

COMMONWEALTH
"TIMES"

AUG. 4 - SEPT. 7,
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The Commonwealth Times, a newsmagazine serving the Virginia Commonwealth University community, is published monthly during the summer by VCU students.

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COMMONWEALTH TIMES

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Vol. 13, No. 27

August 4-September 7, 1981

VCU's Banana Republic; ACSA?

Editor: In the last student election only a little over 8 percent of the students on the academic campus eligible to vote for Academic Campus Student Association senators even bothered to do so! Clearly something is very wrong with student government on this campus. Some people blame the student body in general. We are told by some voices that VCU students are apathetic, lazy, indifferent, etc.

I maintain that the student government at VCU has failed to develop an aura of legitimacy because of serious deficiencies inherent in the very structure of government here, and because of the failure of the student media to adequately perform their primary functions!

The activities of the senators and committees must be exposed continually to public scrutiny. In that respect the *Commonwealth Times* and all student funded media in general have to date given a dismal, inexcusable performance. By reading the last few issues of the *Times* you would never have been able to tell a campaign for the student government was even being held! No features on the candidates, nothing on the issues or personalities running for student-elected office appeared in our "student newspaper." Appearing on the pages of the *Times* have been such VCU-related items as an interview with an ex-CIA agent, a feature on El Salvador, Tidal Wave Comics and several pages devoted to the exact content of the graffiti in VCU

bathrooms. Of course, after the election a few paragraphs were begrudgingly devoted to the names of the winners and the number of students who voted. The problem, however, is not entirely the fault of the student media.

The student government here lacks a single central directing force. What is desperately needed is a leadership figure who can be looked to for direction (and as a focal point for praise or blame). A "presiding officer" is elected by the student senate. But a true presi-

dent (with power) elected by the entire student body is needed. To give this president the power to develop and carry out a long range plan the constitution should empower him with veto power of some sort which possibly could be overridden by a certain percent of the senate. The present student government system is worthy of a banana republic, but not of a major urban university.

—Joseph Marks
sophomore, education

Demand Your Fair Share

Editor: This summer semester marks the end of what some historians will reflect on as the termination of the "Golden Era" of college loans and grants. For almost 20 years now, most people desiring a college degree could look to "The Evil Federal Government" for at least partial assistance in paying the cost of higher education.

The arguments, both for assistance and against, have merits that are beyond dispute; but the bottom line (What else counts in our world today?) is that for the average person, a college degree will become much harder to pay for soon.

What this means for me, as a consumer (of higher education) my costs are going up so my benefits should be going up along with the costs. The question, then, is how can I receive more for my money, when I have to work harder just to get that money?

Will Dr. [Edmund F.] Ackell suddenly become more interested in allowing me to choose what I want to do as a student? Will his administration suddenly

make the dollars they take in work towards my best interest? Will the faculty suddenly ask for my input into which classes I need, want and enjoy, or evaluate me on how I am developing, not on some statistical curve of my ability to repeat what the faculty tells me is gospel?

If these questions are to be answered positively it will take my initiative, as a consumer, to make the first step. That step is to act collectively, with the other 20,000 consumers that face the same basic situation.

Collective action and social reform have become dirty words in our society, and I cannot understand why. If these concepts are corrupt, socialistic (even, God forbid, communist), then what about the principles our country first rallied around? Why do the powers that be refer to old slogans such as "United we stand, divided we fall," or "For the people, by the people?" Somewhere the ideas of freedom have become as dead and polluted as the James River and Virginia politics!



As VCU students in an oppressed atmosphere, there is a vehicle of change, should they choose to use it and not just vent their frustrations on it. That vehicle is the Academic Campus Student Association. The student senate is composed of 33 senators and is housed in the basement of 901 Floyd Ave.

The location of the student senate office certainly reflects what the administration thinks of the students and their opinions! We pay for this institution through our taxes and our tuition, yet we are not even given adequate office space to work in.

It is time for students to take a long hard look at what our lot is at VCU and it is time to demand our fair share. Our fair share is not a proposed parking deck that includes reserved parking only for administrators and faculty, when it is our Consolidated fees that are paying for the parking deck. Our fair share will not occur without students being allowed to sit on the board of visitors, as we have been denied for over 10 years. Most importantly, though, our fair share will not occur without students acting together to demand what should already be our domain!

—Peter Phipps
senior, social work



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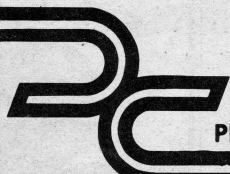
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COMMONWEALTH TIMES

Toxin Levels of Kepone Studied

What are the long-term effects of kepone on humans? Dr. Robert Stroube, assistant commissioner of the State Department of Health for the commonwealth of Virginia says, "Frankly, we don't know. Of course cancer is a probability, but we may need to wait 10 to 20 years for that to show up."

Acute or short-term symptoms of kepone poisoning include sterility and neurological damage. Chronic or long-term effects are now being studied at VCU's medical campus, says Stroube.

Stroube recently attempted to bring to the medical campus some affected residents from Hopewell for a follow-up study. Only 11 of 30 victims responded. Preliminary findings disclose that a majority of kepone's acute effects have cleared up, according to Stroube.

The human liver has rarely or never dealt with a molecule like kepone, which is a chlorinated hydrocarbon. Chemists have learned how to bond chlorine atoms to hydrocarbons, producing bug killers. Kepone is a stable molecule that does not break down easily. Fortunately for humans, the liver tags kepone as an alcohol and, over time, flushes much of it out of the kidneys.

Kepone is stored as fatty tissue. Fat biopsies done on Hopewell kepone vic-

tims ranged from 10 to 30 parts per billion. The measurements were done by Dr. Robert Blanky, a toxicologist from the medical campus' Department of Pathology. (Blanky's claim to fame came when his court testimony confirmed that minute amounts of drugs had been found in the corpse of Elvis Presley.)

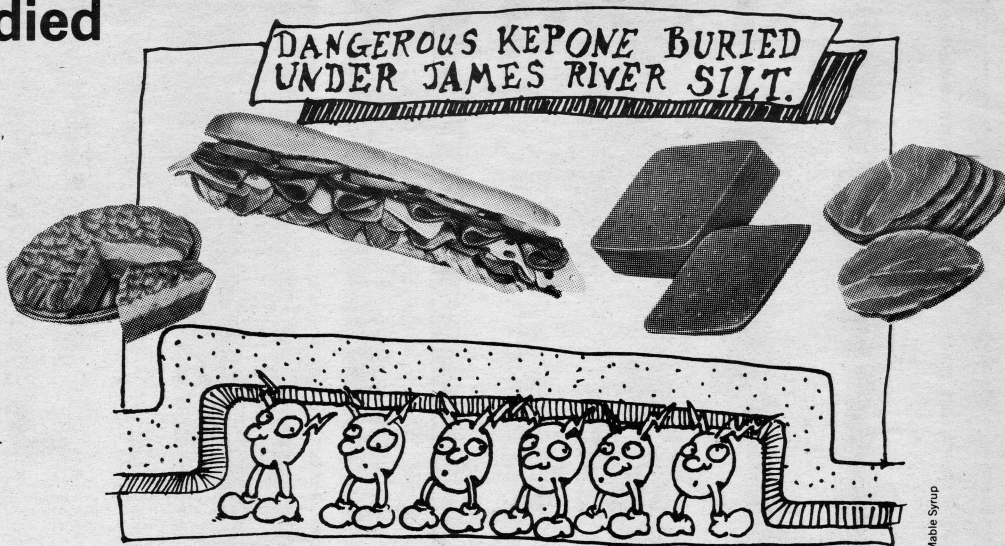
The 10 to 30 ppb figure must be

regarded with some leeway, as only results above 50 ppb are consistently reliable. A study on kepone levels could not be made on residents below Hopewell who supposedly ate contaminated fish and shellfish. Stroube said that small amounts of kepone could not be measured accurately.

