephone poles. The seats felt smooth and soft, like pillows covered in velvet. They folded back and you could stretch your legs in front of you. I never saw anything like it in Richmond. 'Course the Biograph is real nice, too, but nothin' like the Ziegfield.

In a few minutes, they turned down the lights, and the movie started. The sound was loud—louder than anything I'd ever heard in a movie theater. But it felt good, and the picture was so big I couldn't hardly see all of it at once. I kept turnin' my head back and forth so I wouldn't miss anything. To tell the truth, I'm not much on movies, but that was a good picture. Man, I wasn't even stoned and I liked it. I kept tellin' myself I shoulda brought dope, I shoulda brought dope. But I didn't need it. Those people on the screen were so big, it reminded me of those Japanese dinosaur movies. I thought, this is some shit! They flew me up to New York, and practically paid me to see this movie. I

thought it was dumb to fly anywhere just to see a movie, but it turned out o.k. Only thing was, I couldn't decide what to make of it. I mean, I liked it and everything, but I couldn't figure what to say about it.

And so here I am. It's Monday and I'm in New York City. It's raining again. It's been raining the last eight days, and I'm sorry I didn't listen to Noah. But that creep ain't goin' no place. He couldn't build a convincing fire, much less a boat. I like this room a lot. When I look out this window at night, it's like seeing a million little flashlights all shinin' at once. 'Course they don't run on Evereadys. In fact, sometimes they don't run at all, from what I hear. Mike says I have to stay here until I write a story on that movie. I told him, man I don't know what the hell to say about it. I told him, go see it for yourself. You tell me about it. I don't know what to say. I should have never come up here. I'll have to stay in this damn room forever until I write that story. I feel like callin' Mike up and tellin' him to kiss my ass. No, I shouldn't do that. We had an agreement, and J.P. Donnelly stands by his word. I'll write his damn story. Hell, the way that rain's comin' down, I'm better off up here anyway. My ragged old umbrella wouldn't stand a chance against that shit. My God, look at how that water's risin'—it's already climbed up over the sidewalks. Look like traffic is dead-stopped. Guess I'm going to be here for awhile. Better try out that room service. Don't believe I can stand all that weird shit anymore; having five or six waiters at the same time. It's too damn confusin'.

"Hello—room service? Can I have some food sent up? Let's see—send me a cheeseburger, an order of french fries, a strawberry milkshake, a Hostess Twinkie, a can of salted peanuts, and a six pack of RC cola. Got all that? Yeah, and bring me some chocolate chip ice cream for dessert. Say, how long's this gonna take anyway? O.k., send 'er on up soon's you can."

Well, I guess I'm pretty comfortable. Got people bringin' me food; got a telephone, I can call anywhere I want; got two beds to sleep on; got a nice window to look out of and man, look at that water come down. Can't even see cars on the street anymore. Look like an ocean outside. Wonder if it's comin' in the lobby. Glad as hell I'm on the forty-fifth floor. Noah, man, you was right. It's rainin' up a storm. But you still ain't shit—an' your boat ain't shit either. I got a fine color T.V. right here, and I think I'll turn it on and watch one of them video movies. Sit right here and wait for my cheeseburger. Let's see, tonight they're playin'... oh shit man...tonight they're playin' **Killer Zombies on the Loose**. Ain't that sumthin'! I always did want to see that movie.

☆☆

**XMAS  
GIFTS**

**XMAS HOURS  
OPEN TIL 8**

**dirt  
shirt**

**3164 W. Cary St.  
359-6789**

**Custom designing &  
lettering for clubs,  
teams, etc. We'll design  
anything!  
A specialized shirt for  
that special person**

**dirt  
shirt**

**T-shirts, sweatshirts,  
ladies fashion tops,  
polo shirts, kids t-shirts,  
long sleeve t-shirts  
plus, the famous  
bargain box**

**Pizza inn**  
AMERICA'S FAVORITE PIZZA

While you're hanging around  
swing by Pizza Inn. The at-  
mosphere is great and the  
pizza is the kind you can  
really get your teeth into. If  
nothing else, it might keep  
you from climbing the walls.

Old Tuckahoe Shopping Ctr  
425 Ridge Rd. 288-3263  
NEAR VCU  
927 W. Grace St. 358-6614

**2for1**

Bring this coupon and receive one  
pizza free with the purchase of  
one of equal value. One coupon  
per visit, please.

Deadline December 17

NAME

ADDRESS

**CALL AHEAD FOR FAST SERVICE**

**Pizza inn**

**FOR PEOPLE WHO  
LOVE PIZZA  
SUB SANDWICHES  
SPAGHETTI SALADS  
BEVERAGES**

**NAVY OFFICER.  
YOU GET RESPONSIBILITY  
THE MOMENT YOU  
GET THE STRIPES.**



A lot of companies will offer you an important sounding  
title.

But how many offer you a really important job?

In the Navy, you get one as soon as you earn your com-  
mission. A job with responsibility. A job that requires skill  
and leadership. A job that's more than just a job, because  
it's also an adventure.

If that's the kind of job you're looking for, speak to your  
local recruiter.

