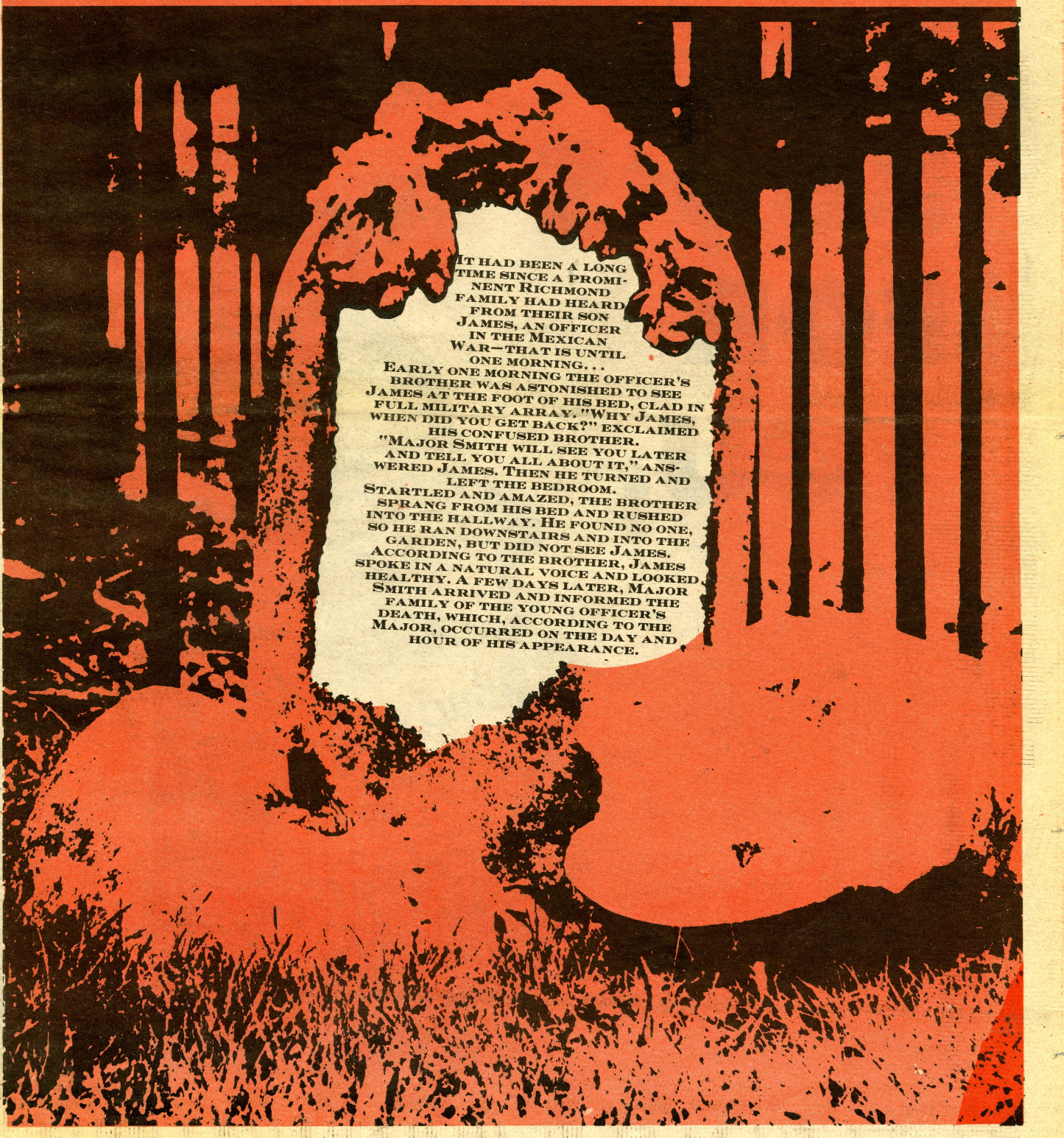


COMMONWEALTH TIMES

Vol. 16, No. 8

October 25-31, 1983



IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE A PROMINENT RICHMOND FAMILY HAD HEARD FROM THEIR SON JAMES, AN OFFICER IN THE MEXICAN WAR—THAT IS UNTIL ONE MORNING...

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STARTLED AND AMAZED, THE BROTHER SPRANG FROM HIS BED AND RUSHED INTO THE HALLWAY. HE FOUND NO ONE, SO HE RAN DOWNSTAIRS AND INTO THE GARDEN, BUT DID NOT SEE JAMES.

ACCORDING TO THE BROTHER, JAMES SPOKE IN A NATURAL VOICE AND LOOKED HEALTHY. A FEW DAYS LATER, MAJOR SMITH ARRIVED AND INFORMED THE FAMILY OF THE YOUNG OFFICER'S DEATH, WHICH, ACCORDING TO THE MAJOR, OCCURRED ON THE DAY AND HOUR OF HIS APPEARANCE.

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Commonwealth Times

By Mary Margaret Keaton

October 25-31, 1983

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Russian Artists Exhibit Souls At Anderson

By David Henley and Nelson Williams

"To be Jewish is a burden and it's a boring burden. We try to escape it by looking at the world of art," said Russian artists Vitaly Komar and Aleksandr Melamid.

The Komar and Melamid show began here last Wednesday when the two Soviet dissident artists, whose works are being shown at the Anderson Art Gallery through Nov. 9, spoke at the symposium on "Anti-Semitism in America."

Komar and Melamid first met over a half-liter of vodka in the Moscow Morgue while attending the Stroganov Institute, a Soviet art school. According to Jamey Gambrell, their interpreter, the artists were subjected to "hours upon hours of plaster-cast drawing, graphics, oil painting, both sculptural and industrial three-dimensional work with materials ranging from clay to iron, and obligatory drill by rote in the history of art."

At this time in Russia, Western artistic influences had been filtering into the country sporadically. In material prepared for the show, Gambrell said the artists "attribute much of their further development to the quirky nature of the introduction of modernism they received at the institute."

After graduation, Komar and Melamid, like most Soviet artists, began work for the Youth Commission of the Union of Artists. But in private they collaborated on works which satirized governments, leaders and heroes. Their early "Double Self Portrait," modelled from medallions of Lenin and Stalin, contained their own profiles instead.

Melvyn B. Nathanson, in his book, *Komar/Melamid*, said that Melamid while painting a sign for the Youth Commission one day, became frustrated

with the constant propaganda-oriented tasks. In place of the usual heroic portrait of Stalin he had been assigned to paint, he put his father's face.

The pair were expelled from the Youth Commission in December of 1972 "for distortion of Soviet reality and non-conformity with the principles of Socialist realism."

Thus began "Sots Art," or "Socialist Art," a Russian spinoff of Western pop art. Nathanson said the artists saw that Pop art lampoons Western overproduction and consumption and wanted to do the same. But in Russia the only thing that is overproduced, they reasoned, is propaganda. So they painted the "Laika" cigarette box, with the likeness of ill-fated Soviet space dog. They put up huge red banners with familiar Communist Party slogans and sign their own names to them.

In 1974 Moscow police rumbled through an "unofficial" art exhibit in which the two were participating. The incident received worldwide press coverage and attention. It also led to a period of relative freedom for artists, Melamid said.

The artists explained that the KGB at the time was involved in a fierce power struggle with the police and jumped at the chance to use the bad press against them. Once the KGB came into power, however, they clamped back down on the art community tightly.

But Komar and Melamid put the lax artistic time to good use by smuggling many of their works out of the country. In February of 1978 their friend Nathanson arranged a show for them at the Feldman Gallery in New York City.

Though the artists admitted their family

and friends thought this a very dangerous thing to do, they said they were not really worried. They counted on the continuing notoriety of the Bulldozer show.

"Only a reputation in the West and the attention of foreign correspondents would protect the artists once the show opened," Nathanson said. The show, he said, was a great success and drew large crowds and much critical acclaim.

The following year, Komar and Melamid said they applied for and received permission to emigrate to Israel. To mark the end of what they called their "Russian period," the pair erected a pyramid-shaped red temple on a hill overlooking Jerusalem. In it they burned the suitcases they had carried out of the Soviet Union.

"Suitcases," Melamid said, "are very hard to burn. It takes a lot of gasoline." With the temple, "we made quick history, like instant coffee," Komar said.

Although they are now Israeli citizens, they lived in Israel for only a year and a half, they said, before they came back to New York.

"We decided to be truly capitalists," they said, "selling 'American souls at a great profit,'" he said.

"We don't do so well selling American souls in America," he said. "Everyone wants imports." Nor could they get any Russian souls out of the Soviet Union. "We had some trouble with customs," he said. Komar added that the Soviet Union "doesn't often give up souls once it has them."

The team then moved on to their next capitalistic adventure, a factory to manufacture circles, squares and triangles.

"But we believed that in order to produce a pure Melamid explained. "We went into the business of buying and

virgins' were hired in our factory. Virgins are very selling human souls."

Using slides to describe their work during their talk at the symposium, they showed several pictures of "certificates" they had to prove they owned the souls. The previous owners sold their souls for various amounts and signed the "deeds."

"You can see they are very nice souls," Melamid said. They have a number of the souls on display at the Anderson Gallery, along with a letter the artists wrote to God when "some questions of legal ownership came up."

A friend back in Moscow auctioned some of the souls for them selling "American souls at a great profit," he said.

"We don't do so well selling American souls in America," he said. "Everyone wants imports." Nor could they get any Russian souls out of the Soviet Union. "We had some trouble with customs," he said. Komar added that the Soviet Union "doesn't often give up souls once it has them."

The team then moved on to their next capitalistic adventure a factory to manufacture circles, squares and triangles.

"But we believed that in order to produce a pure product," Komar said, "only pure hands could touch it. Only virgins were hired in our factory. Virgins are very hard to find in the West."

The artists next went to Crete where they said they found the remains of a Minotaur, the legendary beast with the body of a man and the head of a bull. "We have to admit, though," Melamid said, "we found the head at some distance from the body. Not much—just a mile or two."

