

The **KENTUCKIAN**

Magazine

Vol. 1 / No. 2

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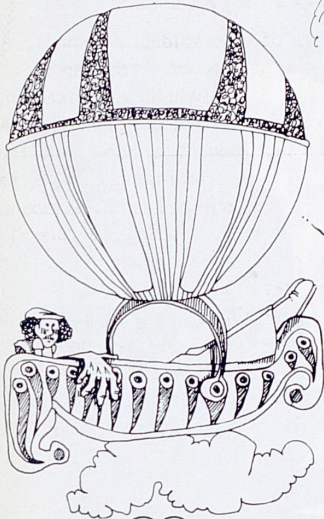
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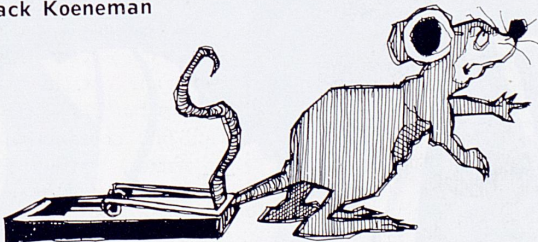
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The KENTUCKIAN Magazine

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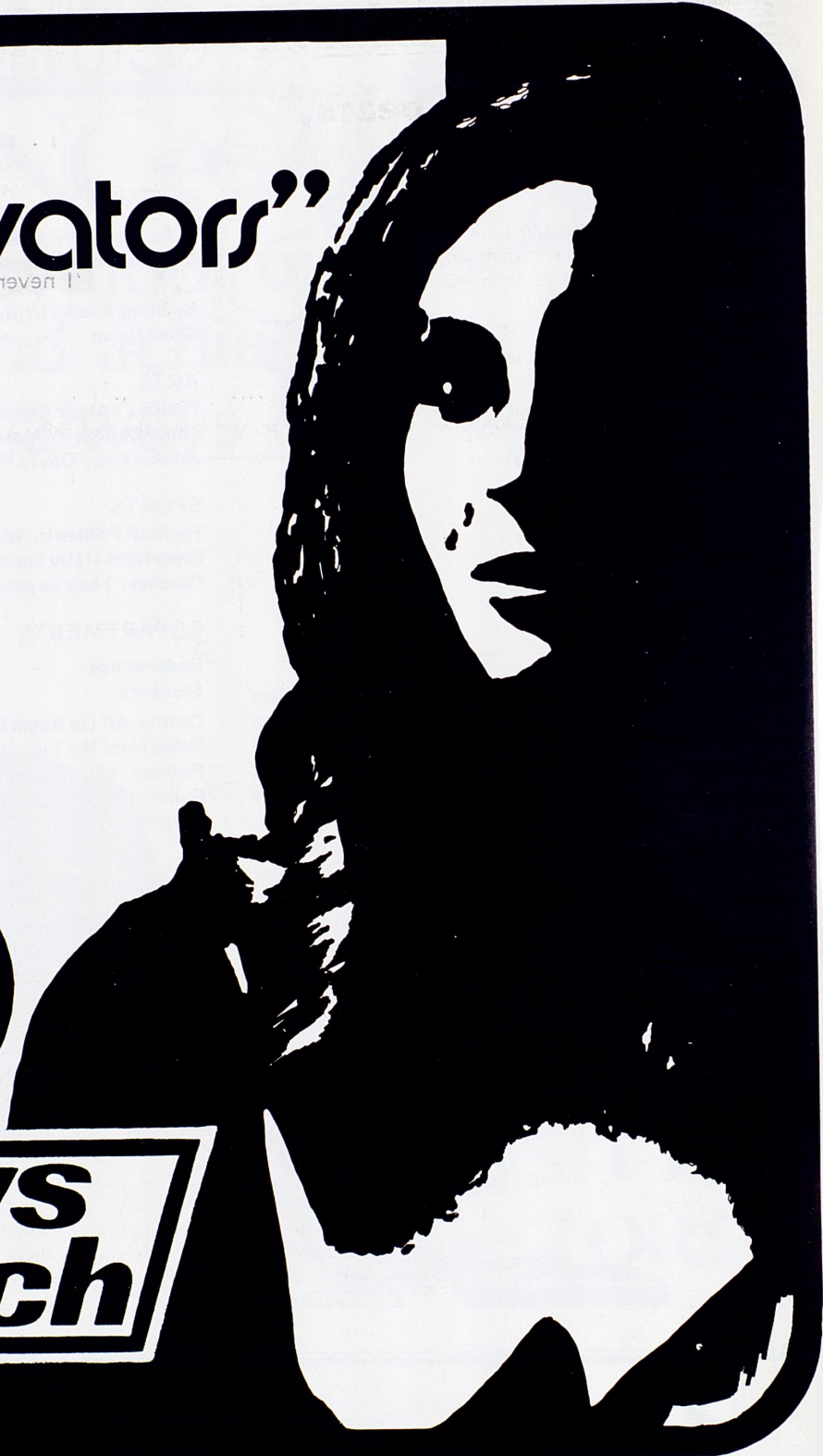
"The Innovators"

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**News
Watch**

5:30 & 11PM



Noah Kinney's 'Stars'

If you drive six miles out from Vanceburg, Ky., turn onto a blacktop that takes you up the "holler", go left over a bridge and all the way back on a gravel road you come nigh to Noah Kinney's place. He's the man who carved the wooden figures pictured on this issue's cover.


The figurines were part of an assemblage of Kentucky 'Grassroots' art recently shown in the UK Fine Arts Gallery, and sponsored by the Kentucky Arts Commission.

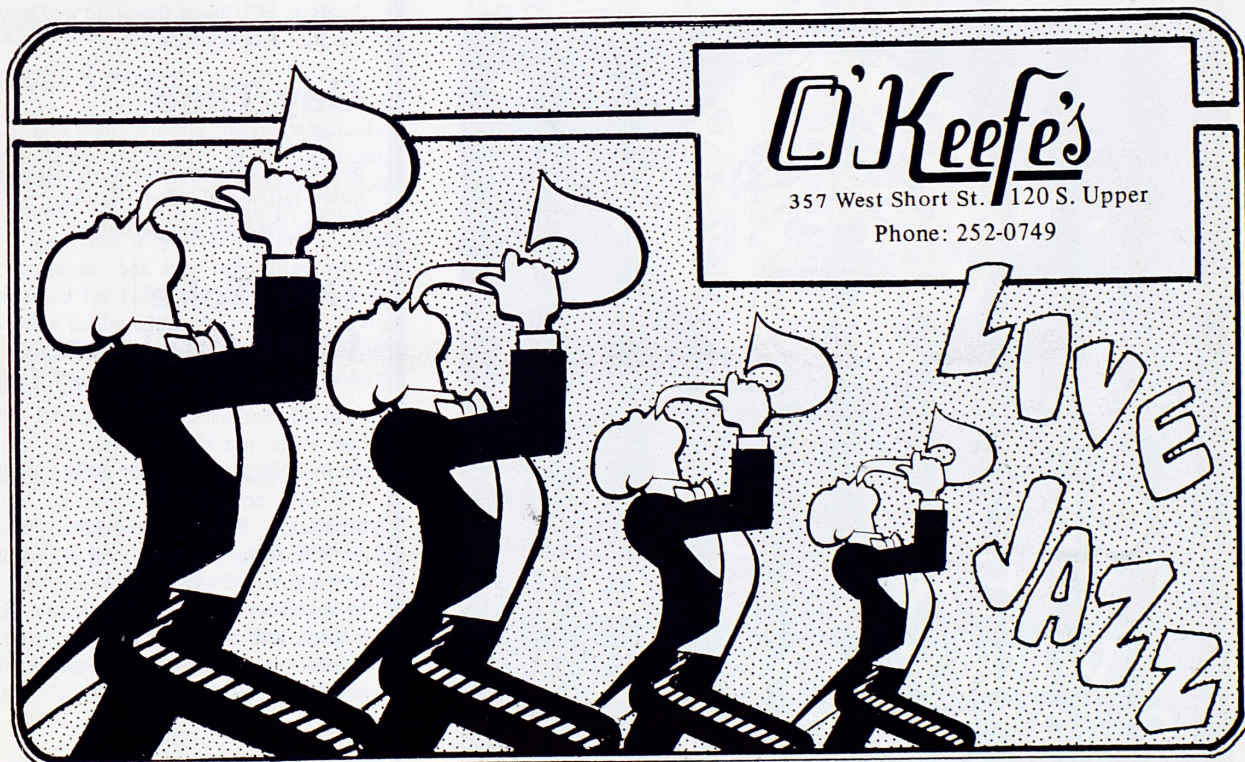
Kinney, who lives on a 35 acre farm with his wife Hazel and brother Charlie, carved his notion of what Nashville's Grand Ole Opry stars must look like when they're broadcasting. Since his farm has no electricity, and since he has never seen TV, he relies on his impressions from a small transistor radio that remains his main link to the world outside the "holler".

Most of Kinney's subjects are those familiar to a

country farmer — horses, chickens, cattle, squirrels, a buggy, and plow. He's also done a parrot, of which he says, "I never seen a parrot, but my wife has. When I was making it, I'd ask her whether I was doing it right." All his carving is done with a pocket knife.

Ellsworth Taylor, production manager for the UK printing division, spent about six or eight months collecting and documenting Kentucky Grassroots Art for the exhibit. A long-time devotee and collector of such art forms, Taylor explains why figures such as these are important to us, both culturally and artistically. "The innocence is refreshing. Kinney's art, and that of others like him is being created not for money, but out of a basic need to express himself (themselves)."

Taylor adds, "The ideas are as grand in theme as any that classic or formal artist tackle, though they are closely related in scale and experience to the locations these people work in and call home." 

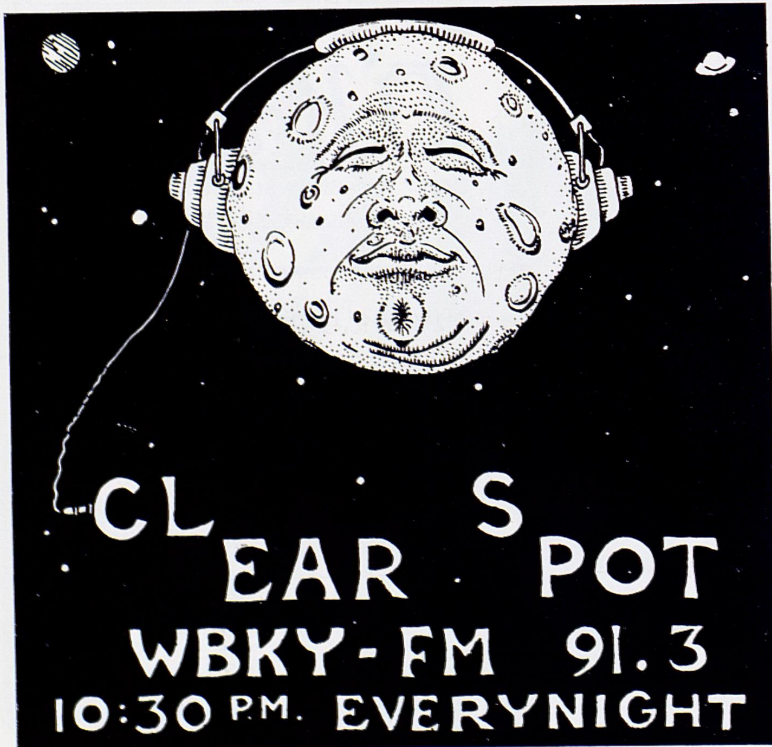


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Steal This Book

The U. of Iowa student newspaper revealed the details of a campus fraud which had been swindling the campus bookstore for an undetermined time. A reporter first bought a book, left the store with it and returned later with the sales slip. He then picked up a second copy of the book, inserted the sales slip and walked to the rear of the store where he claimed a refund. The newspaper was criticized for printing the "primer on how to commit theft" as one bookstore official put it, but the bookstore apparently did appreciate the tip since the procedure for refunds was immediately changed.

Pedaling Gold

A number of lost or stolen unclaimed bicycles have been placed around the East Carolina U. campus for the temporary use of anyone who needs transportation. The bikes were painted gold and identified by decals as ECU bikes then returned to service by the campus police.

Gay Time

The Gay Student Union at the U. of Southern California gained official recognition last month after five-years' resistance by the USC administration.

One Token Over the Line

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has had some notable successes in recent months but has lost half of the annual \$100,000 contribution from its major benefactor, Playboy Foundation. Playboy's financial belt-tightening will reportedly require NORML to rely more heavily on member dues and other fund-raising projects such as sales of tee-shirts and the sponsorship of entertainment events such as the film "Reefer Madness."

Bambi Goes to College

Deer outnumber students at Berry College (Ga.). At last count there were 1,700 students and 3,000 deer on the 30,000 acres that comprise the campus and surrounding woodlands.

Sacred Mystery Meat?

A student is suing Catholic U. of America (Washington, D.C.) in small claims court because he allegedly didn't get a "steak night" in October as promised in his dorm board contract. He also charges that the U. food contractor failed to provide a promised special "spirit lifter" meal and did not prepare food under sanitary conditions.

Angela Davis, Move Over.

The "Dog Man" and the "Mayonnaise Lady" are the latest champions of the antiestablishment set at the U. of California-Davis. Both were recently reinstated to their U. jobs after courts ruled that they were victims of unfair firing practices. She had been fired for her cafeteria job for failing to spread mayonnaise all the way to the edges of sandwiches, among other things, and he was let go for allegedly failing to feed the dogs in a campus research center.

Making Tracks

Former South Vietnamese vice president Nguyen Cao Ky was booed and heckled by "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh" chants at a recent U. of Florida address. Following his speech, the first question from the audience made the charge that he was involved in heroin sales. The former vice president became upset and left the stage.



Students Deserve A Break Today

Ohio State U., a pioneer in the on-campus fast food franchise trend, now has incorporated a Burger King restaurant into the residence halls meal plan.

Under a new program there, students may elect to grab a quick lunch at the on-campus Burger King rather than return to the dorm dining hall. Students on residence halls meal contracts may pick up a special ticket from the dining hall checker each morning and use it for \$1 credit at Burger King. The student's meal ticket is invalidated for that day's lunch, of course, and since the U. pays Burger King only 80 cents—the actual cost of a dining hall lunch—for each \$1.00 ticket redeemed, the dining hall will lose no money on those opting for the burger and shake fare.

Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors

When a U. of Iowa student removed a panel of the window frame in his dorm room he uncovered what had apparently been a liquor cache for students of a bygone era. A note dated 1953 from a previous resident of the room revealed that the panel had been "a suitable hiding place for bottles and cans of liquid."

No Logo No Go

An attractive bumper sticker printed by the student government of Brigham Young U. to commemorate the 100th anniversary of that institution was rejected by the dean of student life as "inappropriate" since it didn't contain the official BYU centennial logo. Nearly 3,000 of the banned bumper stickers were stolen and plastered around campus after the decision.

Signing a lease that lets you sleep

It's a slow, hot trudge up a long flight of stairs at the end of the first of what could be many days of apartment-hunting. At least the sign downstairs didn't say "No animals or students." Head, feet and hand pounding in unison, you knock on what you've promised yourself will be the last manager's door of the day.

Then, suddenly, there it is: the ideal apartment, a veritable \$100-a-month nirvana to your weary eyes. Out comes the lease, on goes the signature. The landlord-tenant sterility dance is finished before you even notice what legal and financial potency you've lost for the next 12 months. But after all, what are a few rights in return for no roaches? Perhaps only a little peace of mind or no heat until December or a couple hundred dollars or a surprise eviction.

If you've survived or avoided the black plague of mandatory dorms, get ready for the trial by tenancy. With the possible exception of students purchasing an education, no class of consumers are more oppressed than tenants. In 25 states tenants must still pay rent even if their landlord doesn't provide them with a livable apartment. In 30 states a tenant can be evicted in retaliation for reporting a housing code violation.

For info about the specific dearth of rights in your state, see your local tenant's union (or start one: write the National Tenant's Organization, 1346 Connecticut Ave., Room 202, Washington, DC 20036). In the meantime, here are a few basics for your next lease-signing ritual.

1. The ball and chain lease. Contrary to popular belief, you do have the right to enjoy your apartment. Even with the current housing shortage in some college communities, you're signing a rental agreement, not a release for involuntary confinement. Nevertheless, you'll probably find clauses which prohibit parties, stereos, guests, pets, air conditioners, repainting, remodeling and other things people usually associate with a home. At some point the protection of your landlord's property nudges your right to privacy out of the picture.

Aside from signing away your lifestyle,



you may also be asked to unwittingly give up other legal rights. Buried in the fine-print legal jargon may be clauses which give your landlord the right to enter your apartment at any time, to lock you out, or to seize your belongings and throw you out for late payment of rent. Under many brave new leases you also agree to pay your landlord's attorney's fees if he sues you or allow him to appoint an attorney on your behalf to plead guilty.

Here's some Orwellian gobbledeygook I signed a few years ago, again from a standard lease: "This lease and the obligation of the Tenant to pay rent hereunder . . . shall in nowise be affected, impaired or excused because the Landlord is unable to supply or is delayed in supplying any service expressly or impliedly to be supplied or is unable or is delayed in making any repairs, additions, alterations or decorations. . . ." Translation: you must pay rent even if the landlord doesn't provide heat, electricity, repairs or any other service he promised—quite a switch from the universal consumer axiom that you don't pay for what you don't receive.

2. The insecurity deposit. To prevent your security deposit from becoming

Continued on p. 76

Lions, tigers and bears, oh my!

Maybe it's a sign of the times that on several campuses the biggest current controversies involve the football team mascot.

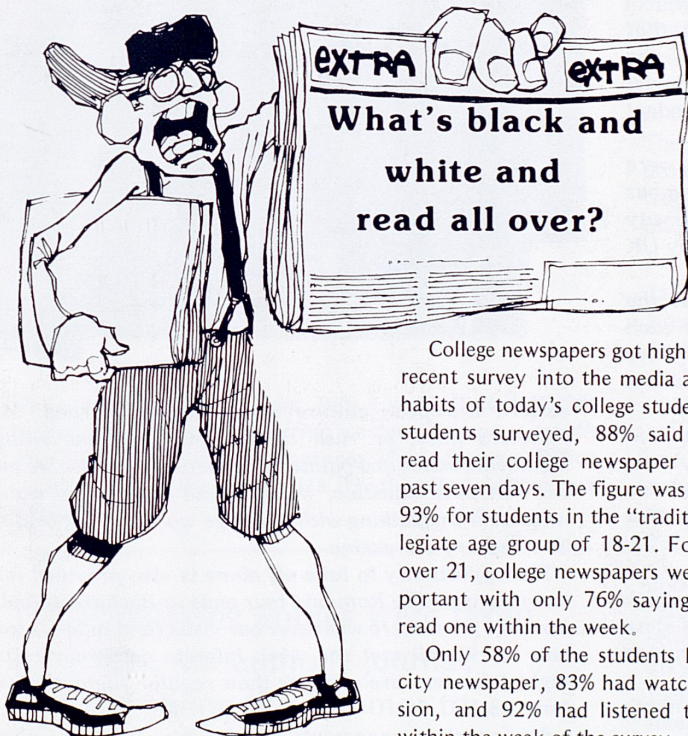
Some students at the U. of Houston have protested the cramped living conditions of the school's cougar mascot, Shasta. Members of the Cougar Guard, the campus group responsible for Shasta, indignantly point out that she receives far more tender loving care than she would in a zoo, or even in the wild, for that matter. She travels 5,000 miles a year representing UH at various athletic events, they say, and she is brushed, exercised and taken on regular walks around campus.



At the U. of Arkansas, funds are being raised to fulfill the cravings of a new razorback hog mascot. About \$1,000 to cover one year's upkeep must be in hand before one of the beasts can be trapped in the wild and brought to campus.

This fall some Ohio State U. fans were outraged when they learned that the old Brutus Buckeye mascot, a cheerleader in a large smiling buckeye-seed mask, had been replaced by a fearsome-looking mask. The new mask was "kidnapped" and the old Brutus received a standing ovation when he made a surprise appearance at a football game.

And after all these years, it finally dawned on someone at Indiana U. that no one knows just what the heck a "Hoosier" is. So now the student newspaper is sponsoring a contest to draw a Hoosier which will be used as the school's emblem and football mascot.



College newspapers got high marks in a recent survey into the media and buying habits of today's college students. Of all students surveyed, 88% said they had read their college newspaper within the past seven days. The figure was more than 93% for students in the "traditional" collegiate age group of 18-21. For students over 21, college newspapers were less important with only 76% saying they had read one within the week.

Only 58% of the students had read a city newspaper, 83% had watched television, and 92% had listened to a radio within the week of the survey.

The survey was undertaken by a private research organization for CASS Student Advertising of Chicago, an advertising sales representative firm for college newspapers.

Surprisingly perhaps, college newspapers were rated the "most honest and credible" medium by 30% of the students while magazines scored 21% and T.V. only 6% in this category.

Magazines most read by students include: Time (36% said they had read the latest issue), Playboy (34%—50.2% of men and 14.5% of women students), Newsweek (31%), Reader's Digest (28%), and National Lampoon (27%).

The second part of the survey revealed student buying habits. That part has not yet been released in its entirety but some advance highlights include:

The 9.1-million student market has a disposable income of more than \$10 billion.

50% of college students have a part-time or full-time job.

60% either owned or had access to a car.

40% had purchased record albums, tapes or cassettes within 30 days.

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summer abroad

Mention of summer school had always made me wince, but I thought a change of scenery might help the academic juices flow. For me, the change of scenery proved to be drastic — UK's only European summer program travels to Cluj, Romania.

Romania was, well, different. Cluj is not your typical tourist trip. It's one of the places in Europe that commercialism hasn't (yet) swallowed up. Part of the reason is the country's status as a member of the Soviet bloc, though it remains a comparatively independent member.

Luxembourg, Germany, Austria and Hungary were among the countries we visited during our Volkswagon bus route to Cluj. We stayed in the dormitories at the University of Cluj and attended a month of daily classes taught by UK professors.

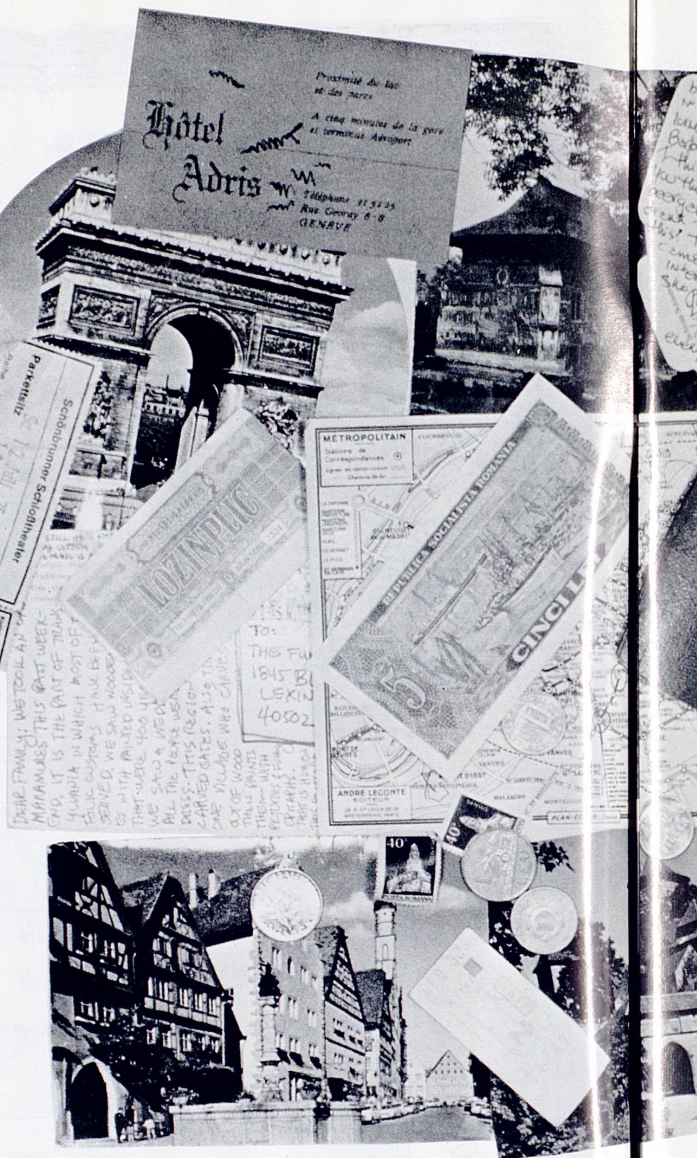
Some of the 14 students, from universities all over the United States, took two hours of Romanian language each day. The ethnocentrists among us studied comparative literature. Course offerings were determined by student demand.

Actually, we were lucky to be permitted to study in Romania. The government is very choosy about who is allowed into the country. But through the diplomatic talents of Romanian-born Dr. Curtis Harvey, a UK economics professor, the arrangements were made.

Summer 1975 was the second year for the program, which costs \$652 for instate students and \$751 for out-of-state students. This covers one three-credit course and room and board during the month in Cluj.

A week-long tour of Romania directly following the month in Cluj, is also included in the cost of the program.

Because we were a small group, we escaped the tourist stereotype and visited some out-of-the-way places where



eastern European culture is still well-preserved. Many travelers miss, or rush through, the peasant villages, medieval castles and painted monasteries. Because we made our own time schedule, we spent out time as we wanted whether it was talking with a village wood carver, or dining in a century-old casino.

The opportunity to take off alone is also provided for in the program. The Romania tour ends in Bucharest, and we would go from there wherever our visas (and money) would take us. We all met one week later to catch our charter flight (charters are cheaper than regular flights) back to New York.

Air travel arrangements are flexible. Program participants can take advantage of the charter flights, or meet the rest of the group in Luxembourg or later in Romania.

cluj, romania

New York and across the ocean

7 July 1975

Suitcases bulging, our group hit New York today. I only packed half of what I wanted to bring, but it was still too much. I found out later I could've lived without the tennis dress and racquet and that the three halter dresses for sultry evenings were wishful thinking. First lesson: pack nothing when you go to Europe. After a standard United Nations tour, we walked through Central Park, eating giant pretzels.

In the air

8 July

The dinners Icelandic serves are a lesson in efficiency. Prefab chicken sandwiches, jello, melba toast: looks great but who could keep it down? Jan, a UK comparative literature major, amuses us with plane crash stories.

Luxembourg to Germany

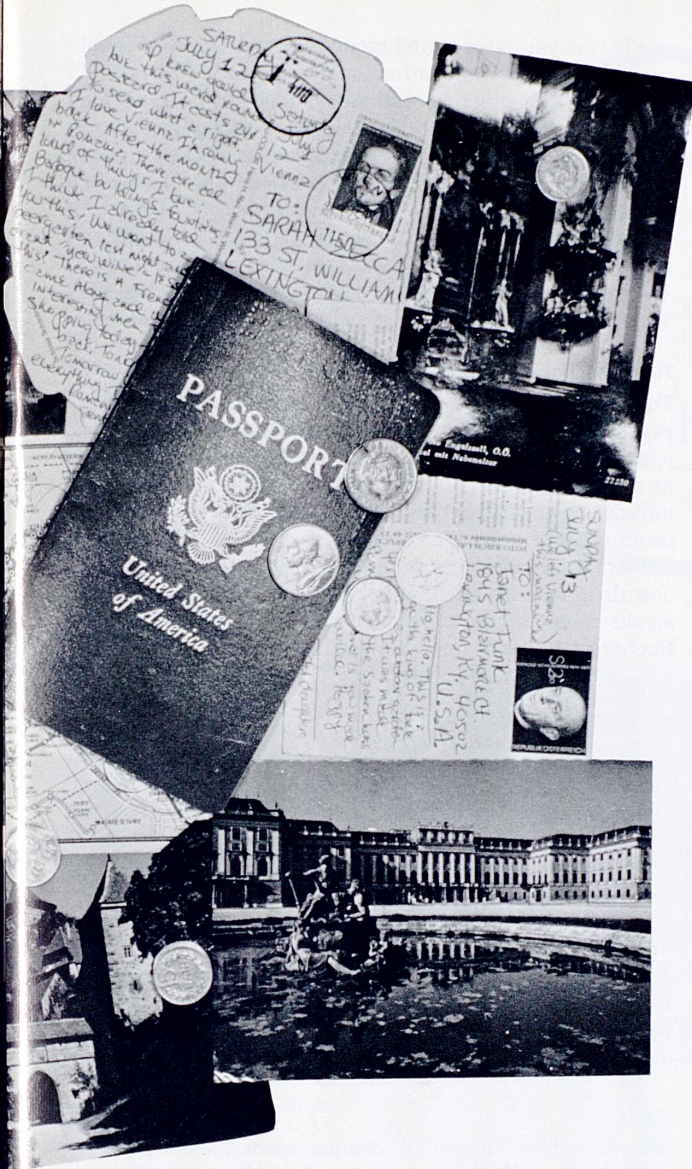
9 July

Nine hours of night flight, and we're in Luxembourg. At first it looks like "the States", but as our VW bus takes off for Trier, Germany, I notice the differences. The flagstone (not asphalt) streets are swept clean, and there are gardens and flower-filled windowboxes throughout Trier. Most of us are suffering from jet lag (from which we're all sure we'll never recover) but we visit the old city Roman ruins anyway, then eat pork and sauerkraut for supper, with Tuborg beer flowing like water.

Rothenberg

10 July

"Kitsch" it might be, but the restored city of Rothenberg is beautiful. It's an ancient fortified city, with winding streets, and Tudor-style houses. Medieval signs, identifying craftsmen, hang outside the shops, housed in the pastel men, hang outside the shops, housed in the pastel "Fachwerk" buildings. The surrounding countryside is geometrical and manicured, like a storybook.