**FIND OUT WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
NAVY OPPORTUNITIES, CALL: 782-2378.**





# NOW OPEN

*Finally in Richmond,  
a store picking up where the  
clipper trading ships left off.*

**BASKETS CANDLES POTTERY  
GLASSWARE UNIQUE GIFTS  
IMPORTED CANDIES**

**At Very Affordable Prices**

*Visit us at the China Clipper  
Mon. thru Sat. 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.*

**909 W. GRACE ST.  
NEXT TO MAD KING LUDWIGS**



## ★★★★ Weekly Events ★★★★★

**Film:** "Magical Mystery Tour" w/The Beatles Wed.,  
Dec. 7—10:00 p.m. Life Sci. Bldg. \$1w/ID  
\$2Gen.Pub.

Mel Brook's "Silent Movie" Fri., Dec. 9—9:00  
& 11:30 p.m. Sun., Dec. 11—7:30 & 10:00 p.m.  
Bus Bldg. Aud. \$1w/ID \$2Gen.Pub.

## Let us improve on your Beauty and Good Looks.

Do you have excessive or unwanted hair in areas that detract from your appearance? Don't fret! Trained Electrologists of Electrolysis Services Inc. can permanently remove most types of unwanted hair in a matter of minutes.

Call us for free consultation and receive as a Limited Time offer, a free copy of the book "Harmoniology"

the art and science of Living in Harmony with the universal laws by the famous Aruban author and composer Padu Lampe

As a special offer to VCU students—our new Downtown office in the Medical Arts Building at 2nd and Franklin Street will give a 10 percent Discount to any students in the immediate area during their current semester.

**Electrolysis Services Inc.  
7133 Staples Mill Rd and  
Medical Arts Building  
2nd and Franklin Streets  
264-0114 643-1197**

## Violence Without the Cocoanut Butts

*Editor's note: The wrestling matches to which the author refers were held in Richmond a few weeks ago.*

By Mike Bowen

I used to watch Bo Bo Brazil in my grandparents' living room. They would frequently watch the matches on the Washington station and my grandmother always made it clear that the whole thing was entirely fake.

I saw Bo Bo again Friday night. I can't say whether he looked the same or was fatter or thinner or even the original Bo Bo (it's been so long), but he was there. He didn't use any "cocoanut butts" when I saw him Friday. No, he didn't bash his head into anyone else's. As a matter of fact, after he and his opponent threw each other around a couple of minutes, Bo Bo pounced on him—some guy in pink and purple flowered leotards—and pinned him. I guess Bo Bo's getting too old to fart around and wrestle a long, drawn-out match.

The crowd was getting righteous by the time Bo Bo had finished. They were hungry for action and they were eager to see the headliners—Ric Flair and Ricky Steamboat—work each other over for the U.S. title belt. In the interim came two females who seemed to want to tangle with the referee as much as they wanted to scratch each other's eyes out. They got pissed off when the referee wanted to frisk them before the match and when they both ganged up on him, the crowd loved it.

This was the "World's Title Bout" according to the newspaper ad: "The Fabulous Moolah versus Joyce Grable." Moolah finally came out on top but not before the two catered to the punch-hungry crowd for some twenty minutes. Seemed Moolah wasn't content to use fair play. She had a weapon of some sort which she raked across Grable's eyes whenever the referee's head was turned (which seemed pretty often).

"She's got something in her hand! In her hand! In her hand!" The savages were getting upset with this blind referee. He checks for it and Moolah slys it away into her mouth or her bra. Poor Grable is getting blinded by Moolah's tool and the ref can't find it.

Grable began coming back and finally mounted Moolah for a two count, but Moolah, who looked like she could have easily been the young Grable's old lady, flipped her off and took the top long enough for a pin.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Moolah's the bad gal here. Three Richmond cops escort the winner through the crowd and back to the exit door. The crowd jeers at her and the cops all have these shitty grins pasted on their faces.

Next up comes The Superstar—the bad guy, of course, because he has a mask on. I swear, if I'd been led there blindfolded with no prior knowledge of what was going on, I would've thought I was at a masquerade party for some side show circus acts.

Paul Jones, The Superstar's opponent, (the good guy?), comes firing into the ring swinging, throwing fists into ol' Super's face before he even has a chance to acknowledge all of his boos and hisses. The cops, who were walking away from the ring, turn and head back. The audience eats it up.

"Get him, Paul! Get him!"

But Super comes back and pounds Paul seven times to the face. Thud-thud-slap-thud-slap-blop-slam. The cops are chuckling. Super's manager, a short fellow with a long, fat cigar and a black derby and bow tie (what else, right?) wants to tangle with Paul too. But Paul can take them both on. He's the good guy. When Paul picks up Super's manager and tosses him nonchalantly from the ring, the crazies get up and cheer. One usher, intent on keeping the zoo seated, gives up

on the flashlight-in-the-face method and screams, "Sit down! Sit DOWN!" What does she think of all this, I wonder.

"It's interesting....Different." She doesn't give a damn.

Paul's got the best of Super now. More fists to the face. "Paul, watch out behind ya!" He does and he gets Super's head in a hold which looks comfortable enough to me but Super's grunting and groaning to beat the band. It lasts for a while. Every now and then Paul jerks like he's going to wrench the guy's head right off.

