

The **KENTUCKIAN**

Magazine

Vol. 1 / No. 3

\$1.25



CHESTY MORGAN

A rare interview

UK Roundball


from SEC also-rans
to NIT champs

**Stranded! Among the
Eskimos**

Crack in the Ivory Tower:



A PhD candidate opts out





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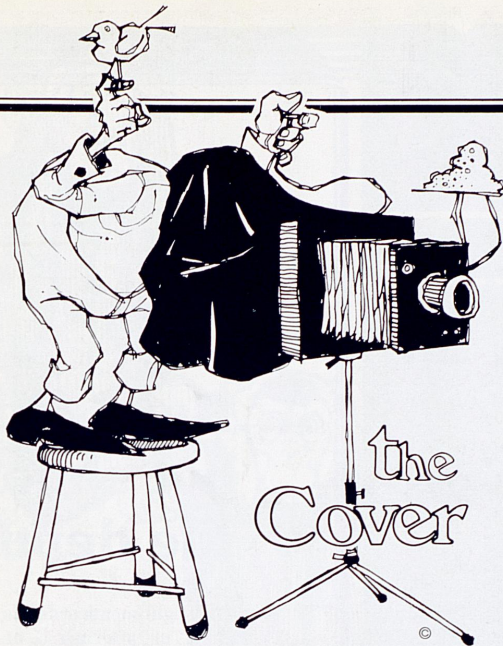


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Mike Phillips, Kentucky's 6-10 center, was as much a factor in UK's championship season as anyone. He took charge when Rick Robey was injured and was the team's leading rebounder, second leading scorer, was named Most Valuable Player in the UKIT and was selected to the All-NIT first team. See season summary on page 7.

staff...

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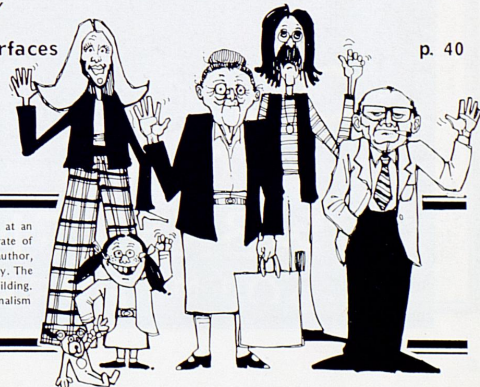
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'...But I did not shoot the deputy'

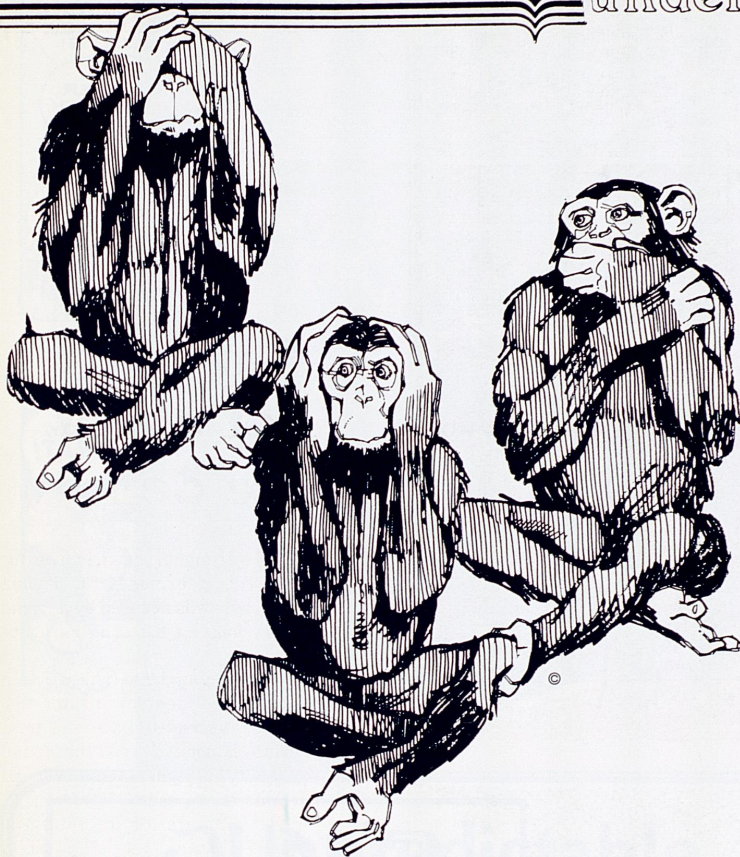
The eight-month ordeal is over for Grace Tull, a former U. of Virginia student who was accused by a friend (?) of violating the school's honor code.

Tull was found not guilty in an honor court appeal last month. She had been suspended last June after a previous honor code trial that found her guilty of lying about alleged cheating on an exam.

The nightmare for the first-year student began last May when several residents of her dormitory observed her discussing mathematics with another student. They confronted her with their suspicions that she had been illegally collaborating on a take-home exam. One of the students, Carolyn Posey, a friend of Tull's, didn't buy Tull's explanation that she had only been discussing math theory, not actually test questions. Posey felt obligated to make a formal accusation to the honor committee since the honor code specifies that knowledge of offenses by others be reported.

After a 20-hour trial last June before an honor committee composed of student officers, Tull was found guilty not of cheating but of lying about the matter. She was immediately expelled.

In that trial, testimony centered on something that came to be known



Plagiarism does not pay

Boston U., a leader in the 1972 fight against the proliferation of commercial termpaper mills, went to court again last month to get a new injunction against the sale of papers. A similar injunction three years ago drove Boston termpaper mills out of town or out of business but now, says the suit, advertisements for out-of-town firms are cropping up.

But nationally, there appears to be no great problem with purchased termpapers. Thomas Ziebarth, the postal attorney who successfully put several national firms out of business through postal regulation suits, says his agency has no cases pending. "But we're always watching the situation," he adds.

Barton Lowe, president of Research Assistance, Inc., of Los Angeles, a widely advertised service, emphasizes that his firm is not a termpaper service. "No one would be so foolish as to call themselves a termpaper company," he says. "That's illegal. We supply only researched facts. We draw no conclusions. We write no summaries. Our customers sign waivers that say they will not turn in our research as is. We're not responsible for the morality of the people who buy our research but we do make an effort not to supply a finished product.

"Actually a smaller percentage, about 65 per cent, of our business is students now. We are advertising in national magazines and we are doing a lot of research for business firms. We are also looking for other products and services we can offer since we feel we know the student market pretty well after five years."

Lowe's firm is the one firm the Postal Service was unsuccessful

continued on p. 55

as the "Rotunda Statement," so named because it came from a conversation Tull allegedly had with Posey while the two were strolling on campus near the Rotunda, a campus landmark. Tull's exact statement is the subject of dispute, but it allegedly was: "We weren't cheating. We did that before."

Posey took that statement to mean "We had cheated before," an admission of guilt.

Tull contended she had meant "We studied math together before."

The lying charge stemmed from Tull's alleged denial of making the Rotunda Statement. Posey claimed that Tull admitted cheating in the statement, then later denied it when confronted with a formal honor code accusation. Tull claimed she had not denied making the statement but had only denied Posey's interpretation of the statement as an admission of guilt.

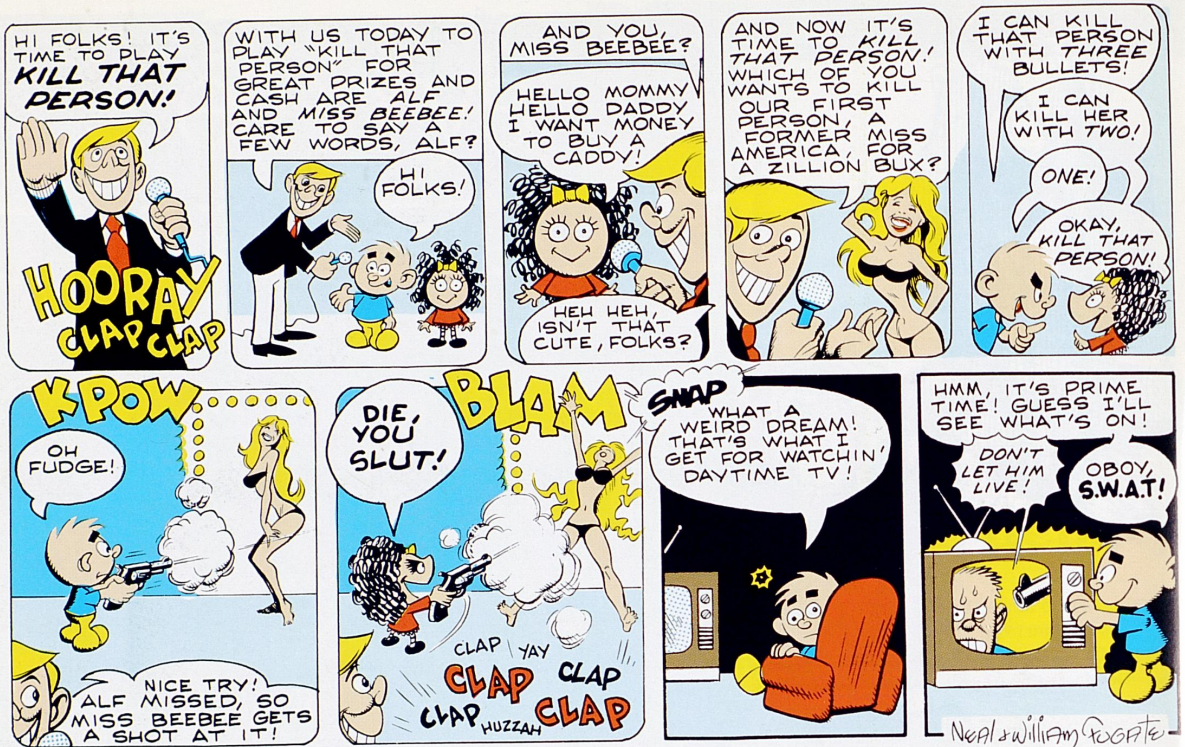
And so Tull was suspended for lying about cheating while at the same time being found not guilty of cheating, a situation her defense attorneys found highly paradoxical.

After the June trial, which had cost her \$1,300 in legal fees, Tull left the university and awaited an appeal.

The summer and the first semester passed and finally, in December, Tull was granted her appeal.

The new trial, unlike the first, was open to the public and law students presented Tull's defense. An honor committee composed of different members than those that heard the first trial deliberated only 45 minutes before exonerating Tull completely.

The lost time, expense, and shattered friendships are now behind her and Grace Tull is free to re-enter the university.




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LIVE JAZZ



David Cronen

Unpredictable

From its disappointing start to its whirlwind championship finish, Kentucky's 1975-76 basketball team was always full of surprises

Back in 1927, coach Basil Hayden's Wildcat team put a sterling 3-13 record together and Hayden consequently lost his job at the University of Kentucky. Since then, nary a team has suffered less than a .500 season at UK, the latest balanced record being coach Joe Hall's 1973-74 squad.

There we were, though, nearing the end of the season, with a group that was 10-10 and still facing teams like Louisiana State on the road and Auburn and Alabama at home. Were we about to witness another losing season, only a scant 49 years from the last catastrophe?

Perhaps only Jeanne Dixon could've told us, but who would have known all the roller coaster rides UK would go through this season? The loss of sophomore forward

Rick Robey for most of the remaining season following a knee injury at Alabama and the Wildcats' inability to maintain the poise and intensity of last year's squad was leading UK to an unattractive record.

For a while, it looked like the highlight for Kentucky this season would be a loss. Last December in Louisville's Freedom Hall, the Cats played the number one team in the nation, Indiana University. They lost 84-77 in overtime after leading by as many as four points with two minutes remaining in regulation.

If there was one major criticism of the Wildcats earlier this season, it was their uncanny knack for losing close games. Accusations — from lack of leadership to lack of talent — were flung back and forth across campus.

The fact was that UK had played four overtime games, losing three, but had "never been out of it," according to Hall, as well as in their Southeastern Conference (SEC) losses.

Had Kentucky not been obligated to play half its games on the road this season, it might not have accumulated a dismal 4-8 showing for its away contests.

The Cats' first two games were at Northwestern and North Carolina and the Wildcats and Tar Heels set Hall's squad back rather handily.

When Kentucky ventured away from home in January to challenge their SEC foes, they were taken by surprise at Starkville by a fired-up Mississippi State team. The Cats fell victim to the Bulldogs in the waning moments on some questionable

officials' calls. At Tuscaloosa, UK was victimized by the home team's superior free throw shooting and lost to a well-balanced Alabama squad.

In early February, the Cats hit the road for three straight road games and promptly lost all three. The only kind thing that could be said for Kentucky was that it was never blown out of the games, even against then seventh-ranked Tennessee.

There were bright spots for Big Blue fans, not close losses, but wins, in fact. The home opener against Miami of Ohio gave the cheering mobs a chance to see the then-big Wildcat team, 6-10 Rick Robey and 6-10 Danny Hall included, whip the Redskins convincingly.

The annual Notre Dame-UK matchup at Freedom Hall provided UK backers with a second big win to stick in their memory banks. Sparked by freshman Truman Claytor's finest night as a Kentucky guard, Hall's squad upset Adrian Dantley and Co. and moved back into the Associated Press Top 20 for the last time during the regular season. Dantley and Claytor were co-winners of the Bernie Shively Most Valuable Player Award.

The UK Invitational Tournament in late December proved that Kentucky could stink one night and smell like sweet heaven the very next.

Opening against Georgia Tech while teams like Oregon State and Arizona State were entered in the very same tournament was a fortunate break for Kentucky, particularly this season.

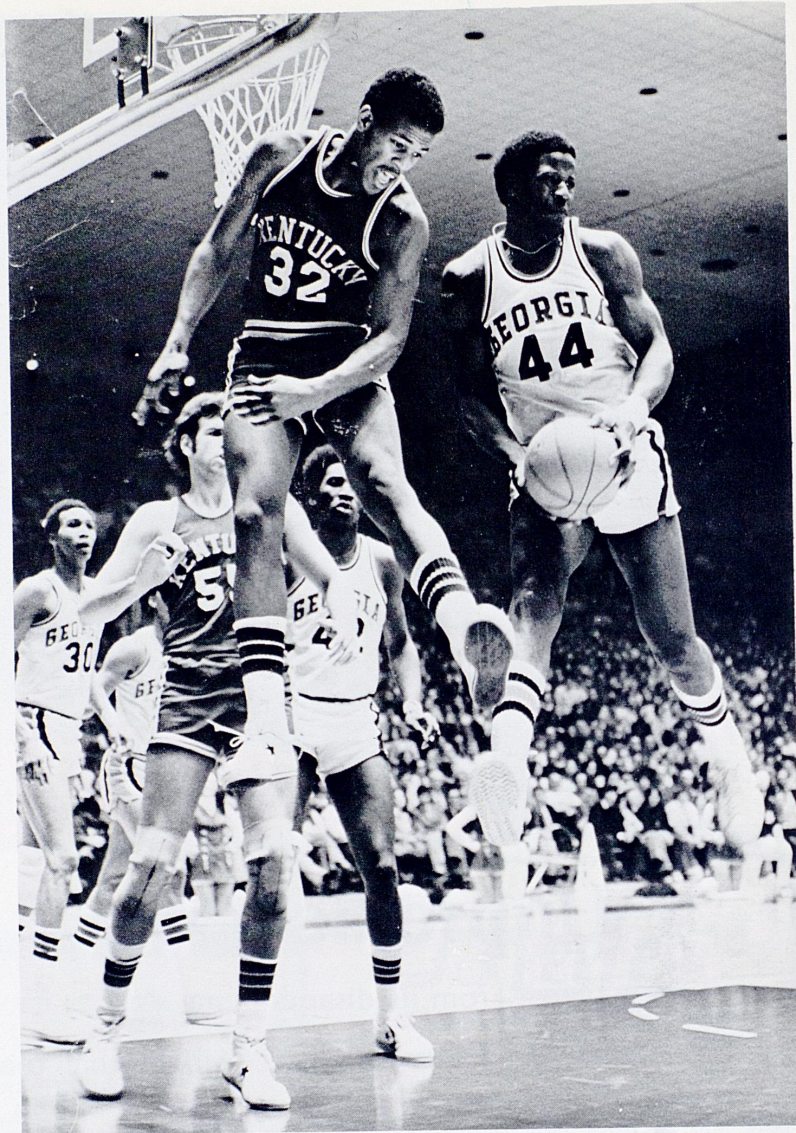
As it was, the Cats blew a huge lead and needed the cooperation of the two officials on close calls to escape from a slow-paced, deliberate and determined Tech squad, which started two native Kentucky boys.

The Cats must have learned from their mistakes by the next night as they took the game to Oregon State and never let up till the final buzzer to claim their 17th title.

This season might have been remembered as the season "that could have been, if . . ." The three overtime defeats and the close losses to Mississippi State, Tennessee, Georgia and Vanderbilt on the road accounted for seven "if we could have . . ." games.

On the other hand, one must recognize the fact that the Wildcats won several "tight" contests. Remember the Kansas away game, the Notre Dame contest and the Georgia Tech fiasco? They were about as dominating in those games as they were against Vanderbilt on national television in January, a game they barely won 77-76.

Besides sophomore forward Jack



Bruce Orwin

James Lee (32) filled in when Rick Robey was sidelined with a knee injury. Lee's talent began to surface as he picked up playing time and it allowed him to play top forwards, like Georgia's Jack Dorsey, on even terms.

"Goose" gives, the one player who should stand out in a spectator's mind for providing the Cats with the impetus to win these games would be the Manchester Mountain, sophomore center Mike Phillips. On two successive home weekends, Phillips literally destroyed the state of Tennessee's two finest teams. He scored 26 points against the Volunteers and snared 28 rebounds as his teammates narrowly lost 90-88 in overtime.

On national television, Phillips sank the Commodores with 30 points and 15 rebounds.

Remember when Hall was worried about the NCAA player limit, which would force him to leave some of his players at home for road games? Well, the rule was rescinded in January and Hall couldn't even benefit from it this season.

Freshman guard Pat Foschi left before the Season started, Robey injured his knee and made only two more token appearances before being sidelined for the season after crashing into Phillips during a practice session, and Danny Hall quit after the Tennessee game.

By the end of January, UK was down to

nine players and when sophomore forward Merion Haskins sprained his ankle, placing him on the doubtful list for the Ole Miss contest, sophomore quarterback and former jayvee basketball star Derek Ramsey offered his services. Hall accepted.

No season like this one could be complete without its share of irony. Remember Ernie Whitus, the 6-8 forward who played quite well for the jayvee team a year ago?

Before this season began, he told Hall he was transferring to Miami of Ohio because he knew "he would never get the chance to go on the road with the team." If he had only known how well he might have done for Kentucky this season. But a Jeanne Dixon, he's not.

Clairvoyants like Dixon take great delight in predicting catastrophes. Yearly predictions in epic publications such as the National Enquirer always include forecasts of floods, hurricanes and other quirks of Ma Nature. But not even a Jeanne Dixon could've predicted the turnaround which would engulf the UK team and transform it into an avenging tornado.

Starting after the loss to Vandy, Kentucky went on a 10-game winning tear that was destined to end at Madison Square Garden in the nation's oldest college basketball tournament, the National Invitation Tournament.

When reporters pressure members of the UK squad into putting a finger on the turning point of the season, almost all mention the loss to Vanderbilt.

They say it eliminated Kentucky from the conference race, removing the pressure of following a warm-up act which happened to come within seven points of winning the national title last year.

It was after the fiasco in Nashville that the Wildcats, ice-cold from the field for most of the season, began to find the basket with a little more regularity. Home games against Florida and Auburn followed, and in both games, Kentucky shot 65 per cent from the field, breaking the school accuracy mark.