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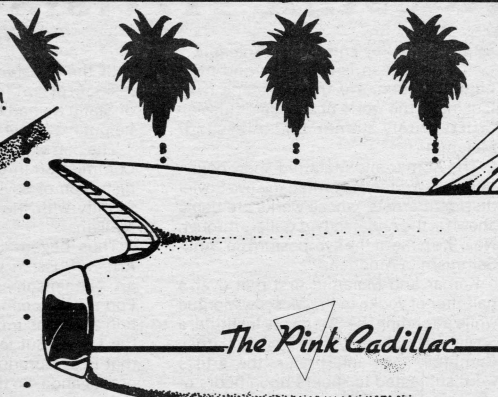
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Programming Committee

ALTERNATIVE FILMS

Oct. 27 *The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant* Warner Fassbinder (German, 1972). A tragic-comedy love story disguised as a lesbian slumber party in high-camp drag. Music by Verdi and The Platters. Mad love! Considered his most controversial work, Fassbinder subtitled *Petra* "An Image of Sickness." \$1.50 students \$2.00 non-students

Oct. 30 *Maitresse* scheduled for Sunday, Oct. 30 in School of Business auditorium has been cancelled. Instead a double feature will be shown: *Swept Away*—Lina Wertmüller (Italian, 1975). A successful fusion of Wertmüller's favorite themes—sex and politics that explodes into a fierce battle of the sexes. A rich, acid-tongued Milanese charts a yacht and is marooned on an isolated island with the swarthy Sicilian deckhand. The story of their tumultuous courtship. (Giancarlo Gianini)

Going Places—Bertrand Blier (French, 1974). A controversial film, *Going Places* follows the exploits of two drifters who steal cars, molest women, and terrorize people for a laugh.

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Oct. 28 5-7 pm VCU Concerts and SPE present Mod Subs and Prevaricators in Shafer Court.

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SPECIAL EVENTS COMMITTEE

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Judaism, Christianity In 'Love/Hate Relationship'

By Scott Cannady

The anti-semitism discussion at Beth Abahab Goldberg Auditorium on Oct. 18 brought out strong sentiments between the participants and an interested Richmond audience. The symposium, entitled "Anti-Semitism in America," gave an historical overview as well as Catholic, Protestant and Jewish perspectives on the origin and nature of anti-semitism.

Dr. James Smylie, Presbyterian professor of church history at Union Theological Seminary, gave the Protestant overview. "We cannot rid ourselves of this dark side of our history," he said, referring to past anti-semitic atrocities.

He raised the audience's emotional level when he referred to Israel and its illegal "nation-state building," and said that "Israel is making victims of the Palestinians."

"The Jewish charge of anti-semitism is

a weapon for Israel to illegally and violently occupy middle east territories," he charged, causing some members of the audience to leave the auditorium in disgust.

Bishop Walter Sullivan of the Catholic Diocese in Richmond commented on anti-semitism and supported the role of the Catholic Church towards Jews. Sullivan said that he grew up in a Catholic environment and was never taught to look on Jews as inferior in the eyes of God.

Dr. Eugene Fisher, an expert on Judaism and Hebrew culture from New York University and author of numerous books and articles on the subject, gave a brief overview on Christian anti-semitism.

"Anti-semitism is no longer in any sense confined to the limits of Christianity. It has indeed been created into a very secular form that is totally outside the

control of Christian churches," he said.

He added that Christian thought toward Jews is both "ambiguous" and a "love/hate relationship." He said that anti-semitism didn't begin in Christianity but in the pagan rituals of the Greek and Roman cultures. Fisher said the Jews in the ancient world were considered strange folk, treasonous, atheists and were barred from society for refusing to worship the Roman emperor and practicing monotheism.

He also mentioned that the origins of Christianity are rooted in Judaism, citing that Jesus Christ was a Jew and many Christian rituals have their origin in early Jewish philosophy. "The two movements [Christianity and Judaism] come from the same biblical roots," Fisher stated. "New Testament authors do not call the Bible anything more than the Bible," reiterating the fact that both Hebrews

and Gentiles consider the Old Testament the sacred word of God. Fisher then posed the question, "Why such a tragic split? What layed the seeds for the animosity and ill feelings that led to violence in later centuries?"

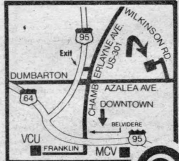
He refrained from a definitive answer, but posed more questions. "The problem is raised, why aren't we all Jews? Who was going to be the definitive interpreter of scripture?"

In summary, Fisher made the point that after the extermination of the Jews by the Nazis in WWII, the papacy reiterated the belief that the Jews are "the people of God" and should be treated as special in the eyes of God and therefore in the eyes of the Catholic Church.

The Jewish response was given by Rabbi Mark Volk, of the Masada Hillel at VCU. Volk dismissed religious differences and concentrated on the equality and similarities of man.

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Situation Of Blacks, Jews 'Worsened,' Speaker Says

By David Henley

According to Dr. Robert G. Weisbord, a University of Rhode Island history professor, "Blacks may have derived a certain amount of satisfaction in joining the whites in their hostilities toward Jews, but similarly, Jews derive satisfaction from joining in hostility against blacks."

Weisbord, author of "Bittersweet Encounter: The Afro-American and the American Jew," was the featured speaker last Wednesday night at the symposium, "Anti-Semitism in America," sponsored by the Foundation for Humanities and Public Policy and VCU's Judaic Culture Committee.

Blacks and Jews, Weisbord said, worked closely together to overcome discrimination throughout much of the first half of this century. In the 40s, he said, there was even a Jewish president of the National Association for the Advancement of

Colored People.

The race riots of the 60s changed all that. Though blacks and Jews were neighbors in many of the same ghettos, he said, much of the damage caused by rioting blacks was to stores owned by Jews.

Since that time, "the situation between blacks and Jews has worsened," Weisbord said, due in large part to events in the Middle East.

"If we were to look for a dramatic watershed... it would be in the wake of the Six-Day War," in the Mid-East.

The war resulted in "a new configuration of power," in the area, he said. "Because of the magnitude of the Israeli victory, David appeared to be Goliath. And there was nothing in black experience to cause them to identify with a Goliath."

These events, in turn, contributed to another "bone of contention," Israeli's

relations with South Africa. As African states severed ties with Israel, they also began to complain that the Jews were being overly friendly to South Africa, seen as a major enemy to all blacks.

The Israeli response, Weisbord said, is that they are being subjected to a double standard. Even black African states met and traded with, and even sold weapons to South Africa.

Leaders on both sides have added to bad feelings between blacks and Jews also, Weisbord said, though usually unintentionally with "stupid, insensitive comments."

Jesse Jackson asked to be allowed to mediate between Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin and the PLO's Yassar Arafat but was turned down, Weisbord said, because Begin did not want to give Arafat that much credence. This move insulted many blacks.

But Jackson met with Arafat anyway, and then flew to Israel to try to get a hearing. On the way there, however, Jackson made the comment that he was "sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust."

What was troubling Jackson, according to Weisbord, was that millions of Africans had died in American slave ships crossing the Atlantic and no memorial had ever been erected to them, but a monument honoring the victims of Hitler's death camps had been erected in Washington, D.C.

Israeli leaders have committed similar faux pas, he said. In trying to explain that the U.S. needed to spend more on its armed forces, Moshe Dayan said, "most of the soldiers are blacks who have a lower education and intelligence... the Army ought to be attracting better blood and brains."

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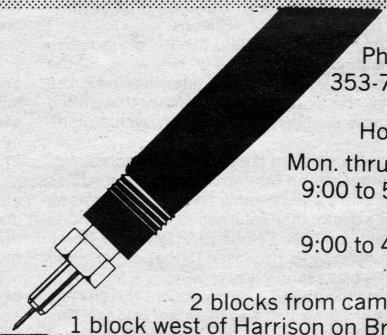
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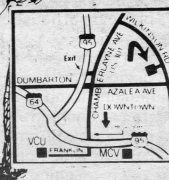


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Commonwealth Times

Ghosts Emerge At Halloween

By Robert Bell

If popular belief has its way, more spirits terrify the Old Dominion than sit on the local ABC store shelf. Fortunately the late Marguerite DuPont Lee picked up where the legends left off. Her book, *Virginia Ghosts*, documents over 100 legends—including the one on page one—from the Shenandoah Valley to the Eastern Shore of things that go bump in the night.

Although she spent only her summers in Virginia, Lee became intrigued with psychic phenomena within the state. It wasn't until her later years that the author became obsessed with recording Virginia's ghouls.

While gathering the information, the Delaware native was Virginian enough to realize the stories were, for the most part, legendary. At the same time, however, Lee believed strongly that underlying all the tales that drifted her way was some genuine, inexplicable psychic manifestation.

Virginia Ghosts reads right out of a "That's Incredible!" script. John, Kathy Lee and Fran would be amazed at tales of a distraught sailor's wife who killed herself after hearing of her husband's death, then returned to their Alexandria abode for an appearance. Or one of a Culpeper home which was terrorized by its deceased former owner when he learned that a black family was moving in.

It's all there and Richmond is no exception. The city has as many ghosts hovering about as there are colors in this autumn season. So grab a friend this Halloween, turn out the lights and read about some not-so-native Virginians.



Pumpkins, tombstones, goblins and ghouls are signs of the arrival of All Hallow's Eve.

Caught Between The Sheets

The old brick homestead that once belonged to the Hawes family at 506 E. Leigh St. was a big colonial house of many large rooms and long passages.

Marion Harland recalled a stormy night many years ago when her family lived there. She had decided to retire for the evening. After extinguishing the hanging lamp in the front hall, she carried a smaller lamp to her bedroom. As Marion closed the door behind her, she saw a small woman with a tortoise shell comb in her hair glide noiselessly along the wall and disappear upon reaching the window.

The startled young lady dashed into her parents' bedroom and said, "If there is any such thing as a ghost, I have seen one."

"What?" asked her father.

"I have seen a ghost."

Putting his hand on her head, the father said, "I know it, my child, but we will have no more of it tonight. I will go to your room with you."

The next morning after breakfast, Mr. Harland took Marion aside and told her to keep what she had seen to herself. Later Mrs. Harland and Marion's younger sister witnessed the same apparition—tortoise shell comb and all.

It wasn't until several other members of the family saw the woman hovering through the house that Mr. Harland confessed to his year-long knowledge of the spirit. "One windy November night, I had gone to bed as usual before your mother. I lay with closed eyes listening to the wind and the rain when somebody touched my feet. Hands were laid lightly upon them, were lifted lightly and laid in the same way on my knees and so on until they lay more heavily upon my chest and I felt someone was looking into my face."