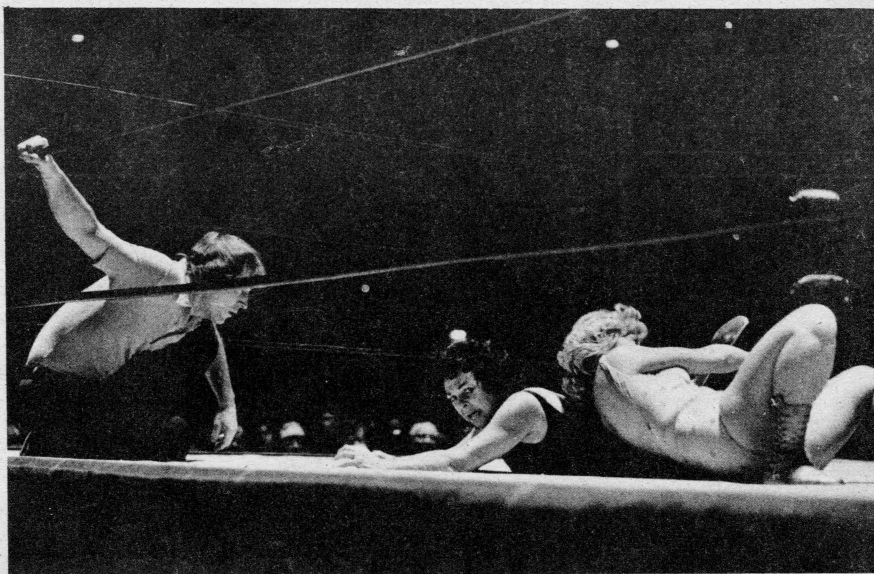
"Break it! Break IT!"

Blood, I tell ya. These vultures want it to flow. They want to fill their goblets with it and drink it in place of the lukewarm beer the concessionaries are peddling. Fists are raised. "Hold him, Paul!" "Break the bastard's neck!"

Two spectators look at each other in awe, smiles stretched tightly across their faces. "Whew, man! That's pretty good," says one to the other.

The lions, where are the lions? The crowd demands the lions! The screaming sounds as if it's coming from a packed house rather than this half-filled coliseum. (Coliseum...gladiators, lions, thumbs down, **BLOOD!**)

"Don't let go, Paul!" Whoops, Paul let go. Super gives him some competition right back.





Who'd know ol' Super was nearly dead only a moment ago? He grabs Paul about the waist. They're face to face until Paul's head falls back. He's lifeless. The ref lifts Paul's limp arms—first one and then the other—to show the vultures how lifeless this hero of theirs is. Good tease for the vultures, but...what?...Paul the lifeless, limp hero comes back and whammo Super a few good ones.

Super's manager re-enters and it's an all-out brawl. The crown is hovering. The cops advance. Paul the good guy pins Super and the cries of praise shatter against the brick walls. Now they're right. Now they're warmed up. The noise doesn't die.

Time for the main attraction. Some of the younger ones in the crowd (they're all here: the grease, the sheik, the smokers, the drinkers, ma, pa, the kids, high school dates and official-looking types), some of the younger blood-sniffers jam the gateway for the arrival of Ric Flair. The cops form a human alley-way for his entrance. At the other end of the arena they do likewise for Ricky Steamboat. This is it. The one. The battle for the U.S. title.

In struts Flair. "C'mon, sissy!" His snow-white hair flows to the shoulders of his green floor-length cape. Sequins and feathers. The arena reeks of uneasiness and total displeasure for Ric the master showman.

From the opposite end of the floor enters Ricky Steamboat, "The Boat." The Hawaiian is garbed in a floor-length robe also—brown with embroidered lapels and cuffs. His dark brown hair, like his opponent's is neat and well-groomed. When disrobed, both look as if they just stepped out of an ad for a Charles Atlas build-at-home course.

At the sound of the bell, Boat looks like a real wrestler. His eyes watch Flair's midsection and his hands go for the wrists. But he drops this style quickly as Flair starts swinging.

"Hey, Steamboat, do him a number!"

Steamboat corners Flair early and Flair is on his knees begging for mercy. He climbs from the ring and does the Ric Flair strut around the ring. Flair opts for the usual bash-his-head-into-the-turnbuckle and fists-to-shoulders stuff when he re-enters the ring. But Boat's coming back.

I got the feeling I was watching people on see-saws all night. One fights while the other falls and vice versa. On and on. Now Boat throws Flair into the turnbuckles a while. He's good at taking the turnbuckles, Ric Flair is. Elbows to ribs. Feet to face. Thud. Smack. Groans. Moans. "Ohhhhh...." (why didn't we "wrestle" in high school?)

There's a long interlude in which Ric Flair, to



many a symbol of no good, mounts Ricky Steamboat, hero of loyal fight fans (did I say fight?), for some grueling, muscle-flexed lack of action. But after a while, of course, Boat comes back.

"Steamboat! Steamboat! Steamboat!....," chants the crowd.

Bodies start flying hither and yon much to the delight of the spectators. Flair throws Boat. No Boat hits Flair, no, Flair flies into the ropes, no, Boat begins sinking, no, no. Yes. The Boat has some flair and Flair missed the boat, but....

Flair gets so many two-counts on Boat it's pathetic. No, it's showmanship. The vultures eat it up. It looks like Boat's gonna sink. The anguish on his face!...the pain, the torture he must endure! No...wait. He's coming back. Flair's got his arm in a horrible twist. Boy, that must be sheer hell. But Boat is quivering. Tiny muscle spasms all over. He tears from Flair's grasp and slashes him a good one across the neck. He picks up Flair and slams him to the stage, I mean mat. Now it's Steamboat's turn for an arm twist.

"Break if off, Ricky!" "Break if off, man!" "Give it to him, Ricky, right across the face!" "Go! Go! Break it! Go! Chop his arm. CHOP HIS ARM!"

Flair looks beat. "Hit him across the back, Rick!" Violence (mock-violence?) has been packaged and put on display for quick sale. These men with their pin-up physiques provide a special treat for the fun-loving spectators, who only get to see their heroes on various electronic Saturday afternoons.