Kepone is currently being buried in the silt of the James River. This has

resulted in a drop of toxin levels in sea-food harvests. A storm or a flood, however, could churn up these muddy deposits and reintroduce kepone into the food chain. It may be a decade or more before the full effects of Allied Chemicals' 1975 kepone dumping are known.

—Paul Mazzuca



Mable Syrup

Libertarian Party: Not A Social Club

Sounding the theme "We're not a refined branch of the conservative movement," Chris Hocker, publisher of *Libertarian Review*, got the Libertarian Party of Virginia 1981 convention underway on July 10-12 in Richmond. Libertarians from as far as Toronto convened at the John Marshall Hotel to hear such notables as Ed Clark, Karl Hess and party Chairman David Berglund. Candidates for national party offices were also present to win delegates to the national convention to be held in Denver on Aug. 26.

The Saturday morning agenda began with the introduction of a workshop entitled "Issues in Virginia." James Hainer, a professor of economics at George Mason University, presented the workshop and listed ways for party candidates to make Vepco a political issue in the General Assembly races. He focused on Vepco's government-chartered Virginia monopoly, which gives the company the freedom to set whatever rates the State Corporation Commission allows. House of Delegates candidates Jerry Sklute and W.H. Roberts, both of Chesterfield County, announced the essence of their campaigns. Sklute will emphasize government involvement in taxation and education; Roberts will challenge the



Joe Creggan

commonwealth's gerrymandering of legislative districts.

A mini-presentation by Dr. Vernon Brown followed the workshop. Brown, a Los Angeles businessman and founder of Concepts of Liberty, criticized the

Libertarian Party's absence of blacks. There was general agreement with Brown's remarks, although many members were taken by surprise on racial concepts.

Canadian actor Bruce Evoy gave a

dramatic re-enactment of Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death" speech at Richmond's historic St. John's Church on Saturday afternoon.

Ed Clark, the 1980 Libertarian Party presidential candidate, spoke of the party's future at a banquet. He also stated that the rhetoric used by party activists should be changed, and emphasized that the Libertarian movement was not a social club but a major political party.

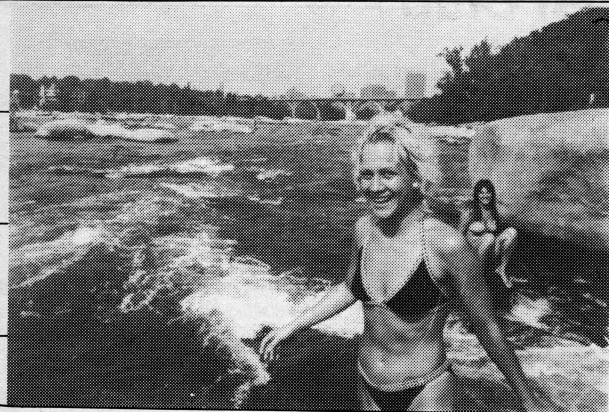
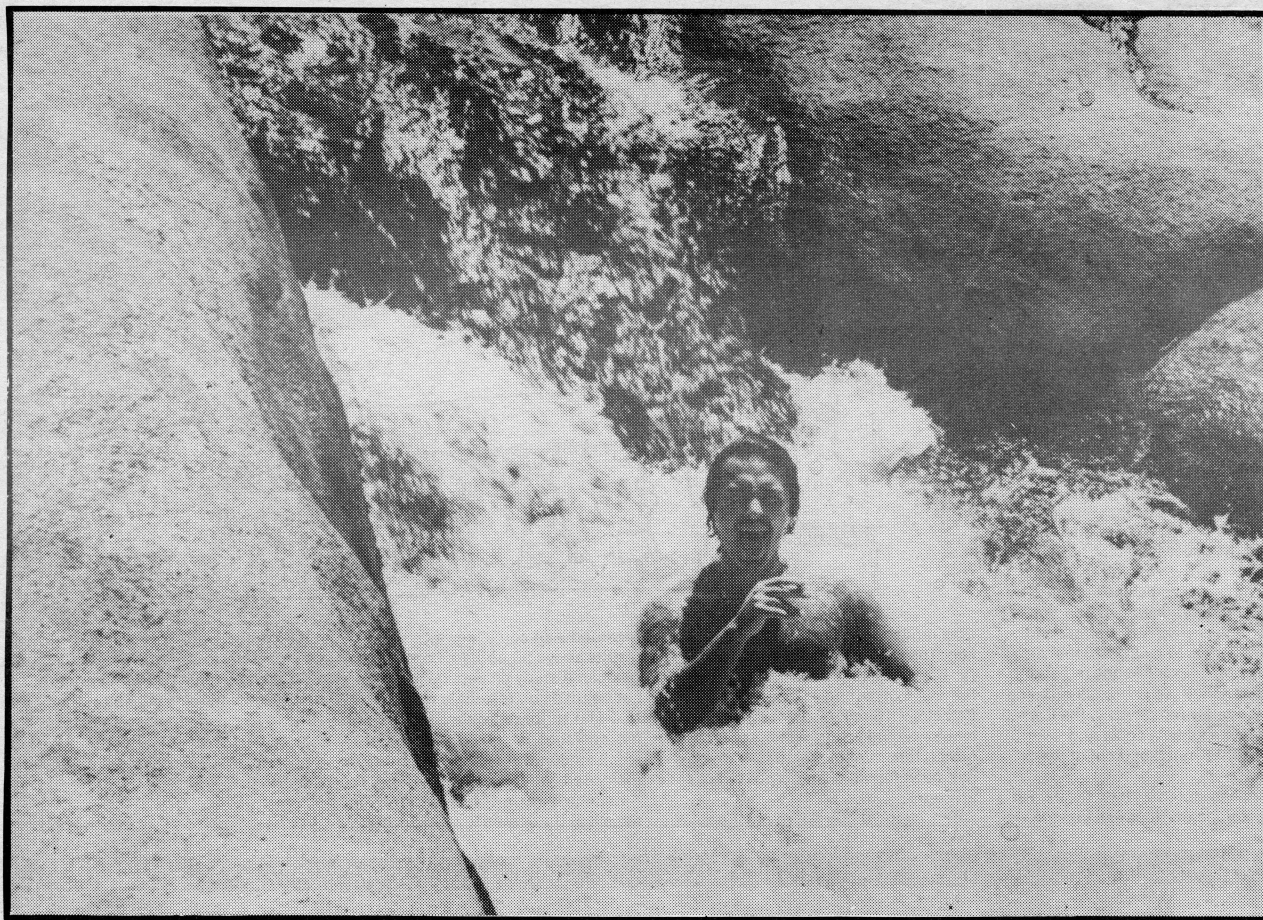
The highlight of the evening was Karl Hess, the one-time speech writer for Barry Goldwater and Richard Nixon, who presented his Oscar-winning autobiographical film to the convention. Hess had eschewed GOP politics in the 1960s and joined the defunct Students for a Democratic Society. He had also been active in the civil rights movement, and is the single Black Panther in the party's history. Hess' casual, up-front manner appealed to his audience. He now resides in West Virginia where he is employed as a welder.

