

COMMONWEALTH TIMES

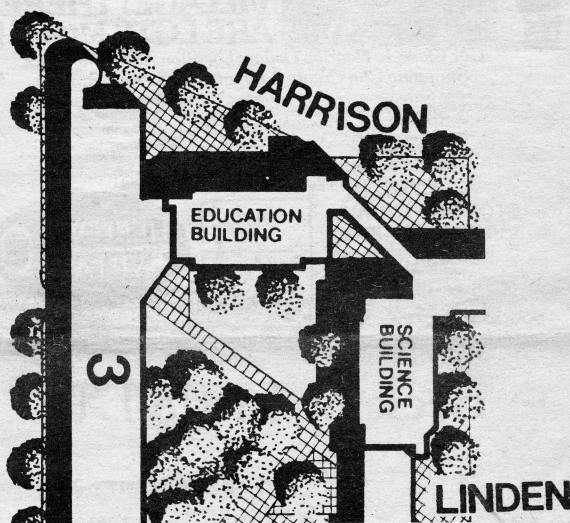
Volume 1, Issue 1

Aug. 24-Sept. 14, 1982

Doff Your Cap To Progress



Photo by David Harrison



Johnson's Burger Barr Bites The Big One

By Janet Moore

Judging by its appearance, there is little hope for the area surrounding Beech and Cary streets.

To the south, a parking lot of sorts, barren except for the dry Virginia clay dozed to its perimeters.

To the west a Gulf station attendant sits idly and rubs his temples; few customers today.

And to the north there's that omnipresent VCU institution of 25 years, Johnson's Burger Barr, set to be demolished by VCU in a few months.

A closer inspection of the Burger Barr reveals a crudely presented placard:

"This store is now close!
It new location is
2011 Jefferson Davis Hwy
thank you!"

The sign has hung for about four months now; last February, burger slinger Alphonso Massenburog was given the edict by the property's owner and VCU: get out. "They gave

me nothin' for my business," he said. "It's very, very unfair. I'm hurtin'. I'm sufferin'." According to Massenburog's account, VCU promised to pay him \$2,500 to \$10,000 (or the equivalent of a year's salary) for his inconvenience. VCU officials were close-mouthed as to how much they paid land owner Walter Hooker, a prominent West End attorney, for the property. But the university does intend to honor its contract with Massenburog: "It's a matter of paperwork," says VCU's Director of Land Acquisition, John Griffith, "we're still in the process of claim settlement with the tenant."

"No," Griffith said, "I've never eaten there, but they tell me it was a nice little place."

The intent of the land acquisition and subsequent demolition is to obey VCU's (revised) Master Plan; to build "an educational facility, and to expand and to enlarge Oliver Hall," according to Griffith.

Meanwhile it will serve as a park-

ing lot.

"The University intends to continue to improve the quality and image of the academic campus," states the Master Plan, "for the general public, its students, faculty and staff. 'Image' concerns the total impression created, the sense of place, its *Ambiance*."

A few students were called on to recollect their impressions of Johnson's Burger Barr.

"Well," says one fifth-year senior, "they make the burgers, see, right there on this grill that looks like it's been there for 50 years. Big juicy mommas. Then they cook the fries and you could hear the grease bubblin'."

"Everything was good though."
And the *Ambiance*?

"Hot and lots of flies."

Another student reflects: "The burgers were so juicy because they used to put lots of quality catsup and mayonnaise on them. The fries were,

God, good but greasy."

And the *Ambiance*?

"The people were nice and friendly. And you didn't get that sick feeling in the pit of your stomach like you do at Hardees."

Massenburog hates his new set-up on the Southside. "This business isn't taking care of itself," he shouts lightly. "It's so far out, students used to live in the area, I used to live in the area. I was sorry to leave VCU, I had regulars that came in every day, not just from VCU, but from what-do-you-call-it University of Virginia, er, Richmond. They come by the car-load."

It's just a matter of months now until the wrecker's ball will swing and bash the living daylight out of the dilapidated white and green and red shack, deleting all traces of sentimentality and *Ambiance*.

Progress, indeed.

1logos

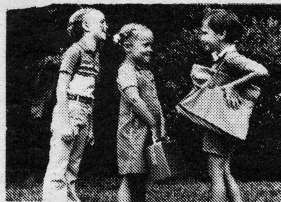
book store

716 W. Grace St.

POSTERS MEMO BOARDS

Cards, Books, Bibles, Records, Cassettes

Hours: 9:30-5:30 daily except Sunday



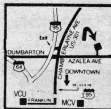
**HENRICO COUNTY
SCHOOLS ARE JUST
ONE REASON TO
LIVE AT HERITAGE
VILLAGE! THERE
ARE LOTS MORE!**

Our Close-In Henrico County Location And Convenient Shopping Can Create A Great Life For Your Family!

- One, two and three bedroom plans, garden or townhouse.
- Modern kitchen with dishwasher, disposal
- Separate dining area
- 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

**STOP OUT TODAY!
PHONE 329-8000**

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.



HÄAGEN - DAZS ICE CREME SHOPPE



There are some experiences that words just can't describe. Häagen-Dazs ice cream is one of them.

**900 W. GRACE
355-5999**

Food
Fun
Frolic



Best Subs

309 N. Laurel

A DIFFERENT PARTY EACH NIGHT

**Mon.
We
Will
Party**

**Tues.
Pizza
Night**

**Wed.
RHA
Night**

**Thurs.
RUGBY
Night**

**Fri.
Start
The
Weekend
Early**

Sat. LIVE ENTERTAINMENT

(No Cover)

For Carry Out Orders, Call: 643-9503

Beck & Little LTD.

3007 W. Cary St.
Richmond, Va. 23221
355-3030



*Specializing in Darts, Kites,
Skates, Skateboards,
and Frisbees*

Copies Binding Passport Photos

COPIES

5¢

kinko's copies

kinko's copies

900-A West Grace Street 355-0061

**QUALITY
PHOTOFINISHING**

**Provocative Style
....get it all at**

FEATURING
REDKEN

PRECISION ONE LTD.
315 Strawberry Street
(355-7822)

PERSONALIZED SERVICE
SUSAN
BUDDY

LINDA
DANA

10% Discount with VCU -ID

There are two kinds of people: Liberals and Americans.

—James Watt



The *Commonwealth Times*, a newsmagazine serving the Virginia Commonwealth University community, is published every Tuesday—except during vacation and examination periods—by students of VCU.

Our offices are located in the Millhiser House 916 W. Franklin St. Telephone (804) 257-1058.

The subscription rate is \$5 per year. Please allow three weeks for delivery. Address all cor-

respondence concerning subscriptions to the Business Manager.

The opinions expressed in the *Times* are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect those of VCU or of the *Times*.

All contents copyright 1982 by the *Commonwealth Times*, Virginia Commonwealth University, and may not be reproduced in part or in whole without the written consent of the Executive Editor.

The *Times* is a member of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, the Virginia In-

tercollegiate Mass Communications Association, and the Associated Collegiate Press, and is printed by Herald Progress Printing, Ashland, VA. Press run: 10,000.

The *Times* is partially funded by student activity fees.

STAFF:

Executive Editor
Janet Moore

Managing Editor
David Harrison

Business Manager
Gary Levine

Advertising Executives
Bob Lewis
Rick Pollack

News Editor
Peter MacPherson

Associate News Editor
Susan Strother

Folio Editor
Lori Blackmon

Associate Folio Editor
Mark Compton

Calendar Editor
Mark Compton

Typesetter Supreme
Peyton Whitacre

Biff's CARYTOWN BOOK STORE

BOOKS * MAGAZINES * NEWSPAPERS * CARDS

Where is human nature so weak as in the bookstore?

Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887)

9 AM to 9 PM 7 days a week

2930 W. CARY STREET * RICHMOND, VA 23221 * 804/359-4831

THE CASABLANCA

AT LAUREL AND BROAD STREETS

AUG	W/CARTUNES
THUR 26 TRIVIA	SAT 4 DIRTY SECRETS
FRI 27 TRIVIA	MON 6 PIZZA AND DARTS
SAT 28 REDDY TEDS	TUE 7 SPE NIGHT
MON 30 BLACK FLAG	WED 8 BAND TO BE ANNOUNCED
TUE 31 SPE NIGHT	THUR 9 SPE NIGHT
SEPT	FRI 10 THE NERVE
WED 1 FREE CONCERT	SAT 11 THE NERVE
W/CARTUNES	
THUR 2 SPE NIGHT	
FRI 3 FREE CONCERT	

PHONE: 648-9578



COME AND JOIN US!

310 N. LAUREL—355-8254
Your place to go for a good home-made pizza-plus Italian dishes, subs, and salads. Take out orders available. FREE DELIVERY in the Fan-VCU area plus MCV. LIVE ENTERTAINMENT: WED-SAT GREAT SPECIALS DAILY!

PIZZA CONNECTION

ALL NATURAL INGREDIENTS—NO PRESERVATIVES!

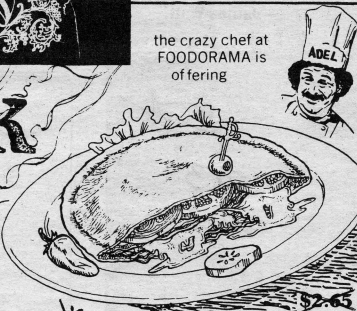
Page 4

Adel's

FOODORAMA

the crazy chef at FOODORAMA is offering

Steak In a Sack



929 West Grace St
Richmond, Virginia
Phone: 358-4431

PLUS
all the ice tea you can drink

\$2.40

"At Treehouse, I can be me!"

"Minute by minute, you'll love life at Treehouse! You'll find great social activities and a unique adult atmosphere."



These totally modern one and two bedroom apartments feature not only a patio or balcony, but truly contemporary touches like wood paneling and sliding glass doors. Express your individuality and meet new friends at Treehouse, the adults-only community! Swim, play tennis or volleyball (yes, even platform tennis) and get into our unique activities program!

Gas furnished for heat, hot water and cooking!
Only 6 miles to MCV and VCU! Cable television available!
Exit I-95 at US 301, then south to Azalea Avenue.
East on Azalea to Wilkinson, then left to entrance.
Rental office at 5701 Pony Farm Drive.

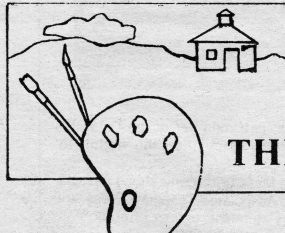
Visit Soon. Model Open. 321-3509

15% DISCOUNT

BACK TO SCHOOL SCHOOL SPECIAL!

ADDITIONAL DISCOUNT ON:

TABLES and LAMPS



THE ART MARKET

1309 West Broad Street · 353-7893

FOR YOUR BEST BUYS IN ART SUPPLIES - TRY US FIRST!


Sir Speedy® Printing Center

The Instant Printing Professionals

WE MAKE YOU LOOK GOOD!™

711 W. Broad Street Richmond, VA 23220 (804) 782-9426

POS ONE®



The Ingenious Pos One® System

The Pos One camera/processor produces one-step repros as big as 12" x 18", on paper or film, reductions, positive or negative line stats, screened half-tones, transparencies, position prints, & enlargements.