"Up to that moment, I had not a doubt that it was your mother arranging the covers to keep out draughts. I opened my eyes to thank her. She was not there! I raised myself on my elbow and looked towards the fireplace. Your mother was deep in her book."

The father went on to say that the apparition carried on her peculiar fetish over a year. But he cautioned his family about mentioning their experiences to the servants or anyone else. "Better burn the house down than attempt to sell it any time within the next 50 years with a ghost story

found. Halloween is a good time to recall the Phantom of Franklin Street.

Capt. Jeffry Montague and his wife lived a relatively normal turn-of-the-century life in Richmond before one night in 1908. The captain left his rented home at 319 E. Franklin St. during the week for a good day's work across the street as the *Richmond News Leader's* city editor. But Saturday nights were reserved for the Westmoreland Club, where neighbors met to catch the gossip of the week. Imagine their surprise when Montague related this tale:

"My wife slept in the back room, and I ate at the front of the house in the top story. The door in the partition wall between the two rooms was open, doors of both rooms into the hall were open, the windows both front and rear were open."

He was awakened around 2:30 am, he said, by a "roaring sound," which sounded like an east-bound automobile on Franklin Street travelling at high speed. Suddenly he felt as if someone else was in the room—a burglar, he guessed. "I opened my eyes just enough for vision," he said, "standing about a yard from the foot of my bed was the figure of a woman. The head and shoulders were distinctly outlined, but the rest was a white blur."

Montague said he first thought the figure was his wife, a frequent sleepwalker. "I had always heard it was dangerous to awaken a sleepwalker suddenly. Therefore, I kept perfectly still and watched the figure through eyelids almost closed. The figure stood another five or 10 seconds, apparently looking at me, then turned and moved towards one of the two front windows, the one farthest from my bed.

Upon reaching the window, the figure inclined its head and looked over the top blind onto the street. Then Montague gently murmured his wife's name, "Hally." Instantly the figure sank to the floor and into the night.

He sprang from his bed, lit a lamp and searched the entire room, finding nothing. Then he raced into his wife's room, saying, "Hally, are you here?"

"Where else should I be at this time of night?" she responded.

"Weren't you in my room just now looking out the

window?"

"I certainly was not. Your light woke me up. What is the matter with you?"

Then Montague figured he had seen a ghost. The two went into his room where he convinced her to follow the ghost's path. The white of Hally's nightgown wasn't even visible, and she couldn't reach the top blind to look out.

They later learned that a Mrs. Charles O'Brien Cawardin had died in the room several years before they moved in. Montague believed to his death that he had seen her ghost that night.

Footsteps In The Governor's Mansion

Despite several renovations, the Governor's Mansion has stood on the same corner of Capitol Square since Thomas Jefferson first lived there in 1779, its tall, iron fence protecting the property. But according to legend, the fence isn't doing a good job.

When Andrew J. Montague was elected governor in 1902, he invited Robert Lynch and Dr. Horace Hoskins to stay with his family in the mansion. One evening both Lynch and Dr. Hoskins were awakened by the sound of footsteps and the swish of a silk skirt. The young men jumped from their beds and followed the sound down the hallway and down the stairs until the sound drifted off.

Early the next morning, the gentlemen related their eerie tale to the governor's wife. Mrs. Montague, careful not to alarm her children, called the mansion's long-standing butler, Winston, aside and asked him if he had ever heard of apparitions being seen in the house.

After having the word explained, Winston replied, "Yes, during Governor McKinney's day."

The butler explained that one August day, the former Governor McKinney came home from a day at the Capitol to find a young lady sitting by the window in the same room Lynch and Hoskins heard the strange noises. Much astonished, the governor backed out of the room looking for his wife, whom, he hoped, would reveal the identity of the mysterious woman. "There was no young lady visitor," recalled Winston. And until the Lynch and Hoskins adventure, the ghost was never seen again.

'I'm Just A Housewife Like Everybody Else' Sister Graham Tells Past, Predicts Future

By Mary Margaret Keaton

Sister Graham is not the palmist I expected to find on Mechanicsville Pike. I had prepared myself for an olive-skinned and corpulent old woman in bangles and veils, black cats crawling her shoulders and generous bosom. I had expected her house to be a dark and musty hovel replete with crystal balls and swags of Indian gauze. I suppose I wanted the stereotypical gypsy.

But Sister Graham is light-skinned and petite, her only jewelry a simple gold wedding band. No veils shield her extraordinary green eyes which scanned my palms and studied my face. And although no cats crawled over her, her four children and several curly-haired nephews climbed aimlessly over my friend, Bob, as he waited for me in another room and watched "The Brady Bunch" on TV.

This palmist is mysterious nonetheless. Even her home is a bit strange. The standard brick rancher sets far from the turnpike flanked on one side by a used car lot. In the circular driveway rest two large cars, one a silver Cadillac, the other a yellow El Dorado. Lush foliage decorates the yard, along with two Virgin Mary birdbaths and a genuine black jockey.

The inside of the house has no room-dividing walls, save a partition between two bedrooms which openly rest behind sliding glass doors. It somehow appears akin to a warehouse-turned-mosque. The oversized sectional couch hides beneath yards of white cotton sheets, reflecting itself oddly in the dozens of mirrors in the room. Large portraits of Romanian women hang about to decorate the rest of the four walls. The identically-decorated bedrooms sport satin

sheets and tent-like canopies, one in burnt orange, the other in baby blue. A small Formica-topped table laden with religious statues stashed next to the kitchen awaits the palmist's clients.

Sister Graham greeted Bob, Sandy and me skeptically last Thursday. Although we had called earlier for an appointment, her mother, also a palmist, didn't relay the message. But she agreed to read my palm anyway—for \$20—and took me to the statue-laden table.

As I sat down, I became nervous that somehow I was flirting with danger. Perhaps it was those 12 years of parochial schools that made me think I was committing a mortal sin by seeing Sister Graham—and not telling her that my intent was really just a story for *Commonwealth Times*, not to know my future. Perhaps it was guilt, however Catholic, about ridiculing her and her colleagues on the drive to Mechanicsville. And maybe it was fear that this ordinary-looking woman could be for real.

I looked at the eight or nine statues as I sank into the gray vinyl chair. St. Teresa of Avila and the Infant Jesus peered down upon me and the Bible on the table. My heart began to race as Sister Graham asked me to open my palms for her.

She began my session with a prayer for good luck. Making the sign of the cross over my open hands, she said, "Good luck come to you." I was skeptical again, thinking the woman was a common shyster who was getting money from lost and lonely souls in search of assurance. But however logical I tried to be, Sister Graham managed to overpower me with some kind of psychic ability.

She first told me I was surrounded by people who "smile at my face but stab me in the back." In many ways that's true of my current situation, but back-stabbers can be found anywhere. A *lucky generalization*, I thought. Then she said I trust too easily. *That's true, too*, I thought, *but anyone could be that way*.

Still somewhat a non-believer, I was suddenly astounded by her next revelation of my present life: in remarkable detail, she described the men I see. *I've got to get out of here now*, I thought, *it's all much too scary*.

Sister Graham proceeded her reading without really looking at my palms, but mainly into my eyes. She told me about my family, about my career and my plans for it, about the man I would marry and how rich and powerful he would be. *Oh good*, I thought, *I hope this part is on the money*. But she also told me about sickness I would find and death in my family.

By the end of my session, I had gone through myriad emotions—fear, excitement, elation, sorrow. I was somewhat glad it ended, but I hadn't asked her the important questions, like where I would find this husband-to-be, whether he would be American, how I could avoid this "sickness" and when all of these things would happen. *Oh, God*, I thought, *I've become a believer. Do I give up the Church?*

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"Well, yes," I replied.

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"Certainly. Write it on this," she said as she retrieved a small pad and pen hidden behind St. Joseph.

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Photos (including page one) by Valerie Lane

A Hollywood Cemetery angel guards the ghosts of dead Richmonders.

Halloween

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Graham Tells Past, Predicts Future

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Photos (including page one) by Valerie Lane

A Hollywood Cemetery angel guards the ghosts of dead Richmonders.

The formal dedication will occur on Tuesday November 1st. from 10 am. to 12 noon. Dr. Edmund Ackell, President of VCU, has invited campus and community leaders to participate in an ALL STAR VOLLEYBALL GAME as a part of the dedication. A VCU student, faculty, and staff team will take the court against a team of city and state officials and other special guests.

NOVEMBER

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turn in entries between October 24-31 (noon); play is evenings, no fee
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NOVEMBER

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OFFICE OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES, UNIVERSITY STUDENT COMMONS,
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UNIVERSITY

VCU Wallops Howard, JMU

By Nelson Williams, Jr.

In doubleheader volleyball action last Thursday night at the Franklin Street Gym, VCU easily disposed of Howard University and James Madison University in straight games. The VCU women upped their record to 29-10 as they cruised by the Bisonettes of Howard 15-2, 15-6, and turned back the Dukes of James Madison 19-17, 15-5 in perhaps the most exciting match of the year.

Howard was outclassed from the start of the first match and fell behind 9-0 in the opening game. Head coach Wendy Wadsworth's team showed little mercy as they destroyed the Division I rival from Washington, D.C. with a systematic bump-set-spike attack.

Idealis Otero repeatedly placed perfect sets in the line of Towanda Robinson and Marcia Ball's spiking firepower. Robinson and Ball were a tough combination in the match and accounted for seven of the team's fifteen points in the first game. The VCU women won the opener 15-2 and went on to capture the second game 15-6 after falling behind 2-6 in the early going.