The program will run from July 5 until August 13 this summer. That's a week in touring western Europe, a month in Cluj, and a week touring Romania. Helen Stevens, Office for International Programs, 118 Bradley Hall, will direct the 1976 trip.

The following entries were taken
from the author's journal,
kept during the summer tour.

To Austria

12 July

Lunch on the Danube, in true Bohemian style: loaves of bread, cheese, wine, tomatoes. At the German-Austrian border we stopped to visit a Trappist monastery to stare at skeletons ("patrons of the church," the monks explained) dressed in gold and encased in glass in the Baroque church. Trappists make chocolate liqueur that has got to make them seriously reconsider their vow of sobriety. We gladly handed over our German marks for their brew.

Vienna

12 July

Coffee and rolls for breakfast at the Rothensteiner apartments in Vienna. The first amazing thing about the city is the marble fountains. The second is the statues, and the third is the crazy drivers. Just like in Germany, drivers aim for, rather than respect, crosswalks. Those red-faced, suspended men drinking beer and playing accordion really do exist! We went to Grinzing tonight to drink "new wine" and be serenaded by accordion players. I always thought aging added potency to wine, but found that new wine will knock you off your feet, the Austrians singing right along as you go down. Schonbrunn, the palace of Franz Josef (last ruler of the Austria-Hungarian empire.) was luxury beyond believability. We saw the opera "Don Pasquale." at the Imperial Theatre, then browsed the ritzy Vienna boutiques.

To Eastern Europe

13 July

The West is suddenly gone as we approach the Hungarian border. Armed guards and watchtowers make us realize this is serious business. The grass is mowed short to expose any would-be expatriates. We hear whispered stories of Hungarians who tried to escape; a few made it. Photographs are not allowed. We smile (and gulp) at the guards and suddenly remember our prayers. The currency has changed again. We've been through the mark in Germany, the shilling in Austria and now the forint. The continual changes in currency make the printed paper seem like monopoly money. The situation becomes even more absurd when people in each country talk in what sounds to you like gibberish and you can't even read road signs!

Cluj, Romania

14 July

Now I believe in culture shock. The currency here is the leu (pronounced "lay" and great for puns) and there are 12 to an American dollar. Two will buy a ticket to a movie or a giant loaf of brown bread. There is no refined packaged bread here; it's baked and sold daily. Nor can one buy drinks with ice in them, and there is no Coca-cola, only a yellow imitator called "citronada." For all the American-type foods I miss (Big Macs, milkshakes, where are you?), there are some creations here I never dreamed of... but do now. One is fried cheese. Peppers for breakfast. Wonderful cream-filled "prajituri."

Cluj

30 July

Exploring the city has produced some great finds. The open market downtown houses fresh flowers, blackberries,

garlic (for vampires?) and mounds of paprika. The people are very friendly and affectionate; women walk around holding hands, which is hard for us to become accustomed to. "Dollar shops" here sell both Western goods and Romanian folk art at good prices, because a hard currency like the dollar is wanted by the government. Romanians want dollars too, to buy prohibited goods, so there is a tremendous black market. However, if you get caught, you spend the rest of your life in some remote Romanian region. We are remote as it is, even in Cluj. An air mail stamp costs 70 cents and a letter from home takes a week to get here.

Touring Romania

7 August

Folk dances, thatch-roofed houses, wooden churches, peasant embroidery: we saw them all last weekend in a tour of the northern Maramures region. Face to face with an entirely different and rural culture, I felt a little like an intruder on a lifestyle that will probably soon be spoiled by commercialization. We're on our way now through the Romanian countryside, up near the Soviet Union border, down to Constanza on the Black Sea. We had a final feast at an old casino on the shore, then said goodbyes and went to Bucharest to catch our westward flights.

Back to the West: Geneva

Shocked again. Glittery shops, glossy shops, glossy advertisements, fancy clothes: it's the West and money again. Cokes with ice! The currency is francs, but the French the Swiss speak doesn't sound like what I learned in high school. Geneva is a city of great chocolate and international banks. Europeans vacation here, shopping for Swiss knives and watches. Traveling alone is more difficult than I expected. Accommodations, meals and the language are all a hassle. So is guessing the intentions of friendly Italians, who promise you can stay with their family, have your own room, turn the key in the lock (sure, sure, you think!).

Paris

18 August

Geneva seemed so small in comparison with the spectacle of Paris. From the airport, we ride for half an hour through the environs of Paris to reach the heart of the city. The cafes of Paris have not been overestimated, and the Metro is a whole mass transit system under the city. Notre Dame, the Louvre and the Champs Elysees are close to the student section where I'm staying. Paris is a city to spend a month in, but I have only a few days. I try to see as much as I can, because in a few days I'll be a thousand miles away.

New York again

18 August

I knew I was back when the hotel was \$20 and breakfast \$2.50. I'm glad in a way to be home, but I can feel it already: I want to go back!

Lynne Funk

The O, Big O, Dr. Singletary, President Singletary—they're all names for the same man. His position puts him a cut above most people, thrusting him into semi-isolation. Part of him resides in a hulking mother of an Administration Building office.

People don't exercise the option of talking to him much. It's probably because of the office—a richly paneled, plushly carpeted, acoustically tiled King Henry VIII suite. It's replete with personal bathroom and an eight foot desk probably designed to have footmen fore and aft.

The secretaries try their best to be cool and efficient, to make a person as comfortable as possible. They offer coffee or Coke, but the tone of the place remains formal. You still slide off the awkward waiting room chairs.

Singletary doesn't seem to act as though the office is one of his favorite places either. He twists and turns his tall, tanned, Texas-sized frame trying to find a comfortable niche. He finally does by pulling out a drawer and—defying all the laws of opulent offices—planting his foot in it.

The smiles come a little easier when he begins to talk. They help melt away the carpet and mahogany and build a fantasy of him sitting in the backyard of Maxwell Place sipping a cool one and dreaming about dashing away for a country drive in a convertible.

He likes it in Kentucky, despite the formal office, and says so in his smooth, Kentuckized-Texas drawl.

"People in Kentucky are friendly. Probably some of the best people anywhere, he says." The U. of Texas (where Singletary was a Vice-Chancellor before coming to UK) is more than twice the size of this campus, yet it just wasn't as friendly," he says. Here, if someone is lost, invariably, someone will stop and help them out."

"My family and I prefer it here because we can live right in the center of things. We could have lived off campus, and there were people who would have been more than happy to have us do it, but we like to see the students cutting across the backyard of Maxwell Place. I even get to go home to lunch from the office on most days," Singletary says.

Like most people in his position of authority, he is of necessity a little inaccessible. Singletary has developed a view of his accessibility—or lack of it. He likes



to try to separate the man from the office.

"I have the reputation of not being an overly accessible president. I won't play the game a lot of presidents play and say that my door is always open—it isn't. Obviously if it was I'd never get any work done," Singletary said.

"Nobody wants to sit around and play Lord. I just find it helpful to be seen once in a while. We try to have students over to Maxwell Place just to see what's on their minds—to take their temperatures so to speak. Even though they're probably bored while sitting around and eating open face sandwiches, I try to talk to as many of them as possible," he says.

Though the ivory-tower syndrome insulates him from some day-to-day problems, there are others that he prefers to handle himself. These create the biggest conflicts for him.

"The hardest decisions I've had to make fall in the personnel group. Tenure's always a tough one. You try to do it on the basis of institutional need, but sometimes it's hard to tell precisely what that is," he explained. "I've come to expect a certain amount of flak. It's like what they say about golf shots—every shot makes someone happy and someone sad."

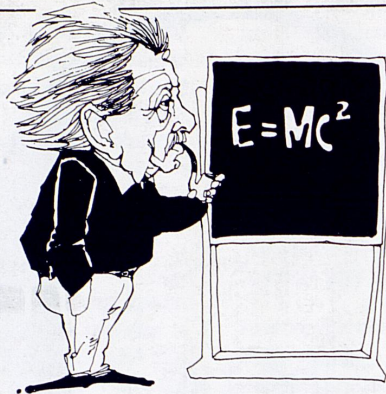
"It's just the kind of job where you have to live with the fact that you accomplish less than you'd like to. Universities are involved in a lot of things. There are lots of different interest groups, all with a different perspective of how and what the University should be. Faculty, students, legislators—they all have different ideas. Sometimes it just takes something out of the job," he said.

"I've regretted decisions, although I won't name any specifically. A person in this job is bound to make mistakes once in a while. There are probably a lot of things that I'd change if I could do them over again, but I don't let myself think about it much," he says.

One of the biggest decisions of Singletary's career came last year when he considered leaving his post at UK for a position at Southern Methodist University (SMU).

"I considered the SMU offer because it was attractive. I really don't think people can blame me

continued on pg. 63



A yearbook is a yearbook is a yearbook, right? Wrong. We've developed a new concept as part of the experimental Kentuckian Magazine that should especially interest you -- whether you're a senior, grad, or undergrad. Exactly what is the new format?

1) It's in calendar form. We're zapping through the year on a day by day basis, highlighting the events and personalities that are keeping things cracking in the UK community.

2) Senior pictures will be included in a unique way. They will be placed on your birthdate instead of in page after page of postage stamp pics. After all, you're an event, too.

3) Student organizations and their activities will also be included. Each group will be given 1/3 of a page free, to list its members, or insignia; groups also have the option of buying more space at the nominal fee of \$9 per 1/3 page. So, your group can have a whole page for \$18. This fee helps us defray the cost of adding new pages, and insures that you get covered the way you like in the calendar annual.

4) Some feature articles and year-end retrospective pieces will also be included -- pics of big games, concerts, beer-blasts, etc.

There may be some special surprises we're not letting out of the bag yet...

The calendar will hit the stands by mid-May to early June. So you get it a month or so after school is out, instead of having to wait a whole year. We're convinced that's a definite plus!

ALL THIS IN ONE PACKAGE. We think it's a pretty good deal.

With a subscription to the magazine, THE CALENDAR ANNUAL IS FREE AS A BONUS. On the stands it will sell for \$4.

You can still order a year's subscription (with the yearbook included) at a cost of \$4.50; or the yearbook alone for \$4.

SIMPLY SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, INCLUDING ZIPCODE, TO ROOM 210 JOURNALISM BLDG. Or simply stop by and take care of it on your way to class.

**We think
we've found
the right
formula...**

The yearbook edition

of the new KENTUCKIAN Magazine

Profile: Vassar Clements

"I hope I never will be able to play the same thing over and over the same way. If I had to play the same tunes every night, the same identical tunes, for 20 years, I believe I'd always be tryin' to play those tunes different for 20 years. Because I can't stand for me to play the same thing all the time."

He sprawls comfortably in the armchair, a wreath of smoke from his pipe curling around his head. His face has character, weathered by the years. His eyes are bright and lively, looking at life with unending curiosity.

In an hour, Vassar Clements will be up on the stage in Memorial Coliseum doing his thing in front of a crowd of students, but you'd never know it. He seems calm and relaxed, more as if he were home in his living room than in a dressing room backstage.

The lights come up, simple reds and blues, and they go onto the stage. There aren't going to be any fancy special effects. Just a lot of damn good music that has the audience on its feet in seconds, clapping, hooting and doing impromptu dance steps in the aisles.

Vassar plays the fiddle, in a manner that is called "country." But calling his playing "country" is over-simplifying a bit. Vassar's bow-wielding talents span a much wider range. He has been around Nashville for the past 26 years, and in that time has played everything from hard-core country to progressive rock.



He has played backup with everyone from The Earl Scruggs Revue to The Grateful Dead; from John Hartford and Linda Ronstadt to the Boston Pops.

Most of Vassar's time in Nashville has been spent as a sideman, but now he has his own band, formed a few months ago. "I've always wanted to be in a band," Vassar said, crossing his legs and chewing thoughtfully on his pipe. "I never even thought about having a band, because I'm no leader, you know. It's all I can do for me to get myself there on time, let alone try to get somebody else. And I will not tell anybody how to play their instrument; I don't think that's right. So they've got to be able to do that, and they've got to be able to be there on time and got to want to play and learn. And luckily I found five guys that want to do that."

The "five guys" are Jim Murphy, steel guitar and sax; Rick Brown, drums; Rick Hienkle, lead guitar; Arthur Offen, keyboards; and Mike McBride, bass guitar.

The crowd is small, but makes up for it by its enthusiasm. Too bad its enthusiasm can't be converted to money. The Student Center Board lost \$10,000 on the concert, which featured the New Riders of the Purple Sage. Only a small percentage of the campus crowd is ready for progressive music. Oh, well, maybe they can book Three Dog Night again.

Clements tries to keep the framework of his concerts loose and not stick to a set format. "We plan it out to the extent that we won't be lost for anything to do in case we can't any of us think of something to do. But we don't ever follow it. We'll think of somethin' onstage and go ahead and do it. If somebody in the audience calls out anything, we'll try that."

He keeps the same looseness in his recording sessions. "... If I was dealing with a record company, ... they'd ask me before I went into the studio what I was gonna do. And I said it's according to how we feel when we get into the studio. It might be blues, it might be soul music, it might be

... "If you try anything different, they think you're crazy."

bluegrass . . . They couldn't understand what I was talking about, most of 'em. So I kept going like I was until I met Buddy (Killen, producer of Vassar's two albums). He got interested in it . . . and he felt the same way I did about music. He said, 'Sure I understand if you don't know what you're gonna do when you get in there.' So I fell right in with him."

Vassar criticized the studios for being over-cautious. "If you try anything different, they think you're crazy. They'll say, 'No, don't do it like that. Do it like that record three years ago. . . ' I just never could understand it . . . I can tell who every musician is on every record I hear, so they've got to be doing pretty well the same . . . I don't criticize the musicians, 'cause they're good musicians, I criticize the way that they're doing things over and over and running it into the ground . . .

"If they can get a hit on something, then everyone wants to use that same trend of music. The same beginning that that record started off with — they try another one that starts off the same way. If there's a distorted tube on an amplifier, why, everyone wants a distorted tube.

"How can anybody tell what's gonna be a hit? They don't know what's gonna be a hit. They listen to thousands of tapes a day, like they can pick out one that's gonna be a hit. That's impossible.

"We're all just playin' together, you know, and having fun at it. If it ever quits bein' fun, it's work. I mean, I'm not gonna punch a clock. Or it won't ever be the same."

Most of the crowd knows and loves Vassar. Cries of "Vassar, hey Vassar!" greet his arrival onstage.

"I love it," said one student. "I'll probably leave after the New Riders start playing, but I had to hear Vassar. He's fantastic!"

Clements began playing colleges "four or five years ago" with John Hartford. "They (the colleges) began to call the different bookers, and the bookers began to call me. And I just had to go, and I wanted to go, but I wanted somethin' to go for. Somebody that'd enjoy music, you know . . . So I used to go, just by myself, and play with somebody there, if they was playin', and if they weren't, I'd play by myself. It finally got around to 'If Vassar's comin', we just gonna have a jam session.' And I enjoyed it."

He was in for quite a shock the first time he played for a college audience. "It almost scared me, because they were so quiet. I wondered what was the matter. I said to myself, 'Well, you better not make any mistakes now, 'cause they can hear it' . . . But I found out that I was gonna make mistakes and I'd continue to the rest of my life, but that just shows I'm human. And they understand it.

"Where with other people, it seemed like they might enjoy music or they wouldn't have been out there, but they didn't know if I made a mistake or not. Or didn't know what I was playing. If I was playin' something hard, you know, really putting a lot into it, to them maybe it sounded like, you know, 'Well, how'd he tune his fiddle?' But if they know the name of something, like 'Orange Blossom Special' — 'Oh, yeah, I've heard that tune before.'

"I'm not down on them, it's just the difference in people. But, man, some places we've been, college people are so quiet you can hear a pin drop. And they really look like they know what you're doin'."

"That doesn't sound like I'm down on Nashville, does it? It's just the way I feel."

Vassar isn't your common uppity music star. He's just down home folk, and it's not just a front. How many musicians do you know who would put on a jam session before and after the concert for whoever wanted to play and listen? Vassar does.

Live appearances can keep a musician from getting into a rut, he says. "I think it's good for any kind of music, 'cause they have to go through it one time or other. Bars, and all, clubs — it's all learning."

The 38-year-old Florida native began playing the fiddle in a group with two of his cousins. "I started off kinda with the guitar. But I figured — you know how a kid thinks — I thought we had to have a fiddle to have a lead instrument. I wasn't even thinking about a guitar being a lead instrument.

"We said whoever could learn one tune on the fiddle would be elected to play fiddle. So I learned, something like 'Old Spinning Wheel in the Parlor' . . . And I'd pick it out just one string at a time. So I was elected. I don't think anyone else even tried.

"I guess I've wanted to play music all my life. Even when I was a kid, I can remember. I mean, I'm talking about five or six years old. Listenin' to my uncle, or anybody who would even touch a string, and I'd get cold chills on me.

"I used to follow anybody who'd play an instrument just as far as my mother'd let me go. I had to learn fiddle strictly by myself, 'cause I didn't even know how you were supposed to move the bow or even how to hold it or anything. So I just learned from scratch.

"But it was a hard road for me, 'cause I didn't have anybody to show me."

Like most fiddle players, Vassar doesn't move around much onstage and lets his bass player, Mike McBride, do most of the talking. But

... "I used to follow anybody who'd play an instrument just as far as my mother'd let me go."

he sings, to "Boogie in the Barnyard." His voice is nothing fantastic, but he don't need a bucket to carry a tune in.

Bill Monroe brought Vassar to Nashville. He recorded with Monroe — "Does the Moon Still Shine on Kentucky," or 'somethin' like that. That and 'Train 45.' Well, me and one other fiddle player did it, Ben Williams. So I was riding home one night . . . and I heard this tune, you know, and I knew who the one fiddle player was, but I couldn't figure that other one.

"And I said to myself, 'I know every fiddle player in Nashville.' I was home in bed, laying there thinking about it, when it dawned on me — and I never felt so silly in my life — that it was me.

"That's the first and only time that's ever happened to me. Didn't even know my own playin'." He laughs.

Vassar has taught others to play the fiddle, including Fred Wise, formerly with Goose Creek Symphony. "He come over . . . and he says, 'I've just got a job with Goose Creek Symphony.' I'd never heard of 'em and I said, 'Good. What doin'?' He said, 'Playin' the fiddle. Can you teach me by Friday?' That was Wednesday. I'm not kiddin'. 'Can you teach me by Friday?'"

"I said, 'Are you kiddin'? No.' And

he had that much confidence, you know. He said, 'I've got a job. I've gotta go to work Friday.' And he went to work with 'em and worked with 'em for years until here about a year ago.

"That's amazing. I never walked out of the house 'til five years. It's unbelievable.

"But that's the way times have changed, you know. Now they wanta learn by tomorrow . . . I wouldn't play around anybody; in fact, I wouldn't let anybody know I played, 'cause they'd think maybe I was a hillbilly or somethin'." He laughed. "But, I don't know, I just thought they would think I was real low-down, or somethin', you know, if I played music. That's a kid again, not knowin'."

Vassar has a whole bag full of bows. Toward the end of his set, the strings break on one. He just picks up another and jumps back in.

Vassar said some musicians never progress beyond playing breakdowns. "I know they have to start somewhere, but they'll get on one thing and they'll go five and six and seven years playin' breakdowns, just breakdowns. And they've accomplished something, 'cause it's hard to do. But that don't even scratch the surface.

"Sometimes I get a chance to talk to some of 'em and tell 'em and they say, 'Well, I've got to learn this first' . . . But you can't play breakdowns all night long.

"The prettiest fiddlin' to me is the background and things you can think up to push someone when they're playin' or somethin'. So there's a lot more to fiddle playin'. And the other way around goes for that, too, 'cause I think you need to learn everything you can about all types of music. I know it takes a long time, but everybody don't have to do like I did. They can begin now to try to learn everything."

Vassar had a small part in Robert Altman's movie "Nashville," which has been criticized by many musicians as being unrealistic. "I didn't really know what it was. We spent the whole day just taping that one little scene over and over . . .

millville, ky.



The Orphan Song / I remember Grandmama in song, her trembling, wailful voice blending with the frosted windowpanes and the dying geranium on the windowsill. She sang, "Two little children, a girl and a boy, stood by the old church door." The orphans froze to death because the pastor wouldn't bring them out of the snow. Grandmama babysat my little brother Byron and I when Mom was working. We spent our days at Grandmama's house. Byron would eat eggs and home-made ketchup like Granddaddy and I would look at the Mason jars full of canned fruit and pickles while Grandmama fried jowl and sang her orphan song. After the last verse, I'd always make her sing it again. Then Grandmama would bring the old music box out of the attic for me to see. It was built like a church with stained glass windows and when she turned the crank on the side, it made organ music. After Grandmama finished her song I'd take the music box and sit in the corner by the water heater in the kitchen. I'd crank that old music box and think about the two little orphans and cry. Sometimes when it snowed I'd be afraid my mother wouldn't come back to get me.

The Girl With the Scar On Her Face / Grandmama's house had a litter of kittens it seemed every Derby Day. I used to sneak up to the garage to see them and put their fur next to my face. Granddaddy didn't like us to pick up the kittens if their eyes weren't open yet. He'd look mean at us and say "Leave them damn cats alone." I was scared of Granddaddy. Once I saw him kick one of the cats because it was in his way on the path from the garden to the house.

Three little girls lived in the house next door to Grandmama's. Pretty close to my age - about four or so. One time I took the kittens over in their yard and I wasn't supposed to. We were on the swing set when Moe, Grandmama's dog, jumped the fence. I was showing Rosemary how it felt to rub the kittens on her face when Moe jumped up and bit her on the cheek. She screamed so loud I was scared, but I didn't know what had happened. Daddy came running over and started beating Moe, and Rosemary's father came running out of the house and grabbed her up in his arms. She was crying and blood was all over her face and dress. They took her to the hospital to put stitches in her cheek and Daddy told me I deserved a worse whipping than Moe. But he didn't whip me. I sat on the picnic table, but I was too scared to cry. I thought Daddy hated me and Rosemary would die. Nobody would talk to me. Even my aunts and uncles just stared at me.

Grandmama had to give Moe away and I couldn't put my arms around his neck or bury my nose in his fur anymore. Daddy said it was all my fault.

I never did appologize to Rosemary's father because he sent Moe away and because Daddy said it was my fault. Rosemary still has a scar on her cheek. Every time I see her I think about it, but she doesn't remember me. I never have told her I was the one who scarred her face. I will never say I'm sorry. It won't come out. It's like being on the picnic table again.

Hangman / The garage was my favorite place to play. It didn't have a car in it, but it had a lot of old fruit baskets, ropes, beat-up furniture and discarded junk stacked in every corner and lying on the floor. I'd climb up in there and play.

I remember one day I heard Grandmama singing. "Hang your head over, hear the winds blow." I became sad. I went to the garage and climbed up on the furniture stacked in the back to where I could reach the beams in the garage ceiling. I got my cousin Jerry to tie a lasso for me and he made a real big noose. When he left I went back to the garage and tied it onto the beams. I watched it swinging in the air in front of my face.

"Hear the winds blow, love, Hear the winds blow. Hang your head over, hear the winds blow."

I had a creepy feeling I had to put my head in that noose. But I was afraid I would die if I did. All the same I knew I had to do it. I thought, "What if no one comes to get me?" Then I knew that everyone would cry and be sad if I died. I saw Daddy and Uncle Ray and Granddaddy cut me loose and I was already dead. Maybe they'd act like they loved me and cry if I was dead. I stuck my head inside the noose and kicked away the furniture. It hurt my neck and I could hardly breathe. I screamed real loud and somebody came to get me down. Maybe it was Judy, my cousin. She never did tell my mother. And so I never did find out if my mother would have cried and missed me when I was dead.

Orphan Song Remembered / When I was in the first, maybe second grade, we stayed at Grandmama's house after school. Rusty was in the third or fourth grade. Usually when I got out of school I got on the bus with the apple on it, but when we were going to stay with Grandmama I had to get on the bus with the duck on it. It was very hard to remember and all day I said to myself, "It's the one with the duck. Rusty will be there. Daddy promised me it was the one with the duck." We were let out of school early that day because it started to snow and the snow was very deep. I stepped onto the bus with the duck. I looked at all the faces. Their unfamiliarity confused me. I was scared. I stood by the bus door until Rusty came and we got on together.

We rode the bus for a long time. A few people got off here and a few got off there. The bus was getting emptier and we were getting farther from Grandmama's house. Finally, we got off the bus because it was the last stop. We weren't even near Grandmama's house. It was still snowing and I didn't have my gloves. We walked in the snow for a long time and still we couldn't find the house. It got colder. The snow fell faster. Everything was so white, I couldn't tell where we were. I wanted to lie down. We kept walking. Even Rusty was scared.

"Two little children, a girl and a boy"



We were going to die in the snow and no one would find us until morning. I cried and the tears stuck on my face. Rusty said "Shut up," but his voice shook. He knew we were lost. We kept walking. The snow kept falling. It was almost dark when Rusty saw the fence in front of Grandmama's house. She met us at the back door with oranges, hot biscuits and wet cheeks.

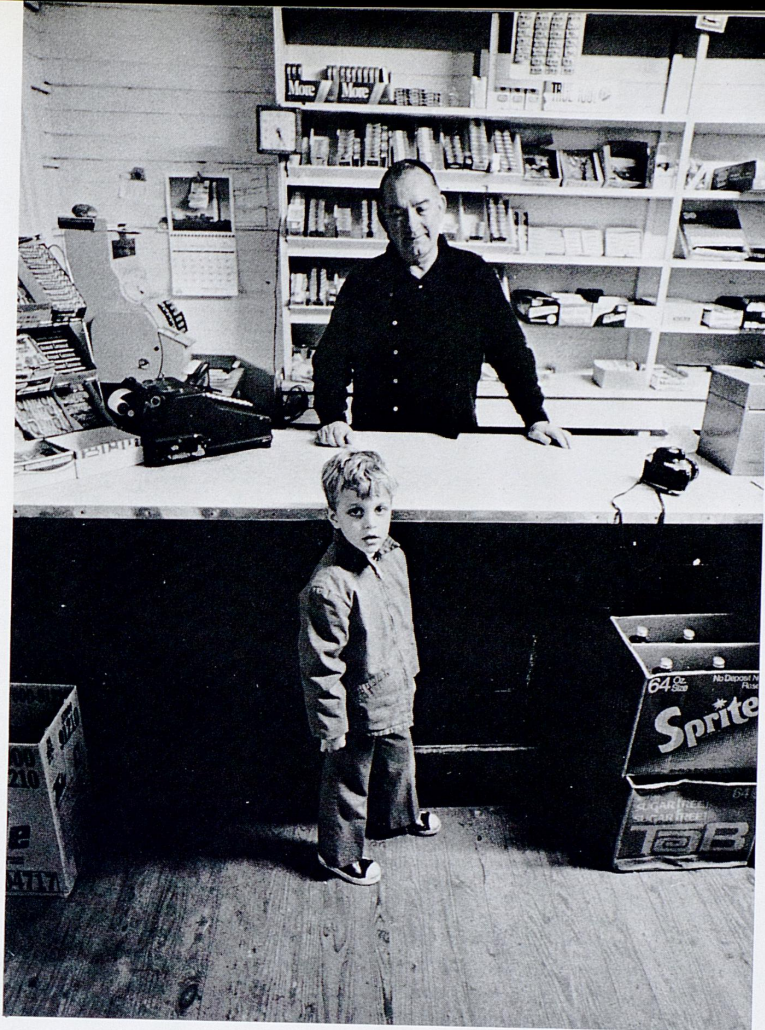
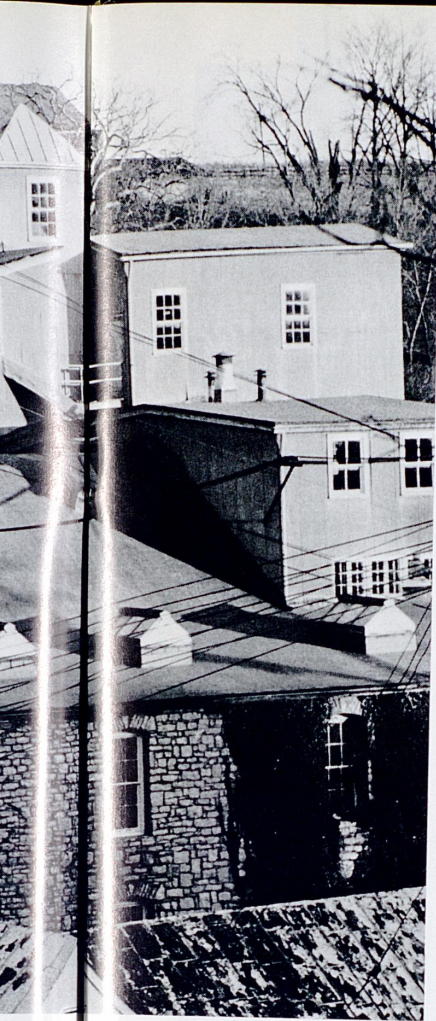
Too Full / My Grandmama's house was always too full—Too full of old furniture, too full of people, too full of ticking clocks and shadows. It was filled to the rafters with the smell of an old house and of the powder that only old people wear. I had too many aunts and uncles and cousins. They were always bigger than I was. They would all poke at me and drop their false teeth at the table and then laugh when I got scared. There was no place to run. The house was full of ugly aunts and toothless uncles and that awful old people bath powder. I hid under the coats of aunts and uncles who had thrown their wraps on Grandmama's bed. I hid from the smell of too many people and the heavy tick of the big clocks. I was so afraid they would find me.

Buster / He had a tattoo on his arm that said 'Peg' and he was my most beautiful cousin. His body was so big it filled up the doorway at Grandmama's house. When he, Aunt Geno and Uncle Larry came from Ohio to visit at Grandmama's, Buster would pick me up and lift me over his head then set me back on the ground with a kiss. I always thought we would get married when I grew up.