The strength of the Libertarian Party is small and isolated in Virginia. Its distinction lies not in its unique ideas and idealism, but in the other parties' lack of them.

—Bernard Baker

ON Belle Isle Throu War And Peac

Story By Dave Harrison



Belle Isle, the historic island situated in the middle of the James River, is currently Richmond's most popular natural swimming spot. For those who aren't up for a two hour drive to Virginia Beach, it offers a cool, however rocky, substitute.

Most newcomers see no adventure in climbing out to some of the main rocks on the edge of the island, only to discover that high tide has negated any possibility of walking back to the shore. Some wait the three or four hours it takes for the water to recede but most begrudgingly hold their nose and jump in the James for that long swim back.

Part of the thrill of the island certainly lies in the danger that its sharp rocks and fast currents offer to swimmers and canoeists. According to Ralph White, Director of James River Parks, "Belle Isle presents the finest urban whitewater of any city in the U.S. If you have skills, you don't need to drive 200 miles to go canoeing."

Dr. R. B. Young of the Coastal Canoe Club is vehement in his warnings caution be taken when approaching the falls as it provides extreme difficulty, even for the expert. "Should one turn over in either the north or south channel at Belle Isle, both the canoe and canoeist may be swept down river for one hundred yards or more before any rescue attempt could be successful."

Last April, Diane Fenton was disco-

vered dead after a seemingly minor spill in her kayak right off the island. Medical officials say she hit her head on a boulder and Fenton became the James River rapids' 15th victim in the past five-year period.

Belle Isle is located strategically within a half mile of both VCU and downtown. Looking downstream one can see Richmond's skyline, while clearly visible on the north shore is Hollywood Cemetery.

On the last Friday of each month, one of the city's stranger cults gathers at the base of the James, where Belle Isle meets the cemetery, to pay homage to (or communicate with) their deceased elders. But while nighttime on the island is for subversives of questionable etiquette, daytime is for those looking for a simple spot to escape the urban heat.

Most river-goers are content to drink their six-packs, laying back to soak in the warm sun and strike up a conversation with occasional passers-by. The action is generally left up to the "tire-rafters" who sail downstream, striking fear into the hearts of onlookers, only to chicken out at the last possible moment before the dangerous waterfall.

If the Lowenbrau camera crews ever came to Richmond to film a commercial, this island with "gusto" would be their primary location.

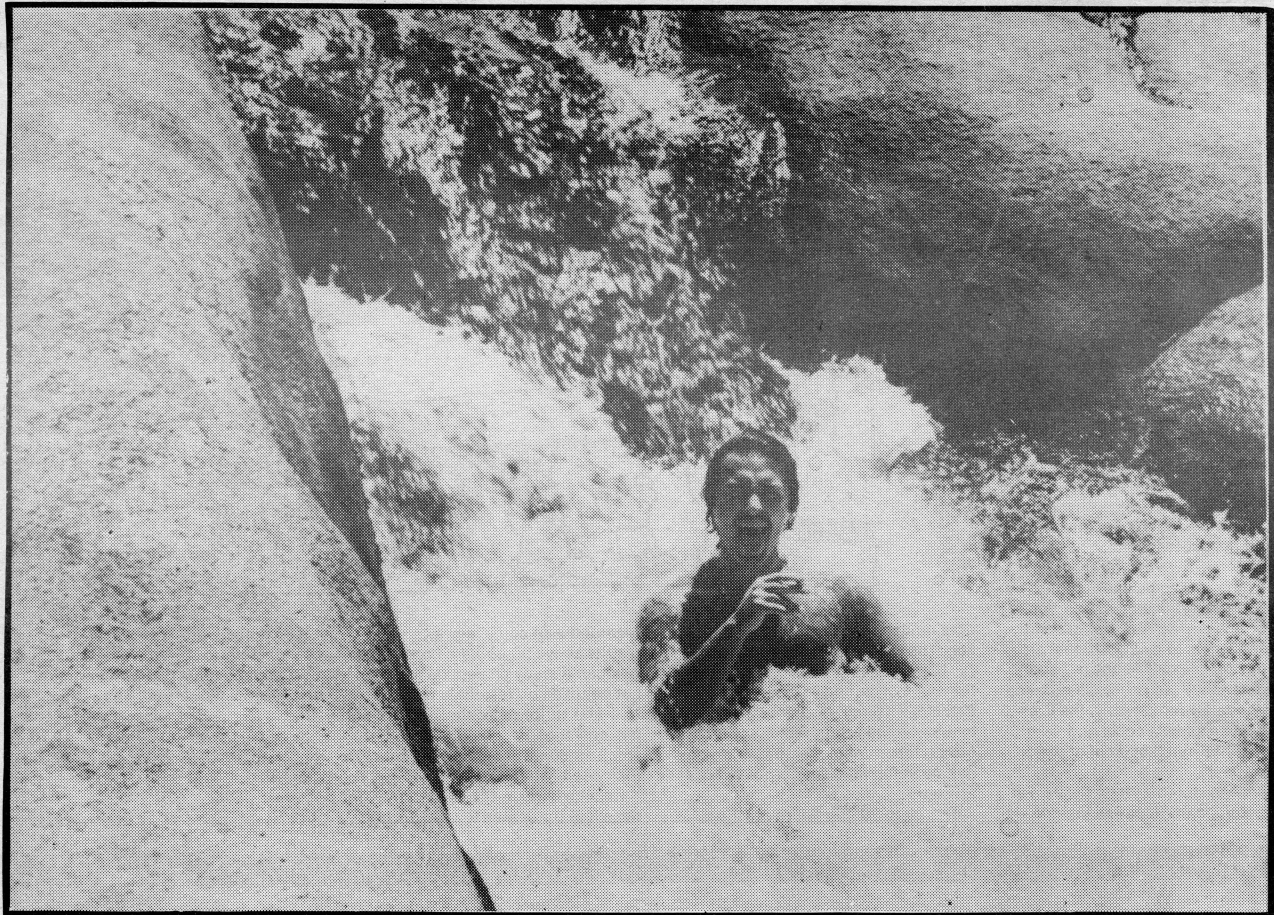
The History

Belle Isle is the largest most valuable of the series of islands in the James River falls area. Its prehistoric appearance, as viewed from the looking eminence, of a mound, rising to a height of 100 feet above the immediate

Tradition tells us that a burial ground of the early casual exploration of its not justify so radical a conclusion, however, to have been by aboriginal tribes many years ago, and their relics are the lower alluvium of the shape of broken pottery implements.