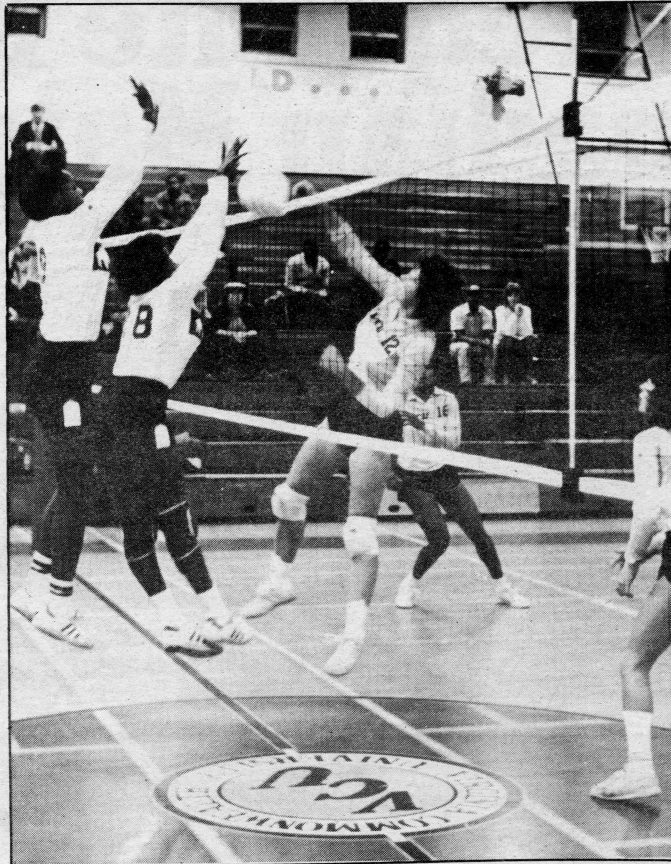
"We did play well against Howard," commented Wadsworth. "But that's expected. We work on staying tough, even when our opponents aren't too strong."

James Madison then edged Howard University 15-12 in the third and final game of their match, and the Dukes met the Lady Rams in the nightcap.

The Rams were slow to start and lost the opening serve on an error by sophomore Tonya Ayala. JMU gained a 1-0 advantage on the block of a VCU spike and the momentum was the Dukes'. Eight Ram miss-hits and a pair of Madison winner's later, the score was a lopsided 11-0 in JMU's favor, and VCU had all but conceded the first game of the match.

"The momentum was obviously JMU's," reflected Wadsworth. "And in a game of volleyball, momentum is so crucial. Down 11-0, we knew we had to steal it [the momentum] back."

The VCU women gained service at 0-11 on a sharp spike by Candice Somerville. The Lady Rams then proceeded to score six unanswered points with impressive setting and serving by Otero and Kelly Baker. JMU then scored a single point on a blocked spike before allowing the host team a streak of six unanswered points. The Rams knotted the score at twelve with a crucial spike coming off an assist



Marcia Ball powers ball through Howard University defense.

by the ever-present Otero.

The score was tied four more times, at 14, 15, 16 and 17. At 17-all, Robinson blocked a Madison spike and set up Ball's game-ending service winner.

In the second game, VCU carried the momentum and jumped out to a 14-0 lead on strong play by Ayala and weak serving by JMU. The Dukes challenged slightly at 14-5, but lost on an errant bump on the closing play.

"It was a phenomenal comeback," commented Wadsworth. "I feel we could

have won even if we would have eventually dropped the first game, too. The important thing is we never gave up."

Indeed, the Rams' never say die intensity keeps Wadsworth's team in many games they might otherwise lose.

"We definitely work on the mental part of the game," explained Wadsworth. "We have an edge in the close games. We have a stability because we've been there before."

Soccer Continues Woesome Ways

By Lorenzo Dock

The sour turn of events that began about a month ago when his team started losing and found it hard to start winning again continued last week for the Virginia Commonwealth University soccer team and coach Rosie Lundy.

There's an old sports philosophy that says 'You must first feel like a winner in order to be a winner.' There is also a second verse to that philosophy which states 'that's why everyone can't be a winner.'

The latter most probably stuck into the minds of the Rams as they dropped their tenth loss of the season to a well-coached Old Dominion University team by a score of 3-1 Tuesday.

The only excitement that VCU could muster came from former goalkeeper Commonwealth Times

turned midfielder Jay Thomas, who scored their only goal of the game. It was Thomas' third of the season since making the transition. The score pushed VCU out in front 1-0, but it didn't take the Monarchs long to retaliate as they tied the score shortly thereafter to knot the game at the half.

The second half belonged to the visitors, though, as the Monarchs half-stepped VCU with two unanswered goals and cruised to the victory.

A little over a week ago the Rams snapped their six game losing streak with a 5-2 victory over Virginia Military Institute. The win came one game after the school set a new record for most consecutive losses with six after a 4-2 setback by Randolph-Macon College.

The loss curbed VCU's record to 3-10

overall and 1-2 in the VIL west division. VCU is 2-7 at home, and 1-3 in road games.

The goal Thomas scored advanced him to third on the team in goals scored, one behind Abby O'Koth and four less than freshman sensation Kwang Dok Kim.

With three games remaining in the regular season (at William & Mary Oct. 23, Richmond Oct. 26, at Virginia Tech Oct. 30), the soccer team could sidestep their way into another school record. The Rams are closing in on their 1982 season record 12 losses.

With the difficult time they have in winning and considering the three tough opponents that await them, VCU could find themselves setting another pretty distasteful record.

Hockey Picks Up Three Wins

The VCU field hockey team partially made up for a weak first half of the season last weekend when they won the Pennsylvania Invitational Tournament by sweeping all three matches.

Coach Pat Stauffer, a native of Pennsylvania, was pleased with the outcome of the tournament, which included Ram victories over East Stroudsburg State, Franklin and Marshall and Millersville. But the coach pointed out that the event wasn't a piece of cake.

"It was tough playing Saturday after a seven hour drive up there Friday night, and we had a very difficult match with Franklin and Marshall," she said. "The match was very physical and although we don't have any major injuries going into this week, we have a lot of battered bodies."

The team participated in the Maryland Invitational tournament in College Park this past weekend, which pitted VCU (8-5), against the likes of host Maryland, Syracuse and Southern Illinois.

—Gordon Cain

VCU Baseball: "Is There A Doctor In the House?"

By Gordon Cain

If you ask baseball coach Tony Guzzo how his team is doing these days, the second-year Ram boss is likely to suggest you talk to the team physician to get a good answer. The doctor, you see, has seen more of the team than Guzzo.

"We have had a lot of injuries this fall, more than I've ever seen," Guzzo said. "Somebody told me the other day that we have had more stitches than the New York Ranger hockey team."

"We haven't been able to play one game this fall with all of our regulars on the field together. Fortunately, we have a great deal of depth partially due to a good crop of freshmen," he added.

Thus far, the injuries have involved pulled hamstrings, facial stitches, sprained thumbs and fingers, tendonitis, lost teeth and broken bones.

The most ironic injury of all, though, occurred to John Nowell, who was lost for the rest of the fall with a sore arm. Nowell was one of the team's leading hitters last year, but Guzzo moved him to pitcher because of a weakness there.

Nowell was lost after three no-hit innings against Old Dominion University.

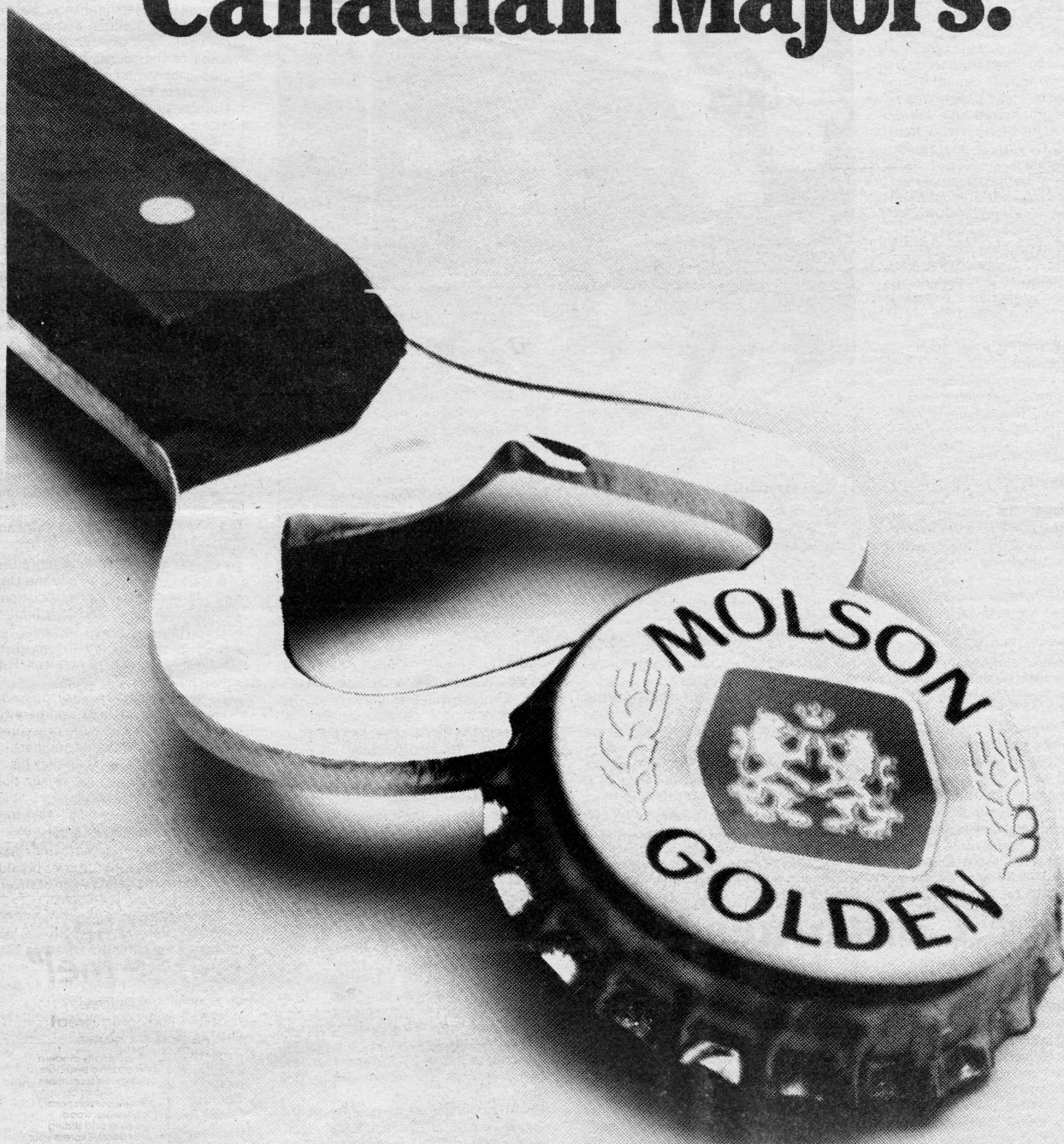
Despite all of the problems, Guzzo pointed to a split of four games last week, including victories over Longwood and Ferrum, as a sign of improvement.

