

COMMONWEALTH TIMES

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A FRESH LOOK AT AN IMPERFECT MCV



By Jerry Plovsky

It was 1974. I was standing in the Charkey Dormitory meeting my roommate for the first time and choosing my classes for the upcoming semester. I was a Pre-Med/Psych major with the challenging task of designing a scheme for what classes I would take and when. It was exciting, but above all, it was a time of independence, of self control, and of self determination. The next four years were probably the best of my life. VCU was growing, powerfully unique and infinitely charming. It was a conglomeration of old and young, southern and northern, diverse and curious, within a multitude of widely varied curriculum. The diversity it offered was great for me—coming from an isolated, Jewish, upper-middle-class, northern community.

VCU's strengths were what most institutions narrow-mindedly called weaknesses. It lacked the usually demanded social expectations—there were no football games, no proms, no frats or sororities to diffuse your identity, no "places where you had to be. You found yourself with the task of synthesizing and sculpting your own identity by selecting friends from a diverse student body and creating social events rather than being "placed" and herded into groups of people and activities.

It was clear that VCU did not have a great academic standing, but there were no cut-throats, no sense of being in a race. The faculty did not have multi-million dollar grants, instead they were left to teach, to listen, to help more. Unlike many universities, the professors were visible and handy. Teaching ability was a relatively meaningful priority in any tenure evaluation. Instructors got to learn your names and supported your efforts. The Science Departments were expanding, changing and, in their own way (just like the students who they were instructing) they were evolving. There was no arrogance—no one was fooling anyone that the sciences here were exceptional and you had nobody's expectations to live up to but your own.

But the most predominant message was that as much support as it gave them—students were adults—on their own, independent, self-actualizing their futures. The institution (intentionally or unintentionally) created a flexible yet challenging academic setting which encouraged maturity within their students and which was based on a great respect for its students. There was a sensitivity for creativity and for emotional development reflected by strong psychological counseling services, strong art and theater departments, courses and weekend workshops dealing with intrapersonal issues. The institution seemed, whether for economic or for economic or philosophical reasons, to place a great

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premium on providing diverse courses and program offerings so that its student body was equally diverse and individually incorporated and attached to their programs. As a result of the four years I spent at VCU, I grew and matured immensely. After graduating I worked for about two years before being accepted to the Medical School at MCV. I was ecstatic. My plans and my dreams were now becoming a reality.

About two months before school began I got "that call" everybody dreads—the call from a relative who's never called you before and is calling long distance to tell you that your father has been admitted to the local emergency room with a heart attack, and that you must come home. He didn't die then, but did die the second month into my first year of medical school. I was devastated.

While at VCU, I was a high honor student (top two percent), had scored in the top 25 percent of the country in the Medical College Aptitude Test, and now found myself emotionally drained, poorly motivated and receiving grades in the bottom 20 percent of my medical school class. This is where it all began and is in fact the gist of this personal account.

I got a glimpse of MCV's priorities, its inability to tolerate individual differences and dilemmas. As a result, my last four years were exceedingly disenchanting and depressing. My classmates and I—in my opinion, from a VCU student's perspective—were treated as a herd of fine-bred horses, all designated to to run and jump hurdles in the same way. If I had been at the top of the class I probably wouldn't have been aware. Those at the top are playing the game. But those with "problems" sense MCV's impatience and intolerance. Those at the bottom, "in trouble," are those who are forced to make contact with the system. How the institution deals with those at the bottom is the test of the school's ability to make real, honest, respectful connections with students and, ideally, to help. For those I've known in trouble, and myself, MCV is a dismal failure. It operates on intimidation, warnings and pressure. Students are always seen as failing the system—failing the scheduled hurdles. Never is the system a failure in effective teaching or accurate testing.

For that year and the years to follow, even with passing grades, I was routinely "watched." I was sent letters on how I was failing to live up to MCV's expectations, and was demanded to compete and get my grades into the top half of the class with the threat that I would have to repeat

years. The Dean of Curriculum deceptively portrayed the school as a fail-pass system, claiming that promotion was unrelated to class standing. I think what is not so unique to me personally about the MCV-student relationship is MCV's benevolent lack of respect it shows its students as individuals and adults. So ironic is it that after a stimulating and growing experience at a younger age—at VCU—marked by flexibility, independence and student respectability, I would then be reinstated years later into a medical school/high school, being judged, watched, herded, and treated as a child with chores. So ironic was it that my classmates (quite diverse: some in their early 30s, many holding doctorates, some owning businesses, some being mothers or fathers) were being looked and treated as immature, unfinished factory products. What was equally sad was that through the years I would see my classmates fulfill the prophecy that the administration projected upon them. They would act at times as selfish, immature children trying to cut educational corners and get out of as many things as possible, never really comprehending the impact their services will inevitably have on the lives of others.

On close examination I believe they were clearly frightened and intimidated by a medical administration with unlimited power—capable of legally dismissing you at any time for any reason. My classmates, instead of furiously critiquing the system—demanding as taxpayers and consumers a more efficient, realistic, less wasteful curriculum—passively took the beating, thinking of it as punitive dues for some prize in the end, intimidated and frightened to speak out. Instead, they'll wait for the end of the fourth year the year when they are sanctioned to act out their aggression and anger for the system and MCV in the form of skits and songs. The vicious abuse expressed by these graduating MDs toward their professors seems almost pathological, but simply represents their pent-up frustrations.

Overall, MCV is probably one of the best clinical medical schools in the country, with some of the finest faculties, staffed with capable physicians and scientists. It is perhaps unfair to compare the "educational experience" of an undergraduate liberal arts and science program at VCU in the mid Seventies to a medical education process with its huge data base to be learned. Perhaps it's unfair to deny that there are professors at MCV who are sensitive and respectful to students as individuals—and clearly I have no idea, and can make no conclusions about other programs at MCV (Pharmacy, Nursing, etc.). Nonetheless, I believe the medical school at MCV overall maintains restrictive, stifling, rigid educational attitudes based on intimidation. Its impersonal, insensitive manner reflected by its handling of the student in trouble actually uncovers a more general view of the student as a head of cattle who must blend with the herd, the mold, the casket, and as someone who brings them x amount of money from a state government, much like the money received at a slaughter house for cattle.

MCV and VCU are like night and day. I would hate to believe the VCU priorities are changing in the direction of MCV's but, as I understand, this seems to be the case. My only hope is that the students at VCU can change the inertia. I don't believe that the high standard of academic excellence (such as that at MCV) necessitates excluding flexibility, tolerance and individual adult respectability with which VCU so clearly has possessed. Both schools have something to share with each other and both represent poles which could, and should be brought together at some center point.

Jerry Plovsky will graduate with the 1984 class of medicine at MCV. Debbie Bernard assisted with the preparation of this article.



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And a Long Year Comes to an End

By Rich Radford

As the academic school year comes to an end, the *Commonwealth Times* must take a step back and look at both its failures and successes with both agony and pride. There have been high points and there have been low points.

We have made an effort to bring both student and faculty closer by giving our readers interesting and in-depth looks at such issues as racism and nuclear arms. We took our readers into the emergency rooms of the Medical College of Virginia and drove them around town during a night with the VCU Police.

We investigated the court cases and scholarship mishaps that affect the atmosphere of VCU. And we received awards from such nationally recognized groups as the Columbia Scholastic Press Association (first-place certificate), The William Hearst Foundation (two national awards for outstanding writing efforts) and The National Mark of Excellence Competitions (one cartooning award and one writing award).

We have also received our share of hardship. We had a managing editor resign his position during the middle of the fall semester. We had three different news editors during the year, three different folio editors, and three different sports editors. This affected our stability as a medium, but we

continued forward.

With an ever-changing staff, we had to deal with ever-changing thoughts. Some staff members thought we should consider ourselves a newsmagazine, while others opted for a newspaper format. In the end, the present staff opted for the newsmagazine format.

We received much negative response for our printing of the faculty and staff salary lists and for our decision to not print the names of those found guilty of sexual solicitation in the VCU bathrooms.

We failed to present the VCU community with an interview of VCU President Edmund F. Ackell, although we tried to break through his protective web. We did, however, give great coverage to the issue of tenure review, which will have its effects on the VCU faculty.

We did all of this for our readers' benefit and the educating of our staff members. Unlike what most of our readers think, the *Commonwealth Times* works without pay. Although we finished the year in the black financially, we could not pay our staff members due to university policy. That makes the *Commonwealth Times* the only student newspaper out of 14 state supported universities that is not paid.

The *Times* doesn't do it for monetary reasons, but for reasons of accomplishment and pride.

Commonwealth Times should check their statistics

Dear Editor:

The turnout for the recent senate elections was disappointingly small (as pointed out in your editorial of April 10-16, 1984), but serves to illustrate the fact that students do not feel "connected" to student government. As candidates, we talked with many students from various disciplines within VCU; we found that practically no one has any idea of how student government is structured or how it functions. The statistics included in the *Commonwealth Times* editorial show the lack of understanding, by leading the reader to conclude that 19,800 students could have voted for a single candidate (i.e. the stated .0004 percentage for one senator elected from the school of business). Anyone who voted would have realized that the voting is by separate ballots for the various schools, for a total of 33 senators who proportionally represent the entire academic campus; the breakdown is as follows: (these figures are rounded estimates provided by a spokesman with University Enrollment Services.)

School	Senators	Eligible Voters
Human. & Sci.	10	3850
Business	10	2400
Arts	4	2000
Commun. & Pub. Affairs	2	400
Education	3	650
Soc. Work	2	300
Spec. Students	2	6400
	33	16,000

Our campaign included posters outlining goals, buttons, WVCV spots and speaking to classes whenever possible. It became apparent that most students were not interested in the upcoming election because it had no meaning for them, yet general dissatisfaction with "campus life"

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is frequently heard; the fact is that the ASCA (Academic Campus Student Association) offers opportunities for interested students to participate in shaping campus life.

The scenario of elections at James Madison University is not relevant except to show that our four-year-old ASCA is not finished growing, and perhaps in the future there will be enough enthusiasm to require signed petitions in order to be placed on the ballot. We would suggest a cooperative effort between the media and student government, during the coming year, to inform the student body of the responsibilities and opportunities that ASCA has; make known who the senators are and how they can be contacted; and include in the *Commonwealth Times* a regular update column on what is being discussed and acted upon by ASCA and its various committees. Only by building an informed electorate will students be motivated to run for office, or even care enough to vote; it's hard to take issue with what you don't even know about.

If we can achieve truly representative student government, there will be motivation for the faculty and administration to listen to, and work with, student representatives; the common goal being a cohesive academic community pointed toward making VCU an enriching experience, both in terms of education and campus life.

Pat Hubbard

and

Jeff Smith

Senators-elect
Humanities and Sciences

VCU Humans Need Humanities

Dear Editor:

Rumors have recently reached my ears about directions which are being planned for the future of VCU. They are very disconcerting to me both as a student and a person.

The rumors are that VCU is regressing towards its former existence as a technical institute. The School of Business is being placed on a pedestal which the schools of humanistic studies are being shoved into non-existence. I am a Graduate of Business student with years in the "real world." I hope that these are rumors and not actualities.

Effective management is not just numbers. It requires a deep understanding and concern for people. This is being realized and surfacing in the American business scene. All over the U.S., Japanese management techniques are being successfully introduced with the concept of people working together as teams. The idea of people working solely for someone else is changing. But, I have always heard that Virginia is five to ten years behind. It appears that maybe someone is trying to prove this to VCU.

Management's role is to establish goals for an organization by working with its people. Organizations must be cohesive to exist in the long term. They are not single person exhibitions. As structures without sound foundations crumble, autocratic establishments fail. The individual at the top of the pyramid can not obtain the goals through solely their own efforts. They must work with everyone else.

Recently, I was paying a visit to a friend. We sat about a foot from each other on the sofa. The television was on while we talked. I found myself looking at the TV and talking. We both included the TV as another person in our conversation, and we were not truly communicating with anyone. We were not looking at each other to perceive and enjoy expressions, and receive and understand what we were saying. I don't mean to knock TV. It is a terrific tool which enables knowledge to become widespread in an amazingly efficient manner. But it cannot replace human interaction.

