

THE
GOBBLESTONE



THE COBBLESTONE





COBBLESTONE YEARBOOK
1956-1973

Dedicated to the creative efforts of all Cobblestones past.



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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

TEXAS FACE

Sirs:

Enclosed is a photo of myself (above). I claim to be the best imitator of Popeye and I use no make-up. Just natural.

J. M. TABER

Aransas Pass, Tex.



CALIFORNIA FACE

Sirs

Enclosed find photos of a friend, Mr. John Wagstaff of this city, who has a face that he can readily screw into various positions and shapes. He does not use any artificial make-up or teeth removing. It's just a natural face that he brought into this world. Mr. Wagstaff is a respected businessman of this city.

JOS. W. STENGER

Pasadena, Calif.





Introduction

As the largest urban university in Virginia, VCU holds a unique position. For those who can not afford to leave the state, it provides an opportunity for students to continue their studies without interrupting their education.

Of course it is possible to coast through four years at VCU and learn very little but for those who want it, the opportunity to learn is here. Because it is a state university and almost anyone with a high school diploma can get in, classes are often large and mediocre. Instructors lack enthusiasm. But for students who genuinely want to get something out of their four years of college, there are instructors who are sincerely interested in teaching.

More important than any courses offered however, is the education available outside the classroom. Students here live in the "real" world of the city rather than an isolated campus. Half of them drive to school and face the realities of gasoline shortages, city traffic and parking. The half that live in dormitories or apartments learn what it means to live in poor housing, hassle with landlords and worry about crime. Many students hold jobs or raise families.

The relaxed atmosphere so characteristic of VCU promotes experimentation with new life styles. The

rigid dress codes and social expectations found at campus-oriented schools are not strong. There is social anarchy—no group can become powerful enough to force its values on others. There is great tolerance and an openness to new ideas and change.

There is also an incredible degree of apathy. There is not enough concern to start a student government, let alone the riots of a few years ago.

Part of the problem is the fragmentation any commuter school experiences. With half the student body driving to the university, 37 per cent walking and only 13 per cent on campus, it is impossible to communicate an idea to all of them or unite them behind it.

As is characteristic of modern society, there is a great deal of transience in living situations and friendships. Said one co-ed, "I've had to move around so much while living here that the only continuity has been the six-sided tiles on the bathroom floors. Why fix anything up?"

Another problem with higher education is affluence. Parents who have spent their lives saving for their children's educations are bent on sending them whether they need it or not. Universities are extensions of day nurseries where grown children are sent to postpone their introduction to adulthood. Many young people are

quite willing to put up with school so they won't have to work. As one young man put it, "School is a bitch but it's not as bad as real life."

The great social causes of the sixties seem to have lost their momentum with this generation. The civil rights movement has passed and the war is over. What is there to do but streak?

Many people are working on their own as individuals and small groups. This magazine provides a look at some of these people and their ideas. Few can provide any clear solutions but all attempt to learn, to grow, to seek identity and awareness. For them, education is not measured in credit-hours but in the ability to make themselves happy.

A look behind the look ahead James Jennings

The clang of construction has become such a familiar sound on this campus that it's hardly noticed anymore unless it means the loss of a parking space. It's all part of a plan, of course, a plan that most students don't know anything about.

In 1966, the Wayne Commission, assigned to study the possibilities of establishing a state-supported university in metropolitan Richmond, recommended to Governor Mills E. Godwin Jr., that the Richmond Professional Institute and the Medical College of Virginia be combined into one university, with each division having a separate campus. Also recommended by that same commission was the development of a Master Plan for the new university including expansion priorities and site utilization. The architectural firm of Clave, Newman & Anderson of Richmond, in collaboration with a consulting firm from New York, Llewelyn-Davies Associates, prepared the plan at a cost of around \$85,000.

Presented to the Board of Visitors and the President of the university in June of 1970, the Master Plan of Virginia Commonwealth University, as it is written boldly across the cover of the book, described in full color how the school would look in the near future, meaning ten to fifteen years. Complete with lavish designs depict-

ing both the automotive and pedestrian flow, the new university received the false title of the "UCLA of the East."

One of the interesting aspects of the plan is a diagram labeled "Phasing Dates." These phasing dates are drawings of the campus, with additional buildings that are supposed to be either existing or in the process of being built during the year that is written on the design. Starting with 1974, and moving up every two years until 1980, each diagram increases the size of the campus as the predicted student enrollment increases.

Samuel A. Anderson, the man who



did most of the design work on the plan, viewed the phasing diagrams differently. "The important thing is the strategy for growth and change," he said. "The phasing dates were never meant to be hard and fast."

Is the Master Plan really behind schedule? President Warren W. Brandt gave his opinion saying, "We are behind, we've been behind for years, we were behind before we had a plan, and we're still behind, but we are catching up."

The school may be catching up on its building programs, but the student enrollment percentages have not risen as expected when the plan was first devised. "We were planning for an ultimate growth of the university to 20,000-25,000 students," said Anderson. "If they have an enrollment of 18,000 now, they are way behind according to the predictions."

The predictions that Anderson talks about are enrollment projections made during the course of designing the plan. It is with these figures that the university has tried to justify its requests for monies to build structures they feel are needed by the student body.

Commenting further on the future of the university, Anderson explained that the area around Franklin St. will remain as the school of the arts, with the areas past the Cabell Library to

accompany the schools of Business and Science. However, these divisions will be connected by corridors that will join the buildings. These links will contain both classrooms and offices, the number of each depending upon the size of the corridor.

The proposed Fine Arts Center, which was to be built on the site of the Temple, was cut from the state's budget in February.

The \$2.7 million that was recommended for the Fine Arts Center will not be given to the university because of "an energy shortage which poses a threat of unknown proportions to state revenues," according to Governor Mills E. Godwin Jr. Any decision dealing with an allocation for the Fine Arts Center has been deferred to the 1975 General Assembly.

Although Godwin's cutbacks for the next two years will hinder construction, two new facilities are presently being built. The Student Center and a new dormitory will be financed through revenue bonds, thus eliminating the need for state funds. These two buildings will not use state funds because both of them will be charging students for their use.

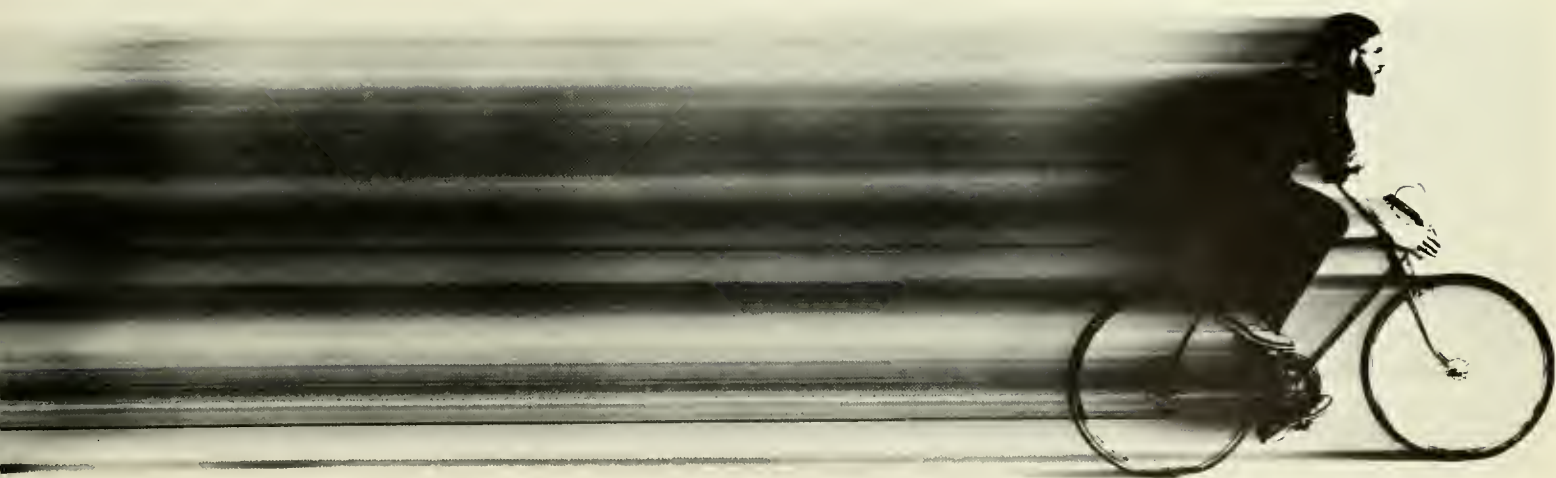
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OPINION POLL : LIVE ANSWERS TO A DEAD QUESTION.

In its recommendation, the Wayne Commission sought to combine Richmond Professional Institute and the Medical College of Virginia into Virginia Commonwealth University. The commission felt that the two schools were appropriate choices because "the atmosphere of the university provides important stimulation to scholarship, to research and to teaching. The function of the university as external arbiter of standards for all disciplines serves as a useful antidote to the tendency of medical schools to become parochial."

What little merging has taken place has been in name only. Perhaps this was actually the original intention but many students, especially academic students living on the medical campus, feel that there should be more interaction. Two of these students, Danny Beau and Marvin Humphrey, collected these comments with the help of Les Hoffman on the East Campus and Sandy Adams on the West Campus.

Students were asked: "MCV and RPI have been merged into VCU for over five years but there is very little social or academic mixing. Do you think there should be more interaction between the students on the two campuses? How do you think this could be accomplished?"

On the East Campus

"...there is a tremendous difference between the students at VCU & MCV. Most of the people I know at VCU are immature and childish etc., but they



are also in a much more relaxed atmosphere. The MCV student is serious, he's involved in very serious work. And he is not very tolerant of the irresponsibility of the VCU student...the answer is YES but only when a much more selective process is involved for admission to VCU."

Biochemistry graduate student

"Yes, with a student newspaper covering both campuses—at least one to two times per week."

Biochemistry senior

"Don't care about social mixing but would like to see more academic mixing."

Biochemistry junior

"Yes, with 1) an ID for both campus functions, 2) joint dances and 3) the monorail system would have been a good idea."

Pharmacy sophomore

"Yes, by combining the activities fees for social functions so that both campuses may enjoy discount tickets."

Medical sophomore

"Not necessarily. Atmosphere and ideals are too different."

Chemistry senior

"Not much need. I'm sorry that they had to merge."

Pathology junior

"I am strongly in favor of the two campuses mixing and working together in joint efforts. Perhaps by establishing an intercampus council to arrange events."

Pre-Med sophomore

"No foreseeable solution: the present trend for professionals' training stresses not mixing with intellectual inferiors."

Pre-Med junior



On the West Campus

"VCU should be restored to the state of two separate schools. The two divisions are separated by a city. They serve different functions and are thought of by most as separate entities. We are being economically neglected for the glory of the greater other. This creates harsh feelings which are a major cause of alienation."

History junior

"No. Neither campus is interested. We should look at interactions on our own first."

Business senior

"Yes, through an intercollegiate student center and campus mixing."

Music senior

"Let the administration break down the rigid walls. I'm for creation of better relations."

Biology sophomore

"There should be but the MCV students think they are more conscientious more academically oriented, more reserved and more conservative. And I have never seen a more 'out to lunch' group in all my life."

Interior Design senior



"Functions at the Larrick center should be open to all students regardless of who sponsors them."

Business Mgt. junior

"Why bother?"

Math sophomore

"There is already enough interaction—no more needs to take place."

Psychology sophomore

"The east campus needs to be depressurized. Its haughty students have an uppity downright aristocratic outlook toward students from VCU. They are all experts at complaining but losers when attempting constructive actions."

Mass Comm. sophomore

"There should be interaction but the chance of this happening is slim."

Occupational Therapy sophomore









Opening the
System V.
at Urban V.

michael
whitlow

After five years of going at one thing, it is all too tempting to look back and rehash the successes and sweep the failures under the carpet. The "urban university concept" was changing in 1968 when VCU was created by the General Assembly and is still changing today. One thing was evident from the beginning—it is hard to put a finger on just what it is we are doing here.

Another thing that has become evident is that any university under such close scrutiny can't very easily hide its mistakes or the mistakes of anyone associated with it. We've accepted that as fact and put up with it as best we can.

As far as our concept and its successes, we've been able to make quite a few friends in the community and the state. Radiologic technology instruction to inmates at the State Penitentiary; blood donor drives; drug abuse education programs; tutoring service for disadvantaged and many other successes have faithfully served an innocent, rural-oriented Virginia growing up. As the Wayne Commission noted upon recommending the establishment of VCU, "Rarely has any university been accorded a more timely opportunity to confront on an intellectual and practical level the social environment which surrounds it."

In the fall of 1970 things began to jump with the coming inauguration of President Warren Brandt. Urban symposia provided a forum for the young university's finest. It was an exciting time to be a university, said some, this time of demands and revolution. Others feared the "urban university" label and cautioned against "instant status."

A former mayor of Richmond and a member of the Board of Directors of the Richmond Metropolitan Authority cautioned against the expansion of the University until it learned to administer its own activity and railed against that element at VCU creating an unwholesome image. The man was upset, he said, because that "element" (*the word at that time*) had changed Franklin Street into "Freak Avenue" and Grace Street into "Skid Row."

Well, what can be said? The man was obviously right, the Richmond Metropolitan Authority is still here, and VCU certainly didn't gain "instant status."

It was a pretty unusual time to be freshman back in the good ole' days. We really didn't know what the hell we were here for, but gained great satisfaction sitting around solving the problems of the world and talking about what a crummy university we

were attending and what a lousy education we were "getting."