"Steamboat! Steamboat! Steamboat!....," they chant. Flair falls to the stage and Boat gets a....no, only a two-count. It ain't over yet folks.

Boat picks up Flair upside down and slams him flat. Flair comes back. Knee to stomach, fist to back. Fists and knees. Feet, spit, sweat, unruly hair.

The Boat throws blondie into the corner where somehow he manages to hang upside down on the ropes. He's wide open now. The vultures are frothing foam from their beaks.

"Bash his head!" "Kill him!"

"Get him, Ricky!"

The ref stops Boat as he prepares to lunge into the helpless Flair. In the meantime, Flair pulls a weapon from his knee pad but he ain't quick enough for the crowd. They jump and point. "He's got something! Hey, Ref!..." "Stop him!"

The Boat slams Flair before he gets a chance to use his weapon. One small vulture flies from the rear row of seats at ringside up across several vacant rows to get as close as he can. They're mad. Berserk!

Flair is going mad and he finally gets the best of the Boat and, to the consternation of the blood-thirsty mob—for their hero's getting whipped and besides, where's the blood?—to the dismay of the crowd, Flair wins. He wins the belt. The match is over. But they don't stop. They're swinging again. The place is rocking. The floor is shifting. The ceiling's about to cave in. The Boat reaches for the kneepad and pulls out Flair's weapon. He holds it high.

The ref acknowledges his find and declares Boat the winner and raises his arm in the air. The vultures are loving this. Don't stop now. Keep fighting. Just because it has ended twice....

They don't. They keep going at it, fists a'blazin'. The vultures spread their wings and jam the stage as tight as they can. Flair picks up the skinny ref and tosses him out of the ring.

"Booooooooooooooooooooo!"

He turns to the sprawled-out Boat and beats him to a pulp while he's down. He struts the Ric Flair strut. The ushers have long since given up their task of teaching the vultures how to sit. I stand on my chair to see. Cops are inside the roped-off stage now. Flair exits, escorted by some of the armed guard. One has his blackjack pulled, ready.

I look back at the stage and there lies the Steamboat. Finally declared the winner but run out of steam. He's still sprawled out and he raises his head a little so I can see that the vultures finally got what they wanted. The ones closest to the ropes stand dumfounded. Ricky Steamboat's face is covered with blood. He's helped from the ring.

"Steamboat got it that time," says someone as the flock disbands.

They got it, too, those vultures did. Whether it really came from his head or a capsule somewhere, they got their blood. Some looked as if, given the chance, they would have lapped it up. The contest is over and the lions have been fed. Leaving the arena, a young girl shouts "Ric Flair's a queer! Ric Flair's a queer!...." ☆ ☆

# Sidelineer

"Sidelineer" is a weekly sports column containing information too small for the "Shorts" section, yet too "large" to go unnoticed.

## Basketball

The VCU Rams may not have been the winners of the 1977 Spider Classic basketball tournament, but they weren't the losers either.

During the game against William and Mary Friday, Nov. 25, the Rams led at halftime 34-42. They fell behind during the second half and lost the first game of the two-night tournament 55-54.

The Rams returned the next night, however, and defeated the University of Richmond Spiders 79-62. The victory against the cross-town rivals was the first for VCU in the three years the teams have played each other.

The biggest surprise of the tournament, though, was the fact that VCU center Ren Watson, who had suffered a collapsed lung and a broken metatarsal, was in the starting line-up. Coach Kirk had stated earlier in the week that Watson probably wouldn't return to the floor until the middle of December.

"But Ren told me Friday night that he thought he was well enough to play," said Kirk, "so I let him."

So, play he did, giving six rebounds and a total of eight points to the Rams.

Guard Gerald Henderson, the only member of the Rams' 1000 Point Club, was high scorer for the game as he once again scored double figures. He contributed 22 points to VCU's score.

Other scorers for VCU during Friday night's game included Chip Noe (8 pts.), Ed Sherod (2 pts.), and Danny Kottak (6 pts.).

During the game against U of R, Henderson and Tim Binns each scored 13 points for VCU. Watson again led rebounds with a total of 12 while contributing seven points to the Rams' score.

Three freshman recruits, Elliot, Sherod and Kottak, also scored in double figures. Elliot racked up a

total of 12 points and eight rebounds, while Kottak and Sherod contributed 10 pts. each.

Wes Carmack managed six rebounds and six total points in 15 minutes. Noe and Tim Harris also got on the scoreboard with four points each.

On Saturday, Dec. 3, VCU defeated the Western Carolina Catamounts 94-73. This gives the team a 2-1 season record before meeting Southern University Monday, Dec. 5.

The next game for the Rams is Thursday, Dec. 8 in the Franklin St. Gym. The game, which starts at 8 p.m., is against Methodist College.

The Rams play three more games in the coliseum before the Coliseum Invitational on Dec. 28-29. On Dec. 13 the Rams play another state team, Old Dominion University. Then on Dec. 17, the Rams host Samford University.

The Lady Rams also see action on Thursday, Dec. 8 when they host Norfolk State College. The game starts at 5:30 p.m. in the Franklin St. gym. Then on Dec. 17 the VCU Women's Basketball team meets Old Dominion University at 5:30 p.m. in the coliseum.

On Dec. 19-20, the women's team hosts the Rams Invitational at the Coliseum. The first game is between George Washington and VPI and starts at 7:00 p.m. Then at 9:00 p.m. the Rams play William and Mary.

The Consolation game will be played the next afternoon at 1:00 with the Championship game following at 3:00.