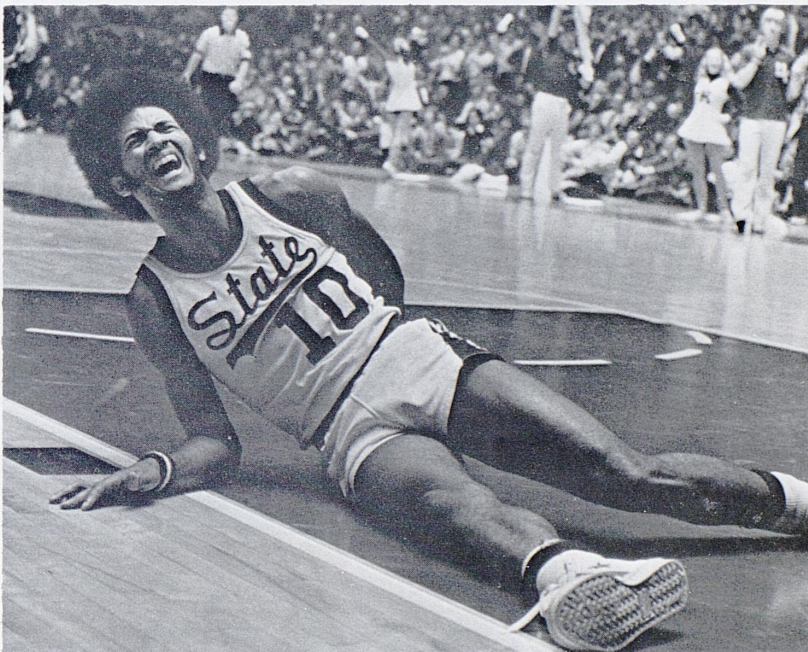
But it was back on the road again following the blistering Memorial Coliseum shootouts. Kentucky, which had been trying to find a port on the roadside storm all season, owned eight losses in 10 games heading into the final road trip.

The final Southeastern Conference tour included visits to Ole Miss and LSU, both of which relied heavily on the revenge factor after absorbing bitter defeats in Lexington.



Adolph Rupp sat on the bench during the Wildcats' nationally televised win over Alamama; afterwards he was awarded the game ball (left). Mississippi State's Ray White (below) collapsed with a leg cramp late in the Bulldogs' game with UK, the season finale for Kentucky. White went down in history as the last person to suffer an injury in Memorial Coliseum.

Photos by Stewart Bowman



UK jumped on both clubs early but was never able to pull away from either. In both games, UK found itself clinging to precarious leads with precious few seconds left. If Kentucky had played the role of "Young and Inexperienced Team on the Road" to the hilt, road losses numbers 9 and 10 would've been penciled onto UK's unglamorous 12-10 record.

But the squad took on a characteristic of a desperate poker player — it didn't fold. Both wins were close, but they served to bolster hopes for next year.

It was about this time that bids for the

NCAA tournament began to surface. All hopes for a bid coming in Kentucky's general direction had faded away weeks earlier.

Then talk of another tournament, the NIT, began to find its way into basketball conversations in the Bluegrass. Word was, if Kentucky could win its last two games (finishing with a 16-10 record) it would receive one of the 12 NIT bids.

With this kind of pressure, plus a national television audience, the Wildcats

Someone once asked rock singer Alice Cooper what his favorite color was. "Meatloaf" was his response. The Kentuckian has been asking people around campus for whom they would most like to be a groupie. Alice Cooper's name never came up. Then again, no one said meatloaf, either.

Marc Roberts, Anthropology junior, age 21 — "I guess I'd have to say Jackson Browne. Mostly because I can really relate to his music. It's like we share the same hassles and complications in life. He writes about real things that happen to real people."

Robert Vance, Geology junior, age 20 — "It's a hard decision but I think I'll say Jimi Hendrix. He was about the best guitarist and performer alive. There was a definite energy that he possessed and he let it out through his music. In a live concert situation his music was so much more exciting and forceful than it could ever be on an album. I respected him as a musician and even though I never actually met him, I feel like I knew him very well.



Mike Palm, Assistant Dean of Students, I.F.C. Advisor — "I suppose it would be the vice president for student affairs where I went to school at Eastern Illinois University. His name was Dr. Glen Williams and he suggested that I go into this kind of work. I respected him because he would talk to a student even if you weren't president of something. Not only would he talk to the students, but he would listen to what they had to say. He had a reputation for being open to the students and would help them with any problems they had.

Susan Miller, Special Education junior, age 20 — "I really like Bob Dylan. He's written so many moving songs about all different aspects of life. He expresses in his music what I feel but didn't know how to say."

hey
you!

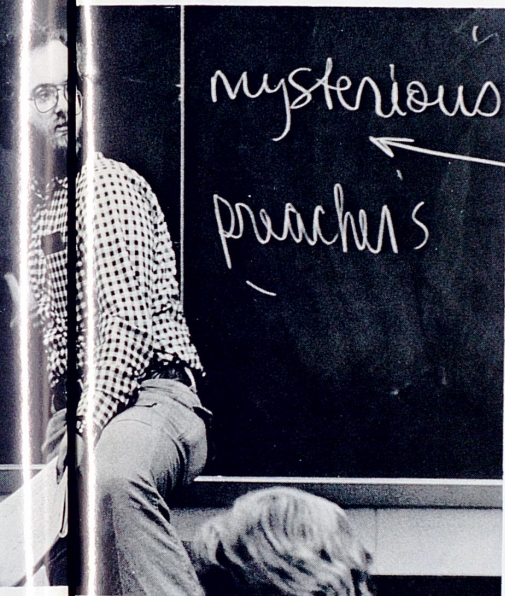


Dave Crowley, Agriculture junior, age 13 — "After attending the concert the other night, I'll choose Joni Mitchell. She's a beautiful person and she writes some really heavy songs. I got a lot of warm feelings out of her concert."

Georgeann Rosenberg, Student Center Board President — "Gore Vidal. Because offhand, he's the only famous person I'd like to meet. He lives on the Mediterranean and I'd like to be a groupie on the Mediterranean if I was gonna be one. Also, he's really good-looking."

Doug Day, shuttle bus driver — "I'll say Doug Harvey, a National League umpire. I've always been an avid baseball fan and I'm an umpire myself. Actually, I've always wanted to get into professional baseball as an umpire. I think he's the best."

Joe Bologna, owner of Joe Bologna's Pizza — After a lot of thought, Joe decided it would be an artist. "The only people I really care about are artists, so I'll say Michealangelo. I was an art major while I was in school and I respected his realistic style. I always tried to use his realistic style in my own work."



Mike Roloff, Speech professor — "It would be a toss-up between the editor of National Lampoon and Gary Trudeau. I think Doug Kenny, the editor of National Lampoon, would be my choice. Mainly because he's a straight, law-abiding, short-haired, conservative Republican."

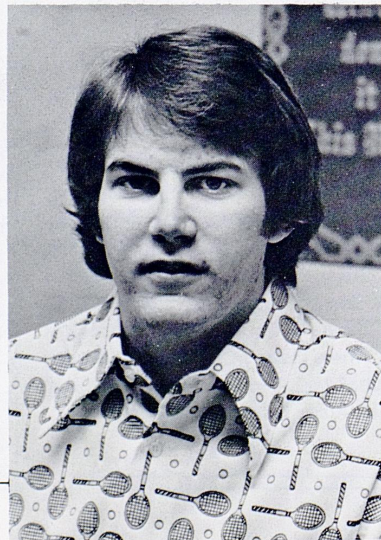
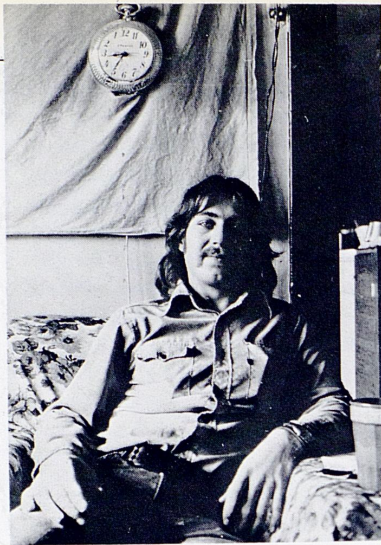
Fred F. Moore Sr., owner of Fred F. Moore Music Store — "I used to be a band director, so I'm going to say John Louis. He was my high school and college band instructor and I guess he had the biggest influence on me. He was quite influential in a lot of ways when I was in school. He taught me what life was all about, not just music. Also, he was hard as nails."

Douglas Grice, Pre-Law sophomore, age 21 — "That's a hard decision, but I think John Lennon would be my choice. Not only as an artist and musician but as a humanitarian. I respect him for his struggle against the bureaucracy. It almost broke him money-wise but he won in the end. I guess the main reason I chose him is because of his consistent peace efforts during the Vietnam war. I really respect John Lennon for that."

Chris Kasson, Psychology junior, age 21 — "I don't know about being a groupie, but I would like to talk to Cher. You always read so much about her in magazines. I guess I'd like to talk to her to see if it's all true."

Robbie Roberts, Horticulture junior, age 22 — "I think it would be a toss-up between Ralph Nader and Richard Nixon. (Chuckle) I'll go with Nader. He has done and is doing a lot for consumers and I don't know anyone who isn't a consumer to some extent."

Jim Harralson, Student Government President — "Milton Freedman. I've always admired his ideas as a columnist. I like to sort of bathe in his wisdom, I suppose."



Walter Lear, Business sophomore, age 21 — "Hugh Hefner. I admire him because he's a self-made man. He started off with something like \$600 and an idea and look where he's at now. He's doing something he likes, too."

Judy Conde, Spanish instructor — "If I was going to be a groupie for someone, I think I'd pick an actor. Probably George C. Scott. I've seen several of his movies and I think he's a very fine actor. He's a versatile actor because he's played so many different roles in his career. He was funny in 'The Hospital' but so authoritative and forceful in 'Patton.'"

Mark Sanford, Horticulture junior, age 20 — "If it can be someone from the past, I'll say Charles Darwin. I admire this man for several reasons. He loved and respected nature, he lived by simple standards when he could have had more and he devoted years of his life to his work in pursuit of his research. Besides, it takes a pretty hip guy to suggest that men and apes might have come from a common ancestor."

**"The
Innovators"**

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***News
Watch***

5:30 & 11PM





among the Eskimos

by Donna Gillette

How does it happen that a woman at the tender age of 27 can end up living with the Alaskan natives in an Aleutian Island village?

"By chance," says Dr. Margaret Lantis, anthropologist and retired UK anthropology professor, "I thought I was going to Mexico.

While Dr. Lantis was doing her graduate study in 1933 at the University of California at Berkeley, she was doing much reading about archeology in Mexico. At the same time she was corresponding with a

woman who was living alone in a village in the Aleutian Islands and who had been sent by the Bureau of Indian Affairs to deal with the health problems and teaching situation in that village.

"At that time, teachers were sent out alone. Well, she asked me to come. If I would pay my way to and from Alaska, she would provide my room and board for a year.

"Her problems got to her and not long after I arrived, she announced that she was going to leave. It was

too late for me to re-enter school, so I stayed.

"I wasn't expected to assume her responsibilities. However, there was TB and one naturally feels the need to do something. The Bureau of Indian Affairs provided some medication and first aid and I followed the directions that she had written in her daily records.

"My first year was extremely hard—my most difficult year. But ultimately I fared pretty well."

She is a short small-boned woman

profile/margaret lantis



With the interpreter holding her steel tape, a younger Margaret Lantis poses in a gag picture as she walks through a Nunivak village. Carrying much of the paraphenalia that represents her career, she manages to befuddle two village men.

A Nunivak Eskimo girl holds an old-style family doll with a wooden head.



with a small round middle, who does not look at all her 69 years. In the living room of her home, she talks modestly about a full life dedicated to an interesting career in the field of anthropology.

Attributing her ability to sacrifice modern conveniences to her earlier life on her grandparents' Pennsylvania Dutch farm, she says, "As a youngster, I knew what it was to cook on coalstoves, use oil lamps, carry water, and make my own bread. I have never been impressed by the common demand for goods. I've never had a car—I ride the bus. I didn't miss the luxuries, which helped me in my field work. On the farm, people did everything for themselves, so it was not a new thing."

Rubbing noses is not just child's play in Alaska, as people tend to think. According to Dr. Lantis, it is a way of displaying affection between parent and child. This is only one of

the misconceptions that people have about Alaska. "There are very few kayaks or underground houses in Alaska and there never were snow igloos. The village people use wooden boats. They live in frame houses. I get tired of trying to counteract these concepts," says Dr. Lantis, who has been all over Alaska and has worked in approximately 50 villages.

"Of course, I had to adapt to some extent, but one cannot 'go native.' Local people respect whoever accepts them as people. I seemed to be accepted, perhaps because I was more ready to accept them than many of the other teachers or outsiders. It was by comparison. They had had so many people telling them they were dirty people. I didn't try to change them. By contrast, I was much more appreciated. It was not that I did exactly what they did, but that I did not criticize what they did. And most of the other White and

outsiders did."

It seems reasonable that Dr. Lantis would possess such an attitude about the Eskimo people. She is an anthropologist and as she puts it, "Anthropologists are supposed to accept a culture objectively." But she seems to be that way naturally very game and very willing to work hard—the kind of person that you'd want on your team. Reluctant at first about being interviewed, she seemed surprised that her career appeared interesting to others. In a matter-of-fact manner, she described instances in which she was isolated in Alaska from the rest of the world with no mail for five months and only a radio to bring news from the outside world. About the food that was eaten in Alaska, she said, "I was always willing to eat seal. I ate it regularly. The blubber was stronger, though — I would cut it off."

Dr. Lantis came to UK in the '60's

on the recommendation of the chairman of the Anthropology Department, whom she had known at graduate school. "In connection with the Centennial, each department was given money to invite a visiting professor. He asked me to ask me to come for a year. I did.

"The Anthropology Department asked me to stay on. The University seemed to be changing in the '60's, it seemed to be expanding and developing. So I stayed. I also thought it would be a good place for my parents to live, who are from Ohio."

Besides living in Alaska, she has traveled to Mexico, Europe and Canada. She has also assumed the responsibilities of visiting teacher

and lecturer, which has taken her to many universities across the nation. She was employed a total of twelve years in various Federal agencies in Washington. She is considered an applied anthropologist, and has been president of the Society for Applied Anthropology.


But now Dr. Lantis is retired and has been so for 1½ years. What does one formerly so active do in her new situation—simply, she stays extremely busy. "I can't find enough time to devote to writing." Currently she is writing two books, one of which is about her favorite subject, Eskimo child-rearing. This book is based primarily on her own research and experiences.

Recently she attended and participated in the International Whale Symposium held at Indiana University. "It was very interesting, exciting and enjoyable. The purpose was to induce legislation and international concern about the protection of whales"—an endangered species. Dr. Lantis presented a paper "based on literature about whaling by Eskimos."

Her thoughts are not limited to observations of other cultures. She thinks about young people, too. "Students need to be concerned with history. They need to see and understand how things happened in the past. I was all for the student revolution—I wasn't shocked by it. The nostalgia of the '70's is a reaction to the upheaval of the '60's. Yes, I think the dissatisfaction of the '60's will return. I guess it will come regarding jobs. There will be more involvement in government, probably in local government. The unemployment of young people is too high now."

Her advice to anthropology students: "One needs to be quite receptive to local beliefs and expectations. However, we're not missionaries.

"There is need for an anthropological study of the U.S. As you know, any good journalist is constantly analyzing, but there needs to be scientific data. Anthropologists often find the subject frightening because it is so big and they are used to studying small groups. Also the material seems familiar."

Laughing at some points, but for the most part talking seriously and thoughtfully, she would toy restlessly, almost nervously, with her dog. When asked if it was modesty that made her reluctant for the interview, she quietly replied yes, looking away and still toying with her dog — "No, I don't like to talk about my work." 



Holding her pet baby seal is a Nunivak Eskimo girl. The seal, unable to adjust to captivity, died soon after this picture was taken.



ZEN and the art of S.C.B. Board maintenance

Full time students at this fair University toss approximately \$1 of their student fee into the kitties of the Student Center Board (SCB). For that buck they get lectures, movies, concerts, Homecoming and LKD activities and a host of other programs at a reduced rate. The knowledge of the SCB by most people stops at that. They trot off, satisfied or not satisfied, depending on their particular point of view, not aware of how the Board selects which programs their \$1 is spent on.

A brief indoctrination course would include the explanation that SCB is divided into two basic parts: the programming branch and the executive branch, or Executive Council.

The programming branch is formed of the chairpeople of the various committees (concert, visual arts or what have you, there are 10 in all). They are the idea-people. They decide that X number of dollars should be spent on, say, a concert. They see that on a certain date all signs look good. (They have negotiated for an act at a good price, the Coliseum is open on that date and it is a good "draw" night).

Ideally, the Executive Council is there to take care of the administrative details. They are the people who make the formal requests

for space and okay the money that has to be spent.

The Executive Council also has other duties, but here a slight rift develops. Some of the members complain their function isn't described anywhere. From here, they make their own interpretations as to what they feel they are there to accomplish. Sometimes their in-

terpretation differs from what SCB President Georgeann Rosenberg thinks it should be. "I try to keep everyone in touch with what is going on, sort of in the umbrella sense. We have meetings and try to coordinate our programming. Each committee chairperson has one specific area be interested in, and I try to keep them all going with a sense of the University as a whole," Rosenberg says.

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"I try to keep everyone in touch with what is going on, sort of in the umbrella sense. We have meetings and try to coordinate our programming. Each committee chairperson has one specific area be interested in, and I try to keep them all going with a sense of the University as a whole," Rosenberg says.

Rosenberg will tell you that the Executive Council is an extension of that. "Those people don't serve a strictly programming function. They are supposed to get involved, but stay objective about programming. The problem comes up when they think

they'll continue to do them this way because that is the way it has always been. A lot of them aren't deeply involved, they never say shit, they just sit there because they don't understand what they're there to do."

Rosenberg sees a problem, but thinks it has an entirely different set of roots.

"The University provides an automatic bureaucracy to be worked with. A lot of compromises need to be made, there are things that need to be done. I think many of the (Executive Council) members expect too much change too soon — and without working for it. You just can't stomp your feet and swing your long hair and demand change. It's a long

process that has to be worked on. I think their actions come from an inexperience in dealing with anything outside of their own committee. They just don't understand anything outside of the SCB sometimes," Rosenberg says.

Restructuring of the Executive Council has been considered by some members and by Rosenberg herself, but according to Rosenberg the present system of selection (through a student committee which interviews and selects members from applications) is probably the best and most efficient.

"I thought maybe at one time the answer was to have an elected Executive Committee (similar to Student Government elections) instead of the selections process. But the more I think about it the more I think we need to have the selections process to get the most qualified people," she says.

"I think the Executive Council should be made up of people into programming, just eliminating the members at large. (There are three, five or seven members-at-large depending upon the year.) The programming people would be able to work more closely with the committee people and we might be able to get more accomplished," Rosenberg says.

"I think the selections process is pretty fair. At least it's made up of students which is better than many Universities where the Board is selected by the University administration. I think we're pretty lucky in that respect," she says.

There are other complaints coming from some of the rank and file members of the Board about Administration advisers Mary Jo Mertens, Helen Hughes and John Herbst. Some members of SCB feel the advisers sometimes get a tad overzealous in their advising. The members complaining feel that if the advisers don't like a particular program, it is doomed to extinction. Rosenberg sees the problem from a different angle.



