

HOW DO YOU HANDLE A HUNGRY MIND?

HOWEVER UNSAVOURY, EVENTS ARE SHOWN IN A PALATABLE WAY

GRAFFITI VS. DEFACEMENT

COMMONWEALTH TIMES

SON OF SUMMER ISSUE, 1980

HOPE YOU

HAD FUN THIS
SUMMER COZ' ...

OH
YEAH!

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GO
TO
SCHOOL!

THE TRUTH AND NOT WHAT YOU BELIEVE TO BE THE TRUTH

BETTER (—) ARE OUR ONLY HOPE

YOU DON'T REALIZE IT, BUT IT'S GETTING SERIOUS!

YOU MUST HAVE A
SPIRAL NOTEBOOK AND
A NO. 2 PENCIL

WATCH OUT FOR "THE CURVE"

THIS BOY DID HIS HOMEWORK

ART FOR MY SAKE!

Ron Smith

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THE MYSTERY DANCE

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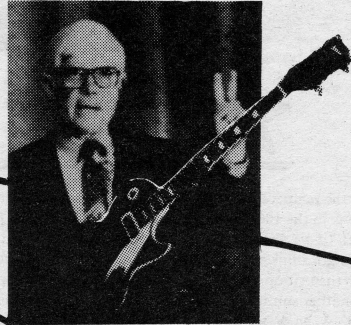
Cover: Design by Ron Smith

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"I don't give a fuck about Anderson," sneered one of the Degrade Blind Boys as they prepared to rock the impatient Kosmos 2000 audience into a fuse-blowing frenzy. Most of the audience shared his sentiments.



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A super-fun item you'll refer to when the Russians finally come. The bastards!



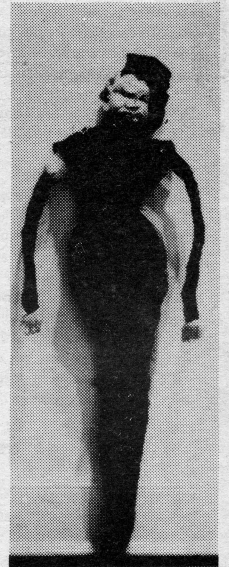
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Concerts by The Who, Tom Petty, Tommy Tutone and the I Remember Reality Revue get raves. So do albums by Roxy Music, Jackson Browne, Willie Nile and a movie, *Fame*. Nice guys, we are.

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\$\$\$\$\$ THE GREAT AMERICAN SWINDLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It's the end of July, the temperature is in the 100s, the humidity is in the 100s and school starts in a month (if we don't get drafted first). So you might think we'd have something better to do than sit up here trying to piece together another summer issue. Another summer issue?! Who do we think we are, serious journalists? Dedicated typewriter tappers in search of "The Untold Story?"



Well, don't be fooled for one minute. We're only in it for the money, and the only thing that keeps us motivated is the desire for more. "More money!" we think as we bang out our stories. "More money!" we mutter as we paste our copy down and send it to the printer. "More money!" we chant as we divvy up our ad revenues. And each spring, as we present our latest extravagant budget to the cowering student committees, we all shout "MORE MONEY!" And we get it.

So how can you blame us for our obsession? After all, Jimmy Carter's domestic ineptitude has virtually eliminated any chance a self-righteous, responsible college publication might have for survival. The price of silver, for example, has risen sharply the last few years, making photographic paper and chemicals outrageously expensive. We were left with no alternative but to swindle our way out of debt.

We got our golden opportunity when the idea of a student government was formu-

lated. Just to keep the latter-day Alexander Hamiltons and Thomas Jeffersons guessing, we went out of our way to condemn the concept, knowing perfectly well that the people in charge would prove totally ignorant of their powers. True to our predictions, the newly-formed Media Committee was a mere inconvenience. With the exception of a few pods who objected to *any* proposal we brought forth, the members were either totally oblivious to our conniving or too disinterested to care.



Jack Moore

Next came the Funding Committee. While the members of this body seemed slightly more wary of us, they knew better than to mess with people who knew more about student government than they did. Cut our budget, we threatened, and we'll write nasty stories about you, *and* your mother! We knew, of course, that they would never approve the inflated sum we requested, but our intimidation tactics

resulted in a far greater allocation than we would have gotten otherwise. And if you don't believe that, then you just don't understand the subtleties of swindling.

Just recently, a group of feminists complained bitterly about some posters allegedly distributed by members of the *Times* staff, jokingly supporting the killing of modern women. They quoted statistics which supposedly prove that such propa-



ganda actually encourages rape and homicide. They say that we're all a bunch of depraved, women-hating deviants, whose sole purpose is the degradation of females. This is understandable. But why are they complaining to VCU administrators, when the posters were privately financed, and when one of the accused no longer goes to VCU? Is the university responsible for the actions of every student and alumnus at all times?

Anyway, as a conciliatory gesture, the profligates in question promised to distribute a new batch of equally-graphic posters jokingly supporting the killing of modern men. But you boys better be careful walking down those dark alleys—we've got the stats right here. . . .

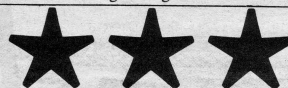


So, back to this summer issue, we figure on making a bundle on this one. See, we're

raising our advertising rates again, which should help support our expensive drug habits, and still leave us enough money to put out 26 issues again next year. Sure, it's a little sneaky of us, but it sure beats workin'!

We've got a draft registration page, which should prove especially interesting if you're one of those poor chaps who wishes his parents had met a couple years sooner, or a couple years later—or hadn't met at all. There's also an article on a John Anderson rock-n-roll fund raiser, which took place a few weeks ago, and had little to do with Anderson at all.

Speaking of Anderson, the Anderson Gallery is cranking out another exhibit, and the *Times* resident artisan, while not exactly sure what he likes, is *positive* that it's art. And how about the proposal to turn Grace street into a two-way street? We hear they were considering having both lanes running



both ways at the same time, but businesses on that street complained that there wouldn't be enough parking space to accommodate the influx of customers. *Times* reporter Bill "Destruction Unit" Pahnalas gives us his analysis of the situation.

And don't forget to keep the four-page "pull-out" section in the middle of this issue. It makes a great conversation piece, and can also be made into a splendid party hat (folding instructions not included). All in all, a fun issue for you and big bucks for us, and if that's not what democracy is all about, then I don't know what is.

swindleswindleswindleswindleswindleswindleswindle



Jack Moore



SHMOE



University Changes Socks

As a part of the annual summer shuffle, VCU will gain one new administrator, lose one veteran administrator and perhaps bid adieu to a second veteran.

Dr. Elske van Panhuys Smith has been appointed dean of the School of Arts and Sciences. Her appointment gained approval by the board of visitors at the July 17 meeting. Smith has three astronomy degrees from Radcliffe College and is presently vice chancellor for Academic Affairs at the University of Maryland. She assumes her new post Aug. 16 and said she hopes to "move VCU forward in distinction in scholarship and teaching." Smith will be the first woman dean, associate dean or assistant dean in the 14-year-old school.

Dr. Francis J. Brooke, formerly special assistant to the president, has moved to Columbus, GA, to serve as president of the 4,600-student Columbus College. "I have the traditional and trite mixed emotions about leaving VCU," said Brooke. He added that he had 12 "exciting years" as administrator and as faculty member here. Ann L. Cosby, assistant to the president, said that the university is "not planning to fill [Brooke's] position in the foreseeable future."

The second veteran administrator who may be leaving is Executive Vice President Dr. Ronald E. Beller. Beller is one of three remaining candidates being considered to serve as the president of East Tennessee State University in Johnson City. Beller and the two other candidates visited the university's campus last week to meet with students, faculty and administrators. An appointment may be made by the university's board of regents in early August.

Beller stated he was "interested enough [in the post] to pay a visit." When asked if he was seriously considering the post Beller answered "yes." Asked what he thought about the possibility of Beller leaving, President Edmund F. Ackell said, "I hadn't even thought about it."



Dr. Francis Brooke Looks Toward Better Things

—News Staff

Spirited Mrs. Elected By Board Of Visitors

In its annual housekeeping meeting July 17 the board of visitors elected fourth-year member Anne P. Satterfield as rector. Satterfield will preside over the board's meetings for a one-year term, a time which she said she feels will be an "important phase" in VCU's development.

Referring to a "large building program," which, among other things, includes plans for a student commons center, a parking deck, a new medical campus hospital, as well as an "exciting new president" in Dr. Edmund F. Ackell, Satterfield said that "we're beginning to realize our potential" as a university.

As rector, Satterfield said she will try to lead the BOV in "being more active than passive," as recommended by Gov. John N. Dalton. The board also has recently voted to limit to three the number of consecutive

terms that a rector can hold, a move Satterfield said she feels will "help to rotate leadership."

Although the first woman rector at VCU, Satterfield said she considers herself first an "interested board member," and at the July 17 meeting requested to be addressed by name rather than as rector.

At the meeting the board also elected Douglas H. Ludeman vice rector and Dr. Harold Nemuth secretary. Three new members were also welcomed to the BOV. They are F. Willson Craigie Jr., Dr. Curtis L. Coleman, both from Richmond, and Benjamin Cotten of McLean.

—Tony Wassell

United We Stand...