## Wrestling

The VCU grabbers defeated those of James Madison Monday, Nov. 28, 36-12. This gave the Rams a 2-0 record.

The Rams' next match is Dec. 7 against Liberty Baptist at Lynchburg. Starting time is 7 p.m. ☆ ☆

# "How I found 36 extra days last year"

"I used to be too uncomfortable to do much of anything when I had my menstrual period. It was like losing at least three days every month. Then, last year, I switched to Tampax tampons. Now I'm always on the go."

Making every day count is what Tampax tampons are all about. They eliminate chafing, bulk and bulges. In fact, once the tampon is properly in place, you can't even feel it's there.

And Tampax tampons are uniquely designed to conform to individual vaginal contours. Which means there's less chance of leakage or bypass.

With Tampax tampons you get a lot more days out of the year. And a lot more fun out of life.

The internal protection more women trust

**TAMPAX®**  
tampons

MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS



# Mel Practiss

## Pre-med Student



Can't miss him on campus, always wears white.  
Constantly being sought after by freshman and transfer  
students who mistake him for the ice-cream man.

Mel drinks Lite Beer from Miller because  
it's less filling. Can't afford to get filled up.  
At last court he was in charge of 114 mice, 137 frogs  
and 240, uh...480 rabbits.

Spends spare time in library analyzing  
stitching on medical books.

**Lite Beer from Miller.**  
**Everything you always wanted in a beer. And less.**

## Kaleidoscope

By Pat Sherman

You have noticed, no doubt, that it is quite cold outside. Numb noses and purple phalanges are proof of this. Although December 6 will also be cold, chiro would like you to be in Shafer Court. CHIRO is a volunteer organization sponsored by the Rehab Dept. Its function is to aid students and community projects by supportive participation. CHIRO is sponsoring the first annual Inmates Arts and Crafts Fair to be held on December 6 from 10 to 4 p.m. Items to be exhibited include hand-tooled leather goods, greeting cards, tote bags, crocheted items, and various goods.

All materials made  
By Adult Inmates  
Powhatan-Goochland  
Downtown, Outtatown  
Men-Women from all around...  
To Subsidize them in their work  
And their Volunteer Programs!!

All monies earned are for continuing programs for crafts at Adult Corrections Institutions in the Richmond Area.

The Virginia Museum Theatre is offering a special "mini-season ticket" for the four remaining plays in its '77-'78 season. These tickets offer savings up to 24 percent over individual ticket prices and provide admission to performances of these plays: "Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill," which runs through Dec. 17; "Let's Get a Divorce," Jan. 6-28; "Man and Superman," Feb. 3-25; "Cabaret," Mar. 3-25. Reservations for "mini-season tickets" may be made by calling the VMT box office at 786-6331. The box office is open Tues.-Sat. from 11 a.m.-5 p.m.

A major exhibition of the works of sculptor Duane Hanson will be open at the Corcoran Gallery of Art on Dec. 13. The show, which will consist of 17 of Hanson's life-sized figures depicting middle class America in everyday situations, provides a satiric and political commentary on generic types in contemporary American life. The sculptures will be on display through Jan. 22. Duane Hanson will give a slide talk show on his sculptures on Tues., Dec. 13 at 8 p.m. The exhibition will be open for viewing afterward. Tickets will

be sold at the auditorium door on a "first come" basis. Enter from New York Ave. \$1 for members; \$2 for others.

The Richmond Artist Association and the Jewish Community Center are presenting the first in a series of art-related events on Thursday, Dec. 8 at 8 p.m. at the Jewish Community Center, 5403 Monument Ave. The first showing of the film "Cutting Up With Jack," will be presented along with lecture and Demonstration. The thirty-five minute film features Richmond artist Jack Glover. The film traces the development of one of Glover's woodcuts, showing the various stages that the art goes through as it becomes a finished block print of a rock musician.

Wanted: Volunteers for an approved medical research project. \$20 will be given for two hours' work. Call Jeannette Noel at the V.A. Hospital, 231-9011 ext. 538.

Sign up now for intercession courses and earn a few credits during the Christmas-New Year break. For registration information call the VCU Evening College at 770-6371.

The first full-scale retrospective exhibition of Washington color painter Howard Mehrling will be on display in the Corcoran Art gallery. The exhibition will include fifty paintings. "Election Eve," an exhibition of one hundred photographs will also be in the Corcoran. The photographs were taken in and around Plains, Georgia just before the 1976 Presidential election. The photographer: William Eggleston. Both exhibits will be on display from Dec. 10-Jan. 22. Hours: 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Tues.-Sun. No admission charged on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

After you've taken your last exam next week: go home, completely forget this semester, and enjoy the holidays to the fullest!

Maymont invites you to an old-fashioned Christmas Open House on Sunday, Dec. 11 from 4-8 p.m. There will be horse-drawn carriages and an original puppet show of Dickens' classic "A Christmas Carol." Admission is free. Go to this celebration filled with memories of Christmas past. ☆☆

# CALENDAR

## Tuesday

ACEI Association for Childhood Education will have two guest speakers from the Montessori School present methods and techniques of their systems. The speakers will be Debbie Dumont and Sherry Deutsch. 12:30-2:30 at Oliver Hall in the Teacher's Resource Workshop. Refreshments will be served. Call 272-7970 for details.

Baptist Student Union Agape Hour; 12-1 p.m.

The Biograph will be showing **Silent Running**, **The Andromeda Strain**, and **A Voyage to the Moon**. 353-3978.