"We lost to Virginia Tech to close out the week 2-2, but were satisfied with the results," Guzzo said.

Guzzo pointed out that his players are doing fine academically thus far this year, an improvement over last, when the team lost five players because of poor grades.

"Now, if only everybody could heal," he smiled.

Prerequisite for Canadian Majors.



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Morgan to Initialize VCU Track Club

By Paul Wallo

J.P. Morgan, first-year coach of the VCU cross country team, is working hard to organize a running club which will benefit the entire university.

With the first meeting to be held late this month or early in November, the VCU Track Club should kick off its inaugural season sometime in November.

According to Morgan, the group's main objective will focus on the overall health of its participants.

"We want to promote 'wellness,'" said Morgan. "Wellness is preventive medicine to keep yourself from getting run down. Running is a type of wellness," he said.

The group will be a student organization. As such, it has three goals which, according to Morgan, should boost the physical condition and morale of those who participate.

Beside the wellness theme, Morgan would like to stimulate recreational interaction within the university community, and provide a vehicle for club level competition.

In order to achieve these goals, the VCU Track Club will have to provide certain programs to get the runners started

toward working to a personal goal.

The group will hold lectures and workshops on running and jogging as well as regularly scheduled meetings. The workshops will familiarize the runner with the concepts of running and help him work with his particular strengths and weaknesses.

According to Morgan, the possibility of an annual field day exists. The event may be used as a vehicle to promote intra-university competition. In addition, Morgan said a road race might be held once the program is firmly established.

The program will also attempt to arrange competition between selected universities at "club level."

The cross country coach said the organization will have to raise limited funds in order to operate successfully.

"I think a \$5 fee for a year is minimal," he said. Because the organization is still in its infancy, Morgan hopes that the club will attract well.

"Our first promotion will be the distribution of mileage markers around the university for the walker, jogger or runner," Morgan said, indicating that he hopes the group can get some effective marketing.

"We'll have to get underway sometime other than the cross country season," said Morgan. "We can get greater exposure to what we do have available."

Availability will be the key word to the club. Morgan stressed that he welcomes all comers and hopes to eventually involve a large part of the university population.

"We have thirteen people interested already. If we could get 25-40 members [or more] I'd be very happy," Morgan said.

Morgan stressed that the club's underlying objective is fun.

"Everybody's a winner; everybody benefits out of this," he said.

To achieve a level of fun that all participants can enjoy, the training and running will be left, for the most part, up to the individual runner.

"There is no such thing as 'a' training program," Morgan said. "We'll give some general guidelines and help students find people to run with. We want a general concept of training."

To help the runners, Morgan hopes to obtain some films on running which would demonstrate some easy to learn training concepts.

When the club is officially organized,

Morgan said, two basic types of runners will most likely join.

"We're looking at the student interested in competition and the student interested in wellness," he said, indicating that he hopes the club will be attractive and accessible to both.

For the "staunch competitor," the inter-university races will provide good competition.

"It will be on a voluntary basis," began Morgan. "Anyone who wants to try out is welcome but tryouts are limited to club members only," he said.

Because the program will be multi-leveled, Morgan stated that those interested in training beyond the occasional "around the campus jog" should have a physical exam before taking on the extra strain of training.

The student who spends most of his or her time running to class, running to the dorm and running to dinner might find this club particularly rewarding.

"We'll give students running routes and put together different programs for all different levels of running," Morgan said with a chuckle.

the lack of exposure. He scraped his way through a year of playing in the Continental Basketball Association and proved to the NBA that he was a player.

If the promotional gimmicks pay off for Duncan, he will not have to toil in the trenches for a chance to play in the NBA, he will be one of the boys who settles a no-cut contract before he takes his first NBA shot.

Duncan has some outside help this year. Dick Vitale, basketball analyst for ESPN, has called Duncan the most underrated player in college basketball today. The Sporting News placed Duncan on their pre-season All-American list.

Baker plans on sending literature to members of the UPI, AP and the United States basketball writers association.

For now, all Baker can do is hope that Duncan produces.

"I think we've gotten the word out," said Baker. "We've done about all that we can do. Now it's up to Calvin."

Duncan and Baker have discussed the

Duncan Must Keep All-American Glitter From Blinding His Purpose

Calvin Duncan's thoughts as he walks onto the floor of the Richmond Coliseum December 1 may be slightly different than those that ran through his mind a year ago at University Hall against George Mason. This time around he is considered by those who have seen him as a legitimate All-American.

Rich Radford

Coming into last season, Duncan was raw material. A seldom starter his freshman year, he had shown signs of future greatness in spurts. One of those spurts came in games against the University of North Carolina-Charlotte and James Madison when he poured in 39 points.

nailling down the starting two-guard spot, as was the case in Duncan's freshman year. It was Duncan's and he could go as far as he wanted. He took off with a jolt in the Cavalier Invitational at UVA.

Scoring 40 points in two nights of work, Duncan was chosen to the all-tournament team and should have been tournament MVP. But there was this tall guy up at UVA last year who, no matter how bad he played, would get the MVP award.

In the final of that tournament, Duncan took it to the big guy twice and on both occasions he converted for two points. For the night, the scoreboard read Duncan 2, Ralph 0. It was that type of big play that Duncan kept coming through with for the rest of the year.

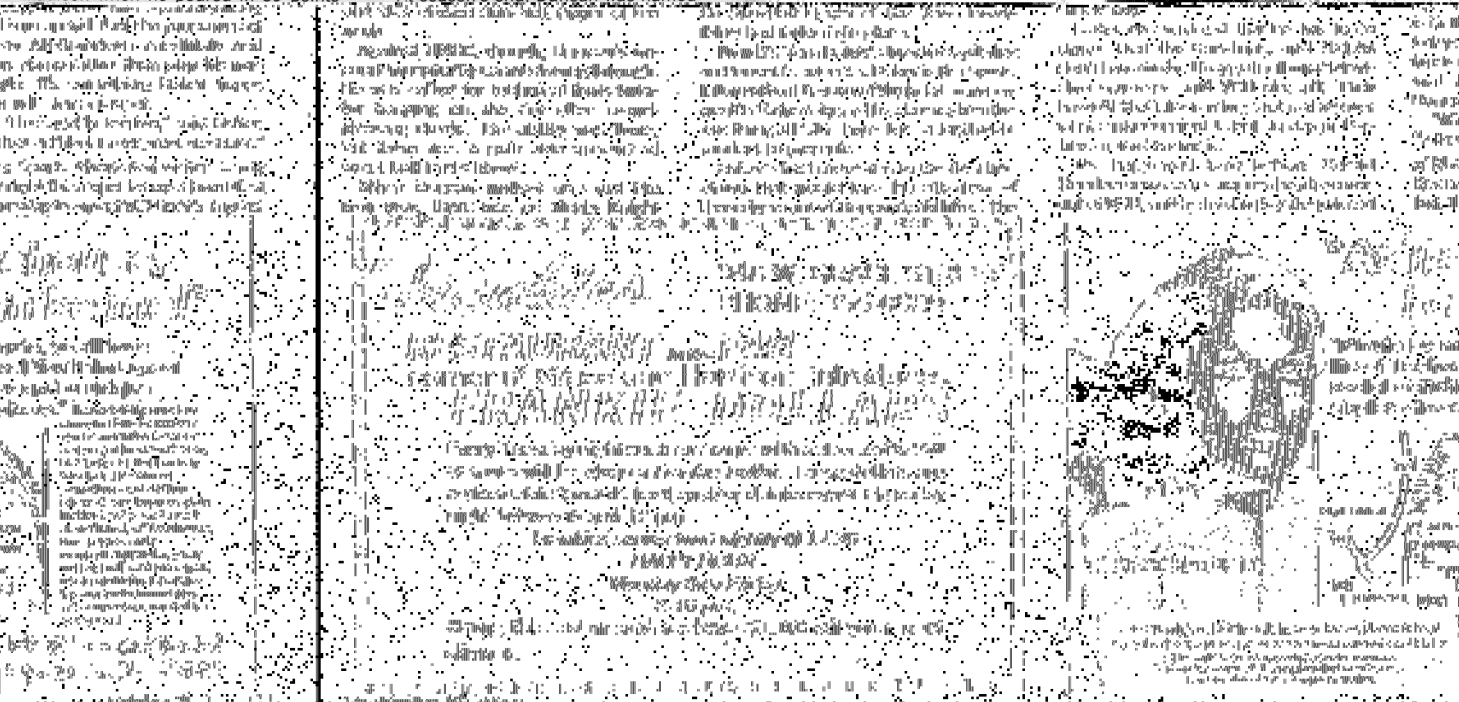
At season's end, Duncan was named

brochure folds into eight sections of literature and opens up to reveal a photo on the back showing Duncan driving the lane for two points against LaSalle in last year's NCAA East Regionals.

Baker pointed out that for a school such as VCU, promotion was on a totally different scale as opposed to a University of North Carolina or a Kentucky.

"They [the big-name universities] promote [their All-American candidates] in a very low-key way," said Baker. "For UNC to promote Sam Perkins or Michael Jordan the way we are promoting Calvin would be almost like overkill."

"They are better off to produce good media guides and promote a good public image, then the rest takes care of itself. We [VCU] have to do things a little bit



VCU SUPPORTS

Alcohol Awareness Week

ALL EVENTS ARE FREE

Tuesday, November 1

President's Breakfast—with guest speaker Tim Whitmore of ADERP (Alcohol and Drug Education/Rehabilitation Program) on the topic "Alcohol: The Choice is Yours". 7:30 am at the Faculty Dining Room in Hibbs. Sponsored by the Office of Student Activities.

Halloween Hangover Treatment Center—Free coffee, AIM buttons, and free literature. 10:00 am—2:00 pm in Shafer Court. Coffee courtesy of Cary Town Coffee and Tea Shop. Sponsored by Theta Sigma Sigma Sorority.

Old Tyme Temperance Revival—with guest speaker Art Sullivan. Music by the Salvation Army Band and original melodrama by the VCU Company Players. 12:00 pm—1:00 pm in Shafer Court. Sponsored by Student Activities.