Buster was older than the rest of us, so he never played hide-and-seek. Instead he sat at the kitchen table with Aunt Irene and the other women and told dirty jokes. The muscles in Buster's arms were always on the point of tearing his shirt. Once at the dinner table Buster stood up and reached across the table for the beets. He looked down at himself and laughed. "Oh, I almost drug my dinger through the mashed potatoes."

I remember one time Buster was outside in the backyard with us when Aunt Geno yelled for him to come in. Uncle Larry was lying on the floor, slobber coming out of his mouth. I thought he was dead. Aunt Geno almost cried and said, "Well, your daddy's drunk again." Buster leaned over and picked him up like he was a bag of flour and carried him across one shoulder to the bedroom. He laid him on Grandmama's bed and said, "Goddammit!"; hit his fist on the wall.

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— David Cronen

Granddaddy / Granddaddy never did say very much. He had gold wire-rimmed glasses and hair coming out his ears and nose. His face had as many rows in it as his garden did. I can only remember seeing him in two places. One was in the garden and the other was in the kitchen by the water heater. His place was by the water heater. The rest of the house was Grandmama's.

Granddaddy was sick most of the time. I never paid much attention to him sick or well. But I remember him sitting in his corner in the kitchen, drinking a beer and smoking his filterless cigarettes. The smoke curled around the dingy yellow kitchen walls and dissolved into the gray haze in the room. It was snowing outside and I was watching Granddaddy's hair shake in his nose when the smoke came out. Grandmama was making biscuits for us and it was warm by the stove where I was standing. Granddaddy lit another cigarette and threw the match in the plastic garbage can. Fire shot up beside him and he just sat there watching it. Grandmama grabbed the garbage can and ran for the door. Flames were licking her hand. She threw the can outside and covered it with snow until the fire was out. Grandmama was mad, but she came back in crying. Granddaddy was still sitting in the corner

calmly flicking his ashes on the floor. "Now, Irvin," she said and took away his cigarettes. Granddaddy just kept sitting there and watched the smoke drift around the room. He wasn't even listening to her. He shifted his eyes out the window to watch the snow. He seemed so small to me, hunched over on his stool, rocking himself.

Wicked Child / I didn't cry at Granddaddy's funeral, even when I tried. I wasn't going to miss him. I don't remember even liking him. I was such a wicked child. I sat at the funeral and watched everyone cry while I smelled the flowers. The day after he died I stood at the window in the dining room of our house and heard my father sobbing in the bedroom.

Millville / Before Grandmama lived in the white and green house at 167 Lyons Drive, she and Granddaddy lived in Millville in an old house with a wooden front porch. Roses and hollyhocks grew like weeds around it.



— R. Kesler Stivers

We were kids in dirty tee-shirts, my brothers and I and my cousins, Bruce and Mark. There was an abandoned grocery store down the street on the main road. The white paint had turned gray, and peeled off the weathered clapboard bearing rusty tin signs. "Drink RC" and "Rainbo Bread". I can see my cousin Bruce standing in the doorway of the store smoking a cigarette. He had a blonde crewcut and was a bad boy. Or at least Mom would have thought so if she had seen the smoke curling out the corner of his mouth.

I see myself standing there at the door, watching Bruce and Mark. My face is dirty, my arms and legs thin. It is the only time I can see myself in a child's body. I am only three feet high. I have black curls and my uncombed hair is in my eyes. I have chocolate or dirt on my mouth and chigger bites on my knee. I am very conscious of who and where I am.

Across the road from my Grandmama's house in Millville are iron rusted gates and bars and more red brick buildings than I have fingers. A high stone fence separates the buildings from the rest of Millville. It seemed strange to me that mayapples and wild ferns grew on the hillside directly across from the stone fence and iron gates. Daddy said those buildings were a distillery. But

sometimes it was a prison, although I never saw any people there, and sometimes it seemed like a graveyard.

In the mornings when the autumn fog hid the distillery from view, the smell of mash crept across the road and settled on the quilts in Grandmama's house. I remember the odor so often that I think of it as a part of the smell of roses, hollyhocks, and Pall Mall cigarettes.

This is the way I remember Millville. Grandmama kept hedge apples under her bed to keep the spiders away. Granddaddy's whiskers were black and white. Weeds always grew in Grandmama's marigolds. There is a memory of the white and green house on Lyons Drive, but the Millville memories emerge in forceful vibrance.

Whatever insignificant things I record as I stand in my dirty tee-shirt I integrate into my present. My brother still eats ketchup with his eggs. Millville. I am what I was.

—Normandi Ellis



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Sneakers

Wildcats grapple with tough schedule

The 1976 UK wrestling season is well under way and despite a tough schedule, coach Fletcher Carr predicts a successful year for his team.

Coming off an NCAA record 26-5 season mark in 1975, this year's squad will rely greatly on its underclassmen. Carr describes his team as almost equally balanced between young and experienced wrestlers, with strong competition for starting positions.

Leading the team are brothers Joe and Jimmy Carr. Jimmy was SEC champ in the 126-lb. weight class last year, as well as an Olympian wrestler. Joe took the SEC title in the 167-lb. class and was an NCAA bronze medalist. The team also returns leading pinner Curt Mock (134 lb.) and co-captains Garrett Headley (118) and Tim Moussetis (142).

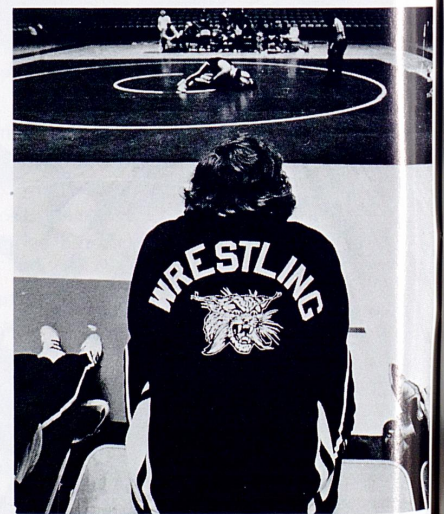
Top wrestlers in the remaining weight classes at the start of the season include Jim Montaine (150), Scotty Cole (158), Mike Cassity (177) and Steve Day (190). Heavyweight wrestlers are Harold Smith, Dan Fowler and Kelly Kirchbaum. Smith was heavily recruited out of Canton, Ohio as a top college prospect. Fowler and Kirchbaum joined the Wildcat wrestlers at the end of the football season.

With individual competition for positions going strongly, Ricardo Bryant, Mark Randolph, Steve Wyhowanec, Mike McGinnis, Dwight Dale, Bob Satness, Kelly Korth, Lane Young, Steve Linz and Greg Williams are all pushing for starting jobs.

In assessing the season, Carr saw the Dec. 2 match with Athletes In Action as one of the year's toughest matches and eyes stiff SEC competition from Florida and Tennessee. He said he expects the team to match up to the competition, though, and views his squad as a top contender for the SEC championship.



Yonkers, N.Y. native Tom Ranieri, defensive guard and co-captain of the football team, is of Italian descent, and like all good paisanos, has a large and doting family. Here is a portrait of a few members of the Ranieri clan taken after the Penn State football game in State College, Pa., where the mob met to see the mustachioed Ranieri play. You'd never know from looking at the picture that the Cats lost.



WRESTLING SCHEDULE

Auburn	Feb. 19	There
L. S. U.	Feb. 20	There
Alabama	Feb. 21	There
S. E. C.	Feb. 27 & 28	Tenn.
NCAA	March 11,12,13	Arizona

Eight starters return to flashy baseball squad

Baseball coach Tuffy Horne will take an experienced team onto the field this spring when UK opens its season in March. Horne lost only one starter to graduation last year, All-SEC first baseman Marvis Foley.

The 1976 team includes four seniors in the starting lineup, and according to Horne, even his younger players are experienced. Sophomores LeRoy Robbins and Mike Moore both started as freshmen last year and juniors Jimmy Sherrill and Steve Heurman return as regulars. Senior starters include Billy Fouch and Steve Bush, both starting for the fourth consecutive year, and Darrell Saunders and John Koenen, the number four and five hitters.

Horne returns his entire defense, which he considers the team's strongest asset. Last year the team set a school record for fielding average, bettering the old mark by 10 points.

Lexington lefthander Tim Graven will head the Wildcat pitching staff. He has been drafted by the Atlanta Braves, and Horne thinks that the team will rely heavily on Graven's pitching. He will be backed by junior Billy Roebel in relief. Horne will use Roebel, hampered by injuries in recent seasons, as a Mike Marshall-type of pitcher, in that he can pitch almost every day if necessary. Rounding out the rotation will be sophomores John Crabtree and Tom Dornbrook and junior Steve Pewitt.

Horne sees this year as one the team has been working toward, and he looks for a significant improvement upon last year's 20-23 record. The team finished fourth in the SEC in 1975, and this year the conference title is a definite possibility.

Who's stupid?

An American College Testing Program survey indicates that football lettermen are more likely to earn their degree than the average student. The study found that about 77% of football lettermen who enroll as freshmen eventually graduate while this figure is about 62% for students at large.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Feb. 21	FloridaLexington
Feb. 23	AuburnLexington
Feb. 28	MississippiOxford
Mar. 1	Louisiana StateBaton Rouge
Mar. 6	AlabamaLexington
Mar. 8	Mississippi StateLexington

Cats making a big splash

UK's swim team recently opened its 1976 season under head coach Wynn Paul.

Last year's swimming Wildcats compiled a 6-3 mark in dual meets, while capturing the Eastern Kentucky University Invitational meet and the Kentucky Intercollegiate meet, the latter for the first time in 13 years. Paul views his team as fairly experienced, with two seniors and a junior among the top seven swimmers.

Among those returning from last year's team are senior Rick Rubinstein, team record holder for the 400 yd. individual medley; senior Steve Stocksdale, who went to the NCAA meet last year and holds team records in backstroke events; junior Mike Edwards, a college transfer and All-American in the 50 and 100-yd. freestyle; sophomore John Dennison, varsity record holder in the 200, 500 and 1,650 freestyle; and sophomore Dave Cornell, who holds the team record for the 1,000-yd. freestyle.

Paul also mentioned freshmen Dan Ward and Greg Shepherd. Ward comes to the team with times better than the team's listed butterfly records and Shepherd is an excellent backstroker strong in the individual medley.

Among the 1976 goals are a repeat of the Kentucky Intercollegiate title, as well as a move up in the SEC standings. With competition expected from Georgia and LSU, UK swimmers hope to continue their climb in the SEC. With eight dual meets slated, Paul is shooting for a 6-2 record for the swimming Wildcats.


SWIM SCHEDULE

Indiana State University	Feb. 21	There
Kentucky Intercollegiate Swim Championships	Feb. 27-28	U. of Ky.
Southeastern Conference Championships	Mar. 4-5-6	Tuscalousa, Alabama
N.C.A.A.	Mar. 25-27	Brown Univ.

Football Follies



Token handshakes, like this one with Penn State's legendary Joe Paterno, became commonplace for Fran Curci as he watched his team suffer many bitter defeats.



Drop back and punt...

Kentucky football, 1975 edition, promised to be one of the most successful programs since the days of Bear Bryant. Instead, it turned out as possibly the wierdest campaign in UK history.

Before emergence of the revelations, rumors and bad breaks which were to dominate the 1975 season, UK prospects seemed bright. Thirty-seven-year-old Fran Curci, successor to two failing coaches at a seemingly failing football institution, had just resurrected the Wildcats and spearheaded a winning season (6-5) in 1974.

Had his team not been beset by late season injuries (most notably to Sonny Collins and Mike Fanuzzi), the 1974 campaign might have been further sweetened by a bowl bid. Alas, UK's loss in the season finale at Tennessee sent a Liberty Bowl bid down the drain.

Curci's heroics were rewarded as he signed a new five-year contract. And, by virtue of two regionally televised upset victories (over Vanderbilt 38-12 and Florida 41-24), Curci placed UK firmly back on the football map.

In fact, such publications as Playboy, South-eastern and Sports Illustrated ranked the Cats highly in 1975 preseason polls, but UK's schedule included a real host of football powerhouses—Kansas, Maryland, Penn State, Georgia, Florida and Tennessee.

But a combination of strange circumstances precluded a successful UK season. Some examples:

— after four games UK led the Southeastern Conference (SEC) in yards gained and in fewest rushing yards allowed, yet had an unrewarding 1-2-1 record.

— those first four foes, including nationally ranked powerhouses Penn State and Maryland,

were outgained two to one by the suprising Wildcats. Yet UK averaged less than eight points a game, excluding the Virginia Tech contest.

— after losing to Auburn, a game in which UK managed to statistically strip its opponent in defeat, unsubstantiated rumors sprang up to the effect that UK was throwing football games via point shaving. According to the rumors, the NCAA was investigating the University.

— complicating matters further, 1974 UK football grad Elmore Stephens was charged with the alleged kidnapping and murder of a Lexington individual. Stephens said he visited runningback Sonny Collins the night the incident allegedly took place (Oct. 11—after the Auburn game). Lexington police subsequently questioned several UK players, interrogating Collins on four occasions.

— Senior starting safety Tony Gray quit the team after the Auburn game.

— To make matters worse for Curci and his crew, the Kentucky Kernel reported in a copyrighted story that UK had apparently violated an NCAA recruiting regulation. The paper reported that a prospective recruit was accompanied off campus by a representative of the athletic department.

— Then, the week preceding the Tennessee game, the University came out with a shocking press release which announced an internal probe into possible Student Code and NCAA violations. President Otis A. Singletary emphatically stated in the release that the investigation in no way involved point shaving.

Although the NCAA never followed up any leads (at least not overtly), these events caused the team to concern itself with a lot of things besides football.

VIRGINIA TECH AT UK

Amid speculation that improved passing would supply the missing ingredient to the Wildcat offensive blend, UK came out throwing. Speculation quickly became reality as Kentucky rode a balanced attack and smothered the visiting Virginians 27-8.

For the first time since 1965, when Rick Norton passed UK to six straight wins, the air game was reestablished in the game plan. Quarterbacks Cliff Hite and Derrick Ramsey produced 116 yards and a touchdown through the air.

Sonny Collins ran for 120 yards and a TD while his running mate, Steve Compassi, totaled 80 yards and two scores. An early UK lead (13-0, first quarter) enabled the two seniors to rest virtually the entire second half.

While the offense looked sharp against its weaker opponent, the UK defense was overwhelming. Led by end Rick Fromm, who pounced on two Gobbler fumbles, the defense gave the first indication that it would develop into a superior unit before being riddled by injuries. VPI managed only one score—a last-minute run by standout quarterback Phil Rogers.

Even in an impressive victory, UK was not without problems. Opening game jitters and inexperience accounted for eight Wildcat fumbles. And kicker John Pierce was not in 1974 form, missing one conversion and four makeable field goal attempts.

Curci warned after the game that upcoming opponents would better capitalize on mistakes.

KANSAS AT UK

Kansas came in as the second of three consecutive UK home opponents. The Jayhawks were left beaten in every significant category but one—the final score. UK lost because it gave up the big play and failed to culminate its own drives with scores. And Curci admittedly sealed UK's fate with a poor play selection late in the game.

Kansas was the first to draw blood in the defensive struggle. Pinned deep in their own territory, halfback Eric Franklin got the Jayhawks untracked with a 77-yard run to the UK six. Kansas scored on the next play and led 7-0 at the half.

Replacing Hite, Ramsey managed to guide the Cats to two second half scores—his own six-yard run and a 47-yard Pierce field goal.

With a few minutes left, UK controlled the

ball at midfield clinging to a 10-7 lead. The Cats appeared on the way to their second win and a promising start.

Enter Curci's bad call (hindsight is 20-20). On third down, Ramsey and tight end Vin Hoover missed connections on a reverse hand-off and Kansas recovered the fumble. Three plays and 25 penalty yards later, Kansas scored and UK's record was evened at 1-1.

MARYLAND AT UK

Apparently fired up by the presence of regional TV cameras, the Wildcat offense opened the game with a near perfect 80-yard TD drive.

UK fans were frenzied—but only for a moment. Maryland's Rick Jennings took the ensuing kickoff and streaked 93 yards to quickly knot the score at 7-7. A scoring struggle was anticipated at this point but it never materialized.

Maryland managed a 30-yard field goal late in the first quarter before the match developed into a defensive struggle. Though UK controlled the ball most of the second half (Collins alone gained 116 yards), the Terrapins held at 10-7 until the closing seconds.

A Maryland fumble then gave UK possession and, with only eight seconds left, Pierce came in for a pressure kick. The slumping junior had missed twice earlier, putting him at a horrid one of 10 mark for the season. But he calmly drilled a 47-yarder and the Cats salvaged a 10-10 tie.

The passing game was obsolete (combined UK quarterback efforts—five attempts, zero completions); the running game was strong (264 yards); the defense was brutal (only 154 yards allowed Maryland's "multiple offense"); but scoring opportunities fell by the wayside.

UK AT PENN ST.

Kentucky's young season stuck like a broken record at State College, Pa. The 10th ranked Nittany Lions, like Kansas and Maryland, were totally dominated by the Cats in every category except the one that counts. UK lost 10-3.

Penn St. scored first as quarterback John Andress teamed with end Dick Barvinchak for three long pass plays to spur a second quarter TD drive. It marked the first time the Cats defense seemed outplayed.

UK came back late in the second quarter. Barging downfield behind Ramsey, the Cats faced a third and goal situation at the Penn State nine. Ramsey, under pressure, tossed a lame duck which was picked off.

'The passing game was obsolete...
the running game was strong...
the defense was brutal...but
scoring opportunities
fell by the wayside.'



— David Cronen

Junior quarterback Cliff Hite attempts to take the snap from sophomore center Greg Nord. Hite started a few games, but was used quite often in desperate situations when a touchdown bomb was the Cats' only hope for salvation.

The Lions, effectively using the clock, moved down field and kicker Chris Bahr nailed a chip shot field goal just before the half ended.

Pierce, (zero for two in the game) booted a 36-yard third quarter field goal after a promising UK drive stalled. It was the Cats' only score of the afternoon.

A final scoring opportunity went down the drain as the Wildcats, following a commanding drive, faced another third and goal situation at the Penn State nine. But Ramsey slipped and fell as he tried to run. Hite came on but missed a well-covered Dallas Owens on fourth down and UK upset hopes were dashed.

Two others plays could have changed the outcome:

- when Terry Haynes picked off a pass in the third period, the big defensive end had only green grass between himself and the goal line. But, indicative of the way things went for UK, Haynes slipped and fell.

- a 31-yard run by Collins late in the game, which put UK inside the Penn State 10, was cancelled by a holding penalty.

AUBURN AT UK

Aside from losing its second straight game, this one was especially painful for UK fans. The 15-9 loss resulted in the following:

- point shaving rumors following two key fumbles and the mystifying disappearance of safety Tony Gray on a 72-yard Auburn TD bomb.

- the real disappearance of Tony Gray, who quit the team because he said Curci, among other things, overplayed the senior defensive back's confessed error in judgment.

- loss of any chance for a UK bowl bid (prior to the game, Curci said he thought the Cats needed a share of the SEC title to get a bid).

- a very puzzled, dejected and just plain pissed-off football team.

It happened this way.

In carbon copy fashion, the Cats continued to dominate their foe. UK moved the ball well between the 20s but had to settle for two Pierce field goals and a 6-0 halftime lead.

The third quarter was scoreless, the UK defense manhandling Auburn, the offense driving and stalling, driving and stalling.

In the fourth quarter, with only six minutes remaining, UK was on the War Eagle 14 yard-line with a fourth and two situation. Pierce, his kicking problems apparently over, booted a field goal and gave the Cats a 9-0 lead and, for



Linebackers Mike Emanuel (51) and Jim Kovach (50) shored up the Kentucky defense until it became riddled with both injuries and demoralization, and finally collapsed.

Freshman quarterback Billy Tolston (5) was thrown into the fray in hopes that he would be the catalyst who could spark the Wildcats out of a dismal season.



all practical purposes, the game.

Then a strange set of circumstances began to unfold as Auburn gained possession on its own 28.

Clyde Baumgartner replaced Phil Gargis at quarterback, and immediately hit split end Phil Gilligan, who was wide open in Tony Gray's territory, with a 72-yard bomb for the War Eagle's first score.

Exit Tony Gray. Enter fumbleitis.

Collins fumbled away the ensuing kickoff. Rejuvenated, the War Eagles scored in three plays, adding insult to injury with a two-point conversion.

Auburn kicked again and the Wildcats fumbled again. The victim this time was Steve Campassi and it spelled doom for the Cats. The crushed UK team was forced to accept another mystifying and costly defeat.

UK AT LOUISIANA STATE

Obviously outquicked, LSU was forced to out think UK. And they succeeded at the Tigers edged the Cats 17-14.

Freshman quarterback Bill Tolston replaced Hite early and engineered a TD drive. Collins, despite being questioned by police three times during the preceding week about his knowledge of Elmore Stephens, scored a touchdown and finished with 192 yards in perhaps his best performance.

But LSU came back, and scored enough points to offset a sensational touchdown catch by Randy Burke late in the game, Kentucky had one more shot, but the last ditch effort fell short.

LSU's winning margin was a 40-yard field goal by Bobby Moreau as the first half ended. Moreau had two chances at the field goal, because Curci called time out just as the Bengal kicker booted the ball. He missed, but referees ruled that UK had called time and Moreau made the most of his second try.

Curci explained later that he had called time to allow the kicker to think about the field goal and possibly become rattled. "He thought real good," Curci said.

UK AT GEORGIA

UK ran out of steam against the powerful Georgia team and lost its fourth straight game. The Cats dominated the Bulldogs in the first half but tired in the late going and lost, 21-13.

John Pierce's two field goals and Steve Campassi's six-yard TD scamper gave Kentucky

a 13-0 second quarter lead. But Georgia fought back, took advantage of several key Kentucky fumbles and dropped the Cats to 1-5-1.

Tolston started again, but made several glaring errors, including a costly interception and a fumble a deep in Georgia territory.

The only abnormality of the game was Collins' yardage total, 89 in 27 carries. It was his first sub-100 yard game of the season.

TULANE AT UK

UK made no turnovers against Tulane. UK won 23-10. There's a connection there.

The Wildcats had been making crucial, costly and inexcusable mistakes in earlier games. Not this time.

Tulane fumbled the opening kickoff, and Kentucky scored six plays later.

After another Tulane fumble and two UK interceptions, it was no contest as the Cats survived a late Tulane TD and won 23-10.

Collins scored twice, but totaled only 46 yards. Curci said the troubled running back asked to be taken out of the game because he was afraid he'd fumble.

Nonetheless, UK won number two and talk indicated a bright finish for the Cats.

UK AT VANDERBILT

In perhaps its poorest performance, UK lost to Vanderbilt 13-3.

"Uninspired," "lackadaisical" and "unemotional" were words frequently used to describe UK's play against the underdog Commodores.

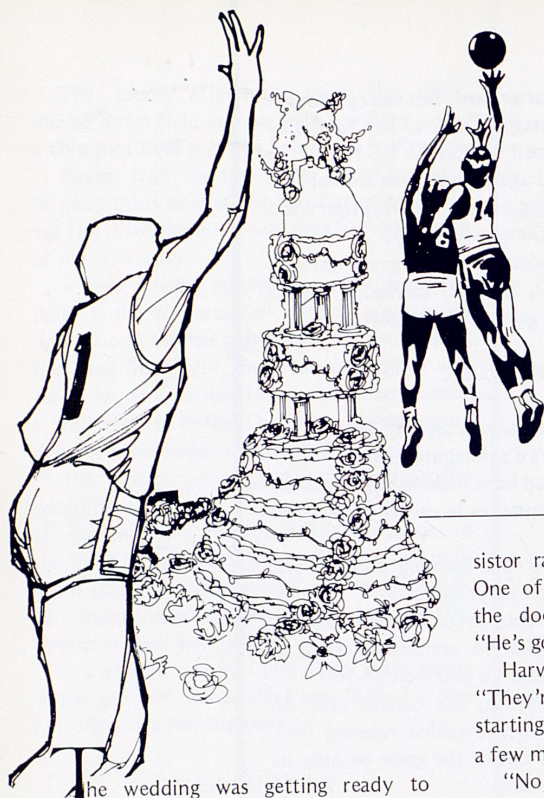
Curci pinned the team's loss of spirit and emotion on the now widely circulating rumors, which had caught the interest of such publications as the Louisville Courier-Journal and Times, the Washington Star, Sports Illustrated and Newsweek.

Indeed, the Cats played like they had no spirit. Vandy quarterback Fred Fisher assaulted the UK defense with such precision that he was named SEC back of the week.

Fisher led a touchdown drive which ended with his three-yard scoring pass. He also piloted the Commodores to a pair of field goals, one of which iced the game late in the fourth quarter.

An incredible 78-yard first-half punt by Vandy's Barry Burton put UK in a hole it couldn't escape. The Cats were bottled up for the rest of the half.

Turnovers stalled Kentucky's scoring drives in the second half, although Pierce nailed a 20-yard field goal.



"...The game is getting ready to start; the biggest game of the year; the championship; how many years have I waited for them to win it! And now on my ..."

The wedding was getting ready to start. The groom was holding a transistor radio to his ear, and the best man was tugging at his sleeve; "Come on Harvey, it's time to go out there."

Harvey groaned, "Oh no! The game is

sister radio still pressed against his ear. One of the ushers was looking through the door. "Hurry up," he whispered. "He's going through the song again."

Harvey pulled back and stopped. "They're getting ready to introduce the starting lineups. Can't you stall them for a few minutes?"

"No," said the best man, panic creeping into his voice. "We have to go out there right now." He started to give Harvey a shove toward the door but noticed the expression on his face. He waved a hand in front of Harvey's eyes; there

noons after school. Saturdays and Sundays the big kids came around to impart their wisdom, and on those days he played from dawn to dusk. (Of course, there was a time out on Sunday mornings for church.)

The first real test of Harvey's abilities, after modest successes in church leagues and on sandlots, came in the ninth grade. He failed to make the junior high school team, but had learned the game's lessons well and didn't give up. As a sophomore he went out for the high school team. He remembered the morning he anxiously

...WEDDING

getting ready to start; the biggest game of the year; the championship; how many years have I waited for them to win it! And now on my wedding . . ."

"Come on Harvey," interrupted the best man. "We've got to go out there."

"Are you sure?" asked Harvey excitedly. "Are you sure we don't have time to listen to a little bit of the beginning?"

"No," the best man nearly shouted, and then more calmly, "No we don't have time. That's our cue. That song means we have to go out there now; they're ready to begin."

Piano music drifted through a partially open door, and the best man headed in that direction with Harvey in tow, tran-

was no response, he was petrified. The best man called the ushers around him. "What are we going to do?"

Harvey's memory had bounced loose. He chased it onto a backyard court of his youth; nabbed it, leaped, and arched it high toward the basket. Swish! It was the winter of his 10th year. He caught the basketball fever from the radio on which his father listened to all of State U.'s basketball games. Later in the backyard or on a neighbor's driveway he played with the neighborhood kids. Sometimes he practiced along pretending that he was an All American at State U.. His dreams were filled with basketball, and his after-

walked through the halls to the gym where the basketball coach had promised to post a list. His name wasn't on that list; he had been cut from the team. A dream was shattered, but still it didn't destroy his affection for the game. He bounced back again, and went right on playing basketball into his college years.

Harvey went to State U. to study business, and to follow the basketball team at close range. The team had a great year, but Harvey didn't; he flunked out. After a year's absence he returned to earn a degree in journalism. He graduated into a job writing sports for a local newspaper and it eventually required him to cover all of State U.'s games. When Harvey realized

State U. was going to be playing for the national championship on the day he was to be married it was too late. "This has been planned for too long," said the bride when approached with the suggestion of postponement. "I won't change it for a basketball game; not even the championship."

"Hey look," said one of the ushers. "I found this bottle of ammonia in the janitor's closet. Give him a hit. That'll bring him out of it."

The ammonia fumes went right to Harvey's brain cleansing it momentarily of everything. He staggered, clamping a hand over his nose and mouth. "What the hell?"

The best man steered Harvey to the door. The usher opened it, and Harvey found himself on the threshold of getting married. On the radio the visiting team was about to be introduced, and he slipped it into an inside coat pocket where an ear jack waited to be plugged in. The cord wound its way under his arm, over his shoulder, and surreptitiously up out his collar to his ear where the other end was plugged. Harvey straightened his coat and led his team out on to the floor. The mothers of both the bride and the groom sighed with relief, and so did the bride and her team back in the vestibule.

What a crummy crowd, thought Harvey. *So we are the visiting team . . . Still they could applaud for us instead of just staring . . . Hey wait a minute . . . They're introducing the home team individually . . . We ought to be introduced first . . . I'll say something to the referee.*

Harvey turned to the referee who for some strange reason was wearing black, and the shock of seeing an unstriped official disconnected the question he had wanted to ask. Suddenly the piano blurted the beginning of an all-too-familiar song, and the crowd came to its feet cheering and yelling.

Oh my God, thought Harvey looking back to see what was going on. *The home team's star is being escorted onto the floor by the home team's coach . . . We don't have a prayer.* He looked at his own coach, and then back at the referee. Both were smiling broadly at the home team's star. *Not a prayer,* he thought.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had his team there behind him, and he glanced over his shoulder for some moral support. The three on the end were staring abstractly in different directions; the best man was whispering under his breath, "Turn that radio off, Harvey."

Harvey looked back quickly, *Oh oh, I'm on my own in this one.*

The home team's star was also the captain, and she and her coach approached Harvey who was the captain of his team. The referee stepped up to the three of them, and began the preliminary instructions. When the home team's coach was satisfied he stepped backwards, and the bride and groom stepped together to face the referee for the opening toss.

The bride leaned slightly to Harvey and growled softly, "You better turn that damn radio off or I'll wring your neck when this is over."