Jack Koenevan

"I think overall there is little student opposing adviser conflict. The problem is that advisers can have a lot of influence if you let them. It's too easy to let program directors guide you. I think problems come up when people get too lazy and let the advisers gain too much influence.

"Concerts are a different ballgame though, that is why there is more adviser influence in those committees," Rosenberg says. "They just don't have the money to take many chances (and therefore need more advising). The Concert Committee is saddled with the respon-

sibility (of providing good concerts) but not the budget," she says.

"Although I recognize the need for advisers I sometimes question whether we need as many as we have," she says.

The internal problems are summed up by Rosenberg as SCB's largest single stumbling block, but not one that is insurmountable or out of proportion to the type of organization.

"We have a problem because of the diverse group of people we draw from the administration and the SCB staff. Sometimes the people take sides and become alienated. There are a lot of

different groups that have to remember that they are not representing a constituency, they are representing themselves. They have to learn to be more cohesive and not fight amongst themselves," Rosenberg says.

Relations with people on the outside of the SCB haven't always been milk and honey either. For years there has

sometimes more frustrating — money.

The SCB is allotted approximately \$30,000 per year by the University. Out of that initial funding, the debts from the previous year need to be paid. Although this year's Board will probably leave little or no indebtedness behind, it has been a problem in past years.

"Our biggest problem is with the committee PR people. I think what we need here is a better training program..."

been a gap between student media (the Kernel and Kentuckian) and the members of SCB. The media claimed SCB didn't give enough lead time for stories on SCB events and SCB claimed the media just wasn't giving them their due coverage. Rosenberg thinks that situation has changed in recent years.

"Two years ago the Board couldn't deal with the Kernel or Kentuckian. The people were isolated because no one knew anybody on the other side. I think the situation is getting better. All it took was a few friends common to both organizations and a lot of the problems were ironed out," Rosenberg says.

"We have a Public Relations (PR) Director for the entire Board who takes care of things like the Campus Calendar, but doesn't get involved in things like PR for the committees," she says.

"Our biggest problem is with the committee PR people. I think what we need here is a better training program. Most of them haven't had any experience with PR and it just takes some getting used to," Rosenberg says.

There is a third problem for SCB. It has nothing to do with personality conflicts or any kind of factionalization, it has to do with something much bigger and

"The year before last there was a big debt left over. That caused the next Board to fall a little behind and that in turn caused this year's Board to lose a little of its money up to pay the debt," Rosenberg says.

"It would be nice if the University would pay off the debts that a Board incurred, but I could understand their thinking if they said that it might encourage a Board to overspend because they knew the debt would be paid off," she says.

"We always have it on our minds (the debt) but it isn't that big of a problem. We learn to live with it. We just try to be careful not to overspend. Things like that give the University a reason to cut your funding, because 'extras' like student activities are always the first to go in an economic crunch," she says.

Rosenberg is an advocate of requiring some sort of payment by part time students. The \$1 per student is only collected from full-time student fees.

"I think it's unfortunate that part time students aren't required to pay some small part of their fees. The programming is as much for them as it is for a full time student and they certainly use the programs too. But in this respect we're pretty much like other large Universities."


What would happen if the SCB was given a hypothetical 20 per cent raise in funding? Not much, according to Rosenberg.

"A 20 per cent increase wouldn't do that much. We still couldn't program anything for free, about all it would do is let us lower the prices. We'd also be able to gamble more. Now things have to be fairly sure bets and the extra money would give us a little latitude to pick programs.

"I'd like to see extra money (if it came) put into campus weekends, maybe a spring weekend instead of programs like LKD which don't reach as many people as I'd like them to now.

"The Board would also be able to program more cultural events than we do now. I think it is unfortunate that we can't do more of that. I think we should get a larger share of funding than CKCLS (Central Kentucky Concert and Lecture Series), which gets more than us at the time being.

Even with all of its problems SCB continues to function. Its programming is upgraded from year to year and it's learning to combat some of its monetary and personnel problems. It's an intricate organization that defies a super-detailed description. And it is an organization that suffers from the same things any large group of people tends to suffer from.

Rosenberg tries to keep a perspective of her job and the University. "I'm not indispensable. It's not as if I disappeared from the face of the earth the group would cease to exist. Sometimes I have to compromise my ethics a little. I don't think that's selling out, I just realize that is the way things are and that is the easiest way to get things done — compromise." 

J. David Kouema

I

t is simply too much to take. Her legs crumple, and she falls as though her strings had been cut. She curls on the floor in front of the refrigerator, rocks herself and tries to cry. Rolling onto her back, she stretches straight, extends her arms, and points her toes. Then she springs up opens the refrigerator, checks once more for the grape juice, and slams the door shut so hard that she spins.

All she wanted was grape juice. Is that too much to ask? Everything else is just perfect. She's been saving the pills for two months, there are forty of them, her parents and Den aren't home, and it's a Sunday night. It's as though she didn't have to plan it. It's mapped out for her.

She pours a glassful of milk, sticking her tongue out at it. She carries it to her bedroom, and sets it on the bed-



Story and
illustration by
Mary Connelly

side table. She opens the drawer, lights a cigarette, and pulls out her diary from under the full ashtray. Also hidden in the back of the drawer are two books, "Fanny Hill" and "Ariel." She doesn't want to be dissuaded or convinced, so she reads the words she'd written in her journal.

You're gone. One part of me says that I knew all along that you'd go; another part screams just as loud that it can't be believed. Outasite outamind; absence makes the heart grow fonder. I'm choking. Awake or dreaming, all I know is that you're gone. You're gone.

"In the beginning, I pushed you away because I was only twelve. What, in the name of heaven could you

Golden Boy

want? And now I'm turned sixteen, ah yes, sweet sixteen, my golden years. In the end, you pushed me away because you're too young. That last time I said I'd die without you, and you said, 'Yes. You'd do that to me wouldn't you?' You held my face in your hands, and I made you say you didn't love me. I had to hear it, or else I'd never believe it. 'It's not you, it's me.' Say it, Bruce. And you did. Then you kissed me on the forehead, and walked away without looking back. I had mascara all over my cheeks.

"Mama had said we'd have to marry young, and now she's looking at me with that 'I'd rather die than mention it but' type stare. Daddy had said that you wouldn't stay if I stayed 'pure' and that he knew boys. Now he's saying that I'm a martyr to myself, but a sucker to other people; it takes two to tango, I can't dance alone; and I'll meet someone in college. Sure, sure. That's whay they all say. I could be lonely with Bruce, and without him, I'll dance alone."

Her cigarette has burned out. She takes it as a sign to go into the bathroom. She turns on the hot water, and begins undressing. She won't look in the mirror; there's something she doesn't want to see. She remembers to drop her clothes into the hamper; it's one of those things that makes her monther angry.

She doesn't check to see if the mark has disappeared until she's settled in the tub comfortably. The mark has been there for three whole months, and was still there this morning. She vows that if it's one, then she won't, and refuses to ask or answer any questions. Slowly,

slowly, she looks down, her sound is a cross between a grunt and a squeak. The mark from his mouth is still on her breast.

She didn't do anything that wrong. There were the times when she'd wanted to, but he'd said that he loved her too much to hurt her, that he admired her father, that he respected her. She didn't want his respect! She wanted to...

She slaps the water, and the splashings make her realize that she forgot to take her glasses off. She's worn them for as long as she's been remembering, and she rips them away, slamming them against the bathroom wall. She yells at them on the floor until her voice cracks, "There's no word that means enough! And even if there were, there's no one to say it to!" Plopping her face in the

water, she blows bubbles, then lifts, shaking her head back and forth. "Oh, oh," she whimpers, as if searching for that word.

She's stupid, and he's not here to tell her she's not. As soon as he could have what it seemed like he wanted for so long, then he didn't want it

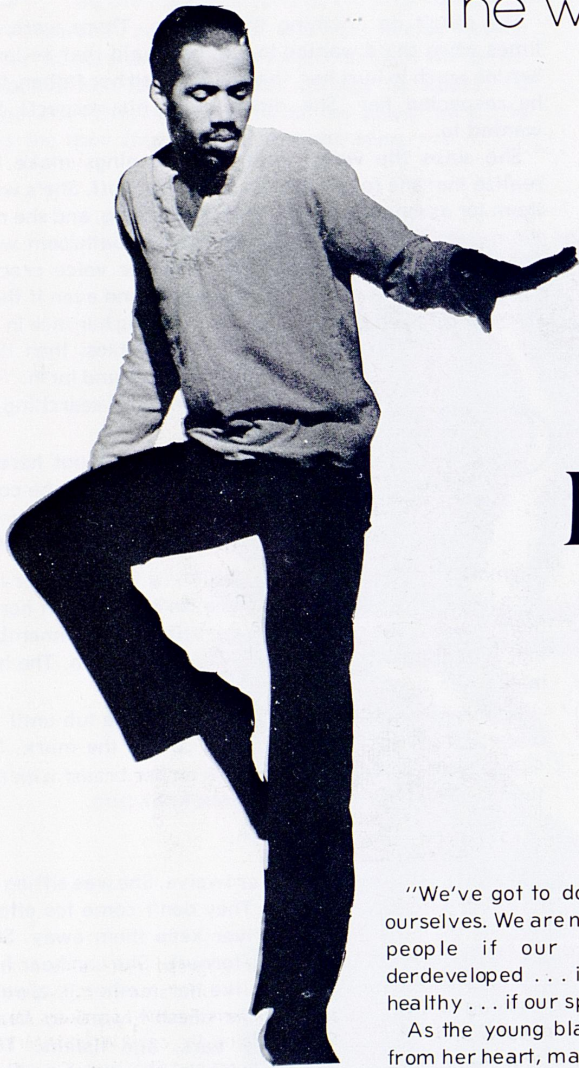
anymore. Four years she knew him, a fourth of her life. He's like this water to her, there isn't a place on her he didn't touch. She can't look at herself without remembering. The remembering shouldn't hurt so much. The hurt makes her tired.

She leans back against the enamel of the tub until the water comes up to her chin, and covers the mark. She closes her eyes, and taps the mark on her breast with her finger. She wants a time before she knew him.

She must have been eleven or twelve. She was sitting in a tree waiting for a tornado. They don't come too often, because the hills along the river keep them away. She sits in the tree, waiting for the tornado. She can hear her mother calling her. It seems like her mother is always calling her, and for once, she doesn't want to hear. She puts her fingers in her ears, and listens. The wind gets stronger, the rain prickles, the tree trembles, and drowns out her mother's voice. She never did see the tornado, but liked whatever it was. Afterwards, her mother was too glad to see her to be angry. The very next day, she noticed that she was beginning to develop breasts, or at least one of them. Maybe the lump was some kind of punishment for wanting to see the tornado, or for not answering her mother; maybe it was some kind of reward. She was relieved to feel that she was growing, but no one had told her that the swellings would hurt.

She gets so worn with listening and waiting. She'd asked Bruce why he ever noticed her, she was plain and

continued on p. 34



Glen Wilson performs African dance in the Black Arts Festival.

"The world won't get no better

The Black Arts FESTIVAL

By Donna Gillette

"We've got to do something about ourselves. We are no good to our black people if our minds are underdeveloped . . . if our bodies aren't healthy . . . if our spirits aren't good."

As the young black woman speaks from her heart, magic takes control in the Commerce Building auditorium. When she says "We don't work at freedom because we don't know what it is," she doesn't face a group of silent faces, but a group unafraid of projecting their feelings — "Right on," or "You said it, sister," or "Is that right?"

The attractive young woman, characterized by a short cropped afro and long dangling earrings, is Ann Grundi, counselor for emotionally disturbed children and wife of Minor-

ity Affairs Program Coordinator Chester Grundi. Her speech is one of four delivered at this year's annual Black Arts Festival.

This feeling of rapport between audience and performer prevails throughout the week-long activities that make up the Black Arts Festival.

Everyone seems to know everyone. Dangling earrings reflect light, jingling bracelets adorn black men and women. Clunking stacked shoes accent the buzz of talk and laughter.

Exchanging greetings, "insults" and gossip, people move about before, during and after the show. They clap, they sway, they vibrate, they sing — they involve themselves in "what's happenin'!"

This energy defines the Black Arts

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if we just let it be..."



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Festival, hosted by the UK Black Student Union. Speakers such as Lyman Johnson, the first black student to enter UK, speak on the theme of "student activism." African music, poetry and dance; films on black awareness, and student-faculty talent groups offer avenues of cultural expression.

To the common observer it may seem like just another fun affair, for the gaiety and laughter was certainly a part of the Black Arts Festival. But a longer look discovers that black students have something to say to themselves and others:

"We were trying to bring about awareness of a student's blackness and what he could do to help his fellow

Blacks," says Anthony Givens, Black Student Union president.

In a sense the words of Ann Grundi, "We've got to do something about ourselves . . .", do not belong to her alone, but to all black people, and are reflective of the soul-searching and total group awareness that vitalizes UK's black students.

The Ebony Players, a theatrical group; Perfect Circle, musical dramatists, and the gospel-singing Black Voices of UK catalyze the festival. Fresh talent and a vital message are the tools these groups use to communicate to receptive minds.

"Our group is more for communication than for entertainment.

Waiting to express their views on specific areas of "student activism" are Black Arts Festival speakers Mr. Findley Helm, Dr. Cecil Wright, Mrs. Sarah Stevens, and Mrs. Anne Grundi.



African dancing and musical versions typifying Earth, Wind and Fire were performed by the University of Louisville group Ashantis.



Perfect Circle

We have a message to convey about the regeneration of love and hope."

An eight-member troupe, with Jerry Stevens and Polk O'Neil on guitar and Lawrence Bowie on congos and percussion, Perfect Circle presents original material using African dancing, poetry, and music to complement the background slide presentation of the evolution of the black experience.

Poet musicians George Morman and Charles Jones challenge the black man in their poetic recitations:

It's not easy to criticize ourselves. Why should we continue to run behind the white man as he runs away from us?

Why is it so hard to clean and beautify our neighborhood?

If we want to be respected as a group of people, we have to respect ourselves.

If we don't save our people — who will?

Dancers Marylon Bowie, Louella O'Neil and Glen Wilson seem to respond to the poetic challenge as they pulsate to the beat of congos. The slide presentation of photographer Robert Pass shifts in evolutionary form from the black man of Africa to the black man of America, dramatizing black music and dance.

At one point, the slow, sad moaning of a slave song penetrates your consciousness with the wistful cry of a harmonica. Toward the end, the pace of the dancers slows to a stop as the last slide depicts a dirty mattress ripped open. The words, "If we don't save our people — who will?" bring the audience back to a "perfect circle."

This is Perfect Circle — a dynamic force. Jerry Stevens, the director of the Office of Minority Student Affairs, is responsible for much of its creation. "We use our God-given talents to project a message of human

regeneration of Self."

"Perfect Circle is an association of people with creative talents who are trying to convey a real pictorial image of the heritage of black people and the hope in our children and in the future.

"Performing is the focal point of all the things we are trying to do for other people. It's more than playing an instrument, it's playing ourselves. Perfect Circle is compatible and complementary to my work at UK because it's a common meeting ground to communicate with students.

"My involvement in Perfect Circle helps to bridge certain differences, making it easier to relate to people. The way I am when I perform is the way that I am. Perfect Circle is an ideal we feel we can convey: the uninhibited expression of ourselves."

According to Stevens, Perfect Circle's message communicates a different meaning for white and black audiences. Perfect Circle's performance emphasizes the necessity of humility and a true awareness of who and what black people really are. Their repertoire challenges the black audience to develop self-confidence and pride in their racial heritage.

The Ebony Players

"There exists a problem among ourselves and that's the relationship between black men and black women."

Calling themselves the Ebony Players, and entering the Commerce Building auditorium from the back, the group of four black couples proceed to the front singing the theme song from the movie "Mahogany":

**Do you know who you really are?
Are you really who you say you are?**

Responding to these questions with monologues, dialogues, and choral responses, they examine the problem by first examining themselves. In dramatic skits, exaggerated motions, black man scolds black woman and black woman scolds black man.

Troubled woman doesn't know her beauty

**No palm tree on streets...
Dishwater gives no relief...**

**If you see how beautiful I am...
You can see how beautiful you are...**

Bad relationships between black men and women is a dilemma to the black culture, a result of the friction caused by interracial dating. The Ebony Players propose a solution.

"Unity," they proclaim, is the answer. Unity that would encompass a "non-matriarchal society," a unity in which "black man wouldn't run from society," a unity in which "ours would be an ebony richness . . ."

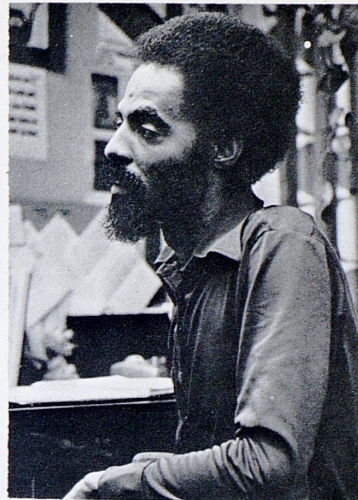
The Ebony Players in rhythm and movement, step off the stage to confront the audience individually. Singing Harry Melvin and The Blue Notes' song, they disperse into the audience, shaking hands—and minds—with their words:

**Wake up everybody...
Wake up all the teachers, time to
teach a new way
Maybe then they'll listen to whatcha
got to say
'Cause they're the ones who's coming
up an' the world is in their hands
So when you teach the children, teach
'em the very best you can**

**The world won't get no better
if we just let it be...
We got to change it just for you
an' me...**

Originated by student Clarence Willis in the spring of 1975 and composed of UK students, the Ebony Players' performances are theatrical and original, drawing on their own personal talents and sometimes those of noted black writers. The first play presented by the Ebony Players, "The Trial of the American Black," was written and produced by Clarence Willis.

"The productions are written around the people that perform as well as for the audiences. We are a black theatrical group trying to make a social impact and trying to let our



Jerry Stevens' involvement in Perfect Circle and his position as Director of Minority Student Affairs both provide "a common meeting ground to communicate with students."

creative urges out," says Clarence Willis.

The birth of the Ebony Players, he says, stemmed from two things. One was his observations of UK's theater department and their productions on campus. He felt that the predominantly white productions were cliqueish. And second was his own desire to create.

Nadine Thomas, an Ebony Player, says that through the medium of drama, they can "rebel, produce satisfaction present a problem and make people more aware. If it is a controversial subject or one that has meaning for others, then you (audience) can see yourself or learn how to deal with it yourself."

"The Ebony Players," says Clarence Willis, "look at ourselves: what we have been throughout history, what we are at present, and what we have the possibility of being."

The Ebony Players challenge life by questioning. But they also search for answers and try to offer solutions. They are original and innovative—and they are involved.

The Black Voices



Editor's note: The writer was unable to see the Black Voices perform in the Black Arts Festival, instead she traveled with them to Elizabethtown, Kentucky where they performed for the Embry African Methodist-Episcopal Church.

"The Black Voices is, as a group, a nucleus within the black society of the University. Performing biblical gospel in song, each member is given a chance to express his feelings through singing, clapping, swaying, stomping, moaning and, to help satisfy his spiritual appetite by praying together," says Charles Little, director and pianist for the gospel singing group.

Black university students who are willing to devote a good deal of time to gospel singing and traveling, compose the Black Voices. Several days out of each month are spent on the road to other universities or churches.

**Sinner Man where will you run to?
Will you run to the sea?**

**The sea will be boiling
Will you run to the trees?
The trees will be on fire**

One such event took place on a Sunday in February, in which the author, unable to see the Black Voices in the Black Arts Festival, traveled with them to a small church in Elizabethtown, Ky.