Are VCU students being steered into becoming one of Man's tools? Are we being taught to dig big holes in one place instead of learning where to discover new places? If this happens, then our ability to live full lives as humans will cease. Our tools should be utilized to release our beings and allow us to get more from our lives. We will then have the ability to create new tools, but not become our own creations.

As single individuals, we can only experience life through our own contact with it. By delving into the humanistic studies, we expand our own experiences and gain understanding of others and ourselves. The ability to place oneself into another person's shoes is invaluable to business, especially for effective negotiation situations. When individuals can only see and understand their point of view, both parties feel frustrated.

Learning and growing comes from sharing. Knowledge does not belong in separate packages of varying weights. Managers who do not understand the people working with them can only be partially effective. It is through the study of art, literature, philosophy and other humanistic studies that we can gain knowledge of ourselves and others. These fields are of no lesser importance to a person leaving parental support and preparing to enter the world on their own two feet. Attending an institution of higher learning should not only teach a student how to make a living. It should also teach them how to live.

Often when I have had conversations with people at turning points in their lives, and those involved in troubled relationships, it surfaces that behavior appropriate for their working environments, is not equally effective in their homes. They turn off their emotions at work and yet cannot switch them back on in their interpersonal relationships. Is this perhaps because we are not taught to be whole human beings? We are being trained to look at the world with tunnel vision, completely as an analytical, monetary proposition. However, when our personal lives become troubled, they affect our work situations. Each of us is an entire being. VCU should not only be instructing students in one way of thinking, but also preparing them to function and participate in the art of living.

If the rumors are true, VCU will be creating people who will enter the world with extreme cases of tunnel vision. Emphasizing any single field of study is wrong. Its students should be given the opportunity to explore different learning situations, and encouraged to do so. The better developed a student is, the more they have to offer both the business environment and their personal lives. Life is not just going to a job each day and earning a living. It is also sharing thoughts and feelings with others, and hence growing into balanced individuals with continually enriching lives.

Melissa Holly

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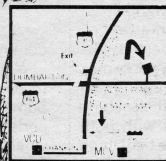


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Commonwealth Times

Persecution and Tragedy: A Plea For Safety

By Scott F. Cannady

The VCU Baha'i Student Association, angered by the persecution and slaughter of Baha'i followers in Iran, sponsored a lecture on March 25 by Rouhi Huddleston, an Iranian Baha'i. He discussed the genocide of Baha'is by the Khomeini regime and her own experiences in Iran as a child.

David Draim, president of the VCU chapter of the Baha'i association, is attempting to make people more aware of these atrocities in hopes of increasing public outrage with this lecture, future seminars and service projects.

"There's really not much we can do about the persecution apart from increasing public awareness among the students here that this tragedy is occurring and growing worse every day. We feel that only a vigorous protest on behalf of not only the governments of the world, many of which have already responded, but also on the peoples themselves will avert such a tragedy of appalling dimensions," Draim said.

The Baha'i beliefs include the fostering of good character, the eradication of prejudices, the oneness of mankind, the pursuit of world government and the manifestation of an unspecified universal language, according to Draim.

The Baha'is are looked upon as model citizens in most nations yet they are being openly slaughtered in Iran under the Khomeini regime.

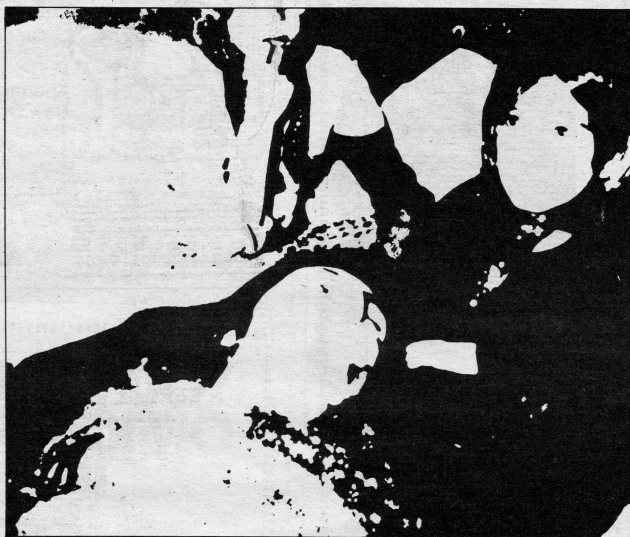
One Iranian judge relayed the Iranian mission of genocide towards the Baha'is in a government controlled newspaper *Khabar-i-Junab*, which in part said: "Before it is too late, the Baha'is must recant Baha'ism... otherwise the day will come when the Islamic nation will, God willing... fulfill the prayer mentioned in the Koran: Lord leave not on earth a single family of Infidels."

Since the Ayatollah Khomeini came to power in 1979, over 150 followers of the Baha'i faith have been murdered.

There are approximately 700 Baha'is, including children who are imprisoned in Iran, many without benefit of trial.

On June 16, 1983 10 women and three teenagers were put to death at the hands of the Iranian Government for teaching children about the Baha'i faith.

All Baha'i holy places and properties have been confiscated or destroyed; Baha'i organizations have been banned; funds and businesses of Baha'is have been seized; Baha'i marriages have been declared illegal making their wives prostitutes [a capital offense in Iran] and their children illegal bastards with no protection under Iranian law; and Baha'i cemeteries and grave sites have been destroyed,



Since the Ayatollah came to power, over 150 followers of the Baha'i faith have been murdered.

their bodies dragged through the streets and burned in garbage heaps.

The Baha'i religion, founded in Iran in the 19th Century, declares that there are two prophets who came after Muhammad who, according to Islam, is God's final messenger to mankind. The first Baha'i prophet was Mirza Ali Muhammad who declared in 1844 that he was the Bab [gate], the direct line to God.

In 1850 he was executed by Persian Authorities as a heretic. A battle ensued with the Persian army and over 20,000 Babis [believers in Bab] were tortured and slain.

One of the Babis, adopting the name Baha'u-lah, proclaimed himself in 1863 as the Messiah or promised one and his followers became known as Baha'is.

"The Baha'i faith grew out of Islam in much the same way as Christianity grew out of Judaism. As Jesus was born a Jew and grew up in Jewish culture he declared his mission there grew a whole new religion and in the same way Baha'u-lah was born in Muslim culture yet at a certain point in his life he declared his mission creating a whole new religion out of Islam," Draim said.

The Muslims, believing that Muhammad

was the final messenger of God, consider the Baha'i faith with it's new messiah after Muhammad as perverted and blasphemous and are further inflamed by the Baha'is association with Israel where they have Baha'u-lah's tomb and their world headquarters.

On Sept. 3, 1983 at the insistence of the Iranian prosecutor general, the National Spiritual Assembly of the Baha'is in Iran dissolved itself saying: "In order to establish it's good intentions and in conformity with its basic tenets concerning complete obedience to the instructions of the Government... The National Spiritual Assembly and all local spiritual assemblies and their communities are disbanded, and no one may any longer be designated a member of the Baha'i administration."

In return, the Baha'i community asked the Iranian government to end the torture and imprisonment and to guarantee the safety of their lives as law abiding Iranian citizens.

The persecution has not ended with more than 150 Baha'i followers arrested after disbandment.

According to Reverend Constantine N. Dombalis, U.S. public delegate to the

United Nations, "The campaign to destroy them utterly continues."

"The killings go on but they're done publicly, they're done privately, very quietly, because the Iranian government is responsive to world opinion to a degree. They listen enough for it to have some effect. That's why we have some hope," Draim said.

The Iranian government is tolerant towards other faiths including Christianity and Judaism. Draim feels that the Iranian government sees Baha'ism as wrongfully connected with their own fundamentalist Islamic religion and that's why its singled out for persecution.

"The situation is really no different than the persecution of the early Christians who were tortured and killed merely for the religious beliefs they held. Christianity was the most progressive movement in the world at that time and was seen as a threat to established religions and political institutions. It's no different today with regard to the Baha'i faith in Iran."

The Baha'i association is relatively small with seven members and the Baha'i community here in Richmond is small with approximately 50 active participants. In the U.S. the Baha'i community numbers around 100,000. The Baha'i religion is growing however, according to Draim, with rapid expansion in many third world countries.

Draim mentioned that the United States has been very helpful passing resolutions in the U.N. and in action by several members in Congress.

Student Tip Spurs Arrest

A tip from a student led to the arrest by VCU police of a man considered armed and dangerous by authorities in Northern Virginia who were searching for the man.

Cpt. Dan Dean, VCU police, said a week before the March 31 arrest, a student from Glading Residence Center called to report a suspicious man sitting in a car outside the dorm.

The student gave police the man's license plate number and a check on the car was run through the National Crime Information Center. The check revealed the man was wanted in Arlington County on charges of abduction, rape and sodomy.

The man had left before police arrived but, Dean said, an alert on the blue Mercury Cougar driven by the man was issued to all VCU officers.

The following Saturday night, VCU officers Willie Fuller and Eddie Lundy were told by the security guard at Glading that the man had returned. He had been parked again outside the dorm but had started his car up and was headed up W. Main Street.

The officers followed the man for about three blocks with their lights flashing before he pulled over and was apprehended without a struggle.

Dean said the man was held at the city lock-up until Arlington authorities came and got him.

"This is one of the best examples of student involvement with police," Dean said, "We encourage both students and staff to report anything out of the ordinary. This (incident) took a potentially very dangerous individual out of the area."

Elections Draw Few Voters

By Sandy Baer

Student senate elections drew few voters to the polls two weeks ago; although the number of votes increased by 40 over last year, out of the 17,000 eligible voters, only 320 turned out. Thirty-one students were elected.

Kass Tinker, current presiding officer of the senate, said the poor turnout can be blamed on both the students and the senate members. The senate's advertising efforts, concentrated mainly in the student commons, were seen by the same students, thus was less effective, she said.

"Many people didn't know who was

running," Tinker said, which was a significant reason why many students did not vote. "The student body is so spread out," she said. "It's hard to get in contact with people when 80 percent are commuters."

Considering the size of the student body, campaigning was difficult, Tinker said. "Not as much effort was put into the campaigning because it didn't take much of a vote to win," she said.

In the school of social work, no one sought a seat.

Tinker plans to provide the new presiding officer with some helpful hints on

how to improve voter turnout for the next election. She is writing a report about what can be done to improve student involvement in senate elections. "The student body here at VCU is unaware of the level of involvement that was taken by this year's candidates."

The new senate will be officially seated next week with two persons per school nominated for the executive committee and one from each school on the appointments committee. At the end of this spring, the remaining senators will be seated.

Views From A Senator

By Amy Satterthwaite

Former U.S. Senator Eugene McCarthy, speaking to a small group at Pace Memorial Church on April 12, said he wished the presidential candidates would address the "critical issues" in their campaigns.

He told the audience of mostly political science students that the important areas were unemployment, economics, big business, the government itself and defense.

McCarthy said the Democrats speak of full employment in America where the government, "could be the employer of the last resort," but no workable solutions have been proposed.

He suggested that a worker's overtime hours could be given to someone without, thus absorbing many unemployed. However, he said, "Labor unions won't accept this willingly."

McCarthy cited an example where a General Motors factory offered to hire extra workers if their present employees would stick to a 10-hour day. The G.M. workers voted it down.

Criticizing President Reagan's supply-side economic programs, McCarthy said the United States, "has a problem with wastefulness and over-production."

"We are overfed, overheated in the winter, over-cooled in the summer and disturbing of all, over defended," he said.

The build-up of nuclear arms has gone beyond a question of morals and is now a theological one, said McCarthy. "Since we can both destroy each other, the build-up is irrational. Are we defending ourselves against the rational? There ought to be someone challenging this concept."

"The military must be paranoid or they just can't quit. We shouldn't call our department 'defense', maybe we should



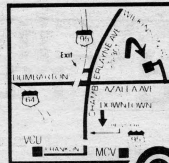
McCarthy
criticized
Reagan's
economics.

have two, an offense and a defense, like a football team. then maybe they will feel secure."

Asked about the government's inconsistency towards Latin America, he said, "If you don't know what to do, don't start shooting."

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6:30 THE SHINING
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Expansion Of A City; Richmond Grows Up

By Paul Wallo

To the person who has not visited the city of Richmond in the past 10 years, Richmond is as changed city. These changes, which mark the onset of growth, have generally been undertaken by the private sector with little aid from the city government.