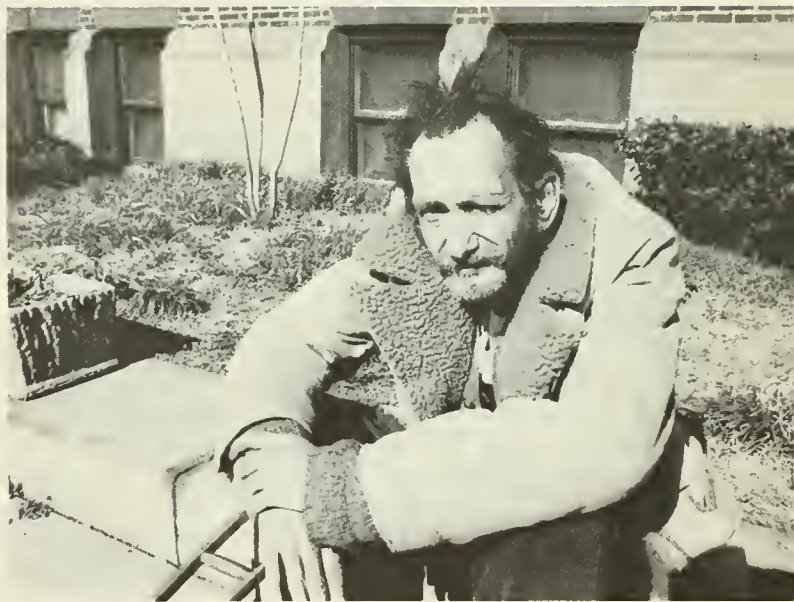
The University was not atypical nor was it especially unique. For some, this meant we were doomed to mediocrity, but for others it meant promise. We grew much as many other universities were at the time, quickly becoming a collection of widely diverse faculties and departments interested in all manner of problems.

The irony of it all was slow to hit home with me. Even as faculty members faced the public as specialists and consultants rather than members of a community or organization, we were stressing interdisciplinary studies as essential in the development of a well-rounded student.

The problems are still here today.

The university is contributing to intellectual growth and helping students gain the bits and pieces of information that might or might not become useful in the future, but development is being neglected.

The interdisciplinary studies, core curricula and liberal arts concentrations in the first two years failed to realize that there is an inseparable, emotional dimension to learning. The emphasis on the utilitarian is still here and even though there is talk of relevancy, there are not ample opportunities for learning how to



encounter reality successfully and satisfactorily.

If VCU is to survive it must become that living, evolving institution that the Wayne Commission spoke of in its report. There must be an effort to provide the student with some strategy for development as well as growth, not just in certain classes but as a unit curriculum focused on the emotional and affective needs of the student as well as his intellectual and physical growth.

Rather than driving the student to elicited responses by questioning, the educator should strive to help his fellow learners become increasingly self-aware. The world requires that the student grasp meaning and try to channel his thoughts into the explanation of many different phenomenon, but until the student is aware that he is what he is studying, this conceptual thinking will come hard.

Perhaps this means the days of the lecture are over, perhaps not. What must be realized is that the person who has internal motivation for development, is problem-centered in his approach to his experiences, and respects everyone as potential contributors to his knowledge is the conceptual thinker that will be able to face today's problems as well as tomorrow's—successfully

While it is true that the authority of

the teacher is somewhat prejudicial to those who desire to learn, the proposal is not that the instructor give up everything. It is simply that we as a university must move with haste to an open system where responsibility as well as power is shared. Our instructors must steer clear of what religious philosopher Paul Tillich termed "the fatal pedagogical error" of "throwing answers like stones at the heads of those who have not yet asked the questions."

By opening the system, the University will gain a student aware of the social issues confronting man, a student willing to commit himself to a higher quality of life.

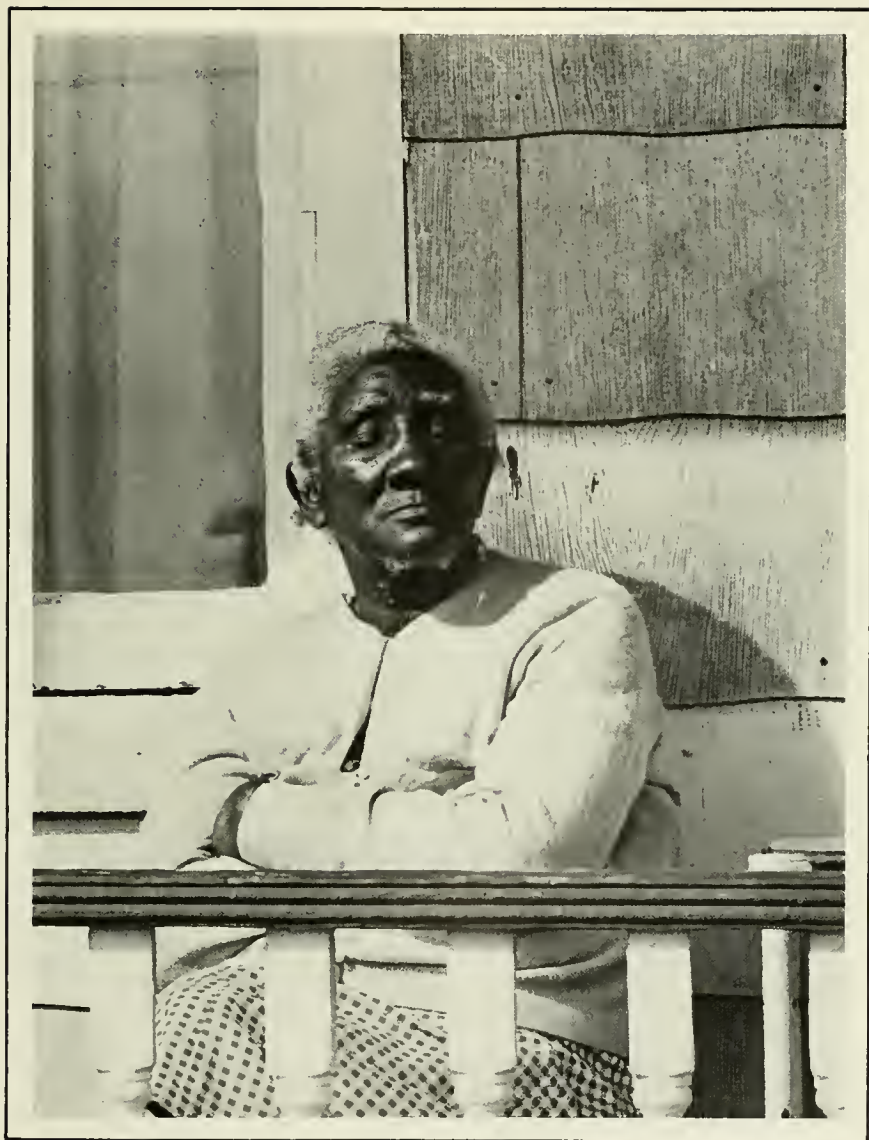








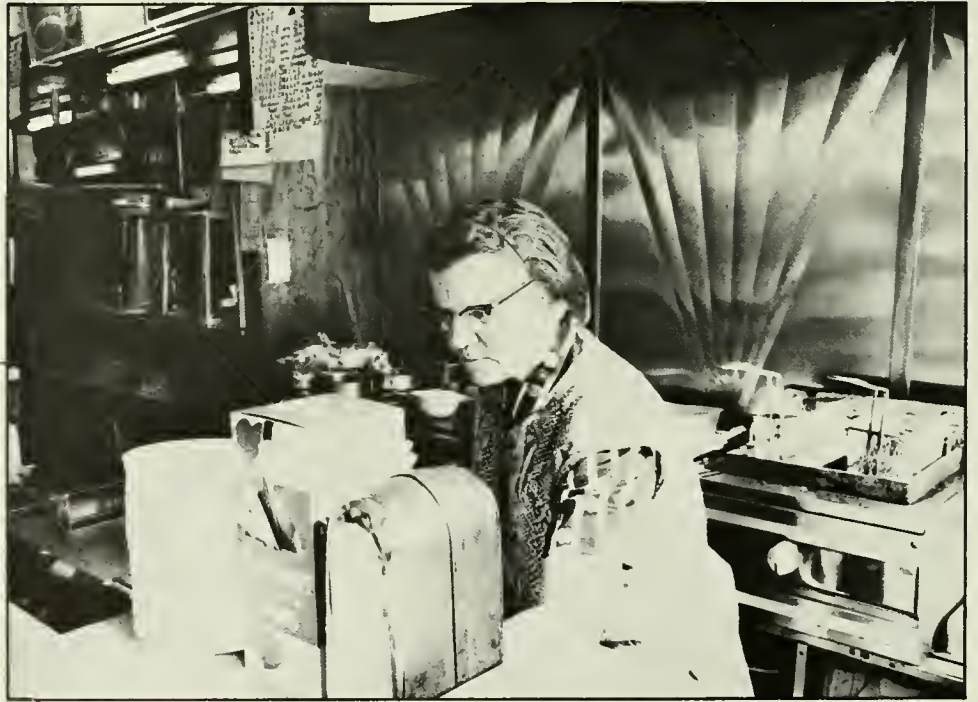
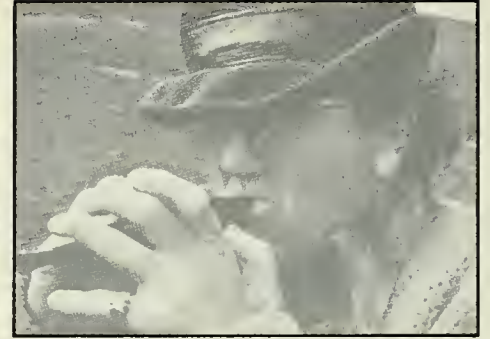






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The many facades of VCU

Nancy Mitchell

In its building attempts, the university tries to blend the old with the new, the classic and the modern in order to preserve continuity with the surrounding area. Expanding in a compact area is no easy task and the university has faced this difficulty from its very beginnings. It has had to tear down old buildings and old traditions to meet the present needs of a growing student body.

Within the last five years, the campus has grown dramatically with the addition of four new buildings: Rhoads Hall, the Theresa Pollak (Art) Building, the James Cabell Library, and the School of Business Building. But these growing pains are not new to the university which has been continually growing since its birth in 1914.

When Richmond Professional Institute first held classes in a small building behind the Governor's Mansion in 1917, the idea that this was the foundation for the largest university in Virginia would have seemed phenomenal.

In 1925, with the purchase of the Saunders-Willard property at 217 N. Shafer, the school laid the foundation for the present campus of VCU. This four-story structure became known as Founders Hall, which originally housed all of the school. Eventually, it became a women's dormitory.



In 1930, the school acquired Richmond's first public library, which is presently the Administration Building at 901 W. Franklin St. Originally, the building belonged to Major Lewis E. Ginter, a New York philanthropist, who left the building to his two nieces, Grace and Joanna Arents.

Built in 1888, the Ginter Mansion was the gathering place for the socially elite, who came to enjoy the company of Major Ginter, who spoke fluent German and French and was an accomplished pianist. Today, this building is an integral part of the university providing the locale for the Registrar's office, the Foreign Language Department, Student Accounts and various offices.

Later the Anderson building was acquired, which is a four-story structure located in the rear of the Administration Building. This building was presented as a gift from Col. A. A. Anderson, a distinguished New York artist. Presently, the building is the Anderson Gallery, where campus artists exhibit their talents in painting, sculpture and design.

At the turn of the century, Richmond was a highly stratified society; its homes being kept in strict southern tradition. Retired Associate Dean of Student Life, Jane Bell Gladding, described this period to the *Commonwealth Times*, in the May 11, 1972

issue. "Richmond was a small community where families knew each other fairly well. Many of the buildings had stables and servants quarters over the carriage houses," she said.

During the early period of the university's growth the city was also gradually changing, particularly the area known as the Fan. Two factors acted as the catalyst: the automobile and spot zoning. Indirectly, both of these factors affected the university by making it easier for the school to obtain property, which culminated into the established institution it is today.

As the automobile increased in popularity and use, it was no longer necessary for persons to live close to the business district. Before the automobile, "if a person had to commute by train or carriage, it was easier to live in town rather than further out," stated Ms. Gladding. Therefore, homeowners began to move to other parts of the city.

The second factor was when small businesses were allowed to "set up shop" in the residential district. Ms. Gladding felt that, "One of the things that hurt (the area) was spot zoning." This meant that the value of property decreased, which triggered more homeowners to move further out of the city.

The zoning laws changed in the

1960's to provide a standard for businesses in the area. And though the value of the property has since increased, the life-style so common to Major Ginter was lost, replaced by a new life style—an urban university and the Fan.

Homes along W. Franklin St. and Park Ave. were bought by the school and converted into classrooms and housing facilities. An example of this is the Bocock House, located at 913 W. Franklin, which was once the home of Mary Wingfield Scott, author of "Old Homes in Richmond." The Bocock House was built in the mid-1800's and is now used by students as a dormitory.

The Student Center at 916 W. Franklin St., once the Millhiser House, was built in the late 1800's. Some say one of the owners of the building presented it to his fiancée as a gift, who later, after receiving the building, jilted him and sold the building to the city. Before the school bought the building, it belonged to the Catholic Women's Club.

The rumor as to whether there is a tunnel at 916 W. Franklin is apparently false. Rosamond McCanless, head librarian at the Cabell Library, stated in the May 11, 1972 issue of the *Times*, "There are tunnels at the State Capitol that were put in during the Civil War, but tunnels along Frank-

lin? No, I don't think so." Supporting this feeling is W. J. O'Donovan, of the Physical Plant, who said recently, "I've been poking around basements (on campus) for years and never any trace of it has been found."

Today, the university looks a lot different from the days of horse-drawn buggies; streets that were once cobblestone are now paved asphalt. And the growth has drastically changed from one small building, situated downtown, to approximately 83 buildings scattered throughout the campus. The progress has been phenomenal.

The newest dormitory is a 19-story building named in honor of Webster S. Rhoads Jr., a former member of the Board of Visitors to R.P.I. The building houses over 700 students and it has had its share of criticism. The two brownstone structures which were replaced by Rhoads Hall represented an old era, a time when individuals gathered for tea and politics.

Many residences were acquired by the university and renovated such as 801 W. Franklin. Originally an apartment building, Johnson Hall houses 500 students. This year, both Johnson and Rhoads Halls were the first dorms to be converted for use by both men and women students.