Not only is the Medical College of Virginia known as MCV, it is also recognized as a hospital of highest distinction. And because of this distinction, that arm of VCU will always be called MCV. That's the word from those who know, even though the recently-adopted university bylaws specifically refer to *University Hospitals*.

At the July 17 meeting, the board of visitors adopted new university bylaws incorporating changes suggested by the Board Evaluation Committee and by President Edmund F. Ackell. The old bylaws instructed the board to "serve as a governing body to the Medical College of Virginia Hospitals." The new reading says that the board shall govern "University Hospitals." In short, no more MCV.

But despite the cosmetic paper change, top university personnel say the change will not affect the popular image of the hospitals. "MCV will never lose its identity," said Assistant to the President Ann L. Cosby. "You will continue to see mention of MCV everywhere and anywhere."

Manager of Information Services and University Relations William T. Van Pelt concurred. "I think we have real distinction in our hospitals in the MCV name and it's well worth it to make the connection between those hospitals and the university," he said.

Van Pelt added that Ackell's "directives have been pretty clear," all press releases issued from Van Pelt's office should "make sure people understand that the Medical College of Virginia is part of the university. We try to mention both institutions in press releases."

While the roots of the medical campus go back as far as 1838 when the "Medical College, in Richmond, Virginia" was a part of Hampden Sydney College, it was not until 1854 that the Richmond body severed ties with HSC and became MCV. In 1968, MCV merged with Richmond Professional Institute to form VCU.

Asked if the sign atop Sanger Hall heralding MCV-VCU would be changed to say simply and technically-correct VCU, Van Pelt said, "I don't see any need."

—Peter A. Blake

Governor Still Cold To ACSA Proposal

Although Gov. John N. Dalton has a policy of not appointing students to boards of visitors, a coalition of Virginia university and college student governments will continue to press for such appointments.

Under Virginia law, the governor has authority to appoint members to boards of visitors for state-supported schools. When three openings occurred on the VCU board June 30, the Academic Campus Student Association Summer Executive Committee sent a list of student candidates and recent VCU graduates to Dalton.

The Virginia Student Association, a coalition of college and university student governments in Virginia, proposed and had introduced to the last General Assembly session, a bill to provide for one non-voting student member on boards of visitors of state-supported four-year colleges. The bill (HB 1020) was defeated, but will be reintroduced during the next session of the assembly.

"In as we had endorsed HB 1020 last semester, . . . I think you are going to see efforts made . . . to try to get a student on the board. We didn't anticipate any great success" in getting a student member appointed to the board during this last round of appointments, said Rick Brace, presiding officer of ACSA and chairman of the Summer Executive Committee.

According to Paul Edwards, Dalton's press secretary, "it is the governor's policy not to place students on the board of visitors." Edwards does not know if the governor saw the list of candidates submitted by ACSA, because "in the normal routine of [Dalton's office] it is the job of [his subordinates] to not bother the governor with issues that he has already set policy on." In other words, Dalton may not have seen the proposal from ACSA at all.

—Howard Greene

Special Services Scaled Down

VCU's Special Services Program will not be receiving approximately \$170,000 in federal funds this year. According to program Director Earl E. Wheatfall the programs' "proposal did not fare well with the federal government."

David D. Johnson, director of Student Services for the U.S. Department of Education (the department that funds such programs), said that out of the 800 universities and colleges across the country that applied for money, only 600 will receive it. He also said that three non-federal field readers rated the programs using published criteria and federal regulations. VCU's program received a rating score of 92 and the cut-off for those funded was 140, according to Johnson.

Wheatfall said that the programs' funding would be left up to the university administration. The Special Services Program this year will receive about \$62,000 from the state. Of this money \$47,000 will have to be used to pay program employees. Federal funding is no longer available for this use, according to Wheatfall.

The remaining \$15,000 in state funds may be used in conjunction with the \$100,000 federally-funded Upward Bound Program for high school students. Wheatfall said, however, there may be some problem: The Upward Bound Program is specifically provided through the university for high school students and the Special Services Program is mainly for college students.

Even though the Special Services Pro-

gram was not funded federally, there is a consensus within the university administration that it will continue at least next year. Dr. William C. Price, assistant vice president for Academic Affairs, and the administrator directly in charge, said, "We are going to keep the same Special Services Program going." He also said that the university would have a "scaled down program." President Edmund F. Ackell said, "We'll keep some of it going to some extent." Wheatfall added that he plans also to appeal to university deans for money and resources.

—Steve Landes

Draft Sign-up Begins Anew

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM
Registration Form
READ PRIVACY ACT STATEMENT ON REVERSE
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

DATE OF BIRTH: 1 July 25 1980 2 SEX: ☒ MALE ☐ FEMALE

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER: 3 666 99 666

PRINT FULL NAME: 4 LAST: SANDICK FIRST: JOE MIDDLE: MAM

CURRENT MAILING ADDRESS: 5 916 W. FRANKLIN RICHMOND VA 23290

PERMANENT RESIDENCE: 6 SAME SAME SAME

CURRENT PHONE NUMBER: 257

At least five young men across the nation were reported burning these innocuous green forms.

At Central Station, the post office branch at 205 N. 2nd St., Douglas Slaughter, an employee of Richmond Co., nonchalantly walked in last Tuesday with his picture ID, ready to fill out his draft registration form.

Slaughter said he was not registering because he wanted to. "I thought of not registering but that would be against the law."

As for the women and registration, Slaughter shrugged. "That's the way life is. It does seem unfair [that only men must register], but there's nothing I can do about it."

Draft registration began last week for the first time since President Nixon instituted the all-volunteer army in 1973. Men born in 1960 and 1961 have been ordered, under penalty of a \$10,000 fine and five years in jail, to put their name in a big military availability pot. This draft registration raises the usual questions about military preparedness and the civility of our world.

For instance, Communist Party candidate for president Gus Hall believes that "the Administration and the Pentagon want to sacrifice [the 'nationally oppressed youth'] to protect the interests of the oil monopolies in the Persian Gulf, to intervene on the side of dictators and corrupt governments faced with popular rebellion,

to attack and destabilize revolutionary and independent governments..." *ad nauseam.*

Our more civilized masters in Congress, contrarily, argue that by registering young men today, we would substantially cut the time required to mobilize the nation's armed forces in the event of a crisis. Proponents also want to send a signal to the Soviet bosses that America means business.

But in addition to the age-old concerns, this draft registration has an additional onus that was highlighted just three days before registration began. A three-judge panel in Philadelphia ruled that since Congress' registration proposal affected only men it was unconstitutional. The court ruled in part that, "Gender discrimination is a badge of inferiority and must pass constitutional review whether or not it is arguable for the benefit of women." The ruling continued, "The die is already cast for substantial female involvement in the military."

Rather than postpone all registration until the full Supreme Court could determine this matter (probably this fall), Justice William Brennan Jr., an Eisenhower appointee, issued a stay of the panel's order. Thus the registration of over 4 million men began last Monday and will continue through Aug. 2.

Reactions to the draft among Richmond-

ers have shown a degree of resignation—and, in some cases, anticipation. Said Paul Drudge of Mechanicsville, "I'm not really gung ho about the whole thing, but I don't guess I really mind registering. I don't guess anybody wants to be drafted, but I think if somebody's clubbing you over the head, you've got to do something about it or you get killed." He continued, "You know, I've got my hopes and dreams like everybody else. I'd like to stay here and go on about my business. But we've got to fit, you know, we've got to take care of things like they did in World War II. If we wouldn't have had people fighting for us, we wouldn't be having the freedoms today that we do."

About women and the draft, most men interviewed said they favored some women's roles in the military—especially with the Equal Rights Amendment still on everyone's minds. Said Marvin Dillard, "Not everybody's for women's lib, but they've been putting it for so long—equal rights, equal rights—let 'em see how it feels to get drafted."

On the other hand, Steve Sheldon offered this bit of logic and wisdom about women: "I wouldn't want to be in a foxhole with [a woman]. Especially if she was good looking. I wouldn't be thinking about what I was supposed to be thinking about."

Times staffers Mark Jackley, Grace Lessner and Tony Wassell contributed to this article.

Need Help? Counseling Center Aids Those In Doubt

There have been phone calls and walks, but the path to Steve Hodges' door is far from worn.

Hodges, 27, is a counselor for the Draft Information and Counseling Project of Richmond Peace Education Center, temporarily operating out of the Pace Memorial United Methodist Church, 700 W. Franklin St.

Hodges said there have been six or seven phone inquiries daily and an average of three or four personal visits weekly. Hodges is not discouraged.

"Even if we served only seven or eight people the entire time we are open, it is worth it to help those individuals. I do anticipate we will have many more come in," Hodges said.

The primary goal of the PEC, according to Hodges, is to specify alternatives—to help men who must register make a decision consistent with their conscience. The PEC does not advocate one position over another because, said Hodges, "The only responsible and legal tact is to advise them of their options."

"Most of the people who have come in want to prepare for being conscientious objectors. It is much better to demonstrate and articulate these beliefs now, not at the last minute when they will seem superficial," Hodges added, "We encourage them to work on their belief system for being a CO and to develop what is already there."

One morning recently, a student from Germanna Community College sought advice from the PEC on how to prepare for CO status.

