

# Campus News



(photo by Robin Colby)

"Lay down with your arm up and your sleeves rolled down." — the Blood Mobile's request.

## Bloodthirsty vampires hit UNCC

By Cheryl Leopard

To give or not to give, that is the question. After a serious inner debate, I realized that I had a responsibility to the needy. To take half an hour of my time to give a pint of my blood was the answer. Little did I know the mess I was getting myself into.

The first was to find the Lucas room. I found it easily enough. I walked up and handed the lady my card (I had given before and should have known better). She took it and in a not-so very enthusiastic voice, "Is everything correct?"

I hesitated. "Well, no. My social security number is 243-15 not 243-13."

"Oh. How old are you? Do you live on campus? Your address? Your phone number?"

I answered all these questions to the best of my ability. She returned my card, still complete with the wrong social security number, and a strange piece of paper, with which I became very good friends.

I walked into the crowded room and stood, dazed. A lady all dressed in white — I believe R.N. was her name — came around asking more questions. How much did I weigh (Argh! I had to tell the truth!)? When had I eaten last? She took my temperature and after studying the thermometer for an unusually long time, took my paper and scribbled on it. She handed it back

and with a short grunt, said "next station, please." So onward I went, with head held high and sat in line. This next lady (funny, her name was R.N., too) was taking blood pressures. The guy in front of me was having complications; he didn't seem to have any blood pressure. I began to get somewhat nervous, but Ms. R.N. said I was normal and would I please move on to the next table.

I walked onward once again and when I saw the next lady with a pencil in one hand and a needle in the other, I knew I'd had it.

When it was finally my turn, I walked up and sat down. The nurse grabbed my finger and before I could say ouch, I'd been stuck and stuck but good. She took a sample and handed me a piece of gauze, which I tenderly placed over my throbbing finger. Then she started asking me questions. No, I'd never had jaundice, malaria; no, I had not been sick in the last 30 days. I had never had any of those disastrous diseases. But my mouth dropped to my knees when she asked if I had been pregnant in the past six months. Well now, let me think . . . No, but I hear that's easier to catch than malaria. I was then requested to sign the form stating that everything I had said was the truth.

Ah, all that paper work out of the way. I thought maybe someone would have taken that

wonderful piece away from me.

The bag station was next. This is where you are issued that special little bag where they put all the blood you are giving.

I have always been fascinated by those bags. While I was trying to figure out how they worked, the dreaded moment arrived. I was next.

A nice young man lead me to my final resting place. I was fussed over and said "hi" to about a million times. One of those nice ladies in white came over and started the procedure. She tied up my arm and cut off my blood (!) and scrubbed the hell out of my arm. Then came the needle. That was the biggest needle I've ever seen. Of course, she couldn't find my vein. I know I have one, but it was hard to convince her. After a lot of lip biting on my part, she found the vein. But it was not drawing fast enough. She called another nurse over and they poked the needle around, asking all the while, "Are you O.K.? Does that hurt?"

Well, finally, she was satisfied. I lay there and looked around. Another girl came in and they took her blood and she left. I lay there, and I lay there, and I lay there. By this time I had already given three pints, or at least it seemed like it. I finally asked, "Hey, what's the matter?" She simply stated

## It doesn't take much to put a little lust in your life

By Michael Roseman

"Lust from Denny to the Mine Shaft and all places in between" was a statement made by Kim Hollifield, a member of an organization which hopes to gain a charter on campus. It's the International Lust Club and "Live and Lust" is the club's motto.

The club is not actually international, but merely an idea of students at the Clubs and Organizations Council of UNCC. Hollifield, a

member of the council, explains, "The idea really started as a joke. Nothing was happening at the council meeting last week so someone threw out the idea of forming a new club, the International Lust Club. As we toyed around with the thought, there was much input. Soon, we became serious and talked of getting a charter."

Lynne Black, also a Lust member, says, "Jimmy Carter is the modus operandi of our club. He started it all three years ago. In an interview with *Playboy* magazine he stated he had lusted in his heart after women other than Rosalynn."

The club is not designed to be offensive. Members will try to convince people that lust is not dirty. A craving for the flesh is not the only kind of lust. People should, therefore, not be ashamed of their lust. Black demands, "Down with closet lust. Get it out in the open."

"Lusting is not limited to people. You

show lusty movies on campus, have a Lust-a-thon and workshops on how to lust.

To get publicity the club will have a male and female lustee each week. Rather than running around campus trying to decide what to lust after, people lust after these two people. In December, a "Lustee-of-the-Semester" will be chosen. This recipient will be the most lusted after person of the entire semester.

A member of the faculty will be chosen annually as a lustee. Actually, the position of lustee is open to anyone over 13. The executive board of the club has chosen, for their first Lustees-of-the-Week, Chuck Lynch, dean of students, and Barbara Torres, assistant dean of students for student programming.

The Lust Club executive board is composed of Kim Hollifield, Ward Simmons, Lynne Black, Richard Spain and Darrell Cook. For more information about the club just call one of

I had not given a pint yet — I was slow. Well, I got tired of looking at R.N. and vice versa. She poked the needle and unhooked me. Not quite a whole pint. A bandage was placed over my arm and I was told to lie with my arm in the air. I lay there, and I lay there, and I lay there. Once again I had to speak up. The nurse was really nice about the whole situation. She asked another nice young man to help me over to get a Coke.

I sat down and one of the many helpers asked me what I would like to drink. I had barely taken a sip of my Coke when a strange sensation came over my arm. I looked down and much to my surprise, found that I was bleeding.

In a meek little voice, I said, "help." No one heard. I quickly grabbed a napkin and covered my arm, held it in the air and applied pressure. Someone finally noticed and called a nurse, who rushed to my side and helped me away from the table. I heard someone say, "Get her away from those people who are eating." Well, excuse me! I finally stopped bleeding. In the meantime, I had an interesting conversation with the nurses, who tried to assure me that everything was alright.

It was truly a harrowing experience, but I never would have made it without the help and encouragement of all those women named R.N.

can lust after a Wendy's hamburger," Hollifield says. Not only can people lust after anything, but there are different ways of doing it. One can be shy, latent, dignified, or drooling when lusting.

Black says, "through group dynamics, members will break down and lust for different things. I don't really lust for a Wendy's hamburger, for instance, but I'll try it anyway. Our goal, through ulterior motives, is to induce a lust for higher education."

Some activities the club is planning for the year are to have a telephone "Lust Line,"

these people. What are their phone numbers? They say you will have to lust for them. There is even an advisor, a highstanding faculty member, for the club. You will also have to lust for his name.

Hollifield concludes by saying, "The International Lust Club is for everyone. The only qualification for membership is that you want to lust for something. The purpose is to provide an outlet for all suppressed feelings on campus. The board members are experts at lusting and want to perfect it to an art."