PRINTING	LAYOUT & DESIGN	TYPESETTING	PHOTOSTATS	TOP QUALITY	LOW PRICES
COPIES	SOCIAL INVITATIONS	CARDS	REPORTS	• Offset Printing	• Business Cards
FOLDING	BUSINESS CARDS	NEWS RELEASES	SKETCHES	• Colored Inks	• Letterheads
GATHERING	RUBBER STAMPS	POST CARDS	SPEECHES	• Metal Plates	• Envelopes
DRILLING	CUTTING	PRICE LISTS	STATEMENTS	• Flyers	• Labels
PADDING	STAPLING	PROPOSALS	... AND MANY MORE	• Catalogs	• Booklets
				• Brochures	• NCR Forms
				• Typesetting	• Newsletters
				• Technical Manuals	• Photo Copies

QUALITY PRINTING AND COURTEOUS SERVICE

—COMPLETE BINDERY SERVICE—

YOUR PRINTING SERVICE STATION

Robb To Slash VCU Budget By Another 5 Percent

By Susan Strother

General fund monies flowing to state-supported universities were cut last semester, forcing many schools, including VCU, to raise tuition substantially. It was thought at that time the matter would not come up again in the near future.

This summer proved those thoughts incorrect.

Resulting from a mandate by Gov. Charles S. Robb, more university budget cutting is in store—to the tune of 5 percent. For VCU, that means \$3.5 million will be trimmed from the university's total budget of \$97.9 million. The cuts apply to all state agencies—which include state-supported schools—however, medical colleges such as MCV are exempt.

According to Celia Barnes, VCU's director of University Relations, a finalization of the budget cuts for the Academic Campus should occur some time this week. The school has sent a letter to the state Secretary of Education, John T. Casteen III, outlining a preliminary plan.

The letters from all state agencies fall under the name of "memorandums of understanding" and, despite the relatively soft-sounding name, the memorandums are binding, contract-like agreements between school officials and the state government. Both school officials



and Casteen declined to make a copy of VCU's letter available.

VCU executives were close-mouthed when asked specifics about budget cutting. Barnes, however, was willing to discuss the school's preliminary outline as presented in a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Visitors.

On tuition, she would say simply there were no plans to increase it again in the near future. She admitted, however, "Anything could happen." When asked if a second semester increase was possible, Barnes held fast. "There are no increases expected at this time," she said.



In July, when the governor spoke to university officials and suggested areas in which they might trim their budget; Robb indicated he did not favor immediate tuition increases. But, for second semester increases, Robb left the door open to school officials. He said if they could demonstrate to him in December that their only recourse was to raise tuition, he would give the matter further thought.

In the same speech, Robb spoke of two areas of relatively painless budget cutting. He reiterated his position of raising admission standards and in turn, decreasing the number of remedial course

offerings that have "out-lived their usefulness."

It is as yet unknown whether VCU will raise its current admission standard of a 2.5 average (non-inclusive of SAT scores) or abandon remedial courses. The Director of the Board of Visitors, Douglas Lude-man, has indicated the administration will identify and evaluate the high school-like courses currently offered.

Remedial courses offered by VCU include those which allow perspective students to take college-preparatory, catch-up courses and also those which prepare adults for the high school equivalency test.

As for employee lay-offs, Barnes said part-time faculty or hourly employees could find themselves, temporarily at least, without work. She was unsure as to when lay-offs might be effective. She said there did not seem to be plans in the making to lay off any full-time classified employees.

Whereas the lay-off picture is at best a sketchy one, the university is sure to defer the filling of faculty positions vacated last year. Also, new computer purchases will probably be postponed, Barnes said, but she indicated these were office computers, not the types used in business school training.

VCU Cop Nabbed By Camera

VCU did not exactly experience a crime wave this summer, but there is at least one ripple worthy of mention. Sanger Hall was the scene of the most recent clandestine activity and the culprit, ironically, was one of the "good guys."

VCU police officer William J. Bannister, 28, an eight-year veteran of the force, was charged with breaking and entering into the medical school building in July. He was terminated from his job immediately following the incident and will have his day in court this week.

Pending the outcome of the case, Bannister has refused comment and it is unknown whether he will plead guilty or not guilty. Bannister was apprehended this summer after surveillance cameras made his after hours entry into the building history.

on campus, installation of the particular cameras which caught Bannister and, in another incident, two maintenance employees, resulted from a run of equipment thefts in Sanger Hall. According to James P. Morgan, director of public safety, the thefts which began earlier in the year totaled about \$1,000.

Morgan said the first attempt to catch the culprits occurred when a special unit of the VCU police installed a camera set-up. At that time, no one was apprehended, but medical school faculty took a liking to the video idea and installed other equipment themselves. Their installation was kept secret, and it is this second set-up which caught Bannister.

But campus crimes committed by insiders is nothing new, according to Morgan. Students and campus employees, he said, evenly split the 8 percent of crimes on campus committed by insiders.

Other crimes committed by campus employees include what Morgan described as "small scams," such as falsifying time cards and collecting payroll checks for non-existent employees.

Also, Morgan mentioned what he termed "white collar" crimes, such as the in-



cident last October where stalls in the men's restroom of the business school were found to be the scene of homosexual activity.

—Susan Strother

Enrollment Down

Approximately 8,300 students enrolled for the past summer school session. And that, according to the director of evening college and summer sessions, is down about 4 percent from last year.

Rozanne Epps said the slight decline was not unusual and said other schools across the country were experiencing similar downward trends.

Said Epps: "Part of the problem could be the lack of financial aid. In a recession, people tend to go back to school [but they also] take part-time jobs to assist in financing." The percentage in question may have been forced to work instead of attending summer school, she indicated.

Ranking number one this summer in the largest student enrollment was the College of Humanities and Sciences. Epps said the School of Business ranked a close second.

The two classes offered which drew the largest number of interested stu-

dents were Death: Myth and Reality, and Introduction to Information Systems and Stress Management, Epps said.

—Bernard Baker

Sciences Group Seeks Pot Reform

A National Academy of Sciences Committee has recommended the repeal of criminal penalties for the use of marijuana, but the Academy's president and the federal agency that commissioned the study have both rejected the committee's conclusions.

The Washington D.C. based committee, consisting of noted scientists and scholars, made its recommendations in an published report submitted to the National Institute on Drug Abuse in late June.

The report, *An Analysis of Marijuana Policy*, by the Committee on Substance Abuse and Habitual Behavior, stated "the existing evidence... indicates that partial prohibition [illegal to grow and to sell marijuana but not to use it] has been as effective in controlling consumption as complete prohibition and has entailed considerably smaller social, legal and economic costs."

The report further stated that present laws have fallen short of their goals to eliminate or prevent marijuana usage.

—David Harrison

Seminars Offered

The Reagan administration, under pressure from educational lobbying groups, has made funds available for instructors from two-, four- and five-year colleges to take part in government sponsored seminars.

The seminars will address the humanities field and will give instructors a chance to increase their knowledge of the subject they teach by participating with each other.

Interested VCU instructors should contact Camille Porter, (202) 357-7539.

BOV May Appoint Student Members

VCU students may be getting two representatives to the board of visitors. At the board's Aug. 3 Executive Committee meeting, a proposal of the board's Student Affairs Committee to place two non-voting students was passed on to the full board, which will meet on Sept. 9.

During the meeting, board members discussed whether representation should include a student from both the academic and medical campus, or one student to represent both campuses.

"My concern is that the student represent the university and not a particular campus," said board member Rhoda Thalheimer.

The motion stated that the students would be "representatives to the Board of Visitors," and would not be able to vote or attend executive sessions. The students from each campus would be recommended by the president for appointment by the board. A list of students would be submitted to the president by a joint committee composed of representatives from the student governments of both campuses. The students terms would be one year beginning July 1. They could be reappointed for one additional one-year term.

—Steve Landes

APPLY TODAY



Its a real challenge being a Copy Editor here at the *Commonwealth Times*. There are so many possible errors of style and punctuation one comes across on our proofs that its a tough job to keep filled. Thats why we want to find the best possible person on this whole campus, so that VCUs students will never have to read another misspelled word again. If you can find all 12 errors in this house ad, maybe your just the person this university is looking for.

If not, then our News Editor will be happy to know that nobody even notices the dang typos anyway.

BOHANNON'S
RECORDS & TAPES

THE RECORD STORE WITH MORE!

We feature the area's largest selection of

- *POSTERS
- *BUTTONS
- *PATCHES
- *STICKERS
- *WALL HANGINGS

COMPARE OUR LOW PRICES ON RECORDS & TAPES

ACTION T-SHIRTS INSIDE

10% off anything with this ad—Action T-Shirts included—offer expires 8/31/82

**944 W. GRACE
359-6194**



The CELLAR AUTHORITY
Welcomes All VCU Students.
See Us For All Your Party Needs:
Beers—Domestic and Imported*

—Kegs

Cheeses. The Finest Available Wines.
An Incredible Choice*

Crackers. Chips. Pretzels. Cookies.

Beer— And Wine-making Supplies *Check our "Specials"

917 W. Grace 358-5364



The Premier Adult Apartment Community... In Henrico County, Of Course!

"We wouldn't live anywhere else!"

Now you're ready for the prestige, excitement and luxury only Colonial offers. Why settle for Southside and heavy traffic, when you can find the richer social life and varied recreational activities you seek here, in a convenient Henrico County location just 10 minutes from downtown and MCV/VCU.

Join the growing number of professionals, graduate students and career people who have discovered their way of life at Colonial. Stop out today!

MODEL OPEN. PHONE 321-4840.
Cable television available. Gas furnished for heat, hot water and cooking!
Centrally located in Henrico County. 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.

COLONIAL



WELCOMES you to

Newgate Prison

938 W. Grace Street

Mon. - LADIES NIGHT

Breakaway Specials

Exciting NEW Acts
all you can drink

8-9 2⁰⁰ * 9-10 3⁰⁰

all bottles 50¢

Men enter after 10 —\$3.00

TUES.-WED.

Live Bands

dance ~ drink ~ be merry

\$1.00 off cover 8-9

Thurs.

-STUDENT NIGHT-

all you can drink -

\$3.00—(P.O.A. and college ID required)

\$4.00 Non Students
all bottles 50¢

Republicans Gather And Aspirations Come To Fore

By Susan G. Strother and Bernard Baker

The 3rd District Republican fund-raiser at the John Marshall Hotel did not exactly come off without a hitch last week. Though Republicans say they raised \$3,000, there were several conspicuous absences, including the guest speaker and each of Virginia's Republican congressional invitees.

Sen. Barry Goldwater, R-AZ, was the fund-raiser's drawing card, and no doubt responsible for the presence of some of the 200 people there. But he, as well as the other Senate invitee, John Warner, R-VA, were busy favoring an anti-abortion bill, and unable to attend.

At that point, if the Republicans thought nothing else could go wrong, they were mistaken. The two other special invitations had gone to Senate candidate Paul Trible, R-1st, for whom most of the \$3,000 is intended, and Tom Bliley, R-3rd. But torrential rain showers over Washington DC kept the two away when their pilot refused to leave the runway.

According to Marie Quinn, chairwoman of the 3rd district, the event was relatively inexpensive and Goldwater was to come entirely free of charge. His scheduled attendance had been prompted by Warner, who had spoken free at Barry Jr.'s unsuccessful bid at the California senate primary.



Times staffer Strother confronts John Dalton and Wyatt Durrette.

The Republicans, however, were, if nothing else, resourceful. The telephone company was rushed in and a conference line was installed in the banquet room. Each of the four men gave a brief message expressing their dismay over President Reagan's since-passed tax reform package as well as their hope of the election of Virginia's next junior senator.