The small, steepled church is decorated neatly but simply. It houses the black members of the Embry African Methodist-Episcopal Church who had come to hear the Black Voices praise the Lord in song.

And praise the Lord they do! Swaying and clapping as they march in, the Black Voices enter the church with an earthshattering impact of music and movement.

The choir watches closely for the leadership of Directoress Sharon Strong. She points, gestures, claps and sways in a performance all to herself — emulating energy and movement while leading the choir.

From a crescendo of harmony to a

reverent stillness, the choir changes its pace and mood. Somberly, the singers in a pitch that is strong, but slow, proclaim, "I surrender all." And the congregation agree solemnly: "Amen."

Narrator Melvin Baskin says "We're on a journey" — journey away from sin and onto the path to salvation. We're moving down the road now," he says, "and we've come upon a young man who wants to testify . . ."

Testifying that the way was hard but hopeful was Anthony Givens. Face, eyes shut, his words seem an extension of some deep inner emotion. Swaying in a jazzy fashion, he exclaims:

"Sometimes my way gets so dark — yes it does.
Praise the Lord, for He is good."
"When we sing," said Melvin Baskin to the congregation, "it's like when your preacher preaches . . ."



—Ron Casson

we're trying to relay a message."

Charles Little, at the piano, despite his physical distance, is as much immersed in the music as all the rest. Singing and clapping when he isn't playing, and standing and moving while he is playing, His presence and feelings are obvious as he shouts, "Praise the Lord!"

The congregation, enthralled and overcome by the emotion and pitch of the performance, responds: "That's right," or "Alright!"

One girl, feeling the touch of the Almighty, convulses and screams her experience before being carried out.

"Yes, yes, He touched me! Yes, He touched me!" she shouts.

The fellowship of the Black Voices affects its members too. "While a member is striving for his particular goal through the many avenues of academic excellence, it is comforting for him to know that he can steal

away once or twice a week to join in that band which is a part of our black heritage and to know that he has a place in the Black Voices of UK," says Charles Little.

Directress Sharon Strong, whose outside job demands a great amount of strength, depends on the union of the Black Voices to help her cope with her job. She was with the Black Voices when they formed five years ago and "can't imagine being in Lexington and not being a part of the Black Voices."

To Melvin Baskin, the Black Voices is the "method of my madness. By this I mean that when I'm with the Black Voices, I am in a free state. Some people refer to this as madness."

The Black Voices celebrate their fifth anniversary this spring. Originally created to sing in the Black Arts Festival five years ago, they have managed to remain an inspirational group on campus.

They released an album last year called "God is . . ." and plan to make another soon. Through the special arrangement of songs by Charles Little and through their natural self expression, the Black Voices are involved. —

Above photos:

Special arrangement of songs by pianist Charles Little and the directorship of Sharon Strong blend with the energy of the singing Black Voices.



— Stewart Bowman

the sounds of SPRING

of by Byron West

There are some instructors you can never really warm up to.

Take, for example, the old boy I had for an upper-division math class a year or so ago. He was a thin fellow, in his early sixties, with rimless, coke-bottle glasses, thinning hair and a large vein that stood out near his right temple. Very highly regarded by his colleagues, but students tried not to regard him at all.

Through the bleak days that ushered in the spring semester, and up into March, he would thunder into the classroom a few seconds ahead of the bell and call roll in a voice that dared anybody not to answer, and then would whirl around and proceed to cover the board with notes, some of which were legible.

He would not tolerate questions while he was lecturing. He usually went on lecturing and writing on the board for five minutes after the bell rang at the end of class. No one dared close a notebook or put on a coat until he finished.

Rumor had it that he was planning a test for either the day before spring break or the day after, or both. Nobody wanted to ask him.

One of the more courageous members of the class, a grad student, one day girded his loins and took a drop-slip up to the professor's office. The professor looked up and stared through him for two full minutes, and then went back to work without a word.

The grad student waited a moment longer, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, and finally slunk out, depositing the drop-slip in a trash can.

The following day there came a blistering lecture on how easy college students have it these days. By the time he finished, the sky outside had turned gray and one of the fluorescent lights was flickering nervously overhead.

From that day on the class sat in mortal dread of the upcoming tests. Each day the notes were less legible, the lectures more rapid-fire and generally incomprehensible. We were fairly sure the test was going to be the day before spring break, and we knew it was going to be a bear.

Rain, or even snow, was expected on the day in question, but instead I awoke to find the sun smiling down from a cloudless sky. I dressed and bundled up, but I went out and found the temperature to be in the mid-60's, so I left my coat home and walked to class.

The earth was turning green and the birds were announcing the arrival of spring. My heart was filled with the

joy of rebirth, and I forgot about the test until I climbed the stairs to the classroom.

Most everybody was already there, and the tension was so thick I had to swim through it to my seat. The professor wasn't there yet.

The bell rang. Nobody spoke. The clock on the wall hummed loudly.

Ten minutes later he walked in. He was whistling to himself. We stared as he marched across the room, threw open the window and breathed deeply.

"Ahh! Spring!" he cried. We were on the edges of our seats when he moved back to the podium.

He didn't call roll; he didn't reach for the chalk. He smiled and thanked us all for coming. We sat back in disbelief.

He told us about the crocuses sprouting yellow and purple by his sidewalk. He told us about a family of robins in his maple tree. He spoke of bluebirds, of daffodils, of God and truth and love.

A sound came from the hallway. He stopped and cocked his head.

The instructor across the hall was just getting warmed up and was broadcasting European history all over the second floor of the building. Our professor walked out, tiptoed across the hall, closed the man's door for him and came back looking satisfied.

He told of past love and love yet to come. He told of his travels during his youth. And he stopped again, frowning.

Three people were walking down the hall discussing the Arts and Sciences reorganization. One of them stopped at a water fountain and turned the handle halfway. It vibrated loudly, and the water pipes screamed in protest.

The professor went to the door and cleared his throat pointedly. They moved on, and he came back smiling.

He spoke of purity and light, of events and places long ago and far away. He mentioned cosmic order, and somebody dragged something heavy across the floor of the classroom above us. He paused and scowled. The noise stopped, and he continued.

He spoke of human endeavor, of government of the people, for the people and by the people. He talked about economic theory and the New Deal. Some of us began to fidget a little. He talked of Taiwan, ecology, the Senator Armed Services Committee and of revenue sharing.

Outside the door some men appeared with a stepladder. They set it up in the hallway and one of them climbed it and

tried to open a panel in the ceiling. It was stuck. He took a hammer from his belt and set about pounding on the panel.

The professor turned white. He stomped over to the door and slammed it. He turned back to the podium.

The glass in the door cracked, divided and redivided, hung suspended in place for a moment, and crashed to the floor.

The vein at the professor's temple started to swell. He lit a cigarette and burned his finger on the match. He regained some of his color and started to speak again.

He mentioned graft and corruption, corporate mismanagement and campaign violations. He discussed the Cold War and the military-industrial complex.

Somebody fired up a lawn mower outside the window. He rushed to the window and told the guy to get lost.

He came back to the podium just as the repairmen arrived to replace the glass in the door. They chiseled out the remaining glass, put in a new pane, and pounded the frame back in around it. Every sound they made seemed to shake the very foundation of his being. He stood and stared at them until they finished. His vein looked like it might pop.

Most of the class forgot to breathe. The fluorescent light began to flicker overhead.

He walked shakily to the podium and leaned heavily on it. He spoke of wars and rumors of wars, of Armageddon and of intergalactic calamities beyond description. He spoke of sin and perdition, fire and brimstone, and the desolation of the wicked. He spoke of outer darkness, where there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

A terrific racket came in through the window. He stopped and listened. His eyes widened. His nostrils flared. His vein began to throb.

Suddenly he shrieked and ran toward the window. Without hesitating he leaped out, hung in mid-air for a split second, and dropped from sight.

We crowded around the window and looked down.

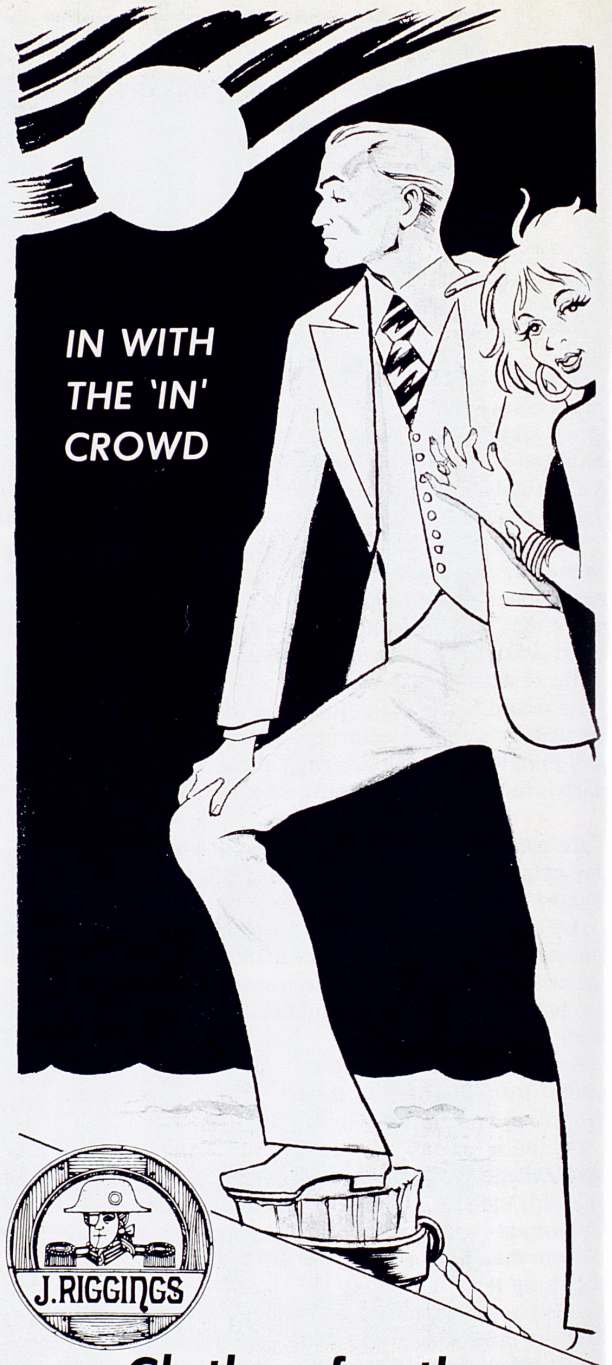
The noise was coming from one of those absurd gasoline-powered machines whose sole purpose is to blow leaves off the sidewalk. Its operator was staring at the bush into which the professor had evidently fallen.

The professor stood up and shook himself. Then he spied the machine, lunged from the bush and ran full-tilt into the grounds-maintenance man, who released his hold on the machine and sat down hard on the sidewalk. The professor grabbed the handle, turned the machine around and aimed it at the dazed figure on the ground; he let out a yell and charged.

The maintenance man was already running by the time he got to his feet. He disappeared around the corner of the building, with the machine and the professor close behind.

We caught one more glimpse of them streaking down Rose Street toward town. The six o'clock news reported that Metro Police had chased them out Richmond Road but couldn't catch them.

They were last seen passing a southbound Continental Trailways bus on Interstate 75 near the Tennessee line. —



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By Scott Payton and Susan Jones

To
folk
love
Chesty
Zsa Zsa

You smell her perfume before she appears—the Woolworth-ripe, goddess-of-a-girlie scent wafts across you from the back of the room. Conversation stops...glasses clink... Chesty Morgan is about to perform.

"Ladies and gentlemen: all the way from Florida, Miss Zsa Zsa Chesty Morgan! Let's show Chesty what Lexington's all about!"

Scattered applause and Kentucky-style rebel yells greet Chesty as she sweeps onstage in a blinding swirl of hot pink sequins and feathered chiffon. Every eye in the house is riveted on her bust.

For weeks, newspaper ads have proclaimed the arrival of "Chesty Morgan, 73-24-36 (no misprint)." Well, there's no doubt about it—it's not a misprint. Those great drooping mounds, held rigidly aloft now by some marvel of whalebone engineering, are everybit of 73 inches.



'This is just
a job
for me.'

More than six mammary-feet of womanhood.

Chesty launches into her act—or at least that portion of it she can manage on the tiny stage at the Red Lion Lounge, Lexington's premier national-circuit strip club. All she can do, really, is mince a few awkward dance steps as "Sweet Gypsy Rose" raunches and rheumes from tinny speakers hidden somewhere in the black-light darkness. But that's okay: the modish young businessmen in the crowd haven't shelled out three bucks a head to see her dance. America's self-proclaimed

breasts unnaturally hard and artificial-looking," he says.

He's also obviously proud of his wife and the quality of her show, but emphasizes he wants Chesty to speak for herself.

There is a small shock in meeting Chesty Morgan backstage. With her Gabor-sisters accent and infectious laugh, she is more charming and vivacious than her desultory stage show would lead you to expect. And there are some fine contradictions in her appearance: some weird and

desert."

Chesty came to New York 18 years ago. "Being in so many other countries I can appreciate this country. I love this country because it's a free country and you can say anything you want.

"I don't like it when people complain about America, but people like to complain. You just can't help that. In Detroit I tried to tell them this, and this man suggested to me I'd better tattoo the United States flag on my boobs because I like it so much."

Chesty says her breasts hold the world record for size. She likes her

okay: the modish young businessmen in the crowd haven't shelled out three

bucks a head to see her *dance*. America's self-proclaimed highest-paid stripper knows that. And she quickly gives them what they want.

Staring blankly at the ceiling, mouthing along with the pre-recorded music, Chesty speedily peels off layer-after-layer of her marvelous, billowy costume....

Fifteen minutes later, it's over. So fast that if you turned to order a drink you probably missed the critical unveiling. Chesty is still onstage, but dressed now, in a flimsy pink negligee. She grabs a microphone and announces her willingness to answer questions from the audience. She supports her breasts in the crook of her arm.

The crowd seems disappointed by the polite-society nature of Chesty's show and is apparently up for something a little raunchier. Some, disgruntled and in their cups, shout suggestive questions. Chesty ignores them, answers only those few innocuous queries she finds appealing, and thanks everyone in a thick Polish accent. She disappears from the stage as abruptly as she appeared.

Her husband, major league umpire Dick Stello, grabs Chesty's arm and accompanies her back to her dressing room. When he's not working, Stello sometimes travels with his wife although, he admits, "I don't like hanging around these plumps (strip joints)."

Stello is a highly personable man, who's eager to expound on the genuineness of Chesty's dimensions.

"Chesty's all real. She's had no silicone. Her breasts are soft and natural. Silicone injections make

vivacious than her desultory stage show would lead you to expect. And

there are some fine contradictions in her appearance: some weird and wholly disarming amalgam of street-wise stripper, Marie Antoinette and loving mother. Her kids, in fact are never far from her thoughts and are a principle reason she strips.

"I like my job and I can take care of my kids very well doing this," says Chesty, relaxing between shows in Warren E. King's office. King owns the Red Lion.

Chesty has two daughters, Lila and Eva, from her first marriage. Her late husband was killed "in a holdup in his business in New York City."

After his death she "run a little bit tight with the money.

"So since I had to do something, I came across. I really needed money badly so I could pay my bills and take care of my kids."

That was three years ago. Chesty has been stripping ever since. "I quit it so many times. God—I just said this is the last time. I won't do it no more.

"It's very tough on the road. I am very strong woman. Exceptionally strong.... Most of the girls, they just give up. They go a few weeks on the road and just can't keep up with it.

Many times I too went to a hotel room and I was so lonesome and I said, God—no more. But meanwhile, after three years, for me it's still all right.

Chesty met her first husband in Israel, where her aunt had taken her after her Jewish parents were killed by the Nazis during World War II.

"I love Israel. That's my country. I was born in Poland." Chesty went to nursing school in Israel and worked in Hadassah Hospital.

"I was in a kibbutz in Isarel and in the army. Life was very hard in the

better tattoo the United States flag on my boobs because I like it so much."

Chesty says her breasts hold the world record for size. She likes her legs better, she says, but today, "you can't make any money with legs. American men like boobs.

"All my life I was so skinny and I had maybe an 18-inch waistline. I start to grow my bust very late in life—15-16—I was flat-chested up until then.

"All of a sudden they grow, you know? And I always tried to hide them. I never tried to wear a bra to show off my bust because I don't want people to know of me this way. I wear a bra and it doesn't stick out. Wherever I travel, wherever I go, I don't want people to really know who I am." Chesty says she pays \$50 for her bras.

"Having this bust it was kinda hard with boys," she says. "I was very shy, never had a boyfriend, until I got married. I was not yet 19 then. You notice when I talk about boys I look at the ground? I am very happy with my breasts today, but many times I made a reservation in the hospital to have them reduced. But I was afraid."

Chesty refused to reveal her exact salary, but she affirms that she's the highest-paid stripper in the business. "Before I took my bra off they had to guarantee me a certain salary. Otherwise, I would not do it. I didn't start at the bottom, ever.

"I make enough money, and I'm not really hungry for it. But I would hate to think about myself to step down so low to be a prostitute. I do my work and it's difficult as is. It doesn't have to be more difficult.

"In every profession you find girls who would do it (prostitution). Not in my profession. You wouldn't find the

big stars who would do it. And the average girl, I don't associate very much with them because we're in different brackets of salary. I don't talk to them. I don't have any conversation with the people in the audience. I just do my show. Unless somebody comes—like a congressman or a senator."

In addition to making money with her figure by stripping, Chesty's marvelous shape got her a role in

the time is wasted."

Donald Sutherland stars in "Casanova." "He's just a great actor," says Chesty. "He is just terrific he has no nerves. All the time I never saw him get into any difficulties with Fellini and Fellini is a bit difficult, you know."

Chesty did not like Italy. "I felt very lonesome there. It's hard when you don't speak the language. There's nothing really to see in Italy, but ruins."

"In Italy I was afraid to walk away, because I was afraid someone would

kinds of people, but you have to expect when people drink they act different.

"I have a chance to meet very nice people in Las Vegas and every place I work. I meet students, women's liberationists..." Is Chesty in favor of women's lib? "I love men. I'm in a profession where men are involved and I can't burn my bra—I could not do without it. So I am against women's liberation."

Because she had to strip to support herself and her children, Chesty is determined her daughters will never

"You can't depend on a man today.
Life is different from many years back
when a woman stayed home and cooked."

Italian producer Federico Fellini's new movie "Casanova." Chesty has never seen a Fellini movie, nor has she seen the rushes from "Casanova."

"Mr. Federico Fellini is a great man—very intelligent, very good looking. Surprisingly good looking," she says. "He has a million secretaries who every one tries to love him, and he tries to play fair with everybody over there, you know? But I think he loves American people very much. People look up to Fellini like they would look up to a messiah."

Chesty says she's glad she did the movie with Fellini, but wished "there was a Fellini in the United States."

"In my heart it hurts me that those expensive movies are not made in the United States. And there is no work for American people who spend all that big money, who pay for those tickets, which pay for a movie being made in Italy."

"I saw a lot of waste. There are hundreds and hundreds of people who work around these movies—like make-up people, who just make up one person for one day and the rest of

kidnap me. It's a dangerous job even here. When I finish my work and go to my hotel I have people follow me, I have people to call hotels around town. I have people to offer me money, or try to make deals on the phone. I was offered \$5,000 to go out with a doctor once."

Chesty hopes her part in "Casanova" will lead to more film roles. She has done two other movies, "Two Deadly Weapons," where Chesty smothers men with her breasts, and "Agent 73 (as in 73 inches)". And she knows the time she can strip is limited.