Another is the Franklin Terrace building, 812-814 W. Franklin, which





was a large office and apartment building. This was acquired and remodeled in 1967.

The Student Center at 916 W. Franklin was once a residence. The university now uses it as a center for various student activities, including a student lounge and student governmental offices.

The James Branch Cabell Library completed its first phase of construction in 1970. Presently, three additional stories are being constructed with the hope of one being completed at the end of this year.

In 1951, the gymnasium was constructed with the addition being completed in 1958. This building provides facilities for office space, concerts, sports activities and the Mass Communication Department's broadcasting lab and offices. At one time, the gym was used by art students until the Pollak Art building was completed in 1972.

Growing in the heart of the Fan and in the center of everyday downtown traffic is a persistent problem. Indirectly, a student is well aware of these problems.

A student faces the problem of finding an apartment at a price that won't burn a hole in his pocket. Finding a desirable apartment close to campus is virtually impossible.

Realtors are capable of charging the highest price possible. To consider anything close to campus, costs will be anywhere from \$150 to \$250 per month for a two-bedroom apartment. This is a high price for students to pay; consequently many students squeeze into an apartment meant for only two individuals. In many cases, communal living becomes a life-style.

Many students complain about the shabby conditions of apartments that are available. "They must think we're pigs to rent such rat holes. You wouldn't believe it when we first moved in. There was a hole in the ceiling in the bedroom, an oven that wouldn't work, and grime in the bathroom that looked like someone poured tar all over it," said one female student. She rents her one bedroom apartment for \$125 a month.

The university contends to remain an outsider to the problems of off-campus housing. The problem of maintaining adequate rooms on campus is enough of a burden.

The Fan is a virtual gold mine with realtors and prospective homeowners digging in now, hoping to find gold later. Their foresight is paying off. Property on West Avenue five years ago was sold in the range of \$14,000 to \$40,000. Today, the prices start at \$30,000. A student market has set the

standard for such consumption. Since the university cannot house all of its students, there are always students looking for a place to live.

Once a student finds his apartment, he hopes that parking privileges are included. Until two years ago, it was first come, first served. However, the city alleviated this problem by initiating parking permits to residents and one-hour parking for non-residents. Most non-resident students who commute would have to become Olympian runners to meet such a deadline. Therefore, they have had to resort to parking in student lots. The residents don't complain much as parking has been made available to them, but a student gripes when he has to walk six blocks or more from the Cumberland parking lot.

The university is making slow advances here because this property is city owned. Once the R.M.A. begins construction, the university must begin to provide other facilities for parking. Director of University Services, Donald Moore, explains that the university is "looking for new places constantly." There are tentative plans to purchase the city-owned Mosque lot on Main Street. This problem is pressing the university into taking action, but it takes time.

Fifty years ago an R.P.I. student would snub the life-style so common to students today. But this present life-style is a result of housing difficulties, parking problems and a university that is trying to maintain a clear perspective.

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Student government self-destructs

Marjorie Bendl

This school has long had an air of apathy. Perhaps it is the incohesion of a student body in an urban university with little to unite it. Apathy can destroy things, as it has our student government.

There has probably never been an effective student government on the VCU campus, although the Student Government Association (SGA) existed until it dissolved itself in the 1971-1972 school year. The student body seemed fragmented and the SGA found it could not hold a group like that together. The SGA also experienced apathy within itself, as well as in-fighting, confusion and questionable practices; all of which eventually helped cause its dissolution.

According to those who attended VCU during the SGA's demise, some of the individual representatives and officers seemed to be doing their own thing; out only for themselves rather than being attentive to student needs. There was little unanimity and great confusion.

As a result, an appointive government was established by the administration with committees which did all the work. The committees were comprised of faculty and administration, plus a few students. These committees took care of appropriation of student funds, grade appeal proce-

dures and other administrative duties usually handled by a student government.

During the 1972-1973 school year, a committee was formed under Rick Roberts to draw up a new constitution for a student government. The committee met long hours to write a new document which was to be voted upon in November 1973. The document contained detailed procedures for establishment of the government, including elections, officers, members, authority of the group to be formed and by-laws.

The committee decided that at least ten per cent of the students enrolled in at least one class must vote in order for the vote to be considered valid, with passage of the document being a majority of the ten per cent.

Voting booths were opened in Shafer Court, the School of Business Building, the Temple and in Rhoads Hall for nearly three full days. Supervision of the vote was handled by the Student Affairs Committee of the Faculty Senate with Thomas D. Romeo as chairman.

However, when the ballots were tallied at the Computer Center, the committee found only about eight and one-half per cent of the students had voted.

Of the 1485 necessary for a ten per cent vote, only 1288 turned out. Of

the 1288, 855 approved the document, 352 disapproved it but thought a student government was necessary and 81 voted against it.

Clearly, of those who voted, a majority favored a student government but still not enough students turned out. Even if the document had received more than the necessary ten per cent, the number would have been a small margin and the organization would probably face a stiff uphill battle with such sparse support.

Romeo was disappointed and said it appeared that on this campus the "time is not right for students to govern themselves." He said he thought it was time for student views to be presented in a representative unit and for them to govern themselves.

Other faculty who worked on the voting were "distressed" at the results and some thought the document was "overly complex" for passage.

Some say the publicity was not intensive enough, although copies of the document were distributed campus-wide in the dormitories, at the Ask-It booth in Shafer Court, in the classroom buildings and by handouts.

Perhaps the document was too detailed and full of particulars to be understood, and students did not

really know what they were voting for.

The clause that would create extra seats for black students if none were elected to the school councils was not received favorably by many.

A few thought the low voter turnout was a result of discontent caused by distrust at the federal and state levels along with a general trend of disparaging the government.

Romeo saw the apathy as inconsistent with happenings only a few years before when students mobilized across the country for more say in the affairs that affected their futures.

Whatever the reason, the document failed. Unless another committee is formed to work another year to draw up another proposal and conduct voting, the student participation here will continue to be largely administrative and appointive.

Parts of this article are reprinted with the permission of the Commonwealth Times.

No place for a dog Marjorie Bendl

On sunny days, platform people display the latest in hiney-binders, bikers walk around with one pants leg rolled up and young construction workers leave their hard hats at local jobs and blend in with students. The "golden goose" honks its way through crowds who gather for informal classical music, dancers wrapped in plastic or an occasional streaker. Dogs play, make love, fight, beg, wean their pups and look for new homes.

On rainy days, crowds pack into the two small rooms of the Rotunda for grilled cheese-food sandwiches and artificial lemonade. Everyone else has to muster their change and take their chances with Macke machines hidden away in obscure corners of other university buildings. The remainder wade over to one of the sparkling diners on Grace Street or brown-bag alone in their cars. There is nothing quite as dismal as Shafer Court on a rainy day.

In three years, however, this scene may be drastically changed. With the opening of the new Student Center in January 1977, the focal point of the student body will shift south of the library to the 900 block of Floyd Avenue.

The new building will offer a central location for facilities badly needed by the rapidly expanding student body. There will be meeting rooms, office space for student activities, recreation areas, a bookstore and several places to eat.

Eight lounges will be scattered throughout the building in addition to specialized areas for typing, listening to music, watching TV, reading and studying.

Seven food service areas include a cafeteria, restaurant, vending machine area, deli shop, ice cream shop, outdoor dining area and a pub where beer will be sold. Any of the 14 meeting rooms can also be used for banquet rooms.

Although the university now has photography labs, a woodshop, music rooms and ceramics studios, these have always been reserved for students majoring or taking courses in those subjects. In the new Student Center, similar facilities will be available to the entire student body and faculty. The facilities will also be open to residents of the community on a limited basis.

Office space has been reserved for many student activity organizations such as student government, the radio station and publications. The outing club will have storage space and students will be able to rent canoes, backpacks, tents and other camping equipment.

The multi-level structure will be L-shaped with a huge terrace and the entire south side will be glass. According to Steven Furhmann, assistant dean of Student Life and

coordinator of the project, the design will provide a unique atmosphere very different from most "shoe-box" university buildings.

According to Furhmann, the buildings on the Floyd Avenue side of the block will be torn down this summer to begin construction this fall. Buildings on Linden across from the Business Building will be razed just prior to construction and those on Main Street will remain until the university begins the proposed Science and Education building.

The \$7.7 million project will be financed with bonds paid off by a proposed \$70 yearly increase in activities fees when the building opens. The land is being paid for by the state and the university will provide some of the center's personnel.

It is difficult to predict what impact such a project will have on what presently seems to be a very apathetic student body. Perhaps by giving them a focal point for activities, better communication and stronger unity will result.





Tenure Madness

Pam Sampsell

"You know they don't want you when you walk in one morning and your office has been turned into a toilet stall. Just a little pressure to get you to resign, because it's difficult to fire a tenured faculty member," remarked a professor here.

Since VCU is a comparatively young university and its expansion has been rapid, it has many young professors, most of whom desire tenure, or a guarantee of a job for life.

Tenure was originally created to give college professors job security to offset low wages, but low wages no longer hold true. In what other profession are you required to be in attendance only twelve hours a week for approximately nine months and earn \$15,000 a year?

Despite the change in salaries and prestige, tenure is still highly regarded, and almost all colleges and universities have a form of tenure, although the regulations vary within the individual institution.

At VCU full professors are eligible for tenure after three years, associate professors after four years and assistant professors after seven years. If the faculty member does not receive tenure, his contract automatically expires and he must leave the university.

At present VCU is planning to enact a policy in which only 65 per cent of all faculty can be tenured.

This is causing considerable consternation among professors; spots must be kept open in each department for "poet laureats" and "Nobel Prize winners who drop in from the sky and settle on Park Avenue."

Tenure is awarded by the decision of the appropriate department chairman in consultation with the dean of the appropriate school and a review committee of faculty and students. Written data and oral presentation are also considered if the faculty member so wishes.

It may seem difficult to attain a tenured status, but it's even more difficult to lose it. VCU calls "adequate cause for dismissal" neglect, inability or failure to perform duties, professional incompetence, unprofessional conduct, violation of academic or professional ethics, violation of VCU's rules and procedures and moral turpitude. Moral turpitude. That's the big one. "It's hard to prove professional incompetence," said one professor, "but they'll get you every time for sleeping with the dean's wife."

So it seems that unless the professor stabs his mother or is photographed in a compromising situation, he's in there to stay.

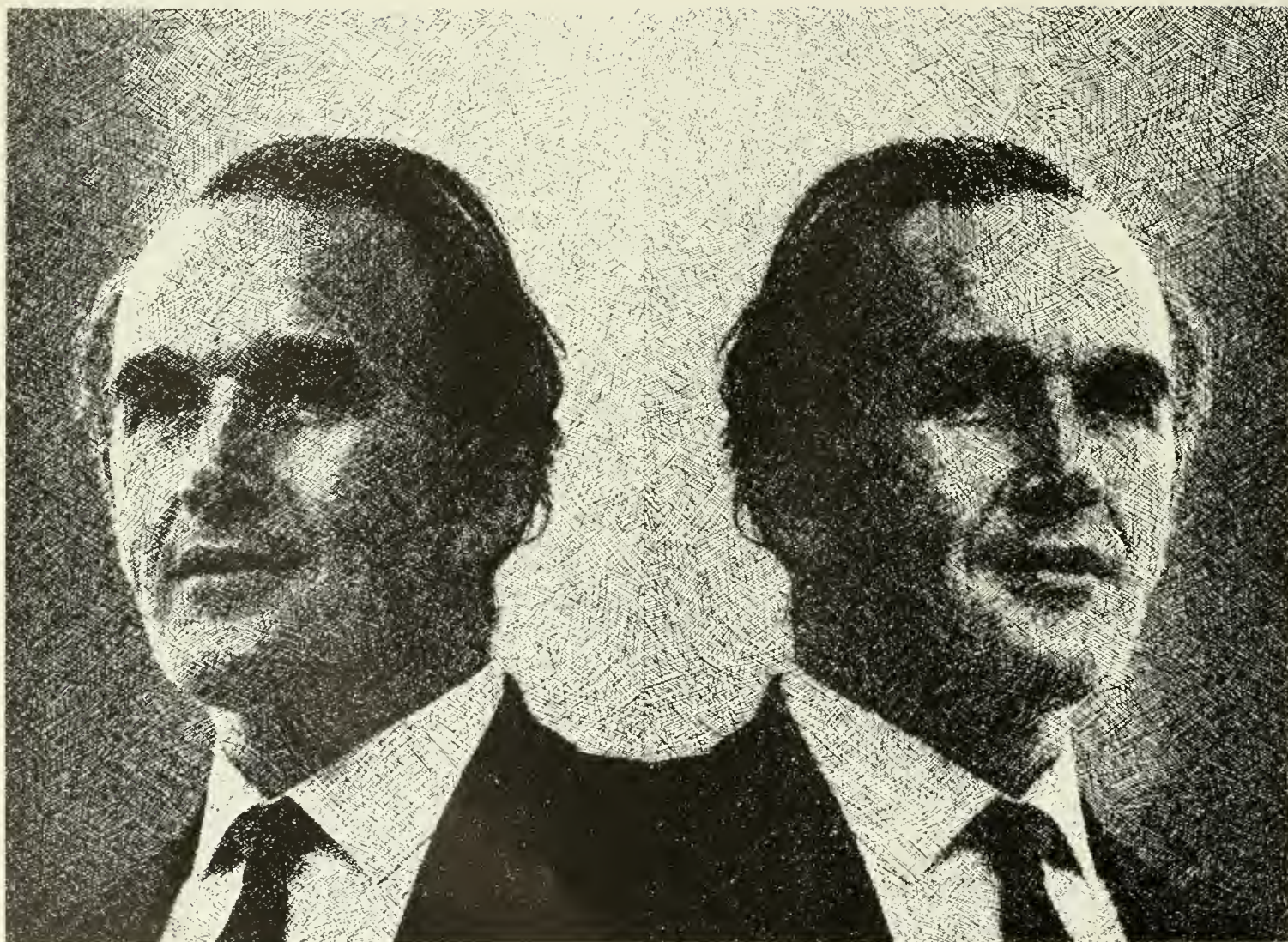
VCU can give subtle hints that it no longer desires someone's instruction, however. Salaries can be cut 10 per cent a year and the person can be

given 8 a.m. and 7 p.m. classes five days a week so that he wants to leave. If the professor does not receive tenure, it's difficult to go anywhere but down (i.e. it would be next to impossible to get a job at Harvard after being "let go" at VCU.)