But if the event was said to be short on national luminaries, there were statewide party holders a-plenty willing to discuss their own aspirations.

Notable among them was Wyatt Durrette, who made an unsuccessful play for attorney general last year. He indicated his name would likely be seen somewhere on the statewide ballot in 1985, possibly in the slot labeled "governor." He added, however, his plans would hinge on the plans of former Gov. John Dalton.

Although Dalton insisted it was too early for any decision by him, the word in political cliques is that he may well try once again for the gubernatorial seat. Republicans cite that Dalton has never said he would not run again and he and his wife have remained in Richmond, instead of returning to their home in Radford, as signs of interest.

Student Affairs' Changes Cause Upheaval

By Steve Landes

VCU's upcoming year, according to Dr. Richard I. Wilson, "is going to be very, very active." For Wilson, vice president of Student Affairs, and the Division of Student Affairs staff, it has already been an active summer.

The most important happenings to take place in Student Affairs were the various personnel changes. On July 1, Phyllis Mable, dean of Student Affairs, left VCU to become vice president of student affairs at Longwood College in Farmville. Dr. William H. Duvall, Wilson's assistant, was appointed acting dean of Student Affairs until the position is permanently filled. Wilson said the position has been advertised in *The Chronicle of*

Higher Education, a national publication.

Appointed as acting assistant to the vice president of Student Affairs was Jean Yeran. Among other responsibilities, she will participate in a special project to review the various division policies. She will also work to bring those policies "up-to date," according to Wilson.

A full time physician was hired as director of Student Health Services for the academic campus. Dr. Chun-Wai Chan will also offer programs to students on self-care, such as those involving diet, stress and health management, Wilson said.

There were also some changes and two new hirings in the new Office of

Student Activities/University Student Commons. Anne Devaney and Martine Esienberg were hired as program coordinators. Kathy Konrad will direct the new Outdoor Adventure Program that will offer trips in canoeing, backpacking/camping, cross-country skiing and non-technical caving.

Teresa Delahunty will become the assistant director for Student Commons with responsibility for the management of the new building, as well as coordinating personnel and space scheduling. The building is not scheduled for use until mid-fall of 1983. Wilson said, "It's too small, but it's going to be a very exciting space."

The Division of Student Affairs has also had its share of budgetary blows which,

according to Wilson, "hurt a lot." The 5 percent school budget cut mandated by Gov. Charles S. Robb has caused the division to cut a clerical position. Also, a new medical campus counselor position was placed on a part-time instead of full-time basis. According to Wilson, the division will be working on the "accuracy of estimates of how much money has been produced for student fees [Student Activity Fees]." In the past, the Student Activities office and the Academic Campus Student Association Funding Committee have been working with monies "larger than the real monies available," Wilson said. He added the problem had been an ongoing one of the past few years.

A Column

Commuting Toward Despair

By Peter MacPherson

One of the more interesting aspects of commuting between Virginia and Washington is the simple act of crossing Key Bridge.

The bridge is right in the glide path of most every airplane that lands at National Airport, and in bad traffic, one can easily get stuck on the bridge for five or 10 minutes. It was then when I became acutely aware of those 50-ton silvery objects hurtling through the cosmos a few hundred feet above and thinking that it would be just my luck to have one crash into my head. Thinking about the worst was a major part of the summer.

I read a lot this summer. That was part of my job. After a week of reading the country's major newspapers and magazines, I came to the not so brilliant realization that the world isn't a pretty place in 1982.

After a week, I got the impression that half the world was at war: Britain and Argentina, Israel and the PLO, Iran and Iraq, the Soviet Union and the Afghan rebels, the Dukes of Hazzard and ABC. After a week, it seemed as if the United States had poor relations with everyone: with the Europeans over the pipeline, with the Chinese over arms sales to Taiwan, with the Arab world over Israel's invasion of Lebanon; with the Russians, well just because. After a week, I was contemplating airliners crashing into Key Bridge.

Most news by definition is bad. News occurs when something is amok. News is the reportage of a malfunction. The trouble was, it seemed as if the whole world resembled a scene from *Fail Safe*.

After reading the headlines for a week, you had to wonder if anybody knew what was going on. Britain and Argentina fought

over islands of questionable military, political, or social value. Israel, a country established on the highest of principles, was (and still is) accusing the press of inflating civilian casualty figures in its invasion of Lebanon as if one civilian casualty is acceptable. Seeing so much bad news can create a severe case of pessimism quite quickly.

Pessimism is a dangerous force in the contemporary world. It can quickly transform itself into lethargy. Under such circumstances, reading the paper becomes a painful task. Watching *M*A*S*H* reruns becomes far more desirable than viewing the evening news. When pessimism arrives, you start to believe that there really is no damn future. The world suddenly appears to be out of control.

But believing the world is out of control is a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. You stop holding people—elected people,

business people—accountable for their actions. Under such circumstances, the president can talk about nuclear warning shots, build-up the defense budget and still claim to be in favor of arms control. The president can gut social programs. Under such circumstances, James Watt and Anne Gorsuch can have their way with this country's environmental protection laws.

There have been numerous instances throughout history when it seemed as if the end was at hand. In the 14th century, the plague swept across Europe, killing perhaps 20 million people. Many at the time, for obvious reasons, believed the end was at hand. But it wasn't.

The world is really screwed-up right now. But it's still worth caring about and hoping for. I'm affected but not that affected. And I'm not thinking about airplanes anymore.

THE GREAT P

I knew immediately that not be your run of the usually cover sports and insisted that I go, I figured fished, or that the story h angle he figured only I co And he was right on the

By Ned Scott, Jr.

We met on the banks of the James River about 10 miles upstream and out of town. There were four men waiting for me, and each was vying for first place in the Sixth Annual Virginia Pike Plugging Tournament. Barney "Red" Flanger was first to introduce himself. He stood about 6 feet 2, had flaming red hair pushing out from beneath his camouflaged cap, and had a handshake that would pulp a canned ham. Rodney "Fishhead" Bishop followed, a wiry, nervous little guy in T-shirt and shorts, whose left eye twitched while he spoke.

Next in line was Bob "Triggerman" Frankle, a stocky, clean cut type that chewed tobacco, and grinned at nearly everything. He never said much the whole time but his presence would be felt for the entire ride.

Finally there was last year's champ, Barney "Boom Boom" Barnett. He shook my hand with surprising gentility and then said, "you know why I'm gonna win again this year? Huh? Wanna know why?"

"Sure," I said. "why?"

"Because of this," he said, opening his tackle box. His hand came out of the box holding a .357 Magnum Thompson/Center contender.

"What we got here is the most complete pike plugging rig you can imagine. This mother is loaded with sized .360 double buckshot and the hottest load you can pack in a shell."

"Sneak a gander at this beauty," said Triggerman Frankle.

From under his shirt he pulled a Ruger Redhawk .44 Magnum. "This hotloaded baby comes complete with teflon coated cop-killers. Enters the water so sm-m-mo-o-othly that deflection is kept to a minimum. And get this, you won't miss that fish because of a bad angle or ricochet off the scales. No way."

The others proceeded to pull out their own personal selection of weapons from what I found out later was an extensive armory. Red Flanger was also using a .357, only his was a rare and beautiful AMP auto-mag with semi-jacketed softpoints. Fishhead Bishop, an ex-cop, was sporting what he was used to, a Smith & Wesson .38 Special with "Keith, style" 110 grain hollow points.

"By the way," said Boom Boom, "this one's for you."

As they pushed the boat into the water, I examined what Boom Boom had handed

me.

It was a Walther P-38. A 9 mm automatic.

The boat was in the water now and Fishhead called out, "C'mon, man. Let's get going."

Boom Boom sat in the prow of the boat, a 12-foot bass vehicle converted for pike-plugging. The seats had been taken out to allow for more passengers and a lower angle of incidence to the water. Fishhead and Red sat mid-ship, almost on the gunwales and I sat in the back with Triggerman who, for the first leg, would run the Mercury outboard. It was about 7 am and the mist was lifting from the water.

"Make sure," said Triggerman, almost absentmindedly, "that you shoot from as high as possible when you get your first pike. We loaded you up with full-jacketed slugs so that they'd feed real easy in that automatic. Always remember: safety first . . ."

"Bring her around! Bring her around!" screamed Boom Boom who was now crouched in the front of the boat, both hands on the pistol and tracking a target off the right-hand side.

"Going in! Going in!" screamed Triggerman to Boom Boom. Then he turned to me and said, "hold on here we go."

The boat seemed to kick out from underneath us as Triggerman cranked the gas and banked the boat into . At the first shot I realized how Boom Boom got his name. It was a deafening blast that shook the floorboards and sent a geyser up about four feet off the water, 25 yards out.

"Jesus Christ," said Triggerman, "I'd sure like to know how the hell he packs those shells to withstand that."

"Ja git 'im? Ja git 'im?" screamed Red over the roar of the outboard.

"Hell yeah, I got him," roared back Boom Boom. "He's the only fish in this goddamn river right now that doesn't have a face."

Red, who was on the right side of the boat, got the gaff and dragged in a trophy pike, which, as Boom Boom was so quick to point out, didn't have a face. In fact, it didn't have much left of his head save a trace of the gills and one fin on the left side. Even without a head the fish must have weighed at least eight pounds, but as the group was quick to point out, weight is only one of three catagories that determine the championship. The

others are accuracy (or how much of the head of the fish is blown away) and the distance from which it was shot. Fishhead Bishop, who was champ three years asgo, won it with one shot during the finals by blowing the face off a 12 pound pike from 75 yards with an army .45 pistol.

Although he won the championship, the shot is still being disputed by pike pluggers all over the state.

"It's times like that that you wished the real sports in this country got TV coverage instead of all that stupid shit that they show on Saturday morning. Shit, I'd buy a Betamax just to see that shot over and over again," said Fishhead staring at Boom Boom cleaning the pike he had just landed.

"Goddam it, Fishhead," laughed Boom Boom, "you can't even see 65 yards let alone hit something with an army .45 at that range."

"I won it, didn't I?"

"All right, all right," said Red. "We've beaten this dead horse enough. Let's plug some pike."

"You're forgetting the first fish—first drink rule," said Triggerman from the stern. I had gone forward to get a better look at Boom Boom's pike and now I could feel the uneasiness settle on the boat as we motored slowly down the James River.

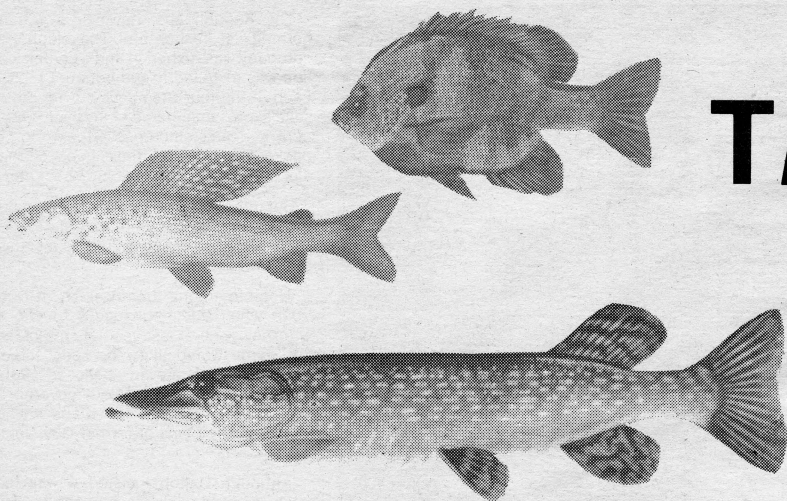
"He don't look like he'd mind an eye opener," said Red slowly.