"I'm here to see if I can become a CO," said Bernard Baker, "because I simply don't believe in killing people when no life's been threatened. I think registration is the worst infringement on people's rights."

"Most of my friends don't understand my position," he said with a touch of resignation. "They're full of happiness and joy with being of service to the country."

The PEC is currently operating on private donations, but they are seeking funds that will allow them to open a permanent office in the VCU area and to hire a part-time coordinator.

The PEC is open daily from 9 am to noon, phone 643-5229.

—Grace Lessner

Registration: More Than Just Filling Out A Card

Well, here it is, the beloved post office. One hell of a place to have to potentially sign your life away to Uncle Sam. Oh sure, the government says we're not going to war. That's what they always say. The Russians are taking over Afghanistan, the Iranians are playing hide and seek with the hostages and worst of all, Jimmy Carter is still president.

As I enter the post office my heart is sinking downward to greet my stomach, which won't sit still. My eyes scan the room for those big signs that they showed on the news. They aren't there. Instead, off in the corner is a little 5x7 card that reads, "Selective Service Materials Here," and a stack of cards and booklets. As I reach for one, I notice that I'm the only one in the whole place, besides the clerk. "Where are all the other 19- and 20-year-olds?" I wonder as I go to a table to give the government my name.

Two things struck me funny about the registration card. First, was the question

about sex. It's pretty damn obvious that if I'm registering I must be male. Why waste the ink on such a stupid question? Not that I don't think they should register females; after all, they've been parading around for the Equal Rights Amendment so much that they ought to have ERA, which means women should be drafted, but Congress doesn't see it that way. Second was the question regarding Army recruiters. That must be a classic. Here I am signing my name over to draft registration and they want to send an army recruiter to get me before my time. At least they let you have a choice. The pleasures of a free country.

As the lady took my card she politely said thank you and I reached down to pick up my heart which was having a conversation with my big toe, just beating like crazy. And so it was over with, I am all registered and ready to go to war, when it finally happens. All kinds of thoughts were flashing through my mind. I saw us at war with the Russians in Afghanistan; with the Iran-

ians to get back the hostages. I also saw the registration as a swindle. I thought of the whole thing as a con by Jimmy to get us in the army. Once he had us registered he would put phase two in action: The Draft. And what the hell could we do to stop it? The whole damn thing would be an election year swindle, and Jimmy would come out smelling like a rose. God help us, I hope I'm just imagining things.

—Alan Schlemmer

A sanitary, neat card. Computer-sized, printed in green with an eagle emblem in the corner. Selective Services, not the Department of Defense, is written in a circle around the eagle. You just write in your name, current residence, permanent mailing address and then sign it.

You are standing in the church-like cool-

ness of the post office as you hand the card to the clerk. Outside, the weather is smoky and glaring. A war could be brewing up any time, you think.

The card will be filed quietly somewhere, like many other cards you have filled out in the course of your life. If this one comes back up, though, you will probably be sent to fight.

Be part of a crop of youngsters sent to protect a high standard of living. Prove your manhood by looking death in the eye and by fighting to survive. Pay your dues for living for free for so long. Fight to stop someone's crazed dream of conquest. Or say it's all bullshit, your life is worth more than an ideal or a national interest.

If the small green card with the American eagle in the corner ever comes back to you as a draft notice, you'll still be thinking about your role. But only then will you make a decision.

—Tony Wassell

John Anderson's New Wave Roots

By Bill Pahnelas

It was an unexpected mixture of politics and rock and roll. Who would have guessed that the Degenerate Blind Boys would have pounded Richmonders' sensibilities on behalf of Independent candidate John Anderson's presidential bid? It happened at the Harrison Street location of Kosmos 2000 on Sunday, July 13, when five bands and about 150 fun lovers rocked to help put the representative from Illinois in the White House.

The show was touted on posters throughout the Fan as being an all-day affair beginning at 2 pm. The bands slated to appear were The Rage, Mike Tighe and the Bow Ties, the Naughty Bits, Kaos and the Good Guys. Due to a last-minute dispute with the Kosmos management, however, the show began at 8 pm, to the dismay of bands and spectators alike. A certain amount of hostility was observed out front of Kosmos as word of the delay was received, with vague threats of reprisal and ugly words both in ready supply.

What finally emerged, though it was financially advantageous for the Anderson campaign, had hardly anything to do with politics. The Blind Boys, claiming that they had planned to appear that night with or without sanction, were added to the bill. Some Anderson workers had indicated earlier that they wished to de-emphasize the "punk rock" associations which the bands might have in the community. Said one Blind Boy, "We don't give a fuck whether they want us [to play] or not. How are they going to stop us?" Asked about Anderson, he said, "I don't give a fuck about Anderson. . . we just want to play and none of the bars in town will let us."

Tolerance Nevertheless

The management of Kosmos seemed able to tolerate the asinine antics of the Blind Boys and their looped-out admirers, which is understandable in light of the \$1 bottled beer and the 75-cent 10-ounce drafts. With the 90 degrees-plus heat outdoors, beer was the only relief in a crowded, smoky Kosmos. The management no doubt made a handsome profit from the refugees of the usual dull Richmond summer.

Even though it was a swindle, one couldn't complain too much about the musical entertainment. It didn't have much to do with Anderson or his trip to the Middle East and Europe, but it was a convincing display of the variety and quality of new music in Richmond. Mike Tighe and the Bow Ties, the result of the disintegration of a couple of other prominent Richmond musical ensembles, is perhaps the most promising unit to emerge this summer. Their performance was honest and exciting, without hype or image-consciousness—guts without gimmicks. The Bow Ties, if the members stay together a while, are certain to have a bright future in Richmond.

The Rage performed at the end of the night, which was a bad break for them, considering that by 2 am Monday, people who have to be at work early are passed out. The same for people who've been drinking all day and night. This suggests that future events of this nature be staged Friday and Saturday nights, when folks can sleep till noon instead of going to work and vomiting.

The State Of The Youth

Inside Kosmos the crowd was warmed up by the music and expensive beer, with spastic dancers traipsing dangerously across the dance floor as is typical at such affairs. But what was almost more interesting and maybe more fun was the parking lot scene next door to the club. Youth gangs wandered about with nothing to do.

This does not necessarily imply that these roving youths are of the caliber or serious intent of British youth gangs. The situation is grim, however. The kids in the parking lot follow bands like The Rage and Blind Boys around to all their performances in an almost cult-like manner. Sometimes they are admitted to the band's performances, but usually not—primarily on account of Virginia Alcoholic Beverage Commission laws. Club owners are wary of admitting teenagers for fear that beer might be dispensed illegally to a minor, or, more likely, because the management can't make any money if they don't sell their high-priced lubricants. In the case of Kosmos during the Anderson benefit, this created a problem when people showed up with their admission money (\$3) but couldn't get past the big-assed bouncer.

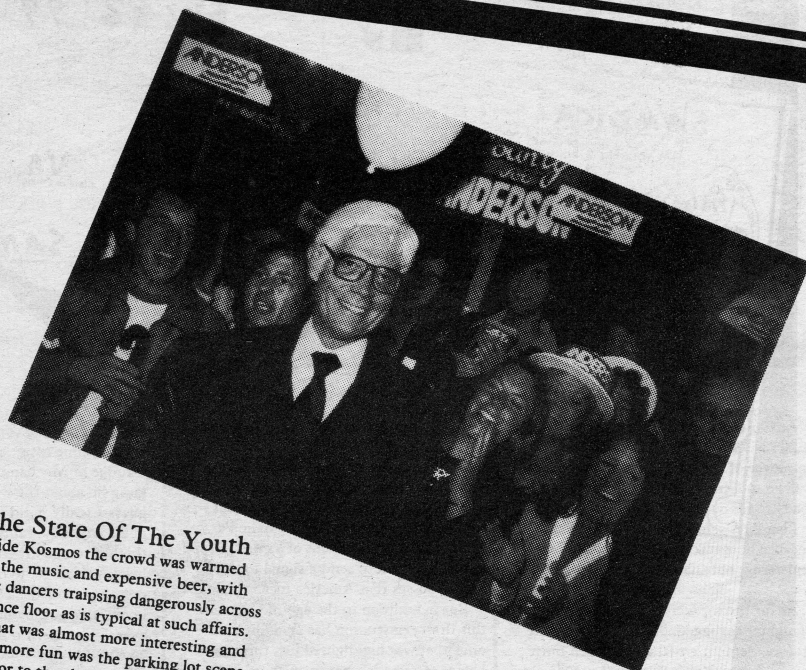
Band members were mad when their friends weren't allowed into the club, the kids stood outside and bitched at the manager and the manager thought they were all crazy as he warned people not to throw things.

The bouncer didn't care much for the music or the clientele. He wore a "This Bud's For VCU" T-shirt which fit snugly around his muscular chest and arms. Asked why he thought people listened to this type of music, he said, "Hell if I know." When asked about Anderson, he had no comment. Asked about the singer for the Blind Boys, he told a little story.

"I knew him when he was just a little fellow, about this tall," he said, raising his hand to about waist level. "He was the nicest little boy you ever knew," he said. "He used to come over to my house all the time, and he was the nicest damned little boy." He was asked what happened.

"Drugs and alcohol ruined him."

Just then, on stage, the former nice boy



sneered, "We don't take drugs!"