Belle Isle is a corruption of the name by which the river was known 150 years ago included in land bought by Smith from chief Powhatan later passed through making those of the three before Jacqueline B. Har during the Revolutionary War rented from Harvey by a named Bell, who erected machinery works set up There have been steel works on the island since 1815 and the Iron and Steel Corporation in 1836.

During the Civil War the island was used mostly as a prison for rebel prisoners while the



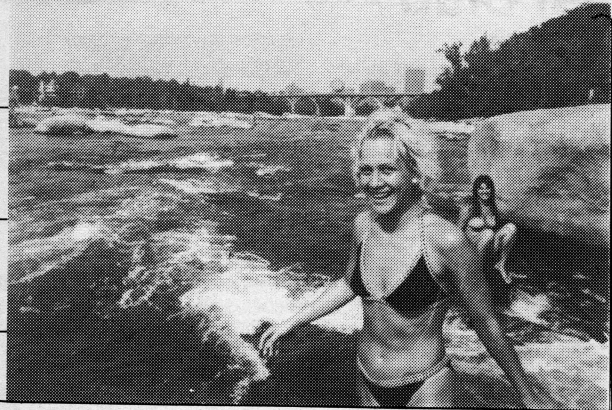
ON THE ROCKS:

Belle Isle Through War And Peace



Story By Dave Harrison

Photos By Ted Sanderson



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The History

Belle Isle is the largest, highest and most valuable of the series of James River falls islands. It presents the appearance, as viewed from some overlooking eminence, of a vast Indian mound, rising to a height of 60 or more feet above the immediate waters.

Tradition tells us that it was anciently a burial ground of the early Indians, but casual exploration of its interior does not justify so radical a conclusion. It is known, however, to have been occupied by aboriginal tribes many centuries ago, and their relics are still found in the lower alluvium of the island in the shape of broken pottery and stone implements.

Belle Isle is a corruption of Bell's Isle, the name by which the romantic spot was known 150 years ago. It was included in land bought by Capt. John Smith from chief Powhatan in 1608. It later passed through many hands, including those of the three William Byrds before Jacqueline B. Harvey bought it during the Revolutionary War. It was rented from Harvey by a Scotsman named Bell, who erected the first machinery works set up on the island. There have been steel works on Belle Isle since 1815 and the Old Dominion Iron and Steel Corporation started business in 1836.

During the Civil War the island was used mostly as a prison camp for Federal prisoners while the Iron Works con-

tinued operations with its force supplemented by slave labor.

During one juncture of the war, a confederate inspector found tents for 3,000 on the island, and a prison population of 6,300. These inadequate facilities forced many of the prisoners to sleep on the rocks, and between 17,000 and 30,000 (depending on the source) Northern soldiers were held on Belle Isle at some point during the war years.

One soldier recounted that the prisoners were allowed to have the freedom of the island and during the day wandered at will. Another recalled, "the prisoners used to fish and swim in the James until three of them were shot while attempting to escape. After that prisoners weren't allowed to go closer than 50 feet to the banks."

Many died and were buried on the island, but several years after the war the bodies were removed to Seven Pines National Cemetery. Northern school teachers held a memorial service for the dead on the island, and a private burying ground is still on part of the property.

Beginning in the 1870s, the Richmond and Danville Railroad had a branch line crossing Belle Isle from Manchester to Richmond, where connections were made with the Potomac Railroad and other lines. Since the dawning of the 20th Century, the island

has served as a fortress of Richmond's industry. Joining the iron, nail and steel works in 1932 was Vepco's first power plant.

In 1968, the city began condemnation proceedings against the Old Dominion Iron Company in order to acquire the island for inclusion in the James River Park System.

Over the past quarter century Belle Isle has been the subject of some rather bizarre plans by the City of Richmond. In 1956, when the old city jail was to be torn down to make way for the interstate, Belle Isle was being considered as a relocation site for the jail. Although some city officials considered the island a "natural Alcatraz," the proposal to buy the land fell through.

In the late Sixties, ambitious officials envisioned the land as a "mini-theme park" complete with rides, a marina, a cultural center and restaurants.

In 1966, City Planning Director A. Howe Todd made some personal projections as to the status of the island: "I can visualize gondolas hauling people to events on the island, perhaps a carnival-like attraction, and maybe an olympic-like attraction, and maybe an olympic-sized swimming pool for competition in water sports."

Looking around Belle Isle today, it seems incredible that its rocks have not been paved, and that its history still remains intact.

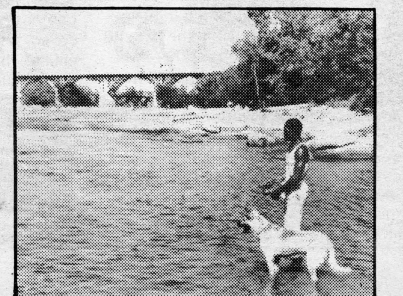
The Future

Belle Isle's hereafter remains up in the air. The administrators at the James River Parks Systems are being a bit more careful about their prize toy than those in the past.

In the planning stage is yet another ambitious park—this one with an interpretive theme based on the development of energy in Richmond. It will focus on the use of water power and electricity, and will include such things as waterwheels, an historic walk, and a picnic square in the same spot which served as the lunch area for the employees of the old iron mill for over a hundred years.

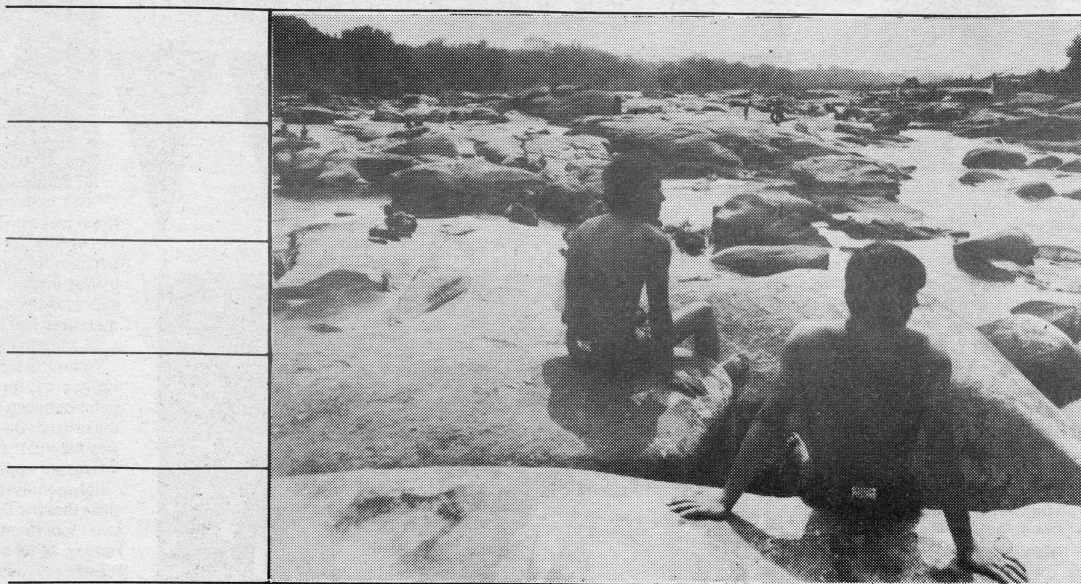
A new Lee Bridge is going to be built beside the old one and the road systems outside the island are being updated to accommodate more traffic.