"How about it, Mr. Scott? The newspaper wouldn't mind if you had a nip before breakfast, would they?" asked Fishhead, passing me a thermos.

"I don't suppose," I said, taking the cup off the top of the thermos and pouring myself about two fingers from the container.

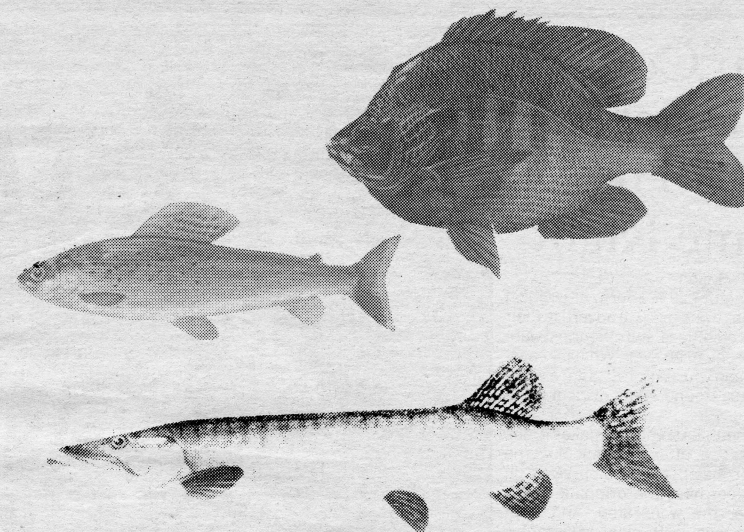
Whatever it was that we were drinking, and I still don't know and knew better than to ask it, was hotter than the loads these sportsmen were packing in their cartridges. You could catch every pike within six miles just by dumping that lethal brew over the side. I was settling in for the ride, feeling the warmth and afterglow of that jet fuel punch when I heard a scream.

"Whoa, you mommajammers," screamed Red from midship. He was standing, his fists wrapped around his collectors vintage .357. The gun belched an unbelievable explosion and kicked so hard it nearly sent Red over the top of Fishhead Bishop.



THE GREAT PIKE HUNT

I knew immediately that morning that this would not be your run of the mill fish story. I don't usually cover sports and when my editor insisted that I go, I figured I was either being punished, or that the story had a bizarre or savage angle he figured only I could handle. And he was right on the money. . . .



By Ned Scott, Jr.

We met on the banks of the James River about 10 miles upstream and out of town. There were four men waiting for me, and each was vying for first place in the Sixth Annual Virginia Pike Plugging Tournament. Barney "Red" Flanger was first to introduce himself. He stood about 6 feet 2, had flaming red hair pushing out from beneath his camouflaged cap, and had a handshake that would pulp a canned ham. Rodney "Fishhead" Bishop followed, a wiry, nervous little guy in T-shirt and shorts, whose left eye twitched while he spoke.

Next in line was Bob "Triggerman" Frankle, a stocky, clean cut type that chewed tobacco, and grinned at nearly everything. He never said much the whole time but his presence would be felt for the entire ride.

Finally there was last year's champ, Barney "Boom Boom" Barnett. He shook my hand with surprising gentility and then said, "you know why I'm gonna win again this year? Huh? Wanna know why?"

"Sure," I said. "why?"

"Because of this," he said, opening his tackle box. His hand came out of the box holding a .357 Magnum Thompson/Center contender.

"What we got here is the most complete pike plugging rig you can imagine. This mother is loaded with sized .360 double buckshot and the hottest load you can pack in a shell."

"Sneak a gander at this beauty," said Triggerman Frankle.

From under his shirt he pulled a Ruger Redhawk .44 Magnum. "This hotloaded baby comes complete with teflon coated cop-killers. Enters the water so sm-m-mo-o-othly that deflection is kept to a minimum. And get this, you won't miss that fish because of a bad angle or ricochet off the scales. No way."

The others proceeded to pull out their own personal selection of weapons from what I found out later was an extensive armory. Red Flanger was also using a .357, only his was a rare and beautiful AMP auto-mag with semi-jacketed softpoints. Fishhead Bishop, an ex-cop, was sporting what he was used to, a Smith & Wesson .38 Special with "Keith style" 110 grain hollow points.

"By the way," said Boom Boom, "this one's for you."

As they pushed the boat into the water, I examined what Boom Boom had handed

me.

It was a Walther P-38. A 9 mm automatic. The boat was in the water now and Fishhead called out, "C'mon, man. Let's get going."

Boom Boom sat in the prow of the boat, a 12-foot bass vehicle converted for pike-plugging. The seats had been taken out to allow for more passengers and a lower angle of incidence to the water. Fishhead and Red sat mid-ship, almost on the gunwales and I sat in the back with Triggerman who, for the first leg, would run the Mercury outboard. It was about 7 am and the mist was lifting from the water.

"Make sure," said Triggerman, almost absentmindedly, "that you shoot from as high as possible when you get your first pike. We loaded you up with full-jacketed slugs so that they'd feed real easy in that automatic. Always remember: safety first . . ."

"Bring her around! Bring her around!" screamed Boom Boom who was now crouched in the front of the boat, both hands on the pistol and tracking a target off the right-hand side.

"Going in! Going in!" screamed Triggerman to Boom Boom. Then he turned to me and said, "hold on here we go."

The boat seemed to kick out from underneath us as Triggerman cranked the gas and banked the boat into . At the first shot I realized how Boom Boom got his name. It was a deafening blast that shook the floorboards and sent a geyser up about four feet off the water, 25 yards out.

"Jesus Christ," said Triggerman, "I'd sure like to know how the hell he packs those shells to withstand that."

"Ja git 'im? Ja git 'im?" screamed Red over the roar of the outboard.

"Hell yeah, I got him," roared Boom Boom. "He's the only fish in this goddamn river right now that doesn't have a face."

Red, who was on the right side of the boat, got the gaff and dragged in a trophy pike, which, as Boom Boom was so quick to point out, didn't have a face. In fact, it didn't have much left of his head save a trace of the gills and one fin on the left side. Even without a head the fish must have weighed at least eight pounds, but as the group was quick to point out, weight is only one of three catagories that determine the championship. The

others are accuracy (or how much of the head of the fish is blown away) and the distance from which it was shot. Fishhead Bishop, who was champ three years ago, won it with one shot during the finals by blowing the face off a 12 pound pike from 75 yards with an army .45 pistol.

Although he won the championship, the shot is still being disputed by pike pluggers all over the state.

"It's times like that that you wished the real sports in this country got TV coverage instead of all that stupid shit that they show on Saturday morning. Shit, I'd buy a Betamax just to see that shot over and over again," said Fishhead staring at Boom Boom cleaning the pike he had just landed.

"Goddam it, Fishhead," laughed Boom Boom, "you can't even see 65 yards let alone hit something with an army .45 at that range."

"I won it, didn't I?"

"All right, all right," said Red. "We've beaten this dead horse enough. Let's plug some pike."

"You're forgetting the first fish—first drink rule," said Triggerman from the stern. I had gone forward to get a better look at Boom Boom's pike and now I could feel the uneasiness settle on the boat as we motored slowly down the James River.

"He don't look like he'd mind an eye opener," said Red slowly.

"How about it, Mr. Scott? The newspaper wouldn't mind if you had a nip before breakfast, would they?" asked Fishhead, passing me a thermos.

"I don't suppose," I said, taking the cup off the top of the thermos and pouring myself about two fingers from the container.

Whatever it was that we were drinking, and I still don't know and knew better than to ask it, was hotter than the loads these sportsmen were packing in their cartridges. You could catch every pike within six miles just by dumping that lethal brew over the side. I was settling in for the ride, feeling the warmth and afterglow of that jet fuel punch when I heard a scream.

"Whoa, you mommajammers," screamed Red from midship. He was standing, his fists wrapped around his collectors vintage .357. The gun belched an unbelievable explosion and kicked so hard it nearly sent Red over the top of Fishhead Bishop.

Red's shot was a classic, by the book, pike plug. The fish had been just beneath the surface of the water waiting to top feed on unsuspecting flies and bugs when he was spotted by the sharp eyes of the veteran pike plugger. Red's shot caught the fish in the head and knocked the instantaneously dead fish out of the water for what pike pluggers like to refer to as the "death dance." Not only is it considered beautiful to watch, it's extra points in any competition.

Although the fish was only 10 yards out, it weighed about 14 pounds and counting the "death dance" and the lack of a head, Red was indisputably in the lead for the Sixth Annual Pike Plugging Championship.

I was hoping at this point that there wasn't a second fish, second drink rule, but when Red reached for his thermos I knew better. I had gotten out of bed at 5:30 am to make sure I didn't miss the appointment with these guys and hadn't had a chance to eat any breakfast. The first drink had gone straight to my head and I didn't want to find out where the second would go.

As it turned out I didn't have any choice.

We didn't get another fish for nearly an hour. During that time Fishhead filled me in on the rules and regulations of pike plugging. First: only hand guns.

"If you have to use a rifle," he said, "stalk joggers. It's just silly to go after fish with a rifle. And anyway," he added, "it makes getting around in the boat too clumsy."

Secondly, you can only take one fish each in the championship. In regular outings you can take up to five but in competition just one. Third, the boat must be moving by a gas-powered motor.

"Hell," he said, "even my wife could hit a pike from a stationary boat. There ain't no sport in that."

Triggerman Frankle and I were now in the prow of the boat as it worked its way through the shallows of the James. Red and Fishhead sat midship eating sandwiches and drinking. Boom Boom was at the Mercury outboard.

Red had given me a sandwich and a pair of polarized sunglasses, both of which helped immensely. Although the others rarely used sunglasses they are recommended for beginners.

I was watching the rocks and currents when I realized that Triggerman's .44 Mag-

num had probably deafened my right ear for life. Out off the right side of the boat about 20 yards away, a geyser was starting its descent back into the river.

"I'm on it, I'm on it," yelled Boom Boom as the boat took off in the direction of the fish.

It was a beauty. It also weighed 14 pounds, but since Triggerman had failed to blow the fish entirely out of the water, Red had won the championship.

In true sportsman style, Triggerman offered a toast to Red.

Raising his thermos cup he said, "To the headless pike death dance,"

On the way back no one bragged and no one moaned. This was a sport of all for one and one for all. A championship had changed hands but all were in contention for it at one time or another. Except for Red, who won the championship for the first time this year, all of the others had won the Virginia Pike Plugging tournament at least once, and Barney "Boom Boom" Barnett had won twice.

We all seemed content with a sporting morning well done, when Boom Boom cut the engines of the bassboat.

"What's the problem," asked Red.

Boom Boom grinned as the boat drifted for a minute.

"Mr. Scott here," he said, "has ate with us, drank with us, and is going to write a story about us in the newspaper."

"Yeah, so," said Triggerman.

"Well, I don't know about y'awl," he announced, "but I'll be goddamned if he goes back to town without a damn pike under his belt. I mean," he added, "what in the hell did we bring that automatic along for anyways?"