"That's the biggest durned lie I ever heard," quipped the bouncer.

Profit Margin

Paul Mazzuca, head of VCU Students and Faculty for John

Anderson for President, the organization which sponsored the event, reported that "We made about \$395 after expenses—posters and the [public address] system." Asked if he thought that, after the hassles with bands and management at Kosmos, the show had been worth it and if the Anderson forces might try their hand at concert promotion again, Mazzuca said, "Hell yes. If we can find a place to have it."

Mazzuca added that a petition drive to add Anderson's name to the Virginia ballot for president in November had gained 20 signatures throughout the night. He said he was pleased with that number. Queried about the compatibility of Anderson and new wave rock and roll, Mazzuca said, "I don't see any problem."

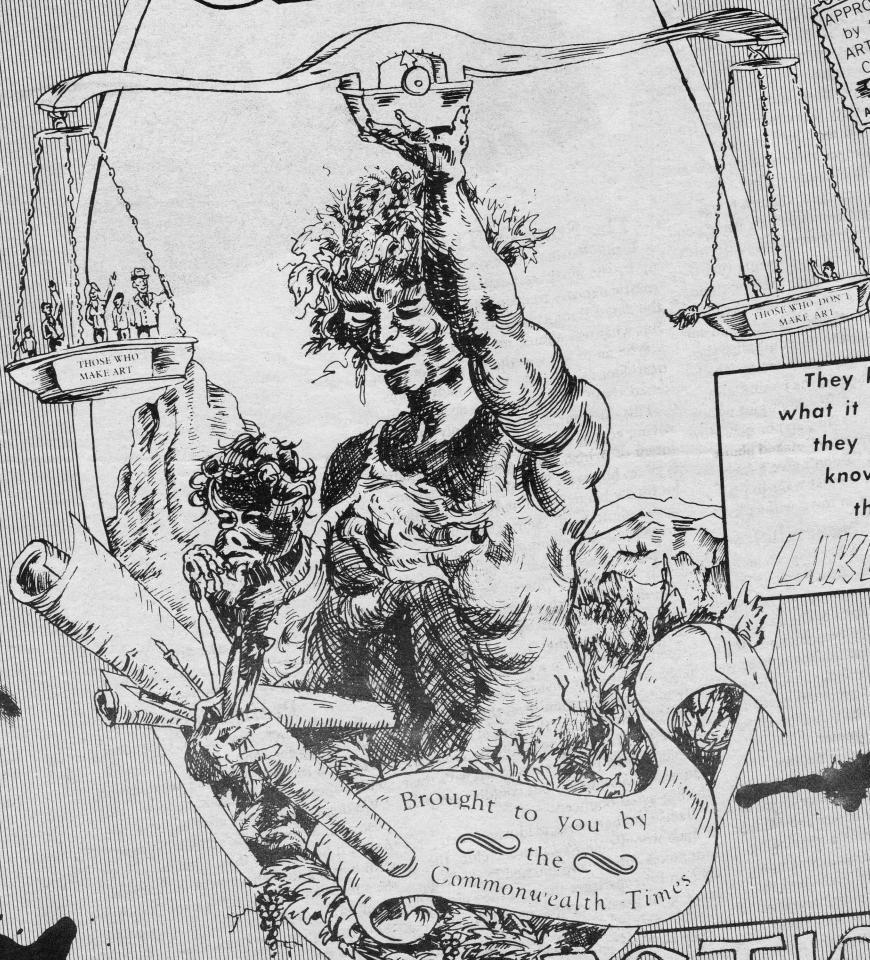
And so it was that the Anderson campaign made \$400, that the Kosmos management also made \$\$; so it was that teenagers ran around in the parking lot, that the bands played for an audience which had no ideological tastes whatsoever; so it was that fat, ugly, lewd women put their hands on boys' thighs, that many a fanatic threw up or fell down.

SPECIAL ART

COLLECTOR'S
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ART
COMIX
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1



They knew
what it was, but
they didn't
know if
they

LIKED IT!

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SECTION

BY:

Dale Brumfield
Bill Pannels
Ronnie Sampson





Bill's picture entitled,
"It's The Police"





Bill's picture entitled,
"It's The Police"



Side 1 "Leonardo Live at the Vatican"





Side i "Leonardo Live at the Vatican"



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Upper Left: Wesselman, Johns and Close in Gallery 2.

NOT FOR SALE

By John Edmonds

Have you ever considered purchasing artwork from the Anderson Gallery? Probably not, for any of several reasons: You didn't like what you saw; you didn't have the space for it; you didn't have the money; or you didn't know what P.O.R. (Price On Request) meant. The Anderson Gallery is almost a museum, almost a gallery, but almost definitely is not a marketplace for art.

Art that you can buy and have in your home/business is the theme of "Works on Paper From Richmond Collections." And it's smartly packaged, easily transportable, good financial investment, and very, very easy to have around. It would be difficult, however, to acquire these works, because they belong to other people. Syd and Fran rate high among the owners of works in this exhibit and the interest their art held for me. Red Grooms' 3D portrait of Gloria Swanson is something not to be missed as is most of the first floor art neatly divided into abstract and imagist works. The Warhol of Marilyn Monroe are as vibrant as any he has done, the Rauschenbergs remain enigmatic, the Stella is a bright beautiful geometric harmonic imbalance and the Kelly litho/embossing is absolutely sublime. Be sure not to miss the Diebenkorn drawing which proves that old Richard is a master of subtle grays just as much as he is of subtle pastels.

When you get to the second floor try not to go in "Eleven Directions," just turn left. The small second floor gallery of the works of Foon Sham are the unquestionable acme of the student show and provide a softer transition from the real world downstairs to the academic ivory tower on the second floor. Sham's work is simple, sensitive and very well thought out. I always wonder why I find artwork produced by an Oriental mind so far superior to that produced by Western peers. It's a good question.

The "installation" by Mathew Park in the tiny gallery is a good example of what I call "So What?" art. So what?

Moving along to the big gallery you'll be visually accosted by two untitled works by Betty Parsons. They're better unseen as well, because they're genuinely very ugly and pointless. I still don't understand VCU's fascination with rhoplex. It must have a very intoxicating odor as it dries.

Next comes a set of etchings by Betsy Japhe that are quite pretty and would look

good on a wall in your apartment/home/office. I hope they sell well because I can imagine a great many people wanting them.

Jerome Collins has turned out some real cute 3D wall pieces which are bright and fun to look at and would do well on that big blank wall that you don't want to clutter up. Whereas Steven Fishman's intaglios make no sense to me at all and have suitable pompous titles.

Susan Frager's "This is Not the Indian Rope Trick" provides the element of whimsical lightheartedness for the "Eleven Directions" exhibition, but where could you put this piece of sculpture, the solarium or the foyer? Michael Bulka has turned out some truly hideous art which has the added advantage of being offensive as well. His "I.U.D." brings to mind tampon, douche and feminine deodorant commercials.

Emerson Andrichok's small clay sculptures are just as precious and adorable as they can be. These tiny figures remind me of things you can buy at a beach or in kelly green and navy blue West End stores. But the prominent addition of erect or bulging penises assures that they would sell like hotcakes in Bloomingdale's.

Third floor, Gallery 7. Women's clothing, furniture, pottery and wall hangings, by faculty of VCU's Department of Crafts. Cate Fitts' clothing is perfect for Richmond wrap skirt and blazer. Be sure to look at the back of the blazer which I found to be far more interesting than the front. Ms. Fitt proves that clothing can be more than just smart. It can be smart and different and well-crafted and highly personal. I like it.

Curtis Ripley's vases "Night and Day" are perfect for a 1980's update on a Maxfield Parrish garden. The preliminary sketches hold their own as well and both the sketches and the drawings would be wonderful to see anytime, anywhere.

Susan Iverson's large geometric wall weavings are the highlight of this exhibit in their bold, geometric, simplicity, whereas William Hammersley's saddle/chair I find perplexing while superbly crafted.

All in all they're very good shows, well-organized, well-lit and all around well-done. I'd just like to see the price tags on this art. I think it's a good gauge of how accessible art is to the rest of society.



Above: Cate Fitts in Gallery 7.

Vigor Penetrates Grace Street

By Bill Pahnelas

Hey let me ask you a question. . .

Eighteen-wheel rigs turn off Belvidere Street, winding through the low gears past the gleaming white, gravel-covered plywood walls of Richmond Metropolitan Hospital. A blind man feels his way past the blank Lum's Restaurant sign-board and hesitantly crosses the street. Motorists' anxious eyes are fixed on the red light.

At the corner of Grace and Shafer streets a feeble and ugly attempt at a shopping mall has been built. This structure is supposed to suggest the rejuvenation of the commercial area of Grace Street in the Fan, the restoration of a once-respectable part of the city gone sour, or stale with the scent of beer. It fails to arouse any sympathy.

Down the street stands the great Safeway-In-The-Works, a dun-colored block rising from a glass-glittering parking lot. Everyone anxiously awaits it, a glorified version of the all-night 7-11. Suddenly the Pantry Pride store on Broad Street will cease to be of interest to anyone, as the focus of the crusin' scene will be sharpened at the corner of Harrison and Grace.