"Everyday I say to my husband, 'You know, it's so difficult in this business.' Before, I wanted to get older, but now I'm worried about it a little." Chesty would not reveal her age. "You feel, God, you don't want to get older. You get these depressing moments. I guess everybody in this business does."

"I don't know how long I will do this. I don't know how long audiences will turn around and everything."

Chesty says she likes her job and her audiences. "I meet different

be dependent on men for their livelihood.

"I want them to have their own profession. To depend on their own hands. I was lost a lot, but then I was not so lost. Many people say, 'Zsa Zsa, nobody could have done what you did.' But when you have so much pressure on you, you just do it."

"You can't depend on a man today. Life is different from many years back when a woman stayed home and cooked."

Chesty takes pains to maintain her figure for reasons as much personal as professional. She says she eats only one meal a day. "I have to be very careful because I have a husband who doesn't like fat women. You have to really watch your figure because umpires are on the road a lot and I don't want to lose him."

"I like a married life. I don't like people who get divorces. I don't like people who cheat. You would think I am very free because I'm in this business. I have my manners and my whole way of life is different. This is just a job for me."

Unpredictable(Cont.)

pulled on their sneakers to face 10th-ranked SEC champion Alabama.

Phillips and Givens sparked the offensive flow early in the contest, helping offset All-SEC center Leon Douglas and freshman upstart Reginald King, a 6-6 forward. The well-played struggle was in doubt until the final two minutes, when James Lee and Larry Johnson led a UK barrage which sent Crimson Tide reeling and the Wildcats to New York.

Phillips and Givens sparked the offensive flow early in the contest, helping offset All-SEC center Leon Douglas and freshman upstart Reginald King, a 6-6 forward. The well-played struggle was in doubt until the final two minutes, when James Lee and Larry Johnson led a UK barrage which sent the Crimson Tide reeling and the Wildcats to New York.

The next day, Hall received word of UK's invitation to the NIT.

The home season finale would've been merely icing on the cake, after the excitement of the win over 'Bama and the tournament bid, and most fans would've understood if the Cats had come out flat and lost to Mississippi State.

But not this time. It was the final UK home game to be played in Memorial Coliseum. (Next year, all Kentucky home games will be played in the new Rupp Arena.) Closing out a quarter-century of Kentucky basketball with a loss would've been like Colonel Sanders wiping his off-licked fingers on his shirt tail.

It took another late barrage by Johnson and a last-second shot by Givens to send the game into overtime, but UK finally prevailed at the end of the extra period.

The Wildcats packed their bags, ready to peel the Big Apple.

The first-round foe was to be Niagara, a small Catholic college with a budding basketball tradition. Kentucky, full of momentum and tradition and talent, was supposed to walk all over the Purple Eagles in this, the Cats' first appearance in the Garden since the point-shaving scandals of the early '50s.

Somebody forgot to tell Niagara about the plans and the scrappy crew from upstate New York almost ruined the Wildcats' return engagement. It took a late second-half spurt to give Kentucky a sloppy 67-61 win.

The state of Kansas has produced, among other things, wheat, the setting for "The Wizard of Oz," Adolph Rupp and the Kansas State Wildcats. The latter brought with them to New York one of the most prolific shooting guard combinations since the Kentucky Colonels had Louie Dampier and Darel Carrier.

K-State's Chuckie Williams and Mike Evans teamed up for 44 points and almost ran UK out of town before pooping out and falling down 81-78.

That same evening, the University of Louisville and Providence College played off to determine who would meet Kentucky in the semi-final round.

Wildcat and Cardinal fans watched breathlessly to see if U of L would come through and set up the Dream Game lobbied for so long by Louisville fans. But the young and listless Cards bowed, sending Providence, New York City's favorite son after St. Peter's was eliminated, against UK.

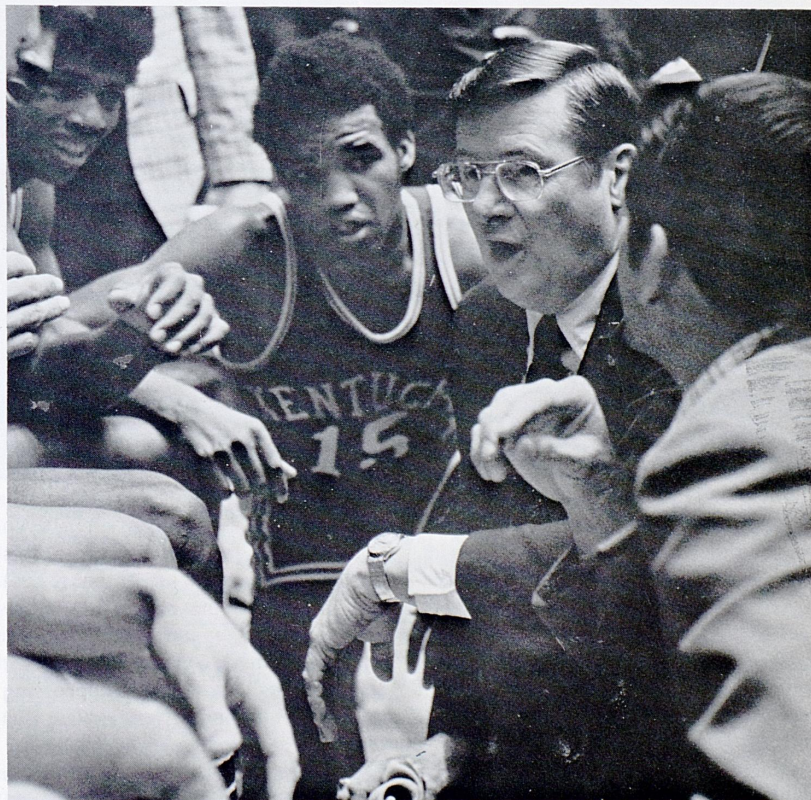
Kentucky, which had narrowly escaped the clutches of two other teams, jumped on

PC early, racing away to a 26-8 lead. The Friars steadily chipped away at the lead, though, and trailed by only 39-37 at the half.

Kentucky again moved out to a big lead at the start of the second period, only to see Providence fight back and, behind a swarming press, actually take a one-point lead with seven seconds left.

But it was Johnson to the rescue once more. The fleet, sleek, 6-3 junior guard put little old ladies everywhere to shame with his weaving as he threaded through the PC press as time was running out. He dribbled three-fourths the length of the court and, with one second showing on the clock, dropped in a lay-up that pushed Providence out of the tournament.

While all this hoopla was going down in one bracket, the University of North Carolina at Charlotte was capturing the sympathies of New York basketball fans, as well as three victories, in the other bracket. A fourth, over Kentucky, would give UNCC the NIT championship and give the tournament a Cinderella finish, always



— Stewart Bowman

Hall, under the watchful eye of senior guard Reggie Warford, mapped out strategy during the NIT. For Hall, the championship was another feather in his cap. For Warford, it was a satisfying end to a tumultuous career.



Freshman Bob Fowler (left) began to harness his incredible leaping ability in time for the NIT. His raw talent helped Kentucky take the title. Sophomore Jack Givens, who led the team in season scoring average, was his same unshakeable self. He was named first team All-NIT.

good for tournament image and money-hungry public relations men.

UNCC came to town complete with a down-home coach sporting an eternal smile, Lee Rose; a folk hero in 6-8 center Cedric "Cornbread" Maxwell, and a hell-raising brass band. The band ran out of money early in the week, but through donations from the citizens of Charlotte, it was able to stay in town until the climax.

Even though Kentucky's 16-10 regular season record was the worst of all the teams entered in the NIT, the 49ers, which ended the season 21-5, were dubbed underdog. UK tradition and a treacherous schedule probably made the Wildcats the favorite.

UNCC could only boast playing Florida and Vanderbilt, both SEC also-rans. UNCC did, however, twice play North Carolina

State, losing by a few points midway through the regular season and then gaining revenge with a one-point victory in the NIT semi-finals.

So the stage was set. Two "backwoods" teams were to go at it, both barely making it to the tournament and then stampeding to the finals.

It took a six-game winning streak and a nationally-televised win over powerful Alabama for Kentucky to draw a bid. UNCC made it on the strength of charisma and Rose's selling job to the NIT selections committee.

The actual contest looked like it would turn into an exhibition game between UNCC and Kentucky's reserves. Phillips, Givens, Lee and Reggie Warford all fell into foul trouble, and when the first three were riding the bench midway through the second half, it looked like Cinderella would rise up out of the ashes and win, living happily ever after.

But Kentucky's makeshift lineup of Johnson, Warford, Dwane Casey, Bob Fowler and Merion Haskins kept Kentucky within striking distance. When Givens and Phillips finally returned to the lineup, they struck with the quickness and accuracy of a cobra.

Inspired, the Wildcats fought back and recaptured the lead, then played see-saw basketball with the 49ers until the closing seconds.

Johnson, who took charge of the UK stalling game after the Cats grabbed a one-point lead, hit two free throws with 22 seconds left, propelling Kentucky to a three-point advantage.

After UNCC countered with a bucket, Johnson was fouled again. This time, he missed the front end of the one-and-one situation.

But Phillips was there to grab the biggest rebound of his life and stuff it into the basket, drawing a foul on the play.

His free throw insured Kentucky's 71-67 win, National Invitational Tournament championship, 10th straight victory and a whirlwind finish which would've given Jeanne Dixon splitting headaches for years to come. —👁

John Vogel

Dick Gabriel

Golden (Cont.)

small compared to the other girls. He'd said it was because she hid behind the aquarium in biology class. The teacher would call her name, and she wouldn't hear. And when she finally did, she blushed, and that vein on her forehead stood out. He wanted to know what she was listening to. She'd told him she was just watching the snail's mouths on the glass. It doesn't matter anymore. When he found out what she was listening to, he didn't like it. She can't escape that, he didn't like it.

She soaps a washrag and begins scrubbing. Ears. Between her toes. The mark won't go away. Of course, there are those who love her, and those she loves. But the ones that love her are her family, and don't have any choice. She blots at her breast with suds. Would they still love her after seeing the mark? They don't even know who they love.

She tried to tell them. She stood at her parents' bedroom door, watching their cigarettes going up and down in the darkness. They had their own problems; her sister Sarah was away at school and hadn't called home in three weeks. Her parents worry, and she can't add to that.

There is only pain: the pain is of others always louder and silences her own. Her father will say that all he wants is happiness, her mother will say that there can only be happiness if the house is perfect order. Nothing is happy, nothing is perfect. She wants that nothing. She can't let her parents worry her, she won't be around to witness their grief. It is as though Bruce had died. She let him know her better than anyone else, inside and out, and he didn't like her. She can't find anything within her self to replace him, so there must not be anything there.

She pauses in her scrubbing, holding as still as ice. The things she wants most to forget are the things that insist on returning. A ritual she shared with Sarah was to sit on the edge of the tub talking and listening as Sarah bathed. The last time Sarah had been home, she'd said, "I just can't tell them why I flunked out last semester, I've told them too much already. I knew all along that he couldn't

marry me, and I wasn't ready either. But I loved him. I took a plane to New York to have it done. There wasn't any other way. I loved him. Can you understand that?" She'd wanted to cover her ears and scream, "I'm too young to hear this!" but had nodded yes, and gripped Sarah's outstretched wet hand.

She shifts back to rinse off the soap. It rises and settles on the surface of the water, splotchy as a frog's back. Her father had liked Bruce, and said that Bruce told stories that made everyone laugh. Den liked Bruce too, and used to threaten her that he'd pin her down and tickle her unless she let Bruce kiss her. It took him a year anyway. She'd sit on the grass, reading a book while Den and Bruce played basketball. The only time she made baskets were when she played by herself. It made her smile though to see the two she loved most in the world passing that ball between them, and listening to it crash or swish.

time, and also knew that he wouldn't volunteer the information. "How was it?" she'd asked. "Great! It was about time!" He'd stretched out beside her for a moment, then glanced at her, puzzled and shocked, and ran off to shower. She wished that he'd stayed.

When she told Den that Bruce wasn't going to be back, she'd watched his face change from wanting to cry to wanting to beat up Bruce. Den isn't supposed to cry, she isn't supposed to want to hit anybody, or even worse, want to love them. Right now, Den is probably out doing more of whatever he did last night. It isn't fair that she's a girl, nothing is fair.

She sits up abruptly in the water. Her fingers and toes are crinkled and old looking. She's been in the tub for longer than she thought. It's about time. It's time now.

She dries herself. It's not a woman's or a child's body, but thin and small-waisted, with wide shoulders and hips, and legs that

Right now, Den is probably out doing more of whatever he did last night. It isn't fair that she's a girl. Nothing is fair.

One time, when it got too cold for her to sneak out and meet Bruce in the woods, he'd knocked at her window, and she'd let him in. They got in her bed, fully dressed of course, and just held and looked at each other all night. Then Bruce started stuttering in whispers, crouching behind her and using her as a shield. Den was standing in the doorway, saying that he'd heard voices. Bruce must have thought it was her father. She told Den that it was just Bruce, and Den had said rather threateningly, "What's he doing here?" "Nothing," she'd said, and Den stumbled off to bed.

Last night, she woke up at three in the morning because Den was staring at her. They used to wake up one another like that as children. He was hovering at the bottom of her bed, grinning like a Buddha. She knew, from the looks of him, that he must have made love or something for the first

her father calls strong. She remembers to hang up the towel and mat. She slips a fresh white nightie on over her head, and slides into it with a single gesture. She unpins her hair, and brushes it to fall over her shoulders the way he liked. She stoops to pick up her glasses off the floor. They're shatterproof or else she wouldn't have thrown them. She looks at her face in the mirror while she polishes her glasses, or the reflected image would be too sharp. She turns, whispering "See ya," to the blur, and walks out whistling.

In her bedroom she goes to the dresser, lifts her jewelry box and sets it down carefully on the bed, so she won't jar the order of the precious things inside. She sits cross-legged in front of the box. Calm and smiling, she lifts the lid. The red velvet bottom of the box is lined with forty white tablets that resemble little pillows.

"There you are." She is still, her hands

hold one another in her lap. Her parents must have thought she was getting aspirins. But the pills aren't aspirins; they are what is taken when her parents can't sleep; if the house isn't perfect, if Sarah hasn't called. She raises her face to the ceiling, and for once, cries without effort. She wipes her cheeks with her hands, and wipes her hands on the bedspread.

She picks up her journal and lights a cigarette. She picks up where she'd left off, picking out the parts she likes best, and reads.

Her parents must have thought she was getting aspirins. But the pills aren't aspirins; they are what is taken when her parents can't sleep; if the house isn't perfect...

I swear, I tried to tell them I smoked. They're always telling me I'm such a good girl, I try and try to tell them I'm not. I left full ashtrays all over the house, and Mama said, 'Tell your friends that they can't smoke up here if they can't smoke at their houses.' Do they find things only if they're hidden? Please believe me. I am not good. I am selfish.

"It amazes me that Mama and Daddy never thought to notice that I wasn't in my bed when I was meeting you in the woods. Oh no, they trust me. I can't be trusted, love and trust are such awful weapons. I keep hearing Mama and Daddy saying about me, 'We don't have to worry about her, she won't disappoint us as Sarah has.'

"The more places, the longer times, the less I talked, the farther away from me you slipped. I would've been anything you wanted, anything. It's easy to change. Why wouldn't you tell me? The thought of anyone else touching me makes me gag. You were always telling me I was crazy so now I'm proving it. In all those four years, there must have been a time when we were together. What we had between us was almost a holdable thing, and with all the time and energy put into it, I can't figure out where it went. It can't be nothing.

"If there was a time, it must be when we were running to meet on the path, but we were just children. I remember that running. It was so dark, all I could see were my feet. I knew where I was going, and how to get there, I just didn't know where I was. The path goes along a ridge, and the lights from the city would be blinking through the webbing of trees. The dark streak where there aren't any lights is the river.

"I keep getting these awful flashes, like knives. On our couch. On grossmutter's

floor. In the back of your car. After you got your driver's license we didn't meet in the woods anymore. We'd be so near, then you'd jerk away. You'd find my glasses so I could find my clothes. You had such beautiful huge brown eyes, with gold and black specks floating around the pupils. Something must be wrong with me to make you move away like that. I don't know what it is. I don't want to know."

She writes the date and makes an etching in her diary of a fingernail moon. Undemeath that she writes, "Hail Mary, quite contrary. I don't care where I go, anyplace would have to be better than here." Impulsively she writes "Forgive" but just as impulsively marks it out into a solid black bar. Around the drawing she prints, "Moon, luna moth, lunatic, loony." She draws heartshaped wings onto the moon, and laughs, turning the whole page into a scribble. She closes her diary, the pen is left to mark her place. She slides the book under her pillow.

She turns out the light, and watches her cigarette glow out. When the last spark is gone, her eyes are accustomed to the darkness. The pills catch whatever light

there is, and seem to gleam. She puts the first one in her mouth and takes a swallow of milk. She takes another pill, and another gulp. After about ten of them, she gets bored, and takes them by handfuls.

She remembers to rinse the glass in the kitchen. On her way back, she drops Schumann's "Kindersetzen" onto the stereo. As she passes through each room, she turns out the lights and speaks aloud as if the walls could hear.

"I don't know why Mama has to keep these rooms so perfect, or why it's easier to forgive than forget. Mama only hit me once. I know she was awful mad, and that made her forget the screwdriver in her hand. I can't remember what I did wrong. I didn't even know I'd been stabbed until Den started crying and holding me, saying that my shirt was bloody. I couldn't cry, everyone was more upset than me. It didn't hurt. Mama came back, red-eyed, and with the iodine, but there wasn't anything she could say. I don't believe in accidents, and Mama's got her reasons for anger. Daddy says he wishes we could've know her when she was young, before we were born. Mama's got her reasons, there are things I can't even guess."

In her bedroom, she crams her cigarettes and ashtray back into the drawer and shoves her jewelry box under the bed. Above the music of the stereo, she can hear the acorns rattling down the roof. It is one of her favorite sounds. She folds back the covers. It feels very good to lie down. One hand rests upon the mark on her breast, the other curves around to her ribs, to touch a small round scar.

The pain rises, pressures, and tears at her throat. She is stumbling before she realizes that she is out of bed. One hand gropes along the wall, the other is clamped against her mouth to force the pressure back down, or at least, keep it where it is. She only wants to make it to the bathroom before it rips from her throat.

She collapses to kneeling on the floor in front of the toilet as though her foundations had been kicked out. The heaves clutch at her body, and she can't catch her breath. She retches violently. It comes, passes through in forces and pulls, leaving her trembling and comes again. If the pills

won't kill her, then this will. She can't catch her breath. It won't stop.

She flushes the toilet. "Oh. Oh. Oh," she says, groping for that word meaning enough. Her cheeks and mouth quiver, and each quiver contorts her face.

She steadies her elbows on the cool smoothness of the toilet seat, and supports her head between her hands. The tile is icy on her knees. As soon as she thinks she can put herself in one place and one piece, she finds herself in another. Her body sways, slowly and gently. When her breath seems to be coming regularly, she squeezes out a giggle; she'd remembered to put her glasses on.

"Glad I made it," she thinks. "Wouldn't want to make a mess now, or wake anybody up. Couldn't ever explain what I was doing here. What time isn't it? Don't know if I'm winning or losing, it doesn't matter, it's all the same. Don't know what got me out of bed. Can't remember what I dreamed, but it sure was nice. It's so typical. I thought I'd be in my father's house of many mansions, and here I am, staring into a toilet."