"Goddamn right," yelled Fishhead Bishop, his eye twitching uncontrollably as the outboard kicked into overdrive, and Boom Boom cut an arc on the river that again was taking us downstream.

"Git your ass in the front of this heah boat," said Triggerman, "and take another swalla o' this heah ambrosia. That'll set your mind at ease and your sights on the target."

I swilled the high octane, clicked the safety off the automatic, and pulled back on the top of the pistol making sure that one of those full-jacketed slugs were tight in the chamber. Again I was searching the rocks and currents for the vicious and elusive minnow

eater known as the pike. We hadn't gone 150 yards when I spotted the reflection of scales on the surface of some still water near the shore.

"Cut right, Boom Boom," I screamed.

"Going in, going in," he yelled back

The boat cut across the water like an Olympic skater. Within moments we arrived at the place where I spotted the reflection. I saw the ripples on the top of the water as the fish, still near the surface, headed for deep water. I took careful aim, my blood pumping at fever pitch as I squeezed off one, then two, then three, then four. I kept firing until the clip was empty.

Boom Boom cut the engine as we drifted up on the body of the fish.

"Now what we got heah," said Boom Boom Barnett, his face contorted in hysterics, "is one hell of a dead four inch bream."

"What I mean, Mr. Scott," he laughed, spilling his drink all over his lap, "is a completely dead and useless fish."

Red, Triggerman and Fishhead were howling with laughter and rolling on the floor of the boat.

"Out of nine shots with an automatic," said Boom Boom, his face contorted and flush, "you hit this poor, uncertifiable bream four times."

The others now broke into fresh and uncontrollable laughter.

It was true. Boom Boom Barnett held between the thumb and pinky of his right hand the mangled body of a four inch bream that had four huge bites taken out of it.

"You see the hell of a shot," said Boom Boom, "but I can't imagine why you would want to shoot an idiotic fish like this."

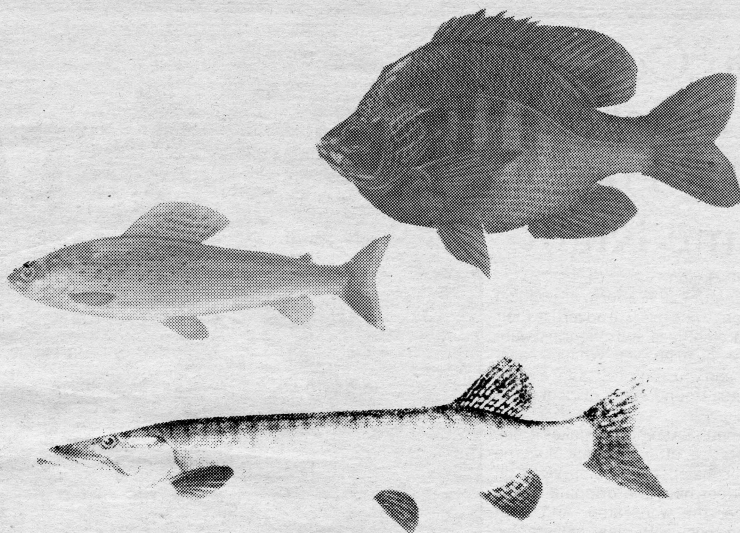
"This," he said holding up the tiny fish, "is a bream. There are no awards, no plaques, no trophies for shooting bream. This," he said, holding up a headless, 12 pound pike, "is a sportsman's fish. You are a hell of a shot but you don't know yer ass from a hole in the ground when it comes to sportin' fish."

The ride back to the cars was uneventful except for the occasional shouts of "Bream off the port bow," and "thar she blows, did ya see that, musta been a four-inch bream."

We parted friends, fellow voyagers on the river, and sportsmen at heart. I returned the automatic, but hesitantly. I would rather shoot my editor than strangle him. . . .

PIKE HUNT

It morning that this would be mill fish story. I don't find when my editor in- d I was either being pun- had a bizarre or savage could handle. the money. . . .



Red's shot was a classic, by the book, pike plug. The fish had been just beneath the surface of the water waiting to top feed on unsuspecting flies and bugs when he was spotted by the sharp eyes of the veteran pike plugger. Red's shot caught the fish in the head and knocked the instantaneously dead fish out of the water for what pike pluggers like to refer to as the "death dance." Not only is it considered beautiful to watch, it's extra points in any competition.

Although the fish was only 10 yards out, it weighed about 14 pounds and counting the "death dance" and the lack of a head, Red was indisputably in the lead for the Sixth Annual Pike Plugging Championship.

I was hoping at this point that there wasn't a second fish, second drink rule, but when Red reached for his thermos I knew better. I had gotten out of bed at 5:30 am to make sure I didn't miss the appointment with these guys and hadn't had a chance to eat any breakfast. The first drink had gone straight to my head and I didn't want to find out where the second would go.

As it turned out I didn't have any choice.

We didn't get another fish for nearly an hour. During that time Fishhead filled me in on the rules and regulations of pike plugging. First: only hand guns.

"If you have to use a rifle," he said, "stalk jiggers. It's just silly to go after fish with a rifle. And anyway," he added, "it makes getting around in the boat too clumsy."

Secondly, you can only take one fish each in the championship. In regular outings you can take up to five but in competition just one. Third, the boat must be moving by a gas-powered motor.

"Hell," he said, "even my wife could hit a pike from a stationary boat. There ain't no sport in that."

Triggerman Frankle and I were now in the prow of the boat as it worked its way through the shallows of the James. Red and Fishhead sat midship eating sandwiches and drinking. Boom Boom was at the Mercury outboard.

Red had given me a sandwich and a pair of polarized sunglasses, both of which helped immensely. Although the others rarely used sunglasses they are recommended for beginners.

I was watching the rocks and currents when I realized that Triggerman's .44 Mag-

num had probably deafened my right ear for life. Out off the right side of the boat about 20 yards away, a geyser was starting its descent back into the river.

"I'm on it, I'm on it," yelled Boom Boom as the boat took off in the direction of the fish.

It was a beauty. It also weighed 14 pounds, but since Triggerman had failed to blow the fish entirely out of the water, Red had won the championship.

In true sportsman style, Triggerman offered a toast to Red.

Raising his thermos cup he said, "To the headless pike death dance."

On the way back no one bragged and no one moaned. This was a sport of all for one and one for all. A championship had changed hands but all were in contention for it at one time or another. Except for Red, who won the championship for the first time this year, all of the others had won the Virginia Pike Plugging tournament at least once, and Barney "Boom Boom" Barnett had won twice.

We all seemed content with a sporting morning well done, when Boom Boom cut the engines of the bassboat.

"What's the problem," asked Red.

Boom Boom grinned as the boat drifted for a minute.

"Mr. Scott here," he said, "has ate with us, drank with us, and is going to write a story about us in the newspaper."

"Yeah, so?," said Triggerman.

"Well, I don't know about y'awl," he announced, "but I'll be goddamned if he goes back to town without a damn pike under his belt. I mean," he added, "what in the hell did we bring that automatic along for anyways?"

"Goddamn right," yelled Fishhead Bishop, his eye twitching uncontrollably as the outboard kicked into overdrive, and Boom Boom cut an arc on the river that again was taking us downstream.

"Git your ass in the front of this heah boat," said Triggerman, "and take another swalla o' this heah ambrosia. That'll set your mind at ease and your sights on the target."

I swilled the high octane, clicked the safety off the automatic, and pulled back on the top of the pistol making sure that one of those full-jacketed slugs were tight in the chamber. Again I was searching the rocks and currents for the vicious and elusive minnow

eater known as the pike. We hadn't gone 150 yards when I spotted the reflection of scales on the surface of some still water near the shore.

"Cut right, Boom Boom," I screamed.

"Going in, going in," he yelled back

The boat cut across the water like an Olympic skater. Within moments we arrived at the place where I spotted the reflection. I saw the ripples on the top of the water as the fish, still near the surface, headed for deep water. I took careful aim, my blood pumping at fever pitch as I squeezed off one, then two, then three, then four. I kept firing until the clip was empty.

Boom Boom cut the engine as we drifted up on the body of the fish.

"Now what we got heah," said Boom Boom Barnett, his face contorted in hysterics, "is one hell of a dead four inch bream."

"What I mean, Mr. Scott," he laughed, spilling his drink all over his lap, "is a completely dead and useless fish."

Red, Triggerman and Fishhead were howling with laughter and rolling on the floor of the boat.

"Out of nine shots with an automatic," said Boom Boom, his face contorted and flush, "you hit this poor, uncertifiable bream four times."

The others now broke into fresh and uncontrollable laughter.

It was true. Boom Boom Barnett held between the thumb and pinky of his right hand the mangled body of a four inch bream that had four huge bites taken out of it.

"You are a hell of a shot," said Boom Boom, "but I can't imagine why you would want to shoot an idiotic fish like this."

"This," he said holding up the tiny fish, "is a bream. There are no awards, no plaques, no trophies for shooting bream. This," he said, holding up a headless, 12 pound pike, "is a sportsman's fish. You are a hell of a shot but you don't know yer ass from a hole in the ground when it comes to sportin' fish."

The ride back to the cars was uneventful except for the occasional shouts of "Bream off the port bow," and "thar she blows, did ya see that, musta been a four-inch bream."

We parted friends, fellow voyagers on the river, and sportsmen at heart. I returned the automatic, but hesitantly. I would rather shoot my editor than strangle him. . . .

You Could At Least Spell The Name Right

By Lori Blackmon

Some might call it a form of political expression, some use it to advertise their musical preferences, still others just want their message to be seen. Whatever aesthetic reason you apply to it, after a while the graffiti around here all looks the same.

Oh, sometimes someone makes it look good, because, after all, the look *is* the effect. For instance: the Stop signs on Morris Street have the dripping letters War under the word Stop. And even better are those with clear calligraphy, making the effect at least readable. On Main Street, someone has sprayed a rather abstract design on the Plant Man sign, which is fun to figure out after a few beers at the Cha.

While a faithful Fan member might not want to admit it, they are living in the graffiti center of Central Virginia. The area's architecture provides a huge potential canvas, with its darkened alleys and brick buildings making for a slightly less intellectual equivalent to the Great Wall of China. These local walls provide virtual centers of attack; places to make your opinion known. One of these places is the American Opinion Book Store at 3100 Kensington Ave.

"I'm surprised there hasn't been more," said the quiet volunteer behind the counter. The bookstore was the recent recipient of an attack by a disgruntled protester of the conservative shop ("God, Country, Family" reads the book store's slogan). The employee said she believed it said something about the Klan, "but it wasn't too legible. I really couldn't read it."

Asked who she thought would do this, she offered a general answer: "People with no responsibility, the people who don't own anything and who don't know

what it's like to have something of their own destroyed."

Many people feel that way about graffiti, VCU administrators in particular. Shafer Court has always been the sight of attack for mourning ("Wait for us John[Lennon]"), Music lovers ("The Dad's Has Rock") and the disappointed who wanted to tell us how big Joe really is.