The laissez-faire approach is changing. This summer, Richmond City Council will consider a newly proposed "Downtown Plan." City officials, area business and civic leaders eagerly await the unveiling of this plan. Although council is expected to take action this summer, possibly as early as July, city planners have not officially released the plan to the general public. Preliminary proposals have been published in *Revitalization News*, Virginia Commonwealth University's Urban Department publication.

The Downtown Plan is considered by city officials to be one of the most important governmental steps taken in the city's history.

"It is an active plan aimed at creating things," said Howard M. Jennings, Jr., senior planner for the city. "With this plan, we could be looking at two to five times the development in downtown than without the plan," Jennings said, adding, "Downtown is unique. It's sort of everyone's front yard."

The new proposals would carve downtown into 14 basic subdivisions and categorize the proper zoning and land uses suitable for each area.

Richard T. Reinhard, Executive Director of Central Richmond Association, outlined the subdivisions in downtown as parts, which added together, make an exciting whole. "Main and Cary Streets will be a first class office center," he said. "Broad Street is healthier than a lot of retail districts. People come down from New York City just to shop at Montaldo's [a women's apparel shop]."

According to Reinhard, the plan would eliminate piecemeal development in downtown. "It helps downtown proceed in a more organized manner," he said. "I hope that the plan gives us a vision for downtown. What can we do with the [James] River? We can have office buildings or we can have no office buildings, just parks. Or a mixture of both. I hope it offers flexibility."

Jennings echoed the theme of flexibility. "It will give downtown a lot of diversity and variety," he said, adding that the plan will have several economic benefits including: a strengthened tax base, more employment opportunities and a rise in downtown real estate values.



When planners sat down to actually develop a plan, they discovered that the downtown area was more complex and intricate than the remainder of the city. Their wide master plan.

The city-wide plan is drawn up every 10 years according to the city charter to meet the requirements of state law. "A master plan is a policy document describing downtown plan was purposely left out of the overall city-how the city thinks the land should be developed," Jennings said, adding that it acts as a guide for developers looking to build within certain areas of the city by means of zoning, architectural design and land use regulations.

The Downtown Plan is a form of the master plan, but it is different. "The city, business and civic leaders can work aggressively to get more things done," said Jennings. "With a city-wide plan, we would assign a planner to each of the other districts," said Jennings. "But because downtown is more intricate, we pooled all of our people to work on the plan."

City planners relied heavily on the assistance of hired experts in city planning and of a 100-member citizens advisory committee. Metropolitan area residents were then surveyed and the answers to planners' questions formed the basis of the Downtown Plan.

It was discovered that downtown land space is confined and needs to be developed vertically. The plan provides for new highrise office development, designating a 16-square-block area surrounding the Financial District. The amount of area zoned for highrise office buildings is small

so that development will be densely concentrated.

"Once you spread out [past the area zoned for highrises], you go into a smaller-scaled [zoned] area," said Jennings. "The plan will try to discourage spread over the next 15 years."

Jennings, however, admitted that should a developer wish to go beyond the district bounded by Fifth, 12th, Franklin and Canal Streets, he could do so. He also admitted that once the area becomes "filled up," so that no land would be available for more office buildings, the zoned area would have to be expanded to adjacent streets and properties.

Among the most significant provisions in the plan is residential development. According to Jennings, it will mark a major change in not only the downtown skyline, but in the character of downtown life as well.

"About 1,000 to 1,500 units is about the most we can hope for in the next 15 years," he said, indicating that four to six possible areas could be developed for residential use.

The first, and most popular area for housing, is the James Riverfront. Jennings outlined three sites along or near the river where new housing is proposed.

"The plan shows residential development on Ethyl Corporation's property [near historic Tredegar Ironworks] and on Reynolds's Metals property," he said, indicating that Ethyl is uncertain about its future plans for development and that the city would be interested in encouraging high-rise condominium development there.

Brown's Island, the site of June Jubilee, is also a likely target for luxury living space. "We would like to see a highrise residential tower there," Jennings said.

Jennings stated that these proposals would complement new housing development at James Center and in Shockoe Slip. "It will take on a residential character, but it won't be purely residential," he said, adding that living units would be intermingled with a riverfront park, providing residents with open space for recreation.

Jennings did not rule out the possibility of major residential development at the current site of the Virginia State Penitentiary. City officials have hoped the Commonwealth of Virginia would close down the aging facility allowing developers to tear it down and replace it with a large-scale project.

Another area in which the city is eager to encourage highrise housing is the West Grace Street area east of Belvidere (east of the VCU academic campus). "There

are already highrise apartment buildings nearby on Franklin Street," Jennings said. "It would demand some purchase and clearance of old buildings," he said, adding that a problem in luring investors to the area could stem from the location of halfway houses and rehabilitation centers nearby.

Reinhard offered one idea about the type of large apartment buildings which may be seen here in the near future.

"There's plenty of nice housing downtown, but something along the line of [the type of buildings built along] Manhattan's Central Park," he said, adding such buildings would be viable as the city becomes more cosmopolitan.

The Downtown Plan also calls for an upgrading of the retail core with an eye to possible expansion with the development of the Sixth Street Festival Marketplace.

"We will see quality shopping, entertainment, movie theaters, the arts, theatre as well as nice amenities," said Jennings. "There will be things for you to do at lunch," he said, citing the possibility of luring new restaurants into the area.

Broad Street is an area targeted for revitalization.

"When we asked people about downtown, they usually mentioned two things, parking and Broad Street," said Reinhard. "Once the thoroughfare of both the city and state, Broad has fallen into a state of decay. But, according to Jennings, the plan will encourage the conversion of second and third floors above storefronts into studeo apartments."

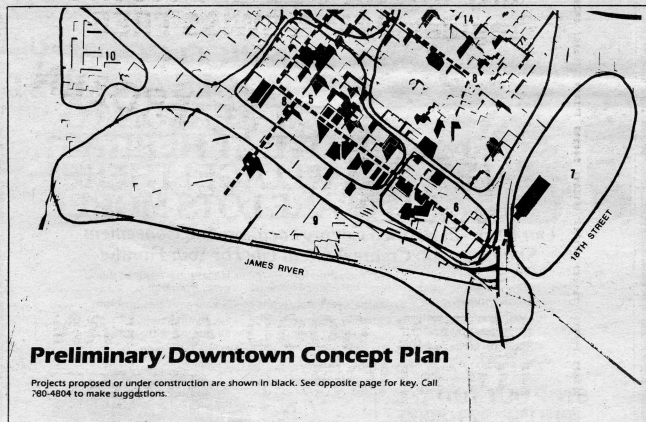
The large-scale developments called for by the plan are a result of the city's growth of the last five years. Jennings stated the city, in addition to the plan, will try to aggressively market in other business centers to lure companies here to lease out the expected one million square feet of space.

"I would imagine if we get geared up the way I think we will (in marketing and development), I think we will see much taller buildings being built," he said.

Whether the new Downtown Plan will live up to its billing is a matter for time to tell. But, Jennings said, it will be a step in the right direction.

"This is our time in history," he said. "We'll see things happen on a scale that's really unprecedented."

And a look at the downtown skyline in 1994 should bear that out.



Preliminary Downtown Concept Plan

Projects proposed or under construction are shown in black. See opposite page for Key. Call 780-4804 to make suggestions.



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Business And Media Relations Improving

By Matt Matthews

The Dow Jones Industrial average rose a little bit; national retail sales are off just a hair; and the market profile has looked better, but doesn't look too bad no matter how you slice it. That was Friday's report and, of course, it is subject to change at the spur of a moment. So much for business news, now on to sports.

Business and the media. Has a nasty sound to it. It's complicated and it's boring. Even Dr. Max Moszer, VCU professor of economics and certainly one who would understand business and economic news reports, admits it is not the hottest thing around and is, at times, very difficult to understand. Economics and business as currently reported by the media just doesn't cut it, he said.

Moszer was the most outspoken panalist out of seven that discussed the relationship between the business community and news media last Thursday in VCU's business auditorium. He was also the only panalist that didn't represent business or the media. Three panalists represented the media, three represented business.

The panalists were on hand for an hour-long presentation and discussion of "Between The Lines", a study recently completed by a group of students in the school of Mass Communications about business and the news media.

Twenty-nine businesses were polled in the study, as were economists and the media in order to more fully understand how well media and business get along. The study overwhelmingly concluded that a closer, more fluid relationship now exists between business and media than ever before; this improvement is likely to continue in the future. It also noted that the quality of coverage has improved.

Yet something must be done to alleviate

the understanding gap that separates complicated business news from the average member of the audience, Moszer said. "I don't even understand much of what I see on TV."

He added that the notion that media doesn't have the time to prepare and explore business and economic news is outdated. While that used to be the case, he contends that now media has made the effort and time necessary for the "essential and important" coverage of business and economic matters.

Moszer discounted the method whereby such news is handled by the media, though. He said that no one can fully understand reports with a bunch of percentages and numbers. What the media needs to do, he suggested, is to report business and economic news in a way that the average person can understand.

Harvey Powers, news director of WWBT

channel 12, agreed saying that because media coverage is becoming more specialized, it will probably improve. He noted that reporters used to be "generalists" but now more are training in specific areas in order to better present complicated news.

He said more emphasis is being placed on covering business and the economy, but he asserted that much of his station's air time is already devoted to such news. The cable news channels, which air news every hour, have further increased coverage of news concerning business and economy, he said.

Powers noted two flaws with the "Between The Lines" study.

"The program didn't define what business news is," he said. He also said the study analyzed content of newspapers but not TV.

Although the study's findings did not

surprise him, John Taylor, vice president of public affairs for A.H. Robbins Company, was pleased with the report.

He said "The relationship is better because both sides have matured." He was encouraged by the report's prediction that relations would continue to improve.

Gary Marshall, business and economic reporter for United Press International, noted that media doesn't look at business as an adversary anymore. However, that's not the case with business and their view of the media.

Many businesses have added public relations departments, and to Nolene Hassett of the public relations department of Dominion Resources, that's one reason for improved relations. "More businesses are investing in public relations; they are taking their relations with the media as a top priority. This was not the case 5 or 10 years ago," she said.

Building To Rid Crammed Classes

By Amy Satterthwaite

A new "general purpose" academic building that will house classrooms, labs and faculty offices is in its preliminary stages of planning at VCU.

Director of Planning Richard A. Lisbon said the building is needed, "to relieve classroom constraints, particularly the need for large classroom areas."

Six of the larger rooms have been proposed for the new addition but Lisbon said this, as well as other specifics, are subject to change. A building committee has just been formed and has met only once.

Lisbon said the planning phase will last about one year, construction would take

two years and, if everything goes well, occupancy will occur by 1988.

The building will be between the parking deck and Oliver Hall and be 100,000 gross square feet in size. An architect will be selected next month, according to Lisbon.

Linden Street may be closed and if it is, VCU's building could butt up against Oliver Hall. If the street remains open, Lisbon said, there may be a bridge connecting the new building to Oliver Hall.

The physical details have not been finalized, largely because of financial cuts. VCU requested 14.2 million and the state approved 13 million. "This means we'll have to cut back in some ways," Lisbon

said.

The role of his office, Lisbon said, is to take responsibility for the project and to utilize outside resources. He said, "We coordinate committee planning, interview and select architects and oversee the bidding for the construction contract."

They must also report to the State Department of Engineering and Building who review every stage of development. VCU's addition was awarded top priority by the state during the 1984-86 biennium.

Lisbon said his office is in the process of updating the campus master plan developed in 1976. "We're getting input from everyone and viewing their needs for growth."

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Urban Affairs at VCU

Infamous Last Words

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By Christopher Beakey

William Thames skirted the yellow line on highway 95 and several times almost crossed over it. He had switched from brandy to champagne, in order to celebrate the occasion of revenge.

Just 20 minutes before, he had come home to a spotless house that smelled of fresh gladiolas and discovered FiFi unattended in the window seat of the kitchen. Suddenly the solution to all of his problems was clear—FiFi was just as important to Myrna as LaRhonda was to him. FiFi had been the perfect project for Myrna. She could be clipped, groomed, deodorized and generally fretted over to extreme, so that what remained was nothing like the original beast. When Myrna finished with her own appearance, she simply turned the brush and blow dryer to the poodle.