According to one professor, tenure is still wanted because it prevents the older professors from arbitrarily being fired because a younger, more enthusiastic man (usually more knowledgeable in current affairs in his field.) is seeking his position. Tenure acts as a "gentlemen's union", and protects the man.

Evidently VCU has decided that a little over 35 per cent untenured faculty is enough to keep new ideas flowing in and the tenured faculty on its toes to prevent an academic stalemate. Let's hope this is the case.

Colin Turnbull:



Anthropology and the lack of basic human values

Outside his office at 820 W. Franklin, fire engines clang by as Colin Turnbull talks about the Ik and the Pygmies, two "small-scale societies" he has lived with during his anthropological field trips in Africa. Turnbull is now teaching anthropology here.

After being introduced to Virginia by a friend in 1960, Turnbull bought some land in Lancaster County near the Chesapeake Bay. He was in charge of African Ethnology at the Museum of Natural History in New York City when he was invited to teach here.

He has written several popular books including The Lonely African, a series of life-sketches of modern Africans and The Forest People, a record of the lives, thoughts and personalities of the Pygmies. His latest work, The Mountain People, is a description of the slow death and destruction of a tribe of African hunters, the Ik, whose social disintegration, Turnbull feels, has many parallels in our own society.

Parts of this interview are reprinted from the Richmond Mercury.

Cobblestone: Why did you leave your research at the Museum of Natural History to go into teaching?

Turnbull: I went into teaching because I believe that anthropology has something of value to communicate to general society. I thought that the museum, as an educational insti-

tution, should be able to communicate with the public through its exhibits other than merely describing other cultures and putting them into cases. It should be trying to tackle theoretical and current social problems and dealing with them academically in its exhibits. That attracted me about this university. It seems to be interested in the local community without restricting itself to it.

C: Do your students come to you, as someone who has had experience in the field, and ask you for advice about going into it?

T: A lot of students are nervous about the field experience because for the anthropologist it involves about two years and there's not much point in going into the field if you are going to go for less than that. Some people are concerned about the physical problems, wondering if they will make it with the living conditions, food, health problems. They don't want to invest that much time if half-way through they're going to have to quit.

C: Is it something you would advise women to go into?

T: Yes, there is no reason why a woman should not be just as successful in the field as a male. If anything, women are even more cherished in these small-scale societies that we habitually go to than men are.

They're more carefully guarded because of their power of giving birth. So if you fall into a role, a woman is actually sort of protected more than a man is.

You would try and seek that kind of role. This is part of an anthropological technique to get involved in a society. A woman who went to do field work as an outside observer might have other problems because she would not be integrated in the society and would not come under any of the rules that would protect her from amorous advances. She would be likely to be besieged. A lone female without a husband...any self-respecting male would want to do his duty and provide her with company.

Actually, we need women very badly in anthropology. In many of these societies women will only really communicate with women. Most of their socialization is with people of their own sex. This is where your friends are, this is where you should spend your time, and your company with the opposite sex is purely within the marital framework.

C: So a woman in the field would be able to get another dimension.

T: Oh, completely. And a terribly important one. This is where women anthropologists have made a great contribution.

C: Is it true that people become anthropologists because they are unhappy with the society they were raised in?

T: Oh, it's certainly true for quite a number of them. There are those that go into it through purely academic intellectual interest but I would suspect that even they find it unsettling because it raises so many questions. You are, after all, asking questions about other societies, so how can you avoid asking the same questions about your own? The answers are not always very happy.

C: In *The Mountain People*, you imply that a primitive group of people driven to anti-social behavior because of starvation has implications for modern society. How are our societies similar?

T: Starvation is what drove the Ik to this particular form of behavior, but that is not our problem. What is significant about the Ik is that they show us that a group of human beings, living together, speaking the same language, and feeling some kind of identity can systematically destroy all sociality, including the bond of the family. They begin to destroy it at the age of two when the mother begins to reject the child. Whereas in the book I said, "How awful, how terrible, how inhuman," I would now say, "How correct," because if that child is to

have a chance of surviving, it has to learn that as an adult, when it goes out for its food and water, for its livelihood, it is going to go alone because you are only going to find enough food for one person. If you go in a group, you're all going to go hungry, you'll all die. It's common economic sense to go separately and scatter over this wide territory. You've got to make it on your own. That is the lesson the mother is trying to teach the child. Let's say, absolute individuality.

In our own society, from totally different conditions, it is possible to draw parallels and say that we have to teach our children the same lesson. In our commercial world, we have a cash economy and our survival depends on developing skills that make us better than other people in a good competitive spirit. We are competing with our fellows, which comes to exactly the same thing. We are each seeking our own survival at the cost of others. We don't look at it that way but that's the way it is. If I am more successful than you, my success is at your cost. I don't share my wealth with you. I don't share my skills with you.

C: Why do we do this?

T: Part of our trouble is abundance, just the reverse of the Ik. We have so much we are able to build up a surplus. If we can build up a surplus there is no immediate need for me to

share with you. You may be much poorer than I am but you've still got enough. You're not starving. So why should I share my surplus with you?

Here, we go into a supermarket and there are no human beings there, just a lot of machines. Even the other bodies that are moving around, we don't know them. As far as we're concerned, they're not humans because we don't relate to them in a human way. They define *themselves* as humans with their own particular horizons. The check-out cashier is attached to the till and as far as we're concerned, is not a human being.

In most of our commercial endeavors, when we go out and shop, there is no real human relationship. There is no sense of obligation. Morality does not enter into it. On the contrary, immorality enters into it. There is always the feeling that we're being swindled, that we are being charged too much, that the goods are defective.

C: They very often are.

T: Yes, that's the nature of our society because they are trying to survive as well. They feel no obligation to us because they don't know us.

The other third factor that is moving us in the direction of the Ik is the population pressure. Unlike the Ik, who split up, we are being compressed together so that our social horizons are so vast that we can't pos-

sibly relate to the total society. We have to consciously close our horizons and shut out all these millions of people around us and limit ourselves to our immediate family.

C: Do you see a disintegration of the family?

T: Yes, and I see it as being a necessary response rather like the Ik. The family serves as a model for sociality and is where you learn the first lessons in social behavior; in discipline, in obligation, and in privilege. You can demand milk from your mother and your mother could withhold it in the good ol' breast feeding days. But that is breaking down. There is a revival towards it but up until ten years ago breast feeding was on the way out. It was considered somewhat unclean. It wasn't done in public. That is really unhealthy to me, when we deny our own bodies.

That was one of the steps in the breakdown of the family as a functional unit where we taught our children sociality. There are many other institutionalized ways like day schools. I know mothers who have children not one year old who go back to work and leave their children in day schools. So they are doing better than the Ik. The Ik don't start this until two. Here, because of technology, mothers are able to get rid of their children earlier.

C: Don't you have to turn your children out at some age?

T: Personally, I deplore it, but that is my own personal standards and beliefs. As far as the way our society is constituted at the moment, if I had children, and maybe this is one reason why I'm not married and don't have children, is that as an anthropologist, I would have to turn my children out if I were really concerned about their future. I would have to teach them to cut their mother's throat because if they're going to get ahead in this crummy society, that's what they're going to have to do.

That's why we teach them all these nice jolly little games that teach them to be violent. What else does football do, our great national sport, except teach children to be violent? And our emphasis on the competitive spirit, which we honor? ... Today this is a virtue. Like hell it is, it is the end of society when you teach children to fight each other mentally as well as physically. And then we say man is naturally violent. I think we *teach* them to be violent.

But it is necessary in our society because if you can not compete you can not get ahead. We compete for jobs and rightly, as the situation is at the moment, because there aren't enough jobs for everyone and the jobs have to go to the better people.

So there has to be a concept of being better. In many primitive societies there is no such concept and individuals can not rank themselves as being better. There are no games that are competitive, there are just games that develop skills.

C: People teach their children games in order to learn skills in living. One of our skills is being able to compete. In other societies, a skill is learning to gather food which is translated into immediate reward.

T: Yes, if I were to be a good father, I would have to go along with it because that is the skill that is necessary but I deplore it because it is developing a potential in humanity that is more animal-like than some of our other potentials. We do have the potential for these human qualities that I say the Ik have lost like love, compassion, consideration, all these social qualities but they are not inherent biologically, at least I don't think so.

Economically and emotionally we have to limit ourselves to our particular form of society which involves violence and deceit, which we also call politeness. It is necessary, but it is a defensive mechanism to keep people at a distance. The formal ritual of "Good morning, how are you" is a way of dismissing people.

On this campus I find greetings very difficult because we are all

indoctrinated in the ritual of "How do you do? How are you?" and in various appropriate responses. Every now and again we find ourselves making them and then catching ourselves and saying "No, that's not what I mean. I want more than that."

I'm finding, especially amongst the youth, that they are resenting this dehumanizing that has been coming about. The commune experiments of the sixties were not a failure by any means. Statistically, in terms of those that have survived, they might have been a failure but they are not a failure in terms of the human spirit. They show very clearly that there were human beings, particularly the youth, that recognized that there was more to life than living in a suburb and all that that implies.

C: What does it mean to be human?

T: It probably means what the communes found out basically, that one can not be human and live in this kind of society. Not that technology in itself is evil, but in combination with a cash economy it does present a great danger because it presents a potential for being made inhuman. I don't have the guts to advocate poverty and I don't have the gall to say that poor people are lucky but I have a suspicion that these may be part of the answers.

C: How are people coping with this loss of human values?

T: There is nothing to cope with because really, we're not losing anything, we're just not developing something. It is equally our potential to be inhuman and, as the Ik have found, it is equally satisfying. The Ik don't see anything wrong with their life. They say "We are surviving" and that's exactly what we say, "I've got my bank balance. The fact that I don't have any friends doesn't worry me."

C: How can we change this?

T: I think the move towards the communes was an effort in the right direction. There are changes coming about even in the cities. We should live in communities where we can perceive around us and touch, feel and talk every day with people like ourselves, however we define ourselves.

Human Confederate Flag.

*"And 'twill live in song and story.
Though its folds are in the dust."*



White gloves and a Silver Ghost
The Chesterfield





"An artesian well, 356 feet deep, furnishes a most bountiful supply of clear water at a temperature of sixty-one degrees the year round. This feature should appeal to any who have lived in Richmond and have been subjected to James River water."

"Apartment houses grow daily in favor. They furnish the combination of home with all its luxury, comfort and convenience and none of its discomforts and cares. No marketing, no fuel to provide, no servants to annoy. No dishes to wash or fires to light and rooms to clean. No taxes, no improvements, no daily annoyance of the average housewife of the busy merchant. Comfort relieved of care, and in a well ordered apartment house a family can be as absolutely private and as secluded as in their own home. A room telephone and a push of the button will bring all or anything for which a person is able to pay."





Alternative Education: Learning about yourself Marjorie Bendl

The brochure that described the course said, "Learn About Something Interesting this Semester. Yourself!" That's a pretty scary proposition. But I knew that it was a part of my education that was badly neglected, so I signed up.

The first meeting with Stephen Lenton's "Education of Self" removed my fears. Learning about yourself is an exhilarating and rewarding experience. It isn't scary because you reveal yourself only as rapidly as you are willing and ready to.

We began by forming a circle and introducing ourselves. Then Stephen had us stretch out on the floor and concentrate on our breathing.

"Your breathing tells you how you are feeling," he explained. "If you are tense, it's hard to breathe. Many of us go around strangling ourselves because we don't breathe deeply enough. Not getting enough air makes your heart beat faster and keeps you from relaxing." He then coached us in some breathing exercises and when I got up, I felt great.

After a short break, Pamela, the graduate student assistant, had us do an exercise where we milled around with our eyes closed and then had to take someone's hand and learn about them through the sense of touch. I was nervous because no one picked me right away and I had to go and

find someone. The person I touched immediately grasped my hand and it felt fine. My hands are always so cold it's embarrassing. But the girl, and I was a little self conscious about holding hands with another girl, didn't seem nervous at all. People are always so distant from one another. It's amazing how uptight we get when we touch but how relaxed we get once we do.

I have been writing this in the first person because that is what Education of Self is all about. As the hand-out explains, it is a course designed primarily as an introduction to "humanistic education and psychology," with special emphasis on learning about yourself and others. The method used is experience and the focus is on group interaction and personal learning.

The classes are large but most of the work is done in small groups. In addition to the weekly meetings, there are required readings from a soft-bound book and handouts, a personal journal and completion of student-instructor growth experiences.

Education of Self is a prerequisite to Group and Interpersonal Relations, a course designed to train students as paraprofessional small group leaders. The class is required to attend weekly meetings and weekend retreats out of town, write a paper and a personal

autobiography and read outside assignments.

The third course in the series, Seminar in Small Group Facilitation, is currently listed as an independent studies course pending formal approval. Enrollment is limited by consent of the instructor and generally to students who have completed Ed of Self and Group and Interpersonal. The course consists of advanced readings in the area of personal and organizational development, humanistic psychology and education, and working in an assistant capacity with an experienced trainer.

Although the series appears to be a training program, the coordinator, Stephen Lenton, sees it as a way to help the entire student body. "We would like to develop a small group of students to help us teach the classes, conduct the Awareness Programs and expand the program. Along the way, we can provide training for students interested in self-awareness. The more students that take the course, the more emotionally literate people there are on campus."

He said the classes and weekend retreats are based on the theory that most students learn through peer interaction. "The most valued learning which takes place in a university

comes from outside the classroom," he said. "We want students to develop high-quality authentic interpersonal relationships."