Controlled Drinking Experiment—Rhoads Hall Multi-Purpose Room 7:00 pm—9:30 pm. Sponsored by the Rhoads-Johnson Resident Assistant Staff and the Gladding Residence Center Community Assistant Staff.

Paul Newman in *The Verdict*. Free showing at the Larrick Center on the MCV campus at 7:00 pm.

Wednesday, November 2

Health Fair—Alcohol Awareness Week table will distribute free AIM (Alcohol in Moderation) buttons and literature. Stop by and chat. Cary Street Recreation Complex. Sponsored by the Office of Student Activities.

Recovering Alcoholic Doctor Speaks: guest speaker Mark Holt, M.D. at 7:00 pm in the Larrick Center. Sponsored by REBOS—ADERP.

"Children of Alcoholics" Film *The Family Trap* followed by discussion with guest speaker Mindy Burgin and a panel of experts. 8:00 pm at the Faculty Dining Room in Hibbs.

Second Showing of *The Verdict* at 8:15 pm in the Larrick Center.

Thursday, November 3

Literature and AIM button giveaway in Shafer Court 12:00 pm—1:00 pm. Sponsored by Phi Sigma Sigma Sorority.

Film—*Special Treatment*—From Yugoslavia (1980). A "whimsical little farce" about an outrageous alcoholism clinic that takes its show on the road to enlighten the world. Presented by Alternative Films. 7:30 pm in the School of Business Auditorium.

"Jazz by the Candlelight Coffeehouse" and Non-Alcoholic Drink Contest at the Rhoads Hall Multi-Purpose Room. Live Jazz quintet from the VCU Music Department. Music starts at 9:00 pm. Contest at 10:00 pm. Music and coffeehouse end at midnight. Sponsored by Rathskeller and Concert Committees.

Last showing of *The Verdict* at the Larrick Center at 7:00 pm.

Meeting of Concerned Persons Group—Discussion and film. 8:00 pm at the Treehouse Study Area. Sponsored by the Treehouse Residence Staff.

Friday, November 4

Mime Show—Presented by the VCU Company Players. Theme will be on alcohol awareness and there will be a literature giveaway. 12:00—1:00 pm at Shafer Court.

WE CHALLENGE YOU! CAN YOU MIX A DRINK WITHOUT BOOZE?

The Rathskellar Committee is having a contest: "Best Non-Alcoholic Beverage." Most raw ingredients will be provided to you (courtesy of SAGA). First prize is \$25 AND your drink will appear on the menu in the new Student Commons Building. Give yourself or your organization some great publicity. To enter and for more details, call Office of Student Activities at 257-6500 or come by 901 Floyd.

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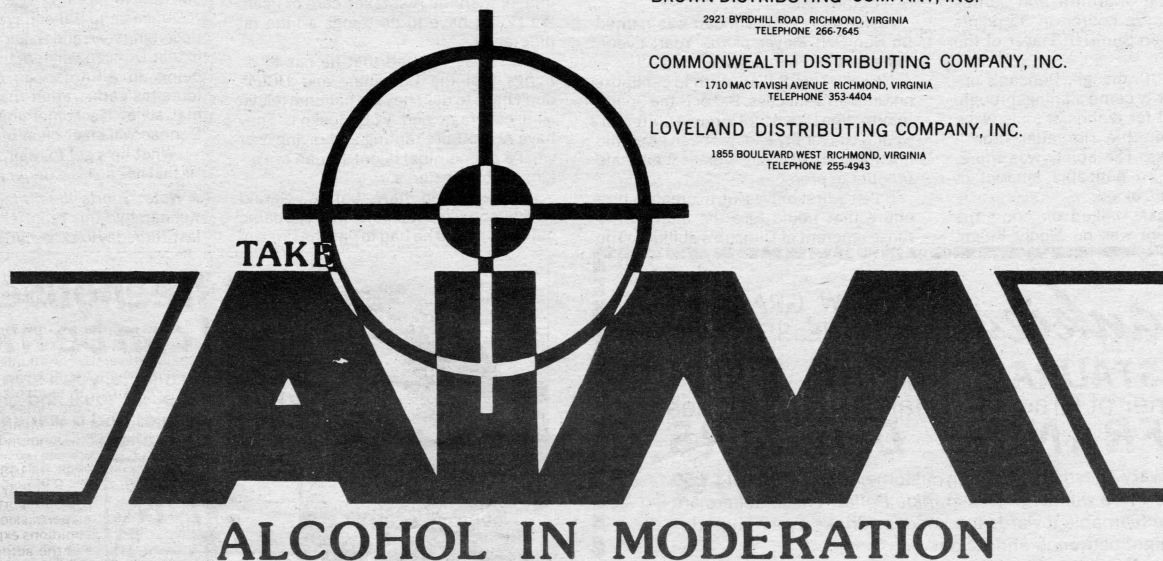
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Here's To Richmond

By Paul Wallo

It is nice to see someone finally take an interest in our capital city. For too long, Richmond has existed with little notice. The efforts under both Riddick Communications and the Richmond Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce should be commended. Its time to give Richmond her due.

Richmond is one of the most underrated cities in the nation. Its amenities, both historic and modern are among the most beautiful and exciting.

Historically, the city has played a key role in the formation of the nation. In colonial Richmond, Patrick Henry uttered his immortal words, "give me liberty or give me death."

Richmond served as the Capital of the Confederacy during the Civil War. In post Civil War Richmond, the first electric trolley in America rolled along the streets. Richmond has been and continues to be the tobacco capital of the world.

Many famous personalities have, at one time or another, called Richmond home. Edgar Allen Poe, Rober E. Lee, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, Ellen Glasgow, and Warren Beatty all have ties to Virginia's capital city. Well-known athletes such as Bobby Dandridge, Willie Lanier and Arthur Ashe grew up in Richmond's tough inner-city streets.

Thomas Jefferson and George Washington visited the city on occasion, contributing to her growth and beauty. Jefferson gave the city the beautiful state capital which contains Houdon's historic statue of Washington.

Washington, himself, gave the Kana-wha Canal as a dream to give the southern riverport parity with then burgeoning New York.

More recently, many of New York's finest architects designed stately homes and offices in and around downtown, again, as a measure to rival New York (it is here that Richmonders hate to admit that their city was, in some part, pat-

erned after, planned in the light of and "made" in New York).

It is obvious that Richmond has had a rich history. Although she is 200 years old, she wears her age well. Her timeless beauty is revealed in her many historic landmarks and architectural amenities. However, with age comes growth and with growth comes a side of the city which is usually overshadowed by history and charm—Richmond 1983.

Richmond today is more than just a haven for historic landmarks. The city has become into one of the nation's fastest growing urban centers. Despite having a "small town atmosphere," Richmond has become and is fast becoming a cosmopolitan metropolis.

A look at downtown reveals all. Mammoth skyscrapers tower over canyons of thundering traffic. The city's handsome array of office buildings, hotel towers and highrise condominium and apartment units vividly display Richmond's progressive thrust. Of Virginia's cities, Richmond is the city of skyscrapers; in no other city can one find more or bigger buildings. Downtown is a veritable Manhattan and promises to grow even more in the coming years.

Pretty good for a city which was "made in New York."

Perhaps the skyline reveals Richmond's greatest attribute—potential.

Indeed the history of the city has always been one of potential. Modern Richmond, although somewhat conservative, possesses as much if not more growth potential than any major city in the eastern United States. Historians, not sacrilegiously, have termed Richmond the "second coming of Atlanta."

A study in contrasts, Richmond continues to fool even the most gifted officials, dispelling the fear that she was a dying city.

Case in point: After a decade of declining population, the central city showed a marked increase in population figures

between 1979 and 1983. Moreover, city public school enrollment, after declining for thirteen consecutive years, has shown slight increases in each of the last two years.

One can thank modern development for the changes the city has seen since the late 70's. It is interesting to note that while population had moved to the suburbs, business, even downtown, was considering a shift to suburban location. The most threatening of which came in 1980 when the retail core was nearly faced with the loss of at least one of its two large department stores, a move which would certainly court economic disaster for the core-city.

Enter Project One, the city's effort to enhance the retail core. Millions of dollars were spent to push through "community resistance," plans for the construction of the office/hotel/convention center. Currently the 600 E. Broad Building is complete and the Marriott hotel is under construction.

CSX, one of the largest transportation firms in the world, has begun work on the James Center—the largest project ever undertaken in the city's history. When finished, the complex will be one of the largest such centers in the Southeast.

These and several other new developments are but a few samples of the city's potential. It is this potential, if utilized to the maximum possible heights, which will propel Richmond to its rightful place as one of America's great metropolises.

The future is now. The city is changing and growing at an incredible rate. Hopefully, one day soon, the city's image will bear this out, keeping alive the spirit of growth and progress. Its time the rest of the nation recognizes Richmond for what she is: beautiful, loveable and capable of many achievements. With a little work and development, Richmond can eclipse the gains of Atlanta, becoming known as "America's up and coming big city!"

—Robert Bell

An Apology

When a writer makes a blunder in print, does he put his foot or his typewriter in his mouth? In the case of "Act Your (Im)age" (See Times October 4-10), both would be appropriate.

While I'm still convinced the Virginia Commonwealth athletic department should receive twenty whippings for its

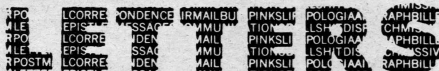
handling of the cross country scholarship saga, I apologize for the unconscious (yet still printed) shot directed at the field hockey and soccer teams.

Like the rest of the university's athletic programs, both the soccer and field hockey teams, in my opinion, are trying their best to bring a winning program to the

school. What I believe and what I printed, however, are two different things and for that, I apologize.

In fact, as soon as I manage to swallow both the foot and typewriter, I'll take ten of the athletic department's 20 whippings.

—Robert Bell



Drop That Twinkie!

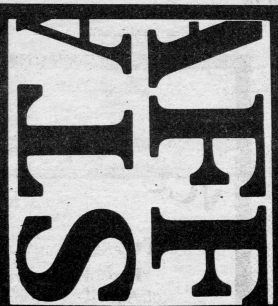
Dear Editor:

Staff at University Library Services noted ruefully the cartoon which appeared in your September 27-October 3 issue. It showed a real appreciation of the problems we have enforcing longstanding policies about food and drink in the library.