These improvements at Grace Street will substantially benefit the elderly residents of that high-rise megalithic hostel, Dominion Place. Grandmotherly individuals will be able to perform their shopping functions unassisted and unencumbered by the restraints of proximity. The rapidly emerging brood of scrubbed-up, shining and material-conscious college youth will find these developments to their satisfaction, as well—the range of available goods and services increasing in size like any rapidly-expanding object.

Hey buddy. I've got a story to tell you, and I'm gonna make it real int'restin'.

There's entertainment on Grace Street, even if you're dull. There's movies at the Biograph, beers in bars and bawds out back. At any time of the day or night you find people to talk to there.

You can go to the Lee Art Theater and see the way people never lived. Never mind that not long ago a fellow solicited sexual favors from a detective, then walked into the alley behind the theater and was clubbed to death. You always wanted to see yourself in the movies.

But what's good to drink? you ask. There's nothing good to drink but mother's milk or pure mountain water, but if you prefer your beverages to be a little zippier than iced tea, you can complement your joggled brain by fueling it with ethyl alcohol.

One requisite for imbibing in any licensed establishment are the few wrecked dollars left from your effervescent pay-check. One would hesitate to call it robbery as the barmaid siphons the material equivalent of your time from your purse; let it be sufficient to note that many a Grace Street watering hole is a waste of time in this sense.

Recommended as the least-costly place to purchase drinks is, oddly, McLeans, across from the squat shopping mall. One would do best by avoiding the mall altogether, since McLeans 5 to 12 daily happy hour is more gratifying. If one is looking for the lure of enchanting atmosphere in Grace

Street drinking, then it most certainly will not be found at McLeans, which is the plainest, most unpretentious spot in town. (One might add that its rivals on Grace Street are few and paltry.) Nevertheless, it could be argued that one can drink as cheaply in McLeans as at home—as seasoned denizens of leisure drinking would simply say, "wonderful!"

At this time there seems to be no reason to recommend the Wooden Plate to anyone, though of course the clientele there might viciously dispute this position. Hababa's seems to have outdone its next-door competitor, if not in class, in response. Members of all genders will recognize the odor of stale beer exuding from these operations, and will not doubt that the level of excitement there rises at times not unlike objects which rise.

Failure to mention the Jade Elephant would be a grave omission. As Jesus said in the Bible, "I have done it."

The Village Restaurant and San Dor's Book Store are of such perennial popularity, and of such significance and value to the community both in utility and as cultural manifestations, it is difficult to adequately describe them with an impoverished word hoard. The members of the community seem but moments in *their* time.

Hey, why don't you loan me 10 cents so I can buy a cheap hooker?

You can buck the big boys, but you'll be sorry.

Down to the 7-11 at 6:30 in the morning. Guy will be buying a bottle of Red Rocket. He'll drink it and pass it to his buddy till it's gone. Maybe sell a few of his pills to some punk, panhandle the rest, and buy another fifth. What the hell.

Fifteen-year-old girl asks, "How old do you think I am?"

Dude leaning against the wall of 7-11 says in a subdued voice: "Hey. Hey. . . chemicals, man. . .crank, Quaaludes, acid."

The drugs aren't real. Girls walk down the alley carrying clothes to the laundromat in pillowcases. There's something about one of them that you can't explain.

A scarred, emaciated, ragged piece of shit of a man stands at the stoplight and says in a sickly, frantic voice, "Hey, I want to talk to you. I'm no bum," he blurts. No one will listen. "Do you believe in the inevitable—what will be will be?"

"I believe in murder."

"Tell me, do you believe in mental telepathy?"

"I know what you're thinking. But I don't know how you feel."

The lizard-eyed boy darts in and out of establishments, a hustler at 11. Cars pass

slowly and men make hand motions to individuals on streetcorners. An aged wino sits on a bus-stop bench, surrounded by his disciples.

The parking lot of 7-11 is full. The lines inside are about 20 people deep, people loaded down with ice, bottles of wine, six-packs, cigarettes, vaseline, condoms, tampons. Maybe a Big Gulp and a pack of Ho-Hos. A derelict buys a 10-cent pack of crackers and a jar of baby food. It is quarter of midnight.

The streets are full of cars. It's Friday night. Hundreds of youths stand in parking lots with nothing to do, with a lot to do. Hababas is full, the Jade Elephant is full,

they won't let anyone else in. A woman screams. A man is sprawled on the sidewalk bleeding. The lousy bands at the Wooden Plate groan on while a boy tries to sell a watch for \$5.

Girls give these guys they found blow jobs in front of lit windows, in search of perfection. Men are sleeping wherever they can: in hallways, alleys, in the park under trees. Some nut climbs a fire escape, looking for something—not TVs, stereos, cameras, guns.

He sees cats—somebody's cats—prowl the garbage cans where all the mementos went.



Bill Pahnelas



Bill Pahnelas

Who Show Worth Boy's Twelve Bucks

At one time, the Who were just an unheralded British bar band, more noted for destroying their instruments than for playing them. Then *Who's Next* came out, and suddenly they were a phenomenon, champions of the anti-establishment cause.

When *Tommy* hit the screen they were tagged as artists, with Roger Daltrey portraying a deaf, dumb and blind youth as a Christ-figure.

But only after 11 teenagers were crushed at their November 1979 concert in Cincinnati did the Who become a cultural artifact. The story was the lead on every national and local newscast; *Time* magazine ran a cover story about them; even the sitcom *WKRP In Cincinnati* couldn't pass up the opportunity to exploit the tragedy.

So it was with a certain degree of apprehension that I forked over twelve bucks to see the Who this month in Hampton. After all, the boys seem more interested in making movies than music nowadays, and even the capable drumsticks of Kenny Jones can't replace the manic percussion that Keith Moon provided. Was I paying this exorbitant price for a tour through a rock museum?

If so, it was worth it. From the first chords of "Substitute" to the apothecial final riffs of "Won't Get Fooled Again," Pete Townshend came through as the quintessential rocker, flying through the air and wielding his guitar like a dervish. The bandage on his right hand symbolized his willingness to self-destruct for the salvation of

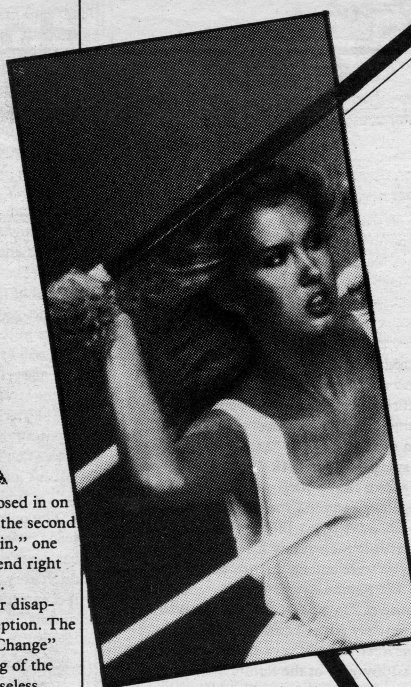
rock and roll, and as the lights closed in on his final bowling-stroke chord at the second break of "Won't Get Fooled Again," one could almost see Townshend ascend right through the roof of the Coliseum.

No concert is without its minor disappointments, and this was no exception. The overly bombastic "Music Must Change" suffered from poor stage handling of the horn section (which was pretty useless anyway), and anyone expecting to hear cuts off Townshend's latest solo album, *Empty Glass*, was bound to be let down.

These picayune quibbles could hardly have overshadowed the highlights. "My Generation" sounded as pertinent today as it did 15 years ago, as did the group's first hit, "Can't Explain." The show hit its zenith with "Summertime Blues," which shifted incredibly into "Twist and Shout," featuring bassist John Entwistle singing lead with Daltrey and Townshend backing him up.

When the concert was over, the group did their perfunctory waving and hugging; Jones chugged happily from his Heineken, and the group as a whole looked surprisingly fresh after having rendered the audience spellbound for more than two hours. Despite Townshend's cry that music must change, most of the crowd seemed happy with it just the way it is.

—Jack Moore



Roxy Music—*Flesh and Blood*

Roxy Music's lead singer and principal songwriter Bryan Ferry continues to fashion highly-stylized and unique music. Ferry's dominant lyrical perspective, a jaded romantic reminiscing about golden moments past, is accentuated by the moody musical ambience the band creates. With this combination, Ferry has created the persona of a cynical jetsetter who can find no pleasure in the people and places he surrounds himself with because of the past he remembers and can never transcend.

Despite a turbulent history and numerous personnel shifts in the band, with "Flesh and Blood," Ferry has sharpened his perspective as never before. Combining original songs such as "Same Old Scene" and "My Only Love" with old songs "Eight Miles High" and "The Midnight Hour," Roxy Music has structured an intelligent, enjoyable album from this tone of melancholy reminiscence. Ferry's tremulous, plaintive voice meshes comfortably with the distinct instrumentals and crystalline production to establish the atmosphere of ephemeral pleasures and unfulfilled promises.

While Roxy Music is admittedly an acquired taste, this album will undoubtedly delight loyal followers, and, if given an opportunity, intrigue new audiences.