Contrary to the traditional theory of education which concentrates on learning and analyzing facts, one of the first things students learn in these courses is how to teach themselves. Traditionally, students have not been allowed to evaluate instruction or design courses because it was believed that they didn't know what they needed to learn.

The traditional education focusing on mental development is not enough anymore. Lenton cited failing institutions such as marriage as an example of modern man's lack of emotional development. "Handling your emotions is as important a skill as making a living," he said.

"If students can't effectively evaluate their own learning, what are we doing? Feeding them information and asking them to regurgitate it," Lenton said. "The emphasis in education is shifting from retaining facts to understanding the learning process. Once a student knows how to learn, he will go out and get the facts on his own."

Edu.400 E Linda Price

What constitutes good racial relations is a question that is many times left unanswered. The Cross-Cultural Communications class here at VCU is one step towards answering the question.

Since this is an experimental class within the Education Department, very little is known about it around campus. The whole idea is to pool an approximately equal number of black and white students into one class and to have them experiment with questions and awareness exercises dealing with racial issues, to act as minorities and to successfully communicate with one another.

The class is a rewarding experience for anyone to learn more about others and at the same time to learn to deal with themselves. It involves participating in exercises, being willing to take risks and being open in conversations and actions.

Getting in touch with yourself is the first step towards being able to get in touch with others. By participating in non-verbal exercises and questions designed to arouse your feelings you are able to find yourself and to better understand your own feelings and your own limitations.

Some of our exercises are done in teams of two, one black and one white. When in a one-to-one relationship you are able to deal with the

individual, not just another race. It develops a strong foundation for you to build upon when relating to others no matter who they may be.

The class does not try to create an ideal situation with all blacks loving all whites or vice-versa. It is more of an awareness experience. It is designed to arouse questions in your mind. You become aware of certain attitudes you possess and why you possess them. Your listening ability is developed and the entire class is a learning process. It helps you to relate to the world outside as well as the individuals in the class.

Many students come out of the class having different values and a better self-concept. Sometimes a student's behavior is modified, but that's left up to the individual. You are able to get more out of the class if you put more into it, but above all you must be yourself.

The Cross-Cultural Communication class will benefit many students. If you can't relate to other people, feel uncomfortable around another race or just want to re-evaluate your self-concepts, you should enroll in the course. It may turn out to be one of the most beneficial experiments in your entire life.

Even the weakest survive Steve Lasko

In a year enamored with piercing focus on the national media, the university's counterpart had the sullen distinction of almost obliterating itself. Unlike the national media though, the problems which caused the near demise of three-quarters of the campus media weren't anything as glamorous as too-far-reaching exposes; rather, it was the most mundane exercises in financial mismanagement.

Editors who began the year with the perennial "high hopes" of changing their publications to meet recent demands on brighter graphics and writing were almost immediately faced with forced compromises from the Grand Jury-styled Media Board. Dean Alfred T. Matthews helped baptize media heads Marjorie Bendl, Rick Ward, Jim Schepmoes and Steve Lasko into the rites of monetary perspicacity. He initiated some former media people as well.

Hearings on the *Commonwealth Times* financial chaos were held during the summer, concurrent to the Watergate hearings, which in turn lent them an unprecedented air of seriousness. Board members quickly assessed their Mission, and for the first time, the Board's *raison d'être* became more clearly defined.

The *Times* was able to match the Media Board's tenacity for detail

through three guideline proposals: frozen funds, frozen stipends and a general ambience of caustic testiness. But despite the positive elements which emanated from the whole mess (i.e., a new *esprit de corps* among staff members and a nifty tabloid design), the newspaper could only muster up the money for 22 issues in a 32-week academic year; leaving many to wonder if the *Times* was still, in fact, a weekly.

Consider yourself lucky to be reading this very "yearbook." Marjorie Bendl & Co. called it quits in early September when they discovered, like the *Times*, that they would have to pay the price for their previous editor's financial short-sightedness. Again, a myriad of meetings, proposals, surveys and guidelines resulted in a new design and a cheaper price.

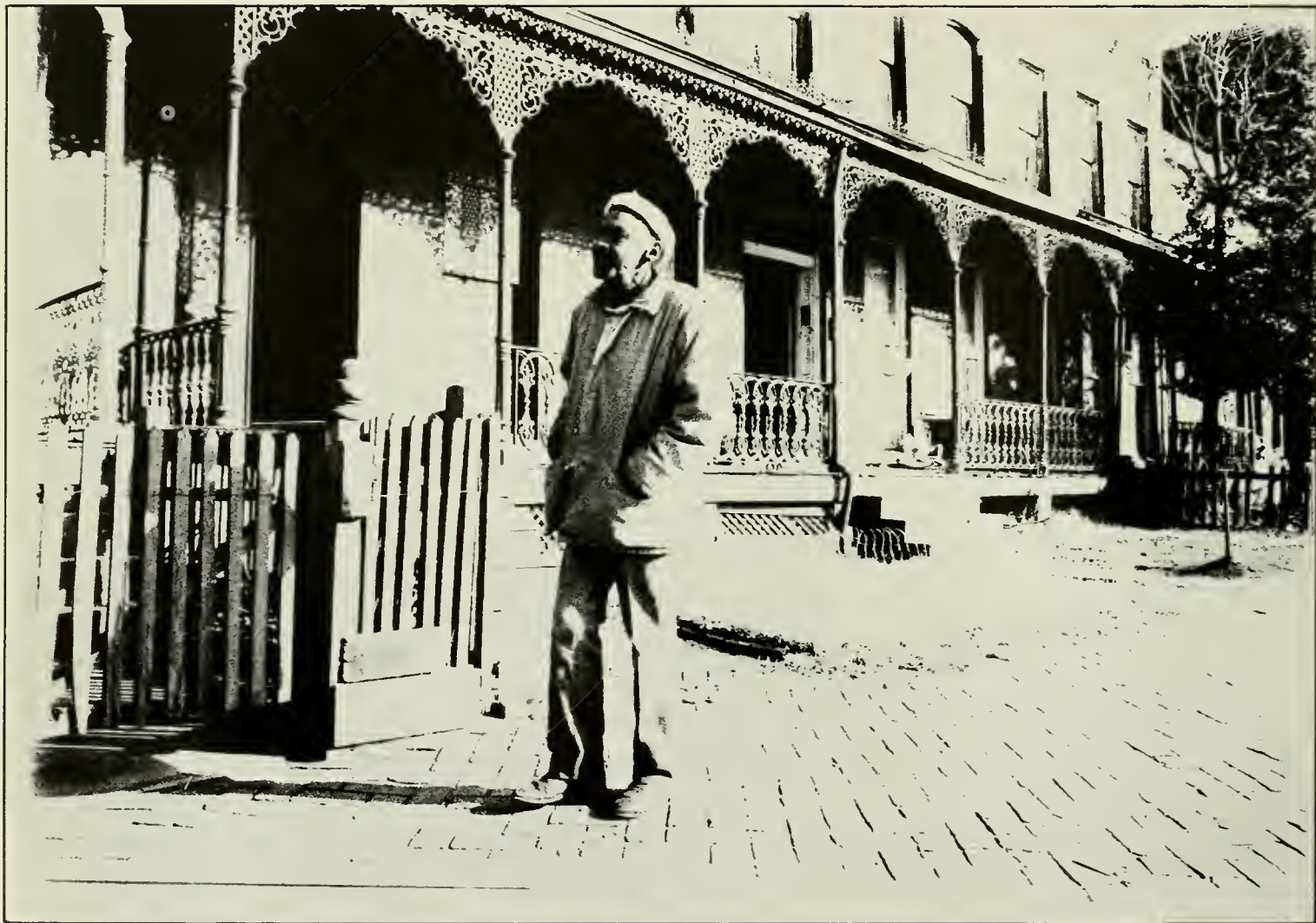
WJRB, the only non-print medium, and the medium with the smallest audience, even adopted a new design of sorts. It came in the guise of what was termed "Free-form format"—a cryptic phrase for saying that the DJ's could now vent their own personal tastes on the station's limited following. To WJRB's credit however, it was the only medium to escape the financial fiasco unscathed.

The once-defunct literary magazine, *Spectrum*, has reappeared with a new name and format. Now the *Rich-*

mond Arts Magazine, it seems to have as much trouble getting organized and locating office space as putting a literary magazine together.

Certain *personae* in the media drama remained as behind-the-scene stars. Sandy Adams kept his hand in both the yearbook and literary magazine—and was certainly the most gracious and unruffled Media Board member. Susan Morris, who oversees the finances for the Board, had her hands full. Yet her abilities (which transcended mere competency), combined with Dean Matthews' rigorous investigation, are probably the primary reasons there are any media left at all.

But it was Media Board member John Desesso who redefined the word "thoroughness" with the most unbelievably ornate and accurate meeting-minutes ever taken—helping the various media extricate themselves from their own self-imposed troubles.









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Bruce Vanden Bergh

The Ivy League to many stands for academic excellence and if you by chance should go to Dartmouth, Princeton, Yale, Harvard or any of the others, your experience would probably bear this out. But, what really is the Ivy League? An academic fraternity of prestige schools?

The Ivy League is an athletic league a hundred or more years old in which the schools mentioned above compete. Yet, the name of the athletic league has come to be used as an institutional symbol to represent a group of superior academic colleges and universities.

The point is that a good athletic program can open the door for the exposure of a university's many other non-athletic activities.

The name of the game is awareness and exposure. Because athletic teams get to travel to more areas of the country than other students, they have more of an opportunity to spread the name of the school. Once people know that you have a good swimming or basketball team, the easier it is to tell them about your good symphony, drama group or school of business.



People know you by those parts of you that are most visible. If what they see is poorly done, then they feel that everything you do is that way. If what they see is a demonstration of excellence and sincere enthusiasm, they will quickly transfer that image to the rest of you.

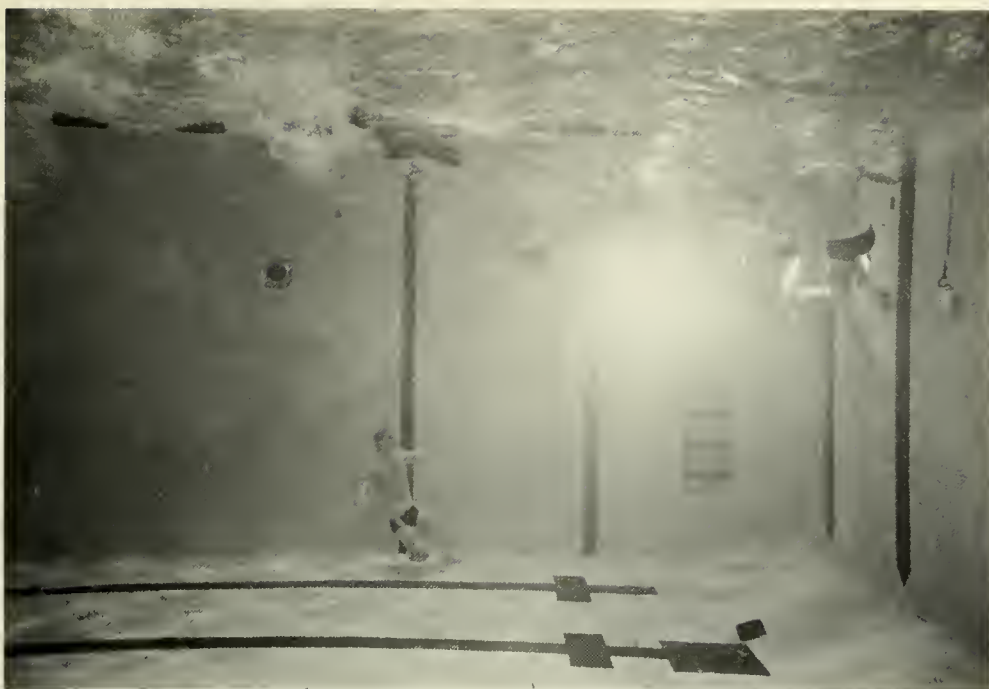
So it is with an athletic program such as ours at V.C.U. Our university is relatively new and unknown. It carries with it (good or bad) the image associated with R.P.I. Athletically and academically in Virginia there are five schools that are perceived as being the elite of the state's academic institutions.



We at V.C.U. know that we have a fine university in many diverse areas. But that doesn't really matter. If you can't persuade the Spiders, Wahoos, Indians, Keydets and Hokies to believe it, you might as well be talking to yourself.

This doesn't mean that you have to support athletics here to benefit from them. You will benefit anyway. The image of our excellent athletic teams is also part of the image people will have of anyone connected with V.C.U.

To illustrate the point about visibility and images, why do most Richmonders think V.C.U. is a school of



hippies, freaks and leftist weirdos? (Not that this is all that bad). Because as they ride right through our campus during morning and evening rush hours, they see the symbols they associate with those kind of people—long hair, beards, bare feet, jeans, backpacks, etc.

The University of Richmond may just be lucky that a major route to downtown doesn't cut through its ivy covered buildings. Image, Image, Image. How shallow can people be? Does image really matter? In reality, I think so. I also feel you can continue to look like you wish if you can also demonstrate ability detached from

the outward trappings you choose for yourself.

Excellence in whatever you do can persuade people to look at the exterior in a different light. Good athletic programs can change people's perspective. It can take their emphasis from where it is now and put it on areas where we can prove our abilities.

Support of our many university activities is critical. The Anderson Gallery, the Franklin Street Gym, the V.C.U. Theatre, the Mosque or wherever something is happening, if you enjoy that sort of thing, support it. At the same time, wish others supporting their areas of interest the best. It's all



part of what people will see and think of V.C.U.

A lot of people don't necessarily enjoy athletic events just as some don't enjoy art or dance or writing term papers. Support of programs offered by V.C.U. doesn't mean you have to like them. It means that you recognize that others do like them and in general, that they are good for our school.