What most people don't realize is the damage that spilled food and drink can do to library materials, with over 3,500 people using the daily. Even worse, it draws roaches, silverfish and other hard-to-eliminate organisms which destroy library materials, many of which cannot be replaced.

We wish there were an easy way to make everyone aware of this serious problem without appearing heavy-handed in our policy making. We ask for everyone's cooperation in helping preserve library materials by keeping food and drink away from the library.

Carol Parks



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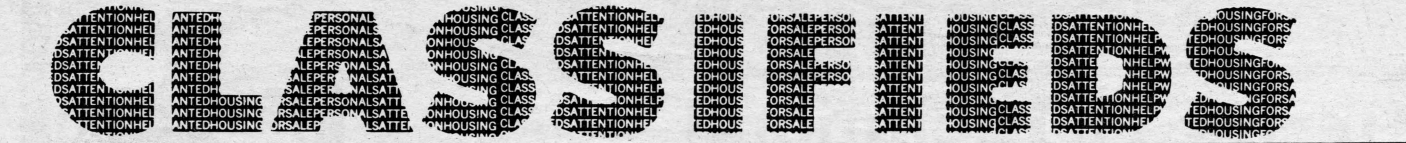
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Writers—Word Processing Rental, typesetting, and publishing assistance for books, booklets and manuscripts. Part-time work for writers. AESOP—Word Processing, 644-9523, 307 W. Grace.

Help Wanted

Mother's helper needed to help mom with two small children. Part or full time. Room & board and salary furnished. Non-smoker. References preferred. Call 741-3277.

PARKING ATTENDANT: part-time employment for college students. Must be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. Only qualified need apply. Shifts available: 8 am-1 pm M-F; 1 pm-6 pm M-F; 6 pm-1 am MWF or TTSS. Start at \$3.70/hr. Call Ms. White between 8:30 am and 4 pm at 649-1258.

Dance Major to work part time evenings doing light choreography work. Serious inquiries only. References. Call Lisa Mellot 648-1869 Tues. and Thurs. only 12-4 pm.

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Students—Utilize spare time and clerical skills in fun, varied jobs. Day, evening, part-time, weekend hours available. High weekly pay. No fee. Call 644-7801. SELECT TEMPORARY SERVICES.

Housing

Two females wanted to share w/same extra large, unique home in Ginter Park. 2 1/2 miles from

VCU. \$140 plus utilities. Well insulated for winter. Call 266-9228.

House for sale: 4 upstairs bedrooms w/full bath. LR, DR, & eat-in kitchen downstairs. Full basement w/bath. Call 321-6443, 8:30-5 pm. After 5:30 and weekends, 353-6029.

For Sale

For Sale: Technics stereo w/2 Fisher speakers. Exc. Cond. \$175 or best offer. Call (804) 358-0884.

Personals

Ricardo Daye and Jeff Tyler, Thank you for returning my checkbook that I had lost. Your honesty is refreshing. There are very few considerate people like you around! Thank again, Sincerely C.M.C.

Death Row Prisoner, Caucasian male, age 37, desires correspondence with either male or female college students. Wants to form some kind of friendly tie relationship and more or less just exchange past experiences and ideas. Write: Jim Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence Arizona 85232.

Come laugh with me brown eyes. Let's run together for the land of free skies, green hills, river water, cold days and warm nights. See ya now and there forever.

James R.—I think we both should become nuns. I'm gonna attack somebody soon if things don't work out. Will you post my bail? Let's go for it! Your psych patient.

I wanna wear my hair like Dr. Kugler.

I just love these personal ads! I wish somebody would write to me. Anybody out there listening? I'll take anything—even obscene ads. Thank you all. Signed, Lonely Girl.

Hey, there, Lonely Girl, Loonly Girl...

To H.R.: Did I surprise you this time? Guess who?

To Dizzy Broad #1: Isn't Barry cute when he's conducting? I hope nobody finds your fingernail—how gross! You, #2 and J.C. have got to get that air out of your lip! Bye, now, Cabbie.

I found god at Benny's in 1981 but whatever happened to what we used to call home?

To the guy in 416A—I'm sorry I woke you up the other day but I really wanted Captain Crunch with the little berries—Am I forgiven? Teddy Bear.

Congratulations, Gregor, on your award for "Elvis Esoterica"—another one on the way for "Ex-temporaneous Editions of?"

Hey VCU—who loves you baby?—Theta Delta Chi—That's who.

Nicole: Next Friday is still open. Would ya like to close it? You know the number. The Big G.

Wanna room with Paul Wallo.

To the classifieds editor: Will you really print words like shit or bitch?

(I can't bring myself to write that f-word.) Keep up the good work! A crude fan.

To a crude fan: two out of three ain't bad. Your friendly neighborhood classifieds editor.

Wanted: Ride to Hampton on Nov. 8 for Heart Concert. Will pay for a ticket or some gas.

J.C.—What can I do to turn you on? I want you.—A fan. (You know me but you can't spell my name.)

To Berke Breathed: Why did you let Bill the Cat die? You should have known about Clearasil, Oxy-10, or BUF PUFI! You could have saved him! I'm holding you responsible. From Patti the Pussy (his long-time friend.)

To the Dizzy Broads and J.C.: Thursday nite was fun, but my car will never be the same! Lawsy, ya'll be lots of fun! We be havin' to go out after OB one nite and get crazier! I'll be totin' my weary load, Scarlett says "hi y'all," Love, Prissy.

Heaven help those who can't read the CT, they are —! (Fill it in yourself, loyal, faithful fans.)

Glyris Dunt and thunder thighs: I can't wait to argue over some inconsequential thing. I miss you weirdos. (even the cat and the dog.) Sis.

Paige Atkinson, ooooooh, what a concept!

Talented Toes has returned, via cost-free classifieds. (thanks Magritte!) Is anybody out there?

To all in Dr. B's class at 2 pm: "The American Socio-Political Economy is not what it seems..."

To my best buddy Richie: Just remember we're bears who love honey. Beaver.

John, don't worry about it, I know everything is going to go well. Meekie and I have faith in you.

To the Manhattan Kid: "New York, New York, Big city of dreams, but everything in New York ain't what it seems. You might get fooled if ya come from outta town, but I'm down by law and I know my way around—Too much—too many people, too much!"—A fan of Grandmaster Flash, a.k.a. The Boy from New York City.

Wanna wear my hair like Jay Edinger.

Cheryl: How many times do I have to tell you. Mrs. Filberts doesn't use corn oil. Imperial is too greasy, and Weight Watchers Low Calorie Margarine leaves an aftertaste. Ain't nothing like the real thing, sweetie.

Son of a bitch, Gary, I thought sure you would.

I'd like to meet you! Sincere white male age 25 seeks girl for dates and dancing. I have a great sense of humor and not bad looking. Send phone # to Nick Nichols (909) 610-8181. E. Richmond, VA 23229 and let's talk about it.

Attention—Stymie, Weebee, Goober, Puddin', Critter, Rosey, Wino & Zippy. The fun has just begun—Your loving brothers. P.S. Watch those pins.

Beaver, The Bears have no particular place to go. I say they

should go visit the 6'8" smurf in 416A. Richie.

BARP: Stand up and be recognized.

Rex: I hope you aren't purchasing your brooms from the Lion's Club.

Tomas: to the brink of eternity...? It gastes me well. The White Princess.

Dearest Mr. Breathed, I realize that you've been under much stress since the death of Bill the Cat. I'm writing to express my sincerest regrets. I realize it was so sudden, but I personally feel that it was murder! Yes! Garfield and Heathcliff have been plotting it for so long. Sincerely, A Friend.

To my Mommy—I miss you lots and if I had my life to live over again I'd live over a bar. Har Har Har. The Big D.

Get down uptown, by taxi or by bus. It don't matter how you get there, just come on up and see us—The Manhattan Kid.

The Manhattan Kid can go suck an egg.

Dad—Thanks for all your support and love. I hope you can make it to visit. Denise.

Wanna build a skyscraper with Paul Wallo.

Hey Enzo—Uncle Vinnie called and said that there aren't enough anchovies in the tacos. P.S. These free ads cool or what! Love, Vito.

Wanna smoke cigars with J.D.

GEM HDQTRS: Party. Costume optional. Grain. Brew. Presiding officers are Gregarious Gary, Elusive Ed, and Moral Mike.

Paul Wallo's moustache is a concept.

Speaking of which, Ira call me. I want that tape. Margaret.

Beached whale last seen at the Pub accepting applications for S.T.S.O.C.

Denise, Happy 23rd on the 26th. Don't forget your glasses, ring or ID case when you hit "the Pub." Phyl.

LIMEKILLER FOR PRESIDENT! LIMEKILLER-OPUS IN '84!!! Support the Meadow Party!

The Plants in Mesquite—Ahhhh; the family life. Diapers, Diapers, Diapers. I'm proud of you two, no, three—no, four. The Old Maid.

Milo Bloom carbonates my hormones.

To Sammy—Glad to see you "out of the house" and going places again. It's not important about when we see each other again. I won't lose touch if you don't. Pixie Rider.

Suunddaaaay!!! Wop-Wop-Wop-Wa. "Nuff said. Nicey.

Kimberly: You are sweeter than a mountain flower; bloomin' once again; by the way we love each other; you can tell we're more than friends. Karen.

Peg—What's up? How's Joe? What about Nah Qy Ry and Sister Mary Wanna? Phyl.

To the "real BARP girls:" We're no imposters. And we'll put our pudding up against yours any day of the week. We use fresh eggs, warm milk, and a few extra tid-bits that make for some scrumptious eating even Bill Cosby couldn't pass up. No need to put it on a stick and throw it in the freezer when it tastes this good. Our puddin' pops automatically. (Butterscotch excepted.)

halo is still there—I just like to cuddle, that's all—Teddy Bear.

Pooh Bear, let's start off where we left off, but this time no growling. "Your shadow."

Pete: How come you haven't written? All our mutual friends agree that you must be suffering from verbal constipation. May I recommend one of those new suppository products that I've seen advertised on TV up here. They're fast, easy, and sanitary. Not really your style, but I'm sure it'll help. Yours always, Ned Billy Bob.

Todd, To my drinking buddy and good friend—let's have more talks at the park bench. Cheers! R.T.

To my Police Bud Charlie—Thanx so much for all your help and for lunch last Thursday. Keep in touch—Teddy Bear.