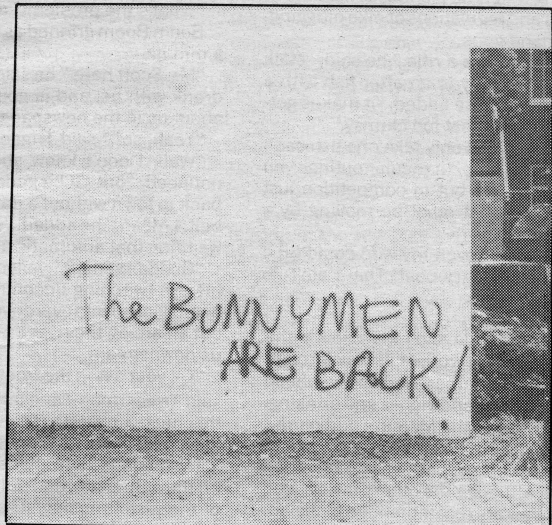
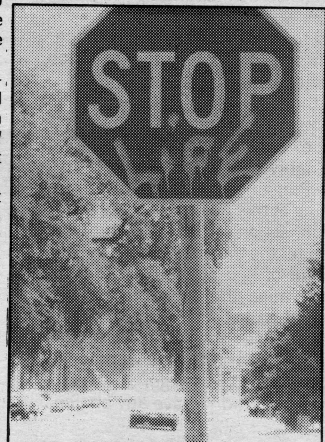
The most recent attack on Shafer Court occurred on the new stage when some musical degenerate plastered his favorite groups for all to see. (You spelled Madness wrong, you fool.) Unfortunately, to the administration the attack on the stage simply shows the school that VCU students can't be trusted with a new toy.

A rather cheap attempt by someone who couldn't afford spray paint graced the windows of Hibbs around election

time last year with "Coleman," "VCU Young Dems Suck" and other rather trite attempts at swaying people over to the Republican Party.

Those who have lived here awhile remember the attack of Dickie Disgusting and the Degenerate Blind Boys. Once in a while you can still run across a faint *Blind Boys* on a side wall somewhere, but most of these are forgotten memories.

The graffiti situation will always exist unless, somehow, someone invents a less destructive way to artificially express our opinions (perhaps through classifieds in college newsmagazines?). The faded ads in swastika on Patterson and Belmont are our reminder of the feelings graffiti can evoke and the cheapness of doing it that way.



Would You Buy A Used Record From This Man?

By David Harrison

Swindle. The term conjures up images of money being spent for goods not equivalent to the service or product provided. This happens quite frequently in the music business, as anyone who currently pays the list \$8.98/9.98 price on new record albums knows.

At the Record Exchange near VCU's Business Building, Ron Mervis is (sort of) working to change all of that.

"Big record companies are in the forefront of lying and deceit, not only to the public, not only to their own artists, but inevitably to themselves," Mervis charges, cutting up the record industry as a hot knife would oleomargarine.

Mervis has worked as a sub-distributor for United Artists, Casablanca and Warner Brothers record companies, as well as perennial reggae label Island Records back when he "couldn't get it played on radio stations because they were terrified of Jamaican music."

Five years ago Mervis opened his large used record store to present an alternative to the (even then) high prices and standard bullshit offered up by the record industry.

"Years ago," Mervis says, "they were talking about picture discs. They would tell the public 'we only pressed 50,000' when in fact they would press over 500,000. Record companies have dealt their own artists dirty; look at the Stones with 'Cocksucker Blues' about their own management, Graham Parker with 'Mercury Poisoning' and even the Who with 'Won't Get Fooled Again.'"

One of the gratifications of his Richmond set-up stems from the town's strong local music scene.

"The Fan is Richmond's music scene, other than maybe Southside with country rock," he says, offering up the latter alternative with a slight twinge of sarcasm. "There's always been a real strong live scene around here for some reason. I guess that's because Richmond's always been the kind of town that never got many big bands. But as conservative a town as Richmond is, it's been quite liberal as far as the bands themselves go."

Working near VCU's campus, Mervis has noticed trends in listening patterns that reaffirm his past experiences. "In certain areas, especially in college towns, I saw that there were a lot of students whose concepts in music were constantly changing. When you go to college, you're exposed to a lot of ideas and a lot of alternative ways of thinking. Musically, too, you're exposed to a lot of differences."

There are so many ways they could produce a five dollar LP with the same material on it as a 12-incher.

"You may come in as a heavy metal fan and after two years of college you're into new wave, and by the time you're through you're into cerebral jazz. People do a totally about face because music is so personal and so changeable as far as what's going to start popping into their head. There's so much freedom in music. It's not like watching TV where you can only watch what they're presenting; music more readily involves memories and outside influences."

It's taken a while, but gradually Richmonders are beginning to be affected by these outside influences, and it's becoming obvious to Mervis that the various local changes create the national changes which the music industry continues to ignore. This comes at a time when newer

bands such as XTC and Squeeze are beginning to give the Grateful Dead and Bruce Springsteen a run for their collective money as the Exchange's biggest sellers.

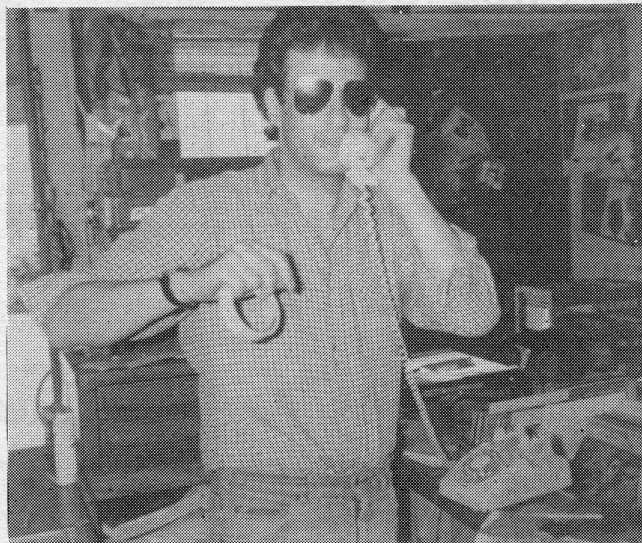
"It just seems like the commercial labels missed a lot," he states flatly. "When New Wave started to catch on, they took a lot of bands and packaged them as New Wave. So the public got wise and didn't buy the product. All your smaller labels: Virgin, Stiff, Bomp, Buck Trade, now they're all getting backed by the big labels who are panicking. The answer in the record business is for big labels to start throwing their money around when they perceive change."

The big labels would say 'Hey look, you want the next Eagles? You want the next Fleetwood Mac? Then don't deal with these guys.'

"A big case in point was when one of the major labels went after Blondie, who was on a small label called Private Stock. The big labels ate them alive to get that act and cut their distribution. The guy that owned Private Stock went bankrupt because he couldn't get his merchandise to the sub-distributors because the subs were influenced by the big labels who would come up and say 'hey, look, You want the next Fleetwood Mac? You want the next Eagles? Then don't deal with these guys.' And Blondie ended up being forced to sign with a big label."

While missing out on the bigger bucks to be had from inside the record biz, Mervis is gaining a sense of perspective from the outside. "I'm basically a hand-in-mouth operation," he says; "I'm not in this to make a lot of money" (as evidenced by his always-near-empty vintage 1953 cash register). "I enjoy the conversation with the people who come in, and the friendships I've built up."

"Another advantage he's gained from



the outside is an analysis of The System. Why is ABC charging 9.98 for Steely Dan's *Gaucho* album? Why are other labels licking their chops as they ready to charge the same for new releases? Why is all this happening during an international recession?

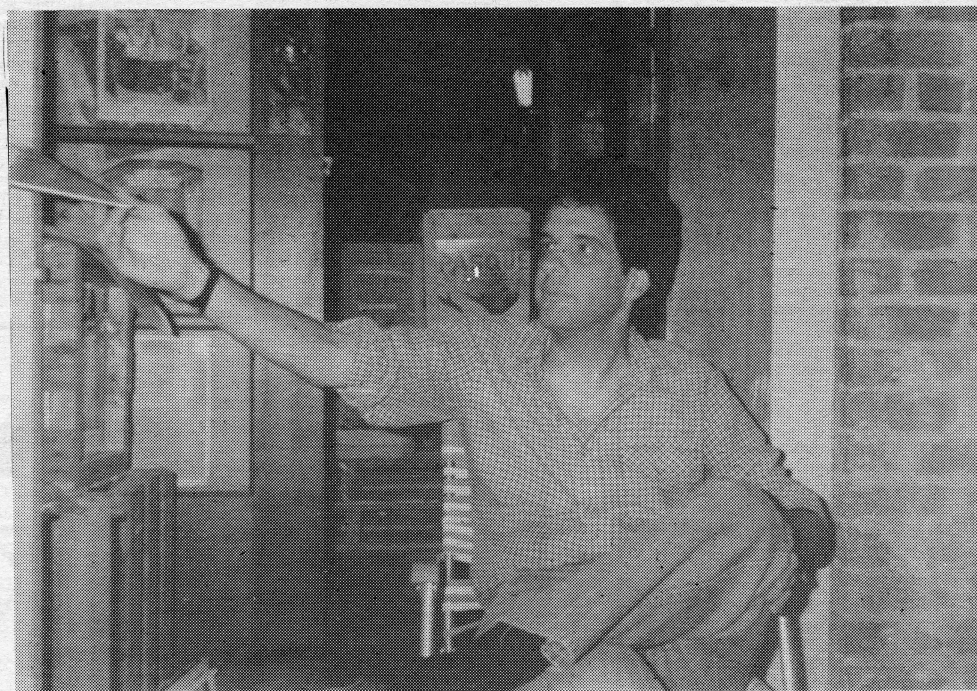
"Why do we need a 12-inch record?" Mervis asks, words barely audible over an XL-102 Weather Information Center report. "Why couldn't you record a 33 1/3 record with six cuts on a side and make it 10 inches? Or eight inches? Why does it have to be so thick? It could be thinner."

"There are so many ways they could produce a five dollar LP with the same material on it as a 12 incher. They could make it \$4.99 retail which could be discounted for \$3.50. Why do they have to have a product that's now approaching \$10?"

It's unfortunate that the questions come

so much easier than the answers. That's why it is actually impossible to ever objectively judge the music industry, because its tendencies seem inescapable to anyone who has ever been on the inside. While Mervis' pace has slowed down a bit since being a distribution rep, he is still dependent upon new promotional records to a great extent, since they, along with his "rare, exotic live LPs," provide the meat of his business. And these promotional records are mostly supplied by other distribution reps and music "insiders."

So as long as the music business continues to stifle itself from its perch, there'll be at least one outsider mopping up what trickles through the industry's open hands. And if the sounds you hear coming from his shop aren't ringing cash registers, at least the few dollar signs are followed by some sense, which is indeed rare for the music industry.



"As conservative a town as Richmond is, it's been quite liberal as far as the bands themselves go."

The biggest news to hit in a long time is the announcement of "color radio"—Channel 36 on cable. If you have those lovely color test stripes on your screen, they will soon be accompanied by the latest radio brainstorm. The idea is to expose listeners to what they aren't usually exposed to in Richmond. It sounds exciting and is supposed to premier Aug. 25, or a few days later, depending on the folks at C & P. When it begins, it will air Monday-Friday, 7 pm to 1 am, and Saturday and Sunday, 10 am to 1 am. If you have suggestions or comments on "Color Radio" send them to Channel 36; P.O. Box 5518, Richmond 23220.

Some of the people from Plan 9 Records are bringing back Black Flag to the Casablanca this Monday, Aug. 30. Advance tickets are available at Plan 9 for \$5 and at the door for an extra buck.

If you're a writer or poet, and don't happen to be busy putting together a Folio Knots column, then *The New Southern Literary Messenger* may be the medium for you.