—Mark Plymale

Jackson Browne—*Hold Out*

This is another outstanding album from an artist who has proven to be consistently satisfying, with songwriting far superior to almost any other performer. Some of the lyrics are a bit more esoteric ("Disco Apocalypse") than Browne's standard offerings; the music is a bit more mainstream rock than in his previous efforts; and Browne is certainly more adventurous in his vocals here than on any of his other albums.

"Hold On Hold Out," the album's finale, is a joyous song of branching out and freeing yourself from boundaries and hindrances and finding release in love. Browne shows no signs of complacency or willingness to stand pat with a proven formula. Like all of his albums, this one has signs of growth, maturity, and experimentation all through it—a very confident and subtly self-assured album, another testament to Browne's skills as songwriter, arranger and performer.

—Mark Plymale

Willie Nile—*Willie Nile*

Already in this performer's young career he has been critically likened to Loudon Wainwright III and Steve Forbert. This debut album shows that his songwriting skills are nowhere near as polished, nor his voice nearly as distinctive as either of the two, but it does clearly demonstrate a potential for great things in both areas. His songs are energetic and smart, with round characters and detail. His voice is good and strong, if unexceptional. *Willie Nile* serves well as an introduction to a performer who should have a lot more to say. It is an acquaintance you might wish to make.

—Mark Plymale

Crowd Thrilled By A Couple Of Toms

From beginning to end, the show was delightful. The cool air in the Mosque was a remedy for the oppressive heat outside, and the show began precisely at eight. The four-piece opening band, Tommy Tutone from San Francisco, played straight rock and roll with little frills. The songs were short, briskly performed, and clever, with lead singer Tommy Heath's powerfully expressive voice the strongest asset. Standout numbers in the 45-minute set were "Angel Say No" and "Cheap Date." The crowd received them well enough to merit an encore, but they didn't get one.

After a brief intermission, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (guitarist Mike Campbell, drummer Stan Lynch, bassist Ron

Blair and keyboards player Benmont Tench)—from Florida—took the stage to a boisterous welcome. For over two hours, Petty and band put on a thoroughly professional show. Tom's stage presence was a mixture of polished veteran and ingenious newcomer, with his every gesture and vocal inflection adding to the music.

Petty and the Heartbreakers played songs from each of their three albums, as well as an unrecorded original and the oldie "Shout." Audience response was loudest for newer songs "Refugee," "Here Comes My Girl," and "Don't Do Me Like That," although even older numbers were acknowledged heartily—a sign that this audience was familiar with the Heartbreak-

ers' repertoire.

Renditions of all the songs were strong and crisp, and more than just cursory duplications of the recorded versions. In concert, the band was allowed to stretch out and improvise, which gave the audience evidence of just how talented and how supple the band is. As riveting and dynamic as Petty's stage presence was, the Heartbreakers were equally impressive.

At the end of the Heartbreakers' fourth and last encore number, the house lights finally came on and signaled an end to a remarkable night of rock and roll entertainment.

—Mark Plymale

For Tom Hays, who owns a sex shop in the Soho section of London, it's a good thing that a British court believed his attorney's explanation that a videotape is a "piece of plastic storing invisible electrical impulses capable of being converted into audiovisual signals," and not a "film or other record of pictures."

The 1959 Obscene Publications Act prohibits pornographic films, but until the act is amended, some lawyers believe, videotapes can be sold and viewed openly. A Christian moral pressure group argues on the one hand that "If it is wrong to show pornographic films in clubs, then it is wrong to show videotapes." Hays, however, counters that, "I could, if I wanted to, show whatever I liked on video."

Word is out now that the already-brisk video porn business will experience a new surge, now that it is virtually risk-free. Sort of like contraception, eh?

Out of Chicago comes another shot at a world's fair. You all remember their big blast in 1893, the Columbian Exposition. Now a group of private Chicagoans is undergoing a study to bring that hoopla back to the Windy City in 1992—the 500th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of a new world. Several prominent business persons, including the publishers of the *Sun-Times* and the *Tribune*, are in on the scheme.

Christian Schmidts' brewery has reasoned that since 30 percent of light beer drinkers are women, advertising should dispel the he-man image of beer drinkers and focus on the women's role. In marketing their new Schmidts' Light, the brewery is spending \$1.5 million to show women enjoying the frothy brew right there on your slobbering TV screen. "I think to ignore women in commercials is ridiculous," said Gus Economos, vice president for marketing.

Not since Dewey reportedly defeated Truman has such a gaffe come out of the Chicago news biz. In one edition of its July 17 paper, the Chicago *Sun-Times* reported that "It's Reagan and Ford!" Over 146,000 copies of the mistake were circulated, some selling now for as high as \$250. One woman raided a *Sun-Times* delivery truck, took seven copies and tried to hawk them for \$100 each. While the *Sun-Times* is the most notable newspaper to pull the boner, it wasn't the only one. The Allentown, PA *Call and Chronicle* declared, "Reagan and Ford for GOP," and the Raleigh, NC *News and Observer* proclaimed, "Ford, Reagan to run together." Thank God, the *Times-Dispatch* got their data straight.

Was the Old South indeed the "Sahara of the Bozarts," as H.L. Mencken so rancorously postulated in 1920? Culturally and literarily, he was probably right, at least when speaking of the last 20 years of the 19th century.

You can see for yourself what Richmond offered in an exhibit now in the Cabell Library foyer entitled, "Richmond Literati, 1880-1930." The last 20 years of the century featured highly-romanticized, nostalgic tripe aimed at resuscitating the dying

South. The first decades of the 20th century saw a logical backlash—a shocking, satirical literature which blasted the old sentimentality. So good was the backlash (in the Baltimorean Mencken's eyes, anyway) that between 1921 and 1925 several vigorous, adventurous Richmonders got together and published *The Reviewer*.

Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Gertrude Stein, Amy Lowell and Sinclair Lewis were among the notables published in *The Reviewer*, which was issued out of a house at 206 N. Harrison St. Mencken ultimately got to know several staffers of *The Reviewer* and revised his opinion of at least this part of the South when he praised the staff for their attempt to "break down the old Southern tradition and prepare the path for better things" (my italics).

See it all at Cabell, this glimpse from the library's special collections, now through Aug. 31.

A bridge boondoggle was aborted by Alfred Sheinwold in last Tuesday's *Richmond News Leader*. According to Sheinwold, should West play a low spade, South's only alternative is to lead the ace next. If East still has K-10 or K-9, however, he will positively win a spade trick. West should complicate matters by dropping the nine on the first round of trumps.

Now South may be swindled into misplaying the trumps. Almost surely, says the gleeful Sheinwold, South will lead a dummy in order to return the queen of spades. This is a sure winner if East started with K-4-2 or K-10-4-2, but it loses only if West started with 10-9-4 of trumps and was smart enough to casually falsecard. When declarer takes a trump finesse with Q-x-x or J-x-x in dummy, West should always play his middle trump. This "compulsory" falsecard is a sure winner.

In an unprecedented situation in the 11-year publishing history of the *Commonwealth Times*, it was discovered early Sunday morning, July 27, that, of the seven reviews in the Folio section of the Son Of Summer Issue, **all seven were favorable!** Speculation from the editor of the section that "Art just must be getting better" was quelled by the Managing Editor's comment, "We fucked up."

Hot For Hot

Summer 1980. The hot one. We'll all remember it for years.

At the movies, for great memories see *Fame*, but be prepared to go dancing after the show. You'll leave the theater dancing in the aisle.

Director Alan Parker, fresh from success in *Midnight Express*, brings to the screen some talented fresh faces and succeeds again. The setting: Manhattan's High School of the Performing Arts. The plot: change, growth, failure, and accomplishments in the lives of the lead characters. You will experience laughs, lively music and marvelous dance scenes in studios and on the street.

The stars' lives are slowly revealed, exposing their many reasons for seeking fame. You'll want to hold Martin and comfort his loneliness. Leroy could use a swift kick at times.

The mix of visuals, the fast spontaneous scene in the school cafeteria, and the slower character development scenes are a wonderful victory for the audience. *Fame* is a perfect entertainment investment for this summer.

—Sammy Trail



"I Remember Reality Review" Starring Draper And LeBeaux

A few times a year Bill Draper and J. K. LeBeaux get together and form the "I Remember Reality Revue." They do it because they like to have a soapbox to stand on and to vent their social commentary through song. If they need to be labeled, call them political-comedy-new wave-vaudeville-rock. This brand of singing satire doesn't top the charts too often these days, but it makes me grin, squirm, worry and look around.

Draper and LeBeaux are more politically astute than many professors. If the purpose of a liberal arts education is to be able to understand the present history, then they have a very good education. Their lyrics use quotes from such modern thinkers as political scientist Herbert Marcuse and psychologist B. F. Skinner.

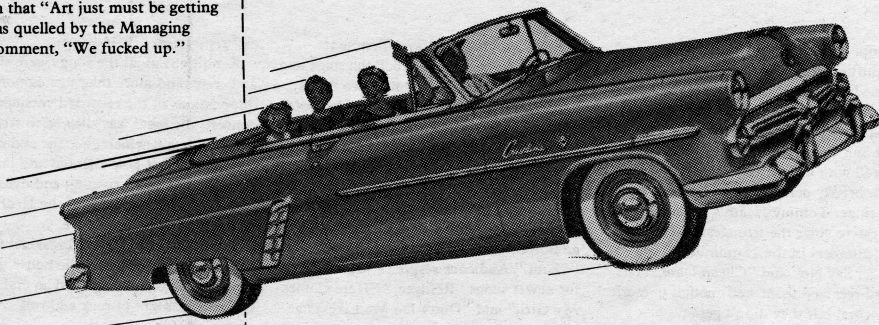
Draper is a chinless 29-year-old pre-med

psychology major. He started his book-learnin' by reading novels and daily newspapers. He eventually switched from fiction to fact as the same themes of conceit and deceit ran through both genres. He now believes politics to be the best show in town.