Harvey was shocked that he had been caught; he had planned it so carefully. *This looks bad,* he thought. He was contemplating the bride's demand when a movement from her end of the floor caught his eye. The home team's coach was in front of them walking toward the referee. *What?* thought Harvey. *The referee is turning the officiating over to the home team's coach . . . I've had it . . . I'll never win this one.*

He switched off the radio.

The wedding proceeded in a tumble of words, and Harvey, in a state of shock, repeated everything and answered all the questions automatically. He didn't have another thought until he found himself kissing his bride. *Shouldn't I have been thinking about tonight instead of basketball?*, he thought.

In the vestibule Harvey switched the radio on as well-wishing family and friends thronged him and his bride. "We're winning, we're winning," he whispered to her.

"What's the score?" she whispered back.

Harvey, smiling, kissed her.

—Dean Crawford



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SUPERFIGHT III

Yes,
the tide had
turned.
Frazier could
smell his man--
and he
intended
to take him.

On Sept. 30 in Manila, Muhammad Ali TKO'd Joe Frazier in the 14th round of a heavyweight title fight that was the third and concluding act of a bitter drama of half-a-decade's duration. Scott Payton was there for the fight—he is, after all, a boxing promoter of sorts and he's always felt a keen interest in Muhammad Ali—and what follows is a direct transcript from a tape he made, stone-drunk during the 19-hour flight back to the States, in the burned-out hours after the event.

Or so Payton tells us anyway. We can't vouch for his story—he's been known to exaggerate his actions—but we can say with assurance that he's a known local authority on boxing, and what he has to say here may pique your interest in a sport you've too long dismissed out of hand.

Superfight III. What can you say about it, finally? Some will say it was just a fight. A heavyweight championship fight, sure; maybe one of the greatest heavyweight bouts ever. But nothing profound—nothing serious enough to warrant the semi-metaphysical gibberish I'm going to lay on you here.

Well, maybe so. I haven't met many people who share my obsessive conviction that boxing is not only a fine art, but a thing of great beauty as well. Oh, a few writers—Hemingway, Mailer, Jack London, to name a few—have been onto it, but to the great mass of people boxing is nothing but a simpleton's game, a harsh and violent anachronism that they try periodically to outlaw. Their motives may be pure, but their thinking springs from ignorance: boxing is much more than a simple fistfight in a ring.

Boxing, to me and to many who love it, is a rich and deeply moving metaphor in which two men become more than men—they become angels or devils, and they fight our large inner wars for us. We claim to be civilized, you see. In fact, we insist upon it. Yet inwardly, secretly, is there any one of us who doesn't chafe at the bridle of that civilization?

In the drama of boxing we find a chance to explore the secret dimensions of our souls. Are we really so brutal, or so cowardly, or so brave,

or so dignified as the fighters who labor in the hideous glare of the 12-foot ring? Just as a fighter comes to learn more about himself, his capabilities, faults and vanities, in the distilled lifetime of a 15-round fight than he will probably learn in all his other years outside the ring, so the true aficionado of boxing will come to discover unknown things about himself as he toils mentally with a fighter he admires. A boxer is an artist who, like all artists, leads you down a treacherous road to unexpected self-discovery—it just so happens that his medium is boxing, not oil paints or words . . .

I was thinking about this as I sat through the preliminaries to the third Ali-Frazier. I supported Ali of course—how could I not be for a man who had come to symbolize all that I loved best about America? With his wit, grace and courage he had given a lift to the national spirit in a time when we needed it most, in the depths of our shame over Vietnam. I love Ali for that. And I felt certain he would win tonight.

But still, there were small bubbles of fear upsetting the delicate balance of my anticipation. What if someone were killed in the ring tonight? A genuine animosity runs deep between Ali and Frazier, a horrible-to-behold clash of ideology and style that gives tentative life to the idea of a murder. Any good heavyweight is entirely capable of killing another in the ring—it is the existential tang of the boxer's life—and if the thing tonight finally came down to that nut-cutting ceremony, I wasn't at all sure who would murder whom.

Bad thoughts. But boxing is finally an exercise of the Blood. It is of and about blood-lust and violence. And there are times in boxing when murder fills the air . . .

Or so my thoughts were running as I watched the fighters climb into the ring. Frazier came first, as the challenger must, decked out in a hooded robe that made him look like some half-mad monk who gets his converts with left hooks. I studied him as he stripped down: he was heavier than before, maybe 10 pounds or so, but the new weight seemed to have gone to

muscle. He looked in fine shape. He had obviously trained hard. And his face betrayed the grim look of a man about to spend all of a hot afternoon digging a six-foot trench.

Ali appeared a few minutes later, borne in on the waves of an enormous ovation. He was clearly the hero of this drama. If the collective will of the crowd could influence the final outcome of the fight, Ali would be home free. He was smiling crookedly as he climbed into the ring, as if to say, Yes, it's a curious activity we're engaged in here tonight. But don't worry. It will be easier for me than you think.

I was worried again, though. Ali looked much too heavy. His body didn't speak of good training. It was soft in too many spots where it should have been hard, and I doubted if he was in good enough shape to move those extra pounds around for 15 long rounds. Worry nagged me even as Ali waved to the crowd and led them in a thunderous chant of "Ali, Ali, Ali . . ."

The bell. The fighters charged each other, had their first tentative exchange and the bout was under way.

No quick summary, no round-by-round description, could hope to capture the flavor of the fight. It wasn't defined by rounds so much as by moods. It was a tone-poem of moods, and as each general marshalled his forces and waged his war, the mood would shift wildly as one or the other met with his successes.

The early rounds were high flights of poetry as Ali, the consummate artist, dazzled the plodding Frazier with his speed and skill. Keeping himself out of range of Frazier's savage left, Ali exploited his nine-inch reach advantage and bombed Frazier from afar, snapping countless quick left jabs off the challenger's head, confusing him with an occasional right-hand lead and tormenting him by simply sticking a glove in Frazier's face and shoving him back as he tried to bore into Ali for the close-in work that is his own specialty.

At one point, early in the first round, an Ali left staggered Frazier and Ali seemed on the verge of making good his half-hearted prediction of a first-round knockout. Joe flinched and weathered that storm, but not before Ali had stung him with the ultimate boxer's epithet: "Chump! You're nothin' but a chump, Joe. And you got a long night ahead of you . . ."

My spirits were high. Some mood of the miraculous was in the air. For all his excess weight, Muhammad had never boxed better.

Frazier came out for round six alive with a

new sense of urgency. His face was still full of woe, and already it was starting to puff badly. But Frazier had sniffed something in his opponent, and we weren't long in seeing what it was: Ali was tired. Indeed, why shouldn't he be? The pace of the fight had been extraordinary. They had been going at each other hammer-and-tong for five full rounds, like ace lightweights in an open exchange. If the pace kept up it was likely as not that Ali would end up lying along the ropes, covering up, conserving his strength for an explosion in the last few rounds. Frazier knew this—he hadn't fought Ali twice for nothing!—and he also knew he was Ali's better when it came to that sort of in-fighting. It was the style he preferred and he could be tired-up-ontired and still fight well and murderously in that sort of situation. The next few rounds did not look to be happy ones for Ali.

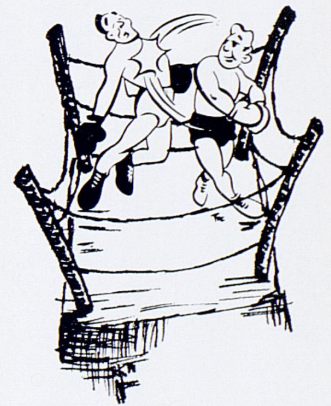
And they weren't. Ali withdrew and let Frazier take the offensive. And what a harrowing offensive it was! Frazier mounted a body attack the likes of which I've never seen. His punches fairly whistled as they landed smack! in Ali's midsection. I withered inwardly as I watched them—surely no man alive could stand up under the steam of those shots.

For the first time since the opening bell I felt fear. Ali seemed dreadfully tired, and old. Older than I've ever seen him. Frazier was snorting and grinning a little. It was his turn to talk to Ali, to deride him as a nobody. (And Ali, in turn, paid him some respect: "They told me you was washed up," he grunted, after a pulverizing Frazier left had clearly rocked him. "Some body sure told you wrong, didn't they Pretty Boy?" Frazier hissed back, and hit Ali with another shot.) Yes, the tide had turned. Frazier could smell his man—and he intended to take him.

For four rounds this went on, four of the longest rounds of Ali's career, four of the longest rounds I've ever suffered through, Frazier chopping, snorting, hooking, always bearing in . . . Ali covering up, retreating, landing a good punch now and then—punches good enough to bring down almost any man, but not Joe Frazier. He shook them off and bore in again. His face was a hideous mask of welts and bruises, but that was the price Joe expected to pay. By the end of round 10 Frazier was sure that bout was his and, we learned later, a pain-racked and utterly exhausted Ali was ready to quit . . .

But something happened. Something magical and mysterious, one of those unique and blessed visitations that seem to descend only on

By Scott Payton





ACME

When James Cunningham was growing up in Toronto during the scrimp-and-save years of the depression and World War II, he decided then he didn't want the nine-to-five lifestyle that his father drudged through.

Instead of studying business, law or medicine, dramatics and dance caught Cunningham's interest. Fortunately, at the age of seven, he met a dance instructor named Dorothy Golding. To this day, he attributes her with foresight, inspiration and a handful of inventive ideas on what dance should be.

DANCES

"She was into theater and dance and mime," said Cunningham, "a concept some refer to as mixed media or total theater. It's much the same thing we're doing now."

James Cunningham and his Acme Dance Company performed at UK this past semester to show people just exactly what some of his inventive dance ideas are. Six dancers spent four days on campus teaching and turning people on to a style of dance that defies convention and tradition. The concept involves a mixture of different media, including dancing, singing, acting, mime and yoga, using film and pre-recorded music to combine them into a curiously exciting performance.

"In modern dance, people have thought what we're doing is sort of avant garde," said Cunningham. "I always just connected it with Shakespeare, Moliere, the Greeks and all of those who were interested in what you might call 'total theater'."

The description may be more than appropriate, as was evident from the gasps and laughs from those who attended the Company's Memorial Hall performance.

Cunningham and his company devise a basic overall theme using abstract ideas and characters, and make their performances out of elaborate improvisations which center on these ideas. The two pieces they performed are exemplary of this style. "Lauren's Dream" is a continuum of transition in which Cunningham and his assistant choreographer, Lauren Perishetti, enact the physical and mental transformations on an evolutionary cycle.

They begin with the basic elements of the natural world — exposing the harshness and cruelty of nature — and eventually work their way up to the level of human existence. The two change from writhing, screaming, animals to civilized, society-oriented people, but retain significant coldness throughout.

In *Maisie of the Paradocks*, the company provided a diverse look at human nature on three different levels: the world of the spirits, of the gods and of human beings. A war-hardened drill sergeant is gently subdued by an airy and gaily bedight wood fairy; a Playboy bunny is seduced by a sex-hungry rabbit (the symbolism is obvious); while a boisterous, liberated Wonderwoman is apprehended by a six-shooter toting red-neck sheriff clad in only a ten-gallon hat and his B.V.D.'s. The hilariously absurd situations still contain subtle though recognizable comments on man and society.

Dancer, director, writer and performer, James Cunningham is responsible for integrating these new ideas into the Acme Dance Company.



"I felt a bit embarrassed asking dancers to do this because they tend to be very technically trained. It's a mixture of acting and dancing, and very much an internal motivation the way acting is, instead of a concern with external form, which is often the way dance is taught."

Cunningham has a long and varied history of involvement in dance and theater, and has even dabbled in television. After receiving a degree at the London Academy of Music and

In 1967, Cunningham went back to New York, where he combined talents with co-choreographer Perishetti. "She immediately sort of turned on to this new concept," said Cunningham. The two started gathering people together into what eventually became the Acme Dance Company, which has existed as a regular touring group since 1970.

The vast amount of movement, material and technical coordinating involved in the company's produc-

off from what most people experience in life. It doesn't turn me on personally to watch people doing difficult, physical tricks. I don't have anything against it, but I find it very unemotional and unintellectual.

"Performers are human beings up there on the stage, however abstract in what they are doing. I find it rather odd if they are just making lines and forms with no feeling or emotion. It's very beautiful, but it's just not what I'm into."

What Cunningham is into is exposing this emotionally realistic style of dance to young people in the United States. While in Lexington, Cunningham and company spent two days working with local elementary teachers and students.

"I love performing for college people, and even more so for children," Cunningham said. "I think they are at an age when they have their eyes open and are more likely to accept this form of dance."

Four dance workshops were held on campus for all those interested in working with Cunningham. The training culminated with participation in a performance with the company in the Student Center Ballroom. Cunningham also gave an acting technique workshop in the Guignol Theater, while other members held an athletic training session in the Forestry Building.

"I find these workshops break down the barriers of a structured and methodical teaching of dance. We can figure out how dance is relevant to everybody and anybody, and I find that aspect of the program fascinating.

"I'm very interested in this artists-in-the-schools program, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts. I realize now that all the time I was going to public school and college, this woman Dorothy Golding was the person who influenced me most. She wasn't just teaching, she was doing plays and we were in them. We could



Dramatic Arts and acting professionally for a while, he eventually became a British Broadcasting Company assistant director. His childhood dance background influenced him to go back to dancing, however, with a persuasive scholarship to the Martha Graham School of Dance in New York.

"Then I went back to Canada," Cunningham continued. "After choreographing and teaching at the Stratford Festival, I went to Toronto and did a production of the 'Bacchae', by Euripides, in which I again became interested in this idea of a mixture of media."

tions comes from Cunningham and Perishetti.

"Lauren and I work every day together. A lot of our material comes out of rehearsals because I work with the performance much more from an acting viewpoint. We improvise, and almost everything comes out of improvisation. It's almost like cooking from scratch. We really do experiment to make the things up."

Acme Company's appeal lies in the intense, emotional style of its performances, according to Cunningham. "When I came to America and saw a lot of modern dance, I felt it contained too much of what you might call high art. It was a little bit too cut

see the artist working on all the levels that there are, physically, emotionally, spiritually, and intellectually."

James Cunningham is now putting himself in that same teacher-performer role, only with a larger classroom. He and Acme Dance have been making appearances at colleges and universities across the country, inspiring students with their "total theater" concept. In a few months, Cunningham and Perischetti plan to arrange an off-Broadway musical, transforming their humanistic dance style onto the commercially-oriented stages of New York.

Most students present at the performance reacted favorably to the company. Some were awed, many dumbfounded and, after the show, everyone had something to say.


"I thought it was one of the most moving performances I have ever seen," said one enthralled woman. "I attended the workshops and I was really impressed by the company's concern for student participants."

"I think it was one of the strangest things I have ever seen," commented an obviously confused young fellow. "It was an experience, to say the least."

Another female student who followed the company said Acme is "what's really happening in dance today. Their style is realistic and they dwell on the motion behind dance. I had a good time — and you could see they did too."

Mark Bergeson

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The University doesn't tear down many buildings. Old campus landmarks have a way of staying around forever.

Most of the buildings my parents haunted are still around today. The Geology Annex, of course, was an eyesore in its own time. And there was an ROTC building that disappeared under suspicious circumstances, but for the most part buildings on campus are eternal.

This fact places a tremendous responsibility on the people who plan and build new buildings, knowing that they are designing for all time. I have examined the fruits of their labors and I feel they are equal to the task.

Last spring I signed up for a class that I needed for my degree, and when my schedule came back I found to my surprise and delight that the computer had given me everything I had asked for. I copied the building abbreviation and room number down on my notebook, and suddenly realized I didn't recognize the name of the building.

For three weeks I asked friends, professors, campus police, strangers and everybody else I ran across. Nobody had ever heard of the place.

The day before classes began I got desperate, went into the Office Tower and looked up the department under which the course was listed. The department head didn't know where the building was, but his secretary did, and she drew me a map.

The next day, armed with my notebook and the map, I trudged across campus.

There was no building where she said it was. But 10 or 15 people were milling around in the area. They were beginning to sit down as I walked up.

"Hi," I said. "Is this the class? Where's the building?"

A bearded fellow, who turned out to be the instructor, was standing in front of the group. "It's still in the planning stages," he said. "But I've been assured it will go up any day now. In the meantime, there doesn't seem to be any place else to hold class." He fished a piece of chalk out of his pocket. Turning his back to us, he made two or three marks in the air before he realized there was no blackboard.

Sheepishly he faced us. "This is going to take some getting used to," he said.

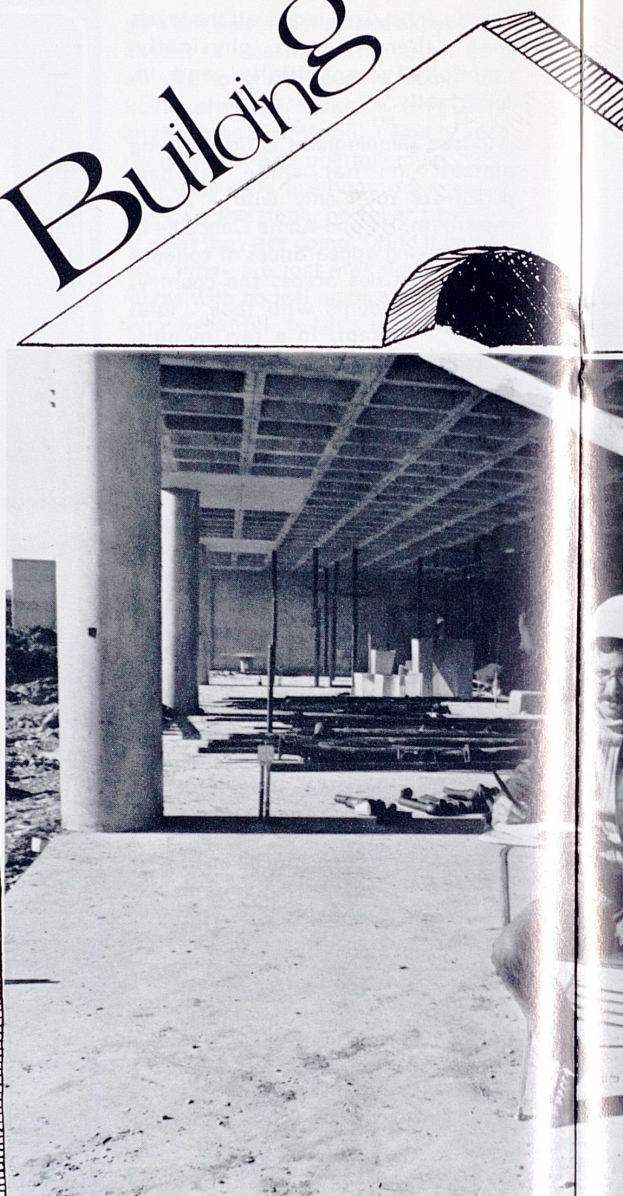
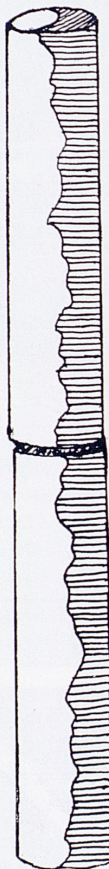
As he began to lecture, a tremendous racket started up behind us. I looked around and saw a bulldozer and a dump truck that hadn't been there earlier. The drivers were standing beside their vehicles, shouting and waving work orders in each other's faces.

The gist of the argument was that the man with the bulldozer had been sent to grade the site for the new building, and the guy with the truck had come to lay sod.

The man with the bulldozer won because he had a bulldozer. The truck left, and the dozer started scraping the ground around us. The instructor looked annoyed but kept lecturing. I took notes.

The next time I look up the bulldozer had dug a good-sized trench around us, and some men were pouring concrete into the trench. As soon as they finished, three hard-hatted construction workers went along and socked steel columns into the quickly-

Building

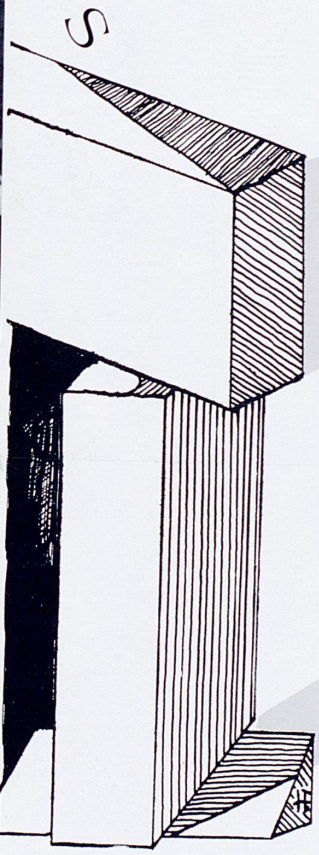


setting concrete at regular intervals. Right behind them were three more guys with air-impact wrenches bolting steel beams to the columns.

The instructor kept right on lecturing, paying no attention to the builders. I glanced at my watch and found that the class was less than halfway through. I decided I'd better take some more notes.

When I looked up again, there were dozens of construction workers swarming over the steel skeleton hanging prefabricated concrete panels on the outside and wall paneling on the inside. Others followed with buckets and brushes, painting furiously.

to lock



Someone poked an electric wire down through the acoustical-tile ceiling, which was being hung by three guys on ladders. Somebody grabbed the wire and attached a row of fluorescent light fixtures to it. Over on the far wall a man was installing a switch plate. He finished, stepped back, flipped the switch, and the lights came on. The instructor blinked but didn't pause. Two men brought in a door frame and went to work attaching it in the doorway. Three more guys squeezed by them, carrying a blackboard. They hung it behind the instructor. Without hesitating he fished the chalk back out of his pocket, turned around and started writing.

But his writing arm seemed to be working independently of his head. The notes, instead of joining the lecture in progress, began at the beginning of the lecture, and he scribbled furiously to catch up with himself.

I dropped my pencil and watched. The rest of the class didn't seem to notice.

Three more guys showed up with a wooden door and located it carefully on the hinges attached to the frame. They closed it to see if it fit, and when they opened it again there was a fellow across the hallway wiring a bell to the wall. He hung it up and stepped back to see if it was straight. At that moment it rang, and the class was over.

"... and that's all for today," the instructor concluded. The students got up and left. The instructor's arm, still about 15 minutes behind, kept writing.

Outside the classroom I decided the hour had been wasted because of all the commotion, so I set out to find somebody to complain to.

At the end of the hallway was a door marked DEAN. I pushed it open and found myself in the men's room.

The dean was out in the middle of the room, seated in a black leather chair opening his mail. He didn't have a desk. Several stacks of books, a telephone and a high-intensity lamp were on the floor around him. Over to one side sat his secretary. She had a dictaphone plugged into her ear, and was typing a memo. The typewriter was sitting in a wall mounted urinal.

The dean looked up from his mail. "Hi," he said.

"Hello," I said. "What happened to your office?"

"I really don't know," he said. "the whole building doesn't look anything like the plans we submitted, but that's par for the course. They go through quite a few hands before they're finally approved, and everybody who looks at them makes a change and cuts the cost by a hundred thousand or so. We're just grateful they got it finished by the first day of classes."

At that moment two movers came in handed him a work order. He glanced at it.

"Isn't there room in the building for all this stuff?"

"No sir," the head mover said. "The building's full."

"Well, take it over to the classroom building. There isn't room over there either, but I won't have to worry with it." The dean initialled the work order and dismissed the movers.

"Did you have any idea how bad this was going to be?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I hadn't heard anything from the plans committee until today."

"Are they going to give you a desk?"

"No," he said, brightening, "But they say I'll have a sink by next Monday."

I wished him well.

Outside his office I found a friend of mine waiting to see him.

"How's the dean?" he asked.

"Doesn't like his office," I said.

"What a shame," he grimaced. "What does he want, hot and cold running water?"

- BYRON WEST





jamboree!

*It's the same old tune
fiddle and guitar.*

Where do we take it from here?

*Rhinestone suits and big shiny
cars, it's been the same way for
years.*

*... but I don't think Hank done it
this way.*

(Waylon Jennings, BMI)

turn page...

Anyone who watched this year's Country Music Awards saw Waylon Jennings receive Male Vocalist of the Year. Even wholesome Glen Campbell said, "It's about damn time."

This, along with the appearance of Willie Nelson, singing a thirty-year-old Fred Rose tune, "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain," gave hope to the avante garde of country music enthusiasts. Purists have known the quality of both these musicians, products of western swing, but what was so important about both appearances in this year's awards is that these two belong to a controversial segment of country music which Nashville Recording Industries, and many "top-forty" country artists, have preferred to shun, referring to it as Nashville's underground or long-hair country.

If this sounds intriguing, buddy, it sure is. It seems that Nashville is as quick to change as an arctic night.

*The story's told of long ago
Ride into town to put on a show
See who's fastest with the tools
of his trade
Lay it all on the line, let legends
be made.*

*Six-guns or six-strings, it's still
the same.
Singing cowboys out looking to
make a name.
But when the story spreads
they'll say they shy from fame.
Six-guns or six-strings it's still
the same.*

(Kent Blazy, copyright 1975)



In the audience that night sat a Lexington native, Kent Blazy. Playing now for some six months at the Sheraton Inn, Blazy is a part of this curious musical interface which can be stretched to such labels as country rock, country soul, contemporary or progressive country, etc., but which generally infers that the music itself is a variation on traditional three-chord country progression and has some metaphorical theme not traditionally associated with country music.

"Long-hairs can't write country music, can't play country music, and they sure as hell can't sing country music," Loretta Lynn's publisher recently told Kent.

This didn't stun Blazy, who still spends four days each week pounding the doors of recording contractors in Nashville. Then he's back to Lexington for a 9-1, Thursday-Saturday night program in the Tack Room Lounge, consisting of about 20 per cent original material.

Take another song of his, for example:

*I met a man called Merlin, a
wizard of a kind.
With all his spells, he could tell
you how to find your mind.*

*Through all his thoughtful pages
his words spoke out to me.
They let me see through others'
eyes the things I couldn't see.*



— David Cronen

Merlin take me, back to your magic, mesmerize my soul again.

I wish to be a child again.

I was happy, oh, so happy way back then,

Merlin, where are you now?

Merlin you taught me to give to the living, and to live for the giving too.

But Merlin it gets so very hard when taking's all that people do.

(Kent Blazy, copyright 1972)

"An elderly lady out here one night came up after the set and asked about Merlin. I told her it was an original, and she gave me her name and address and said if it's ever recorded to

send her a copy . . . Yet, Nashville would never even look at a song like Merlin; they've gone 'uptown'," he said.

"Uptown" generally means orchestration, strings, brass, choral background.

After a fall concert in Lexington, fiddler Vassar Clements spoke to the issue, ". . . more and more, studios (in Nashville) will not waste any time trying anything different. If you try anything different, they think you're crazy." Herald-Leader staff writer Barry Bronson further quoted Clements, ". . . How can they (producers) tell what's going to be a hit? They can't tell . . . it's just they won't let 'em loose."

Perhaps "waste any time" is a little ineptly worded. For he refers to the musicians, studio sidemen and session players, where the industry began, its backbone, of which Vassar himself is a progeny. Others would include Steve Goodman, David Bromberg, J. J. Cale, Charlie Daniels, Bonnie Raitt, Emmylou Harris, Linda Hargrove and Tracy Nelson, who have worked background vocals and-or musically in and out of the Nashville scene. A new and growing audience is picking up on the songwriter-singers like John Prine, Jimmy Buffet, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Jesse Winchester who seem to move in and out of one another's own recordings. Groups like Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Earl Scruggs Revue, Pure



Prairie League, Flying Burrito Brothers, and the Eagles. Country done not in Nashville but New York, Los Angeles, Macon, Hollywood, Burbank. Studios such as Glaser Studio, Nashville; Bradley's Barn, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.; and Bearsville, New York, and as often in the case of J. J. Cale, on his own back porch in Tulsa, which may or may not lend even more to the "country" atmosphere of relaxed recording sessions from which most of this has been derived; often, too, with live audiences.

In outward appearance, denim and leather seem to characterise the new breed of country, performers and audience alike. Relaxed is the key word. Laidback.

Lyricaly, this new generation country seems much stronger. Often politically oriented, perhaps this strength has grown out of the very repression surrounding it, something at the core of any artist's inspiration. It is often aimed in biting satire at the industry itself or its artists. Witness: "I'll Fix Your Flat-Tire Merle" (Nick Gravenites) and "the perfect country-western song,"

*You Don't Even Have To Call
Me By My Name*

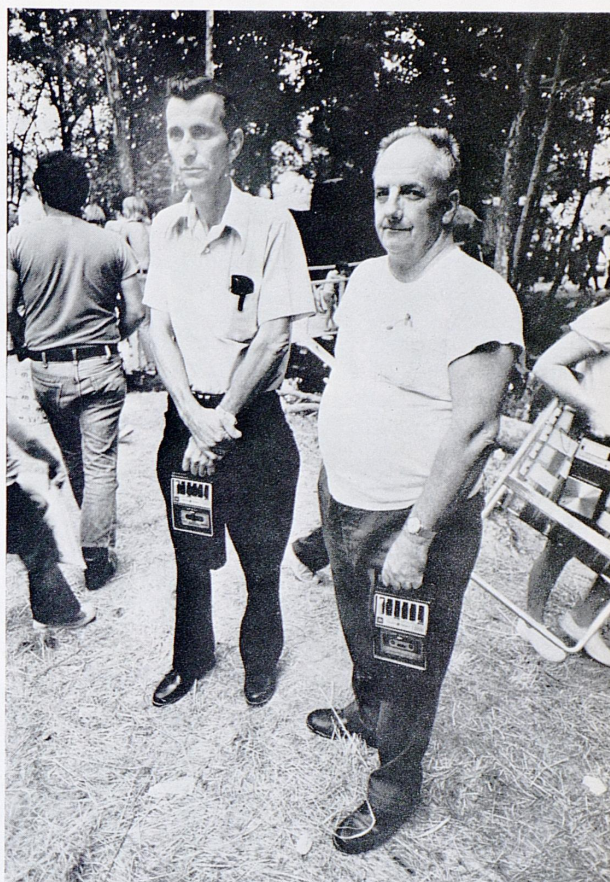
*I was drunk, the day my ma got
out of prison.
And I went to pick her up in the
rain.*

*But before I could get to the
station in my pick-up truck,
She got ran over by a damned
ole train.*

*Now I'll hang around as long as
you will let me.
I never minded standing in the
rain.
. . . you don't even have to call
me by my name.*

(Steve Goodman, ASCAP 1975)

Songs like "My Uncle" (Gram Parsons) and "The Great Compromise" (John Prine) reflect the political climate of the new generation country poetically, in an artful openness distinctly removed



from the entrenched Nashville industry. Or often speaking to such controversial issues as in the line "Bringing it back from Mexico" (J. J. Cale, Viva Music, Inc., and Moss Rose Pub.).