Clearly, if Belle Isle is to become a modern funspot, we must all be willing to make historical compromises and take the news straight up—or on the rocks.



ON THE ROCKS:

Belle Isle Through War And Peace



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Photos By Ted Sanderson

The History

Belle Isle is the largest, highest and most valuable of the series of James River falls islands. It presents the appearance, as viewed from some overlooking eminence, of a vast Indian mound, rising to a height of 60 or more feet above the immediate waters.

Tradition tells us that it was anciently a burial ground of the early Indians, but casual exploration of its interior does not justify so radical a conclusion. It is known, however, to have been occupied by aboriginal tribes many centuries ago, and their relics are still found in the lower alluvium of the island in the shape of broken pottery and stone implements.

Belle Isle is a corruption of Bell's Isle, the name by which the romantic spot was known 150 years ago. It was included in land bought by Capt. John Smith from chief Powhatan in 1608. It later passed through many hands, including those of the three William Byrds before Jacqueline B. Harvey bought it during the Revolutionary War. It was rented from Harvey by a Scotsman named Bell, who erected the first machinery works set up on the island. There have been steel works on Belle Isle since 1815 and the Old Dominion Iron and Steel Corporation started business in 1836.

During the Civil War the island was used mostly as a prison camp for Federal prisoners while the Iron Works con-

tinued operations with its force supplemented by slave labor.

During one juncture of the war, a confederate inspector found tents for 3,000 on the island, and a prison population of 6,300. These inadequate facilities forced many of the prisoners to sleep on the rocks, and between 17,000 and 30,000 (depending on the source) Northern soldiers were held on Belle Isle at some point during the war years.

One soldier recounted that the prisoners were allowed to have the freedom of the island and during the day wandered at will. Another recalled, "the prisoners used to fish and swim in the James until three of them were shot while attempting to escape. After that prisoners weren't allowed to go closer than 50 feet to the banks."

Many died and were buried on the island, but several years after the war the bodies were removed to Seven Pines National Cemetery. Northern school teachers held a memorial service for the dead on the island, and a private burying ground is still on part of the property.

Beginning in the 1870s, the Richmond and Danville Railroad had a branch line crossing Belle Isle from Manchester to Richmond, where connections were made with the Potomac Railroad and other lines. Since the dawning of the 20th Century, the island

has served as a fortress of Richmond's industry. Joining the iron, nail and steel works in 1932 was Vepco's first power plant.

In 1968, the city began condemnation proceedings against the Old Dominion Iron Company in order to acquire the island for inclusion in the James River Park System.

Over the past quarter century Belle Isle has been the subject of some rather bizarre plans by the City of Richmond. In 1956, when the old city jail was to be torn down to make way for the interstate, Belle Isle was being considered as a relocation site for the jail. Although some city officials considered the island a "natural Alcatraz," the proposal to buy the land fell through.

In the late Sixties, ambitious officials envisioned the land as a "mini-theme park" complete with rides, a marina, a cultural center and restaurants.

In 1966, City Planning Director A. Howe Todd made some personal projections as to the status of the island: "I can visualize gondolas hauling people to events on the island, perhaps a carnival-like attraction, and maybe an olympic-like attraction, and maybe an olympic-sized swimming pool for competition in water sports."

Looking around Belle Isle today, it seems incredible that its rocks have not been paved, and that its history still remains intact.

The Future

Belle Isle's hereafter remains up in the air. The administrators at the James River Parks Systems are being a bit more careful about their prize toy than those in the past.

In the planning stage is yet another ambitious park—this one with an interpretive theme based on the development of energy in Richmond. It will focus on the use of water power and electricity, and will include such things as waterwheels, an historic walk, and a picnic square in the same spot which served as the lunch area for the employees of the old iron mill for over a hundred years.

A new Lee Bridge is going to be built beside the old one and the road systems outside the island are being updated to accommodate more traffic.

Clearly, if Belle Isle is to become a modern funspot, we must all be willing to make historical compromises and take the news straight up—or on the rocks.





Shockoe Slip, the nocturnal playground of the local bourgeoisie, is hardly the place you'd expect to find a group of rock and roll/new wave types drinking beer and dancing to the sounds of a local dance band, but there are some exceptions. Going Bananas, across the street from the plastic veneer of the Bus Stop and a few doors down from the stale atmosphere of Sam Miller's, is the scene of these occasional departures from the abysmal norm of the Slip. On July 24-25 the club featured The Dads as their opening act.

The Dads were around for a while last year, but quickly faded out. Two of the original members, David Ayers and Mike Tubb, have revived the band with the addition of two new members, Bryan Harvey (formerly with the Boys from Skateland) and Mark Lewis (formerly with Single Bullet Theory). This incarnation of The Dads is a tight musical unit, playing a few covers of Sixties' tunes, like the Beatles' *Tell Me Why*, mixed in with their original songs.

The Dads sounded fresh and energetic as they romped through two frantically-paced 35-minute sets on Friday. Performing on a cramped stage, they were very much at ease as, one by one, people in the audience started dancing. "We like to play close

The Dads: Just Another Modern Dance Band



Photos By Joe Creagan

together," Harvey said after the show. "That way we're more like a group than like four individual people." There's a chemistry between these four that belies their mere five weeks as a band. They have a rough, yet polished, sound

that often takes years to attain. Ayers attributes this to the group's determination. "Everyone in the band is hard-working with a very professional attitude. We plan to go somewhere. We don't want to be playing Holiday Inns at 35."

—Mark Compton



Their determination already is taking them places. The Dads have planned a trip to New York to explore some possibilities for the future. When they were in Washington recently, some people expressed interest in the band, but the members feel it's better to stay quiet until something definite comes along.

When the subject of image is brought up, Ayers is quick to disavow the spray paint publicity that was associated with the original Dads. "I don't know who was behind the graffiti, but we're not interested in that sort of thing."

Between Ayers and Harvey it became clear that the Dads want to be viewed as a modern dance band. According to Harvey, "A lot of our influence is from the early Sixties—people like Buddy Holly. We also have some modern influences—The Clash, rockabilly, Rockpile and, of course, Costello."

The Dads are trying to combine the polish of a road band with the freshness and excitement of a garage band, and if the performance at Going Bananas is any indication, they'll succeed. They say they'll be playing together for quite a while, but maybe not too much longer in this area. Go see them while you still can.