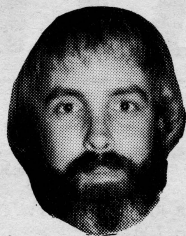
LeBeaux looks like someone's preppy stockbroker. He gives a cynical, yet serious, stare into space as he sings about the American Dream of a wife, a home, a car and 2.2 kids.

The last time I saw them was at the Main Street Grill. Between the sweat, the beer and the chatter, a lot of good biting social satire was yelled out. They don't do it for money, although they pass a hat; they do it because they're scared.

—Paul Mazzuca



From Behind The Bench



Sports Opinion

By Al Rainey

Here it is the middle of July, I'm selling tomatoes and cantaloups in the hot sun and some editor calls up and tells me we're going to have another summer issue and would I like to write something for a sports page? Sure, anything for a break from 100-plus degree weather and tomatoes.

Trying to get my mind back on a sports track, I think about the Sun Belt Conference Basketball Tournament with fond memories. Even sleeping in the car one night couldn't dampen the spirits. Now everyone is asking if they can do it again? Was it (Sun Belt Championship) a flash in the pan? What do I think? Hell no! Elsewhere on this page is the Rams' 25 game schedule and my prediction is 20 wins.

With the old crew back and a whole troupe of agile, mobile recruits, the Rams are on their way to better and bigger things.

Although none of the current recruits is listed on anyone's blue-chip list, they are all proven high school stars noted for quickness and will provide a good base for Barnett to prove his coaching prowess over the next few years. Stats on the Ram recruits show their impressive potential (Dan Faison, 25 point and 11 rebound average; Don Jones, 13 and 14 respectively; Stan Davis and Lewis Hackett 15 and 16.8 point averages respectively; and Jim Turns 15 points and 14 rebounds). The team's (and Barnett's) goal for this coming season is to be at the Spectrum in Philadelphia. I for one will be making plans early. Sleeping in the car in Philly in February is a whole lot different than in Charlotte, NC.

Soon Ben Satterfield (VCU Soccer Coach) will begin to ready his team of eight returnees and 19 prize recruits for their upcoming 22-game schedule. Coach Satterfield conceded his schedule is a tough one, but predicts his team will be looking good by SBC Tourney time in November.

Proposed 1980 Varsity Soccer Schedule

Date	Opponent	Home/Away	Time
Sept. 6	Liberty Baptist College	Away	2:00 PM
Sept. 7	Virginia Military Institute	Away	2:00 PM
Sept. 12-13	Steve Nelson Tourn. Longwood College (Trenton St., NC Wesleyan, Longwood)	Away	
Sept. 16	Averett College	HOME**	3:30 PM
Sept. 20	George Mason University	HOME*	2:00 PM
Sept. 23	University of Richmond	Away	3:30 PM
Sept. 27-28	UNC-Charlotte Tourn. (E. Carolina, W. Carolina, UNC-Charlotte)	Away	
Oct. 2	College of William and Mary	HOME*	8:00 PM
Oct. 4	University of New Orleans	HOME*	2:00 PM
Oct. 8	Randolph-Macon College	Away	3:30 PM
Oct. 11	Christopher Newport	HOME**	2:00 PM
Oct. 15	Longwood College	HOME**	3:30 PM
Oct. 18	Old Dominion University	Away	4:00 PM
Oct. 23	James Madison University	HOME*	8:00 PM
Oct. 26	Virginia Tech	HOME*	2:00 PM
Oct. 29	Newport News Apprentice	HOME**	3:30 PM
Nov. 1	Virginia Wesleyan College	Away	2:00 PM
Nov. 4	Mary Washington College	HOME**	3:00 PM
Nov. 7-8-9	SUN BELT CONFERENCE SOCCER TOURN.	Charlotte, NC	
Nov. 15	VIL Tourn.	TBA	

* Matches at City Stadium

** Matches at St. Joseph's Villa

Rams' Big Man Quits

Al Tyson, a highly-touted VCU basketball recruit, has dropped out of the university, and so will not be wearing a VCU jersey next season. At this time, no reason was given for the move. Tyson was enrolled in summer school when he left the program.

According to Coach J.D. Barnett, fans can look for Kenny Stancell to take the roll Tyson was to fill. "Kenny has worked very hard on his game over the summer," said Barnett. "He is certainly in the track (for Tyson's position)." Tyson was to have played center for the Rams.

As far as the season's outlook, Barnett sees the loss of Tyson as having no major effect. Barnett points out that you "never want to lose a good player." Barnett added, however, that the remaining players have "proven themselves to be championship players." Barnett still hopes to win the Sun-belt Championship and go on to an NCAA bid.

—Alan Schlemmer

1980-81 Men's Basketball Schedule

Date	Opponent	Home/Away	Time
Nov. 28-29	UVa TIP OFF TOURN. (VCU, UVa, Bucknell, LaFayette)	C'ville	7 & 9 PM
Dec. 3	College of William and Mary	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Dec. 9	University of Richmond	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Dec. 13	Old Dominion University	Norfolk Scope	3:30 PM
Dec. 20	Georgia State University	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Dec. 22	University of Cincinnati	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Dec. 29-30	TIMES-DISPATCH INVITATIONAL (Va. Tech, VCU, Old Dominion, Richmond)	COLISEUM	7 & 9 PM
Jan. 6	University of South Alabama	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Jan. 10	University of Alabama-Birmingham	Birmingham*	7:30 PM
Jan. 12	University of South Florida	Tampa	7:30 PM
Jan. 17	UNC-Charlotte	Coliseum	7:30 PM
Jan. 19	Georgia State University	Atlanta	7:30 PM
Jan. 22	University of South Alabama	Mobile	7:30 PM
Jan. 26	James Madison University	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Jan. 29	Jacksonville University	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Jan. 31	University of Richmond	Robbins Center	7:30 PM
Feb. 3	UNC-Charlotte	Charlotte	7:30 PM
Feb. 10	Old Dominion University	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Feb. 12	James Madison University	Harrisonburg	7:30 PM
Feb. 14	University of Alabama-Birmingham	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Feb. 17	University of South Florida	COLISEUM	7:30 PM
Feb. 21	Jacksonville University	Jacksonville	7:30 PM
Feb. 24	College of William and Mary	Williamsburg	7:30 PM
Feb. 27-28			
March 1	SUN BELT TOURN. FINALS	Jacksonville	TBA

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CALENDAR

Through Aug. 31, prints by Dali, Man Ray, Tornado and others, Cary-Windsor Gallery, 2924 W. Cary St. Tues. - Sat. 10:30 am to 5 pm.

Through Aug. 31, kite exhibit at Valentine Museum, 1015 E. Clay St., Tues. - Sat. 10 am to 5 pm, Sun. 1:30 to 5 pm. \$1 for students, \$2 for other adults.

Through Oct. 5, exhibit of James River Woodcarvers, Maymont Park's Mews Gallery, Tues. - Fri. 10 am to 4 pm, Sat. and Sun. noon to 5 pm. Free.

Through Aug. 9, Abstracts and Pop Art: Eleven Students' Prints and Sculpture (see review, Page 13), Anderson Gallery, 907 1/2 W. Franklin St., Free.

Through Aug. 10, 156 photos by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Virginia Museum, Boulevard and Grove Avenue.

Through Aug. 10, SITE: Buildings and Spaces, Virginia Museum.

Through Aug. 12, Teen Art Show, inside the Carillon in Byrd Park, open during performances at Dogwood Dell. Annual teen fun. Free.

July 29 - Aug. 2, First Annual Gold and Silver Tennis Tournament, benefit for the Richmond Symphony. 648-4653.

July 30-Aug. 3, "Where Two Chimneys Rise," a living history presentation of the life of Thomas Nelson. Every half hour from 11 am to 5 pm except at 2. Nelson House in Yorktown.

July 30, "Games of the XXI Olympiad," Pt. IV. Highlights from the 1976 Games at Montreal include Bruce Jenner's amazing decathlon feats and Nadia Comaneci swinging on bars. Virginia State Library, 11th and Capitol streets. 12:15 and 1 pm.

July 30, The Richmond Symphony Orchestra with Jacques Houtmann conducting, performance recorded over WRFK radio, 106 FM, 8 pm.

July 31, *Fiddler on the Roof*, St. Catherine's Creative Arts Program, Dogwood Dell, 8:30 pm, free.

Aug. 1, *Fiddler on the Roof* repeat.

Aug. 1, Disco, Old Gym, 9 pm.

Aug. 1 - Aug. 31, photography exhibit featuring photographs of Richmond Women between 1840 and 1940. Tues. - Sat. 10 am to 5 pm, Sun. 1:30 to 5 pm. \$1 for students, \$2 for other adults.