While never deviating from many of country's traditional thematic subjects, its lyrics drop much of the traditional discretion: "Honey, why don't we get drunk and screw" (Jimmy Buffet, ABC Records).

"What do you call your music?" Henry Gilbert, a Lexington photographer and mandolin player from the WLAP "Early Morning Round-Up" days (1934-42), recently asked Blazy.

"American music," Blazy replied.

And it's true. A fine guitarist, Blazy's own style and material, parrelling that which accompanies much of the new generation country, contains some bluegrass, country, rock, classical lines, even jazz, all growing out of folk tradition.

The studio is where this all comes together. And in Blazy's case, he says, he owes particularly to three months in Woodstock, N.Y., working with Pure Prairie League. This was about two years ago when Prairie League had just lost a recording contract and was in search of a lead guitarist.

"I learned more there due to the calibre of the musicians," Blazy says, referring to Mike Reilly and Michael Connor.

Sessions there also included another musician of bendable note, a "telecaster cowboy outlaw" from Miami by the name of Matt Presby. "In fact it was Matt who introduced me to Connor and Reilly," Blazy said. A musician of studio quality, Presby was already aware of the pinch Nashville Industries had placed on new artists. With a fellow by the name of Robert Lee, Presby spent ten months in England in 1970 (about the same time Gram Parsons was trying to put together the "Great American Music"). A 1971 country release under the name Lee Riders was the product. It bombed. "... As most first attempts do . . . They just weren't ready for laidback country, listening



Photo-Editor's note: Renfro Valley, as festivals go, doesn't rank up there with Bean Blossom or a Rolling Stones tour. But for three days, you won't find any happier people than the three thousand who congregate to hear a little pickin' and grinnin'. They come predominantly from a rural background and to them, festival going means bringing a lawn chair, a pair of binoculars and 15 pounds of fried chicken. And I don't know if that's not the way to really enjoy any type of music. Renfro Valley, no matter how long it goes on, will carry a fond memory of lazy July and pretty neat people.

music, not even in England," Matt remarks in retrospect.

Living in Lethargington, both have managed to keep active musically.

For Blazy, as late as this summer it was working with Kane at the Rebel Room and earlier Flight and Cloudburst, all more or less rock groups whose club music would occasionally contain popular country-western material.

"I did get to do some of my own material with Kane but they weren't into it. People expect to dance to groups or, if it's loud, are not going to listen to it. Playing as a single, I have a better chance of getting the feeling across."

Lately, for Matt, there have been weekend gigs, in and out of what he terms "seedy country groups, doing top-forty material," at Country World, Georgetown, and Six Mile Jamboree, Henry County, while holding down a weekly welding job.

There has always been a strong rock scene locally, however, Presby working with Rodney Hatfield in Hatfield Clan, whose biggest night was probably two years ago in the Student Center Ballroom when a Lexington legend and long-time country maverick, Little Enis, jammed boogie-woogie.

From Cloudburst surfaced another Lexington native, John Heinrich, an almost natural on pedal-steel. Presby and Heinrich put together a group called Second Hand Rose. It was, perhaps, the best "young" country group this town has ever experienced. Material ranged from Hank Williams to Jimmy Hendricks, hillbilly jazz, and for a while it looked like they were going to make a go of it. They did weekends at Cisco's on South

-David Cronen

Broadway and traveled to gigs in Cincinnati, with Matt holding down a weekly job at UK's Central Stores. But there still didn't seem to be enough of an audience to find regular engagements, so Rose dissolved this past January.

Heinrich is still playing around Lexington with a country group called White Water, at the Embers Inn.

Presby sits in occasionally with Blazy at the Sheraton. When he does you can feel it, "... the high energy feedback, the magic; Prairie League talked about it," Blazy said. The feeling two musicians produce when their music complements one another.

Whether it's Haggard material, Parsons', or Blazy's own, the room is alive with it. The type of thing that happens rarely. It's like walking into Boots' Bar on South Broadway and hearing Enis do his own material.

There's an honesty, the bite of realism wrapped into country music. Something felt. The licks, the runs, the voice; it surfaces, intertwines. Something which blossoms in low light. If it's there it can't be repressed, just as the industry can't deny the changes in the culture country music serves to reflect, just as it can't deny a new and younger audience, and an older one which has become more urban.

But the clubs locally seem to still require dance material. Perhaps with places like the Sheraton, Mississippi River Co. or Ground Round, an outlet can be found for "new" country.

Perhaps what's needed is a local radio spot, similar to those of early radio.

I been listening to the radio since I was three years old. I figured by now I could see songs better than most people listen to 'em. The first time I heard Steve Goodman on the radio, I knew I was listening to a tall skinny cat with a little beard singing the best damn train song I ever heard. Two months later in the backroom at The Earl of Oldtown, I met a short stout fellow with no beard who wrote and sang the best train song I ever heard. His name was Steve Goodman. The Lord works in Mysterious Ways.

(John Prine, 1971, appearing on back cover of Goodman's first album, Buddah Records Inc.)

If you were to write a history of country music, it would be hard to determine which has done more for the other, country music for radio, or radio for country music. At any rate, radio is not presently doing enough for the "new generation" country. It does give hope to note "Lying Eyes" and "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain" have been rotating the No. 1 spot on WAXU-FM, "central Kentucky's Top Gun country station," for a couple of weeks running. Partially responsible is the new deal, "Country Spotlight Showdown," where listeners call in votes to help select material for that station. An innovative move which has no doubt given rise to the airing of Emmylou Harris and some Pure Prairie League material.

"I like what Hank called it," Henry Gilbert says. "Country music is just life set to music."

True country music seems to have something to do with a repressed

spirit; to contain a blues message. Perhaps it's repressed white soul. At any rate, it is something active, continually integrating the culture and society it reflects, and taking much from the performers' own lives, whether it's Hank Williams or Gram Parsons.

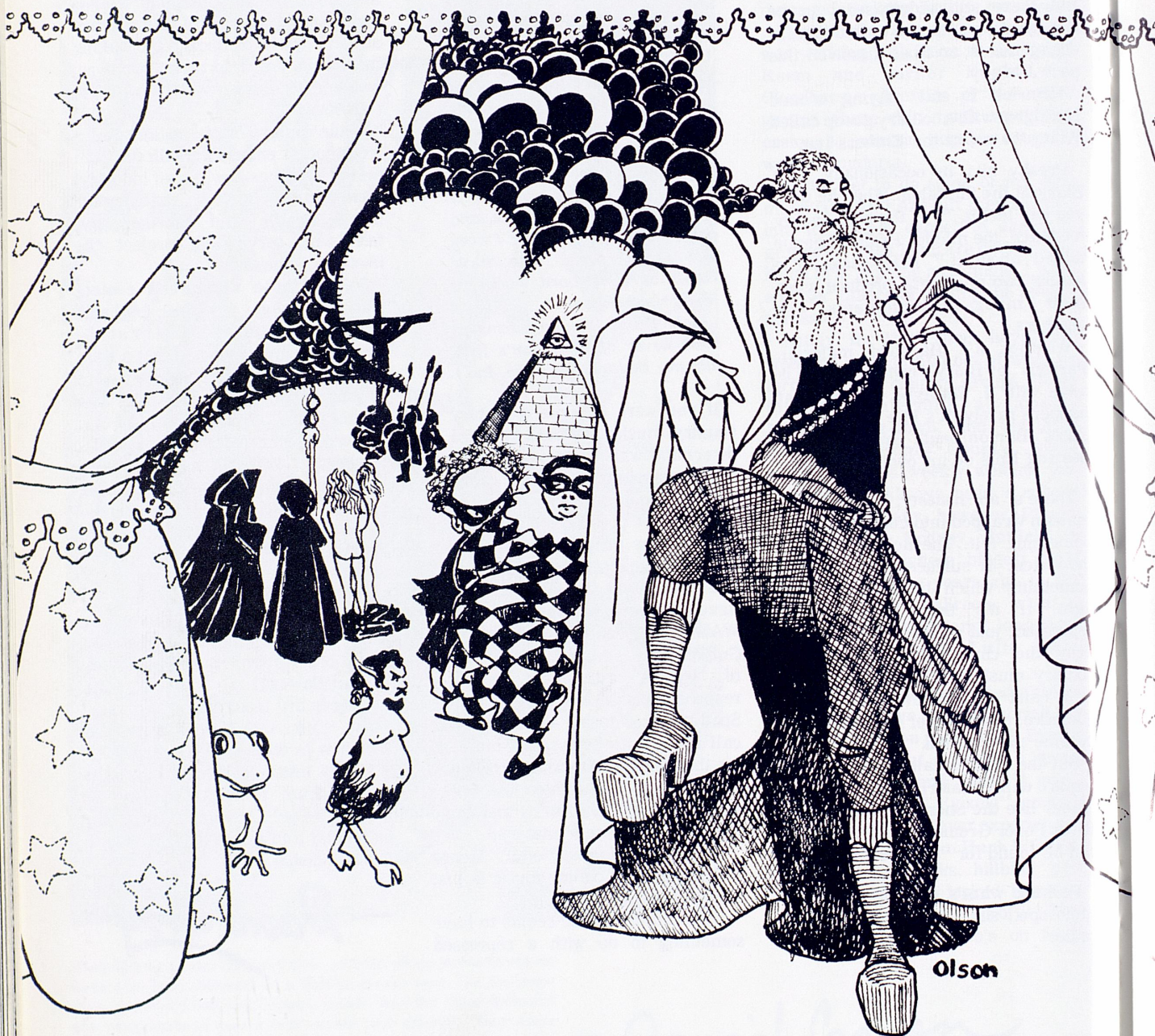
While country music began openly, from honest entertainers direct from the farm, it has now, as an industry, turned into big business, stressing the image, radio and increasingly, television, serving to project the illusion of "country".

So, for those who aren't content with the image, who feel, perhaps, that many "country" singers at the awards this year seemed just a little too far removed from what they were singing about, there's hope. For also at this year's awards, contained in a mushroom-embroidered work shirt, bowler hat with an eagle feather, representing Willie, "the wandering gypsy," something in the candid honesty, the spontaneity, with which Waylon remarked, "They told me to be nice . . .," there was a message, something contained in the line, "... When the glamor starts to bore you, come on back where you belong" (Pick Me Up On Your Way Down, Harlan Howard).

"Words are most important," said Blazy, "You see, Merlin taught Arthur how to think to see both sides."

Like a letter to home, it is often written from a moral conflict, an inner conflict stemming from the individual and his society, a search for expression.

- David Barry



Olson



the

STAR

(of the Cosmic
Cocktail Party)

Since this is a story about the end of the world, I suppose a few explanations are in order. For all the loose talk that goes on about classes, there are really only two classes of people in America. People who know, and people who don't. The people who do know are, naturally, far more important while those who don't make up the vast majority.

The people who know have been organizing Earth's big send-off for well into 20 years now, but they've all been waiting for one person, a figurehead. This organization, while kept a strict secret, is by no means hidden from view. Homosexuals, businessmen, blacks, even the news media are all a part of this conspiracy. While waiting for the Star, most of these people have amused themselves by diverting everyone else. Scandals, well publicized corruption and supposed oppression in Washington D.C. Riots, murders, and wars at large—all vast entertainment devised by these clever and talented people, just to keep everyone else occupied. Perhaps you might think that they've been playing a little rough, but then what is death after all, but a kick up on the karmic wheel, and it only stands to reason that the sooner you get going, the sooner you'll get to the top.

The Star was first sighted waiting tables in dimly lit, slightly overbearing restaurant in fashionable neighborhood in a large midwestern city. The Star wasn't too impressive to the unappreciative beholder. He was, to be sure, a person of rather stark tastes. He ate, drank, slept and was occasionally made love to. He spent his entire salary on popular records and stylish clothes. And about the only tangible ideals he lived by were a somewhat shadowy sense of destiny and an embarrassingly directionless purposefulness. His first intimation into his sublime destiny was directed by a lovely chap who decorated windows in a major department store. Unbeknownst to nearly everyone, this gentleman had been discretely overseeing the Star's life for three years; in fact, ever since he'd been informed by higher ups of his appointed role as contact point.

I should add here that this "lovely old fellow" was part of an even more subtle conspiracy afoot. He wasn't of this solar system. His alien psyche resided in a simulated human body which never slept, needed no food and didn't age. He was part of an army of indescribably beautiful and good creatures who had come to watch over us, and even occasionally punish us for being too stupid.

Naturally, the Star wasn't told of his fate, his benefactors always worked from the premise that a person should earn self knowledge. Also, naturally, I won't bore you with his education in obscurity, we shall concern ourselves instead with the media reception which was being smoothly introduced.

On television all varieties of censorship were suddenly relaxed. Drug addiction, sexual deviation, excretion, were all suddenly part of the rank and file of even the most bland family comedy. Churches and P.T.A.'s in communities

From there the Star and his party jettied to Rio ("I'm delirious, fly me," he said)...

throughout the entire

nation protested in outrage. Some were even reduced to smashing and burning their T.V.'s as a gesture of their disapproval. But as with all reform, the dissent soon cooled and everyone was back in the living room watching for new developments.

Meanwhile, in the Middle East, some drunken Israelis on a spelunking expedition stumbled onto a certified extra-terrestrial cache dating from the time of Christ. Particularly unsettling was some footage of the Crucifixion. It was revealed that Christ wasn't nearly nailed to the Cross, he absolutely clung to it. And that the Ascension into heaven was as elaborate and even as cinematic as any of the best 30s film musicals—but is that so surprising? They did have the same producer. Those aliens do have a marvelous sense of camp.

Popularly moving was the image of a radiant and somewhat effeminate Christ rising towards glory on a Moroccan rug (supplied by the Jews, who provoked the whole thing for the concessions) followed closely by 16 Roman soldiers in "warrior look" leather harnesses, two stepping in unison with matching Nubian princesses who were all singing "shoobeedoobeedupe" in awed tones.

Then, Salvador Dali released his last and most celebrated religious holograph incorporating the actual likeness of the Star. "What could be more divine," he told an astonished world, "than a nice boy coming into his own?"

By now the Star was getting completely comfortable with his knowledge of the lore of the future. He then announced that HE was the second incarnation of Jesus Christ (I'm sorry I kept you all waiting so long) and then told everyone to prepare for the coming apocalypse.

He was now ready to play his role, for this was the sign his organization has been waiting for. He was immediately flown to Los Angeles, where his head was shaved and the resultant fuzz dyed silvery, powder blue. He was given silver contact lenses and propped up in eight-inch red platform boots. He was given a complete, fantastically designed wardrobe which leaned heavily

...The populace fled, laughing to the sea where rubber rafts and cold drinks were waiting;

From there the Star and his party

jettied to Rio ("I'm delirious, fly me," he said)...

on mylar and clear plastic. He was given hormone injections in order to increase his bustline, and then he was promoted as "a faintly mocking sideshow entertainer in a world looking desperately for shiny, sordid thrills."

The first item on the agenda, oddly enough, was a wedding. The hometown boy next door, who was now a kicker for the L.A. Rams, was flown with the Star in an adjoining jet, to New York City for a wedding in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The wedding was televised as a decadent carnival for the millions and millions of uninitiated and karmically piggy Americans. The only people who were invited were the black witches, satanists and other such what not who all wore, predictably, basic black. But when those sacred vows were pronounced and the bells began to ring, all those negative occultists began to shed their outer garments to stand revealed in filmy white under garments (with just a red string here and there).

Then they jettied down to New Orleans for the biggest Mardi Gras celebration ever. They were the King and Queen of the parade, dressed as Siamese Twins (joined at the hip) and rode on a float entitled "The Valentine Pride." The ensuing festivities were climaxed by the actual burning to the ground of New Orleans (in a well-established Southern tradition). The populace fled, laughing to the sea, where rubber rafts and cold drinks were waiting.

From there the Star and his party jettied to Rio ("I'm delirious, fly me," he said). There they were given political asylum, the newly nationalized plaza Hilton Hotel, and half the Brazilian Army (for privacy), so they could spend the summer in the sunshine playing social games.

Meanwhile, back in the U.S.A., a dazed public spent the summer watching the military machine hold a meticulously televised inquisition. The Star's wedding guests (who were perfect sacrificial lambs about the whole thing) were disposed and the executed to occupy the millions and millions who were still oblivious.

For Halloween, the Royal Family of Great Britain had a deadpan "French Cafe Night." The distinguished guests were fed spaghetti and cheap wine and were entertained by the National Shakespearean Company dressed in green felt frog suits doing some of the more hilarious sketches from the political history of France. The affair ended without warning at 11:30 when the British Isles sank into the ocean. The Star watched and waved a lace hankie from the balcony of a rather Victorian flying saucer as the delighted popular was sucked from sight. Things were picking up speed now, like a calendar in a cheap movie.

Thanksgiving—a rustic American banquet served in the inky depths of the Kimberly Diamond mines in darkest South Africa. The point of the evening was to facilitate the surprise ingestion of every white person within easy reach on the entire continent. The Star and his party, unreachable and unimpeachable as always, had cold turkey sandwiches and champagne while watching Dick Cavett talk to Euell Gibbons, via satellite.

Then chilly old China thawed. They announced a BIG New Years party and cordially invited the Star. In the razed downtown of a newly annexed Hong Kong they were building an enormous white pavilion with a copied sphinx at one end and pyramid with eye on top and a mouth in the middle at the other. Trainloads of poppies were being hauled to newly annexed Mongolia to be freeze-dried. It was even leaked that the center piece for the cake was going to be a reproduction of the Empire State Building with wax work Uncle Sam skewered from the radio aerial.

Just before Christmas all the nearly assimilated hippies started getting telepathic messages. They threw down their beer cans, sold their record players and headed for San Francisco which had announced it was sponsoring a Christmas Battle of the Bands on a freshly abandoned oil platform. On Christmas Eve, Jefferson Starship was "shooting it up" with a badly outnumbered Who for the microphones. Who nodded out and the Starship had just started when the Aliens gave their Christmas surprise to earth. The entire coast of the continent as far up as Portland neatly and completely sank into the ocean.

The hippies on the untouched platform were all taken to the new seacoast city of Albuquerque and were all given sterling silver hypodermics for their charm bracelets.

New Years Eve—the party in Hong Kong was already social history when the Red Army, dressed as hummingbirds airdropped into Moscow armed with cyanide rice pies. It's hard to say exactly what provoked the American to get into the act. But they always were latent rapists and gate crashers. So . . . they launched all their shiny silver missiles at the joyous yellow yolk of China bulging so tantalizing just over the horizon. The Chinese never retaliated, they were too busy sharing their newly annexed nuclear wealth with the rest of the world.

At exactly 12:01, the crust of the Earth spurted forth nearly 100,000 tiny stars to bedazzled celestial observers, and then, because it was ALL TOO MUCH for Earth's overburdened and seldom appreciated mantle, it gave way and Earth itself became a star, by necessity short lived.

— Peter Taylor

Superfight (Cont.)

saints, poets and Muhammad Ali. Whether it was the voice of his people calling to him that life would simply be unbearable to them if he quit; or the voice of his Allah telling him that his holy mission would be lost if he gave in; or his own deep and furious voice that simply refused to accept the possibility of sitting down before the likes of Joe Frazier; whatever voice it was that spoke to Ali that night—and we'll never really know what unutterable visions entered his head—he reached down into the depths of his Being and rallied in the 11th round.

He was moving again. He was hitting Frazier more often and more tellingly than he was being hit. By round 12 he'd totally regained the offensive. He bloodied Frazier's mouth with a stinging combination that sent Joe's mouth-piece flying into press row at ringside.

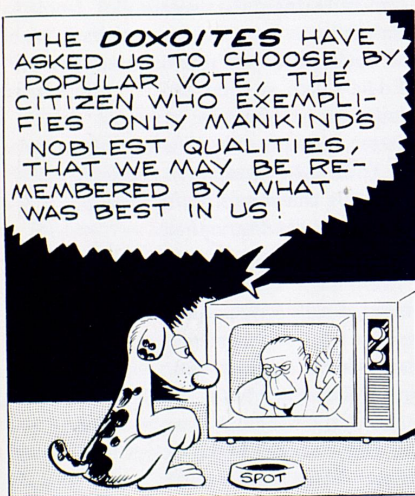
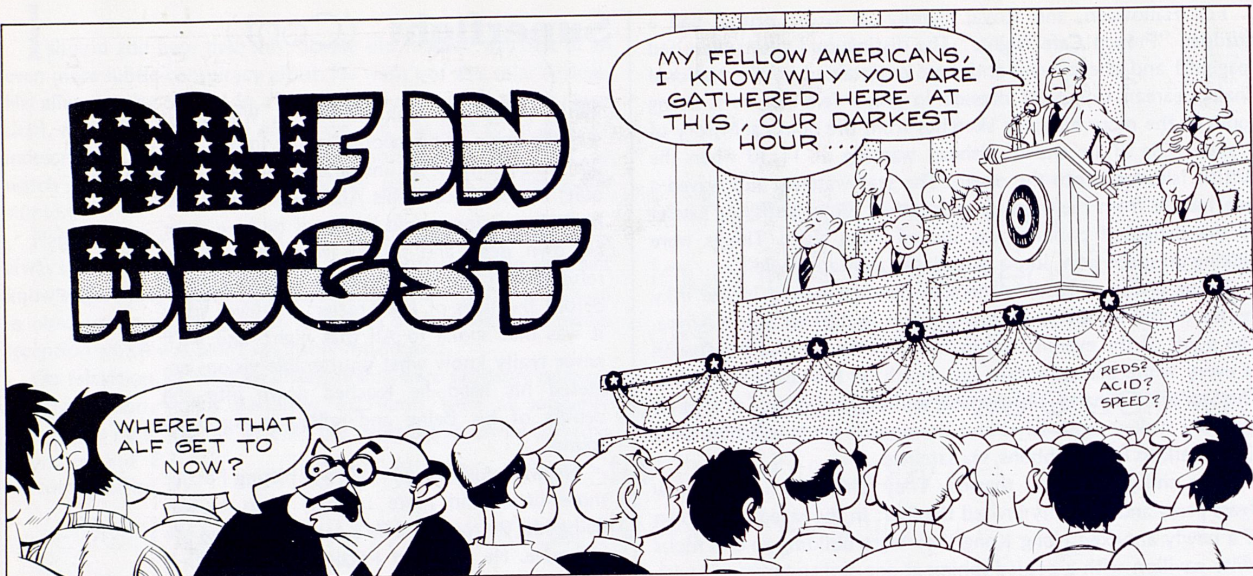
Now Joe's pulpy face was barely recognizable. He seemed to sag under the weight of Ali's attack, almost as if some vital life forces were being pumped out of him. Ali looked confident, almost radiant. The Child of the Gods, as someone once called him, was having his holy revenge.

By round 14, it was apparent to everyone that the fight was over. Frazier's left eye was totally closed, so that he couldn't see Ali's right hand. And Ali was using that right mercilessly. Frazier was far gone into the siren songs and ringing bells of Queer Street, that boxer's limbo where you're out on your feet and preparing to go down. But Frazier held on—in one final glory of will and courage, he found some bit of greatness in his own soul and refused the sweet call of oblivion. He didn't fall.

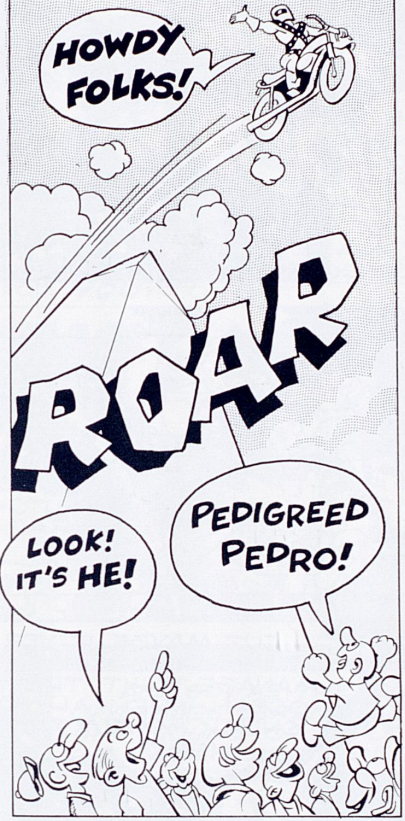
But he didn't come out for the final round either. His manager Eddie Futch, a good and gentle man who explodes every stereotype of the heartless fight manager, called it quits. The towel was thrown. The fight was over. Muhammad Ali had kept his championship in the greatest fight of his career. Joe Frazier had lost with great dignity in the greatest fight of his career.

And what did it mean, finally? Well, there are as many meanings in a fight of this magnitude as there are questions in the Cosmos. Most of them must remain shrouded in mystery. I suggest you see the films of the fight and draw your own conclusions. But I know I've seen a lot of fights and I've never seen a fight as great as this one. And I doubt if I ever will again. —

DALE IN AWEEST



AT THAT MOMENT, THE BELLOW OF A MIGHTY ENGINE IS HEARD FROM ATOP THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT!



HOWDY FOLKS!

LOOK! IT'S HE!

PEDIGREED PEDRO!



AMAZIN' LANDING, PEDRO!

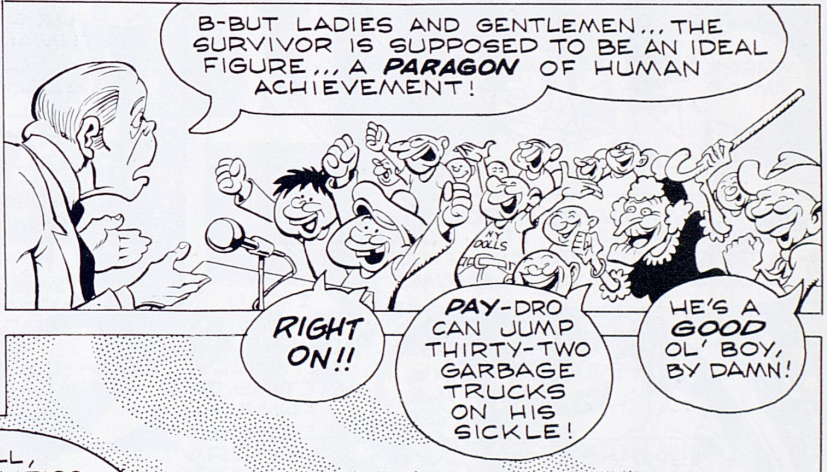
BREAK ANY BONES, PEDRO?

OOF, JUST HELP ME UP ON THE GRANDSTAND THERE, BOYS!



SAY, FOLKS! AH HEAR TELL YOU ALL ARE GONNA SEND OL' PEDRO UP T' THAT DOXO!

YOU BET, PEDRO!

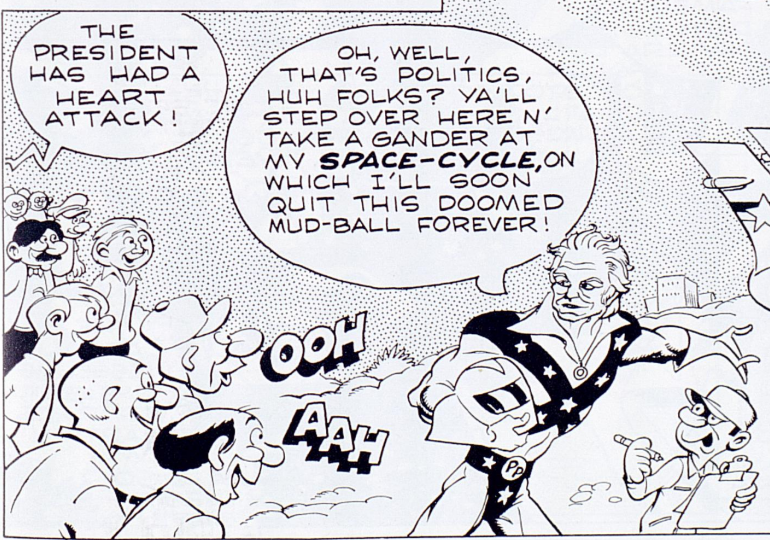


B-BUT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THE SURVIVOR IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN IDEAL FIGURE... A PARAGON OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT!

RIGHT ON!!

PAY-DRO CAN JUMP THIRTY-TWO GARBAGE TRUCKS ON HIS SICKLE!

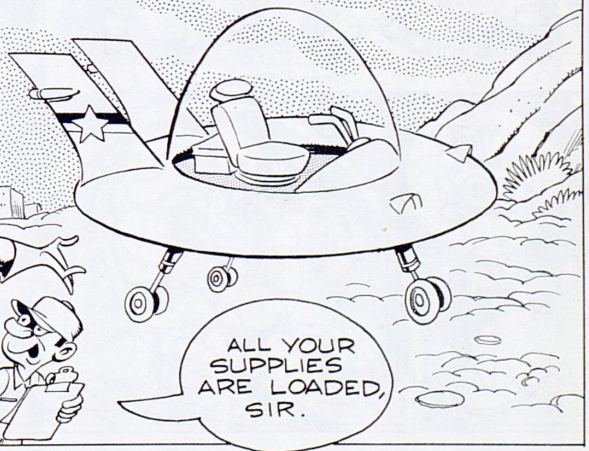
HE'S A GOOD OL' BOY, BY DAMN!