Theatre-VCU presents **A Tropical Madness** tonight and **Canterbury Tales** tonight through Friday. Free to all full-time VCU students. Tickets can be picked up in Rm. 105-D Temple from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 770-6778. Curtain at 7:30 p.m.

Inmates' Annual Arts and Crafts Fair from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. in Shafer Court. (Rain date Dec. 8)

## Wednesday

ROAR meeting, 7:30 at the YMCA. Focus this week: The Law. 643-6761.

VCU Wrestling team takes on Liberty Baptist at 7 p.m. in Lynchburg. More info at 770-6773.

VCU Swimming team vs. Wm. and Mary. 3 p.m. in the new gym. More info at 770-6773.

Last day of Fall semester classes.



See **Magical Mystery Tour** \$1 for VCU students with ID. \$2 for others. Call 770-7791 for more info.

## Thursday

VCU Men's Basketball Team vs Methodist College. 8 p.m. in the new gym. 770-6773 for more info.

The Biograph will show **The Day the Earth Stood Still**, **The Fly**, and **Freaks** today through Saturday. 353-3978.

The National Organization for Women will meet in the Byrd Park Round House at 7:30 p.m. 321-5726.

Photowork Gallery's December exhibits are works by the Richmond Camera Club. 204 N. Mulberry St. 355-2233.

VCU Women's Basketball Team vs. Norfolk State. 5:30 p.m. in the new gym. 770-6773.

## Friday

Works of Virginia Printmakers will be sold in the Art Sales Gallery of the Virginia Museum. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 786-6344.

Go out and party with some friends.

## Saturday

Wild, Wild World of Animals: **The Amazing Kangaroo**. 8 a.m. on Channel 23.

Forget the kangaroo. Sleep until noon.

## Sunday

JSS-Hillel Women's Group meets at 2 p.m. in Masada Hall.

Maymont invotes the community to an old-fashioned **Christmas Open House** from 4 to 8 p.m. 358-7166.

## Monday

Hollywood Television Theatre: **Six Characters in Search of an Author**. 9:30 p.m. on Channel 23.

The Biograph will be showing **Them**, **The Thing**, and **For Young Couples Only**, today and tomorrow. 353-3978.

There will be an Open House called **Holiday House for Hassled Students** where free homemade cookies and juice will be served. Location: United Campus Ministry Center from 9 p.m.-10:30 p.m. This is an exam break for students! All are invited.

Anyone wishing to get information regarding opportunities in adult corrections for volunteering, career exploration, or for personal special interest: The Dec. 6 Inmates Arts and Crafts Fair is a good place to meet staff members from the participating institutions and discuss your needs meeting their needs. People will be available to be your liaison and coordinate your service-learning experience. For more information, contact Gloria Sorenson, President. CHIRHO. 780-9889 anytime.

### Academic Campus Final Exam Hours Fall 1977

Dates	8:00-11:00 a.m.	1:00-4:00 p.m.
Thursday, Dec. 8	8 TRF	1 TRF
Friday, Dec. 9	9 MWF	10 MTR
Monday, Dec. 12	11 MTR	9 T, 10 WF
Tuesday, Dec. 13	12 MWF	8 MW, 9 R
Wednesday, Dec. 14	12 T, 11 WF	1 MW, 12 R
Thursday, Dec. 15	2 TRF	2 MW, 3 R
Friday, Dec. 16	3 MWF, 3 T, 4 WF, 3:30-4:45 MW	4 MTR, 3:30-4:45 TR

Exams will be given in regular meeting rooms

Evening College exams: Dec. 12-18 at scheduled class period



# WHEN DO JOURNALISM MAJORS SAY BUDWEISER.?



## GET READY for the Holidays!

Stock up now at Bacchus and Bread, where you'll find a great assortment of values—wine from all over the world, beers both domestic and imported, and party kegs! Buy now for parties or special holiday dinners. And don't forget B & B's Gift Boxes. Any three bottles of your choice and if it's over \$10, the box is free. Ask Randy or Becky. They will be glad to assist you.

<b>Zanti</b> Red or White Italian favorite better than Lambrusco \$1.49 fifth \$10.00 case	<b>Isabella Rose</b> from Portugal \$1.49 fifth \$10.00 case	<b>Chateau Toutigeac</b> White Bordeaux Excellent value \$2.49 fifth
---	---	---

**BACCHUS & BREAD**  
917 W. GRACE

WINE & CHEESE

Open 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Mon.-Sat. PHONE 358-5364

**EDGAR WINTER**  
TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF  
(WITH THE HELP OF SOME OLD FRIENDS).

Edgar Winter's White Trash, one of rock's legendary groups, was one of the first bands to successfully merge rock 'n' roll with rhythm and blues. Now Edgar has reformed White Trash with most of its original members. The result, as you might expect, is overflowing with energy. It is also a tight, expressive band more fluid and sophisticated than ever before. Their new album, "Recycled", and their spectacular live performances are sure to reacquaint America with one of the most stylish and influential musical groups ever. "Recycled" means reborn. Edgar Winter's White Trash. On Blue Sky Records and Tapes.

Available at Your Favorite Record Store

# CLASSIFIEDS

## FOR RENT

**House For Rent.** West end, wall to wall rug, 3 bedroom, large living room, dining area, 1½ bath, close to tennis courts. Please call 358-7675.

**Warm Clean Neat** new partly furnished Northside house for rent to 1 or 2 female students. Call 262-8147 after Nov. 28.