A v o i d i n g The R e s u m e Stuffers

When you want to escape the pumping environment of Grace Street when you go out for beers, a new establishment at VCU's back door offers a striking relief from the hustle and bustle of the Big Scene.

While the proverbial strip offers bikers, preps and winos, Benny's has a lean, unassuming grace. Located at 611 W. Main St. next to VCU's historic New Residence Center, it's remarkable that students haven't yet permeated this new night spot.

This may be because Benny's is also near Oregon Hill. At about 5 in the evening, a few locals sit at the bar and sip cold brews, but none of them will ask you for your spare change. It may also have something to do with the advent of the Reagan Generation, an altogether tighter-assed bunch of students who think a lot about clothes, cars and vacations, and who want to go on a date and pick up a few more resume stuffers so that they can be delegates at the Republican National

Convention in 1992.

Benny's seems to recall an earlier era of neighborhood entertainment—those hot summer days of a few years ago at the Back Door when such luminaries as the White Boys graced the local music scene, when there wasn't the slick pomposity that seduces the collegiate crowd. Without that facade of nouveau-elitism, there is the potential for a more arduous crowd.

Aside from being far removed from

the steamy euphoria of the Grace Street strip (you can even find a parking spot on the block), Benny's offers beer at optimum prices: 85 cents for your favorite domestics; \$1.25 for the imports. Beat that at a Grace Street night spot (and remember, McLeans is closed). Wednesday night is 50-cent beer night—but they don't really need a plug for that since it's already crowded as hell.

You can spend your evenings at the

scrubbed-up Village Cafe listening to the old records on the jukebox, or you can catch the latest live entertainment at Benny's, where you can have fun without feeling sorry for yourself. A recent bash with the Orthotronics and "Dale's Summer Cocktail Fashion Show" brought down the full house for a full evening of fun.

And Benny isn't a robot, unlike some of the managers at Grace Street establishments. He's a real human that helps give the place human, rather than mass, appeal. There aren't any leftovers from the football draft at the door, either. The place rocks, but it doesn't make the contents of your stomach roll up your throat.

Benny's isn't the type of place most new VCU students came here for, thank God. If it is in VCU's "College Town," that's an accident, or fate. But whatever it is, it's a lot better than a vice-detective's eye view of Grace Street.

—Bill Pahnalas



Compiled By Susan Schermerhorn

Students Support Blood Drive

VCU students and employees registering to donate blood July 16 through Aug. 15 will receive a free ice cream cone, compliments of the Campus Room Restaurant.

Patricia Hemerick, who acts as a recruiter for the Satellite Donor Center located on the 6th floor of the A.D. Williams Clinic, says that blood supplies are lowest during the summer months. Only 7 percent of Richmonders are blood donors, but some donors give blood on a regular eight- to 12-week basis.

When a donor comes into the center, he is greeted by a staff member who shows him into a small laboratory. The donor is then registered and his medical history is taken. After being escorted to a lounge chair, he is ready to give blood. A staff member is with the donor the entire time, to answer any questions and to give reassurance if needed.

Many people compare giving blood to a pinch on the arm. Most donors feel no effect. Blood donors know that the blood they give will soon be replaced by their bodies, and they have the satisfaction of knowing they may save someone's life.

Students SOAR With Enthusiasm

The 1981 Summer Orientation, Advising and Registration program for freshmen, transfer students and parents began on June 22 and will end Aug. 28 for some students. SOAR was designed with one goal—to assist in the transition and to provide an opportunity to meet with other students and sample campus life.

"Students and parents have been very enthusiastic about the SOAR program this summer," says Beverly Dameron, a program assistant and VCU student with SOAR. It is generally agreed that the programs have become more thorough and the staff assistants more knowledgeable as a result of increased administrative training this summer, says Terri Delahunty of the Office of Student Affairs.

Student evaluation of SOAR orienta-

tion are completed by transfer and readmitted students. The series of questions is designed to help the university plan future orientation programs that are most effective for the student. Responses can in no way be traced, because neither student name or number are listed.

Ann Atkins, who works with the SOAR program through the Office of Admissions, says evaluation results will be known in late August. She states that the program's biggest selling point has been personal attention to the 100 students SOAR serves each day.

"The cooperative effort made by everyone on campus has been very effective in program coordination. Many students had expected to be rushed through, but long lines and commotion simply do not exist," says Atkins.

More About Breasts

The Indiana Court of Appeals has ruled that a doctor committed a breach of contract when he gave large size breast implants to a patient who had requested a size medium, but that the patient failed to prove damages or that the implants made her breasts disproportional to the size of her body. According to *Forum Newsfront*, the court decided on the legal point of just how large is large, and determined it to be 300 cubic centimeters by volume and 11 by 12 centimeters by area.

Dung For Dogs

A rash of thefts from the city zoo led Canton, China officials to discover a brisk black-market trade in tiger dung, which is being sold as a super-effective dog repellent. Fleeing Chinese buy the excrement to ward off the ferocious hounds patrolling China's western borders. According to *Playboy*, the hounds take one whiff of the potent feces, are paralyzed with fear, and abandon chase. Smart entrepreneurs offer two kinds of prized poop: pure and adulterated. The pure type is costlier, they say, but worth its waste.

Student Aid Office To Be Recycled

Renovations on the VCU-owned building at 1022 Floyd Ave. will be completed in September, says Lou Saksen, assistant vice president for Facilities Management. The structure was originally built by the First Unitarian Church in 1927, and was owned by F&M bank until its acquisition on Sept. 12, 1979 by VCU. Student aid records were being transferred to 327 W. Main St. (the Financial Aid Office) when fire broke out in May of 1980. The cause of the

fire was traced to a dead vine which ignited when struck along the surface of a dry, scraped windowsill coated with paint remover.

Current plans call for the conversion of the building to be used as a meeting center and conference room for VCU. It will also function as a presentation and display center for proposed new construction. Saksen believes that these renovations and improvements may generate additional grants and funding.

VCU FALL FESTIVAL

Coming soon
Look for more details
around campus!

Sex, Violence, Bond and Beyond

By Peter MacPherson

The author, who wrote the books on which the movies are based, called his works "trivial piffle." In fact, his first effort sold a mere 7,000 copies in its first year. Yet 20 years later, over a billion people have seen the movies that were made from this authors' works and whose hero is a household word. Bond that is. James Bond.

Ian Fleming, creator of 007, once said, "my books have no social significance, except a deleterious one; they're considered to have too much violence and too much sex. But all history has that." Fleming was right of course, but his indictment of his own work certainly did not prevent his books from being bestsellers around the globe and attracting such admirers as John Kennedy and former spy master Allen Dulles. In many ways, the life of Fleming served as a foundation for the fictional life of James Bond, 007.

Fleming came from a monied background, his father being a conservative member of Parliament. During World War II, Fleming became personal assistant to the director of Naval Intelligence and some of his exploits during the war years are later reflected in his books. He played an important role in the breaking of the German secret code, *Ultra*. And while in Estoril, Portugal, Fleming encountered some German agents and attempted to disable them by taking all their funds at a game of chemin de fer. He lost every cent he had.