Aug. 1 - Aug. 31, A Style in Time, color photographs by Jeffrey Allison, VCU graduate student, Photoworks, 204 N. Mulberry St., Mon. - Thurs. 6 to 11 pm, Sat. 10 am to 6 pm, Sun. 1 to 7 pm, free.

Aug. 2, Come see wind-up toys, painted windows and wooden hands you can actu-

ally shake yourself. Kimberly Spangler and Yoji Matsumura have created an avant garde art exhibition opening today at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boulevard and Grove Avenue. The exhibition, entitled "Kimberly Spangler and Yoji Matsumura," is viewable through Aug. 17. Tues. - Sat. from 11 am to 5 pm and Sun. from 1 to 5 pm. Kimberly says of the show, "Perhaps it needs a new title."

Aug. 2, Disco, Rhoads Multipurpose Room, 8 pm.

Aug. 2, Faculty recital with Kenneth Bowles and Cynthia Donnell, Music Center, 1015 Grove Ave., 8 pm, free.

Aug. 2, Tree Walk at Maymont Park. 9:30 to 11:30 am. See one of the most exotic tree collections anywhere. Matt Simons, from the Virginia Division of Forestry, is your host. \$2 for members, \$3 for non-members. Call by July 31, 358-7166.

Aug. 2, Manley Vigor and the Large Men party, Monroe Park, 7 pm to midnight.

Aug. 2, Clown Show by the Clowns of America, Dogwood Dell, 7:30 pm, free.

Aug. 3, Repeat of clown show.

Aug. 3, Community Music School Local Ensemble, Music Center, 3 pm, free.

Aug. 4, Colorado Day.

Aug. 4 - 5, "If These Walls Could Talk," living history focusing on the Nelson House and the people and events that fill its history. Every hour from 11 am to 5 pm, except at 2.

Aug. 4, Richmond Braves vs. Syracuse Chiefs, Parker Field, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 5, Braves vs. Chiefs, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 5, Film, "Flash Gordon: Destroying Ray," Main Library, 12:20 pm, free.

Aug. 6, "Be Big," starring Laurel and Hardy, at the Virginia State Library, 12:15 and 1 pm. Ollie and Stan feign illness to avoid going on holiday with their wives and to go fishing instead. They never make it.

Aug. 6, Braves vs. Chiefs, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 6, Volleyball tournament, Old Gym, 6 pm.

Aug. 6, Film, "Thirty-nine Steps," Business Building auditorium, 8 and 10 pm, 50 cents.

Aug. 6, Film, "Nixon—Checkers to Watergate, Belmont Library, 7 pm, free.

Aug. 7, Volleyball tournament, Old Gym, 6 pm.

Aug. 7, "Dark of the Moon," presented by Richmond Department of Recreation and Parks, 8:30 pm, free.

Aug. 7, Richmond Braves vs. Rochester Redwings, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 8, Repeat of "Dark of the Moon."

Aug. 8, Repeat of Braves vs. Redwings.

Aug. 8, Disco, Rhoads Hall Multipurpose Room, 9 pm.

Aug. 8, Ladonna Harris, vice presidential candidate from the Citizens Party, will speak in the Business Building auditorium, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 8, Film, "Nixon—Checkers to Watergate," Main Library, 7 pm, free.

Aug. 9, Braves vs. Redwings, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 9, Disco, Shafer Court and Fan Room, 8 pm.

Aug. 9, Heights of Grass and Fun-Time cloggers, Dogwood Dell, 6 pm, free.

Aug. 10, Dixieland music with New Orleans Express, Dogwood Dell, 6 pm, free.

Aug. 10, Braves vs. Redwings, 2:30 pm.

Aug. 11, Joseph Herman Hirschhorn was born on this day in 1899. Visit his museum in Washington, DC.

Aug. 11, "Dames at Sea," by the Fort Lee Playhouse, Dogwood Dell, 8:30 pm, free.

Aug. 12, Repeat "Dames at Sea."

Aug. 12, Film, "Flash Gordon: Palace of Terror, Main Library, 12:20 pm, free.

Aug. 13, Film, "Horsefeathers," Business Building auditorium, 8 and 10 pm, 50 cents.

Aug. 13, Richmond Chamber Players, St. Christopher's Middle School, 711 St. Christopher's Rd., 8 pm. Music by J. S. Bach and Magnuson, \$3. Call 266-0809 or 355-8729.

Aug. 13, Birthdate of Alfred J. Hitchcock.

Aug. 14 - 17, Light Opera of Virginia's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado," 8 pm, Warwick High School, Newport News. 851-1400.

Aug. 15, Skywatch at Science Museum of Virginia, weather permitting, 9 pm, free.

Aug. 15, KC and the Sunshine Band with Teri deSario, 3 and 7 pm, Kings Dominion.

Aug. 15, Disco, Old Gym, 8 pm.

Aug. 16, Salute to George Meany, born this day in 1894.

Aug. 17, Community Music School Band Concert, Music Center, 7:30 pm, free.

Aug. 18, Film, "Guess Who's Coming for Dinner," West End Library, 6:30 pm, free.

Aug. 18, Richmond Braves vs. Columbus Clippers, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 19, Braves vs. Clippers, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 19, Film, "Flash Gordon: Flaming Earth," Main Library, 12:20 pm.

Aug. 19, Film, "The Ancient Games" and "Olympics: The Eternal Torch," Ginter Park Library, 2 and 4 pm, free.

Aug. 20, "Almos' A Man," based on the famous short story by black storyteller Richard Wright; two shows at the Virginia State Library, 12:15 and 1 pm. Tells all about the rites of passage of a black male.

Aug. 20, Braves vs. Clippers, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 21, Another ballgame, same time. Incidentally, every Thursday night home game features beer for a quarter.

Aug. 22, Henri Cartier-Bresson's birthday. Celebrate at the Virginia Museum.

Aug. 25, Sean Connery was born this day, 1930.

Aug. 25, Film, "Foreign Correspondent," West End Library, 6:30 pm.

Aug. 25, Richmond Braves vs. Tidewater Tides, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 25, Opening of "Hotel Jefferson," a personal documentary of the Hotel Jefferson through manipulative photographs by Sue Dayton. The opening is from 5 to 7 pm at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boulevard and Grove Avenue, and the show runs through Sept. 14.

Aug. 26, More baseball, same time.

Aug. 26, Film, "Flash Gordon: Land of the Dead," Main Library, 12:20 pm, free.

Aug. 26, Ben Bradlee was born this day, 1921. Write a letter to the editor of the *Washington Post*.

Rock Hudson's given name was Roy Fitzgerald Sherer Jr.

Aug. 29, Ingrid Bergman's birthday, 1915.

Aug. 29, Braves vs. Tides, 7:30 pm.

Aug. 30, All right, more baseball, same time.

Aug. 30, Huey P. Long Day.

Aug. 31, Buddy Hackett's birthday, 1924.

Aug. 31, Charlie Rich, 3 and 8 pm, Kings Dominion.

Sept. 1, Eddie Rabbitt, 3 and 7 pm, Kings Dominion.

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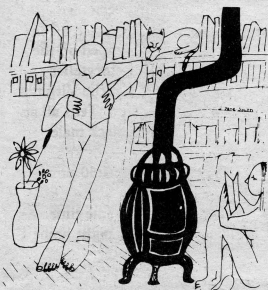
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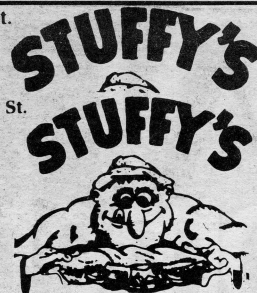
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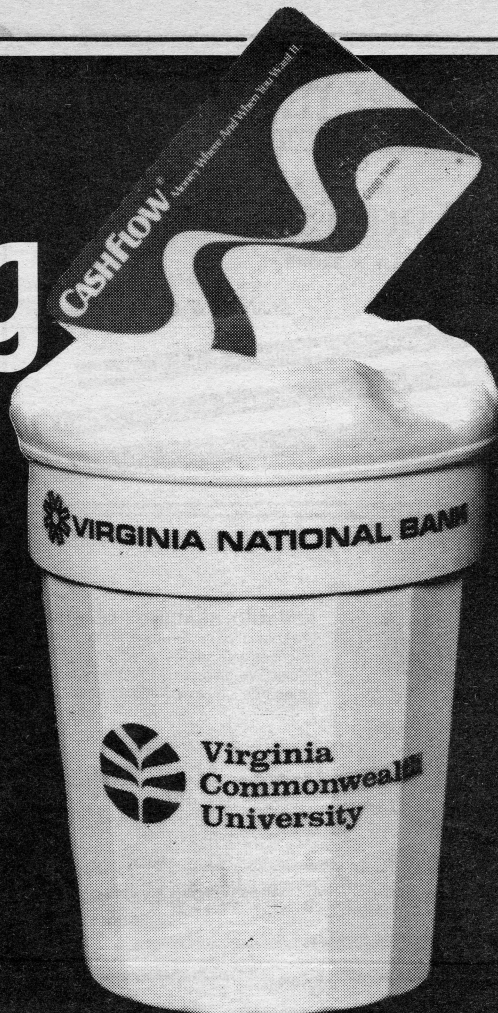
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