He had laughed in spite of himself as he leaned down to grab her. His hands had cast trembling shadows on the dog's bone-white fur and she had been unable to fight him off even with all of her snipping and whining. After writing a quick ransom note to Myrna, he had dashed out the door.

Thames decided that Lucille's Poodle Parlour, and Olde Country Inn, in Short Pump, Va. was the perfect place to keep FiFi until Myrna consented to dropping her alimony demands and to giving LaRhonda back to him. Lucille had assured him that she took wonderful care of the "little darlings" and was "very discriminating concerning their diets and grooming." Myrna couldn't complain about that.

Two miles outside of Short Pump, William pulled into a roadside diner to make the ransom call. He rolled down the window so FiFi would have proper ventilation, and locked the door. He stepped out of the car and realized that in his lack of

sobriety that he parked just a bit too close to the road. He was nearly knocked down from a rush of wind that followed a thundering gasoline truck as he got out.

Inside the diner, a leggy waitress with strawberry blonde hair snapped her fingers to Tammy Wynette's "Stand By Your Man." She smiled at him as he entered, with a noticeable appraisal of his jacket and tie.

Thames found the phone and dialed his home number. Myrna answered on the first ring.

"Yes?"

"It's me, Myrna."

"William! You are the most despicable man I—"

"You started it, Myrna. I've got the dog. I promise you she'll be safe until I get LaRhonda back. It's an even trade. Afterwards we can decide about everything else."

"William, if you do *anything else* to the baby, I promise I'll tell the police everything and have you *thrown in jail*."

"And you'll go with me, darling, for harboring stolen property."

"Where are you, William?"

"I'm just down the road. I've got a secret place for the dog. I'm coming home tonight to discuss this with you."

"Oh William, please don't let anything happen to her." Myrna started crying openly. William felt a bitter lump come to his throat.

"Myrna, I promise that nothing will happen to your—uh—poodle. I'll see you tonight."

He hung up the phone and gazed at his



reflection in the glass of the phone booth for a moment. Dark bands circled his eyes, and with his tousled hair, he realized that he appeared both drunk and maybe even a little crazy.

He opened the door to leave just as FiFi wriggled out of the car window. With a forced leap, the dog dropped to the gravel driveway and ran barking on to the highway.

"The piercing screech of an 18-wheeler silenced William's scream. It was followed by FiFi's last frightened yelp.

Makeover Of The Month

Trench came home from another jam

session to find his roommate sitting on the bed absently going over the pages of his high school yearbook.

"Robert, where have you been? I haven't seen you in two days!"

"Just around, Trench. I haven't felt like doing much lately."

"The high-pressure world of local TV got you down?"

Robert slammed the book shut. "That's very funny, Trench. I might die laughing."

"Whoa." Trench sat down across from him, not quite sure what to say. "You look terrible." Then he started laughing. "Really terrible."

"Thanks. I wanted to look terrible. Less to advertise."

"Less to advertise? What happened?"

"I don't think I'm going to get a job at the TV station. It just isn't going to work out."

"What happened? I thought you had everything just right."

"Wink Wendelguest is *gay*."

"So?"

"He thought I was too."

Trench snickered, then broke into a laughing spell. He composed himself, but started laughing again. Robert looked over to him and tried to remain serious, but weakened. Tossing off his shoes, he started jumping on the bed. I—CAN'T—BELIEVE—THIS—IS—HAPPENING—TO—ME!" His rhythm was perfect.

"I think it's great. Small-town boys sleep his way to the top. Fame, fortune await."

"Oh, shut up." Robert stopped jumping and dropped into a sitting position.

"Everything is screwed up now. I don't have a job, my girlfriend hates me—"

"No, she hates your boyfriend!"

"Asshole!"

"Hey! Hey!" Trench covered his mowhawk with his arms. "Just kidding, slick!"

If you knew, why didn't you warn me?"

"Warn you of what? Just because I suspected he was a little pink doesn't mean I knew he wanted you working there 'cause of it. You do have to admit that it's kind of strange, though. I mean, a freshman being offered a job with a station when his only qualifications are a terrific attitude and a dynamite wardrobe."

toothy grin. "Radical!"

Trench bounced up from the bed and quickly grabbed the scissors, warming them up with a savage cutting motion. "I can't wait!"

Making Out

Myrna was distraught enough to bite her expensively manicured fingernails down to the quick as she sat by the phone in the kitchen. She had been there all day ever since William had made his phone call to tell her about the FiFi/LaRhonda bargain. Every ten minutes she had tried to call Binky Boynton to try to get the painting back. No one answered Binky's phone. Calling the police was impossible—that would leave her open to all kinds of questioning. The newspapers would have eventually found out about the problems in the Thames family and she and William would be exposed as art thieves.

At 6 pm she heard her husband's footsteps at the door. He shuffled into the kitchen, saying nothing, and sat across the table from her.

"Where is FiFi, William?"

William buried his face in his hands. "I'll give you the painting back. I'll have it for you tonight, William. I want the baby back as soon as possible."

Moving his hands away from his face, he looked up at her. His eyes were rimmed with red. "Myrna, I'm sorry."

"What now?" she thought. She wanted to be furious with him, to hold onto the anger.

"FiFi's dead." His voice was a whisper.

Her mind raced, looking for a reason for him to claim that FiFi was actually... "DEAD?"

"Hit by a truck... she got out and I couldn't stop her... she just ran into the street."

"Oh, God." Myrna felt her hand rise to her throat.

William looked out at some distant point through the window.

"Myrna, you can call the police or whatever. I don't care." He turned to face her. "You can have anything you want. I honestly didn't mean to hurt you or the dog or anything. I just—"

Myrna was surprised to find tears absent. The grief was there, but it was mixed with something not quite recognizable. "William, what's happened to us?" she said softly. He had turned again, and she gazed at his profile, his boyish, saddened mouth. "What happened?"

He got up slowly from his chair, deliberately balancing for steadiness, and came around the table. He dropped to his knees and started crying like a child. "I don't know."

Somewhere in a distant movie theater, a woman looked out from a giant screen at an audience of admirers. It was a very emotional scene, and her face was wincing and pained. Her hair was mussed and tousled, and long streams of mascara blackened her eyes. Myrna remembered every detail of the woman's expression. Slowly, she lifted William's hands to her face, separated the fingers, and smoothed them across her eyelids. She then moved them to her mouth and smeared the lipstick over to the sides. From there, the fingers had energy of their own. They massaged her scalp, and pulled Myrna's brown curls over her forehead.

"My love," William whispered to her.

Somewhere in a dark corner, an artist's work was being held hostage, a spoil of a war of passion. It was a thing that had been kept, selfishly away from a place of honor, once a plaything and then an idol, a fragment of something as simple as uncomplicated love.

"Do you want it back, William?"

He stood up, bringing her with him, and deftly loosened the snaps that pulled her dress tightly, excruciatingly around her middle. Their eyes met.

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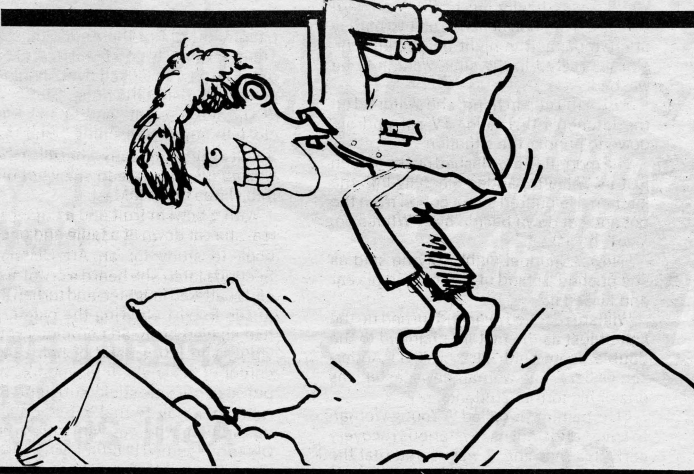
"Where are you, William?"

"I'm just down the road. I've got a secret place for the dog. I'm coming home tonight to discuss this with you."

"Oh William, please don't let anything happen to her." Myrna started crying openly. William felt a bitter lump come to his throat.

"Myrna, I promise that nothing will happen to your—uh—poodle. I'll see you tonight."

He hung up the phone and gazed at his



reflection in the glass of the phone booth for a moment. Dark bands circled his eyes, and with his tousled hair, he realized that he appeared both drunk and maybe even a little crazy.

He opened the door to leave just as FiFi wriggled out of the car window. With a forced leap, the dog dropped to the gravel driveway and ran barking on to the highway.

"The piercing screech of an 18-wheeler silenced William's scream. It was followed by FiFi's last frightened yelp.

Makeover Of The Month

Trench came home from another jam

session to find his roommate sitting on the bed absently going over the pages of his high school yearbook.

"Robert, where have you been? I haven't seen you in two days!"

"Just around, Trench. I haven't felt like doing much lately."

"The high-pressure world of local TV got you down?"

Robert slammed the book shut. "That's very funny, Trench. I might die laughing."

"Whoa." Trench sat down across from him, not quite sure what to say. "You look terrible." Then he started laughing. "Really terrible."

"Thanks. I wanted to look terrible. Less to advertise."

"Less to advertise? What happened?"

"I don't think I'm going to get a job at the TV station. It just isn't going to work out."

"What happened? I thought you had everything just right."

"Wink Wendelguest is **gay**."

"So?"

"He thought I was *too*."

Trench snickered, then broke into a laughing spell. He composed himself, but started laughing again. Robert looked over to him and tried to remain serious, but weakened. Tossing off his shoes, he started jumping on the bed. I—CAN'T—BELIEVE—THIS—IS—HAPPENING—TO—ME!" His rhythm was perfect.

"I think it's great. 'Small-town boy sleeps his way to the top. Fame, fortune await.'"

"Oh, shut up." Robert stopped jumping and dropped into a sitting position.

"Everything is screwed up now. I don't have a job, my girlfriend hates me—"

"No, she hates your *boyfriend*!"

"Asshole!"

"Hey! Hey!" Trench covered his mow-hawk with his arms. "Just kidding, slick!"

If you knew, why didn't you warn me?"

"Warn you of *what*? Just because I suspected he was a little pink doesn't mean I *knew* he wanted you working there 'cause of it. You do have to admit that it's kind of strange, though. I mean, a freshman being offered a job with a station when his only qualifications are a terrific attitude and a dynamite wardrobe."

"FiFi's *dead*." His voice was a whisper.

Her mind raced, looking for a reason for him to claim that FiFi was actually. . .

"**DEAD**?"

"Hit by a truck. . . she got out and I couldn't stop her. . . she just ran into the street."

"Oh, God." Myrna felt her hand rise to her throat.

William looked out at some distant point through the window.

"Myrna, you can call the police or whatever. I don't care." He turned to face her.

"You can have anything you want. I honestly didn't mean to hurt you or the dog or anything. I just—"

Myrna was surprised to find tears absent. The grief was there, but it was mixed with something not quite recognizable.

"William, what's happened to us?" she said softly. He had turned again, and she gazed at his profile, his boyish, saddened mouth. "What happened?"

He got up slowly from his chair, deliberately balancing for steadiness, and came around the table. He dropped to his knees and started crying like a child. "I don't know."

Somewhere in a distant movie theater, a woman looked out from a giant screen at an audience of admirers. It was a very emotional scene, and her face was wincing and pained. Her hair was mussed and tousled, and long streams of mascara blackened her eyes. Myrna remembered every detail of the woman's expression. Slowly, she lifted William's hands to her face, separated the fingers, and smoothed them across her eyelids. She then moved them to her mouth and smeared the lipstick over to the sides. From there, the fingers had energy of their own. They massaged her scalp, and pulled Myrna's brown curls over her forehead.

"My love," William whispered to her.

Somewhere in a dark corner, an artist's work was being held hostage, a spoil of a war of passion. It was a thing that had been kept, selfishly away from a place of honor, once a plaything and then an idol, a fragment of something as simple as uncomplicated love.

"Do you want it back, William?"

He stood up, bringing her with him, and deftly loosened the snaps that pulled her dress tightly, excruciatingly around her middle. Their eyes met.

"Yeah!" Robert stared at him sardonically, his mouth forming an exaggerated,

toothy grin. "Radical!"

Trench bounced up from the bed and quickly grabbed the scissors. warming them up with a savage cutting motion. "I can't wait!"