THE PRESIDENT HAS HAD A HEART ATTACK!

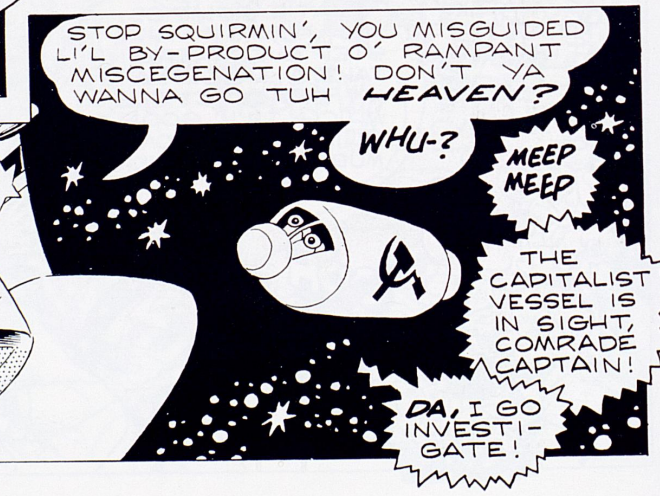
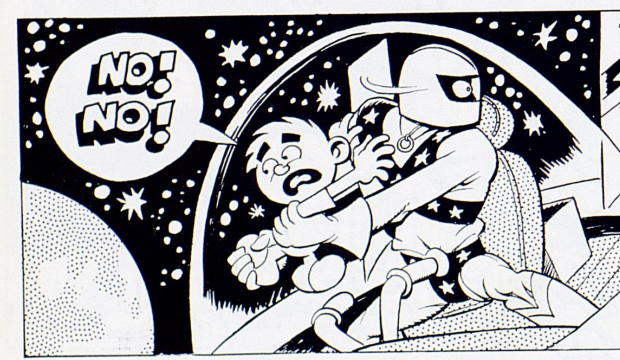
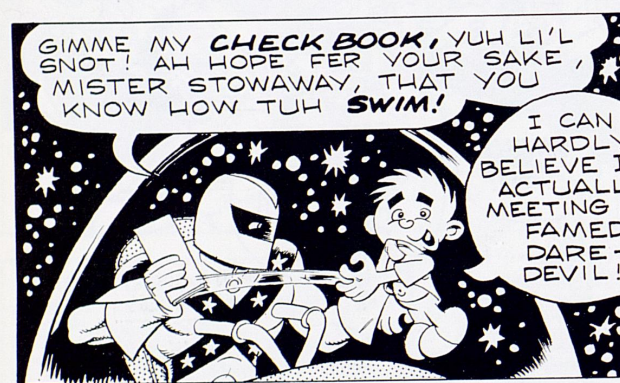
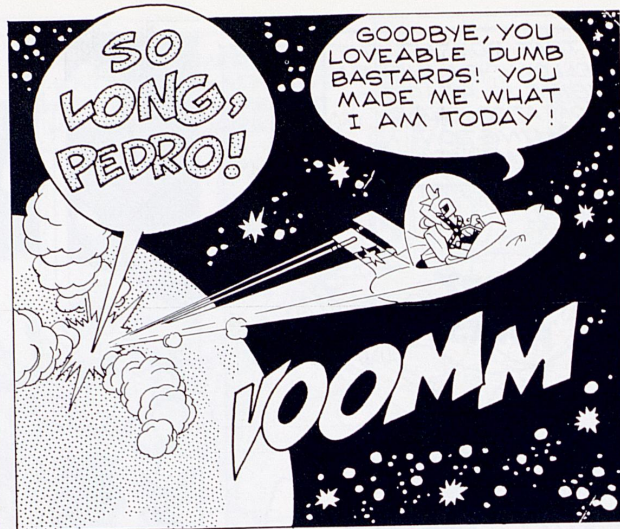
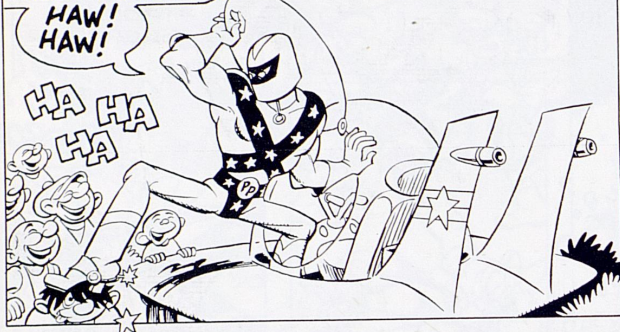
OH, WELL, THAT'S POLITICS, HUH FOLKS? YA'LL STEP OVER HERE N' TAKE A GANDER AT MY SPACE-CYCLE, ON WHICH I'LL SOON QUIT THIS DOOMED MUD-BALL FOREVER!

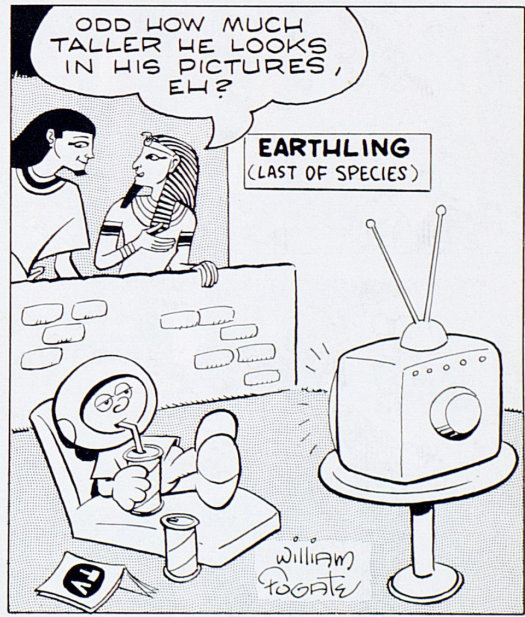
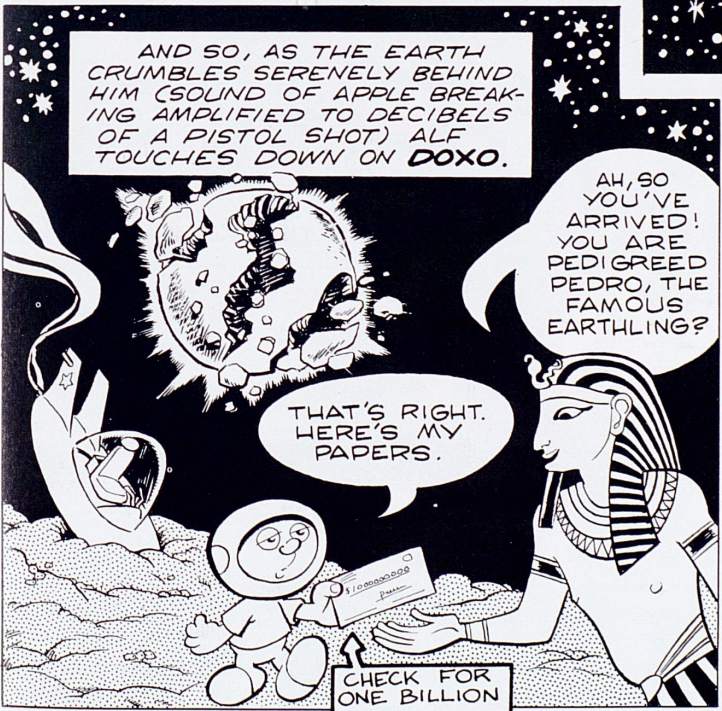
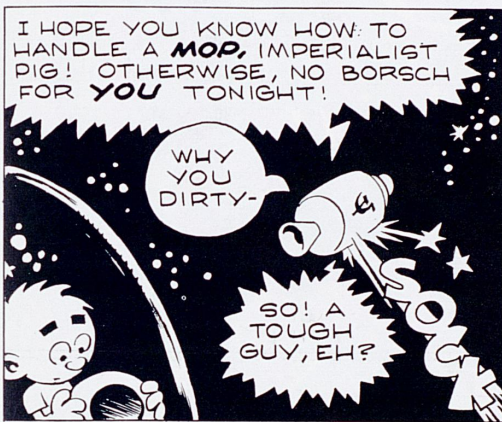
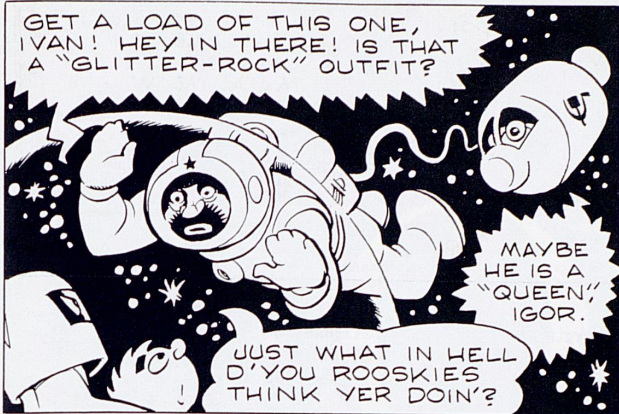
OOH
AAH



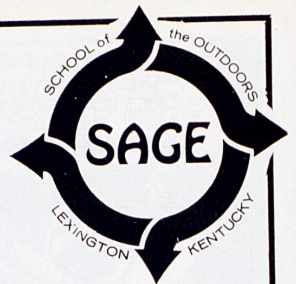
ALL YOUR SUPPLIES ARE LOADED, SIR.

WELL, NO SENSE DELAYIN' THE INEVITABLE, RIGHT? BET ALL YOU GEEKS ARE GONNA REMEMBER THIS INSPIRIN' MOMENT 'TIL THE DAY YOU DI- **WHOOPS!** WON'T BE TOO LONG A TIME AT THAT, WILL IT NOW?





Do you know something good when you see it?



SAGE recently bought out Backpacker's Gap in Georgetown. Now we have an Outfitters Shop you won't believe... The best equipment, the best brands, the best service, the best consumer advice, and the friendliest people you'll find anywhere (And don't forget our complete equipment rental service.)

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Snow Lion
Gerry
Class 5
Ascente
Jansport

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Snow Lion
Clas 5
Columbia
Jansport

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Moore
Keewaydin
Mohawk
Alumcraft

STOVES

Svea
MSR
Phoebus
Gerry
Optimus

KAYAKS & C-1'S

Phoenix
Hyperform
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Oh

wicked weekend...





"Adventure was our aim. We demanded something casually elegant and spontaneous..."





forecast:

Fashion is part of the intrinsic fabric of life itself. It can be an indicator of originality, timeliness, personality, an individual sense of style, being unorthodox, or even introverted.

Fashion is a way of self-expression. More possibilities exist for dressing up today — life isn't quite so simple anymore. Though fashion is a varied subject touching on everything from ethnic looks to tailored three-piece blazer suits, certain uniform thoughts have surfaced for the winter months.

Soft and lean sum up this winter's theme. The fabrics are almost floaty, and exercise your sense of touch. Shapes manage to be narrow-minded without being strict. Narrow silhouettes are designed to work with fuller ones with an overall effect of contrast, wearability and whimsy.

The body-conscious, tailored feeling is softened with details that indicate a dressmaker's extra touch. Slacks tend to be classic while tops are newsmakers. Shapes are casual and unstudied reflecting a soigne disposition. Multi-level separates are made up of contrasting shapes and new proportions are cut for slimmer silhouettes. Unexpected layers are thrown in for emphasis. There are no stereotyped ingredients that typify this look of clean, crisp, clear, pulled-together dressing.

Bright colors, mixed-up prints, flounces, flares and lots of pants play all highlight this season's separates. The mood of the day translates right through evening exemplifying the multi-purposeness of dressing.

Skin has never been more showing. The throat is bared — a long unbroken line. Hair is short. Decolletages dip low. Because so much skin is revealed, makeup is stronger. Lipstick is clearer and brighter. Eyes are deepened and more mysterious. The difference between yesterday and today is the difference between glitter and glow.



Yet unprecedented, to fuel our whimsies. Our capricious impulses dictated that we be as outlandish as possible while retaining our anonymity. The only logical method of satisfying our impetuosity was random selection.

Our restless demeanor and indulgent attitude couldn't be satiated until all the possibilities were explored. We turned the town inside out until . . . we haphazardly peered through a window that revealed two rampant, piquant gentlemen ebullient with interest.

Although our position was tentative we were game and our fervor amplified. We circumvented the situation and organized the tactics necessary for pouncing on our prey. We were aware that our coquettish tendency didn't mask our frolicsome intentions, for these two seemed quite clever.

Our animated conversation flowed smoothly even though we did occasionally resort to such mundane topics as the weather. Self-disclosure was nil, so we were content.

We absolutely relished the quiet tete-a-tete's, crumpets and cocktails at the appropriate hour, urbane talks on appreciation of the finer things, and breezy jaunts from fashionable soiree to fashionable soiree.

Our carousing "Wild Weekend" was pure suspended animation. But as they say, "All good things . . ." The Bistro locale did us in.

The elan had chilled. The charisma was replaced by genuine disenchantment. What we first considered provocative conversation we now categorized trite babble. All the discussion was mere buncombe! Estrangement heightened. Our ephemeral glory was quickly evaporating. In the end, we viewed it all as an illusion, for the bubble had burst.

After all, variety is the spice of life. "

the lowdown:

1. For the woman who doesn't like packaged clothes, the serpentine-seamed, satin tubular shape that swirls around the body and is trimmed in pink meribou is quite unique. By Fernando Sanchez from LaCourtisanne. Midway Sophistication remains the keynote in formal wear as can be seen by the gray Prince Edward tuxedo on the left, and the Tux Tail on the right. Tuxedos from Gingiss Formal Wear, Parisian feathers from Henrietta's.

5. A surge of utility-in-action is portrayed by the discreet styling and classic line of these suits from Dawahare's. The gray banker's suit on the left is made by Don Robbie, and the green gabardine suit on the right is created by Polo. Shoes, ties, and shirts from Dawahare's.

— There is an emphasis on investment fabrics such as fur this winter. Left: Natural Cerulean mink trimmed with natural Norwegian Blue Fox, Lowenthal's. Right: Natural white mink Bubble Cape, Lowenthal's. Purse from Meyer's. Shoes from Dawahare's.

6. Girls — from left to right:
This navy three-piece dress is all gathers and flounces

8. Girls from left to right:
Quilted patchwork jacket and velvet Frank Olivier slacks and turban from Meyer's
Soft green hand-painted, leather-embellished blouson from La Courtisanne
Guys' suits and girls' shoes from Dawahare's

9. From left to right:
— The classic tailored jackets, teamed with matching skirts have paved the way for the sportswear suit. The peccan two piece suit is accentuated by a yarn motif on the back of the jacket, the lapels, and the skirt. A tie-dyed silk scarf offsets it. La Courtisanne Leather and suede



Photos by Richard Smithers

cham'sole and slinky peek-a-boo satin loungewear with a slither of gauze-like lace up the side. By Fernando Sanchez, at La Courtisanne.

3. A pale, dusty palette enhances the demure femininity and the silk fabric feels luxuriously supple against the body of this Fernando Sanchez nightie from La Courtisanne.

4. Black is ubiquitously svelte. From left to right:
— Alvert Nipon boat-necked top with inverted lace inset matching a feathery knife-pleated skirt.
— Due to the shoulder baring in tops and dresses the shawl is a natural. P J Walsh A-shaped dress. Both dresses from Meyer's. Hats and feathers from Henrietta's.

with a beguiling neckline. It has been subtly hand-painted. The inky, midnight color creates drama anytime of the day or night.

— For the ultimate in understated dress the millefleur pointilliste print is very versatile with its long narrow scarf that can loop at the throat or fly. Both dresses from La Courtisanne. Midway. Shoes from Dawahare's.

Guys — from left to right:
— Green Don Robbie suit and navy pin-striped Arthur Richard's suit from Dawahare's

7. Girls — Brown shadow natural champagne mink wrap coat with belt and patched pockets from Lowenthal's. Navy turban, Henrietta's. Black Orchid semi-filled mink from Lowenthal's.
Boys — These coats bristle with all the right details and are in the current knee-skimming length. Dawahare's.

purse from Meyer's. Feathers and hat from Henrietta's.
— Collage sweater and bisque body-hugging Rafael leather from Dawahare's
— Navy ultrasuede jacket by Schoeneman. Courage sweater, slacks and shirt all from Dawahare's
— Shawl-collared, elongated cardigan over a cowd sweater is teamed with slim tobacco slacks. From La Courtisanne
Pouch bag from Meyer's

10. At night, clothing should pour like liquid over the body. Nothing is contrived, it just flows.
— Nude ecru lace edged wispo of a two-piece night dress from La Courtisanne. Slippers and satin ice pack from Henrietta's
— Navy textured brocade multi-purpose cape with bowed neckline from La Courtisanne

"O" (Cont.)

continued from pg. 11

for wanting to better my position." But, the possible move raised the legitimate question of whether it was time to let someone else run the show for a change. "I think people would have said had I left, 'he gave it a try and now he's decided to step down and let someone else have a change.' Quite frankly, I was surprised at the reaction to my leaving."

"However, I made the decision on the basis of a popularity poll. I

stayed even though I have strong ties in Texas, which is my second home. I didn't feel I had to leave here. I stayed because I thought I was at a better institution and I wanted to stay. I think UK is much better than most Kentuckians realize. It's top notch, and all in all I've been right pleased with the place," he adds.

There have been times when the pleasure must have worn a little thin. Singletary came to UK in 1970, a time when students were loudly vocalizing their views on University life.

After a series of incidents, highlighted by several large peace

marches, and a demand by a group of students to speak to the Board of Trustees concerning the Kent State shootings and the burning of the ROTC building, the National Guard was called out.

Singletary was caught between an obligation to both the University community and the general public as well.

"We had some pretty bad tensions stemming from real problems. Some people thought I stepped into the picture with a hard line (the demonstrators). Others thought it wasn't hard enough." I tried to be fair, but I

didn't believe the University should be taken over by anybody.

"I don't think the 'age of confrontation' accomplished much. I hope it doesn't come back; it was too destructive," he said.

Singletary apparently has weathered his 'age of confrontation' well. He has learned to temper the differences between his personal and his presidential life.

J. David Kouema

Promoter Publishes List of Unclaimed Scholarships

Early this fall some 1200 campus newspapers received advertising purchase orders for an ad offering "\$33,500,000 Unclaimed Scholarships." A large number of those papers ran the ad on credit without checking either the financial responsibility or the reputation of the advertiser. The promoter himself, a young Portland, Me., man, estimates that the ads will reach a readership of 9.1 million this fall.

Is the product, a list of 152 "unclaimed scholarships sources" worth the asking price of \$13.95 (check or credit


card)? Like all products, opinions will differ; the list may be helpful to some while others will be disappointed in the skimpiness of the list in relation to its cost.

But at least the advertised product does exist and the promoter, G. Paul York, appears to be honest if somewhat overly optimistic about the expected success of his campaign.

A spokeswoman for the Maine State Consumer Council says, "He appears to be honest but he hasn't been around long enough to have any complaints." She says York took out membership in the local Chamber of Commerce but inexplicably signed up for only four months rather than the normal year term.

Judging by figures York supplied National On-Campus Report, over \$20,000 in advertising credit was extended him by the nation's college newspapers. He said some of the papers wrote

him saying their policy was cash with order for out-of-town advertisers and he claims he sent these papers a check in advance for the ad. But most papers accepted the ad on credit. York seems to have honest intentions of settling up the whopping national advertising bill he has so quickly run up but it is not known whether he has sufficient cash reserves to cover the bills if his scholarship list doesn't sell as anticipated.

York's prospects of success aren't enhanced by a late entry into the "unclaimed scholarship" information business. A new advertisement, virtually a word-for-word imitation of York's but bearing a Los Angeles address, hit college newspapers nationally a few weeks after York's appeared. The competitor offers what is apparently the identical list for \$10.95. About the imitator York says, "There isn't a damn thing I can do about it since my list isn't copyrighted." 

Vassar (Cont.)

continued from pg. 15

"I finally saw the movie in Chicago. I think they exaggerated the talking some, but, other than that, to me that's typically Nashville. Politics and all."

The crowd wants to hear "Orange Blossom Special," but Vassar forgets and they leave the stage. As soon as he's reminded, they hit the stage again, to the delight of the crowd, going from "Will the Circle Be

Unbroken" into "Special," with snatches of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" thrown in.

They go off again and the crowd yells for more. "Hey, Vassar, we oughta do another number," someone says. Just as he turns to go back on the stage, the lights come up. "Why'd they turn the lights on?" he snaps.

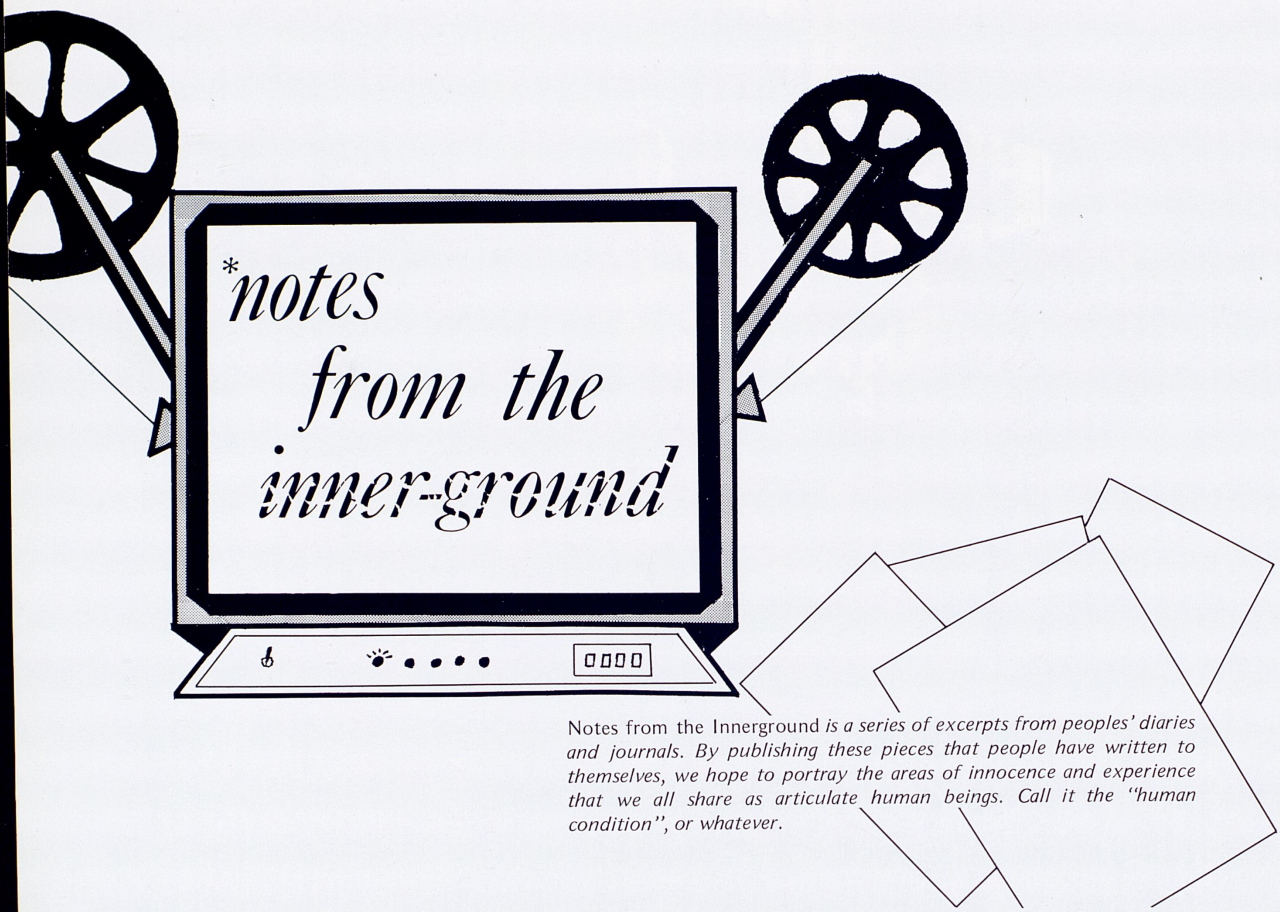
He said he's not surprised by the new popularity of bluegrass music. "That's not surprising, 'cause they call things bluegrass that's far from the bluegrass that I know about. Some of the things they call bluegrass don't

even have a banjo. I think that's a requirement for strictly bluegrass. It's the whole bluegrass way.

"If they're gonna call the rest of it bluegrass, why, that could include Jerry Lee Lewis, Perry Como, all of 'em. Everybody has a little blues, you know . . ."

"But I like the way they've spread out. That way they keep learnin' somethin'."

- Pam Parrish



Notes from the Innerground is a series of excerpts from peoples' diaries and journals. By publishing these pieces that people have written to themselves, we hope to portray the areas of innocence and experience that we all share as articulate human beings. Call it the "human condition", or whatever.

September 17, 1975

Getting out of bed is a particularly singular experience in the human gamut because it brings into play so many emotions.

The first emotion is fear.

"Oh, God, another day and I'm still in this frigging bed."

At this point the sleeper can do one of three things:

1. Get up.
2. Go back to sleep.
3. Lay there like an idiot thinking and philosophizing about it.

I confess, I'm number three most of the time.

I've spent some of my happiest moments in bed though. Thinking, developing fantasies or what have you.

I've begun to relate to an underground comic I read once, where the character in the strip couldn't face the world so he decided to just stay in the bathtub all the time. He turned it into a car, which he wrecked and he had to limp from the wreck all wrinkled up like a prune.

I'm the same guy, only in bed.

Fantasies are great, sort of like Charles Atlas Body Building courses for the mind.

I don't retreat into fantasies so much to escape reality as to just get a change of pace from day to boring day.

Possibly, I have a rare talent. I put fantasy and reality together into one big million dollar lump and become an actor. Sort of an unpaid Dustin Hoffman.

When I read the *Strawberry Statement*, I became James S. Kunen. When I saw *Lenny*, I became Lenny Bruce, when I saw the Monster that ate Philadelphia—well.

The best way to describe me is an intellectual chameleon.

I change intellectual colors at will. I am an eternal actor.

I feel now that I've wasted a sufficiently decent amount of time in bed writing nonsensical ramblings. I've steeled myself properly with the inevitable encounter with the "real" world, which isn't all that bad today.

A little sun, a few birds, it will be mildly amusing.

P.B.

March 2, 1975

Good night with B. We talked. He read the most recent pages of this diary. I can't get away from roommate's radio right now and so can't think too clearly. B. didn't say much about what he read, and it was hard for me to explain. We are discovering at times how different our minds work; something like he's more literal and I'm more abstract. That makes our straight conversations sometimes very awkward, with every other line having to be translated into the other's dialect. We communicate best when dancing, or

touching. The problem with us really getting anything through talking is my never wanting to "come down to earth." It's like I have to pull down my soul and slip it into a brown paper bag to contain it, to be "practical." I'm always the giggly child trying to keep a straight face in church because all the grown-ups look so serious.

B. said last night that one of the reasons he had gotten sick was losing sight of the fact that at least half of what we spend time doing in the outside world is a little game—he begins to take it seriously gets tangled up in it, starts sacrificing

self-space and falls right in the middle of Kansas. I've watched him do that many times.

The difference in our ways of letting the same thing happen, is that I never once forget the whole thing is a game. I go parading around with this very condescending air—as if my presence in the everyday ordinary world were the joke of all time. There is very little that I don't take as some kind of joke. In my center I don't even believe in Kansas. Some little part of me insists on believing that the everyday world is really, in fact, just like

my inner world, and that Kansas is just some huge joke everyone is playing on me that they don't really mean. I keep thinking everyone else is aware of that joke just as often as I am. It's just amazing how many of the tangles stem from this point right here. I expect everyone to understand the world just as I do, I go ahead and act as if they did—and then the paper bag numbers start. That's when I'm told I'm an over-emotional, pseudosensitive, manic depressive, hysterical, perverted, hypocritical, neurotic, crazy ego-maniac. That's when I get lectured

to, when I lose jobs, fail classes, etc.

I suppose I need to learn how to be "practical", as a term to include all the efficient, care-taking things I can't seem to handle, without having to pretend I'm a paper bag. How do you do that I wonder?

N.S.

October 1975

Open 24 Hours Anna's Wee Wash It Coin Op Laundry. It is October 3, the crisp and blue, full of light and shadows. One side of High Street rests in the shade, the sun has not risen over the buildings. It is early yet. A young woman sits in a yellow hard-back chair. She is listening to her sheets and towels tumble. Her baby contentedly sucks one white exposed breast. The woman is unconcerned at her half nakedness. It is necessary for the baby. A black man with a cigar stuck in

his face is watching the shadows slide along the street. In America it is not polite for a black man to see a white breast. And so he turns his head to watch the morning. Anna is jingling the money in her apron pockets and killing flies with a green fly swatter. The flies are trying to get in from the cold. Winter will arrive shortly. "Seven!" Anna says and flicks her fly-swatter. The clothes are soft and warm after drying.

N.M.D.

October 1975

Right there. I want everything I see to stay right there. Don't move. You're moving. So many motions confuse me. I want every thing to stop, to hold steady while I sit back and look at it. Figure out what it is. But it keeps moving. What are you? Kaleidoscope. Calliope. There are some bastards from a Fellini movie running through my head. What time is it? Christ! will you please be still? I want to know about it. The monkeys in the Bo Gardens, the haunted classrooms. I am looking at myself in a mirror. I can't tell who I am.

The eyes keep shifting, the mouth drools, the skin melts like wax. What is it? I want to know you, but it keeps changing. I just want one piece of something solid to hang on to. Why must it change before I understand it?