Attendance at games doesn't always represent support for athletics. In some cases, it means people like the game and the teams playing. Support can be given when you recognize the importance of the program to the

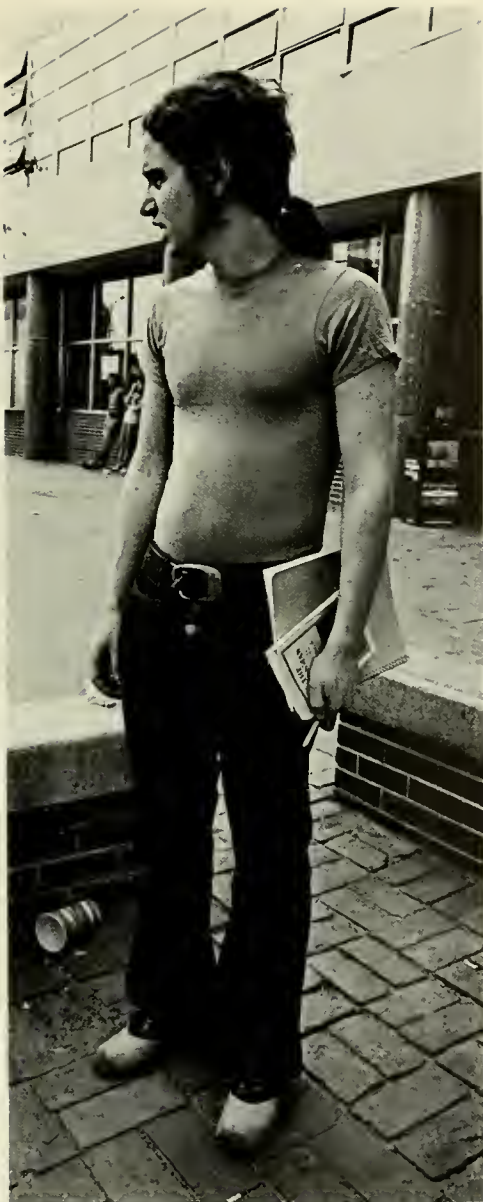


university as a whole.

Participate in your own areas of interest. But enjoy it and support others when they do things that spread the good name of V.C.U.

Athletics by their very nature are more visible representatives of V.C.U. A lot of what is accomplished or not accomplished in other areas just might depend upon the success of the most visible part of our university.





Athletics Poll: The \$120,000 question

Each year, full time academic students pay a \$30 activity fee. Graduate students pay \$15 a year.

As decreed by the Board of Visitors, half of the \$240,000 collected this year went to the Athletic Department. The other half is administered by the Appropriations Board which budgets various organizations, activities and media.

With the declining interest in sports here, a controversy has developed over how much, if any, of the activities fee should go to sports. Interested in basic attitudes on the subject, Cobblestone asked students:

"What value do you think an athletic program has for a university?"

Responses to Athletic Poll

"Since only a few participate, only a few benefit."

Gen. Studies student

"They play a minor role with little or no value."

Art Ed. sophomore

"The basketball has been the most unifying element at VCU in my four years. It has brought in money and prestige for the school as well."

Psy. senior

"Though they are good for a side-light, student life should not revolve around them."

Pre-Pharmacy freshman

"It gives people a chance to display their talents and abilities."

Phy. Ed. freshman

"They help develop in people the ability to work together as a team."

Pre-Radiation Tech. student

"No value whatsoever."

Bus. senior

"VCU is not a rah-rah school like UCLA or any other of the real southern schools. There should be more promotion of intramural sports like tennis, weights and golf."

Mkt. senior

"They keep alumni interested in the school and work to bring together the highly diversified student body."

Mass Comm. junior

"The athletic program should take a more important role in student life than it does. It would help put us on the map."

Adv. sophomore

Living in the dorm: The drama of a live soap opera Gail Barnes

Dormitory living is something everyone should experience sometime. It's a strange sort of thing...one that some like, one that some hate and one that confuses most of the rest. It combines the confusion of being placed randomly in a room with someone you probably don't know and maybe don't like with the security of not having to look far to find companionship.

It is even stranger if the dorm is co-educational. Presently, men occupy the second and third floors of Johnson and Rhoads Halls and the second floor of Rhoads Hall wing. These floors were previously occupied only by women.

Most of the residents, especially the men, seem to enjoy the new co-ed setup. Many of the men seemed to have quite a number of women in their rooms, especially during visitation hours.

The third (men's) and fourth (women's) floors of both co-ed dorms turned into a sort of commune; although it was probably not enough to send the administration screaming in, demanding tighter rule enforcement.

However, the co-ed dorms were not the only ones to enjoy a greater amount of visitation...the smaller units were also included.



During the year, several groups worked on getting extended or 24-hour visitation. However, drawing only moderate support, the groups failed to convince the Board of Visitors to change the policy. Many of the residents still felt the new co-ed arrangement was a step toward extended visitation. Others felt the university should have extended visitation simply because other Virginia colleges, including William and Mary and The University of Virginia, have longer privileges.

It is obvious that a great many of the rules regarding visitation were not enforced. Residents from one of the dorms visiting within the dorm on a floor occupied by the opposite sex were to sign in on a list outside the elevators. On some floors, the lists lasted only about two weeks. Hours were not observed, especially on the men's floors, and one could often see a male resident escorting a female to the elevators long after hours. But more residents seemed to enjoy the setup rather than thinking of it as a



menace to privacy. It might have even served to open the eyes of many to the living habits of the opposite sex.

However, visitation is not the only interesting side of dorm living.

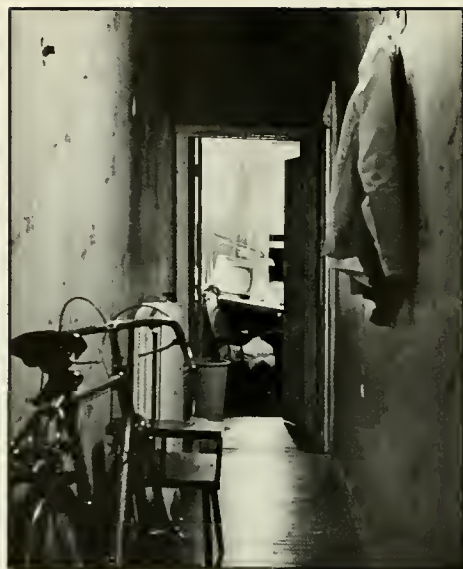
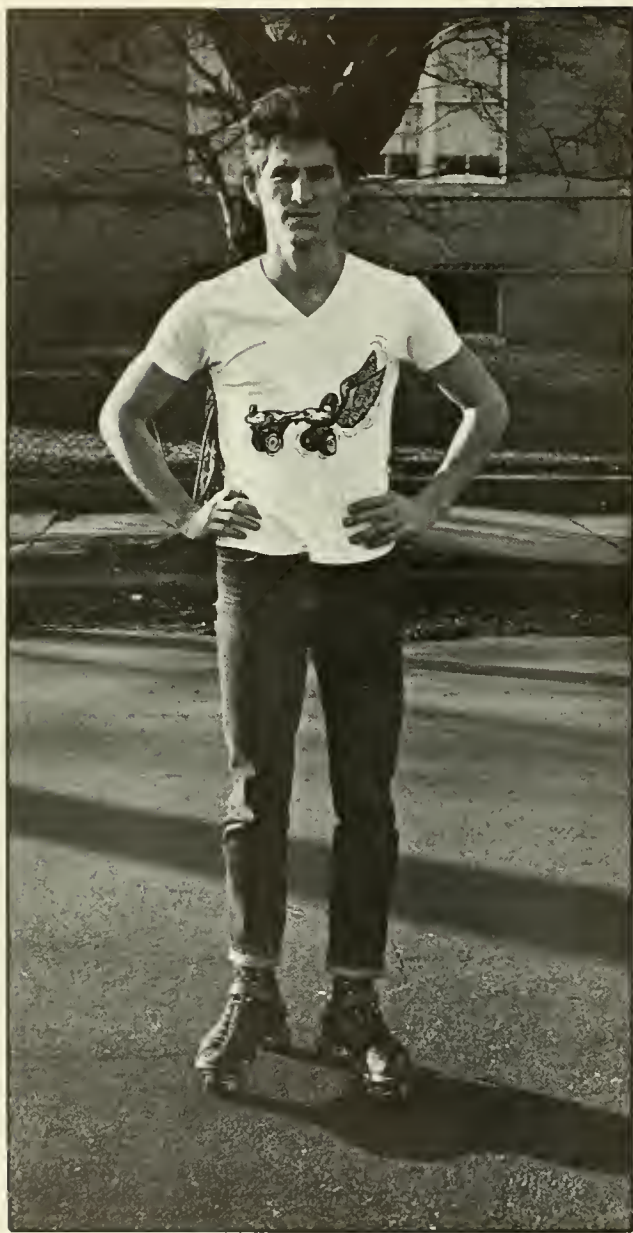
Many times close living brings a comradeship...a cohesion...between residents of one floor or of one section of a floor. For most freshmen it is the best vehicle for meeting people and forming friendships. For them, there is always someone to be with, to go to meals with, to talk to and to share belongings with. Most new students feel they would know fewer people if they did not live in the dorm.

Others who come to the dorms are severely disappointed. Most of these are residents who dislike and can not get along with their roommates. They feel an almost inescapable hostility living on campus, since it is difficult

to change floors, rooms or roommates.

Dissatisfied freshmen residents who decide to leave the dorms may be a main reason for the high turnover within the dorms every year. For them, life there represents being forced into living with people they don't care for in a noisy and crowded place where everyone knows everyone else's business in conditions that don't suit them.

But for those who like it, it represents a secure place near friends. Much like a live soap opera it is where they become involved in the lives of others and sometimes change their own. Each floor has its own atmosphere and personality...a sort of microcosm. For these people it is almost home. Pain or pleasure, it can not be beat for a place to learn about people, new ideas and living.



Living in the Fan: The joys of renting your own home Alice Talmadge



My apartment in the Fan is a joy to come home to, especially after hours of work and classes on campus. It is a settled environment where I can relax, gather peace of mind and live as I choose. After some experience in dormitory living, I can appreciate the autonomy an apartment offers. And I willingly accept the responsibility, expenses and inconveniences that accompany this freedom.

Part of the reason I enjoy apartment living so much is the environment of the Fan. Its diverse inhabitants stimulate me. My neighbors are retired couples, an engineer, "Jesus freaks," other students, construction workers and a plumber. The Fan must be unique if inhabitants of varying ages, occupations and lifestyles can live in relative harmony. I see this contrast throughout the entire area. When I walk home at night and gaze into lighted homes, I see a grand piano and a spiral stairway, book cases made of orange crates, paintings by student artists, copper cooking kettles, and a child's nursery that has a window "curtained" with potted plants.

The architecture of the Fan also endears it to me. Stained-glass windows, cobblestones, bricked-in gardens, gingerbread metal work, Corinthian columns, gables, skylights and cornices contribute to the appeal.

Renovated houses are impressive but the homes with unpainted brick and old porches have a charm of their own.

The Fan apartments I have experienced have had no major improvements in years. This condition challenges tenants to innovate. Lower rent is my compensation for taking the good with the bad. I have had an old-fashioned bathtub with claw feet, but not enough water pressure for a shower attachment, a skylight but poor weatherproofing around windows, ten and twelve foot ceilings which give a feeling of spaciousness but more air space to heat, a brick fireplace but poor insulation.

But even an unrenovated apartment in the Fan requires considerable money for rents and deposits. An arrangement of having roommates to share expenses can be a worthwhile compromise. The loss of privacy is minimal in comparison to the benefits of companionship and sharing. My roommates not only share expenses with me but also share joys and sorrows, food preparation, cleaning, care of pets, and extras such as TV, stereo and trips to the laundromat. From my experience, I have found that if personalities and diets are compatible, age, sex and occupation are unimportant. However, Virginia has a law that makes it a misdemeanor to cohabit

with a member of the opposite sex for a length of time. But cohabitation, which constitutes more than living in the same residence, is hard to prove and few persons are prosecuted.

In my present apartment we also share grocery expenses and eat meals together. Our diet is predominately vegetarian and we buy some staples from the Exodus Food Co-Op in bulk quantities to further reduce food costs. More cooks produce greater variety of dishes and taking turns is a relief, especially when evening classes intervene.

But apartment living also has its inconveniences. I live on the edge of the Fan about 20 blocks from campus and winter mornings can be a long, cold walk or wet bike ride to campus if I don't have a ride or choose not to take the bus. At night if I am walking home, I travel well-lighted streets and walk quickly because crime is prevalent in the Fan. Even if I had a car, parking is not always available close by and my bicycle transportation would not be reliable if I did not have a good lock. Sometimes the stereo downstairs is a little loud, but these neighbors are friends and they put up with our noise too. We occasionally get together to watch TV, play cards or party and had a pot-luck Thanksgiving dinner last fall. We also coordinate efforts in the eternal battle

against roaches by spraying simultaneously.

In previous apartments I have had other troubles, particularly with landlords. In my first apartment we could not get the landlord to make needed repairs. But I prefer an indifferent and inactive landlord to a meddling landlady I once rented from. She altered our original oral agreement about renting the apartment above her own to include inspecting the premises, dictating the function of each room and other actions which I thought invaded my privacy. Although this apartment was close to campus, the convenience was not worth my loss of privacy and of freedom to live as I choose. I moved. But from this experience I learned the rights and privileges of both tenant and landlord. I learned the importance of a lease or written statement of renting conditions. I now know I can find advice on housing problems at Grace House and receive further assistance from the Neighborhood Legal Aid Society.

Most of these inconveniences and troubles are part of apartment living in most big cities. If I lived any place other than the Fan, I could not live as comfortably. I do not mind "walking a mile" in order to live in a Fan apartment. The walk gives me an opportunity to observe the Fan's inhabitants and its unique architecture and

atmosphere. The slower pace gives me time to appreciate my favorite house on each block and to wave to a familiar figure. It gives me time to think over the day's events and to put my mind at peace.