Making Out

Myrna was distraught enough to bite her expensively manicured fingernails down to the quick as she sat by the phone in the kitchen. She had been there all day, ever since William had made his phone call to tell her about the FiFi/LaRhonda bargain. Every ten minutes she had tried to call Binky Boynton to try to get the painting back. No one answered Binky's phone. Calling the police was impossible—that would leave her open to all kinds of questioning. The newspapers would have eventually found out about the problems in the Thames family and she and William would be exposed as art thieves.

At 6 pm she heard her husband's footsteps at the door. He shuffled into the kitchen, saying nothing, and sat across the table from her.

"Where is FiFi, William?"

William buried his face in his hands.

"I'll give you the painting Back. I'll have it for you tonight, William. I want the baby back as soon as possible."

Moving his hands away from his face, he looked up at her. His eyes were rimmed with red. "Myrna, I'm sorry."

"*What now?*" she thought. She wanted to be furious with him, to hold onto the anger.

"FiFi's *dead*." His voice was a whisper.

Her mind raced, looking for a reason for him to claim that FiFi was actually. . .

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Subterfuge

Olga left for the library, and Binky locked the door. The stolen property under her bed was becoming a much-sought-after item, and suddenly it looked as if she would have a lot to do with what happened to it. The phone had been ringing all day, and she knew that it was Myrna who had been calling. It was becoming very apparent that if William Thames signed those papers, and Myrna wanted to give the painting directly to him, that there would be very little she could do to insure that Wink would be led to the thief and get his story without implicating himself.

"Poor Wink," she thought. He was out in the dark of night trying so hard to make a name for himself. It was now 9 pm and she knew he would be exhausted. He would go to bed lonely, and probably stare at his ceiling all night wishing she were lying warm and snug next to him. After all, she was going to be the love that made him famous.

The thought occurred to her at once, and Binky watched in the mirror as a delighted smile came to her lips. It would be very nice for Wink to trudge up to his door and find her waiting, looking wickedly sexy, with open arms. They could relax in his bedroom, he could tell her all about his day. They could then recreate their first night of passion.

At the main outside door of Monroe Park Towers, she waited casually until a resident entered the building and held the security door open for her. Luckily, the man took the stairway, and Binky had the elevator to herself as she rode to the fifth floor. She got off and knocked on Wink's door. Not surprisingly, he was still out. She walked back to the elevator, hoping that he wouldn't be gone long, and decided to wait there.

She stood against the wall for almost 30 minutes, smiling at the residents who walked by. She could hear scattered fragments of conversation from the elevator's occupants as it passed through the shaft. When she heard Wink's unmistakably resonant voice, she looked up to the lighted numbers and saw that the elevator was just passing the third floor. There was another voice inside the elevator, that of another man talking to Wink. This was something she had not anticipated. She darted through the stairway door, leaving it open just a crack, and waited for the elevator doors to open.

Wink entered the hall, trailed by his male companion, who tugged at Wink's beltloop, then moved a hand to the small of Wink's back.

Binky's mouth dropped.

They walked halfway down the hall laughing, and Wink spun the man around. Pushing him against the wall, Wink kissed him full on the mouth.

"Oh my God," Binky breathed. Wink had been covering more than just a story. She fell back against the stairway wall in dismay and felt her throat go dry, as it always did when she was about to cry.

She had been used again. Suddenly, Wink's scheme was very clear to her. She looked again through the crack as Wink unlocked his apartment door and the man followed him in. She had nearly sold out her friendship with Myrna Thames for this, almost become implicated in a publicity scheme. Once again her love life had taken a jaded turn. She had been dropped for a guy.

Life Gets Better

Myrna awoke from a dream-filled half sleep and sat up in bed. Beside her, William slept peacefully, his arm still around her middle. She was overwhelmed with a rush of affection as he stirred slightly to her movement. Turning over to face him, she kissed him lightly on the neck.

"Mmm." His eyes fluttered open, looked at her momentarily and closed again



above a half smile.

"Morning, darling," Myrna whispered softly to him. "It's early, you don't have to get up yet." She smoothed down his hair and rose quietly from the bed. She left night before. She hadn't felt so warm towards him since their wedding day. Now that they were starting over, there were a lot of things to look forward to.

The stolen painting was a problem that had to be dealt with. William had vowed that he never wanted to see it again. They had decided together that it would be returned, somehow, to the gallery where it belonged. Then they would go through the wonderful process of discovering each other again. At this point, however, Binky still had LaRhonda and, for some reason, she had not answered any of Myrna's calls.

When the coffee was ready, Myrna looked at the clock. It was 7:30. The kitchen was beginning to brighten with sunlight. They had polished off two bottles of champagne the night before, and the glasses rested in the sink, waiting to be washed.

With a full cup in hand, she switched on the kitchen's tiny color TV set and sat down to ponder the situation.

The morning news flashed on the screen just as William padded sleepily into the kitchen. He poured some coffee from the pot and sat down beside her. "What's on, love?" he asked.

"News. Channel eight," Myrna said as she pushed a stand of hair behind his ear and kissed it.

William reached over and turned up the sound just as the picture changed to the double-doored entrance of VCU's Anderson Gallery. The woman newscaster was one of his former students.

"The painting is called 'A Young Woman In Love,' and until its mysterious recovery early this morning, it was feared that the French work of art was lost. The piece is part of the permanent collection of the Anderson Gallery, and is owned by the gallery's chairman, Minnie Lee Jenkins. The painting disappeared from Ms. Jenkins' office nearly two months ago, and there has been only one anonymous phone call regarding the painting's disappearance since then."

"A custodian on duty at dawn this morning reported that he saw a person dressed completely in black, covered by a large hood, come to the back stairs of the gallery and leave the painting there. He said that he called to the figure, but before he could get to the door, the mysterious person had disappeared. Reports say that the painting is clear of fingerprints, and no further clues are

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He took a long sip of black coffee and winked at her. "Not a *she*, Myrna."

Myrna switched off the set and took him back to bed.

Making Up

Olga White walked past a small group of people in front of the Anderson Gallery. There seemed to be a great deal of excitement as people looked over shoulders to get a look inside the door. "Here I am at VCU," she thought "and I can't ever get close to anything exciting." She thought about asking someone what all of the fuss was about, but instead she went directly into Hibbs for breakfast.

With a bowl of fruit and a cup of strong tea, she sat down at a table and opened a book to study for an Art History test. Seconds later, she heard a cry of surprise and scattered laughter, and turned around to see Robert entering the cafeteria. He had shaved his head completely on both sides, and left a band of hair down the center of his scalp. It looked like he had put soap or some sticky substance on the remaining hair to make it stand straight up. Trench, who was with him, smiled at Olga and seemed to be enjoying immensely the attention Robert was getting.

Closing the book, she scooted back her chair and stared at Robert in disbelief. The thought of him holding a microphone and doing a spot on the evening news made her laugh. Their eyes met, and he waved shyly at her. She waved back and motioned for him to come over.

He sat down next to her and said hello. "Changing your major?" she asked.

"Just my image, I think."

"I—kind of like it. You look very, uh, *enigmatic*." She brought the cup to her mouth, felt the warmth of it, and saw something quite appealing in Robert's smile. He was learning to laugh at himself.

"Mind if I join you?" he asked.

"I'd be delighted," she said, and abruptly sat up and kissed him for a long time.

Art At Home

Binky finally got up enough nerve to leave her hiding place in the dormitory. She hadn't answered any of the phone calls, fearful that one of them would be from the police, telling her that she had been identified as the mysterious person who had stashed the painting back on the steps of the Anderson Gallery.

She felt as if nothing would be right again with men. First, there had been the traumatic affair with a college professor that had gotten her nowhere. Then she had fallen again—for a newsman who preferred nights out with the boys. It seemed that no one appreciated Binky Boynton for her scintillating intelligence. They just wanted to use her.

She felt as if she had gotten *fairly* close to getting even with Wink. She had placed the painting on the steps of the Anderson Gallery two days earlier than the date she had arranged with Wink, so another reporter got the scoop. Neither Wink nor anyone else would ever know the true story of the theft, or the full scope of the scandal. Binky reflected on the fact that a beautiful woman scorned is one of nature's most dangerous creatures.

She dressed casually, and put on no makeup, deciding there was little reason to look stunning, since there weren't any men left in the world anyway. She stepped nervously out the door. No one seemed to pay much attention to her. For once she was grateful for anonymity.

After standing outside of the Anderson Gallery for 20 minutes, she got the nerve to go in. She found the painting immediately. It had been hung quite grandly on a prominent wall, and a crowd was viewing it. In the gallery's clean bright lighting it was truly magnificent. The enthusiasm of the crowd was like that of some Darwinian group that had just discovered the missing link, or a band of pirates that had found an ancient treasure.

Binky stood there for a long time before noticing the ancient woman by her side.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" the woman said.

"Uh—yes, it is."

"It was hanging in my office for so long—kept away from the people. I'm glad everyone can enjoy it now."

"Yes, ma'am. I agree."

The woman looked at her quizzically, then gave her a conspiratorial smile. "You know, you'd be surprised at all that's gone on around here. There's a lot more to this than you'll ever know."

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The End

Fun Up The Interstate

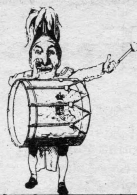
Interstate 95-North is not generally reckoned as a cultural gateway or path to paradise. Unlike the Jersey Turnpike, it offers no exciting aromas for the sensitive-nosed passenger. And unlike the German Autobahn, you aren't supposed to drive over 55 miles per hour.

But when summertime rolls around, I-95 turns into a sort of aesthetic yellowbrick road, because it's the only major thoroughfare that takes Richmonders to Memorial Stadium and Merriweather-Post Pavilion.



Baltimore's Memorial Stadium is the closest spot locals can go to for major league baseball. It's a real stadium, with real grass, a real scoreboard, real weinies and Gulden's mustard. The Baltimore Orioles, who inhabit the stadium, are not only last year's world champions, but they happen to play in the American League East, the best division in baseball.

Tiger fans, Red Sox fans and Yankee fans all have at least seven dates to choose from to see their team play in Maryland. The stadium is about a three hour drive from the Bill's Barbeque on North Boulevard. All you do is take 95 North from Richmond, keep on 95 around the Capital Beltway, take the Baltimore-Washington Parkway north to Baltimore, and follow the signs from there.



Music fans should also praise the concrete by-product of their highway taxes, because the beautiful outdoor Pavilion it leads to is perhaps the ultimate place to see a show on a warm summer night.

The Post is currently selling tickets in blocks of four, and Series 5 looks to be the most adventurous and cohesive.

The Eurythmics will play on July 31, and their lush, full-bodied sounds should be perfectly suited to the Post's excellent acoustics. Joe Jackson is set for June 23, and Elvis Costello—most likely playing solo without the Attractions—is scheduled for August 12.

The fourth and final band in Series 5 is King Crimson, another act whose alternating funk/ambient sounds are tailor made for the Pavilion.

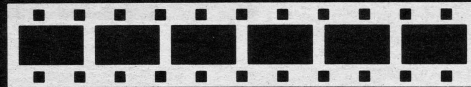
Also playing the Post are the Go-Go's July 8, the Pretenders on July 29 and John Denver, who is so important his date has yet to be announced. All of the above shows will eventually be sold as individual tickets, but Series subscribers get the best seats.

The Post is located on the Columbia Pike stretch of I-95 between Washington and Baltimore. Swing around the left (west) side of the Beltway, and get off in College Park at the Columbia Pike exit. Follow that north to Columbia, Maryland, and the Pavilion signs will take you in from there.

All shows start at 7:30, so leave extra early because I-95 is not the Autobahn and Maryland police are not Virginia police. Happy motoring.