When the war ended, Fleming became foreign manager for the *Sunday Times* and in 1954, the first Bond epic, *Casino Royale*, hit the literary scene with a dull thud. The world hasn't been the same since.

The books, like the films, evoke certain responses from critics. One called the second novel the nastiest book he had ever read and added "There are three basic ingredients in *Dr. No*, all unhealthy, all thoroughly English: the sadism of a schoolboy bully, the mechanical two-dimensional sex-longings of a frustrated adolescent, and the crude, snob cravings of a suburban adult. Mr. Fleming has no literary skill." Yet another critic called it "the astutest of leg-pulls ... the most artfully bold, dazingly poised thriller of the decade."

In 1963 when the film *Dr. No* appeared, critics received it in the same way they had the books. Bosley Crowther of *The New York Times* said it "is not to be taken seriously as realistic fiction or even art, anymore than the works of Mr. Fleming are to be taken as long-hair literature. It is strictly a tinselled action thriller, spiked with a mystery of a sort. And if you are clever, you will see it as a spoof of science fiction and sex."

Albert R. Broccoli has produced all 12 Bond flicks and has said of them, "We're purely entertainment vendors. We sell laughs." Broccoli has played a pivotal role in all the Bond movies—he

gets the money together. Although the Bond films have been his main sustenance since 1963, Broccoli has made at least one film that could be considered socially redeeming. It was made during the Fifties and was called *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*. It won several awards in Britain and was condemned by the Legion of Decency. It didn't make any money. Money is the key. A recent Bond film *Moonraker* cost \$33 million to make. Broccoli says of himself, "I'm still a hustler, like everyone else in this world. Cause you gotta be a hustler in this world to survive."

It's obvious that no one is making the Bond films for the betterment of mankind. What we have here is the good ole-fashioned profit motive at work. Plus people are having a lot of fun making the films. Roger Moore, who has played 007 since the release of *Live and Let Die* is said to enjoy the role, although his predecessor Sean Connery thought it was cheapening him as an actor. There have been three 007s. Connery, Moore and George Lazenby who played in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*.

There are a number of important ingredients that make the Bond flicks an inevitable success. The plots are so outrageous that one can't help but laugh at them. Also, there are the jabs at the established order, such as a scene in the most recent Bond film *For Your Eyes Only* in which British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is talking to

a parrot. Then there are the soundtracks that have produced such hits as *Live and Let Die* by Paul McCartney and Wings and *Nobody Does it Better* by Carly Simon. But even more significant are the exotic locals, the action filled scenes and the inevitable plethora of gorgeous, statuesque women whose numbers have included Ursula Andress, Barbara Bach, and Jane Seymour in such titillating roles as *Pussy Galore* and *Holly Goodhead*.

Many critics wonder how long all this can go on. The answer seems to be indefinitely. According to a United Artists spokesman, *Octopussy* will be the next Bond epic and will feature Moore again in the title role.

As one critic noted, the Bond films are "cheerful, splashy entertainment." The author once attributed the success of his stories to the human hunger for unequivocal, larger-than-life heroes that are largely unsatisfied in contemporary literature and society. Fleming summed it up best when he said, "It's really a terrible indictment of my own character—they're so adolescent. But they're fun. I think people like them because they're fun."



Eye Of The Needle Unthreaded

Eye of the Needle, directed by Richard Marquand and based on the novel by Ken Follett is intended to be a World War II thriller. The plot revolves around a Nazi spy, Donald Sutherland, who is living in England attempting to ascertain where Gen. George Patton intends to invade the continent. He discovers that the military forces in East Anglia are phony and that Patton plans to land his troops on the beaches of Normandy. We are duly informed that the fate of the Allied forces may depend entirely upon whether or not he can be kept from relating his discovery to Hitler. Chase scenes ensue and The Needle (so nicknamed for his ability to calmly stick a shiv up the abdomen of anyone who gets in his way) gets shipwrecked on a Scottish island which is where most of the action takes place.

None of the action is incredible enough to excite us or make us catch our breath in wonder, but it is often too preposterous to be believable. Sutherland crawls across an open field to reach the phony military base in broad daylight, cuts his way through the fence and walks around taking pictures of the fake aircrafts without ever being noticed. The plot has the potential to be

thrilling but lacks the necessary punch to keep us on the edge of our seats. It is difficult to maintain a sense of suspense over anything as well known as the fact that the Allied forces landed on the beaches of Normandy.

Despite the poor plot, the movie is never hampered by poor acting. All of the principal actors give fine performances—considering the roles with which they have to work. One would have hoped the inevitable love affair would bring out new dimensions in Sutherland's character, thereby allowing us to sympathize with him, or at least to find some redeeming quality in him. At one point he tells Kate Nelligan, the co-star, that he loves her, but judging by the look on his face or the tone of his voice, he might just as well have been asking her to "pass the Wheaties, please." We are never given any hint that the man is less than gruesome, and he doesn't seem capable of tenderness.

How could any close bond exist between these lovers? Why should it be difficult for her to shoot a man she has only known for a few days, and who has exposed himself as a Nazi spy and

murdered her husband and a close friend as well? Nelligan would have had a perfect role had she not been required to intersperse her strong and decisive character with some typically helpless female antics: screaming in all the right places; twisting her ankle while running; killing the motor of her escape vehicle and losing her gun.

Not to be shoved into the background, Miklos Rozsa's score nearly screams at the audience with what sounds like 500 frenzied violins, presumably to alert us to impending suspenseful moments. Every aspect of *Eye of the Needle* gives an overwhelming sense that the director is trying too hard to recall some of the finer points of the classics produced during the Forties and Fifties—complete with pretty heroine, daring and resolute hero (of sorts), intrigue, romance and heart-rending music. Unfortunately, Marquand's effort lacks the subtlety necessary to create its own style while simultaneously evoking the images and texture of a classic spy thriller.

—Laura Watts



klas'ə fids

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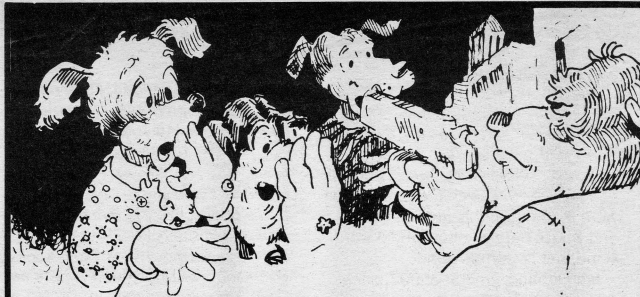
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The coming of age for the prudes & the wimps.

Ronnie Sampson

Monday, Aug. 10

Not much happening this week. . . a good week to **go out of town.**

Tuesday, Aug. 11

Still here? Well, you could go see Walter Moskow's drawings and paintings at 1316 E. Cary St. although **they will be there until Aug. 27.**

Thursday, Aug. 13

Jesus Chirst Superstar at the Dell tonight. Free bus ride leaving from Cherry Street and Park Avenue at 7:30 pm.