Sandy F.: I like the way you hold your camera. Work on the chemicals and developing, and your depth-of-field will be astounding!

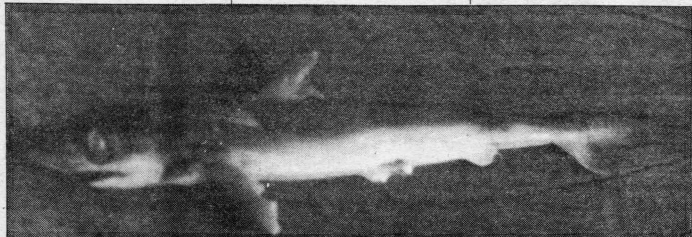
Leetz—We should plan to do some weather watching when I come back from Thanksgiving. Neetz.

Diane and John: The best of everything and the blessing of longevity—Love, the Plant.

WM, 77, looking for WF to perform acrobatics with. No S&M, a little T&A, M&Ms in mouth, not hands, we'll meet at the A&P at 7 am. P.S., only college educated need apply.

Oingo Boingo Wednesday night. Be there.

Lost: One Land Shark. Last seen at Sig Tau Beach Party talking to a Dead Head and eating Krispy Kreme Donuts. He is 2 ft., grey & white and has been known to wear a vest for no apparent reason.



Lost Land Shark: See Personals for details on this shark.

Dave sez: Thanks for returning the 'lectrical tape.

Pete sez: The kitten still don't work no more.

Adam sez: Neither does the Jiffy Pop pan.

Wanna find employment in the Rockefeller building.

Hoo Boy! Talk about a low blow. Always remember and never forget the words my great grandfather's next door neighbor's best friend heard at the bingo game last week: "He who stays up last, types last."

Or something like that.

"Wide awake/in the middle of the night/something moves/as you fumble for the light..."

Stevie: What's shakin' in Staunton? Licked any good Tootsie Pops lately? 1-2-3, crunch!

To the Slut, the Nigger and the Fatty: Let's get a quarters game going. Beaver.

Rick Owen—The Lee Art Theatre Orchestra will rehearse in my Volks wagon on Halloween night. Don't forget your G-string or your combs. See you at the Mill. Gregs Sub (DMS).

Cook—Trust me Mom isn't good enough, stick with me and you'll go places!!—Twig.

Mr. Potato Head: Extended wear by X-mas or death.—The Jerk.

To the Girls on the 6th floor—Come on, give me a break. My

Send any information to: Lost Shark, P.O. Box 1537, Williamsburg, VA 23185. Reward offered.

O.K., folks, we're doing much better. A few things to note, however. All classifieds must be on a full size sheet of paper. This means 8 1/2 by 11". These scraps are making me crazy. Only Personals are free; all others still cost. We will run as many as we can, space and taste permitting. Please include your name and address on personals. Any information on the current location of the beached whale much appreciated. Keep up the fun. Your friendly neighborhood classifieds editor.

Sameasieverwassameasieverwas sameasieverwassameasieverwas

Your Memory Lane

Two females wanted to share w/same extra large, unique home in Ginter Park. 2 1/2 miles from

928

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Vintage Clothes, Collectables, and Accessories.

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the

nickel

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25

"Disney On Ice" starts today at the Richmond Coliseum. I heard old Walt had his body deep-frozen, but aren't they getting a little morbid making a kiddie attraction out of it?

The Downtown branch of the Richmond Public Library is showing the film *Bass on Titles*, in which filmmaker Saul Bass explains how he designs movie titles. This is the guy who did the titles for *West Side Story*. The short film begins at 12:20 pm. Call Anne at 780-4170 for more information.

I don't know if anyone's told you, but you're expected to make something of your life once you're outta here. The University Advising Service has a self-assessment and goal-setting workshop for cases like you going on today. Call 257-1580 for further information.

The American Marketing Association meets today at 3:30 pm in S.O.B. room 2120.

Tonight from 9 to 11 there's nickel draft at Scandals. Might be worth changing your sexual persuasion in order to take advantage of this one.

Theta Delta Chi wants me to find a spot for their announcement that it's their "nite" at Benny's, tonight and every Wednesday. They have special prices all "nite." There's a spot, in the corner, next to the fireplace.

VCU Concerts scraped up enough cash to get Oingo Boingo tonight. It's the annual Halloween Dance at the Mosque, and it starts at 8 pm! VCU students can get tickets for \$7.50 at 901 Floyd, the Mosque, Peaches, or Music City. Everyone else pays a dollar more. Nyeah, nyeah, nyeah!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27

I know it's hard to face your advisor, but it's that time of the semester. Advance registration, which is going on today, is the only way anyone ever got a schedule with Fridays off and no classes before noon.

The Political Science Club wants you to know that it will discuss pertinent world topics at its 4 pm meeting in 901 Floyd. All majors are welcome, but no major-ettes, please. The twirling batons are too distracting, and the sequins on those outfits are rather impertinent.

Call the Maymont Foundation at 358-7166 by today if you plan on going on their canoe outing Saturday.

The Alternative Films Committee's 10 pm offering in the Life Science Building is *The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant*. According to the Committee, it's a tragically comic love story dealing with the shifting power relations among three lesbians. Student admission is \$1.50, non-students pay \$2. Say... wasn't that an ABC Afterschool Special a few years back?

Along those same lines: Scandals starts its own live comedy show tonight.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28

The fact that you have not yet purchased your books for the fall semester does not alter the fact that advising and advance registration is going on today for spring semester. If you've ever registered in the Mosque, you know that advance registration is the only humane way to go about it. Do it!

The English Club meets in Hibbs room 384. Not just today, but every Friday at 2 pm.

The Caucus on Peace is sponsoring *The Bitter Tears* at 2 pm in room 115 of Life Sci. Hey! Is this the same film Alternative Films charged me \$1.50 for last night?

John McCrary, a Music Department senior, has a piano recital at 8:00 tonight

in the PAC. It's free. Call 257-1166 for more information.

Three silent classics are being shown by the Virginia Theatre Organ Society starting 8 pm at the Mosque. Student admission of \$3.50 (normal people pay \$5) is good for Lon Chaney's *The Phantom of the Opera*, Charlie Chaplin's *His First Job*, and Buster Keaton's *The Scarecrow*. Halloween garb is encouraged, and there will be live musical accompaniment on a WurliTzer theatre organ. Tickets are available at the Mosque, Album Den, the downtown Thalheimer's location, and Walter D. Moses. This sounds like it shouldn't be missed.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29

Hey! Wake up! A guided canoe trip in the York River State Park is being held by the Maymont Foundation from 8:30 am to 3 pm. You non-members must pay \$8 to go. Call 358-7166 for information.

There's a record show going on all day, more or less. From 9 am to 7 pm, "the east coast's finest record dealers" (just who determines these things?) encourage you to buy, sell, and trade records. It's in Hibbs, and students get in for a buck, while everyone else pays \$2.

Junior music major Ellen Griggs has a clarinet recital tonight at 8 pm in the PAC. It's free, but that doesn't excuse you from behaving like mature adults. Call 257-1166.

Noted jazz trumpeter Malachi Thompson performs tonight with his Freebop Band in the Recital Hall, 1015 Grove. Tickets are \$2 for students, \$4 for everyone else. Get them before they're gone, man, gone. For more information, call 257-6500, 644-6380, or go to 901 Floyd and ask someone who looks intelligent.

Hard Times' three-band Halloween party is tonight. They're giving out \$100 in costume prizes.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30

Today at 3, 7:30 and 10 pm, the Alternative Film people don't bring you the subtitled French flick, *Maitresse*. Instead, you get a double feature: Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away* and Bertrand Blier's *Going Places*. Sex, perversion and general run-of-the-mill fun. Oh, to be French. Two clams a head for students, two and a half for non-students.

6:30 pm at the Corcoran. That's all it says. I swear. I guess it's 6:30 *all day* at the Corcoran Gallery. Must be some kind of conceptual art dealing with temporal distortion. Pretty artsy.

Today begins the 1983 (how very appropriate) International Convention of the Data Processing Management Association in Baltimore. VCU's branch of D.P.M.A. is having a round-trip bus ride which'll cost non-members \$12. The ride might be a bit dull if you don't speak Cobalt or something. Call Jackie Jackson (evenings) at 782-1963 for more accurate and less flippant information.

It's Halloween at Scandals (tomorrow is Halloween nearly everywhere else). The kids there are having costume competitions, including an ugliest drag contest, and they're handing out cash prizes.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31

Advance mail registration for Evening Studies begins today. Femal too, I'm sure.

The Baha'i club meets tonight in room 101 of 901 Floyd. Their fireside starts at 7 pm. For more information, call David Drait at 643-3024.

As part of VCU Music Department's Jazz Festival V (that's "five" to you, bud) the Freddie Hubbard Quintet plays at the PAC starting at 8 pm. Tickets are \$10. Call 257-6046 for information and all that jazz.

Hey, don't look at me... There's a lot to do tonight.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26

Advising and Advance Registration begins today for the spring semester. Go get your PDR PDQ.

For two bucks, you're invited to the Richmond Council of Women's Organization's seminar, "The Woman: Her Home—Her Career." It lasts from 8:45 am to 1 pm. Call Margaret at 288-3921 if you want to know more (like what it is and where it is).

The Corcoran Gallery's "Gallery Talk" this afternoon is entitled "Edgar Degas: Realist or Impressionist?" Call the Corcoran at (202) 638-3211 for all the dope on the 12:30 pm happening. Afterwards a few ex-jocks will gather in a D.C. bar to discuss the topic "Lite Beer: Less Filling or Fewer Calories?"

Pre-med types might want to note that Donald W. Romhilt, M.D. will speak on "Advances in Heart Care," at 7 pm, in MCV's Tompkins-McCaw Library. Not too loud, please, doc, people are studying.

A black and white illustration of Frankenstein's monster and a woman in a red dress. Frankenstein is on the left, wearing a white jacket and black pants, with his signature bolts on his neck and forehead. He is holding the woman in a dramatic pose. The woman is on the right, wearing a red dress and high heels, looking up at him with an open mouth. The background is dark with a spiderweb in the top left corner.

Scandals

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WITH YOUR HOSTESS:

Kerri Blake

SUNDAY
OCTOBER 30, 1983

COSTUME COMPETITION

Animal
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Contest**

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