—Times staff

VIDEO MOVIES TO GO



Grand Opening
50% Off Membership
\$25 Year or \$50 Lifetime
2 Free Tapes With Membership

Tape Rental \$4.00 First Tape \$3.00 Each Additional
Adult Films \$8.00 First Tape \$5.00 Each Additional

New Releases

Raiders Of The Lost Ark
Scarface
Staying Alive

Comedy

Richard Pryor
Robin Williams
Monty Python

Music

Thriller
Compleat Beatles
Billy Joel Live

Exercise

Do It Debbie's Way
Aerobicise
Jane Fonda's Workout

And More Films

Psycho
Gandhi
The Deer Hunter
Conan The Barbarian
Blue Thunder
Superman III
American Gigolo
Star Trek
The Howling



Video Movies To Go

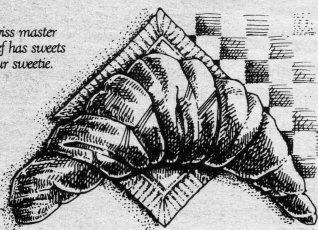
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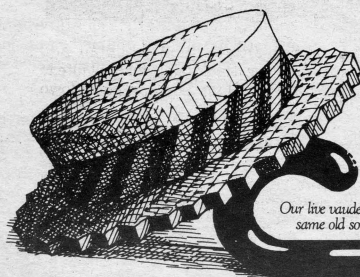
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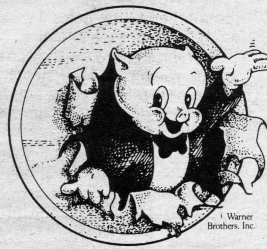
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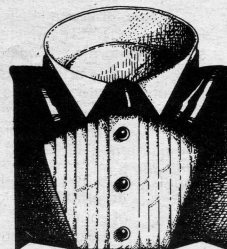
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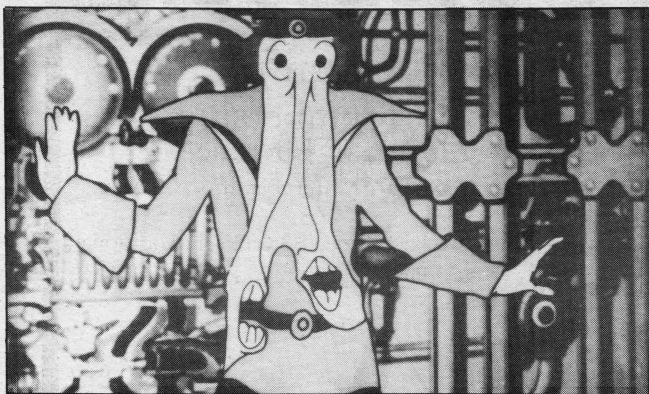
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Futuropolis: Cotton Candy For The Eyes



By Don Harrison

Steve Segal, diminutive and wide-eyed, could just have well have been Lou Costello. Phil Trumbo, tall and middle-class looking, would have made a perfect Bud Abbott. Standing in front of the Biograph theatre curtain with huge sheepish smiles, you would think Vaudeville had returned.

What Segal and Trumbo did on that glittery April 12 night was not a comedy routine, however. It was an introduction to filmmaking. Looking relieved and shopworn, they unveiled their umpteenth-years-in-the-making animated feature, *Futuropolis* to an enthusiastic audience. This was no mere screening, mind you, it was a world premiere; the

culmination of nearly a decade of sweat and toil. It wasn't made in Hollywood on a Universal sound stage, it was made in Richmond at places like the Science Museum. It wasn't financed by some cigar-chomping movie mogul, it was strung along bit-by-bit whenever capital was available. It doesn't star Streisand and Pacino, it stars friends, relatives, and whomever wanted a part. In essence, Trumbo and Segal were showing off their new home movie. A funny, imaginative, sometimes-dazzling home movie.

The premise is standard sci-fi: the Space Rangers, led by Captain Garth, try to thwart the villainous Egghead, who has a vast arsenal of twisted molecular-warping machinery at his disposal. Ho-hum, right? Well, the plot may be old hat, but it hardly matters. It's just a coat hanger for the filmmakers to hang their visual magic on. Magic? Yep. *Futuropolis* is cotton candy for the eyes. Greg Hoey's cinematography, Segal's effects, and Trumbo's design weave together to create a stunning shine. Favorably comparable to George Dunning's *Yellow Submarine*, and even the old

Flash Gordon serials in spots.

Sure, there are flaws, but no more than your average hyped Studio City fodder. You can see a wire here and there, and the cast, except for Tom Campagnoli's Cosmo and Mike Cody's Egghead, is pretty one dimensional... but the achievement is still awe-inspiring. One sequence in particular, the climactic mind battle that ends the movie, is a true-blue classic, zapping every film genre in existence before the fade-out.

It warms a cinema buff's heart to see something like *Futuropolis*. This is true love of film. It's pretty easy for George Lucas or Steven Spielberg who have thirty zillion dollars and the best technicians in the world at their disposal to say they love movies. It was right there on the screen that premiere night: Nine hard fought years of apathy, money problems, delays, and god-knows-what-else, just so an audience can sit back for forty minutes and have fun. That's true love.

Hollywood could use a couple guys like Segal and Trumbo. And a couple movies like *Futuropolis*. We knew them when.

Hitchcock's Big Country

As the self-centered professionalism of the last decade has turned into a darker and more cynical 1980s, Americans are discovering (and rediscovering) the films of a master of psychological suspense.

After being tied up for years in legal entanglements, Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo* and *Rear Window* have been re-released nationally with tremendous success. Additionally, USA Cable Network has been drawing its biggest audiences with reruns of the old *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* TV series of the 1950s.

So it is ironic—indeed—that his *North By Northwest* will be sneaking into the Biograph Theatre this Thursday, as it is not only the most commercial of Hitchcock's 50-plus releases, but the most spacey and visually alluring.

The director disposes of the claustrophobic atmosphere that inundated *Vertigo*, *The Wrong Man*, and *Rear Window* in favor of color schemes that follow Cary Grant west by northwest.

Grant, as a cool advertising executive, plays out one of Hitchcock's favorite themes, that of the innocent man wrongly accused. Sort of. The film is a charming look at what happens when the CIA, for espionage purposes, invents a man who does not exist only to have a different man—Grant—be accidentally mistaken as the decoy. Would the CIA be so crass as to consider letting the enemy continue to believe that the real man is the decoy? A number of Nicaraguan navigators would be more than happy to provide an answer.

Either way, none of this is good news for Grant's character, and the fact that he is a relatively unscrupulous (although still likeable) businessman provides an interesting moral parallel.

This small problem of identity leaves Grant running for cover from the majestic United Nations building in New York to the four faces at Mt. Rushmore. But it is a stopover in Missouri that provides the most notorious scene in the film.

While shooting *Vertigo* a year earlier, Hitchcock would frequently drive from Los Angeles through the flat fields surrounding Bakersfield to his house in Northern California. With the moribund presence of cropdusting planes flying overhead, he began wondering what would happen if someone were swooped down-upon by an enemy in one of those low-flying planes out in the open. What could leave a man more defenseless, he wondered, than an attack in broad daylight?

He translated this fear onto film, and a previously complacent Grant is stripped of all the civilized props his character had been hiding behind, and left exposed in an open landscape to rely on his own resilience.



These chases through the northern United States allow Hitchcock, a staunch Britisher, to make a very American film and to point out many of the nuances and traits of America's physical characteristics. All for the sake of plot, of course.

America's bountiful physical characteristics are also represented by blond spy Eva Marie-Sainte, a sort of femme fatale/Princess Leah who accompanies Grant during a good portion of his milage.

By the time Grant and Sainte's train pulls into a tunnel near the end (Freudian theme #1), the viewer will have taken a ride through a big country with far more architecture and far less morality than we've been led to believe existed in the mid-1950s. While neither dark nor cynical,

North By Northwest has an attention to detail and intelligence of script that prove it is possible for light fare to stick to the ribs. Especially if a little popcorn goes down first.

—Dave Harrison

Editor's Note: The Harrisons Don and Dave who author the above articles are not brothers, distant cousins, or even outfielders on the same American Legion baseball team. One was bred in Belgium with the finest tutoring available, while the other hails from a suburb of Minneapolis where he took a "Learn To Be A Journalist In Just Five Days" course. We're still not sure which one is which.

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SPORTS

The Big Ten

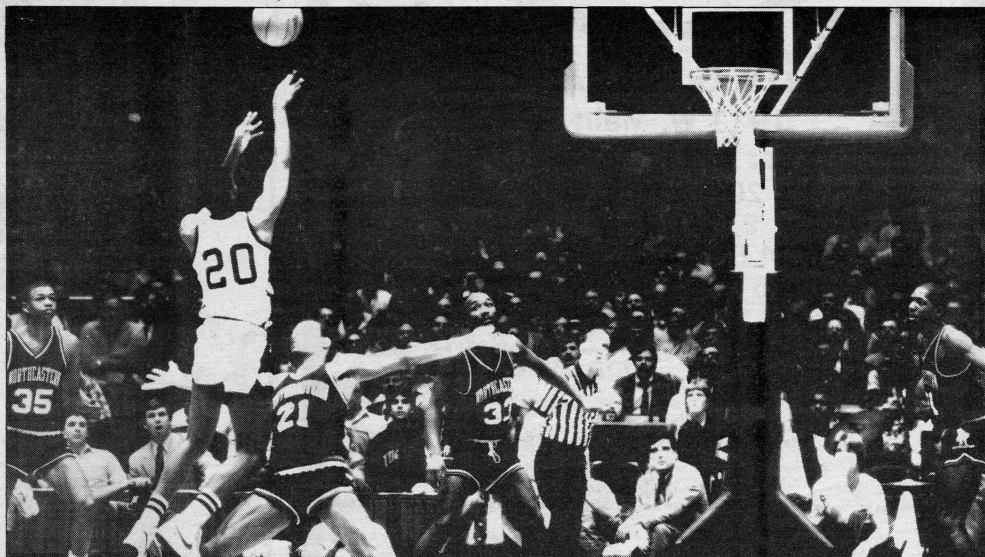
The Sporting Highlights of VCU Athletics in 1983-84

By Nelson Williams Jr.

A lot of it was expected. Young and inexperienced men's soccer and women's basketball teams struggling through sub-par seasons. J.D. Barnett in flamboyant action courtside. Impressive enthusiasm, yet not won-loss records, in women's field hockey and women's softball. Uphill battles in men's cross country and men's water polo.

And yet some of the events of the 1983-84 sporting year came as unexpected surprises. Records were broken; upsets were scored; and personal victories were realized. Even history was in the making.

And so, now it is appropriate to remember the athletic leaps taken forward, as they are ranked in the Top Ten VCU Sporting Events of 1983-84:



All Net For Lamb

Junior Rolando Lamb's prayers were answered when this last second shot (above) against Northeastern found the basket and lifted VCU to a 70-69 decision in the first round of the NCAA tournament. Lamb took the decisive shot after Michael

Brown was unable to inbound the ball to Calvin Duncan. Brown then saw Lamb open at the top of the key and passed him the ball. Lamb spun on his left pivot foot and sank the game winner as time expired.

1. The Prayer March 16, 1984 East Rutherford, NJ

All but two seconds had expired in VCU's first round NCAA Basketball Tournament matchup against Northeastern University. The Rams held the ball out of bounds under their own basket, yet trailed by a point at 69-68. The following two seconds would decide whether the Rams would proceed to the tourney's second round or travel home in silent frustration once again.

Head coach J.D. Barnett called Calvin Duncan's number, but Michael Brown was forced to look elsewhere when the team's leading scorer was denied the pass. Brown lofted the ball to Rolando Lamb just left of the top of the key. The junior guard jumped to receive the pass and landed, ball in hand, with his back to the basket.

As the clock hit one second, Lamb spun toward the hoop, collided with a Northeastern opponent, and released his shot. The buzzer sounded and the ball fell through the net, giving the Rams a narrow 70-69 victory. Easily one of the brightest moments in VCU sport's history.

The Rams went on to lose their second-round game to Syracuse University 78-65, after leading by nine points in the early first half. J.D. Barnett's club ended the year at 23-7.

2. November 6, 1983 Durham, North Carolina

Freshman golf sensation Matt Ball finished eighth out of a total 90 competitors in the Duke Invitational Golf Tournament. According to Ram head coach Jack Bell, the impressive first-year player "shook up most of the Atlantic Coast Conference coaches".

Ball carded at-par or better rounds four times during the season while leading the Rams to a successful 75-28-1 fall record. The mark is the best in the school's history.

3. February 19, 1984 Wilmington, NC

Ron Tsuchiya and the VCU men's swim team rode the shoulders of senior Craig

Clift to an impressive 9-3 season record. The senior swimmer enjoyed perhaps his finest hour at the year-ending Seahawk Invitational tournament when he set one tournament record (200 butterfly in 1:52.27) and a pair of school marks (50 freestyle in 20.98 and 100 butterfly in 50.11).