Living in the country: Bird books and strange mosses Bob Pulley

New Year's Eve '74: slides of the Holy Land at landlord's house. No parties, noisemakers or funny hats. Then home to Notre Dame football game. Sleep, and tomorrow is just another day.

Sound dull? Not for me, lots to do. There are in-the-house things common to most student dwellings, i.e., put last semester's books on a dusty shelf... will probably have to build a new shelf for all the German Lit books.

It's the outside things that make a difference. That's when I know my life is not so common: bring in the wood, water the horse and dogs, go for a walk taking bird books and binoculars, look for strange mosses for Sue.

1:30 a.m. Some nut with a flashlight out rounding up the cows. The habits of dairy cows! The yearly hog kill, auctions, country people... another breed.

Seven-year-old car has the seven-year itch. Parts are disintegrating. Wish I didn't depend on machines so much, but 20 miles from the "madding crowd" is where I've got to be... for as long as possible.

A photographer's paradise. Not a sound... no sirens or noisy neighbors... just clock-ticking and dog's sleep-breathing. Could hear a pin drop a mile away.

The stars. Spectacular, screen porch and watching the sun set over the trees, sleeping there in the summer. Meg's painting (two weeks on the porch). Good friends. Hearty meals. Eat well in the country. Work up an appetite.

Sure there are lots of drawbacks, like 20 miles in the snow with no snow tires and gas getting scarcer every day.

No insulation in the house.

But one sunset laced with purple and gold, one roaring fire in the stove, one bluebird or pileated woodpecker and it's all much more than worthwhile.

Out here life flows.

~~FEAR~~ AND
LOATHING
AT SCREW
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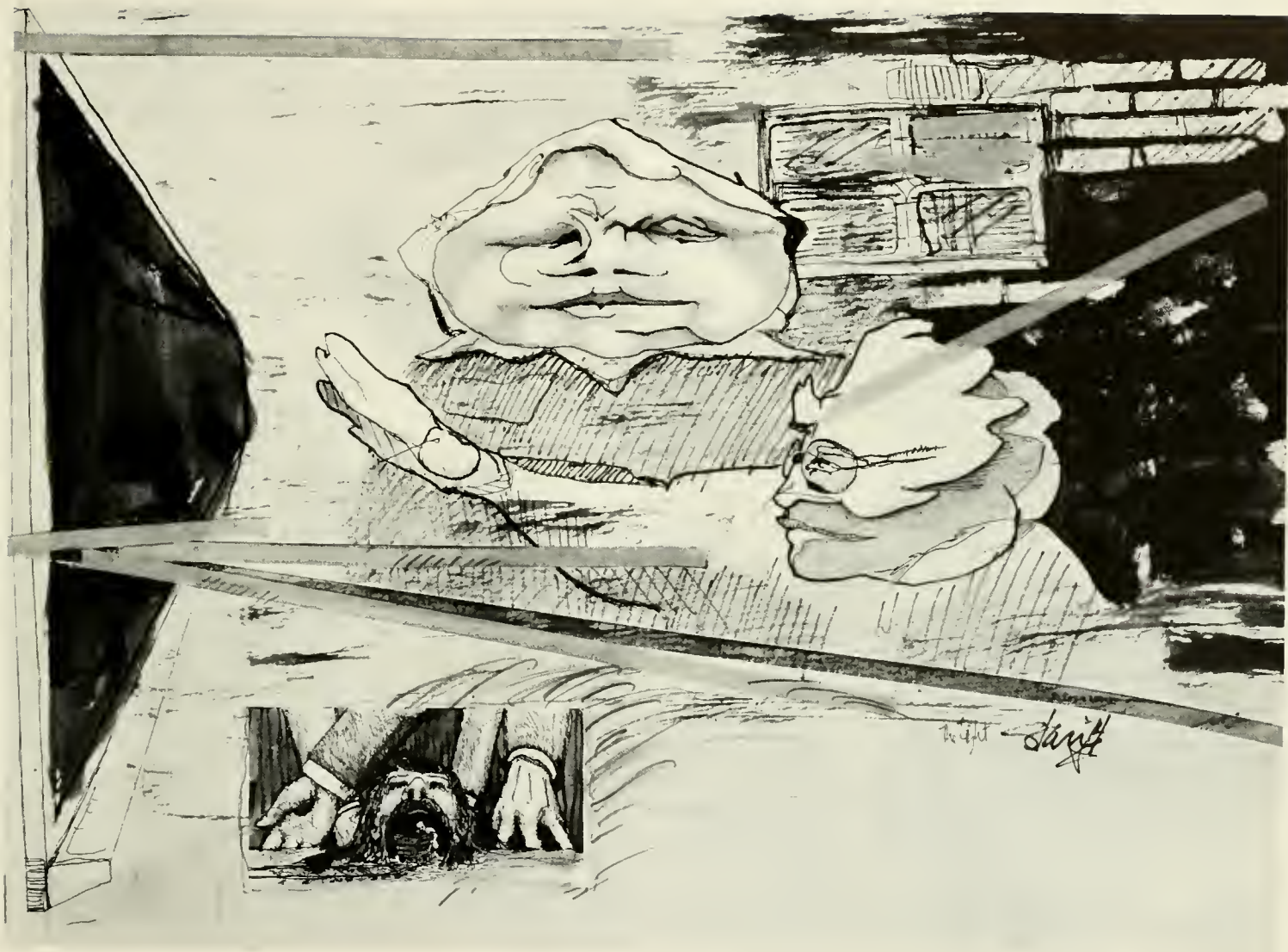
OR SLEEPWALKING
UNDERGROUND

BY STEWART A. SAMUELS

It is the most incredible thing I have ever seen. It is perverted. It should be exposed to the public. Its perpetrators should have their frontal lobes removed through the backs of their heads. The swine. Imagine the gall—putting up Christmas snowflakes in January after Christmas. Large cardboard snowflakes dangling from the ceiling—completely irrefutable. The jukebox is sending out its waves making the snowflakes move ever so slightly, just enough to remind you of their existence every second. Some fish walks by on the way to pass watered-down beer into a porcelain receptacle that, if it could talk, would spit in your eye.

Tops of heads are bobbing, bobbing ever so lightly above the horizon of the booths. "What the hell language is that, Greek? Do they sell pizza in this dive?"

I haven't been this wrecked in a very long time. The bells, the bells, the ringing of the bells on the pinball machines is making my beer flat . . . "Jesus, here he comes" . . . The Swine-herd himself, my compatriot in crime. Together we have been seeking The Great American Light for almost three years now. He is, of course, demented. Especially when he is on one of his Aqua Velva binges. There is nothing as degenerate as someone who can't handle his after-shave. You can always



tell when an Aqua Velva junky is around—just keep your nose open for people who smell as if they shaved inside their mouths.

The Swineherd is sitting at the booth now. He is babbling quite coherently of his newest discovery. He tells me that alas he has located The Great American Light or, as it were, The Truth. It was for The Light that we have imprisoned ourselves in this Urban Zoo for the last few years.

We had come here because we were told it would be different. You know, a new concept in education or something . . . Jesus, The Swineherd just ordered a glass of Chanel No. 5. He must be really celebrating something. I hope the waitress doesn't throw us out of this community atmosphere, this so called Village. It is written that every Village must have an idiot and a whore. He is the idiot and I am the whore, or perhaps he is an idiotic whore.

"I have found The Great American Light," the Swineherd gurgled. "It is residing on a blackboard located in an obscure basement classroom in a seldom used Victorian building on Franklin Street, which is guarded by a blind watchman who hears very well, but never listens."

"We must seek it out," I said as the Swineherd, whose eyes were now the color of very old pizza, nodded

his assent as the snowflakes began falling from the ceiling, covering the floor with a soft white powder. However, upon attempting to make snowballs out of the snowflakes we were amazed at the rigidity of the individual flakes. The Greek began yelling in Italian. We weren't sure of what he was saying, but the Swineherd felt a definite aura of hostility, besides overhearing the ominous suggestion of brown-shirted local police. At this point we decided to leave and go in search of The Great American Light.

It was cold outside. The strip was dead, but it didn't matter because the strip was dead when it was alive anyway. We paused for a moment in front of a record store and The Swineherd said he couldn't see the music anymore and needed another bottle of Aqua Velva. I suggested the Frost Lime and he went into the drugstore adjacent to the record shop and emerged moments later sipping from a small bottle wrapped in a plain brown bag. He commented on the price increase in men's colognes.

By then we were standing in front of what appeared to be a theater with large breasts. We decided to enter this cave, but first we had to threaten the mannequin in the box with The Infection. The Infection, as many of you must know, is a direct result of continuous and unsuccessful search-

ing for the Great American Light. It raises its ugly head often and is characterized by dirty denim everything and profuse hair. We, of course, threatened to communicate this insidious blight to the mannequin by touching her all over with our dirty, reeking unwashed bodies and sweet smelling mouths, unless she allowed us to explore the innards of this poor excuse for an opium den. She relented.

The place was like a living room one would expect to find in a forgotten subway station—that is, if one expected to find a living room in a subway station that one had remembered. There were about twenty heads, all spaced equidistantly from each other, and seemingly sitting on the chairs as if they were pumpkins on a fence post, which obviously was what they were. The Aqua Velva must have been wearing off.

On the screen what appeared to be silly putty was undulating suggestively. The pumpkins seemed to like it, but The Swineherd shouted obscenely that this was not The Light we were seeking and asked very loudly where he could deposit his waste. At that moment a very polite usher with a weak flashlight showed us to a door and said, "This way gentlemen." Naturally thinking we were entering the men's room we were amazed at its uncanny resemblance to the theater

parking lot. In fact we even noticed our car, The Great Blue Carp (we called it that because anyone who drove a 1949 VW convertible must be a scavenger), parked in front of an apparent urinal.

The Swineherd immediately assessed the problem and baptized the brick wall as he murmured, "It was meant to be." Now we entered the car and drove two blocks with only one headlight—The Swineherd said we were saving the other one for The Fog. The Fog is what one sees after becoming a martyr to the quest for The Light. We parked the car on a street of monuments, not unlike pictures of pre-war Berlin we had once seen in a momentary state of lucidity.

Walking along the deserted sidewalks that fucked up your feet because of ludicrous bricks sticking out of the ground, we slowly approached the building that was the alleged tabernacle of knowledge. The windows were dark and the trees were staring at us. We took another quick hit of the Frost Lime and decided on two aliases we would use if apprehended in our attempt to find knowledge. I was to be the infamous mind rapist, Christopher Robin and the Swineherd the mad-dog, honey-junky, Pooh.

We went around to a side basement window and luckily found it

unlocked. "Beware," said the Swineherd, "of an easy path to The Great American Light." We climbed into the room and immediately broke all the small bones in our feet tripping quite hopelessly over the seats of learning we had sat in many times before. The noise was deafening. "Beware," lamented the Swineherd, "of the blind watchman, the keeper of the secret." Slowly we made our way through the complete darkness to the front of the room and reaching out spastically, touched a surface. The Swineherd raked his fingernails across the surface sending out screams of divine aggravation that chilled my spine, but warmed my loins. . . . Yes, it was, in fact, a blackboard. While we fumbled for a match, we felt the overpowering burden now resting on our souls. At last, the moment we had been waiting for and striving for in our years at this institution was a phosphorescent glow away. The Swineherd lit the match and held the light up to The Light. It read "Look ye to the walls of thine depositories."

We were stunned by the positive starkness of this wisdom. As we climbed out of the window, the sun was just coming up and the watchman was standing in front of the building, fondling his keys. The Swineherd asked him if he was the

keeper of The Truth and the watchman replied that he merely worked there and had a wife and children to feed. Dazed, we finished off the Aqua Velva and entered the Student Union to get some coffee to kill the taste. After-shave lotion gets a bit thorny on the taste buds after awhile.

Sitting and sipping at the table The Swineherd repeated under his breath the cryptic litany of The Light. . . "Look ye to. . ." Finally he intoned, "Is this what it has come to? All these years of unending search? What does it mean?"

By now my bladder had gone into labor and I quickly ran to the nearest rest room. Inside, while standing in front of the mad porcelain receptacle, the essence of The Great American Light struck me in a flash as I stared wide-eyed at the graffiti on the wall over the urinal. It read, "Aqua Velva is God. Aqua Velva smells fine. Therefore God smells fine." I was free at last—I could leave this depository of learning and go forth armed with the strength of my new knowledge.

That afternoon I packed a few possessions in The Great Blue Carp and left the hollowed halls of knowledge, confident that my time there had not been wasted. Unfortunately, The Swineherd was never seen again and is presumed to be a patient at a shaving lotion sanatorium.

THE CORBLESTONETTES





Confessions of a dullard

Richard Lobb

Thanks to the movement to develop human potential, we have come to think of realizing that one is something other than what one has believed oneself to be as an emotional rising sun: there, in all its glory and splendor, is the New Me.

But a process quite the reverse is possible. Realizing, for instance, that one is really rather dull is like watching the sun set without so much as a reddened cirrus cloud to provide a splash of cheer.

My sun set recently, I suppose (dull people are never definite, you know), but like most other suns it had been on the downswing for a while. Maybe had I been sharper I would have seen the signs. As, for instance, some years ago, when I realized while listening to a Simon and Garfunkel album that I really would rather be a street than a forest.



But anyone sinking into the swamp of dullness will ignore the signs until it is too late. It wasn't really until much more recently that my own dullness came home to me.

I sat at a party and realized that I alone of all the guests could not sing along to a Barbara Streisand album. BS, as the others called her, was apparently very big to these people (not VCU types, you understand), and there I was, ignorant; I hadn't even seen "Funny Girl."

Other subtle hints came along. Christmas gifts, for example. Other people were talking about getting meaningful gifts, things they could really appreciate, things others had obviously gone out of their way to buy, like a jar of artichoke hearts.