The publication is soliciting fiction, poetry and satire, and will pay (italics ours). Works will be accepted through Sept. 6. For more information, contact the editor at 780-1244.

The Institute of Contemporary Art, that odd branch of the more revered Virginia Museum, will present "American Abstraction Now" Sept. 1 through Oct. 3.

The show will feature painting and sculpture by both upcoming and established artists.

Richmond's annual International Festival will kick off Friday, Sept. 10, and run through Sunday the 12th. The festival will feature foreign foods of many varieties, offering the true connoisseur a chance to sample cuisine from six continents (presumably excluding Antarctica, or maybe it's Australia).

VCU's Concert Committee last week announced plans to bring The Bus Boys to the Gym on Sept. 14 and the Gang Of Four to the Empire Theatre Oct. 3.

The Bus Boys, who describe themselves as "the only black rock n' roll band in the world," recently released a superb second album, *American Workers*, which follows on the heels of the acclaimed *Minimum Wage Rock and Roll LP*. They also finished filming on the West Coast for the film *48 Hours* which features Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy.

The Gang Of Four's recently released *Songs Of The Free* is the most commercial effort from the socialist funk-rockers, but their live East Coast shows are still generating a lot of excitement.

Ex-Labelle vocalist Nona Hendrix will open for the Gang. Ticket sales for both shows will be announced at a later date.

Egoslavia, Funk, And Other Nasty Words

The time has come to deal with that nasty word, Funk.

Let's face it. There's a lot of music coming out today and most of it is worthless. Radio programmers etc. are getting more close minded, while musicians of all types seem to be cross pollinating.

This is especially apparent with young black groups. They've been assimilating aspects of rock (the beat, heavy guitar) for quite awhile. The forefront of experimentation in new black music has centered out of rap records and the 12 inch single format in general.

Recently, rap has gotten more musically complex. Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five have released a cut different than any they've done before, and it seems to be one of the summer's monsters. "The Message" mixes a danceable, rapisque heavy drum bass hook with a hot synthesized riff and Last Poet inflicted rapping. The vocal hooks are the real killers, and make it a record worth looking for.

"Arcade Funk" by Tilt is going to be a big one. Produced by Trouble Funk, it's a mix of their drum style, video vocals (not overdone) and the big beat. The sound is full of spaces and should be great on a big system.

The pendulum of influence swings both ways, with a lot of white groups ready to throw it down. The Flestones, though firmly planted in the sixties sensibility of garage pop, have entered the race with a great 12 inch remix, extended version of the title track of their *Roman Gods LP*. The bass had a funky pop on the album, but it's upfront on this version. Highly recommended if you like the Flestones. This must be what psychedelic funk sounds like.

The Gang of Four have been developing a politically oriented post-punk variation from their inception. *Songs of the Free*, third LP, is much more a success than their last effort. New bassist Sara Lee has fit in well, and the mix is fuller, more polished and clear without sacrificing any of the sparseness essential to their sound. Most of this is on par with their excellent "To Hell With Poverty." 45.

DC band Egoslavia have released a self-titled EP which makes them a band worth watching. They seem to be coming from the denser, uptempo side of Poly-rock and Urban Verbs with a dose of Funk thrown in.

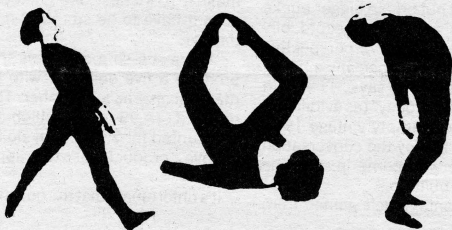
—Terry Murphy

BoW wOw woW: I Want Candy

Here the band breaks through and takes control, though not necessarily in that order.

RCA has taken hot new material like "Mile High Club" and "I Want Candy" and added a few older, unreleased tracks, such as "W.O.R.K.," and "C-30, C-60, C-90 Go" and come up with a surprisingly coherent new release. Though many of the tracks were recorded two years apart, the record coheres because the Wows haven't had time to outgrow their old impulses.

The main strengths of the newer stuff lies in lead singer Annabella's slight vocal maturity, and the band's improved lyrics (Try: "Give me a cow/ Give me a boy/ Give me a cowboy"). And while I don't believe the cowgirl really found masochistic thrill in the cowboy's leather, Annabella at least makes me want to hear her side of the story—lupine high notes and all.



Miles Davis: We Want Mile s

Four winners out of five on this mini-comeback, and he doesn't seem to be straining, either.

At the age of 50, Davis has thrown out the *fusion* concept and replaced it with something a bit more sketchy—the difference between, say, knocking out your boxing opponent with constant punches to the gut, and holding off 'till the right round to take him out with one blow. Miles picks his spots here, especially on "Jean Pierre," a childlike hopscotch riff that wraps around Mike Stern's psychotic background guitar. And on George Gershwin's "My Man's Gone Now", the band somehow keeps Gershwin's sense of beat sacred while churning out some cool funk he would never have dreamed of. That's real funk, y'all, the kind the Dazz Band and Tom Tom Club would be making if they'd forget that people are actually supposed to dance to this stuff.

Adrian Belew: Lone Rhino

Here's one that rocks out, has good lyrics and a neat cover all in one tidy package.

Side One is abstract in a vague post-Bowie-ish way, which makes sense considering Belew played on the last two Bowie records.

Side Two makes greater attempts at merging the lyrics and music into one thought in a King Crimsonian way, which is logical considering Belew covered lead vocals on the last two Crismo LPs. The record as a whole goes beyond the dry humor Zappa always pointed to, which one would certainly expect since Belew was more or less discovered by Zappa.

Of course, it's a lot easier to toy with themes concerning rhinoceroses (existentialism, you know) than monsters, discipline or studio tans. Especially with such a vast array of guitar, synth and batterie effects at his disposal.

So how come this one gets lumped into the Wave/Progressive bins at radio stations and record stores and doesn't wind up denting the Top 100? Maybe because no rock critic has figured out how to review this brilliant piece of vinyl yet, other than to point up the Bowie/Crimson/Zappa connections which are totally irrelevant.

—David Harrison



VCU Jazz Orchestra 1: The Tattooed Bride

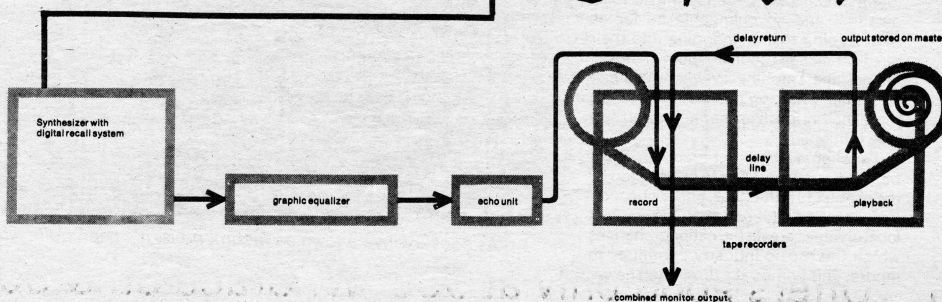
After walking away with the top honors at the Langley and Notre Dame jazz festivals, the director of VCU Jazz Orchestra 1, Doug Richards, thought it would be a great experience for the group to make a record. But what started out as a learning venture became one of the hottest big band albums released this year.

From beginning to end, *The Tattooed Bride* is filled with top notch performances and letter perfect arrangements. The selection covers a broad range of styles and makes for a beautifully paced LP that never becomes boring or repetitive.

No singular performance stands out. The players support and compliment each other at all times, and shine, not as soloists, but as an ensemble. The most amazing quality of *The Tattooed Bride* is its ability to steal the interest of the most avid jazz enthusiast, as well as to serve as an excellent introduction to those who have yet to try jazz.

Limited quantities of this album are available at Back Alley Disc and the new VCU Music Center.

—John Burke

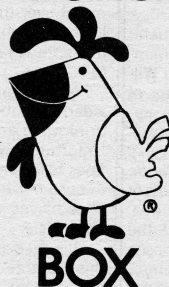




CLIP & SAVE



CHICKEN



935 W. Grace St.
355-CHIC

3000 Third Avenue
329-4707

CHICKEN

4 pc. Chicken Dinner

4 pcs. chicken, french fries,
roll, slaw \$3.17

Chicken Dinner

3 pcs. chicken, french fries,
roll 2.98

Chicken Snack

2 pcs. chicken, french fries,
roll 1.91

Chicken Only

21 pcs. 11.21
15 pcs. 8.41
9 pcs. 5.05
6 pcs. 3.74
Breasts & Thighs88
Legs60
Wings47

Sandwiches

Chicken Sandwich (boneless) 1.55
Pork Bar-B-Q 1.45
Flounder Sandwich 1.55
Crabcake Sandwich93
Oyster Sandwich 1.03

Drinks

Soft Drinks37, .47, .57, .65
Coffee & Tea37, .47, .57
Milk37
Frozen Yogurt37, .75, .93, 1.13
Beer47

SEAFOOD

Flounder Dinner

1 pc. jumbo flounder, french
fries, slaw, roll \$2.24

Fish & Chips Tray

3 pcs. pollock fillet,
steak fries 2.19

Jumbo Shrimp Dinner

5 jumbo shrimp, french fries,
slaw, roll 3.56

Shrimp Basket Dinner

1-9 oz. shrimp basket, fries,
slaw, roll 3.97

Oyster Dinner

5 oysters, french fries, slaw,
roll 3.56

Clam Dinner

1 bag clams, french fries,
slaw, roll 2.38

Side Orders

French Fries57, 1.13
Steak Fries93
Salads47, 1.13
Onion Rings93, 1.63
Rolls10
Corn-on-the-cob57
Livers, gizzards 1.91, 2.43
Turnovers47



Call 355-CHIC for special group prices
FOR THE BEST, COME TO THE BOX



<p>COUPON</p> <p>FISH & CHIPS TRAY</p> <p>25¢ SALE</p> <p>Buy One Fish & Chips Tray At Reg. Price Get A Second For Only</p> <p>25¢</p> <p>Limit 1 Per Customer Offer Expires 9/12/82</p>	<p>COUPON</p> <p>CHICKEN DINNER</p> <p>25¢ SALE</p> <p>Buy One Chicken Dinner At Reg. Price Get A Second For Only</p> <p>25¢</p> <p>Limit 1 Per Customer Offer Expires 9/12/82</p>	<p>COUPON</p> <p>CHICKEN SANDWICH</p> <p>25¢ SALE</p> <p>Buy One Big Chic Sandwich (Fresh Boneless Breast) At Reg. Price Get A Second For Only</p> <p>25¢</p> <p>Limit 1 Per Customer Offer Expires 9/12/82</p>	<p>COUPON</p> <p>PEPSI</p> <p>25¢ SALE</p> <p>Buy Any Size Soft Drink At Reg. Price, Get A Second For Only</p> <p>25¢</p> <p>Limit 1 Per Customer Offer Expires 9/12/82</p>	<p>COUPON</p> <p>25¢ SALE</p> <p>Buy Any Order Of Livers & Gizzards At Regular Price, Get A Second For Only</p> <p>25¢</p> <p>Limit 1 Per Customer Offer Expires 9/12/82</p>	<p>COUPON</p> <p>SAVE \$1.00</p> <p>On Any PARTY PAK 9 Pcs. Chicken</p> <p>Limit 1 Per Customer Offer Expires 9/12/82</p>
--	--	---	---	---	--

Please Present Coupon Before Ordering

Offers good only at 935 W. Grace St. & 3000 Third Ave.