The Ram swimmers rallied from a slow 0-3 early season start and remained undefeated the rest of the way, ending up 9-3. Clift and the other swimmers placed a surprising third place out of 11 teams at the Seahawk tourney, all without the services of a true diver.

4. February 4, 1984 Jacksonville, FL

In spite of a season-long slump, junior scoring leader Calvin Duncan scored the 1000th point of his VCU career in the 55-49 victory over Jacksonville University. Duncan shot just 4-13 from the floor that night, but hit the memorable plateau in the team's final conference road game.

The two-year starter has led the Rams to a combined 47-14 record and a pair of NCAA Tournament bids the last two years. Duncan, who became the 16th Sun Belt player to score 1000 points, will be looking for his first Sun Belt Tournament crown next season.

5. January 19, 1984 Birmingham, ALA

VCU sophomore Michael Brown connected on an amazing nine of 10 long-range jumpers on his way to a team-leading 20 points and seven rebounds and a 63-61 victory over the Blazers of Alabama-Birmingham. Brown was consistently the VCU sharp-shooter, during one span hitting on 65 of 100 attempts.

Brown was often overshadowed by the steady Mike Schlegel and highly-touted Calvin Duncan, yet managed to finish the year atop the team's field goal percentage chart and in double figures scoring.

6. November 6, 1983 Bowling Green, KY

It wasn't just any volleyball tournament; it was the last in a long and successful career of senior standout Marcia Ball. Behind the impressive play of the four-year starter, the Lady Rams compiled a 4-3 record and captured a third place finish in the 1983 Sun Belt Championships.

Ball led the VCU women's volleyball team to a 34-21 record and was named to the All-Sun Belt squad. Over the last two seasons, Ball combined leadership with intense net play to pace the Lady Rams to a 75-39 record.

7. March 18, 1984 Norfolk, VA

Billy Webster enjoyed one of his best days ever as a baseball player in a 6-1 victory over Virginia Wesleyan College. The reheaded centerfielder knocked five hits in five trips to the plate, collecting four singles and a double.

The standout freshman has led the much-improved VCU Rams to a 16-22 record with his impressive .379 batting average. Webster seems to be well in reach of the school record .351 average.

Also a possible record in the making is the Rams' run for 24 wins in a single season. With 15 games left to play, Tony Guzzo's squad has 16 wins, one more than last year. And all in a rebuilding year.

8. September 22, 1983 Richmond, VA

Germana Community College transfer Mary Beth Weaver was considered the number two cross country runner in Atlanta when she made the Southern city her home. Now that she resides in Richmond, she's making a name for herself here, too.

Weaver paced the Lady Rams Cross Country team to a 24-35 victory over Liberty Baptist and at the same time, set a

Dogwood Dell course record with a fast 18:56 finish. The transferring of Weaver paid off early for coach Jim Morgan as the Lady Rams ran off to a 7-2 start. Injuries and inconsistency plagued the women and they ended the year three games below last year's mark at 10-20.

9. April 9, 1984 Richmond, VA.

Freshman power-hitter Brock Vitasek broke the school record for home runs when he sent a first-inning University of North Carolina-Charlotte fastball over the leftfield fence for his eighth round-tripper of the season. Vitasek knocked his first dinger of the year in the Rams only conference victory in two seasons, a 3-2 triumph over Jacksonville on the Florida team's home turf.

During the club's recent North Carolina road trip, Vitasek went 6-12 at the plate, leading the Rams to a pair of victories in four attempts. One of the losses came in a narrow 4-3 defeat at the hands of UNC-Chapel Hill, the country's fourth ranked team. The record-setting freshman is batting at a .294 clip and has 31 runs batted in, just five short of the school mark.

10. September 30, 1983 Richmond, VA

The 1983 women's field hockey team, like last year, had dreams of a Top 20 ranking. At times, they even looked like a Top 20 team. But more often than not, they struggled with inconsistency, finishing the year an even 10-10-1.

Freshman Amy Miller scored one personal triumph, though. She led the faltering Lady Rams to a 6-1 romp over Randolph-Macon with three goals in a single contest — her first scores of the then-six-game-old season. The VCU women used the victory to even their record at 3-3. Last year's season-ending mark was an impressive 10-6-1.



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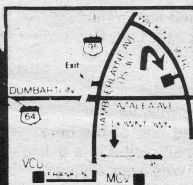
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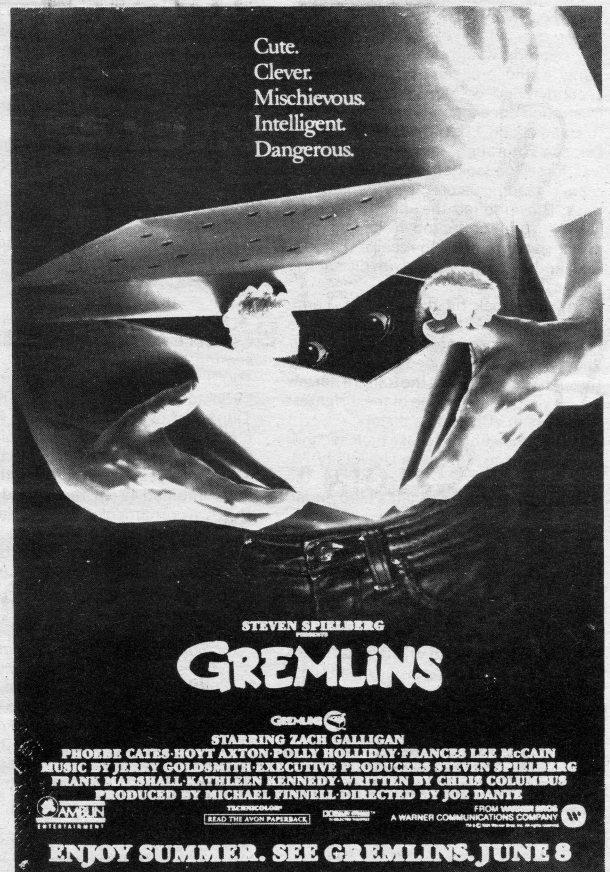
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Vitasek Homers Into VCU Record Books

By Paul Wallo

In the world of VCU athletics, 1984 could be called "The Year of the Freshman." Brock Vitasek, first baseman for Tony Guzzo's VCU baseball squad, is part of the proof.

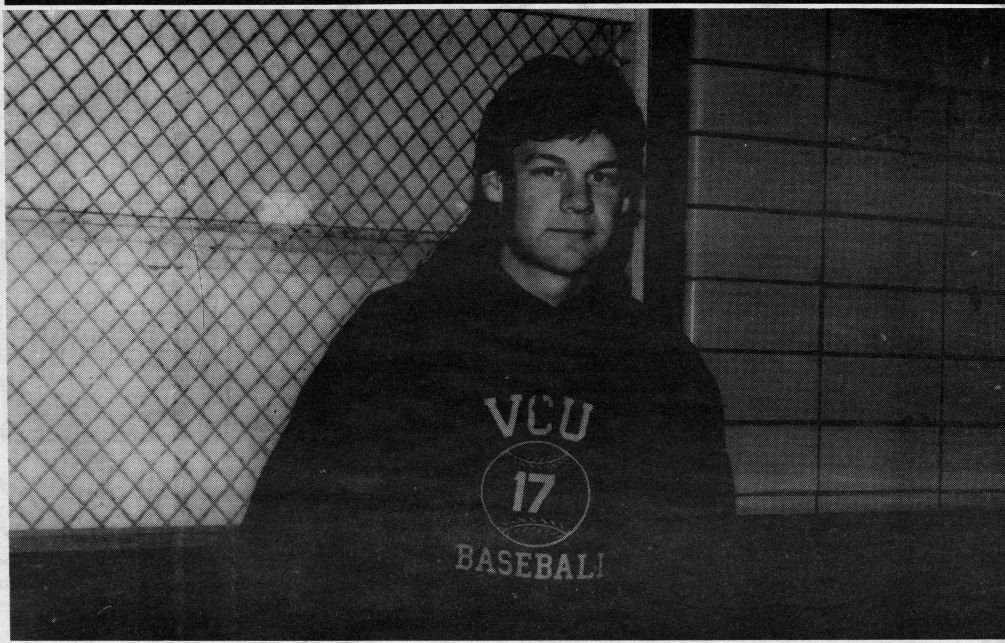
With more than half the season complete, Vitasek has established himself as VCU's big gun. He is quickly garnering a reputation as a big hitter which has earned him a team-leading five intentional walks so far this season. And a look at his statistics shows why there is fear in the hearts of opposing pitchers.

After a dismal 2-22 start at the plate, Vitasek has raised his season batting average to .294, including a blistering .405 over the last 19 games. In that stretch, he has knocked in 24 of his team-leading 31 runs batted in, leaving him only four short of the school-record 35 set last year by Donny Phillips.

But the big stat is the home run category. The 6-foot-3, 185-pound first baseman last week snapped VCU's single-season home run record, belting his eighth dinger of the season in a 15-4 loss to UNC-C. The first-inning homer, a three-run smash over the leftfield fence, turned out to be VCU's only basehit of the game.

"I'm basically a line drive hitter," he said. The only fly balls I hit are the ones I get under, and they go out."

Vitasek is a product of last year's off-season recruiting effort by Guzzo and his coaching staff. "I didn't know I was coming here until about three weeks before school started," he said. "[Assistant coach] Billy Swoope recruited me. He let me know



that I had been accepted here," said Vitasek, a business administration major.

Vitasek's early days as a Ram were quite different from his high school days,

where he destroyed pitching staffs while playing for Norfolk Christian High School.

"My junior year, we won the Tidewater Conference of Independent Schools championship," he began. "I hit .393 that year and .404 my senior year. In my junior year, we had a pitcher who wasn't a pitcher, but he went 7-0."

Norfolk Christian finished third in the conference in the regular season and entered the tournament against the top teams. "Norfolk Catholic was always the powerhouse in the conference," said Vitasek. "We beat them in the semi-finals and then defeated Portsmouth Catholic 8-2 in the championship game."

Despite his impressive high school stats, Vitasek had a shaky start at VCU. "I was trying too hard," he said. "I was swinging at bad pitches. The coaches worked with my swing and tried to make me relax at the plate."

And it worked. So far, Vitasek is among the leaders in nearly every offensive category. Aside from leading the club in homers, RBIs and intentional walks, he leads in walks with 21, has the second best on base percentage (.427), is third in total bases (50) and has hit safely in 15 of his last 19 games.

Vitasek's performance has improved if, for no other reason, because much of the early season pressure is gone. "At the beginning of the season, there was pressure," he said. "Being a new face on the program and being thrust into a starting position, I felt some pressure. I think that's why I didn't do well. As a freshman, it's very hard to come into a program, start and be ready to play every game. It's a very hard adjustment."

But Vitasek has made the adjustment well, crediting Guzzo with his and the team's overall improvement. "The program has really improved in the last year and that's a credit to coach Guzzo," said Vitasek. "He [Guzzo] is the man to do it. He's got a great coaching staff and his main point is improvement."

"He told us at the beginning of the year that it didn't matter how many games we win so long as we improve. He's made up his mind to have a baseball program here."

With Guzzo's help, Vitasek will continue to improve and if he improves, so will the team. "My main objective is to give 110 percent every game," said Vitasek. "That's the only pressure I have, to do the very best that I can do."