It's getting light. She has brushed her teeth, washed her face, and taken off her nightie. She is perched naked on the edge of the bed. She can't lay down because the walls spin, the floor disappears, and she is falling. She loves to look from high places, but hates that falling sensation. Right now, she doesn't want to be alive, but she doesn't seem to have any choice.

She's had all night to think, and should come up with something profound. She looks at the imprinted squares on her knees from the bathroom tile, and looks out the window. When her grandfather and sister died, pale pink rose bushes were planted in the garden. To be a pale pink rose bush would've been nice. The mark is still there, cupped to her breast like a petal.

Her heart is pounding, the sound fills the room. The rhythm is the words "Nothing changes everything changes nothing changes everything." To shut out the voice, she covers her ears, then holds her hands up to the light. They look transparent and won't stop shaking. She presses them against the cold window pane, then reaches under her pillow for her journal.



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INSIDE THE KENTUCKY LAW JOURNAL

Volume XXIX November, 1940 Number 1

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If you're not a law student or a lawyer, chances are you're not too familiar with the Kentucky Law Journal. But to those affiliated with the School of Law, the law journal is vital to the education of the student, as well as the conscientious professional.

The journal is primarily funded through the University, although they try to break even through subscriptions and the little advertis-

ing that's involved. The law journal, dating back to 1913, is primarily aimed toward everyone in the profession of law and is written by law students, professionals and scholars. It's published in quarterly issues which comprise one volume a year.

Editor-in-chief Bob Griffith has a Masters degree in English and is currently in his second year of law school. "I enjoy my job a lot," said Griffith. "It's very valuable in a lot

of ways. No other professional journal is published by students, and this gives them a chance to express their ideas and thoughts about the law. In fact, students have made direct influences on the law through the journal, which is very fulfilling."

Faculty advisor Rutherford Campbell received a Masters in Law from Harvard University after graduating from UK after three years and has been faculty advisor to the law journal for one year. "The articles in the law journal are generally written to the legal community," said Campbell. "The majority of the articles would be doctrinal analyses, where you take a subject and write about the laws concerned with it." Campbell said he feels there are two major benefits in having a law journal. "It's good for the community to have an authoritative legal analysis of certain topics and it provides incentive for change in rules that are outdated or need clarification."

To become a staff member of the Kentucky Law Journal a student must meet one of two requirements. At the end of the first semester a law students must be in the top 12 of the class and write a comment dealing with one case or idea which is worthy of publication. If a student isn't in the top of his or her class, they could be a "write on." That is, the student would have to write a comment of publishable quality and participate in administrative duties. In any case, the law journal is a highly qualified publication written by the top students and scholars of the profession.

"The law journal is currently working on a coal mining symposium, which would be the major theme of the third issue of Volume 64," Griffith said. "The issue would be looking at the different aspects and problems of coal mining from a legal standpoint. Concern will be emphasized toward environmental aspects of coal mining as well as costs and other factors."

James Sory was the Editor-in-Chief of the first volume. One of the lead articles was on the legal ethics of law. "A fairly unusual article for a professional publication," according to Griffith.

With the help of Law School faculty member and distinguished

member of the Board of Trustees Paul Oberst, some interesting history concerning the law journal was discovered. Oberst was the note editor of the Kentucky Law Journal in 1938-39 when he was a senior in law school. (A note is similar to a comment but it is longer in length and consists of extended treatment of a moderately broad topic.) At that time there were only 14 members on the staff, compared with 43 today.

Oberst informed me that in the 1938 issue there was a lead article entitled "Requirements for Admission to Law School," by Frank Murray. "The article stated that a 1.3 grade point average was required for admission to the Law School,"

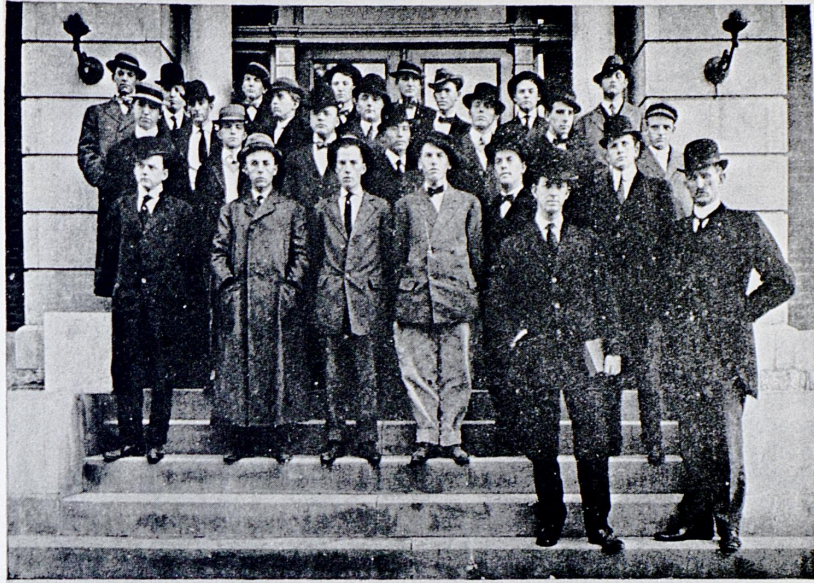
The 1939 issue included an article on the effect of economic depression upon foreclosure. "We were very serious students at that time, stated Oberst. "We were children of the depression and to us life was real, life was earnest."

The Kentucky Law Journal is the tenth oldest such publication in the nation. The different law schools throughout the country make it a practice to exchange copies of their law journals. "When I was on the staff," said Oberst, "it was really to our advantage to exchange with the larger schools such as Harvard and Yale because then they put out twice as many copies, which really built up our library."

One of the major differences between the law journal of the past and of the present is that the Editor-in-Chief now gets paid. "It was always considered an honor and privilege to serve as editor," said Oberst. "Many firms judge it as a great qualification."

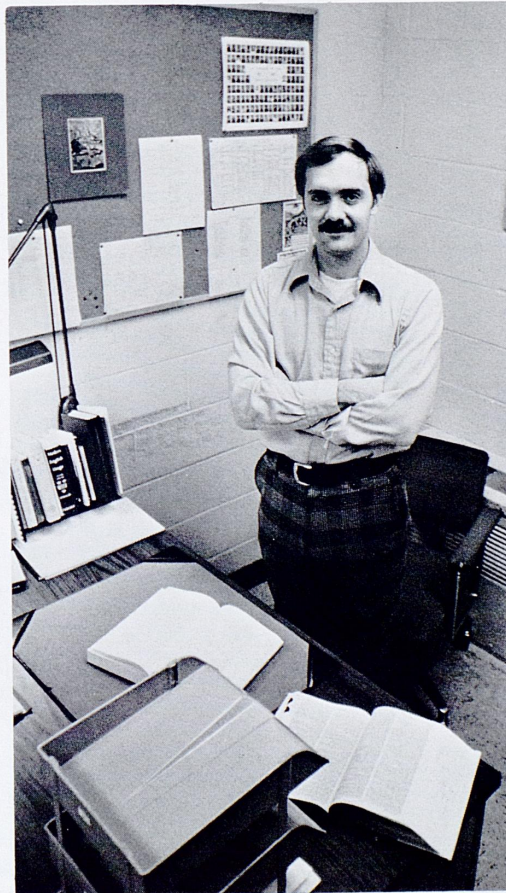
According to Oberst, "About ten years ago the Editor-in-chief decided he needed a second car for his wife to drive. The payments were \$75 a month and he decided he was going to have to step down from the position as editor in order to get a part-time job. The faculty got together, however, and decided to make the Editor-in-Chief position a paying one. Reasonably enough, the salary was set at \$75 a month."

Dan Taulbee



THE FIRST CLASS OF THE COLLEGE OF LAW OF THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY.

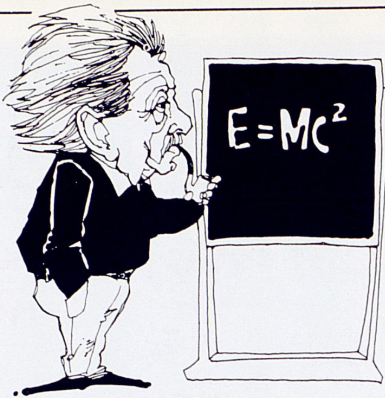
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Above: This photograph was taken from one of the earlier volumes of the Law Journal. One of the few photographs to appear in the Journal, this one represents the first University of Kentucky Law class.

Left: Law Journal Editor in Chief Bob Griffith holds a Masters in English and is currently in his second year of law school.

— Stewart Bowman



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 \$3.

You can still order a year's subscription (with the yearbook included) at a cost of \$4.50; or the yearbook alone for \$3.

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

The yearbook edition

of the new KENTUCKIAN Magazine

poetry/
Hidden Surfaces

David Brown



laura dawkins

Age

Watching them, I hear the trickle of rain
in the gutter
After the storm is spent, or the hum
of broken flies
Dying on the window-ledges. They breathe and
rustle together.
Shawls brush the air like wings of crows,
scattering attic dust.

Untitled

City, you have made me
crawl homeward again.
I am held inside your gaze
like a young boy inside
the shadow of sin,
his eyes subtle
with desire, his lashes
and his fingers trembling
even as they move forward,
his body a doe's body,
alert with fear.

You have given me moments
vivid and sacred. You
have made me crazed
and staring like the
lights of the subway.
I cannot believe you.
For my body has been
broken by your inconstant lust,
and the lights which
shimmer in rainbows
on the sidewalk
are blinding and brittle
when I draw nearer
to them.

So I have come home again.
The silence of my land
draws me out of
my pain.
I walk through the fields
wiser than you, scorning you,
yet holding my failure like
a paperweight in my
hands.

connie craddock

Metaphors: The Poet's Artiste

My mouth is too full of my jaws.

They hang —

limp

without circulation.

The way my eyes stare

without sight.

the way my ears grow closed.

the way my head falls to the

floor.

Lighted dials in my mouth

tell the stories

of those things said years ago.

And I do not realize what these things mean

until

I have found them in . . .

Where I have not said words for eons

now.

and then.

Tight strings pull the shutters closed

the way they pull my

minds closed so that

no one sees my

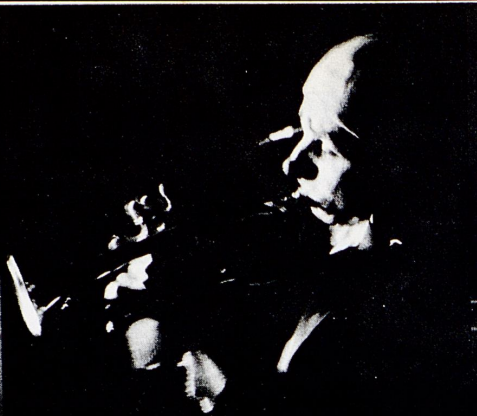
dirty underwear

Tis time or is that what I meant?

I am told things by those little people that live here
that I am alone.

My Vines

On days when my
stronger faces are
submerged,
people stare at me.
And perceiving today's
weakness, they use their
eyes to rape me.
Naked, I am embarrassed
that they see my
plainness.



Isn't it rich?
 Are we a pair?
 Me here at last on the ground
 You in mid-air.
 Send in the clowns.
 Isn't it bliss?
 Don't you approve?
 One who keeps tearing around
 One who can't move.
 Where are the clowns?
 Send in the clowns.



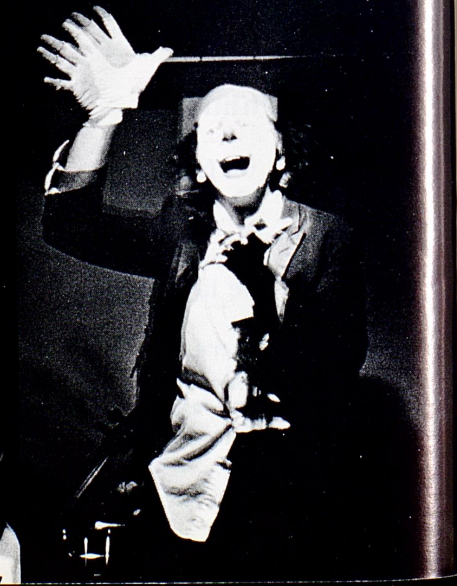
Just when I'd stopped opening doors
 Finally knowing the one that I wanted
 was yours
 Making my entrance again
 With my usual flair
 Sure of my lines
 No one is there.



Don't you love farce?
 My fault, I fear
 I thought that you'd want what I want
 Sorry, my dear.
 But, where are the clowns?
 Quick send in the clowns.
 Don't bother they're here.

Isn't it rich?
 Isn't it queer?
 Losing my timing this late in my career
 And where are the clowns
 There ought to be clowns
 Well, maybe next year.

— Stephen Sondheim



Buten / BUFFO

Hands deep in his blue jeans pockets, Howard Buten looks up with sad brown eyes, as if whatever he is feeling is simply too much; it comes pouring out of his eyes. He stands slightly slumped, perhaps from carrying the heavy valise and trunks which hold his work — all the paraphernalia of an actor, author, songwriter, educator, musician, artist and clown.

In his blue work shirt, he goes about the job of setting up his own stage for the night's performance, when he becomes Buffo the clown. He appears extremely professional and busy. But he finds time to glance up for a quick smile.

Buten is very aware of the facets of human relationships, knowing that "each person you pass on the street changes you." He must be aware of human emotion; it is within the sensitive balance of joy and sorrow that Buffo exists.

His sole accompanist, Robert Fischer, tunes the large piano on stage. Fischer, who performs on keyboards, guitar, clarinet and recorder, composes all the original music accompanying Buffo's pantomimes and stories. He, like Buten, is in his middle 20's and a Detroit native.

Buten hurries away for a television interview and finds a few minutes to rest after having filled his morning with an open lecture on autistic children, a workshop in non-verbal communication and a lunchbox theatre performance.

As Buten takes a breather, a woman comes into the Student Center Board office, walks right past the unmasked Buten and asks the secretary for tickets for the night's performance. Buten looks sheepish, then glances through the Kernel, trying to look invisible, but he smiles a little to himself.

There was a time when Buten did not know what course his life would take. He talks of traveling around the country with his dog and his guitar "because I always hated school." In 1970 he left the University of Michigan where he was a religious studies major, concentrating in Chinese philosophy, to attend the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Clown College in Venice, Florida.

Buten didn't realize at the time the importance of his decision to attend clown school.

"At the same time I applied to clown school, I joined the merchant marines...well, I knew Chinese and I was trying to figure out a way to get to China for free...and I finally got a letter from this company and they said, 'Yes, come to New York and blah, blah and you can work your way over to Taiwan', just as I was accepted to clown college. This was all in the same week. I said, 'Oh, no!' So I chose clown college and I guess I'll always wonder what would have happened if I hadn't."

He toured as the featured clown with the European Circus Bartok for two years before the circus went broke and he returned to Detroit. It was there he wrote and co-starred in the WXYX TV's Super Circus television show, from which he says he got "fired for insubordination." It seems he wrote a thinly disguised plot about the staff there.

On his way to teaching a clown clinic, he talks briefly about the strain of booking an act and of being an artist. "The performer is up there on a chopping block and he's a product. It is a real buying and selling scene, it has to be. But to be there when it happens is really upsetting."

He speaks in a low voice about the time he auditioned for the Johnny Carson Show, laughing about the experience. "Once every couple of months they had a sort

of cattle call audition, eight or ten people come in whom they've heard about and I was one they brought in. They put you in an empty studio, all you get is a microphone, no lights, no stage, no audience, no anything and you each have six minutes...

"There's a whole political type thing involved in that particular show. If they kind of like you, but they're not real sure, they put you on with a guest host. If you go over then, you go on with Carson. I was a fool to do it in the first place... they loved me, or they said they did... but the producer thought I was a little too off-beat for their show."

As he teaches a room full of students the art of clowning, Buten gestures with a roll of toilet paper and shares his own make-up with the students. He demonstrates on different students the technique for applying faces of various type clowns: white-face (like Buten's character Buffo) pink-face or august (like Fellini's clowns) and tramp clown (as typified by Emmett Kelly.)

Although Emmett Kelly is the most famous tramp clown, Buten feels the credit should go to Kelly's former teacher.

"There's a man who just died a couple of years ago named Otto Reebling, who taught him (Kelly) everything he knows, including the make-up. And Otto, in my opinion, was probably the best American clown.

"He was a tramp, he looked like Emmett Kelly, sort of. He did mime and eventually he got cancer and they had to remove his larynx so he couldn't talk anyway. The cancer eventually killed him; but Otto Reebling was his name, and he was the best... the best in this country."

As Buten gestures with a stick of red make-up, he tells the 25 students about his work in the circus. A face painting exercise prompts this anecdote.

"It's always a good thing to see how your teeth and your eyes really look jaundiced against the white (make-up). I have real bloodshot eyes by nature. I used to go around the circus before the show, working with the audience on my way in and I'd always hear the people say 'Why are his eyes so red?' 'Aw, you know these circus people, they drink.'" He raises an eyebrow and laughs.

After each student had painted his own clown face, Buten taught them some tricks of the trade. In one room at separate points in time there were 25 students sticking out their tongues, slapping each other, walking into doors, pulling chairs out from each other, playing dead...


As Buffo, Buten believes in keeping the movements simple like those of cartoon characters or caricatures of real people — he prefers a limp over a goofy walk. "A clown is a person, theoretically, for whom things just don't go right."

He has a theory about his art. Less is more.

"There is a term called spaghetti," he said, "when there's too much movement. The worst thing you can do if you're trying to be funny is try to be funny."

"Less is more. That means don't do anything unless you have to. It's a Chinese saying. It's a negative state, using silence, using stillness... using nothing as if it were something (if you want to get less cosmic about it.)"

After the workshop and the long day, Buten is tired; He returns to the stage to check his lighting and equipment, then catches a quick supper.

He is tense behind the stage as he begins his metamorphosis, changing from teacher to buffoon. The lights go down and he is Buffo. 

— Normandi Ellis

We're the same, you see,
the same, you and me.
Oh, I know you don't know it,
But it's true as can be.

In the circus of things,
Of Ringmasters and rings
and little one's laughter
and little bird's wings.
Why can't they both fly?
They both can sing...

It's all in the big top
that's up in the air.
For some it's a building,
for some it's a square,
for some it's an office,
for some it's a lair, for
us lions to live in;
for some it's a prayer.
But it's really a big top,
If you believe that it's there.

For we're really the same
in the circus of things.

'If each clown wore a crown,
We would all be kings.'