**Apartment for Rent.** 1 bedroom, all utilities included. 2040 West Grace St., available immediately.

**2 Bedroom apt townhouse,** airconditioned, pool. Very clean. \$185 month, heat, cooking, water included. Must pay electricity. Call after 5 pm-275-0517.

**Apartment For Rent** 2 bedrooms, living room, dining rm, kitchen, bath, balcony, back service stairs. Appliances in kitchen. \$190/mtn, including heat and water. Electricity and cooking gas extra. Available after exams. Call 353-7796.

**Unfurnished Apt.** 2210 W. Grace, Sublease Dec. 1. Air conditioner, 2 fireplaces, bay windows, fully carpeted. Everything \$210 monthly. Call Ruth, 782-1050.

## ROOM-MATES

**Female Roommate**-Share 2 bedroom apt. on Park Ave, walking distance to school. 117.50 plus gas and electricity heat and water provided. Phone 788-8321 9-5:00.

**Female Wanted** to rent \$65 bedroom-share kitchen & bath-includes utilities & washing machine. 358-2444.

**Female Roommate Needed.** Share ½ rent and Util. Nice 2 bdrm. apt. in Fan-Avail. as soon as possible. 770-4402. Ask for Toni.

**Female needed:** neat female needed to share 3 bedroom apt. Will have OWN (17'x12') BEDROOM, kitchen, living room, storage room, & bath. FREE parking in back. \$56.67 mo. plus ½ utilities. Deposit required. Available NOV. 1. 1323 Floyd Ave. Call Joan 358-6618.

**Female wanted.** Share 3 bedroom, newly decorated apt. on Monument. Reasonable rent. Call 355-5475 after 6 p.m.

**Femald Roommate**-Share 3 bedroom newly decorated apartment on Monument. Reasonable rent. Call 355-5475 after 6.

**Female Roommate Wanted** to share lg. 2 bdrm. apt. located 2 block from VCU. \$112.50 monthly- util. included. Call Paula 780-9089 after 3 pm.

**Roommate Needed** Dec. 1st. Large furnished 2 bdrm. apt., own room, very warm and comfortable, close to VCU, all utilities included. \$150 mth. Call 355-5592.

## RIDES

**Ride Needed** to Philadelphia, (Newtown Square), Dec. 9-16. Call Karin 643-9728, rm. 328 Sheraton. Will help pay expenses.

**Wanted:** Ride to Harrisonburg or Vicinity, on weekends. Will pay for gas. Call Nemo, 359-3308.

**Ride Needed** to New Orleans or Pensacola, Fla. at Xmas break. Will share expenses. Call Ida at 233-0252 after 5.

**Ride Needed** to Chicago or vicinity on Dec. 10th, 11th, 17th, or 18th. Will help with expenses. Call Glen 770-7321.

**Hoosiers-ride** needed after Christmas from Indiana to Richmond will help w/gas & driving. Call Kevin before Xmas break at 231-5803.

**A ride needed** on the weekend to Baltimore either leaving Thurs., returning Sat. or leaving Fri., returning Mon. or other plans can be arranged. Call Cathy at 359-3956 until 3:30 p.m., 786-6350 after 4:00. Also, ride needed daily to and from Fredericksburg.

## MISC.

**Concert Committee Meeting** will be held Tues. Jan. 17 at 10 pm. at the Student Activities Center. Elections will be held for a new chairman and the committee is being re-established. All those interested please attend. For more info cal, 770-8701.

**On Behalf of C&P Telephone,** I would like to apologize to all three of you who answered my ad in last week's Times, only to find that "the number you have reached has been disconnected—temporarily."

I am, however, still looking for extra stage hands to help put together a new publication for the VCU community. It's scheduled to come out soon, so if you're the type resistant of the bandwagon effect, get on before it's too late. Ask for "Jeff" at 770-7370 or 770-6077 (WVCW Radio). If I'm not there, then go eat a banana.

**Potter Needed** to throw and fire one medium size clay pot.

Will pay best offer. Call Rick at 358-1896 now.

**H.B.H.B.,** Laura K. Better Late Than Never-Bunns.

**Help Wanted**-Jeweller-capable of making single but high quality ring; silver, tiger's eye, diamond. Please write J.W. Parr 3134 Floyd Ave., City, 23221; or call 7-9 PM ONLY, 358-4158.

**TYPING** Fast service, professional copy, reasonable prices. Denise, 282-5267.

**Misc. Guitar Player** looking to form band. Play New Wave Music EXCESSIVELY. Call Bill at, 355-2021.

**\$25.00 Reward** for the return of a gold and pearl ring in the shape of a flower. Sentimental value. Call 272-0828, after 4:00 p.m.

**Misc. Volunteers** Needed to work with kids 6-15 in East End Richmond (Churchill).

We need folks who can relate well to minority kids in recreation and tutoring. Call Darryl at 644-2550. Just 1 hour a week would help!

**Student Mover**-Will help you with any type of moving. Have truck and all necessary equipment. Will work statewide. I can supply extra help if you can't. Cheapest rates in town. Call Mr. Taran at 353-4776.

**New Photography Book.** "Of Women-Of Self" by David White adjunct instructor of photography. Available at VCU Bookstore (east campus) \$6.95. Limited edition.

**ESCAPE!!...**into PRINT. Looking for hordes and hordes of creative people to help put together (you guessed it) a creative new publication. To give you an idea of what we need: writers, artists, promotionalists, distributors, business people and anybody else who'd like to get on the bandwagon. Get in touch with Jeff at 358-2904, any week night between 10 and midnight.