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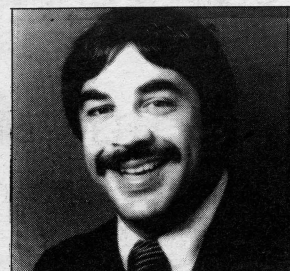
expires May 1

And The Beat Goes On

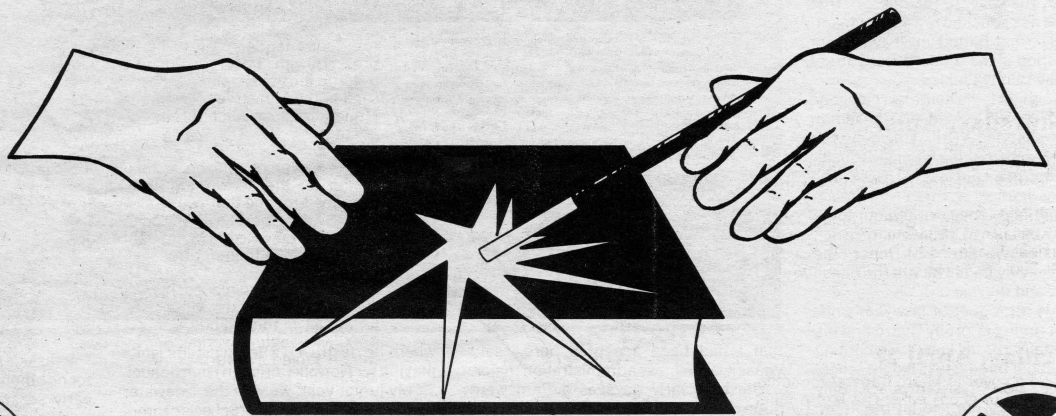
VCU's 6-2 victory over highly-regarded East Carolina Friday was just the beginning of good news for Ram coach Tony Guzzo last week. Beside putting VCU one game closer to the school record for victories, Friday marked the signing of pitcher Terry Guzman to VCU.

Guzman, who attended high school in Richmond and spent the last two years pitching for Ferrum Junior College, signed a national letter of intent with the Rams. While at Ferrum, Guzman sported a 13-1 record.

Guzzo said the signing put his program one step closer to becoming nationally recognized. He said that Guzman could beat any team on the Ram schedule.



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Tuesday, April 24

Today's the last day of classes for the Spring semester. Do I hear a big sigh of relief? Well, fribbles, you've still got finals. The fun just never stops here at VCU!

Senator Chuck would like to remind you that tonight is "Pizza Night" at Subway on Laurel Street. Chuck always takes his back to the dorm, though, girls, so don't get you hopes up about catching a glance of the famed legislator. Ah, what the heck? Drown your sorrows in a beer because it's happy hour there all night.

Wednesday, April 25

Nothing seems to be going on today. Take a well-deserved rest before the barrage.



Thursday, April 26

Hey! Now we've got something to do! Finals start bright and early today at 8. Better than sleeping in anyway, eh fribs?

It's William Shakespeare birthday today. He was born in 1564 which brings him to the ripe old age of 420. Doesn't look a day over 380. We salute you, Bill.

Friday, April 27

Head on over to Metro Cabaret for some cheap (but good) eats. The Metro folks are staying open all night tonight just because they like your type. They even play non-stop MTV on a huge screen that you can throw your biscuits at when Loverboy appears. A great way to relieve some of the frustration brought on by those pesky final exams.

Rockers is the midnight movie at the Biograph Theatre tonight and tomorrow night. The flick features Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer, Jacob Miller and Burning Spear. Reggaearam!

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CONGRATULATIONS VCU Cpt. Dan M. Dean will be initiated as an honorary member of Sigma Phi Epsilon this month. The frat selected Dean for his continued consideration for students, and his high values. Congratulations Cpt. Dean!

CALENDAR

Compiled by Pamela Kiely

Sunday, April 29

Hollywood Cemetery Walking Tours are conducted the last Sunday of every month which means today is certainly qualified for that distinction. The cost is a mere \$3. Call Richmond On-The-James Incorporated at 780-0107 for all the nasty details.

The Richmond Audubon Society will conduct a birdwatching field trip to the Dismal Swamp. (The real one, not Haba-ba's.) Anybody with the urge to go looking for warblers and other perching birds (!) should meet at the Bermuda Square Shopping Center in Chester at 5:30 this morning. Call 786-5614 for information.



Monday, April 30

Can it be? The class of 1984 will be out of here in just a few days, ready to live up to George Orwell's worst fears. Go get 'em, kids.



And last, but certainly not least we present Robin Irby, Advertising Director, with her dog, Bear. Neither one cared to be associated with us.



Left to right: Sherry Feldman, Photoographer; Mark Compton with Dusty of the Poconos; Amy Satterthwaite, Associate News Editor; Ronnie Greene, Managing Editor; Don Harrison, Associate Folio Editor; (Part of) Matt Matthews, News Editor; Pat McGeehan, Folio Editor; Darrell Risson, Business Manager; Rich Radford, Executive Editor; Pam Kiely, Calendar Editor; Chris Beckley, Writer; Nelson Williams, Sports Editor; Paul Wallow, Associate Sports Editor; Troy Thomas, Sports Writer. Not shown: Dawn Craze, Andy Garrahrant, Jojo Herren, Pete MacPherson, Charles Panunzio.



Saturday, April 28

This is it, fribs. Since this is the last issue of the *Commonwealth Times* for a while, there will be no other way of following *Bullwinkle* than to drag your wretched body out of bed and plop yourself in front of the tube at 7:30 am. (Channel 12, bien sur.) If you can get up this early for a final, you can definitely do it for something far more important like this. Face the facts.

Are your friends going to be more impressed with what you know on your trigonometry exam or if you know how the saga of the Monstrous Mechanical Metal Munching Moon Mice turned out? Think about it.

Laurie Anderson will be at the Virginia Center for the Performing Arts tonight. Just don't tell me that you're saving your money for the next Loverboy concert. You can still go down to the Metro Cabaret and throw things at them for free.

A state-wide Virginia Lesbian and Gay Democratic Caucus will be organized today at 1 in the Friends Meeting House, 4500 Kensington Avenue. Refreshments will be served. For further info, call 355-3833.



DISCOUNT TRAVEL TO EUROPE: from \$99.00. Travel to Rome, Athens, Lisbon, London, Paris, Frankfurt, etc. from only \$99 each way. Call now or send for your free brochure. Operators always on duty. Enclose one dollar for postage and handling. **EUROPE EXPRESS, INC.**, 3460 Main Street, Hartford, CT 06120. And the corrected phone # is (203) 522-6580.

PULLING 68 yrs. for drug charges. Need letters and visits from persons willing to be a friend. David Hall #116958, P.C.C., D-4, State Farm, VA 23160.

TEST YOURSELF: Are you an effective time manager? Can you work 4 hours/wk consistently? Are you success-oriented? Earn base, plus performance-based bonuses. 1-800-243-6679.

Questionnaires: Typed, printed and collated. **Mailing Labels** for responses to questionnaire: 99 for 5.00. **Post cards** 100 for \$12.00 includes address printed on front. AESOP Word Processing, 301 E. Franklin, 644-9523.

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CAMP TAPAWINGO— Good residential summer camp for the mentally retarded has the following positions for hire: Aquatics Specialist, Boating Specialist, Dance Specialist, Athletics Specialist, Ceramics Specialist, and Counselor. Required to live on campgrounds June 17—August 18, 1984. Write Jeff Corbin, P.O. Box 401, Alexandria, VA 22313.

Senior Graphics Student: Must have knowledge and experience with design, typesetting and paste-up. A great opportunity. 358-0825.

Summer Internships: Have two openings for senior Journalism students to work on North Carolina's largest weekly newspaper as reporters—two others in advertising. *The Alamance News*, Graham, NC. (919) 228-7851.

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 THS. Start at \$3.70/hr. Call Ms. White between 8:30 and 4 pm at 649-1258.

For Rent

Completely Furnished Apartment For rent. To share for summer. May to August. \$200/month all utilities incl. Separate bedroom, living room w/ fireplace and bath. Connect to kitchen. Female only. Call Jojo—359-4106. *Commonwealth Times*, 257-1058.

West End: Colonial Court Apartment. Sublet, 2 bedrooms, central air, available June 1, \$220/month. Call Mr. Russakoff during business hours at 285-7492 or weekends and after 9 pm at 741-1854.

Private room in shared house. One block from Commons. \$185/month includes all. Nice backyard. Available now through May. Call 649-3245 or 798-9107.

LARGE 2 BEDROOM APARTMENT FOR RENT AVAILABLE MAY 1. Close to campus, heat and water. Contact Harold, 257-1341.

Wanted: 3 adult non-smoking roommates to share 3 bedroom, 2 bathroom renovated house in the Fan. Bedroom with loft, per-

fect for couple. 358-4815

Roommate to share with female, Roomhouse Fan/VCU area. 3 bedrooms, 2 private baths, large modern kitchen, dishwasher, disposal, washer/dryer, fireplace, carpeting, central AC. Fenced yard. Private off-street parking. Non-smoker female preferred. \$200/month, plus half utilities. Call 358-2831, after 10 pm call 359-2256.

Roommate needed/reasonable Fan apartment. \$137.50 includes heat. Female. Porch and nice lay out. Call 358-6985.

NEEDED: Individuals to sublet apartment on W. Franklin St. Three bedroom, nice view, utilities included. \$140/month. Call Ronnie at 358-2709 or 257-1058.

MALE ROOMMATE WANTED: Share 6 room apt. in 3300 block W. Franklin St. with straight male, age 27. \$175 plus electricity (heat included). 353-1750.

Lost: Dog, very friendly female golden retriever/Irish setter. 3 yrs., 65 lbs. VA Museum Area, April 1. Your neighbors' "new" dog may be our lost dog. Please help us. 353-1391 or 355-5999.

Wanna be Butch like BSJ? **Katy-May:** Let's make some coffee and discuss how much we love our lives, okay? Love Sarah-Pie and Suzy-Q.

Yeeaaaah Crusty—Happy 20th Birthday, you crazy cooter. We'll take you out to Rama-jama to get some mix'd drinks. Love, Scooter and Goobette

See BSJ and the Decadent Birds live at Ask-It!!

To the VCU Orchestra 2nd violin section (past and present), you will always be number one with us. L and I.

Katy: Open a checking account with S&S Bank (located in the basement bathroom of Rhoads Hall). Complementary cactuses.

RAUL—Can I stay with you this summer? The dude says its o.k. I know he's going to miss "Ape."

do something to me! **Miss Manners** **Ma & Pa—**Thanks for the readership. How's about a word processor? **WPM**

Dear Tony, I mean Dwayne, will you marry me? **Lynd**

Nick Nichols: Are you desperate or what? **Beauty**

To Leslie W.: A balcony, hardwood floor and French doors. Mrs. G has the key to happiness plan #1. Your future apartment mate, **Lynd**

LAN—There is always something there to remind me. **SHAWN**

Jojo: Be alert and on the lookout. We're on the "G Patrol" now. We'll see. **The frustrated one**

Dear Lance, Scott and Brian—Always remember sex is nice, but liquor is quicker. **Lynd**

Yo VCU! Come party with AEA at "Going Bananas," April 17 from 8 pm—til . . . Hellacious Happy Hour! Buses start leaving at 8 pm in front of library!

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(Get it?) Love, Abdul
To the 16th floor, Rhoads—It's been a great year! Thanks! Your "RA"

The Company Players are Great!!! See them on stage this Wed. 7:30 pm.

Francine—Good luck at UNCI! I'm gonna miss ya!—**Becky**
James Brown, Has the bomb gone off yet? Love ya, Francine and Becky

Shelby—Your smile really makes my day. I love U. Forever yours, J.

Gender Blur is Fun
To the 12th floor, It's been great! Thanks! Francine

Hey Butch, Come out of the closet, we all know who you are.

Sem, Thanks for being the biggest and nicest "cheese" I know! **Becky**
There are no sluts, only missionaries of love to mankind. Nick

Who's the leader of the campus made for you and me? A-S-S-K-K-K I-I-I-T-T-T

Becky, To one hell of a friend, I'm going to miss ya! Road trip to UNCI!

That's it for this week and this semester. Have a great summer! And don't worry because the *Times* will be back in the fall with many important news scoops, up-to-date sports info, and of course, the classifieds section, including many intriguing personals (for all o f y o u w h o enjoy gossip!). **Reach for the Beach!!!**

One last personal for the Times staff—How will I last 4 and a half months without y o u ?

Make a good buy before you say goodbye.

Andy Griffith



Buying your leased phone now saves you time and money next term.

This year, don't leave for home without your phone. Buy it before summer and save yourself some time and money. Buying your AT&T leased phone now means you'll have your phone with you the very first day back to class.

To buy the phone you're leasing, just call AT&T Consumer Sales & Service's toll-free number. Or visit

any of our AT&T owned and operated Phone Centers. It's that easy. So call us before you say goodbye. Then unplug your phone and take it with you. And have a nice summer.

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