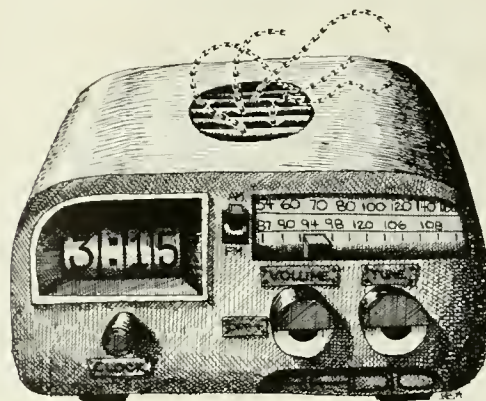
Me? I get books and neckties.

And toys. Even big boys have toys, you know. A friend of mine recently splurged on an antique shotgun. Other guys have cars or stereos. I finally broke down and bought a new AM/FM radio with a digital clock and was proudly showing it off.

"What is it, a Sony?" someone asked.

"No, I got it at Sears," I admitted.

And conversation. I never have been much of a conversationalist, but I used to try. Now I have realized that people who look like they're listening when I casually talk about public



bond financing are really falling asleep.

Realizing that one is Dull has its bad points. At first, one has vague, amorphous feelings of unease, a sense that something is wrong. But then you



graduate from merely being Dull to being a Dullard. You realize that Dull is Good.

Because you realize that your feelings of unease come from the fact that no one is allowed to be dull anymore. We are, after all, the tuned-in, turned-on generation, the Pepsi Generation, "coming at you, going strong..."

One is expected to relate these days, to be with it. They (darn them!) won't leave a body alone just to sit and rock.

Just think of all the people who are profoundly unhappy because they try too hard to be what they are not. The poor fools obey the great American command, "Make something of yourself!" What if you just don't bloody well feel like it? What if you just want to be quiet, obscure and Dull? Is that somehow wrong? The ringing answer of the Dullards must be, "Well, I guess not."

When you realize that, then you have crossed the threshold. Then you can relax and manage a weak half-smile and dedicate yourself to Dullardry.

Not just anyone should try this, of course. Only persons with certain character traits should attempt it, because failing at it is like getting stuck half-way between the Enterprise and the planet while traveling in Mr. Spock's transporter.

Here is a quick little quiz to see if you might hack it as a Dullard:

- a) Is your favorite radio station WEZS?
- b) Do you find the Times-Dispatch editorials bracing?
- c) Do you think Richmond is nice but Norfolk is great?
- d) Do you want to settle down and raise kids in Emporia, Va.?
- e) Did you think "Romeo and Juliet" was okay but "Love Story" was beautiful?

If you answered "yes" to four out of five, contact me and we'll get it together, man. Right arm! Power to the Dullards!!!

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Searching for that inner light

Students here seem to have an incredibly diverse appetite for religious organizations. Along with the usual concert and lost dog posters plastered over every square inch of wall space along the main traffic patterns around VCU, students interested in spiritual awareness can find a wide variety of groups willing to fill their needs. Have Krishnas sell incense to help feed hungry children and friendly frauleins invite you to an evening with Rev. Moon. Christian fellowship groups advertise the more traditional activities of "lectures, worship and discussion" in the student newspaper.

One foot in the closet, one foot out Paul Atreides

In May of 1970, when Kent State dominated headlines and lives, I faced up to a sobering and painful truth. One of my roommates actually defended the National Guard and Richard Nixon, saying the four dead students "got what they deserved." I was floored! I mean, *nobody* felt that way—at least nobody I knew, and yet here was the guy next door saying such unspeakable things.

Until that moment, I had slipped into the trap of believing that everyone felt the things I felt, because, after all, all of my close friends did! But apparently that was not the case. Apparently not everyone grew their hair long and smoked dope; not everyone vehemently protested the policies of Nixon's White House; not everyone cried on May 4, 1970.

It was indeed sobering and painful, but it was a lesson I'm glad to have learned, for its truth still has a special meaning for me. Four years later I accept the fact that not everyone in the world is comfortable with the knowledge that I am a homosexual. Once again, all of my close friends feel as I do, but like my old roommate, there are some of my friends who are violently opposed to my feelings. It's still difficult for me to accept that, but I know it's true.

But then, maybe it's not so difficult to accept. Hell, I was brought up that

way too. Homosexuals—though we of course preferred what were then considered deriding terms like "queer", "faggot" or "fairies"—were the lowest of the low and none of us could ever imagine really knowing one. Even Barry, the creep in homeroom who never talked to girls—he wasn't queer. A little sick maybe, but not a real fag. No, we weren't ready to admit that they really existed.

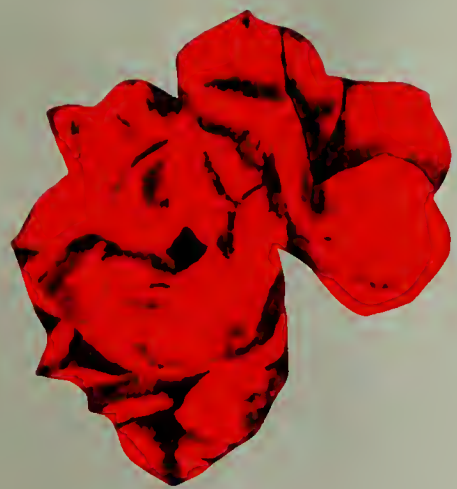
But now it's 1974 and all that has changed. Or has it? With me and my friends, of course, but how about with you? How many of your friends are gay? Or, if you're gay, how many of your straight friends know it? What do you know about gay people? You know we're not all slim waisted and effeminate and we don't all make a living cutting hair, but how much more do you know? What's it really like to be homosexual at VCU in 1974?

Let me first say that that is a ridiculous question. After all, what's it like to be straight, or male, or white? Those words alone don't define you; human personality is too diverse to allow one word to categorize a person. Being gay has no identical meaning for everybody. Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I like Bette Midler (I do) or that I wear outrageous plat-forms (I don't). Being gay defines me only in conjunction with all the other

words that define me as well. So if you're thinking, "Ah-ha, he's queer, so he's a, b, c, and d," well, forget it, because I may just as well be j, k, l and m.

On the other hand, being gay does mean one common thing for most of us. It demands living a double life. Most of the people I work with don't know I'm gay, and it would surprise them very much. I don't go to any lengths to hide it; I just don't fit that unfortunate stereotype. I would, of course, like to tell them and in time I will tell some; but for most of them, they're not ready, they don't need to know, it would make them uncomfortable, and so I keep my mouth shut. It's a bit of a strain, and it's a situation that has a real potential for schizophrenia. At home I'm myself, but at work I laugh at dirty jokes, make up names for the women I'm supposedly seeing and use euphemisms like "roommate" when I refer to my lover. It's obviously not the healthiest of situations. But it's not intolerable; it's not the 50's and Joe McCarthy isn't sleeping under my bed (I checked last night).

Things need to change though. As this country becomes more human, as we all learn to be more tolerant, and as gay pride grows stronger, things will undoubtedly get better, for all of us. Gay people don't want straight



America to join us; you don't even have to like us. All we want is what any minority wants—acceptance. Being gay just shouldn't be an issue. As William J. McGill, President of Columbia University said, speaking of a trend he sees growing among the young, "This humanism takes the form of a willingness to recognize the value and worth of any individual apart from the stereotypes that society typically imposes." So be it.

This gay pride that I mention is something that doesn't rear its head at VCU too loudly. There were some attempts made a couple of years ago; there was even a dance or two, but the idea never really caught on. Maybe because VCU's campus-less student body is too diverse for any political or social idea to catch on. Maybe because there's simply no need. A lot of people say VCU is a very gay school; others say William and Mary is; still others point west to the Gay Student Union on the grounds at U. Va. I don't know that any of these generalizations are true. As for VCU, I think it is that there are so many types, life styles and philosophies, that most things reasonable are tolerated. VCU is more gay only in the way it is also more of everything else; it is much more a microcosm than most Virginia schools. So while I do find a lot of gay people and a lot of

tolerant people here, I also well remember a friend being hounded out of his dorm because the local jocks didn't like queers.

Many of the straight people I know at school are very interested in the whole gay trip, and maybe the most popular question put to me is whether I would change if I could. Of course that's hypothetical, and arguing hypotheticals is useless, but the answer nonetheless is a resounding "no!" To change would be to kill myself and become somebody new. No thank you, I have too many things going for me to give it all up.

None of this should be read to imply that being gay makes it easier to be happy. (You don't have to be gay to be happy). Practically speaking, it's a straight world, so it must be easier to be straight. But what's important in life is not necessarily what is practical, and what's easier is not necessarily better.

This was not meant to be a philosophical soapbox. Nor was it meant to be a primer on gay life. Rather, it is a very personal statement in reaction to the *Cobblestone's* request for an article on being gay. It's sad that it needs to be written at all, but then, good that it can be. With luck, any future article can probably be written with no need for an author's pseudonym.

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Concert people: Keeping the act together Marjorie Bendl

Concert people are really strange. I've always just sat through concerts watching these fantastic people on stage, wondering what they're like, wishing I could meet them.

I went to the Bonnie Raitt concert all journalist with a notebook and pen, a list of intelligent questions to ask the performers if I got a chance to talk to them, a stage pass from the Concert and Dance Committee, and a borrowed Nikon with an electronic flash attachment, which works much better than a stage pass when you want to get somewhere.

When they opened the doors for the crowd, bodies poured on to the gym floor. No one could decide where the best place to sit was and everyone just plopped down where they were. At concerts in the new gym, each person brings a lot of baggage, spreads it out to mark a territory and then defends it with the mock ferociousness of the dogs in Shafer Court.

When Bill Blue finished the first set, everyone got up to stretch and mill about some and I went off with my 10 lbs. of credentials around my neck to see where my stage pass would take me. Two rent-a-cops were guarding the door to the old gym back of the portable stage so I figured that must be where the celebrities were hiding out.



I took a picture of the cops, which flattered them greatly, but they wanted one with their hats off so I took a few more. We were friends. "Sure is hot in here," I said, rolling my eyes casually. They were charmed and parted like the waters of the Red Sea.

Once through the door I almost fainted. There was this huge gym full of cool air. Frisbees were zipping from one end to the other and over in the corner with a gleaming white acoustic Guild was the lady herself.

Several photographers were already there snapping away while she rapped music and sipped wine and



ginger ale with the other show people. She was getting hot. The photographers were starting to bug her and the guy running the concert hadn't shown up to greet her or anything. Someone went out to find him and the photographers were asked to cool it.

I had just walked up and was standing in front of her like a goon with my loaded camera in my hands. I had forgotten my function in all the aura of stardom and hadn't gotten it together to take a single picture.

"Can I have just one?" I asked, raising a finger to illustrate my request, just in case she hadn't heard me.

"Are you with the school?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, the Yearbook" I stammered and raised my camera timidly.

Pop! went the flash. She was pissed! I probably destroyed her eyesight and I hadn't even checked the settings on the camera.

I slunk back into the main gym and crawled back to my seat. When she appeared, the crowd cheered with requests and compliments like "Bonnie, you one hell of a woman!" and "More boogie!" She was pleased and started right off with Stephen Stills'

"Bluebird" and Paul Seibel's "Any Day Woman."

Suddenly, it was over. That's the way it is at a good concert. But that's what makes an encore so great so she came back and did "You Got to Know How."

When the concert was over, the room emptied immediately of everything but smoke and beer cans. My friend and I decided to hang out for a while and see if anything would happen. The sound crew was dismantling the mountain of equipment and 30 miles of electrical cable that feeds it. We untangled guitar plugs for about

a half an hour, making friends and asking questions. Finally we thought of a good one, "Where's the party?" The answer came directly and we disappeared.

An hour later we were standing in front of a beautifully remodeled house wedged between two tenements on Floyd Avenue. A gentleman zipping up his jeans in the bushes out front asked us if we were looking for the party. "Chicks can always get in," the sound men had told us.

Everyone inside was getting drunk. We had brought a few provisions so we squeezed into the dining room where they had just run out of sandwiches. I pulled a big carving knife out of my pack and started cutting slices from a loaf of homemade bread while my companion passed around a half gallon jug of carrot-orange-pineapple juice. Everyone applauded. The crowd was tired and drunk, there was a shortage of pot, the bar had run out of ice, and there were these two health-food nuts passing around hot bread and fruit juice.

I'm afraid it was downhill after that. Bonnie couldn't make it explained her bass player, Freebo, a typically lanky guitarist with hair like Frank Zappa. He was standing around with a big leather coat on, a beer in one hand, a crumpled paper cup of spiked carrot juice in the other and a

glass of warm bourbon tucked under his arm. I don't know how these show people do it. Everyone else is down to a T-shirt it's so hot and they're dressed to the teeth keeping their act together.

The sound men finally showed up and were looking for us. One of them cornered me. He was already pretty drunk.

"What school d'you say this is?" he asked.

"Virginia Commonwealth University," I answered.

"You go to school here?"

"Yes," I replied rather sheepishly, embarrassed to be a student among all these professionals.

"What you takin' up?"

I had to stop and ponder this a second. I hate to tell people I'm in Mass Communications. It sounds so cosmopolitan.

"Mass Communications," I answered.

"What school d'you say this is?"

"Virginia Commonwealth University."

"Oh, Virginia? I thought this was North Carolina."

"No, it's Virginia."

"Oh. I can't keep all these places straight anymore. We do a gig every night. I get so tired."

He looked pretty tired. I sat down with him.

"This is Roanoke isn't it?"

"No, Richmond."

"You go to school here?"

I decided to go find my friend and see if she was ready to go home. I found her in the other room, also cornered by a burned out boozer. We decided to quietly slip out the back door.

It had been an exciting night. We had sat in the same gymnasium with Bonnie Raitt, heard her beautiful, seductive voice, listened to her foxy jokes. I had buttered a piece of bread for her bass player and held one of his drinks while he ate it. I had discussed academics with a sound man in one of the most fashionable apartments in the Fan. Bill Blue had lit my cigarette. If only I'd remembered to ask for their autographs...



*Local
Concerts*





Your Pals Autographs



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Marjorie Bendl, *editor*

Steve Handy, *art director*

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say bye-bye