— Buffo



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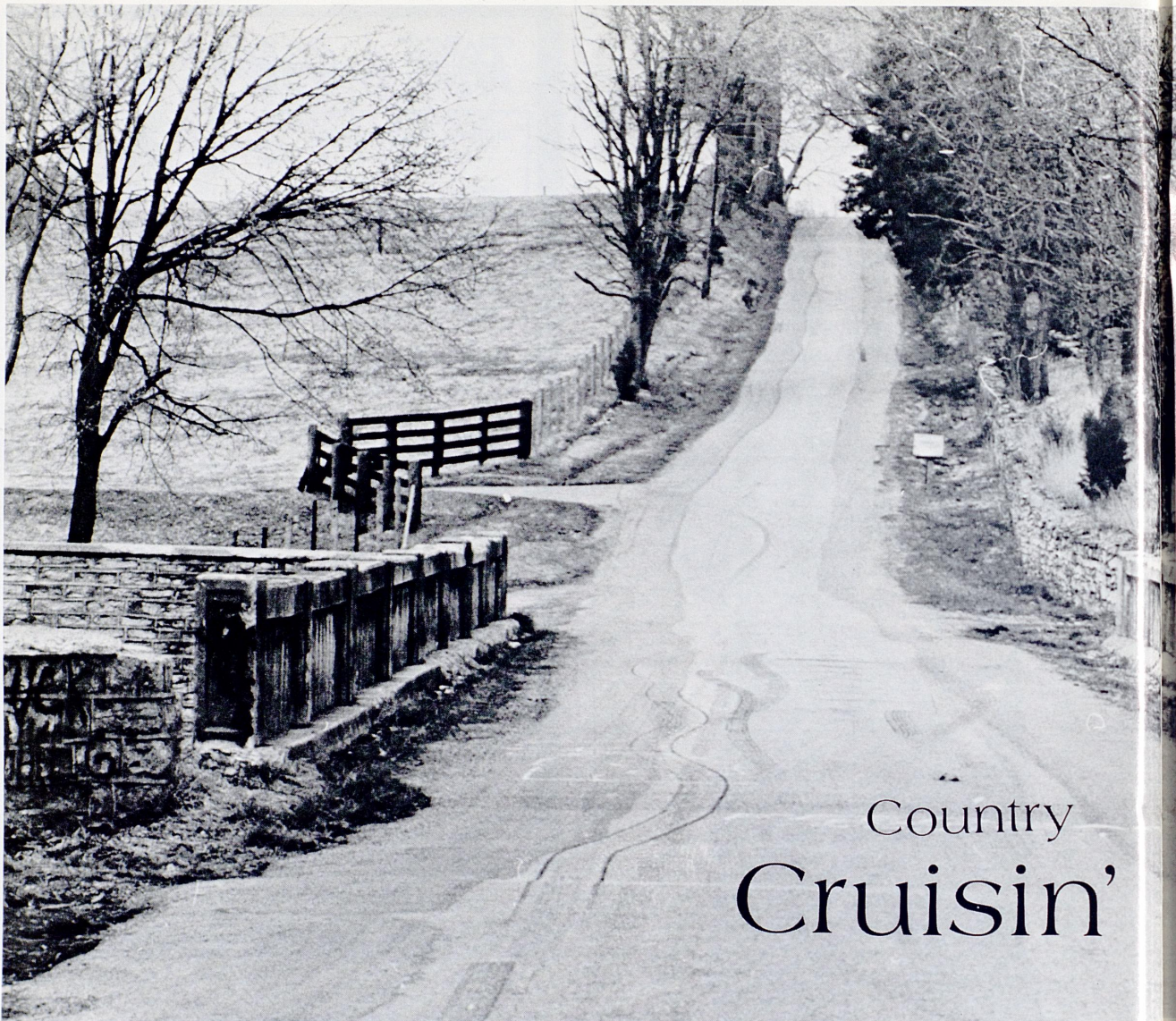


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DON'T FORGET



Country Cruisin'

— Jack Koeneman

Cruisin' has been an essential part of Kentucky lore since paved roads first cut through the Bluegrass brush.

If you take a spin out any of Lexington's hiways or byways, you will inevitably encounter the endless labyrinth of classic country roads. This is where begins many a traditional country cruise.

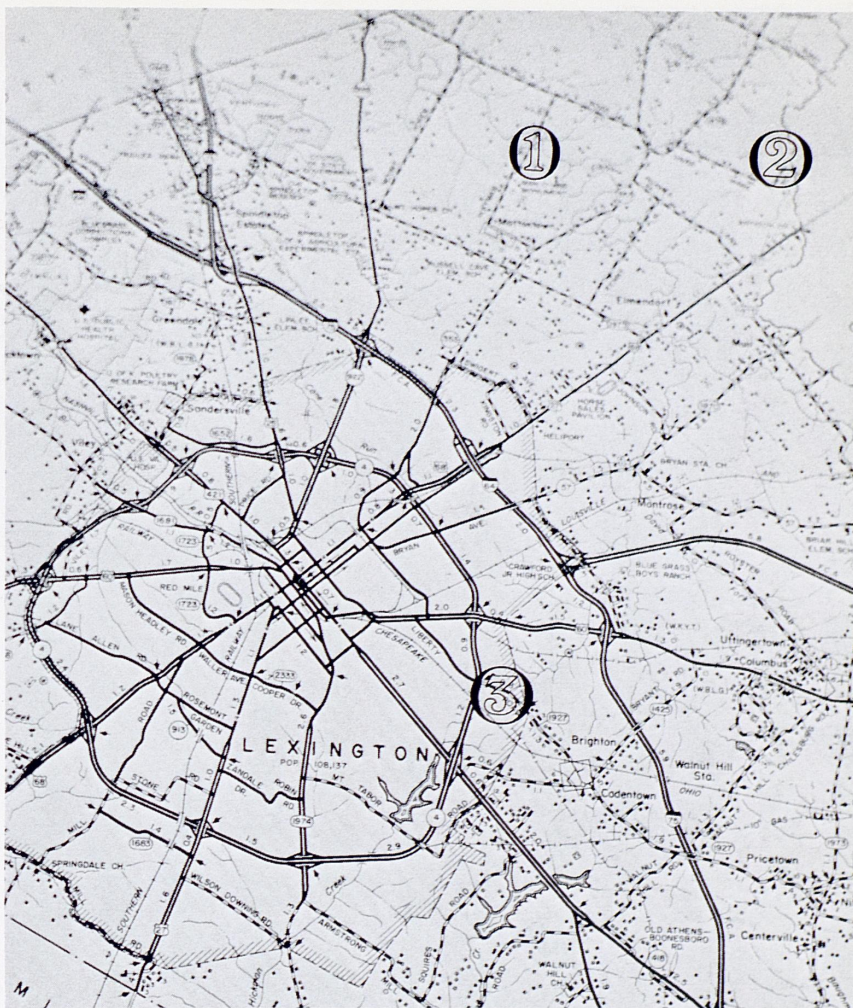
Why do people cruise? Some say they want to get a way from the mad rush of city life. Others are just plain bored, stuck in the rut of daily living. But the main reason people hit country roads is because "they're there . . . and they're fun."

To live is to experience a cruise. It doesn't even matter in which direction you

cruise; in fact, it's a lot more interesting when you become lost. The roller-coasting pathways will spellbind you with visual warmities, free spirit fragrances, and enchanting atmosphere. The hills jaunt your stomach and the turns sway you from equilibrium.

Crisp, fresh air fills your lungs as wind whips your hair. Over-hanging trees form natural tunnels in many spots, and also produce the strobe-like action of sunshining rays.

Country roads are the perfect place to forget troubles and worries. And if you travel far enough, into the mountains, you can gaze out over the lights of Lexington



The famed Eyeball Bridge, seven miles from Lexington, center of moonlite attraction.

interesting
coasting
visual
es, and
alls jaunt
you from

as wind
ees form
and also
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Lexington

and wonder no more why the settlers stayed.

But the aesthetic values are only one good point about caravanning Lexington's country corridors. If a friend happens along with you, then the country is an ideal place to sit back, smoke a number, and enjoy a Kentucky flatland high. And if, on occasion, you encounter a similar mobilist traveling in a challenging sporty car, the roads prove to be an excellent rally race course.

Drink a little brew, run your little car, and enjoy a little red fun. It's all free and more than readily available.

Night-time is undoubtedly the best time

to take a cruise. Daytime is great, but darkness elicits all the sensations and fears of the unknown.

Go out one night and experience the thrills of a country clip, but beware of one side-effect — the many Kentucky legends.

That's right, good old positively-true haunting legends. After much digging I have unearthed some of the more exciting tales. The great thing about most of them is that you can dare to defy such stories by following the traditional methods. Keep reading, you'll see how.

(Editor's note: These tales are not for the squeamish!)

Eyeball Bridge 1

Possibly the most famous legend of Lexington's outskirts is that of Eyeball Bridge. I'll just give it to you straight, from the beginning.

About a hundred years ago there was a tavern on old Iron Works Pike where a man could partake of the pleasures of drink and good spirits. Well, one gay night a local drunk was staggering home from the tavern and paused at a bridge over Elkhorn creek. A thug robbed and killed the victim, then dropped his body into the creek and fled the scene.

The drunk's body was found the next day floating near the bank, crawdads



swarming over his head and his eyes eaten out of their sockets.

It is said that on a night with a full moon (for visibility purposes) the dead drunk's eyes float under the bridge at midnight—still looking for the man who killed him.

BUNK, you say? Drive out and see his eyes with your own eyes.

I myself have witnessed the event several times. And, oh yes, the bridge area is a great place to go parking.

Susie's Corner 2

Here's a chiller, one that I don't advise challenging.

The date was the late 50's. The place was off Paris Pike on Harp-Innis road. Suzie was her name and partying was her game. Except one night she partied a bit too hard.

A carload of young gentlemen escorted

Miss Suzie into a field aside a 90-degree turn in the road, and proceeded to rape and murder her.

Hence, the turn has been labeled "Suzie's Corner."

But that's not all. Suzie, who came from a witchy background, managed to put a curse on the heathens before she died.

The young men hopped into their car, sped around the next turn, and crashed in flames as they went off the road and struck a tree. All perished.

If you stop your car at the cursed corner and shout "Suzie's a whore!", supposedly you won't reach the end of the road without having an accident.

If you've got the guts, go try it! I haven't attempted this one, and I don't care to, either. Besides, Suzie wasn't a whore anyway.

"The drunk's body was floating near the swarming over his eyes eaten

Hangman's Tree 3

There's an old, old maple tree still standing astride Liberty Road near New Circle. Back in the hanging days it was used once to hang an innocent man, thought to be guilty. The "hangee" was convicted of killing another man for some obscure reason.

On a clear night, looking towards New Circle road, a knot in the tree forms the silhouette of the unavenged man on the base of the tree he was hung.

Some say he weeps for the life he lost. Others say he is content at gazing over the land he loved. Regardless, he's still there, still sitting, and sitting, and sitting.

Screaming Women 4

Out old Frankfort Pike, three or four miles from town, there's a huge entrance to a private drive with big stone pillars on each side. Just past this drive is a narrow road on the left that leads to the site of the "Screaming Women." Down the road a way you'll come to a creek alongside the road in a holler.

Sometime around the days the Waltons were in business a busload of old ladies went to a church revival. They were still singing of salvation when they came to this spot, but the creek had flooded over from the previous days of rain.

The driver didn't notice the watery road, plowed right through it, and over a slight cliff. Alas, the women's songs turned to screams as they met their doom.

Nowadays you can still hear their screams if you drive real slow and flick your car lights on and off. But the creek is still there and you'd better watch for high-tide because old women get irritated easily. Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

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Slaveman's Castle 5

ere's another in-town episode and easy
o locate.

Down Mason Headley road there's a
ttle driveway-type road called "The
ane" (original, huh?). In the middle of
The Lane" the road forks around what
ppears to be a stone silo.


In Civil War time the structure served as
ousing for the slaves of a mean old
antation owner who owned the land
urrounding the area.

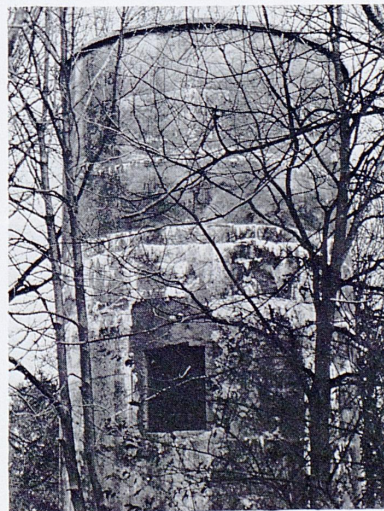
Some say (stories vary) he went flat out
razy one night, and some say the Yankees
arched to town to free the slaves.
nyway, the slavedriver, who had about
n blacks chained to the walls, poured
erosene over and into the prison and
ooked them all alive.

The chain brackets still hang from the
alls, and the walls themselves are
arred black. Before the slaves died their
ery death, a few managed to wrench
emselves free of the chains and knocked
t a wooden beam over the only doorway
the outside. The hole they forced was not
g enough to fit through, though.

A sizzling test of courage, for those who
ave it, is to climb through the hole above
e doorway (it's been widened con-
siderably), at the stroke of midnight, up to
e second level where the fictims'fried.
The trick is to do it and come out un-
shaken. I dare you!

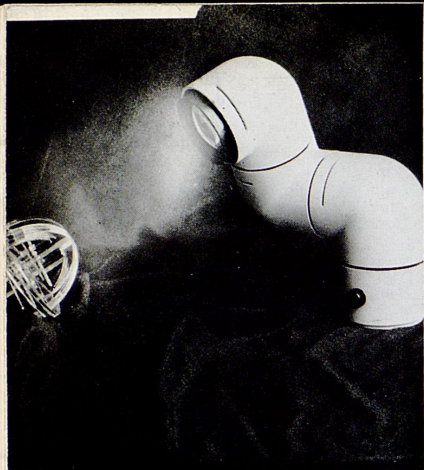
f you find yourself a little "legend
kery," please don't be. Cruisin' and
Legends tie together beautifully and
ey're a great thing to experience.

You shouldn't miss these thrills while
ving in Kentucky. Next time you have
othing to do, or are looking for something
exciting to do, put cruisin' to the test and
sear yourself to death. 



Slavemen's Castle has been an intriguing
mystery to Lexingtonians for decades.

Hugh J. Findlay



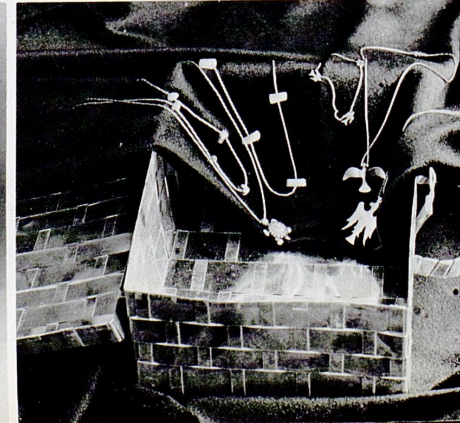
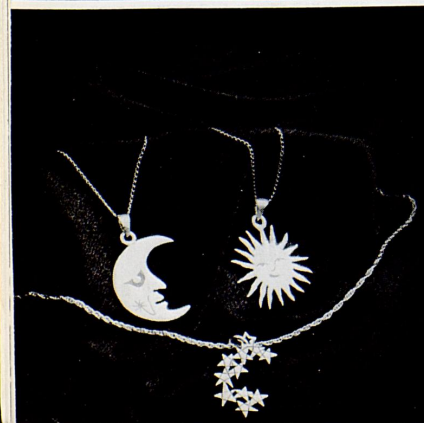
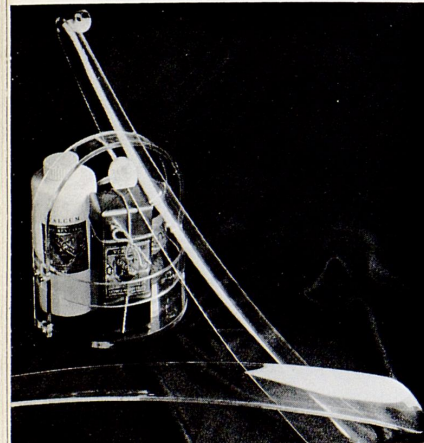
by Marty Baldyga

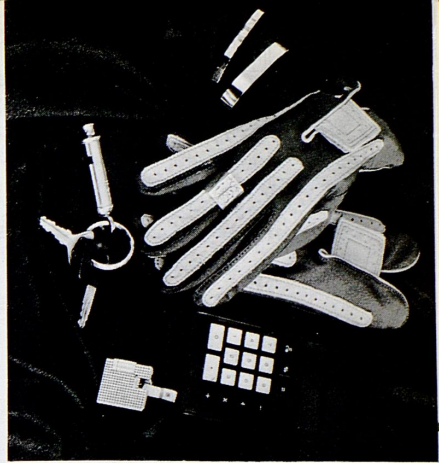
Just as we've always known the thigh bone's connected to the hip bone, the hip bone's connected to the backbone... so we know now the accessory connects tenaciously to the whole fashion spectrum. It is no longer balked at as a "supplement, subordinate, or secondary addition," as Webster's Dictionary tells us, but plays an integral part in projecting our mien.

We used to purchase a matching outfit with "set" components, then embellish it with a jewel or scarf, and that was as far as the look could be pursued.

Today our look is manifested in a compartmentalized manner, almost as if we were piecing a puzzle together. Our appearance should suit the mood of the moment and when the mood shifts, we can pull it all apart and reconstruct ourselves in another way just by varying our accessories.

We are forever past the time when it was the vogue to empty one's closet every season and start again.





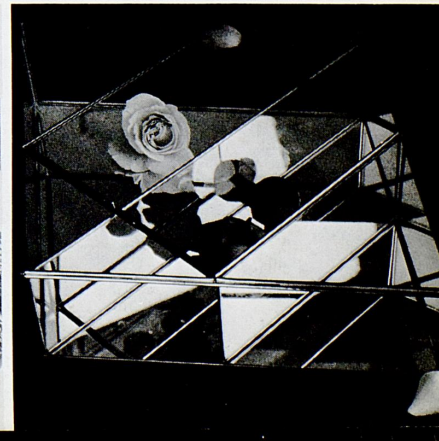
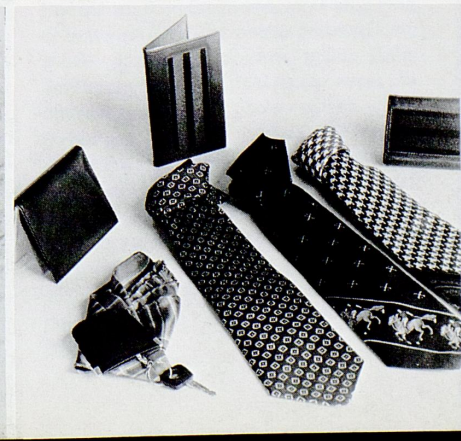
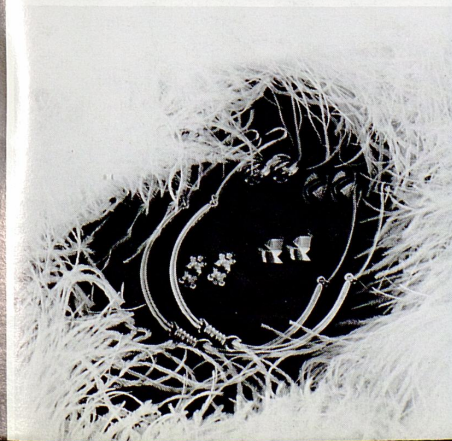
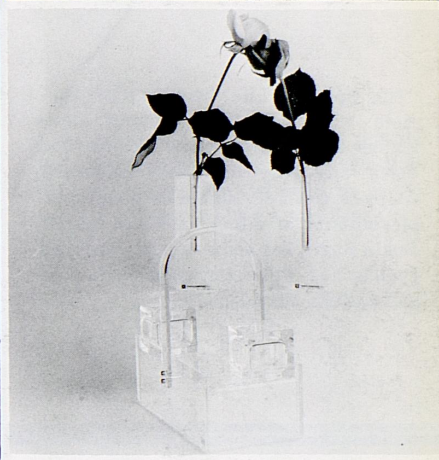
The Accessory

Black and white photos by Mark Kidd

Dressing today is a matter of collecting, weeding out, adding on — continuity, not obsolescence. Accessories can update and extend the life span of our clothing as well as impart some spark. The trick to accessorizing? Make it snappy.

Original flair and personality emanate from the effect of the completed picture. It's the finishing touches — the belts, the scarves, the jewelry, the gloves — that convey it all with sass.

Gestalt theorists have hypothesized that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts so ... aim for the complete package.