Or, if you prefer a drama with **adolescent boys decked out in female attire**, an occasional marital infidelity and lots of cavorting around, drive up to Wolf Trap for *The Marriage of Figaro* at 8:30 pm.

Friday, Aug. 14

Just in case you've been missing too many classes lately and didn't know, **today is the last day of summer session.**

Big Band Sounds of the summer of '42 at Wolf Trap tonight.

Saturday, Aug. 15

Full moon tonight and the Carter Family will be howling at Chrysler Hall.

Hear the CMS Band Ensemble **toot their way through the Superman** theme at 7:30 pm in the Music Center Auditorium. At the Convention Hall Chaka Khan, but maybe I won't.

Sunday, Aug. 16

Drive your Chevy to the levee and hear **Arlo Guthrie and Don McLean** at Wolf Trap. Bring your own rye.

Monday, Aug. 17

Garry Belafonte and Letta Mbulu at **Wolf Trap.**

Tuesday, Aug. 18

Virginia is for lobbies, Table Tennis in the Gym from 7 to 8 tonight.

Wednesday, Aug. 19

Karate Club in the Gym from 7:30 to 9 pm; **volleyball** from 7:30 to 9 in the Gym too.

Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic perform **The Rites of Spring** tonight at Wolf Trap. Hit it!

Thursday, Aug. 20

Zubin and clan again at Wolf Trap.

Friday, Aug. 22

At stab from the past! The Kingston Trio, Limelighters, and Association share **heart-rendering repertoire** tonight at Wolf Trap.

Sunday, Aug. 23

Renata Scotto sings at 8 pm at Wolf Trap

Monday, Aug. 25

Table Tennis again at the Gym from 7 to 9 pm.

RSVP Film Festival in Rhoads Hall . . . if you don't mail in your reservations, **you can just crash it.**

Wednesday, Aug. 26

VCU Final Registration in the Mosque. BYO PDR and checkbook. Urban and Regional Student Association will have a **bash for new students** from 7:30 to 10 pm.

Thursday, Aug. 27

Big Mama Thornton, Lucille, B.B. King and Bobby "Blue" Bland will all wait at Wolf Trap.

Friday, Aug. 28

Tonight at the Gym: **Graduate Student Association Orientation** and beer (Disorientation).

Jazz Reeds at Wolf Trap: Pete Fountain, Gerry Mulligan, and Les Elgart.

Sunday, Aug. 30

RSVP Dance with a local DJ in Shafer Court. If the **party bombs**, you can sip your favorite golden beverage, close your eyes and pretend you are at home listening to the radio.

Monday, Aug. 31

Classes begin at 8 am, unless you're wise enough to schedule only afternoon classes.

In Shafer Court there will be a **Student Activities Art Print Sale.**

Tuesday, Sept. 1

Late Registration and Add/Drop until Sept. 3.

Friday, Sept. 4

Film at the SOB Auditorium for \$1.75. No one seems to know what it is, but go anyway. They're always good, and after a week like this, **you owe it to yourself.**

Get in the mood with a Beer and Band in Shafer Court from 5 to 7 pm.

Calendar

Compiled By Susan Norrissey

Tuesday, Aug. 4

Develop necessary social skills for an **invasion by Red China.** The Table Tennis Club meets tonight from 7 to 9 in the Gym.

The Ballet of Virginia will dance Coppelgia at Dogwood Dell at 8:30 pm. Musn't let those finely-tuned bods be exposed to **chiggers and mosquitoes** in vain. You can come tutu.

Wednesday, Aug. 5

Wild dancing and Coppelgia at the Dell again.

Karate Club from 7:30 to 9 pm in the Gym.

Two films to choose from: **Freedom's Finest Hour** at 7:30 pm at the Westover Hills Branch Library; and your favorite Bogie man in **The Big Sleep** at 9 pm in the SOB Auditorium.

Thursday, Aug. 6

Free at the Richmond Public Library:

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, 2 pm.

Jazz will infest Dogwood Dell tonight. Take the bus leaving at 6:30 pm at the corner of Cherry Street and Park Avenue and check out Russell Wilson and Co.

Friday, Aug. 6

Forty-third Annual **National Folk Festival** starts today at Wolf Trap.

Gospel and Dance **at the Dell.**

Saturday, Aug. 8

Feeling beastly after last night? Check out the ICA Exhibition of Animal Imagery in Contemporary Art. It will be there until Aug. 16.

Sunday, Aug. 9

Big Folk Concert tonight at Wolf Trap at 8.

John Cipollina and students will **blow their horns** tonight in the VCU Music Auditorium at 8.

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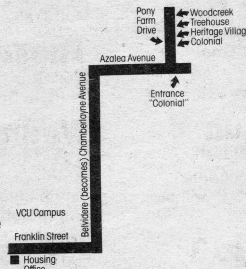
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- Air conditioning, wall-to-wall carpeting.
- Gas furnished for heat, hot water & cooking.
- Marbleized vanity baths.
- Patio or balcony off sliding glass doors.
- Day care center nearby.
- Large children's play area.
- Residential neighborhood, away from traffic.
- Social activities program.
- Swimming, tennis, clubhouse with saunas.
- Cable television available.

HERITAGE VILLAGE

Exit I-95 at US 301, then south to Azalea Avenue. East on Azalea just past Henrico High School to entrance at Pony Farm Drive. Office 5501 Pony Farm Drive.



STOP OUT TODAY! MODEL OPEN. PHONE 329-8000

Authentic Charm And Elegance, Amidst Lush Landscaping... It's The Colonial Life!

Our close-in Henrico County location permits easy access to shopping, recreation and all parts of Richmond.

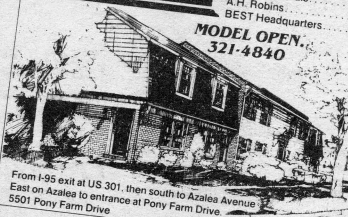
Quiet natural beauty surrounds your spacious, modern home at Colonial! Select garden or townhouse styles with all conveniences, including dishwasher, disposal, large ceramic baths and private patio or balcony off sliding glass doors. Enjoy our varied social program, and clubhouse with saunas. And gas is furnished for heat, hot water and cooking! Cable television available.



COLONIAL

At Colonial, You're Close To Work!
Downtown 5 miles
Brookfield 5 miles
Reynolds Metals 6 miles
A.H. Robins 6 miles
BEST Headquarters 5 miles

MODEL OPEN. 321-4840



From I-95 exit at US 301, then south to Azalea Avenue. East on Azalea to entrance at Pony Farm Drive. 5501 Pony Farm Drive.

Around home you'll find a dishwasher, disposal, and m-o-d-e-r-n kitchen—at your service! Not to mention carpeting, big closets and a balcony!
You'll be sittin' pretty, north of The James, close to shopping and food, and in the middle of real nice natural green—instead of asphalt and bricks!
And we've got something for everyone, undergraduate, graduate, faculty—hitched or single, with or without children.