N.M.D.

October 1975

Strange little man, W. F. He used to wear jeans, T-shirts and live in a little

house on Columbia. He now has his shirts laundered, wears business suits, lives in a \$50,000 house and works in a city made of concrete and glass. Even has a gold plaque with his name on the door. "I want a new car. I want a boat. I want a raise." Is that what college does? Makes bureaucrats out of young people? All that shit doesn't matter. What is important is lying under a pile of leaves watching the light filter through.

"I crossed two sets of tracks."

How does it feel?

"I think I'm losing my mind, but I'll

get adjusted."

Exactly what I'm afraid of.

N.M.D.

October 1975

I'm looking at the buildings. Monuments to stagnation and someone else's stupidity. In. 1969 they shouldn't have stopped with the ROTC building.

B.B.

June 1975

I once knew a girl who lit her extra-long cigarettes with thick kitchen

matches. She always stared at the flame at the tip of the match before she lit her cigarette in a quick, nervous fashion. She always sat crosslegged while she smoked and bounced her left knee rapidly up and down like a leaf fluttering from a tree.

Whenever she got mad, Shelia would stand stiff and tall with clenched fists and count slowly to ten. You used to see stuff like this in the '50's B-westerns where the white hat would try to remain calm after being belted over a saloon table, but for

some reason it never worked. But it worked for Shelia. I mean, she really calmed down.

S.M.

April 1975

I am tired. I am tired of fading in and out on the edge of the shadow of words. I am tired of hearing no thoughts worth hearing. I am sick of your intellectual bullshit. I am disgusted that year after year I am fed the same meaningless

motions and given the same trite words, handed down to me year after year like a stale cracker. When you're starving for one thing substantial nothing sucks like a stale cracker. Get me out of here. I want things that exist not a bunch of moths eating my brain. They feed on my thoughts until nothingness is left, until I become as meaningless and non-existent as they. I WANT SOMETHING REAL DAMN YOU! I want to feel alive. Touch the grass, get a sunburn, kiss B.F., make a mudpie. I want to feel the world and to understand what is real.

... I can't tell who I am.

... long cigarettes with thick kitchen

... understand what is real. ... and to

The do-dos are dead. The armadillos are close behind. Do you know how bad I to touch an armadillo? It will be real and I want to feel its realness before it becomes another dead word. Before I become a dead word.

N.M.D.

February 7, 1975

2 a.m. parent's house. Restless. Have been here four days with the flu. It seems I write about once a week now, if that

much. Every day there is more to write about, and every day I am more aware of the limited scope of my vocabulary. My world is expanding so fast that I cannot even guess at the boundaries any more. Everything seems sharp and poignant to me, as if it were the last week ever to be and we were all aware of it. B. says that no, it is the first week ever. Right.

N.S.

March 22, 1975

I change my mind. The real world is much more attractive and easier to function in than the university world. The latter makes us compete at meaningless games, estimate our own worths according to arbitrary ratings, try hard at something which will never count for anything. It only works in its own world. And you can't stay in it forever unless you become expert at playing the game. So, after four years, they eject you into the real world (well, at least it is more

so.) and none of them care that you read *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* or wrote a paper on Eden mythology. And if you get to be like me, you don't care either. Just was something to have done, like a lost lover. ("What did you do in college, Mommy?" "Well, I tried to get an A in Dr. Meyer's class and I tried to get to know Charlie Dever." "Did it work out?" "I don't think so. But it doesn't seem to matter now. It's all because my paper on Eden mythology wasn't what he was looking for." "And Charlie Dever?" "I got an incomplete, guess it has been

changed to an E by now. I haven't checked my records since I graduated.")

I think I want to go the traditional route. No more cloudy ambitions. Something concrete. A house with two mortgages, a couple of kids, a good husband, cooking supper and washing dishes, and shopping for bargains on furniture and food, sewing. At least then I would know exactly where I am.

I think I am headed for some kind of emotional disaster.

G.S.A.

September 1975

I went through the motions of sanity and being today. I sat in a chair and drank a cup of coffee, talked reasonably with friends, ate dinner (one egg, baked beans, and a waffle) watched TV, studied and did all other things human beans do. But I think, as I thought all day, I shall die if I never see you again. I have put off going to bed as long as I can. I don't want to be alone, just alone with you.

N.M.D.

February 11, 1975

Adolescent boys in junior high school used to stuff their hands in their pockets to hide the bulging protuberance in their pants as they cross the dance floor in their stocking feet. They weren't always sure why it happened—some of the fellows thought it was a bone—others clung to a cause and effect analysis, because it happened after they had looked under a lunch-room table and up a girl's dress.

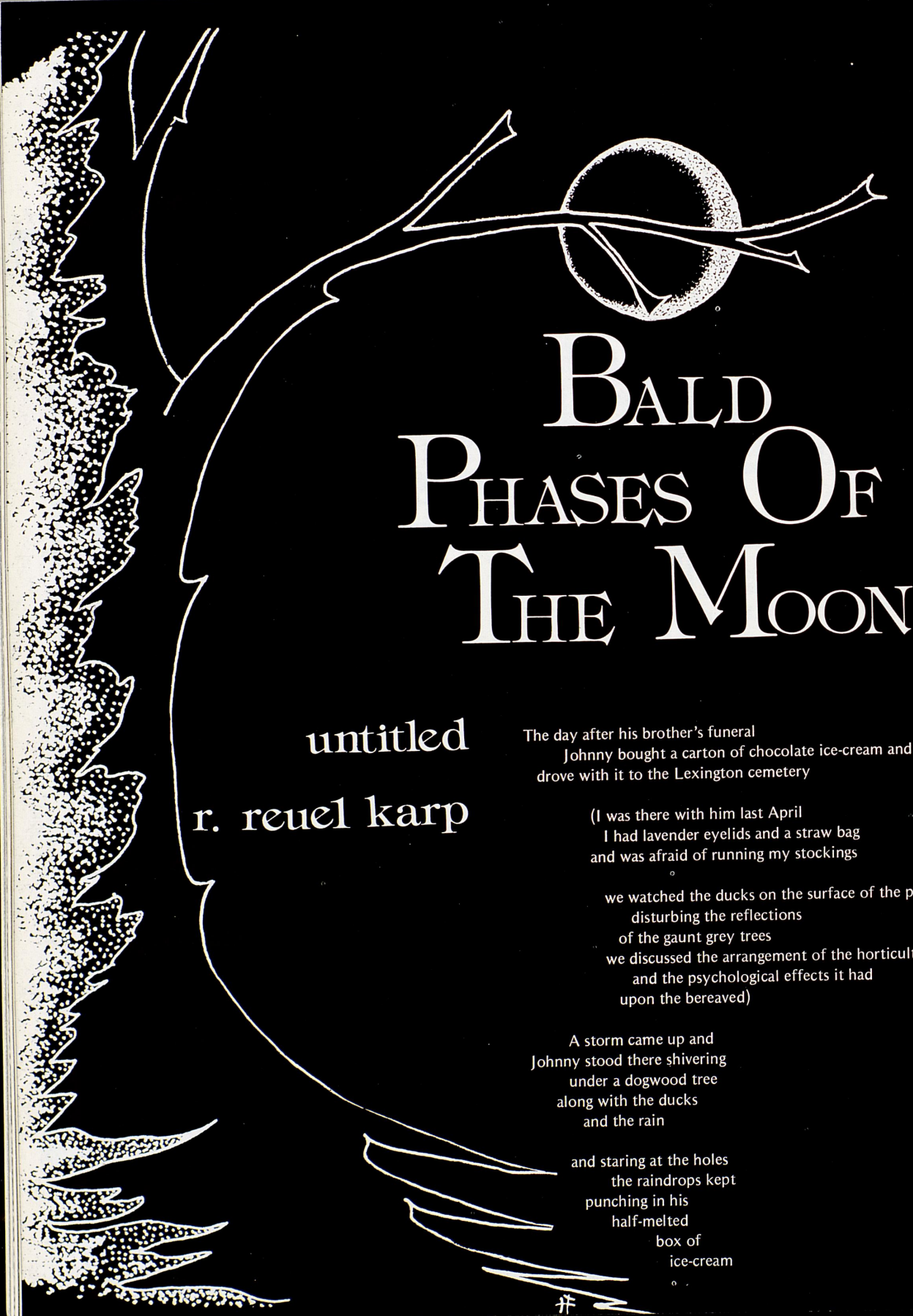
S.M.

March 1975

Everyone goes through that time in life when you think being a teenager is permanent and 18 is old age, when you know what you want more than your parents do—everyone I knew had a different and forceful way of dealing with parents that tried to restrict or inquire of their comings and goings. Tommy put on his Blues Magoos "Electric Comic Book" album with the volume UP. Susan shut herself up in the only bathroom and pretended to be sick for half an hour. I always edged out of the room whenever

my mother was lecturing me, still answering her as I slipped into my bedroom. I didn't have enough courage to just clam up, so we kept talking in the same tone of voice, asking each other to repeat things if we didn't hear them the first time.

S.M.



BALD
PHASES OF
THE MOON

untitled
r. reuel karp

The day after his brother's funeral
Johnny bought a carton of chocolate ice-cream and
drove with it to the Lexington cemetery

(I was there with him last April
I had lavender eyelids and a straw bag
and was afraid of running my stockings

we watched the ducks on the surface of the pond
disturbing the reflections
of the gaunt grey trees
we discussed the arrangement of the horticulture
and the psychological effects it had
upon the bereaved)

A storm came up and
Johnny stood there shivering
under a dogwood tree
along with the ducks
and the rain

and staring at the holes
the raindrops kept
punching in his
half-melted
box of
ice-cream

并

buber's is a living g-d r. reuel karp

The Baptists' is perpetually dying
hung-up whole and bleeding
like a chicken in some back-woods grocery
and the liberals' is gone on sabbatical
But mine
the restless god of the Traveling Woman
who knows the light of truck-stops
and the warmth of a single shirt
was last observed on I-65
in faded pants and stubborn shoes
and clutching a paper-bag
of her belongings
thumbing her way out to Nowhere
leaving us no phone-number
or forwarding address
nor any way to reach her

untitled g. g. hofelich

- I. Coughing and hacking
till his chest hangs limp
like a balloon, once water-full,
stomp-smashed and hung up on a stick to dry out
and sag down like reminiscing bout old days, fuller.
Daddy rocks
in the chair in the ruts
that go backward
till the runner scrapes the wall;
and dad pushes the rocker back, away.
And into the center of the room
where he can't scratch or harm at all, he seldom
goes out for fresh air anymore;
or leaves off the rocking
(he's grown attached like that). So,
there's not much you or I can do
but go to the store for
more cigarettes.

(Cont.)

- II. With a cigarette filter-tip
burnt out and
limp on the lip,
he starts to speak to me till the butt
falls in his lap. Harmless as a daily route the fire's gone.
- III. Keeping train-time, slow at crossings
he's forgot the words that make connections, so
he sits, ticket-window silent.
Shadows come and go on pullman flyers, his eyes
sentinel-wide and yellow at the edges till
I can hardly tell them from the smoke,
bore into the window and shoot the curtains off
like a shotgun sharp-shoot
out after long-johns on the line.
Dirty laundry out to air.
If he sees through anything,
he won't tell.
So the haze just settles that much more, and
I tell him I'm just passing through.
- IV. I think he hears more than he sees
like the click-sound as I roar down the track
heading for who knows where.
I tell him I'm just passing through;
no million-dollar-case-schizo-madness for me!
He reminds me then that he's the star of this extravaganza,
and tells me nickelodian tales, (step right up) of things
he'll never do.
Louder than clown bands; cally-ope mad; he conjures lies
before our very eyes;
he sees his mind in two.
But the tent is down and the troupe on the road
before he can get his act together again.
So he sticks there in the sawdust
and watches the local swains stiff their fists
and push them into their empty pockets, to mutter
about side show rip-offs
as the painted-train pulls out of town.
- V. Lately, he doesn't even wave
or look up when I go by.
Shadows and dreams have long-since come conducting,
accustomed and regular-as-takin-ticket,
to sit in their own rockers. Making ruts
to keep him company in the coach.
But he's still sharp enough to hear the humming
in the tracks as they vibrate; or whistle,
like a boiler, primed as a teapot with fire underneath:
his breathing grows more labored each day.
I know he loves me or he wouldn't hang on.
Fuming like a smokestack at war with the sun
he burns with a crazy tilt; the fire
flick-tickling his kettle belly
till the steam blows and my father screams, "I'm done!"
And I charge out of the room full-speed;
smoking up track; bearing him home.



Follies (Cont.)

Sonny Collins seemed to sink within himself as he ceased running in his usual undaunted, breakaway style and totaled a scant 37 yards.

KENTUCKY AT FLORIDA

The Cats found themselves caught in the lair of a pack of angry Gators and were viciously mauled by the embarrassing score of 48-7. It marked the worst UK defeat since the hapless days of John Ray, when Tennessee enjoyed a 45-0 laugh.

Injuries forced Curci to use four quarterbacks, the fourth being Derrick Ramsey, who had played tight end since the Penn State game four weeks previous. The big sophomore ended up as UK's top ground gainer with 72 yards in 13 carries despite playing less than one half.

Tolston, the starter, injured his knee early in the second quarter, with Florida already leading 20-0.

Freshman Mike Shutt quarterbacked the next two brief series, fumbling both times. The second bobble set up Florida's final touchdown of the half which made it 27-0.

Hite also came on and tried to move the Cats before the half, out the Gator defense dominated. Shutt started the second half, but suffered an ankle sprain and on came Ramsey.

TENNESSEE AT KENTUCKY

The Cats received a mid-week shock as the University announced its internal investigation of possible NCAA violations and student code violations. As a result, Wildcat player mumblings took the tone of "What's going to happen to us next?"

It seemed like that's just what the Cats were thinking as Tennessee waltzed all over them for 17 points in the first 17 minutes.

As Ramsey tried to push the Wildcats into gear, Florida quarterback Don Gaffney (178 yards passing, two TD's) and running backs Jimmy Dubose and Tony Green were having a field day, running wild through the Kentucky defense.

Collins made somewhat of a comeback, gaining 68 yards in three quarters of play, but the defense was severely limited by injuries to ends Art Still and Rick Fromm and tackle Bob Winkle.

The Gators, still smarting from UK's 41-24 regional TV win in 1974, were shooting for a bid to the Gator Bowl. All Kentucky had to

look forward to was a win over Tennessee the following week—its last chance for salvation.

Tennessee opened the game with a drive which ended with a field goal by barefoot kicker Jim Gaylor. After Pierce missed from midfield, Tennessee gained possession on the 20-yard line. On the next play from scrimmage, tailback Stanley Morgan took a handoff and cut through the line. He didn't stop until he'd set foot in the end zone 80 yards away.

A 36-yard reception by Vol split end Larry Seivers spurred Tennessee's final TD drive and set the stage for UK's determined but unsuccessful comeback efforts.

Two minutes into the second quarter, trailing 17-0, the Cats' chances for a rally looked dismal. But Kentucky, behind starter Ramsey, began a drive which needed an eight-yard run off a fake punt by Pete Gemmill to stay alive.

The chicannery paid off as Ramsey scored on a 37-yard jaunt and UK trailed 17-7 at the half.

The third quarter was dotted with missed opportunities for both squads, including a missed field goal by Pierce, and cornerback Ray Carr's end-zone interception of a Tennessee pass, which snuffed out a potential Vol touchdown.

With only eight minutes left in the game and UK trailing by 10, it was time to go to the air. Ramsey scrambled out of the pocket, eluded tacklers and nailed Dave Trosper with a 77-yard touchdown pass—far and away UK's longest pass of the season, and Ramsey's first TD aerial of his short career.

Not to be content with the possibility of a tie, Curci elected to attempt a two-point conversion. Ramsey was sacked on the play, but Wildcat players, coaches and fans were more upset by the fact that there was no offside penalty on the play. "Their man bumped our center—an obvious offside," Curci said later.

A last gasp UK drive failed when Hite came in and was stopped cold on a fourth down scramble. A determined effort but to no avail. The 1975 edition finished a frustrating season at 2-8-1.

Curci remained confident. "It's got to happen for Kentucky sometime," he said. With another good recruiting year, he might be right. Perhaps.

But one thing is certain. When UK fans look back on the 1975 football season, it won't be wins and losses they'll remember.

Walter H. Hinson

Coaches

They're people, too

*h*ow can you like a man with a 2-8-1 record?

That's an attitude Fran Curci will be held subject to until his teams can change it (or until the end of time — which ever comes first).

But his precarious predicament is really no fault of his. Curci had nothing to do with those more successful days of Wildcat football that occurred over two decades ago and that contributed in setting a small, yet representative portion of the mounting unfair precedences that exist all over in the sports world today.

Yes, how cruel at times a memory can be, for though the number of those who were around in the late 40's and early 50's to witness the extraordinary Paul Bryant era is gradually dwindling, the various and delightful stories, anecdotes, facts and victories that serve to perpetuate such a legend will never die.

Twenty-two years have passed since the Bear left Lexington, yet the desperate desire among the ever-faithful lovers of UK football to emulate him have hardly diminished.

Blanton Collier, who eventually had to settle for a head coaching position with the future World Champion Cleveland Browns of the National Football League, gave it the ol' college try for eight seasons, but even when he realized it was time to bid farewell to the Bluegrass State in 1961, he had done little more than secure a distant second place position in the UK football history book.

Then came Charlie Bradshaw, who since his post-UK days has obviously been less in the public limelight, for an inglorious seven year stretch, which was followed by a similar four year stint from John Ray and his regime, before the former was

relegated to be a defensive coach for the Buffalo Bills of the American Football Conference in the NFL. (Similar plights have also besieged several of the discouraged Kentucky assistant football coaches of the past such as Don Shula, Chuck Knox, and Bill Arnsparger.)

Now, of course, it's Curci, a 37-year-old former All-American quarterback from Miami, who as UK head coach has just completed his third season — a season which has been by far his most disastrous.

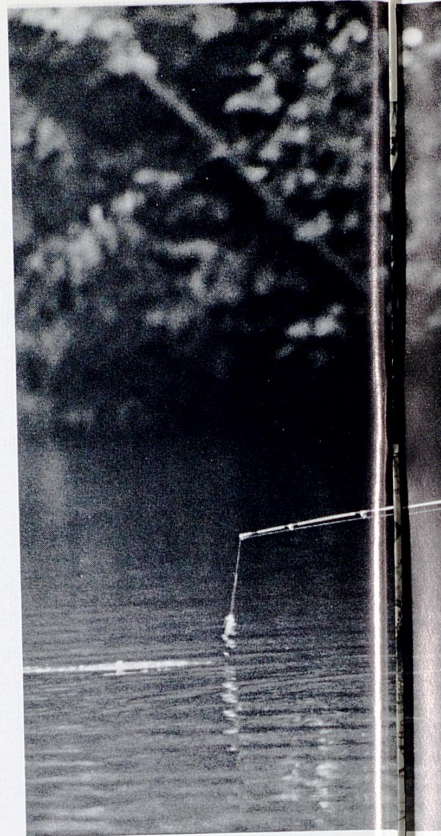
But in his first year he somewhat impressively finished 5-6, narrowly missing an opportunity to record Kentucky's first winning record since 1965 when a courageous Wildcat team lost a thrilling 16-14 season finale to Tennessee in Commonwealth Stadium, and last year he did achieve that previously elusive milestone with a 6-5 record, which also presumably set the stage for the five-year contract he was offered and accepted once the season was over.

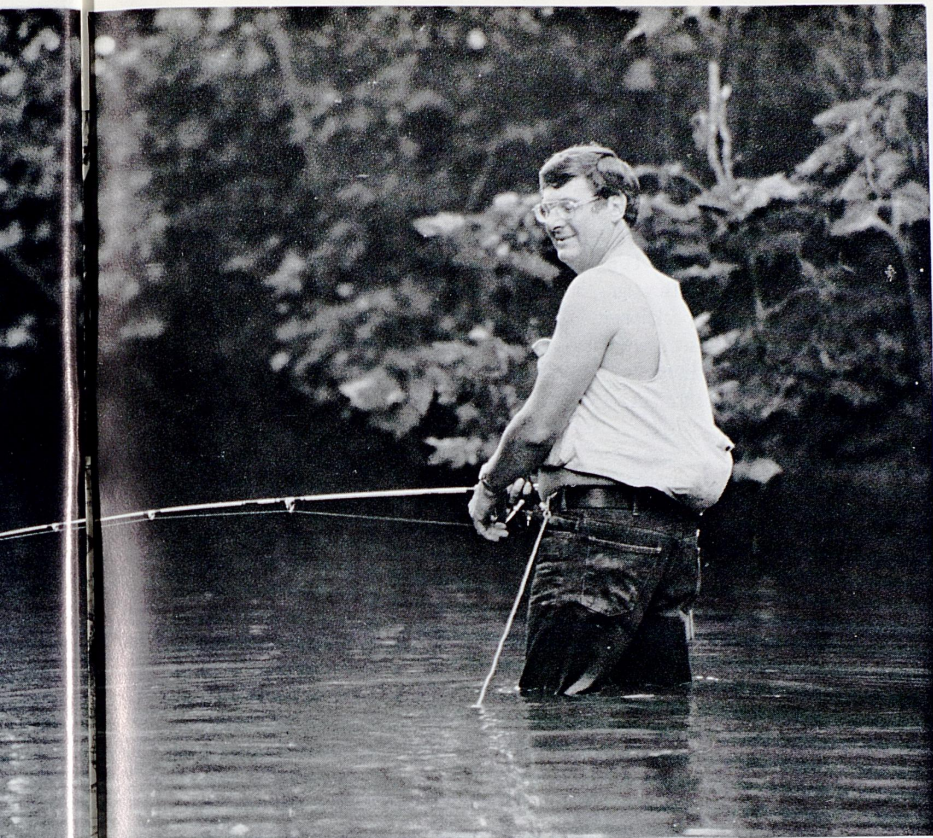
Without a doubt, somebody liked Fran Curci then. In the wake of the more recent and commonplace failings of other UK coaches, it seems Wildcat patriots let loose a sigh of relief in the hope that they had at last discovered the one who would become comparable to their long lost hero.

But more explicitly, just what are the components of such an unfair precedence as this that looms relentlessly (and yet unconsciously) like a lead balloon over almost every Kentucky backer who aspires to build the UK football program into the "best it can possibly be"?

Well, simply stated and to name a few, how about Bryant's:

— Four trips to bowl games in five years from 1947 to 1952 (giving





— Lee Thomas

Kentucky football its first and only bowl appearances ever and which include a startling 13-7 victory in the 1951 Sugar Bowl over the nation's number one ranked and highly touted Oklahoma Sooners).

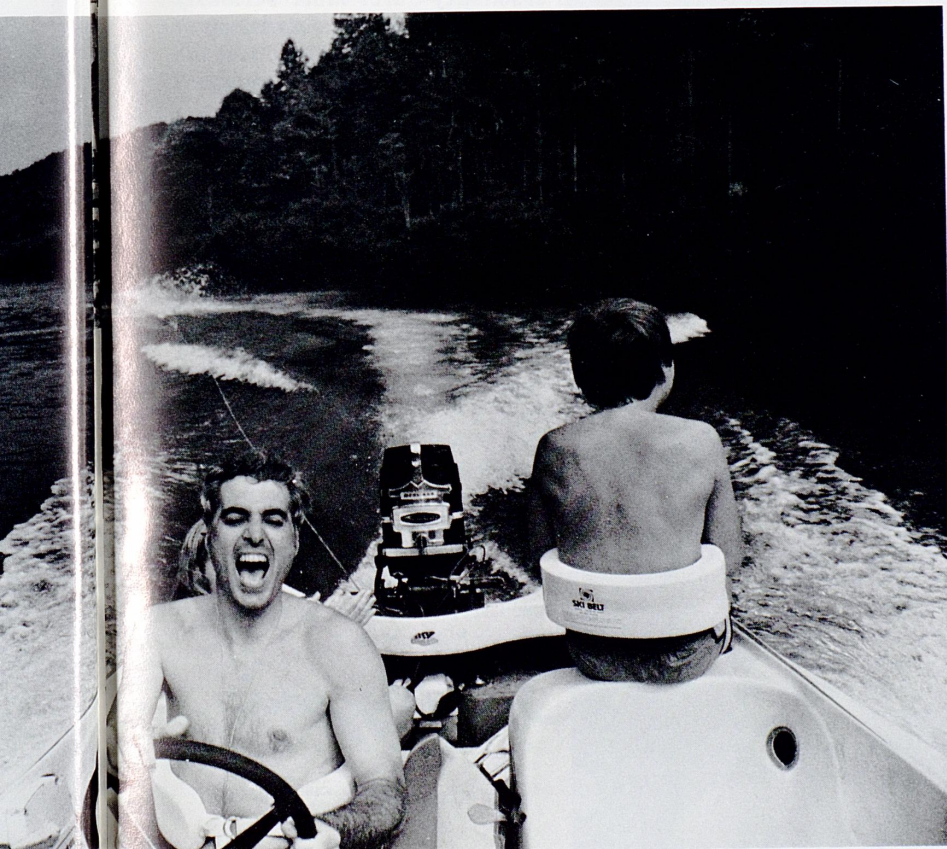
— Career record (at Kentucky) of 60-23-5 for a winning percentage of .710.

— Ability to mold top-notch players like Vito Parilli, George Blanda and Bob Gain.

— And subsequent success at Alabama, which undoubtedly lends much to the imagination of the disenchanted Kentucky football enthusiast when he ventures to dream of what the UK program would be like today had Bryant never left Wildcat Country.

With things like that, Curci faces virtually insurmountable odds and can expect to experience many lonely days and lonely nights, but at least he isn't completely alone on the homefront.

Look at the legend (compliments of



Ever wonder what coaches do when they're not throwing their coats on basketball floors, flinging rolled-up game plans to the turf, screaming at referees, cheering wildly or performing other occupational duties?

Photographer Lee Thomas wondered too, and he managed to catch basketball coach Joe B. Hall and football coach Fran Curci in some rare off-season moments last summer. They had both taken a break from recruiting (a year-round chore) for a little relaxation.

Hall, an avid fisherman, packed up his rod and reel and headed for a stream in Cythiana, his hometown. Hall is known to take his players on fishing trips with him, and very often is accompanied by none other than Indiana University basketball coach Bobby Knight.

Curci and his family enjoyed a day of skiing at Buckhorn Lake, near Hazard, before spending a few leisurely days on a friend's houseboat.

Adolf Rupp) that basketball coach Joe Hall has had to follow, and especially the number of seasons that elapsed between the reigns of The Baron and his current predecessor — zilch. In this case there has been no intermediary to relieve tany of the even larger (by far) stockpile of pressure to produce. And don't think anybody's going to let Hall forget about it either — at least not as long as he's still at UK.

Check this out. In his 42 years as head basketball coach at Kentucky, Rupp:

- Won 4 NCAA titles.
- Coached six teams that finished their respective seasons ranked number one in the nation.
- Produced 21 All-American players (chosen 32 times).
- Won 27 SEC titles and compiled a career mark of 879 wins, and 190 losses for a winning percentage of .822.
- And contributed much to the actual development and progress of the game itself, such as his famed 1-3-1 zone defense.

Without a doubt Adolf Rupp was the biggest thing to hit college basketball since Dr. Naismith and Phogg Allen, and until Johnny Wooden.

That is the precedence Joe Hall is having to live up to and to say the least (though it may not seem so apparent at the present), he is walking across much thinner ice than is Curci. For because of the various circumstances and the much shorter time interval that separates Kentuckians from the days of their relevant hero, they are even less tolerant of basketball failings.

You might recall the wave of skepticism that rushed Hall when he was named to succeed Rupp after the Baron's final season in 1972 (and that was after he had been Rupp's number one assistant for seven years).

That torrent of disfavor temporarily receded, however, when he captured the Southeastern Conference crown in his first year at the helm.

Then there were the ever popular Fire Joe Hall bumper stickers after

he finished the 1973-74 season with a dismal 13-13 record, tying Rupp's worst season record in just his second year.

Now it would appear the tide has changed again for Hall, but that in no way means he is secure — it merely adds strength to the theory that "it's easier to like a man who guides your team to the runner-up spot of the NCAA tournament." (After all, who — except Ray Mears — could be "not liked" after taking the Wildcats that far.)

Since the mid-fifties it's always been "wait until basketball season" here in Kentucky.

Obviously most Wildcat patriots would like to shelf that phrase, but only by building the football program up to a competitive point of respectability that would make it unnecessary, never by allowing the basketball team to disgrace it.

Therefore at this point, though Curci can even get by without winning an SEC game, Hall had better not set his sights anywhere short of an SEC title. Another year or two like '74 and he'll be downing gelusil tablets and bottles of Maalox two-to-one to Curci — that is if he still has his job to worry about.

In spite of this adversity Hall does have several redeeming values, but they virtually apply to make him look better only when his season record has already made him look good.

A few of those redeeming values though, are his work in alleviating from the UK basketball program what was an apparent racist Rupp regime, and his attempt toward being more progressive with the times in his approach to coaching the team, something for which Rupp appeared glaringly deficient in his last few years.

Hall's done a lot since becoming head coach to sophisticate and improve his public image, too, but it's not likely he'll ever cease to be, at least in some sense, "Ol' Country Joe". Granted, that's all fine and dandy when you're winning, as Rupp would say in his Kansas twang, "But my Gawd, you never know who you're

friends are when you're losing."

Curci, on the other hand, came to Kentucky in a handsome package wrapped with charisma, inspiration and enthusiasm. As long as Curci says his boys gave it their all, he can lose and still come out looking good and smelling like roses. (And with the avalanche of diversity from the press that rolled over his team, its individuals and himself this season, Curci needed every endearing quality he could get his hands on in order to survive.)