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There are many ways that this bendable telescopic lamp can shed a little light on the lucite ornamental puzzle. Cabbages and Kings

The Pierre Cardin gold braided and chevroned chains can be safely stashed with the combination gold lock. Dawahare's The sinewy gold dog from Cabbages and Kings

The Spirit of '76 bamboo pronged umbrella will be appropo for this Bicentennial year as will this Shedrain International bamboo pronged umbrella with a tiger motif from Shirley's. The silk scarves are by Symphony Square. Dawahare's. The silver and rose clear choker, gold and jade-like choker and the extended beaded necklace will add some versatility to your wardrobe. Don't put all your eggs in one basket! Cabbages and Kings

"This Sporting Life" wouldn't be complete without Rolfs matching glove leather cigarette case and billfold. The black and gray diagonally patterned snapless cowhide billfold is quite complementary to either of these items. Bukta Rugby hat and Gramercy snapped cycling hat. Polyester plaid scarf with golf pattern. Dawahare's


Fashion is a matter of impulse, instinct and a swift eye for what is suiting. Spatz has a vested interest in spring with the three piece cotton suit reinforcing the natural fiber as fashion king. The cotton ingredients are mixed with the natural fiber silk in the navy patterned Yves Saint Laurent shirt for the utmost touch of class. J. Riggings.

These clothes function yet they're fun. This spring the snappy looks also make lots of sense.

Spring has made its debut in a cleaned-up, toned-down and somewhat simplified manner. Uncluttered is the key. Shapes lean toward the body, or when they stray it's in a natural, unconstructed way. Giorgio 'd Angelo sculptures a lean green, feminine slither of a dress. Although the dress is ankle length, skin and shoes shine through due to the front slit. The spaghetti straps extend to a lattice work of tendrils stretching across the naked back. Scarves, sunglasses, a belt and a necklace are spilling out of the frog's mouth that the model is sitting on. The Main Affair.

Sling into spring with these lucite shoe horns, Jockey Club Talcum, Caswell Massey LTD Cologne and the lucite carrying case. Cabbages and Kings

Crisp white is the big color mixer... fresh white alone or white plus black. What makes black a thriller? The glamour of black is in the understatement. The sure, assertive look is achieved with vivid makeup and the right accessories. Emily M includes a practical stash pocket on the Dacron polyester top and designs a straighter skirt than has been prominent in seasons past. The brimmed hat catches the breeze and light and dapples it around with a flirt — pure vamp. The matching black and white choker and bracelet are hand-painted. The A.A. Sustain sunglasses can be converted to prescription glasses or sunglasses. Casual Corner.

A more clingy silhouette is emphasized in the men's clothing arena also. The Palm Beach forest green Caprice three-piece tuxedo is totally matching even to the green trimmed ruffled shirt. The waistline is suppressed and the lapels are peaked. Gino's Formal Affair. 

You can flaunt those celestial spirits, the sun, the moon, and the stars all in silver. Dawahare's

Atisket, a tasket,... These straw baskets from the Phillipines can be stacked or used individually for mere whimsy. Cabbages and Kings

Here, the small that count for big in adding up to your image say it in silver. Dawahare's. The light-weight luminous woven treasure chest. Cabbages and Kings

Smell as enticing as you look with Dejavu organic shampoo, soap on a rope and after shave. Dawahare's

The Butka Rugby hat made in England is trimmed with yellow bull's eye grosgrain ribbon. Dawahare's. For the woman who wants a purse big enough to hold all of her personal things in addition to being a portable office, go with this leather Margolin shoulder bag with elongated strap. Shirley's. Handcraft designs the Italian silk scarves. Dawahare's

Swank gives us cuffs of gold. Driving gloves are given an extra dimension with this ring in low relief etching. Finding your keys is as easy as whistling with this silver musical keychain. Deco squared silver flip top lighter. It all adds up with this pocket calculator. Dawahare's



In lucite we find anything from a flower box and ultra modern vases to salt and pepper shakers that appear to have candles within. Cabbages and Kings

This black squashy handbag-plus-working bag in one is a deceptively slim luggage-like purse that will transport more than you think. For list making, address and note taking, no more appointment breaking, use a scenic pad. Handpainted fan from Puerto Rico and letter openers from Indonesia. Cabbages and Kings

These fashion essentials can be worn with everything everyday. There is nothing seasonal here. The multi-faceted earrings and the thin roped chokers of glitter all will look light and shimmery against the skin. The boa wraps it all up. Cabbages and Kings

For the man on the move, keys on a ring or in a small leather pouch perched atop a silk Symphony Square scarf. Rolfs deluxe credential billfold has a secret bill compartment and photo wings. Canterbury LTD does a khaki and navy striped two-piece billfold and credit card case for extra mobility. Neckwear has moved from loud scenics to a wide range of more sophisticated patterns in keeping with the understated elegance of clothing. These European-inspired silk Polo ties are from Ralph Lauren. Dawahare's

Adopt the big accessory flash with this diamond shaped mirrored jewelry box and keep it all together. Cabbages and Kings

Plagiarism

(Cont.)

against in court two years ago. The five-year-old firm has also survived other attempts to put it out of business, according to Lowe, and despite spending "a fortune in legal costs," is financially healthy.

But it still has problems. Lowe says that the firm's New York office was closed down by the state Attorney General's office. "They just came in and seized everything—zap! We didn't have the money to fight them in court," he says.

"Our big problem now is getting newspapers to accept our ads," acknowledges Lowe. "Only about 25 per cent of campus newspapers take them. Student papers just aren't free to do what they want. Lots of them would like to run our ads and they'd even like us to take legal action so they can. They just have too much pressure on them.

"There's been a lot of adverse publicity but people really don't know what we do. I've invited plenty of university people over to see our operation but not a one has ever come over."

Campus crusade for crust

The U.S. National Student Association is researching campus food services and will soon publish a handbook on the subject, according to a recent bulletin from the organization's Food Action Center.

Issues expected to be covered in the handbook include lower prices and the elimination of required board plans, introduction of vegetarian foods, improving food quality, cooperation in student efforts at fasting for various causes, and increased student participation in the food service decision-making

process including student run facilities.

The handbook will also deal with what FAC calls a "most disconcerting" trend: the establishment of on-campus fast-food outlets. "These chains stand for almost every negative aspect of the American food scene," says the NSA bulletin. The handbook will presumably show students on campuses proposing leasing space to fast-food operators "how to open us a hornet's nest of issues to involve students in food action work...Such a campaign (against food franchises) could easily become the hottest issue on campus," says the organization.

Mandatory money ain't funny

Campus leaders at Indiana U. were stunned last month by the establishment of new activity fee guidelines which will eliminate all mandatory fees for non-academic activities and will require major student organizations such as student governments and student newspapers to raise funds through voluntary fee drives not conducted as a part of academic registration.

The guidelines, accepted unanimously by Indiana U. trustees Dec. 16, were recommended by IU President John W. Ryan but were opposed by most student leaders and by the faculty senate. They were accepted over the recommendations of a student-faculty-alumni fee committee report that called for mandatory fees for some organizations and optional fees for others. Even the leaders of the "Fee Rebellion", a group that had collected 6,000 signatures opposing mandatory activity fees, favored voluntary, registration-day fee collections.

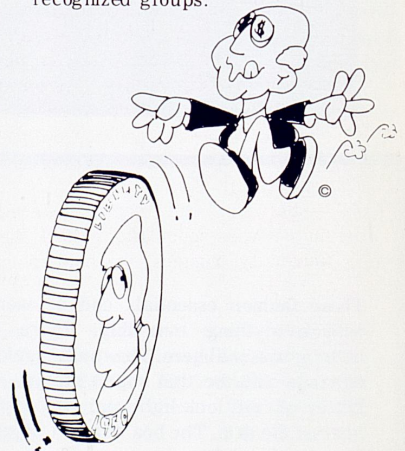
Ryan's guidelines call for the phase-out of all mandatory fees for non-academic activities during a

transition period to end no later than June, 1979. On the main IU campus in Bloomington this will affect only the Union Board which presently receives a 70 cent per student fee for lectures, concerts and other programs. In his report, Ryan said that some of the lectures and convocations presently sponsored by the Union Board might be considered to be instructional and, therefore, eligible for mandatory fees but only "under direct University control."

On six regional campuses, mandatory fees presently support a variety of traditional student organizations.

Optional fees, a registration check-off which presently supports the Student Association, student newspaper, PIRG, and other organizations on the Bloomington campus, will be limited to activities "under the direct authority of a University administrator." This will induce the campus bus system, athletic tickets, parking decals, and the student health service.

"Non-university controlled, student-related activities will not be funded through either mandatory or optional fees but will be required to collect fees on an "activity day" or some other such event not connected with registration. The University will supply space and personnel for this collection drive and will determine which organizations can participate and audit the books of recognized groups.





It is if you do it right

The Federal Communications Commission levied a \$2,000 fine last month against WXPB, the student-run radio station of the U. of Pennsylvania, for violations of regulations against broadcast obscenity. The complaint involved two episodes of a talk show in which explicit sexual acts were discussed.

In addition, the station faces a hearing to determine whether its license should be renewed.

WXPB is the fourth station in history to be fined by the FCC for obscenity. An FCC official was quoted as saying that the WXPB case was the "worst case of obscenity in FCC history." Another said it was a clear-cut case that would go down as the "all-time definition of obscenity and in broadcasting."

After the fine was announced there was speculation that the university trustees, the holders of the station's license, would relinquish the license rather than face the embarrassment of the hearings. It now appears, however, that the trustees will go along with the hearings and attempt to prove that they have taken action to insure

that no further violations will occur.

The matter of control is sometimes a sticky one for collegiate radio stations. In the case of complaints against a station the FCC generally seeks out one individual to be held accountable for the programming. The concept of operation is often contrary to the concept of democracy, freedom of expression and ideas, and governance by committee that is traditional within higher education.

Georgetown U., for example, claims it is in danger of losing its station license if it doesn't show greater control over the station; some staffers and students, however, are crying "censorship."

The good, the bad and the ungodly

Josh McDowell, the religious speaker who recently appeared on the UK campus, was temporarily barred from presenting his usual three-part lecture series at the U. of Washington.

UW officials cancelled the lecture at the last minute because they feared Josh's engagement might violate the state constitution's prohibition of using public money to support religious exercises.

After McDowell signed an agreement promising to refrain from "promoting a particular theology for purposes of religious indoctrination," the show went on, several days late and with monitors from the state attorney general's office in attendance.

Meanwhile, officials of the U. of Santa Clara, a non-public, Catholic institution, had no such qualms about an Ash Wednesday campus appearance by a self-proclaimed priestess of the Church of Satan. While the devilish speaker praised the "ways of the flesh" to a crowd of several hundred, she had to compete with a dozen praying students chanting Jesus slogans.

Still humpin' after all these years

A roundup of presidential preference polls from eight large universities shows that Hubert Humphrey has an advantage over other candidates, including more liberal Democratic hopefuls. Between 25 per cent and 50 per cent of students polled are undecided, however, indicating that Humphrey's strong showing at this early date may be the lack of student familiarity with other candidates.

President Ford is preferred by more than two-to-one over Ronald Reagan by Republican students.

In Humphrey's home state he captured the votes of 26 per cent of 1,800 students in a mock presidential primary at the U. of Minnesota, thirty-nine per cent were undecided and only seven per cent favored President Ford.

Humphrey was second only to declared non-candidate Sen. Edward Kennedy in a U. of Pennsylvania student poll and led at the U. of Connecticut and among U. of Virginia freshmen. The Notre Dame black caucus also endorsed Humphrey at a mock convention as the candidate who "best characterizes the position of black students on this campus."

At the U. of Alabama, Kennedy, Jimmy Carter and Gov. George Wallace were virtually tied for first place in a Democratic poll. At Ohio State U., Carter was in the number one spot with 14 per cent and at the U. of Oklahoma, President Ford, with 18.9 per cent, led Carter with 18 per cent and Fred Harris with 15.6 per cent. However, in nearly every poll, the total of undecided votes was at least double that of any single candidate.

The polls and mock elections used in the roundup took place in January and February.



Men Of Garbage At Our Disposal

Call them maintenance men, trash men, or just plain paper-stabbers. You know who they are. They're all over campus spearing litter and carrying it off in those big bags slung over their shoulders.

Usually there are 20 to 25 caretakers swarming over UK's grounds, but more are called out when needed. Both young and old are hired for the job.

Take Charlie Profitt, who is nearing his late 50s. He is a four-year veteran at paper-filing (longer than most, except maybe Otis).

You could compare Charlie to a modern-day Don Quixote. He utilizes that litter lance of his like a pro. He can always be known by his goofy little work hat and the glove on his jabbing hand.

Buddy and Dan are of the younger set of paper-poking

people (this is how they prefer to be known). They work as a team.

Buddy and Dan, both in their 20s, are rookies, but seem to have a happy-go-lucky attitude toward their job. They said they feel the most interesting part of their job is that they "learn many consumer habits." They now know the extent of UK's junk-food intake, and which are favorites.

Another prominent garbagemeister is Mike Kidwell. Mike is 29, an eight-year employe of the university. His position shows there is opportunity for advancement in such a job. When he first started working for UK, he earned only \$1.47 per hour. Now Kidwell is paid \$3.53 per hour (definitely not dirt wages for a dirty job).

But all the trash men share common experiences. They



Jim Nall: ~~PhD~~

"I feel I am doing nothing worthwhile," said Jim Nall, a young man who until recently was enrolled in UK's Ph.D. program. With a doctorate in sociology almost within grasp, Nall has dropped out of the program.

"I quit because of a sense of alienation of cosmic proportions," Nall said. "I've never felt so alienated."

Seated in the tiny office he shares with several graduate teaching assistants, Nall said a jungle philosophy — survival of the fittest — exists in the department.

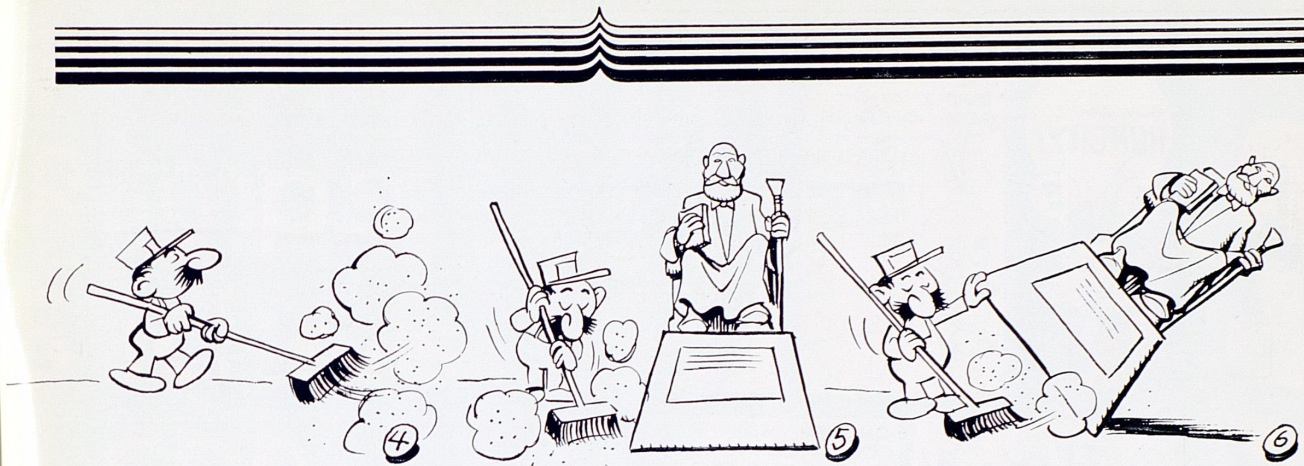
"After you're here awhile you really feel alone," Nall said. "Competition with other graduate students makes it difficult for students to cooperate with one another. Nobody has a sympathetic ear. Everyone has his own problems."

Graduate seminars include a small number of students but all compete to impress faculty members with knowledge and grasp of subject matter, Nall said.

"You get to feeling you're always on and if you don't impress them intellectually you may get a poor evaluation," he said. "If you don't make it you're considered incompetent. It's never the system but the victim who's at fault."

There is little communication between faculty and students in the department, Nall said. This leaves graduate students with the feeling they're putting in time on an obstacle course, he added.

"In my opinion the lack of communication leads to in-



work eight hours a day, five days a week, year-round. Weather is of no consequence — if it rains, they get wet; if it snows, they shovel snow. Along their routes they encounter some ominous-looking canines, always eager to munch on their ankles. The men are tempted to defend themselves with their sticker. "Had to stick one, one day," Profitt chuckled.

They also come across the same litter: basketball and

football programs, pamphlets, beer cans and bottle (mostly Strohs) and torn-up parking tickets.

Sometimes they uncover pretty bizarre things. Buddy and Dan once found an untouched watermelon slice. Dan described it as "extremely colorful." Now and then they find lost wallets and watches. They say they turn them in when found (wouldn't you?).

The results of their work reflect UK students' neatness. On an average day, Kidwell says he usually totes to the dumpster "three to four bags in the morning, and about three in the afternoon." If you've seen those huge bags, you'll know how much garbage that is. For 20-25 men, the daily total comes to 120-200 bags of debris per day.

Charlie Profitt acquires about the same amount of no-good goods as Mike. You could say Profitt's his name, and stuffin' it's his game (the bag, that is).

As for Buddy and Dan, they expressed the sentiments of most paper-stabbers: for students to "keep the trash a'comin' or we'll be out of a job."

HUGH FINDLAY

security and preoccupation with the idea of getting through," Nall said.

"Conversations between graduate students and instructors lead invariably to the subject of jobs. Sociology becomes secondary. It doesn't matter if research data is significant. It becomes just a job to complete."

Nall said he is critical of social sciences in general at the graduate level. "It is now so research-oriented there is little to do with students," he added.

Sociology, too, falls into that category, Nall said.

"Sociology is regarded as something to be intellectually mastered — sort of an intellectual machismo," he said. "Now there is even value-free sociology. Regarding matter through intellect alone is considered the best way of learning."

"If you eliminate your values, your feelings, you get an unbiased view. I disagree with that. It's impossible to keep your feelings out. If you do, you end up with a mind-body split — something there's a lot of in this culture."

When social scientists attempt to understand data with intellect alone, they can never be sure their interpretations are correct, Nall said.

However, instead of trying to integrate feelings with intellect, a greater attempt is made not to do that. "Soon methodology is so abstract that only an elite few can make any sense out of it," he said. After awhile subject matter becomes secondary and technique primary."

"Data — mountains of it — has little relevance. The whole emphasis is on technique. Current sociology is dangerous. It makes people one-dimensional intellectuals when it should increase total self-awareness."

"Nall said his ambition is to find a teaching position at a smaller university with a better faculty-student rapport than UK. "I've found teaching to be rewarding," he said.

"I haven't really started looking yet, but it will be hard to find a position with just a master's degree. I'd like to find a place where I feel I'm contributing instead of just being in a role, but universities are also in competition with each other. This mania prevails everywhere."

Nall thinks there should be less emphasis on grades. "It's almost a sickness. I feel I'm in combat with students, making up tests and figuring out ways to prevent cheating."

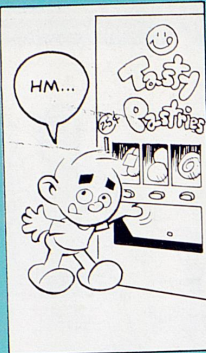
"It's disconcerting to be perceived as a source of power, someone to be manipulated, Nall said. "I want to help students learn about themselves and maybe that will make life a little easier for them," he added.

Nall said when he told a member of the faculty he was leaving, the man replied he wished he had the courage to do the same.

"I don't ever want to get that tied down."

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