**Small Manufacturer** Needs willing worker six hours everyday before 5 pm. Write P.O. Box 8404, Richmond, Va., 23226.

## FOR SALE

**71 Vega Hatchback,** 3 spd, radio, body rusted bad, 90,000 mi, needs thermostat, 1st \$100 takes it. 359-7602. Clutch is beginning to slip.

**Got A Roommate** who's really a drag when you want to listen to you're stereo? I did and got myself some headphones, but have since gotten

rid of the roommate. Would like to solve someone else's problem with my phones. They're nice; Lafayette coaxial asking \$30 good cond. 358-3381 Dave after 6.

**Dark Green** 1973 Ford Galaxie 500, 351 cid, 14-19 mpg., very clean, PS, PB, AC, radio. Asking book value...\$1800.00 16' Glasspar Citation fiberglass boat, just painted, seats six, 75 hp Evinruid motor, Cox tilt trailer, many accessories. Asking \$1000.00. 1974 Courier CB base station, 150 watt amplifier, power desk mike, antenna, all necessary cables. Asking \$400.00. 1977 Bearcat IV scanner with 10 crystals. Asking \$135.00. Call John at 320-3828.

**71 Porsche 914.** Appearance group. Needs body and paint but in excellent mechanical condition. 40 mpg. Call 358-6364 or Ex. 8052 at night.

**1974 AMC Gremlin** with warranty. 3 speed manual, radio, excellent condition. Call 233-2335 or 320-1337.

**Boots.** One pair of size 8½B (ladies' or men's) almost new boots for \$25. One pair of size 8 (ladies') navy softy leather boots made in Spain in good condition for \$15. Will take less best offer. Call 320-7334.

**For Sale:** Jeep, post office model, 17,000 miles, left hand drive, automatic transmission, new paint, \$1350 firm. 526-1501.

**'67 Ambassador,** 290 V-8, runs good. \$150.00. Michael at 353-5763 after 6 pm.

**Camera For Sale.** Minolta SRT 101 35mm, shutter spds 1-1000 sec-self-timer, w/case 1200. Perfect condition. Call Courtney at 288-5341.

**Violin For Sale** \$150 or best offer. Tim 355-3746. A Conn coronet for \$75.

**Stereo Sale!** Sonny TC-560D, reel to reel with automatic reverse for \$250.00. B-I-C Venturi Formula Z 3-way high efficiency speakers. Less than 1 yr. old. For \$140 for pr. Handsome Pioneer CS-A500 solid walnut 3-way speakers for \$250 for both. These specials can be demonstrated by Jim. 355-3746.

**For Sale** Triumph motor cycle, 650C.C., excellent condition, 20,000 miles, just tuned, \$650.00, call Brian 353-6365, 9-4.

**Bike** Would you like a nice, old bike with big fat tires (the kind that corner well) for only \$15. With a little TLC it will last you forever. Call 353-2648 after 6:30 pm.

**For Sale:** Yamaha G 60 A Classical Guitar. Excellent condition, perfect for guitar lessons at VCU. New strings. Case, capo, strap, picks, and spare (old) strings included. \$100.00. Must sell. Call 355-1311 between 10-11 pm, or see Janet (cashier) at VCU Bookstore between 2-7 pm Monday-Thursday.

**For Sale:** Sony Cassette player w/two speakers & microphone. Excellent condition! Has own carrying case. \$75.00 or best offer. For more information call Irene at 359-2346.

**For Sale:** complete black & white darkroom. All equipment needed. Perfect for amateur or beginner. Call 770-4929 8:00-4:30. \$150.

**Bicycle** Wheels, front and rear. Campy Hubs, Mavic Alloy Rims, 2 Gear Clusters (14-24 and 14-28), Hutchinson sew-up tires, extras, must sell. Cheap. Mike 737-5126.

**Guitar** with case, Sigma DM 5, 1 year old, \$100.00, call 355-8494.

**Yamaha FG110** 6 string guitar \$70—will negotiate. Call 353-1732.

## HELP WANTED

**Star Wages Unlimited** earnings for individual students, campus organizations, sororities and fraternities. We offer reasonable discount magazine rates - highest commission/rebate program whether you're making money for yourself or fund-raising for your group. This program is not door-to-door sales. Beates part-time jobs, bakesales, carwashes and begging for money from the folks. Come on V.C.U./CAMPUS CORPS, Box 25337, Richmond, Va. 23232.

**Volunteers Wanted** To help sell and distribute The Black Panther Newspaper in and around Richmond. Training given by experienced people. For information call 329-4957 between 6 pm and 11pm.

**Laboratory Specialist A** Position available from Jan. 1978. B.S. in Biology or Chemistry required. Laboratory work in cellular biology. Applications currently being accepted at MCV Hospital Personnel, 301 College Street, Randolph-Macon Hall, 6th floor.

**Help Wanted** Applications being accepted for student managers, waitresses, pizza makers. Apply in person to manager. Phone 358-6614, at Pizza In.



*Go ahead—  
laugh!*

**GENE WILDER** *is*  
**The WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER**  
*with* **Carol KANE**  
**and Dom DeLuise**  
*Written & Directed by GENE WILDER*  
*Music by JOHN MORRIS Color by DeLUXE®*  
*Now an ACE PAPERBACK*

**PG** PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED  
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

*A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture*

1977 20TH CENTURY-FOX



**Coming December 23rd**  
**Westhampton Theatre**

**Check Newspapers For Additional Theatres And Show Times**