Should he ever start winning consistently he could probably do just about anything he wanted in the Athletic Department except appoint himself Athletic Director in place of Cliff Hagan. (After all, there was even some talk of Curci becoming the second football coach-Athletic Director in the SEC back when he was still new here and everyone realized Harry Lancaster's days were numbered.)

But alas, "winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," and even Mr. Personality-Curci must seriously contend with the morbid memories of ancient Wildcat glories, lest he someday find himself pledging allegiance to another school.

For ultimately, the only way to come into totally adequate favor and to find reasonable security, Curci and Hall would literally have to rewrite UK history and make legends of their own names. But in order to do that they must first surpass the heroics of their old nemeses — and those feats alone are barely short of impossible.

Therefore in essence, a final and friendly note is in order to Fran Curci, Joe Hall and all the other courageous individuals who are attempting to fill oversized shoes that aren't their own:

If in the future you can't seem to satisfy everyone with the job you're doing, try not to take to heart the abuse that is directed your way — it's really nothing personal.

Jim Mazzoni

Chow down

The traditional pre-game meal used to be a standard item among athletic programs. But, like most traditions, the pre-game meal is no longer sacred. In fact, it has undergone radical change.

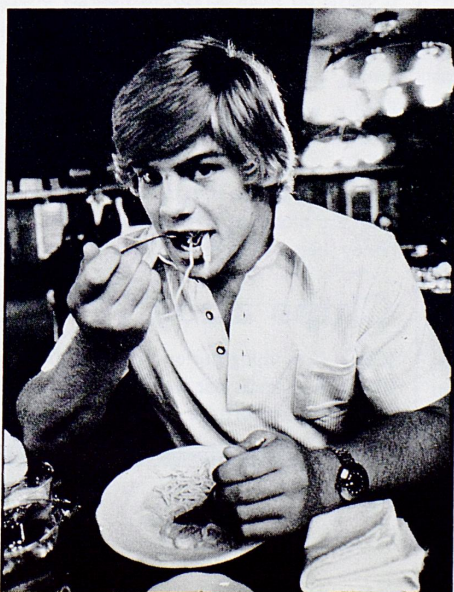
It all started when a physician on the west coast discovered that cross-country runners perform better when they have consumed a large amount of carbohydrates before running. Carbohydrates provide more energy than the standard proteins. What this meant was the runners would forsake the traditional steak dinner in favor of high-carbohydrate foods such as pancakes and pasta (spaghetti).

Soon, everyone had jumped onto the bandwagon, figuring pancakes and pasta would be more economical to feed an army of football players than steak, and would also hopefully produce players with more energy.

UK's Wildcats followed suit, and began filling up on the starches before each game. Players now consume either a stack of pancakes with maple syrup, or a plate of spaghetti, or both.

Whether or not the strange diet affects the caliber of play remains to be seen. But how in the world can anyone eat spaghetti and pancakes first thing in the morning, especially before a football game?

"Well," one player said, "usually, nobody eats much of anything. They're all too nervous."



Head coach Fran Curci (left) and assistant coach John Cooper (right) dig into their Big Macs.

Wildcat wide receiver Dallas Owens tidies up after polishing off a nourishing breakfast of spaghetti and/or pancakes.

Spaghetti for breakfast? It ain't Wheaties, but the carbohydrates help make for a good football player.

Signing lease (Cont.)

your landlord's permanent bank deposit, try to include in your lease a clause stipulating when your money should be returned and requiring an itemized accounting of all deductions made.

So you only pay for your own holes in the wall after finals, make sure you and your landlord inspect the place before you move in and make a written inventory of all damage. If he refuses to take the tour, take along a disinterested witness, have your inventory notarized and give the landlord a copy. Although legally shaky, such tactics have a "don't tread on me" effect which can prove valuable.

For more clout try using the model inventory checklist and security deposit contract available free from the Sacramento County Consumer Protection Bureau, 816 H. St., Sacramento, CA 95841. The model agreement resulted from a survey of landlords in the Sacramento area which found that of an estimated \$1.7 million in security deposits, over half the money was being withheld illegally. Confirming what many students know from experience, the bureau concluded that security deposits had become "an incredible ripoff."

3. **The lease of least resistance.** Although negotiating may be traumatic, you should try to change your lease before you sign it rather than rely on long and expensive legal action to vindicate you. In many places, local law hasn't yet caught up with basic human rights or the Constitution. Remember that any lease changes your landlord agrees to, as well as remodeling or repairs he's promised to make, should be written into the contract and initialed by both of you.

One factor in your favor: most landlords don't write their own lease, they just use whatever the local legal form supplier happens to carry. To take a dim view, this means they may know they're gypping you, but not exactly how. With some knowledge of your housing law, you (or better yet a group of tenants) can win back a few rights and survive until

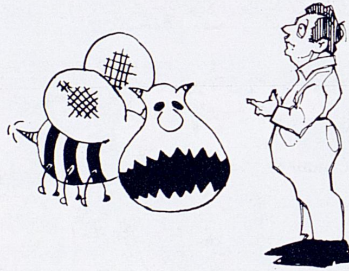
feudalism is officially declared dead.

One last tactic or symbolic protest, depending on your negotiating strength, is to present your landlord with your own lease. Try to let him sort through the winding language and fly-speck print. A good protenant model lease is available free from the National Housing and Economic Development Law Project, 2313 Warring St., Berkeley, CA 94704.

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To bee or not

(CPS)—Killer bees were just the first of a string of new insects which are finding homes in the US. Now a new species of yellow jackets has found its niche in urban rubbish heaps along the east coast during late summer, Cornell University entomologists reported.



The wasp, new to New York in the past two decades, is an expert scavenger which has gathered force in recent years. It feasts on steak scraps, hamburger bits, ice cream drippings and the remains of empty soda and beer bottles.

The new wasp is an immigrant from Europe which prefers densely populated areas and likes to build nests in people's houses. The wasps hang around garbage cans, old houses and barbecue pits and they are more apt to sting than ordinary honey bees, Cornell entomologists said.

Chips ahoy

(CPS)—Cow dung hurled by a new member of the Kansas Bar soared 184 feet as a new world's record for cow chip throwing

was set over Labor Day weekend.

Dan Watkins credited a careful selection of dung for his record-breaking throw. Watkins noticed that fresh chips tend to be heavier than chips that have had a chance to dry out.

So while other contestants at the Old Settlers Day Festival in Russell Springs, KS threw chips like frisbees or discs, Watkins reared back and tossed his heavy, fresh chip like a baseball.

Later Watkins explained that he "picked a round, green cow chip just about six inches in diameter. I just threw it as far as I could."

Pie are square

One reason last spring's pie-facing fad was so short-lived was that there were many people who didn't think it was all that funny.

One who didn't was a U. of Kansas psychology professor who got chocolate-creamed in the face by a student in his classroom last May. He pressed battery charges against the student, allegedly a member of the Brotherhood of Pieface Assassins.

Last month the student, free on \$500 bond, got a full jury trial at which his supporters marched wearing pie-tin helmets and bearing signs reading, "If pies were outlawed, only outlaws would have pies," "Walk softly and carry a big pie."

The student testified that the professor's students had chipped in to raise a \$20 fee for the pie hit but that the student never received his pay.

The professor said, "I filed the complaint because the student had disrupted my professional activities. Someone had to set a limit."

The 12 members of the jury listened diligently to testimony about such points as the incident itself, the extent of stain damages to the professor's clothes, the degree of force used in detaining the pie-thrower, and the professor's popularity—or lack of same—with his students. After four hours of deliberation, the jury reported that it was hopelessly deadlocked.

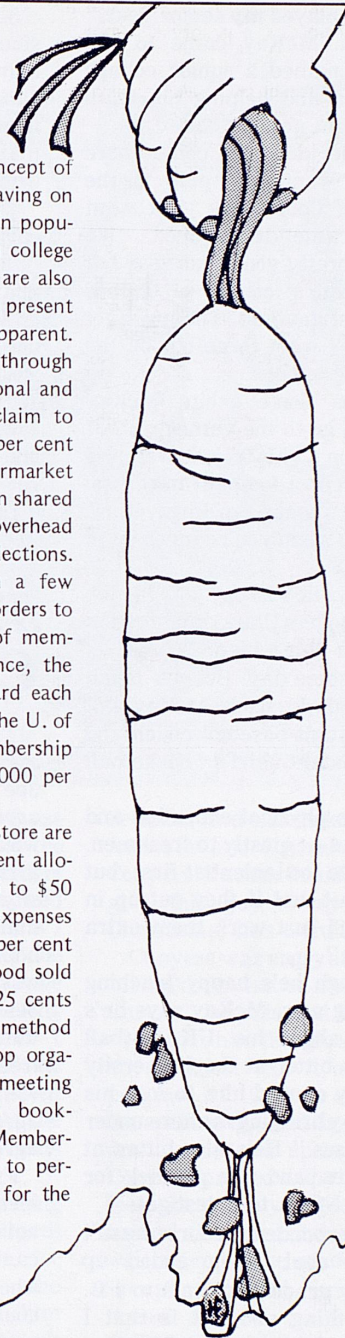
Chew it, don't spew it

There is nothing new about the concept of food co-operatives but this means of saving on the grocery bills has taken a big leap in popularity in the past year on the nation's college and university campuses. But students are also discovering that establishing a co-op can present more obstacles than would be readily apparent.

Co-ops purchase food directly through wholesale distributors or through regional and state co-operative associations. The claim to pass along from 15 per cent to 50 per cent savings as compared to prevailing supermarket prices. The savings come primarily from shared labor, group buying power and lower overhead made possible by lessened frills and selections.

Food co-ops range in scope from a few households that pool weekly produce orders to well financed stores with thousands of members. At the U. of Maine, for instance, the veterans club and the off-campus board each sponsor co-ops of about 50 members. The U. of Tennessee food co-op has an active membership of over 1,000 and grosses nearly \$20,000 per month.

Co-ops that actually have a stocked store are usually financed by a student government allocation or a membership fee of from \$5 to \$50 that pays for the inventory. Operating expenses come from either a small markup (10 per cent to 20 per cent on the actual cost of food sold or a small fluctuating assessment, say 25 cents per week, on each member. The latter method is preferred by experienced food co-op organizers because it assures a method of meeting expenses and it avoids complicated book-keeping involved in marking-up stock. Membership also often carries a commitment to perform several hours of work a month for the co-op.



Like many ideas that look good on paper, food co-ops are often hindered by unanticipated real-world problems.

For over a year student government leaders at Notre Dame have been attempting to get their co-op off the ground. It was approved by U. officials last winter and was to have opened with the beginning of this school year. But the organizers were unable to sell sufficient memberships in the unproven institution and credibility suffered a set-back when organizers were unable to find a suitable physical location for the proposed store. Another membership drive and site search is presently underway.

It has taken U. of Maryland organizers over a year to get their food co-op underway. The group received \$15,000 for equipment from the student government last summer but since these were legally state funds, they could not be used for food inventory. The organizers there also had difficulties finding a suitable location but recently negotiated a lease for a basement room in the student union. That co-op is expected to open full-scale after the winter holidays.

At Northwestern U. local zoning laws proved to be an obstacle. Although the Georgia Tech student government food co-op is reportedly a success, the student government at Georgia State U. failed to attract sufficient interest in their co-op and so it was disbanded last month. The student government at The American U. (Washington, D.C.) is finally set to open after a year's negotiation with administrators over on-campus space.

Numerous other food co-ops are either operating successfully or in various stages of being established, although not all follow the same success formula. Three Marshall U. (W. Va.) students took it upon themselves to form a food co-op on their own (and without committee bickering). It is modestly successful after a very short period of time. At the U. of Oregon, the non-profit buying organization which serves fraternity kitchens and other living units opened up a store and will now serve all students.

James E. (Dinky) McKay, a former UK quarterback who was declared ineligible for the 1973-74 season because of a National College of Athletics Association (NCAA) violation, says he's bitter because he didn't get to play football his senior year and considered suing the University for negligence.

Dinky McKay

McKay, who graduated last May, is now a health and physical education instructor varsity football offense coordinator at George Rogers Clark High School in Winchester.

"At one time I was thinking about suing the University but in the long run I decided it would hurt me more than help me," McKay said. He said he wanted to coach and was afraid the publicity from a suit would hurt his chances of getting a job.

McKay lost his eligibility because he had competed in football practice and received financial aid before satisfying a NCAA regulation concerning junior college transfers to a major institution.

McKay did not graduate from Mississippi Gulf Coast Junior College until after he had been admitted to UK and his high school class ranking and college admission scores, when applied to an NCAA national prediction table, indicated he would not be likely to maintain a 1.6 grade point average at a major institution.

"I didn't know about the regulation but Coach (John) Ray who brought me up here should have known about it. The whole thing really messed up my senior year. Things might have been different for me if I'd played that year," he said.

The NCAA investigation sprang up after several stories appeared in the Kentucky Kernel in spring 1973 concerning a claim by Mary Oldiges, then an English sophomore, that she received \$60 from the athletic department for completing several assignments and a correspondence course term paper for McKay.

"That semester was a big hassle. I might have had a chance at a pro

career if I'd played my senior year," McKay said. McKay came to UK after being named a junior college All-American and helping his team win 21 straight games.

McKay decided to come here because he wanted to play in the Southeastern Conference (SEC) but he soon became discouraged. "We started out pretty good that year but after we lost a couple of games everyone just gave up. The guys got so they didn't want to go out on the field."

UK games don't excite McKay anymore. "I go to the games when I can but I don't like to just watch. I enjoy high school football more now because that's what I'm involved in. It's more fun when you're involved in it."

McKay says he's happy with his job at George Rogers Clark, but hopes to coach in a big high school in Mississippi some day. Besides being assistant football coach, McKay will also be assistant baseball coach and maybe assistant girl's basketball coach.

He teaches physical education and health classes — mostly to freshmen. "I was a little too lenient at first, but I've found out that if they cut up in health class I just work them extra hard in P.E."

Even though he's happy teaching and coaching now, McKay says he's still bitter about his UK football career. He's bitter at the University because they caused him to lose his eligibility "by bringing me here under false pretenses." He's also bitter at Mary Oldiges and the Kernel for causing the NCAA to investigate.

"The correspondence course wasn't that big a deal. They ended up dropping my grade from an A to a B. The funny thing about it is that I didn't need the class anyway" McKay said. "Because of that the NCAA came in and found the other violation."

"I'm bitter because I just happened to be the one to get caught."

LINDA CARNES

Some saw him as a David slinging stones at a Goliath, and others saw him as a cancer that might grow. Jimmy Conyers saw himself as a member of the kingdom of God, a man who had been "saved" and whose duty it was to spread the word.

There is, perhaps, some basis for each of these positions. A handful of "Christians" who braved the cold, and jeers of a basically unfriendly crowd, saw Conyers as an evangelist; unorthodox, but preaching God's word.

"He's a little different, but everything he's saying is the truth," one person said as Conyers, an ex-convict, was preaching in violation of a University regulation at the office tower plaza fountain last semester.

Jimmy Conyers

"The problem is not as simple as it appears on the surface," Harris said. Joe Burch, acting Dean of Students, agreed. "Conyers made it clear it would suit his purposes if he were arrested," Burch said. The University wanted to avoid creating a martyr. It would seem the time spent hoping the problem would disappear was wasted. Conyers met with the deans to discuss his right to speak and the University regulations governing free speech on campus. Conyers wanted to come "to some kind of agreement with the deans." No agreement was reached.

Free speech wasn't the question involved, according to Burch. "I'm not saying he can't speak at all, but he can't (arbitrarily) decide when and where. Following his reasoning, he could go into a classroom, remove a professor and begin preaching," Burch added.

After the meeting Conyers said, "I'm not trying to be smart, but I don't think it's sunk into their heads that the Lord sent me. God led me there and I have the right to break the rules. I have the right because God has the right."

Out of the Blue



— David Brown

The deans wanted Conyers to use the free speech areas in front of the Student Center and on the Student Center patio, but Conyers claimed "God wasn't getting their (students') attention down there." Indeed he wasn't. The one time Conyers spoke at the patio after the meeting ("because God wants me to show I don't just want to break the rules") he had an audience that fluctuated between two and four students. At the fountain as many as 150 students watched him preach.

Observers, however, got the feeling the crowds were waiting, like vultures that prey on others' misfortune, for something to happen to the evangelist. "Will they arrest him today?" they asked. But he wasn't arrested, even when one student filed a complaint with the campus police department about him. The police didn't take any action because they didn't have an arrest warrant for Conyers.

The Conyers watchers did have their moments. Conyers was pried,

heckled, and one student stood on the fountain and flashed cards behind Conyers' back that said, "I'm going to give this guy to my relatives for Christmas, he's a fruitcake."

Conyers was angry after the prying. "If he'd do that to me, he'd do it to Christ," he preached later that day. "I forgive him though, and I love him, but I didn't like it and didn't appreciate it." Conyers also confronted the student that had flashed the cards, and coaxed an apology from him. Conyers prayed with the student and later said the young man had "accepted the Lord Jesus Christ" and was saved. The student, however, inexplicably and hurriedly fled the scene.

Had Conyers been a student, the problem would have been almost literally academic. University sanctions as described in the Student Code of Rights and Responsibilities could have been used to prevent Conyers from preaching. If he had been a student. If he had been a university employe another set of

sanctions could have been used; but he was not, and the legal remedy was the only one available.

Burch said the charges of third degree criminal trespass and loitering seemed the most appropriate and that the only penalty for these violations of the criminal code would be a fine. He had said he did not want Conyers to go to jail.

Conyers said the threat of arrest, and a return to jail for breaking probation did not frighten him. "If they were to lock me up, I'd preach to the people in the jail," he said.

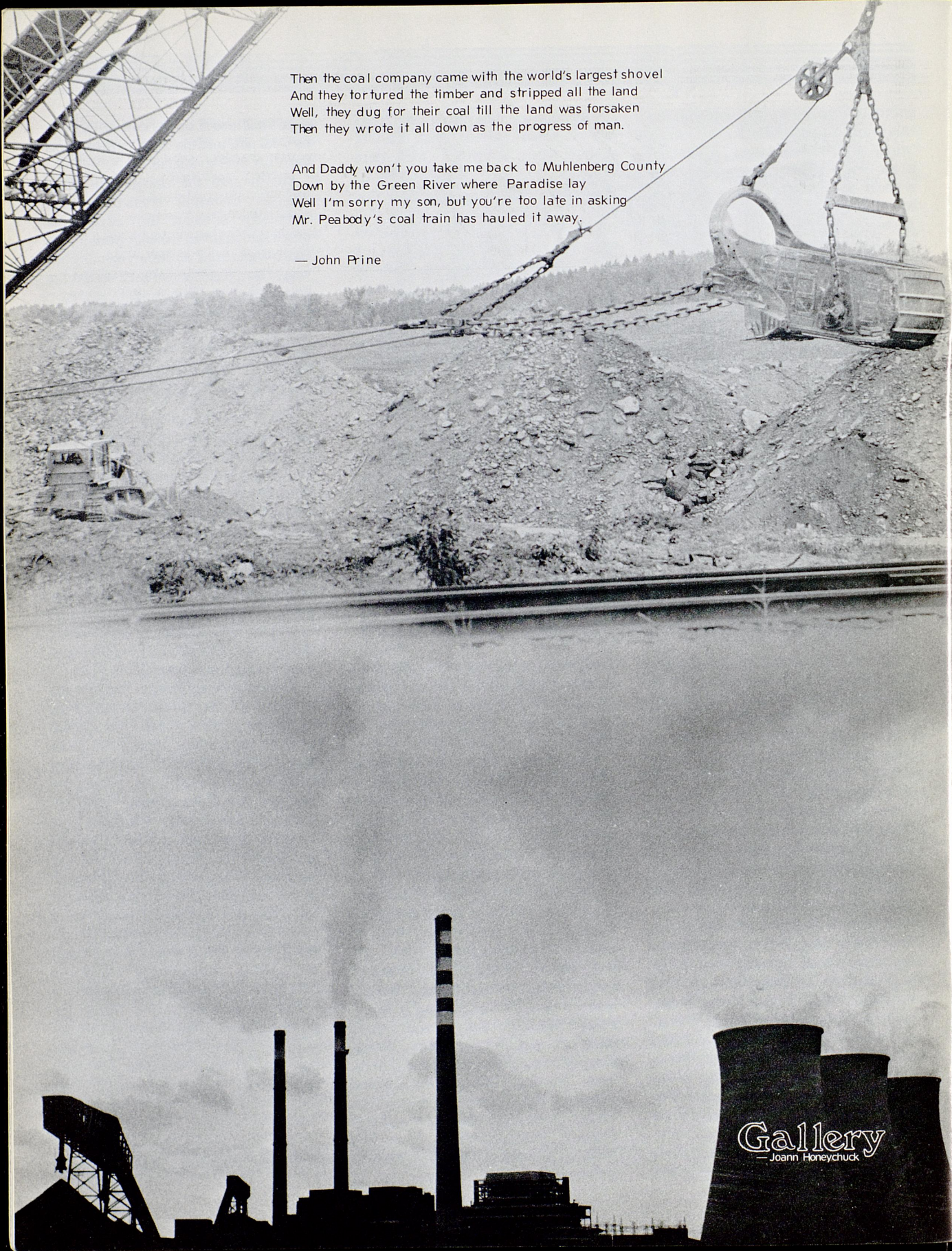
Did Conyers fell his Goliath by outlasting it; receiving a slight smack on the wrist by the courts? Or did the University make its position on public speech firmly understood? The record remains open for interpretation.

The Dean of Students, and others, viewed Conyers as a threat to the status quo; a man who refused to obey a University regulation. Conyers was not even intimidated by University threats of a mysterious step that would stop his preaching.

The step the university finally took (Frank Harris, associate dean of students, hadn't wanted to reveal what might be done because "I don't want to tip our hand.") was to have Conyers summoned to court on charges of third degree criminal trespass and loitering. The first time Conyers appeared in court he was fined \$100 for each charge. He was summoned again when he preached at the fountain the day after his court appearance. Then the charges were "continued generally," which means that if Conyers appears in court again on similar charges, he may be penalized for both transgressions.

The University action was apparently successful; Conyers said he doesn't think the Lord will have him speak at the fountain again. Although he said he would preach where God led him, and has preached at the Student Center this semester.

DAVID BROWN

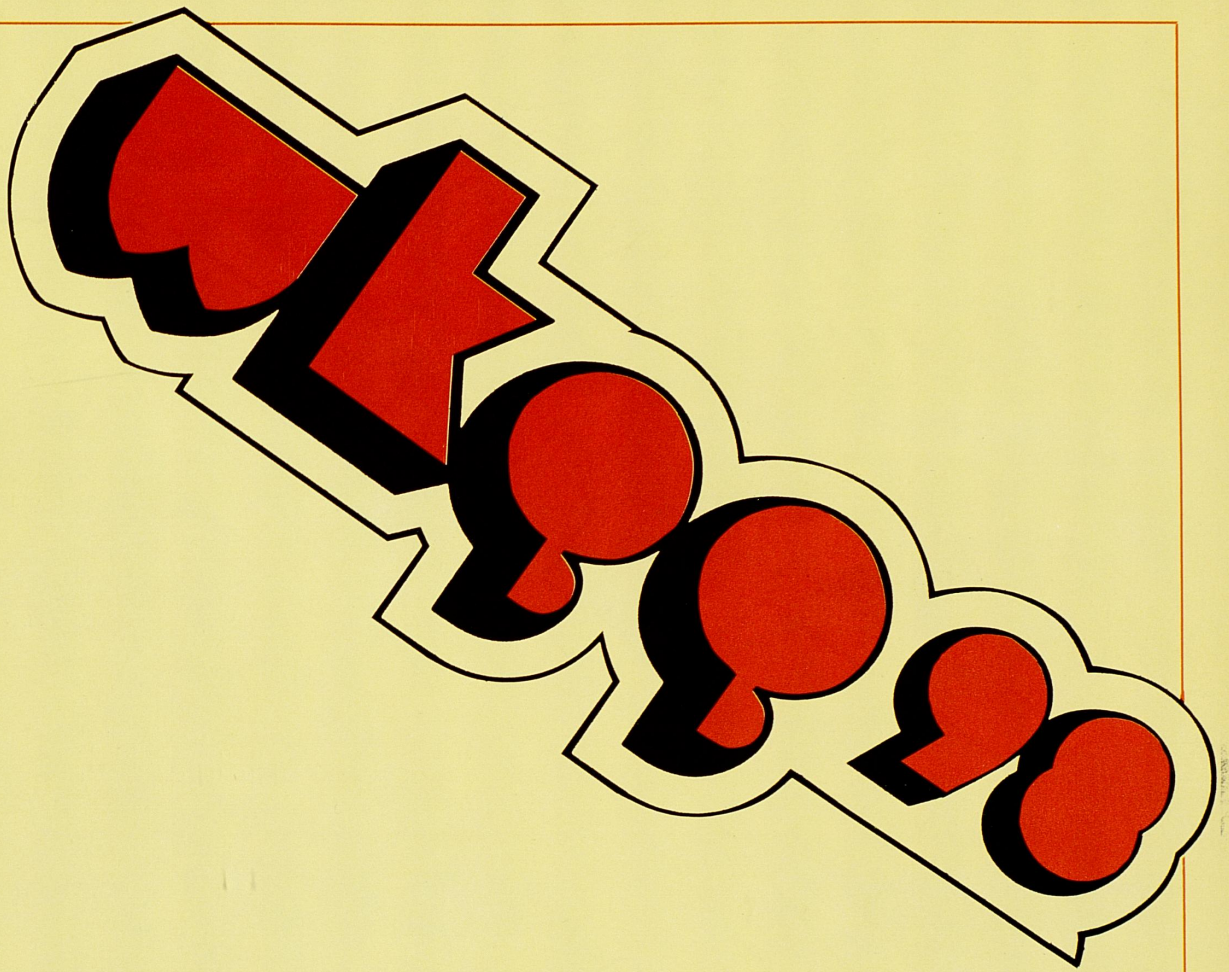


Then the coal company came with the world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.

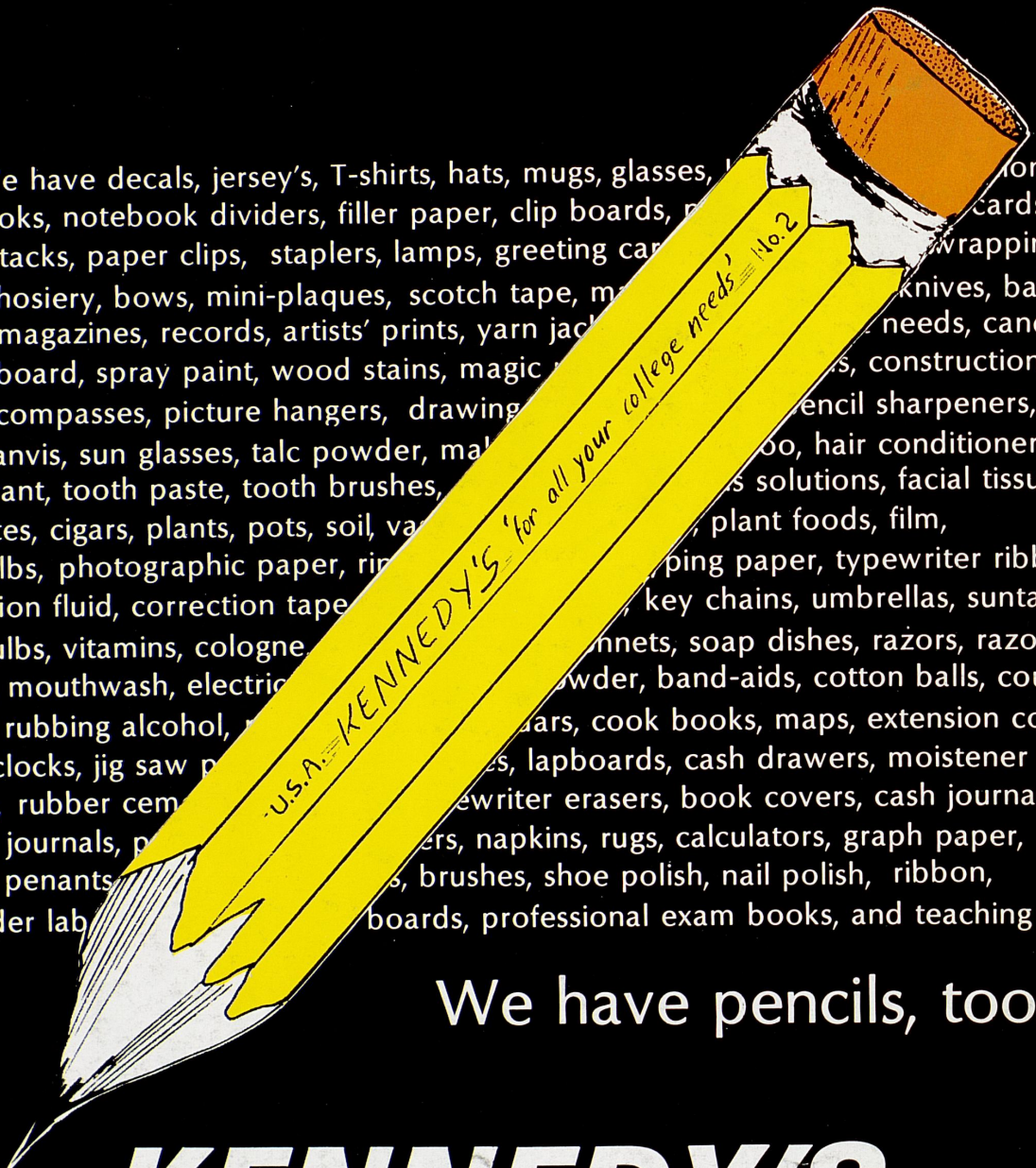
And Daddy won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay
Well I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in asking
Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away.

— John Prine

Gallery
— Joann Honeychuck



Stereo Album Rock



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