CALENDAR

Hi. This is where the Calendar is supposed to be, but there's really not much going on VCU-wise until the fall semester begins, and it seems kind of silly to try to fill up that space by telling you what's going on in Tidewater and DC because if you wanted that kind of information you could find out with a phone call.

There are a few things going on which deserve at least a mention. One is a **vigil for the Equal Rights Amendment**, to be held on Women's Equality Day, August 26, from noon to 1 pm at the Federal Courthouse (10th and Main streets) here in our fair city. This shindig is being brought to you by the Virginia Equal Rights Amendment Ratification Council, optimists that they are.

In a different vein, but just as worthy of mention, is the **return of Black Flag** to the Casablanca on August 30. They'll be in town for an evening of punk complete with psychotic skinheads who derive the kind of joy from their own dancing that the kamikaze pilots derived at Pearl Harbor. It's like a demolition derby with real-

istic sound but no cars. As John Cale says, "fear is a man's best friend."

Also in the planning stage department: Rumours are flying that a campus organization is **seriously negotiating with William Greider**, National Affairs Editor of *Rolling Stone*, for an early October appearance. Greider, you may recall, was the reporter who interviewed Reagan's Budget Boy David Stockman in *Atlantic Monthly* with the interview causing lots of embarrassment and outrage for Reagan, Stockman et al. Greider replaced the legendary, eccentric Dr. Hunter S. Thompson at *Rolling Stone* and distinguishes himself from his predecessor by writing not only regularly but coherently.

Speaking of coherent, how about some academic dates and deadlines. **Final Registration** (sounds ominous, huh?) for fall semester is August 24-27 in the lovely Mosque Ballroom. **Add-Drop and Late Registration** runs from August 30 to September 3. My question is: How can you have final registration if late registration occurs later?

Summer Not A Cultural Void

For those lucky enough to be in Richmond over the summer, and those unlucky enough to actually live here, summer entertainment was more than plentiful.

For cultural types, Dogwood Dell provided a number of mini-extravaganzas to drink wine and nibble French bread to. Unfortunately, there are those of us confined to the Fan who thus must seek ways to curb our insatiable appetites for darkened dives, cold Black Label and raunchy music.

This was provided quite adequately this summer, the highlight being the final "Benny-fit" July 25. Michael Woodall collected his thoughts and friends to put on eight bands beginning at 3 pm and not clocking out until 2 am. The Hammerheads and Ortho-Tonics (replete with new bassist) provided most of the excitement and The Good Guys mopped up.

Since Journey skipped Richmond on their summer tour, locals had to make do with the Dead Kennedys, who played

Casablanca July 23. Of course they played all their hits—"California Uber Alles" et al.

VCU Concerts had to overcome some early rain problems, but once they got going—well... you know. The best time all summer had to be the big Saturday concert they did featuring the Hooters from Philly, the Good Guys, the Awareness Art Ensemble and the 90-plus temperature, which made it great brew-sloping weather.

For the quiet ones, the Biograph Theatre put on a summer-long program of RKO Pictures. Featured were great double features like *Top Hat* and *Damsel In Distress* as well as the original *The Thing* and *Cat People*.

Other summer highlights included my friend Bob's party on his third floor balcony and the swell cartoons Donald showed Saturday afternoon, July 24, especially the Kimba The Lion ones. Other than that, it was business as usual in the Capitol City.

—Lori Blackmon

CLASSIFIEDS

Attention

NEED CREDIT? Information on receiving Visa, Mastercard, with no credit check. Other cards available. Free brochure call Personal Credit Service: (602) 946-6203, Ext. 745.

Buy, Sell, Trade thousands of new and pre-owned LPs and singles; pop, New Wave, Hard Core, Post-Punk, Jazz, etc. The Record Exchange, 1 N. Morris St. in the parking lot of the Hull St. Outlet. Top cash paid for your used tunes. Look for the brown awning.

RICHMOND TOUR TO CHINA—March 5-23, 1983, sponsored by US-China Peoples Friendship Association, hosted by All China Youth Federation. 16 days in China, optional stay in Japan. Travel by train from Peking to Jinan, Nanjing, Suzhou, Hangzhou and Shanghai. Many opportunities to meet Chinese citizens and see the real treasures of China. \$2680 from New York; tour limited to 18; call now: Jill Dye 266-2239, evenings.

DIVORCED PARENTS! We are offering \$25 for filling out divorce related questionnaires in your home. The Divorce Adjustment Project is interested in collecting this information from women, with children between 8-13 years old, who have been divorced/separated for 2 years or less. Please call a D.A.P. staff member at 257-8069.

PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:

BLACK FLAG
AT THE CASABLANCA
Mon. Aug. 30th
TICKETS: \$5 at
PLAN 9 RECORDS
2915 W. Cary

BIG DOG
be 18-ID Required.

TV PARTY—WE'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO • Must

PROFESSIONAL TYPING SERVICE—Research papers, dissertations, reports, resumes, applications, correspondence. Quality typing on an IBM word processor or Correcting Selectric. Call BEST SECRETARIAL SERVICES at 285-8164.

Wanted

Part time employee wanted to put up posters on campus now and during 1982-83. 2-10 hours/month, \$4.50/hr. Send name, address, phone #, class yr., etc. to Mr. Fenton, 152 Temple St., #701, New Haven, CT. 06510.

WANTED: Male and female singers and performers to work for prominent telegram co. part time. Flexible schedules, day or evening, nights or weekends. Very good pay. Transportation a must. Contact Barbara Blakely, Manager. 353-5446, 353-4731.

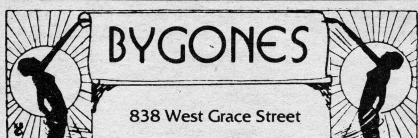
To Rent

2 apts. in house with separate entrances. Upstairs: 2 bdrms., lg. bath, kitchen, living room. /Downstairs: 1 bdr., lg. bath, kitchen, lg. yard, corner lot, newly decorated. Call after 7:30 pm. 747-1518.

For Sale

1974 Datsun B210. Excellent condition, Very economical. \$1400.

Les Paul copy guitar—\$65. Thomas organ—Artist model—\$200. 1953 Dodge 2 door—\$500. 1963 Impala one door—\$50. Canadian Snowshoes—\$25. Call 355-4387.

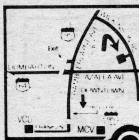


838 West Grace Street

VINTAGE CLOTHING AND COLLECTIBLES, ETC.

Hours: Mon-Sat. 11-6 PH. 355-8957

Get Together At Woodcreek!



The contemporary adult apartment community where there's always something happening.

Your social life can take on new meaning when you live at Woodcreek. Our chalet room is the focus for a complete program of adult recreation and events. Of course there's swimming and tennis, too! And even platform tennis (you should try it!).

Model Apartment Now Open
Phone 780-3977

Exit I-95 at US 301, then south to Azalea Avenue. East on Azalea to Wilkinson, then left to entrance. Rental office at 5701 Pony Farm Drive. Only 6 miles to MCV and VCU!



THE BRUNSWICK ART COMPANY
Seven South Brunswick Street

35% OFF LIST
All Grumbaker Oil Pastels
All Grumbaker Oils, Acrylics, and Water Colors
45% OFF LIST
All Grumbaker Brushes
35% OFF LIST
Paint Sticks (Pro. Grade)
*Stonehenge 65¢ a Sheet
*Liquitex Gesso \$16.00 Per Gallon
*Turpentine \$2.40 Per Qt.
*Canvass 48" \$2.00/Yd.
*Prismacolor Pencils 30¢ Ea.
(Prices subject to change without notice.)

RESEARCH PAPERS

10,278 on file — all subjects

Send \$1.00 (refundable) for your up-to-date, 340 page, mail order catalog

We also provide research in all fields. Thesis and dissertation assistance available

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Ave., #206F
Los Angeles, Calif 90025
(213) 477-8226 or 477-8227

Station break

FAMILY AMUSEMENT CENTER

**Show Your
Student ID Card
And Receive An
Associate Card**

904 W. Grace St.

Coupon Expires 9/30/82
Limit 1 Free Game Per Person

CT 8/24/82

FREE GAME COUPON

Good for one play on any game at any Station-Break

We reserve the right to limit the number of coupons redeemed per person
© 1979 TOFAC, Inc. Station-Break is a trademark of TOFAC, Inc. SB-18-00-000

**TOP CASH *PLUS
for USED TEXTBOOKS**

Lloyd's

**VIRGINIA
BOOK
COMPANY**

**SELL
YOUR
BOOKS**

THURSDAY, AUG. 26
THRU THURSDAY, SEPT. 2
ALL DAY—EVERY DAY

***PLUS FOR EACH
\$10) WORTH OF BOOKS
WE PURCHASE FROM
YOU (\$10 MINIMUM) —
YOU GET A "50¢ OFF"
COUPON ON YOUR
NEXT PURCHASE OF
NOTEBOOKS &
SUPPLIES**

**WE ACCEPT
TRADE—INS
TOWARD PURCHASE
OF FALL TEXTS
ANYTIME!**

406 N. Shafer St.

PHONE: 353-2734

**WELCOME
FALL 1982**

**VIRGINIA
BOOK
COMPANY**

Lloyd's

**FALL SPECIAL
80 PAGE/1 SUBJECT
NOTEBOOK
99¢**

PHONE 353-2734

SPECIAL HOURS

MONDAY AUG 30-THURSDAY SEPT 2
TUESDAY SEPT 7-THURSDAY SEPT 9

9AM-9PM

FRIDAYS 9AM-6PM
SATURDAYS 9AM-1PM

**YOUR
ALTERNATIVE SOURCE
for**

**NEW AND CLEAN, USED TEXTS
NOTEBOOKS & SUPPLIES
BACKPACKS, DICTIONARIES
AND MORE**

406 N. SHAFER ST

(2 BLOCKS TOWARD BROAD STREET
FROM SHAFER COURT)

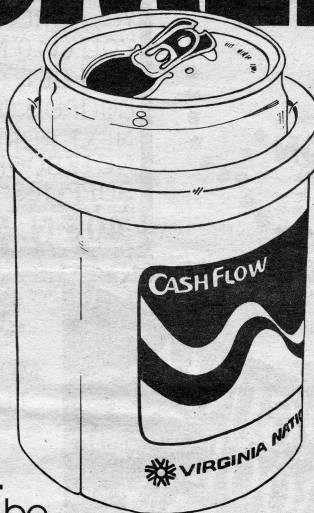
CAN YOU SPARE A MOMENT?

If you CAN, we've got something to show you.

Beginning Monday, August 30, we'll be giving demonstrations at our CashFlow® teller located in the Hibbs Building.

Demonstrators will be standing by from Monday, August 30 through Friday, September 3, and from Tuesday, September 7 through Friday, September 10. The hours will be 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day.

In the minute or two it takes for a demonstration, you CAN learn the ins and



outs of today's banking. And see firsthand how a CashFlow teller and you CAN handle your routine banking transactions with ease.

Let one of our demonstrators show you how you CAN have access to 24-hour banking, and we'll give you an ice-cold cola in a VCU styrofoam CAN holder.

So take a minute and drop by the Hibbs Building for a CashFlow demonstration. It CAN really make a difference in your banking.



VIRGINIA NATIONAL BANK

Member FDIC